

# PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1986 \$4.50

**SPECIAL  
ANNIVERSARY  
ISSUE**

**THE  
SECRET  
NUDES  
OF  
LAUREN  
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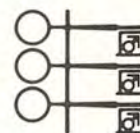


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The photograph of Lauren Hutton featured on our cover is courtesy of Ultima II.

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By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal  
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



# HOUSECALL



## REVEL-ATIONS!

Each year, at this time, we like to celebrate our anniversary with a publishing extravaganza thanking our millions of readers for their unparalleled support and loyalty over our years of success. Today, as a very small minority of religious and political fanatics desperately lashes out against the most basic freedoms of Americans, our gratitude is even more deeply felt. We're sure you'll enjoy this year's birthday revel—filled with a breathtaking panorama of beauty, the world's best art, writing, and photography, as well as a little surprise or two—and we hope you'll return for many, many more.



## ANYTHING GOES

What's a party without some fun? This year's guest list includes many expert practitioners in that area. Among them are New York radio's bad boy Howard Stern, a real party animal when he gets wild in early A.M. prime time, profiled by Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein; pigskin prognosticator Danny Sheridan (who spills his secrets of betting on Monday Night Football); and baseball legend Mickey Mantle, interviewed by *Omni* editor Robert Weil. We've also sent invitations, thanks to satiric genius Ori



Hofmekler, to three dyed-in-the-wool Ballbusters—Ronald Reagan, Edwin Meese, and Jerry Falwell. Perhaps a fine party will show them that a good time isn't such a bad thing after all!

## CLASS ACTS

Also celebrating with us are many of our regular contributors, whose books can be found in fine bookstores across the land—including Michael Korda, Alan M. Dershowitz, and Dr. Michael Colgan. And we welcome best-selling author Dr. Stuart M. Berger, whose grim warning about AIDS can be found in "Advise & Dissent." As always, we're privileged to preview some of this year's most important literary works. This month, they include "Sex in the Year 2019," adapted from *Arthur C. Clarke's July 20, 2019* (to be published by Macmillan/Omni Publications), Isaac Asimov's forthcoming novel

*Foundation and Earth* (Doubleday), and Contributing Editor Nick Tosches's *Power on Earth* (to be published by Arbor House), featuring his incredible conversations with the late financial genius Michele Sindona on the secrets of the Mafia's international money-laundering conspiracy.

## TREASURE HUNT

Anniversaries come but once a year, and for our 17th we intend to pull out all the stops. Along with this jam-packed celebration issue comes a golden opportunity to enter the third Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt and win any of the astounding array of valuable prizes featured on pages 35–38. Happy hunting!

## TO LINDA... WITH LOVE

"I grew up reading fairy tales where a girl from humble beginnings could grow up to be a princess who has it all—and that's how it feels." Linda Kenton was ecstatic when she was named 1985 Pet of the Year—and we happily celebrated with her. Knowing, working with, and loving Linda since she first appeared in *Penthouse* in 1983 until her untimely passing this June was a unique and beautiful experience for all of us. But her courageous and even joyful battle against death for all those years was a triumph of humanity that none of us will ever forget. The glow of her beauty and the determination of her invincible spirit will live with us forever. O—



*wear it well into the night.*



pierre cardin • man's musk



•She straddled her long legs over me and I entered her. The sensation of her burning flesh surrounding me was incredible.•

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

## BUS STOP

I've been an avid reader of the "Forum" section since I began reading *Penthouse* magazine, but never in my wildest dreams did I actually think that one day I would be writing to you. My experience occurred almost eight months ago, but it's taken me that long to put it into words.

I am now a sophomore at a small New England university, but at the time I was attending a local junior college in New Jersey for summer school. I am five foot ten, weigh a solid 150 pounds, and am fairly attractive. Running for the track team here has given me an athletic build and great stamina, which my girlfriend especially loves. Every weekend last summer, I took the public buses from New Jersey to New York to visit my girlfriend. I always thought this to be a hassle, but little did I know what one of these late-night excursions would bring my way.

One steamy summer night after leaving my girlfriend, I was waiting for my bus in the near-empty terminal, quietly reminiscing about the weekend. As my gaze wandered about the vast room, I spied one of the most fantastic-looking women I had ever seen.

Leaning up against the wall, she was scanning the terminal just as I was. She was about five foot nine with a body that just wouldn't quit. Her short, jet-black hair was waved back to reveal a face that belonged on a magazine cover. High, majestic cheekbones, beautiful dark eyes, and full, pouting lips highlighted her flawless face. Moving down

her slender neck, my eyes lit upon two perfectly proportioned breasts. They strained ever so slightly against the clinging tank top she wore underneath a denim jacket. A pair of the tightest jeans completed her attire and housed a small yet firm ass, along with two long and highly toned legs.

The bus arrived, and when we boarded it she sat next to me. We started talking and I found out her name was Marianne and that she was a 26-year-old dancer who worked in a small club in Manhattan. We continued the conversation for a while, and then, out of the blue, she asked me if I would fuck her when we got off the bus.

I was taken aback, mostly because I could not believe

she had said that and also because I thought this sort of thing only happened in cheap paperbacks. My doubts and fears were short-lived when she leaned over and kissed me. I reciprocated hungrily, with a passion that surprised even me. In seconds, our hands began roving over each other, like four starving scavengers searching for food. My fingers found the snaps of her jacket and then lifted her tank top to reveal her surging breasts. We kissed harder, our tongues deeply probing into each other's mouths. My tongue left Marianne's burning mouth and thrashed its way down her slender, hot neck to her swelling mounds. With my right hand clutching her back, I began to massage

and caress her right breast with my left hand, while I ran my mouth softly over her left breast. Her nipples swelled to my touch and she began moaning very softly and biting my ears. Marianne's right hand pressed my head harder into her chest, while her other hand slid under my pants and massaged my cock. The next thing I knew, the bus had arrived at our stop. Marianne invited me to her apartment to continue our getting to know each other, and I readily agreed.

Zebra skins hung taut on the walls of her dimly lit apartment and the heady scent of musk pierced the heat of the room. We moved toward the open bedroom with excited anticipation. She had her jacket and top off before we even got there. As she lay back on her bed, I pulled off her jeans and panties in one swift movement. She moved back on the bed as I slipped out of my clothes and between the cool sheets beside her.

Taking control immediately, she straddled her long legs over me and I entered her. The sensation of her burning flesh surrounding me was incredible. She started rocking back and forth, eyes closed. I instinctively grabbed her heaving breasts and began to match her slow rhythm. Marianne began to moan softly. Then she let out a short gasp and bucked



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.



# Purcell Mountains. A rugged place for a smooth whisky to start.



**WESTERN CANADA**—The hardest part of the climbing is just getting enough air. I gulped it in. Icy. Thin.

And then we stopped, and looking around took my breath away all over again.

Later, thawing out by the fire, we knew we'd been someplace we could never forget.

Over Windsor Canadian, we talked about it all night long. That's some smooth whisky.

It's made from water that runs down from the glaciers. They use the local rye. And that high, clean air must have something to do with the way Windsor Canadian ages.

Rugged country. Smooth whisky. Both unforgettable.



## WINDSOR

CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.



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SEPTEMBER

even harder into a shattering orgasm. I continued pumping for another two minutes until she began to get the rhythm back. Then we separated and I withdrew from her steaming body.

Lying back on the bed, she reached out and guided me back into her. She immediately climaxed, panting and squirming in sexual ecstasy. I tried to slow the pace down, but she began thrusting harder and harder. She was scraping her long nails over my sweat-soaked back, and I knew there was no slowing down. I was losing control but I didn't care. I started pulling almost all the way out and then ramming into her, which drove her wild. She began thrashing her head from side to side, her wet hair slapping the damp mattress. I moved my hands under her undulating ass and ground into her even harder, and from the tips of my toes my orgasm started. Marianne opened her mouth in a silent scream as we bucked in unison, and together we climaxed with an intensity I'd never known before.

I awoke alone the following day to the bright midday sun. A note on the bedpost told me to stay for more, but since I was late for work already, there was no way I could. Besides, I mused, just like New York City, Marianne's bed is a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.—*Name and address withheld*

## ADVENTURE ON THE HIGH SEAS

I have been a monthly reader of *Penthouse* and "Forum" for the past five years. It wasn't until recently that I had a sexual encounter worth writing about.

My dad owns a yacht that we fish from in the Gulf of Mexico. My friends and I often use the boat for adventures. After a Saturday night of fishing last July, my friends and I made the catch of the day back at the dock!

After we finished washing up the boat, three girls walked up to us and asked if they could come aboard and have a cold beer. These girls could have made the cover of *Penthouse* any month of the year. They were unbelievably fine and sensuously provocative in nature. They told us their names were Carol, Jody, and Kitty.

We opened a few beers and the conversation quickly turned to sex. Almost immediately, we began pairing off. Carol, a brunette, paired off with Tom; Jody, a redhead, teamed up with Bob; and I, fortunately, was left with Kitty, a stunning blonde. Before long, things started to heat up! Soon we were kissing, dancing, and fondling our newfound water nymphs.

Carol and Tom were soon locked in a passionate embrace on the couch. Bob and Jody headed for the master stateroom, and Kitty and I made a beeline for the bow stateroom. Before we left, Kitty reached down and picked up one of my dildo-shaped fishing lures. I immediately began to fantasize about what she had in mind for the unsuspecting lure and my unbelievably horny self.

When we entered the stateroom, Kitty

closed the door, looked deep into my eyes, and said, "I'm going to fuck, suck, and lick you from head to toe." I almost blasted a nut right there!

We both quickly stripped and fell into a savage French kiss. Kitty pulled away and proceeded to shove the entire lure into her sopping cunt. She hungrily maneuvered the lure in and out of her pussy until she exploded into her first orgasm. I've heard that Mardi Gras is the greatest free show on earth. Whoever said that has never seen a beautiful girl plow into herself with a make-do dildo!

By now my own ten-inch throbbing love lure was ready for some deep-sea vagina-probing of its own. Kitty took my rigid cock into her mouth and proceeded to give me the best blowjob known to man. It didn't take much of this penis treatment to send me over the orgasmic edge. I exploded and filled her mouth with creamy hot jism.

After a little rest, Kitty was ready for me to refill her cunt with my love harpoon. I raised her legs to my shoulders and slammed my manhood into her hot love hole. She started screaming, moaning, and squirming as if she were possessed.

While I was pumping her hot box, I felt Kitty's vaginal muscles working my rod over. After a short while of that, I came in quarts for the second time. Shortly after, Kitty had a mind-blowing orgasm of her very own.

My friends had encounters much the same as mine, and the six of us spent the rest of the weekend engaging in all sorts of erotic lovemaking.—*Name and address withheld*

## THE CROWD-PLEASER

As a freshman in college, I finally got to fulfill a fantasy I'd had for a long time. One always hears stories about a girl putting out for a bunch of guys, so I was naturally curious about it.

When I first began attending my junior college, it was in a state neighboring the one my hometown was in and it had close to 3,000 students. This was heavenly for me, as I come from a small town. The campus seemed huge, and it was so neat and orderly, with modern dormitories and buildings. I was away from home for the first time in my life and didn't know a single soul, but it felt terrific being on my own. I got acquainted with some of the girls and I also met two guys who were second-year students. One of the guys had an older-model car, a roomy 1959 Chevrolet that he kept in mint condition. I wasn't actually dating either guy specifically; the three of us were more like great pals who did things together. They used to feel me up whenever we were alone and I came close to going all the way with them a few times, but, since they were new friends, I didn't want them to think I was an easy lay.

That is, until one Friday evening in late fall. We had had a large pep rally complete with bonfires the evening before a





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big football game, and like most of the students, the three of us went to the campus snack bar after the rally. Then the guys decided to drive downtown to pick up some beer. We sat in the car listening to the radio and drinking beer at one of the student parking lots on campus. The guys soon got frisky and started fooling around underneath my skirt, and I didn't stop them. One thing led to another, so I climbed into the backseat with one guy while the other one stood outside as a sort of sentry.

The one in the car with me pulled up my skirt, took my panties off, lowered his jeans and shorts, got between my legs, and fucked me. When he finished, he traded places with the other guy. The second guy was really screwing the daylights out of me when we heard the one outside talking to someone. Three guys were taking a shortcut through the parking lot when they saw the guy standing by the car. They'd just stopped to talk, but when they peeked into the car they saw us screwing, so naturally they hung around to have a piece of the action. The guy on top of me got his rocks off, and I didn't protest when one of the new arrivals jumped in the back with me as soon as the second guy got out of the car. I just lay there with my skirt bunched up around my waist and my thighs open and stark white in the moonlight. Word managed to get around somehow, and soon

there was a crowd of guys around the car waiting for their chance to fuck me. I got screwed so many times that night, it was great! I was exhausted when I got back to my dorm room. I estimated I had been screwed for almost four hours nonstop.

I felt tired the next day, so I stayed in and rested. I had an ache between my legs from spreading them for four hours and having cock after cock pounding into me. It wasn't painful, rather more like a small discomfort when I walked, so that I had to step gingerly. I had enjoyed myself, though, and I know the guys didn't have any complaints either, so it was well worth it.—Name and address withheld

#### PRIVATE DANCER

I'm a 20-year-old university student. A few months ago, I met some of my friends and we went to a topless bar for a couple of beers. We sat at a table right beside the stage. For about an hour, I watched the girls doing their show one after the other. I didn't find them very attractive and I was starting to get bored. As I was standing up ready to leave, one gorgeous girl, named Bliss, came out of her dressing room. She had round, firm breasts, strong, shaped thighs, and, beyond everything, the greatest ass I had ever seen. When she saw I was going to leave, she came by me and whispered in my ear, "Aren't you going to watch my show?" She looked at me with a seduc-

tive smile on her face and lust in her eyes. So I went back to my seat and waited for her to begin her show.

She climbed onto the stage and slowly took her clothes off to the slow rhythm of the music. First she removed her silky top and caressed her firm breasts with both hands, looking at me all the while. Then she removed her tiny panties, revealing the hottest cunt lips I had ever seen. She was really hot and wild, caressing her strong thighs and slowly stroking her pussy. She saw I was excited and she came near me, turned her outstanding ass right in front of my face, and spread her thighs wide apart. She was so close I could have tasted her hot pussy. She then bent over so I could look her right in the eyes, and she whispered, "Don't go away, I want to taste your cock!"

On her way back to the dressing room, she invited me to follow her. My cock was pulsing in my pants as I walked behind her, watching her gorgeous ass bouncing in front of me. Once in her room, she slowly started to undress me. She was kissing me all over, moaning and drooling with desire. Then she unbuckled my belt, pulled down my zipper, and yanked my pants down. She slipped her lips around my hard cock and started sucking it. She teased me with her agile tongue for about ten minutes. Then I pushed her back and she leaned on the floor. I kissed her breasts and slowly sucked her hard

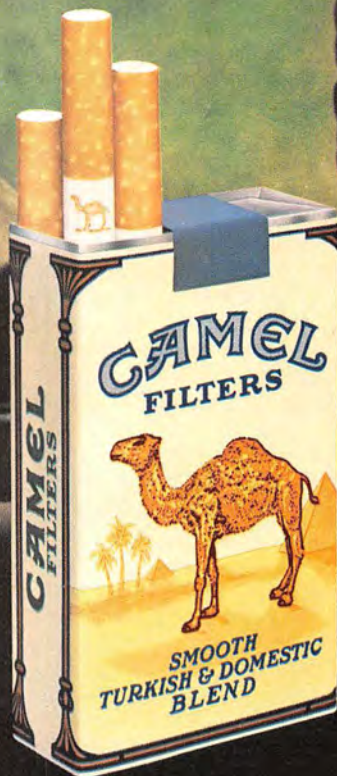


"No, I'm not disappointed. I was just wondering what happened to the ritual that used to go along with dating."



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nipples. I crept my way down to her crotch with my tongue and worked around her love hole. I was running my tongue along her lips, on her clit, and finally inside her pussy. I could taste the juice flowing out of her cunt. It was so sweet!

Then I rolled her over to admire her extraordinary ass. She lifted her hips and spread her thighs wide apart. I almost came at the view of these wide-open, juicy, pink lips and the swollen clit between her gorgeous buttocks. I slowly entered her from behind and drove her completely insane by slowly going in and out of her wet cunt. She moved her hips in a frenzy and screamed, "Now, nail me now!" She was jolted by several successive orgasms, when I thrust my swollen cock deep inside her and shot my entire load of hot come in her love well.

Bliss is still working at the bar where we first met. Every week I go watch her drive the other men crazy with her marvelous body. And every time, when her show is over, we go to her dressing room and make love all night long.—*Name and address withheld*

### GRADE-A STUDENTS

I am a junior at a state college in Wisconsin. I was attending a general-psychology class with two of my roommates. After class one day, we approached the instructor, a very pretty woman, about a

problem we had. We are all on the football team and had to miss class for a road trip we were going on. The instructor was very cooperative. She said there was no problem as long as we three met with her in her office.

After classes that day we all went to see this very attractive young teacher. To our surprise she was reading a *Penthouse* magazine, but quickly dropped it as we entered. As we started to talk about our makeup work, I couldn't help but stare at the magazine. She caught me staring at it and asked if I read *Penthouse*. I said, "As often as possible." At this time I had noticed the erection of her nipples. Immediately, my cock became as stiff as a frozen rope. I couldn't stop looking at her nipples as she talked to us about our makeup work. Then I noticed my roommate, Grant, also had a bulge in his pants.

The instructor leaned over to hand me a class worksheet. As she did this I looked down her shirt and saw her tits. They had the most beautifully erect nipples I had ever seen. Just then I felt her warm hand touch my thigh. She went over to the door and locked it securely. Then she came over to me and began to kiss my lips, as I started to rub her thigh. I knew she was hot, as she was panting like a wild dog. Her tongue felt like it was halfway to my stomach. I quickly unbuttoned her blouse and tugged off her skirt.

She sat on her desk with her long legs spread wildly apart. I quickly stood up and pushed my jeans to my ankles and stepped in front of her dripping cunt. I couldn't help but run my finger over her clit. This made her so hot she couldn't sit still, and she shoved the books off her desk. I felt like I was about to come. I couldn't stand it any longer; I had to fuck her. I rubbed my cock against her juicy cunt as she said, "I want you to be a part of me." I shoved my throbbing cock in her pulsating pussy as she started to moan loudly. I couldn't help but think what kind of grade I was going to receive now.

After moaning and groaning for what seemed like hours, I felt my come creeping up the shaft of my cock. I quickly pulled my cock out and began squirting hot white come all over her stomach and tits. I then turned to my roommates and said, "Next . . ." Grant quickly stood tall (all six foot five of him) and walked over to the desk. As he pushed his pants down, our instructor was masturbating in her excitement. She was definitely ready for round two. Grant seemed as though he were in heaven, smiling from ear to ear. He found her clit with his fingers and she screamed in ecstasy. After a small bit of foreplay, he began to fuck her faster than I had ever seen anyone fuck before. She seemed to like it as she was screaming, "Harder, harder."

Grant, who is known as "Iron Cock" for his ability to hold back his ejaculation, seemed ready to come. This instructor was just too hot to hold back anything. As Grant came, the instructor moaned loudly and I knew she was having a frantic orgasm. Grant pulled out his large cock and squirted his come all over her pubic hair. They both seemed drained, but I knew she wasn't done yet. She was just getting going.

My other roommate, Todd, we call "Snack Man." He loves to eat pussy. He quickly got up and rushed over to the "fuck desk." He pulled the instructor over so only half of her ass was on the desk. He then got on his knees and started to eat her pussy. Todd's tongue was gliding up and down her soft little clit. With each stroke of his tongue she let out a violent breath. Todd used two fingers of his left hand to finger-fuck her.

After a while of that, Todd was ready to fuck this hot bitch. He stood up and started to tease her by just putting the head of his cock inside her. She couldn't stand it, and wanted more. Todd gave her more as he pushed his stiff cock into her pussy as far as he could. He fucked her slow and hard. Then, suddenly, his pace quickened and he screamed as he wildly squirted his come all over her naked stomach.

I'd never had an experience like that before and I'll never forget it. By the way, I got an A in general psych that semester. I'm not sure if it was due to my school-work or my after-school, extra-credit project.—*Name and address withheld*



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## SULTRY SUNDAE

I'm a student at a major southern-California college, but my studies could have never prepared me for what happened on my last road trip. I was hungry from driving all night and decided to stop at the next town to get something to eat. The only place open was a 24-hour market. As I entered, I noticed that the store was empty except for a gorgeous blonde behind the cash register with the nicest set of tits I had ever seen. We exchanged casual smiles, and I went about collecting the makings of my favorite ice-cream sundae. Approaching the register, I got a much better glimpse of her bountiful jugs, and my cock stuck into my leg like a steel spike.

"Not a lot of people around here at this hour," I said.

"I'll be all alone here until the morning shift arrives at six," she replied.

The numbers on my watch glowed "2:30." She then noticed the growing bulge in my pants, smiled, took my hand, and led me to the back of the store. On the way, she started undressing. First she took off her shirt. Next off came her sexy little uniform. Standing before me was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, clad in only skimpy, black underwear. Unable to bear the pain of my concrete muscle digging into my leg, I quickly tore off all my clothes. Taking her tits into my hand, I began to massage her rock-hard

nipples. She moaned and started to stroke my aching cock with one hand and my balls with the other. She dropped to her knees, and I watched as my shaft disappeared inch by inch into her soft, wet mouth. As the explosion built within me, I started to scream. I came so hard I thought I would knock her over, sending what felt like gallons of hot come down her throat.

Then I watched her slip out of her panties, revealing her swollen and dripping cunt. My hand lunged out for it like a heat-seeking missile, but she grabbed it halfway and returned it to my side. She grabbed my bag of groceries and removed the chocolate syrup. Lying on her back, she began to massage the sensually sweet syrup in and around her steaming love box. Next she added some whipped cream and a cherry to her sex sundae. "Remember what your mother told you," she said. "You can't leave the table until you finish everything on your plate."

I dug my face into dessert and started chowing down. As I licked her clean, I could tell she was on the brink of a thunderous orgasm. She began moaning and panting and screaming at me to fuck her. I shoved my eight inches of steaming meat deep into her cave, and began to fuck like never before. That tingling feeling entered my cock, which told me that I too was about to come. Seconds later,

we came simultaneously in waves, feeling each other's pleasure in our most sensitive regions. As I lay on top of her, soaked from my own perspiration, she gazed deeply into my eyes and said softly, "Let's go check out the vegetable section."

For the next two hours, we went through every aisle of the market trying all different kinds of food, fruits, and vegetables in our sex games. The morning shift arrived just as we were getting dressed. I kissed her good-bye and went on my way.—Name and address withheld

## A CHANGE OF HEART

I am a member of a fraternity at a large southern university, and my brothers and I are known for the wild parties we throw each semester. The day before a party, a small committee is appointed to post an "odds sheet" on the bulletin board, which lists each brother's estimated chance of getting laid. Having recently broken up with my steady girlfriend, my only intention for the evening was to get disgustingly drunk, and getting pussy was the last thing on my mind.

The party was a phenomenal blowout. The "odds sheet" turned out to be fairly accurate, and a steady stream of couples slowly filed upstairs as the evening progressed.

As I said earlier, I was in no mood to go through the usually frustrating act of



"Let's trust each other, Doc. I let you drill my teeth—you let me hold your balls."



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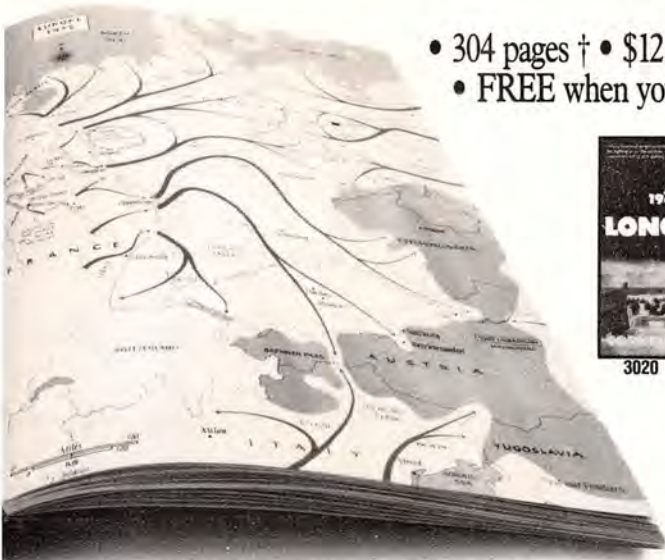
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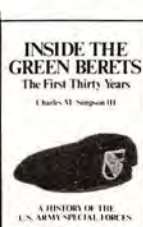




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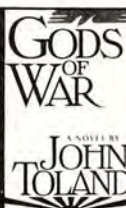
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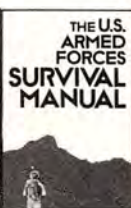
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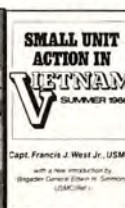
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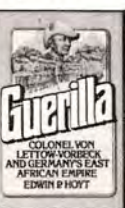
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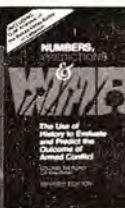
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chasing pussy. However, after a while I found myself staring at an intriguingly sexy brunette who was sitting on the railing of our deck. I had seen her occasionally on campus, but I had never spoken to her.

After another hour or so, I was feeling pretty good and I noticed that the girl was still sitting on the deck. It was getting pretty late at this point and most of the people had already left. Deciding to take a chance, I walked over to her and started to talk. She had on a tight miniskirt that barely covered her legs. I longed to rub my hand across her gorgeous thighs and finger her pussy. As we continued to make small talk, I watched her shapely breasts heave in and out as she spoke, and I felt an enormous erection rising between my legs. While I was trying to think of a line to get her upstairs, she suddenly asked me to escort her to the rest room. I guarded the door for her as she used the rest room, and then took her to my room for a drink.

Under the dim lights in my room her body looked even more arousing, and I knew that I wouldn't be able to control myself for long. Neither of us could think of anything else to say, but it didn't matter because soon we had our tongues in each other's mouths. I held her tight up against me, and even though we still had our clothes on, I could feel the heat and wetness of her pussy pressing against

my stiff, throbbing cock.

I quickly unbuttoned her blouse and began to lick her nipples, feeling them stiffen against my flickering tongue. Before we could blink, we both had our clothes off and I was running my tongue up and down her soft, firm thighs and licking her pussy. I felt her clitoris become stiff while I flicked my tongue across it and sweet vaginal juices began to seep into my mouth. She moaned and pulled at my hair while she wrapped her legs around me. I rubbed my throbbing cock gently against her soaking pussy, but I wasn't ready to fuck her just yet.

I lifted myself up and straddled her chest. I wrapped her gorgeous tits around my dick and fucked them. Then she climbed on top of me and started to lick the tip of my cock. I started to moan as she took my whole shaft into her mouth and started to lick my balls. As she bobbed up and down on my dick, I had never wanted to fuck someone as badly as I did then. I told her to put my dick inside of her cunt, and she mounted me and began to ride my cock. I softly caressed her thighs and breasts while we fucked. She leaned back and caressed my balls as she continued to ride.

We increased our tempo and then decided to switch positions, with me on top. She dug her nails deep into the flesh of my back as I slammed my dick deeper into her. We slowed down for a while, and

then I realized that I wasn't going to last much longer and began slamming as hard as I could. Finally, we both moaned and my body started to tremble as huge squirts of my semen gushed into the depths of her quivering pussy. I lay on top of her for a while and we both breathed heavily, exhausted. Soon after, we fell asleep.

When I awoke the next morning, she was already gone. I ran into her at a club soon afterward, but when I went to talk to her, she acted embarrassed and seemed to regret the incident. Anyway, this semester's blast is only a few weeks away and I look forward to enjoying another sexual encounter, perhaps one even more exciting.—Name and address withheld

#### PUTTING OUT THE FIRE

Some of the guys at our local firehouse do part-time odd jobs. I'd been watching one guy in particular who was tall and dark and had a cleft chin and a dazzling smile. He was a major player in my fantasies from the first time I saw him in shorts and turn-out gear. My opportunity finally came. I needed work done on my steps and managed to snag him for the job. I'm in my forties with a terrific body; he's in his late twenties. All I could think about was what I could do with a younger man all night long.

I set him up working on the steps and





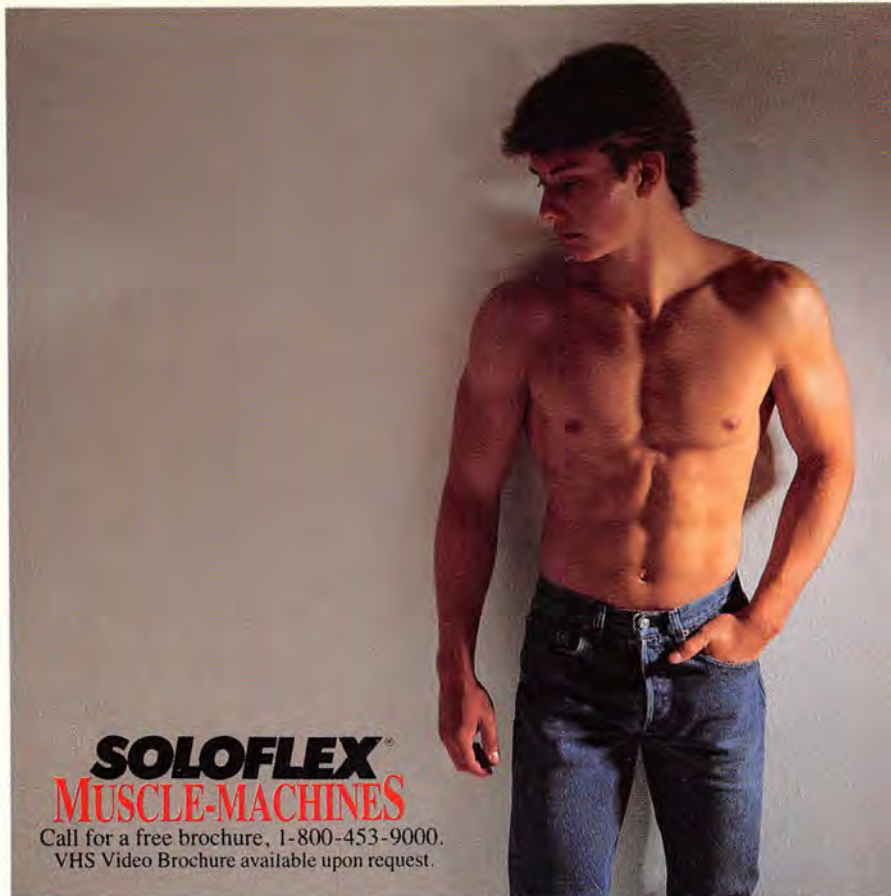
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a few other odd jobs, most of them facing my bedroom window. When I'd get home from work I'd head upstairs and purposely undress, flashing sexy skivvies or some skin whenever I thought he was watching. Finally, one day, I couldn't take just watching anymore. I went downstairs and quietly slipped up behind him. He was on his knees hammering away, so he didn't hear me at first.

I was wearing high-heeled "fuck me" pumps, a loose summer skirt with no undies, and a tight halter. My nipples were erect from just thinking about what I was going to do. I moved real close to him and, as he turned around still on his knees, I lifted up my skirt so he was face-to-face with my hot pussy. I didn't have to say a word. He put his huge hands on my ass and pushed me back against the house as he snaked his tongue over my clit. He licked my slit and tongued me till I was on fire, teasing me as I moaned, crushing my hips against him. I came so hard my legs went weak.

He stood up and carried me into the house, kissing me, our tongues hot against each other. He put me down on the bedroom floor, and I went for his huge cock, which was bigger than any I'd seen on other men. I could barely wait to get my lips around it. I licked and sucked him up and down—his balls, the crease of his thighs, and around the huge head of his shaft—till he came. Then he started on

me again. I had gotten so hot blowing him, I was creaming. I couldn't wait to get him in me.

He mounted me, and just the touch of him had my hips rising to meet his. I was trembling. He slammed into me like an 18-wheeler, holding me to him and plunging in. Then he'd slow down and tease me till I was begging him to let me come. I'd never felt anything like this man. Everything was so intense. I was moaning and panting like an animal. I couldn't get enough. We came together so intensely I thought we'd never be able to pull apart.

When we finally were able to catch our breath, he told me he'd been watching me and fantasizing about me for two years. Nothing either of us ever fantasized was as good as what we did that day and what we've done since. Now, every time I hear the fire whistle blow, I smile, knowing I'm blowing my fireman.—*Name and address withheld*

#### BI-DI

It seemed as if 1985 was going to be the most boring year of my life. That was until my best friend, Ben, threw a Halloween party for all the second-year engineering students at our small, remote Canadian university.

I arrived at the bash at 8 P.M. sharp, dressed as Madonna. My nine inches of man meat were perfectly concealed be-

hind a tight black miniskirt. My breasts were constructed of Jell-O-filled balloons inside a 38DD sports bra.

After about two joints and a six-pack, I was feeling rather excitable. It was then that I saw Ellen, a tight little fox from my English class. She was dressed as Lady Di in a beautiful, low-cut, emerald-green gown. I had never really been attracted to this girl before because she kind of kept to herself. The only people I ever saw her talk to were other girls. Having noticed her ample titties and lovely face, my little helper started to expand to its two-inch width. Luckily my python had grown behind my metallic belt, so its growth was hidden. Ellen approached from the right, whispering in my ear, "Being a lesbian, I've always wanted to make love to Madonna." In my best female voice I answered back, "Now's your chance, Di."

We found an office with a huge leather couch and began to kiss passionately. Suddenly, she froze. She'd found me out! Quizzically, she said, "You're not a woman?"

"No," I replied, "I'm Madonna with a dick!"

Keeping her pussy juices flowing with my talented fingers, I convinced her to stay. She was really getting wet. Our clothes fell from our bodies, and I emptied the contents of one of the balloons onto her steaming, nublie body.

"I don't know if I can handle something that big for my first cock," she whispered when she saw what I was packing. I put my face between her legs and my tongue of pleasure released even more of her natural lubricants. Her lips still could not stretch around my manhood. She was tight, like a virgin. I had to get my cock into her groove. I was getting desperate. I scooped up some Jell-O and greased my flagpole and her awaiting cavern.

I picked her up, turned her over onto all fours, and entered her love palace from behind. During my 15 minutes of solid stroking, she achieved multiple-multiple orgasms before I finally emptied myself into her.

We now live together, and Ellen doesn't date women anymore. She still loves taking my whole nightstick into her hairy holster. It's hard to believe that I had to convince her to try a man in the first place. I sure am glad I did.—*Name and address withheld*

#### A FRIEND IN NEED

I'm a man in my early twenties, and I've been an avid reader of your magazine since I was old enough to masturbate. I've always enjoyed the "Forum" column, but found some of the stories hard to swallow. That is, until I had an experience worth printing.

I should mention that I have been married for almost five years, and in that time have had two children. My sex life has gotten quite bad in the past couple of years because of my wife's lack of sexual





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drive. I love her very much, but I get very frustrated.

Anyway, a good friend of mine named Jack was aware of my predicament and decided he would try to do something about it. He had met this girl who was a free-spirited person who would do anything for him. He told her about my problem, and she thought my wife was selfish and unfair. She wanted to help me out with a threesome.

Being the good sport that I am, I said, "Sure! Why not?" We picked her up at about eight on a Friday night. I had not met her up to this point.

Gloria was young and hot. She had nice firm tits, a great ass, and long brown hair. She seemed pleased when she saw me and, driving to the motel, we got ourselves acquainted.

After some small talk, she wondered aloud how my body was. I told her she wouldn't be disappointed, and I leaned over to kiss her. She had an incredible tongue which she practically shoved down my throat. We fondled each other and were pretty hot by the time we reached our destination.

As soon as we got in the door, Jack cracked open the bubbly and she cracked open my pants. Without hesitation, she started giving me one of the best blowjobs I've ever had. She sucked for about 15 minutes or so, and finally stood up from her kneeling position and

stretched out on the bed. I dove right in, entering her soaked pussy and pumping like there was no tomorrow. As we started to reach our peak of excitement, she told me not to come inside her, because she wanted my load in her mouth. Of course I obliged, and she swallowed every last drop. She commented on how Jack's come and mine were the sweetest she had ever tasted. If only my wife knew what she was missing.

Next it was Jack's turn. She started to suck him off, and I figured it would be a good time to roll a joint. For some reason, Jack couldn't get it up, and she sucked him for a long time. So after we smoked and drank some bubbly, she decided to give him another try. She got on the bed on her hands and knees, with Jack getting head and me fucking her from behind. (She told us that was her favorite position!)

Jack still couldn't get completely hard. Although he looked to be about eight inches, he wasn't fully erect. Gloria seemed to be enjoying herself, though, and so were we! Jack started finger-fucking her and she got really loud, moaning and groaning. The motel manager knocked on the door, commanding us to open it. We, of course, did not—and when he heard three voices, he threatened to call the cops. We promised him we would keep it down, and he finally went away.

As I rolled another joint, Jack got more head, and this time he must have gotten over the uncomfortable feeling of having his best friend watch, because he got his full ten or 11 inches up. No exaggeration, this guy is big! He immediately began to show me how it's done.

Afterward, Gloria said she wanted to get on top of my dick and give Jack head at the same time. This girl was unbelievable. We banged and got sucked off for about four hours straight until we were all exhausted. We collapsed on the bed and talked for a while, and then she said she had to get home, and the evening ended.—Name and address withheld

## THRILLER THEATER

My husband and I have been married for over six years now, and our sex life is as fine as the night we met. In fact, it's getting better. The main reason for that is we now share our fantasies when we're in bed. It's exciting to hear him talk sexy to me, making me feel more wanted, more sexy.

Anyway, when we were first married, I always thought I would never have another man. But Earl's fantasies have turned me on to the idea, and I finally let it happen. Earl's biggest fantasy is for me to make it with a black man, and, to be honest, the thought of that really gets me horny. One night, I took advantage of it.

Because of Earl's work schedule, he



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often works three nights a week. It was on one of those nights that one of his friends, Elliot, came to the apartment looking for him so they could go out and have a few beers. Elliot is a very masculine person, about six feet tall with an excellent physique. Immediately, Earl's fantasy crossed my mind. Well, I thought I'd ask him in for a drink before he left, just to see how, or if, anything sexy about him appealed to me. One thing that bothered me at first were the baggy sweat-pants I had on. How would that make him look me over? I thought to myself. One thing in my favor, though: I was wearing one of Earl's tank-top undershirts. My nipples really show through.

Elliot and I had a few drinks, and then a chiller-type movie came on television. I'm a jumpy person when it comes to scary movies. Elliot, like most guys, I

guess, wanted to watch it with the lights out. I jumped at a very scary part. Elliot put his arms around me to calm me down. Then he whispered in my ear. And then he licked my ear. I was really starting to feel close to him, and it felt good. We looked at each other and, without saying a word, began one of the longest and most passionate French kisses I've ever known. Kissing someone else, and having someone else touch me, was one of the horniest experiences I've ever had.

He began touching my breasts, which by now had very erect nipples. Within a few minutes he had taken my top off and was kissing my tits. I lay back on the couch, put my arms back, and just let him take control. He had such great hands, rubbing my breasts like he knew what every stroke was doing. I told him how wet I was getting and he responded

by taking my shoes, socks, and pants off. I always enjoy wearing sexy bikini panties, and Elliot just dropped to his knees and buried his face between my legs with the panties still on. I was able to reach his belt, so I unbuckled it and pulled down his zipper. He flung off his pants and I saw the head of his erect cock poke out of his sexy blue underwear. It was the first black cock I had ever seen, and I was impressed. I'm sure the enormous size had something to do with that.

I completely undressed Elliot, and then he took my extremely wet panties off. I took his hand and we went to the bedroom, where we got into a heavy sixty-nine session. I was so excited, and there's no doubt that his beautiful black cock was the biggest I'd ever had. I could reach his buttocks, which were fantastic to squeeze. He was a master with his tongue, making me squirm all over the bed. I told him to lie down on the bed. I wanted to massage his well-built chest and stomach muscles.

I kissed my way down his stomach and back to his cock. Finally, I moved on top of him and, while kissing, let his enormous rod push its way into my hole. Within seconds he rolled us over. With him now on top, Elliot began the greatest pumping I've ever had. I screamed with pure delight, feeling every hard inch of his big black cock. Sometimes you can feel when a guy comes inside you, and with Elliot I knew when it happened. I could feel his love potion filling my hole. He stayed hard for a long time, pushing in and out of me. We both came again that night in what was to me the most thrilling sexual experience of my life. Women with a black-man fantasy should live it out. For me, the touch of his chest and the feeling of being completely filled with a large black cock proved to me that black is the right track.—Name and address withheld



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### DELECTABLE DETENTION

I never thought that I would be writing to your fabulous column, "Forum," but I had an experience that I just had to tell your readers about. I am a college senior at a university in Illinois. There isn't much excitement here, so the major for most men is girl-watching. My experience began in one of my classes.

I love women with large tits and firm asses, and my English teacher measured up to my every dream. She is a tall, lean woman with beautiful brown eyes—eyes that make me melt every time I look into them. One day I was in class working on a paper that I had been preparing for a week when my teacher asked me to stay after class. My heart raced wildly because I thought that I had done something wrong.

When the bell rang signaling the end of the class period, my heart skipped a beat as I slowly approached her desk. She was correcting some papers and didn't notice me standing in front of her. I cleared my throat to get her attention,





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and then she looked up. She gazed at me for a couple of seconds. She removed her glasses and walked up in front of me.

She looked at me, sizing up my lean-but-muscular body. She had a sly smile on her face and suddenly said, "Scott, I have been watching you since the beginning of the semester and I want to tell you how handsome you are." I was stunned, but at the same time I felt a familiar bulge forming in my pants. I thanked her for the compliment and asked why I was told to stay after class.

She said that she had just wanted to tell me that, and she felt glad to get it off her chest. Smiling, I said that she was very sexy, and that I'd often dreamed of her. She started to blush and gave me a quick kiss. Seeing that I offered no resistance, she went ahead and gave me the most passionate kiss I have ever received.

At that moment I was out of control—after all those weeks of keeping my emotions in, I just had to get release. I was determined to give her the best fucking of her entire life. I started to remove her silky dress. I slowly kissed up and down her neck and shoulders. She started to moan, and kept telling me not to stop. I was not about to talk back to the teacher.

Her dress was off and she stood before me, wearing only black lace stockings and black heels. I almost fainted when I saw her perfectly trimmed pussy before my eyes. She started to play with herself while moaning that it would be so much better if I were doing this to her. While she was saying this, I quickly stripped down and proceeded to attack her dripping pussy. Her aroma was driving me crazy, and she kept pushing my eager tongue deeper and deeper inside her. Within a few minutes, she came all over my face.

I couldn't get enough of her. I stood up and carried her over to the back of the room, where I had laid all our clothes out on the floor. By the time we were both on the floor, she was giving me the most incredible blowjob of my life. She sucked my cock unlike anyone else. She took it deep within her throat. She kept moaning about how beautiful it felt, and how badly she needed me inside her.

Without hesitation, I got on top of her and guided my glistening cock into her steaming, wet pussy. Ooh, what a sensation! Never before did I have a pussy grip my cock as hers did. I was in seventh heaven and did not want to come down. All through our passionate love-making she yelled, "Fuck me harder—oh, don't stop, it feels so good—please come inside me!" With the last of her statements my cock pumped what seemed like a gallon of jism. As we lay on the floor totally exhausted, she asked me if I was tired and wanted to leave. I thought about it, but when I saw her sweaty body glistening, my dick started to grow again. I wanted to taste her cunt

again, so I suggested we try a sixty-nine position. The rest of the day was spent sucking and fucking each other. I never did figure out why nobody came in during our sex session—but I wasn't going to complain. I just closed my eyes as my teacher taught me a few things besides the English language.—*Name and address withheld*

#### FATHER KNOWS BEST

Do you think you'd have a problem if you had a beautiful, sexy woman and some of the best sex that there is? Well, I do. My problem is that this gorgeous creature is my son's girlfriend.

Kate and I have had a good relationship from the first time we met. We have a lot in common, and can talk to each other as friends, as well as confide secrets to each other. To me, her two best physical features are her face and legs, and one day, when we were alone, I confessed this to her, and asked if I could take some pictures of her showing off her legs. She hesitated at first, but when I explained that no one else would ever see the pictures, she agreed. So we planned a day when she would be home alone, and I could get off from work.

I showed up with my camera and Kate greeted me at the door with a robe on. She asked me what I wanted her to wear, and I replied the robe was fine. We both agreed that the pictures wouldn't expose any of her "vital" parts, and I started clicking away. Each picture got a little bolder, and from the angles I was shooting I could tell she had panties on, but no bra. When I told her she had really beautiful thighs, every picture from then on had her robe up to the edge of her panties. A couple of times, when I was showing her what kind of pose I wanted, my hand or arm brushed against her, and before long, I had a massive hard-on. I tried to hide it as best as I could, but it was impossible. Of course Kate saw it, and giving me a sly smile, asked if I was having "problems." All I could say was: "If you weren't my son's girlfriend, I'd ask you to take care of it." All she did was smile again, and pulled open her robe, flashing one of her breasts to me. That got me more worked up, so I told her, "Just a couple more pictures and I'll get rid of this," and reached down and rubbed my cock a few times.

Her smile started to disappear, and a slightly lusty look took its place. Near the end of the session, she was standing with her back to me, looking over her shoulder. I asked her to lift up the robe over her knees, which she did. In fact, it was almost to her panties. In most of the other pictures she was smiling, but now she had a very sexy look on her face, one I'd never seen before. Maybe it was that look or the fact that I was getting hotter every minute, but I suddenly asked her if I could just touch her legs for a minute. When it looked like she was leaning toward "no," I quickly added, "Just below the knees."



To this she said, "Okay, I guess it won't hurt anything." So I got on my knees behind her, and started running my hands over her shapely calves, squeezing and rubbing them from her ankles to her knees. After about ten minutes, I whispered how good they felt, and she also said it felt good. So without asking, I very slowly started to run my hands over her knees and up her lovely thighs.

I was concentrating on the front of her thighs, my arms still reaching from behind her. At last I moved up to the edge of her panties, and as one of my hands started to slide underneath them, she responded with a very feeble "no." But I was too hot to stop and moved my hand quickly, and had her pussy cupped in my hand. As I lay my head against her soft ass, I moaned how good it felt. When my hand started to rub against her, she gave another weak protest that we shouldn't, but when I slipped a finger into her now wet pussy, she gasped and spread her legs slightly, so I slid another finger in and her legs widened more. I started rubbing my face into her ass, as my other hand slipped under the back of her panties, and started squeezing and rubbing her ass. After about 15 minutes of this, I removed both my hands and slid her panties off. When both hands went back to where they were, Kate spun around, saying, "Lou, we shouldn't." But when she spun around, her robe opened in the front, and there, right before me, was the most beautiful pussy I had ever seen.

Now I didn't care what she was saying. I put both my hands up the back of her thighs, grabbed her ass, and pulled her into me, my tongue going to work on her outer lips. I guess that was it for her also, for she spread her legs and moved against me, her hands grabbing my head. Now my mouth was sucking that beautiful-tasting pussy while my tongue slid into her warmth. It was only a couple of minutes, and her body was twisting and pushing against me while her moans were getting louder. Even with my hands on her ass, holding her tightly against me, it was getting difficult to keep our balance. So I said, "Wait a minute," and lay down on the floor on my back. I motioned to her to move down and straddle my face. She took off her robe, and fell to her knees, then very slowly lowered herself onto my face. I raised my head slightly in order to run my tongue first through her soft hairs, then, as she came down a little more, her soft lips. Finally, my tongue slid into her hot pussy.

We were really getting into it. My hand reached up and started rubbing and squeezing her breasts, which seemed to excite her even more. My other hand slipped around to her ass, and I caressed her smooth, firm cheeks. Kate was really pushing into me and rocking every which way. I got my mouth loose for a second, and told her to slow down and enjoy it. As she started a nice slow, circular motion, my mouth started sucking

her lips, every so often slipping my tongue into her. Now, both my hands were squeezing her breasts and gently pinching her hard nipples.

As we were moving against each other, she told me that her boyfriend didn't like to go down on her, and she never thought it could feel so good. *Even if he is my son*, I thought to myself, *what a fool he is for missing a fine pussy like this*. After a good 20 minutes or so, my tongue finally moved up and touched her clit. She gasped, and her movements became more intense. I started gently sucking it as one hand moved to her ass again, caressing her firm cheeks. In just a couple of minutes, her whole body trembled and I could feel her first spasm. She pushed her pussy hard against my mouth as her spasms increased in intensity.

I continued sucking her clit while I began pinching her nipples. I remained like that until her excitement started to subside. I started caressing both breasts again. Her hands moved up and held mine, squeezing just a little harder than I was. When she finally stopped, she started to move off me, and I said, "Wait a minute. You're not cleaned up yet." I don't think she fully understood what I meant, so I said, "You just stay like you are until I can lick up all your juices and clean you out." I then began licking and sucking her drenched pussy. I really didn't think she expected this, and she watched me with a little smile on her face. She had such a large amount of pussy juice, it took me about ten minutes to get it all, but I savored every drop.

I finally told her to roll over, and as she did, I stayed with her and ended up lying between her legs, with my mouth right back on her pussy. With no hesitation this time, Kate fell right into rhythm with my tongue. I spread her legs wide and started kissing and licking her lovely thighs, going up one, tonguing her clit a few times, then down the other thigh. It wasn't very long till she grabbed my head and pushed it between her legs. Her legs wrapped tightly around my head as she came again, just as intensely as the first time. After licking her dry again, we relaxed and I moved up next to her. We held each other for a long time, gently kissing every now and then.

Without a word, I moved my head down and started kissing and sucking her breasts. We had both agreed that this was all wrong, but how physically and mentally exciting it turned out to be! I started sucking, first one nipple, then the other. As my sucking got harder, she said we'd better stop, for she was pretty well spent. But now, I needed relief. I knew that screwing was out of the question, so I asked her if she enjoyed going down on a guy. She hemmed and hawed for a minute, then finally admitted she didn't, the main reason being that since her boyfriend doesn't go down on her, why should she go down on him? I figured that, in time, I could work on that, so I got up on

but why not consider doing both?





my knees and moved between her legs, saying, "You, then, are about to see a guy come like you've never seen before," and I grabbed my cock and started stroking.

She then said that she had never seen a guy come either, and her eyes locked on my cock as my stroking got faster. I took her hand, and placed it on my balls, telling her to squeeze gently, and when I started coming, to squeeze a little harder. This she did very well. As worked up as I was, it didn't take me very long, and I began shooting streams of come all over her body, from her breasts to her legs. Her eyes got very big as my come came shooting out. I don't think I've ever had such an intense orgasm in my life.

When I finally started to subside, her hand moved from my balls up to my cock, holding it gently. This made my cock ooze up a little more come, and it fell into her hand. She leaned over and licked just the head of it, getting a little come on her tongue. "Doesn't taste bad," she said. I asked her to see if she could just put the head of it in her mouth. She hesitated, then said, "What the hell," and wrapped her lips around the head. I instructed her to suck it just a couple of times to see how it felt. This she did also. I know I had just come and my cock was semihard now, but the sight of Kate sucking my cock was reviving me already, and I started to quiver as I got hard once again. But she let go and lay down on the bed,

saying, "Maybe next time, Lou, I'll try a little harder."

At this point, I accepted what was happening, and decided not to push her. Then I said, "We're going to take a shower together, aren't we?" She replied, "I don't know. Why?" I then fell on top of her and we rubbed my come all over our bodies, almost sliding off each other a couple of times. Well, we took our shower, and later on, right before we got dressed, I held her tightly and kissed her, my hard-again cock slipping between her legs. Her thighs held it tightly as we started in-and-out motions, and in about a minute she stopped saying, "No, not that, please." She then explained that what we did was cheating and she realized it, but to make love was something she just couldn't do.

Since that day, we've had a few meetings with each other. I've eaten her an average of once a week, and she loves it more every time. She has gotten to sucking me off, but she's not willing to swallow my come as yet. She just licks a little off afterward. She is working on it, and with a wonderful girl like Kate, I can be very patient. I am more than 30 years older than Kate, but when we are together, I feel like a teenager again, and only she can do that to me.

Once in a bar with friends and relatives, she and I danced just about every slow dance together, and being very careful not to let anyone we were with see

us, ground our pelvises together every chance we got. I had a hard-on at least half the night. When we were finally alone at the booth for a couple of minutes, I slid my hand under the table and up between her legs very quickly, and started rubbing her clit. At first, she smiled and said to stop it. Then all of a sudden her smile disappeared, and her hand reached down and grabbed mine, pushing it tightly against her cunt. Her thighs tightened around my hand, and she experienced an orgasm that almost made her yell out. It only took 30 seconds altogether, but it was one of the sexiest moments I've ever experienced. A little later, when we were dancing again, she whispered that she was all wet, and wished that I could lick her dry.

I don't know what will happen in the future, but right now I'm enjoying a wonderful oral sex life with a very beautiful woman, even if she is my son's girlfriend.—*Name and address withheld*

#### OUT FOR A STROLL

I am a sailor in the Canadian Armed Forces. I am writing to you about an experience that I have to share with you. Things like this don't usually happen to me, even though my sex life is not all that bad. But this experience is one that I must tell you about.

It started one day as I was walking down the street. It was a very hot day and



"Poor Narcissus! He found a blond hair on his shoulder and beat the shit out of himself!"



# *Alive with pleasure!* **Newport**



*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.



on days like that I always wear shorts and no shirt. I'm rather shy and didn't even notice this gorgeous girl lying in the sun until she called out to me as I was passing by. She was lying on her stomach and had on only her bikini bottom.

She was about five foot eight and had blond hair. She had the best body I had seen in quite a long time. She also had the nicest set of tits, which I was treated to viewing as she rolled over. She had beautiful blue eyes and I thought I was in heaven.

I finally pulled myself together enough to introduce myself, and she said her name was Patty. As we talked I fantasized diving between her long slender legs and devouring her love juice. We were having a casual conversation, and I think she could tell that I was uncomfortable. I couldn't stand still as my cock was getting harder by the minute.

I was trying to find a comfortable position, but couldn't. She seemed to realize what the problem was and invited me in for a drink. When she stood up I nearly blew my load. I don't know how many times she called to me but I finally followed her into the house. I was not sure how old she was. I guessed 25 or 26, but then I saw a picture of her graduating class and realized that she must have been in her late thirties. Well, this made me even hornier. All the while I was wondering what she had in store for me.

She offered me a beer, which I gratefully accepted. I still couldn't believe this was happening to me but was glad to be there. Her nipples were standing erect, just wanting to be sucked. We talked for a while and then she said she had to take a shower. But as she walked away she gave me a sly look and that was all the coaxing I needed. As soon as I heard the bathroom door close I ran over to it and the shower was already going. I was more than a little nervous, but feeling bold nonetheless.

I slowly turned the doorknob and stuck my head in, hoping she wouldn't hear me. All I could see was the outline of her body through the shower curtain. With that I said, "Fuck it," and pulled off my shorts as fast as I could. I stepped into the shower and to my surprise she had her fingers up her blond cunt. That sight pushed me over the edge!

Our lips met in the most erotic French kiss I ever had, her tongue doing things inside my mouth I had never felt before. I slowly started to caress her soft body. I moved my hand over her luscious set of tits and then back down to her bush. She pushed me back against the wall, fell to her knees, and started to suck my rock-hard cock. She took all seven inches, right down to my balls. It was definitely the best head I'd ever gotten. I watched as she devoured my cock, and when I could hold back no longer, I shot the biggest

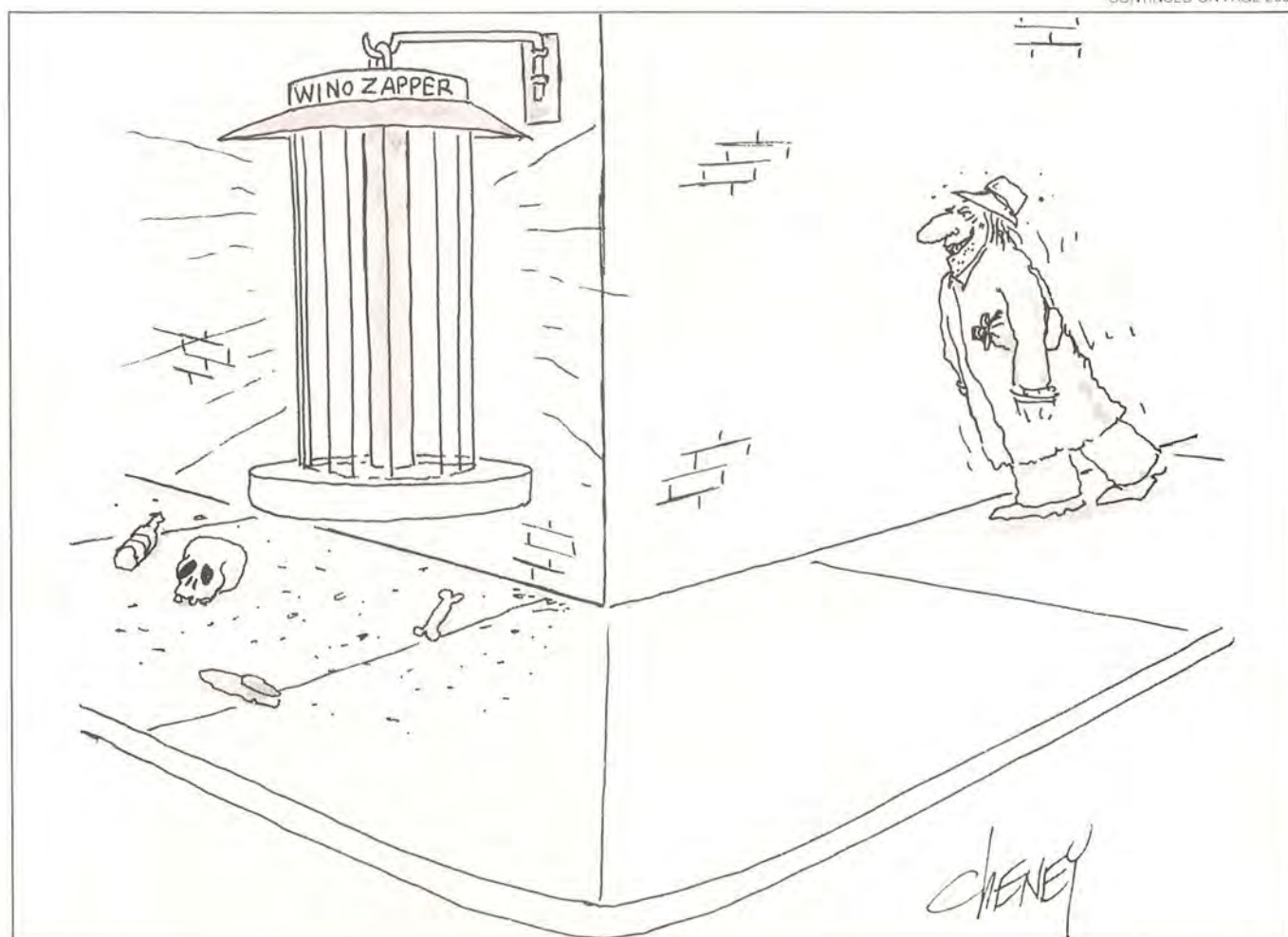
load down this gorgeous woman's throat. She swallowed every drop of my come.

