

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1986 \$4.50

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HENRY KISSINGER
SPEAKS OUT

INVESTIGATIVE
REPORT:
FAITH HEALERS
EXPOSED

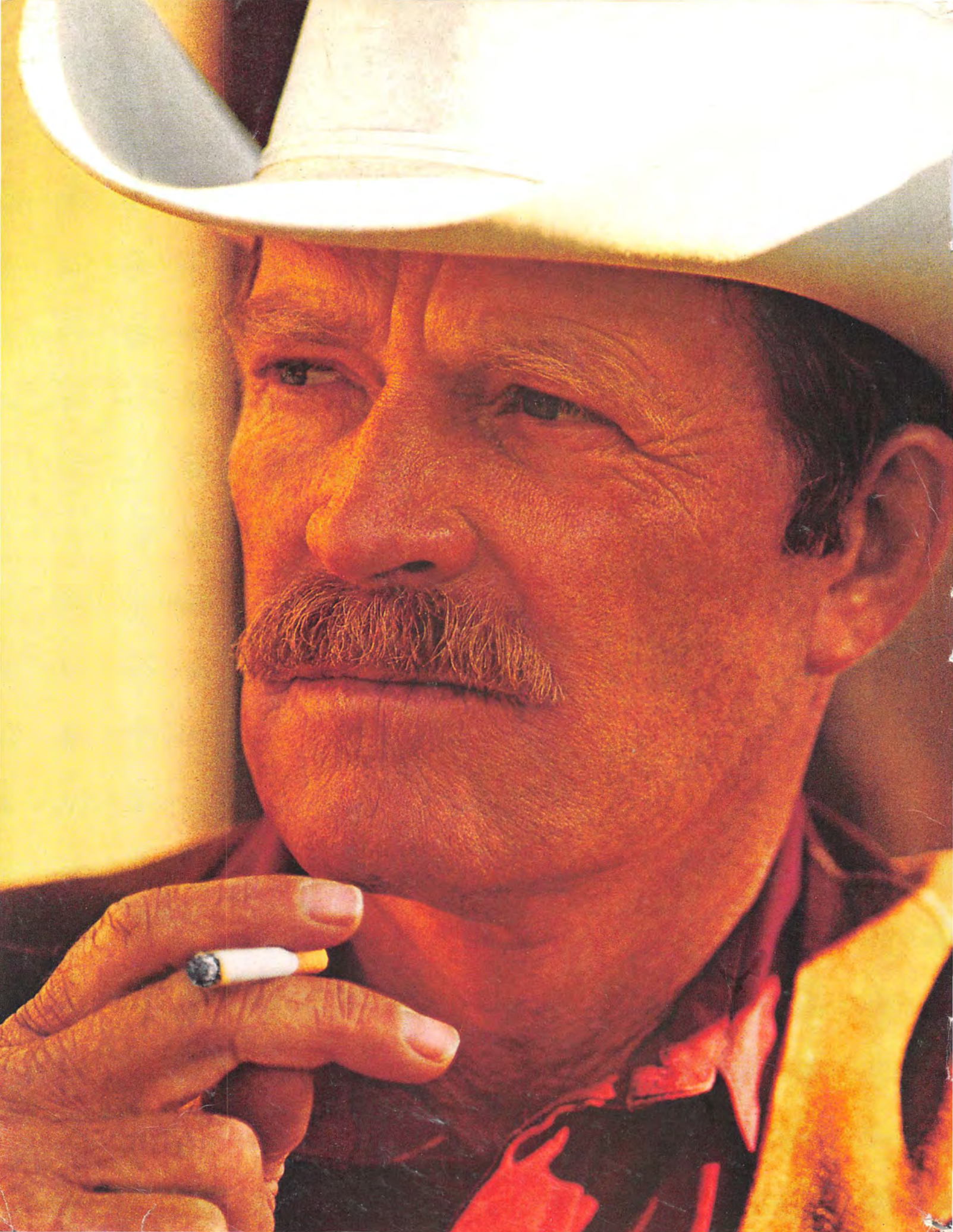
DELICIOUS SEX:
69 WAYS TO
PLEASE A LOVER

MIKE TYSON:
NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT
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RELIGIOUS
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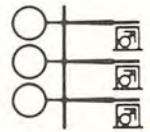
PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/December 1986

Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*

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Our cover features Pet of the Month Jill Shawntai. Jill was photographed by Earl Miller using a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 170.

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Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100; Midwest: Penthouse, 333 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1810, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 346-9393; Washington, D.C.: Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. **West Coast:** Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

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HOUSECALL



TAKING IT ON FAITH

Christmastime is upon us and stories of Santa's miraculous generosity once again beguile children of all ages. But, as James Randi reminds us in his exposé of faith healers, let's make sure we don't actually begin *believing* in miracles. Randi, who earlier this year was awarded the prestigious MacArthur Foundation Award (\$272,000 tax-free) to continue his research into charlatans of all kinds, considers faith healers to be particularly dangerous . . . especially right now, when one of them—Pat Robertson—is actually being taken seriously as a presidential candidate. As "The Amazing Randi," this extraordinary magician has uncovered many clairvoyant and psychic frauds over the years. But these days his research is more important than ever. This article, Randi tells us, will be expanded into a book to be published by Prometheus Press.



GOD'S STORM TROOPERS

From the Muslim fanatics in the Middle East to the born-again TV evangelists in the United States, right-wing religion has become a worldwide threat to individualism and freedom. Professor Richard Gambino of the City University of New York examines this phenomenon and draws on his knowledge of history and sociology to show how small minorities use fear and terror to achieve their ends.

ON THE ROAD

The eighties is the decade of the four-wheel drive. So reports David M. Cohen, and



as publisher of *Four Wheeler* magazine, he ought to know. And since we at Penthouse International recently acquired *Four Wheeler* as one of our growing family of magazines, we are obviously delighted to celebrate America's infatuation with these amazing vehicles—somehow equally at home on Rodeo Drive as on Tobacco Road. . . . And in "Winter Waves," we explore another phenomenon of the eighties—the "snowboarders" who head for the ski slopes, taking their surfboards with them. As you'll see, it's an exhilarating sport that makes skiing seem pale by comparison.

TYSON'S TIME

He's barely 20 years old and already they're talking about him as one of the truly great heavyweight fighters of all time. But as *New York Times* sports reporter Roy Johnson shows in his insightful profile, young Mike Tyson almost didn't make it. At 13 he was

already a veteran of various reform schools and juvenile detention facilities. But then he met the legendary trainer Cus D'Amato, who in the last years of his life became the young man's "backbone," coming out of retirement to help create his final—and possibly greatest—heavyweight champion. . . . And our interview this month is with a heavyweight champion in the field of international affairs—Henry Kissinger, who was probably our most powerful secretary of state and a man whose opinions continue to have worldwide ramifications.

CHRISTMAS BONUSES

And there's so much more this month to delight all of our senses. Gael Greene, the renowned food critic and best-selling writer, previews her latest book, *Delicious Sex* (to be published by Prentice-Hall), with a list of 69 ways to keep your lover in ecstasy. . . . Russian comic Yakov Smirnoff shares his delight in his adopted country in "From Russia With Love." . . . Scotty, a comedian with a more visual bent, offers some humorously offbeat "Season's Greetings." . . . Contributing Editor Nick Tosches launches our new column on women—celebrating some of the most interesting and most important women in America today. . . . And, of course, we celebrate this holiday season with some of America's most beautiful women, our December Pets—the best and brightest Christmas bonuses of all! ☺

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•We were no sooner airborne when she half-turned to me, smiled provocatively, and pulled her dress slowly up to her waist. •

PENTHOUSE FORUM

FREQUENT-FLYER PLAN

As a freelance pilot, I see many strange places and meet lots of interesting people. Recently I landed at a small East Coast airport, parked the plane, and walked into the office. I hadn't seen Betty, the secretary, for months, but we'd screwed—on and off, so to speak—for years. She was alone and the pleasant-ries quickly gave way to heavy breathing, moist kissing, and the hope that no one would see us and interpret the situation correctly.

Betty brushed close to me and my cock surged hard. "Let's go to your house," she said, and fidgeted uncertainly. "My husband's home."

Necessity is a wonderful spur for fulfillment, especially when you're about to miss out on the best piece of ass you've ever had. I had a sudden flash.

"Let's test-hop my aircraft," I suggested. We were no sooner airborne when she half-turned to me, smiled provocatively, and pulled her dress slowly up around her waist. She had no panties on. She looked so small, innocent, and petite in the right-hand seat of that 210, I felt two of her could have filled it. But I doubt I could have filled two of her—one was more than enough.

We were soon straight and level at 5,000 feet. She spread her legs and twisted to show me her magnificent pussy dripping ambrosia as she slowly massaged her clit. The heady aroma quickly filled the cockpit as she opened my pants, knelt beside me, and placed her soft lips over the head of my throbbing joystick. I slid my seat back to give her



more room; I didn't want her butt impinging on the instrument-panel knobs.

I slid my fingers down her back to the cheeks of her ass. I felt her hot, moist juices spread over her tight cunt. I tickled it with the pad of my batting finger, and it twitched appreciatively. My finger then slid into her hairy pussy, stretching the moist outer lips wide in anticipation of my hot prick. I lifted her head and guided her pussy onto my salivated shaft. She drew her right leg up to ride on top, revealing her dripping slash, sandwiched by a mass of black hair. It was incredibly large for such a petite lady, and I nearly blew my wad. I wiggled impatiently for that initial poke, but she paused, raised her eyebrows, and stiffened her back. Still moving slowly and sensuously, she wriggled her ass back to the instrument panel. What a hell of a place to try this "come and get it" routine!

I grabbed her butt to drag her onto me. She leaned

forward to kiss me, and I felt her ass move a little higher and backward. I shifted my hand around her front. She had the throttle knob rubbing between the lips of her cunt. She seemed content to stay there, so I slid her off and she jumped onto me and my long, banana-bent cock rose deep up into her belly, stretching her apparatus until her head bent backward. That hot pussy, slipping and sliding around my cock, her heavy breathing and rolling eyes, and that incredible aroma brought on her climax far too soon.

She came with a wild rush, heaving and grunting madly. Her moaning subsided as she slowly collapsed onto me. My cock took over, just as she knew it would. It throbbed madly as its delayed action squirted loads of steaming-hot white come deep inside her pussy. She jerked upright, squirming down hard onto those nine rigid inches as if to savor every centimeter.

As we rode the peak of our orgasm, all hell broke loose. The 210 shuddered, horns blew, and the engine quit just as if it had picked up our mutual vibes and was joining us in a climax of its own.

It had stalled. And I was just about to settle back in the plush seat to enjoy the aftermath of our fabulous fuck and gather strength for another. Now I had to raise my depleted energies and recover as soon as possible with Betty's arms around my neck and her cunt caressing my diminished tool. I had forgotten in the heat of fucking even to trim the aircraft, let alone to engage the autopilot. Ah, the power of pussy. It transcends all

else—it even makes you forget air safety.

I placed Betty back in her seat, sorted out the stall situation, and climbed back to a safer altitude, ready for another round. I wondered if the stall had frightened her away from any further fucking, but the incident hadn't fazed her at all. Now with the autopilot on, it didn't take her long to start the next act. I lowered and lay back my seat, and coming from behind, Betty spread her legs over me for sixty-nine. I felt the smooth fiber of her cunt lips, the tickle of her hairy mass on my face, and the heady aroma that swirled from her cunt. Her mouth closed around my cock, which immediately responded to her loving by swelling in its usual fashion.

The engine vibrations stimulated me more than I had imagined. I couldn't stand it any longer and came with a turbulent rush right into her mouth. She stiffened for a second. A heave of her pubis flattened her pussy over my face and she treated me to the nectar of her love cavern as that elixir pushed past her pussy lips, over my tongue, and dribbled down her straining thighs.

We rested for a few minutes. Then it was time to go again. We both were completely spent, but as my limp prick entered her prize little cockpit, I reached around her and

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.



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

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EDITORIAL OFFICES

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

DECEMBER

grabbed the control column. Some rapid fore-and-aft movements soon had us horny again, as the pitching of the 210 slid her effortlessly up and down my now-stiff cock. When we climaxed, I froze. The feeling was so amazing that we almost stalled again.

After I had regained enough energy to see, and enough strength to handle the controls, we approached for landing. The wheels touched down as smoothly as the sides of Betty's cunt, and I felt really good about the flash that got us airborne.

I let her off at the office and watched her walk to the door. Then came another flash, another way we could try it: strapped into the pilot's seat, doing loop-the-loops with her riding my member like a cowboy on a bucking bronco. I can imagine how the rolling movement of her butt and cunt would massage my cock as we fly high. How we'd accomplish that I don't know, but I'll look forward to trying it the next time I land here.—Name and address withheld

TOYS IN THE ATTIC

I work part-time for an insulation company, which has me at a different location almost every day. One rainy day I was to work in an attic. I was on the job at 8 A.M. sharp. While pulling up some old floorboards, I found a shoe box beneath them. I pulled it out and opened it. There in front of my eyes were candid photos of two of the most desirable young cunts in every imaginable position. They were the best color photos you could have hoped for. Just looking at those young, juicy cunts made my nine-inch cock grow hard as rock. In no time at all, I was jerking my rod and blowing a nut right on the tits of one of the pictures.

As I put my cock in my pants and went back to work, I heard this heavenly voice say, "Look, Nona, our little secret is out." When I turned around, there were the two beauties from the photos in the living flesh. Gretchen, the one who spoke, looked at me and teasingly said, "If you keep our secret quiet, we'll make this job well worth the money you're getting paid." She slowly walked over to me and gave a passionate kiss. As her hands quickly descended to my crotch, she said, "Let's see if we can't get this thing in working order." She unzipped my zipper and grabbed my now-limp cock. "You're a pretty big boy," Gretchen said as she gently stroked my manhood. Nona told me that I had made her horny and she needed immediate relief. She slowly, sensuously undid her shirt, revealing a pair of the largest, firmest, most beautiful tits I had ever seen.

In the meantime, Gretchen got down in front of me and started licking and sucking my now-hard rod. Nona took off her pants and panties, lay across an old bed in the attic, and began to fondle her pink, moist pussy. I was having the best blowjob of my life when I heard a man's voice say, "I see you've met the baby-sitters." At the

attic door was Jerry, the owner of the house and the man who had hired me. "These are the au pairs my wife and I hired for the summer," he explained. "You're not the first guy they've banged." To my surprise Jerry started snapping pictures.

I was now on the bed with these two horny au pairs, getting the best fucking and sucking of my life, while their employer took pictures. If I wasn't already so excited, I might have been turned off by the weirdness of the whole situation. Soon Jerry stripped, gave me the camera, and took my place with the girls. After watching this guy fuck, suck, and fondle them, my cock was hard and hot again. I started wacking my rod when Gretchen said, "Don't waste your meat; jump in." That was all it took and all four of us were sucking and fucking on the bed for hours.

By the way, I finally finished the job two days later. That's a little longer than usual, but no one seemed to mind.—Name and address withheld

SAY "AH . . ."

I am a young, single physician in a small college town in Ohio. In addition to my private practice in general medicine, I am one of several physicians who volunteer two days per month at the college clinic.

This particular shift had been mostly the usual cases for a college clinic. I had done several sports physicals, seen the ordinary cases of flu and colds, done a couple of pregnancy tests, etc. Near the end of the day the secretary asked me if I would be able to stay an extra half hour to do an exam on a girl who would be a little late. I agreed, and the secretary said she would have all the paperwork done before she left.

When the girl arrived, I gave her the forms. While Chrissy filled out the history, she explained that she was late due to a long lab test. She also stated that all she really needed was her semiannual gynecological examination.

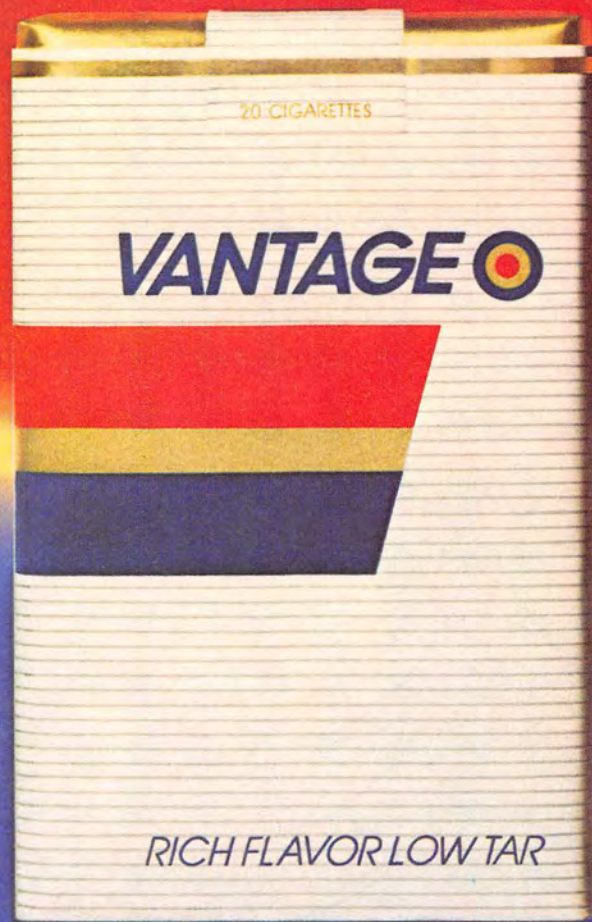
A physician is supposed to develop something called a professional attitude. This is comprised of equal parts education, self-control, familiarity, and boredom. This doesn't mean a physician is blind; it just means that during ordinary medical procedures there is no sexual awareness. But with Chrissy, I was having a hard time maintaining my professional demeanor.

When I entered the examination room, Chrissy was seated on the edge of the examination table. I noticed she had a sparkle in her eyes and looked as though she were excited about something. This particular exam looked like it was going to turn out anything but routine.

I asked Chrissy to slip the gown off her shoulders so I could begin the breast examination. She gave me a smile and dropped the gown into her lap. She then leaned back to show off a perfectly formed pair of breasts to me.

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slightly conical in shape, and firm. The nipples were pert and proud and colored that warm chocolate pink unique to brunettes. She knew I was admiring them. Nothing excites a woman more than to be admired and to be aware of the admiration. I cupped her right breast and began to gently explore it with my fingers. As I touched the nipple, it grew hard and pressed into my palm. It is not unusual for a nipple to respond momentarily to touch, but Chrissy's stayed erect. As I continued the exam, she closed her eyes and leaned forward, pressing her tits into my hand. She began to breathe deeper and the areola surrounding each nipple began to flush pink.

By now my professional attitude was taking a beating. Patients don't usually get turned on during a medical procedure so this was an unfamiliar set of circumstances. I wondered if this girl had set me up, but I decided to finish the exam.

I told Chrissy to lie back on the table and then slid the gown down until it just covered the dark bush of pubic hair. I lightly touched her belly, probing with fingertips into the softness above the mound of Venus.

I moved to cover Chrissy with the gown before finishing the exam, but she would have none of it. As I lifted her lovely legs so she could rest her feet in the stirrups at the end of the table, she pushed the

gown off onto the floor and began to caress her own breasts.

I spread her knees apart and looked at the dark velvet between her thighs. The lips of her cunt were closed, but the engorgement from her excitement was evident. As I spread her apart with my fingers, I could feel the wetness of her heat. Her clit was hard and erect, flushed a bright pink. Chrissy's clitoris was not the only organ hardened by desire. By this time my own cock was hard and straining against my jeans. My professional attitude was on its last legs, having suffered a battering by Chrissy's obvious and genuine sexual arousal.

I slipped one gloved finger into her vagina. As I tried to insert a second finger, I found that her box was very tight. I gently stretched her vagina until I could fit both fingers into her. When I finally did, she gave a little moan and squeal and came, arching her pelvis up against my hand. This first climax didn't seem to slow her down at all. Her clit was still rock-hard, and her pussy was wet and hot. I gently brushed her clit with my thumb and massaged the soft pad of flesh inside the pubic arch called the G spot.

This caused a fresh outburst from Chrissy. She was moaning and massaging her breasts, rolling her nipples between her fingers. She began to talk softly at first, then louder: "Love me, Doctor, love me. Fuck me, please, Doc, fuck me

now." Professional attitude, hell, this was too much! This girl was turned on and hot, and so was I.

I gave Chrissy's G spot one last touch, pulled off my gloves, and stepped out of my jeans. My cock was hard and ready. I gently caressed her pussy with the head of my prick to pick up some lubrication. When Chrissy felt my cock touch her, she began to arch up against it, straining to reach me. I grasped her hips and placed myself in position. She was whimpering and moaning, completely engulfed in sexual passion. I began to press into her, only to feel the resistance of her tight pussy. I pushed harder and harder, finally sliding deep inside as her hot snatch accepted me. As I entered her, she moaned softly and climaxed again even harder than before.

Chrissy relaxed a little after her second climax, and that's when I went to work. I slid my rod in and out, enjoying the warm tightness of her vagina. I rubbed her clit with my thumb and lifted her hips to meet my thrust. Within minutes she was excited as before and it became a race to see who would climax first. She arched her ass up against me, accepting my every thrust. Faster and faster we went, until she reached a shuddering, creaming, breathless climax seconds before I came, shooting my offering deep into her quivering quim.

After we had rested and cleaned up, I asked Chrissy if this had happened before. She said no, but she'd always been attracted to her family doctor, and when she was younger had fantasized about him as she explored her own awakening sexuality. She learned of the joys of masturbation while thinking about him, and had developed a strong association between sexual passion and the doctor's office. She said that she got turned on almost every time she went into a medical office, even for a simple sore throat.

Chrissy then told me that she had seen me around the campus and found me attractive so she had arranged the after-hours examination. She wondered if I minded if she became my patient regularly. I certainly had no objections, but I told her that if we were to repeat our sexual activities, we should do it in more private surroundings. She agreed reluctantly, and made me promise to let her play doctor at least once in a while.—
Name and address withheld

SAY CHEESE

For a long time my boyfriend Ron and I had wanted photographs of us fucking. There were two obstacles—finding someone to take the pictures, and getting them developed. We wanted better quality than we could get with a Polaroid, and we wanted something we could enlarge to poster size.

Then Keith, a friend of Ron's, set up a darkroom in his basement. We told him that we would make it worth his while if he would help us fulfill our fantasy.



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I enjoy exposing my body. It really arouses me to imagine strangers catching a glimpse of me and getting hard as they watch. Keith has always turned me on. Needless to say, I was really looking forward to the photo session.

Keith used quite a few rolls of film that day. There was a shot of me bending over, looking through my legs at the camera; a shot of Ron standing in front of me, his hands buried in my long blond hair as I knelt and sucked his dick; and a close-up of Ron's balls slapping my ass while my legs were wrapped around his back, among others.

I noticed a bulge in the front of Keith's jeans when he finished taking the pictures. It was time to reward him. I slowly pulled down his zipper and released his thick cock from its imprisonment. I slid my lips around it and sucked with all my strength. Keith was already terrifically aroused and came in just a few minutes. As soon as I felt his cock begin to pulse, I took it out of my mouth to watch it pump out globs of come.

Keith sank onto the bed exhausted, thinking that I was through with him. My fingernails on his back and my tongue on his balls soon brought him back to life. I was still so wet that I slid onto his cock easily. As I rode up and down, I looked over and saw Ron gently stroking his own dick. That excited me, as did Keith's involuntary moans of pleasure. I started to

tremble and my climax spread through my body like ripples in a lake. Keith came immediately afterward.

By then, Ron was fully erect—and I was ready for him. He slammed into me and thrust furiously until I exploded in orgasm. He stopped moving, while I rested for a while, then started in again. I lost count of the orgasms I had that night.

The photographs turned out beautifully. Keith kept a set for himself. I like to imagine him masturbating as he looks at them. It also excited me to think that someone else may accidentally find them. Ron and I enjoy looking at our set of photos. It always inspires us to exciting new heights of passion.—*Name and address withheld*

LOVE MATCH

My boyfriend Bert and I have been dating for about six months. Our sex life started out good and got better. At first I was very shy, and we made love mainly at night in the dark. When I began to get more comfortable with sex and with my boyfriend, we started to experiment a little.

One day when I was at his place and he was in the shower, I stumbled upon his *Penthouse* collection. I opened the top one to "Forum" and started reading. By the time Bert emerged clean and glowing from the shower, I was lying naked on the bed, running my hands over

the length of my body, still immersed in the sexual exploits of someone else. I was hot but when I saw his beautiful tanned body, covered only with a towel and glistening drops of water, I felt like an inferno! He took in the situation at a glance, and dropped his towel. Already his huge nine-inch cock was pulsing with anticipation. I slowly began to suck the last drops of water from his skin. I licked and tickled the insides of his thighs while I moved closer to his balls. They were tight and ready to burst when I let my hot breath inflame them further. I swallowed his throbbing member, sucking and licking for all I was worth. I don't know what came over me! Neither did Bert—he came with a groan and a huge river of sperm, which I swallowed.

That was only the beginning of our more passionate sex life. The most exciting sexual experience we have shared recently happened when we were at his parents' home for dinner.

After the meal, we were resting on the couch, devouring the newest issue of *Penthouse* and getting more turned on with each sentence. My hand slowly crawled up the length of his thigh under the strategically placed pillow. We decided it was time to remove ourselves from the premises and play some tennis. I put on my short little white tennis dress with matching underpants that had white lace ruffles all over the backside. It was late in the evening when we arrived at a lovely little park with one lonely tennis court, and not a soul around. I had already decided that our game wouldn't last too long.

We hit the ball back and forth for a while, and whenever I bent over to retrieve the ball, I made sure Bert got a good view of all my ruffles and the curly pubic hair that refused to stay inside. Finally, I said that my tennis elbow was bothering me too much to continue playing. I jumped the net and stood next to Bert. I began to rub my sweaty body all over him, entwining my legs with his and using my tongue on his mouth the way I would on his cock.

I moved away and slowly removed the frilly undies that had hidden my dripping mound for so long. He had no doubt of my intentions now. I took his hand and led him to the middle of a stretch of grass surrounded by trees. He could catch glimpses of my furry clit as my skirt moved, but I wasn't ready to let him touch me yet. We lay down on the grass and I removed his clothing, savoring the sight of that gorgeous purple prick begging to be sucked. I obliged, bringing him to the brink of climax and then stopping. My hungry tongue flicked over his balls and made him squirm and jump.