We got out of the shower and I picked her up and carried her into the bedroom. Well, she looked even better lying there with her legs spread and her body still wet from the shower. I wasted no time. I dove between that blond snatch and began to eat her like a sex-starved animal. I nibbled on her very sensitive clit and buried two fingers in her dripping box. She was screaming, "Don't stop!" though she really had nothing to worry about. I couldn't get enough of her sweet, juicy cunt. She wrapped her legs around my head and started to fuck my face. After her grinding on top of me that way for about 20 minutes, my cock was hard again and I was ready to enter her sopping-wet hole.

She begged for me to fuck her hard. I grabbed both her legs, put one over each of my shoulders, and slowly penetrated her eager pussy. She wrapped her legs around my neck, pulling me closer for deeper penetration. I started slowly at first, then gradually increased the tempo until my balls were banging against her sexy ass. I pulled out for a moment to tease her and plunged back in with all my might, which caused her to let out an earth-shattering scream.

I turned her over and entered her from behind. Now she was going wild, screaming dirty words. I was banging her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 209







## ONE OF THE FEW ROAD MACHINES THAT PERFORMS AS WELL AS OURS.

INTRODUCING SPECTRUM 2.<sup>™</sup>  
THE NEW STANDARD FOR HIGH  
PERFORMANCE RADAR DETECTORS.



Under this unit's sleek exterior lies the power of unprecedented sensitivity.

What separates Spectrum 2 from all the rest, however, is its unique warning system. A combination of an audible alarm and a numeric display – a readout between 1 and 9 that visually tells you when you have locked onto police radar and just how quickly you need to react. A photo cell automatically dims or brightens this display to make it easier to read in any light.

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you to set your alarm's initial response level to avoid annoying false alarms, and controls many other functions – all with the mere touch of a single button.

Or you can simply plug your unit in and drive.

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For a free brochure or information on where to purchase Spectrum 2, call 1-800-531-0004. In Massachusetts call 1-617-692-3000.

**Whistler**  
**SPECTRUM 2**





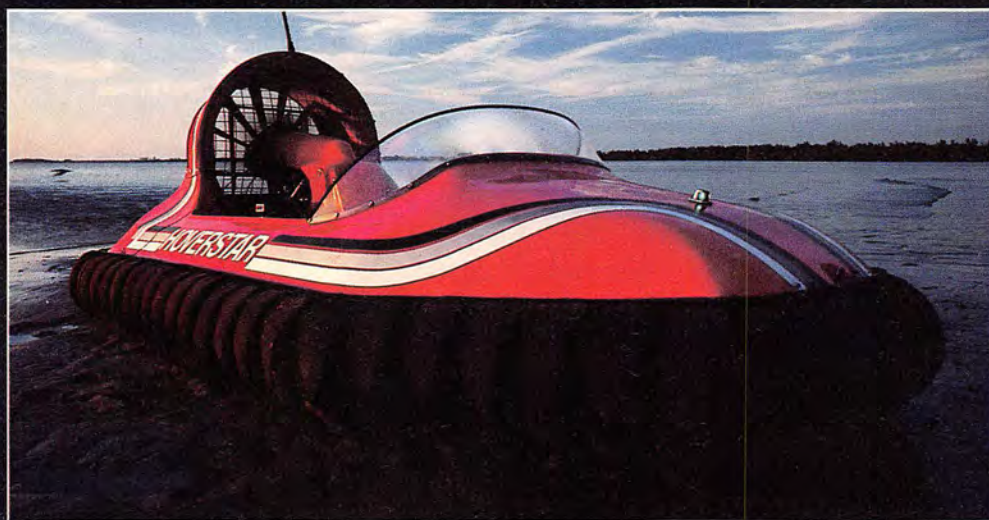
*Friends are worth Smirnoff*  
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# THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

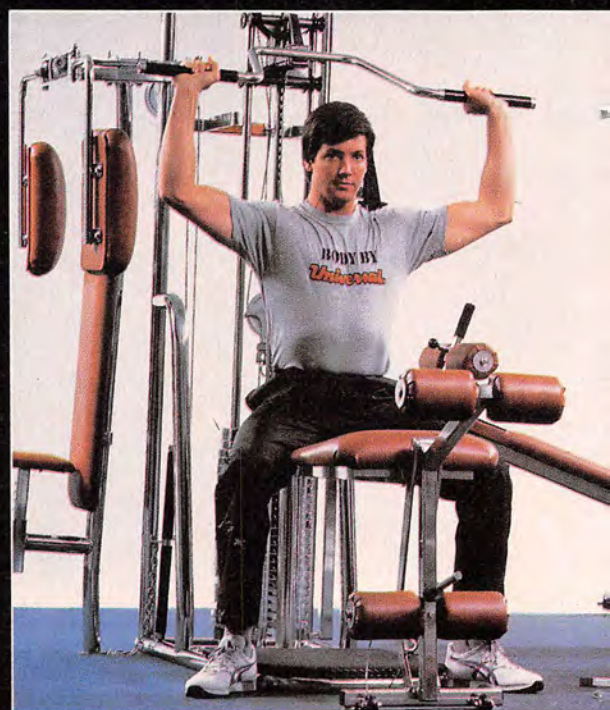
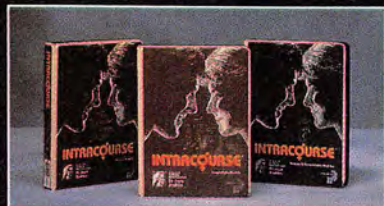
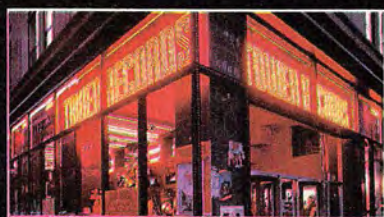


Twelve clues and you—that's a winning combination! In this, our 17th and grandest anniversary issue ever, we're proud and pleased to extend a hearty invitation to our loyal followers to enter the third Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt. You'll be overcome by the panoply of sensational prizes that will be awarded to the lucky winners! Feast your eyes on the well

over \$100,000 worth of booty on the next few pages and read the special rules and directions on page 38. Don't delay! You can also qualify to win one of two sensational trips if your entry reaches us by the special *Early Bird Deadline* of September 30, 1986. Just turn the page for the inside scoop on the grand winnings you see above and *more!*



# THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT



Previous page: Grand Prize is the Classic Tiffany by Classic Motor Carriages, the world's largest manufacturer of "repl-car"-assembly and special automobiles. Second Prize is a 1961 Cadillac "Car's the Star" couch, by 50's AutoArt, etc. Third Prize is Flemington Fur Company's Jasmine White Mink Coat with hood. Fourth Prize is the Hoverstar Hovercraft, which skims from land to water on a cushion of air, by Hoyer-technics, Inc. Fifth Prize is 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.

Upper left, moving down: Tune in to the world with the STS Home TV LSR Satellite Earth Station by STS, Inc.; Tower Records \$1,000 shopping spree; "Intracourse" software promotes good relationships, by Intracorp; and a Tandy 1000 personal computer. Blatt Billiards' Northstar Game Table, a Combination Bumper Pool, Poker Card Table, and Dining Table; brave the surf with the Kawasaki JS300 Jet Ski personal fun boat with electric start, oil injection, and bilge pump. Next row: The Suzuki LT 2305 S Quad Sport combines great handling, performance, and power; for three lucky winners, a nine-liter bottle of Mumm Cordon Rouge Brut champagne. Next row: Fully stocked bar, compliments of Smirnoff Vodka,





Finlandia Vodka, Wild Turkey Bourbon, The Famous Grouse Scotch Whisky, Harvey's Bristol Cream, Yukon Jack Canadian Liqueur, Black Velvet Canadian Whisky, and Cuervo Especial Tequila; the Mallard Surf Cycle, featuring an easy pedal-driven propeller in a streamlined hull; shape up with the Universal Power-Pak 300 home exercise system and Monark 865 Ergometer. Next row: \$1,500 worth of top-selling movies on videocassette from Key Video; operate your home's electrical and electronic devices by voice command with Master-voice Butler In A Box. Includes tabletop controller, RS232 cable voice mouse software, and telephone responder; harmonize with Casio's CZ-5000 synthesizer and AS-300 AP

Amplifier; no more trips for ice with the Combo 65 Ice Maker/Refrigerator, which makes up to 22½ pounds of ice a day, and the BC75DT Half-Barrel Beer Cooler, with tapping equipment. Next row: *Early Bird Prize*—weekend for two to the St. Petersburg Grand Prix in Florida, courtesy of e-z Wider, House of Rizla; *Early Bird Prize*—ten-day trip for two to Australia for the famed America's Cup race, courtesy of White Horse Distillers, Ltd. Above left: For six prizewinners, B.E.L.-Tronics' ultimate in superheterodyne radar detection, the micro eye express-LR, model 844s radar detector. Right: A Toobie from Water Ventures for colorful, exotic, and safe boating fun. For more information on featured products, see page 214.



A dozen clues are buried  
in this issue. Follow the directions, read  
the rules, and you could win.

# THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT

**H**ere's how to play: Each of the dozen discs displayed below is a portion of a photo appearing on one of the pages in this magazine. It could be a photo contained in an advertisement or part of an illustration accompanying an article. The object is to hunt for the pictures those segments came from, and to note the page number for each. If there is no number on the page, check adjacent pages to determine what that number should be. Then add up those 12 numbers and read the official rules below to find out how to enter and qualify to win one of the prizes.

The prizes and their values are: Classic Tiffany auto, \$47,000; Cadillac couch, \$18,000; Jasmine White Mink coat, \$11,500;

Hovercraft, \$8,000; America's Cup trip, \$8,000; Sansui audio/video center, \$5,000; Universal/Monark home fitness center, \$3,000; Toobie boat, \$2,795; Casio synthesizer and amplifier, \$2,600; Mallard Surf Cycle, \$2,400; Suzuki Quad Sport, \$2,179; Kawasaki Jet Ski, \$2,099; St. Petersburg Grand Prix trip, \$2,000; STS satellite dish, \$1,995; Northstar game table, \$1,850; Combo ice maker/beer cooler, \$1,599.45; Intracorp software and Tandy computer, \$1,525; Butler In A Box, \$1,519; various liquors, \$1,500; various videocassettes, \$1,500; Tower Records shopping spree, \$1,000; three bottles of Mumm champagne, \$500 each; six B.E.L-Tronics radar detectors, \$299.95 each.

## OFFICIAL RULES

1. To enter, print your name, address, zip code, and solution to the Treasure Hunt on a 3" x 5" piece of paper and mail to: Penthouse 1986 Treasure Hunt, Box 791, Boston, MA 02117. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately. All entries must be received by December 1, 1986. To qualify for the Early Bird prizes of trip to America's Cup races and trip to St. Petersburg Grand Prix, entry must be received by September 30, 1986.

2. No purchase necessary. To obtain a copy of the Treasure Hunt solution and official rules, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Treasure Hunt Official Rules, P.O. Box 714, Boston, MA 02117 by October 31, 1986. WA and VT no return postage required; VT postage will be refunded. Not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, or late mail.

3. Winners will be selected from correct entries in random drawings conducted by PROACTION MARKETING, INC., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning are determined by number of entries received. Winners will be notified by mail and may be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release within 15 days of date of notification. If not returned within 15 days, an alternative winner may be selected. Winners agree to use of their names and likenesses for publicity purposes without additional compensation.

4. Sweepstakes is open to residents of the contiguous U.S., 21 years or older, except employees and their families of Penthouse International, Ltd. and its subsidiaries or affiliates, their advertising and promotion agencies, and PROACTION MARKETING, INC. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply. Void where prohibited.

5. Trip for two to the America's Cup races in Australia, January 17-26, 1987, consists of round-trip airfare to Australia via Qantas Airlines, ten days/nine nights hotel accommodations in Sidney and Perth, and attendance at races. Trip for two to St. Petersburg Grand Prix, November 14-16, 1986, consists of round-trip airfare to St. Petersburg, Florida, three days/two nights hotel accommodations in St. Petersburg, and admission to races. Travel prizes must be utilized during the time periods specified above. Prizes with alcoholic content will not be awarded in states where prohibited or restricted. Prizes are not transferable, assignable, or redeemable for cash. No substitution for prizes other than as necessary due to availability. No duplicate major prize winners. *Taxes are winners' responsibility.*

6. For names of major prize winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Treasure Hunt Winners, P.O. Box 723, Boston, MA 02117 by June 30, 1987.





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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.



●It's not enough for them to legislate against what we can *do*, but now what we can see and what we can read are under attack.●

# PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

## NORTH CAROLINA'S WAR

Thank you very much for running your April 1986 "Advise & Dissent" by Professor Thomas Tedford on "North Carolina's War on Sex." I live in North Carolina and I love the state, but I have long been against the degree to which religion dominates politics and lawmaking here. I am also a woman and have a firm belief in God. However, this doesn't predispose me to believe that sex is dirty, which is obviously what "they" assume I should think.

The situation is even worse than Professor Tedford stated. With one huge victory under their belts, they are gearing up for more. (And I thought it was us "sexual deviants" who were insatiable!) I have already been visited at the convenience store I work in by the head of the National Federation for Decency in my area. It is his intention to rid my store of all adult books and magazines. They (the books) are corrupting the morals of the young children who come into my store, the federation claims.

The adult books are covered with plastic, displayed on the top racks of my three-tier bookshelves, and show less skin on the cover than the average romance novel. The adult magazines (including *Penthouse*, *Newlook*, *Forum*, and *Variations*) are kept behind the counter in a very attractive wooden display case with wooden doors. Nothing is visible except the titles written on the doors. Almost all the magazines are covered with plastic, with nudity blacked out, or taped shut. We strictly do not sell to anyone under 18, ID required if we are in doubt.



So tell me, how am I corrupting the morals of my juvenile patrons?

As I see it, this is yet another attempt to dictate to consenting adults what they can and cannot read. It's not enough for them to legislate against what we can *do*, but now what we can see and what we can read are under attack. There is a large black cloud looming over the First Amendment rights of all North Carolinians, and it is getting stormier every day. I thank you for bringing this important matter to the attention of your readers across the nation. I hope it will alert them to such actions in their own states, before it is too late.—*Summer L. Harrelson, Winston-Salem, N.C.*

I am writing this in response to your article "North Carolina's War on Sex." I am in the U.S. Navy, stationed aboard the USS *Coral Sea*, assigned to the Sixth Fleet peacekeeping and freedom-keeping force. I am sure anyone who watches the news has heard of us and what we are doing at this time in the Mediterranean Sea. I am not at liberty to discuss any of our involvements with

Libya, but I will say I feel as if I am over here in the Mediterranean defending my country, its people, and our freedom and rights. I have given up more than six months of my life, which could have been spent with my family and friends, to defend the United States—including North Carolina. After reading your article, I wonder what I'm doing it for. You can bet I'm not over here so someone can tell me what I have the right to buy, watch on television, read, or rent, which would be the case if I was unfortunate enough to be coming home to good ol' North Carolina.

Whatever happened to the First Amendment's free-speech and establishment-of-religion clauses? What about the Bill of Rights and the separation of church and state? These are just a few of the laws that I am over here willing to give my life for. Something has to be done about things such as what's going on in North Carolina. If not, we are most definitely headed for a way of life that is not the democracy that America stands for.

I was born in North Carolina, lived most of my teenage years there, and thoroughly enjoyed it. Having grown up in Florida, though, my heart has always been there, and I just recently changed my legal residence back to Florida—thank God.—*Rayne L. Harris, USS Coral Sea, FPO New York, N.Y.*

## THE SENATOR SPEAKS HIS MIND

Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut has much to say about our two major parties [interview by Lee Michael

Katz, May 1986]. I don't agree with all of his views, but his comments are certainly thought-provoking.

What is so frustrating about the Republicans under Nixon, Ford, and now Ronald Reagan is their failure to understand local problems of unemployment and high medical-care costs for our less fortunate citizens across the nation.

I'll always respect *Penthouse* for bringing so many different views to light. I look forward to many more insightful and illuminating articles and interviews in the coming issues.—*Name and address withheld*

## SPECIAL THANKS

I just wanted to thank you for the terrific March 1986 issue. You really put out a fine magazine! I'm a 26-year-old insurance agent in Houston, and most of my days are spent riding the drab freeways and congested city streets seeing customers. In my relaxing hours, it's always great to have a little color in my life like *Penthouse* magazine.

Thanks again for a fine publication.—*Chris Boyett, Houston, Tex.*

## CORRECTION

The correct title of Nicholas Proffitt's novel, which we excerpted in the June 1986 issue of *Penthouse*, is actually *The Embassy House*.—*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.



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*"I could go for something  
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The quality of justice a litigant receives depends on whether he can afford to hire one of the judge's old buddies to represent him.

# JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



The American legal system is governed more by the rules of the game than the rule of law. The integrity of our legal system will remain in doubt as long as "who you know" is a more important criterion for picking a lawyer than "what you know." Legal influence-peddling is the dark side of our judicial moon, and it contributes to the kind of disrespect for our legal system about which stuffy lawyers constantly complain.

Much of the disrespect is justified. Many of our courts operate like an old-boy network, where the amount of justice a litigant receives depends on whether he can afford to hire one of the judge's old buddies to represent him. (Since the vast majority of judges and judges' buddies are men, "old-boy network" is the appropriate appellation, though a small old-girl network is beginning to emerge as well.)

Several years ago, one of my clients told me that he had once paid a lawyer \$50,000 to make a 15-minute argument to reduce his

criminal sentence. That must be some smart lawyer, I thought, to be able to charge \$200,000 per hour for his courtroom time! It turned out that the lawyer was smart, but not *that* smart. He was a retired judge who had been instrumental in getting the presiding judge appointed to the bench. When my client raised an eyebrow about the extraordinary fee he was being charged for this small amount of legal work, the retired judge pointed to his law firm's heavy overhead: "We spend a lot of money representing judges for free in order to build goodwill. You have to pay for that." The client was not paying for the content of the words spoken in court by his lawyer, but rather their source.

When Claus von Bulow learned that he was under investigation for the attempted murder of his wife, Sunny, he sought advice from some Rhode Island friends—including his Newport neighbor, Senator Claiborne Pell—about the kind of lawyer he should hire. The advice was unanimous: He must have a local lawyer with personal access to the judges. The local lawyer he eventually hired to defend him at the first trial still goes around bragging: "In Rhode Island, there's not a judge who I feel I can't walk into chambers [the judge's private office] and talk to."

When von Bulow retained me to argue the appeal from his first conviction, I was given the "Rhode Island Shuffle" because I didn't know any of the judges they're personally. I won in the end, but as I was leaving the

courthouse, the trial judge assured the out-of-state lawyers that we would always be welcome back to the Rhode Island courts—but only if we were accompanied by the local old boy.

When I recently raised some questions about the quality of justice in Rhode Island, the president of the Trial Lawyers' Association issued a classic response: "To say we're more corrupt than Massachusetts is a lie."

Influence-peddling on the local level is not much different from the kind practiced in Washington, D.C., where "access" is the name of the game. Lobbyists and lawyers are often indistinguishable, except for their fees: Lawyers get the bigger ones.

Recently, there have been attempts to alleviate some of the worst abuses of legal influence-peddling by requiring a few years to pass before a former federal employee or attorney can seek access to his old boss or subordinates. Such ameliorations fail, however, to address the most pervasive problem—that lawyers with personal clout and access will get you more justice than equally competent lawyers without these attributes. The message to young lawyers on the make is clear: Spend your time at bar-association meetings and judicial conferences glad-handing judges, rather than in the library keeping up with the law or out in the field investigating the facts.


Even some of the most honest and decent lawyers brag about the judges they're friends with, because clients often fail to understand the

difference between knowing a judge and somehow "getting to him."

The old-boy network creates a subtle aura of corruption around our legal system. I am not alleging any widespread financial corruption—though there is still some of that—but rather a kind of "cheat elite" in which the currency of exchange is far more subtle, though no less influential. There is too much whispering, too many veiled suggestions that there may be shortcuts to justice.

There is no easy solution to the "who you know" dilemma. So long as judges are human, they will be influenced, in some way, by who appears before them—friend or stranger.

Bar associations show little concern about influence-peddling because their leaders are often part of the problem. Becoming active in bar-association politics is one important way of meeting judges and getting access. Law firms let it be known when one of their partners has become president of the bar and set their rates accordingly.

But there should be some recognition by the public and within the profession that the old-boy way of practicing law is wrong and dangerous. Until then, the legal community should stop pretending that it is practicing an objective science. The statue of justice should have its blindfold removed. One of its arms should be extended in a friendly handshake with an old boy. The other should be positioned in a gesture of aloofness toward an outsider. 



# If you drive, you need this defense against traffic radar.

Stack the deck in your favor. MicroFox takes the gamble out of radar protection.



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

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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...

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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

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### 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.

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



Clothing can make  
you look like a mover  
and shaker,  
even if you're not.

# POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



Anybody looking at men's fashion magazines might suppose that every male in the United States intends to dress like Don Johnson in "Miami Vice"—and is at least five foot ten, broad-shouldered, narrow-waisted, and under the age of 30.

Unfortunately, none of these propositions are true. The men's fashion business exists on fantasy, just as the women's fashion industry does—how many women actually wear the clothes in *Vogue* or *Bazaar*, or could afford to buy them?—and both are alike in defying practicality and the fashion needs of the workplace.

That people—young people, especially—still worry about what to wear for the ascent to power is self-evident to anybody who reads the query letters in magazines. That they don't know the basics can be proved by looking at men going to work in the morning—sadly, you can almost pick out the winners and the losers by their clothes.

Clothes may not "make the man," but there is certainly

no quicker way of making yourself look bad in the eyes of your peers and superiors in the business world. True, nobody ever got to the CEO's office by the cut of his lapels alone, but why give yourself a handicap when you don't need one?

The first thing to understand is that while the men's fashion industry would have you believe men's clothes change in style like women's, this is not the case so far as power players are concerned. The object is to look as if you already *had* money, power, and self-confidence.

The rules for successful dressing are pretty much graven in stone, as a matter of fact, and are neither arcane nor particularly hard to follow, which makes it all the more puzzling that so many people don't. Thirty or 40 years ago, they were still learned by peer pressure and example, and many institutions of higher learning seemed to exist for no other purpose, but since that is no longer the case—you can get through college nowadays with a pair of blue jeans, a sweatshirt, and running shoes—the dress code for business success has assumed a kind of mystery, to the point where it even spawns best-selling "how-to" books and a small, entrepreneurial army of men's fashion "advisers." Fortunately, none of this is necessary. There are only Ten Commandments for power dressing, and they are considerably easier to follow than the better known and more ancient ones:

1. *Thou shalt keep clean and neat as a pin at all times.* Let it be plainly understood:

Powerful, successful people *never* look sweaty, stained, rumpled, or grimy. Shoes should be shiny. Trousers should be sharply creased. If you have dandruff, *do* something about it. If there are stains on your tie, get it cleaned or buy a new one. If your socks (black knee-length, please) fall down around your ankles like the skin of an elephant, throw them out and buy half a dozen pairs of stretch socks. What you ought to have learned in kindergarten still holds true for business: Neatness counts! Better a clean, well-pressed, off-the-rack suit than a \$1,000 custom-tailored suit that hasn't seen a presser or a dry cleaner for a week.

2. *Thou shalt wear no other colors but blue and gray.* Does this sound boring and dull? Too bad, *bubee*. You want to wear bright colors, become an actor or a rock star. Powerful businessmen wear blue suits or gray suits, possibly with a muted stripe (not the kind of stripe favored by mobsters, however) or a faint pattern—bird's-eye or check. Shirts should be plain white or plain blue, and ties should be solid and conservative. Bear in mind, though, that very narrow ties make you look like one of the Blues Brothers, and very wide ties tend to look like table napkins.

3. *Thou shalt not wear brown shoes with a blue suit, nor brown shoes with anything after six in the evening.* This is basic and self-explanatory. One can only add that shoes ought to be plain, and should not have the kind of thick soles that look

as if you have to stand on your feet all day. Gucci loafers are okay (if you can afford them) in the entertainment business and the media, but not for bankers, lawyers, or business executives, until they are so successful that they can afford to break the rules. Imitation Gucci loafers are *never* okay, and are usually instantly recognizable to the kind of people who have real ones.

4. *Thou shalt not wear jewelry.* A wedding ring is okay, but that's about it. Class rings are acceptable, except in New York, where they are usually seen as proof positive that you're a hick. Cuff links are out for wear during the working day, and my own feeling is that tie clasps are probably out, too—certainly people at the top never seem to wear them. Bracelets, and watches that buzz, beep, light up, or have digital faces or plastic bands, are bad medicine. A plain, simple watch with a leather band is best, whether it's a Rolex or a Timex.

5. *Thou shalt not carry any of the following items:* a pocket calculator, a pen or pencil that is visible, a belt with a big, fancy buckle, a wallet that's so bulky people think you're carrying a .45 Colt, a ring with so many keys on it that you look like a prison guard, or a pocket knife large enough to serve as a weapon or set off alarm bells when going through airport security.

6. *Thou shalt avoid like the plague the following:* embroidered crests on blazers, shoes with tassels, vests with lapels, fancy stitching, boots of all kinds (except for genu-



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What should we  
do about food irradiation?  
Remember DDT and  
resolve not to be a guinea pig.

# FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



*I just found out that the produce my grocer sells goes through a food-irradiation process. He says this kills bacteria and insects by using doses of gamma or X rays. I remember reading that this procedure can cause cancer or other hazardous effects. Do you think I should avoid irradiated produce?—L. Connelly, Newton, Mass.*

We tried to examine the evidence on food irradiation when the issue was first deliberated by the Food and Drug Administration in 1981. Only a few studies had been done. We asked six leading medical scientists at Rockefeller University whether or not they would eat irradiated food. Five said, "No," and one said, "Only if there was nothing else."

Now, five years later, there are still no studies that increase my confidence in food irradiation, a process developed primarily to increase shelf life. The Coalition for Food Irradiation, a powerful food-industry lobby, admits that the lethal radiation kills insects, bacteria, and

molds by disrupting essential mechanisms inside their cells. Such a process is also clearly destructive to the cells of the foods. Yet it has been approved without a single long-term controlled study of its effects on human health, even though some short-term studies have already shown hints of detrimental effects. We have to conclude that the public is being used as guinea pigs for the food industry, with government approval.

What should we do? Remember DDT and resolve not to be a guinea pig. The sins of food processing can be avoided by buying from low-volume retailers, such as your local farmer's market. Also, steer away from prepared foods, many of which are made with irradiated ingredients. These include potato products such as chips, potato patties, or TV dinners, and all white-flour products, including bread, rolls, and crackers. Avoid all fruits and vegetables that are labeled "picowaved," or which have a tulip sticker.

*My health club just started offering aerobics classes in which participants hold one- or two-pound weights while working out. The instructor says that using the weights gives you a more thorough workout than regular aerobics. I enjoy this class but I've heard that aerobics with weights can be dangerous. Should I stick with regular aerobics?—Marsha Lubkin, Miami, Fla.*

Aerobics with weights is a contradiction. The main purpose of aerobic exercise

is to raise the heart rate to a training level to condition the cardiovascular and pulmonary systems (the heart, veins, arteries, and lungs). Toning the muscles is an incidental benefit, but aerobic exercise is the *slowest* and *least effective* means of gaining muscle tone.

Many aerobics programs have added hand and leg weights to their routines. But swinging weights wildly on the ends of your appendages is a great way to injure yourself. So to be safe, "aerobic" exercises with weights are usually restricted and done slowly. But slowing down has the net effect of eliminating the more important cardiovascular benefits of aerobics.

I suggest that you skip the weights and stick to regular aerobics. If you want to tone muscles as well, the most effective method is careful free-weight exercises.


*I have to admit that I have a great body, except for one flaw—my tummy. It's a little rounder and more noticeable than I would like. I have been doing sit-ups for months and I eat very sensibly (I follow your column), but nothing works. What should I do?—Lorraine Tolafson, Buffalo, N.Y.*

The natural shape of the female pelvis pushes out the transversus—the band of flat muscle that supports the internal organs—into a small and beautiful bump just below the waist. In the truly slim, this soft shape accentuates the twin points of the crest of the pelvis on either side: a superb and subtle curve carved by nature

to differentiate the female from male form forever. As a woman ages, gravity and bearing children extend the bump to form a shelf for fat deposits, which can turn into a "jelly belly."

In the course of the fitness explosion, many women's exercise programs have adopted men's exercises in a sorry attempt to masculinize the female form. The sit-up is one example. Today we see the sad spectacle of women with sergeant-major washboard abdominals. Their thousands of sit-ups do little to flatten the underlying muscle band, but merely form an anatomical distortion over the top of it.

To restore your sylphlike silhouette, follow this routine instead: Lie on your back with legs straight up in the air. Then, with your arms across your chest, bring your head up toward your knees, keeping your legs straight and still. This movement shortens and flattens the transversus muscle, which you want to tone. Do three repetitions. As you improve, add one set placing your hands behind your neck and twisting up, touching each elbow to the opposite knee. The twist flattens the sides of the transversus to restore the subtle inward curves above the pelvic crests.

The second exercise is done on a slanting board. Lie on your back with head at the high end. With legs together, kick your knees up toward your chest. Do as many as you can. You should work up to three sets. Three months of these two exercises, five days a week, will flatten any jelly belly. 





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◐We kissed again and  
her lips opened at my touch to let  
me taste her mouth, and  
her tongue played games with mine.◑

## XAVIERA HOLLANDER

### CALL ME MADAM

#### LETTER OF THE MONTH

*I am a man who does a lot of traveling. I rarely become personally involved with anyone in the places that I visit. I have been married for over 35 years, and while the marriage doesn't have the excitement and wonder that it did years ago, it is still a good association between two people who have a lot in common.*

*Shortly after my 58th birthday, I met someone who turned me around and showed me that the lover in me wasn't dead. I've learned that the wisdom and understanding developed over the years can make the right relationship even better.*

*In a restaurant, on one of my trips down South, I was waited on by an attractive, efficient, and friendly waitress. She was about 45, slim, and had beautiful light-blond hair. She was very attentive throughout the meal, which I found out later is always her practice with her customers. I particularly appreciated it a great deal because I have to eat alone so often on the road.*

*Before I left the restaurant something made me ask her what she did in that town for excitement. She told me she liked to dance. We ended up making a date for later that evening. I was puzzled by my aggressive behavior but excited, too.*

*I picked up my date after her shift was over and she looked great. She was wearing a black pantsuit that revealed her bare shoulders, and I felt like a*



*schoolboy on his first date. We ended up spending the evening just drinking and talking, and I sensed that she was getting as turned on as I was. I was trying to think of a way to ask her to spend the night with me, when she leaned over, gave me a light kiss, and whispered in my ear: "Can I come home with you tonight?"*

*My heart jumped at the question, and I lost no time telling her that I would be most happy to have her come with me. We went out to my car and stood and kissed—gently at first and then more passionately. The trip to the motel is just a blur now, but I remember touches, kisses, hugs, and finally getting there.*

*Inside the motel, we fell into each other's arms. We kissed again and her lips opened at my touch to let me taste her mouth, and her tongue played*

*games with mine. We were both breathing heavily, and when I caressed her, she moaned with passion. I undid the straps of her top, unzipped the back, and slowly lowered it down, exposing her lovely breasts, which were topped with pink upright nipples. They felt so firm and full. We lay down in bed, and as I kissed my way down across her neck and body, she moaned at the touch of my lips on her breasts and urged me on when I sucked on her nipples. When I slipped my fingers into her warm wet cavern, I felt her move with my caresses until she came once and then again, crying out each time. All the while she was telling me how nice it was, how wonderful it felt, and how much she liked it.*

*My tongue ventured into her pussy, stroking the warm flesh*

*there and making her cry out as I tantalized her. We moved into a sixty-nine position, and the more excited she got from my oral attentions, the harder she sucked on my already stiff rod. After I felt her come again I urged her to climb on top of me. It was like heaven as I slipped into her warm cunt, moving in her velvet grasp. She had another screaming orgasm, and as I neared my own peak I heard her telling me to come, that she wanted to feel me come in her cunt. Then she began to come again. At the same time, I thrust deep into her receptive body and I started to come. Never before had I come with the intensity of that orgasm.*

*We made love again that night as thrillingly as the first time. To this day (nine months later) our sex is still as exciting as that first night. In addition, we now know that we are in love with each other as well. We are enjoying each other and loving like mad when we can. Right now we are apart because I can't bring myself to terminate a union that lasted with my wife for more than 35 years. I know that it hurts my lover—and I know it really hurts me—to be torn between what I feel is my duty to one and my love for another. My lover is a wonderful, patient woman, but how much can I ask of her and how long can I*

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



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ask her to continue to be patient? I know that you can't tell me what I should do, and I couldn't ask you to. I would be interested in hearing your reaction to my situation, and will accept any advice you have to offer.—K. D.

Somebody once said: "The tragedy of old age is not that we are old, but that we are still young." A lot of the younger generation finds it slightly shocking that "older" people not only enjoy sex, but are capable of falling in love as desperately, as delightfully, and with the same irresponsible abandonment as teenagers. I have always been an advocate of sexual freedom for women as well as men, and I am in love with the idea of love.

I am the last person in the world to criticize you for becoming involved with another woman, particularly since it sounds as if your marriage has become monotonous, to say the least. In fact, I think you are very lucky to have fallen into so wonderful a relationship. Mutual love and superb sex are difficult to encounter at any age, so enjoy your newfound happiness.

#### WANTS TO KNOW

Can a woman you've been married to for 25 years cheat on you? My wife used to be so jealous that if I talked to another woman, she'd flip out. Our sex life has been great. We have done it all, just the two of us, no one else involved. She is 49

and I am 48. We're both in great shape and we both enjoy slightly offbeat sex.

The thing is this: I found out that she has been seeing someone from her health club twice a week for the past year. While this year was passing, I noticed we were having sex less and less frequently. This caused fights, and we had hardly ever fought before in all our years of marriage.

Then I noticed that when we did have sex, I was slipping and sliding around inside her and had a difficult time staying in. Everything was very loose and wet.

When I accused her of seeing this guy, she did admit to it. But she said they were not having sex, just talking and going out for coffee. Sometimes they would go to his house or talk in the car, she told me. After our last big fight we had great sex, with her finger-fucking herself and me sucking her fingers.

Xaviera, the thing that gets me is this guy is said to have a good thick cock of eight and a half or nine inches. I've got a small five and one-quarter, but it's hard as a rock. I wonder if I'll ever fit inside my wife satisfactorily again. Is she bullshitting me about not fucking this guy?

Now I've started having a hard time getting it up and staying hard. All I think of is my wife with that big dick inside her. Do you think she could possibly be telling the truth? Also, since all this has come out into the open, she is the most lovable person and can't do enough for me. She

keeps buying me gifts and doing all sorts of nice things for me.

I do love her very much, but I wonder why she would cheat on me. I never cheated on her in all these years, although once she did accuse me of cheating on her with our next-door neighbor. She believed it was true, but it wasn't. Can you help me?—R. R.

What do you want from me, reassurance? You barely mention your wife. You do not describe her appearance or her personality. All you say is that since you accused her of cheating she has been more loving than ever, and it sounds to me as if you are taking this as an admission of guilt.

You are working at developing a massive inferiority complex based on the size of your cock, which is only fractionally smaller than the national average, and in your own words is a fine performer. Very few women have husbands who make love so often after 25 years of marriage. It may be that your wife's pussy is no longer as tight as it used to be, which is quite normal in an older woman, especially if she has had children. What is not true is that a woman's vagina can be stretched by fucking an outsize cock.

There is obviously no way I can tell you whether or not your wife has gotten laid by someone else. I can tell you that if I were in her place, and my man set himself up as judge and jury and convicted me without a fair trial, I would go ahead and commit the crime of which I had been unjustly accused. I wouldn't do it because of the size of my man's cock, but because of the smallness of his mind!

#### OVERFLOW

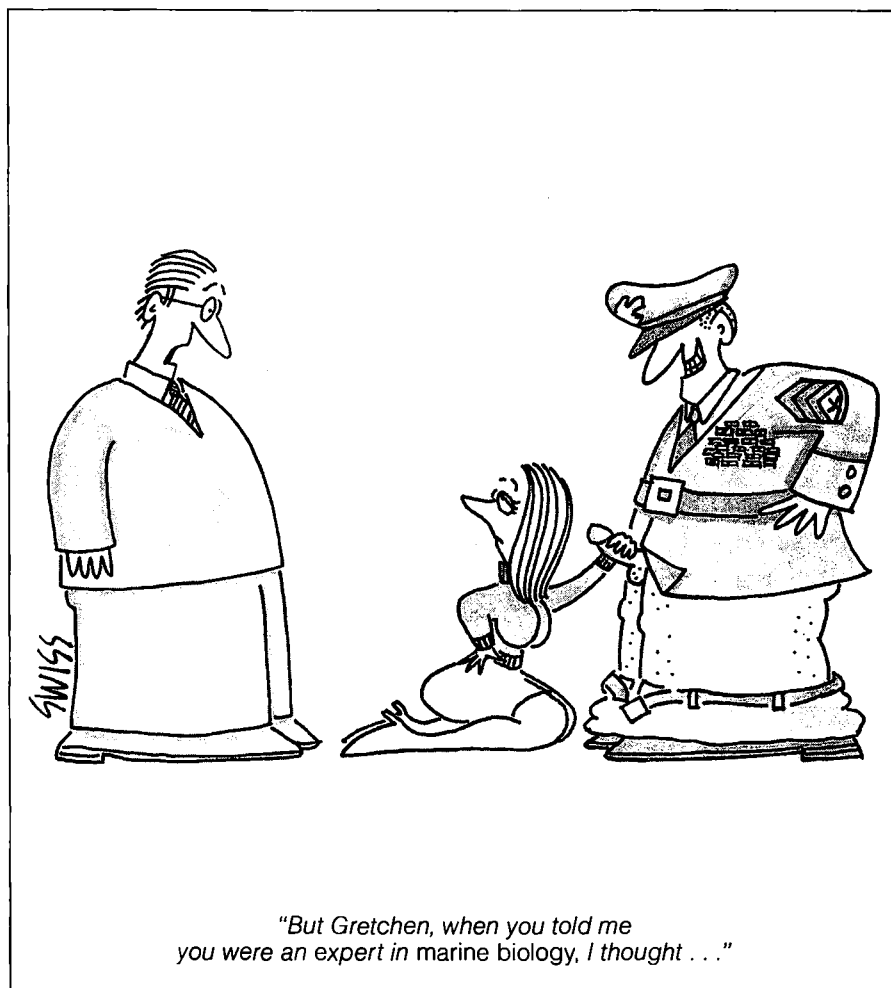
I have a very important question to ask. I hope with your experience you can provide an answer.

About nine months ago my lover started to expel unusual quantities of fluids from her vagina during sex. It happens at the height of passion, sometimes during oral sex or intercourse, but always during fast action. The fluid has the consistency of water, a slightly yellowish tint, no odor or particular taste, is not urine, and is always an adjunct to orgasm.

About one-quarter to one-half cup of liquid is expelled about four or five times during every sex session. We usually make love once a week. Needless to say, our lovemaking is exquisite. These flows do not occur when my lover is with her husband, nor did they happen during the first nine months of our relationship.

Xaviera, do you have any idea what is going on? Have you experienced this or heard of it before? Should we be concerned about it? Is it a reflection of our lovemaking and level of orgasm? Please advise.—P. R.

Sometime in the 1940s, E. Grafenburg claimed to have discovered the G (Grafenburg) spot, the stimulation of which is



"But Gretchen, when you told me you were an expert in marine biology, I thought . . ."





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My conclusion is that this is a normal occurrence, although only a small percentage of women experience it. It seems to be provoked by exceptional sexual stimulation—physical, mental, or both—but it is still in the realm of unexplored territory. Many women may be embarrassed when they experience it, and for that reason they are reluctant to talk about it. So, let's hear from you girls!

## SHORT SHOT

*I am a 19-year-old male. I've made love to ladies ranging in age from 18 to 35. A couple of these women had children my*

age. My dick is only six inches long. My problem is my orgasms. I am in the Army and before I had joined I could shoot a pretty big and far load. Since I joined the Army, my load is the size of a dime and it shoots about one-eighth of an inch from the tip of my penis. But it still feels like I am shooting as much as I used to. This kind of scares me and it embarrasses me when I'm with my women.

I masturbate once a week if I don't get lucky—being a GI, it is difficult to get laid. Is there something I could do to produce a bigger load? I try to get hard and not jack off, hoping that this might help, but it doesn't seem to make a difference.

*I jog 20 miles a week (four miles, five days). I smoke half a pack of cigarettes a day, eat two to three meals a day, and only drink on the weekends. From what I have told you, could you tell me why I do not produce much sperm? Could you also tell me if there's a way to enlarge my dick from six to about seven or seven and a half?—T. G.*

Sexual exercise can do a lot of good for your penis. I recently had a handsome young lover who had very little experience with women and also hardly ever masturbated. After I had taught him all sorts of things, including oral sex, he got up one morning and looked down at his erect penis, jumped out of bed, and looked at himself in front of the mirror.

saying: "Look, I think he has grown a lot since I've known you." Practice sometimes makes perfect and can increase the size of a student pecker.

If you are exposed to outside stimulation, like a beautiful naked woman whose nipples are erect and whose pussy is creaming because she wants *you*, your glands all work overtime to manufacture everything in quantity and you shoot a big load a long way. When your dick sees its old buddy, your right hand, approaching, however, it does its best but it is not really turned on.

Try making a bigger production out of jerking off. Get yourself really turned on by reading my column. Look at the gorgeous chicks in this magazine and really imagine you are making love with one or all of them, and take it slowly. The longer it lasts, the bigger load you'll shoot and the better the orgasm. Don't masturbate without coming. This is bad training for your sperm-production department and will have the opposite effect of what you want. Finally, it is perfectly normal for you to feel less horny and for your body to produce less semen when you have less opportunity to get laid. This is simply nature's safety valve.

## SEXUALLY SPEAKING

*I am a 34-year-old, attractive divorced woman. I am petite in size and look much younger than my age. I have been seeing a 26-year-old man regularly for a couple of months now. We enjoy each other's company and have a good sexual relationship.*

*My problem is that when we're having sex, Nick says, "Talk to me." Being a quiet, shy person, this is hard for me to do. I want to say sexy things that will excite him, but I just don't know what to say. He doesn't talk to me while having sex, nor has anyone else I've been to bed with. I prefer it that way, because I always have to fantasize to reach an orgasm and talk ruins my concentration.*

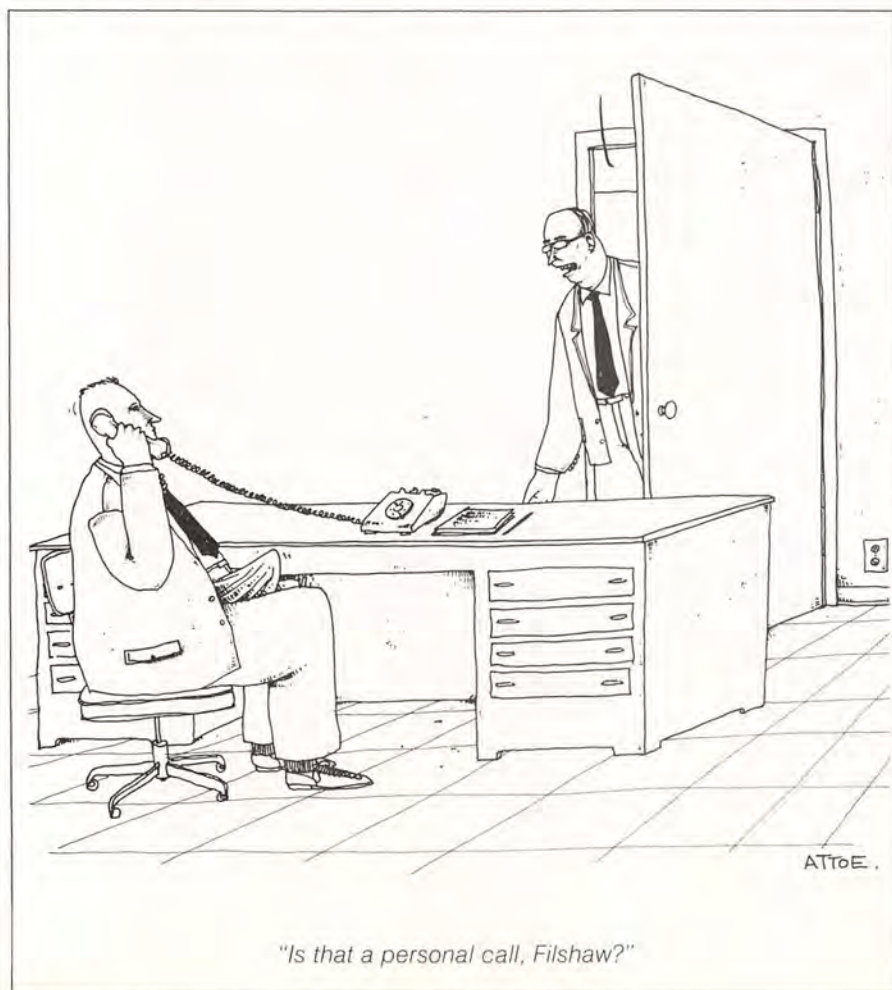
*My ex-husband used to plead with me to tell him my fantasies. It would excite him so much! But if I didn't enjoy doing it then, I certainly couldn't do it with Nick.*

Please tell me some sexy things to say to Nick while making love, without sounding obnoxiously vulgar.—B.T.

The key to your problem is in the last line of your letter. It is sad that most of the words we use to describe our sexual activities and organs are also used as swearwords.

Many intelligent, sensitive guys find a sentence like, "Ram your hard dick into my creaming, hairy snatch," either ridiculously funny or a turnoff. Other men would almost come on the spot to hear such things. Some people like soft music when they make love. Others prefer hard rock, rain on the roof, or nothing at all.

I suggest that you make a list of all the sexual words and expressions you can find, most of which are printed in this



"Is that a personal call, Filshaw?"





# It's Unanimous

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It's easy to see who sets the pace in radar warning. Just read all the detector ads. Most of them claim to be as good as ESCORT. A few say they're better.

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Now, when experts refer to the high-water mark in radar protection, they automatically turn to ESCORT. In March of this year, *Car and Driver* published its latest detector test, this one comparing remote-mounted models. ESCORT is designed for dashtop or visor mounting. But the magazine included ESCORT in the test anyway, as the reference against which the performance of the others would be measured. ESCORT scored 412 points in the final rating, compared to 274 for the highest-finishing remote. You might say the comparison showed that there is no comparison.

## A gilt-edged reputation

Seven years is a long time in the radar warning business, but there is no shortcut to a good reputation. *Car and Driver* said, "The ESCORT radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."



These excerpts were taken entirely from advertisements for other radar detectors.

So it's easy to understand why other detectors would try to stand in our limelight. ESCORT has seven years worth of credibility, the one quality that money can't buy in this business.

## Check our references

Credibility doesn't come from extravagant claims. It comes from satisfying customers. You probably know someone who owns an ESCORT (nearly a million have been sold). So ask about us.

ESCORT pioneered superheterodyne receiving circuitry. Ask if our radar warnings always come in time.

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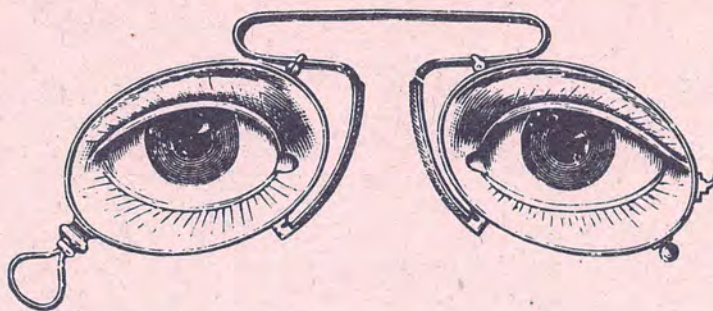


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## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### A DATE WITH QADDAFI

BY EMILY PRAGER

**S**everal months ago, a reporter on the TV news show "Washington Week in Review" told us some facts about Muammar Qaddafi. She said that Qaddafi believes that only women are trustworthy, which is why his personal bodyguards are female, that he loves *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that he has European girlfriends whom he visits regularly. We were so excited about this last revelation that we sent our *Penthouse* reporter to London, where she dug up Leslie Hayloft, model and waitress in punk clubs, who gave us this exclusive interview on her date with Muammar Qaddafi.

**Penthouse:** How did you meet Qaddafi? And when?

**Hayloft:** It was at a policemen's fashion show. I was modeling the new traffic warden's outfit, and afterward this Arab came up to me and asked me out. He was very charming and he was wearing the most amazing uniform, enough gold braid to buy property in Kuwait. At first I thought he must be an admiral, or a roadie with Michael Jackson, or something. Anyway, I was fed up with my boyfriend wearing my earrings, using my makeup and mousse—I didn't know which of us was me anymore, you know, so I accepted the foreign bloke's invite. He told me his name was Muammar and that his job was leader

of the revolution and he'd written *Qaddafi's Green Book*. I'm a radical myself. I've got some friends in the Green party, so we had something in common right away.

**Penthouse:** So what happened? Did he pick you up?

**Hayloft:** At eight o'clock, these three women arrived at the door. They were dressed all in white, wore hip guns, and had these fabulous draped headdresses. Well, they pushed right in and started going over my flat with a fine-tooth comb. They said they were Muammar's bodyguards, so I let 'em. But when I caught 'em trying on my Charles Jourdan's and using my blusher, I got bloody pissed. They were mad for my punk stuff, though, and told me to wear the black dress with the safety pins, studs, and *Wehrmacht* insignia, which

I did happily 'cause I looked fab in it. Then, right before they left, they told me that they hoped Muammar and I would have a lovely evening, because if he didn't, they'd shoot my tits off. Very punk. Then Muammar arrived.

**Penthouse:** What was he like? Where did you go?

**Hayloft:** Well, the funny thing was, he was all dressed up in a brand-new punk kit, you know, leather jacket with zips, ripped trousers with nails and pins, the lot. The only thing was, his hair was sort of a straight Afro. Immediately he went into my bathroom and asked if he could borrow my mousse and did I have an extra earring, and I thought, *Oh Christ, here we go again*. But you know, he simply dotes on a woman's opinion. Asking me all the time he's doin' his hair, "How does this look?" and that—not macho at all. I asked him about the bodyguards, and he said he likes his women well trained, which I understand because that's the way I like my men.

So, he wanted to go to dinner and a movie. He only likes bread and camel's milk, so we went to his friend's flat for a dinner party, but I felt out of place being the only guest without an Uzi. Then he insisted we see *The Color Purple*. He sobbed through the whole picture. He really liked Whoopi Goldberg's

performance, and asked me if he set up a Libyan film festival whether I thought Whoopi would attend. I told him she never seems to turn an invitation down, so why not?

**Penthouse:** So, did you sleep with him?

**Hayloft:** Well, we were both down to our skivvies and about to have a go when there was a big row outside the door—my boyfriend was drunk and trying to get it off with one of Muammar's bodyguards. She had to wing him in the foot before he laid off. The landlady called the cops on us and Muammar grabbed one of my sheets and was off. I only heard from him once more, during the bombing raid. He called. But by then a friend who watches telly told me he was married, so I just hung up on him.







## VIEW FROM THE TOP

### MONEY

BY BENJAMIN STEIN

It comes at us like endless bits of chaff blown by the electronic winds of media: a network news report of falling interest rates; a story about declining, then rising, oil prices; a segment on the weak dollar, then another about economists' fears of renewed inflation.

The question for us mortals is simple: Is there a way to make some money off these fragments of data? Or, what does all of this noise about the economy have to do with the price of IBM?

Plenty. The fact is that the prices of stocks are closely tied to anticipated rates of interest, inflation, and commodity prices, specifically that of oil.

Because of a host of complex factors, corporate stocks do not do at all well in times of inflation. When the nightly-news financial correspondent talks about renewed fears of inflation, and points to higher prices of food, homes, or oil, the market tends to run for cover. Generally speaking—and there are always exceptions to every



*Stock-watch anxiety.*



*Reversal of fortune: The market crashes the party.*

financial rule—investing in the stock market at a time when inflation is coming back is not a sensible move.

The situation gets worse when inflation and high interest rates come together—as they usually, but not always, do. High interest rates drain money out of the market like that iceberg did out of the Titanic.

If the evening news says that the Federal Reserve is moving to raise interest rates—to dampen inflation or to raise the dollar—you should use extreme caution in buying stock. There is only the smallest hope that the stock market can resist both high inflation and high interest rates, and you should not gamble your kitty on that slender thread.

The stock market also fears high oil prices. If American business has to pay more for all the oil and oil-based products it uses, consumers will have less money available for anything else they want to buy. High oil prices are often a tip-off that high inflation and higher

interest rates are imminent. Again, when oil prices rise, the market tends to fall. (Although the price of oil stocks tends to rise.)

If you put all three of these horsemen together—inflation, high interest rates, and high oil prices—you get a market that is totally spooked. In fact, we have seen in recent months that even if oil prices rise by only 25 cents in a week, the stock market falls out of bed. If the interest rate on long-term government bonds rises by half a point, the market is in a panic. If the Department of Labor reports a small jump in inflation, there is blood at the corner of Broad and Wall.

On the other hand, the stock market loves to see inflation fall for exactly the opposite reasons it hates to see inflation rise. When inflation comes down capital is cheaper, other investments look worse, and per-share earnings tend to rise. A falling rate of price increases pumps money into the stock market at a furious pace. If you see one report after another

on the nightly news that the prices of hogs, houses, and heating oil are falling, that often is a sign that the market will be rising.

Generally speaking, stocks also get healthier when interest rates plunge. When you see that U.S. government bonds are paying much less interest than they did last month, it may be a sign that the stock market will be strong.

Finally, the market loves to see falling commodity prices, especially falling oil prices. Consumers buy more cars, use more steel, and have more money available for cosmetics, houses, and patent medicines. More importantly, falling oil prices usually are a sign that inflation is tapering off, and that interest rates—the demon of the stock market—are falling.

High inflation, high interest rates, and high oil prices usually hurt the stock market, but there are always exceptions. Plus, there will always be times when you hear the news *after* the market has already moved—but you won't know if the ship has sailed or not until years later.

While low inflation, low interest rates, and low oil prices usually pump up the market, if low inflation and low interest rates mark the beginning of a prolonged, severe recession, the market may in fact go down.

Overall, though, when the financial weatherman talks about low inflation, low interest rates, and low oil prices, look for sunny days on Wall Street. When the high-interest-rate storms are mixed with cruel inflation and high oil prices, spend your money on nice clothes instead of stocks.



## WORDS

BY NICK TOSCHES

Aristotle Socrates Onassis was a fabulously wealthy man, but not so wealthy as most believed. (His real worth, it is now estimated, was about \$300 million). He thrived on publicity, yet no one knew how his initial fortune had been made. He was pridefully independent, yet he married Jackie Kennedy to buy into an aristocracy whose acceptance was denied him.

In *Onassis: Aristotle and Christina* (St. Martin's), L. J. Davis does a good job of unraveling and examining the tapestry of contradictions, legends, and shadows that was Onassis's life. To be sure, some answers have evaded Davis, who, like the rest of the world, has been unable to explain how a Greek merchant's young son became a millionaire after fleeing his native Smyrna for South America in the 1920s. But the author is successful in bringing more light than

has ever been shed on Onassis before.

The rise of his empire is here in full detail: the building of one of the world's greatest tanker fleets, the commandeering of Olympic Airways, the takeover of Monaco. Often, however, the far less important aspects of the story are the ones that enthrall: his affair with Maria Callas, his marriage to Jackie Kennedy, his troubled relationship with his daughter, Christina.

Christina, whose four marriages included one to a suspected KGB agent, was, we are told, desperately afraid of being alone. "Christina was unable to sleep without a servant in the room," Davis writes. "She bathed compulsively and changed her underwear several times a day, but she never brushed her teeth." Nonetheless, Christina has, contrary to popular belief, been a canny and capable manager of her father's enterprises since his death in 1975.

Jackie Kennedy is por-

trayed in Davis's book as a false-hearted, spoiled bitch of the most unsympathetic sort. While refusing to help her poverty-stricken Aunt Edith, she feels that her \$30,000 monthly allowance from Onassis is not enough. In the end, as her husband lies dying, Jackie flies off to see a documentary about Appalachia.

As Davis himself says in his foreword, this is a book with a plain and simple moral: Money doesn't buy happiness. But beneath that truism lies another, unstated: It buys a far grander and more glorious sorrow.

## SOUNDS

BY WALTER POLAND

In a dimly lit loft in lower Manhattan, two young men sit at their desks, surrounded by steel racks of rock 'n' roll records. This wall of sound—some 50,000 LPs, singles, and tapes—lines the loft from floor to ceiling and extends into the middle of the room, giving it the appearance of a library.

Which is fine with Bob George and David Wheeler, because this is just the start of what they envision as "the rock 'n' roll Library of Congress," a nonprofit resource center dedicated to preserving the history of popular music. "Until now," says Wheeler, "there hasn't been one place—one source—for scholars and fans to go for enjoyment or actual research. There are archives for jazz and blues and country, and we feel that rock is certainly an important enough cultural phenomenon to deserve a



Making rock history.

systematic approach to cataloging its history."

The Archive of Contemporary Music, as they've dubbed their enterprise, was founded in 1985 and will probably open in about three years. It will house one of the world's largest record collections, but George and Wheeler's dream doesn't end there. George will be spending the next two years raising funds and searching for space in New York City, where the archive will maintain listening and viewing facilities for all the videos, films, and TV programs that rock has spawned in its 35-year history. Also planned are a library of books and periodicals, a museum, a photo collection, and a small auditorium for performances and lectures.

"The idea is to make the archive a living, breathing testimonial to popular music, not a museum or a shrine," says George, 32, a former painter and sculptor who has also codirected Laurie Anderson's stage shows and released her "O Superman"



Ari's girl: Christina Onassis takes (over) after Dad.





## VIEW FROM THE TOP

single on his own label. "The material has to be there for the serious scholar, but we want this place to be *fun*, to reflect what's happening."

Recorded music is the cornerstone of this enterprise, which seeks to tell the story of pop music without bias. "The industry cannot be trusted to write its own history," says George. "Record companies have particular interests that are best served by remembering the largest-selling types of music, as opposed to pivotal kinds of music, like punk, go-go, rap, or international pop." Wheeler puts it this way: "We just want one copy of every pop record ever made, and we're looking for everything from Cajun and Tex-Mex to zydeco, reggae, and Third World music."

Pop music's new Boswells joined forces when Wheeler, 28, a passionate music collector (his personal library numbers more than 25,000 records) with a master's degree in library science, spied George's book at a friend's house. The book, *Volume: An International Discography of New Wave*, a 700-page compendium of New Wave releases, awed Wheeler with the breadth and quality of its research. "I grabbed it and gasped, 'What the hell is this?'" Wheeler recalls. "Then I ran out and bought my own copy and immediately called Bob." The rest is—or will be—rock 'n' roll history.

While Wheeler puts his library training to use cataloging the ever-expanding record collection, George is out drumming up support. And support has emerged from some unlikely quarters—

from novelist William Burroughs (a devotee of African trance music) as well as rock heavyweights like songwriter Ellie Greenwich and producer Nile Rodgers. At a fund-raiser held early this year at New York's Limelight disco, Suzanne Vega, David Johansen, and Laurie Anderson donated live performances. Music fans came up with about \$50,000. The archive's board of advisers now boasts the legendary producer John Hammond, who signed Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Bob Dylan, and Bruce Springsteen.

Aid of a more fundamental kind has been offered by more than 150 record companies, who are sending their new releases at the rate of more than 100 a week. Other boosters, such as producer and former deejay Jellybean Benitez, have donated entire collections. The records are beginning to take over the loft and, by the end of the year, will probably crowd George out of his living quarters. "Right now all I have left is a bed and a table in the corner," he says.

The goal of the archive, both men agree, is not only to document the history of popular music, but to provide a repository where collectors can donate or bequeath their records. "A lot of great old stuff has been lost through carelessness or neglect or because people just didn't know where to go with their collections," says Wheeler. Eyes wide, he relates the tale of a college friend who returned home after several years to find that his priceless Beau Brummels singles had been sold by his mother at a garage sale.




Legislative bachelor bash gets out of hand in Iowa.

"We want people who collect records to remember us in their will," he says with a grin, "and if you're under 25, we'd like to talk to your mother."

*The Archive of Contemporary Music is located at 110 Chambers St., New York, N.Y. 10007.*

## SEX NEWS

You say you're too nervous to talk about your sexual problems with anyone, even Dr. Ruth? A computer program developed by researchers at Carnegie-Mellon University may be just the thing for you. It's a sort of surrogate sex therapist, a program that will listen to your sexual hang-ups, identify their sources, and, in some instances, even recommend treatment. A team of five people—two sex therapists, two programmers, and, to make the computer more "interactive and sensitive," a playwright—developed the program to answer the need for a nonjudgmental source of sex therapy. . . . A film based on a play by one of America's leading playwrights has had to be renamed

because of excess puritanical zeal. *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*, by Pulitzer-winner David Mamet, was recently turned into a movie starring Jim Belushi and Brat Packers Demi Moore and Rob Lowe. Because newspapers refused to run ads for a movie with such a risqué title, however, the flick went out under the innocuous tag of *About Last Night*. . . . There are red faces around the statehouse in Des Moines, and some of them are due to overheating. It seems a bachelor bash for State Representative Ed Parker of Mingo got a little bawdy. After the ball was over, the assembled 25 legislators and assorted lobbyists and reporters who attended were kept busy denying allegations of impropriety. Parker said he boogied right out the door as soon as some dancing girls arrived, and some of the other politicians had similar stories or said they were "in the kitchen" while the strippers performed. The gals must have been pretty lonely, dancing for an empty hall there in Mingo, but we guess that's politics in Iowa for you. 



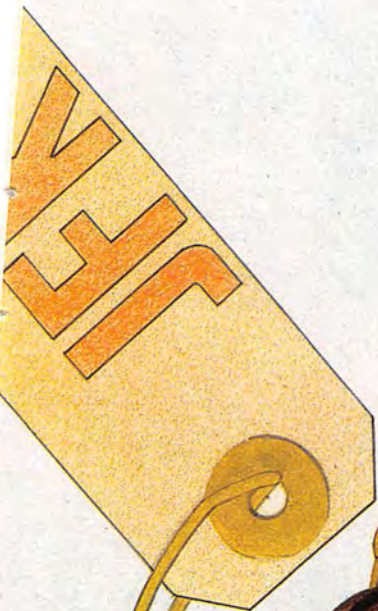
# Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



*"Does anyone else have a personal opinion to share. . .?"*







In this account from his  
forthcoming book, *Power on Earth*, the author reveals  
the secrets of international  
Mafia money-laundering, disclosed by one of the greatest  
financial wizards of our time.

# SINDONA'S LAST TAPE

BY NICK TOSCHES

*On March 20, 1986, after drinking his usual morning coffee in his cell in the maximum-security prison in Voghera, Italy, Michele Sindona collapsed before the guards stationed at his barred door. "They have poisoned me," he said. Those were to be his final words. Traces of the cyanide that killed him were later found, inexplicably, in the dregs of his coffee.*

*Regarded by many as the greatest financial genius of our time, by others as a murderous monster, by still others as a mad centaur embodying both the genius and the monster, all who knew, or knew of, Michele Sindona agree on one thing: His was one of the most mysterious, most powerful presences in the modern world.*

*Born to a poor family in Patti, Sicily, in 1920, Sindona rose to become one of the great figures in international high finance. Through wheeling and dealing on the grandest scale, he accumulated a personal fortune estimated at more than \$500 million. He was a confidant of popes, presidents, prime ministers, shahs, and various denizens of the political and financial undergrowth.*

*By 1972, when he took over Franklin National Bank in New York, Sindona already*

*controlled half a dozen banks throughout the world. His other numerous and wide-ranging corporate holdings involved partnerships with the likes of the Vatican, the Bank of America, Nestlé, the Hambros Bank of London, and Gulf & Western. The real estate holdings he controlled included Paramount Studios in Hollywood, all the property opposite the Place de l'Opera in Paris, the Montreal Stock Exchange, and the Watergate hotel and office complex in Washington.*

*But in 1974, Sindona's empire began to fall. In the autumn of that year, amid rumors of evil manipulations, Franklin National Bank was declared insolvent. Other banks he owned were placed in liquidation almost simultaneously. Warrants for his arrest were issued by the government of Italy. Sindona came to be regarded as the sinister force at the heart of the world's three great entwined powers: church, state, and Mafia.*

*In March 1980, months after faking his own kidnapping, Sindona was sentenced in New York to 25 years in prison for his complicity in the downfall of Franklin National. In September 1984, he was extradited to Italy, where he was sentenced to 12 years in prison for bank*

PAINTING BY ALEX GNIDZIEJKO



*fraud. A year later, on March 18, 1986—two days before swallowing that fatal cup of coffee—he was sentenced to life in prison for the 1979 murder of Giorgio Ambrosoli, the Milan attorney who had been appointed by the Italian government to liquidate Sindona's Italian banks.*

*What few knew, as Sindona was lowered into the dirt last spring, was that he had spent the last two years of his life secretly telling his side of his infamous story to Nick Tosches. The result of those two years' work, from which the following piece has been excerpted, is the book Power on Earth.*

While the May rain fell, we sat alone in a locked and guarded room in the far reaches of the Voghera prison. I brought up the name of Rosario Spatola, a man Sindona came to know in the years between his downfall and his imprisonment, and a man whom the Italian press portrayed as one of the most dangerous mafiosi in Sicily. Sindona corrected my pronunciation of Spatola's name—the accent is on the first syllable, he said—and then he laughed.

"I will tell you about Spatola later," he said. "I will tell you this now: The Rosario Spatola I knew and the Rosario Spatola in the newspapers are different. In the newspapers, he is a big, scary tough guy. To me, he was always . . ." And Sindona, laughing again, brought his fingertips together before him like a schoolgirl in prayer, and in a farcical feminine voice mocked, "Oh, please, Mr. Sindona, please." And then he lowered his hands, laughing again.

I watched him, and I smiled; and a thought occurred to me. "Did you ever meet anyone who scared you?" I asked.

The grin rushed from his face and he seemed for a second to turn to stone. Once before, I had—or so it had struck me—inadvertently insulted him, by asking him where he bought his suits. "I never *'bought'* suits," he had said, sounding indignant, then, calming, turning his hand, added, "I had suits made"—then, smiling—"always in the classic style." Now it seemed I had done it again. His back straightened, and a new, stranger grin emerged as the stoniness ebbed.

"No one ever scared me," he said, stressing the final word ever so slightly more than the rest. And as I looked at him, expressing nothing myself, he began once again to laugh. "No," he said, "that is not true. There was one time, long ago, in the days of the lemons and the grain." For a moment, he receded into the memory of those days, then, with happiness in his voice, he talked.

"I was busy with legal work in Catania, and I sent a friend in my place to pick up a load of carobs in the town of Prizzi, in the west. When he returned, I saw that the entire truckload of carobs was completely *guasto*, completely spoiled. I became crazy. 'Come with me in the truck. We're going back to Prizzi,' I told him.

'But, these people there,' he said. 'I don't care,' I said, 'we go.'

"And we went. And when we got to Prizzi, I found the men and I said, 'You must change these.' 'But it is the will of others,' one of them said. 'I don't care,' I said. My friend was trembling. 'I go now,' I said. 'I will return tomorrow, and I want to find fresh carobs here.' The man stared at me. 'You will find something else,' he said.

"The next day, I returned alone—my friend was too faint. The fresh carobs were there. I continued to buy from those men, and they never cheated me again." Smiling, he shook his head. "I was crazy. No wife yet, no children." He tapped his temple with his forefinger. "Pazzo."

"The people who brought you down," I said, "have accused you of working for the Mafia."

"Yes." He nodded. "They have accused me of that. They have accused me of everything except nailing Christ to the

6

The drug trade is  
the means by which so-called  
organized crime  
finances itself on every  
continent. If drug  
laws were liberalized, that  
means would no longer exist.

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cross." He laughed. Then he cleared his throat, and he drew a deep breath. "If I was going to be in that thing, I wouldn't be a damned soldier. I wouldn't be here.

"You see, I never needed them, and they never needed me. You must remember that my banks in Italy were first-class institutions with first-class partners. Banca Privata was a bank of the aristocracy. The Mafia always used second-class institutions and professionals." His eyes narrowed sagaciously. "Those men are not so stupid, I think. They are much smarter than the government people who think they understand them."

"Which banks does the Mafia use?" I asked him.

He hesitated for a moment. "That is a dangerous question," he reflected. I shrugged, he smiled.

He sat quietly then, listening to the sound of the falling rain.

"No matter what they claim, governments will never understand the Mafia," he said slowly. "With their silly charts and their lying, know-nothing informants, they try to reinvent the Mafia in their own image, the only image they can comprehend: that of an ordered, homogeneous

organization. Their delusion of 'organized crime' is one of an imagined ideal bureaucracy, and it exists nowhere but in the lacking minds of little men with big titles.

"Governments have unknowingly done a great deal to abet the massing of criminal fortunes, through laws ostensibly enacted to protect their economies or their citizens' welfare. Trade and customs restrictions gave life to smuggling and trafficking in contraband. The prohibition of alcohol in America served to found that country's greatest centers of illicit wealth. Most of the respected families of the world—the Rothschilds and the Warburgs, the Agnellis and the Pirellis, the Kennedys and the Rockefellers—can trace the origins of their fortunes to various illegal profits, and to the avoidance of taxes on those profits. Over the years, their money became clean, and they became the world's establishment.

"The antidrug laws of today have allowed vast amounts of dirty money to accumulate in the hands of a few men—men who are often served and protected by the very governments that swear their every effort to kill drug crops and to fight with all their might against the producers and sellers of narcotics.

"The drug trade is the means by which so-called organized crime finances itself on every continent. If drug laws were liberalized, that means would no longer exist. But governments do not seem willing to strike at the heart." He shrugged, then grinned. "You see, these governments are not as good at finding dirty money as they are at helping to create it.

"Government agencies in America and Europe often capture intermediaries in the drug traffic. They see these people as crime lords, as the heads of criminal organizations. But, in reality, they are only entities of, at most, second-class importance, pawns who do not themselves understand the complex economy of which they are a part.

"James Harmon, the director of the President's Commission on Organized Crime, and Giovanni Falcone, the biggest of the anti-Mafia magistrates in Italy, both admitted to me that neither they nor their assistants knew anything about options on currencies or commodities, or about futures or forward contracts." His voice rose suddenly. "They told me that they had no idea how the international monetary system works!"

His eyes widened and he grinned sardonically. "It is ridiculous!" he howled. "They are babies in the woods! The Mafia could never have hoped for more."

He was silent then. He closed his eyes and he rubbed his forehead, then he rubbed his hand, staring at it. "Rheumatism," he mumbled.

"Take anything for it?"

"Ah." He grimaced lackadaisically. "Aspirin." He separated his hands.

"You see," he said, "this is why the so-called war on crime can never be won.





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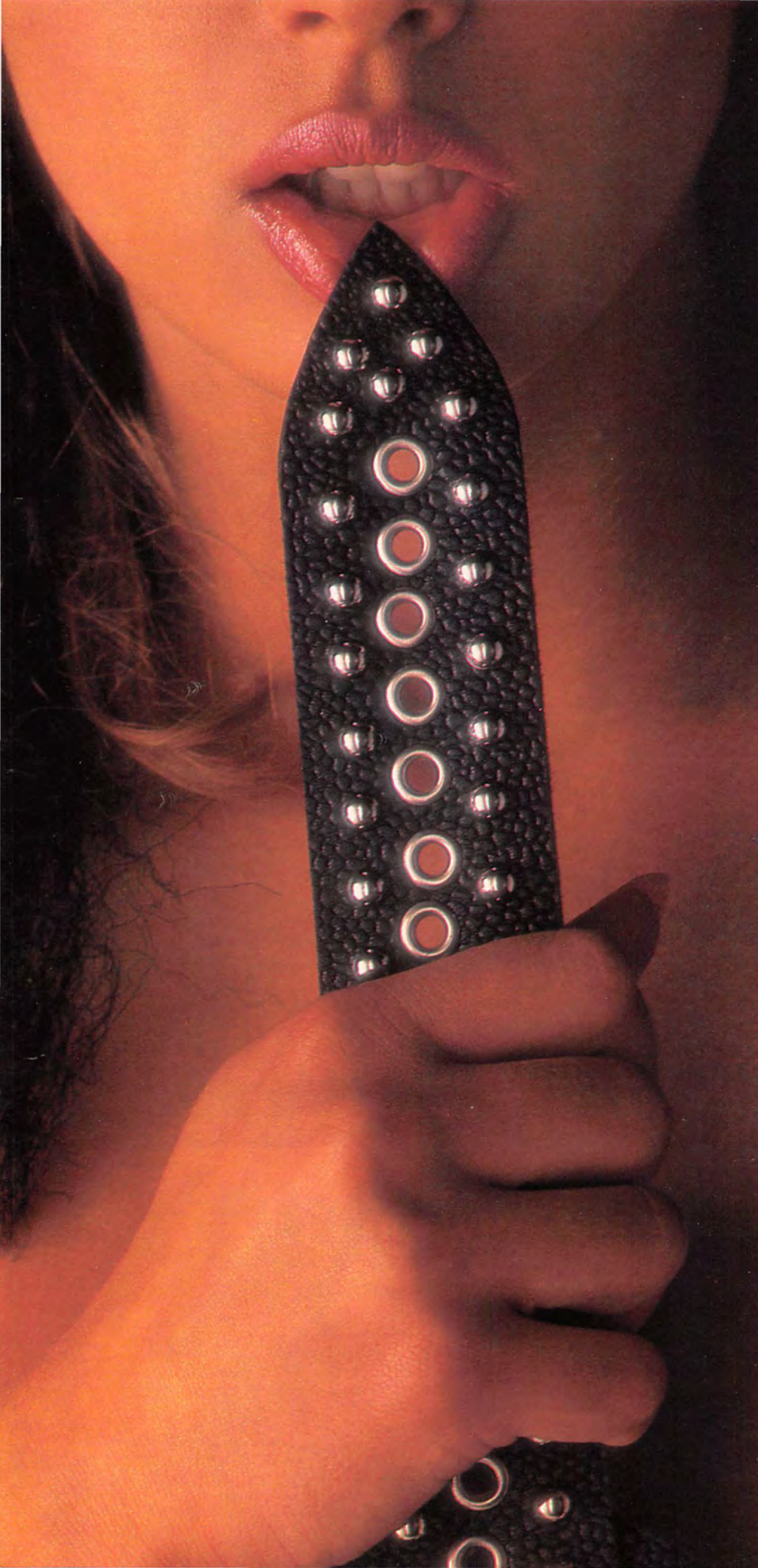
# STORMY LEATHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BYRON NEWMAN



ne glance will tell you that 19-year-old Bonnie Valence is no ordinary young lady. "If I'm your idea of the girl next door," Bonnie says, "maybe you should move. I love leather, latex, vinyl—anything I can wear like a second skin. It makes me feel a little bit deadly—like, 'Don't mess with me.' "





"Most people are terribly  
timid. They never get out of the  
little boxes they build  
for themselves. When I'm taking  
off my leather, I feel  
a certain agonizing sensuality.  
I'm shedding my  
boundaries. Very liberating."









"Sex is mostly imagery," says Bonnie, and she's living proof. Images. A necklace of nails. Metal and latex. A beautiful bird of prey.











Bonnie's  
packed a lot  
into her 19  
years. She's  
a model,  
a former  
rock-club  
manager,  
and  
something  
she calls a  
"private air  
stewardess."







"I was the hostess on  
a corporate jet. But I was a little  
too hyper for them." Oh,  
Bonnie, not for us! We'd love  
to take a flier with  
you anytime.













# MICKEY MANTLE

“The spirit is missing in today’s game. . . . These guys now come out with a lawyer and an agent. They all carry briefcases. . . .

With all the money, it’s like 25 corporations coming out to the park.”

**T**he resonant twangs of Oklahoma remain after all these years away from home. So does the exuberance for baseball, which today is channeled into various business and promotional ventures. Eighteen years after his retirement from the Yankees, Mickey Mantle leads, perhaps now more than in the past, the life of an American sports idol. At his front door the stacks of letters from countless fans collect, forming an obstacle to visitors hoping to enter. And inside his elegant suburban Dallas home, the phone never ceases to ring. “Hey Mick, will you sign 60

balls for a pair of \$800 cowboy boots?” one caller wants to know, and another, a representative of the Yankees, needs to confirm Mantle’s New York schedule.

While Joe DiMaggio, driven by an all-encompassing desire to be private, has retreated to the seclusion of his Florida home—accessible neither to the press nor to his fans—Mickey Mantle, especially in the last two years, has done just the reverse. He is totally at ease with his celebrity, comfortable with the hundreds of daily stares, gracious with the hellos from admirers he

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY



does not know. At his country club, the prestigious Preston Trail Golf Club—an elite, all-male bastion of Dallas money and society—Mantle is regarded reverentially, a best friend to oil barons and waiters alike. And the success of his best-selling memoir, *The Mick*, which has sold over 175,000 hardcover copies alone since its release in 1985, attests to the fact that no one, certainly not in 1986, has to ask, "Where have you gone, Mickey Mantle?"

But Mantle, perhaps more than anyone, is puzzled by this resurgence in interest. Throughout the 1970s, he was not in great demand, and as recently as the spring of 1985, he was even prohibited from taking an active role in organized baseball for having agreed to work at Atlantic City's Claridge Hotel. But shortly after Commissioner Peter Ueberroth decided to lift his and Willie Mays's suspensions, a public perception of Mantle as perhaps the greatest American baseball hero of the postwar generation has emerged. "Why all the popularity, why suddenly now?" Mantle wants to know. "You tell me why," he asks a reporter. The modesty is entirely genuine and one of Mantle's nicest traits. This is one baseball star who has not forgotten his origins as a child of the Depression and son of a proud Oklahoma lead miner. Even as a millionaire and a successful Texas businessman, today Mantle retains an air of understatement and quiet dignity—a man as much at home in a honky-tonk bar as in a fancy corporate boardroom. "I'm happy playin' golf and goin' fishin'," he can honestly declare.

No one can hope to explain the vagaries of the American public, but one thing is certain. The guys who were Mantle's loyal contingent of fans in the 1950s and 1960s have finally come of age. Some of them now preside over major American corporations, while others dictate the editorial policies of leading magazines and newspapers. And perhaps a good many of them regard "The Mick" as a fitting symbol of the past, a living embodiment of a time when players had to pay their

dues and likewise earn their pay. In contrast to many of today's premier baseball stars, Mantle still seems awed by the wonder and richness of it all, surprised at the multimillion-dollar salaries that many top players command and at the willingness of owners to dole out that kind of cash.

Far from being idle, Mantle has thrived in retirement. His professional commitments can seem, at times, overwhelming. So too are the requests for speaking engagements. For the past 13 years, Mantle has served as a spokesman for Reserve Life Insurance Company in Dallas, and has acted for the past three years as the celebrated sports director of the Claridge Hotel. Over the last two decades, in fact, Mantle's name has endorsed dozens of business ventures, ranging from a motel in Joplin, Missouri, to a chain of fried-chicken franchises.

Several new activities seem especially meaningful. Just this season, Mantle was signed up to announce 25 games for SportsChannel, a cable television station that airs Yankee games in the New York area. Mantle also participated in an hour-long documentary about the life of his former teammate, the late Roger Maris. It was an eloquently moving videotape portrait of one of the most gifted, but also unheralded, Yankees of the past. *Roger for the Record* includes reminiscences not only by Mantle, but also by Mrs. Maris, Clete Boyer, two of Maris's teachers from Fargo, North Dakota, and others. While *Roger for the Record* sheds light on the past, *Mickey Mantle's Baseball Tips for Kids of All Ages*, a videotape produced by CBS Fox Video, tells youngsters how to prepare for the future—how they can learn professional batting, pitching, and fielding styles. Not everyone can hope to have a father as dedicated as Mutt Mantle was, Mickey is quick to tell you. "By the time so many fathers get home, it's already dark, but if their kids had this videotape, they would be able to practice their play with some fine instruction," Mickey says.

Once fans have improved their batting

technique, they'd be well advised to read *The Mick*, released in its paperback edition by Berkley Books in April. Mantle's fourth autobiography (the first was *Quality in Courage*, published in 1964), the book, written with Herb Gluck, is a candid, oftentimes funny self-portrait of an old-fashioned ballplayer who cared more about playing ball than earning a seven-figure income.

*Penthouse* contributor and *Omni* magazine Features Editor Robert Weil, author of *The Yankee Quizbook* and a staunch Mantle fan for 24 years, traveled to Dallas to interview Mickey at his home. "Is talking to Mantle almost like talking to God?" an envious Yankee fan wanted to know. The legend, as it turns out, is far more formidable than the actual presence. At 54, he is both an insightful veteran and a prankish kid. The voice on tape belongs to the pin-striped hero, aware that he must be Mickey Mantle. The words are measured and enlightening, but cognizant of the tape moving silently in the background. Nonetheless, he is remarkably honest—about his carousing, which he believes shortened his career; about past owners, some of whom he disliked; and about today's extravagantly inflated player salaries. Nor is he shy about expressing his heartfelt gratitude to his attractive wife, Marilyn, who in this interview candidly reflects on the tough lives that baseball wives, especially in the past, were forced to lead.

Off tape, though, Mantle exudes all the charm, playfulness, and down-home crudity that have made him the legendary sports hero that he is today. He is as much a fun-loving country boy as he always was, a one-time compatriot of notorious pranksters like Billy Martin and Whitey Ford. Over the years, maturity has also transformed Mantle into a distinguished Yankee great. Thirty-five years of involvement in major-league baseball have not tempered his good-natured irreverence, but have conferred upon him, certainly in the 1980s, a hero's stature alongside the likes of Joe DiMaggio, Lou Gehrig, and Babe Ruth.

**Penthouse:** If you hadn't gone into baseball, what do you think you would have done?

**Mantle:** I wouldn't have had any choice. I would have been a lead miner. My dad, Mutt, was a lead miner, and everybody around the little town in Oklahoma where we lived was either a farmer or a lead miner. I was already working in the mines with my dad when I went to the Yankees [in 1951]. I'd probably be dead by now, because most of those guys got TB and died early.

**Penthouse:** Do you have friends who are still left in Oklahoma?

**Mantle:** There might be a few around, but not many. Most of all my dad's friends have passed away by now. Most of my friends moved out of Commerce about the time that I graduated from high school,

and the mine shut down right after we left. There are some friends of mine still around there, but I haven't been back to Commerce once or twice in the last ten years.

**Penthouse:** How much has being a child of the Depression affected your life?

**Mantle:** The Depression for us lasted longer than for most people. During that time, we lived in Spavinaw, Oklahoma, and I think that my dad was working for about 50 cents a week. His father was a butcher, and that's the way we ate—from my grandfather. Later, my dad got a chance to move up to the lead mines in Commerce and in Pitcher. My grandfather came up there with us, and he worked in the mines, too. But we never realized we were poor, I don't think. You go back up there now and look at the

places where we lived, and you can't believe it. It really looks like a slum.

In those days, though, we never thought that we were poor. We made our own ballparks, and we made our own baseballs out of that black tape that you put around water pipes. We always had gloves, and we could make our own bats from broomsticks or whatever. So we made our own entertainment. All we had to do then was play ball.

The Depression probably made a better ballplayer out of me. It made me realize that you got to work at whatever you're doing all the time, and I've worked hard all my life. We had 19 milk cows at one time. I had to get up every morning and milk those cows and feed them and put the calves away. Then I'd go to school, come home that night, and do the same



thing. One year we moved out to a farmhouse a couple of miles out west of town. We had 160 acres. We was like sharecroppers, since we worked for somebody else. My dad got his own farm for a while, and we grew some crops. I think we had about 300 acres at that time, which sounds like a lot of land, but in that area, 300 acres is not very much. We farmed it, got the crops all in, and it looked like everything was going to be great. Then the river flooded everything. That's when we had to move back to the mines, which my dad had been trying to get out of so that he wouldn't have that TB.

**Penthouse:** Do you think ballplayers of your generation hustled more because of the circumstances they came from?

**Mantle:** I'm not one of those old-timers that don't think these guys are as good players as we were. You've got guys like Pete Rose or Dave Winfield that play hard. But I also think that there are a lot of guys in the major leagues that are just lucky in hell to be there, that don't really bear down like some of the other ones.

**Penthouse:** Didn't the Depression make a difference for your generation?

**Mantle:** I never even thought about the Depression until you brought it up. It may have made a difference. I think it made a family out of a team, probably because everybody knew how rough life was. I can remember that I used to have a terrible habit of trotting to first instead of running the ball out when I popped up. Hank Bauer, Gene Woodling, Allie Reynolds, Vic Raschi, and Eddie Lopat would get hold of me and say, "Hey look, you're messing with our money. You know you run those balls out, and we're only going to be out here two hours." So it was like a family, where your big brothers were getting on you. Casey didn't have to call you out, the other guys would.

I think that spirit is kind of missing in today's game. I haven't been in spring training for years, but when I used to go five years ago as a coach for the Yankees, it was like a corporation. These guys now come out with a lawyer and an agent. They all carry briefcases. Hell, we never had a briefcase. All we knew then was that we had rules. We had to be at the ballpark three hours early—but that was to just talk baseball. Casey wanted everybody to be out there to talk about the team we were playing. After the game, Casey would always put two cases of beer—I think that was the limit—in the freezer. If we won the game, the beer was free. If we didn't win, we had to pay for it. But anyway, I remember we would sit around in our uniforms, before we would ever think about taking a shower, and talk about what happened, talk about the game, talk about somebody having trouble. It was a family. Nowadays, just as soon as the game is over, these guys are *whoosh*, in and out. They don't seem as close to each other. I'm not one of those old-timers that don't think the guys play as hard, because I see guys runnin' over

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catchers, breakin' up double plays, but then I also do see a lot of loafin'.

**Penthouse:** Why has the family spirit gone? Has too much big business entered the game?

**Mantle:** I think so, with all the money. It's now like 25 separate corporations coming to the ballpark. It doesn't seem to me like all 25 of them are trying to be close. You'd probably find that they are pretty much strangers to each other. When I played, there wasn't anything that one guy didn't know about another player. You knew everything—his wife, his kids.

**Penthouse:** Are you sorry that none of your four sons went into baseball?

**Mantle:** I'm sorry that I didn't have a chance to work with them, because a couple of them are good athletes. I'm sure that if they would have had my dad, they could have been ballplayers, because he worked with me like hell. He'd come home from work at four o'clock in the afternoon, and even though I knew he was tired, we'd play ball until dark. He worked with me all the time.

**Penthouse:** What do your sons do now?

**Mantle:** Mickey works for me in the hotel in Atlantic City and helps me with my schedules. David was in Joplin working—managing a McDonald's—and now he's back down here in Dallas. He just moved back in the house. He's now got a job in the food business. Billy is the one that had Hodgkin's disease—what my dad died with. He is still fighting it a little bit. He's been in remission for about three years now, and if he can go a couple more years, it will really be a good sign. And Danny is in New York looking to go into TV.

What I'd really like to do is get a Wendy's, or some food chain like that, and get them all set up in that. I think that my goal right now is to get a family business goin'.

**Penthouse:** If you had to do it over again, what would you do differently?

**Mantle:** Well, if you read my book [*The Mick*], you would see that I really didn't take good care of myself. If there is a moral to that book, it's for kids to take good care of their bodies. You got guys like Pete Rose, Hank Aaron, Stan Musial, Ted Williams that took good care of themselves and are at the top in all the lifetime statistics.

**Penthouse:** What records of yours would be different?

**Mantle:** Home runs. I retired when I was 36, and I was over the hill at 31. I only had 12 good years. If I could have played 20 years like the other guys, I would have done much better. I'm not saying I had bad breaks; it was just from being dumb. I was young and going good, and I didn't think it was ever going to end. Even those old guys like Allie Reynolds and Hank Bauer used to tell me, Whitey, and Billy, "If you guys don't slow down, you are going to be over the hill before your time."

And it sure enough happened. Of course, me and Whitey made the Hall of

Fame, but it could have been better is what I'm saying. If you look up my record from 1964 till '68, you'd know the last four years were just pitiful. All they had to do the last four years was walk me, and we wouldn't hardly score.

One of the things that I regret more than anything else is that I didn't hit .300, even though I was a .300 hitter. The reason is because they wouldn't pitch to me. If you look at my record those last four years, I got over 100 walks a year. The balls I was swinging at I could just barely reach sometimes.

I remember in '65, when Minnesota was coming into its power. The Twins were playing us in Yankee Stadium, and we were behind 1-0 in the last of the ninth inning. When I came up with two outs, it started to rain. Billy Martin ran out to talk to Jim Kaat. I never will forget this, because I knew what Billy was saying. "Don't let this guy hit one. Go ahead and walk him. They can't score," Martin said. But

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I can't see how they  
can keep paying all those big  
salaries. A guy  
is hitting .240 with seven  
home runs and going  
to arbitration for \$700,000  
or \$800,000.  
Shit . . . that's out of line.

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Kaat told him, "Nah, I'll pitch to him." I could read Kaat's lips. Anyways, I hit a home run in the left center-field bleachers and tied the game 1-1, and we went ahead to win it later on. In those days, all you had to do was walk Mantle, because they couldn't score.

**Penthouse:** Is it true that in your last years, umpires often gave you the benefit of the doubt on close calls, umpires like Bill Valentine?

**Mantle:** Valentine! Shit, he was the one who loved to call me out. I went five years without talking to [Ed] Runge. He thought it was funny to call me out. I never yelled at him, but Runge told me one time that he would have liked for me to have turned around and yelled at him.

**Penthouse:** You don't think you benefited, then, in those last five years, from being Mickey Mantle at the plate?

**Mantle:** No. It was about half-and-half. Half the umpires liked me and half didn't.

**Penthouse:** Are you comfortable with being one of America's great heroes?

**Mantle:** It's flattering to me, although sometimes it can get under your skin, like when I go through airports or go out to eat in a restaurant. But most of the time

it's really flattering. Once in a while, you run into a drunk who says, "I liked the Red Sox. Ted Williams is a lot better than you," or something like that. But that's a minority. The good outweighs the bad.

**Penthouse:** Wouldn't someone like Joe DiMaggio say otherwise, given the way he has retreated from the limelight?

**Mantle:** I don't know what DiMaggio would say.

**Penthouse:** DiMaggio's really preserved a shroud of privacy, far more than any other of the great baseball players.

**Mantle:** Well, he always did, even when he was playing. He was pretty much to himself. He wasn't really like just one of the guys, you know. He was Joe DiMaggio. There weren't very many like him around. I really don't know what made him like that. Some people don't like the public eye. It could be easy to get back into your shell.

**Penthouse:** Was DiMaggio tortured by being so well-known?

**Mantle:** He probably was, but he was also very gifted to be that way. It works both ways. As I believe, 90 percent is for the better, ten percent is for the worse.

**Penthouse:** During your playing career, it's been said that you were very affable in the dugout but much more reserved to the outside. Is there any truth to that?

**Mantle:** The Yankees used to try to get me to tip my hat when I hit a home run, the way Ruth did when he ran around the bases. But I had a terrible habit of hanging my head, good or bad. And when I hit a home run, I'd run all around the bases with my head down. I think the fans thought that I said, "Hell with them, I won't tip my hat." But that wasn't the case at all. To tell you the truth, I used to hate guys that would hit a home run and jump up and down—especially nowadays, when they hit a home run and stand at home plate and watch it go all the way out of the ballpark.

**Penthouse:** The Reggie Jackson type?

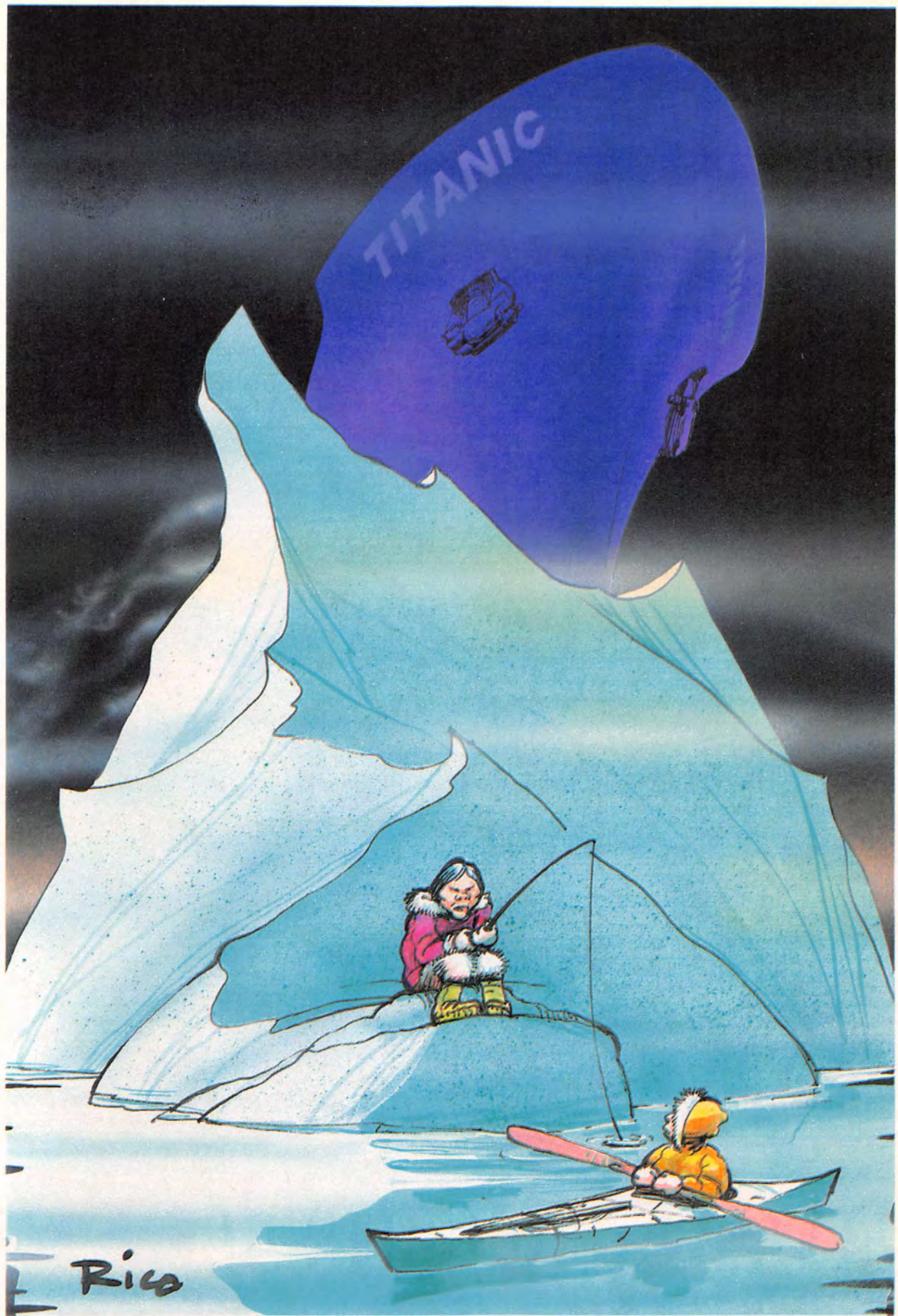
**Mantle:** I said "they." To me, that's showing up the pitcher, and the pitcher has got to be feeling terrible anyway. He's trying to make a living out there.

**Penthouse:** Have you mellowed since your retirement?

**Mantle:** Toward the press, yes. I still can't believe that, all of a sudden, I'm popular after 15 years. I bet there was a time for about ten years where you didn't hear from me. Suddenly, the last two or three years, it's like I'm "Mickey Mantle" again. I can't even explain the interest. Maybe the book. I've been on TV. I've done a few commercials lately. There is one thing that I might be able to put into words for you. The guys that grew up with me are now becoming presidents of corporations, and a lot of these guys are probably following what the old-timers are doing. They see me on airplanes all the time. "Hey Mick, how you doin'?" They always want to talk. From cabdrivers in New York to farmers in Oklahoma to company heads, they all ask me questions.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 86





"No, my luck's just not in today!"





**Champion windsurfer  
Jacques Sotty takes to the sacred Ganges River on  
an 800-mile sail that leads  
him past bizarre and oftentimes shocking sights.**

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# **PASSAGE THROUGH INDIA**

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**PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. HAUSS**









*Far right: Toward the beginning of his sail, Sotty glides silently through the lotus pads of Dal Lake. A stranger spontaneously offers him a fragrant dahlia. Above and right: Sotty's vibrant sailboard provides a startling contrast to the ancient religious murals, sacred temples, and decaying villages that dot the length of the Ganges.*



Although Jacques Sotty has faced countless physical challenges, he viewed wind-surfing the Ganges not only as a test of endurance but also as an extraordinary opportunity to experience intimately the life of India's millions who live along the river. Sotty is the first windsurfer to attempt such a feat. In this case, it wasn't the physical challenge that intimidated him—he has a long history of testing his true grit. In 1981, for example, Sotty brazenly windsurfed across the treacherous English Channel. Soon thereafter, he

raced his sailboard on ice, achieving an astonishing speed of 98 miles per hour. Among his other accomplishments, Sotty holds the European championship in the boomerang throw. Sailing the Ganges, however, was an emotional quest for him. "It was not a performance of time or endurance," says Sotty emphatically.

Sotty began his trip at an elevation of 5,000 meters, high in the Himalayas, in the region known as Kashmir. Initially launching his sailboard on the Jhelum River, which ultimately feeds into the





Ganges, Sotty's first experience was something right out of the pages of an eighteenth-century travel book. To withstand the icy waters, Sotty wore a lightweight, but efficient, wet suit designed to maintain his body heat. Thinking back, he recalls, "I must have created a bizarre image . . . a mammoth fluorescent-yellow butterfly effortlessly skimming the water's surface."

After traveling a few miles through complete wilderness, Sotty suddenly noticed a band of Gypsies staring at him incredulously. "You see,"

Sotty explains, "they had never seen rubber. They thought it was my skin, and approached me as though I were a messenger from the gods."

Soon after, Sotty found himself sailing into the serene paradise of Dal Lake. Here, at dawn, boatmen glide silently through the lotus pads, their boats laden with saffron-colored squash and other fresh-picked vegetables and fruits. Passing slowly through the tranquil waters, Sotty was offered an ancient gesture of peace. "[When] a stranger handed

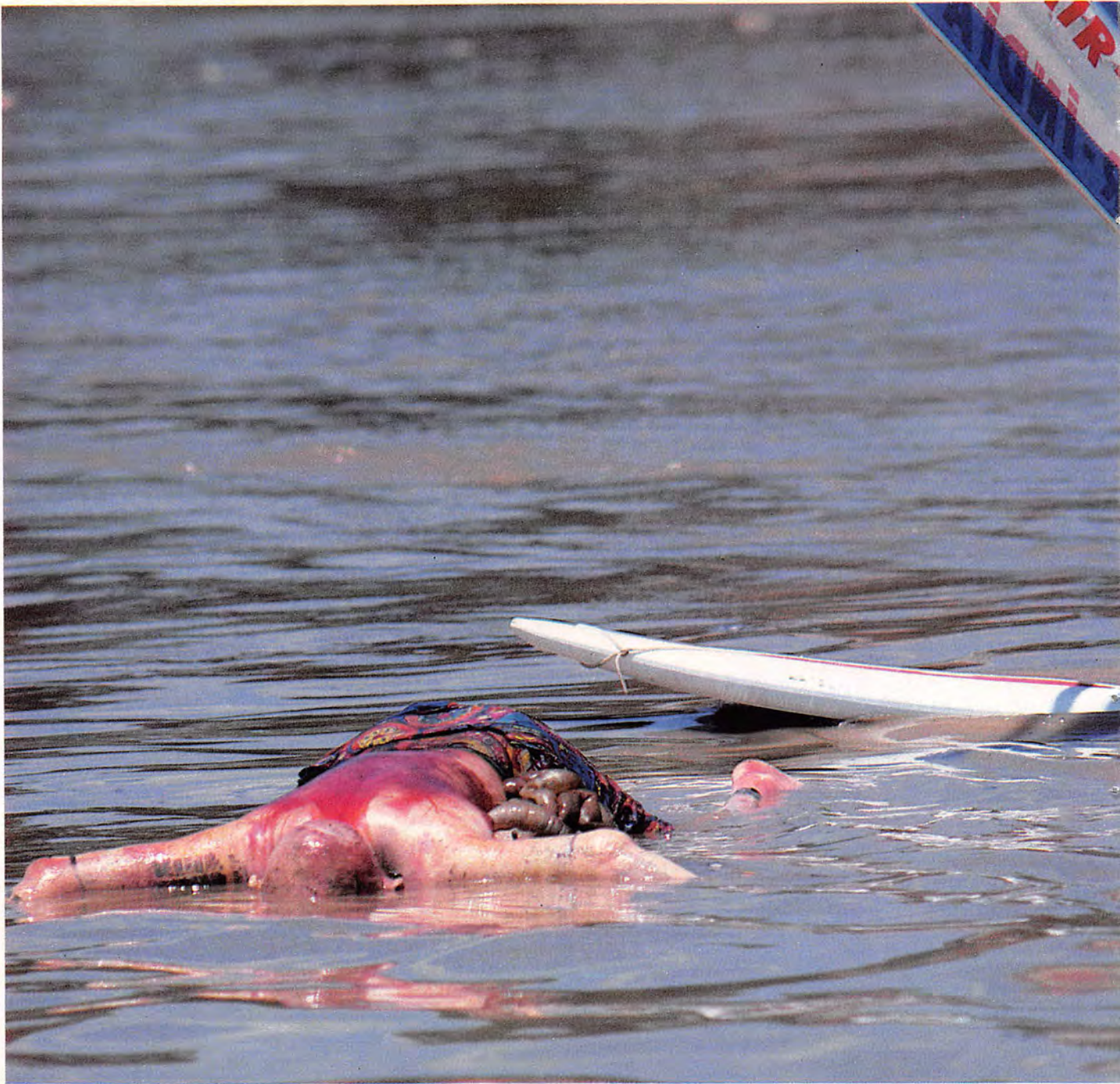
me a fragrant dahlia, I felt accepted, not as a tourist but as an explorer," he recounts. "I regretted leaving the unspoiled beauty of Dal Lake."

The next phase of the journey was not so idyllic. It was, by now, early August, and monsoon season was at its peak. Torrential rains, followed by dead stillness and 100 percent humidity, were only a few of the obstacles Sotty would encounter. Sotty recalls, "Some days it instantly became stormy, with up to a meter of water falling in one hour. The winds were treacherous and it would

become pitch-black in a moment. I began to think Shiva, India's god of destruction, was determined to screw up my sail." Weather conditions were often life-threatening, and Sotty would struggle to take refuge.

Eventually, though, having braved what could only have been "the worst," Sotty was suddenly relieved to view the majestic temple spires of Banares in the far distance. Filled with excitement as well as trepidation, in Sotty's view it was the gods, rather than the currents, that guided him into the sa-





cred territory. Banares, India's holiest city, is considered to be, as one traveler noted, "a crossing place between this earth and heaven." Sotty was immediately awed by the sight of thousands of heads bent in prayer, obscuring from view the massive stone steps that descend directly into the holy river Ganges. Some devotees wore scarlet- or saffron-colored robes, others were scantily clad or naked, with symbolic ashes smeared on their bodies. The peaks of what seemed to be hundreds of temples were thrusting

toward the heavens, enveloped by a mixture of incense, dust, and aromatic spices that perfumed the air. Although religious activity dominated the river banks, sariclad women and female children could be seen carrying out daily chores, such as washing clothing. Sotty's hesitation as an intruder in holy waters was diminished when he heard children chattering excitedly. As he tells us, "I thought the children would welcome me into this otherwise closed city. My instincts were right. Soon, I was teaching a group of

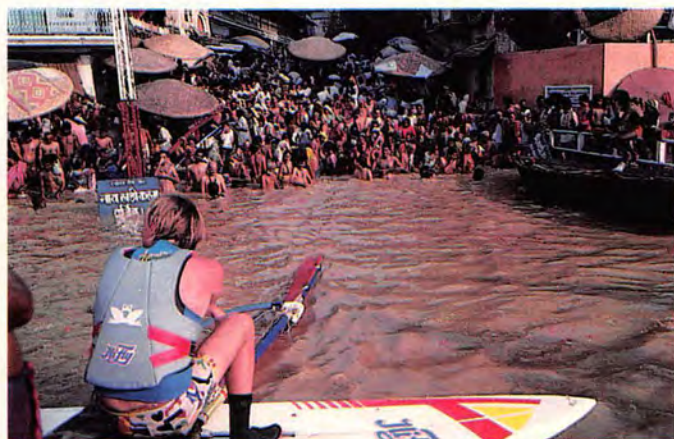
them to stand on the board." The children affectionately called Sotty "Zabadrft," the name given to a local Indian movie hero not unlike Superman in America.

Encouraged by their acceptance, Sotty eagerly continued traveling south, but was quickly confronted by the most hellish vision of the trip. Human body parts floated past him, like macabre buoys. Customarily, Indians cremate their dead and spread the ashes over the Ganges. But, as of late, wood to fuel the funeral pyre is scarce, and consequently,

partially burned bodies are given hasty burial in the water. Ironically, these grotesque, dismembered limbs attract a beautiful species of dolphin, unknown in other regions of the world. According to Sotty, "Iridescent-pink dolphins travel hundreds of miles from the sea to feed on the cadavers. These are the only dolphins that eat human flesh."

The Ganges is considered the most sacred burial ground, and by custom it is considered highly taboo to deposit an intact corpse. Early one morning, on the






last leg of his journey, Sotty encountered a floating dead man, disemboweled, with severe stab wounds marking his back. "He must have been murdered," says Sotty, grimacing at the vivid memory. "The Indians never toss whole bodies into the water, and they looked as shocked as I at the sight of this bloated figure."

On the sweltering afternoon when Sotty crossed his 800-mile mark, he felt a sense of elation at having realized his dream and sorrow that this particular adventure was

now concluded. "My choice has always been to express myself through my dreams. I think the most important thing in life is to never stop pursuing your desires."

What's Sotty's next plan? "Oh, possibly swimming the Colorado River . . . it's very dangerous, you know."

In the near future, Sotty is organizing an international boomerang contest in New York City. A mischievous smile crosses his face when he tells us, "You know, I am like the boomerang . . . I always come back for more." 



*Far left: A quiet day on the Ganges disturbed by a ghastly, macabre sight—that of a disemboweled corpse with violent stab wounds on its back. Above: Not all waters of the Ganges are calm. Sotty finds himself challenged by unforeseen rapids; other days he weaves his way through a "floating market" of lush fruits and vegetables. Left: Dusk descends on Dal Lake.*



**Penthouse:** Were you always popular as a player in New York?

**Mantle:** When I first came to the Yankees, they said I was going to be the next Joe DiMaggio, Babe Ruth, and Lou Gehrig all rolled into one. It just didn't work out that way, not until 1956. Even in 1957, when I hit .365 and was Most Valuable Player, there was still something between me and the fans that wasn't working.

But when [Ralph] Houk took over, he put a shine on me and made me believe in myself. Houk said, "As Mantle goes, so go the Yankees." He started to make me think I could play better. Another thing happened in '61. Roger hit 61 homers, and he became the villain and I the golden-haired boy. New York fans are funny that way. They go for the underdog. I became the underdog and Roger the guy that beat Babe Ruth. Everywhere I went from then on, hell, I would get standing ovations.

**Penthouse:** Were you ever competitive with Maris?

**Mantle:** Hell, I wanted to win it. I wanted to hit more home runs than he did in '61. I roomed with him that year, but we never had an argument. The press always wrote that we were at each other's throats. That never happened. We kind of had a mutual admiration society between the two of us. Sometimes I might be sleeping a little bit late, and Roger would come in and whack me on the head with a newspaper. He'd say, "Wake up, Mick, we're fightin' again." Then he'd show me a story where me and him had been having a big argument.

The '61 season didn't bother me as much as it did him. I already had been through that once before. I'd also been playing in New York for ten years. I just tried to laugh it off with him all the time. But Roger had big patches of his hair comin' out because of nerves.

**Penthouse:** When did you learn that Maris was sick?

**Mantle:** When we first found out he had lymphoma. I don't think I was really scared until I threw out the first ball at Yankee Stadium in '85 and Roger brought it to me from the dugout. That day, I started thinking that he was in trouble. He got real tired and looked bloated. He told me he wasn't feelin' good, and I said to my wife that I was worried about him. I think Roger's funeral was the toughest since my dad's.

**Penthouse:** Will Maris now be put in the Hall of Fame?

**Mantle:** I think he should be. I think that hitting 61 home runs is the greatest feat I've ever seen in sports. A lot of people tried it before, and nobody has even come close again in the last 25 years. It's a hell of a record. The hardest single thing that there is to do in sports is to hit a baseball. I really believe that. You take guys who

play baseball—they can also play golf, basketball, or football. Might not be good at it. But you can't just go and pick out a football or basketball player. They can't hit a baseball going 100 miles an hour at their head. It's the hardest single thing to do, and Roger hit 61 of them. There should never have been an asterisk next to the record. But if they had to put an asterisk there, they should have also put that Roger was one of the best all-around baseball players that ever lived. It's not just hittin' home runs.

**Penthouse:** You've gone on record recently, at a baseball writer's dinner, describing former Yankee general manager George Weiss as the "meanest cocksucker" you ever met. Was he that bad?

**Mantle:** Were you there?

**Penthouse:** I know people who were there.

**Mantle:** Okay, well, I didn't say he was the "meanest cocksucker," like that. I said "the old cocksucker," ha ha ha. It was a

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Ballplayers make a million and a half dollars a year because people tell their kids, "I want you to be like him." All of a sudden, you read about that player doing drugs. That's not good.

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joke. I had a couple of drinks. But the people that were on the dais and most of the people in the audience realized that I wasn't calling him a cocksucker. It was just a joke.

**Penthouse:** But in your book, Weiss doesn't come off flattering, either.

**Mantle:** He wasn't. But when he died, I didn't like go, *Whew, I'm glad he's dead.* You know, I felt bad for him. He had to be what he was.

**Penthouse:** Was he just cheap?

**Mantle:** He wasn't cheap, he was a good businessman. When I was coming up, the owners and the front-office people were smart, and the players were dumb. Now, I think it is reversed.

**Penthouse:** Has it gotten out of hand?

**Mantle:** Yes. I can't see how they can keep paying all those big salaries like that. A guy is hitting .240 with seven home runs and going to arbitration for \$700,000 or \$800,000. Shit. I'm not really against all the big salaries, but baseball is not just baseball anymore, it's entertainment. It's TV. Hell, Johnny Carson gets \$5 million a year for 90 minutes a day, five days a week. Players are on the field in front of the cameras three hours a day every day,

sometimes six hours for doubleheaders. But I can't see the guys that shouldn't even be major-leaguers making \$300,000 or \$400,000. That's out of line.

**Penthouse:** Do we need a George Weiss back in the front office?

**Mantle:** I don't know if you need him back in the front office or not, but I bet he's rolling over in his grave. I remember one year, in 1956, when [owners] Dale Webb and Dan Topping made him double my salary—the year I won the Triple Crown. It made Weiss mad. The next year, in 1957, I hit .365 and had about 40 home runs and 100 RBIs. I was the Most Valuable Player, again. The first contract he sent me was for a \$10,000 cut because I didn't do as good as I did the year before. We didn't have ten- and 20-year contracts, we had one-year contracts—and we got paid for what we did the year before. I don't have any idea of how I would have acted with a long-term, million-dollar contract. All I know is that then I had to play, and I had to produce.

**Penthouse:** Would you ever have wanted to play for Steinbrenner?

**Mantle:** Shit, I would have loved it.

**Penthouse:** Why?

**Mantle:** Well, goddamn, I'd be making about \$3 million a year.

**Penthouse:** Does Steinbrenner remind you of any of the owners of the past?

**Mantle:** Steinbrenner's just a natural for getting publicity. Bill Veeck was that way, too. We never saw our own owners, Dan Topping and Dale Webb, except at victory dinners.

**Penthouse:** If you yourself were an owner, how would you run a club differently?

**Mantle:** Like Steinbrenner, I would want to be involved, but I would want to leave the managing to the field. That's one thing that Topping and Webb always did. They never came down and told Casey how to run a team. Casey had 40 years in baseball.

**Penthouse:** Was Casey your favorite?

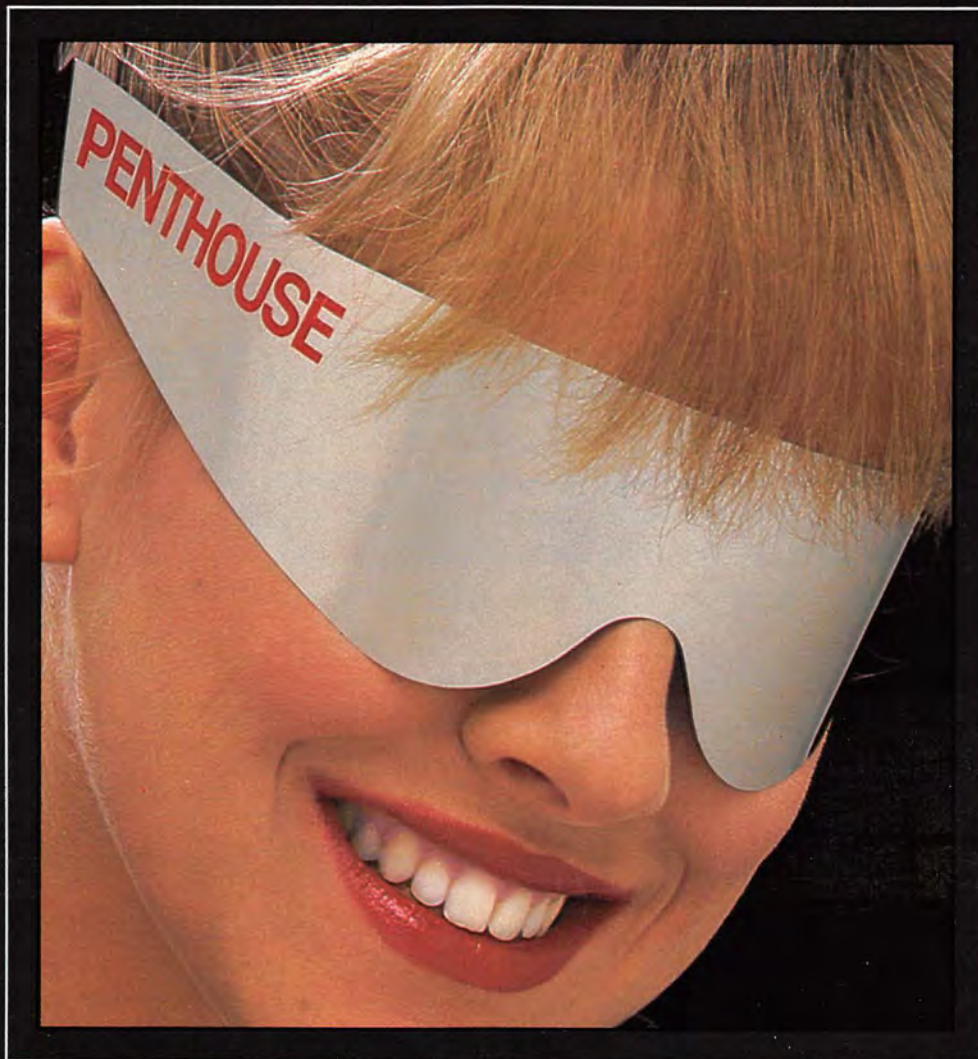
**Mantle:** I was only 19 years old when I first joined the Yankees, and my dad died after the first year. So Casey became almost another father to me, besides being my manager. I was like his protégé. He had picked me up out of the Rookie School in Phoenix. He saw that I could hit home runs both left and right, so he started saying that he was going to make a ballplayer out of me.

I was what you'd call his "find." He put a lot of pressure on me by bragging so much. He'd tell people that I could outrun anybody, throw harder than anybody, and that I had more power in both hands than any other player. By the time I got to New York, I was also striking out more than anybody else, and he had to send me back to the minors.

I always liked the way Casey managed. He didn't hold a grudge. He got mad at me one time for not running out a ball, so he took me out of the lineup. The next day I was right back in, and I hit two home runs. He came over, slapped



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The twenty-first century will offer unlimited sexual opportunities, including bionic penises, 30-minute orgasms, and sex in zero gravity.

# SEX IN THE YEAR 2019

BY ARTHUR C. CLARKE

*Married white female, 40, seeks well-endowed SWM, 18–28, for three-month intimate companionship. My husband's hormone treatments (he's six months pregnant) have put him out of commission temporarily. You take care of me; I'll take care of you.*

*Electrostimulation okay, as is drug-enhanced orgasm, but prefer partner with original equipment rather than implant. Send photo and vaccination certification to Box 2238.*

—*The Global Village Voice*,  
July 20, 2019

PAINTING BY KAI DANJI



Sunday afternoons were the worst for Barbara. Her husband was usually off with his friends, and she was left home in their third-floor apartment, alone—except for the incredible noises that wafted up through the poorly insulated ceiling from the studio below. Today's matinee was an anguished moaner (last week's was a joyous screamer), her cries colored with the false intimacy that each thrust from the stud beneath her was against her will, or at least against her better judgment.

Barbara thought she knew, by sound, all of the partners of her young male neighbor downstairs. But this was a new one, and it depressed her. So many people having so much fun. And she, at 35, felt washed-up sexually. Her husband was unattentive, and she wished she had the freedom of spirit to walk downstairs and volunteer to hop on her horny neighbor. Perhaps in a freer age . . .