I opened up my legs to him and let him see my soft, wet, horny cunt. I moved my fingers over it, collecting some of my juices, and sucked them. Bert couldn't stand it anymore, and he grabbed me and threw me on the ground, all at once shoving the entire length of his throbbing



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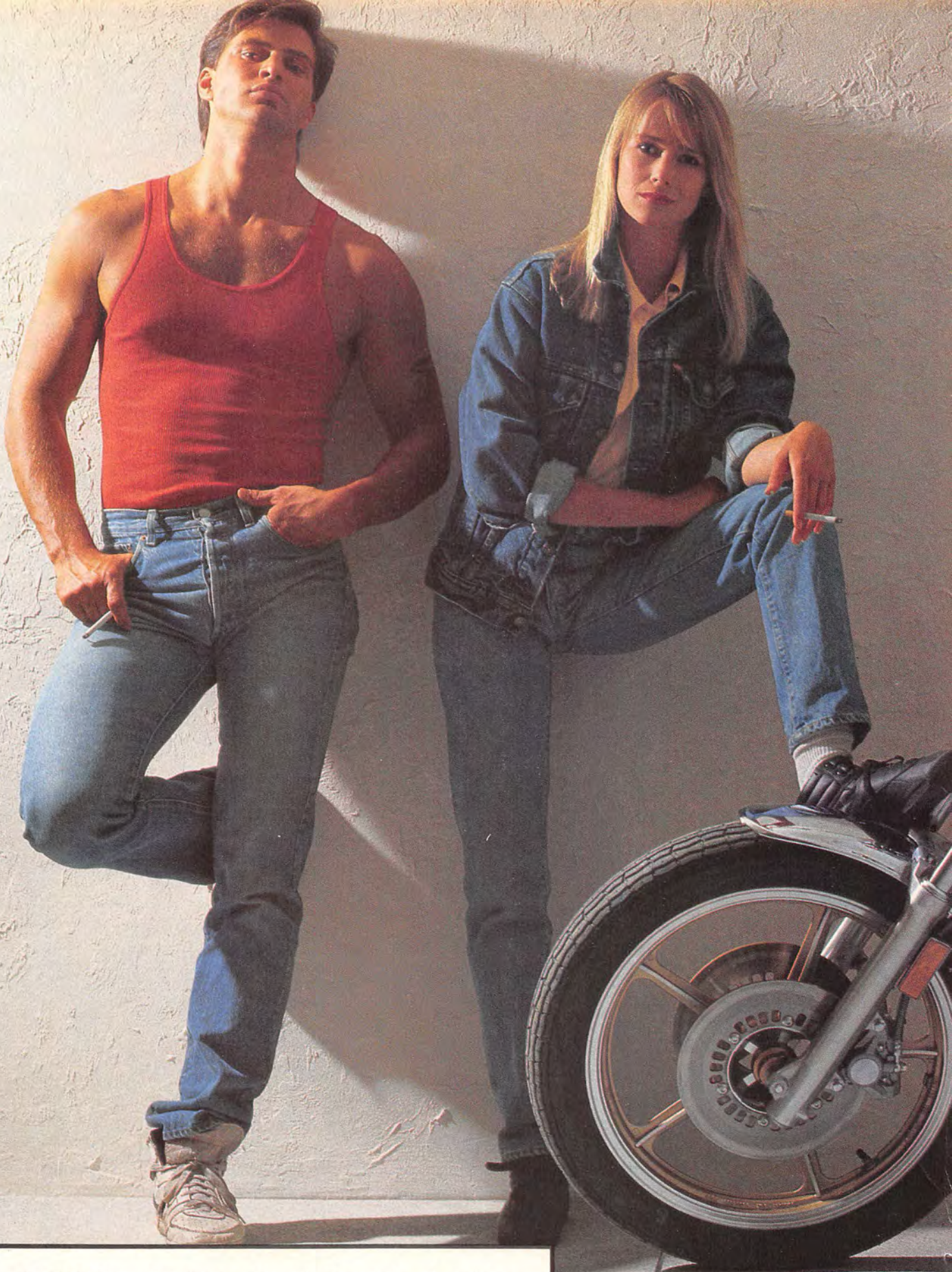
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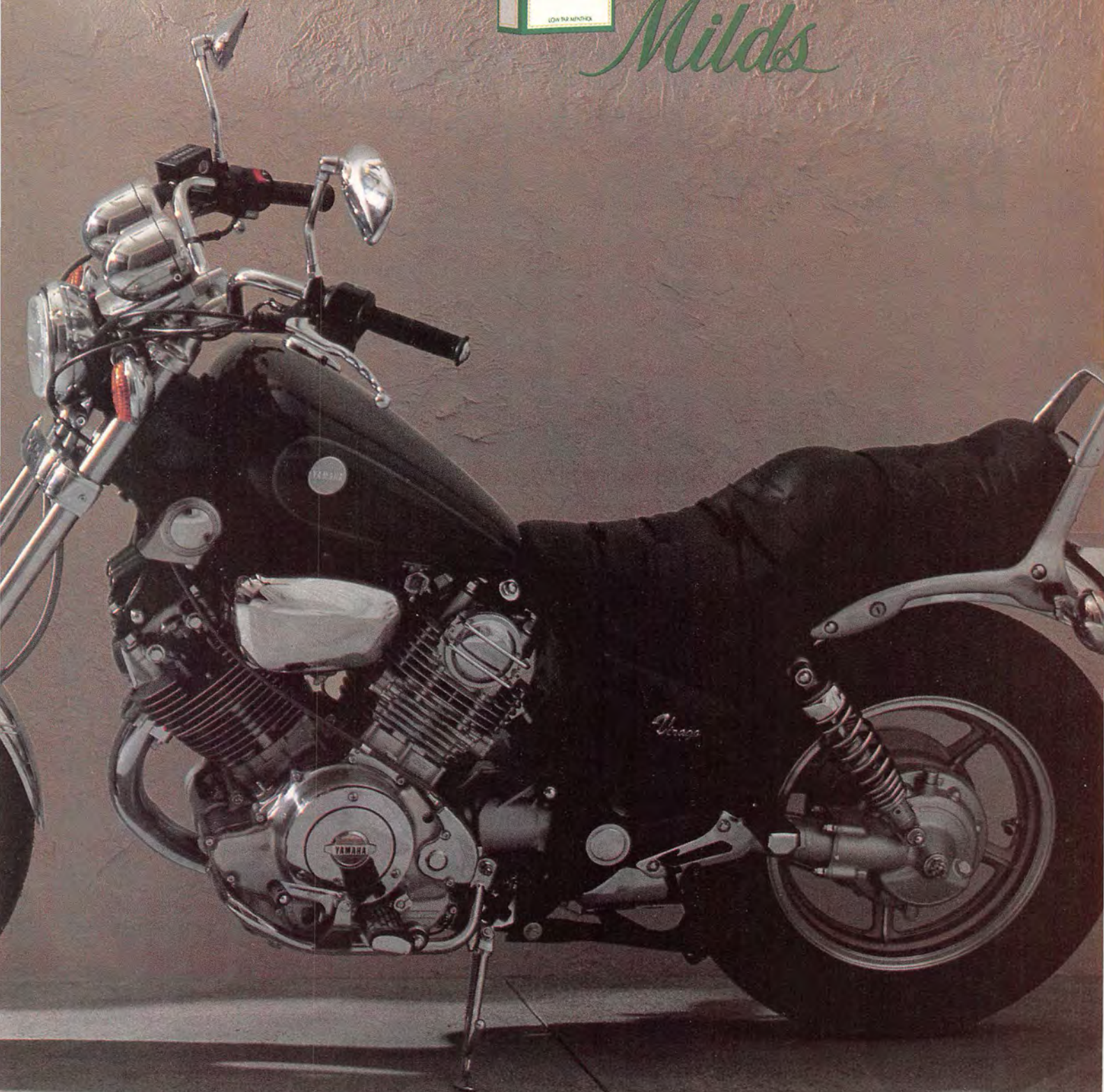


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manhood into me. That first thrust was all it took to bring me to instant orgasm. Just the feel of him inside me was enough. He began to move; my legs were wrapped around him, and he drove it in and out, hard and fast.

He dipped in and out until I thought we would both explode, then he thrust his entire bulging length into me again. He was so huge and I was so tight that I came again, shuddering and shaking. Before he could come, I turned him over onto his back and gently sucked my sweet juices from his yearning cock. Then I raised up and let my insatiable vagina pull him into me. This time I would let him come. I held onto his buttocks tightly, digging in with my nails, and fucked him hard. I knew he was about to come, and I drew his shaft in and out of me hard, tight, and fast. We exploded together. Finally we looked up and noticed the groundskeeper in the trees not far away, with his dick in his hand and a dazed expression on his face. We grinned and gathered our clothes.

When we arrived home on shaky legs, his mother asked us how the game went. Looking at each other and the grass stains on our clothes, we replied that it was a tie. We would have the rematch the next day.—Name and address withheld

CONDO CRAZY

Shortly after college, I decided to take a
22 PENTHOUSE

job in the Northeast, moving from my hometown in the South following an emotional breakup with my girlfriend. After a few months of settling into my new job, I began looking for a condominium. I took a day off from work and made an appointment to see a real estate agent whose firm represents a brand-new condo complex.

Arriving at the firm's office at mid-morning, I could have been knocked over with a feather at the sight of my agent. She was a tall, slender blonde with the best-looking ass and tits I've ever seen on a woman. She was also dressed to kill, wearing a fashionable black leather skirt, red pullover sweater, dark stockings, and stunning high-heeled shoes. It was obvious she found me attractive by her gentle handshake and a look that left my dick in an aching pulsation.

After a lengthy discussion, we decided to drive to the complex I had inquired about to look over the unit and talk business. It was apparent that her motives were less than businesslike when in the middle of a sentence she leaned back in her chair and loosened the strap of her shoe. She dangled it on the end of her toe teasingly while taking notice of the bulge in my trousers. I was determined to make love to her before the afternoon was over.

When some of the staff began filing back into the office, I dropped all thoughts

of seducing her on her desk and suggested we leave. She led me to her car in the parking lot and drove me to the complex. Her long slender thighs became exposed as her skirt rode up while she rubbed her knees together. She totally blew me away by massaging my knee during the conversation and asking me if I would like to have dinner one night. I readily replied yes, and boldly kissed her smiling lips while we sat at a red light.

Arriving at the complex, she led me upstairs to a furnished unit, and after a look around and a brief discussion, we parked ourselves on the sofa and talked prices while she touched herself. She was stroking her long legs and making my dick go crazy. I suggested she light a fire in the fireplace to see how the room would feel. She stood up and made a real show of slipping out of her shoes. Once the fire was burning, I startled her when I walked up behind her at the fireplace, shirtless, and embraced her in a braille reading of her body. She spun around and melted into my arms while I kissed her passionately, my tongue exploring her mouth and the nape of her neck. Moving my hands under her sweater, I unclipped her bra, exposing her breasts. Discarding my trousers, she eagerly knelt between my legs, took my swollen tool into her mouth, and teased me harder than I have ever been before. Before I came, I brought her to her feet and relieved her of her sweater,



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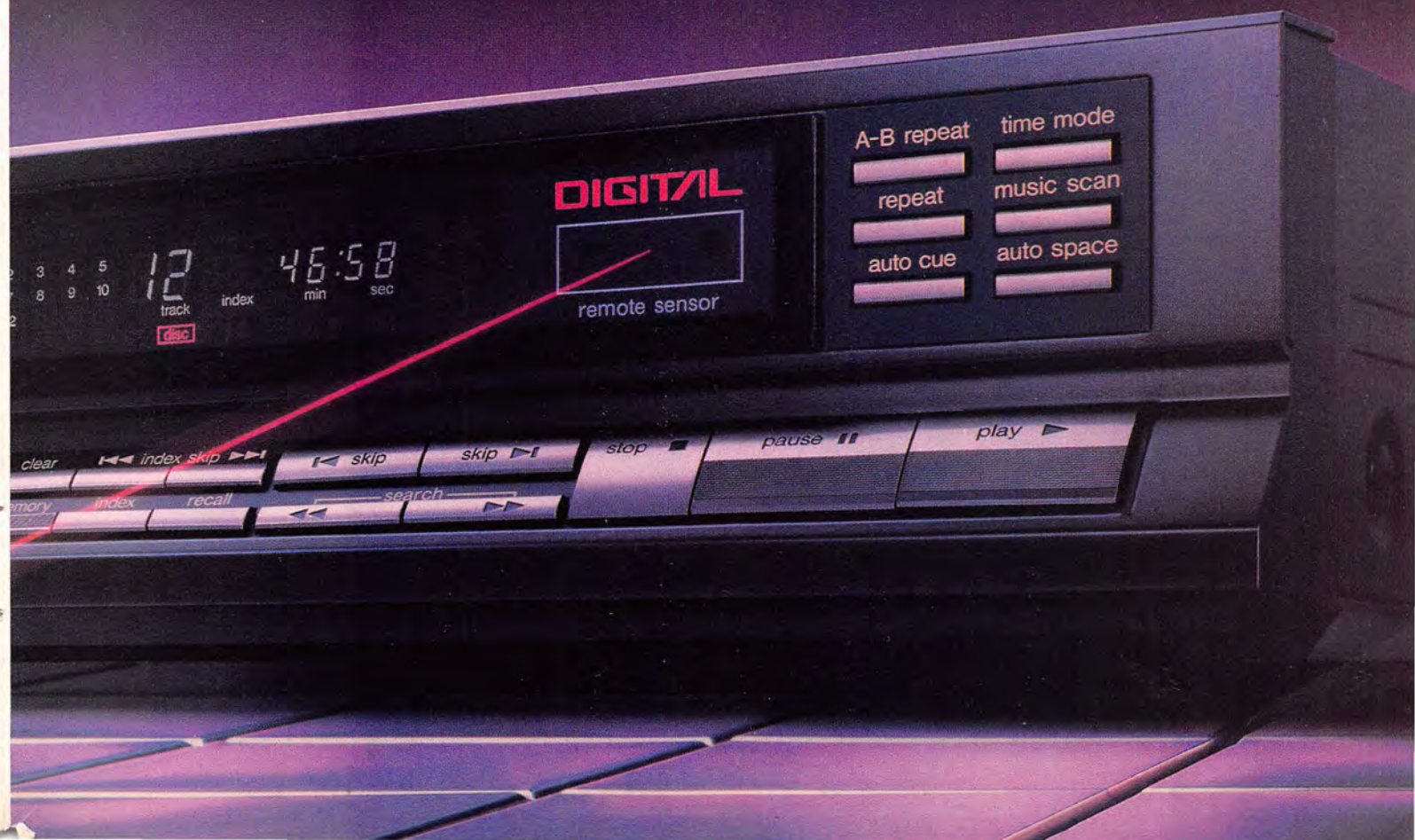
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dropped her skirt to her ankles, and helped her slip out of her stockings. We then lowered ourselves to a large pillow in front of the fireplace.

Robbing her of her soaked panties, I pulled her thighs open and tongued her swollen clit while she arched her back and softly sighed. With her pussy juicing out of control, we fondled each other in sensuous foreplay. When our genitals could stand the pounding no longer, she whispered, "Make love to me. Fuck me with that dick." I slipped my pounding rod into her soft cunt, both of us moaning in ecstasy as my dick slid farther into her. She wrapped her legs around my back as I nailed her naked body down with my muscular frame and forcefully fucked her, drilling my tool in and out of her. She came more than once as I exploded deep inside her. Her hot orgasm was enough to bring me off again instantaneously as we tenderly collapsed.

In the next few hours, we totally lost it. Drenched in sweat, we wildly devoured each other, making love again and again and again. If I fucked her once, I fucked her ten times while squeezing her ass, tonguing her tits, and kissing her deeply and passionately in between. We then went between each other's legs and slowly sucked the remaining lust out of each other's body.

We took a long hot shower together and dressed. Helping her slip back into her

clothes made me hard again. We both fell to the floor, where I quickly entered her now-sore cunt and slowly fucked her once more while she thrust her leather-clad hips back at me and caressed me with her silk-encased legs.

Finally satisfied, I swept her off her feet and carried her to her car, gingerly easing her into the seat. We slowly drove to my apartment, kissed, and reluctantly parted. Though the deal fell through, we continued our lustful afternoon sessions, devouring each other regularly. I'm not sure whether or not marriage is in our future, since we both see other people. But whenever the lady is a guest in my duplex, I can't help but think how my experience with her has broadened my viewpoint in the sense of meeting more women. This may soon help me to settle into the type of relationship I'm looking for. But hopefully, not too soon.—*Name and address withheld*

CONTACT BRIDGE

Last summer I was in Las Vegas at the same time a bridge tournament was being held. Not having much luck at the gaming tables, I decided to try some bridge since I had played and enjoyed the game while in college. I needed to find a willing partner for the night session, and luckily the desk clerk knew of a player whose regular partner had just taken ill.

I was introduced to a soft-spoken Ori-

ental woman named Jade. Jade had long black hair that contrasted with her creamy ivory skin. Tied at her narrow waist, the silky wraparound dress she wore clung to her slim body, conservatively covering her modest breasts while revealing her slender legs. Although she was fair-looking at first glance, I found myself increasingly attracted to her Eastern femininity and sensuality. As we completed our card game, I fantasized about our erotic possibilities and started developing a strategy of play that had nothing to do with contract bridge.

We might have placed in the session, but I misplayed a possible grand-slam hand. Jade was upset at having missed such a golden scoring opportunity and we went to a nearby lounge to discuss the hand. After a little while, her composure began to slip and she flirted with me. She wouldn't let me touch her and I found myself praying that she wasn't just a cockteaser. My desire, not to mention the bulge in my pants, was steadily growing. I commented that the lounge was too noisy and suggested we go to my room and replay the night's grand slam. Jade hesitated at first, but acquiesced when I promised to make it an early night.

Once in my room, she strolled to the window to take in the night view. I embraced her from behind, and she twisted around in my arms and kissed me fiercely. While her nimble tongue flickered in my mouth, she pressed her body against mine. She still foiled my efforts to fondle her snatch or tits, but allowed me to softly knead her buns. Lifting the back of her dress, I slipped a hand under her panties and forced them down. When she didn't object, I thrust my fingers between her parted thighs and into her drenched and willing pussy.

She gasped at my bold rear entry, and taking advantage of her distraction, I yanked open her wraparound dress. With my free hand, I pulled down her scant panties and made a full-frontal assault on her exposed vulva. While stimulating her clitoris with my left hand, I entered her slit with first one, then two, then three fingers of my right hand. Jade responded to my ardent attention by bucking uncontrollably, her hips humping my groping hands with increasing intensity. Her body tensed and a guttural scream escaped her lips as she had her first orgasm of the night. Her knees buckled and she slumped to the floor at my feet.

I dropped my pants and placed her head in front of my swaying manhood. Placing my purple glans between her lips, I pumped her mouth as she sucked my thick shaft. Seeing her lips stretched tightly around my engorged organ, I could feel the pressure building in my loins. Yelling for her not to stop, I exploded down her soft throat. She gagged at first, trickles of come running down her chin, but soon swallowed all I could give.

I joined her on the carpet and quickly removed her dress completely. I un-



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6 I'm taking my own stand against censorship. When I'm told that a store no longer carries *Penthouse*, I leave all my potential purchases on the counter and walk out.9

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

This is the first time I have written to any type of publication. My reason is very simple: I thought I lived in a country where "all men are created equal and have inalienable rights." Over 200 years ago this country was assured that it would be protected and that the government would preserve its rights to freedom. I grew up believing in these privileges, but now I feel threatened. I hear that the Meese Commission is trying to tell me that publications such as *Penthouse* can damage the "moral fiber" of society.

Publications such as yours should never be banned. I support *Penthouse* and applaud you for what your magazine stands for—freedom of expression. That is what America is all about!—L.M., El Paso, Tex.

SOUTHLAND CORP.

In light of the horrible effects religious zealots have had on our country and the world, I am writing to you. It would seem to me that all individuals should resist any attempts made by religious leaders to impose their brand of morality on us.

I am surprised and disappointed that Southland Corp. decided to discontinue selling *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, and other magazines. It is difficult to determine if they caved in from the pressure of the quasi-legal Meese Commission or from the pressure of the likes of Jerry Falwell. In either case, I feel that Southland should have had the strength to stand against this unreasonable and unconstitutional intrusion into our freedoms. I am sad and



frightened by their lack of resolve to resist, by any means available, the bullying tactics of a bunch of zealots.

Therefore, I am taking my own stand against censorship. I am going to visit as many 7-Eleven stores as I can, pick up a few items and place them on the counter, and ask for *Penthouse*. When told that they no longer carry the magazine, I will walk out of the store, leaving the items on the counter. So far I've done this three times.

I would like to suggest that others try this tactic. Maybe it's possible that Southland will get a better message than the one they have now.—*Name and address withheld*

HOLOCAUST TWINS

The unfortunate treatment and consequences suffered by twins who survived Josef Mengele's brutal experiments, at the Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camps, have been sadly neglected by Holocaust writers. I therefore applaud the efforts of Lucette Lagnado and *Penthouse* magazine ["Mengele's Children," August 1986] to foster public awareness of the tragic life histories of these twin children.



As assistant director of the Minnesota Center for Twin and Adoption Research, I have spent many hours with the twins discussing the emotional aftermath of Auschwitz-Birkenau. Because of this, I feel compelled to thank Ms. Lagnado for writing such an informative article on such a delicate subject.—*Nancy L. Segal, Ph.D., Minneapolis, Minn.*

YOUNG MARINES

It is interesting that your August issue contained two articles about children, "Mengele's Children" by Lucette Lagnado and "Mariney-

Boppers" by Nick Tosches, with photographs by Tony O'Brien.

The Young Marine program of the Marine Corps League is a long-standing youth activity designed to present a picture of the knowledge and dedication necessary to prepare oneself to defend the Constitution and people of the United States. The more youngsters we can produce that can accept the sacrifice necessary to oppose a dictatorship, the less chance there is of seeing youngsters pictured as victims of the death camps, as were Mengele's children.

Those who would destroy our way of life have no qualms about arming children if they can hasten our downfall.

Combat veterans are the last people to cry out for more war, but in today's world we must teach our children to fight and to stand up for their beliefs, or we might as well teach them all to speak Russian.—*Thomas A. Gulino, Tucson, Ariz.*

EDITORS' NOTE

Unfortunately, some of the Heublein products shown as prizes in our Great *Penthouse* Treasure Hunt (September issue) were not recognizable in the magazine. We're happy to rectify this error (see left). These prizes, and others, can still be yours if you participate immediately! O+

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.

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

KRIS KRINGLE

HOME: The North Pole.

AGE: Ageless.

PROFESSION: President and CEO, World Gift Distribution Network.

HOBBY: "When you only work one day a year, you need a lot of 'em."

LAST BOOK READ: The Book of Lists, David Wallenchinsky, et al.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Determining who's been naughty or nice.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There'd be a lot of unhappy people if I didn't."

PROFILE: Jovial, ubiquitous, philanthropic. "He travels fastest who travels alone."

QUOTE: "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."



Stores that have no reservations about selling violent magazines talk about "corporate responsibility" only when it comes to adult erotica.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



What is the responsibility of giant corporations that sell popular and profitable products some customers find offensive? This issue has been raised many times and in varying contexts. Most recently—and perhaps stirring the most controversy—several convenience-store chains decided to stop selling adult magazines such as *Penthouse* and *Playboy*.

Because these magazines are constitutionally protected and because the decision was plainly influenced by governmental threats—as a court recently found—there are important First Amendment issues at stake. But even if the decision had been entirely private, it would have reflected corporate irresponsibility in violation of the spirit embodied in the First Amendment.

Being offensive to some customers is in the highest tradition of journalism. A magazine or newspaper that offended no one would hardly be doing its job. Breakfast cereals may be designed to appeal to everybody, but the American

public is not used to being fed a diet of media pabulum. Unlike in the Soviet Union or China, no single publication in the United States is intended to be read by all.

There's the old joke about the Jew who was stranded on a desert island for ten years. He built two synagogues, and when his rescuers asked why one Jew needed two synagogues, he answered, "This one I pray in, the other one I wouldn't go near." In the tradition of Thomas Jefferson—who said, "Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter"—many Americans stranded on a desert island would probably insist on two newspapers: one to read, the other to hate.

The convenience stores deny that they discontinued selling the adult magazines because they are controversial or offensive. They insist that their decision was motivated by testimony before the Meese Commission that such magazines cause harm. As Southland Corporation, the owner of the 7-Eleven chain, announced when it terminated sales of *Penthouse* and *Playboy*, even before the Meese Commission issued its report, "The testimony before that commission indicates a growing public awareness and concern over a possible connection between adult magazines and crime, violence, and child abuse."

There must have been some red faces in the corporate headquarters when

the Meese Commission ultimately (and unanimously) concluded that adult erotica "does not bear a causal relationship to rape and other acts of sexual violence."

The removal of these magazines is not consistent with the policy of these chains to remove items that are supposedly harmful. Some sell ammunition and weapons, while others deal in rolling paper designed for joints. There's even hypocrisy on magazine racks. Stores that have no reservations about selling violent magazines—even magazines that recruit mercenaries—talk self-righteously about "corporate responsibility" only when it comes to adult erotica.

Some vendors have taken the offensiveness argument to its logical extreme. *The Chronicle of Higher Education* recently reported that the student union at the University of Wisconsin started by removing *Penthouse* and *Playboy* and then proceeded to censor *Cosmopolitan* (reverse sexism?), *The Progressive* (liberalism?), *Reader's Digest* (conservatism?), *Scientific American* (evolution?), and *Life* (boredom?). At my own university several years ago, a feminist tried to get *Playboy* removed from the library on the grounds that the university should not pay for any books or magazines that offended a significant population of the university community. My counterproposal was to circulate a form to every professor, student, and employee asking each to list the kind of material they found offensive. Everything on the list could then be burned during half-

time at the Yale game, thus making room in the library for squash courts (a sport whose elitism I find offensive) or basketball courts (everybody loves B-ball, don't they?).

The remaining few books and magazines—which offend no one—could then be stored in a couple of filing cabinets.

The responsibility of a giant publicly held retail chain is to act responsibly and consistently, pursuant to published and articulated policies and standards, not in an ad hoc manner responsive to shrill demands from a few extremists (either in or out of government). If it is the policy of the corporation to discontinue sales of dangerous products, then it should determine which products are most dangerous and discontinue them in the order of their dangerousness. If it is the policy to discontinue sales of items regarded as "offensive"—an immoral policy in the context of controversial magazines—then it should conduct customer surveys to determine which items are deemed most offensive by most customers.

Large corporations have a responsibility to be honest with the public. They should not offer deceptive and misleading arguments to justify action really taken on other grounds—grounds they would be ashamed to acknowledge publicly.

The corporations that have succumbed to extremist pressures—both from inside and outside the government—have failed to act responsibly. Their stockholders, customers, and employees should hold them to account for their actions. O—

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FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



I read an Associated Press story that you and a group of athletes spent a week climbing in the Sierras last winter without food, living on just vitamin pills. Can you tell me a few more details?—J. Sargeson, New York, N.Y.

Our research into the formulation of a nutrition pill that could completely replace food was first reported by *Omni* magazine in 1982. This piqued the interest of the U.S. Army, which asked us to design a pill that could extend the distance covered by ground troops whose range was limited by having to carry food.

Our goal was to develop a formula that would enable people to exercise vigorously for 12 to 14 hours a day under difficult environmental conditions, and remain healthy. We thought the John Muir Trail in California in winter snows would provide a good test. The mountains range up to 14,495 feet, the highest point in the lower 48. The Army's interest in the project apparently died in the Pentagon budget cuts in

1985, but we decided to go ahead with the test anyway.

Living on pills and water, we climbed and skied for up to 15 hours a day for five days. The pills maintained us at a high energy level, although we all lost considerable body fat, up to 12 pounds. Weather conditions and mishaps forced us to break the fast on day six. Temperatures were much lower than anticipated, with windchill up to 45 degrees below freezing. One athlete developed frostbite in both feet, and I suffered a badly strained back from a slip on the ice. Nevertheless, when we came down, medical tests showed us all to be in excellent condition.

The pills, dubbed SUSTAIN SP, are now under consideration for manufacture by the Weider Corporation, so I can't discuss the formula. Small quantities of the powder mix are available from the Colgan Institute.

The Army is interested again and we are complying with their request for a full report on our Sierra Project.

There is so much conflicting information on exercise programs that will make you fit and strong. Can you give me a no-nonsense program for a yuppie executive, in good health, who can spare 30 to 60 minutes a day for exercise?—R. McGruder, San Diego, Calif.

Fit and strong for what? One reason behind the conflict in exercise advice is that different goals demand different regimes. Since you didn't specify the precise purpose of your exercise, beyond

strength, fitness, and health, I will sketch out a few of the options.

If your goal is to be strong in terms of bending iron bars and lifting the fronts of Cadillacs, you need a weight-training program using heavy free weights. Move them slowly in low-repetition sets of strength exercises such as the squat and the bench press. Such a regime will cause the slow-twitch fibers of your muscles to hypertrophy (grow). This regime will not make you *powerful*, in the sense of being able to put the shot, toss the caber, or jerk horses off their feet. Power is strength times speed, and the above regime, as well as Nautilus-type machines, does not develop speed. On the contrary, it slows you down as the developing slow-twitch muscle fibers become dominant over fast-twitch (speed) muscle fibers. Boxers, wrestlers, and track and field athletes should avoid strength exercises like the plague.

Power (speed times strength) demands an entirely different approach. Here you need to hypertrophy the fast-twitch muscle fibers. Your exercise regime will be based on explosive force movements, moving weights, including the weight of your body, as fast as you can. Examples of power exercises are the snatch in Olympic weight lifting and the high pull with a barbell. There are also the new methods of plyometrics, involving such exercises as explosive leaps from a standing start and push-ups where you fall from a standing position onto the hands and push off with


sufficient power to resume the standing position again.

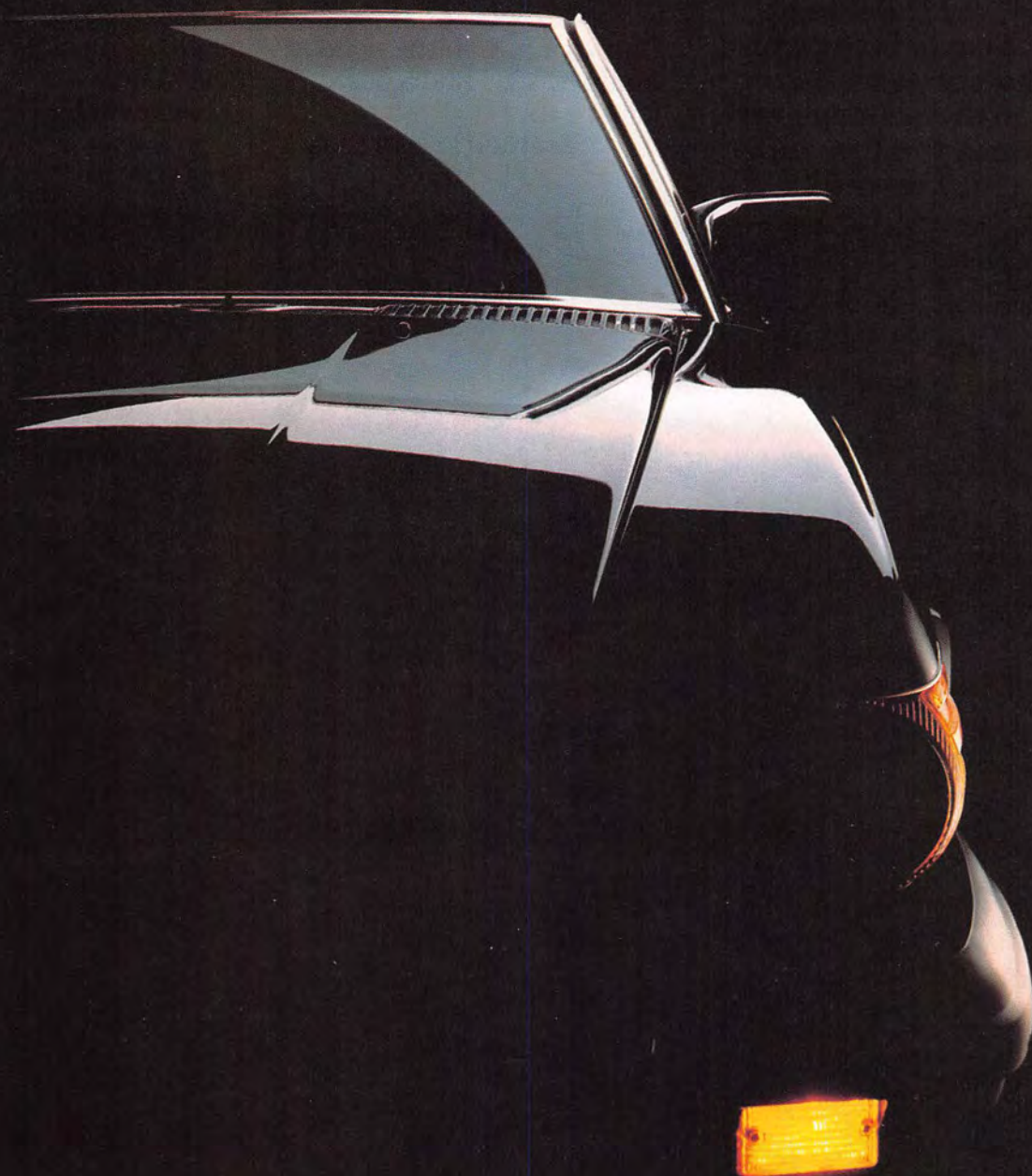
If your goal is to run marathons, or the local ten-kilometer race, you have to concentrate on endurance training, that is, very high repetition of movements against light resistance. Follow a daily regime—running, cycling, rowing, and swimming, all for 30 minutes or more, are four good examples. Cross-country skiing is the best.

Endurance training is the only good exercise to protect the cardiovascular system. If your goal is to avoid heart disease, jogging 12 to 15 miles a week is all the exercise you need.

If you want to look good at the beach, slow exercises, especially with free weights, are the fastest way to grow muscles. Most people have more slow-twitch than fast-twitch muscle fibers, so you will get greater muscle bulk from your training time if you concentrate on growing the slow-twitch. But looking good demands a wide variety of exercises in order to shape and refine all your nooks and crannies.

For the general goal of inhibiting aging you need to combine three types of exercise: (1) flexibility exercises to preserve your range of movements, (2) bodybuilding exercises to maintain your lean muscle mass, (3) endurance exercise to maintain your heart and lungs. We have a simple system, available to the public, which accomplishes all three types of exercise in less than 30 minutes a day.

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The ultimate gift
for those who have it all
—what power-mongers
really want for Christmas.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



First, a confession.

I am in that irritating category of people who when asked what they want for Christmas, are unable to think of a thing. Cuff links? I don't wear them. A wallet? I have one. A briefcase? I have several. A dinner date with Joan Collins? I've had dinner with Joan Collins.

I'm not saying that I am the proverbial "man who has everything." I suppose, were money no object, I could think of *something* I wanted—a Ferrari GTO would do very nicely—but at the normal level of gift-giving, my mind goes blank.

I suspect this comes from my childhood as a Hollywood brat, brought up in a world where every day was Christmas, except for one's birthday, when *serious* gift-giving took place. My late uncle, the movie producer and Olympic-level spender Sir Alexander Korda, was in the habit of sending his secretary around to all the members of the Korda family before Christmas. Her job was to find out what we wanted. On Christmas morn-

ing, Alex's chauffeur delivered the goodies, and to this day so far as I know, Alex took no part in the process, except to pay the bills—or make sure that the shareholders of London Films or United Artists paid them. . . . Anyway, my bedroom looked like the stockroom of F.A.O. Schwarz and as a result, I was gifted-out at an early age.

Of course, it's one of the very few disadvantages of success that successful people either have one of everything, or could afford to buy it for themselves. *Really* successful people in the business world are also insulated from the needs of normal people by the corporate Horn of Plenty—they have a company jet, the company limousine, the furnished apartment, the gold-plated thermos, and enough technological goodies for a Japanese trade fair. With power comes perks.

Then too, power-seekers aren't hobbyists. They don't have the time, and their energies are directed toward success, rather than the golf course or woodworking. It is, in fact, one of the peculiar paradoxes of success that the more money you make, the less time you have to enjoy it, with the result that the people at the top are very often having less fun than the people at the bottom.

Since I am assuming that as a power-seeker you already own black Gucci shoes, an expensive wristwatch, a good briefcase, and a lot of white shirts and dark ties, I have decided to offer, instead of the usual list of expensive wish-items for Christmas, a gift list appro-

priate to higher corporate success. Remember: The man (or woman) who is making a high-six-figure salary doesn't need to sit around daydreaming about what he (or she) is going to find under the Christmas tree. In the first place he (or she) will probably be in the office working on Christmas Day, and in the second place, since you can buy yourself whatever you want at that salary level, why waste a 22-cent stamp mailing a letter to Santa?

However, if you feel compelled to send a letter to him, here is a suggestion. Since you're probably pretty busy stabbing your fellow executives in the back, or plotting a quick leveraged buy-out of your company, you can just clip this out of the magazine and have your secretary mail it to the North Pole.

Dear Santa,
I've been a pretty good boy/girl this year, and since I know your time is almost as valuable as mine, I'd like to list a few things I could really use in the coming year. I'm anticipating delivery early morning, December 25 and would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your cooperation, and also to point out that you are entirely responsible for any damages incurred by your livestock when landing on my roof.

Kindly provide the following:

1. A 34-hour day. The present one is too short.
2. The perfect secretary.
3. A glamorous, sultry, willing girlfriend/boyfriend (strike out whichever one is inappropriate or not what you really want) with access

to insider's information and hot stock tips.

4. A parking place with my name on it.

5. A golden parachute.

6. A platinum American Express card.

7. An office with four windows; a tree; a conversation pit; a free-form floating, granite-top desk; and a private bathroom with real towels, fresh every day.

8. A brass nameplate screwed into my door—not the slip-in kind of nameplate that says, "Here today, gone tomorrow."

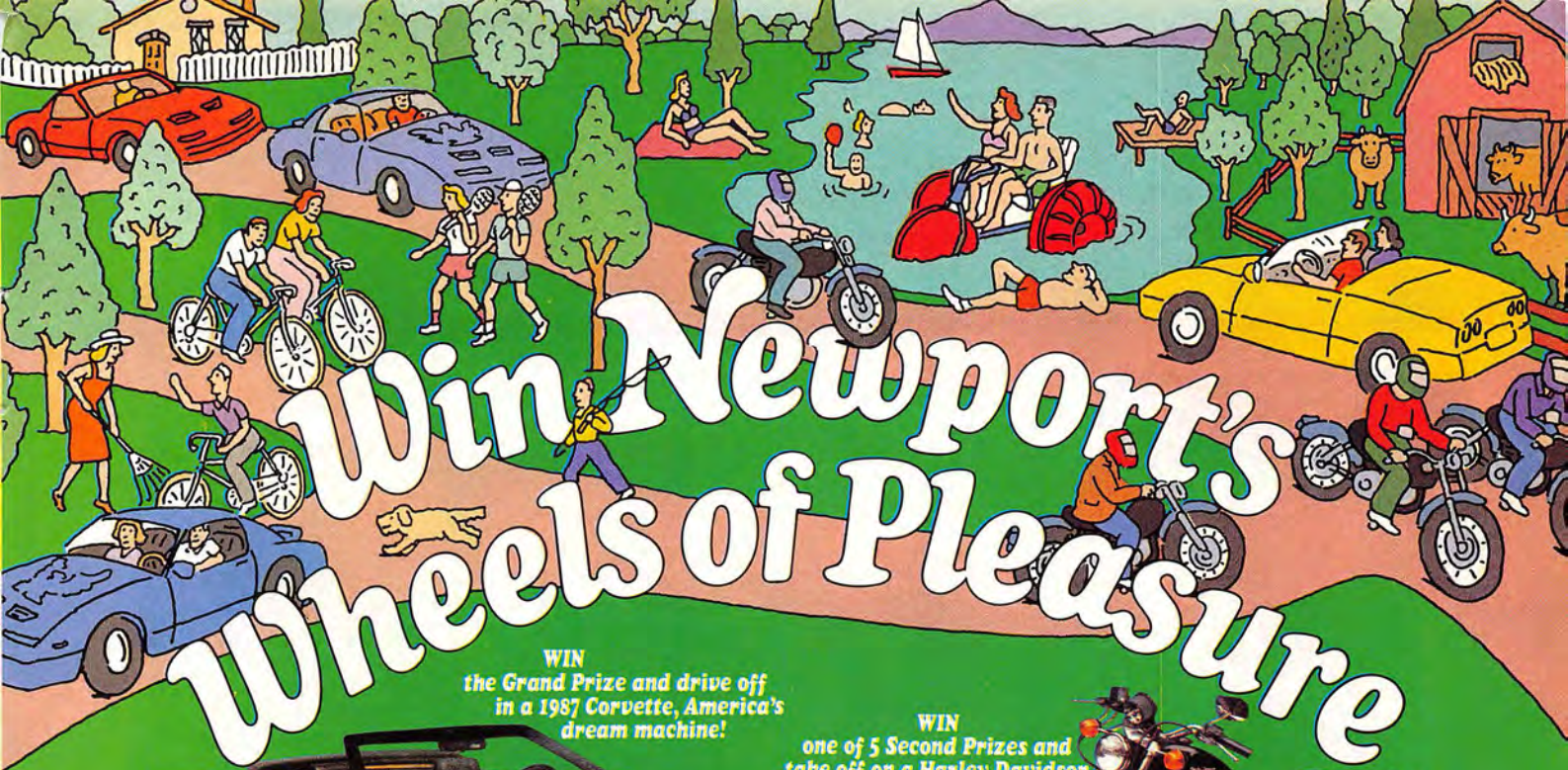
9. My own status table at a celebrity restaurant, for power lunches, and a year's supply of top-level guests, all of them powerful (men) or beautiful (women).

10. A bonus plan as big as the Ritz itself.

Of course, there's more to life than power. The truth is, who *needs* all those Christmas gifts that fill the catalogs, and will soon fill our closets? The ties and Swiss army knives and cigarette lighters that men receive, the sexy lingerie that men give women (always a size too small) and which women never wear, we'd trade them all, Santa, for the supreme gift—going back ten or 20 years while knowing what we know now!

Now, *there's* a present worth getting! How would you like to be 21 again, but *smart* this time?

Unfortunately, for this particular present, it is no use writing Santa. Write or phone, instead, The Devil, Deepest Pit of Hell, 1-800-FIRES OF HELL, for more details. Just ask for the same deal Faust got.



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Two facts about this new column: It won't be dull and it won't exploit Andrea Dworkin.

women

BY NICK TOSCHES



Since its beginning, this magazine has been devoted to the adoration of women as much as it has been to topical subjects. Make no mistake about it: *Adoration* is the right word. *Penthouse* no more exploits women than a church exploits salvation. If anything, they both exploit desire, while at the same time serving it.

To speak plainly, this is why, I think, ladies such as Andrea Dworkin, whose appearances have deprived them of being the objects of men's desires, have sought so viciously to suppress *Penthouse* along with just about everything else more racy than the Singing Nun; and it is why, I think, her male counterparts, such as Jerry Falwell, who fear and loathe female beauty as something essentially menacing and sinful, have risen from the bedsheets of guilt to join La Dworkin in her crusade against desire. (I have often wondered how people such as she, who equate sexual freedom and pornography with the oppression of women, would explain the

fact that it is when and where those things are most suppressed—the Middle Ages, the Elizabethan era, the modern Islamic cultures—that women truly are most oppressed.)

In any event, I began to say something simple: This is a magazine devoted to women. It is also a magazine that is largely staffed and run by women. The *Penthouse* philosophy, in fact, is to put women on pedestals. And as every smart individual—man, woman, or anchorperson—knows, a pedestal is a nice place to be: The view is good and it's a fine vantage to kick from.

On a more serious note, *Penthouse*, which has published articles on all manner of subjects, from books to business, from movies to the law, from Viet vets to fashion, has never really dedicated a monthly column to its favorite subject.

Thus, the idea for this column has evolved. And what, precisely, is that idea? It is, I think, to discuss women—not women in general, no essayist jabberwocky, but rather certain women, special women.

Each month, attention will be cast toward a different group of notable women: from politicians to private eyes, perhaps; from real estate tycoons to racing jockeys; scientists to novelists; hard hats to umpires. The possibilities are endless, and endlessly intriguing. The premise is not straitlaced. There might be times when the column's subjects are more notorious than notable, less conventional than successful. We promise not to focus on

obvious women celebrities—for those who are least celebrated are often the most deserving.

A good part of what lies behind the idea for this column is the somewhat simple, but startling, fact that it has not been done before. While many, if not most, of this country's mainstream publications have followed, even championed, the so-called women's movement (it is, after all, like most, a bandwagon business), there probably has been no more attention paid to women—individual women, rather than the collective noun—than there was ten or 20 years ago.

Even the venerable *New York Times*, which in recent years has tended to become more and more a collection of far-ranging columns and trendy sections, has not really broached the subject of women. Indeed, it seems that for a woman to be profiled and praised, she first must become a martyr of sorts, such as that brave, unassuming teacher Christa McAuliffe, who perished recently in the space-shuttle disaster. She must, in a phrase, often be subsumed by that most odious of things, posterity, before being noticed or extolled. Either that or she must dwell in the netherworld of prime-time, made-for-TV fame—a postmortem state in its own right.

In short, there has been far more eulogizing than there has been celebrating. And *Penthouse* magazine, as you by now probably know, naturally tends toward the latter designation.

It is, then, really business as usual. Though in a some-

what different light, the new column will do what has always been done in these pages, and that is to celebrate women—especially those women who have retained their individuality and independence from the tyranny of stylish sameness. Women who achieve and who prevail in this world deserve special praise; for this is not only a world dominated by men (many of whom bear a remarkable resemblance to La Dworkin), but also a world in which a woman's worst enemies are often her fellow women, who conceal the old blade of envy beneath the new sheep's skin of sisterhood.

But I have been called here not to scatter my ten-cent metaphors but to inaugurate a magazine column; and I have been far too serious and used too many semicolons; and while semicolons do have their place in life, being serious is one of the less profitable of mercenary pursuits. So enough of questions and enough of answers, an end to explaining and to truth and lies and even to semicolons. Let's forget about who deserves praise and why, and let's talk turkey, as the devils say.

In the months to come, simply put, this page will present some of the most interesting, and some of the most important, women in America today. It will be my pleasure to share this column with other writers in the future, as it has been my pleasure to introduce it. There are two things I can promise about the column. It won't be dull, and it won't exploit Andrea Dworkin. 

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Feminists who bristle at being called "baby" think nothing of referring to men who overtly admire women as "macho."

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



The battle of the sexes has deteriorated into a word war, with feminists brandishing the sword and threatening to hack all references to maleness and femaleness out of the English language. Men have echoed the battle cry and launched a counterattack in defense of their image as reflected in current word usage. But when the smoke has cleared and gender use has been laid to rest, both sides may discover that the hard-won victory contains nothing more than a heap of empty verbiage.

Characteristically, women's campaign to eradicate gender-biased terminology extends only as far as their own self-interest. Word usage that places men in a less than flattering light is conveniently overlooked. Thus, these word slayers rail against the use of "chairman,"

"spokesman," and "councilman," as implying male exclusivity, while finding no fault with "doorman," "trashman," and "gunman." Similarly, while feminists bristle at the utterance of "baby," "doll," or "gal," they think nothing

of referring to men who eat quiche as "wimps" or smugly dubbing men who overtly admire the female form as "macho." Men who show interest in younger women are placed in the despicable category of "dirty old men." Yet, increasingly, many women find it acceptable and desirable to date men half their age.

Recently, men have entered the fray and exposed the double standard implicit in the feminist assault on gender-biased phraseology. Charging that men have been equally maligned by much current word usage, Jack Kammer, host of a weekly radio show entitled "In a Man's Shoes," points out that designations such as "doorman" and "trashman" "spread the idea that only men are appropriate for these lowly jobs." The frequent use of "gunman" even when the sex of the gun brandisher is unknown, Kammer continues, "subtly suggests that men are solely responsible for violence and aggression."

Along the same lines, in response to women's hue and cry that God is always referred to as a man, Warren Farrell, political scientist, author, and former board member of the National Organization for Women, rightly remarks that men should be equally distressed that "nobody ever calls the devil 'she.'"

While I applaud the efforts of men's groups to counteract women's self-serving crusade to neuter language, I question whether the guns are really aimed at the right targets. It is my belief that this entire undertaking may be

seriously misdirected. Purging the English language of sexist terminology will do little, if anything, to eradicate sexist behavior.

The best evidence that language does not necessarily reflect social behavior, nor cause it, can be derived by examining diverse language usage. The Turkish language is one that lacks much of the sexism of the English language. It has a personal pronoun, 'o,' that can mean either "he" or "she," and it uses a single word for "siblings"—*kardes*—regardless of sex. Yet I don't think anyone would argue that the status of women in Turkey is higher than that of women in *any* English-speaking nation.


Similarly, in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, a dialect has developed that seemingly solves the problem of sexist pronouns by overriding the rule that the pronoun agree in number with its antecedent. Thus it is acceptable to state: "The child fell out of the tree and hurt himself [in place of himself or herself]." I daresay, however, that the status of women in the Ozark Mountain region is not particularly elevated.

Jack Rosenthal, deputy editorial page editor of *The New York Times*, points out that feminists' efforts to stamp out sexist words are superficial at best. He maintains that in addition to formal gender usage, languages contain "hidden gender," which is the categorization of words based on deeply embedded cultural associations as to what is masculine and what is feminine. In a recent piece

in the *Times* he wrote, "Whether one refers to ocean liners or God with 'she' is a cosmetic matter. Hidden gender endures; the only way to alter it is to alter the culture on which it feeds."

From my point of view, the effort to remove gender is not only superficial but unfortunate. It has been suggested abandoning the "offensive" forms "he," "she," "him," "his," and "hers" in favor of "it" and "its" to refer indiscriminately to both sexes. This solution would drastically revise English grammar, which makes important distinctions between the human (he, she) and the nonhuman (it). We would end up with something like this: "It is the mother of my children." Personally, I love my wife and prefer that "she" remain the mother of my children.

Above all, I object to the attempt of these misguided women to rob the English language of its very spirit and soul. Imagine the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address stripped of gender identification: "Fourscore and seven years ago, our [parents] brought forth a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all [people] are created equal." This is a lame substitute for one of our nation's most notable public addresses.

Do we really want to create a unisex vocabulary denuding literature of its flavor and color simply to prove a moot point? I think it is time to lay the gender-in-language subject to rest and attack issues that can truly initiate equality. 



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“Neither of us was a virgin when we married, but my wife’s sex life had consisted of quickies. She never knew about oral sex until she met me.”

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have enjoyed your column for years and hope to continue to do so for many more. I just finished reading the September 1986 issue again and it got me in the mood to write.

My wife and I are an average couple, no huge cock, no huge tits, not real foxy, but fair-looking, my wife being the better looking of the two of us. I am 37 and she is 31. We’ve been married for nine years. After a few problems during the first five years of marriage, we have since grown closer and our love continues to get better all the time.

I know, and we have discussed the fact, that she cheated on me the first three or four years of our marriage. This almost led to our getting divorced, but I’m glad it didn’t. There have been no problems since, and as I said, our love gets better all the time.

Neither of us was a virgin when we married, although my wife’s sex life had consisted of quickies, no foreplay, no oral sex, etc. She had never sucked cock or been eaten till she met me. With her upbringing any sex other than missionary-style was taboo. It took years to convince her anything we did as man and wife was okay and took her a long time to be comfortable with it.

The last five years have been great. We have sex four to five times weekly. She loves to suck my cock and does so every time we have sex. I go down on her about once a week. She’s not always in the mood



for that but she loves it when I do eat her.

We’ve experimented with many different things, including a ménage à trois. That lasted about two years; she was fucking me and another guy. It was great and we all enjoyed it. I love to see her turned on, sucking and fucking someone else’s cock. The parts she enjoyed best were fucking one of us to climax with the other mounting her right afterward, and being fucked and sucking dick at the same time. That drove her wild!

The other guy wasn’t her choice and didn’t really turn her on. After three or four times she was tired of it and agreed to the last three or four times because of me. Her strict Catholic upbringing didn’t allow her to be comfortable with herself (which I respect). After the last threesome she blew

up, and said, “No more.” This was three or four months ago. Everything is cool now, though, and our own sex life continues to be great.

For Christmas I bought a VCR and on her suggestion we have seen six X-rated films, four in one week! While we watch these films she goes crazy and gets so wet we need a bath towel. When there’s a scene where a man is getting it on with two or more women, she goes wild! I tell her, “Wouldn’t you like to be sucking that guy’s cock while I am eating you?” “Yes, yes!” she says. I’ve even mentioned names of guys or gals we could have in for a threesome and she gets wetter. If someone came in while she was this hot, I know she’d be fucking and sucking us both in two seconds and loving it.

During the time we were

having the threesome, she mentioned several times that she would like to fuck the guy in the bedroom by herself. I am jealous and can’t stand the thought of it. She says she may relax and enjoy it a little more, knowing that I am not watching her every move. She acts like she’s enjoying it while I’m there. I couldn’t stand the thought of her fucking him and me not seeing, even though they couldn’t do anything they haven’t done in front of me.

My question is, do you think it’s safe to have another threesome? It’s not something we have to do. As I said, our sex life is great. Still, I love watching her service someone else and love to see her sucking and fucking someone else. But if she ever cheated on me again, that would be the end of our marriage; I couldn’t take it. My fear is that she might really enjoy it with someone else and want to cheat on me with him. Your response will be greatly appreciated.—J. W.

Every month I get a lot of letters about swinging. “I would like to, but my husband/wife is not sure. Should we swing?” they ask. Sometimes I advise couples to go ahead; other times I advise them not to, depending on the individual factors involved.

You ask me if I think it’s “safe” to have another threesome. But

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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then you say you are worried that your wife will "cheat" on you. I suggest you stand back and take a good look at yourself, because in my opinion you have not double but *triple* standards. Like all moral-majority do-gooders, you use some trite religious cliché to back up your wacky arguments. What do you mean by cheating? On your instigation your wife fucked and sucked another man, a man whom she apparently did not find attractive. According to you, it's cheating if your wife enjoys it without you watching, but as long as she doesn't like it, it's okay.

You are, in my opinion, a classic closet homosexual. You want your wife to screw other men because it turns you on to see another man's naked body, his rigid cock sliding in and out of your wife's pussy or any other aperture. You want to suck her clit while another guy is screwing her so you can get your mouth to that beautiful prick. If she were to make love to that same guy in your absence, your fragile ego would not be able to stand it. Jealousy is a very common emotion, and it is usually stimulated by insecurity. If one is not being strictly honest with one's partner it is very natural to feel insecure, because you might get found out.

I once went to London with a new lover and we stayed in the apartment of an old friend of mine. He is a confirmed bachelor, but a dedicated swinger. He was kind enough to give up his own luxurious

bedroom to us the first night we were there so that we could celebrate our first night in the city in style. He elected to spend the night in the austere surroundings of his spare room, which he kept that way so that his houseguests wouldn't stay too long. Before wishing us good night, he showed us how to work the video recorder next to the bed. He inserted a classic X-rated cassette, *Behind the Green Door*, starring Marilyn Chambers. Now, it happens that I know the lady quite intimately. In fact, I even wrote a book with her (*Xaviera Meets Marilyn Chambers*), and when my love wanted to see the movie, I wouldn't let him.

I didn't want him to get horny watching another woman and then screw me. We had an argument about it and I finally realized that my problem was jealousy. Because I knew Marilyn myself, it was as if she were there with us in the room. At that stage in our relationship, I was not prepared to share my boyfriend with anyone. After we had made love marvelously without the video, we then put it on and enjoyed it till we fell asleep halfway through the movie.

I suggest that you try to be more honest with yourself and admit that the idea of a threesome is for your own pleasure. Discuss the whole situation more openly with your wife and try not to feel insecure. Ask her what she really wants to do. I get the feeling that she is much more in com-

mand of the situation than you are. Let her decide what she wants to do and with whom. Remember that there is no such word as *cheating* in an open marriage.

STRANGERS WITH MY WIFE

Jessica is beautiful, five foot six, 125 pounds, with brown hair and hazel eyes that can make you melt. I came home early from work one day and found her in bed with another man. At first I was shocked, and frozen to the floor. Neither one of them noticed me because they were so involved in each other's passion. I moved away from the bedroom door a little so I could see in without them catching sight of me.

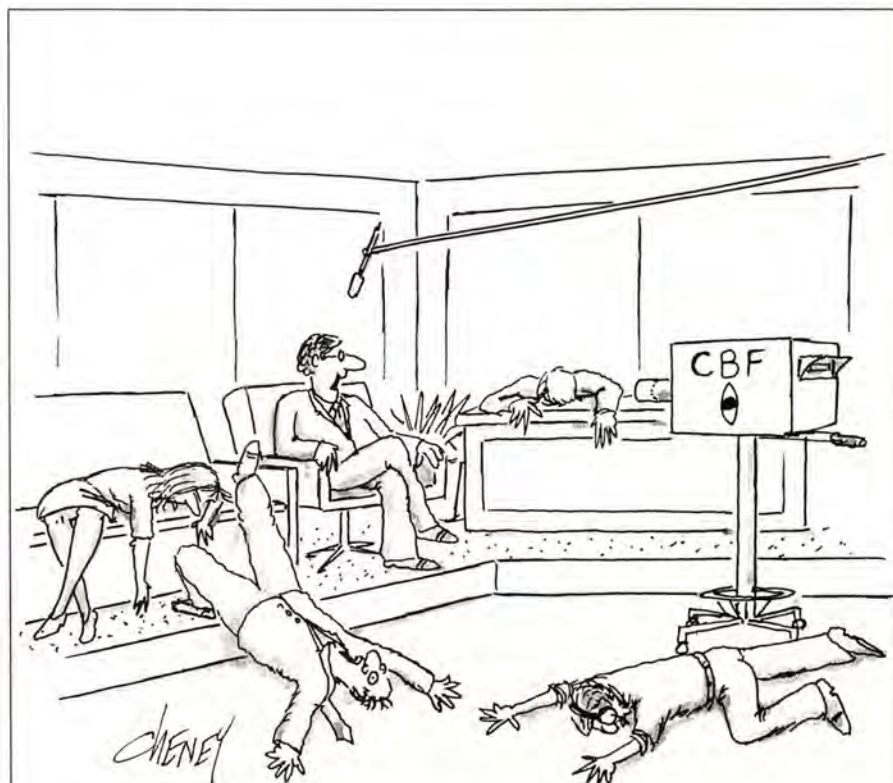
I was surprised to find myself getting excited over seeing my wife so turned on. I watched the strange man stick two fingers in Jessie's wet cunt. She began to come as he licked her clit. She swung herself around and engulfed his cock with her succulent mouth, bobbing her head up and down as he dove deep into her throat. This went on for a few minutes before they changed positions.

Finally he mounted her, sliding his cock all the way in on the first stroke. Jessie gasped and started screaming, "Fuck me hard, oh, harder, harder!" He pumped her with all he had before moaning and pulling out. He came on her tits and she rubbed his jism all over her chest.

I felt more excited than I had ever been in my life. Quietly, I snuck out of the house and waited about an hour before returning. When I came back, the stranger was gone and I confronted Jessica. She explained to me that she loved me, and that I am still the best lover she has ever had. She went on to tell me that there are times when she wants a strange mouth on her nipples, and a different man's cock in her cunt. She also asked me to consider opening up our relationship to include other partners.

The next night I was sitting on the couch in our living room. Jessie started playing with me, rubbing my cock with the palms of her hands before taking it out of my pants and licking and sucking the head. When she sensed I was ready to come, she got up and led me to the bedroom. When we got there I saw that we were not alone. On the bed, already naked, was a slim blond girl. She seemed to be about 20 years old. Without saying a word, she pulled me onto the bed and picked up where Jessie had left off. It didn't take me long to shoot my load in her mouth. After making sure she licked every drop off my prick, the girl stood up, smiled, and left without saying a word.

It bothers me to think that my wife has been with other men. However, I did enjoy watching her get so excited. Does that make me a pervert? I also must admit that I loved that girl sucking me off. I'm just not sure if I'm ready to open our marriage to outsiders. To me, two people making love is a very personal thing. Though I liked both incidents at the time



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they were happening, when it was over I felt like the strange man and woman were invading my personal life.

Jessica says I'm the best lover she's ever had, but how can I believe that when she's fucking others? She explains it to me by saying that there's a difference between making love and just fucking. Maybe you can straighten out my confusion.—C. C.

One of humanity's noblest attributes, which raises us from the level of mere animals, is ambition. We crave to improve things, in particular, our own lives. Like *Oliver Twist*, we ask for more, but the more we have, the more we seem to want. Once we have a beautiful home and a loving wife or husband, are we happy? No, of course not, because to settle down and enjoy what we have is boring and unambitious. Although we have everything we always wanted waiting for us at home, we suddenly find ourselves involved in a real or imaginary love affair with the boss at work, the TV personality we see on the screen twice a week, or our next-door neighbor. This is human nature, and it is also one of our basic, natural urges.

For generations, society has made rules, and if you break them—beware. In the United States in the thirties, under prohibition, if you ate fish in a white wine sauce you were breaking the law. In the present, this seems ridiculous. Then, as now, we still had inhibitions about screwing anyone else if we were married.

If you read the marriage ceremony in its unexpurgated form, it says categorically, "forsaking all others," which means you don't fuck your childhood sweetheart anymore, or anyone else. The problem is that a lot of people, having got over the first flush of romantic love, feel trapped in marriage. They wake up in the morning, take a look at their spouse, and a little voice inside their head says: "It's all over; I am stuck with this gorgeous asshole for the rest of my life and I can never fuck anyone else. I might as well be dead and buried."

This is the moment when we have to look for an intelligent solution to the problem. What happens in too many cases is that we try and solve it with our glands rather than our brains. We rush out and fuck the first thing that moves, get found out, and that's it—you adulterous shit, I want a divorce.

You have gotten over the first hurdle. You were confronted with a situation that shocked you, but instead of making an ugly scene you discussed it with Jessica and tried to understand what was in her head and heart.

Of course she loves you more than ever, and more than anyone else. You are a man in a million, and if I know anything about the human race, she ain't never gonna find another guy like you. Confused you certainly may be, but you are making an honest effort to try and un-

derstand what it's all about.

I don't think you really need my advice, as I am certain that you will get it together anyway, but if you stick to some simple rules, you won't go far wrong. Don't do anything you don't want to. Don't do anything that is hurtful to your partner, and whatever either of you does, discuss it.

An open relationship means that you have no secrets. If you do it right, it means that you and your wife are each other's best friends, regardless of what you do with other people.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

I am a security guard in northeastern Ohio. I usually work the midnight shift. I always say good night to the late-shift employees as they leave the factory. There is one girl, named Dina, that I am attracted to. She is in her early twenties and of Polynesian descent. Dina is about five foot ten, with a 35-24-36 figure, sultry brown eyes, and long black hair that cascades down her back. She usually says hi to me, but I thought she was just being polite. I guessed that she considered herself too good to talk to me, but I soon found out I was wrong.

One night, Dina came back into the building and said her Firebird had a flat tire. She asked me if I could help her put on the spare. I figured I could win a few brownie points with her, so I readily agreed to help. It was pouring outside, and even though Dina held an umbrella over my head as I worked, we both got soaked to the skin.