The classified ad printed above is a hopeful scenario for 2019, when people will be able to publicly and boldly state their desires, no matter how bizarre or specific. Our vignette about Barbara is the reality (or at least one reality) of 1986.

These are paradoxical times, sexually speaking. The promise of free love and expanded sensuality so widely touted in the 1960s has degenerated into a con-

fused era in which free sexual expression is enjoyed by an elite few, while the bulk of society feels left out of the action. Sexual freedom is glorified, and yet *Time* magazine announces that the predominant sexual malady of our time is lack of desire, and women over the age of 30 are considered undesirable.

Even so, beneath the puritanical patina of present-day society, there lies a sexuality waiting to express itself in a more expansive age. On a scientific level, researchers are discovering new ways to enhance orgasm and desire, developing hormones to increase the performance of sex organs, manufacturing more realistic artificial penises, and even experimenting with male pregnancy—a development that would alter gender roles drastically and have a profound effect on sexual practices. On a societal level, men and women are questioning our present monolithic attitude toward sexuality. June Reinisch, director of the Kinsey Institute, points out that sexual attitudes fluctuate in 20-year cycles. For example, the 1940s and 1950s were repressive years, while the 1960s and 1970s saw a flowering of sexual freedom. If Reinisch's theory is right, things look bad for the next two decades. On the other hand, we can look forward to a sexual renaissance from 2001 to 2020. The year 2019 will see the

blending of science and passion into an orgasmic age.

The technology—and some of the scientific understanding—may already be here. In fact, the greatest strides in sexuality may come from neuroscience. We have known for over 30 years that sexuality begins and ends in the brain, not in the genitals or anywhere else. We even have crude ways of creating, on demand, sexual pleasure in the brain.

In 1953, James Olds and Peter Milner, working at the Montreal Neurological Institute, sank electrodes into the brain of a white rat. They had intended to place the electrodes in the rat's hypothalamus, but by mistake had inserted them in a mysterious region called the septum. Olds stimulated the rat every time it wandered into one corner of its cage. Oddly, the rat developed a compulsive fondness for that part of the cage. (By contrast, when the hypothalamus was stimulated, rats avoided the corner.) The septum was thereby identified as the "pleasure center" of the brain. Further experiments proved that rats, outfitted with electrodes in their heads that they could self-activate by pushing a lever, would bypass the mundane pleasures of food, water, and sex for the joys of lever-pushing—some pushing the magic button for 24 consecutive hours, until they passed out from exhaustion or hunger.

But what about humans? It was Dr. Robert G. Heath, chairman emeritus of the psychiatry/neurology department of the Tulane University School of Medicine, who proved that you and I can have our "buttons pushed" just like white rats. Heath and his Tulane colleagues punched holes in the skulls of patients, implanted electrodes deep in their brain tissue, and left them there, recording brain waves while the subjects talked, flew into rages, hallucinated, or had intense orgasms.

In one woman patient, Heath's team implanted a tube called a "canula" along with the electrodes. Through the canula they delivered precise amounts of acetylcholine, a natural chemical transmitter, directly into the septum. "Vigorous activity" showed up on the electroencephalogram, and the patient reported intense pleasure, including multiple orgasms lasting as long as 30 minutes.

In another experiment, Heath outfitted some of his patients with self-stimulators—a device hooked to the belt, with three or four buttons, each one connected to an electrode implanted in a different part of the brain. Whenever he felt the urge, the patient could push any of the buttons. One man pushed the button connected to the septal region 1,500 times an hour.

Is this the proper scenario for 2019? People with pleasure buttons on their belts? Women rolling around in bed moaning away with 30-minute orgasms while acetylcholine drips directly into their brains? LSD prophet Timothy Leary once predicted that soon we'll all be wearing





septal electrodes as a means for instant gratification, but Dr. Heath derides the idea. Heath's experiments were conducted on seemingly hopeless patients who had been previously relegated to straitjackets and shock treatment. As for implanting deep-brain electrodes in normal, healthy patients, Dr. Heath says, "It's a little drastic to have a hole punched in your skull unless you're very, very ill." What he does predict for the twenty-first century, however, are noninvasive techniques. According to Heath, an ultrasound device could be built and used to activate the brain's pleasure centers without having to go inside the skull. In fact, one male-potency clinic predicts that by 2005 family doctors will be electrically stimulating the brain's pleasure centers in order to increase sexual desire in less-than-potent males.

Drugs are another method. Heath says scientists must find out what chemical in the brain activates the pleasure centers, and then design a pill that will do the same thing. In other words, an aphrodisiac.

Current aphrodisiacs are hardly the pharmacological breakthroughs that Heath envisions for 2019. The best we have at present is yohimbine ("yo-yo"), an African drug made from the sap of a tropical tree. Male rats injected with yo-yo mounted females up to 45 times in 15 minutes. Stanford University Medical School recently began human trials, and while results are not yet in, the yohimbine experiment has revealed one very significant factor about the future: People *want* aphrodisiacs. Stanford physiology professor Dr. Julian Davidson says he has more willing volunteers than he can handle. Obviously, for humans on the planet, sex has not fulfilled its promise, either in frequency or intensity.

Yohimbine is a male aphrodisiac only (yo-yo has never been tested on females of any species), and, in fact, little work is being done on developing aphrodisiacs for women. However, one drug that holds out hope for women in the twenty-first century is naltrexone, which is an oral version of naloxone, a drug used to curb heroin addiction. Naltrexone has also been used as an appetite suppressant; it was in experiments with rats and appetite control that scientists discovered an odd side effect of naltrexone—sexual arousal. In human experiments, researchers at the South African Brain Research Institute gave four women small doses of naloxone just prior to orgasm. One woman said the orgasms she had after taking the drug were "the best she could remember." But results were mixed in the other subjects, proving once again that desire and orgasm are much more complicated in women than in men. Kinsey Institute director June Reinisch sees little hope for aphrodisiacs for either sex, even in the next century. Still, the search for a female stimulant goes on, as scientists try out such things as laughing gas, male hormones, and other chemi-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



We hope you'll have a sip of our oldtime Tennessee whiskey sometime soon.

A TRIP TO THE WAREHOUSE is the quickest part of the slow, slow way we make Jack Daniel's.

With a knowledgeable driver (and some husky barrelmen) we can put this whiskey to rest right quick. But then it will take years and years to reach maturity. And prior to all this, it will have dripped in unhurried fashion through room-high vats of tightly tamped charcoal. Getting Jack Daniel's to the warehouse is the fastest part of all. But, we assure you, it's the only step where any hurrying is allowed.

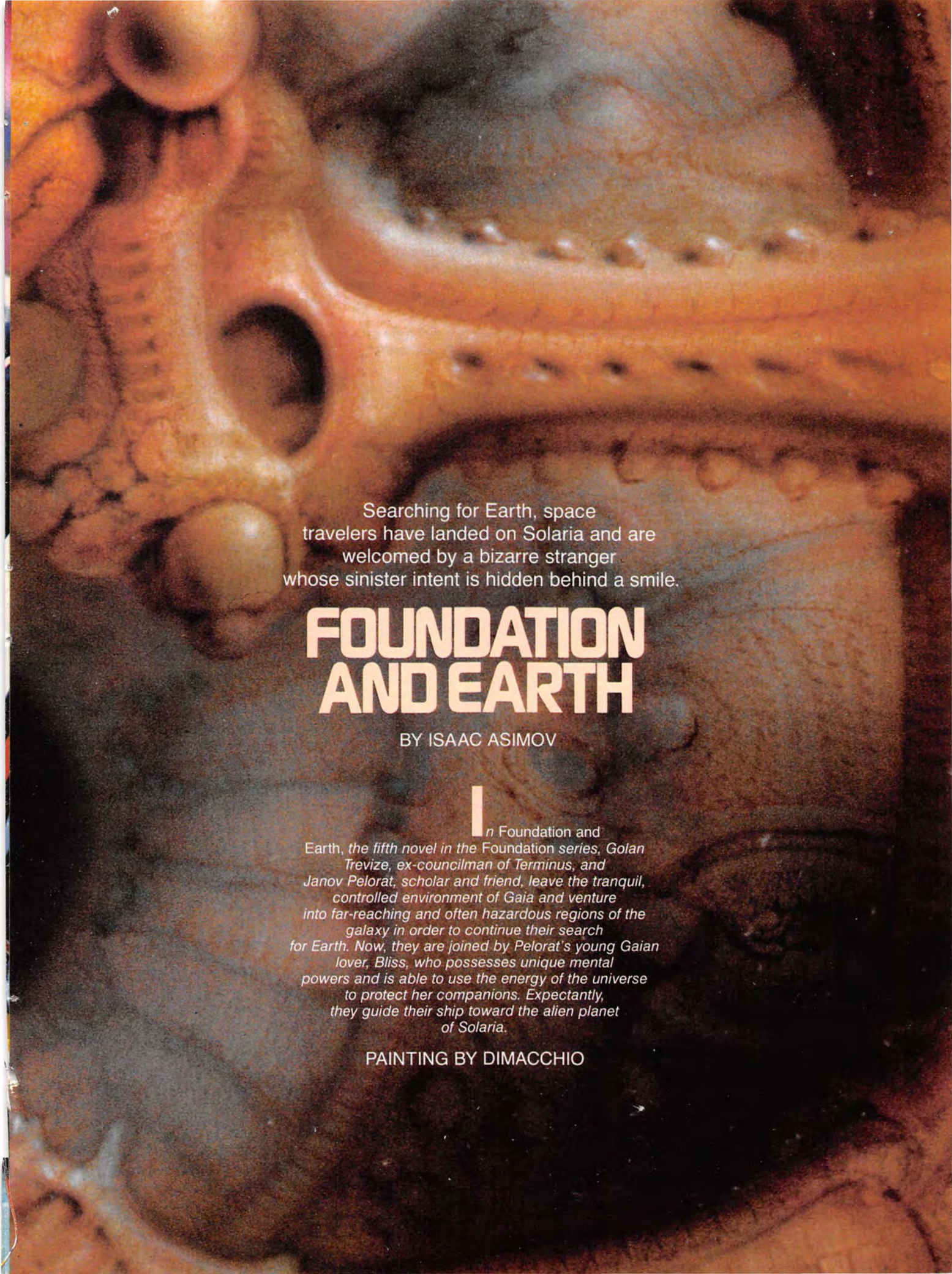


CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS









Searching for Earth, space  
travelers have landed on Solaria and are  
welcomed by a bizarre stranger  
whose sinister intent is hidden behind a smile.

# FOUNDATION AND EARTH

BY ISAAC ASIMOV

**I**n *Foundation and Earth*, the fifth novel in the *Foundation* series, Golan Trevize, ex-councilman of Terminus, and Janov Pelorat, scholar and friend, leave the tranquil, controlled environment of Gaia and venture into far-reaching and often hazardous regions of the galaxy in order to continue their search for Earth. Now, they are joined by Pelorat's young Gaian lover, Bliss, who possesses unique mental powers and is able to use the energy of the universe to protect her companions. Expectantly, they guide their ship toward the alien planet of Solaria.

PAINTING BY DIMACCHIO



The *Far Star* had come to a gentle rest near a small grove of trees. Trevize stepped out of the ship first. The wind was brisk and just a trifle cool in the aftermath of the rain, but Trevize found that welcome. It had probably been uncomfortably warm and humid before the rain.

He took in his breath with surprise. The smell of the planet was delightful. Every planet had its own odor, he knew, an odor always strange and usually distasteful—perhaps only because it was strange. Might not strange be pleasant as well? Or was this the accident of catching the planet just after the rain at a particular season of the year, whichever it was—

"Come on," he called. "It's quite pleasant out here."

Pelorat emerged, looked about, and said, in a disappointed tone, "There seems to be nothing about."

Bliss made a cautionary gesture and there was a strained and intent look on her face. "Coming now," she said, in a low voice.

Trevize turned his face toward the rise and there, first appearing from behind it, and then striding toward them, was the unmistakable figure of a human being. Its complexion was pale and its hair light and long, standing out slightly from the sides of its head. Its face was grave but quite young in appearance. Its bare arms and legs were not particularly muscled.

It spoke in a clear, pleasant voice, and its words, although used archaically, were in Galactic standard, and easily understood.

"Greetings, wanderers from space."

Trevize studied the Solarian. It was wearing a thin white robe, draped loosely over its shoulder, with large openings for its arms. The robe was open in front, exposing a bare chest and a loincloth below. Except for a pair of light sandals, it wore nothing else.

It occurred to Trevize that he could not tell whether the Solarian was male or female. The breasts were male, certainly, but the chest was hairless and the thin loincloth showed no bulge of any kind.

Trevize, breaking the silence, said, "We are travelers who seek information to reach our destination."

"What is the information you seek? Perhaps I can help you."

"We seek the location of Earth. Could you tell us that?"

The Solarian's eyebrows lifted. "I would have thought that your first object of curiosity would have been myself. I will supply that information although you have not asked for it. I am Sarton Bander and you stand upon the Bander estate, which stretches as far as your eye can see in every direction and far beyond. I cannot say that you are welcome here, for in coming here, you have violated a trust. You are the first Settlers to touch down upon Solaria in many thousands of years and, as it turns out, you have come here merely to inquire as to the best way of reaching another world. In the old days,

Settlers, you and your ship would have been destroyed on sight."

"That would be a barbaric way of treating people who mean no harm and offer none," said Trevize, cautiously.

"I agree, but when members of an expanding society set foot upon an inoffensive and static one, that mere touch is filled with potential harm. While we feared harm, we were ready to destroy those who came at the instant of their coming. Since we no longer have reason to fear, we are, as you see, ready to talk."

Trevize said, "I appreciate the information you have offered us so freely, and yet you failed to answer the question I did ask. I will repeat it. Could you tell us the location of the planet Earth?"

"By Earth, I take it you mean the world on which the human species, and the various species of plants and animals"—its hand moved gracefully about, as though to indicate all the surroundings around them—"originated."

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"Yes, I do, sir."

A queer look of repugnance flitted over the Solarian's face. It said, "Please address me simply as Bander, if you must use a form of address. Do not address me by any word that includes a sign of gender. I am neither male nor female. I am *whole*."

Trevize nodded (he had been right). "As you wish, Bander. What, then, is the location of Earth, the world of origin of all of us?"

Bander said, "I do not know. Nor do I wish to know. If I did know, or if I could find out, it would do you no good, for Earth no longer exists as a world."

"Why is it that Earth no longer exists as a world?" said Trevize, insistently, steeling himself for the tale of radioactivity once again.

Bander, however, ignored the question or, rather, put it to one side carelessly. "The story is too long," it said. "You told me that you came with no intent of harm."

"That is correct."

"Why, then, did you come armed?"

"That is merely a precaution. I did not know what I might meet."

"It doesn't matter. Your little weapons

represent no danger to me. Yet I am curious. I have, of course, heard much of your arms, and of your curiously barbaric history that seems to depend so entirely on arms. Even so, I have never actually seen a weapon. May I see yours?"

Trevize took a step backward. "I'm afraid not, Bander."

Bander seemed amused. "I asked only out of politeness. I need not have asked at all."

It held out its hand and, from Trevize's right holster, there emerged his blaster, while from his left holster there rose up his neuronc whip. Trevize snatched at his weapons but felt his arms held back as though by stiffly elastic bonds. Both Pelorat and Bliss started forward, and it was clear that they were held as well.

Bander said, "Don't bother trying to interfere. You cannot." The weapons flew to its hands and it looked them over carefully. "This one," it said, indicating the blaster, "seems to be a microwave beamer that produces heat, thus exploding any fluid-containing body. The other is more subtle, and, I must confess, I do not see at a glance what it is intended to do. However, since you mean no harm and offer no harm, you don't need arms. I can, and I do, bleed the energy content of the units of each weapon. That leaves them harmless unless you use one or the other as a club, and they would be clumsy indeed if used for that purpose."

The Solarian released the weapons and again they drifted through the air, this time back toward Trevize. Each settled neatly into its holster.

Trevize, feeling himself released, pulled out his blaster, but there was no need to use it. The contact hung loosely, and the energy unit had clearly been totally drained. That was precisely the case with the neuronc whip as well.

He looked up at Bander, who said, smiling, "You are quite helpless, Outworlder. I can as easily, if I so desire, destroy your ship and, of course, you."

Then Bander moved away from them uncaringly, and crooked a finger languidly. "Come. Follow me. All three of you. I will tell you a story that may not interest you, but that interests me."

They began to walk (toward the distant mansion, Trevize assumed), but very slowly.

"Some of my distant ancestors left Earth to establish new worlds around other stars, wonderful worlds, well organized, and many."

Trevize said, loudly, "Not many. Fifty."

Bander turned a lofty eye on Trevize. There seemed less humor in it now. "Trevize. That's your name."

"Golan Trevize in full. I say there were fifty Spacer worlds. Our worlds number in the millions."

"Do you know, then, the story that I wish to tell you?" said Bander, softly.

"If the story is that there were once fifty Spacer worlds, we know it."

"We count not in numbers only, little



half-human," said Bander. "We count the quality, too. There were fifty, but such a fifty that not all your millions could make up one of them. And Solaria was the fiftieth and, therefore, the best. Solaria was as far beyond the other Spacer worlds as they were beyond Earth.

"We of Solaria alone learned how life was to be lived. We did not herd and flock like animals, as they did on Earth, as they did on other worlds, as they did even on the other Spacer worlds. We lived each alone, with robots to help us, viewing each other electronically as often as we wished, but coming within natural sight of one another only rarely. It is many years since I have gazed at human beings as I now gaze at you, but, then, you are only half-humans and your presence, therefore, does not limit my freedom any more than a cow would limit it, or a robot.

"Yet we were once half-human, too. No matter how we perfected our freedom, no matter how we developed as solitary masters over countless robots, the freedom was never absolute. In order to produce young there had to be two individuals in cooperation. It was possible, of course, to contribute sperm cells and egg cells, to have the fertilization process and the consequent embryonic growth take place artificially in automated fashion. It was possible for the infant to live adequately under robotic care. It could all be done, but the half-humans would not give up the pleasure that went with biological impregnation. Perverse emotional at-

tachments would develop in consequence, and freedom vanished. So you see that that had to be changed?"

Trevize said, "No, Bander, because we do not measure freedom by your standards."

"That is because you do not know what freedom is. You have never lived but in swarms, and you know no way of life but to be constantly forced, in even the smallest things, to bend your wills to those of others, or—which is equally vile—to spend your days struggling to force others to bend their wills to yours. Where is any possible freedom there? Freedom is nothing if it is not to live as you wish! Exactly as you wish!

"Then came the time when the Earth-people began to swarm outward once more, when their clinging crowds again swirled through space. The other Spacers, who did not flock as the Earth-people did, but who flocked nevertheless, if to a lesser degree, tried to compete.

"We Solarians did not. We foresaw the inevitable failure in swarming. We moved underground and broke off all contact with the rest of the Galaxy. We developed suitable robots and weapons to protect our apparently empty surface, and they did the job admirably. Ships came and were destroyed, and stopped coming. The planet was considered deserted, and was forgotten, as we had hoped.

"And, meanwhile, underground, we worked to solve our problems. We ad-

justed our genes gingerly, delicately. We had failures, but some successes, and we capitalized on the successes. It took us many centuries, but we finally became whole human beings, incorporating both the masculine and feminine principles in one body, supplying our own complete pleasure at will and producing, when we wished, fertilized eggs for development under skilled robotic care."

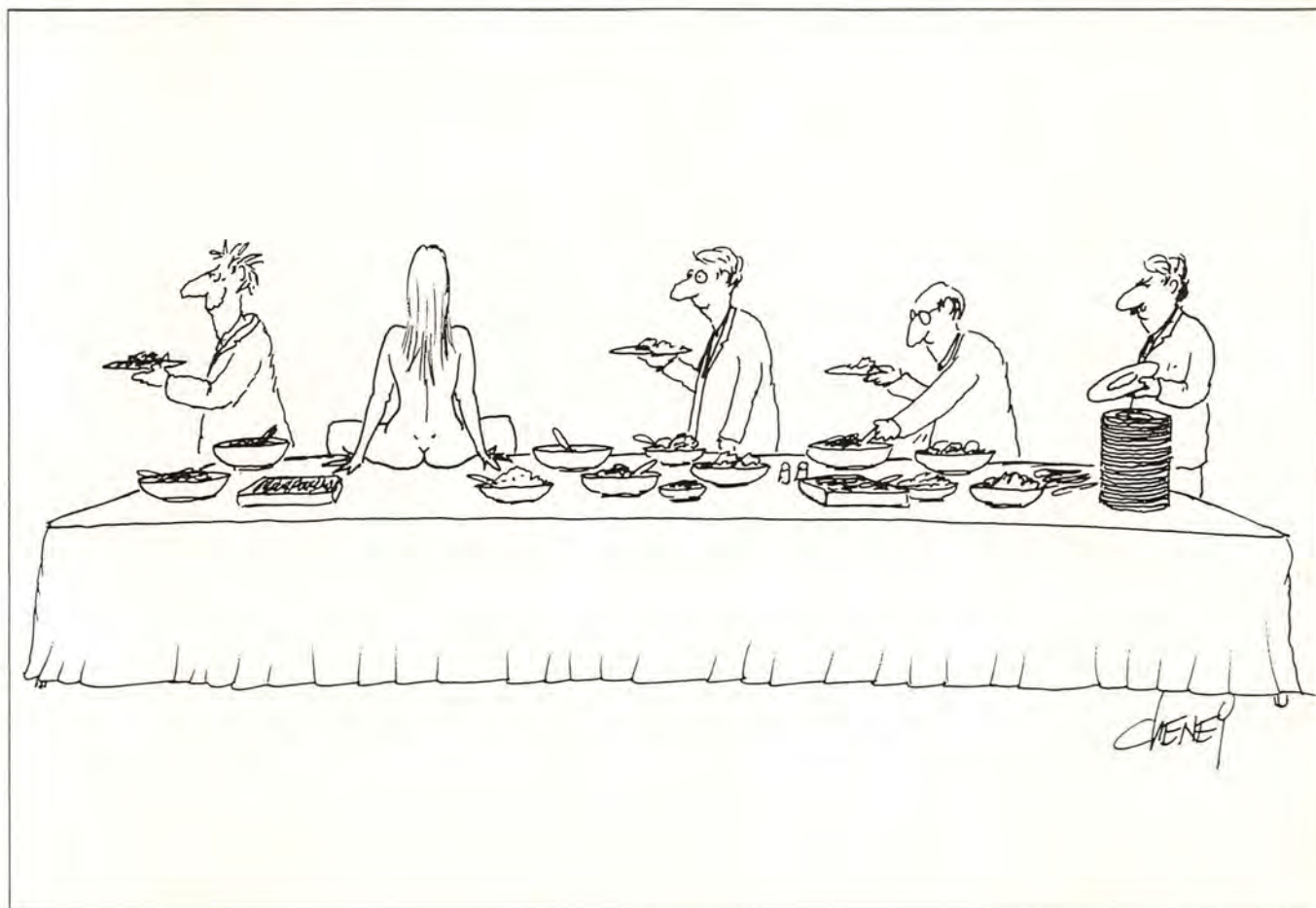
"Hermaphrodites," said Pelorat.

"Is that what it is called in your language?" asked Bander, indifferently. "I have never heard the word."

"Hermaphroditism stops evolution dead in its tracks," said Trevize. "Each child is the genetic duplicate of its hermaphroditic parent."

"Come," said Bander, "you treat evolution as a hit-and-miss affair. We can design our children, if we wish. We can change and adjust the genes and, on occasion, we do. —But we are almost at my dwelling. Let us enter. It grows late in the day. The sun already fails to give its warmth adequately, and we will be more comfortable indoors."

They passed through a door that had no locks of any kind but that opened as they approached and closed behind them as they passed through. There were no windows, but as they entered a cavernous room, the walls glowed to luminous life and brightened. The floor seemed bare, but was soft and springy to the touch. In each of the four corners of the room, a robot stood motionless.





"Come, let me show you my home," said Bander.

"Your home?" said Bliss, looking about. "Are we not in your home?"

"Not at all," said Bander. "This is my anteroom. It is a viewing room. In it I see my fellow Solarians when I must. Their images appear on that wall, or three-dimensionally in the space before the wall. This is a public assembly, therefore, and not part of my home. Come with me."

It walked on ahead, without turning to see if it was followed, but the four robots left their corners, and Trevize knew that if he and his companions did not follow spontaneously, the robots would gently coerce them into doing so.

Trevize whispered lightly to Bliss, "Have you been using your powers to keep it talking?"

Bliss pressed his hand, and nodded. "Just the same, I wish I knew what its intentions were," she added, with a note of uneasiness in her voice.

They followed Bander. The robots remained at a polite distance, but their presence was a constantly felt threat.

Bander ushered all three into the room. One of the robots entered as well. Bander gestured the rest away and got in itself. The door closed behind it.

"It's an elevator," said Pelorat, with a pleased air of discovery.

"So it is," said Bander. "We once went underground and we never truly emerged. Nor would we want to, though I find it pleasant to feel the sunlight on occasion. I dislike clouds or night in the open, however. That gives one the sensation of being underground without truly being underground, if you know what I mean. This is cognitive dissonance, after a fashion, and I find it very unpleasant."

The elevator, after the initial feeling of lower gravity that had given away its nature to Pelorat, gave no sensation of motion whatsoever. Trevize was wondering how far down it would penetrate, when there was a brief feeling of higher gravity and the door opened.

Before them was a large and elaborately furnished room. It was dimly lit, though the source of the light was not apparent. It almost seemed as though the air itself were faintly luminous.

Bander pointed its finger, and where it pointed the light grew a bit more intense. It pointed it elsewhere and the same thing happened. It placed its left hand on a stubby rod to one side of the doorway and, with its right hand, made an expansive circular gesture so that the whole room lit up as though it were in sunlight, but with no sensation of heat.

Bander, motioning for them to follow, said: "Come, step out of here."

They emerged through a door that was not the one through which they had entered and found themselves in another corridor. Before them was a little topless ground car that ran on tracks.

Bander motioned them into it, and one by one they clamored aboard. There was

not quite room for all four, but Pelorat and Bliss squeezed together tightly to allow room for Trevize. Bander sat in the front with an air of easy comfort, and the car moved along with no sign of overt manipulation of controls other than Bander's smooth hand motions now and then.

"This is a car-shaped robot, actually," said Bander, with an air of negligent indifference.

They moved along at a stately pace, very smoothly, past doors that opened as they approached and closed as they receded. The decorations in each were of widely different kinds, as though robots had been ordered to devise combinations at random.

Ahead of them the corridor was gloomy, and behind them as well. At whatever point they actually found themselves, however, they were in the equivalent of cool sunlight. The rooms, too, would light as the doors opened. And each time, Bander moved its hand slowly and

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"Come," said Bander, "you treat evolution as a hit-and-miss affair. We can design our children, if we wish. We can change and adjust the genes and, on occasion, we do."

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gracefully.

There seemed no end to the journey. Now and then they found themselves curving in a way that made it plain that the underground mansion spread out in two dimensions. ("No, three," thought Trevize at one point, as they moved steadily down a shallow declivity.)

Wherever they went, there were robots by the dozens—scores—hundreds—engaged in unhurried work whose nature Trevize could not easily divine. They passed the open door of one large room in which rows of robots were bent quietly over desks.

Pelorat asked, "What are they doing, Bander?"

"Bookkeeping," said Bander. "Keeping statistical records, financial accounts, and all sorts of things that, I am very glad to say, I don't have to bother with. This isn't just an idle estate. About a quarter of its growing area is given over to orchards. An additional tenth are grain fields, but it's the orchards that are really my pride. We grow the best fruit in the world, and in the largest number of varieties, too. A Bander peach is *the* peach on Solaria. We have twenty-seven vari-

eties of apples and—and so on. The robots could give you full information."

"What do you do with all the fruit?" asked Trevize. "You can't eat it all yourself."

"I wouldn't dream of it. I'm only moderately fond of fruit. It's traded to other estates."

"Traded for what?"

"Mineral material, mostly. I have no mines worth mentioning on my estates. Then, too, I trade for whatever is required to maintain a healthy ecological balance. I have a very large variety of plant and animal life on the estate."

"The robots take care of all that, I suppose," said Trevize.

"They do. And very well, too."

The car came to a halt, and Bander, getting out of the car, looked its usual amused self as it motioned the others to get out also.

The lighting in the room they entered was subdued, even after Bander had brightened it with a gesture. It opened into a side corridor, on both sides of which were smaller rooms. In each one of the smaller rooms was an ornate vase, flanked by objects that might have been film projectors.

"What is all this, Bander?" asked Trevize.

Bander said, "The ancestral death chambers, Trevize."

Pelorat looked about with interest. "I suppose you have the ashes of your ancestors interred here?"

"If you mean by 'interred,' " said Bander, "buried in the ground, you are not quite right. We may be underground, but this is my mansion, and the ashes are in it. In our own language we say that the ashes are 'inhoused.' " He hesitated, then said, "'House' is an archaic word for 'mansion.' "

Trevize looked about him perfunctorily. "And these are all your ancestors? How many?"

"Nearly a hundred," said Bander, making no effort to hide the pride in its voice. "Ninety-four, to be exact. Of course, the earliest are not true Solarians—not in the present sense of the word. They were half-people, masculine and feminine. Such half-ancestors were placed in adjoining urns by their immediate descendants. I don't go into those rooms, of course. It's rather 'shamiferous.' At least that's the Solarian word for it; but I don't know your Galactic equivalent. You may not have one."

"And the films?" asked Bliss. "I take it those are film projectors?"

"Diaries," said Bander. "The history of their lives. Scenes of themselves in their favorite parts of the estate. It means they do not die in every sense. Part of them remains, and it is part of my freedom that I can join them whenever I choose; I can watch this bit of film or that, as I please."


Trevize said, "Would it be possible to view some of these films you have here?"

Bander froze. Then it said, "It is only



**e-Zwider e-Zwider e-Zwider**



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your ignorance that excuses you. What you have said is crude and obscene."

"I apologize for that," said Trevize. "I do not wish to intrude on you, but we've already explained that we are very interested in obtaining information about Earth. It occurs to me that the earliest films you have would date back to a time before Earth was radioactive. Earth might therefore be mentioned. We certainly do not wish to intrude on your privacy, but could you yourself explore those films, or have a robot do so, perhaps, and then allow any relevant information to be passed on to us? Of course, if you can respect our motives and understand that we will try our best to respect your feelings in return, you might allow us to do the viewing ourselves."

Bander said, frigidly, "I imagine you have no way of knowing that you are becoming more and more offensive. However, we can end all this at once, for I can tell you that there are no films accompanying my early half-human ancestors."

"None?" Trevize's disappointment was heartfelt.

"They existed once. But even you can imagine what might have been on them. Two half-humans showing interest in each other or, even," Bander cleared its throat, and said, with an effort, "interacting. Naturally, all half-human films were destroyed many generations ago."

"What about the records of other Solarians?"

"All destroyed."

"Can you be sure?"

"It would be mad not to destroy them."

"It might be that some Solarians were mad, or sentimental, or forgetful. We presume you will not object to directing us to neighboring estates."

Bander looked at Trevize in surprise. "Do you suppose others will be as tolerant of you as I have been?"

"Why not, Bander?"

"You'll find they won't be."

"It's a chance we'll have to take."

"No, Trevize. My speaking to you, my listening to you, my bringing you into my mansion, my bringing you here into the ancestral death chambers are shameful acts."

"We are not Solarians. We matter to you as little as these robots do, do we not?"

"I excuse the matter to myself in that way. It may not serve as an excuse to others."

"What do you care? You have absolute liberty to do as you choose, don't you?"

"I do, and if I were the only Solarian on the planet, I could do even shameful things in absolute freedom. But there are other Solarians on the planet, and, because of that, ideal freedom, though approached, is not actually reached. There are 1,200 Solarians on the planet who would despise me if they knew what I had done."

"There is no reason they need know about it."

"That is true. I have been aware of that

since you arrived. I've been aware of it all this time that I've been amusing myself with you. The others must not find out."

Pelorat said, "If that means you fear complications as a result of our visits to other estates in search of information about Earth, why, naturally, we will mention nothing of having visited you first. That is clearly understood."

Bander shook its head. "I have taken enough chances. I will not speak of this, of course. My robots will not speak of this, and will even be instructed not to remember it. Your ship will be taken underground and explored for what information it can give us—"

"Wait," said Trevize. "How long do you suppose we can wait here while you inspect our ship? That is impossible."

"Not at all impossible, for you will have nothing to say about it. I am sorry. I would like to speak to you longer and to discuss many other things with you, but you see the matter grows more dangerous."

6

Bander said, "There is, however, at least this. Your death will be painless. I will merely heat your brains mildly and drive them into inactivation."

,

"No, it does not," said Trevize, emphatically.

"Yes it does, little half-human. I'm afraid the time has come when I must do what my ancestors would have done at once. I must kill you, all three."

Trevize turned his head at once to look at Bliss. Her face was expressionless but taut, and her eyes were fixed on Bander with an intensity that made her seem oblivious to all else.

Pelorat's eyes were wide, disbelieving.

Trevize, not knowing what Bliss would—or could—do, struggled to fight down an overwhelming sense of loss (not so much at the thought of dying, as of dying without knowing where Earth was). He had to play for time.

Bander continued, "There is, however, at least this. Your death will be painless. I will merely heat your brains mildly and drive them into inactivation. You will experience no pain. Life will merely cease. Eventually, when dissection and study are over, I will convert you to ashes in an intense flash of heat and all will be over."

Trevize said, "If we must die, then I cannot argue against having a quick and painless death, but why must we die at

all, having committed no offense?"

"Your arrival was an offense."

"Not on any rational ground, since we could not know it was an offense."

"Society defines what constitutes an offense. To you, it may seem irrational and arbitrary, but to us it is not, and this is our world—on which we have the full right to say that in this and that, you have done wrong and deserve to die."

Bander smiled as though it were merely making pleasant conversation and went on, "Nor have you any right to complain on the ground of your own superior virtue. You have a blaster which uses a beam of microwaves to induce intense killing heat. It does what I intend to do, but does it, I am sure, much more crudely and painfully."

Suddenly Bander raised its hand and instantly darkness descended upon Trevize.

For a moment, Trevize felt the darkness choking him and thought wildly, *is this death?*

And as though his thoughts had given rise to an echo, he heard a whispered, "Is this death?" It was Pelorat's voice.

Trevize tried to whisper, and found he could. "Why ask?" he said, with a sense of vast relief. "The mere fact that you can ask shows it is not death."

"There are old legends that there is life after death."

"Nonsense," muttered Trevize. "Bliss? Are you here, Bliss?"

There was no answer to that.

Again Pelorat echoed. "Bliss? Bliss? What happened, Golan?"

Trevize said, "Bander must be dead. It would, in that case, be unable to supply the power for its estate. The lights would go out."

"But how could—? You mean Bliss did it?"

"I suppose so. I hope she did not come to harm in the process." He was on his hands and knees crawling about in the total darkness of the underground (if one did not count the occasional subvisible flashing of a radioactive atom breaking down in the walls).

Then his hand came on something warm and soft. He felt along it and recognized a leg, which he seized. It was clearly too small to be Bander's. "Bliss?"

The leg kicked out, forcing Trevize to let go.


He said, "Bliss, say something!"

"I am alive," came Bliss's voice, curiously distorted.

Trevize said, "But are you well?"

"No." And, with that, light returned to their surroundings—weakly. The walls gleamed faintly, brightening and dimming erratically.

Bander lay crumpled in a shadowy heap. At its side, holding its head, was Bliss.

She looked up at Trevize and Pelorat. "The Solarian is dead," she said, and her cheeks glistened with tears in the weak light. 





# GINGER

“I just follow my feelings more than anything. When something feels right inside, and I’m not ashamed of what I’m doing, that’s my religion.”









# FIRE AND ICE



**T**wenty-year-old Ginger Miller, a snow and sauna lover from San Antonio, Texas, has an old-fashioned, southern outlook on loving relationships. "The women's independence movement has its good points, but at the same time much of what it stands for is ruining things. I'm a woman and I like to have a door held open for me. When I go places I like to be treated like a lady. I believe in things such as a woman taking care of her children while they are young and letting the man work. But I believe a woman can have a career, too. There are a lot of ladies hurting the women's movement by being too intense." Wide-eyed, 36-23-35 Ginger feels positive about her own looks. "I'm lucky to have a pretty body. It makes me feel very special, particularly when people like me well enough to want to print my photographs in *Penthouse*."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
DENNIS SILVERMOON







“Every woman wants to be admired and be thought beautiful and attractive to the opposite sex.”

The combination of young-woman lushness and wise-woman perception makes it easy for her to pursue a successful modeling career. She has been very busy this year, but she handles the business without the aid of an agent. “I think I have a good business mind and I’ve just been lucky,” she says modestly.



















“In my personal  
life, I’m shy.  
But there’s a bit  
of a show  
person in me.”

The contradictions in  
Ginger’s nature made her  
slow to accept the  
invitation to pose for  
this, her first nude  
photo session. But then,  
“I’m really happy  
about it now. When we  
were shooting, I wanted  
to look beautiful. Sex  
and a woman’s body have  
a lot to do with life.  
It’s a good, healthy,  
natural feeling.”







●I've been following Jerry Falwell's censorship campaign. I don't think pornography is wrong. It's a matter of tolerance.●

For one so young, she sees the world rationally. "Sex is real, it's here, and it always will be. People who are not offended by an adult movie might well be offended by those religious shows on TV. There is a place for everything and everybody in this world." Ginger is thinking of her future and saving her money for college. But, with cold logic, she judges the child in herself. "I'll go when I know I'm ready."











What it comes down to is being admired for being beautiful. That's special.

For loveliness to dazzle the eye, there has to be a contribution from the soul. This type of beauty is fragile, and sometimes it blooms later rather than sooner.

Ginger thinks she has been lucky. "I was heavy when I was younger and I had very little confidence in myself. For something like this to happen . . . to actually appear in *Penthouse* is really wild."











Ginger is cool about her personal relationships. "I don't have many boyfriends," she admits without any hesitation. "I was once engaged to be

married, but one day I woke up and realized that there's a great big world out there I want to know and a whole lot of people I'd like to meet."





MISS GINGER MILLER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







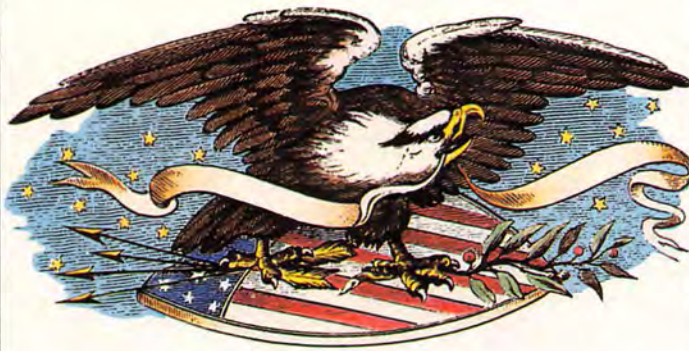


“The right-wing clerics  
weren't there when Vietnam veterans  
needed Christian charity  
and compassion, and we don't need  
them now to tell us  
that *Penthouse* is obscene.”

# THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Vietnam veterans are not readily intimidated or coerced. Neither is *Penthouse*. For the past 13 years, *Penthouse* has been proud to stand up for Vietnam veterans in their battles against bureaucratic sloth, political ineptitude, and public indifference, as well as discrimination. Some of these battles have been won, lost, or tied, and others remain to be fought to a final conclusion. The plight of Vietnam veterans has not been a particularly popular one. As one critic of Vietnam veterans, *Penthouse*, and the "Adviser" column said, "You guys are all losers because there's no way to overcome the Vietnam veterans' three 'wrongs': They were wrong to go to Vietnam, wrong to lose, and wrong to come home." The curious admixture of this statement—which embraces a multiple attack against Vietnam veterans, from the extremes of both the Left and the Right—has found support from some very strange political bedfellows for equally strange purposes.

In recent years, direct attacks against Vietnam veterans have decreased. Because of their role in America's longest war and the social changes that flowed in its wake, the Vietnam veteran is looked upon as part of a generational challenge to the so-called traditional values of American society. This is not unexpected. Wars themselves constitute a challenge or test of social values. Similarly, the population is also tested, but no group more so than the young men who actually fight the war. The individual and



collective traumas associated with war often produce major social changes, accelerate those that were under way when the war began, or trigger a nostalgic reaction for a return to an idealized vision of the "good old days."

This latter reaction is one that the know-nothing right-wing yahoos have seized upon as the means to force their vision of a Brave New World on those of us who prefer our government to be provided in appropriately Constitution-size doses. Like the biblical poor, the right-wingers have always been among us. However, in this the second year of Ronald Reagan II, their assault on our constitutionally guaranteed freedoms has reached alarming levels.

For example, the testimony of the Reverend Donald Wildmon, founder of the National Federation for Decency, before the Meese Commission—in which he alleged that *Penthouse* is obscene—led Alan Sears, the commission's executive director, to accuse Southland Corporation of distributing pornography. That charge triggered Southland's

decision to halt sales of *Penthouse* in its company-owned 7-Eleven stores. Rev. Wildmon, like all of us, is entitled to his own opinions. However, opinions—no matter how sincerely stated, or by whom—are not facts merely by their assertion. In this case, Wildmon's attack on *Penthouse*—and his corporate supporters, who fear the wrath of right-wing clerics—is less an attack on *Penthouse* than it is on our readers, who buy the magazine because it entertains, informs, pokes fun at pomposity, deals with controversial issues, and provides views of feminine beauty and grace. For reasons that are obscure, that last item is particularly offensive to Rev. Wildmon and his ilk, who find it "obscene."

We leave it to the semanticists to finally define "obscene." Lacking such a definition, we believe that Rev. Wildmon should be told what Vietnam veterans believe is obscene. First is the vivid memory of gazing on a broken, fallen comrade and lifting his remains into a body bag. Second is the sight of dead Vietnamese women and chil-

dren who were brutally murdered by the Communists for the "heinous" crime of befriending Americans. These are true obscenities, and the latter experience is more than a TV kind of vicarious exposure to terrorism. Additional obscenities familiar to Vietnam veterans include the silence of clerics like Wildmon when these young men came home to be literally spat upon, to be branded as "baby-killers" and dope fiends, to be stereotyped in print and films, and to be discriminated against in our "free enterprise" society. The right-wing clerics weren't there when the Vietnam veteran needed some Christian charity and compassion, and we don't need them now to tell us that what is in the pages of *Penthouse* is obscene. We firmly believe that the so-called Christian Right is neither "right" nor Christian in its trampling approach to the rights and beliefs of others.

Several years ago, the Vietnam Veterans Leadership Program was instrumental in helping veterans to become established as franchisees of businesses as diverse as Midas Muffler to McDonald's to 7-Eleven stores. We might suggest that Southland Corporation's hierarchy talk to those independent small businessmen who operate franchise-leased 7-Eleven stores about Rev. Wildmon's views on obscenity, violence, and pornography. We have talked to some of them, and in typical Vietnam veteran parlance, like that used to describe the war, they say it "sucks."—William R. Corson O—



# JERRY FALWELL, ANDREA DWORKIN, et. al. VS. THOMAS JEFFERSON, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, et. al.

The best thing about living in a free society is that we all have the right to pursue our own interests. We have the right to be different. Just as I have every constitutional right to publish *Penthouse*, so you, too, have every constitutionally protected right to read it . . . or ignore it!

But there's one right no one has—and that's the right to stop other people from reading books and magazines of their own choice.

That's censorship!

So when your local shopkeeper tells you he no longer displays or even sells *Penthouse* because certain of his customers are offended by its content, then *you're* being censored! *You're* being told that your tastes and your interests are offensive! *That's an insult!*



There are lots of stand-up shopkeepers who refuse to yield to that kind of pressure.

Wherever you see a copy of *Penthouse* on display, you'll know you're dealing with someone who cares enough about things like personal freedom to resist all

kinds of political and economic pressures.

Those are the *good* guys. Give *them* your business. They really deserve it!

And remember . . . *don't patronize a censor!*

Editor & Publisher

R. Guccione





•AIDS is not limited to minority social groups, such as promiscuous gay men or intravenous-drug users, but represents a real threat to anyone who is sexually active. •

## ADVISE & DISSENT

### OPINION

BY DR. STUART M. BERGER

The author is a graduate of the Harvard School of Public Health and the Tufts Medical School. He is the author of the best-selling *Dr. Berger's Immune Power Diet* and the upcoming *How to Be Your Own Nutritionist* (Morrow). He is in private practice in New York.

## AMERICA'S BLACK PLAGUE

The AIDS epidemic is an unprecedented phenomenon in medical history, and its implications are just beginning to dawn on the general public. It's becoming clearer that the disease is not limited to minority social groups, such as promiscuous gay men or intravenous-drug abusers, but represents a real threat to anyone who is sexually active. Apart from concern over the risk of infection, Americans are asking, "Why AIDS? Why now?" Is there some pervasive weakness in the immune system of the average American that has made us vulnerable to a lethal new virus?

We have every reason to think so. In fact, AIDS is only part of a series of immune-related epidemics in the United States. It may be only the tip of the iceberg. Though some fundamentalist sects have interpreted AIDS as a divine punishment visited on deviant groups for their "sinful" practices, it would be more rational and accurate to view the disease as the most explicit of nature's warnings that our lifestyles are inflicting serious damage on our health.

How serious a threat is AIDS to the heterosexual population? Though non-risk-group patients constitute a small percentage of total U.S. cases, their absolute numbers are doubling annually, along with cases among gays and drug abusers. In Africa, the disease afflicts men and women equally, apparently spreading through heterosexual intercourse. This suggests that non-risk-group individuals have no innate resistance to the virus. Whatever the immunological vulnerability contributing to the emergence of AIDS among homosexuals and intravenous-drug users, it is almost certainly shared equally by the heterosexual population.

Ironically, the AIDS epidemic came on the scene at the same time that the system it attacks became the focus of intense scrutiny as the real frontier of modern medicine. Immunology research is daily increasing our understanding of diseases whose causes were heretofore unclear. AIDS victims are nightmarish examples of what can happen when our immune defenses crumble. Their plight should deepen our concern about other possible consequences of a weakened immune system.

In the United States, we are surrounded by signs of immune-system vulnerability. The role of the immune system in protecting against cancer, for example, is becoming more apparent: Interleukin-2, a drug that boosts the immune system, has emerged as the single most promising new cancer treatment. Rheumatoid arthritis (RA), which also results from an immune impairment, is another ubiquitous health concern. About seven million people in the United States have RA; it maintains a consistent level of national incidence in contrast with declines in other major health problems, such as heart disease. Other diseases that flourish under weakened immune systems are on the rise (i.e., lupus erythematosus and Crohn's disease). Researchers are elucidating the immunologic mechanisms in multiple sclerosis, which



afflicts more than 123,000 Americans, and for which there is no known cure. Genital herpes is another disease caused by a virus that has yet to be cured. In clinical practice, we are seeing other, less publicized viruses related to herpes—such as Epstein-Barr virus and cytomegalovirus—which cause fatigue and fever lasting for months or years. Unlike AIDS, these viruses have no identifiable risk groups. Even nervous disorders such as depression and anxiety, which send people to psychiatrists in droves, often have a basis in subtle, unrecognized impairments of the immune system.

Specific causes of the rampant illness in this country are difficult to pinpoint, but certain obvious areas of concern stare us in the face. One of these is the presence of environmental toxins in our chemical-ridden society. We already know a certain amount about their association with cancer; the involvement of immune-system damage in this type of carcinogenesis is only now being unraveled. Food additives such as MSG, BHT, polysorbate, disodium inosinate, and sodium benzoate may have immunologic effects, in addition to direct organ toxicity. The presence of these additives is matched by a corresponding absence of adequate nutrients in our overly processed and refined foods. Recreational drugs, almost taken for granted in contemporary lifestyles, exert a constant deleterious effect on the immune system and on the levels of nutrients needed to support it.

Stress places hitherto unrecognized burdens on our bodies. We so often hear about someone who has experienced a particularly stressful situation, such as the death of a loved one, and then suddenly falls gravely ill. This is an extreme example, yet stress debilitates us in varying degrees by interfering with immunologic processes and depleting the nutrients necessary for immune-system maintenance. By depleting vitamin C, which has the strongest positive effects on our immune system, the production of interferon in the body is slowed down, leaving us more vulnerable to viral diseases such as colds and flu. Zinc is the most vital immune mineral; it rebuilds every area of immune health. These, combined with other vitamins and minerals, combat the negative effects of stress.

The medical community is only now becoming aware of the pervasive effect of hidden food sensitivities on the immune system. Foods that cause the most trouble for the greatest number of people are common, everyday foods such as wheat, corn, eggs, milk products, baker's and brewer's yeast, soy products, and cane sugar. In most cases, food sensitivities develop from overexposure. To correct the problem, the sensitive foods are eliminated from the diet entirely for a three-week period, giving the system a chance to rebalance itself. The foods are then reintroduced one at a time, on a limited basis, and the patient is observed for a deleterious reaction. If the system metabolizes the food correctly, it remains in the diet, always on a limited basis so that new


sensitivities are not given a chance to develop.

Food sensitivities may result in the destruction of hundreds of thousands of immunologically crucial white blood cells—including T cells, which are destroyed by AIDS. In testing over 7,000 patients for more than 150 such hypersensitivities, I have rarely discovered a patient without some significant, unrecognized immune damage created by regularly eaten foods. As in the case of food allergies, the connection between impaired immune function and vitamin deficiencies is often overlooked by physicians.

The emergence in our country of a lethal, incurable disease like AIDS underscores the need for additional research into preventive medicine, particularly those approaches that strengthen immune functions. The harmful effects of food sensitivities and the immunologic consequences of nutritional deficits are not universally appreciated. Medical schools, citing "time constraints," fail to provide future doctors with adequate information about these areas. Traditional medicine is geared toward treating the *symptoms* of illness. Physicians are aware of what medication will relieve a symptom, and are aware of when and how to perform surgery. But the medical community has only recently become interested in the underlying causes of illness, which are often related to nutritional deficiency. If the cause is understood, appropriate nutrition and vitamin therapy can be the first line of defense in preventing disease.

To immune-tune your own system, try to eliminate from your diet those foods to which you are sensitive. This will minimize the loss of white blood cells, which combat viruses and illnesses. I recommend a diet that is high in complex carbohydrates taken from whole grains, starchy vegetables, and legumes, a moderate amount of protein taken primarily from chicken and fish, and a great variety of green leafy vegetables and red and yellow vegetables and fruits. Eliminate refined sugars and cut down on salt.

I also recommend having a health-care professional help you plan an individualized vitamin and mineral regime. The crucial immune vitamins are A, the Bs, C, D, and E; the immune minerals are zinc, iron, copper, selenium, calcium, magnesium, and potassium. To help your system function at peak efficiency, relieve destructive stress by taking as much control of your own life as you can. A regular exercise program is invaluable in reducing stress levels. Also consider attending a stress clinic.

The results of treating nutrition-related immunologic problems have been extremely encouraging—although it is alarming to discover such widespread, unsuspected immunologic abnormalities at a time when a disease specifically destructive of immune function rages out of control. AIDS should be understood as a dramatic indication that our immune systems are in serious jeopardy—and this should prompt us to fortify our health by all available means. 



cals. The key may not be chemical, however. As we shall soon see, social factors may be more important in allowing women to enjoy their full sexuality.

Improved performance by men will also help. Only five years ago doctors believed 90 percent of all impotence was caused by psychological factors. Today we realize that men who can't get it up properly are usually troubled by organic, not psychic problems. In fact, researchers now think that as much as 60 percent of all impotence can be linked to physiological disorders—diabetes mellitus, kidney disease, arteriosclerosis, side effects of drugs, etc.—which can be treated effectively in over 75 percent of all cases.

The most futuristic, and dramatic, treatment for impotent men is, of course, the penile implant. Over 100,000 men have already received these devices, the simplest of which consists merely of two silicone rods inserted into each corpus cavernosum of the penis. Such a prosthesis creates a permanent semi-erection—which, unfortunately, can be seen through a man's trousers.

Enter high tech. Men can now have a "luxury" inflatable model installed, with two balloonlike tubes in the corpora cavernosa, a reservoir of fluid hidden in the abdomen, and a pump housed in the scrotum. Simply squeeze the pump and a saline solution in the reservoir fills the tubes in the penis for an instant erection. When lovemaking is completed, the owner flips a release valve in the scrotum to get a nice, neat, flaccid penis again. Other variations, with such colorful names as Hydroflex and Omniphase, are also about to hit the market.

Such devices are really stopgap measures, allowing impotent men to "perform" in a physical sense, but without feeling. What's needed is a device that provides an erection with sexual sensation. One potency expert predicts that by the middle of the twenty-first century we'll be successfully transplanting penises, just as we transplant kidneys and corneas now. By the end of the next century, researchers speculate that we'll finally create the first completely robotic penis, fashioned from real human flesh and combined with electronic components. Just like today's bionic artificial arms that respond to human thoughts, the bionic penis will respond to thoughts, emotions, and desire. The sight of a beautiful woman jogging in Central Park will make the bionic penis form an embarrassing bulge . . . just like a real penis.

The totally bionic penis may be too radical for 2019, however. More likely, that year will see widespread use of erection-assist devices. These are neither implants nor prostheses, but gadgets that will shock your penis into action. Researchers at the University of California,

San Francisco, are currently experimenting, using monkeys, with an "erection pacemaker." Surgically implanted, the pacemaker stimulates penile nerves to cause a natural erection; a remote radio transmitter activates the device. A similar device is the Male Electronic Genital Stimulator (MEGS). Unlike the erection pacemaker, this three-inch-long gadget doesn't need to be surgically implanted. Instead, MEGS is implanted rectally by a doctor, and remote-controlled by an electronic component hidden in a wristwatch or a piece of jewelry. Like the pacemaker, it produces a natural erection by electrically stimulating nerves leading to the penis. The transmitters for these devices must be individualized, incidentally, so that each controls one penis and one penis only and does not willy-nilly activate other penises or other equipment. As the maker of MEGS put it: "Each unit will be custom-made so that the man doesn't end up accidentally

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The greatest revolution in sexuality in the next century will not be the result of aphrodisiacs, electrostimulation, or bionic penises. It will be the growing stature of women in society.

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opening someone's garage door."

There may also be hope for the man or woman who not only wants a new sex organ, but an organ of the opposite sex in order to fulfill some inner need. Sexologist John Money, professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at Johns Hopkins University and Hospital in Baltimore, speculates that organ regeneration may hold the key to those people unhappy with their original equipment. As he told *Omni* magazine: "My science-fiction idea is that with a bit of genetic engineering one might program for reverse embryogenesis, so that then one might be able to backtrack and grow the sex organs out again in the form of the opposite sex. Lizards can grow a new tail at any stage of their lives, so once you learn how to get organ regeneration, there's no age limit on it. You'd just tell the clitoris to backtrack to the genital tubercle [embryonic tissue that differentiates into the external sex organs of either sex] and then grow out as a penis with skin wrapped around it instead of having a hood and labia minora, and it would do just what it's told."

So far, most of our discussion has been

about technology and drugs for men in the twenty-first century. What will be the sex roles of women in 2019?

"Chris had always been a problem student in my French class. His work was never done on time, and he was always wisecracking. But he was a handsome kid, and one day while walking down the stairway to class I saw him leaning against his locker, his body stretched out taut and yet totally relaxed. At that moment I decided I had to have him." Thus begins the story of a 32-year-old schoolteacher who decided to have an affair with an 18-year-old student. It's long been known that women generally reach a sexual peak in their thirties, as opposed to men, whose physical desire seems to trip-hammer at a much younger age and then wane as they get older. The result is often couples in their thirties and forties who are well-matched emotionally and intellectually, but perhaps not sexually.

"My husband was out of town, so I invited Chris over for dinner. We didn't spend much time eating. Chris was not very skilled, but I enjoyed his young body. He was so exuberant. Chris came rather quickly, but I didn't mind. I pretty much forced him to masturbate me until I came. I wouldn't have done that with an older man."

This affair is a scene from 1986, not 2019. Such sexual liaisons are still taboo in our present age. They can lead to divorce, loss of job, and general condemnation by society—for the woman involved. Yet men have always been able to take sexual advantage of positions of power. Corporate vice-presidents have slept with their secretaries; college professors have slept with coeds; athletes, rock stars, and politicians have slept with their various groupies.

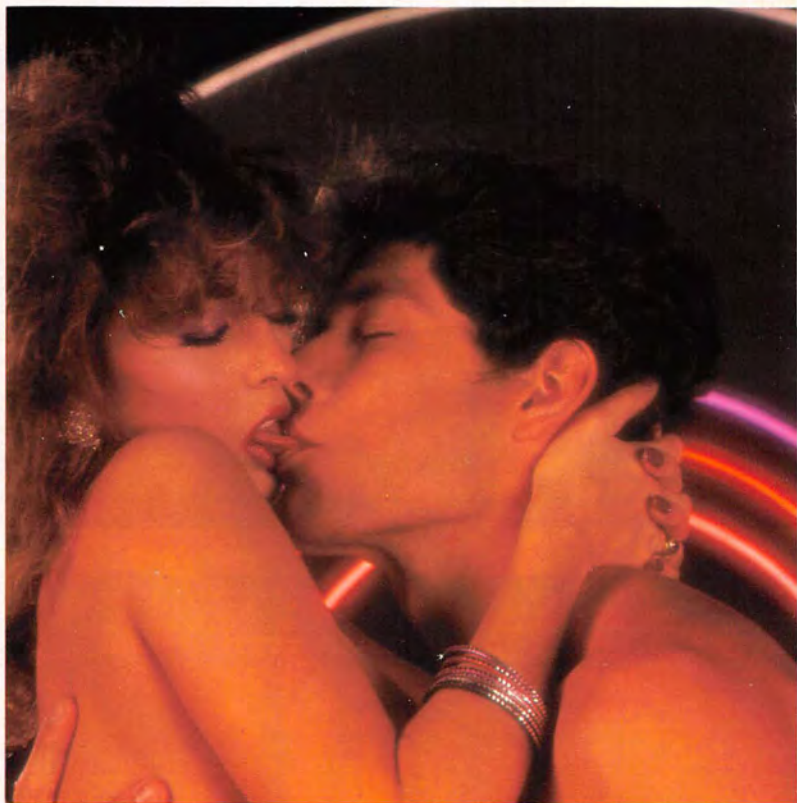
The greatest revolution in sexuality in the next century will not be the result of aphrodisiacs, electrostimulation, or bionic penises. It will be the growing stature of women in society. And with economic power will come sexual equality. Pepper Schwartz, associate professor of sociology at the University of Washington, predicts that the traditional dichotomy of man as breadwinner, woman as housewife, is rapidly breaking down for two reasons: economics and divorce. Schwartz, who recently conducted a National Science Foundation survey of 7,397 couples, says: "There are going to be more women working than presently because they have to. The economy is predicated on two incomes. Also women have to have a skill now that divorce is so common."