When I had finished the job, I put the equipment into the trunk of the car. As I turned to tell her I was done, she attacked me! Dina dropped her umbrella and gave me a big French kiss. Luckily I have been trained to think fast, and I kissed her right back. I unbuttoned her blouse and discovered she wasn't wearing a bra. As I lowered my tongue to her heavenly globes, my hands caressed her butt. Dina let out a low moan while I worked on her gorgeous tits. Her nipples were dark brown, and they responded to my attention by sticking out like pencil erasers. She slowly forced my head toward her pussy as I fumbled with her skirt.

Much to my surprise, Dina's pussy was shaved as bare as a newborn's. It was a fantasy come true. I went down on my knees and pushed her against the car. Parting her pouting pussy lips with my eager tongue, I tasted her love nectar. I teased her quivering clit and she let out a moan of ecstasy. As I feasted on her bald quim, Dina's hands stroked my head and shoulders. She pushed me away from her cunt, undid my pants, and grasped my seven-inch pussy-pleaser. Her angelic tongue worked miracles on my devilish dong. As soon as Dina swallowed my dick to the hilt, I lost one of the biggest loads of my life. She continued to suck me even after I went limp. To my amazement, I got bigger and harder than I've ever been before.

HOW IT WORKS

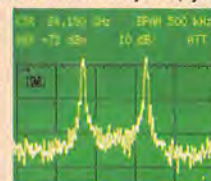
With traffic radar and Rashid VRSS both transmitting on the same frequency (24.150 GHz), normal receiver technology can't tell one from the other. Even when you scrutinize K band with a digital spectrum analyzer, the two signals look alike (Figure 1).

We needed a difference, even a subtle one, the electronic equivalent of a human fingerprint. Magnifying the scale 100 times was the key (Figure 2). The Rashid signal then looks like two separate traffic radars spaced slightly apart in frequency, each being switched on and off several thousand times a second.

Resisting the easy answer

Knowing this "fingerprint," it would have been possible—although not easy—to design a Rashid-recognizer circuit, and have it disable the detector's warning section whenever it spotted a Rashid.

Only one problem. With this system, you wouldn't get a warning if radar were ever operating in the same vicinity as the Rashid. Statistically this would be a rare situation. But our engineers have no interest in 99 percent solutions.



RASHID

Figure 2: An electronic close-up reveals two individual signals.

When the going gets tough...

The task then became monumental. We couldn't rely on a circuit that would disregard two K band signals close together, because they might be two radars. We couldn't ignore rapidly switched K band signals, because that would diminish protection on pulsed radar (the KR11) and "instant-on."

A whole new deal

The correct answer requires some pretty amazing "signal processing," to use the engineering term. The techniques are too complex to go into here, but as an analogy of the sophistication, imagine going to a family reunion with 4.3 million attendees, and being able to find your brother in about a tenth of a second.

Easy to say, but so hard to accomplish that our AFR (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry couldn't be an add on. It had to be integrated into the basic detection scheme, which means extensive circuitry changes. And more paperwork for our patent department.

If you own an ESCORT or PASSPORT: The new AFR circuitry is incorporated in ESCORTs from number 1,200,000, and PASSPORTs from 550,000. If your unit is earlier, read on.



Radar warning breakthrough #4 is now available from the same engineers who made #1, #2, and #3

Bad news for radar detectors. The FCC (Federal Communications Commission) has cleared the Rashid VRSS for operation on K band.

What's a Rashid VRSS?

The Rashid VRSS is a collision warning system using a radar beam to scan the vehicles path, much as a blind person uses a cane. It may reduce accidents, which is very good news.*

Now for the bad news

Unfortunately, the Rashid transmits on K band, which is one of the two frequencies assigned to traffic radar. Rashid speaks a radar detector's language, you might say, and it can set off detectors over a mile away.

Faced with this problem, we could hope Rashid installations will be few. Or we could invent a solution.

Opportunity knocking

Actually, the choice was easier than it sounds, because our engineers are in the habit of inventing remarkable solutions. In fact, in the history of radar detection, only three advancements have qualified as genuine breakthroughs, and all three came from our engineers.

Back in 1978, they were first to adapt dual-band superheterodyne technology to the problem of traffic radar. The result was ESCORT, now legendary for its performance.

In 1983, when a deluge of cheap imported detectors was found to be transmitting on radar frequency, our engineers came through again, this time with ST/O/P*, a sophisticated circuit that could weed out these phony signals before they triggered an alarm.

Then in 1984, using SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics originally intended for satellites, these same engineers designed the smallest detector ever. The result was PASSPORT, renowned for its convenience.

*For more information on Rashid VRSS collision warning system, see *Popular Science*, January 1986.

They said it couldn't be done

Now we're introducing breakthrough number four. In their cleverest innovation yet, our engineers have found a way to distinguish Rashid from all other K band signals. It's the electronic equivalent of finding the needle in a haystack. The AFR* (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuit isolates and neutralizes all Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

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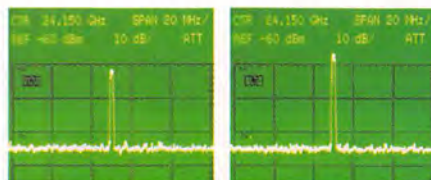


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

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It continued to rain on us. Dina stopped sucking me and moaned "Fuck me" over and over as she rubbed my dick all around her face. Being a gentleman, how could I refuse a lady in distress? I bent her backward over the hood of her car and worked my wand of wonder into her wet cunt. I moaned as her love muscles gripped my throbbing manhood. She worked her pussy like no other woman I have ever been with. Dina begged me to fuck her harder. Time seemed to move in slow motion as I pumped my expanding rod into her. I felt my come rising, and as I erupted into Dina's talented pussy, I screamed in pleasure. Dina exploded into an orgasm that shook her whole body.

As the cold night rain brought us back to reality, her cunt released my flaccid penis. The greatest sexual experience of my life ended like a flash of lightning when a car pulled into the parking lot. Dina turned and gave me a kiss before she got into her car. Her Firebird burned rubber as she peeled out of the parking lot. I will remember that stormy encounter for the rest of my life.

Xaviera, my problem is that the next day Dina acted like nothing had happened between us. Whatever I do, she pretends I don't exist. How do I get her to go out with me on a real date? I do not want her to get away. Do you have any advice as to how I can rekindle the fire we both felt that night?—I. B.

In your own words, this encounter was not only an experience that you will always remember, but also the best fuck of your life. For Dina, it must have been the realization of a fantasy. To screw the hell out of a security guard who is wearing a wet uniform, complete with pistol, nightstick, and walkie-talkie, is a once in a lifetime deal. It is like landing on the moon, or receiving a medal from the president of the United States. Anything you do afterward can only be anticlimactic.

I suggest that you file this exquisite incident away under the heading of "beautiful memories" and be satisfied that it has been recorded for posterity by being published in this magazine.

LOVE FOR SALE

I am a 21-year-old young lady. I have two kids and we're on welfare. It's been difficult to find a job with two small children to care for. Most of my relationships with men have been great in every aspect except financially. In fact, many of them are downright stingy. Since I'm the type of woman who feels that you can't get anywhere without money, I always end up letting them go.

Here's my problem. The landlord of the apartment building I'm living in has presented me with an offer. I've been living here for five years and have gotten to know him quite well. He knows of my financial situation, and also is aware of the

way I feel about men. The other day we were talking and he asked me to be his lover. In return, he would help me out financially. This sounds great to me. He's married, with an eight-year-old daughter, but this doesn't bother me at all. What I want to know is how do I go about making sure he gives me the things I need? I thought you'd be the best person to help me out.—U. P.

To have one fatherless child could be put down to bad luck, but two looks like gross carelessness. To be a success in this world, you don't necessarily have to be a genius, but whatever you do, you have to do it well. So far in your career as a woman, you have apparently made two big mistakes, and who knows how many other little ones. Now you have an opportunity to get yourself together. Grab it with both hands, but don't rip the poor guy off for every nickel he has.

Your landlord is, in fact, offering you a job, and your prospects of success depend entirely on how well you do it. My first advice to you is, instead of asking yourself, "How can I get what I want?", your question should be, "How can I keep this guy happy?"

I think it would be clever to agree right at the beginning that you get your apartment rent free, and maybe a weekly payment. It sounds as if everything you want in life can be bought with money, so this should be okay for starters. Remember to be careful not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. You must learn to be a lover, which means that whenever your fancy man is around, you should make him feel great. Whatever you do, don't get knocked up again—get on the pill, have an IUD fitted, or even get sterilized by having your tubes tied.

With the extra money you get, it would be clever to get a baby-sitter so you could go to evening classes and get some qualifications for a job that is available in your area.

RUB-A-DUB

This may sound strange, but the only time I can have a good orgasm is in the bathtub. When I was 18, my boyfriend showed me how to position myself underneath the tub faucet so the water ran directly over my clitoris. Since then I've done it many times and have had a fantastic orgasm almost every time. As a result of this, my clit is not as sensitive as it once was. I've come a few times when my boyfriend goes down on me, but it's nowhere near as intense as my orgasms in the tub. I'd really like to come during intercourse, but I can't see how. Do you have any suggestions for me? I don't think my problem is psychological. I love my boyfriend very much and feel comfortable with him. He has asked me to let him watch me get off in the tub, but I refused, because I'm trying to stop doing it altogether. Do you think it would help if I let him watch? Would acting out fantasies help me come?



"I trust we won't come to depend on this sort of bailout, gentlemen."

Should I quit trying and just accept the fact that I might never have an orgasm during sex? I'm getting so frustrated, Xaviera, please suggest something; I'm getting desperate!—L. C.

If you condition yourself to using a vibrator, or in your case a jet of water, to achieve orgasm, no mere human being is ever going to be able to compete. I belong to the same club in that I am also an enthusiastic fan of the delights of a jet of water, but it is a dangerous, addictive drug, and I have learned to reserve it for emergency use only. For example, if I come home from a party with the best-looking guy there, but he's had a hard day at the office and passes out in my living room, I go into the bathtub, turn on the taps, and whammo—at least I can fantasize about him.

The solution to your problem is simple—stay off the water. Although after years of brainwashing, or clit-washing, it's going to take a while, don't lose heart. Some women find it hard to have an orgasm at all. If you can manage 13 on the trot under the influence of water, you should have no difficulty in training your love button to react to other stimuli.

THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR

In the last few months, my marriage has gone from bad to worse. My wife found out about an affair I had a couple of years ago. Even though she was bitter and hurt, we decided to try and make a go of it. Up to this point our sex life had been excellent, but her growing anger caused Erin to start attacking my sexuality. She used every chance she could get to put me down. This was having a serious effect on my ardor for her. I got more and more worried about how we'd ever break this cycle, since by this time my desire was nearly gone and Erin could not see the connection between her attacks and my impotence.

Throughout this rough period, I spent a lot of time talking to my friend Melissa. I would visit her at her apartment and describe my frustration and anger at how I was being treated by Erin. Melissa agreed with me, which I found very comforting at the time.

One night, after a particularly bad argument with Erin, I confided in Melissa again. I told her that I had gotten to the point where I couldn't even get it up when masturbating. A serious look came to her face and she said to me, "All you need is some love and affection, and I want to be the one to give it to you." I was really surprised, but her tone of voice convinced me that she meant it.

Melissa stood up and did a slow, sexy striptease. As her bra fell to the floor, she tantalizingly cupped her breasts and held them up just in front of my face. She slid her panties off, lay on the couch, and spread her pussy open for me. My interest was rising. Melissa knelt in front of me and unzipped my fly. She took off my

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trousers and underwear and kissed her way up my thighs to my cock. "How do you want it?" she asked. The look in my eyes answered her and she swallowed me whole, fucking my dick with her mouth, using her tongue and teeth to stimulate me even more.

We went into her bedroom and fell together on the bed. As I slid in and out of her hot pussy, she positioned herself so that she could match my every move. Her hands grasped my ass and she ground herself against my pelvis. My cock was aching as I pumped her with long, hard strokes. As Melissa began to come, I pounded her with all my might, feeling my own orgasm build up. I shot another load deep into her love canal, screaming in pleasure.

We lay in each other's arms until my softening penis slid out of her hole. Melissa hinted that she would like me to eat her pussy. I really didn't need too much urging and started to kiss my way down her body, stopping first to enjoy her rosy breasts. Her nipples were very sensitive and she encouraged me to nip at them gently with my teeth. I worked my way down her belly to the golden mound that framed her purple pussy lips.

Melissa let out several moans of pleasure before begging me to concentrate on her clit. I teased her a little longer with my tongue, flicking it around and around until she screamed out, clutching my

head to her cunt with her thighs.

After she had another orgasm, we relaxed in each other's arms before getting dressed. As I was leaving, Melissa got serious. "This can't happen again," she said. "It was too good and I don't dare get used to something I can't have."

At home, things with Erin and me are getting back to normal. I just let my mind fantasize, and my wife gets all the pleasure she wants. I want my marriage to continue, but I'm aching to make love to Melissa again. What should I do?—J. P.

Jealousy tends to be a destructive force in a relationship, especially when a woman gets bitter and twisted about an affair her husband has had. It means she is feeling very unsure of herself. We women tend to be rather insecure creatures, and if our husbands or lovers can't get it up, our immediate instinct is to accuse him of screwing someone else. We know we are being silly, but we are in the grip of an emotion that is stronger than our powers of reason. Some friends of mine, a good-looking couple, became interested in the idea of swinging, and each of them brought home girls to make up a threesome. After about a year of this, Trish discovered that her husband Joel had been having a secret love affair with one of these girls. At first she took it lightly, but then it began to get her down. She started making jealous scenes, refusing

to let Joel continue with the threesomes. Their relationship developed into a continuous screaming match.

Joel came around to see me and, almost in tears, he told me that he was going crazy with frustration because every time he tried to make love to his wife, she talked him soft. Finally he started another affair and the inevitable happened. Trish found out. Her fragile ego couldn't stand it a second time, and they are now in the middle of an ugly divorce.

You are lucky to know someone like Melissa, but if you want your marriage to work, you must not only put her out of your mind, but you must never breathe a word to your wife.

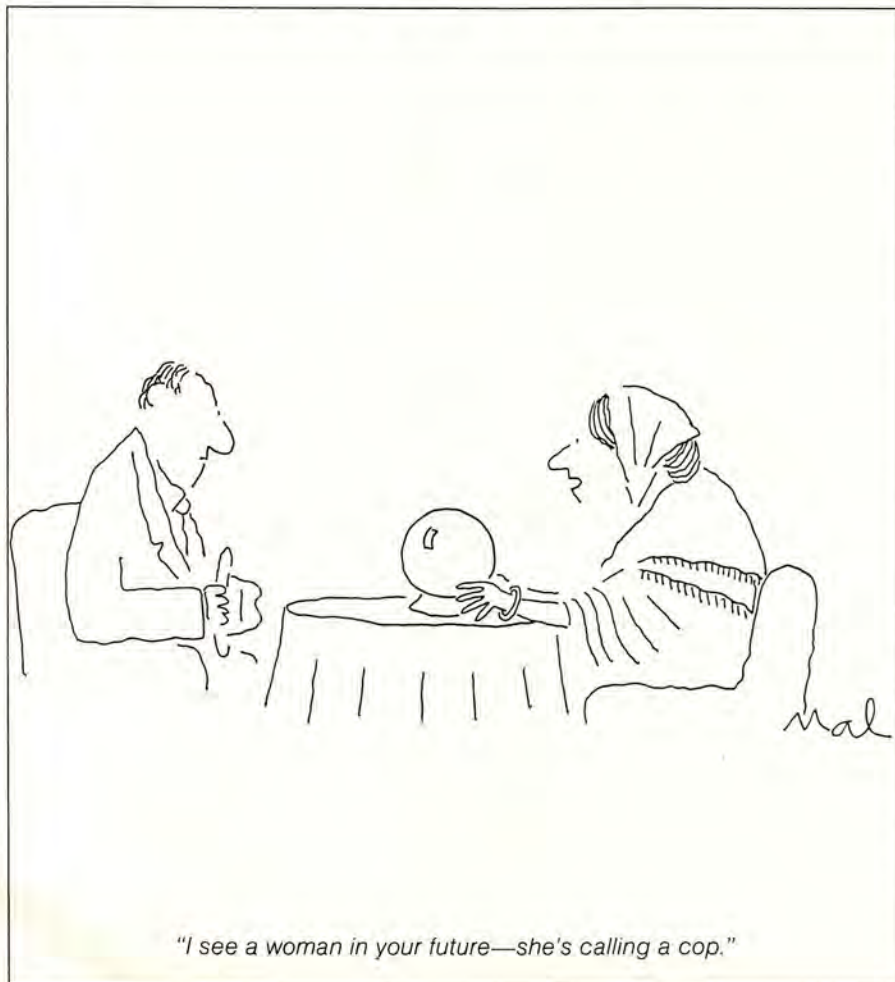
PREMARITAL MONOTONY

I am a 20-year-old female and I read your column monthly. I never thought I'd be writing to you, because I never thought I had a problem. But after serious consideration, I believe I do. I'm getting married in a month and am living with my fiancé. We've been together for two years and have always been sexually active. Before I met Charles, and throughout the dating part of our relationship, I had casual sex with literally every man I went out with. I experienced all kinds of sex and enjoyed myself very much. My fiancé knows, and it doesn't bother him a bit. In fact, I think it's one of the reasons he was first attracted to me, as he also started out being one of my one-night stands.

Here's the problem: The first year our sex life was fantastic. We fucked all the time and were never inhibited in what we did together. But in the past eight months, we've only had sex once a week, if that. I know it's not his fault. He's just as attractive and lovable as he ever was, and I love him with all my heart. Oral sex is still as good as it always was for both of us. I just don't enjoy fucking anymore. It doesn't feel as good and I don't get off as often as I used to.

I know it's not medical, because I get a regular checkup. I haven't talked to Charles about it because I don't want him to become defensive and think it's his fault. I can't go on making excuses or he will really wonder. He will read this and he'll know it's me. What should I do? I don't know if I'm just not trying or if I'm turning into a prude. I don't want him to think I'm messing around with someone else. How do I get back what we had, before it's too late?—R. D.

When you drive down a beautiful country road for the first time, on your way to an unknown destination, the trip is exciting and packed with pleasure. But if you make that same journey every day, there are times when you can hardly stand the monotony. Making love to the same person is similar. Sometimes, you can hardly bear the thought of that same boring routine. This is common with couples who have been together for years. But if boredom sets in when a relationship is barely



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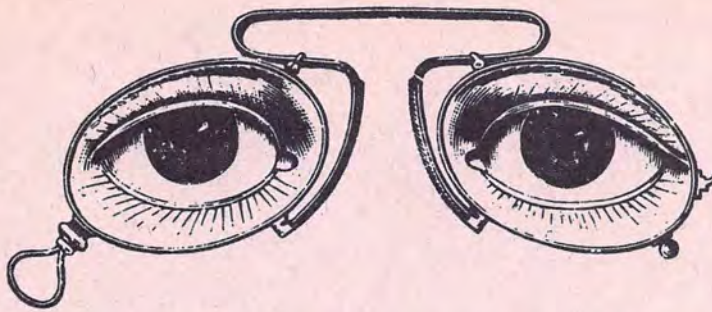
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

CHRISTMAS OUTTAKES

BY EMILY PRAGER

This year, as every year, President and Mrs. Reagan celebrate Christmas in their traditional White House broadcast. This year, *Penthouse* has a scoop! We have managed to obtain an unexpurgated transcript of the turkey-carving segment of the First Family's Christmas TV special. We are grateful to the Xerox lady on the second floor of the Capitol building for her help in bringing you the following outtakes from the President's TV show.

(Open on lavishly decorated White House dining table. President Reagan stands poised over turkey. To his right are Nancy Reagan, Ron Reagan, Jr., and Associate Justice William Rehnquist. To his left are Attorney General Edwin Meese, Frank Sinatra, and the Bone-Marrow Specialist who went to Chernobyl. President Reagan raises the knife and fork and tries to figure out where to start carving.)

President Reagan: (To Marrow Specialist) Well, Doc, you know a lot more about this than me. (Offers knife) Want to give it a try? *Marrow Specialist:* Has this turkey been irradiated? *President Reagan:* Well, no. No, I don't think so. *Marrow Specialist:* Then I wouldn't be any good with it then. *Ron Reagan, Jr.:* (Enthusiastically) Hey! What has a cape and glows? (The others look at him.) *Mrs. Qaddafi in Kiev!* (Laughs hysterically) Hey, Frank! Want the Pope's nose? *Sinatra:* (Fuming) Watch it, kid! *Ron Reagan, Jr.:* (Contrite) Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot. You want a pillow? *President Reagan:* (Soothingly) Now, Frank, don't threaten the boy. He might get up on the table and dance in his underpants. *Ron Reagan, Jr.:* (Embarrassed) Dad! *President Reagan:* Well, you've done it before on national TV, son. Once burned, twice shy, as they say in the Ukraine. (Turns to Meese and offers him the knife) How about you, Ed? Want to carve?

Meese: (Pushes knife away in disgust) No, no, Mr. President, it's pornographic. I used to carve before I made my report. Now I see it's prurient. A knife slicing through a plump turkey

breast or viciously lacerating a juicy thigh—that's exactly what we're getting at. Encourages the sexual violence in men. Makes them rape and mutilate. *Nancy:* (Shocked) Gosh, even food is pornographic? *Meese:* (Thundering) Of course, food! Didn't you see *9½ Weeks*? *President Reagan:* No. How was it? *Meese:* Revolting! But not nearly as filthy as *Debbie Does Dallas*. *Ron Reagan, Jr.:* You lucky! They've been out of that at my video store since I joined.

President Reagan: (Offers knife to Nancy) Honey? *Nancy:* (Concerned) Well, I don't know about the turkey's being pornographic, but I do know that it contains a high concentration of the drug tryptophan, a natural tranquilizer. That's why you want to sleep after a big turkey dinner. Actually, by carving and eating this turkey on national TV, we're encouraging all Americans to take drugs. Turkey is a lot cheaper than crack. I don't think I'd better.

President Reagan: (Getting frustrated) Frank? (Offers knife) *Sinatra:* (Shrinks away) Me on TV with a weapon? Are you nuts, Dutch? I'm still trying to get a gaming license. (Reagan offers knife to Ron, Jr.) *Ron Reagan, Jr.:* No, Dad. After all, I'm a dancing, singing journalist now. You've got your image to maintain. I've got mine.

President Reagan: (With great consternation, holds out knife to Rehnquist) Bill? *Rehnquist:* (Nervously) Is the turkey kosher? (President Reagan turns to Nancy questioningly.) *Nancy:* No. *Rehnquist:* Was it cooked by Negroes? Nancy, did you say it was stuffed with tranquilizers, my favorite? Then I won't eat any on camera—I'll just take some home. *President Reagan:* (Exasperated) Well, hell, maybe I shouldn't carve the turkey if it's such a big deal. . . . I know! I'm an actor. I'll mime carving the turkey and then I won't offend anyone! *Nancy:* Wonderful, darling! *President Reagan:* (Pretends to carve. Slices off invisible slabs of turkey meat and stacks them on platter. Calls to cameramen.) Okay, boys, we're ready! Let's roll the tape!





VIEW FROM THE TOP

MIND

BY JUDITH ZIMMER

Instead of asking his patients to lie on the couch, New York psychologist Lloyd Glauberman suggests they step into his flotation tank, an oversize oval bubble with a lid. Inside the tank, the patient lies on a thick water mattress, wears headphones, and listens to synthesized, new-age music. By the time Glauberman's voice comes over the tape, the patient is feeling relaxed and receptive. Forty minutes later, the patient steps out, newly capable of solving the problems that brought him or her to Glauberman's office.

The dry tank was adapted from the wet tank, the hugely popular instant relaxer introduced ten years ago. Wet-tank clients floated in total darkness in a saline bath. Glauberman is the first psychologist to use a dry float tank as a tool in therapy. The technique combines dry floating with audiotaped subliminal messages. Glauberman believes the technique debunks one of the myths of psychotherapy—"that in order to change you have to understand why you have your problems. Our point of view is that you can bypass your conscious mind and change without any idea of how or why you're changing."

The audiotapes unravel the average therapy-goer's problems—stress management, self-esteem, time management, anxiety, weight control, and sex. Patients are lulled away from problems by two fairy-tale stories told at the same time. "The simultaneous input overloads



Shrink tank: Patients lie down in darkness, walk away mellow.

the conscious mind because there is simply too much information to process consciously," Glauberman explains. "The individual stops paying attention altogether, allowing the unconscious mind to absorb the subliminal messages," which are mixed in with the wizards, time machines, and magical castles. "Appreciate yourself," says the stress-management tape; "eat less," says the weight-control tape; "enjoy being touched," "rise to the occasion," says the male-sex-enhancement tape.

Despite studies that confirm the benefits of floating, many therapists are skeptical. "Things do happen when you don't structure the environment and you play with perception. But you can't document what's happening in the unconscious," says Stephen Josephson, Ph.D., behavioral therapist at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center and Columbia Medical School.

"Thirty years ago, there

was the Reichian orgone box, then the primal scream, then encounter groups, then groups in swimming pools, then nude groups in swimming pools," says Harvey Kaplan, Ph.D., director of the New York Consultation and Referral Service for Psychotherapy and faculty member of the National Psychological Association for Psychoanalysis. "I don't believe there's not a sensory effect [in floating], but it is counter to what therapy is about, the relationship between patient and analyst."

Also questioned by therapists are the long-term results of floating. "It's one thing to initiate behavior change, but another thing to maintain it. Are there stress-management skills here that can be used in the office?" asks Josephson.

Glauberman isn't sure about the long-term effects either, but claims that the short-term results—based on the anecdotes of patients—have been very successful. "It

is a powerful adjunct to psychotherapy," he explains. "If you took 100 people and gave 50 the float experience and 50 average therapy sessions, in six months, the 50 who floated would be further along."

Glauberman and codeveloper Phil Halboth foresee using the dry float as a stress-management tool in corporate settings and walk-in stress-management clinics. They're hoping that the dry tank will do for stress management what Weight Watchers did for dieting.

FILM

BY PETER OCCHIOGROSSO

Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus are, by all accounts, the hottest new moguls to hit Tinseltown since Louis B. Mayer brushed the last starlet off his lap decades ago. Although they may be making more news than profits, their company, The Cannon Group, is turning out movies almost as fast as Mayer and Goldwyn combined: At the very least, Cannon scheduled more films for production in 1986 than any of the majors, including Warner Brothers and Paramount.

Up until last year, Cannon was known mostly for low-budget schlock like *Breakin'* and the predictable soft-core sleaze of *The Last American Virgin* and *Bolero* (which featured Bo Derek in some of the most lackluster sex scenes since Daryl Hannah and Aidan Quinn faked afterglow in *Reckless*). But don't laugh too hard. *Breakin'* cost a mere \$1.2 mil-

lion and cleared \$40 million at the box office. Until now, in fact, Cannon has kept production budgets under \$5 million and guaranteed breaking even by selling off the foreign, cable, and videocassette rights before the films were even made. This year's offerings for the cheapie bin include *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre II* and something called *It Ate Cleveland*. But these gorefests may represent the end of an era.

Golan and Globus are changing their image as the "Golan Depths" by signing up some big names and spending more on a single star than they previously did on the whole film. This year Cannon will shell out \$12 million to Sylvester Stallone for *Over the Top* and \$4 million to Al Pacino for *Investigation*. Other Cannon stars include Michael Caine, John Travolta, Diane Keaton, Christopher Reeve, Gene Hackman, Walter Matthau, and Whoopi Goldberg. In Cannon's quest for respectability, not to mention highbrow ticket buyers, they've hired Jean-Luc Godard to direct a film version of *King Lear* starring Norman Mailer, who

is writing the screenplay. They're also going after the much-neglected Saturday-morning cartoon set with "16 Movie Tales." *Rumpelstiltskin*, the first to be released, opens this month and stars Amy Irving.

Golan and Globus have had their share of pratfalls on the road to recognition. For openers, they blew a \$6 million deal to have Dustin Hoffman star in the film version of Elmore Leonard's *LaBrava* by running an unapproved photo of Hoffman in an ad. Then, Golan and Globus lost the distribution of a Michael Cimino-helmed version of Mario Puzo's *Godfather* sequel, *The Sicilian*, after a lawsuit brought by Hollywood class act David Begelman charged Golan and Globus with reneging on a previous deal.

The juggernaut rolls on. To guarantee a market for their low-budget fare, Cannon has been buying up theater chains in Europe and North America. In England alone, Cannon owns almost 40 percent of all theater screens, along with sizable chunks of Holland, Italy, and West Germany. And because they are not signatories to the

consent decree that binds the other major studios, Cannon is free to own movie theaters in this country—they're now at 425 screens and counting. They've also bought into videocassettes by buying out Thorn EMI's shares in that company's joint venture with HBO, resulting in HBO/Cannon Video.

All this big spending does not, however, add up to a show-business empire. *Variety* has Cannon topping the field with 20 film starts this year (as opposed to ten for the next nearest competitors), but their actual share of the market (in total box-office dollars) is still a meager 3.7 percent, compared to the highs of 16.2 percent for Warner and 15.6 percent for Paramount. But at least Golan and Globus are making waves—no wonder they aren't welcome in Hollywood. They're also making movies and taking ambitious risks, something Hollywood has apparently forgotten how to do. If half the films they talk about get made, and even a few of those turn out to be good, Hollywood may not have the "Go-Go Boys" to kick around for much longer.

SCENES

BY KAREN SCHWARZ

In dark, drafty cellars of chateaus and estates throughout Europe, thousands of oak barrels lie in perfect rows, waiting for time to pass. Someday the wine inside may bring \$200 a bottle, but no one will make any serious money from it.

The centuries-old tradition of wine making has to relinquish some of its rarified



Good wine in a new bottle.

mystique if it is to turn a profit. Black Tower, the best-selling German wine in the United States, bears this out. The bottling plant in Bingen, West Germany, more closely resembles a state-of-the-art assembly line in Silicon Valley than a winery. Only the distinct bouquet of white wine, about two million gallons of it, reminds the visitor what goes on there.