With jobs will come money, power, and prestige, and women will use this collateral for the same purpose men do: to attract members of the opposite sex, especially younger members. "Now that women are starting to earn money and have prestige," says Schwartz, "they can offer younger men some of the same utilitarian advantages that younger women





# *Love Story*











PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

# SUSAN AND SEAN

The rock legend reached out, offering her the microphone as an erotic symbol of what they would share. His song, the sensual words, the pounding beat of his music closed around her like the dark, relentless waters of some turbulent sea. She was helplessly drawn to him and made no secret of the yearning that welled within her.





His manner and voice captured her completely. And later, as the rest of the crowd filed out of the stadium and away

from them, his hands, his tongue, his entire being penetrated her, and she performed for him.











Perfect  
pitch,  
perfect  
harmony.  
Together  
they made  
their own  
kind of  
music, which  
sometimes  
quickened—  
only to  
slow briefly,  
and quicken  
again.







Once in her hands she played him like an instrument, joyfully aware that she had only *dreamed* of such a moment.










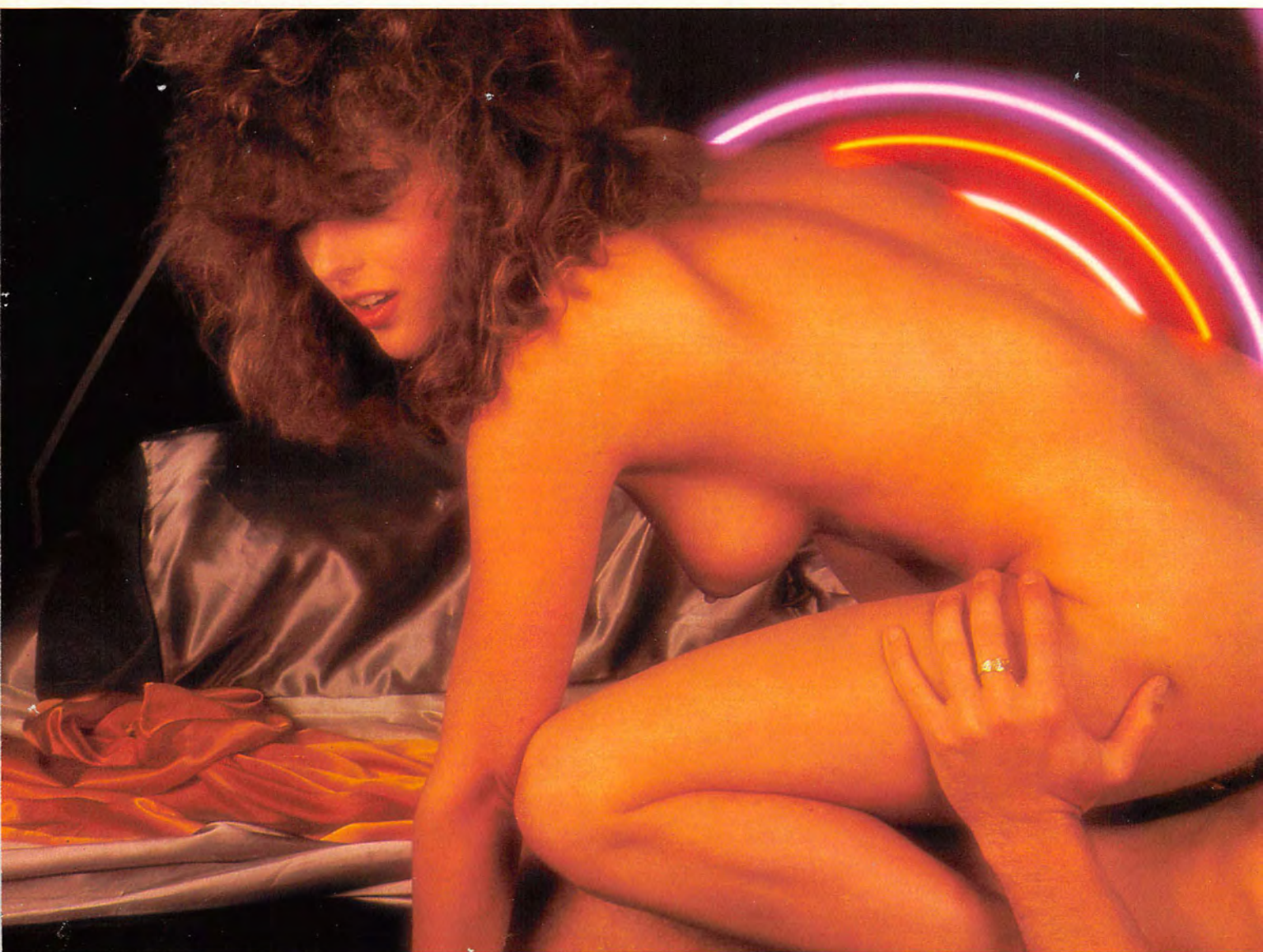




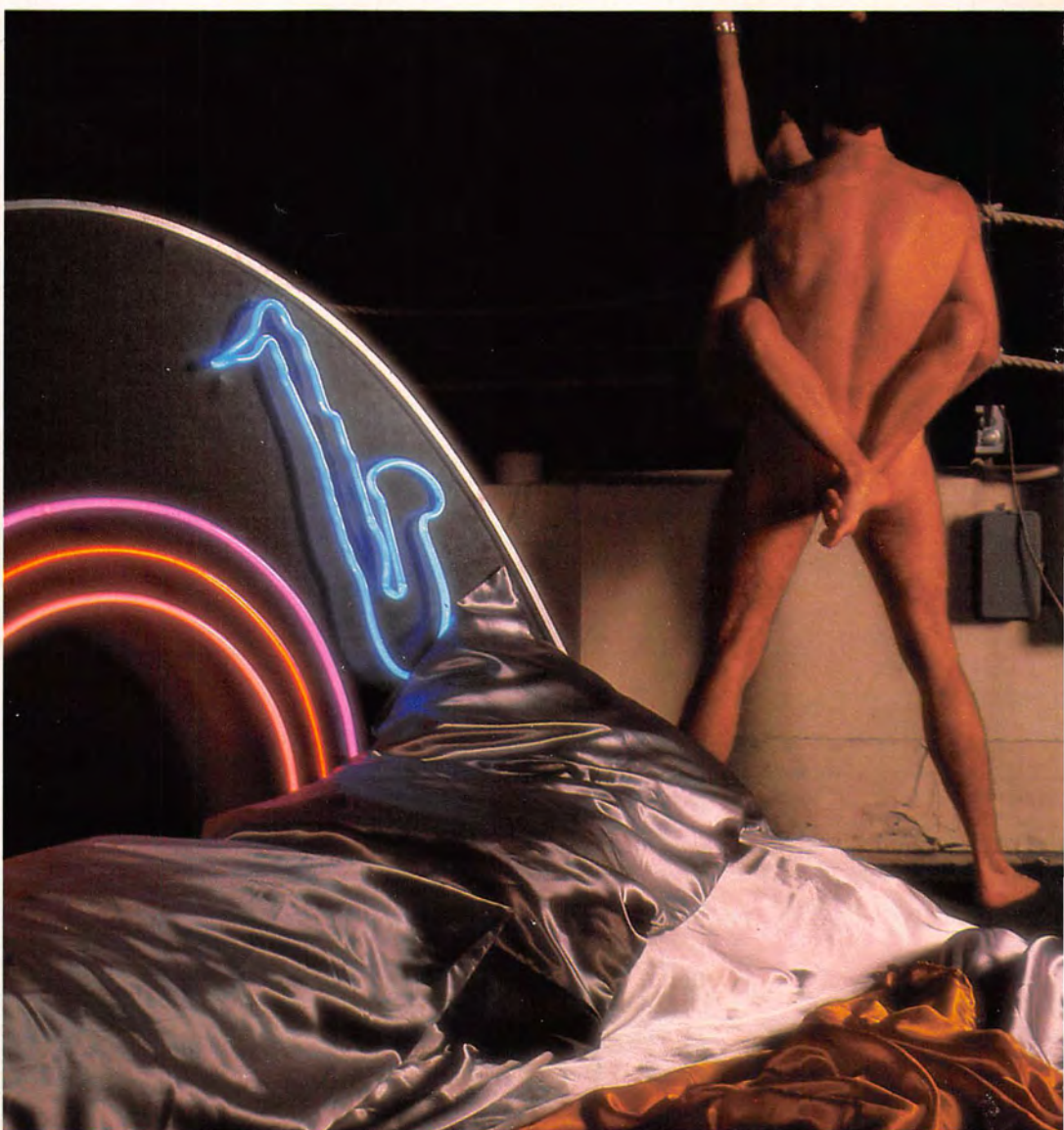


He was real,  
but the moment was  
magic . . . how  
long it would last no  
longer mattered.  
The intensity of their  
merging hands  
and bodies could turn

a minute into  
a lifetime . . . and a  
lifetime into  
a minute. . . . As the  
moon sings to  
the earth, so the earth,  
in turn, whispers to  
the stars. . . . 

















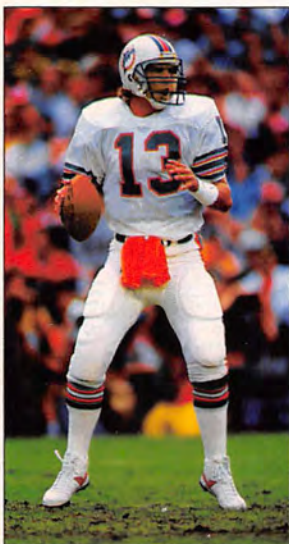
America's top football prognosticator goes out on a limb to pick this year's winners and losers.

# 1986 NFL PREDICTIONS

BY DANNY SHERIDAN

Hello again, football fans. Last year, when I predicted that neither San Francisco nor Miami would get back into the Super Bowl, I caught heat from fans all around the country. For what it's worth, Miami has posted the NFL's best win-loss regular-season record during the eighties, but hasn't won a Super Bowl during this decade. I think the Dolphins will make it to this year's Super Bowl, but I don't see them coming away with the brass ring.

Just before last year's Super Bowl, I predicted that the Bears would wipe out the New England Patriots by a score of 40-10, and since the actual score was 46-10, I felt pretty good about that. Although no team has won back-to-back Super Bowls in seven



years, I think the Bears will overcome that jinx by overcoming the Dolphins to the tune of 45-24.

In terms of my powers of prognostication, that's the good news. The bad news is that in this space last season, I predicted Seattle would meet Dallas in the Super Bowl. After two straight play-off appearances, Seattle suddenly went into a nosedive, but Dallas, which failed to make the '84 play-offs, did manage to win its di-

vision before being shut out in the play-offs by the Los Angeles Rams. Listen, guys, I never said I was perfect . . . but, on the whole, you have to admit my track record is pretty good.

All that is water under the bridge, so let's get down to 1986.









## AFC EASTERN DIVISION

In his two seasons as an NFL quarterback, Dan Marino has passed for 78 touchdowns and almost 10,000 yards, but for Miami to make it back to the Super Bowl, he'll need some running support. Says Dolphin Coach Don Shula, "We just can't go out and make Dan pass on every play." That's not the world's worst idea, of course. Mark Duper and Mark Clayton are pro football's best pair of wide receivers, and Nat Moore and Tony Nathan always manage to haul in critical receptions. The Dolphins' running game ranked 18th in the NFL last season, and obviously needs to improve. The same is true of the Dolphins' defense. Last year, Miami's "Killer Bs" turned into butterflies, mostly because of a rash of injuries. Shula's a realist. "We have to improve the run offense and the run defense," he says. If they do, the Dolphins will repeat as division champs and wind up in the Super Bowl.

New England was pro football's Cinderella team of 1985. No one expected the wild-card Patriots to make it to the Super Bowl, but when they did, not too many people except yours truly expected them to wind up eating their glass slipper. New England's devastating 46-10 loss to the Chicago Bears, coupled with a postseason drug scandal that caused enormous dissension on the Pats, make them a very iffy outfit this year. In '85, New England's opportunistic defense accounted for 47 turnovers during the season and another 18 during the play-offs. New England's defense will remain rock-solid, but I think opponents will be much more conscious of holding on to the football. Quarterbacks Steve Grogan and Tony Eason are average passers, which helps explain Coach Raymond Berry's conservative, run-oriented offense. Running backs Craig James and Tony Collins will get some help from speedy Reggie Dupard, the team's first-round draft pick from S.M.U. The Pats got to the Super Bowl mostly by capitalizing on opponents' miscues. In pro football, history does not necessarily repeat itself.

For two years, most of which he spent riding the pines, Ken O'Brien's main claim to fame was that he was the quarterback the Jets drafted ahead of Dan Marino. Last season, O'Brien finally got a chance to start. How's this for vindication: O'Brien was the NFL's top-rated quarterback of 1985. In case you missed it, the kid from U.C. Davis completed 60.9 percent of his passes for 3,888 yards and 25 touchdowns. The Jets finished 11-5, and even though they lost to New England in the play-offs, New York will again be a factor in the race to the Super Bowl. Al Toon, Wesley Walker, Kurt Sohn, Jojo Townsell, Lam Jones, and tight end Mickey Shuler are a truly impressive group of pass receivers. Last fall, running back Freeman McNeil was out for four games but still rushed for 1,331 yards. All-Pros Mark Gastineau, Joe

Klecko, and Lance Mehl are three reasons why New York's defensive unit is one of the best in the AFC. In '85, the Jets were the AFC's toughest team to run against, but weren't nearly as effective against the pass. That's the only thing that'll keep them from flying too high.

The Indianapolis Colts sometimes appear to be less a football team than a soap opera. Three years ago, owner Robert Irsay nearly got himself lynched when he loaded the Colts' equipment on trucks that snuck out of Baltimore at midnight. This year, Harriet Irsay filed for divorce after 38 years of marriage to the Colts owner. "It was just like Baltimore," says Harriet. "He left without a word or anything." When last seen, Mrs. Irsay was trying to gain control of the team. If Robert Irsay is acquainted with Indianapolis native David Letterman, perhaps he might talk Dave into letting him appear on the show. As a stupid pet trick. No matter how wacky the antics of its owner, the

---

“

I don't believe in  
systems, but if you must use  
one, use the only proven  
system I've seen work year in  
and year out: Bet the  
home team on Monday nights.

”

---

team continues to improve. The Colts finished 5-11 last year, but now that they've acquired quarterback Gary Hogeboom from Dallas, they could surprise a few people. The Colts gained the fewest passing yards of any team in the league last year, so their air attack figures to improve. Whether their record will be another matter: Indianapolis had the weakest defense in its division last season, and will probably be just as inept this year.

The only thing preventing the Colts from finishing last in the AFC East is the Buffalo Bills, the worst team in pro football. Buffalo stands a good chance of racking up its third straight 2-14 season. Last year's Bills led the NFL in penalties and in giving the ball away via interceptions and fumbles. The Bills also scored the fewest points of any team in pro football—200 for the entire season. Quarterback Bruce Mathison threw for four touchdowns and 14 interceptions. If not for Greg Bell, who rushed for 883 yards, the Bills' offense wouldn't have gone anywhere at any time. Defensive end Bruce Smith was the AFC's Rookie of the Year, but Buffalo still finished 26th in the league against the run. Says Coach Hank Bul-

lough, "There's a lot of work to be done." He's got *that* right.

## AFC CENTRAL DIVISION

Last season, only his second in the league and his first as Cincy's starting signal-caller, Boomer Esiason completed 58.2 percent of his passes for 3,443 yards and 27 touchdowns. Despite the presence of the NFL's second-ranked quarterback, the 7-9 Bengals didn't qualify for the play-offs, mostly because they lost four of their first five games. Don't expect a repeat performance this time around; Esiason ended last season a lot slicker than when it began. Boomer presides over one of the league's most explosive offenses. Returning wide receivers Cris Collinsworth (65 receptions for 1,125 yards in '85) and Eddie Brown (53 receptions for 942 yards) scare the daylight out of enemy secondaries. Running backs James Brooks and Larry Kinnebrew provide the Bengals' ground game with speed and power. If Coach Sam Wyche can upgrade his team's pass defense from awful to average, watch out.

Last year, Cleveland finished first in the AFC Central Division with an 8-8 record, but that won't be good enough to win the title this season. We already know Bernie Kosar can pass with accuracy, but it may be a while before he's permitted to pass with impunity. Says Marty Schottenheimer, "As long as I'm coach of this team, we will run the ball." Marty might be talking like that out of necessity: The Browns don't have a single reliable wide receiver. First-round draft choice Webster Slaughter, a speed-burner out of San Diego State, might finally give Cleveland the deep threat it so desperately needs. Last year, opponents stacked their defenses to stop the Browns' ground game, yet hard-driving running backs Earnest Byner and Kevin Mack both managed to gain more than 1,000 yards each, only the third time that's been done in NFL history. When quarterbacks Kosar and Gary Danielson are allowed to throw, All-Pro tight end Ozzie Newsome (62 receptions in '85) does most of the catching. Cleveland's much-ballyhooed defensive unit gives ground grudgingly, but it does give ground: The Browns' defense was only ninth best in the league last year. If Schottenheimer doesn't dramatically juice up his team's passing attack (second lousiest in the AFC last year), don't expect the Browns to make the play-offs again.

The Pittsburgh Steelers, the only team ever to win four Super Bowls, were 7-9 last fall, their first losing season since 1971. The Steelers still have one of the league's better defensive units, but the same can't be said of their offense. The key to Pittsburgh's season will be the play of often-erratic quarterback Mark Malone. Coach Chuck Noll caught a lot of flak for not drafting Iowa quarterback Chuck Long, but Noll says, "We think Mark can do it." Malone isn't the most accurate

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192



# SPRING BREAK HARDBODIES VIDEO OUTRAGES FT. LAUDERDALE CITY FATHERS.

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*Spivey*

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1986



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*Spivey*

Penthouse Pet  
1986



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*Spivey*

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1986



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## **HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 41**

If there's something fine in your neighborhood  
If you think it's strange that you feel so good  
If your sexuality's always misunderstood . . .  
Who you gonna call? BALLBUSTERS!





**B<sup>ALL</sup>  
BUSTERS**

BY BOB MEXLER



# SEX: 2019

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

get from older men, because now they are increasingly heading corporations, exercising a voice in politics, and gaining financial power."

Will the career woman of 2019 play a role similar to the male executive of 1986? And will that role include a nubile assistant for long afternoon conferences in the bedroom? "It sounds great," says Schwartz. "Gosh, wouldn't it be nice to have this wonderful husband whom I love and we have a great meeting of the minds, and I find this younger, handsome, exciting boy who I'm somewhat of a mentor to, and yet I wouldn't have to leave this partnership with my husband. That would be nice, particularly when the humdrums of marriage set in."

With this increased sexual freedom, women will look to new methods of preserving their sex organs. June Reinisch of the Kinsey Institute predicts the next century will see wider use of hormone treatment to prevent degeneration of the sex organs, allowing them to function actively throughout a woman's life span.

Speaking of feminine functions, some have described pregnancy and childbirth as the ultimate sexual experience, which means that women have always had an advantage over men. But recently


there's been growing evidence that men can get pregnant and have babies as well. In the mid-1960s, scientists made a male baboon pregnant—by implanting an embryo in its abdominal cavity, in a fatty tissue called the omentum. The baboon carried the fetus successfully for four months (a baboon's gestation period is seven months). And a woman in New Zealand gave birth to a healthy five-pound baby girl despite the fact she had had a hysterectomy. The embryo had attached itself to her bowel and grew to term. Both cases prove you don't need a womb to have a baby. Prominent researchers, including in vitro fertilization pioneer Dr. Landrum Shettles, feel that we could be impregnating males—and delivering their babies via cesarean section—within ten years.

The social implications will be tremendous. Will fathers bond more closely to these babies than their mothers? And what about sex during pregnancy? What will a man feel with a fetus curled up in his abdominal cavity while he has intercourse? Will he feel sexier? Or will the hormone treatments he'll need to mimic a woman's pregnancy kill his desire? And if so, will his wife have to seek fulfillment elsewhere? Obviously, these are still unanswered questions. But there's no doubt that male pregnancy will change the face of sexuality and marital relations on our planet in 2019.

Despite scientific advances, the best sex in 2019 probably won't be found on Earth. It will happen 300 miles up in space. The most romantic hotel in the universe will be found orbiting the earth, perhaps taking the form of a commercial wing on NASA's permanent space station. Those who prefer big breasts will enjoy sex in space. As Ben Bova, president of the National Space Institute, explains it: "In zero gravity, the body gets taller after a few days. You become wasp-waisted, and your chest gets bigger."

And you'll be able to literally bounce off the walls with your partner. "If you like water beds," says Bova, "sex in zero gravity is going to be even better. You'll be free from all the restrictions of weight. You won't have to lie on a surface. Essentially, you're turning sex into a three-dimensional experience. You can float freely in the middle of an enclosure, and your body responds to the slightest touch, like a boat in the water."

"However," admits Bova, "there might be some very interesting problems in the area of what NASA would call 'rendezvous and docking.'"

"I've given this subject a lot of thought," says Bova, whose National Space Institute is devoted to promoting a stronger civilian space movement. His personal goal is to build a honeymoon hotel in orbit. "I think," says Bova, "that it will beat the hell out of Niagara Falls." 





# FROM THE EROTIC TO THE EXOTIC



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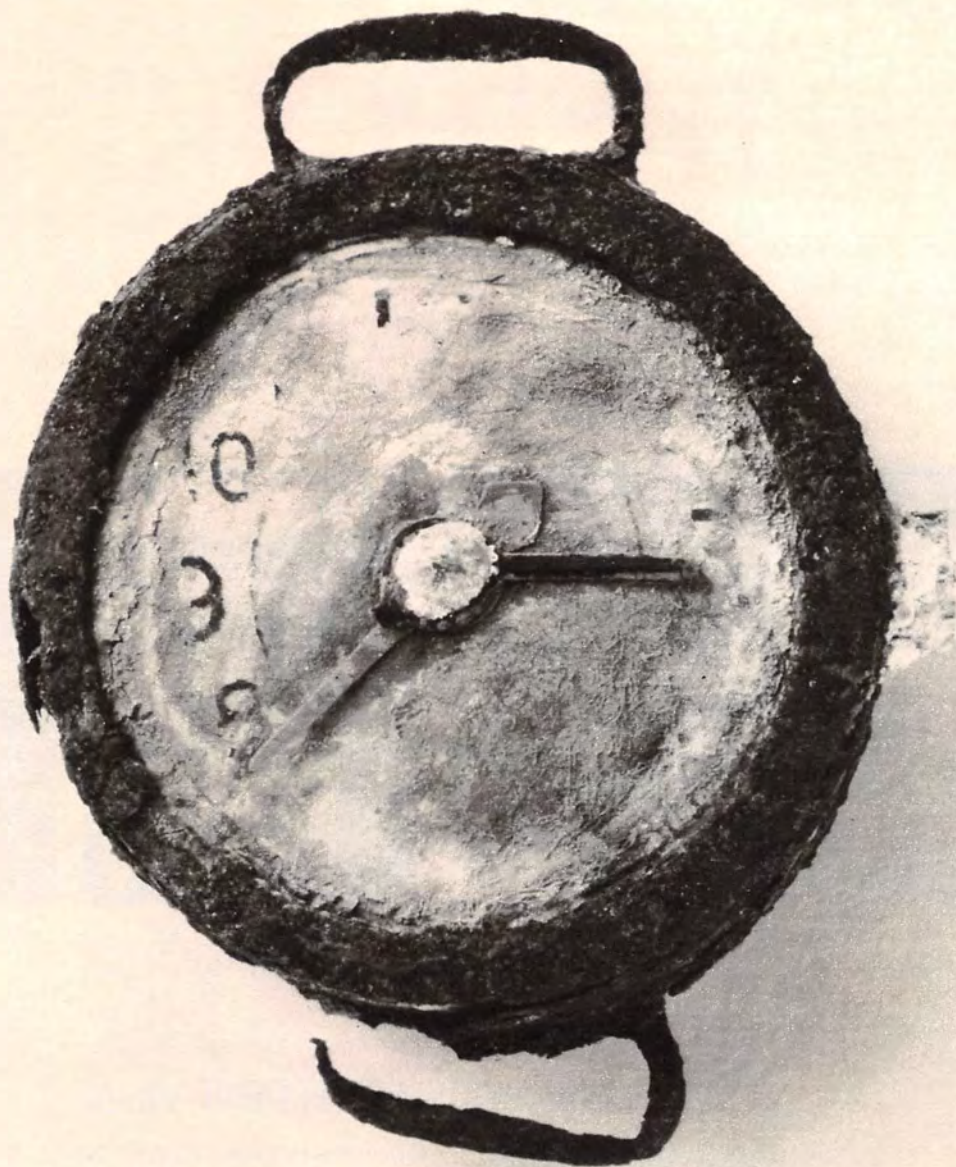
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# HIROSHIMA

**On August 6, the Atomic Age celebrated its 41st birthday. At 8:15 A.M. on that date in 1945, a terrible, silent flash of light exploded 510 meters above the Japanese city of Hiroshima. We live today, still, in the shadow of those flames.**





**At the memorial that was established on the ashes of Hiroshima, there can be found some 6,000 objects, which remind us of the horror that man has unleashed on himself. Remembering the**

**Chernobyl explosion earlier this year, what human being can pretend that what is shown on these pages is alien to any of us? That is why Hiromi Tsuchida has published a book of these searing pictures.**





**On the previous pages, we see a watch stopped forever at that terrible moment, as well as a victim's suitcase, glasses, binoculars—and the hair of an 18-year-old girl that fell from her head after the explosion.**





**On the left are pieces of the nails and skin of a 14-year-old boy whose extremities dropped off, one after another. Above is the dress of a girl who dove into a nearby river to escape . . . and died six days later.**





**Above are a 15-year-old girl's mess kit (her body was never recovered); a 16-year-old's overalls (she died on August 10); two bottles of sake found 200 meters from the epicenter; and the**

**uniform of Minous Tomita, age 24, who is still alive today. On the right are the trousers of 12-year-old Jiro Mitsuda. He died five days after the blast. His last words: "I'm thirsty."**





**Hiromi Tsuchida describes the "profound gulf that exists between the victims of the Bomb and ordinary people." We hope these pictures will lessen that gulf by reminding us that all of mankind will be victims unless we learn the lesson of Hiroshima.** ○✚



me on the back, and said, "Thataboy!"

Casey was one of the greatest psychologists I've ever seen. As long as you was going bad, he would never say anything, but if you was going good, that's when he would get on you because it wouldn't hurt you as much. And he had some great coaches—Jim Turner, Frank Crosetti, Bill Dickey, Tommy Hendricks—and he knew how to use them. You know, he gave them a lot of authority. I always thought that Casey was very smart.

**Penthouse:** Is it still possible to build a powerhouse team like the Stengel-era Yankees without paying out huge sums of money?

**Mantle:** Somebody could get lucky and get about five really good rookies who came up all of a sudden. I think the reason the Yankees were the Yankees for so long was that they raised their own minor-leaguers. That might be another reason that we were so close, because we all came up through one team's minor league. It wasn't then like they bought a guy from Oakland, a guy from Seattle, or a pitcher from Cleveland. It was like we all grew up together and came up through the same system.

**Penthouse:** Does that tradition continue with someone like Don Mattingly?

**Mantle:** Oh, yeah, Mattingly. I couldn't think of a better example. And Dave Winfield, Ron Guidry, and Dave Righetti—they play hard, and play to win.

**Penthouse:** But Winfield's not brought up through the system.

**Mantle:** No, but he feels like a Yankee now, though. Once you come into that stadium and put the pinstripes on, it does do something to you. I saw a lot of guys come in there that they thought were washed-up—guys that would come in at the end of the season, old-timers like Johnny Hopp, Johnny Mize, Johnny Sain, Enos Slaughter. They would come over and play like goddamn champions.

**Penthouse:** If you hadn't been a Yankee, but a Cub, an Indian, or a Dodger, how would your career have been different?

**Mantle:** If I'd-a played in a regular ballpark, I'd-a hit a hell of a lot more home runs. It was 480 feet to dead center when I played, and my power was to those monuments out there.

**Penthouse:** Other than your statistics, which probably would have been better elsewhere, would you have had the same popularity? Does playing in New York with those pinstripes make a difference?

**Mantle:** There's no place like New York. I'll give an example. I think the most underrated player in my era was Hank Aaron. Nobody even knew who Hank Aaron was till he hit 700 home runs. If he would have been playing in Yankee Stadium, he wouldn't have hit 700 home runs, but he stuck in Milwaukee, where they probably got maybe three or four sports-

writers and one TV station.

**Penthouse:** You came up in baseball a few years after Jackie Robinson joined the Dodgers. Do you think that blacks still have it tougher today than whites?

**Mantle:** I've never thought of it before, but I remember that when Elston Howard first joined the Yankees during spring training, he sometimes would have to stay on the bus. In fact, I sat with him a few times and had chicken and barbecue with him on the bus. Since the South wasn't integrated yet, it was tough on the first black players, but I don't think it's tough now at all. But why would you think to ask that?

**Penthouse:** I'm just curious.

**Mantle:** Do you know the salaries of some of those guys? How old is Dwight Gooden, 21? One million three hundred thousand dollars. Is that tough? I think Dave Winfield makes more money in one year than I made in 18.

**Penthouse:** During the 1950s, did Elston Howard have to be a role model, a player

---

New York fans are  
funny that way. They go for  
the underdog. I became  
the underdog and Roger the guy  
that beat Babe  
Ruth. Everywhere I went from  
then on, hell, I'd  
get standing ovations.

---

who had to set a perfect example?

**Mantle:** I don't know whether he had to or not, but Elston did. He was the first black player the Yankees had and one of my all-time favorites. If we had a guy that got out of line, Elston would get him over to the side and talk to him. "Hey, we got it pretty good here, you know?" And I'll tell you something else. Elston would do that with a white guy. He'd talk to him too, so it wasn't just black or white.

**Penthouse:** Then everyone respected Elston?

**Mantle:** Yeah, and Billy and me loved him.

**Penthouse:** Let's address another issue that rarely gets talked about in the press. Do baseball wives have tough lives?

**Mantle:** It's really tough on them, especially the first couple of years, especially when they really don't know anybody else that well. You're there two weeks and gone two weeks. I remember I used to leave Merlyn just \$20 to eat on for two weeks. Of course, steaks wasn't \$20 in those days, either.

**Penthouse:** Could she manage? Did Merlyn have to watch the money on \$20?

**Mantle:** Yeah, we had to watch it. We was only making \$7,500 that first year.

**Penthouse:** You got \$2,500 extra from Casey in '51, didn't you?

**Mantle:** Yeah. He said, "Keep your mouth shut." Anyway, Merlyn hung around with Art Shallek's wife and Billy Martin's first wife, and they found out where they could go to eat. Merlyn had those little kids. She had to drive from Dallas to spring training, and from spring training to New York. Maybe the girls nowadays don't have it as tough as the older girls because they have so much money and don't have to drive the car to the next town.

**Penthouse:** But is it only the money?

**Merlyn:** No, I think it's being alone. I think that if you talk to any of the older wives, the majority of them are going to say that.

**Mantle:** One of the toughest things was carrying four little kids around. Putting them in school in Florida, taking them out of school, putting them in school in New Jersey, and always making new friends. We never rented the same house all the time, so she had to make new friends in every neighborhood we moved to.

**Merlyn:** We were considered like outsiders, too. Our kids were never accepted. It was like we were trash moving in. That's the impression I got. Neighbors would never ask us to swim in the swimming pools. It was very lonely for me. It was not always a good life.

**Mantle [to Merlyn]:** What would you say is the toughest thing about being a baseball wife? The travel with the kids?

**Merlyn:** Not really having any privacy, and the travel. I remember when Clete Boyer's wife had a tiny baby, and then she had another one right away. Then he was traded. She put both babies in the car and drove to where Clete was. Here's this young girl driving for two days with a baby she just had ten days before. It was not easy for the older wives.

**Penthouse:** How did Merlyn help your career?

**Mantle:** If it hadn't been for Merlyn, I would probably have drank more than I did. Living with her out in New Jersey was a lot better than trying to live downtown in a hotel. When she was there, and I was out with her, I was doing pretty good.

**Penthouse:** Do you think that players fool around more today than in the fifties?

**Mantle:** I don't know. Probably. They got a lot more money to do it on. I couldn't tell you. I haven't been around baseball as a player for 17 years.

**Penthouse:** How widespread was it in your day?

**Mantle:** What do you mean by fooling around? You mean goin' out and drinkin'?

**Penthouse:** No, I mean women.

**Mantle:** No, it wasn't. It probably is worse now than it was then, because I don't think it was bad then. I think it was overexaggerated.

**Penthouse:** By sportswriters?

**Mantle:** Sportswriters nowadays are even more sensationalistic than they used to be. I'm going to give you a good example. The day the commissioner reinstated me in baseball, a story in the *New York*

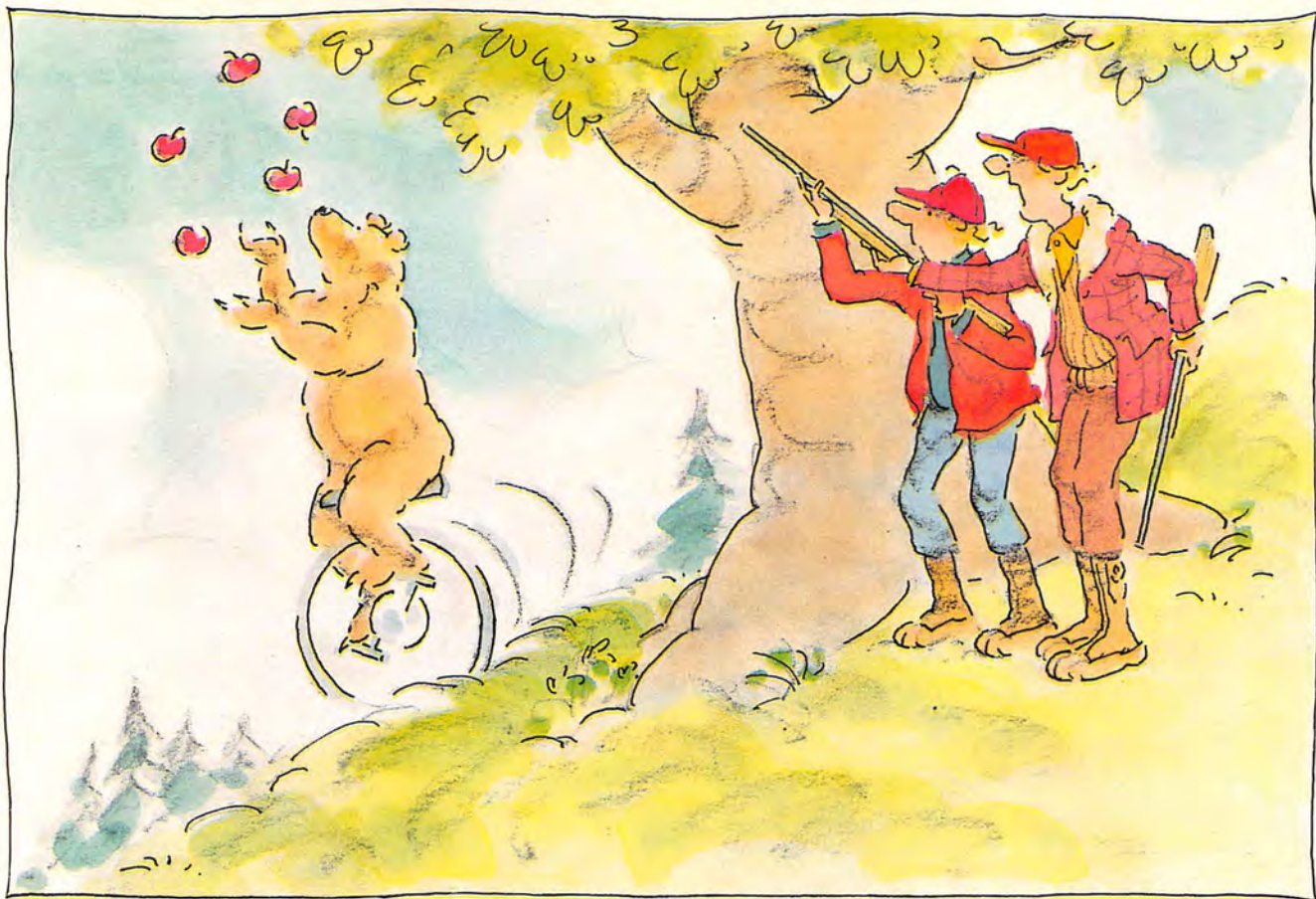


# The SPORTSMEN

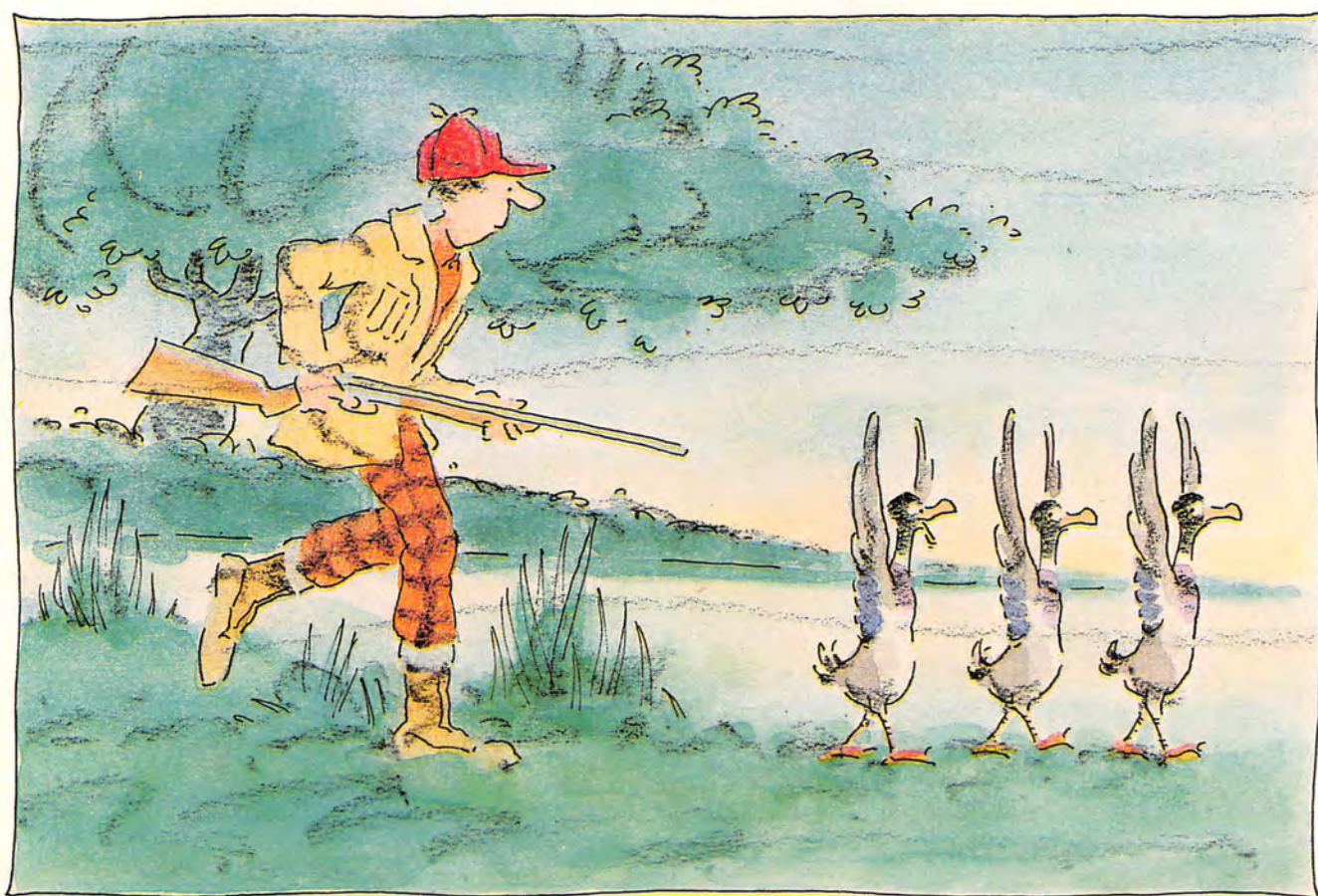


A cartoon feature by *Cummings*





*"Don't shoot! I can get him three weeks in Vegas."*



*"Maybe he just wants to ask us some questions."*



"You and your fuckin' bird calls!"

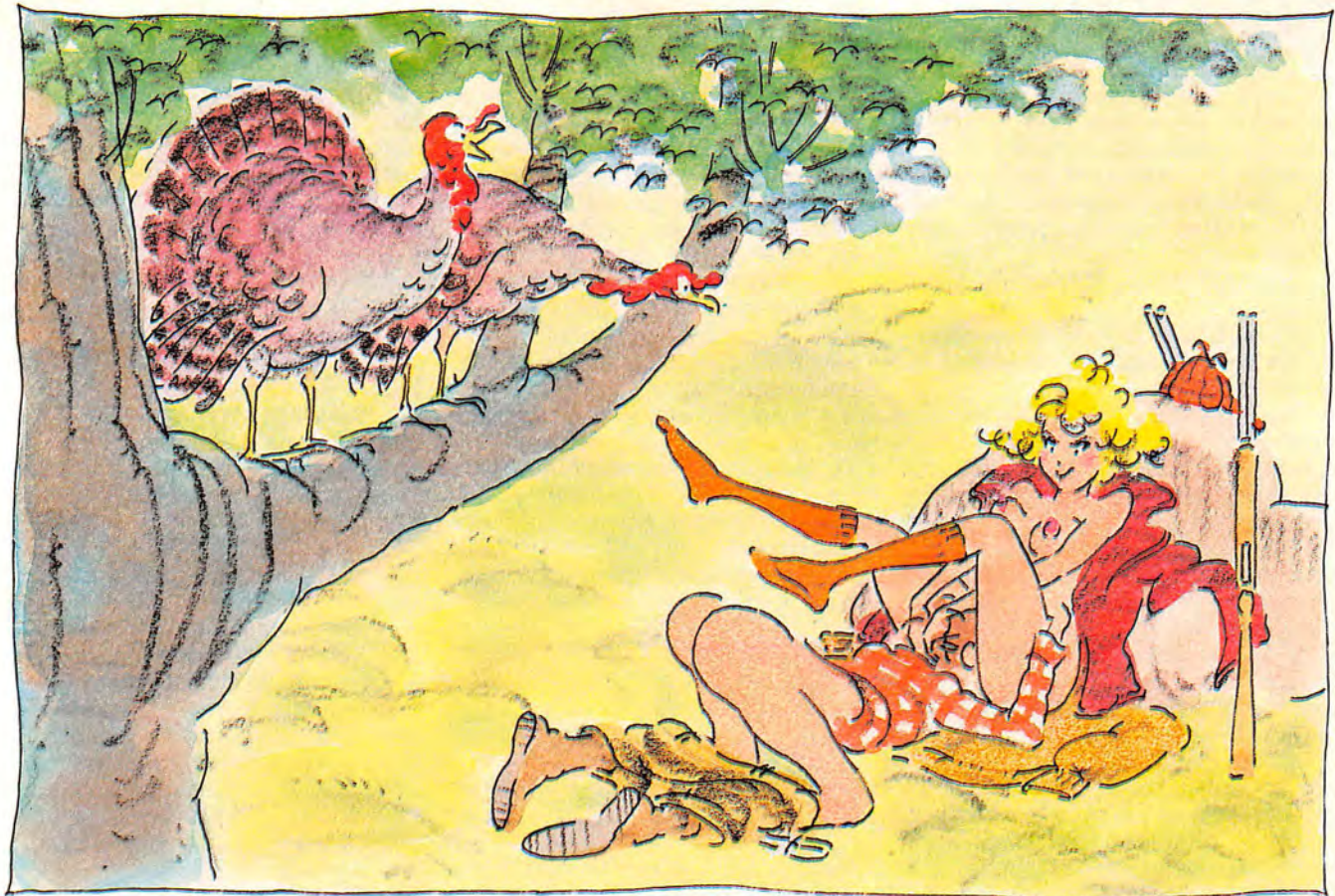




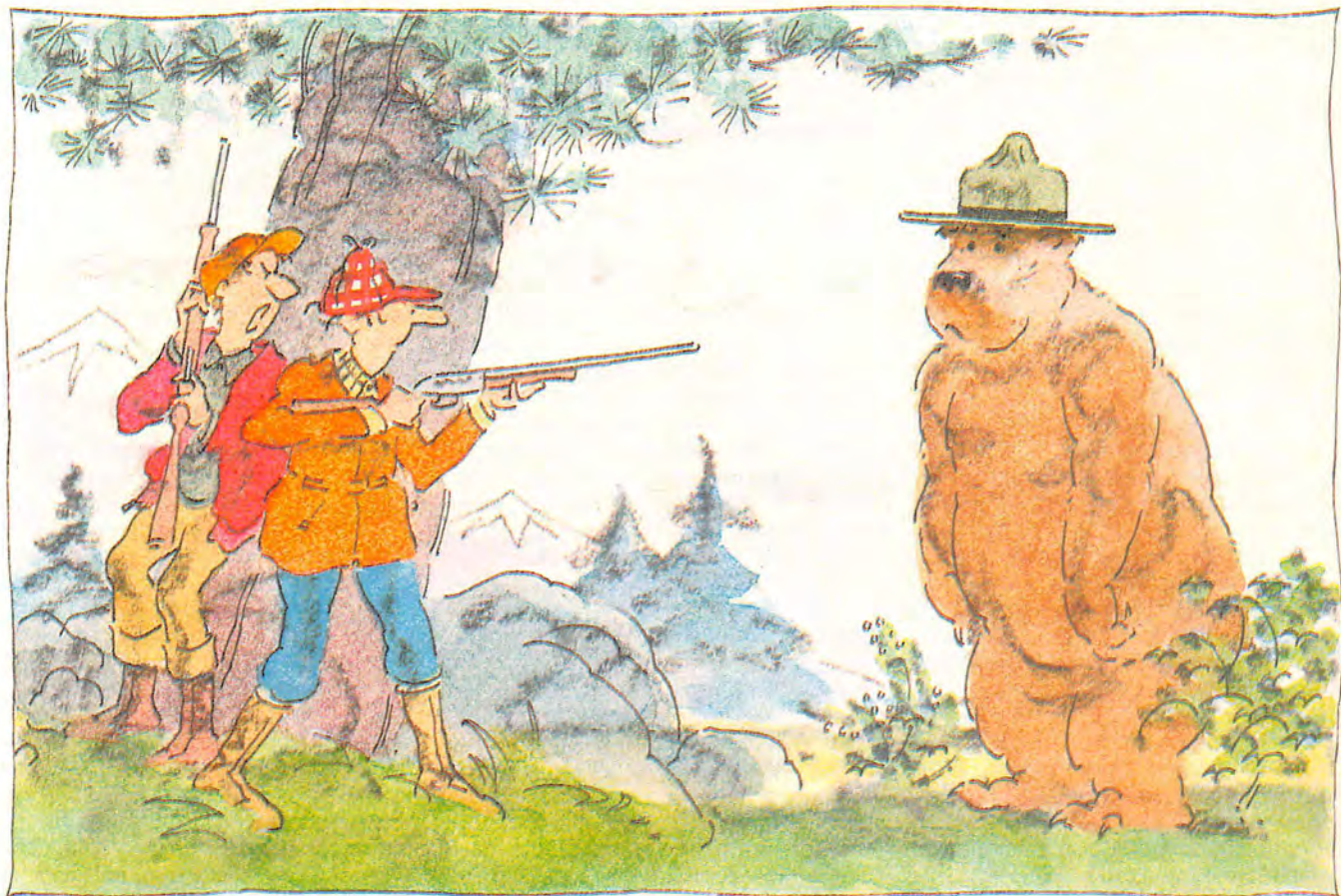


*"Shhhh! I think I hear one!"*





*"I thought we were the only species that gobbled."*



*"For Chrissakes, shoot! He could have found that hat anywhere!"*



They cannot find the front." He raised his eyebrows. "Never, in any book, any government report, any newspaper, any magazine, has there been published an accurate explanation of money laundering." He slammed his hand down. "Never."

"So," I said, "tell me about money laundering."

He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly. He nodded abstractedly. He looked at me and he smiled.

"First," he began to explain, moving forward in his chair, "one must distinguish between black money and dirty money. Black money is simply money held or exchanged in secrecy—under-the-table money—usually for the purpose of avoiding taxes. The money placed in anonymous Swiss accounts is often black. Generally, it belongs to respected people, who can freely use it because it is rarely noticed in the flow of their greater, legitimately accounted wealth.

"Dirty money is money made through crime—drug money. It is illegal gain. It can be hidden, but it cannot be used in the light of day unless its owner can make it appear to be legitimate, tax-paid income. Many people hide dirty money, but few know how to turn it into clean money. Most people confuse hiding and laundering.

"There are many near-perfect ways to hide dirty money. The most obvious is to deposit it in a country with strict bank-secrecy laws. Switzerland was once popular with the Mafia. These days, Switzerland gets money that was made by evading taxes and currency laws. The Mafia has turned to countries where bank secrecy is more impenetrable. Austria, Holland, Ireland, Hong Kong, the Isle of Man, the Dutch Antilles, Luxembourg, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Costa Rica, Paraguay, Uruguay, Lebanon—all these places, and others, offer more anonymity than Switzerland. Cooperative agreements exist with only a few of them, and where they do exist, they have no value at all, because they've been drawn up by people who are incompetent in international banking and monetary matters.

"Numbered accounts are not truly anonymous. The identities of their owners are hidden only from the eyes of bank employees, not from top management—two persons, at least, at every bank know the names behind the numbers. This is why smart depositors devise further screens. They operate through bearer-share companies, set up for them by lawyers or accountants who have—yet another screen—received their instructions from phantom fiduciary companies, which are protected by secrecy laws more rigorous than those that apply to banks. Sometimes the fiduciary compa-

nies assign terms to the governments of the countries they operate in, to ensure the efficacy of those countries' secrecy laws.

"The hiding of very large sums of money is done principally in two places: the Far East and Latin America. There are banks in Hong Kong, Singapore, and Kuala Lumpur that for years have catered to dirty money. Recently, they've been joined by the Bank of China. In Costa Rica, Paraguay, and Uruguay, banks are so eager to cope with their liquidity needs that they'd gladly accept money even if it was drenched in blood. Cash is taken into those countries as normal luggage by certain operators who have arrangements with customs officials. But in Latin America, things are not as sophisticated as in the Far East. Governments in Central America are prone to blackmail.

"These are some of the ways little criminals hide their money. Whenever one of

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I never needed them,  
and they never needed me.  
My banks in Italy  
were first-class institutions  
with first-class  
partners. The Mafia always  
used second-class  
institutions and professionals.

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them is caught scurrying around with a million or two, he is made out to be bigger than he is. This is not difficult, since he himself usually thinks he is bigger than he is.

"Laundering money is more difficult, but when it is properly done, it allows criminals to use their dirty money in the open, and allows the law absolutely no means of interfering. The real evil of laundered money is not that it deprives the government of revenue. Because when money is effectively laundered, taxes must be paid on it. The tax money used to fund the President's Commission on Organized Crime, for this reason, may be part of the dirty money that the commission is trying to trace." He smiled a smile that was slow to fade. "No," he said. "The real evil of money laundering is its power to allow dirty money—the instrument of crime—to enter the mainstream of economies undisturbed, to consume important sectors of those economies and transform them into *feudi* of an international criminal oligarchy beyond the reach of the law—an oligarchy that is to be brought down by men who do not understand money."

He leaned back in his chair.

"To launder relatively small amounts of dirty money—up to \$150 million a year, say—all you have to do is set up a bearer-bond company in a tax-haven country. You deposit your money in the account of the company. The company is protected by secrecy laws, so nobody knows that the company is you. Then you draw up a consultancy agreement or an employment contract between you and the company, providing the terms of payment for some imaginary services. You have those payments made to you accordingly, and that's that. Hidden money becomes laundered money.

"This system has already been discovered by some federal prosecutors and financial journalists. But it's still virtually impossible for lawmen to demonstrate that such an arrangement is false, especially if the papers have been drawn up properly and a file of work reports has been maintained.

"Then there's the 'double-pricing' system. Very popular. What you do is buy some real estate property officially worth, say, \$3 million. You make a recorded payment of \$1 million, and you pay \$2 million in black money under the table. After the purchase, you lay out some money for development—\$300,000, say. In a few months or a year, you sell the property at its real value, \$3.3 million. If you're an American citizen and you do this in America, you must pay about 25 percent in taxes on your \$2 million 'profit.' At the same time, you render clean and untouchable \$1.5 million in dirty money.

"People who operate legal importing businesses in addition to their illegal activities sometimes use the 'double-invoicing' system. Through his bearer-share company, the importer anonymously buys goods from a legitimate foreign seller at, say, \$2 a pound. He then buys those same goods from himself—that is, the bearer-share company—for, say, \$1.80 a pound. The 20-cents-per-pound difference becomes a legal profit for the importer, while dirty money he owns in the name of the bearer-share company is cleaned by passing to the loss side of its profit-and-loss account.

"This was basically the system by which the Italian Communist party [PCI] financed itself in the years after World War II. Selected Italian commercial houses—I found out about them because some of them were clients of mine—were, with a nod from the party, granted the right to sell certain Russian products by that country. The Russian government factories invoiced as in transit, and therefore beyond customs controls, to Liechtenstein companies belonging to Italians, goods at, say, \$2 a kilogram, when the market price was really \$3 a kilogram. The intermediary company then invoiced the goods to the appointed Italian company at \$2.80 a kilogram, and gave the 80-cent profit to a shell company owned by the PCI. For its services, the Italian



company enjoyed a greater than usual profit of 20 cents per kilogram. The fiscal authorities in Italy were aware of what was going on, but they turned a blind eye to it; and the Communists there are still using the same system today, though to a lesser extent, I think.

"*Mutatis mutandis*," He grinned in a less than pleasant way. "That which is dirty is rendered clean."

He leaned forward again. The dim, rainy light at the barred window was dwindling. Shadows in the chamber lengthened.

"There is another, more sophisticated method. It is a method used for two reasons: One is tax evasion; the other is the exploitation of special laws pertaining to financial easements and incentives.

"To use the method, you must own a construction company or some kind of industrial business; and you need the help of an engineering firm—one of the several in Europe and America that specialize in such assistance.

"If your purpose is tax evasion, you have the engineering firm invoice your company for industrial projects that you have already carried out—projects whose costs have already been borne by your company's account. Often, the engineering firm supplies a blank letterhead or forms, on which you can draw up your own projects and reports—based, of course, on projects your company has already completed and paid for. The letterhead is then privately returned to the engineering firm, which officially mails it back to you along with an invoice. Your company then honors that trumped-up invoice, paying for services it never received from that firm. In effect, your company has paid twice for the same installation, doubling its cost. The engineering firm, of course, returns some of the money to you under the table—money that has now become black.

"This 'double-cost' system either reduces in whole or in part the profit of the project against which it is debited, or it falsely increases the value of your company's installation, allowing a higher amortization that reduces taxable income for years to come. Besides offsetting taxes, the system permits you to create a reserve of black money, which can then be laundered by any of the methods I've explained.

"If your purpose is to exploit special financial laws, the procedure is not much different.

"In many underdeveloped regions of Italy—as in many American cities—industrial firms enjoy financial benefits and tax exemptions. The benefits consist of long-term financing at low interest rates—often as low as three percent in Italy—and subsidy grants to encourage companies to develop the most depressed areas. Normally, in Italy, special financial firms controlled by the state grant loans of up to 80 percent of the value of the developing company's installations, fac-

tory buildings, and warehoused materials. In addition, they give grants of about 20 percent of the value of the installations and factory buildings.

"Let's say that your installations and factory buildings cost \$1 million. A foreign engineering firm—your accomplice—contract in hand, invoices you for \$1.6 million. Your company obtains a financial easement from the state of \$1.28 million and a grant of \$320,000. This creates a black-money fund of \$600,000.

"That black money is then laundered by means of the 'double-invoicing' system. That is, your company buys raw materials below cost from a foreign bearer-share company, anonymously owned by you, or from your Anstalt, your appointed Liechtenstein fiduciary. This below-cost purchasing is continued until the \$600,000 in black money is cleansed through the false profit-and-loss process.

"You thus make an extra profit of

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Governments will never  
understand the Mafia. With  
their silly charts  
and their lying, know-nothing  
informants, they  
try to reinvent the Mafia in  
their own image.”  
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\$600,000—the laundered black money—on which you pay no income tax, as the laws pertaining to development in the depressed areas provide your company with a tax abatement that is effective for ten years following the inauguration of your project—a project that, to begin with, has been invoiced at an unreal and inflated price.

"I learned of these ways 25 years ago, when I bought CTIP," he said. "It had been one of the engineering firms that had pioneered such schemes for selected clients around the world. When I took it over, management asked me if we couldn't continue these deals for at least a chosen few of the big Italian industrialists. Among that chosen few were companies under state control. *Tutte le strade conducono a Roma*." He smiled. "All roads lead to Rome." The smile became a weary laugh, then the look of weariness itself.

"I refused to continue these deals," he continued, "because through these ways, companies involved in legal activities but owned by the Mafia could increase the value of their projects while laundering the profits of crime. Look to America, to

where the big derricks are."

He stretched his arms and breathed the chamber's chill air. It seemed as if his talking, for now, was done. But then, in his stillness, he drew his eyetooth slowly across his bottom lip, and his eyes narrowed, as if in forethought or hesitation. And then those dark eyes glimmered.

"There is one more system," he said. "It is the most sophisticated and the most dangerous system of all." He was not smiling.

"To use this method, you must have knowledge of the international banking system and of the laws and regulations that govern the commodities and currency exchanges in various countries throughout the world. It is a dangerous system—not for him who uses it, but for the economies of the world—because it allows the laundering of immense, almost limitless sums of dirty money.

"It is a system that has been used until now by only one or two small groups that operate in the Far East with the protection of several governments. You can forget all about this 'Pizza Connection' nonsense, all this 'Godfather' shit. It is these few men without names in the Far East who are the real *pontefici della mala*.

"In this system, you deposit your dirty money, in the name of your bearer-share company, at one of the agreeable banks in Hong Kong or Singapore.

"Now," he continued, "you know that the Philadelphia Stock Exchange trades currency futures options on British pounds, Canadian dollars, German marks, Japanese yen, Swiss francs, and U.S. dollars, and the Chicago Mercantile Exchange trades options on British pounds, German marks, and Swiss francs.

"Only about five percent of all the options traded are executed on behalf of corporations wishing to hedge the currency risks of their international trade. The vast majority of the trading is purely speculative, carried out by banks on behalf of their clients or themselves.

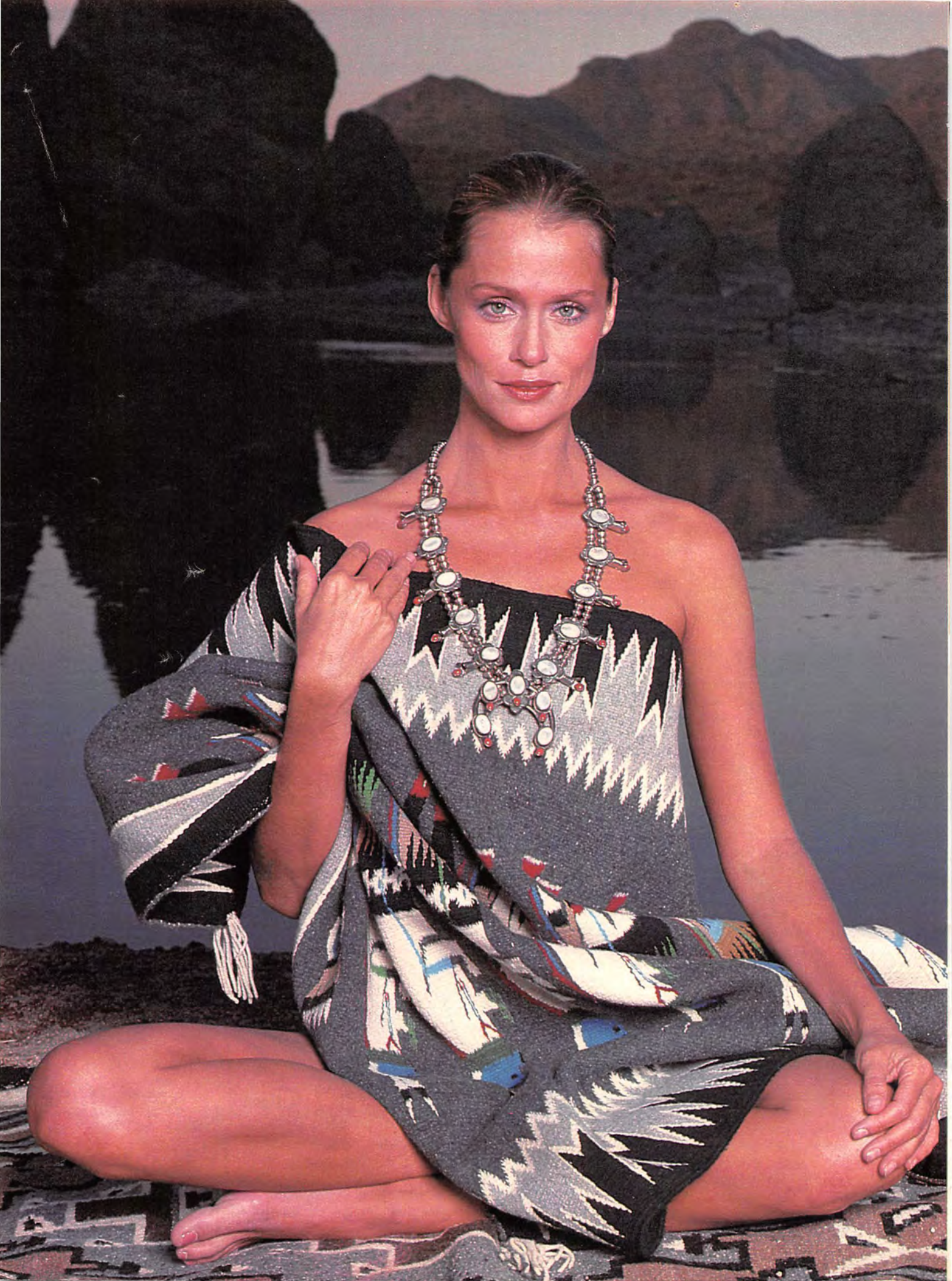
"In the international currency flow of some \$60 trillion a year, it is hard to distinguish those transactions carried out simply to realize legal profits from those carried out to launder dirty money.

"So," he went on, "your dirty money has been deposited in Hong Kong or Singapore in the name of your ghost company. Now you buy, say, a yen option at 240 yen per dollar. This option gives you the right, but it does not obligate you, to buy 24 billion yen for \$100 million six months from now. The premium for the option is \$1 million.


"If, during those six months, the yen falls to, say, 260 per dollar, you can buy the 24 billion yen in the spot market for \$92 million, or you can sell the option contract. In either case, you make a profit of \$7 million. That is, \$8 million less the \$1-million premium.

"Your counterpart in the deal is officially the bank in Hong Kong or Singa-









# THE SECRET NUIDES OF LAUREN HUTTON

*A special portfolio featuring  
America's most celebrated model, who's  
graced more magazine  
covers than any other woman in history.*

Lauren Hutton is generally considered to be one of the ten most attractive women in America. She has appeared on more magazine covers than any other model, achieving an unprecedented "first" when her corn-fed, all-American good looks simultaneously appeared on the covers of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* during the same month. In fact *Vogue*, considered the arbiter of international women's fashion, used Hutton on its cover 14 times in just two years. But long before her meteoric success, photographer Norman Nathan had captured something that no other photographer, before or since, would ever see again. At first, the qualities that would later ensure her success escaped his notice. "She came to me through her boyfriend at the time," he told us. "He asked if I would help her get a modeling portfolio together. I thought,





"This girl will never make it." "Nathan, whose exclusive black-and-white nude shots of Hutton are featured in these pages, remembers that his wife took pity on the young girl. "She was so stiff, she had no sense of her body. So my wife took her to my daughter's ballet class." But Lauren, who called herself "Mary Hall" back in 1962, "proved to have two left feet and the instructor asked that she not return." As he contemplates Hutton's contemporary star status, Nathan says: "Lauren is a perfect example of the triumph of sheer persistence against all odds."

Hutton's incredible success as a model and actress has been, indeed, a remarkable shot against nearly impossible odds. She was born in South Carolina as Mary Laurence Hutton. Her mother was a wealthy Southern belle and her father was a disillusioned writer, whose claim to fame was that he once lived next to William Faulkner. Her father went off to World War II in 1944 and never returned. Her mother divorced him, remarried, packed Lauren up, and moved in search of a new life in Tampa. There her mother had three more daughters, while Lauren cultivated a Tom Sawyer childhood by spending afternoons teasing alligators with bamboo sticks, climbing trees, and befriending

Left: Hutton as a child, surrounded by the "glamour girl" she was destined to become. Right: Taken by Nathan in the early sixties, this shot is one of many that hint at the quintessential coyness and charm that have become her trademark.







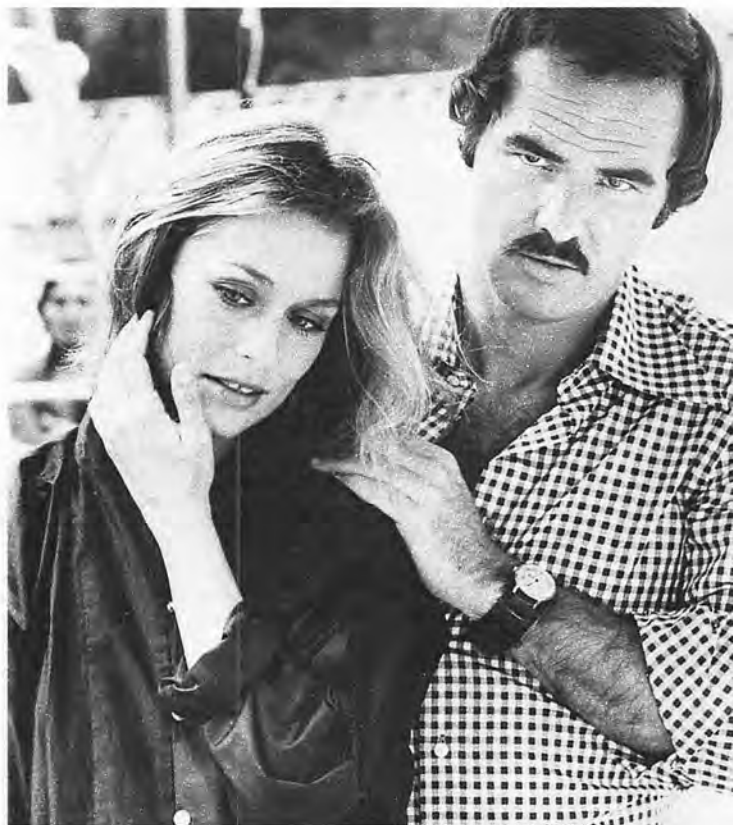




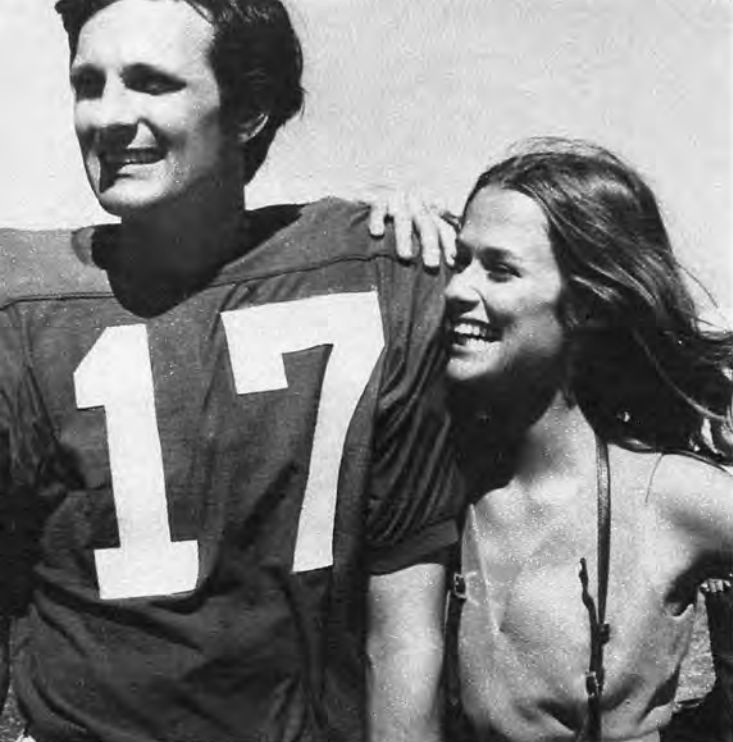
*"She is a symbol," said fashion genius Charles Revson, "of the ability of the American woman to achieve beauty despite isolated features not in themselves beautiful."*

any snakes that slithered her way. When she was 14, she learned about her father. He was then living in New Orleans, working as a newspaper reporter. Mary Laurence quickly managed to get together enough cash to visit him. But it was perhaps the one quest that she could never fulfill. Her father died of a massive heart attack before she arrived. "I felt betrayed by his dying," she later recalled. "That's probably why I took his name—Lauren—later on." Her determination to become successful would, during the next few years, take her to New York and to the Long Island studio of Norman Nathan. "I wouldn't have bet on her in a million years," Nathan told *Penthouse*. "She had only two looks when she first started, and one was very fake. She was stiff in front of the camera and had a strange mouth that wouldn't stay put." To this day, Lauren herself is more than candid about her looks: "I have a banana nose, one eye crosses when I'm tired, and I have a Huck Finn gap between my teeth." But what Lauren has—and had—is what many more conventionally "beautiful" models lack: a strong sense of her own worth, a willingness to laugh at herself, and an independence and zest for life that transforms any camera into an ally. This brashness and irreverence took Nathan by surprise at her second photo session. "She said she needed close-ups and headshots. So she came in—my wife and kids were there—and we began. Before you knew it, a blouse became unbuttoned, and there was less and less clothing. It was like the dance of Salome when she took off her seven veils." In fact, what finally impressed Nathan the most about his young model was her "brashness and savoir faire. She was a very kooky person," he concluded, remembering that she had a habit of sipping from a bottle of Sea and Ski after-shave lotion. "Of course, I don't know what

*Top right: A gallery of Hutton film roles—with Robert Redford in Little Fauss and Big Halsy; betting on her luck, Hutton takes up with James Caan in The Gambler; costarring with Burt Reynolds, she delivers the news in Gator; playing a senator's wife in American Gigolo with Richard Gere.*







*"She's smarter than she is beautiful," said the great photographer Richard Avedon, "and funnier than she is smart. She was the girl next door, but she moved away."*



was in the bottle," he says. But what Nathan describes as being "kooky" was exactly what would make Lauren Hutton a star. She was determined to be herself, no matter what the prevailing standards of modeling were at the time. When Eileen Ford, for example, told Lauren that she would be accepted at the prestigious Ford agency so long as she fixed her nose and teeth, Lauren nodded. She told Mrs. Ford that she would correct those "imperfections" as soon as she got the money. Not very long after this, she certainly did get the money. But she would never do anything to change the looks that have since become her trademark, the slightly offbeat beauty that is at once mischievous, mysterious, and most assuredly real.

The "kookiness" that Nathan discovered would soon become legendary in New York's fashion circles. At the height of her fame, *Newsweek* described her as "a wisecracking tomboy who never wears underwear and delights in dropping dirty words for shock effect. Her sassy repartee is renowned in dressing rooms, where she teases makeup man Way Bandy about mimicking her poses. . . . She revels in mischief: Once she posed for photographer Richard Avedon peeing behind a rock—a photo *Vogue* did not publish." But Lauren has always been much, much more than just a kook. Her style has been her success, and her success has always driven her to defy the stereotypical look and lifestyle of an American high-fashion model. She mocks tradition, insisting that marriage is "great for taxes, necessary for children, but abominable for romance." When she started out, people would tell her, "if they were being nice, 'Save yourself some trouble. You're never going to make it. Get a job. Get married. Forget this.' " But, she later told a reporter, "I just kept working. And one out of

*Top left: Playing touch with Alan Alda in Paper Lion; Hutton shows her comedic range in Zorro, The Gay Blade, in which George Hamilton, the somewhat camp Zorro, wins her heart.*









20 would say, 'That's a nice picture,' or 'That's a becoming angle.' " And—looking back on it all—she says, "If I had to do it over again, I still wouldn't cop out and marry." And, for all her fame, Lauren keeps things in perspective. "I've had ladies come up to me on the street and say, 'Gee, you don't look so hot.' Well, whoever said I did? Except when I'm doing my number." And when someone once asked her, "How does a girl get to be you?" she coyly answered: "Keep your eyes closed and your mouth shut. No. Keep your eyes closed and your mouth open. . . . I don't know. Curiosity, probably!"

In 1973, Lauren took a great leap toward her international celebrity when Charles Revson selected her to represent the flagship product of his cosmetic empire: Ultima II lipstick. Revson, the legendary founder of the modern cosmetic industry, was a man of impeccable taste and an unerring sense of beauty and charm. When Lauren's friend, the great photographer Richard Avedon, brought her to Revson that year, he made a suggestion that was then unprecedented in the world of modeling. Revson, Avedon advised, should sign Lauren to an exclusive contract, which would prevent her from advertising any other products.

It is doubtful that any businessman, other than Charles Revson, would have agreed to such a suggestion at the time. But Revson,

who had opened up a universe of beauty to women (before he founded Revlon, to give just one example, they could choose from one shade of lipstick, and one alone), certainly knew a great idea when he heard one. "I know that my passion for perfection will probably go down in history as nastiness," he once said, "but I have convictions and I want things done." And what he wanted now was to make Lauren Hutton the personification of everything good and elegant that the Revlon empire stood for.

"I don't meet competition," Revson boasted. "I crush it." And, for nearly \$200,000 a year, Lauren helped Revson achieve this goal. What made her so attractive, he later said, was "her reachable non-remote" qualities. "She is a symbol," he went on, "of the ability of the American woman to achieve beauty despite isolated features not in themselves beautiful."

Revson was not the only one to notice these qualities in Lauren. Diana Vreeland, the great fashion visionary who edited *Vogue* magazine, recalled the first time she noticed Lauren when the young girl was working as a stand-in model there. "Here was a girl," she said, "who was a *girl*, not a mannequin. She was marvelous, clean, attractive, breezy—she had an irresistible gaiety."

It was Diana Vreeland, in fact, who was responsible for Lauren's





fateful association with Richard Avedon. Lauren's recollection of her first encounter with Vreeland was riveting. "One afternoon," she told the *New York Daily News* in 1974, "I was ushered into a dark room painted in Chinese red. It was like the inner sanctum. Behind a huge black mahogany desk sat a woman who looked like a great bird, with wonderful eagle eyes. There were ten editors there. She would get up. They would get up. She would sit down. They would sit down. I was so astounded that I crept off to sit in the window. Besides, they had four models and didn't need me. Vreeland was talking to an editor, and all of a sudden she shouted, 'You!' And it was me she was pointing at. She said, 'You have great presence.' And all the time I didn't know that anyone knew I was there, much less she. So I said, 'Thank you, so do you.' Because she did. She was knocking me out. As we were leaving, she asked to see my book, and 'forced' Dick [Avedon] to use me."

Vreeland's persuasion was helpful, to put it mildly. Avedon had already rejected Hutton as a model. She was, he thought, in a remarkably untypical lapse, "just another pretty face . . . a Florida type on water skis." But it was Lauren herself, as usual, who knew that this was her moment, and she seized it.

Posing for running shots, she turned Avedon on at once with "the

slimmest inner thighs in the business," as he later recalled. "It was Lauren's seduction of me that was operating," he said. "It wasn't my discovering Lauren. She decided she would be my best model." Like Charles Revson, Avedon recognized star quality—finally—when he saw it. "She's smarter than she is beautiful," he rhapsodized, "and funnier than she is smart. She was the girl next door, but she moved away."

"It's not that I'm pretty," Lauren herself said, analyzing her success as America's most celebrated model. "I'm reactive. In five minutes my face can have 100 expressions." Alexander Liberman, editorial director for the Condé Nast magazine empire, said that Lauren radiates "a naturalness, an ease with her body, and a sense of humor." Not content to rest on her laurels as a model, Lauren Hutton has pursued her acting career with the same aggressive determination that Avedon recognized years ago. "Modeling is psychological lemonade," she said, "compared with acting." To this end, she has successfully appeared in many major motion pictures. Her most recent film, *Timestalkers*, in which she appears opposite Klaus Kinski and William DeVane, is in production at the time of this writing and will air on CBS. She has also appeared with great success in *The Return of Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer* on





CBS and *From Here to Maternity*, a Cinemax production with Carrie Fisher. But Lauren is no more content with being "simply" an actress than with being "only" a model. She is vitally concerned about national and international issues, and has often appeared publicly to voice her concerns. In February, for example, she joined a long list of celebrities to support programs for Vietnam veterans. And later this year, she marched with protesters wearing "Reagan Buster" T-shirts to speak out for a nuclear-free world. Whatever she does, one thing has become very obvious: Lauren Hutton gives her all—all the time. As she said, explaining her success as a model: "There are 36 exposures in a roll of film. I'd try to be at least 12 different people for each roll. I'd give them everything." **OT**







magazine, or in my books (particularly *The Best Part of a Man*, which I think you would do well to read anyway). Then cross out the ones that don't appeal to you and compose some simple sentences using the ones you like. You may come up with something like, "Insert your shining silver key deep into my velvet treasure chest."

But in general, men like to hear how good they are. Praise their performance and their equipment. However corny it sounds, stuff like, "I want you . . . deeper . . . you're so big . . . don't stop . . . give it to me, more!" will always work. You could also dial for sex over the phone (for men), record it, and learn it by heart, so you can dish out the spiel to your boyfriend without breaking your concentration.

If you really need to fantasize to enjoy sex, however, it means that something may be missing. You may be with the wrong guy—perhaps there's just not enough body chemistry—or he may not do the right things to turn you on. Or your fantasies may be so far away from reality that you don't want to be brought back down to earth. You should be more aware of the beauty of your bodies as they touch and twine in the act of love. Try more visual positions, so that you can see his

splendid cock sliding in and out of you. Whatever you try, remember that silence will be interpreted as lack of appreciation, and most men need to feel that they are doing a wonderful job. Incoherent sounds signifying pleasure may work wonders. So practice a few orgasmic moans.

## SHOW-AND-TELL

*I'm an exhibitionist. I like to show off my breasts, which are really nice. But most of all, I absolutely love to show my pussy. I show myself to men and women.*

*I started doing this when I was young. I quit wearing panties then and I haven't had a pair on since. I also haven't worn a bathing suit since then. I sunbathe nude in my backyard. The neighbors never complain. At college I sat with my legs spread and showed my pussy to students and teachers alike. It thrilled me to show myself right from the start of my exhibitionist career.*

*I'm married to a wonderful man and have three grown children, but I still like to exhibit my charms—even at age 45. I'm quite beautiful and well built, according to everybody.*

*I never wear anything but a dress and shoes in warm weather, and just add a garter belt and stockings the rest of the time. Dressing this way makes it very easy to show myself. I wear low-cut dresses, see-through blouses, and skirts that are*

*tissue-paper thin, slit skirts, wrap skirts, skirts that unzip to the waist, etc. I always sit with my legs spread or cross them to reveal my silken thighs. I like to show my pussy to shoe salesmen, gas-station operators, truck drivers, etc. I love to go to the big department stores on the East Coast and try on clothes in the dressing rooms wearing nothing but shoes.*


*I go around the house and out by the pool in warm weather completely nude. I get caught often and I love it. Even our preacher's son has seen my tits and cunt on several occasions. I like young men to see me bare and know that they use me as an inspiration to jack off.*

*Fortunately, my husband approves of all this, but my question is, do you think I'm some kind of weirdo to enjoy exhibiting myself as much as I do?—J. N.*

No, I do not think you are a weirdo, because I feel just the same way. I wear underpants only when it is cold and I hardly ever wear a brassiere.

In the summer, my boyfriend and I not only sit around our pool in the nude but we encourage our guests to do likewise.

I was once arrested in Brazil for wearing a lace dress through which my nipples were visible. On a visit to Mexico last year, I received a phone call from the local branch of the Ministry of Tourism. A tongue-tied young man told me that the local women had complained about my going topless on the beach. As many Mexican women breast-feed their babies in public, I told him I did not believe him. He finally admitted that it was not the locals who had grumbled, but the *gringas*, some of the elderly females who were staying in the same bungalow complex.

My advice to you is: Keep up the good work, but try and stay out of jail! 



"Sure, my generation made some big mistakes. You're one of them."

## CREDITS

Page 6 center top, H. Hauss/Gamma-Liaison; page 6 right, Bob Guccione; page 8, Akira Yokoyama/Japan Creators' Association; page 40, David Kennedy; page 55, A. Nogue/Sigma; page 56, The Bettmann Archive; page 57 top, Michael Putland/Retna; page 57 bottom, Alain Nogue/Sigma; page 58, Earl Miller; page 80, H. Hauss/Gamma-Liaison; page 88, Kai Danji/Japan Creators' Association; page 136, Focus on Sports; pages 144-149, Hiromi Tsuchida; page 160, courtesy of Ullima II; page 162, (as child) Movie Still Archives; page 165, Movie Still Archives; page 166, Movie Still Archives; page 171, Denis Cameron/Rex Features/RDR Productions; page 172 top left, National Examiner; page 172 top right, TEMPO/Gamma-Liaison; page 172 bottom left, New World Pictures; page 172 bottom right, Dings Wear, Inc.; page 173 top, Jean Guichard; page 173 bottom, Baldev/Sigma; page 195 left, J. P. Laffont/Sigma; page 195 right, Bettina Cirone/Photo Researchers; page 196 left, Neuburger/Sigma; page 196 right, Pete Turner; page 197, Daniele Pellegrini/Photo Researchers; page 226 top to bottom, Yvonne Hensey/Gamma-Liaison, Focus on Sports, Dawn Stover, Hans Henrik Lerfeldt, Wally McNamee/Woodfin Camp.

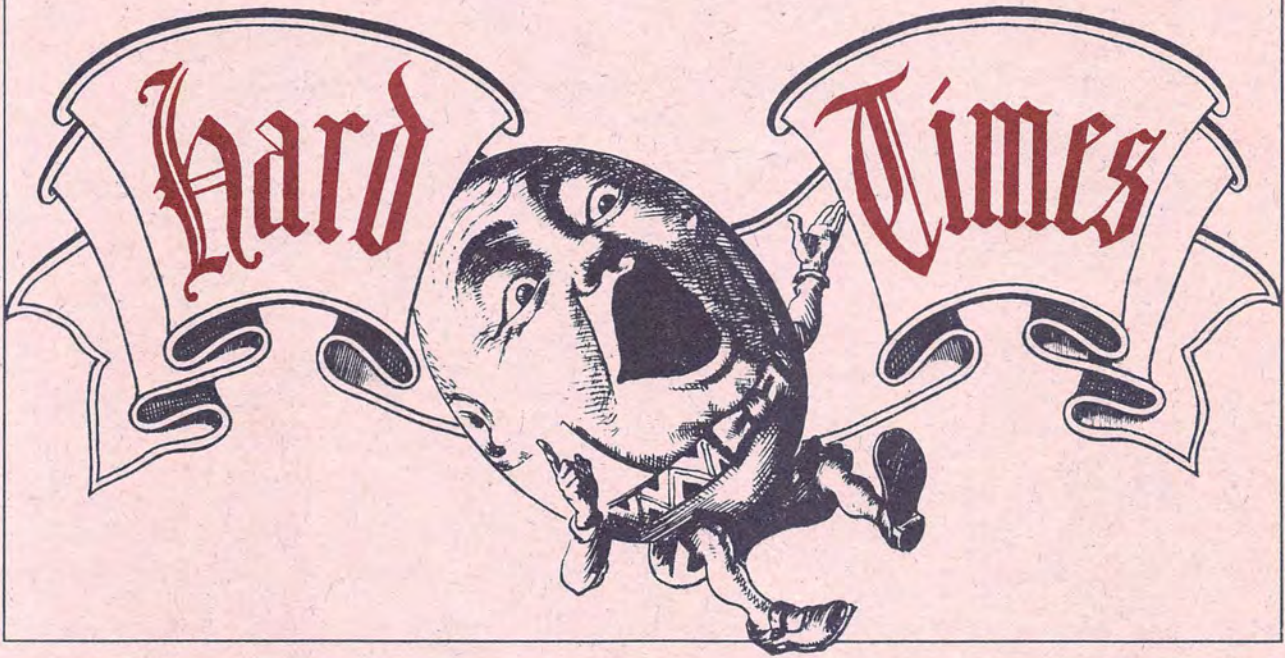
## CAMERA CREDITS

Dennis Silvermoon photographed Pet of the Month Ginger Miller with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 150 and 85mm lenses, and a Tiffen 81B filter. Ginger's layout begins on page 99. The love set on page 121 was shot by Carl Wachter using a Nikon F2 camera, a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.



**EXTRA**

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,  
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribblets of information  
culled from the nation's press

**EXTRA**

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**ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT**

VOL. 5, NO. 8

## THEY WORSHIP RATS

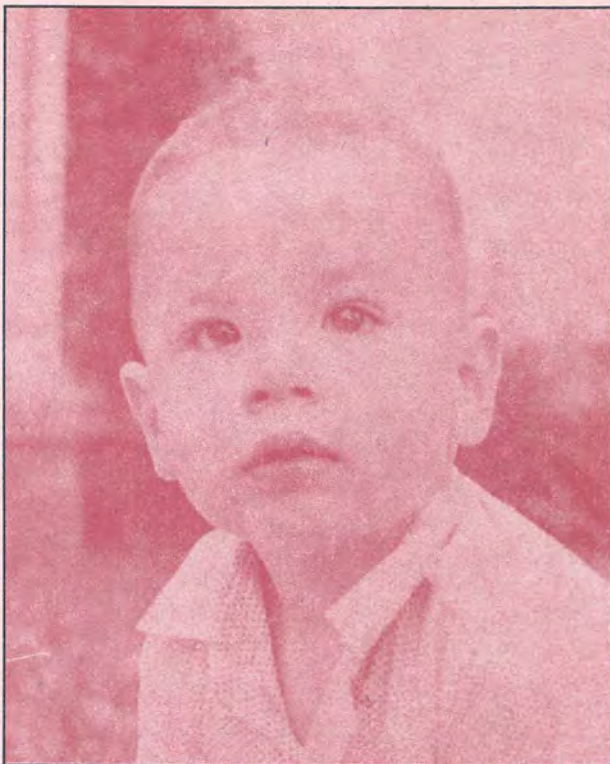


In Deshnoke, India, many Hindus worship the ancient goddess Karniji, who adopted rats as her children. They encourage the rats to multiply, and if an unfortunate member of the sect should kill one, the fine is \$2,500. Rats, who outnumber India's human population of 750 million 10-1, consume ten percent of the

nation's entire grain crop. A local social worker said in despair: "My neighbors are starving, and thousands of rats are being pampered, stuffed full of grain and molasses." (*National Examiner*)

*When in New York, the goddess adopted cockroaches.—Editor*





## Two-Year-Old Charles Bronson

How was the Polish ax murderer caught? He was shot by a two-year-old kid. But it was not a Polish joke when the "Panther," who had been eluding the police for months in southern Poland, showed up at Jerzy Slominski's home. The Panther rounded up all members of the family except Jerzy in a bedroom, preparing to hack them to death. Jerzy, who knew where his policeman father kept his gun, sneaked up behind the Panther and shouted: "Stick 'em up!" The intruder turned and the toddler shot him in the arm, causing the ax to fall. Mr. Slominski was then able to subdue the intruder. (*National Examiner*)

*We'd like to see Jerzy and Bernhard Goetz riding in the same subway car.—Editor*

## The Little Alien



Mickey Hays was just another unhappy teenager until movie producers discovered that the 13-year-old had the perfect look to play an alien from outer space. Mickey, who suffers from a rare disease called progeria, which has limited his growth to less than four feet and given him the heart and arthritis of an old man, has a new perspective on life: "Being a celebrity," he gushes, "has changed my life. It's a sort of funny change for me. People treat me very special, very nice." Hays will be starring in *Aurora Encounter*. (*Weekly World News*)  
*We hope the kid doesn't get typecast.—Editor*

## LONG-STANDING STORY

A 34-year-old Indonesian man refuses to sit still in his grief over his mother's death. For 14 years he has been standing silently in the same spot, mourning his loss. He eats and sleeps in this position, only occasionally shifting his weight from one foot to another and holding on to a door jamb to support himself. This living statue has become a tourist attraction in the village. The unnamed mourner somehow feels responsible for his mother's death. According to his bewildered father: "I can't imagine what he thinks he did to cause it. She was hit by a truck. I believe the shock of it twisted his mind." (*National Examiner*)  
*Have the local pigeons heard about him?—Editor*



## PENISWEAR

D. W. Dingus, not his real name—for obvious reasons—has designed a line of clothes for penises. The price for each of his garments, ranging from a tuxedo to a cowboy outfit, is \$13.95. "Mr. Dingus" claims he is selling 1,000 of the garments a month and that half his orders come from women. (*Chicago Sun-Times*—submitted by Dan Woeckel, Buffalo Grove, Ill.)  
*We bet a lot of Dicks are buying them, too.—Editor*



## ANOTHER REAGAN CRIME

A story that will break the hearts of millions of Americans resulted from the United States' April bombing of Libya. A farmer, Milud Mohammed Hassen, complained that the air attack killed 300 of his finest chickens. "Tell Reagan," Hassen wailed, " 'Thank you very much!' He killed my chickens. Reagan is a chicken killer." When Ken Preston, an Ohio poultry farmer, heard about Hassen's loss, he offered to replace the dead chickens. "I support whatever action President Reagan takes against terrorism," the American announced, "but Americans are not chicken killers." (*Tampa Tribune and Times*—submitted by Scott Alvey, Gainesville, Fla.)

*We're surprised that Colonel Qaddafi didn't call a U.N. protest over this.—Editor*



## MAYONNAISE MURDER

F. Dent Hickman of Harrisville, West Virginia, found a new use for mayonnaise, but, unfortunately, it led to his sudden demise. Hickman, a funeral director, offered a ride home one night to Dean Ludwig Bee and James Dean Bailey. Police said that Bee told them that when he awoke his nude body was covered with mayonnaise and that Hickman was licking it off.

Outraged, Bee "went crazy." He drew a knife and stabbed his licker to death. Although a court acquitted him last April, Bailey was earlier convicted of first-degree murder in connection with the case. (*The Charlotte Observer*—submitted by F. Clifton, Charlotte, N.C.)

*We hope the judge gave Bee a dressing-down, though.—Editor*



## Eunuch Election

It was convention time in Bhopal, India, where 3,000 eunuchs gathered for the first time. It was a colorful affair, with the gaudily dressed eunuchs wearing loud makeup, bangles, and bells, singing and dancing in the streets. At the festival a newly appointed national guru was selected, the previous eunuch leader having died as a result of the Union Carbide gas leak in 1984. It was reported that everyone at the convention insisted on being called a woman. (*New York Post*—submitted by James M. Wick, Buffalo, N.Y.)

*Sounds like there was quite a lot missing there.—Editor*

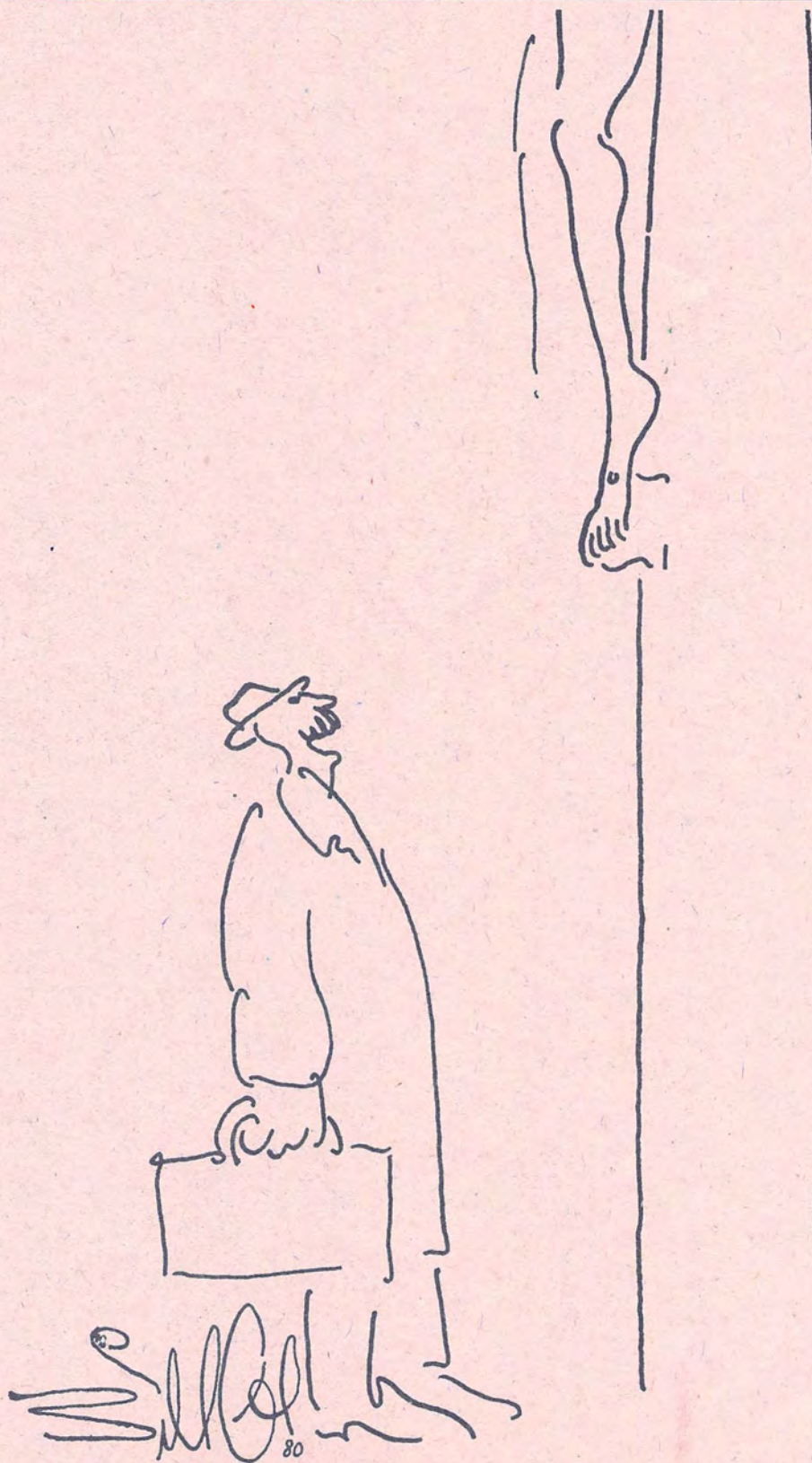
## EDITOR'S NOTE:

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



"Good news, the Supreme Court has agreed to hear your appeal."



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# ANYTHING GOES



BY ALLAN SONNENSCHN

Howard Stern and Robin Quivers preside over the country's most outrageous radio show. Their no-holds-barred comedy would probably get them jailed in many parts of the United States . . . or executed anywhere else.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW UNANGST

No, the most outrageous personality in New York is not Mayor Ed Koch. In a city where competition for that distinction can be fierce—after all, if you can be outrageous in New York, you can be outrageous anywhere—the undisputed titleholder is a 32-year-old, six-foot-four stringbean called Howard Stern. In his ten-year career in radio broadcasting, “Howeird,” as many choose to call him, has taken millions of his listeners into a twilight zone of broadcasting where anything is possible.

While Howard can talk, “talk show” does not quite describe the Howard Stern happening. Listening to him is more like waiting for an accident to happen. There was the show, for example, in 1982 when an Air Florida jet crashed into the Potomac River. “Gee,” Stern pondered to his listeners, “do you think this is going to be a regular stop?”

Gay groups, black writers, and the Anti-Defamation League are only a fraction of those taking exception to Howeird. A writer for *Harlem Weekly* raged:

“Some blacks tell me they see this show as satire; I see it as just plain racism.” The ADL complained: “Stern and Archie Bunker are repeating old stereotypes. It appeals to the worst bigotry in people, and they try to get away with it by saying, ‘I’m making fun of it.’”

While the watchdogs of racial slurs may be concerned about Howard, the actual targets of his humor are usually more amused than upset. For instance, the Pointer Sisters giggled when he told them that he wished slavery would

return so they would call him “Massah Howard” and he could do as he wished with their bodies.

But on September 30, 1985, another “accident” happened; only this time Howard was the victim. Despite incredibly high ratings and record advertising revenues, he was fired from WNBC. The official reason given was bland and general (probably the thing Stern hates most about his firing): “An examination of [Stern’s] programs over a period of time,” WNBC’s vice-president and general



manager John Hayes, Jr., explained, "showed a divergence of opinion, and we didn't feel we could resolve it."

The firing made headline news in New York City. The radio station was besieged with callers and letters, mostly supporting Howard. Media freaks gossiped and speculated over the real reason for the firing. Perhaps it was Stern's questioning of Princess Diana's virginity before her marriage. Perhaps it was his satirical series of skits, "Hill Street Jews." Maybe it was just a case of WNBC believing its own slogan for Howard Stern: "If we weren't that bad, we couldn't be that good."

For several weeks after his dismissal, Stern was in a mild state of shock: "Look," he says, trying to explain his feelings, "you're always upset when you're fired. I'd always predicted that I'd be fired, but not like that; not when we were at the height of our ratings." When it is suggested that perhaps he had insulted some of the city's more sensitive groups once too often, Stern only shakes his head:

"You know, we talk about everyone on the air. We talk about Jews, blacks, gays. . . . I did the first gay and lesbian 'Dial-a-Date' on radio, and I figured I would hear from every gay group about it. But they really dug what I was doing because I was doing a dating game for gays. Sure I made fun of gays when I did it, but it's no different when I do a dating game with heterosexuals. I'm not going to be a hypocrite and treat gays with utter reverence when I'm treating heterosexuals with utter degradation."

"Degradation" may be an understatement for what attracts audiences to Stern's "Dial-a-Date." He will assign his producer, Gary Dell'Abate, to invite a dwarf or, on one occasion, a gentleman whom he introduced as "a lover of animals" to the show. Stern will then question three telephone callers for his guest so that the guest can choose one as a partner for a date. It seems pretty tame until Stern begins the questioning: To one respondent he asked, "Do you ever use a vibrator?" When she replied that she didn't, Stern struck back: "I don't ever want to shake hands with you!"

He bristles when he is under attack for making fun of certain groups: "Listen, I'm not saying that I'm a saint. There are a lot of people who do not like what I do. There are gays who don't want to hear a comedian use a gay stereotype on the air, which I think is bullshit. There are a lot of gays who talk with a lisp, and it's genuinely funny. There are a lot of Jews who whine. There are a lot of blacks who talk jive. Who's kidding who? So when a black reporter from the *Amsterdam News* called me a racist, I said, 'Bullshit, you're the fucking racist.'"

On another occasion, during the 1984 presidential campaign, Howard responded to Jesse Jackson's calling New York City "Hymietown" by writing a par-

ody tune with the same name and recording it in a voice similar to Frank Sinatra's, to the music of "New York, New York." Recently, Stern and his writer "Earthdog" Fred Norris wrote "Kill Qaddafi," recorded by Howard's band, Pig Vomit. For the uninitiated, a few lines will give you an idea where Howard's head is at:

Can anyone explain the reason you're  
being such a creep  
The only explanation is your father  
made love to a sheep  
You're a terroristic sissy without an  
ounce of class  
We'll give you an enema or shove a  
neutron bomb up your ASS—  
Kill Colonel Qaddafi  
Hey  
K-I-L-L Colonel Qaddafi (You suck)  
K-I-L-L Colonel Qaddafi (Eat it)  
K-I-L-L Colonel Qaddafi (You homo)  
K-I-L-L Colonel Qaddafi (Eat it raw)

6

Nobody knows for sure  
why Stern was fired. Perhaps  
it was his questioning  
of Princess Diana's virginity  
before marriage, or  
maybe it was the skit called  
"Hill Street Jews."

9

The day after Howard played it for the first time, President Reagan ordered the bombing of Libya.

Jesse Jackson and Colonel Qaddafi shouldn't be too upset with Howard, though. No one in the world is safe from Stern's biting attacks. When a dwarf who was scheduled for the show failed to appear, Stern announced to his audience: "We should take all dwarfs and make them our slaves. I do not like dwarfs anymore. As a result of this one bad experience, I am willing to lump them all together as shifty and unreliable."

The point of it all is to be funny, and Howard Stern believes the range of humor is nearly limitless. "The only limitation," he concedes, "is personal tragedy. I wouldn't make fun of anyone who has had a personal tragedy. I've never been sorry for anything I did. I've never had a moral problem with anything I did. I don't think that I ever will. I've never had a sleepless night because of any joke that I have told." For 20 hours a week, Stern will go to great lengths and distances to be funny.

When dictator "Baby Doc" Duvalier fled Haiti and was looking for asylum, Stern

offered to help him out. He conducted a "scientific poll" by calling three residents of the predominantly black community of Hempstead, on Long Island, to determine whether they would mind having Baby Doc as a neighbor. To one gentleman who said that he would not mind him coming to Hempstead, Stern asked: "But sir, would you rent him space in your attic?" After a close 2-1 vote in favor of the Haitian, Stern tried to call and give him the good news. Howard was disappointed when he couldn't get the little dictator on the phone.

Robin Quivers, Stern's sidekick on the air for six years, offers an explanation for Howard's popularity: "He's very keyed in to the way people live, what's going on in their heads. I get real scared when, for example, I go to my health club and I hear guys talking about Libya, not knowing they're repeating what Howard has said. They think he's the gospel. He really knows how people are thinking, feeling." His empathy with the emotions of the man in the street sometimes is expressed in odd but humane fashion—as when France refused to help our raid on Libya. Howard, outraged, randomly called a household in Paris, and when the phone was answered, he screamed: "You dick! After we bailed you out in World War II, this is how you thank us!"

While Howard Stern has always wanted to be a "different" kind of disc jockey—one who is more than a record-playing zombie—there is little in his life to indicate that "different" would turn out to mean "weird." Indeed, he could well be a character out of a gothic horror story, where the nice, sensitive, and serious Dr. Jekyll turns into the monster Mr. Stern behind the microphone.

Howard Stern was born in Roosevelt, Long Island, a minority in a black community. This caused some identity problems for the young Stern. "First of all," he recalls, "I was this tall guy who couldn't play basketball, and this was a black neighborhood. I had to rely on my personality to get through the day. I talked like a black. When you're a white kid growing up in Roosevelt, that's how you talk. What kills me now is when black people call up the radio station and complain when I talk jive. Fuck them. That's how many black people talk."

"Anyway, I remember for three or four years I wished that I was black. It was the opposite of the black dude who goes to an all-white school and wishes that he was white. When my folks finally moved to an all-white neighborhood, I felt alienated."

Stern always had a good relationship with his parents and sister; his father is especially happy with his success "because he thought I'd be a bum." At school, things were not so tranquil as life at home. Life there was "terrible, terrible. I was real stupid. I never understood what they were talking about. I was really fucked up in school—I mean real bad. In high school



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This new film has two things going for it, and they both belong to Taija Rae—a woman with the roundest, sweetest, fullest breasts in porn.

# X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Toys: ripe, sexy parody.

## COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

*Girl Toys*  
(Dreamland) **111**

*Girl Toys* is the story of a down-and-out photographer willing to do *anything* to save his relationship—he'll even fuck beautiful models as a way of making money. Jerry Butler is the slutterbug and Amber Lynn is his squeeze, but Jerry doesn't stop with her. He breaks into Sharon Mitchell's high-class modeling agency looking for a job—and he gets several jobs, straight from the models' mouths. Although labeling some of these babes "high-class models" elicits snorts of disbelief, there is some ripe, sexy parody here, as when a torrid lesbo duo shows what a model's life is really like beyond the runway. Sharon Mitchell is excellent, as always, and Butler and Lynn show some chemistry, too. The sex is warm and consensual, and although the shot-on-video

technical values are distracting, as always, this tape manages to rise above them.

## LAY IT AGAIN

*Reckless Passion*  
(Moonlight Entertainment) **1**  
Director Scotty Fox has lowered his technical standards in *Reckless Passion*. The lighting, sound, and close-ups are about as good as they get in shot-on-video porn, and even though that's none too good, they aren't what sinks this tape. A poor script and bad acting are the millstones that drag *Reckless Passion* to the bottom of the barrel, and you don't really know which to blame. Which came first, lame lines or wooden delivery? It's a chicken-and-egg question. Suffice it to say that the fast-forward button beckons just minutes after you pop this sucker into the old Betamax.

The plot leads off with a murder, in 1943, of an adulterous couple. Just before the murderer does his dirty deed, he curses the two to be "earthbound forever." We flash-forward to 1986, where the dead victims' granddaughter has bought the house haunted by the couple, who can only be seen by the granddaughter, since she is a family member. There's a possibility of grandparent-granddaughter incest here, which thankfully is never realized, even though all other possibilities are exhaustively explored. This tape is bad, dopey smut, sloppily produced (you can hear the director whisper to his cast), and designed to lure in the unsuspecting sucker. With a little care and a sense of responsibility to the adult-

video consumer, Scotty Fox could become a good director—but not with vile productions like this.

## ROMANCING THE BONE

*Jewel of the Nite*  
(Playtime) **1**

*Jewel of the Nite* begins with a good premise and then loses sight of it amidst endless repetitive sex scenes, dead acting, and a lame script. Here's the premise: With a little hypnotism and a dram of mysterious potion, clients of a psychic sex service are propelled into their favorite sex fantasies by becoming replacements for the leads in their favorite movies. Unfortunately, *Jewel* takes this idea and gives us ridiculous, schlublike males making it with lithe females. The resulting mis-

match is common in porn, but it makes for revolting, ludicrous sex. If you identify with fat, balding men, check this tape out—otherwise, avoid it.

## SLIME TRAVELER

*Irresistible II*  
(Essex) **111**

This lavish shot-on-film production takes its marks from two sources. The first is obvious: *Irresistible*, the 1982 adult film that put Richard Pacheco through a time machine into the arms and between the legs of Cleopatra, Mata Hari, and Juliet, among others. The second source for the sequel is also a bit obvious, the likeliest candidate for a knockoff once the idea of time travel is brought up: *Back to the Future*. *Irresistible II* is a



*Jewel*: repetitive sex, dead acting, and a lame script.





*Irresistible: a good job.*

showcase for Alexandra Greco, a newcomer to porn whose excellent acting and chameleonlike mystique yields up a sultry performance, one of the best in recent adult films.

Alexandra is Becky the bag lady, who finds two quarters, wanders into an erotic arcade, and climbs into a peep-show booth that happens to be a time machine. And she's off—to help Casanova flip his wig, to stand by while Adam and Eve do some snake dancing, to get drunk with passion at the *Star Wars* bar. "You must be some kind of travel agent," Becky says to the peep after one of her jaunts. "I'm a pleasure agent," purrs the disembodied voice of the peep.

Because she is the principal in all the scenes, *Irresistible II* tends to rise or fall on the appeal of Alexandra

Greco—but she's hot enough, and talented enough as an actress, to pull it off. One complaint: Becky's mom, in the *Back to the Future* scene, is someone identified in the credits as Jannette Little dove. This superb Brit is a knockout, but she's barely given time on screen to fully expose her talents. Still, *Irresistible II* is a good job all around.

#### BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

*Delicious*

(Video-X-Pic) **IIII**

I missed *Delicious* the first time it came around, in 1982, so this tape was a delight, a real find, when a friend showed it to me and described it as his favorite piece of adult entertainment. I think he's attracted to it because he has a fetish about maids, and *Delicious* is to maids what *Deep Throat* is to tonsils. Not those fetishy, stylized French maids, although they're here too, but the type of maid who's not afraid to make her bed and then lie in it—preferably with her employer.

One of my all-time favorite adult performers, Veronica Hart, plays the maid who takes over the mansion, with Candida Royalle and Aaron Stuart also shining as the decadent owners. What is great about *Delicious* is what is so absent in many adult tapes of today: The sex is integrated into the plot, so there's no lurching between sex scenes and narrative. The gloss of the relationships puts a sheen on the lovemaking, and because we care about the people who are getting it on, we are carried away by their passion along with them. A forgotten gem.

#### PORN IN THE U.S.A.

*Sex Life of a Porn Star* (Electric Hollywood) **I**

*Sex Life of a Porn Star* has two things going for it, and they both belong to Taija Rae—a woman with the roundest, sweetest, fullest breasts in porn. She's got a body and she is sexually adept with it, caressing, writhing, steaming up the lens with the irreducible fact of her sex. Beyond Taija, though, *Sex Life* is dead. The plot propels the star from her bored-housewife status onto a porn movie set and then beyond, as when she brings back the tape she's made to hubby—and he doesn't recognize her in it! Details and dead alleys in the narrative abound, and the level



*Sex Life: Beyond Taija Rae, this film is dead.*

of unbelievability is maintained. *Sex Life* is a star vehicle that doesn't go anywhere, but it's not because Taija Rae doesn't try.

#### HEAVING IT ALL

*Having It All* (Intropics) **II**

This is another one of those "lust weekend" tapes, with a bit of a twist. A group of office workers take their girlfriends to a mountain lodge for the weekend, for two days of randy relaxation. The twist is that one of the guys, played by Tom Byron, has been labeled a wimp by his coworkers, and like the loser he is, he's failed to turn up with a lady on his arm. Meanwhile, back at the raunch, his busty girlfriend is fucking everyone in sight. Even Harry Reems puts in a cameo come shot, *shtupping* the girl whilst her erstwhile boyfriend calls from his mountain getaway, pleading with her to come and save him from the scorn of his fellow workers. If this sounds like a more dynamic plot than is normal for adult entertainment, that's because it is, but the narrative doesn't get in the way of the sex, which is relentless, endless, and constant. The "loser" triumphs in the end, getting involved in a hot threesome which proves him to be the stud of the office. **OT**

#### RATING KEY

- I** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- II** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- III** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- IIII** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.



# ESPIONAGE<sup>TM</sup>

MAGAZINE

## Washington and Moscow London and Havana



East versus West  
The Third World War  
Sabotage and Infiltration  
Crap shoots and  
Double-dealing  
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## MANTLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

Post on Joe Pepitone said, "Peppy teaches Mickey to smoke pot." It was an excerpt from his book that said he gave me one cigarette. If that's not sensationalism, I don't know what is.

**Penthouse:** Were you surprised at Pepitone's drug arrest?

**Mantle:** Well, I know it didn't floor me. I just hope he gets out of it all right. Pepitone could have been one of the all-time Yankees. He could run, hit, throw. He had all kinds of abilities, but he really didn't. He was one of the guys that didn't—didn't look to me that he really cared that much whether we won or lost.

**Penthouse:** But weren't there undisciplined players of your generation, people like Billy Martin? Wasn't he traded for acting up one night at the Copacabana?

**Mantle:** That wasn't the only thing that determined it. He had missed a couple of planes and trains. Mr. Weiss—I think George Weiss was just looking for a reason to get rid of him.

**Penthouse:** Why didn't Weiss like him?

**Mantle:** I don't know. We had Bobby Richardson in the wings. Mainly, it was because Billy wasn't as disciplined as everybody else. He probably couldn't scare Billy like he could the rest of us. He always thought Billy was giving me advice on the side.

**Penthouse:** How has Billy changed over the years? You've known him a long time.

**Mantle:** He hasn't really changed that much. He's still just about the same old Billy I used to know. You can't push him too far. He's still his own man.

**Penthouse:** Do players like Sparky Lyle and Jim Bouton have the right to sell tell-all biographies that reveal the personal confidences of teammates?

**Mantle:** I think players can do it without really hurtin' anybody's feelings. I don't feel I hurt anybody in my book, and I told some stories. I don't talk about Bouton, but I think Sparky's book [*The Bronx Zoo*] was all right.

**Penthouse:** Did Bouton's book [*Ball Four*] hurt people?

**Mantle:** I don't talk about that book.

**Penthouse:** Lately, we've heard so much news about drug-taking in baseball. It's been suggested that major-league players, like Olympic athletes, should submit to urine tests.

**Mantle:** If I was playing, I would let them test me every day if they wanted to. If I struck out four straight times, I'd want people to know that I was all right. I wouldn't want them to think I was high.

**Penthouse:** Was Commissioner Ueberroth correct with the penalties that he meted out to drug offenders?

**Mantle:** Anything he does, I'm for. I think he is a great man and commissioner.

**Penthouse:** Can we expect players to behave in a way that the public doesn't? Face it, drugs are all over the country.



**Mantle:** One reason that ballplayers are making a million and a half dollars a year is because people go and see them play baseball, and then they tell their kids, "That's a great ballplayer there, son. You want to watch him. I want you to be like him." All of a sudden, you read about that player doing drugs. That's not good. I think the baseball player does owe the public a little something.

**Penthouse:** Bowie Kuhn banned you from baseball for working at the Claridge Hotel in Atlantic City. How did you react when Ueberroth lifted your suspension?

**Mantle:** It was one of the best things that ever happened. Although I wasn't in baseball anyway, I didn't want to be banned. What if someday I had a grand-kid? Say he would be sittin' on Merlyn's lap, and he would say, "Grandma, why did Grandpa get banned from baseball?" I'm proud and happy that Ueberroth put back my status.

**Penthouse:** I don't think the public liked the original decision.

**Mantle:** I don't think so either. I never had all but one or two bad letters, and I got a ton of them.

**Penthouse:** How will baseball be different in 14 years, in the year 2000?

**Mantle:** One thing I'd like to see is inter-league play, like they do in football. People here in Dallas, where the Texas Rangers play, never got to see Willie Mays or Hank Aaron. And in Pittsburgh, they never got to see Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Whitey Ford, or myself.

I'd also like to see the National League take up the designated hitter. It kept Hank Aaron, [Harmon] Killebrew, and [Orlando] Cepeda in the game longer. Or if they'd had the DH in my day, I probably could have played another year or two. You get to where you can't really play ball, but you can still hit.

**Penthouse:** Is there any one player who has been responsible for holding your generation of Yankees together?

**Mantle:** I've always thought that Whitey Ford was like the leader. He was really like the chairman, and they called him the Chairman of the Board. I liked the way he acted—every time they asked him to, he'd be out there. He was a bear-down player.

**Penthouse:** Which baseball players do you keep in touch with?

**Mantle:** I see Billy and Whitey and Yogi a lot. We have a golf tournament in Joplin, Missouri—the Mickey Mantle Golf Tournament—for about 15 or 20 old-timers. We have a pretty good golf game, but it's hard to get to Joplin.

And this year I'm going to have my 55th birthday at the Claridge. We're having a big deal there, a big splash. Whitey Ford's birthday is on the 21st, and I'm the 20th of October, and about 20 or 25 of my friends, like [Warren] Spahn, [Lew] Burdette, Whitey, Yogi, Phil Rizzuto, and Billy are going to come that week. We're going to have a two-day golf tournament plus a dinner and a roast for me on the last night. That ought to be a lot of fun.

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## EXECUTIVE ORDER



It was quite a surprise for John when his boss, Mrs. Thompson, asked him to her penthouse apartment. She said she wanted him to take some dictation. "But I

don't do shorthand," said John, who had been hired that very morning. Mrs. Thompson looked down at him. "No, there's nothing short about them, is there?"










John had never made love to an older woman. But, as Mrs. Thompson began to take off her clothes, John wasn't sure who was older, he or she. Could it be that Mrs. Thompson was a girl wonder? John was about to find out.





Before joining Mrs. Thompson on her living room sofa, John wondered about his career: Is this the way all successful men got their start? Would he be fired tomorrow? Was Mrs. Thompson looking for a protégé? Or just a one-night fling? It was something to consider. Tomorrow.







# NFL PREDICTIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

of passers, but sometimes all he has to do is throw in the general direction of acrobatic All-Pro receiver Louis Lipps and the great John Stallworth. Last year, Lipps and Stallworth accounted for 134 receptions, 17 touchdowns, and more than 2,000 yards between them. Frank Pollard and Walter Abercrombie aren't the greatest pair of running backs in the league, but they'd rack up a lot more yardage with the help of a better offensive line.

Two years ago, Houston fans were in hog heaven when the Oilers signed quarterback Warren Moon, who'd shone brightly in the Canadian Football League, along with Hugh Campbell, who'd coached him there. Campbell has since been sent packing. Instead of using their 1986 first-round draft choice to pick up a much-needed fullback or lineman, the Oilers selected Purdue's Jim Everett, rated by most pro scouts as the best college quarterback in the nation last year. That's fine, except the Oilers don't need a quarterback nearly as much as they need just about everything else. Last year, the Oilers ranked next to last in AFC rushing stats, and were the easiest team to run against. Houston finished 5-11 in '85, and won't do any better this season.

## AFC WESTERN DIVISION

The Seattle Seahawks were favorites to win the West last season, but surprised everyone by finishing 8-8. Seattle faces the league's toughest schedule this season, but is capable of beating any team in pro football—provided quarterback Dave Krieg plays up to his potential. During the second half of the season, Krieg was often inconsistent and wound up throwing 20 interceptions. He was also sacked 53 times, which means the offensive line needs shoring up. Krieg's No. 1 target, Steve Largent, last year caught 79 passes for a league-leading 1,287 yards, and flanker Daryl Turner caught 13 touchdown passes to lead the league in that department. Running back Curt Warner, who sat out '84 with a serious knee injury, returned to rush for 1,094 yards last season. This year, he'll be teamed up with first-round draft choice fullback John L. Williams of Florida. Chuck Knox's boys should prevail in the AFC West.

Surprise, surprise: The Los Angeles Raiders have come up with another tribute to themselves. Not content to stand pat with such little lulus as "pride and poise" and "commitment to excellence," the club's latest bit of braggadocio proclaims that "Raiders football is not an event—it's a way of life." That way of life is turning out to be permanent frustration, for the Raiders are loaded with Super Bowl-caliber talent at every position except quarterback. Jim Plunkett is now a much-battered 38. His heir apparent for

to these many years, Marc Wilson, was a sub-50-percent passer last season. The team's only other quarterback—Rusty Hilger, out of Oklahoma State—threw only 13 times as a rookie. It doesn't take a genius to figure out what's wrong with the team, so what's Al Davis waiting for? The second coming of Kenny Stabler?