The three bottling lines at the Bingen plant wrap around each other for the most efficient use of space; rather than stockpiling the wine in acres of barrels underground, as in the cellars of the past. At the Bingen plant, wine is stored in 60-foot-high steel tanks that feed the bottling operation via fat pink tubes that snake around the tanks and along wet rubber floor covering. In the refrigerated air of the tank room, the staff, in jeans and white lab coats, moves purposefully, studying gauges and making notes on clipboards.



Golan and Globus: championing the sublime and the ridiculous.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

Wine making here is an industry, and high tech insures high profits. A gamma-ray detector checks each bottle's fill line, and a photo cell directs every cork into every bottle. The entire process is monitored by micro-computer, and at the end of the day 250,000 bottles are ready to go. At the end of a year, 20 million bottles have been sold, leaving far behind Chateau Lafite-Rothschild's scant annual 22,000 cases (264,000 bottles). And that's in Lafite's good year.

The brains behind Black Tower, Jurgen and Hans-Walter Kenderman, who inherited the business from their father, have not forsworn their wine-making legacy in pursuit of bigger profits. They're saluting history by using it as a marketing ploy. The bottles, made of black opaque glass, are replicas of the stone crocks used for holding wine during the Roman era. The shape of the bottle inspired the name, and both draw befuddled wine shoppers away from the endless aisles of identical green bottles with unintelligible labels.

A light white table wine, "the white wine in the black bottle," Black Tower is quaffed with meals or as a cocktail. And the latest Kenderman brainstorm—a quart of strawberries soaked in Black Tower for six hours, with a splash of club soda before serving—makes an elegant and scrumptious dessert.

The palatable price of Black Tower, about \$4.50 a bottle, is function of technology, rather than absence of quality. According to Kevin Zraly, who presides over the largest wine list in New

York and sells more wine than any other restaurant in the United States (two million bottles a year), "modern technology has complemented the study of wine making. Better wines are made all over the world, but German wines represent a particularly good value."

SEX NEWS

He loved not wisely but too well. Frederik the elephant of the Copenhagen zoo recently went to the pachyderm graveyard, put there by stress caused by juggling too many females. Frederik had nine "wives," and two days before he died, three of the jealous mates cornered him and roughed him up—which zookeepers say brought on the stress that killed him. . . . A moment of silence, please, for Maurits de Vries, the man responsible for putting the swing into Scandinavia. De Vries, a millionaire brothel-owner and proclaimed "King of the Red-Light District" in Amsterdam, recently died of a stroke. De Vries was also a generous philanthropist who donated property for the rehabilitation of the city's alcoholics and drug addicts. . . . Iceland is turning into Viceland, according to reports from the Nordic isle. The once-prudish nation has discovered nudity, and in recent months there has been an explosion of topless clubs, prostitution ads, and a variation on mud wrestling called gel wrestling. . . . For the first time, a criminal has used the Meese Commission's report linking sex and violence in an attempt to lighten his sentence. A news-


letter called *Sexuality Today* cites a man who said his violent behavior was brought on by reading pornography, and thus his jail time should be reduced. . . . Marvin Mitchelson, the famed attorney who invented "palimony," had a couple of alleged pals from his past come back at him recently. Los Angeles

cies, with no concomitant rise in sexual activity. . . . What's it worth to hug your wife? A jury in Westchester County, New York, said it was worth about \$9 million to quadriplegic Joseph Kirby. Kirby said in his testimony during a malpractice suit that the worst thing about his condition was not being able to



Jerry Lewis enters the battle of the sexes.

police released a curt statement that complaints had been filed against Mitchelson by two women clients, both alleging he had forced them to have sex with him. Mitchelson denied the charges. . . . A village elder in Taipei, Taiwan, dispensed with strict traditional mourning practices at his father's funeral. "Mourning at funerals is outdated," the elder said, and celebrated Pop's passing with two striptease girls instead. . . . Contrary to popular assumption, high school pregnancy clinics do not foster sex and do dramatically decrease teenage motherhood. An experimental program at a Baltimore-area high school led to a 22 percent drop in teen pregnan-

cy, with no concomitant rise in sexual activity. . . . A woman accused of child abuse has negotiated a lesser sentence by offering to get sterilized. Debra Williams of Columbia, South Carolina, pleaded guilty to a reduced charge of voluntary manslaughter after she went under the knife. . . . Comedian Jerry Lewis tossed an off-the-cuff remark into the battle of the sexes recently, and it was difficult to assess if he came out a winner. Commenting on a negative review that was written by a woman, Lewis remarked, "You can't accept one individual's [criticism], particularly if it's a female. When they get a period it's difficult for them to function as normal human beings." 

Balloonsheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"I have a suggestion for your next Christmas party. No more guys over 80."



TAKING IT ON FAITH

BY JAMES RANDI

Incredible as it may seem, it is possible that the next president of the United States of America might be a charismatic, Harvard-educated TV evangelist/faith healer named Pat Robertson. He has the money, the media exposure, and the following that could enable him to sweep into the 1988 race and take the top prize.

PAINTING BY
RONNIE CUTRONE



He is seen daily by hundreds of thousands of people via the Christian Broadcast Network (CBN) on the "700 Club" program, from which he claims to dispense miracles of healing to the faithful across the country. Robertson may very well upset all the political experts, because millions of Americans actually believe those claims.

The notion that certain persons can heal the afflicted by "laying on of hands" comes from New Testament references to such cures performed by the Apostles, and later by such church luminaries as Martin Luther. The Mormons and other sects adopted it enthusiastically, while Catholics preferred to depend upon the magical qualities they attributed to relics of holy persons. These relics soon amounted to literally hundreds of thousands of items, including bones of the children slain by King Herod, jars of the Virgin Mary's milk, dozens of foreskins of Jesus, many human heads that were said to have once been atop John the Baptist, and Mary Magdalene's entire skeleton—with two right feet.

Today's faith healers, who graduated from the tent shows that used to tour the countryside, have taken to television and high technology to reach much wider audiences than were ever before possible. By very conservative estimate, "televangelists" are seen by more than ten million Americans weekly.

Robertson's rapid rise in the media and the wide exposure faith healers receive led *Penthouse* to hire me to take a closer look at their operation and determine whether any of their claims were valid.

I first began my investigations of faith healing at the invitation of the Committee for Scientific Examination of Religion. My work investigating "psychics" qualified me to examine faith healers, since their claims appeared to be of a very similar nature. Because of his very high profile and his presidential aspirations, Robertson was my first choice to investigate. But examination of his healing was impossible. In his case, the task can be compared to trying to nail a handful of grape jelly to a wall. You simply cannot get hold of it and manage it. Unlike other faith healers I investigated, Robertson does not single out specific individuals by name to be healed.

He and his sidekick, Ben Kinchlow, bow their heads and tune in to receive a "Word of Knowledge" from On High. In turn, they each describe what they are being told by God. One announces that someone in the TV audience has "a tightening in the chest" that is being healed. The other says that a viewer "has a headache." "I have a Word of Knowledge that someone has trouble with a tracheotomy. God is miraculously healing it!" "I see stomach pains at this moment. The Lord has healed you." It goes on and on. Pains, tumors, broken bones, scarred lungs, warts, headaches, and emotional problems revealed to these holy men are ban-

ished at a word from the two shamans. And the audience believes every bit of it.

When I turned to other faith healers, I found that their phenomena can be more easily examined. I investigated Reverends W. V. Grant, Peter Popoff, and David Paul. These three are seen on TV weekly in most parts of the United States, and based on my investigation, I found their claims to be spurious.

There are a few important bits of bizarre behavior that are recognized and expected of both preacher and congregation in charismatic rites. One indispensable antic requires that the preacher strike on the forehead the person singled out for healing. Sudden shouts of "Be healed!" or "Praise Jesus!" usually go along with this move. The person then falls into the arms of waiting "catchers." Anything from a short exclamation of ecstasy to a full-throated roar of spiritual exultation—from the falling devotee—is also expected to accompany this "slay-

6

The most impressive
evangelist-healer stunt is the
trick of "calling out"
members of the audience.
They're greatly impressed by
this seeming miracle.

9

ing in the spirit." Of course, the occasional celebrant, finding the sudden attention too attractive to resist, will cart-wheel out of control, flailing about and screeching. Short of hosing down with cold water, there is little that can be done for the afflicted until the religious ecstasies subside.

Another popular showpiece is "speaking in tongues." The self-proclaimed "men of God" begin mumbling gibberish which is believed by the faithful to be a secret prayer language understood only by God—and his Anointed Ministers, of course. The fact that each person mumbles differently matters not a whit. God and His Anointed, it seems, have been to a super-Berlitz school. Most preachers offer their audiences instantaneous interpretations of these rantings. Many years ago, I tested a preacher in Toronto, Canada, for that amazing ability. I played for him a recording of his secret tongue and he gladly provided a running translation for me, only to find—to his dismay—that the translation he gave his congregation at the time I made the tape was very different indeed.

But the most powerful of all the show-

biz stunts to be found in the evangelist-healer racket is the trick of "calling out" members of the audience. The healer wanders about the audience, picking out individuals, supposedly at random, and calling them by name. A street address may also be given. A doctor's name is usually announced along with an account of the person's affliction. Other details, from a pet's name to the fact that a relative is in prison, can be thrown in. Most faith healers will go to great lengths to assure viewers that they have never spoken to or questioned these individuals. Needless to say, the audience is greatly impressed by this seeming miracle.

Faith healers quote I Corinthians, chapter 12, verses four through 11, wherein nine "Gifts of the Spirit" are granted by God to special adepts. Two of these are the Gift of Knowledge (the ability to "call out" people for healing) and the Gift of Healing itself.

It is obvious that we are faced with two basic questions. First, can the faith healers prove their Gift of Knowledge when they "call out" individuals in the audience? Second, are they producing verifiable healings?

The process of "calling out," obtaining the information about the victims, is the easiest part of it all. It is accomplished simply by asking them! My team of observers arrived at the auditorium when the doors first opened to the public. We spread out in groups of two or three and waited to be approached by someone from the healer's staff. (All of the preachers send out their wives and front men to strike up casual conversations with early arrivals.) These workers collect the information easily, note the location and a brief description of the person involved, and then hurry backstage to record that data.

In addition to this bold method, "healing cards" are used. These slips are handed out to all who enter, asking that "prayer needs" be written down, plus names and addresses. The slips are gathered up early and taken backstage. Of course, each of these systems has its advantages and drawbacks. The vast majority of the audience, not arriving until just before the scheduled performance, cannot know about the earlier questioning. Via the healing-card method, the location of persons who made out the cards cannot be known to the preacher. He has to ask them to identify themselves.

But how is all this complicated data known to the preacher as he runs up and down the aisles? Different preachers use different methods.

Reverend David Paul, who operates out of St. Louis, used a quite simple, old-fashioned method. He got his information from small source-slips of paper inserted in his Bible, supposedly put there to mark pertinent passages to which he would refer from time to time. Former staff members chuckle as they describe how Paul would carefully burn the slips in a wastebasket following every show.

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Getting all the necessary data onto a small slip is rather easy. All that is needed is a name, a disease, and perhaps an address number and street. For example, one slip at a recent show might have read "William Parsons," "Dr. Brown," and "heart attack." Those six words were expanded into a minor melodrama: "I have an impression of you clutching at your chest. The pain is more than you can bear. It's enough to make you cry out in agony. You fall to your knees. 'Dear God!' you are saying. 'Take this burden from me! Let this travail pass!' The doctors are working over you, doing what they can for you. But they can't do anything except get you to bed, and Dr. Brown is saying, 'Take it easy, Bill. You're a sick man.' But doctors are only human. Only *Dr. Jesus* can do what you need, Bill. I want you to go home—because I see an angel of the Lord standing at your front gate right now, Bill—and tell all the folks there that Dr. Jesus has put a whole new heart into your body! It's done! Hallelujah!"

Paul's performance in Stockton, California, where I first saw him in person, was a startling event. The show can only be described as a pathological experience. He conjured up in the minds of his audience imaginary entities that I am sure some of his faithful following actually saw before them. "Take *that*, Devil! And *that*!" The thin, blond preacher stomped on the stage, Bible in hand and flecks of saliva perched on his lip. "I have *dominion* over you and your demons!" he screamed. His voice dropped an octave. "How do you know that?" he rumbled. In a soprano screech: "Because Jeezuz tells me so!" He gave a few more final stomps on Satan as he held his Bible overhead and pranced away to the hallelujahs of an enthusiastic crowd.

Suddenly whirling about, he danced up a few steps into the audience. He pointed to a portly, bearded man who was seated on the aisle. "Tom?" he asked. "Tom Hendry?" The man reacted by nodding vigorously. "You want Jeezuz to put your home back together again! Praise Jeezuz! It's happening *right now*!" The bearded man threw his head back and collapsed to the floor in ecstasy, "slain in the spirit." The crowd cheered. Turning to a woman seated nearby, the manic preacher pulled her to her feet, announced she was suffering from diabetes, and slapped her on the forehead with a mighty cry of "Be *healed*!" She toppled over backward and Paul called on the audience to "Give the Lord a big hand!" They did, and mixed their applause with fervent cries of "Thank you, Jesus!" and "Praise God!" Tears streamed down many faces as they witnessed these miracles of "calling out" and healing.

W. V. Grant, a tubby healer based in Dallas at a quite modest "cathedral" he calls "The Eagles Nest," inherited his anointment from his father, a tent-show preacher who wrote endless booklets of trashy, juvenile, bigoted pseudoreligious

pap that his son is still selling as if they were his own creations. Grant senior raved about UFOs, demon possession, and psychic powers, predicting that men would never land on the moon because Lucifer and his devils live there. Equipped with a stammer that he seems not able to cure, his son's act onstage is exceedingly dull and repetitious. But at least his method of "calling out" requires a certain amount of skill.

Grant himself ventures into the audience before the show to gather information. Recorded at a recent Brooklyn revival meeting, his questioning went like this: "Hello. I'm Reverend Grant. Good to see you here today. Is Jesus going to heal you today, brother? Good! What . . . what's . . . your . . . [long pause] problem? I see. Well, Jesus will heal you. I'm going to call you today. Uh . . . what's . . . uh . . . what's your doctor's name? Uh-huh. I see. Well, God bless you, brother. God bless you."

I want you to go
home and tell all the folks
there that Dr. Jesus
has put a whole new heart
into your body!
It's done! Hallelujah!

Grant can recall the information by using a mnemonic system, a method of memory by association. He associates the face with the name with the doctor with the disease and can easily store away some 30 sets of data, enough for any revival performance.

But Grant has another, very effective gimmick that involves wheelchairs. When people jump up out of wheelchairs, they often then push Grant himself up the aisle in the very same wheelchair. That's a real crowd-pleaser, and never fails to bring cheers. When I looked into this particular stunt, I was immediately struck by two facts: First, Grant never summoned from a wheelchair any person who had customized the device. Disabled persons who spend much of their lives in a wheelchair usually equip it for their specific needs. Second, almost all of those who rose up "healed" did so from a particular color, model, and make of wheelchair. Even Grant's slick, glossy, expensive color brochure, *New Day*, showed those same wheelchairs in the illustrations.

In St. Louis, I interviewed an elderly man who declared he'd been healed by Grant of cancer. Grant told him to "get up

out of that wheelchair and walk!" and he'd done so, vigorously. But as he told me, his cancer did not impede his ability to walk. In fact, we interviewed him in his apartment, which happened to be a fourth-floor walk-up. Why was he in the wheelchair? Because, he said, his pastor had told him to sit in it when he arrived at the auditorium. The chair was supplied by an usher. He'd never been in a wheelchair before in his life.

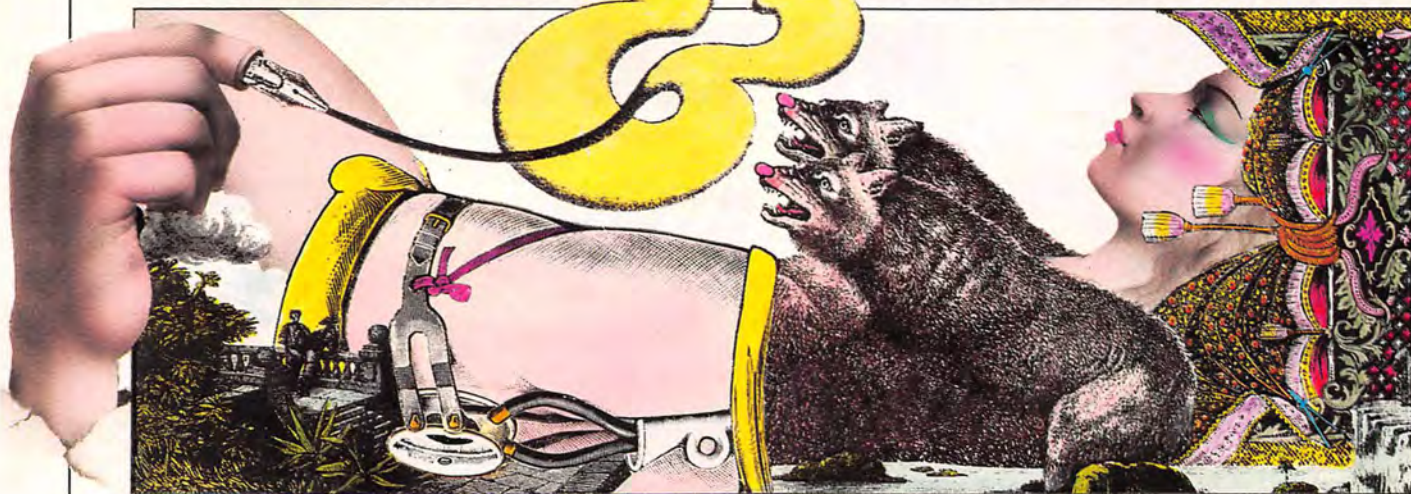
When Grant was in Fort Lauderdale for a three-day stay last January, I watched his operation very closely. I saw an unmarked truck arrive behind the auditorium where the show was to take place, and about 30 of those familiar wheelchairs were unloaded and taken to the front lobby of the auditorium. When early arrivals came, some using canes, they were seated in the wheelchairs and pushed to the foot of the stage by Grant's assistants. Asked why they did not think it strange that they were asked to rise and walk when they were already able to do so, some replied that they thought Grant had misunderstood their malady and that they had not wanted to embarrass him. Others refused to discuss it, a response that deserves close attention.

Many people who attend these services know why they or others around them are questioned by the healer or his assistants. They know about the wheelchair trick. They know they are *not* healed when they stand and declare that they are healed. They go along with the faith-healing service because it functions as a significant drama for them. The entire auditorium becomes a huge stage, with the preachers and believers taking part in the drama. Almost everything in the drama leads up to the climax, the long-anticipated healing scene. It is a ritual of major magical importance and the afflicted person *wants to get close to the magic*. By pretending—earnestly—and by refusing to entertain any notion of doubt, the audience maintains and reinforces the myth that *all of the actors* have agreed to believe in. The faith-healing service is a sort of mutually accepted Morality Play that is participated in without doubt, for fear of breaking the spell.

But what happens when the spell is broken, as it eventually must be when the sick go home, the euphoria passes, and they find that they are no better off than before? My team followed up on several people who had attended Grant's performances. Many were unhappy, angry, and bitter. Some had traveled hundreds of miles seeking their cures. They complained that Grant had misstated and exaggerated their ailments. Some had been told that they had heart trouble that they hadn't even suspected—an ailment that Grant had thrown in as a bonus. Many had to buy new canes to replace those dramatically broken across Grant's knee and tossed up onstage. One lady said that Grant had described her husband as being "blind from birth" when he'd only

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

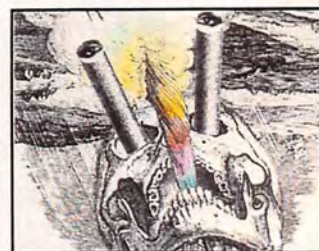
An Ontario man, after pulling away from a service station in his van, began to get the nagging feeling that he had forgotten something. After checking the cap to his gas tank and other items, he decided that in fact he had not forgotten anything. Nearly 50 miles later, however, he suddenly remembered that during the stop at the service station, his wife had gone to the ladies' room.



SO, WHAT'S NEW!

Police in Suffolk County, New York, confiscated over a ton of illegal fireworks on the ground that they were unsafe. They later heaped them all into a deep concrete pit for destruction. Then they proceeded to ignite the fireworks—which set off a huge fireball that eventually burned down 300 acres of surrounding forest.

REEFER MADNESS



Crack dealers now offer five cents for the return of each empty plastic vial used by their customers.

ASK A SILLY QUESTION

A Louisville, Kentucky, man, arrested for drunk driving, defended himself by saying that his dog actually did the driving. When asked why, the man replied that he had difficulty driving since he is legally blind.

MEXICAN STANDOFF



Nation of Islam leader Louis Farrakhan drove up to a Navaho Indian reservation in Arizona and asked the tribe what he could do to help them. "Well," one Navaho leader replied, "you can start by giving us your Mercedes." Farrakhan left immediately.



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



WRETCHED EXCESSES

Iran's Revolutionary Guards publicly flogged 34 people with 70 lashes each in Tehran for watching video movies, listening to taped music, and playing marbles during a party.

During a recent visit to San Francisco, California, a Texas congressman covered his feet with shower caps while showering as a prevention against contracting AIDS.



LIFE AT THE TOP

Rock star Michael Jackson has a pet garden snake that he carries in a rhinestone bag around his shoulder. He calls the snake "Michael" and has outfitted the reptile with a pair of custom-made sunglasses.



MODERN LIFE

Japanese crematoriums have become more dangerous due to unreported pace-makers that explode when bodies are burned.

HIGHS AND LOWS

The government of Macao, inaugurating a new lottery game, discovered that due to a clerical error, all of the tickets issued contained the winning number.

The Santa Ana, California, city council voted to build themselves private rest rooms, arguing that they can

A TELEGRAM WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER

A talk-show cohost on a fundamentalist TV network said that God had called her to Christian television and gave her a sign that she was to marry by ringing her wind chimes one night.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

After building a new aircraft carrier, the Italian Navy discovered a 63-year-old law forbidding it to equip its ships with planes. The law dates from the time of dictator Benito Mussolini, who decreed that "Italy itself is a great aircraft carrier" and that aircraft carriers were unnecessary. Mussolini's navy was later destroyed by British aircraft carriers.



LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

The owner of a Fort Worth, Texas, restaurant went ahead and shot a customer after he complained that there were no more large hamburger buns.



SPORTING RUSSIA

Soviet officials, concerned about the worldwide success of the movie *Rambo*, have produced their own version, *Odinochnoe Plavanie* ("Solo Voyage"), featuring a Soviet commando who reluctantly kills Americans to defend what he calls "Marxist morality" and the "unmaterialistic Soviet way of life."





KNOCK ON WOOD

The entire fleet of police cars in a Kentucky city was kept in the police department's parking lot after officials discovered that the police had forgotten to renew registrations for the vehicles.

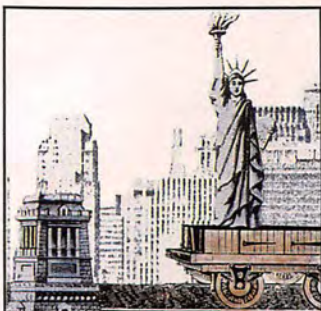
MOVABLE FEASTS

The wife of a man accused of murdering 21 people during a rampage at a fast-food restaurant sued the restaurant for \$5 million, claiming that additives in its food caused her husband to commit the killings.



SIC TRANSIT

A group of Texans, building the biggest Coke float ever, used 3,650 gallons of Coke and 1,500 gallons of ice cream to construct a 28-foot-high float. Unfortunately, it melted in the sun.



SPORTING AMERICA

A Kentucky judge rejected a sanitation worker's claim for disability payments for a

nervous breakdown caused, he said, by being forced to work with blacks.



BAD KARMA

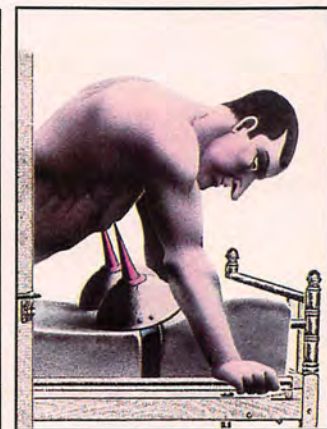
Following the American air attack on Libya, that country's

leader, Muammar Qaddafi, reportedly showed up at a diplomatic reception wearing rather bizarre attire—his ensemble included women's makeup, a dress, and high heels.



IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

Asked by police to explain several .22-caliber shell casings on her living-room carpet near the bullet-riddled body of her husband, a Friday Harbor, Washington, woman claimed she shot off a rifle to bid her husband farewell on a trip to Norway.



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.





LINDA LOU

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS

Some people call her Lily, but her real name is Linda Lou Harrelson. Born and bred in Dallas, there is nowhere else she would rather be. "Take me out of Texas," she grins, "and I wilt like a plucked flower."



"It's not that I haven't been to other places. Hell, I've missed home from just about every corner of the world."







As a design consultant to an international textile firm, Linda, barely 27, calls her own shots.

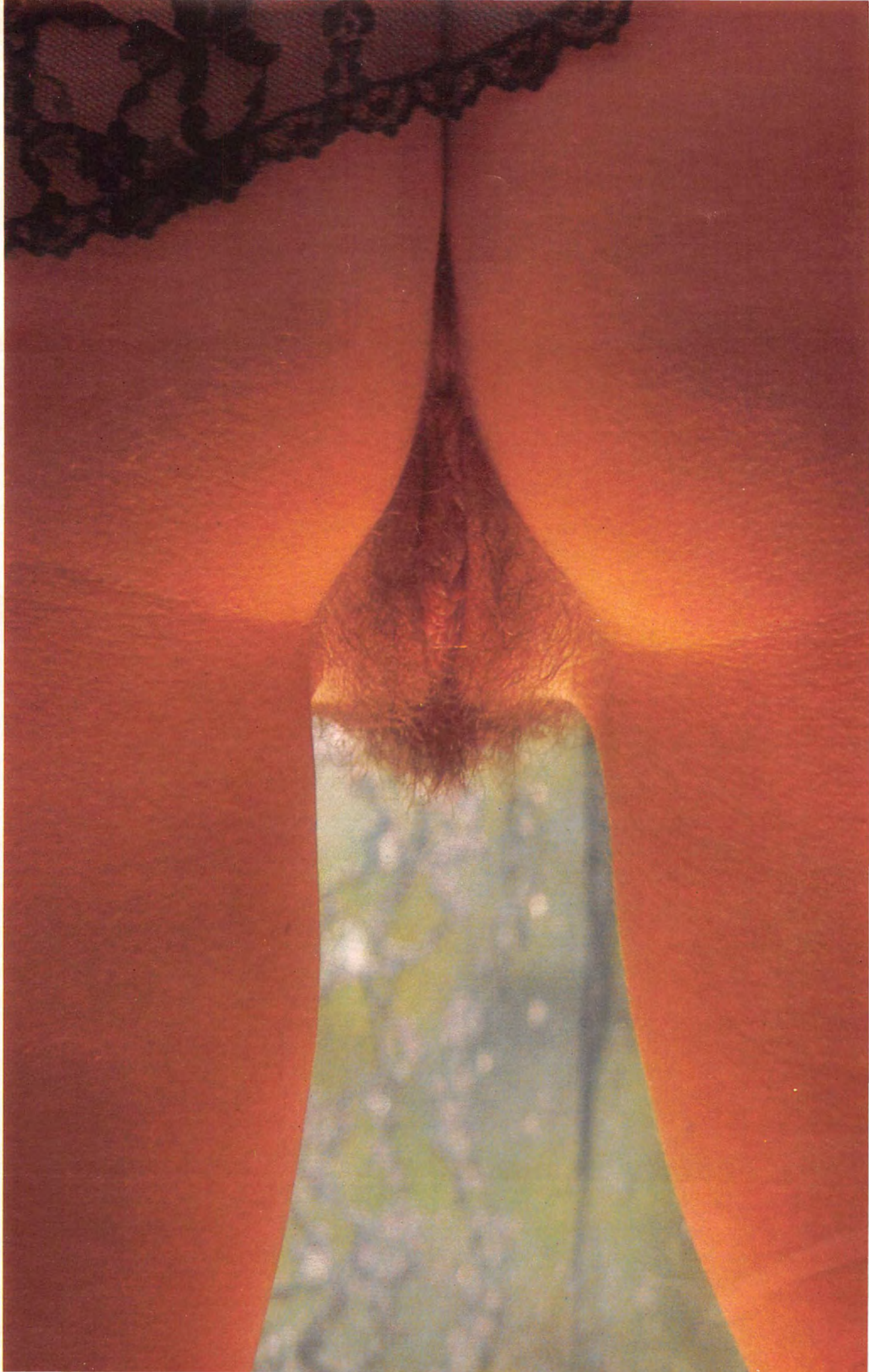





"I'd rather
lie back than
work," she
says. "But work
buys me the
freedom I want."

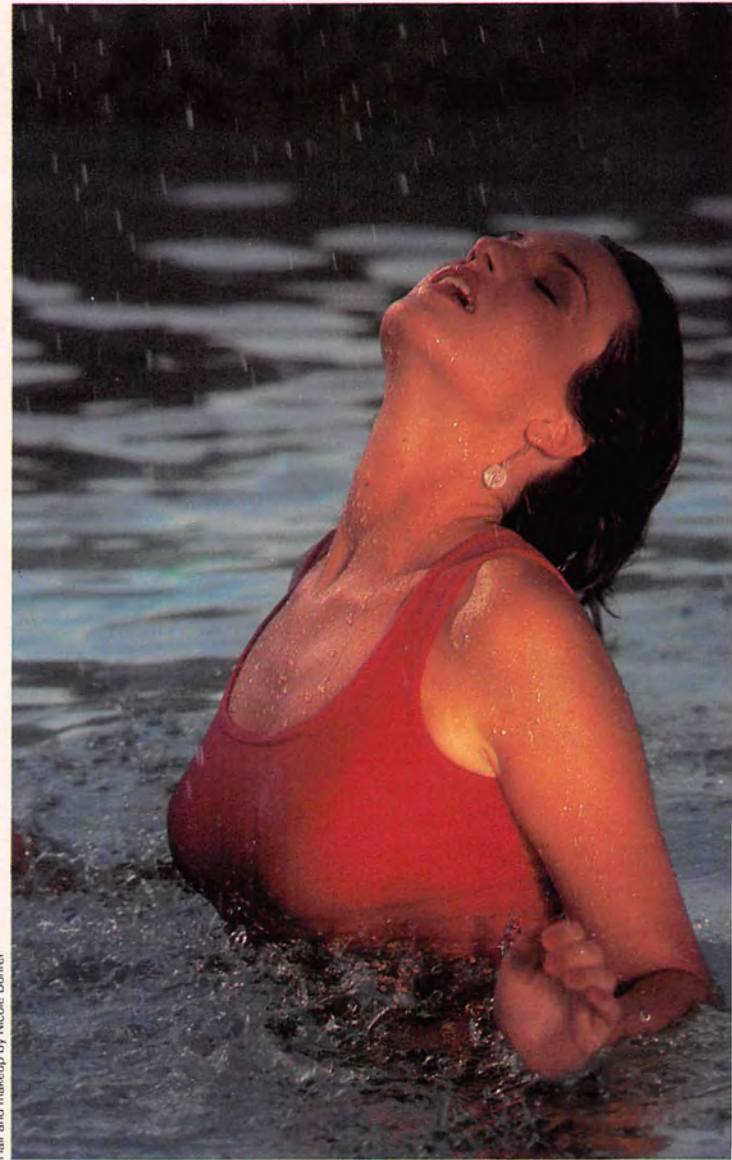
Much of that
freedom is
spent alone.

"My men
know not to
crowd me."





"I love the sky
here," she whispers,
"and the long,
dreamy shadows of
the wooded hills
outside town." 



Hair and makeup by Nicole Bohrer



HENRY KISSINGER

“Vietnam was a moral war in the sense that America wanted nothing for itself except the independence of these people who were truly menaced by an aggressive people.”

Like Mata Hari, Dracula, Marie Antoinette, and Julius Caesar, Henry Kissinger is a household name, which may well go into lower case one day, like those of the Earl of Sandwich and Captain Charles Boycott. To “kissinger” may be to outsmart or outthink. Everybody, especially in the United States, thinks they know him.

German-born, he has an accent that could have earned him a separate career doing character roles in Hollywood. (His younger brother David, whose accent isn't nearly as thick as Henry's, says that “I am the

Kissinger who listens.”) Henry's accent comes through in the throaty, insistent voice of a central-casting psychiatrist.

He was America's first *famous* national security adviser, in which role he bullied his secretary of state, William Rogers, until he got that job as well.

Arriving in this country in 1938 as a 15-year-old Jewish refugee, he soon became a straight-A student. As an Army draftee, he rediscovered Germany and the second love of his life after politics—soccer. (He recently wrote an article in *The Washington Post* comparing nations' soccer

PHOTOGRAPH BY BUDD GRAY

styles with their political patterns.)

He went on to become Harvard's most famous and controversial professor of history and political science. By then, his Ph.D. dissertation, only slightly reedited, had become an all-time best-seller as *A World Restored*. It lays out his basic theories, based on the rivalry for power between Britain and Germany in the mid-nineteenth century.

Richard Nixon, for all his flaws, was a president with a feel for foreign policy, and it was he who brought Kissinger into government, where he could practice what he taught.

A made-for-media personality with a confidently self-deprecating humor, he made the media work for him. As national security adviser, he suddenly disappeared from sight on several occasions to go to China, with the assistance of Pakistan's Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, at a time when the United States did not even recognize the largest nation in the world. While the two countries were still "incognito" to each other, he took President Nixon there on, of all things, a state visit.

He borrowed a plane from President Pompidou of France to disguise an arrival in Paris to meet with North Vietnamese representatives and try to solve the Vietnam war.

When Egypt's President Anwar Sadat rejected the Soviet Union in 1972, and a year later crossed the Suez Canal to liberate a symbolic portion of the occupied Egyptian Sinai, Kissinger started the process which led, half a decade later, to Camp David—virtually by juggling diplomatic and arms assistance to both sides and bringing them together at Kilometer 101 for a process that began Israel's withdrawal from Egypt.

One of his most famous aphorisms came when the late Golda Meir, then prime minister of Israel, said that all Israel wanted was "total security." Said Kissinger, "Total security for one country, Madam, means total insecurity for all the others." Obviously, the former Milwaukee teacher hadn't read *A World Restored*.

He won the admiration of friends and critics alike, and found a place of affection in the hearts of Americans, while winning the Nobel Peace Prize for an accord on Vietnam which both sides breached with equal enthusiasm and which he probably doesn't list among his enduring successes. He has friends and worshippers all around the world, but few of either in the State Department. Captain Bligh was tough to sail under, too.

Washington reporter Russell Warren Howe conducted this interview with Kissinger earlier this year in New York. He subsequently told us what it is like to be granted an audience by the former secretary of state: "Today, from an office in a bank building on New York's Park Avenue, Henry heads Kissinger Associates. A couple of blocks away, an escort service advertises itself as the 'most expensive' in New York. Kissinger may not be quite as blatant in stressing that high fees are synonymous with quality, but he is clearly not your average foreign business consultant.

"The fact that he is better known than any of his successors, that more Americans recognize his name than could tell you who now occupies the seventh floor of the State Department, lends a certain aura to the premises. A reporter enters with the thought that, even sick or dying, Kissinger would always have something interesting to say, and know how to say it interestingly.

"Fortunately, he responds to questions with concision, speaking in paragraphs with no 'uhs,' and managing to say as much in a few sentences as most American-born politicians say in a few decades.

"Waiting for Henry gave me a half hour in his waiting room. You can tell a great deal about people from the rooms where they make their visitors wait, for they know that it is not handshakes or plastic smiles that create the first impression. Washington super-lawyer Clark Clifford, for instance, makes sure that all the magazines are current issues, so that people

who feel that they are at least as busy as he is can catch up on reading.

"Among the publications on Kissinger's coffee table, however, was a Hong Kong gossip magazine with numerous pictures of my host taken during a recent visit. These showed him with a lot of people he obviously didn't know, but who knew him.

"Three of the waiting-room walls are blank. The only three pictures are curiously boxed together on the fourth. They are Chinese polychrome woodcuts. Two of them show short-legged Mongol ponies cantering in opposite directions. Both are saddled but riderless, and one has five arrows in its rump. Like my host a decade ago, they are making a hasty exit from a distasteful battlefield. The third woodcut is of full-size Asian, but not Mongol, horses. They seem to speak of the elegance of life beyond the White House.

"On the sofas, an extravagance of cushions is arranged with some apparently feminine imagination. Otherwise, it could be any dentist's waiting room in Tenafly. If you really didn't know Kissinger before you came, you can't afford him.

"The actual study of the twentieth century's most famous civil servant is relatively small and Spartan. If H. K. behaved like the common run of Washington's pols, his pictures with the famous would cover not only the walls but the ceiling and the floor as well. Those with mere three-term congressmen would be draped on bamboo and used as shower curtains. Kissinger limits his office display to a select few, and one steals the same glance at them that one would steal at T. Boone Pickens's own personal investment portfolio. The second faces in the photos belong to Nixon, Ford, King Hussein of Jordan, Sadat, his successor Hosni Mubarak, Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, the Pope. There are also two photos with Reagan, so he must still be President; one wonders which of the two will be consigned to the stacks in January 1989."

Penthouse: Would the Washington-Moscow conflict have existed even if Russia had not become a Communist country? Is it just the inevitable clash of giants?

Kissinger: Yes, to some extent it would have existed. Russia and Britain were always in conflict. Throughout history, Russia was expanding into some of its neighbors. But without Communism it would not have had the same burden; it would certainly have been more easily resolved.

Penthouse: How will the East-West conflict be resolved?

Kissinger: Well, it will be solved, for two reasons. Either one or the other of the two superpowers will become relatively weaker, not so much in military power but in overall performance, or both will get weaker in relation to their environment. For comparison, the relative positions of

Germany, France, and Britain to each other have become essentially irrelevant to the balance of power in the world. In the nineteenth century, their relationships controlled the world; after 1945, whether one or the other was stronger, it did not have the same local significance, and moreover they had exhausted each other. If there was a war, the conflict would be solved, even if there were no victors.

Penthouse: And if there's no war?

Kissinger: If there is no war, I believe the Soviet system is suffering a systematic crisis, and the emergence of China, Japan, and India as major powers in the twentieth century will put the whole thing into a new perspective. Now, before that point is reached, it is conceivable that a war will occur, or a heightening of conflict. As the choices become narrower, temptations to break out of this dilemma

will also become greater. In other words, I'm not saying it will automatically work itself out.

Penthouse: Pierre Mendes-France, former prime minister of France, got France out of Indochina, with United States approval. Kennedy and Johnson got the United States in, as deeply as the French ever were. Was our involvement in Vietnam a mistake, or was it justified?

Kissinger: The depth of our involvement was a mistake, and surely a mistake if we were not prepared to win. Was it justified? I think the fundamental analysis was wrong, that this [the Communist challenge in Vietnam] was the cutting edge of the world revolution.

It was quite a moral war in the sense that America wanted nothing for itself except the independence of these people who were truly menaced by an aggres-

sive neighbor. Now, did we have an obligation to protect anyone being menaced by an aggressive neighbor? That is the question that was not adequately analyzed.

Penthouse: Short of an attack on the United States, would Americans respond to the draft again, willingly?

Kissinger: In case of an attack on Europe, yes.

Penthouse: How about an attack on Japan?

Kissinger: In the case of any major strategic attack, yes. For a Vietnam-type war, I think not.

Penthouse: What about the Middle East?

Kissinger: Borderline. It would depend on the scale of the Soviet attack. If it's a war between Middle Eastern countries in which we're supposed to be drawn, it would be tough to decide. If the Soviets marched into Iran, I think probably yes.

Penthouse: While we're on the Middle East, it had been said by Prime Minister Mendes-France that Israel would only survive if it ceased to be a European colony in Asia and made itself acceptable to its neighbors. Do you think Israel will survive?

Kissinger: What Mendes-France said—that Israel could survive by making itself acceptable in the Middle East—was probably true in the fifties. I have jokingly, but only half-jokingly, presumed to say that Israel ought to offer to join the United Arab Republic as one of its constituent states. I repeat that it was said half-jokingly, but the philosophy was correct.

Now, there is no way that Israel will be acceptable to some of its neighbors, no matter what documents they may sign.

How should this issue be resolved? It is conceivable to me that if [Iranian] Shiite fundamentalists were to score a huge victory in Iraq, then moderate Arabs might make de facto peace with Israel in order to protect themselves against greater dangers; and if that happened, and if Israel acted wisely and with the spirit of Mendes-France, I think that a cooperation might emerge that could survive Middle East turmoil. But I think there is a high possibility of an extended conflict before that happens, between moderate Arabs and fundamentalists, with Israel backing the moderate Arabs, but without fighting. Another way would be an ad hoc agreement between Israel and some of its neighbors; but fundamental changes in history rarely happen without a cause.

Penthouse: You don't think that Jordan will simply become Palestine?

Kissinger: I think if Israel was able to expel the rest of the Arabs from what is now Israel, perhaps.

Penthouse: If I understand Ariel Sharon correctly, he is not thinking about what is now Israel. He thinks that life will become so intolerable for Muslims and Christians in the West Bank and Gaza that they will flee the occupied territories into Jordan, where they will become an even vaster



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CHARCOAL MELLOWED FOR SMOOTHNESS

majority than now, and take over the kingdom, which would become the republic of Palestine.

Kissinger: Well, if all the Arabs were thrown out of Gaza and the West Bank, and the territories became decolonized—without that, Israel becomes like South Africa. Such a vast population transfer [from the occupied territories to Jordan] probably would be impossible.

Penthouse: Now that the western rim of the Pacific looks as if it's becoming the economic epicenter of the world, how will this affect the future of North America and Europe?

Kissinger: The emergence of China, depending on what form it takes, will have a huge effect. If you combine that large population with advanced technology, then it could lead to a relative reduction of Western influence.

Penthouse: Does it mean a diminution of our standard of living, or does a rising tide lift all boats?

Kissinger: I think it would lead, in time, to a slower rate of growth in Europe and probably in the United States—not an absolute reduction, but a relative reduction.

Penthouse: Culturally, what will be the effects of the Orient setting the pace on an equal basis with the West; e.g., will we see more Japanese influences here?

Kissinger: I think we will see more Japanese influences in East Asia, not in America. I think the Japanese culture does not export easily.

Penthouse: How would you compare development in India to that in China?

Kissinger: India has, in many respects, at least as many of the requisites for development as China; in terms of technology, probably more.

Penthouse: In terms of technology, isn't it about a generation ahead of China?

Kissinger: I would think so. India will be a major player in the Indian Ocean. Even while India was governed by Britain, the balance of power between Malaysia and Indochina and as far away as Hong Kong, and in the Indian Ocean, while exercised by Britain, came more from Delhi than from London. While the thinking may have been done by Britain, it is astonishing how much more it came from Delhi than from London.

Penthouse: Although English-speaking and a democracy, have we ignored India, even during your tenure in office, because unlike China it does not have a border with the Soviet Union?

Kissinger: We have very special necessities with China. Whether you give attention to a country depends on the scope open for diplomacy. In the time I was in office, it was in India's cold-blooded interest to build itself up with the aid of the Soviet Union. Its industry was rudimentary enough to be able to use Soviet technology. It could buy weapons cheaply from the Soviet Union and only with difficulty from the West.

We patrolled the Indian Ocean and we

were in fact fighting in Southeast Asia. So India did not have the scope for a natural foreign policy. There was almost nothing we could do to deflect it from its course or its priorities. But India in the twenty-first century could become a high-technology country. The Indian Ocean balance of power will be up for grabs, in a way that it was not in my day, when India was much more obsessed with Pakistan than with playing a larger role.

Penthouse: Our allies, including our regional allies, recognize Hanoi. Iran and Iraq still exchange embassies, despite the war. Isn't it time we behaved more professionally and had relations with any country prepared to have relations with us?

Kissinger: I think there is a good case for the proposal you make—for recognizing whoever has de facto control, rather than using recognition to express more approval.

Penthouse: Is the American educational

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only half-jokingly, presumed
to say that Israel ought
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Arab Republic as
one of its constituent states.

system—as a whole, not just at the university level—good enough for the role Americans play in the modern world?

Kissinger: No. It never was good enough, for a number of reasons. France, and to some extent Britain, have erred too much on the side of elitism. We have erred too much on the side of egalitarianism. We do not have an adequate fast track. In my own field, which is the one I know best, there is really no concept of international relations which is adequately taught, never mind the substance.

Britain had an idea of the balance of power, and France had an idea of the *raison d'état*. In Britain, in its high period, whatever the political program, philosophy, history, and economics were core curricula, and these happen to correspond to what best trains the mind for politics. Our political scientists as a group act like surgeons in a medical college who have never conducted the operations they teach. They don't know how decisions are made.

I believe that the study of history is extremely important for the understanding of cultural differences. I believe that, in the end, certain patterns keep getting re-

peated by nations because of their character and geography. Americans never developed a feel for this, not even toward Mexico, our next-door neighbor.

Penthouse: What are the prospects for our times? What do you see as the directions in which we are going?

Kissinger: The broad prospects for our times are that there is an unusual opportunity to shape new international order, with some of the countries that we've mentioned—Japan, China, the Soviet Union, even the United States—and with the changes in information technology.

My children live in a different world from mine, in a very different world. My generation, and those before it, had to read books, which meant that our pace of learning was slower but it became more a part of us, and our imagination had to be richer because, whatever you read, you had to imagine it. Now they learn from display, so they absorb more quickly at the cost of imagination and probably at the most perspective.

On the other hand, this gives opportunities to include people in perceptions that no amount of education could have done before; so there is a great opportunity; at the same time, if you look at the political systems, and regretfully, I include the democracies, the requirements of gaining power outweigh the incentives to reflect on what to do with power when you get it. A man like Mendes-France, or de Gaulle, or Churchill—it's hard to conceive of them emerging out of the present American system, or of course, even more, out of the totalitarian systems. Where you get people with enough self-confidence and vision to shape the future, I can't tell you; but I think the opportunities are there.

Penthouse: What is the difference between politics and statesmanship?

Kissinger: Politics, relatively speaking, is the art of gaining and holding power. Statesmanship is the art of shaping power toward ends.


Penthouse: Who in the twentieth century would you say has earned the right to be called statesmen?

Kissinger: I think Churchill had a vision of the future. De Gaulle was a statesman. I think, from the [limited] scope he had, [German Chancellor Konrad] Adenauer was a statesman. Truman, funnily enough. And Stalin was one.

Penthouse: But Churchill didn't even realize that the empire was dead. Are you thinking purely in terms of foreign affairs?

Kissinger: No, I'm thinking in terms of people who transform things—someone who makes a difference in terms of policy itself, in terms of goals he himself sets.

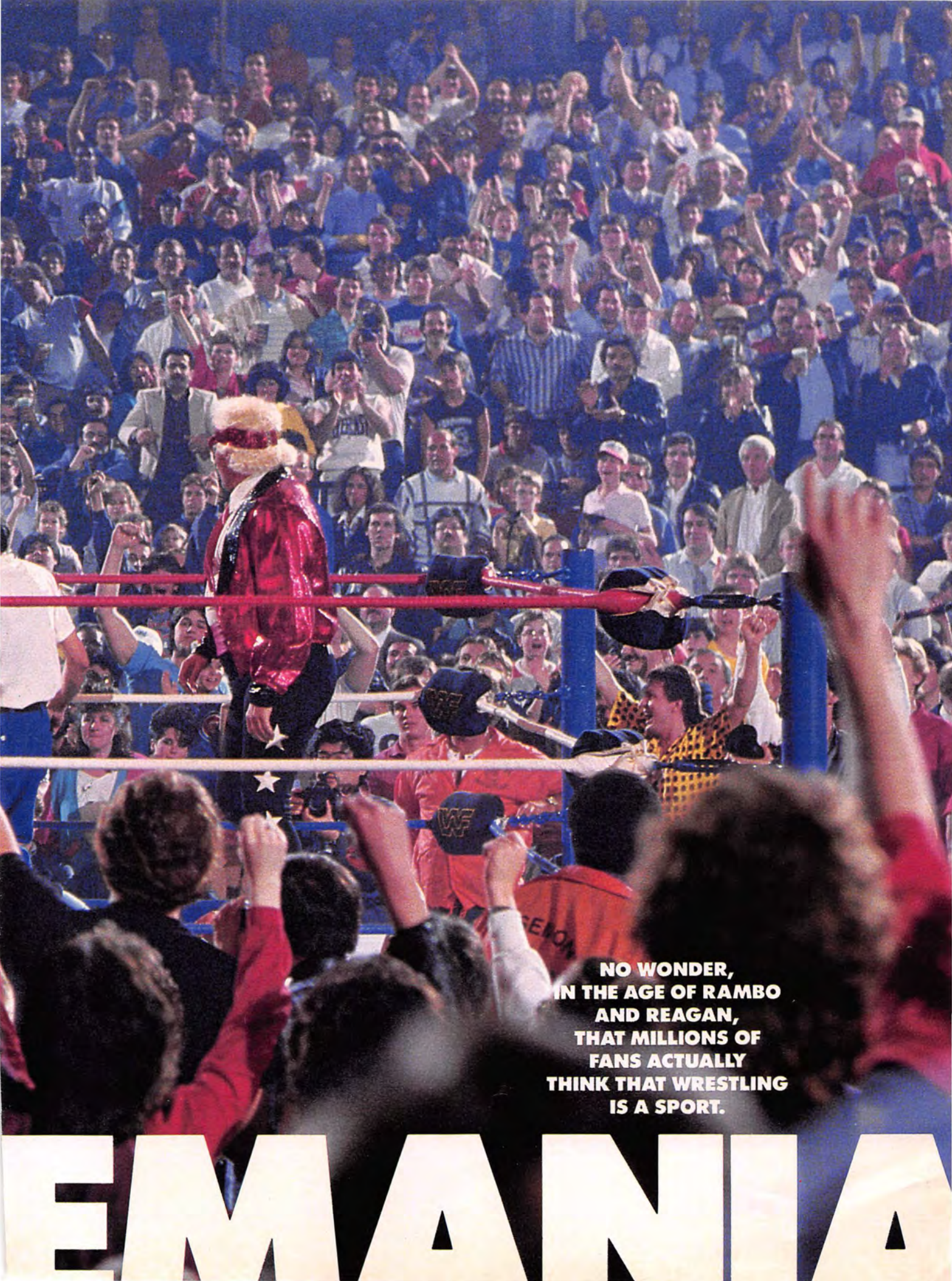
Penthouse: You don't include Mohandas Gandhi and Nakasone?

Kissinger: Oh, Gandhi, I would. Nakasone? You mean the current [Japanese] prime minister? I wouldn't exclude him. It's hard to include Japan because their system is so geared to anonymity, so that you can't easily tell. 





WRESTL



**NO WONDER,
IN THE AGE OF RAMBO
AND REAGAN,
THAT MILLIONS OF
FANS ACTUALLY
THINK THAT WRESTLING
IS A SPORT.**

EMANIA





Wrestling is the vaudeville of violence. Huge men and buxom women go at each other in carefully choreographed routines, not unlike water buffalo trained to perform for a live audience. For years, these performances were understood to be elaborate fakes. If any of the wrestlers got hurt, it was unmistakably an accident. The fraudulence of professional wrestling is so blatant that, since 1920, the New York State Athletic Commission has refused to license its matches as contests, sanctioning them only as exhibitions. And yet, today, professional wrestling is bigger than it ever was.

"It's camp!" screamed a conservatively dressed woman who, every month, travels from New Jersey to Madison Square Garden "to watch these huge men." Still excited after a recent wrestling show, she told *Penthouse*: "It's like an outrageous Broadway show." Other spectators, however, aren't so thrilled.

José Torres, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, which regulates professional wrestling in the state, is troubled by wrestling fans. "They go totally berserk watching the big guys in action," he says. Incredulous, he asks: "Are we suffering from a psychosis of falsehood? Or is it that we crave gods of pseudo-violence?" Shrugging, Torres says: "Perhaps we still feel the repercussions of Vietnam and Watergate. I surely don't know. The fact that Hulk Hogan and Rocky have replaced athletes like Mu-



hammad Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard on our heroes list is beyond me."

Torres, once the world's light-heavyweight boxing champion, sees wrestling as "a great entertainment whose attraction lies somewhere between boxing and Hollywood." It is, he says, "like the work of a stuntman." Torres believes the reason fans get out of control is wrestling's "elaborate production."

Yes, there's no doubt the mayhem at Madison Square Garden every time the Iron Sheik or Nikoli Volkov show their mugs in the arena is the result of super-showmanship by the producers. The for-

Far left, clockwise: Hulk Hogan v. King Kong Bundy; Jake 'The Snake'; Randy Savage v. Tito Santana; Ricky Steamboat.



eign wrestlers are usually the bad guys, the enemies of the United States. They taunt the fans, insult America, piss on Mom and Apple Pie.

When the bad guys have brought the spectators to a raging pitch by taunting them with anti-American insults, the heroes—Hulk Hogan, Sergeant Slaughter, Greg Valentine, Ken Patera—make their regal entrance. The audience howls, "Kill them!" and "Take their fucking eyes out!"


Although wrestling antics have been thrilling audiences for some time, Vince McMahon, Jr., suspected that the time was right and earlier this year staged his



Wrestlemania 2 extravaganza in Los Angeles, Chicago, and Long Island simultaneously. McMahon's instinct panned out. One source claims that the show grossed more than \$14 million.

Some people are upset by wrestling's success. They see many of the antics acted out in the ring as racist and even warmongering. But the controversy hasn't hurt the wrestling craze. In fact, it seems to be unstoppable. Promoters in this country are now raking in \$250 million a year, and the shows are drawing more viewers on cable than college basketball and college football.

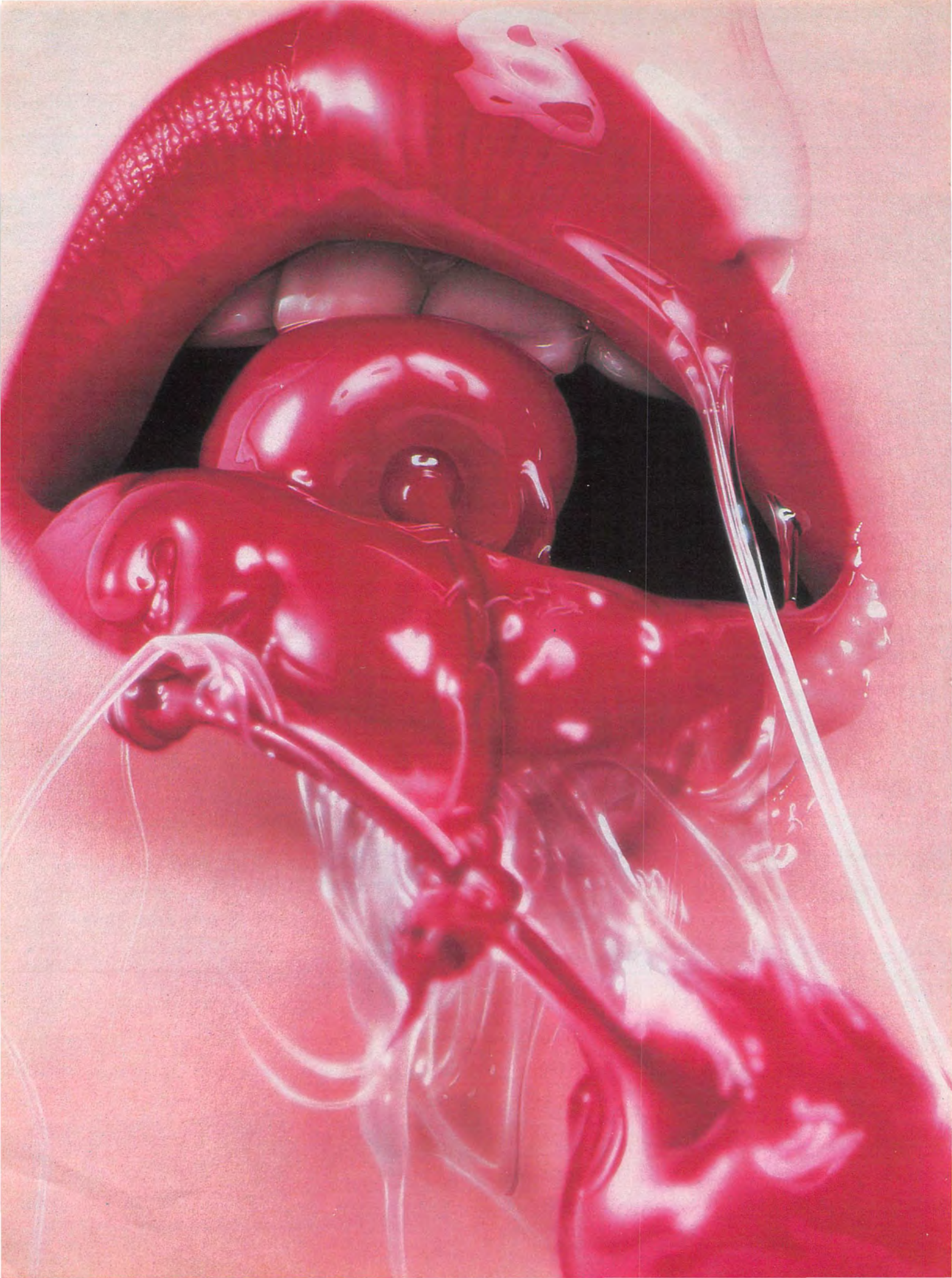
Why is America so fascinated with this theatrical, undisciplined parody of a sport? Why has an oversize Brutus nicknamed "The Hulkster" inspired the best-selling Halloween mask in marketing history? And just how is it possible that the wrestling phenomenon can sustain the drama and keep the viewers interested? José Torres contends: "In America, it's the era of the fake. 'Miami Vice' is a fake, Rambo is a fake, the war in Grenada was a fake, and even President Reagan is a fake. When we idolize what is not real, it frees us from responsibility.

"In fact," Torres concludes, "you don't realize what Reagan has done to this country by simply watching television or reading newspapers. No—if you really want to see what's happening now, just go to Madison Square Garden and watch a wrestling exhibition." 



Above: A British Bulldog; the Magnificent Morocco.
Right: Brutus Beefcake devours Davy Boy Smith.





In an excerpt
from her forthcoming book,
a renowned food
critic discloses 69 surefire
recipes to
spice up your sex life.

DELICIOUS SEX

BY GAEL GREENE

Listening to our poets, novelists, and songwriters, one would guess we are a culture that prizes love. And yet few of us devote nearly enough time or thought to making love. Too often, sex is an afterthought—our last priority of the day once the kids are tucked in and the garbage carried out for the night. For others, sex is a competitive sport where the game is played for the sole purpose of the touchdown—tackling him or her in the sack. But love and sex are much more. And that is why I have interrupted my usual work of reviewing restaurants for *New York* magazine to write a concise and practical book for those who want to discover a new level of sexuality. No matter how you feel about your love life, you will find pertinent information in this highly erotic book. I pledge this text will help you to discover a

brand-new level of sexuality.

Reaching new sexual plateaus, however, requires knowing your lover's secret desires. Usually, this knowledge can be obtained only if you possess supernatural powers. But how about if, for once, you could become the proverbial fly on the wall, listening to your lover and her friends chat openly about sex? I promise you would learn more about women's sexual fantasies than any self-help book could ever teach you. Consider then, the following list—"Sixty-nine Ways to Turn Her On"—a voyeur's dream come true . . . a list of what women find truly erotic. When you've finished delighting her, tear out the list entitled "Sixty-nine Ways to Turn Him On," and leave it casually lying about your apartment. I am confident your love life will soar!