Last year Denver became the first team in NFL history to finish 11-5 and not make it into the play-offs. If placekicker Rich Karlis hadn't missed 15 of 38 field-goal attempts, Denver would have walked away with the division title. You'd expect the Broncos to draft a placekicker, right? Wrong. Denver stocked up on linemen instead. The team's fortunes will continue to ride on the strong right arm of quarterback John Elway. Last season, he threw for more yardage than any NFL quarterback except Dan Marino, but Elway also led the AFC in interceptions, with 23. The Broncos' running game is a real clunker. Journeyman Sammy Winder was the team's leading ground-gainer, with a paltry 714 yards. Denver's defense isn't nearly as rugged as it's cracked up to be, but the acquisition of New York Giants' cornerback Mark Haynes should make the Broncos tougher to throw against. Denver's a solid team, but solid is a long way from Super.

Kansas City's offense is even more one-dimensional than the Broncos'. Last season, the Chiefs had the NFL's worst running attack, which has become something of a team tradition. Herman Heard, the Chiefs' leading rusher last year, gained less than 600 yards. Quarterback Bill Kenney is an adequate passer at best, which is a shame, because the Chiefs have talent and depth at wide receiver—Carlos Carson, Stephone Paige, Henry Marshall, and Anthony Hancock are all potential game-breakers. Kansas City's defense slipped badly last year. Says Coach John Mackovic, "I think you learn more every year." He'd better learn how to win or else he'll be out of a job.

Year in and year out—and it was true last season—the San Diego Chargers seem to have the league's best offense and worst defense. Time's starting to run out on 34-year-old quarterback Dan Fouts, but despite missing his team's final four games, he still threw 27 touchdown passes last season. With receivers like Wes Chandler, Charlie Joiner, Kellen Winslow, Trumaine Johnson, Lionel James, Eric Seivers, and Pete Houlihan, Fouts will again light up the league's scoreboards. So will every team that plays the Chargers, for San Diego doesn't have a clue about how to defend against the pass. First-round draft choice Leslie O'Neal, out of Oklahoma State, should provide some immediate help at defensive end, but it won't be nearly enough.

## NFC EASTERN DIVISION

Tom Landry's boys won the NFC East with a 10-6 record, but that's about all the Cowboys can hope for this season. Dal-

## HOW TO WIN AT MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL

No, Howard Cosell didn't make it the spectacular success that it is. Nor do Frank Gifford and Don Meredith deserve the credit. What propelled Monday Night Football into the most popular regularly scheduled sporting event in America? It was, simply, the only game in town.

And football, of course, means gambling. The volume of betting on Monday Night games is rivaled only by that of the Super Bowl itself. In fact, more money changes hands on Monday nights during the football season than on Wall Street the same day. The problem is that losing bettors usually use the same guesswork or "intuitive" systems for MNF games that they follow for weekend games. As a result, they fail to recoup their losses.

I don't believe in systems, but if you must use one, use the only proven system I've seen work year in and year out: *Bet the home team on Monday nights.* That's it. No tricky formulas. No biorhythms. No calculations. It's a simple yet very effective system.

Here are the facts: Figuring in the point spreads, MNF home teams have a combined record of 138-82-5 from 1970 through 1985—an astounding winning percentage of 62.7 percent. A bettor needs a 52.4 winning percentage to break even, as he lays \$11 to win \$10. A winning percentage of 60 percent is considered excellent.

If you had bet \$500 on each home team since Monday Night Football began in 1970, laying \$550 to win \$500, you would have won a total of \$23,900, not including interest. If you had bet an extra \$500 every time the home team was an underdog, you would have walked away with an additional \$15,200!

Over the last ten years, MNF home teams hold a sizzling 94-45-1 record, or 67.1 percent, versus the point spread. MNF home-team underdogs were an incredible 59-26, or 69.4 percent. And the trend continued in 1985, when MNF home teams were 11-5 against the point spread.

There are any number of reasons why betting the home team on Monday nights is such a winning proposition. When 26 teams play on Sunday, things can get lost in the crowd. But when it happens on Monday Night Football, everyone in America is watching—and the home team knows it. So does the visiting team, but it's just not the same as playing at home on national television. The home crowd perks up the players.

But the statistics are all that ultimately matters. And this system is the only one you'll ever need to win.—*Danny Sheridan*



las is an aging team. Quarterback Danny White is 34; leading wide receiver Tony Hill is 30; leading ground-gainer Tony Dorsett is 32. It may be hard to believe, but Dorsett is older than Walter Payton. The Cowboys' defensive line is also ready to join the Geritol generation. Says Landry, "We can't go another year with two 35-year-old players like John Dutton and Ed Jones, and a 33-year-old tackle like Randy White." This year they can. Landry finally put an end to the team's three-year-old quarterback controversy by trading Gary Hogeboom to Indianapolis in exchange for an upgraded draft position that enabled him to snatch sought-after U.C.L.A. wide receiver Mike Sherrard. Several key veteran Cowboys will have their last hurrah this season, and before bowing out, I think they'll carry their club to one final division title.

It won't be easy, though, for the Cowboys to edge out the New York Giants. Last year, quarterback Phil Simms went through only the second injury-free season of his seven-year NFL career, leading the Giants to a 10-6 record. New York reached the second round of the playoffs before being blanked by Chicago, 21-0. Simms and running back Joe Morris were both All-Pros, and the Giants' offense was second in the NFC only to San Francisco's. New York's defense was its usual brutal self. In '85, the Giants led the NFL in quarterback sacks (68), and were

the league's second-toughest team to run against and third-toughest to pass against. The Giants are thinking Super Bowl.

The Philadelphia Eagles are thinking it might be nice to have a winning season. Toward that end, the Eagles, 7-9 last year, replaced Head Coach Marion Campbell with Buddy Ryan, the Chicago Bears' defensive Svengali. At least for last year, Ryan revolutionized football with his "46 defense," which he plans to install in Philadelphia. Ryan traded away a couple of draft picks for San Francisco backup quarterback Matt Cavanaugh. Smart move. Cavanaugh couldn't displace Joe Montana, but he should see plenty of action in Philly. Ron Jaworski passed for 3,450 yards last season, but Ryan's right to wonder how much more use he can get out of a banged-up, 37-year-old Polish Rifle. To augment his new team's ground game, Ryan used his first-round draft choice to select Ohio State running back Keith Byars, who's still recovering from a broken foot. Ryan's a risk-taker and an excellent motivator. "I kick 'em, I kiss 'em—I do anything to get the job done," he says. If nothing else, he'll shake things up in Philadelphia.

After a strong 9-7 showing in '84, St. Louis was favored to win the NFC East last season, but that just wasn't in the Cards. Instead, St. Louis finished 5-11, and at least part of the team's poor show-

ing had to do with rumored drug use among Cardinal players. St. Louis's offensive leaders are talented quarterback Neil Lomax and receiver Roy Green, who was injured for most of last season. Running back Ottis Anderson, the unstoppable one, also spent a lot of time on injured reserve. St. Louis's only bit of serendipity last year was the emergence of little running back Stump Mitchell, who rushed for 1,006 yards and caught 47 passes for 502 more. The Cards ended their long search for a placekicker by drafting U.C.L.A.'s great John Lee. Despite this bleak outlook, new coach Gene Stallings's teams have always been known to surprise.

The Washington Redskins will also have a new look this year. After that awful broken leg he suffered during a Monday Night Football game, Washington quarterback Joe Theismann has lost his starting job to Jay Shroeder, who filled in well for him last season. Schroeder may not have Theismann's smarts, but he's got a much stronger throwing arm. Another Redskin fixture was put out to pasture when fullback John Riggins finally retired. His replacement, George Rogers, rushed for more than 1,000 yards last year. Wide receiver Art Monk had a big year with 91 receptions, but unless Gary Clark or first-round draft choice Walter Murray comes through, the Skins will be shy a second deep threat. Washington remains strong

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along both offensive and defensive lines. Its defense was the NFC's third-strongest against enemy ballcarriers, and on offense those beloved "Hogs" are the reason why the Skins led the NFL in third-down efficiency. (In plain English, the Skins made first downs 43.3 percent of the time on third-down plays.) The bad news is that Washington, like Dallas, is an aging team. The Over the Hill Gang is too far over the hill to get into the play-offs.

#### NFC CENTRAL DIVISION

With a quarterback who resembles a punk rocker, an All-Pro halfback known as "Sweetness," a rookie nicknamed "The Refrigerator," and perhaps the greatest, most aggressive defensive unit in NFL history, last year's Chicago Bears were in a league of their own. Any doubters became converts after watching the Bears destroy New England in their 46-10 Super Bowl romp. Chicago's quest for a second straight Super Bowl title won't be derailed by Defensive Coach Buddy Ryan's departure. Mike Ditka this year will finally convince his colleagues that *he's* the guiding light behind Chicago's football renaissance. The only way the Bears won't make the play-offs is if they have a plane accident. Quarterback Jim McMahon may not be the finest passer in the NFL, but he's a winner. Walter Payton, the NFL's leading rusher, ran for 1,551 yards last year, and he shows no signs of slowing up. The Bears topped the NFL with 27 rushing touchdowns, 176 first downs, and 2,761 net yards gained. The Bears' top draft choice, Florida running back Neil Anderson, has Payton-like potential. Why bother discussing the Bears' defense? They killed everybody last year. They'll kill everybody *this* year. As a special bonus, the Bears also play the NFL's weakest lineup of opponents. This team is scary.

Green Bay Head Coach Forrest Gregg, after two mediocre years, has decided that 37-year-old Lynn Dickey's days as a starting quarterback are over. His eventual successor will probably be rookie Robbie Bosco of B.Y.U., but before Bosco's ready to take over, Gregg will hand over the reins to one of several NFL re-treads, e.g., Jim Zorn, Vince Ferragamo, or Packer second-stringer Randy Wright. The Pack is not without first-rate offensive weapons. Wide receiver James Lofton has been named to the NFC's Pro Bowl team for the last six years. Running backs Eddie Lee Ivey, Jessie Clark, Gerry Ellis, and first-round draft choice Kenneth Davis of T.C.U. provide the Packers with one of the NFC's top running attacks. In '85, Green Bay had the NFL's 12th-best offense *and* defense. The best that can be said about the Pack is that it's a better-than-average team.

The Detroit Lions, 7-9 last year, also need a new quarterback. Eric Hipple turned in the fifth-lowest passing stats in the league, and he's had several years to show what he can do, which isn't much.

That's why Rogers drafted Iowa All-American Chuck Long. Between its sub-par passing attack and feeble ground game, Detroit's offense ranked dead last in the league last year. The team's defensive unit was the NFC's worst when it came to stopping the run, and the Lions were almost as powerless against the pass. If not for the inspirational lift they get from playing before their wildly enthusiastic fans in the Silverdome (Detroit was 6-2 at home), they'd really be in trouble. The Lions still appear toothless.

Tampa Bay finished 2-14 last season, which is why it ultimately won the right to pick first in the college draft. As everyone predicted, the Buccaneers selected Auburn's All-American, Heisman Trophy-winning running back Bo Jackson. Pro scouts rate Jackson even higher than O. J. Simpson was rated when he got out of U.S.C. in 1969. Coach Leeman Bennett will go to a two-back offensive set this year by pairing Jackson with James

Although no team has won back-to-back Super Bowls in six years, I think the Bears will overcome that jinx by beating the Dolphins 45-24 next January.

Wilder, an outstanding ballcarrier who gained 1,300 of the team's 1,644 rushing yards and who scored ten of the Bucs' 11 rushing touchdowns last season. Bennett will continue to bring along quarterback Steve Young, the former B.Y.U. All-American who signed the richest contract in USFL history. Tampa Bay needs a lot more than Jackson. Aside from Wilder's numbers, just about every Tampa Bay statistic is a way of pointing out that this is a pretty lousy team. Bennett, however, is a fine coach, and with a brilliant back like Jackson, Tampa Bay's future is going to be a lot brighter than its past.

Last year, Minnesota's management pleaded with Coach Bud Grant to come out of retirement and lead the Vikings back to respectability. Grant did just that: He took the Vikes from a 3-13 record in '84 to a 7-9 mark last season. Grant has once again retired, and without him, I think Minnesota will again go into a tailspin. The Vikings didn't draft wisely or well, so figure Minnesota to hit the skids again.

#### NFC WESTERN DIVISION

After burying Miami 38-16 in Super Bowl XIX, San Francisco began talking about

a football dynasty. Some dynasty: After going 18-1 in '84, San Francisco slipped to 10-6 last season. A lot of the team's falloff can be traced to injuries. All-Pro quarterback Joe Montana played with banged-up ribs for most of the season, yet still managed to finish as the NFC's top-rated passer. Montana completed a league-high 61.3 percent of his tosses, for 3,653 yards and 27 touchdowns. The Niners' All-Pro running back, Roger Craig, became the first player in NFL history to both rush and receive for more than 1,000 yards. He, too, finished the season banged up. In addition to Craig, Montana's top receivers included NFC Rookie of the Year Jerry Rice, Dwight Clark, and Russ Francis. So what went wrong? San Francisco's pass defense. In the course of one year, the 49ers' secondary (which also suffered several injuries) went from the league's best to one of its worst. Coach Bill Walsh played wheeler-dealer on draft day, and came up with lots of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

#### DANNY SHERIDAN'S 1986 NFL PREDICTED FINISHES

##### AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

###### AFC EAST:

1. Miami Dolphins (12-4)
2. New England Patriots (10-6)
3. New York Jets (9-7)
4. Indianapolis Colts (5-11)
5. Buffalo Bills (3-13)

###### AFC CENTRAL:

1. Cincinnati Bengals (9-7)
2. Cleveland Browns (8-8)
3. Pittsburgh Steelers (7-9)
4. Houston Oilers (5-11)

###### AFC WEST:

1. Seattle Seahawks (11-5)
2. Denver Broncos (10-6)
3. Los Angeles Raiders (10-6)
4. San Diego Chargers (8-8)
5. Kansas City Chiefs (7-9)

##### NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

###### NFC EAST:

1. Dallas Cowboys (10-6)
2. New York Giants (10-6)
3. St. Louis Cardinals (8-8)
4. Washington Redskins (8-8)
5. Philadelphia Eagles (6-10)

###### NFC CENTRAL:

1. Chicago Bears (12-4)
2. Green Bay Packers (7-9)
3. Detroit Lions (6-10)
4. Tampa Bay Buccaneers (6-10)
5. Minnesota Vikings (5-11)

###### NFC WEST:

1. San Francisco 49ers (11-5)
2. Los Angeles Rams (10-6)
3. New Orleans Saints (7-9)
4. Atlanta Falcons (4-12)



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Just destroy all the tapes."  
—Former President Nixon, when asked what his successors could learn from Watergate



## JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL AWARD

City Council officials in Fitzgerald, Georgia, canceled an art exhibit at the local library on the ground that children might see two paintings of nudes included in the exhibit.

## ONLY IN AMERICA

Antoinette Giancana, author of *Mafia Princess*, has announced plans for a line of Mafia Princess fashions, cosmetics, and a cookbook of "Mafia recipes."



## FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

It has been reported that East German Army officials complained that too many of their soldiers are wearing earrings and sporting "gaudy-dyed hair."

## CLASS ACTS

**T**elelevision-station owner Ted Turner, in a speech to NASA employees, said of Italians: "Italians! Imagine the Italians at war. I mean, what a joke. They didn't belong

in the last war, they were sorry they were in it, they were glad to get out of it. They'd rather be involved in crime and just making wine and having a good time."

**A**fter refusing a child's request to play "Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer" on the radio, a Maitland,



Florida, disc jockey called Santa Claus an "asshole," then sang a parody of the song in which various methods of killing the reindeer were outlined.

**R**etiring tax-office employees in K'ai-yang, China, were given coffins as going-away presents.



# DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

## WRETCHED EXCESSES

**P**olice in the Indian state of Bihar fired on a group of high school students who were cheating on their final examinations, killing one of them and wounding several others.

**A** legless New Jersey man was denied a half-fare ride on a bus because he did not have an identification card proving that he was handicapped.

**A**n Arcadia, Florida, radio disc jockey, saying he



was fed up with his job, locked himself in his studio and air-played the song "Take This Job and Shove It" for two and a half hours until police removed him from the studio.

## LAST LAUGH

A nationally televised search for former crime boss Al Capone's "secret vault" underneath a Chicago hotel, hosted by Geraldo Rivera, turned up a room full of dirt and a 50-year-old beer bottle.



## HIGHS AND LOWS

Singer John Denver, reacting to the *Challenger* space-shuttle disaster, claimed that he felt "responsible for the whole Civilian-in-Space program getting started," and that he, not teacher Christa McAuliffe, should have been aboard that flight. Denver also announced that he has been discussing with producers the idea of doing a concert in space.

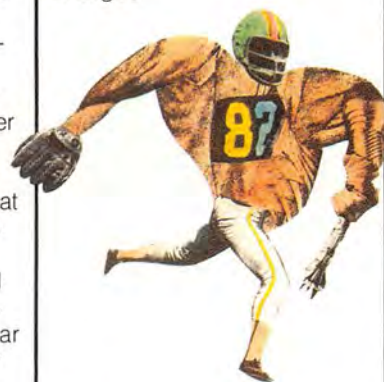
## IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

According to the account of a Palm Beach, Florida, woman, she was sleeping one morning just after 3 A.M. when she was awakened by a man getting into bed with her. Assuming it was her estranged husband, she allowed the man to make love to her. Later that morning, upon rising, she noticed that her husband kept the bed-sheet over his head and had worn socks and shoes to bed. While she was showering to get ready for work, the man disappeared. That afternoon, she confronted her estranged husband and demanded to know why he had snuck into her bed at that hour of the morning to make love to her. Puzzled, the estranged husband pointed out that he had been somewhere else and nowhere near her house. The woman later learned that her house had been burglarized the same night, and that the man who had sexually assaulted her and then spent the rest of the night sleeping in her arms was the burglar himself.



## SPORTING AMERICA

**A** Key West, Florida, man called police to complain that a motel owner had stolen a valuable briefcase that he kept concealed in his room. Police found the briefcase, had the man identify the contents as a mixture of cocaine and marijuana, then arrested him on drug charges.



**P**urdue University officials banned that school's traditional "Nude Winter Olympics" on the ground that participants might get frost-bite.





## LIFE AT THE TOP

A California woman, claiming she is totally incompetent at playing blackjack, sued two Las Vegas casinos on the grounds that they "wrongfully and negligently" failed to suggest that she attend classes on the game while allowing her to lose \$300,000 playing it. (From Fred Hoffman, Carmichael, Calif.)

## PLACE IN THE SUN

A Queens, New York, man was charged with practicing medicine without a license after reportedly telling cancer patients at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center that he could cure their afflictions with a treatment of garlic, chickpeas, and cabbage.



During a halftime performance at a football game, four members of the Yale University Precision Marching Band dropped their pants and mooned nearly 40,000 spectators.

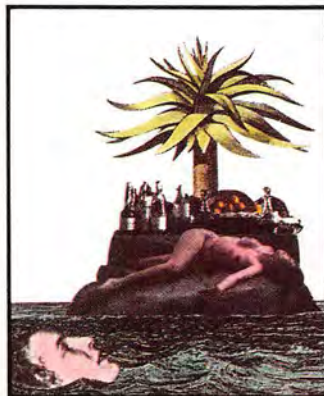
It was recently disclosed that the body of a dead derelict lay for six days near Los Angeles City Hall, ignored by pedestrians and gardeners, who watered and tended to the grass around the decomposing corpse. (From J. E. McKay, Fremont, N.H.)

## THE HALLS OF IVY

Officials at the University of California, San Diego, have recently added the Nude Kite Flyers Club and the Homosexual Vegetarians' Commune to the list of "approved" student organizations on campus.

## KNOCK ON WOOD

Following a 12-month period in which more than 2,000 people were killed in airline crashes, the chairman of the Federal Aviation Administration declared that it was "one of the safest years" in aviation history.



## WORST NEW PRODUCTS

A new board game produced by a West German firm features pawns representing Jews, who are sent to death camps on the throw of dice. Authorities say they will block any distribution of the game, called *Jude Aergre Dich Nicht* ("Jew, Do

Not Get Angry").

A Minnesota firm has announced a new process that freeze-dries deceased pets, preserving their remains in lifelike fashion. Recently, the firm freeze-dried a man's pet lion.

## 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.



# NFL PREDICTIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194

new faces to replace aging stars like over-the-hill pass rusher Fred Dean. The 49ers have more than enough talent to win their division.

The Los Angeles Rams finished 11-5 last year, and were lucky to do so. After breaking O. J. Simpson's single-season rushing mark by gaining 2,105 yards in '84, running back Eric Dickerson gained only 1,234 yards last year. As a result, quarterback Dieter Brock, the Rams' 34-year-old import from the Canadian Football League, was forced to throw far more often than he or Coach John Robinson wanted him to. Even though Brock was the NFC's third-ranked passer, Los Angeles fans put him through hell. The Rams' passing game ranked last in the league. The team's management apparently has given up on Brock. Why else have the Rams signed former Falcon Steve Bartkowski and third-round draft choice Hugh Millen of Washington? The Rams have a terrific defense, but unless they shape up their passing game in a hurry, they'll continue to be also-rans.

The New Orleans Saints have never had a winning team, so new head coach Jim Mora—highly successful with the USFL's Stars—has very little to live up to. Mora's first order of business was to de-

cide on a dependable starting quarterback. Richard Todd and Dave Wilson were both mediocre last year, so Mora will go with Bobby Hebert. The Saints' low-rated rushing attack should perk up quite a bit with the addition of running backs Dalton Hilliard of L.S.U. and Reuben Mayes of Washington State. Except for placekicker Morten Andersen and linebacker Rickey Jackson, both All-Pros, Mora hasn't inherited much. Give him two years, though, and I think the Saints will actually, finally, come up winners.

As jumbled as things might be in New Orleans, the Saints are a lot better off than the Falcons. Atlanta was 4-12 last year, and its players were so unhappy that after the season ended, ten of them opted for free agency. The Falcons are the NFL's most demoralized outfit. Coach Dan Henning is in the final season of a three-year contract that probably won't be renewed, and the team's season-ticket sales have approached an all-time low—we're talking chaos, sports fans. If not for super running back Gerald Riggs, Atlanta might not have won a single game last season. Riggs led NFC rushers with 1,719 yards, and personally accounted for 90 percent of the Falcons' ground game. I could sadden you with a litany of woeful stats that starts off with Falcon quarterbacks being sacked a league-high 69 times last season, and a defense that allowed a league-high 452 points,

but why belabor the obvious? Atlanta's going to be just awful. **O—**

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Miami	6-1
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New England	10-1
New York Giants	12-1
Denver	15-1
Los Angeles Rams	20-1
Seattle	25-1
Dallas	25-1
Washington	25-1
Cleveland	25-1
New York Jets	30-1
Cincinnati	30-1
San Diego	50-1
St. Louis	100-1
Pittsburgh	200-1
Kansas City	250-1
Detroit	500-1
Green Bay	1,000-1
Philadelphia	5,000-1
Minnesota	25,000-1
Houston	50,000-1
New Orleans	100,000-1
Atlanta	200,000-1
Tampa Bay	500,000-1
Buffalo	1,000,000-1
Indianapolis	1,000,000-1



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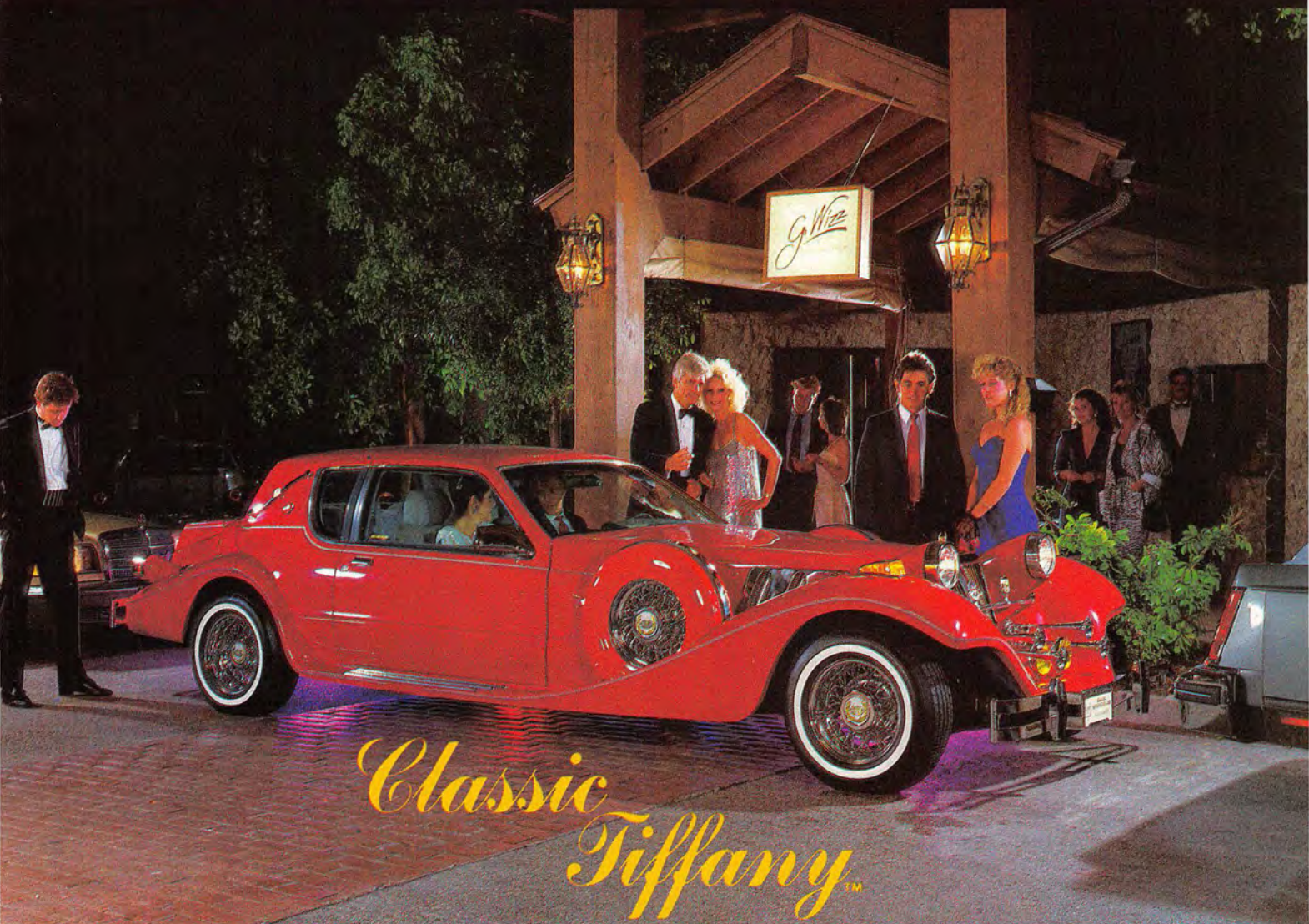
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# ANYTHING GOES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 178

I was into a lot of drugs and totally turned off to everything else."

When he got into Boston University, where he majored in communications, Stern decided to wise up. "I felt that because my father was paying for my education, I damned well better do good." His father was pleased that his son was in college, but he wasn't too thrilled over Howard's choice of profession, hoping he would be a lawyer or a dentist. "He wanted me to be something where you have a guaranteed income no matter how bad you fuck up," Stern says.

There was also a sex life for the teenager growing up on Long Island, although, as Stern describes it, it wouldn't make a "Forum" letter. His first sexual adventure as a teenager was a dismal failure, he recalls:

"I finally persuaded my girlfriend to come to my house. Before she came over, I read a sex manual my parents had in the house. It was called *A Guide to Your Wedding Night*, or something like that. I remember reading for a half hour on foreplay. I read about how to rub a girl's nipples, the whole bit. So I figured, okay, I'm going to rub her nipples, this is going to be fucking fantastic. Finally, she comes to my house and I start to kiss her, and then I forgot what to do. For three hours I just sat there talking and talking to her and I didn't do it. It pissed me off that I had spent all that time researching the fucking thing."

Other failures followed. It is difficult to imagine that the man who can talk knowingly for hours a day about lesbian threesomes and the myriad positions of the Kama Sutra was such a sexual klutz as a teenager. Stern recalls being with a girl by a lake on a late summer evening:

"She and I took our clothes off and ran into the lake. I guess she wanted me to do it in the water, and I ran after her. When I got there I couldn't figure out what to do. You talk about things mechanical! So I start squatting down in the water, and she's looking at me like, 'What the fuck is wrong with you, you geek!' I couldn't figure out how to get it together until it was a couple of months later, when I begged her to release me from my virginity. She was kind enough to do it."

Back at college Stern was learning other things, most importantly how to be a professional radio disc jockey. As in his young sex life, Howard's greatest teacher was failure. Three friends and Stern had a college radio show called the "King Schmaltz Hour," where they produced and performed weird but amateurish material. Howard was performing a routine called "Godzilla Goes to Harlem" when the program director telephoned him on the air. "You have three guesses to guess who this is," he said. Howard didn't recognize his voice, and wise-

cracked: "Is it Liz Taylor? Johnny Carson?" "No," he said. "This is Hank, and you're fired!" If the shock and embarrassment of being fired on the air on a college radio station wasn't enough of a blow to Stern, a response from his father to a tape he had sent him was even more devastating. His father wrote how horrible he thought Howard was and that the tape was the worst thing he had ever heard in his life.

The firing and his father's letter brought Howard to his senses. If he was going to do this work for a living, he had to do it right. To be wacky, he realized, was not enough. He had to learn to be professionally wacky. Stern offers the analogy of Jack Benny: "Benny really knew how to play the violin in order to play it shitty. So before I was going to make it in this business, I knew that I would have to learn the basics."

For \$96, six days a week, Stern did just that at his first professional job as a disc

of bikers who were real rough. It wasn't fun, but I learned a great deal."

Stern was on a roll. After two years in Motown, he was once again on the move. In 1981 he hit his stride, moving to Washington, D.C., and appearing on the 101 morning show. Joining him was Hartford buddy "Earthdog" Fred Norris and a new addition to his crew, Robin Quivers, a former Baltimore consumer-affairs reporter. The team put out the nation's capital's most successful show, and Stern was named best disc jockey of 1981.

Few listeners (and certainly not Howard himself) will dispute that Robin is vital to the show's success. Black, beautiful, and the possessor of the most infectious laughter heard over the airwaves, she provides a springboard for Stern to jump off into greater depths of zaniness. Quivers is witty, bouncy—the perfect straight lady for him. She is there to incite and ignite his imagination. When Robin is reading the news, she will also be egging Howard on to comment. For example, during one show, Quivers was reporting on sperm banks and deliberately played up the money they pay for "donations." Howard took the bait. "Gee, Robin," he mused sadly. "Just think how much money I let slip through my fingers."

When Stern left Washington to come to New York's WNBC in 1982, Quivers traveled north with him. She was also fired with him in 1985. Today, the odd couple—he a white boy brought up in a black neighborhood, she a black girl brought up in a white Baltimore community—get normally disgruntled New Yorkers awake with a laugh five mornings a week on FM radio station WXRK—"K Rock." And they're more outrageous than ever, along with such new personalities as Jackie "The Jokeman" Martling. When Quivers told Stern that Geraldine Ferraro's son had been arrested for selling cocaine, Stern remarked: "Yeah, he probably wants his mother to become ambassador to Bolivia."

In early 1986, Stern made the decision to go from an afternoon format on WXRK to an early-morning show from 6 to 10 A.M. The three months of afternoon programs on the new station were successful for him. He was making more money than he had on WNBC, and, as he puts it, "management doesn't jerk me off." The decision to do a morning program enabled Stern to take revenge on his former employers.

For several years, WNBC has received high ratings from its morning-show disc jockey, Don Imus. With Imus in the morning and Stern in the afternoon, WNBC controlled a large share of the listening audience eight hours a day.

"By dumping me, WNBC unleashed its worst nightmare," Howard says, vowing that by moving to an early-morning show, "I am going to dip into their audience."

To give you an idea just how successful Howard has been at WXRK, *Newsday*, a New York daily, reported in June that

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6

We talk about Jews,  
blacks, gays. . . . I did the  
first gay and lesbian  
"Dial-a-Date" on radio. I  
figured I would hear from  
every gay group  
about it, but they dug it.

9

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jockey. For two years he was a straight disc jockey—"the worst disc jockey in the world," he recalls—he gave the time, the weather, and played records, and occasionally took the opportunity to be funny by making up weird commercials. Although Stern believed he was horrible, he thought that after two years he had learned enough to do the type of program he wanted to bring to radio. He sent WCCC, a Hartford radio station, some of the comic commercial tapes he had been doing and another one of him playing comedian Robert Klein on the air. He was hired, but to this day Stern believes the station thought they were hiring Robert Klein. Whatever the reason, it made little difference. Howard was a huge success in Hartford and was ready to move on in his career.

In 1979, station WWWW in Detroit asked him to come to their city to do a show for what Stern thought was an incredible amount of money—\$30,000. And while Detroit was rough, Stern learned a great deal. He was given the opportunity to do what he calls "outrageous shit. We had a weather lady who was a genuine leather queen. She would bring in a lot



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Infinity Broadcasting Corporation, the radio station's parent company, was able to raise \$41.6 million in its initial public offering of 3.3 million shares of stock. The newspaper commented: "Stern's off-the-wall presence, which is boosting WXRK's advertising bookings by 31.9 percent over last June, helped sell the offering."

Stern is also out to prove a point to Imus and other "third-rate rip-offs" who he feels have imitated his style and show. He complains that all across the nation, radio disc jockeys have become Howard Stern clones. The impact of this came when he was fired from WNBC:

"I felt that I was leaving this really hip station. Then I said, wait a minute, the reason it's hip is because I was on for four hours a day. So fuck them, they're no longer hip. I found all kinds of disc jockeys on that station, in the whole New York area, sounding like me and changing their attitudes on the air. They all would fuck around with their engineers, get into long raps, and take long phone calls. Nobody was doing that before me.

"I really get pissed off when I hear people using my material. That drives me crazy. What pisses me off even more is when these disc jockeys get on the air after they've ripped me off blind and start talking about how I ripped them off. You go to any city in the United States and you'll hear these disc jockeys."

Because of his anger and frustration, Stern decided to find other avenues to express his humor. A recent enterprise is a nightclub show known as "Uncensored

Howard Stern," which he describes as "a show within a show." It includes the cast of his radio show and is often "out of control," according to Stern. Not a typical comedy show, it includes songs, monologues, videos, telephone calls, and, as always with Stern, audience participation. While Stern admits one of his purposes is "grossing out audiences," the success of the show is phenomenal, if selling out all tickets is any gauge. Stern has hinted that this is the direction he would like to take his career in.

Some people have suggested that only a man stoned out of his mind could carry on in such a fashion. They're dead wrong. Howard is violently antidrug, mostly from experience: "In the sixties, I was heavily into that shit—acid, ludes—and I think it took a piece of my mind right out the door. Personally, I think that LSD is the worst fucking drug in the world. That shit is nasty. I'm just thankful my kids ain't going around as mushrooms."

If Stern is "into" anything, it is transcendental meditation; but it is something he does not like to make a big deal over. He points out that it is not a religious experience, but a technique that he claims relaxes him and helps his creativity. "People are surprised that I meditate, because they think, 'Well, how come he's such a maniac?' But the thing is, you're a *better* maniac. It's not like it changes you. If you're an army general, you're a better army general. It's not like you become a pacifist."

The private Howard Stern leads a very

placid life. Living with his wife, Alison, and two children, Stern is not exactly a party animal. "I don't want to hang out with anybody. On weekends I can't socialize with people because all they want to do is ask me about my radio show. All that I do is go to the movies, dinner, and lock myself in the room with my wife. The only time I want to go and meet people is when I want to talk about them on the air."


Although Stern has discussed the most personal and embarrassing details of his married life on the air, one of his pet peeves is today's so-called liberated men. Typically, when he was asked about it, he had strong views about the subject: "I happen to think the Phil Donahues and Alan Aldas are a load of bullshit. Do you know what I mean? Phil Donahue, as far as I can tell, dumped his first wife with the four kids and went out and married a movie starlet. He's having a grand old time. Yet everyone claims that he's kind of a liberated male and he's what's happening. I don't see it that way at all.

"I see me as being a happening male because I am a good husband. I don't cheat on my wife, and I think I'm a pretty good father. To me, that's a liberated male."

In fact, Stern says, if there's any problem at all in his marriage it's that he's so boring at home. "I'm really not a lot of fun. Sometimes Alison will say, 'You're so funny on the air and you have so much personality. Why can't you come home and be that way with me?' But, you know, it burns you out. I have to save it all up for those four hours a day."

And for a growing number of New Yorkers, those four hours are worth any sacrifice. Recently, a bunch of fans gathered in Walsh's Pub in Queens and debated their favorite Howard routine. Was it "The Gay Saint Patrick's Day Parade" (in which the last 400 men who slept with Rock Hudson *after* he died of AIDS swept by in the climactic float)? Or perhaps the Kurt Waldheim show, "Guess Who's the Jew"? Or was it Howard's frequent excursions to the "Gay Playroom" in the basement, where he plays rounds of "Penis Ping-Pong" and "Hide the Frog" with selected guests?

No matter what your taste, everyone agreed, Howard would find some way to gross you out—and keep you laughing. Perhaps Peggy Halpin, who tends bar there, put it best: "You know, he really gets me going every morning. Sometimes I'm seriously disappointed when I get up and I realize that it's the weekend and Howard isn't on."

When you realize that his fans are upset that they've finally made it through the week, you begin to understand the powerful attraction that Howard Stern exerts. In a city that has elected Ed Koch mayor three times, Howard has found his habitat. After all, for citizens of the Big Apple, waiting for accidents to happen is endemic. You might as well have a good laugh in the meantime. 



"I guess it's more serious than we think . . . that's our humor editor."



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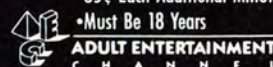
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BY FRANK DONEGAN

**O**bsession may be a swell name for a perfume, but as a psychological state of mind it leaves a lot to be desired. The word *obsession* comes from the Latin military term for "besiege." And that's just what obsessions do to the mind. They surround it like medieval armies besieging a fortress and prevent us from breaking through our own circumscribed world to make contact with the larger world.

People who are obsessional may be extremely successful because they can concentrate on one aspect of their lives with enormous intensity. Yet, no matter how much they accomplish, it rarely satisfies them because they can never quite achieve the degree of meticulous control they consider necessary. Look what happened to Howard Hughes. Or how about Othello? He became so blindly obsessed with the idea that Desdemona might be getting a little sex on the side that he ended up killing her and himself. Which was a hell of a solution to a problem that didn't exist in the first place.

In actuality, people who suffer even from advanced cases of obsessive-compulsive behavior rarely are dangerous to themselves or others, but they sure can be weird. In his book *Anxiety* (Oxford University Press, 1986), University of Kansas psychiatrist Donald W. Goodwin cites the case of one woman who was obsessed with keeping clean. Each month she used 225 bars of soap, 400 pairs of surgical gloves, 4,000 plastic bags (which she wrapped around her already gloved hands), and 360 rolls of toilet paper.

This psychograph is not specifically designed to tell you if you're *that* obsessed. According to Dr. Goodwin, such people make up only about one percent of the population. And they're too busy with their obsessions to take time out for a quiz like this anyway. Instead, we've constructed this questionnaire to focus on what psychologists and psychiatrists call "the obsessional personality." This is a more common set of traits and behav-

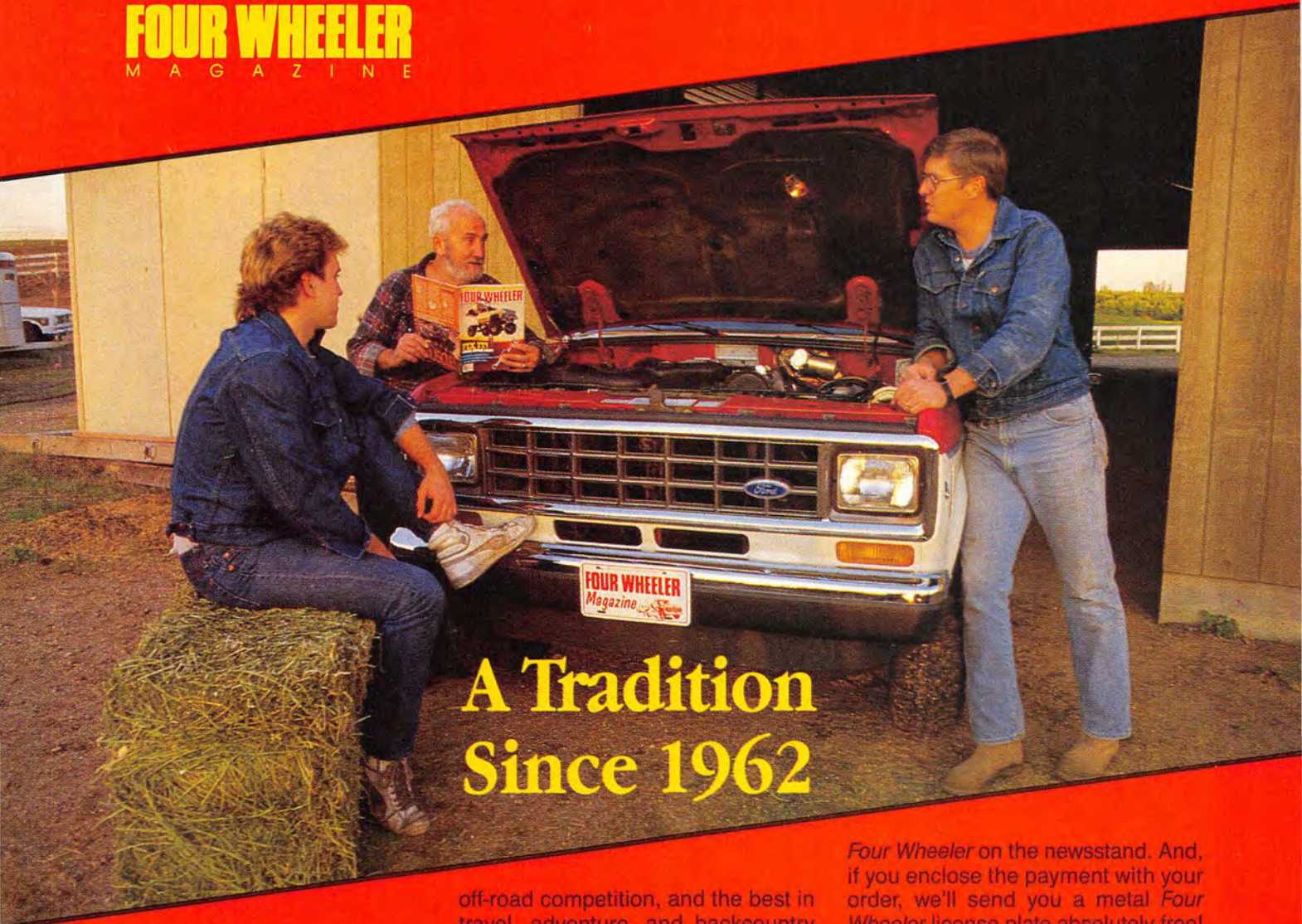
iors, and people who exhibit it don't necessarily indulge in the bizarre rituals that characterize those who suffer from advanced obsessive-compulsive disorders. A high score on this psychograph doesn't mean you're loony, but it may suggest that you are constricting your life to an uncomfortable degree. You may be losing a lot of the joy of living because you're too wrapped up in narrow, constricting concerns. You may, as they say, be missing the forest for the trees.

1. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
  - (a) I'm a strong believer in the old maxim: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."
  - (b) I'm quite orderly, but I don't mind if occasionally someone rearranges things on me.
  - (c) My surroundings may look disorderly, but I can usually find what I need.
  - (d) I'm a total disorderly slob who often has trouble finding stuff when I need it.
2. Do you think you'd be intimidated if a beautiful, unpredictable woman showed an interest in you?
  - (a) yes, totally
  - (b) Yes, but I think I'd be fascinated enough to try and pursue the relationship.
  - (c) No, I'd love it.
  - (d) No, but I don't think I'd pursue the relationship because I don't like upheaval and unpredictability in my life.
3. Are you a punctual person?
  - (a) yes, very
  - (b) When it's important, yes; but not always.
  - (c) no
4. How much freedom did your parents let you have as a kid?
  - (a) My parents really let me run wild.

I could do just about anything I wanted.

- (b) I think my parents struck a pretty good balance between protecting me and giving me freedom.
  - (c) My parents were very protective. I often couldn't do things other kids were allowed to do.
5. In general, how did your parents judge your behavior and schoolwork when you were a kid?
    - (a) My parents always seemed to praise everything I did, even when I didn't really deserve it.
    - (b) My parents never paid much attention to my schoolwork or behavior.
    - (c) My parents usually praised me when I deserved it.
    - (d) My parents were very critical of everything I did.
  6. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I have very strong religious, moral, and ethical beliefs."
    - (a) agree
    - (b) disagree
    - (c) I'm not particularly religious, but I believe I'm an ethical person.
  7. Do you have strong political beliefs?
    - (a) yes
    - (b) no
    - (c) I suppose I'm about average. I've got political opinions, but they're not fanatical.
  8. Do you check and recheck things several times to make sure you've done them right?
    - (a) yes, often
    - (b) sometimes
    - (c) not usually
  9. How do you react to having small children around?
    - (a) I enjoy them.
    - (b) I get nervous around kids.
    - (c) I can take them or leave them.





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6 Obsessive-compulsive people rarely are dangerous, but they sure can be weird. 9

## PSYCHOGRAPH

10. Do you feel you're pretty much in control of your life?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) sometimes yes, sometimes no
  - (c) No, I often worry about losing control.
11. Which of the following statements most closely describes how you make decisions?
  - (a) I make quick decisions and rarely change them.
  - (b) I make quick decisions and sometimes regret it.
  - (c) I have real trouble making decisions, but once I do I rarely change them.
  - (d) I have real trouble making decisions, and even when I make one I don't usually consider it "final."
12. When you go to bed at night, have you already planned precisely what you will wear in the morning?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) Sometimes, like when I have to get out of the house early in the morning for a special occasion.
  - (c) not usually
13. Do you have many routines in your life? (Example: visiting your family on the same day each week.)
  - (a) yes
  - (b) Some, but probably no more than the average person.
  - (c) No, I'm very erratic.
14. How do you feel if you are forced to alter your normal routines by something like an emergency or a visit from a friend?
  - (a) That's fine, in fact I find it exciting when something happens to shake up my life.
  - (b) Sometimes I enjoy such a change of pace, sometimes I don't.
  - (c) I hate it. I get nervous when I can't do the things I'm used to doing.
15. Do you enjoy traveling?
  - (a) Yes, very much. I love seeing unfamiliar places.
  - (b) Sometimes, but it's always nice to come home.
  - (c) not really
16. Do you often have doubts about yourself and what you do?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) sometimes
  - (c) not usually
17. Do you often have disturbing or irrational thoughts even when you try to avoid them?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) sometimes
  - (c) not usually
18. Do you ever feel that by thinking something bad will happen, you may actually cause it to occur?
  - (a) yes
  - (b) No, life doesn't work that way.
19. Do you ever concentrate so hard on something that you lose track of time, forget to eat, or overlook important appointments?
  - (a) yes, often
  - (b) sometimes
  - (c) not usually
20. Are you a dependable person?
  - (a) yes, extremely
  - (b) I'm quite dependable.
  - (c) I'm moderately dependable.
  - (d) No, I'm not dependable at all.

### SCORING

All answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of your answers. The highest possible score is 113 points; the lowest, 20.

- |                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1 | 11. a-3, b-1, c-5, d-4 |
| 2. a-4, b-5, c-1, d-3 | 12. a-5, b-2, c-1      |
| 3. a-5, b-3, c-1      | 13. a-5, b-2, c-1      |
| 4. a-1, b-3, c-5      | 14. a-1, b-3, c-6      |
| 5. a-3, b-1, c-2, d-5 | 15. a-1, b-3, c-5      |
| 6. a-5, b-1, c-3      | 16. a-5, b-3, c-1      |
| 7. a-5, b-1, c-3      | 17. a-8, b-3, c-1      |
| 8. a-7, b-3, c-1      | 18. a-8, b-1           |
| 9. a-1, b-5, c-2      | 19. a-6, b-3, c-1      |
| 10. a-1, b-3, c-8     | 20. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1 |

If you scored 91 to 113 points:

You appear to have strong obsessional leanings. This does not mean that you are a clinical nut case, but it does suggest that you may have a tendency to let repetitive rituals and compulsive actions rule your life. The good news is that these behaviors often disappear as suddenly as they appeared in the first place. They

are often successfully dealt with through behavioral therapy. In fact, if you feel your obsessions are cramping your life, you might try a little behavioral therapy on yourself. When you are tempted to engage in one of your standard rituals or compulsive behaviors, simply refrain from doing it. You will feel exposed and maybe even frightened. But if you can stand the tension for a while, you'll see that nothing bad is likely to happen. The simple act of refusing to give in to your compulsions may make them wither away so you can get on with enjoying your life.


67 to 90 points:

People in this category are more likely to exhibit the standard "obsessional personality" we discussed earlier. They don't necessarily have the tics, rituals, or compulsions associated with extremely obsessive people, but they do have a single-mindedness that can give a narrow focus to their lives. According to Dr. Goodwin, those with obsessional personalities are "rigid, stubborn, pedantic, and something of a bore." On the other hand they're also punctual, meticulous, and dependable, which can make them extremely productive workers. If this describes you, a little loosening up may be in order. If you can just ease up slightly, you may find life is more enjoyable than you ever suspected.

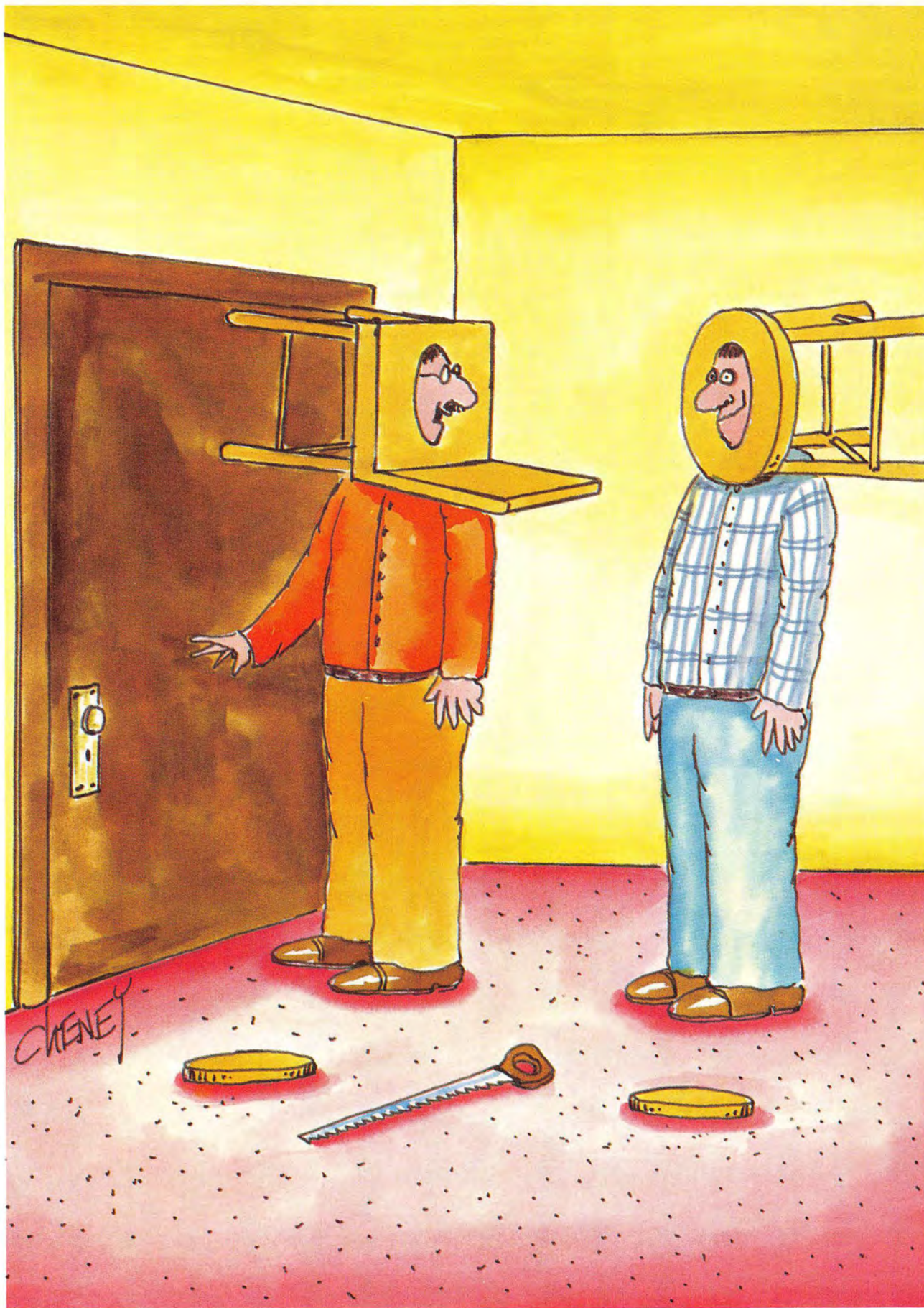
43 to 66 points:

You appear to have few obsessional traits, but you may exhibit just enough of them to give your life a nice balance. You don't waste time on useless, repetitive, predictable behavior, yet you can be conscientious and focus tightly on things when the need arises. You appear, in short, to be a model of moderation—and that's rarer than you might think.

20 to 42 points:

You appear to be virtually free of obsessional impulses. You are unlikely ever to feel an irresistible "need" to do anything. People in this category may be true free spirits who look at each day with fresh eyes. They shun the predictable and crave new experiences. They float along, happy to experience whatever comes down the pike. While this often makes them interesting people, it may also cause them trouble when they try to function in the real world, which usually rewards persistence more than creativity. 





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pore. But, in reality, that bank is acting only on behalf of the ghost company that deposited the dirty money with them. Your real counterpart is yourself. Therefore, the \$7-million profit you earn is not recorded as the bank's loss, but as the loss of your anonymous bearer-share company.

"The deal has turned \$7 million in hidden dirty money into a clean profit. You haven't even really lost the \$1-million option premium, because it has been paid to the ghost company that was your counterpart in the deal—that is, to yourself. Your final profit from the transaction is reduced only by the commission you must pay the bank for the fiduciary transaction—here, about \$20,000—and by the income tax you must pay to the American government.

"In practice, a man who is expert at this system might buy and sell the same option many times during the six-month period, according to the fluctuations of the market and launder hundreds of millions of dollars in a relatively brief time.

"All right," he then said. "But what if, during those six months, the yen rises? What if it goes up to 220 per dollar?

"In this case, you allow the option to expire unexercised, and you lose only the cost of the premium, \$1 million, and the \$20,000 commission to the bank. But, again, that \$1-million loss is not actually a loss. It is offset by the \$1 million in black profits earned by your ghost company as a premium for the option you have granted it. And, as you can deduct the \$1-million 'loss' from your income, not only do you suffer no real losses, but you also lower the tax you must pay on the laundered profits from other deals.

"In these days of floating exchange rates, there are often rapid fluctuations within a span of hours. Working prudently, a man who knows what he's doing can realize enormous profits without risk—profits that are not really profits, but dirty money made clean.

"The same system can be used with commodities. You buy a futures contract valued at \$100 million. Once again, the counterpart of the American bank or broker you use will be, upon your request, the bank in Hong Kong or Singapore where your dirty money has been deposited in the name of your bearer-share company. The Far East bank will receive a notice that the contract proposed by the American bank or broker is to be stipulated for the ghost company. The Far East bank takes no risk, and asks only a very slight margin as a formality—perhaps \$1 million.

"If the price of the commodity rises ten percent, you make \$10 million in profit. The counterpart company registers a loss in the same amount. Thus you have turned dirty money to clean.

"If the price of the commodity falls ten

percent, you officially lose \$10 million. But since you are also secretly the counterpart company that profits by \$10 million, your commission to the bank, \$20,000, is your only real loss—and you can now deduct \$10 million against your other taxable profits.

"Whether currency or commodities options are used, the system is invincible. It is"—he looked away, feeling for a phrase—"it is the system at the end of the world." He smiled wickedly then. "Your government, perhaps, should speak of this to Mr. Colby, the former CIA director, who is now privately employed by the Singapore government."

(Mr. Colby confirmed for *Penthouse* that he was a consultant for the Singapore government, but said: "I don't know a thing about any laundering schemes.")

He fingered the corner of the manila folder, stuffed with papers, that lay before him; the manila folder on which he had written my surname in bold capitals,

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6

Most of the respected families of the world—the Rothschilds, the Kennedys, and the Rockefellers—can trace the origins of their fortunes to various illegal profits, and to the avoidance of taxes on those profits.

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9

and which he brought daily from his cell to our meetings in this chamber.

"Several months ago, when I was still in America," he said, in a voice not much louder than the breath that carried it, "they secretly brought me to Washington, to explain these things to Mr. Harmon of the President's Commission on Organized Crime. He had me know that, in turn, he would provide me with an affidavit stating that I had worked with the government toward solving the very serious problem of money laundering, blah, blah, blah. Later, I was able to see a copy of the commission's subsequent *Interim Report to the President*. Harmon had completely misunderstood what I had told him. His big report was gibberish.

"Then here, in Voghera, Magistrate Falcone came from Palermo to interrogate me. I tried to tell him that it was not the guns, but the money. I told him that he and the Commissione Parlamentare Antimafia and their American counterparts—no matter how admirable their intent and dedication might be—had not yet even slightly grazed, nor would they ever graze, the actual centers of power created by the drug traffic. 'These finan-

cial centers,' I told him, 'are the real engines, the real furnaces, of something that is hardly touched by the captures and confessions of the world's Buscettas and Badalamentis, or by the breaking of its so-called Pizza and Sicilian Connections.'

"You see," he continued, "the Harmons and the Falcones and all the tax-squandering, self-important agencies and commissions in America and Italy, they can never, they will never, succeed. The only hope"—he slammed his hand down, then lowered his voice just as suddenly—"and it is perhaps not a pretty thing to say"—he smiled—"is to change the drug laws, to legalize heroin, to destroy the source of the wealth that fuels the furnaces, before it is too late.

"But no, they continue with their meaningless, sensational arrests, far from the furnaces' heat. And all the young prosecutors are celebrated by the press, and in that way they build their careers. And the dirty billions stay in the hands of those men who use them to buy death and stoke the furnaces of their power."

He tossed his hand dispiritedly. "And I never got that damned affidavit either."

(Mr. Harmon did not respond to requests for comment.)

The moments of daylight were dwindling. The face of a guard appeared at the small pane in the chamber's wall, then, turning, vanished.