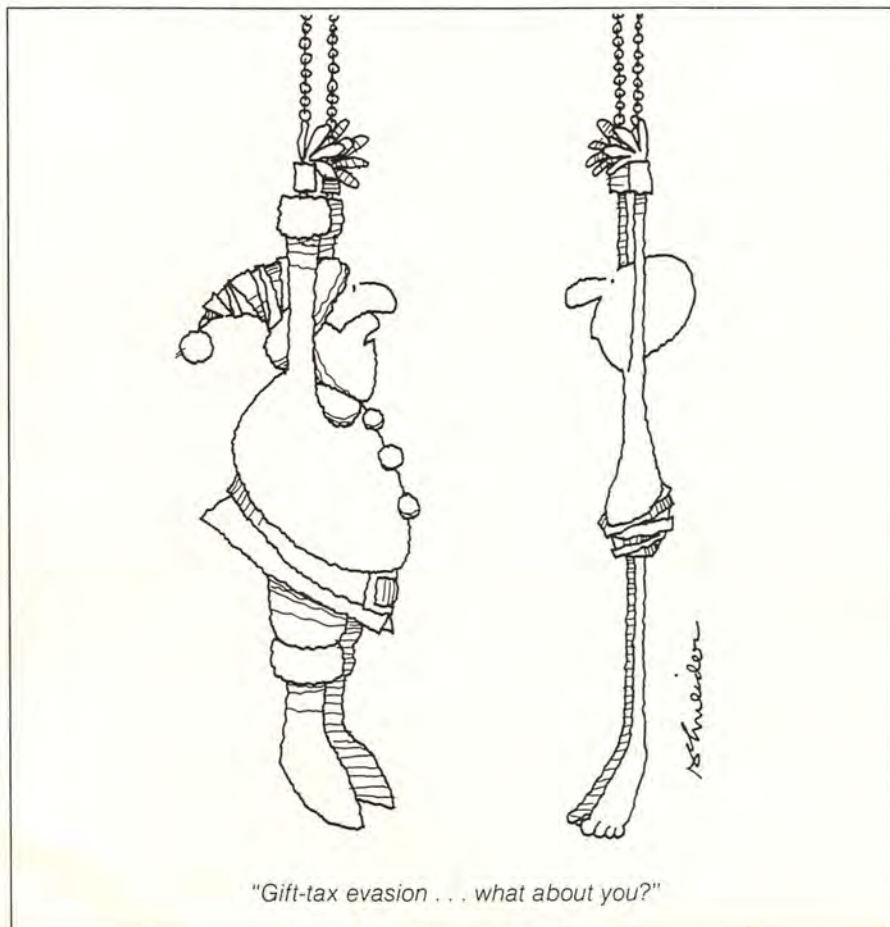
PAINTING BY YOSUKE OHNISHI

SIXTY-NINE WAYS TO TURN HER ON

1. Kissing. Soft lips. Romantic kissing.
2. A compliment. Something extravagant that he really means.
3. Kissing. Kissing your neck and earlobes. Kissing your eyelids. Kissing the hollows of your clavicles.
4. Looking at you as if he adores you (but not if he doesn't really).
5. Reading to you. His favorite stories. His favorite poems.
6. Sending you flowers because it's Tuesday.
7. Necking in the car.
8. Pressing your cheeks with both hands as he kisses you.
9. Kissing. Kissing the corners of your mouth. Teasing bites. Invasive kisses.
10. Letting you undress him.
11. Undressing you slowly and making love to each part as it appears.
12. Slow dancing naked to the radio.
13. A long, indulgent erotic massage.
14. Kissing. Kissing your fingers. Your palm. Kissing the pulse inside your wrist. Sucking your fingers. Licking between each finger.
15. Bringing you a glass of champagne in the bathtub and a towel he has warmed near the fireplace (or on the radiator).
16. Playing with your breasts and thighs and clitoris with a massaging shower head.
17. Being very forceful. Kissing you roughly. Throwing you over the back of a chair and kissing your ass and pressing his palm against your whole genital area,

- especially the clitoris, without removing your panties.
18. Telling you what to do. Making you tell him what he is doing to you. His insisting you use all the four-letter words.
19. Pressing his thigh up against your genital area. Holding your hands over your head as if you're being forced.
20. Kissing. Kissing your breasts, your nipples, under your breasts. Appreciating your breasts verbally. In a poem. With his hands. With his fingertips. With his cheeks. Stroking, holding, pressure up to the point where it ceases to be pleasure . . . you'll let him know.
21. Nibbling. Licking. Sucking. Less-than-serious biting.
22. Carrying you anywhere. Gracefully. Especially to bed.
23. Kissing the bottoms of your feet and your instep, massaging your feet. Sucking your toes.
24. Kissing a flower and then using it to trace the outline of your nakedness, to open your legs, to stroke your nipples and clitoris.
25. Kissing. Kissing your stomach. Your belly button (if you aren't too ticklish). Kissing where the bones go in, where the bones go out. Kissing your inner thighs and behind the knees.
26. Loving your smells. The sun on your skin. Your after-the-bath smell. Your perfume. Your sweet vaginal scent. Your hot vaginal musk.
27. Asking you to masturbate while he watches . . . becoming part of what you

- usually do in self-arousal.
28. Kissing. Kissing the deepest insides of your thighs and vulva. Breathing on your clitoris. Circling all around it with gentle strokes. Kissing around it. Touching it gently. Pulling the skin around it. Sucking it. Alternating just barely grazing it with pressure. Tiny nips. Gently. Flicking it with his tongue from side to side. Burying his face there.
29. His obvious pleasure in your taste.
30. Telling you he has a delicious surprise for you just as he kisses you with your juices all over his face.
31. Making up a bedtime story with you as the heroine.
32. His telling you everything he thinks is truly wondrous about you. What he's heard. What he's discovered. That all the women formerly No. 1 in his life are jealous of you.
33. His never asking you if you like this or that but paying attention, and if you don't . . . his stopping.
34. Teasing you a little. Not seriously, unless you seem to like it.
35. If you're the best at anything, telling you.
36. Letting you know when you please him. Sometimes letting you know in writing—the next morning, delivered by a messenger with blueberry muffins.
37. His looking at you from time to time as he kisses you . . . as he eats you.
38. Adoring your feet. Caressing your instep under the table at the Four Seasons. Taking off your shoe and pressing your foot into his crotch so you can tease his cock with your toes.
39. Feeding you.
40. Telling you what he plans to do to you later.
41. Telling you what he is fantasizing doing to you at this very moment as he speaks to you by telephone and insisting you tell what the conversation is doing to you, because it's making him hot and crazy.
42. Making love to you in the taxi . . . exposing your panties and garter belt to the driver.
43. When the two of you are away for a weekend, his writing you a postcard and mailing it, telling you how happy he is to be with you.
44. Sharing your bath or shower. Making love to you with the soap, the washcloth, his hands, his mouth. Drying you with the towel, splashing talcum powder and perfume all over.
45. Never thinking he's told you enough how wonderful you are. (If he means it, too much is never enough.)
46. If it seems hard for him to keep his hands off you . . . don't. Naturally, he would never embarrass you. As the waiter leads you to your table, no one can see his hand on your ass.
47. Shoving you into a dark doorway. Kissing you and feeling you up.
48. Making love to you in movie theaters, elevators, men's rooms, on the va-poretto in Venice, on the *deuxième étage*



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of the Eiffel Tower, in Bloomingdale's lingerie department.

49. Buying you the panties he wants you to wear.

50. Asking you to model them.

51. Buying you a silly toy.

52. Buying you a sex toy.

53. Hugging you a lot . . . languorous skin-to-skin hugging in bed, hugging you close after sex, falling asleep tucked into each other.

54. Bringing you breakfast in bed on a tray, sharing the croissant and tropical fruit, then putting the tray on the floor and making love.

55. Skipping work and spending his day in bed with you. (It's not quite as impressive if he does this on a weekend, but it wouldn't be sneered at.)

56. Letting you have three or four orgasms before you start intercourse.

57. Playing with you afterward till you have four or five or six more.

58. Not stopping till you beg for mercy.

59. Turning off the World Series final in the seventh inning because he suddenly must make love to you.

60. Frightening you a little with his intensity.

61. Kissing. Kissing your ass. Stroking the cheeks, making circles, alternating gentleness and assertive pressure while his thumb rubs the clitoris.

62. Torturing you with pleasure.

63. Fulfilling the erotic fantasy you really

want—a stranger who will make love to you as your lover instructs him . . . the stranger as your gigolo.

64. Filling your vagina with a strand of pearls and pulling it out one at a time.

65. His insisting you go out with him for the evening without panties on.

66. Making love to you with your clothes on, tugging the crotch of your panties to one side, and—seeing how wet you are—entering you forcefully.

67. Ripping your panties off and making love to you standing up.

68. Bringing you a seashell from his walk on the beach and writing inside it "I love you," with his name.

69. Proposing marriage. So old-fashioned. So highly erotic.

SIXTY-NINE WAYS TO TURN HIM ON

1. Kissing. Soft lips. Romantic kissing.

2. A compliment. Something extravagant that you really mean.

3. Kissing. Kissing the corners of his mouth. Teasing bites. Invasive kisses.

4. Closing your lips. Not letting his tongue into your mouth. Then suddenly sucking his lower lip, biting it gently.

5. Letting him persuade you even when you've already decided yes.

6. Loving his smells and telling him so. The sun on his skin. His after-shave smell. His after-six-sets-of-tennis smell.

7. Kissing. Kissing his fingers. His palm. Licking his palm. Sucking his fingers.

Licking between each of his fingers.

8. Letting him undress you. Resisting a little. Resisting a lot. Letting him rip your panties off.

9. Undressing him slowly and making love to each part as it appears.

10. Tearing his shirt off . . . shredding his underwear.

11. Slow dancing naked to the stereo.

12. Treating him to a long, lovingly erotic massage with almond oil.

13. Sending him flowers.

14. Telling him in a poem how wonderful it was last night.

15. Saying you'd rather have supper in bed tonight and watch a new porn film. Then reenact the best parts of the movie.

16. Asking him to look at *Penthouse* or *Playboy* with you and tell you which are his favorite breasts and vulvae.

17. Asking him to masturbate while you lick his balls.

18. Confessing to him that you're so hot, you can't wait till you get home and want to go to the nearest motel. Or drive-in movie.

19. Bringing lunch in a basket and a bottle of champagne to his office and locking the door.

20. Pushing him into a closet and rubbing up against him hard.

21. Pinching his rump in public, knowing no one can see.

22. Flirting with him as if you haven't really been married for years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190



Militant
fundamentalism is a
worldwide
phenomenon that
smothers freedom. It
is a self-fed, self-
contained psychology,
impervious to all
doctrines but its own.



Life in our time is chaotic. People yearn for meaning and security, and millions of people, maybe billions, feel like vagrants, adrift in a fearful, incomprehensible world. In many religions today there are minority factions that provide an answer to this fear. Fundamentalism offers a rocklike certainty of faith rooted in a literal reading of scripture as interpreted by a self-proclaimed unerring authority.

The vain hope of fundamentalism is to stamp out the perplexing and often painful dimensions of life with the boot of simplistic orthodox religion. It is a vain hope because fear is a disease, and panic about the disease only makes it more virulent. The fundamentalist revolution is international in

GOD'S STORM TROOPERS

BY RICHARD GAMBINO

scope. We are seeing a worldwide resurgence in different religions of a mentality of assurance against fear.

The Christian fundamentalist movement in the United States has its sights set on changing the basic character of this country, from individual freedom and group pluralism to a society shaped by an official religious-moral orthodoxy. The political and social agenda of today's evangelical fundamentalist Christian movement presents a great menace, one that is new in American history.

As a scholar studying social movements for 25 years, I am concerned as never before. The fundamentalists are gaining strength on many fronts at once. They are well-orga-



nized, wealthy, and sophisticated. Their aim is nothing less than radical revolution. Iran's Shiite fundamentalists stress intolerance of evil, which they define through the literal interpretation of the Koran by the Ayatollah Khomeini and the mullahs, or high priests, who believe as he does. The other mullahs in Iran have been silenced, one way or another.

Although Shiites represent only ten percent of Muslims worldwide and are in the minority in all Muslim nations except Iran, they are a critical force in those nations. The Shiites have enhanced their influence by linking their brand of Islam with anti-Western grievances in Muslim countries and with anti-Israel sentiments in Arab countries.

Similarly, the new Christian fundamentalist leaders have repressed some of their movement's less popular historic expressions while playing up the issues they have in common with other Americans today. Anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, and racist expressions so prominent in the fundamentalist surge 60 years ago have been muted, although these bigotries still reveal themselves in statements by fundamentalist leaders.

In 1980 Reverend Bailey Smith told the Southern Baptist Convention, of which he was then president, that "God Almighty does not hear the prayer of a Jew." (Smith recanted in the face of national criticism.) In 1985 Reverend Jerry Falwell, who didn't desegregate his Lynchburg, Virginia, church until the mid-1960s, endorsed the apartheid regime in South Africa by urging Americans to buy gold Krugerrands.

But today's Righteous Right is skillful at forming expedient alliances around specific highly emotional issues with groups who normally shun fundamentalism's social and political aims. For example, fundamentalist organizations have joined forces with Catholics in opposing abortion, with Jews in supporting Israel, and with Americans from all groups who are concerned with the supposed decline of the American family.

Like the Shiites, Christian fundamentalists are a minority that is working to reformulate the very fabric of life in the United States. In Khomeini's fundamentalist state, there are rules governing

everything in life. Fundamentalist Muslims advocate "perfect" authoritarian justice, none of the messy stuff run by mortal and limited human beings. Islam is seen as a form of government, and Muslim fundamentalists feel compelled to change the world according to their ideals. Their mission is to restructure all aspects of Iranian life—law, education, the press, sexual behavior, modes of dress—to conform with religious dogma. Fundamentalist Christians in the United States are similarly seeking to remake American life by having our legal system restrict basic freedoms, from freedom of speech and press to academic and sexual freedom.

To both Khomeini's people and to the Christian Right, the world is divided into the godly and the ungodly. And woe to the ungodly; they have few or no human rights. As with the Christian Right, Khomeini's Shiites regard the secular world as their worst enemy. Khomeini rails against the influence of the "Great Satan," secularist America, while Christian fundamentalists see "secular humanism" as their most dangerous threat. Says the Reverend Tim La Haye with righteous logic, "A humanist holds a low view of human life. Since he presumes man evolved and is an animal, he can live like one."

Faith in blind faith as an answer to life's uncertainties is a temptation as old as religion itself. This tendency, called fideism, is emerging even in that most gentle

and tolerant of religions, Buddhism. Traditionally, the Japanese have been extremely tolerant of religious differences. In fact, many Japanese borrow from different religions. It is not uncommon for a Japanese wedding, for example, to be a mixture of Confucian, Christian, Buddhist, and Shinto rites and customs. But in the past 30 years, a new expression of Buddhism has been evolving. In sharp contrast to Buddhist tradition, Soka Gakkai (Value Creation Society) is aggressively intolerant of other ways of thought. It vows, for example, to wipe out Shintoism, which it labels as "heresy." Also, contrary to Japanese tradition, Soka Gakkai stresses proselytizing and now counts over 11 million faithful, including 250,000 converts in the United States.

Above all, Soka Gakkai is a simplistic form of fundamentalism. It prescribes to its followers only the endless chanting of a single phrase, taken from the Buddhist scripture, the Lotus Sutra.

According to the *New Members Handbook* of the Nichiren Shoshu Soka Gakkai of America, "Faith . . . depends solely on the strength of that person's will to believe in Buddhism at the present moment. . . . With confidence, fuse with the *Gohonzon* [the chanted phrase], develop a victorious life, and overcome all worries and difficulties that block your path to true happiness." For those seeking an easy answer to life's perplexing questions, Soka Gakkai is a relief from traditional Buddhism's complicated and



"It wasn't always like this, you know. . . ."

very difficult-to-live Four Noble Truths and Eight-Fold Path to Enlightenment.

Since the founding of the United States, countless clergymen have been politically active, as is their constitutional right. In the 1960s, many liberal and leftist clerics were active in the civil rights movement and in protests against American involvement in Vietnam. Some 50 years earlier, conservative clergy fought for prohibition, and in the antebellum South many fought for abolition of slavery. But unlike these earlier religious activists, Christian fundamentalists are intent on accomplishing much more than changing a policy, stopping a war, or ending an injustice. Their aim is to radically alter and constrict our social and political systems. To be sure, there have been Christian militants in the past who also called for a "Christian America." In 1827 Philadelphia Presbyterian minister Ezra Stiles Ely called for a "Christian party in politics." But as historian of religion Martin E. Marty has pointed out, Ely, and other early advocates for a Christian America, were merely touting a coded but clearly understood message of bigotry against Catholics and Jews. Said the Reverend Billy Sunday, the most popular evangelist in the 1920s, "Sixty-nine percent of our criminals are either foreign-born or of foreign parents." The "Christian America" advocates of the past called for a Protestant America, not for a country governed by religious principles.

Today's fundamentalist Right aims at achieving political power, indeed political supremacy, which would then facilitate the redesign of the United States as a "Christian nation." In the words of TV evangelist Pat Robertson, "The Bible . . . is a workable guidebook for politics, business, families, and all the affairs of mankind."

Who is to interpret the "guidebook" into specific social and political policies? Fundamentalists claim a "literal interpretation" of the Bible should guide policy, but fundamentalism itself *interprets* the Bible to conform to its agenda.

The scriptures of all the major religions—the Bible, the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita, the sutras, the Torah—are riddled with contradictory passages. Religious leaders and their constituents select and emphasize those passages that suit their point of view and ignore others that don't. Fundamentalists play this game as a matter of routine. They cite passages that reinforce their goals and ignore, gloss over, or torture the meanings of other biblical texts. When expressing their support for fighting Communists, for example, they ignore Jesus' injunction: "Resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn on him the other also [Matt. 5:39]." And they by no means stress a "literal" reading of Matthew, chapter 19, verse 24: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."

GO FOR THE MAGIC!

There really is something out-of-this-world in this world.
For an out-of-this-world cooler, mix equal parts of Monte Alban with lemon-lime juice, white wine and soda.
Monte Alban Mezcal.
The original Mexican mezcal with the Agave Worm.



The Reverend Pat Robertson would not address these contradictions. He believes that preachers like himself give pronouncements *that come directly from God*. More to the point, Robertson also happens to be a candidate for the Republican Party nomination for the presidency of the United States, and in Michigan's primary caucuses in June 1986, he got as many delegates as Vice President Bush and more than Conservative New York Congressman Jack Kemp. *President* Robertson no doubt would consider his policies divinely ordained; he has already attributed setbacks to "Satanist oppression."

Robertson reaches 16.3 million households with his daily TV show, the "700 Club," and takes in well over \$200 million dollars in income from it annually. It is a far cry from Billy Sunday's and "Sister" Aimee Semple McPherson's antics in the 1920s. Sunday smashed chairs "on the devil's head," and wore diamond rings while boasting that soul-saving cost him only two dollars per soul. McPherson, an attractive blonde, and second in popularity only to Sunday, dressed as a fetching milkmaid in high heels and ladled out milk from a bucket to hammer home her own inspirational story of "going from milk pail to pulpit."

Robertson's "700 Club" is Madison Avenue slick. It combines entertainment with right-wing editorials presented in a news format. Ben Kinchlow, the cohost of the program, is a black man, which belies the fact that blacks and black churches have overwhelmingly rejected fundamentalism.

What will the United States of America be like if the Reverend Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, Jimmy Swaggart, Bob Jones, Jr., or Tim La Haye achieve their political and social aims? They are not shy about stating their goals. Reverend Tim La Haye is one of the movement's chief political lobbyists and a favorite of Jerry Falwell and President Reagan. La Haye demands a quota calling for 25 percent of all federal jobs to be filled by fundamentalist Christians, and recommends that humanists be barred from such positions.

In the righteous Christian republic, public schools would have mandatory or "voluntary" prayers, as well as censorship of textbooks and course content in the schools. Many books in the school libraries would be removed and schools would be required to teach "creationist science," that is, the view that the world was created only 10,000 years ago, with all species of life exactly as they are now. Censorship would also extend to bookstores and magazine shops, and to radio and TV programming.

In the fundamentalist utopia, all forms of sex except coitus between married couples would be forbidden. All other verboten activities such as nonmarital, premarital, extramarital, oral, and homosexual sex would be *punishable* as

crimes. Abortion and birth control would also be crimes.

All men might be equal in their lack of freedoms in the fundamentalists' political state, but all women would be even less blessed. They would be subservient to their husbands and to men generally. Women's central, and perhaps only, roles in society would be as mothers and homemakers.

The Righteous Right is one of the most powerful political forces in the nation, and its power is expanding very rapidly. Its aim is to drastically limit freedom of the mind in America. The Righteous Right must be fought. But to be fought successfully, it must be understood much better than it is now.

The idea that fundamentalism is merely a religious phenomenon, that it involves only an absurd insistence on a literal reading of scriptures, is a dangerous misreading of the source and power of the movement. The key to understanding

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Like the Shiites,
Christian fundamentalists
are a minority
that is working to reformulate
the very fabric
of life in their homeland.

9

it is its psychology. It is a "born again" phenomenon, among many others. But it is born again to fear, which is the source of its militancy and its appeal to so many.

Religion provides people with a response to life's uncertainties, especially those involving good and evil and death. The responses, in any religion, divide into two broad types of psychology, two patterns of feelings. These are not intellectual beliefs, but preintellectual, preverbal feelings that underlie religious beliefs and in fact largely shape them.

The two psychological responses to religion are related to basic, deep-seated feelings about the locus of evil. To the mind that is emotionally comfortable in the world, evil is a produced deficiency in people, the result of something not developed or perversely developed in people, and also of misarrangement of the world. It can be ameliorated by a more just and humane society, and by better, more loving relations between people. This type of response is therefore marked by the believer's feeling of being at peace with the world. There is a feeling of transcendence, a sense not only of being part of something larger than oneself, but

something eternal, something mysterious. The person is open, tolerant, and loving.

Among Christians, the psychology vibrates most to religious ideas like "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love [1 John 4]." There are such texts in all major religions. For example, in Islam there is the statement by the 13th-century poet Jalal-ed-Din Rumi: "The astrolabe of [key to] the mysteries of God is love." It is not a favorite theme of Khomeini.

The other response is the very opposite: A believer sees the world as a dangerous place to be. It is something to be fought. People are typed and divided according to the side they take in the great struggle. The "saved" and the "damned" are the most familiar terms used by Christians of this response. Believers are obsessed with the struggle, and produce in each other anxiety and a sense of urgency. Security is found by restricting one's experience. Orthodoxy of thinking, stringency of behavior, veneration of authority, and righteous intolerance are characteristic.

To those who feel threatened by the world, those for whom death overshadows all, evil is inherent in the very nature of our world. We can be saved from succumbing to evil only by placating a rule-giving God. When these feelings become channeled into evangelical fundamentalism, the believer becomes an agent of God's wrath. The emotions of Christians marked by this psychology resonate to statements like Jesus' "I came not to send peace, but a sword [Matt. 10:34]."

In all major religions, we see two philosophical patterns. The first consists of theologies that provide harmony with God through love, thus dissipating the fear of death. When love abounds, fear disappears altogether. Peace of mind is the mark of this psychology. It is not necessarily passive, however. In fact, it characterizes many who, from their tremendous sense of aliveness, feel compelled to work hard at bettering the world in these terms.

The second set of philosophies consists of doctrines that defend against the possibility that the individual soul may not survive death. This response is characterized by obedience to codes and rules. Pressure is the mark of this psychology, pressure ultimately deriving from obsession with a punishing God. The most desperate of these doctrines, and thus the most socially and politically virulent, are the narrow, thoroughgoing fundamentalist ones.

Muslim Shiites provide an answer to the fear of death, paradoxically, by making death desirable. They take only one of its legends as central, crowding out all other principles. On October 10 in the year 680 A.D., it is said, Husein, grandson of the prophet Muhammad, and a small band of followers martyred themselves

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JILL

“I once made love on a mountainside. Now I fantasize about making love with someone special on the beaches of the Virgin Islands while cool water splashes our bodies.”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH

Eighteen springtimes ago, in a small town near Detroit, Jill Shawntai was born. Last spring, at the Candy Store in Fort

Lauderdale, she was discovered by filmmaker Byron Davis, who starred her in his new film, *The Girls of Spring Break*.





"She is," says Davis, "totally without ego. Very sweet, and very shy." It was Davis who brought Jill to the attention of *Penthouse* photographer Earl Miller. Jill found the sessions that followed "a challenge, a great opportunity, an experience, a once-in-a-lifetime thing."



Makeup by John Maldonado, hair by Darlene DeFreitas









"When I'm being photographed, I don't psyche myself out at all," says the 34-25-34 teenager, who now makes her home in Wyoming. "I find that just being myself makes me feel most comfortable. I don't consider myself a tease."





"I once made love on a mountainside," she smiles. "Now I fantasize about making love with someone special on the Virgin Island beaches while cool water splashes over our bodies."



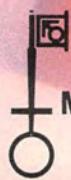








"I could even be faithful to one man," she muses, "if he loved me and was faithful in return." But in the meantime, "I like candlelight, dancing, and romancing, a man blowing softly in my ear and kissing my neck."



MISS JILL SHAWNTAI/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Bob Hope has always been there when veterans needed him, and it's time for us to show we have learned the lesson of caring he has taught us.

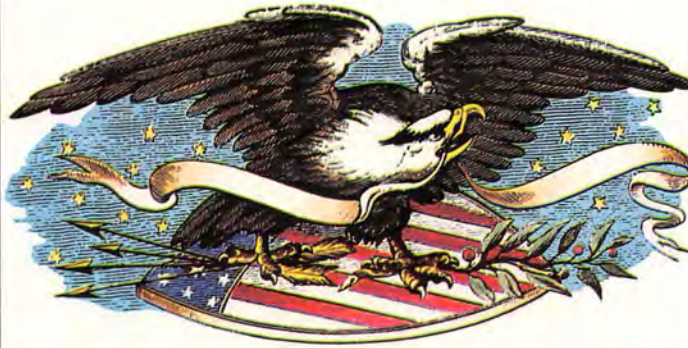
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Inarguably, the song to come out of World War II was Irving Berlin's "White Christmas." Bing Crosby, who was a devout Catholic, had serious reservations about singing "White Christmas" in the 1942 film *Holiday Inn*. Crosby's objections—that the song was somewhat sacrilegious and promoted a secular context for the holiday—were overcome by the film's producers, and the song and Bing's rendition became an important component of Americana.

We raise this topic here because of the "White Christmas" effect on the veterans of World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. Since 1942, when "White Christmas" was first performed on Armed Forces Radio for troops overseas, American military forces have been engaged in combat on Christmas Day in 15 of the intervening years. It is quite common for a veteran to think of Christmases in terms of: "Yeah, I was in the Bulge with the 101st on Christmas '44." And America's Cold War warriors in the so-called peacetime years have heard Bing Crosby and others sing "White Christmas" to them while on duty in more than 100 foreign countries.

In sum, "White Christmas" is an important piece of connective tissue that binds both today's servicemen and women and those before them to home, country, and family. U.S. military authorities have consistently tried to nurture the "White Christmas" effect by providing—sometimes under rather extreme combat conditions—such creature comforts as a hot turkey dinner; clean socks; and, where practical, an appearance by the indefatigable Bob Hope.

Any cynic who might want to take a cheap shot at Bob Hope for "exploiting" U.S. service-



men and their feelings about home at Christmastime should guard his tongue, for such talk might earn him a punch in the mouth from a serviceman who was cheered by his humor when there wasn't any laughter about what lay ahead on the long road to Berlin or Tokyo. Bob Hope was, and is, for real, and millions of Americans were able to gain a brief respite from war and, as a result of his humor and goodwill, to think about Christmases "just like the ones we used to know." He has always been there when U.S. servicemen and veterans needed him, and it's time for us to show Bob we have learned the lesson of caring he has taught us.

This Christmas, it's time for those veterans who are about to enjoy the holidays they could only imagine while trying to survive in such places as Khe Sanh, the Ardennes, and Peleliu to bring some cheer to their comrades from those far-off places who will spend the holidays in a VA hospital, a soldiers' home, or a nursing home. For many of these men, their personal clock stopped on the day they were wounded and evacuated from the field of combat. Time hangs unbelievably heavy on these men, who constitute the hidden side of war and the real meaning, often overlooked by those who

are quick to send others to fight, of its personal costs.

As in the past, the unpaid volunteers who give of themselves and their time to lighten the burdens of veterans in VA hospitals and elsewhere will do their best—but it will not be enough. What is required is an effort on the part of hitherto uncommitted veterans to fill this need, not an institutional response that gives a politician a photo opportunity to demonstrate his "concern" over veterans' needs. What is required is the quiet ministry of men who met the needs of their buddies while they waited for a MED EVAC to remove them to a hospital and, perhaps, a second chance at life. We all did this routinely in combat, and there is no valid reason we can't do as much, albeit in a different form, in peacetime.

The personal nature of such an effort is what gives it merit. For the individual veteran and his family who "adopt" a wounded or disabled former comrade in arms at Christmastime, the rewards are many. It helps one to keep faith with one's fallen comrades. It is an act of genuine compassionate charity. It enables the veteran's family to help understand their father's submerged feelings about war, his part in it, and what he thinks

about the responsibility of his own children to answer a future call to arms by his countrymen. These are important values, and they can be acquired by the simple act of giving part of one's self to another—almost as if that other person were an actual member of one's own family.