"How did you learn of these systems?" I asked.

"Like everything else I know"—he tapped his index finger to his silvered temple, winking—"it began with those Latin lessons. *Homo sum: humani a me alienum puto*, no?" He was smiling, but his voice was grave. "I bought and sold my share of this world." His eyes passed over the scar that crossed the veins of his left wrist. "I have been around a long time," he said. "Perhaps too long."

I asked him then if he had ever used the systems of which he spoke.

"Yes," he said. "I used them to transmute the taxable profits of some of my clients. It was not for nothing"—he grinned—"that I had the most successful tax-law firm in Italy.

"You see, until 1972, tax evasion in Italy was punishable only under the civil code. The penalties one risked were generally only fines. But in 1972 tax evasion became subject to the penal code. And so, in 1972, I closed my practice.

"Never," he said, "did I launder dirty money. Never," he said, "did I lie down with the Mafia. Not until after my career was destroyed did I ever even meet any of those men. And never, despite their greatest efforts, blackmails, and dreams, have the prosecutors here or in America been able to produce one mafioso to say otherwise. In all their wiretaps, not once have they ever heard the name of Michele Sindona mentioned." His voice had risen excitedly. Now it lightened. "Their truth and justice"—he smiled—"are not too unlike the Mafia's honor." 



# FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

so hard, we rolled off the bed and onto the floor but never missed a stroke. Well, then she decided to take control and got me back on the bed. She jumped on my cock and fucked me like a wild woman. She pounded on my cock like a well-lubricated piston. The sight of her beautiful body on top of me riding me like a wild animal was unbelievable. I played with her fantastic tits, pulling on her erect nipples which drove her even crazier. She leaned forward to kiss me deeply, nibbled on my ears and neck and I felt like I was losing control. I think the only thing that kept me from coming right then was my great desire to please this woman who was giving me the fantasy fuck of my life. After a while, though, I couldn't hold back any longer and exploded deep within her.

I lay there exhausted, but she wasn't through with me yet. She brought my limp dick back to life with that incredible mouth of hers. We went at it again. This time, when I shot my load, I passed out from sheer exhaustion. I woke up the next morning with her sucking on my tool. But that is another story.

I still visit her every time I walk down that street. And believe me, I make it a habit to walk that way as often as possible.—Name and address withheld

## SERVICE WITH A SMILE

I guess most people would call me a nerd. I am a skinny, 28-year-old male, five foot 11, and I wear glasses. This makes what happened to me all the more unbelievable. I work as a technical representative for a large microcomputer manufacturer, so I travel a lot.

I stay in hotels whenever I travel and it's usually pretty lonely and mundane. However, one trip turned out to be a lesson for all nerds to take heart.

It was late in the morning and I was rushing to make a flight. My bags were packed and placed by the door of my hotel room, and I was just about to jump into a quick shower when I heard a knock and a female voice calling, "Maid service?" I was in a hurry to get away, but I opened the door. There was a girl with bright-red hair and striking green eyes. She was wearing a low-cut blouse, giving me a good view of her big tits, jeans covered by an apron, and pink rubber gloves.

I pointed to my bags and told her that as soon as I finished my shower I was on my way out. I said that if she wanted to start on my room, she could go ahead. I left her at the door and bolted for the shower. I didn't really expect her to come in, so I was a little surprised to hear the sound of the vacuum as I stepped into the hot water. I was even more surprised a few minutes later to feel a rush of cool air as the bathroom door opened, and I heard her voice say, "Anything I can clean in here?"

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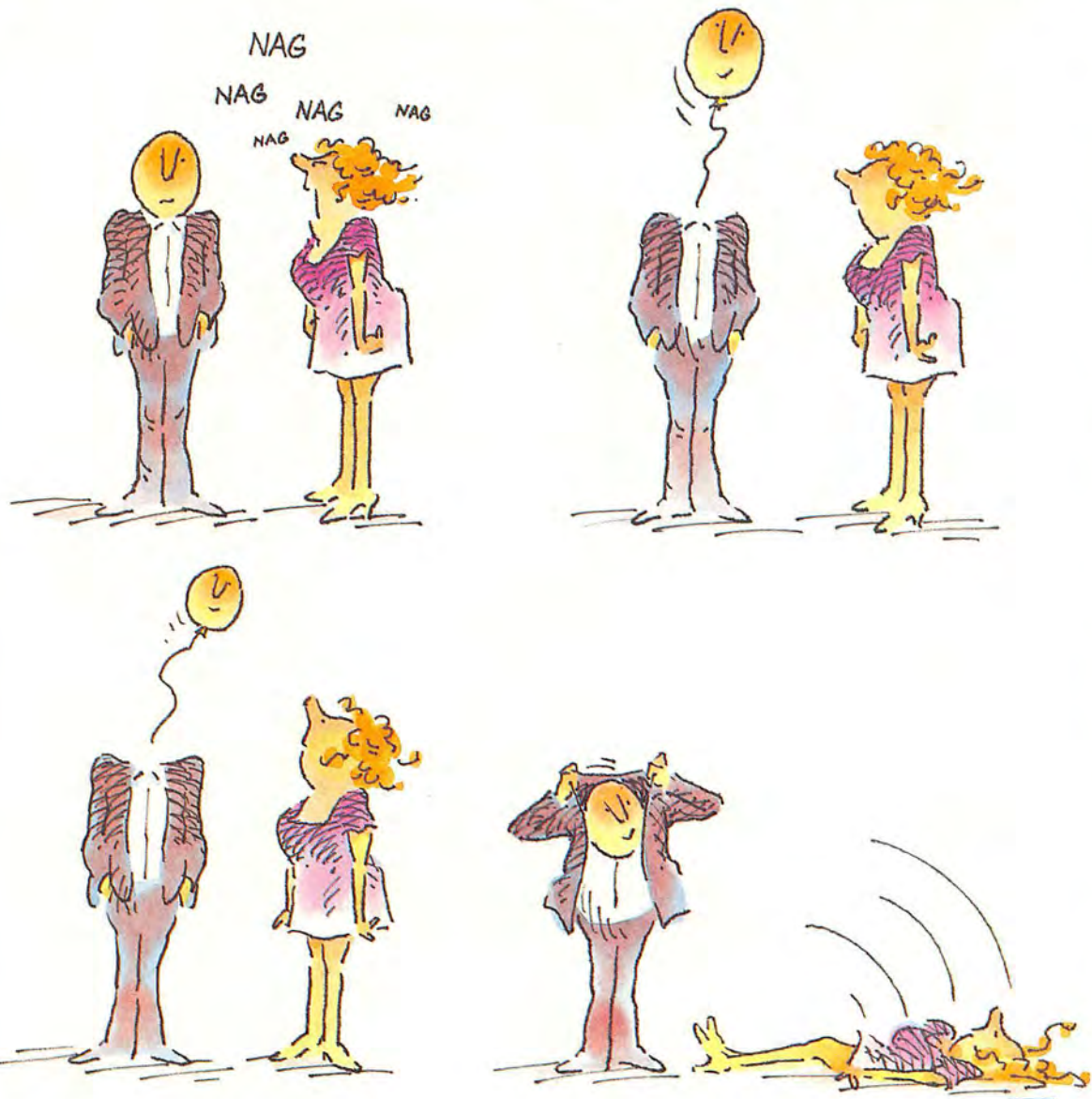
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**MONEY  
BACK  
GUARANTEE**





Now, if I can just patent it.



Cummings



I was lathering my hair with shampoo as I joked, "You can scrub my back."

Unbelievably, the shower door opened slightly and, with my eyes tightly shut against the soap, I shivered when I felt a rubber-gloved hand slide down my soapy back to my ass. I felt the fingers cup my ass cheeks lightly and then return to my shoulders, where they started another long stroke downward. This time the hand slid down my ass and under to gently scratch my balls. My prick, by this time, was starting to nod upward. She reached all the way to my penis, which she grasped and began to stroke slowly. The suds from my shampoo had run down my body, so they dripped from my cock and balls and lubricated the slippery glove that was about to make me come. Her forearm sliding on my balls felt incredibly delicious.

I turned to face her, and she grabbed my cock with both hands and jerked it faster and faster. Her big tits jiggled as she stroked me until I came, squirting shot after shot of come across the front of her apron. I relaxed, slumping back in the shower, letting the water rinse me. When I looked again she was wiping her apron with a tissue. I mumbled an apology, but she just smiled and said, "My pleasure!" I assured her the pleasure was all mine. I quickly dried and dressed as she gathered the wet towels and rinsed the sink. While dressing I asked her name, to which she replied, "Beth." When the desk rang to say my cab was waiting, I thanked her for the extraordinary service and dashed out, leaving a \$50 tip, which I saw her pick up with a bright smile as I closed the door behind me.

Two months later, I was in the same hotel. I had finished a couple of reports, and I was lounging in my robe having a drink. There was a knock on the door, and when I opened it there was Beth, and a friend whom she introduced as Rhonda. Rhonda was a slim, tall black girl with hair braided in tight strings through beads of glass and brass. She and Beth were both dressed to kill in skintight jeans and sexy tops. Of course, I invited them in. Beth explained that she had seen me checking in that afternoon and suggested to her coworker, Rhonda, that they look me up after their shift was over. I offered them a shot of tequila, which they both accepted cheerfully.

After a bit of chitchat, I was getting turned on by these two foxy ladies, and soon there was a noticeable bulge in my robe. Shortly thereafter, I noticed that the girls were starting to squirm in their seats as well.

Suddenly Rhonda blurted out in a hoarse voice, "I want a hard cock!" I thought, *What the hell, why not*, and slipped the belt off my robe, letting my cock wave free.

Both of them reached for it at once, but Rhonda got there first. Beth held my robe open with one hand to get a good view of Rhonda's wide lips slipping over the

## Let MARY-LYNN Keep Abreast of Your Pens and Pencils!

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Address _____			Amount <input type="checkbox"/>
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<input type="checkbox"/> VISA <input type="checkbox"/> M/C <input type="checkbox"/> Other (Specify) No. _____			Total <input type="checkbox"/>

Patent Pending Pen set not included



## 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:

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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.

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**The Xandria Collection, P986**  
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 \_\_\_\_\_

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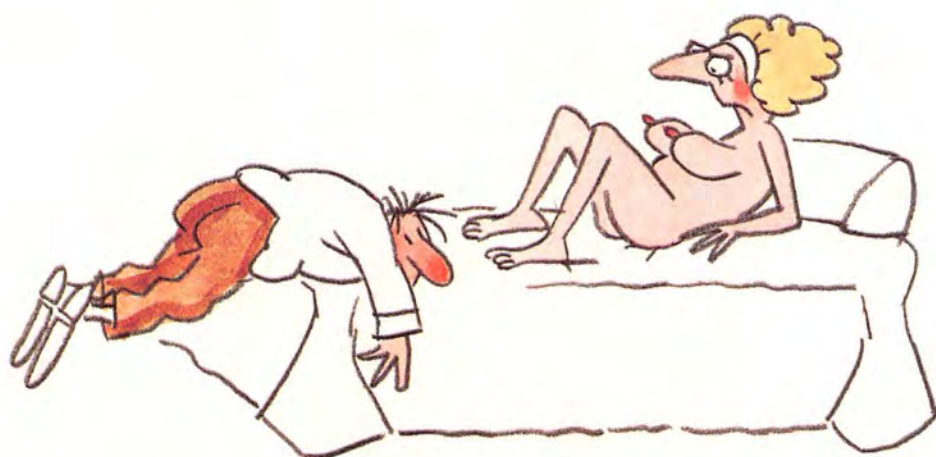
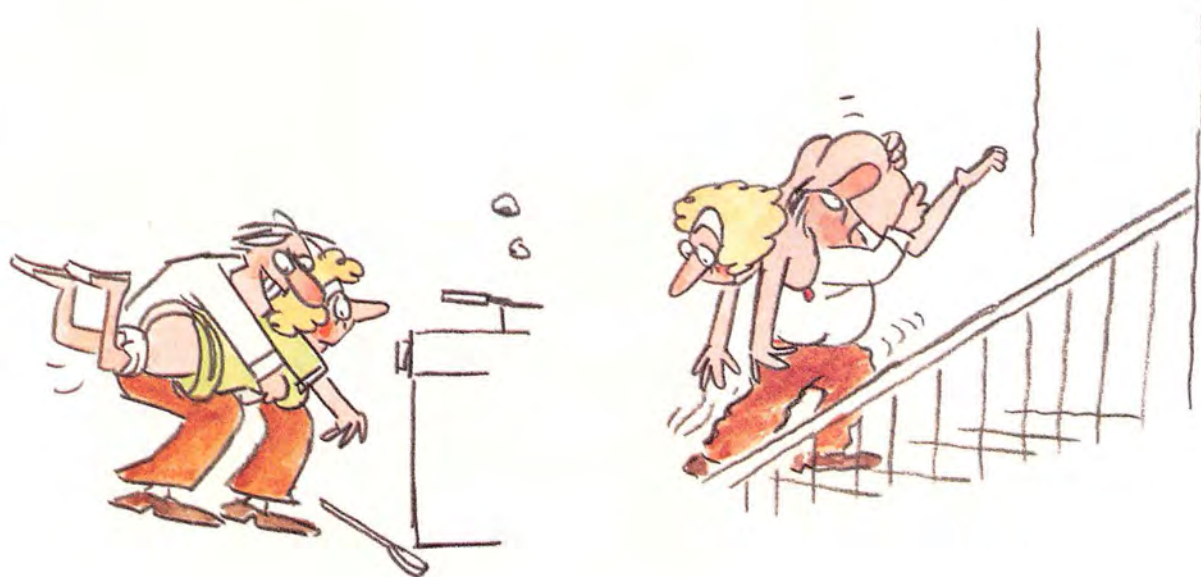
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.





SCOTT



end of my penis, while her other hand fumbled with the snap and zipper on her shorts. I helped her with the zipper, and she lifted her butt from the sofa and slipped the shorts off. As soon as they were off she spread her legs and started rubbing her clit as she watched Rhonda slurping up and down my rock-hard prick.

Rhonda had slid off the sofa and was on her knees in front of me. In moments we were all naked, and Beth was behind Rhonda, tonguing her slick pussy while Rhonda returned to delighting my dick with her mouth. The feel of her hot mouth and the sight of her tits bobbing and Beth licking and sucking her hole were too much for me. I almost blew out her eardrums when I came. Rhonda sucked me dry and then flopped on the sofa next to me, throwing one leg over the sofa arm and the other leg over mine. Beth dove for Rhonda's open cunt, and licked her pink clit while she hammered two fingers in and out of that wet slit. Rhonda grabbed a pillow to muffle her screams as she came again and again. My cock, which had gone limp after my orgasm, was starting to show signs of life again. Beth was dripping wet between her legs, and she looked hopefully at my cock. Rhonda smiled and said, "Let's give it some inspiration!"

Rhonda dropped to the floor with Beth. They held each other in a long French kiss, and then Rhonda sucked Beth's large nipples until they were hard and long. She then lifted Beth's legs over her shoulders, spread her cunt lips with her fingers, and started licking her. Beth gave a long moan and started squeezing her own big tits. My cock was sticking straight out now, and I couldn't resist grabbing Rhonda's butt, which was waving in front of me, and plunging into her pink pussy. It was not long before they both came as I pumped Rhonda from behind. I was able to hold back this time, and after they came I pulled out of Rhonda and rolled them both over so that Beth was lying on top of Rhonda. While they rubbed their tits and pussies together, I slipped into Beth from behind. She screamed and started grinding her pussy onto my hard cock. Rhonda slid down and fondled my balls. Then she put the finger of her other hand right in Beth's pussy with my cock. The feel of her fingers sliding along my cock made me come at the same time that Beth started screaming, "I'm coming too!"

We moved into the bedroom where, after a while, we all fell asleep. The next morning I woke up to find the girls gone and a note saying, "Thanks for everything. . . . Hope we see you again!"—*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.

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### FIVE ADULT VIDEOS FOR \$25

Approx. 60 Mins. each—Five hours of total viewing time. Featuring beautiful centerfold girls and handsome hunks in these original, uncensored full length classics. **Traci Lords #V-101, Christy Canyon #V-102, Stacey Donovan #V-103, Amber Lynn #V-104, Gina Valentino #V-105.** Specify VHS or Beta. **TO ORDER SEND \$25 plus \$3 P&H to: VIDEO SALES CO., DEPT. E-96, P.O. BOX M-827, GARY, IN 46401.** Specify VHS or Beta. You must be 19 or over to order.

**FREE VIDEO**



**BUY ANY VIDEO** in this ad for just \$19—get **Ginger's Hot Massage** video—starring **Ginger Lynn**—free!

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Look and feel your mental and physical best with our full line of stimulants and diet aids. Over 20 products in Reg., Dble., Triple Strength. All orders shipped within 24 hours. Mastercard, Visa or C.O.D. Reg. & Dble. Strength \$12 per 100, Triple Strength \$15 per 100. Orders only call TOLL FREE 1-800-526-4387. **NVE ENTERPRISE, 1282-84 St. George Ave., Dept. PH-119, Avenel, NJ 07001.** For info. call 201-750-1570.

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**FIVE EROTIC VIDEOS JUST \$9.95**

**1 FULL HOUR ADULT VIDEO STARRING TRACI LORDS & the hottest sex**


stars around! **5 STEAMY SHOWS ON ONE CASSETTE FOR JUST \$9.95!** AND IF YOU ACT NOW you can purchase ANOTHER FULL HOUR VIDEO STARRING **GINGER LYNN** FOR JUST \$9.95! But you must act now. This is a **LIMITED OFFER!** No obligation to buy anything else. You must be 18 or over. Money back guarantee! Send check, money order or Visa/Mastercard # (include expiration date) for just \$9.95 plus \$3.00 mailing & handling for each tape ordered. Specify **BETA** or **VHS.** Color catalog included **FREE** with order! **SEND TO: VALENTINE PRODUCTS, DEPT. MT-326, P.O. BOX 5040, S. NORWALK, CT. 06856.**

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3. HATH . . . All 12.
4. DASH. Halfway. After that he's running out.
5. TOTAL. One.
6. HERD. Nine.
7. BASEBALL. Six.
8. PRESCRIPTION. One hour.
9. MATH. Seventy.
10. CHERRY PICKER.



11. TIRED. One hour. (Old alarm clocks can't tell the difference between A.M. and P.M.)
12. SEE THEM. "United States of America."
13. WEIGH-OFF. If you answered with a number, your weigh-off was way off. Charlie is a butcher. He weighs *meat*.
14. BLUEGRASS. A. Frankfort. B. Austin.
15. PURCHASE. Five cents. (If the split were \$1 and ten cents, there would be a 90-cent difference.)
16. DATE. December 31. Two days ago was December 30 and my son was age three. One day ago was December 31, he was age four. The boy was asked on January 1, when he was still four. On his birthday *that* year, he will be five. On his birthday *next* year, he'll be six.
17. GET OUT. Push the cork in.
18. PATH. Bread, go, the white, water.
19. HEN PROBLEM. A. One and a half days. The rate is equivalent to saying that a hen lays an egg every one and a half days. So ten hens will lay their ten eggs in a day and a half, too. B. Twenty-eight eggs. Each hen lays only one egg in a day and a half, or two-thirds of an egg in a day. C. A pound.
20. DIGGERS. Six minutes.
21. KILLER CATS. Three minutes, since it takes each cat three minutes to kill each rat.
22. OMELET. One dollar. 

## PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT GIFT FINDER

See pages 35-38 for more information.

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Orchard Park, N.Y. 14127  
1-800-828-8804  
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Blatt Billiard Corporation  
809 Broadway  
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Casio  
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Fairfield, N.J. 07007

Classic Motor Carriages  
16650 N.W. 27th Ave.  
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(616) 925-0025/0026  
(Hovercraft)

Intracorp Inc.  
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Kawasaki  
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(714) 770-0400  
(Kawasaki Jet Ski)

Key Video  
Available at your local video retailers.

Mike Manning, STS Inc.  
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1-800-231-5322  
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(516) 349-8600  
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(America's Cup trip)

Suzuki 3 Wheeler  
For more information, see your Suzuki dealer.

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New York, N.Y. 10023  
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U-Line of Milwaukee  
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Universal Gym Equipment, Inc.  
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Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406  
1-800-553-7901 Judy  
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Water Ventures Boats  
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Huntington Beach, Calif. 92648  
(714) 848-1686  
(Toobie boat)



# POWER GAME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44


ine Texans reaching for power in Texas), bow ties (except for graduates of the Harvard Law School), your own initials placed anywhere where they can be seen, and designer initials even where they can't be seen.

7. *Thou shalt consider adding the following to thy wardrobe:* plain-colored suspenders (the best kind fasten to your trousers with buttons, but the clip-on kind are okay these days), a three-piece suit, a plain, dark, warm winter overcoat (down jackets don't convey the right effect at all), and a good raincoat (preferably an Aquascutum or a Burberry).

8. *Thou shalt not wear a hat unless some impartial person tells you that you look good in one.* Most men look bloody silly in a hat. Do not rely on your own opinion. This is the kind of thing a woman will be happy to tell you. Trust her. Anyway, there's nothing wrong with an umbrella, provided that it's a real, solid, plain black one, not one that folds, is brightly colored, or has an advertisement or funny message on it.

9. *Thou shalt make sure thy clothes fit!* It isn't necessary to go to London's Savile Row to get a proper fit. Any good tailor can make a suit fit reasonably well, and will, if you show that you're interested (and maybe schmear him a well-worthwhile 50). Trousers should cover the tops of your shoes, necklines shouldn't sag, and the collar at the back of the neck shouldn't bulge out. A suit, by the way, shouldn't fit like a second skin, unless you're planning to move to Rome. The American business suit is working clothing, and is commonly worn a little on the loose, comfortable side, trousers especially—powerful people don't go for the bulging-crotch look, nor is the seat of their pants commonly stretched drum-tight across their buttocks. You wouldn't wear your trousers cut tight like that either, if you had to sit behind a desk all day giving orders to people and worrying about when to exercise your stock options.

10. *Thou shalt pay close attention to what your superiors wear!* This is the most important commandment of them all. Every organization has its own zeitgeist, style, sense of what's right. If the CEO wears dark-blue three-piece suits, white shirts, and a dark tie, you may be sure that it will do your career no harm to emulate him. If it's a small enough company, and you're on speaking terms with the boss, ask him where he buys his clothes. Originality is not an asset when it comes to clothing. There used to be an IBM look, a CBS look, an investment-banker look, and today, a really astute power watcher can still make a fair guess at a guy's profession by how he dresses.

Look toward the top, wherever you are. After all, that's where you're trying to get to, clothes and all. 

# VIDEO

AMERICA'S HOTTEST LINE OF 30-MINUTE VIDEOS IS NOW AVAILABLE AT TREMENDOUS SAVINGS! NOW SEE YOUR FAVORITE CENTERFOLD GIRLS IN TOTAL UNRESTRAINED ACTS OF SEXUALITY WITH TODAY'S MOST PROLIFIC MALE SUPERSTARS!

**\$1.95** EACH IN QUANTITY



Kari Foxx

## CHECK YOUR SELECTIONS

EACH AND EVERY VIDEO IS 30 MIN. EACH, A TOTAL OF 8 HRS. VIEWING TIME WHEN PURCHASING ALL 16 VIDEOS, EACH TAPE PACKED IN ITS OWN BOX.

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|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tracy Lords   | <input type="checkbox"/> Kari Foxx     |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Nina Hartley  | <input type="checkbox"/> Cody Nicole   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Kai Parker    | <input type="checkbox"/> Tiffany Clark |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicole West   | <input type="checkbox"/> Serena        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cara Lott     | <input type="checkbox"/> Raven         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Linda Shaw    | <input type="checkbox"/> Janey Robins  |
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## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

ALL VIDEOS ARE 30 MIN. EACH, ALL COLOR, SYNC SOUND WITH MUSICAL SCORE & 100% UNCENSORED ACTION.

☐ VHS ☐ BETA

ORDERS SHIPPED IMMEDIATELY CASH OR MONEY ORDER - SHIPPED 72 HR. OR LESS

## OUR PRICES

☐ ANY 1 @ \$12 ☐ ANY 10 @ \$25

☐ SEND ME ALL SIXTEEN @ **\$31.20** 8 HRS. VIEWING TIME

Send To: **COMPLETE VIDEO DEPT. E-96**

P.O. Box M-827 - Gary, IN 46401-0827

RUSH Items Indicated. I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ Plus \$3 P & H.

☐ Cash ☐ Money Order ☐ Check Fastest Service with Cash or M.O.

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## Believe Your Eyes!



Hi, I'm Stacy Donovan and you can see me in "sizzling" centerfolds

60 MINUTE  
**EROTIC VIDEO FANTASIES FOR \$5.00 EACH**

## WHEN YOU PURCHASE ALL EIGHT

NOW, ENJOY YOUR FAVORITE SEXUAL FANTASIES WHEN GORGEOUS CENTERFOLD MODELS AND VIRILE MALE SUPERSTARS COME TOGETHER IN THIS COMPLETELY UNCENSORED VIDEO FANTASY COLLECTION!! EACH AND EVERY VIDEO IS APPROX. 60 MINS. EACH IN COLOR & SYNC SOUND WITH MUSICAL SCORE - OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

(Check your selections)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Spectacular Orgasms  | <input type="checkbox"/> Orgies          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Big, Busty Girls     | <input type="checkbox"/> Sadpo Sex       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sizzling Centerfolds | <input type="checkbox"/> Bun Busters     |

Please specify: ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Cash & money orders shipped in 72 hrs. or less

Send to: **FANTASY VIDEO, Dept. E-96**

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Chicago, IL 60611

Rush Items Indicated. I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ plus \$3 P&H ☐ CASH ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK as payment in full. Canadians remit in U.S. funds.

— No foreign C.O.D.s. —

☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$5 extra, plus \$3 P&H

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I am over 19 years of age and request this material.



# Sweet Chastity

CAPTAIN POLDI VON SCHLAGGENDORF, AN OBSCURE AND DISREPUTABLE TRANSYLVANIAN CAREER SOLDIER, IS PREPARING HIMSELF FOR THE BIG TIME—VIA THE BED OF THE RUSSIAN AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF, PROMISING TO DELIVER SWEET CHASTITY—DEAD OR ALIVE—HE IS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE POLITICAL CHAOS IN THE COUNTRY TO FEATHER HIS OWN NEST—AND WE KNOW A LOT MORE LIKE HIM, DON'T WE?!

THE POLITICAL SCENE CHANGES SO FAST! YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOU'RE GOING TO FIND IN THE PRESIDENT'S BED FROM ONE MORNING TO ANOTHER!

IT'S TIME I WENT ABOUT MY DUTIES!

BRING HER BACK FOR ME AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT GRATITUDE CAN MEAN!

WHAT ABOUT THE PRESIDENT?

JOHN VAIN? A MERE PUPPET—MANIPULATED BY ME! YOU LEAVE HIM TO ME. WHEN YOU GET BACK HE'LL HAVE CEASED TO BE A PROBLEM!

By RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

WARNING  
SMOKING CAN  
DAMAGE YOUR  
HEALTH.

SO CAN  
DRIVING A CAR,  
MATE!

AND SO, IN THE DAWN'S GREY LIGHT—OKAY, OKAY—PEDANT! THE DAWN'S GREYISH YELLOW LIGHT, A CAVALRY TROOP LEAVES CASTLE DREER TO BRING IN SWEET CHASTITY—DEAD OR ALIVE!

AIN'T WE LUCKY! THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE RIDING OFF TO MAKE THIS WORLD A BETTER PLACE FOR US TO LIVE IN!



MEANWHILE, JOHN VAIN, PUPPET PRESIDENT, HAS BEEN DRIVEN TO A STATE OF NEAR-TERMINAL PARANOIA BY THE INSURRECTION LED BY SWEET CHASTITY AND THE PUNK-ROCK MEGASTAR, ORGASMA.

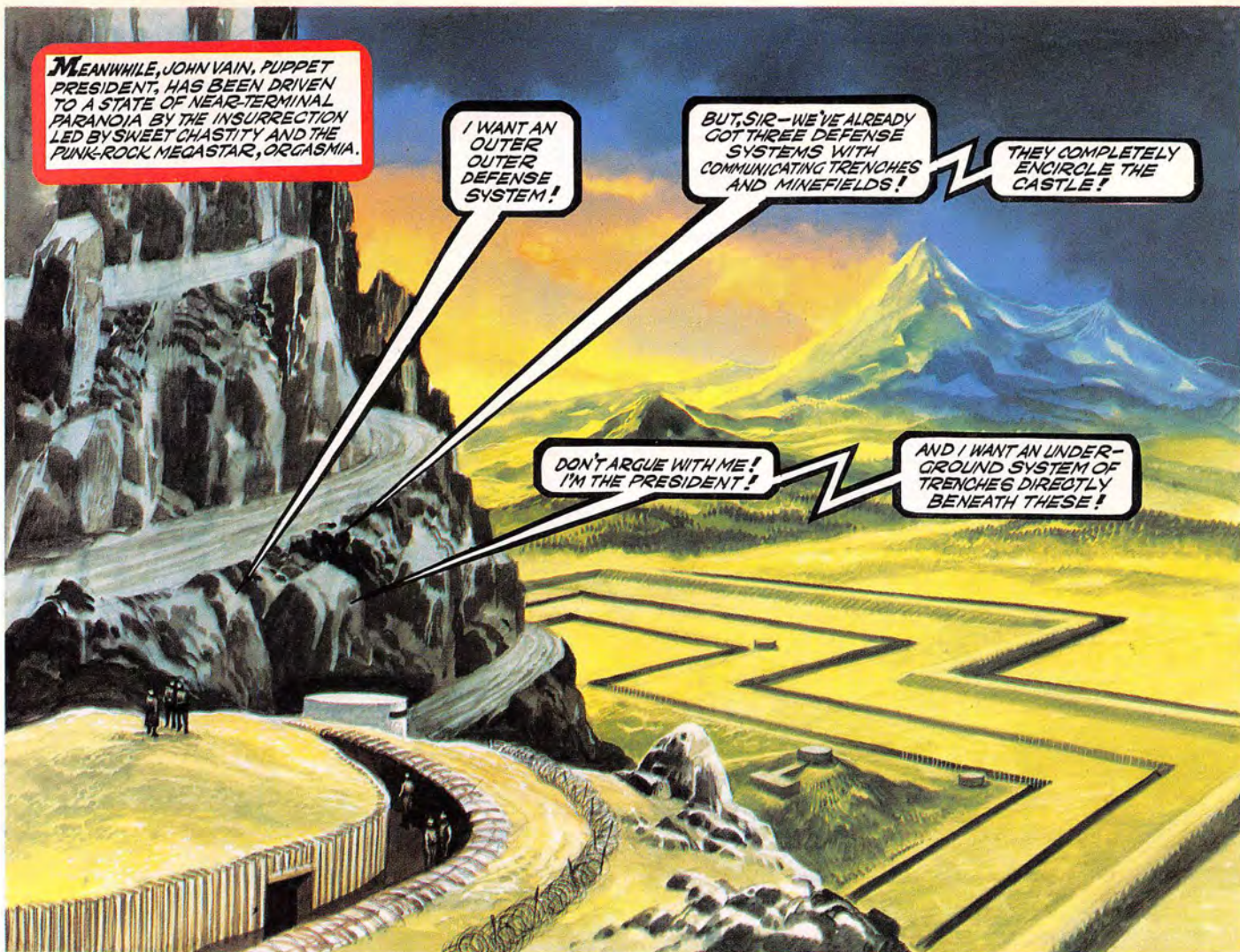
I WANT AN OUTER OUTER DEFENSE SYSTEM!

BUT, SIR—WE'VE ALREADY GOT THREE DEFENSE SYSTEMS WITH COMMUNICATING TRENCHES AND MINEFIELDS!

THEY COMPLETELY ENCIRCLE THE CASTLE!

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME! I'M THE PRESIDENT!

AND I WANT AN UNDERGROUND SYSTEM OF TRENCHES DIRECTLY BENEATH THESE!



I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BETRAYED THE FRANKENSTEINS—AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LOCKED THEM AWAY IN THE WATER DUNGEONS!

IF I ASKED THEM NICELY—WOULD THEY FORGIVE ME?

IF I TOOK THEM FOOD—AND WARM CLOTHES?



AND IF I EXPLAIN TO THEM... I MEAN... I DIDN'T WANT TO BE PRESIDENT! THEY MUST KNOW... I MEAN... WE GO WAY BACK! YOU CAN'T DISMISS AN OLD FRIENDSHIP LIKE THAT!

I LOVE THEM—LIKE MY OWN FAMILY... IF I HAD ONE!

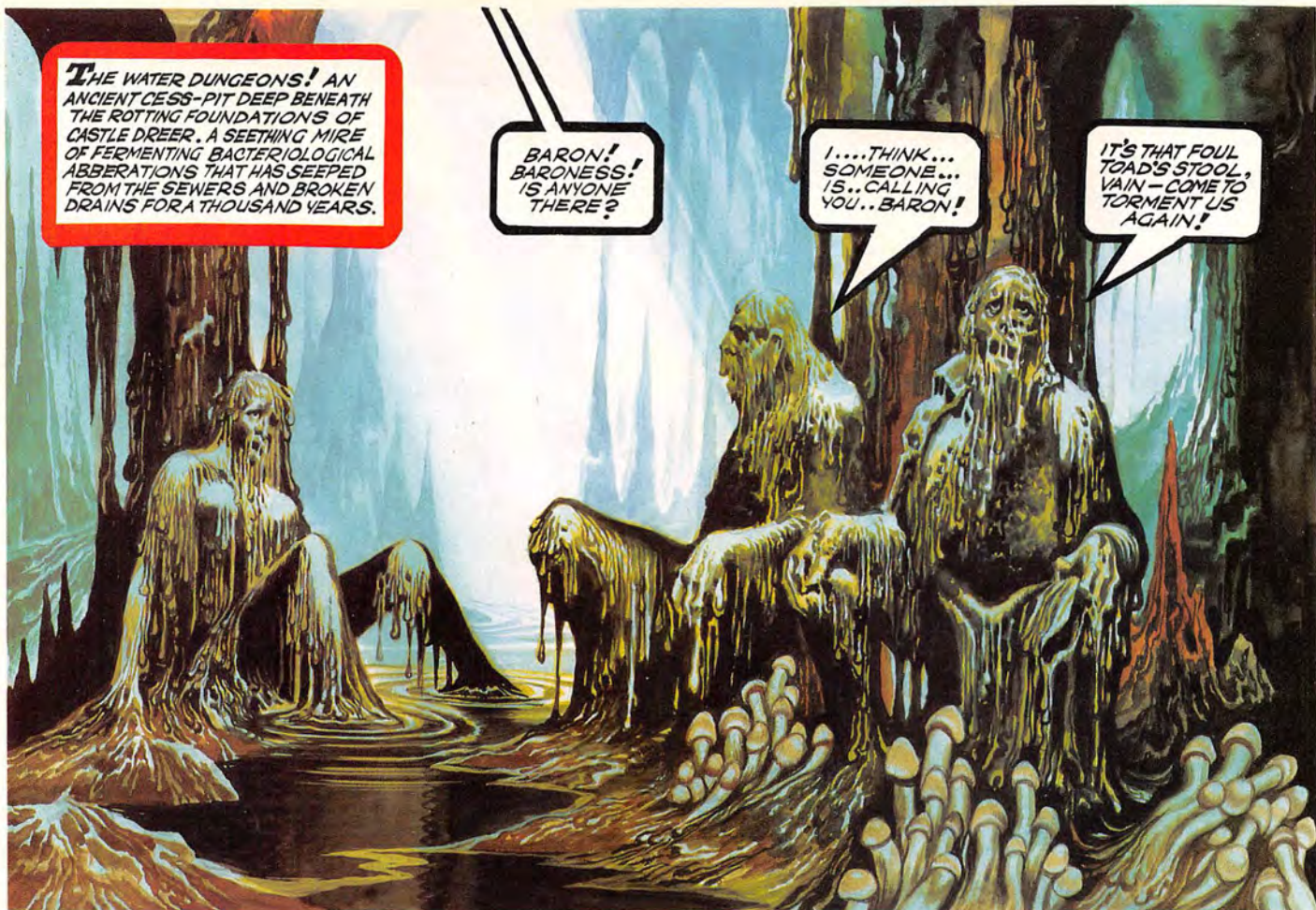


IT WAS THAT ROMANOFF WOMAN! SHE... ER... DRUGGED MY FOOD! POISONED MY MIND! YES—IT WAS ALL HER DOING! I'M JUST AN INNOCENT VICTIM!

I'LL SAVE THEM! THEY KNOW ME—I WOULDN'T HARM A HAIR ON THEIR HEADS!







**THE WATER DUNGEONS!** AN ANCIENT CESS-PIT DEEP BENEATH THE ROTTING FOUNDATIONS OF CASTLE DREER. A SEETHING MIRE OF FERMENTING BACTERIOLOGICAL ABERRATIONS THAT HAS SEEPED FROM THE SEWERS AND BROKEN DRAINS FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

BARON!  
BARONESS!  
IS ANYONE  
THERE?

I....THINK...  
SOMEONE...  
IS..CALLING  
YOU..BARON!

IT'S THAT FOUL  
TOAD'S STOOL,  
VAIN - COME TO  
TORMENT US  
AGAIN!



BARON! I'VE  
COME TO SAVE  
YOU! I'M  
RISKING MY  
LIFE TO GET  
YOU OUT OF  
THERE!

COUGH!

WHAT A  
GHASTLY  
ODOUR  
OF DECAY!



IT WAS THAT  
CONNIVING  
ROMANOFF  
STRUMPET  
WHO DID THIS  
TO YOU!

I WAS ALWAYS  
ON YOUR SIDE!  
I WAS JUST  
WAITING FOR  
THE OPPORTUNITY  
TO HELP YOU!







AND WHILE JOHN VAIN  
IS MAKING HIS PEACE  
WITH THE FRANKENSTEINS...

THE PLACE IS  
COMPLETELY  
SURROUNDED!  
IF THEY MAKE  
A BREAK FOR  
IT—SHOOT  
THEM DOWN!

YOU FOUR  
COME WITH  
ME!



INSIDE THE HUT, SWEET  
CHASTITY AND ORGASMA,  
DESERTED BY THEIR  
FICKLE SUPPORTERS,  
MUSE ON THE DIFFICULTIES  
OF SOLVING THE WORLD'S  
PROBLEMS.....

SHAME YOU'VE TA GROW  
UP, INNIT, CHAS? ALL  
THIS STRIFE AN' 'ASSLE!  
TERRORISM! POLITICS!  
WAR! RELIGION!  
EVERYONE'S AT ONE  
ANNUVERS FROATS!

WHAT'S WRONG  
WIV THE WORLD?

NOTHING, WRONG WITH THE WORLD,  
ORGASMA—IT'S A BEAUTIFUL  
PLACE! ONLY THING THAT SCREWS  
IT UP IS MAN! I'M AFRAID HE  
JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE MOST  
DESTRUCTIVE OF ALL THE ANIMALS!



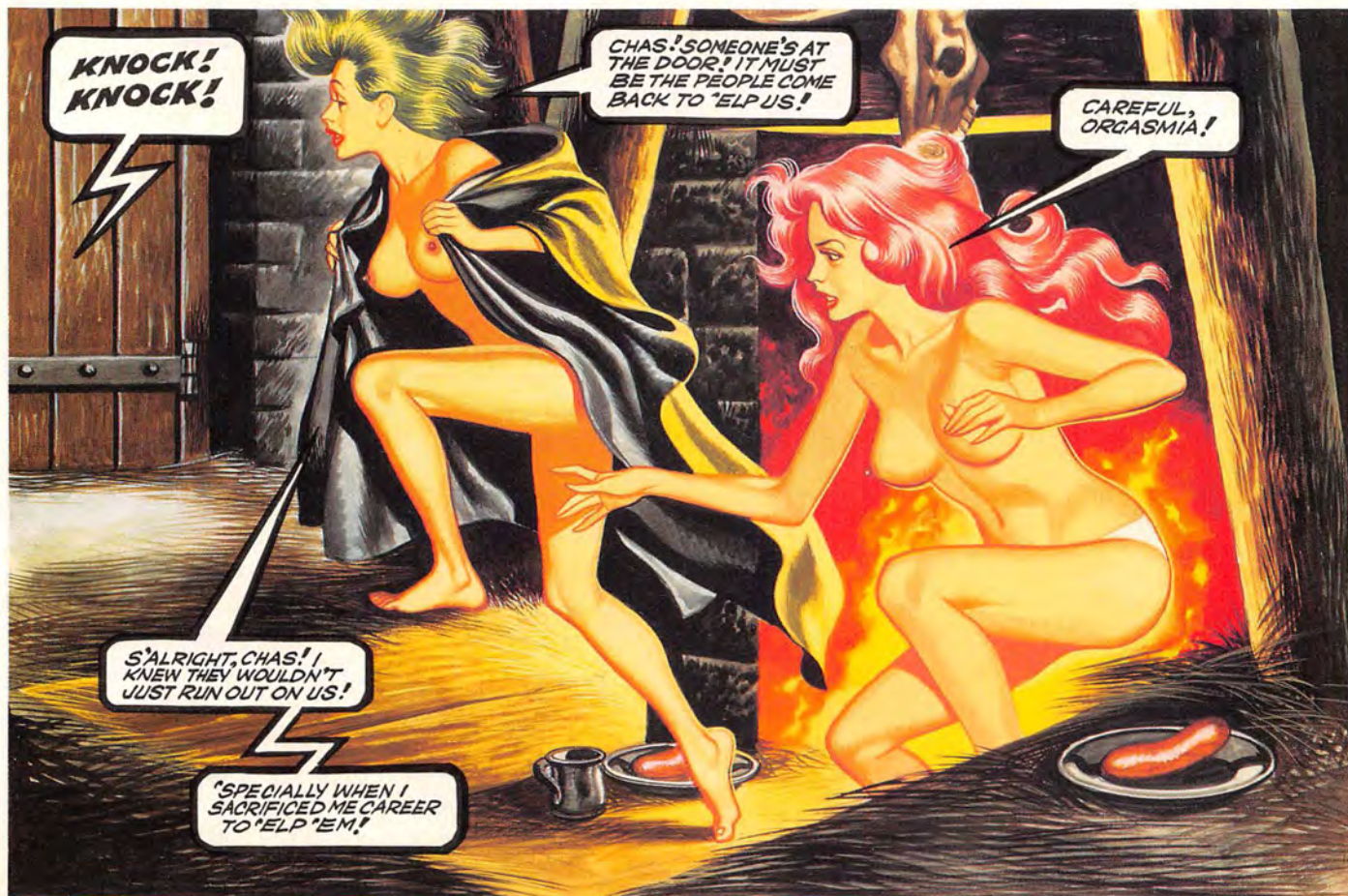
**KNOCK!  
KNOCK!**

CHAS! SOMEONE'S AT  
THE DOOR! IT MUST  
BE THE PEOPLE COME  
BACK TO 'ELP US!

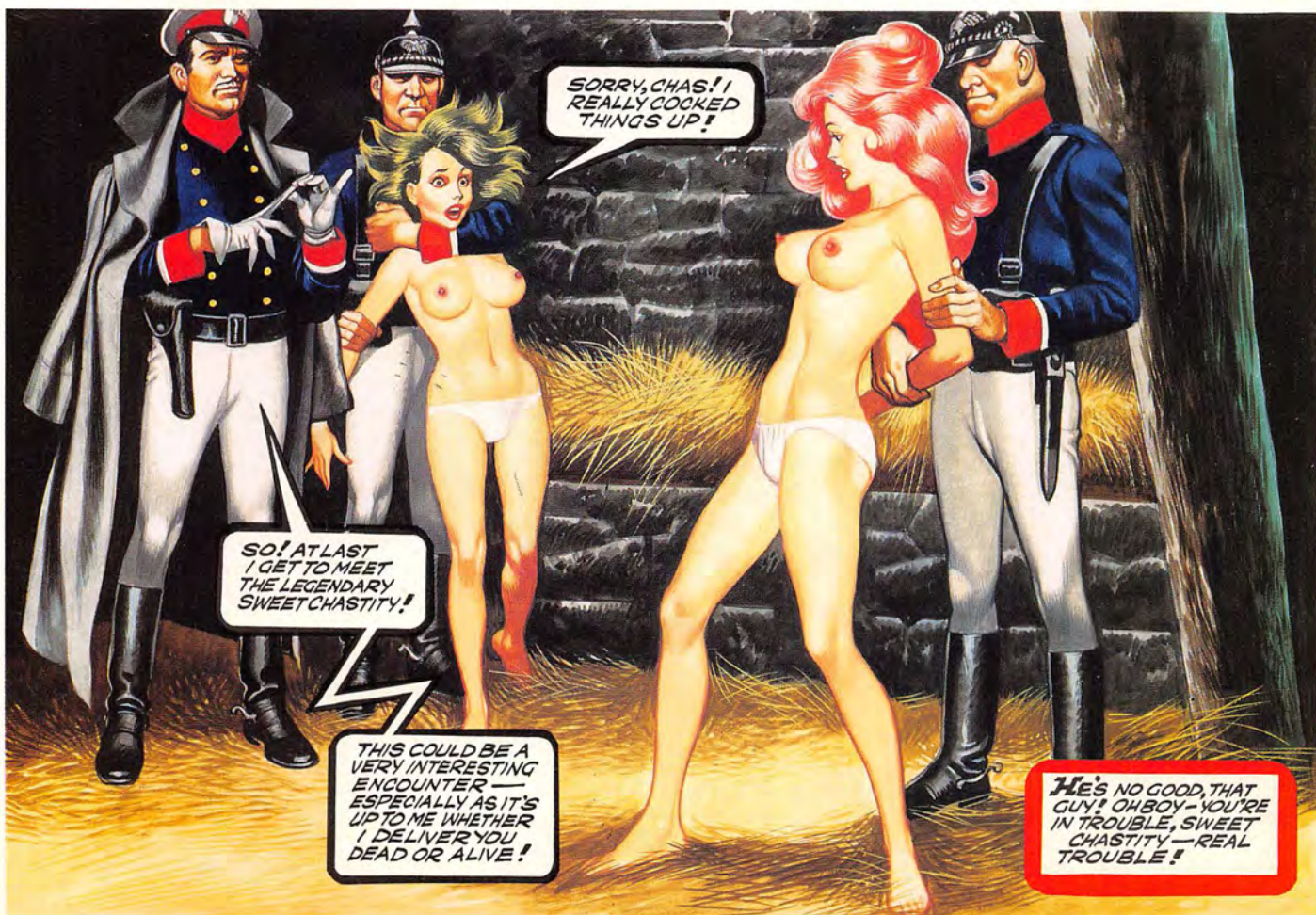
CAREFUL,  
ORGASMA!

S'ALRIGHT, CHAS! I  
KNEW THEY WOULDN'T  
JUST RUN OUT ON US!

"SPECIALLY WHEN I  
SACRIFICED ME CAREER  
TO 'ELP 'EM!









Who's a fool?  
The most popular entries in Competition No. 8.

# GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Our column on April Fools' jokes (April 1986) struck a popular chord. Our 25 questions with sudden-twist answers inspired *Penthouse* readers to send in several thousand questions "of the type that lead you down a primrose path of logic and then slap you around with a 'twist' answer."

This month, we present the most popular April Fools' questions of all time, as tallied by the number of times each question came in from *Penthouse* readers. Next month, we'll print the best *original* entries and announce the prizewinners.

## THE SINGLE MOST POPULAR QUESTIONS

Most readers sent in a single entry only. The most popular of these were the following five.

1. **WHERE'S THE DOLLAR?** Three men want a hotel room, but there's only one left. It rents for \$10. [Editor's note: This is an *old* story.] The men agree to pay \$10 apiece to share the room. Afterward, the desk clerk has a change of heart: "I really overcharged those guys. I'll refund 'em five bucks and only charge them 25." He gives the bellboy five \$1 bills and says, "Give this to the men in 301 as a refund." On the way upstairs, the bellboy thinks, "It's going to be difficult to split \$5 three ways. I'll just slip \$2 in my back pocket and give them \$3—one apiece."

Now each man has paid \$9 for his room. Three times nine is 27, plus \$2 in the bellboy's pocket makes 29. Where's the other dollar?

2. **WHAT COLOR IS THE BEAR?** A man builds a house with four sides to it, and it is rectangular in shape. Each side has a southern exposure. He sees a bear walk by a window. Question: What color is the bear?

3. **THE RELUCTANT SURGEON.** A father is driving his son to school when they have a terrible accident. The father is killed, and the boy is rushed to the emergency room. A surgeon comes in,

takes one look, and says, "I cannot operate on this boy; he is my son." How is this possible?

4. **LILY PADS, AMOEBAS, AND RATS.**

A. There is a species of lily pad that doubles in size every day. A single lily pad is placed in a lake, and 60 days later the lake is completely covered. How long would it take a single lily pad to cover half the lake?

B. In the first variation on this theme, an amoeba splits itself every three seconds. When one amoeba is placed in a jar, it takes 60 seconds to fill the jar. How long would it take to fill the jar if you started with two amoebas?

C. If it takes 16 hours for a pair of amoebas, splitting at the rate of once every hour, to fill a quart jar, how long would it take one amoeba, splitting at the same rate, to fill a similar jar?

D. Finally, there's this variation—which is a new one on us. A certain species of rat doubles its population every 30 days. If you start with one rat in a room with ample air, water, nutrients, and space, how many rats will be in the room after 360 days?

5. **WHAT ARE YOUR CREDENTIALS?** A man went to the hospital to visit another man in intensive care. A nurse stopped him at the door and told him only family members could visit, and asked the man how he was related to the patient.

The visitor replied in rhyme: "Brothers and sisters have I none, but that man's father is my father's son." The nurse immediately gave him permission to enter. What was the relationship?

## APTITUDE TEST

The 22 questions below are so well-known among people who collect this sort of thing that they are circulated as Xeroxed lists of 20 or 30 questions, variously titled "College Entrance Exam," "General Information Quiz," or "Aptitude Test." The ones we've selected for our test are presented in the order of their popularity in the *Penthouse* mailbox. We got over 50 versions of ques-

tion No. 1, "Spare Change," and at least five versions of even the last ones on the list.

1. **SPARE CHANGE.** I have two U.S. coins that total 55 cents in value. One is not a nickel. What are the two coins?

2. **ANCIENT ARTIFACT.** An archaeologist claims to have found the oldest Roman coin—dated 6 B.C. His colleagues want him expelled from the American Archaeology Club. Why?



3. **THIRTY DAYS HATH . . .** Some months have 30 days and some months have 31. How many months have 28 days?

4. **FOREST DASH.** How far can a dog run into the woods?

5. **EXPECTED TOTAL.** How many birthdays does the average man have?

6. **HERD REMAINING.** A farmer had 17 sheep. All but nine died. How many sheep did he have left?

7. **BASEBALL KNOWLEDGE.** Three strikes are an out and four balls are a walk. How many outs in an inning?

8. **PRESCRIPTION.** A doctor gives you three pills and tells you to take one every half hour. How long will the pills last?

9. **MATH PROBLEM.** Divide 30 by one-half and add ten. What's the answer?



# Early Fall Catalog Collection

We've gathered catalogs from the nation's best specialty shops and mail order firms. Bursting with new ideas for your fall shopping. Order now from the coupon at the bottom of the page.



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# GAMES



10. **CHERRY PICKER.** How can you remove the cherry from the matchstick "old-fashioned glass" (above) by moving only two matches?

11. **TIRED.** If you went to bed at eight o'clock at night and set your grandfather's favorite alarm clock to wake you at nine in the morning, how many hours of sleep would you get?

12. **YOU SEE THEM EVERY DAY.** What four words have appeared on every denomination of U.S. coins? (Hint: They aren't "In God we trust.")

13. **WEIGH-OFF.** Charlie is a butcher. He is 50 years old, five feet six inches tall, and has a 36-inch waist. By your best estimate, what does Charlie weigh?

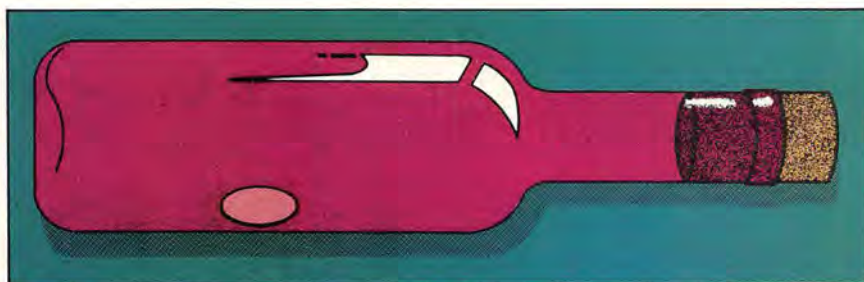
14. **BLUEGRASS TRIVIA.**

A. What is the proper way to pronounce the capital of Kentucky? Is it *Louie-ville*, *Lewis-ville*, *Looah-ville*, or *Loo-vil*?

B. A nice variation on this puzzle points out first that Houston Street in New York City is pronounced *House-ton*. Citizens of Houston, Georgia, pronounce their town *Hoss-ton*. How do Texans pronounce the name of their state capital?

15. **DOUBLE PURCHASE.** A boy buys a bat and ball for \$1.10. If the bat costs a dollar more than the ball, how much does the ball cost?

16. **SPECIAL DATE.** Two days ago, my son was three years old. Next year, he will be six years old. What is my son's birth date?



17. **GET IT OUT.** There is a dime in a wine bottle (above), which is corked shut. How can you get the dime out without taking the cork out or breaking the wine bottle?

18. **A SPELL DOWN THE GARDEN PATH.** In these puzzles you get someone to spell three or four words, one at a time, and then you hit them with an innocent question.

A. First spell the words *coast*, *roast*, and *boast*. Then answer this question: What do you put in a toaster?

B. Spell *cop*, *top*, and *mop*. Then: What do you do at a green light?

C. Spell *joke*, *toke*, and *folk*. Then: What is the white of an egg called?

D. Spell *silk* and *bilk*. Then: What do cows drink?

19. **THE HEN PROBLEM.** If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half, then answer these three questions:

A. How long would it take ten hens to lay ten eggs?

B. How many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?

C. How much does a pound of cheese weigh?

20. **HOLE DIGGERS.** If it takes six men six minutes to dig six holes, how long will it take ten men to dig ten holes?

21. **KILLER CATS.** If three cats kill three rats in three minutes, how long will it take 100 cats to kill 100 rats?

22. **OMELET.** If eggs are selling for 12 cents a dozen, how much will 100 eggs cost?

Answers:

## MOST POPULAR QUESTIONS

1. **DOLLAR.** The problem is that the question is meaningless. You have been led to add the \$27 that the men have spent and the \$2 in the bellboy's pocket, which is a completely useless operation and tells you nothing. What if the clerk gave the bellboy \$10 and the boy gave \$3 to each man and pocketed \$1? Would you now say, "The men have paid \$7 each for the room, for \$21 total. Plus the bellboy's \$1 makes \$22. Where's the other *eight* dollars?" Of course not. It's because the numbers are so close and the argument seems to make so much sense that makes "Where's the Dollar?" such a classic.

2. **BEAR.** White. The only place you can build a house with an all-southern exposure is exactly on the North Pole. The bear must be a polar bear.

3. **RELUCTANT.** The surgeon is the boy's mother.

4. **LILY PADS.** A. Fifty-nine days. B. Fifty-seven seconds. All you have eliminated is the first three seconds. C. Seventeen hours. D. The same one you put in, all alone, a year ago. Or his/her skeleton.

5. **CREDENTIALS.** A father visiting his son.

## APTITUDE TEST

1. **CHANGE.** A 50-cent piece and a nickel. One coin isn't a nickel, but the other one is.

2. **ARTIFACT.** The date must be fake—how could they know it was before Christ?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214



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**Double Feature XGP-905 BEYOND AROUSAL** stars Susan Hart and **DIVA DOES THE DIRECTOR** stars Diva  
**Double Feature XGP-901 LUST x 4** stars Bunny Bleu and **RAVEN'S RENDEVOUS** stars Raven  
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COMING IN  
THE OCTOBER

# PENTHOUSE



## CRACKING UP

It's the fast food of drugs . . . a cheap, instant euphoria that needs no ad campaign. The first taste can hook you into a tailspin from which you may not recover. And its victims are mainly children. Reporter M. S. Vural went into the streets to talk to kids who have to turn to crime and prostitution to support their crack habit. She talked to cops and priests and parents. The tidal wave of crack is cresting in large U.S. cities right now. It's only a matter of time before it goes international.



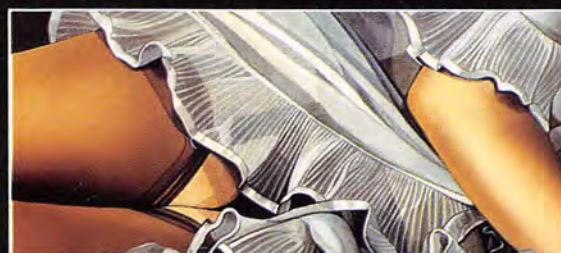
## THE 20 WORST

It's a *Penthouse* tradition. Every October we bring you Larry Linderman's fearless forecast of the 20 worst college football teams in the coming season. If you think picking the winners is difficult, try selecting the most outrageous losers. It's a hair-raising, dangerous job, which more than once has forced him into hiding. But somehow Larry manages—with wit, insight, and a few hunches—to bring out the best in the worst.



## NO KIDDING

She was an obscure songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo" when she decided to embark on a crusade to stamp out smut. But since Judith Reisman had no solid professional training or credentials, she needed the assistance of fanatics in the Reagan administration to fund her looney-tunes adventure. In an exposé as hilarious as it is shocking, a former investigator for a Congressional committee shows how Reisman managed to convince the Justice Department to shell out \$734,000 from its juvenile-justice division's limited budget to employ her to analyze the cartoons in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, and *Hustler*. Perhaps her conservative friends would have been better advised to analyze Reisman's own juvenile approach to social science . . . to say nothing of her rather fanciful descriptions of her academic history.



## COED SEX: TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

It's a piece of cake, writes Benjamin Stein, for "older" men to attract young coeds. Many girls these days, he says, are filled with "rage and revulsion at being taken for granted, screwed over, and treated like wallpaper by men their own age." And, of course, the rewards of having a collegiate girlfriend are bountiful. But there's another side to the story . . . in fact, there are many other sides. And they're what this funny, touching, and human article is all about. "The coeds are ready for you," Stein says. "You're never going to be ready for them."



## WRESTLEMANIA

These days, professional wrestling is bigger than ever. Like water buffalo trained to perform for a live audience, huge men and buxom women go at each other in carefully choreographed routines. Many people love it . . . and some deplore its significance. José Torres, for example, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, which regulates wrestling, sees it as "a great entertainment whose attraction lies somewhere between boxing and Hollywood." In fact, he says, "If you want to see what Reagan has done to this country, just watch a wrestling exhibition." Or, better still, check out next month's photo essay featuring the highs and the lows of our most outrageous spectator "sport."



# SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Company, 80-100 Proof Liqueur, Louisville, KY ©1986



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consists of exactly  
six tomato plants  
out behind the garage.  
But with a cool evening  
breeze rustling through  
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