We are not advocating a "pen pal," scattergun approach in trying to adopt a veteran for Christmas. We believe it is possible, by seeking the assistance of the volunteer organizations that serve your local VA hospital, and veterans' service organizations like the American Legion and the Vietnam Veterans of America, to make a match with a similarly experienced veteran whose Christmas promises to be one more day in the ward spent watching daytime TV soaps. The match—like that sought in a conventional adoption—is not all that difficult to make. In most cases, you will have to bring Christmas to the veteran in his institutional setting, rather than bringing him to your own home.

As a nation, we tend to warehouse those who—through no fault of their own—are disabled, incapacitated, or otherwise infirmed. The conventional wisdom is "Out of sight, out of mind." This is particularly damaging to the needs of veterans because it enables politicians to pull the wool over the eyes of the non-veteran population and make the case that military service is "no big deal." The nonveteran has no frame of reference to reject this nonsense. Therefore, if our readers adopt a veteran this Christmas, we suggest that one or more of their nonveteran friends be invited to talk with them about the true nature of military service.

William R. Corson O—

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YOU LIVE IN A FREE SOCIETY..
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BY PHILIP NOBILE AND ERIC NADLER

WITH COMMENTARIES BY
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., BETTY FRIEDAN,
JOHN IRVING, WILLIAM KENNEDY, AND JOHN UPDIKE

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PH



“People in America can ask me anything they want. That’s freedom of speech. In Russia, they also claim to have freedom of speech, but here you have freedom *after* you speak! It makes a difference.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY YAKOV SMIRNOFF

The author, who was a leading Russian comic before he left in 1977, became an American citizen this past Fourth of July. Since arriving on our shores, he has appeared with increasing frequency on television and in movies—most recently, in the film *Heartburn*—as well as appearing regularly at leading comedy clubs. He is also the costar of the nationally syndicated television show “What a Country,” which will premiere on December 24.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE

One of the benefits of being in the entertainment business is that you get to travel all over the United States, and because of this I have truly been able to “Discover America.” Even though I have been in this country for nine years now, there are still many things that fascinate me.

Because of all the attention being given Soviet-American relations these days, due to the summit talks and movies such as *White Nights* and *Rocky IV*, I have found that Americans have developed a curious fascination about life in the Soviet Union.

When I perform at clubs and theaters around the country, I always open part of my show for questions and answers, so people can ask me anything they want. It’s truly an exercise of your freedom of speech that you have in America. Russia also claims to have freedom of speech, but here you have freedom *after* you speak! It makes a difference.

In this article, I hope to satisfy some of your curiosity about the Soviet Union, and then maybe you will understand even more why a man would jump off a ship *twice* to try and leave.

First of all, I should tell you that not everyone in the Soviet Union is miserable and trying to get out. Many Russians lead a very happy life, because when you don’t have anything to compare it to, you don’t realize how bad you’ve got it. It’s kind of like people who live in Cleveland! (To the people of Cleveland: I’m just kidding. We all know that every country has one city that everybody makes fun of. For example, in Russia, we used to make fun of Cleveland!) I, however, did learn that there were many great things outside the Soviet Union from talking to the tourists I would meet during the time I was working as a comedian on a Russian luxury cruise ship, *The Love Barge*.

What surprises me is that many people don’t think we have comedy in Russia. To Americans, “Russian comedian” must sound like “Mormon hippie”! Of course, there are some restrictions on your material. You are not allowed to talk about subjects like politics, sex, or religion, but that still leaves many topics we could joke about—like fish, or buttons. . . . You have to be very careful about what you say onstage. If you say, “Take my wife, please”—when you get home, she’s gone! One thing that was better in Russia was show business. In America, it’s very hard to find an agent, but in Russia, agents always find you.

When I am asked how I got out of Russia, I sometimes sense a feeling of disappointment when I tell people that I did not defect. I think, to Americans, there is something very glamorous and exciting about defecting. Maybe they’re right. I don’t think we’ll ever see a movie about a guy who fills out a visa application and then waits for a reply, but it is still the most popular way to leave. As a matter of fact, four out of five dissidents prefer it to defecting, but it’s not as simple as

it sounds. It took over two years for me and my parents to get permission to leave. In that time, the government does everything in its power to discourage you. They investigate you, get you fired from your job, and turn your friends against you. It's just like being on "60 Minutes." I remember one time being awakened by someone knocking on my door at three o'clock in the morning. I asked who it was. A voice replied, "Mailman." I opened the door and there were two men in trench coats. They asked me why I wanted to leave the Soviet Union. I said, "Because in America, they don't deliver your mail at 3 A.M.!"

My parents and I patiently awaited approval of our exit visas in our tiny, one-room communal apartment. This living arrangement made it very awkward for me as a boy growing up. There was no privacy at all. Whenever my parents wanted to make love, they would tell me to look out the window. One time, my father asked me what I could see out the window. I said, "Our neighbors are making love." He asked me how I could tell. I said, "Because their son is looking at me."

During this wait, we passed a lot of time watching television. On Soviet television, there are only two channels. Channel One is propaganda. On Channel Two, there is a KGB officer who tells you, "Turn back to Channel One!" Occasionally, they stop the propaganda long enough to run Soviet soap operas like "One Day to Live" and "Search for All My Children," or game shows like "Bowling for Food" and the Russian version of "You Bet Your Life" (if you lose, you don't go home with party gifts!). Because the Soviet leaders have a habit of dying so often, they now have a new show called "Czar Search!"

Finally, we received permission to leave and we found ourselves for the first time on an American airplane. What luxury! Soviet planes are different—the rest rooms are outside (and it's not fun if you're facing the wrong way!). It was on the American plane that I realized I may have some problems adjusting to my new life. There was a sign in the bathroom that said NO FOREIGN OBJECTS ALLOWED, and here I was on a 12-hour flight! It's funny now, but it sure wasn't then!

When I got off the plane in New York, I couldn't believe the reception that awaited me. The first thing I saw was a huge billboard that said AMERICA LOVES SMIRNOFF! I said to myself, "What a country!"

Once we found a place to live, the first thing we did was order a telephone. They told us to be sure that someone was home the next day between nine and five, and they would bring us our phone. The next day! We couldn't believe it! I realize that many Americans find this waiting an inconvenience, but when we ordered a phone in Russia, they told us to have someone home between 1963 and 1976!

To this day, American supermarkets are a constant source

of amazement to me. There is so much selection and always new and sometimes confusing (to me) products—like scented toilet paper. What a country! Although for a long time, I wasn't quite sure when you were supposed to smell it.

It was also in a supermarket that I had one of my few disappointing experiences in America. In Russia, we used to stand in lines for hours just to buy one item. When I moved here, I thought those days were gone—until I got into a supermarket "express line"!

Even though we knew very little English when we arrived, we bought all the American newspapers. They were filled with so many things we never had in Soviet papers—like information. I learned all about your leaders, current events, and many great celebrity diets! I also found a section that I had never seen in Russian newspapers—letters to the editor.

Many of you have probably heard of the Soviet newspaper *Pravda*. Translated into English, *Pravda* means "the truth," even though it is filled with lies and misinformation. I have seen publications of equal quality in America, but they usually have a picture of Linda Evans on the cover and most people know not to take these papers too seriously. The sad part is, in Russia, *Pravda* is the equivalent of *The New York Times*. Nobody questions the legitimacy of the articles—twice. I used to have a *Pravda* paper route when I was a boy, but I quit because the government kept making my route larger and larger. I got tired of riding my bike to Czechoslovakia!

One of my most interesting experiences in America was performing in Las Vegas. I didn't really know what to make of everything, but I'll tell you this—I like your version of roulette much better!

Besides all the wonderful freedoms that I enjoy here, America also has many other little features that I feel make a big difference—things like warning shots. Those are great! In Russia, they don't shoot up in the air. They shoot at you, and that's warning for the next guy!

In the interest of fairness, I should tell you that there are some positive things about living in the Soviet Union. There's plenty of parking places, always a policeman when you need one, and the Soviet postal service is very quick—they read you your mail over the phone!

Obviously, in this article I have exaggerated many things for the sake of the joke, but I hope you will read between the punch lines, because there is a basis of truth in every one.

I chose to write this piece humorously because my feelings about my new life in America are very deep and personal. I am in love with this country. I know it's not perfect. I realize there are problems to be solved, but when you are in love, you tend to overlook the bad and see only the good. It's hard to put freedom into words. Freedom is a feeling.

To "summit" all up: What a country! O—

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

hooked her bra, and found myself staring at a girlish body with nearly nonexistent tits. Each snow-white swelling was topped with a tiny pink nipple and an areola smaller than mine. I eagerly engulfed one of her soft mounds in my mouth and lashed with my tongue while I rolled and tweaked the other delicate rosebud with my fingers. As spasms of ecstasy jolted through her body, she pulled me closer and closer to her.

I found that her pussy was almost bald, not shaven, but bare except for a wisp of pubic hair above a pair of fleshy cunt lips. I teasingly lapped her entire slit before sinking my tongue deep into her love trench. As I nibbled and sucked her tasty pleasure button, her legs spread wider and wider. Suddenly Jade clamped her thighs around my head and screamed in a mind-shattering orgasm.

Pushing her legs up and apart, I drove into her tight but slippery box. I continued to stoke the raging fire between her legs with short but deliberate strokes. Her hips began to undulate and rotate, noisily slapping against mine. Jade bit my shoulders and clawed my back before uttering a shrill "I'm coming!" As she writhed in oblivious abandon, I speared into her as far as I could go before furiously erupting myself. Covered with sweat and each other's love juices, we collapsed, her inflamed pussy still milking my throbbing penis.

After a while, she led me to the bathroom, where she drew a hot bath and we leisurely soaked our worn and depleted bodies. When the water cooled, Jade drained the tub and, standing me up, rinsed me from head to toe in a cold shower. Besides closing my pores, the shower shrank my limp dick to a stub and tightly contracted my balls. Jade remedied my discomfort with the indescribable heat of her sucking mouth and licking tongue. Much to my disbelief, my spent tool was quickly revitalized.

In turn, I kissed her neck and slid my head down to her slit. Spreading her labia, I thumbed her stiffening clit and finger-fucked her still-oozing cunt. She shuddered and, bracing herself against the shower wall, pressed herself up against me. I easily slipped between her wet thighs and into her awaiting twat. I couldn't believe this was the same modest woman I had met a few hours ago. With the shower lubricating my stiff member, she slowly began to match my gentle but firm strokes. She went wild with uninhibited passion, weeping deliriously in lust and relief. We came together in a sizzling climax.

When I awoke in bed late the next morning, Jade was gone. However, next to her still-wet panties was her bridge card with a lipsticked message: "Grand slam!"—*Name and address withheld*

THE SCENT OF SEX

I am a 27-year-old police officer with a great story to tell. I was asked to work the "hooker detail" with a female partner. None of the officers care for this assignment because all you do is watch your partner get picked up by a "john" and bust him when money changes hands. It is very boring. Boring, that is, until I got a glimpse of my partner!

Valerie is a knockout! The minute she walked into the briefing room you could almost hear every dick in the place get hard. Five feet seven inches tall, her 38-22-34 inch figure was one of the most voluptuous I've ever seen. She was dressed for work in a white see-through midriff blouse, black leather miniskirt, and black spiked heels. With her long blond hair cascading down to her ass, she was really ready to nail a few johns.

We drove out to the "Strip," where all the prostitutes hang out. The first part of our shift went well, and we made five ar-

6

I kissed her neck,
then slid my head downward.
She shuddered and,
bracing herself against
the shower wall,
pressed herself up against me.

9

rests. When it came time for our lunch break, Val suggested we go to her apartment, which was 15 minutes away. Since eating in restaurants all the time gets tedious, I agreed.

Once there, I took a seat on the sofa as Val made lunch. My cock was throbbing as I watched her large, firm tits sway back and forth as she walked around the kitchen. We talked about work, and as the conversation progressed, Valerie became very frank with me. She told me that she particularly enjoyed working on the hooker detail because it turned her on to think that guys would pay money to fuck her. She said that she had never considered herself to be very attractive, and the offers really boosted her self-confidence.

I figured that was a clue for me to make my move. I pulled 50 dollars out of my pocket and asked, "Does this turn you on?" Val answered, "You don't have to put money down to get me," and I knew my luck was in. I looked down at her nipples, now hard and visible beneath her sheer blouse. She took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom.

Val unzipped my pants and pulled them

to the floor. She began licking and sucking the head of my cock. As she took me deep into her mouth, I felt like each long, slow stroke was going to make me come. She kept me on the edge for a few minutes before she stopped and said, "Let's get more comfortable."

We both removed the remainder of our clothes and got on the bed. I dived right into her sopping blond muff. As I licked her, I worked a finger into her slit. Even in its state of hot wetness, Val's cunt was very tight. She started to moan and begged me to fuck her. By now I was so hard I thought I'd explode, so I quickly obliged. As she bucked and screamed, I slammed my dick into her for all I was worth. Just as I got to the brink of orgasm, I pulled out and shot my load all over her mouth and nipples. Valerie stuck her fingers in my hot jism and licked up every last bit.

While we were catching our breath, I noticed the time. Our break was long over, and we hurried to get back to the Strip. The second half of our detail was even better than the first, as we made eight more arrests. I think the johns could smell the scent of sex on Val and they flocked to her like flies. Our partnership is still going strong, and recently we got commendations for our outstanding arrest record. Luckily, the captain doesn't know the secret of our success.—*Name and address withheld*

CLUB BED

I have just returned from a trip to Jamaica and I wanted to relate my story while it is still fresh in my mind. I went with my three closest buddies. I was the only one who felt like playing tennis one afternoon, so I went to the courts by myself. Only two courts were in use, one by a young couple and the other by two gorgeous young ladies. One was a short blonde and the other a tall brunette, both about 20 and very shapely in their short shorts and halters. Noticing I was alone, they invited me to join them, and they played as partners against me. They were French-Canadians from Montreal, very friendly and a lot of fun. After about 45 minutes of tennis under the hot afternoon sun, we'd all had enough and the girls invited me to join them in their room for an après-game drink and some smoke.

After a joint, Michele excused herself to take a shower while Francine and I continued to talk. Michele emerged from the bathroom in a short pink bathrobe that hugged her slender young body. She sat on the edge of the bed, towel-drying her shoulder-length blond hair, as I sat on the floor.

Before long, the topic got around to sex and our secret fantasies, and I got pretty excited. I noticed Michele's legs were apart, revealing her inviting young twat. She caught my glance, opened her legs farther apart, and ran her hand along her clit, saying, "Do you want it?" I just about exploded. She lay back across the



LISA AND TRACY



Makeup by John Maldonado and Lisa Lemole, hair by Darlene DeFreitas, fire hats courtesy of The Maddest Hatter, Los Angeles

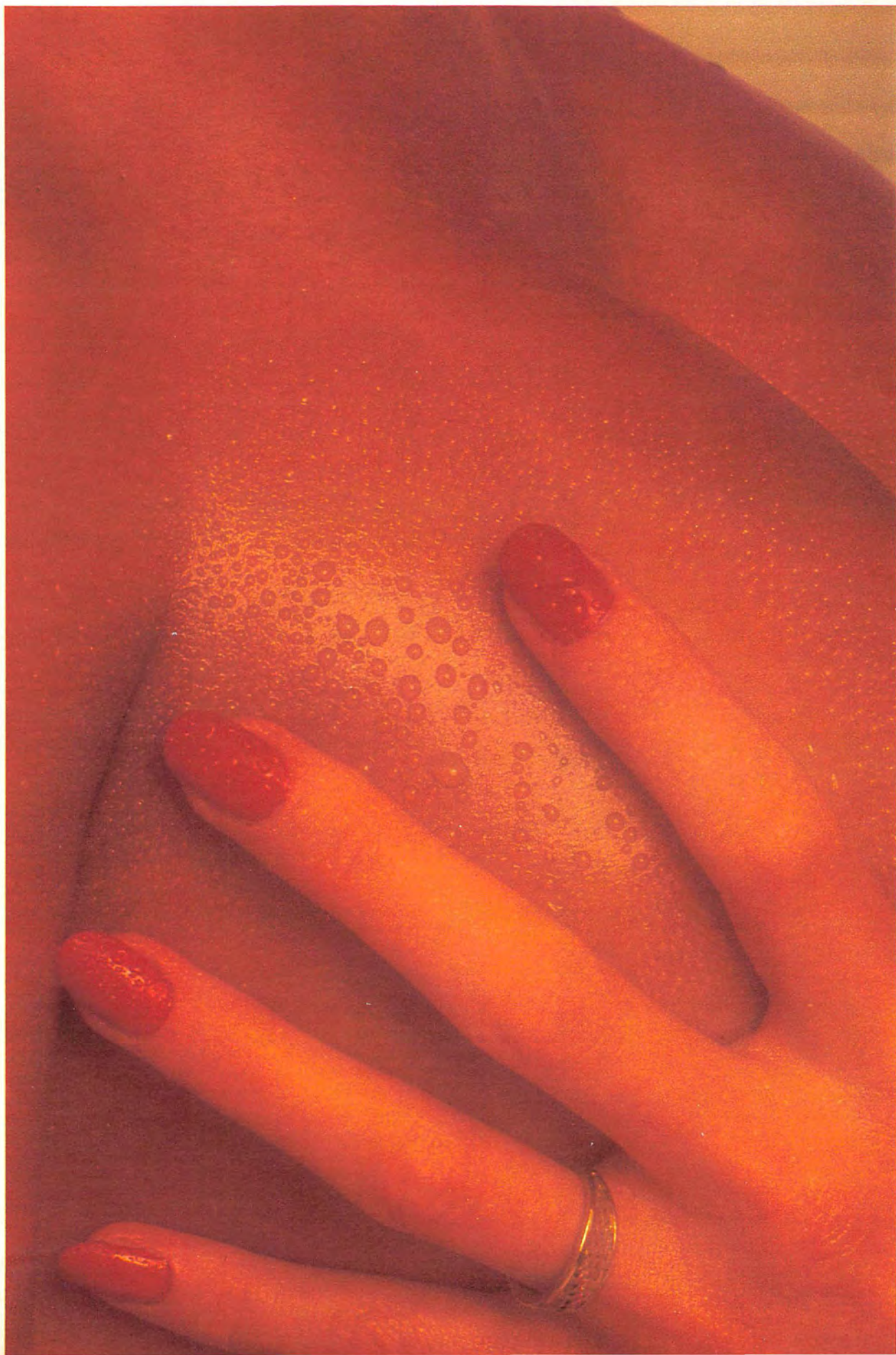


HOT TUB

Lisa and Tracy are neighbors in Lost Hills, a Californian town that lives up to its name. Although they live within a stone's throw of one another, their encounters are rare: Lisa is a stewardess who spends much of her time aloft or abroad, Tracy a decorator for a department store in San Francisco. But when they do get together, things happen and temperatures rise.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

Night or day,
they usually
wend their
way to the
big hot tub in
Tracy's
backyard.



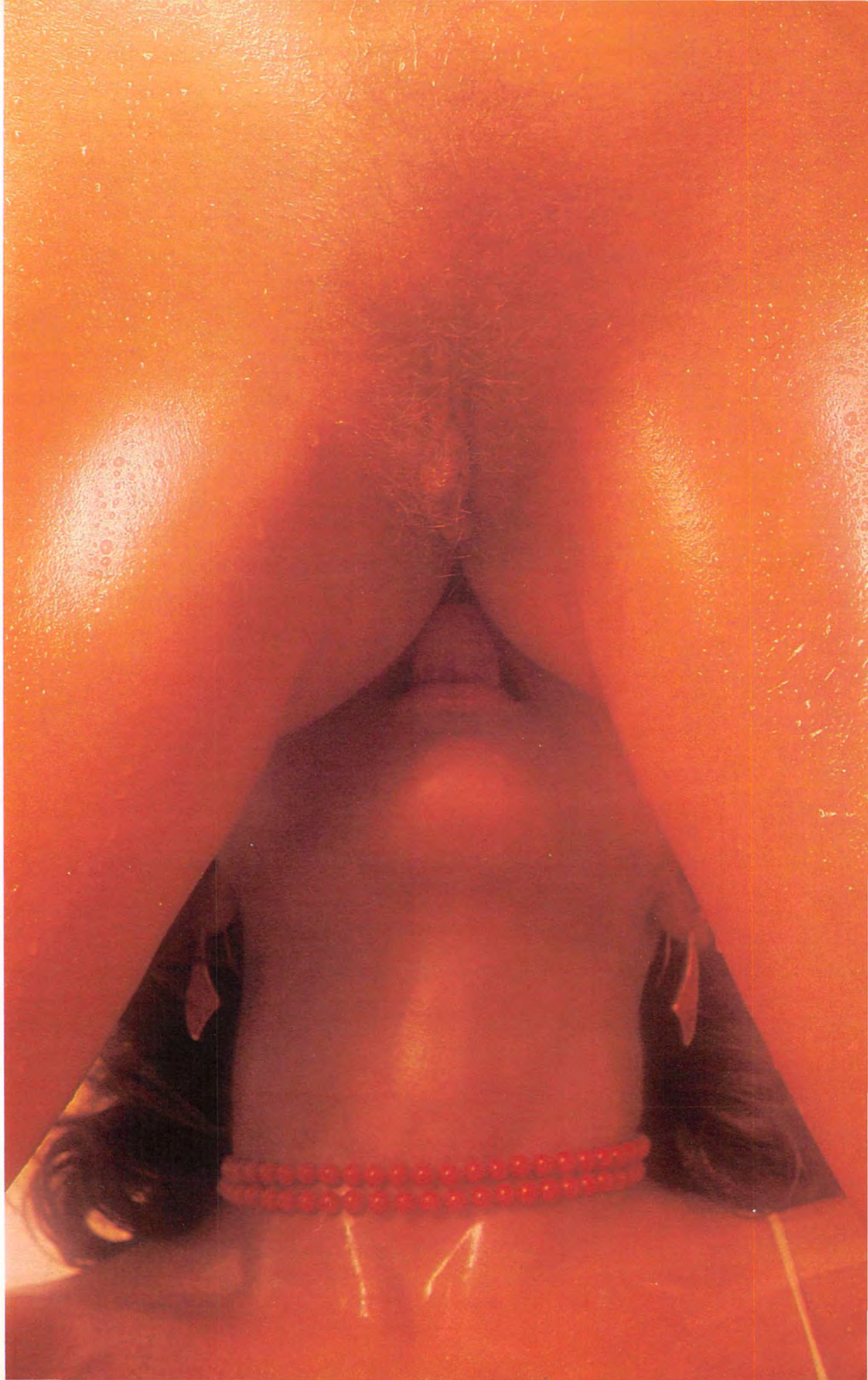




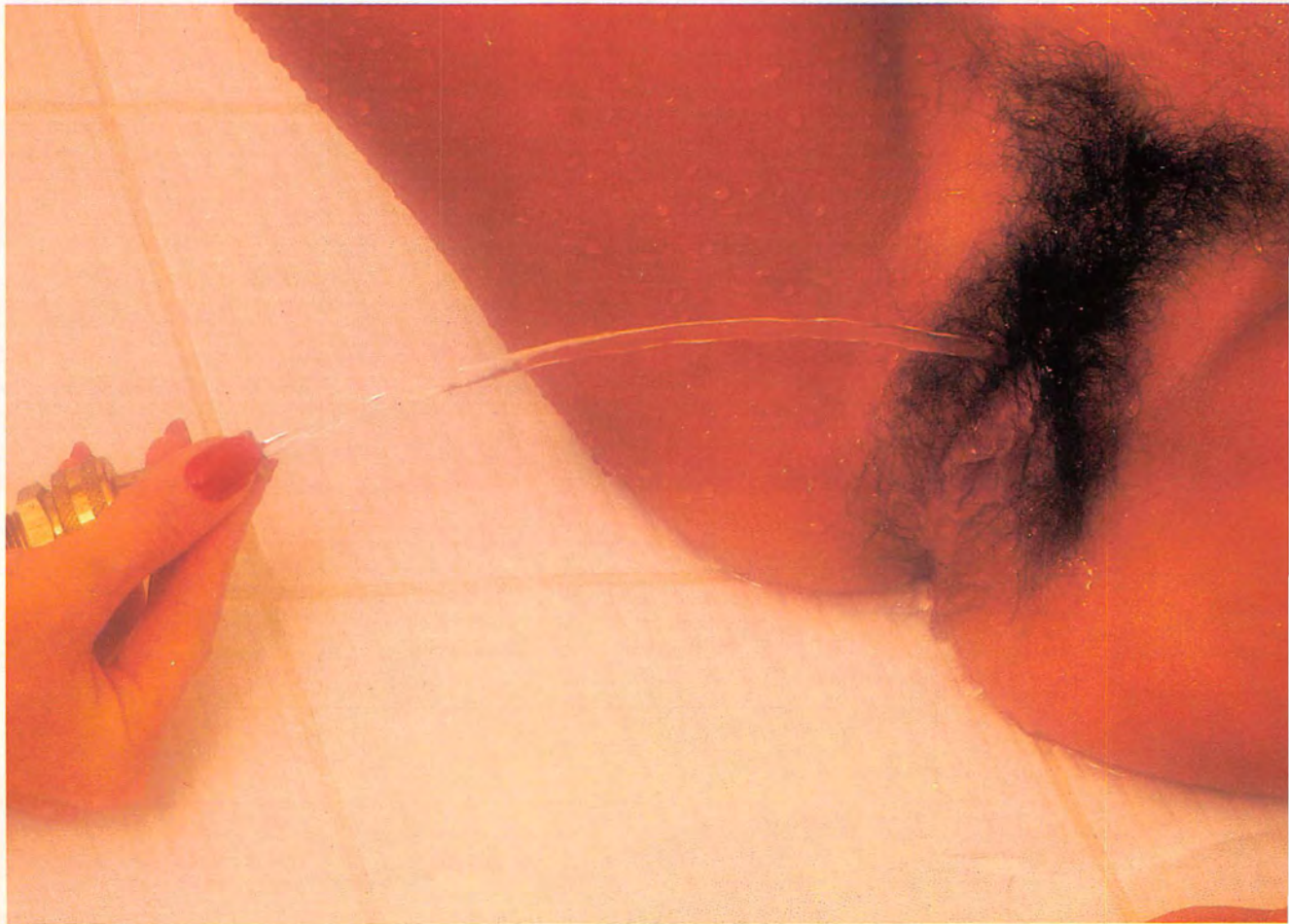
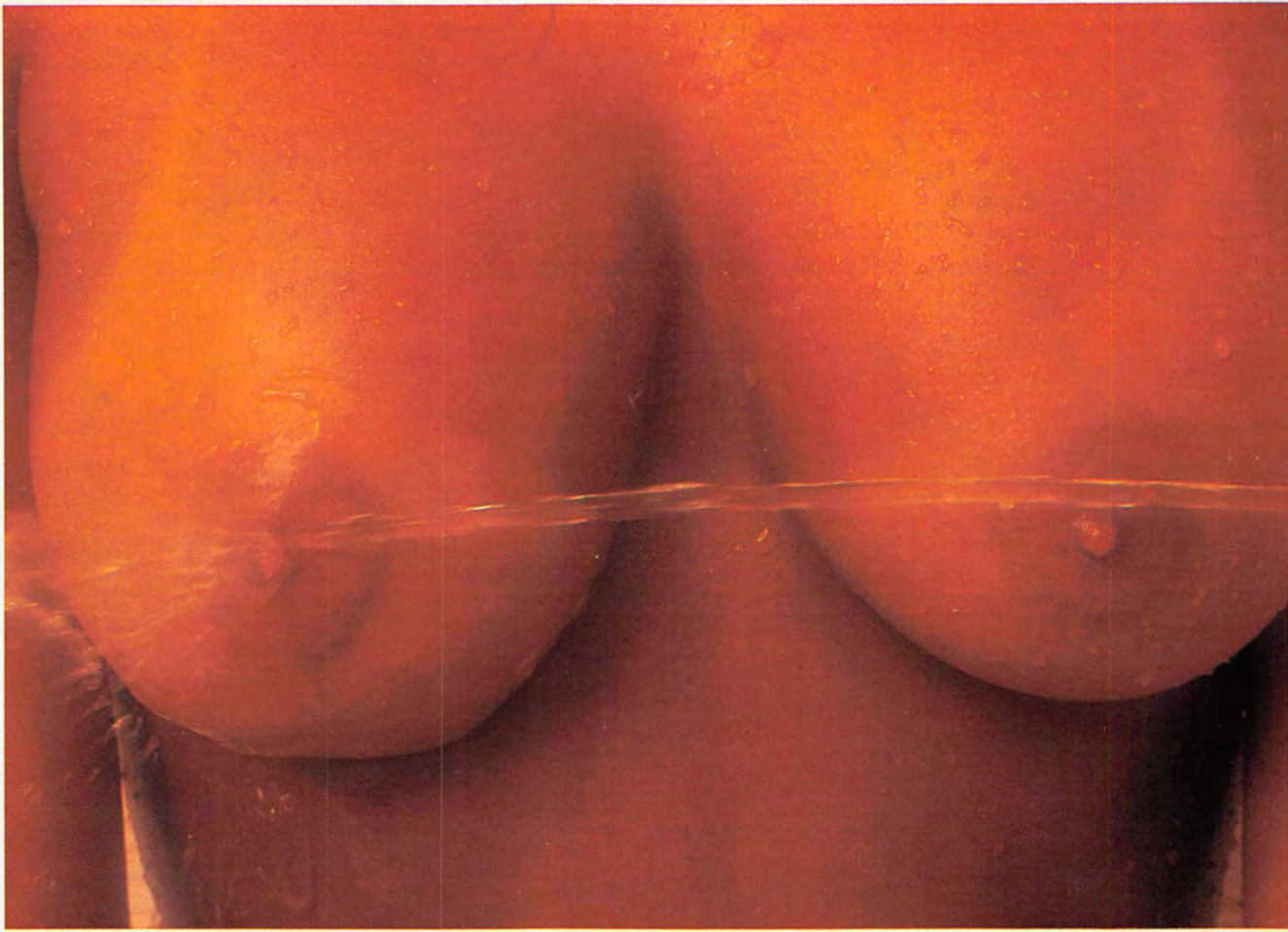




Warm and
wet and
roused, their
water play
continues in
more private
quarters.
Play leads to
passion.








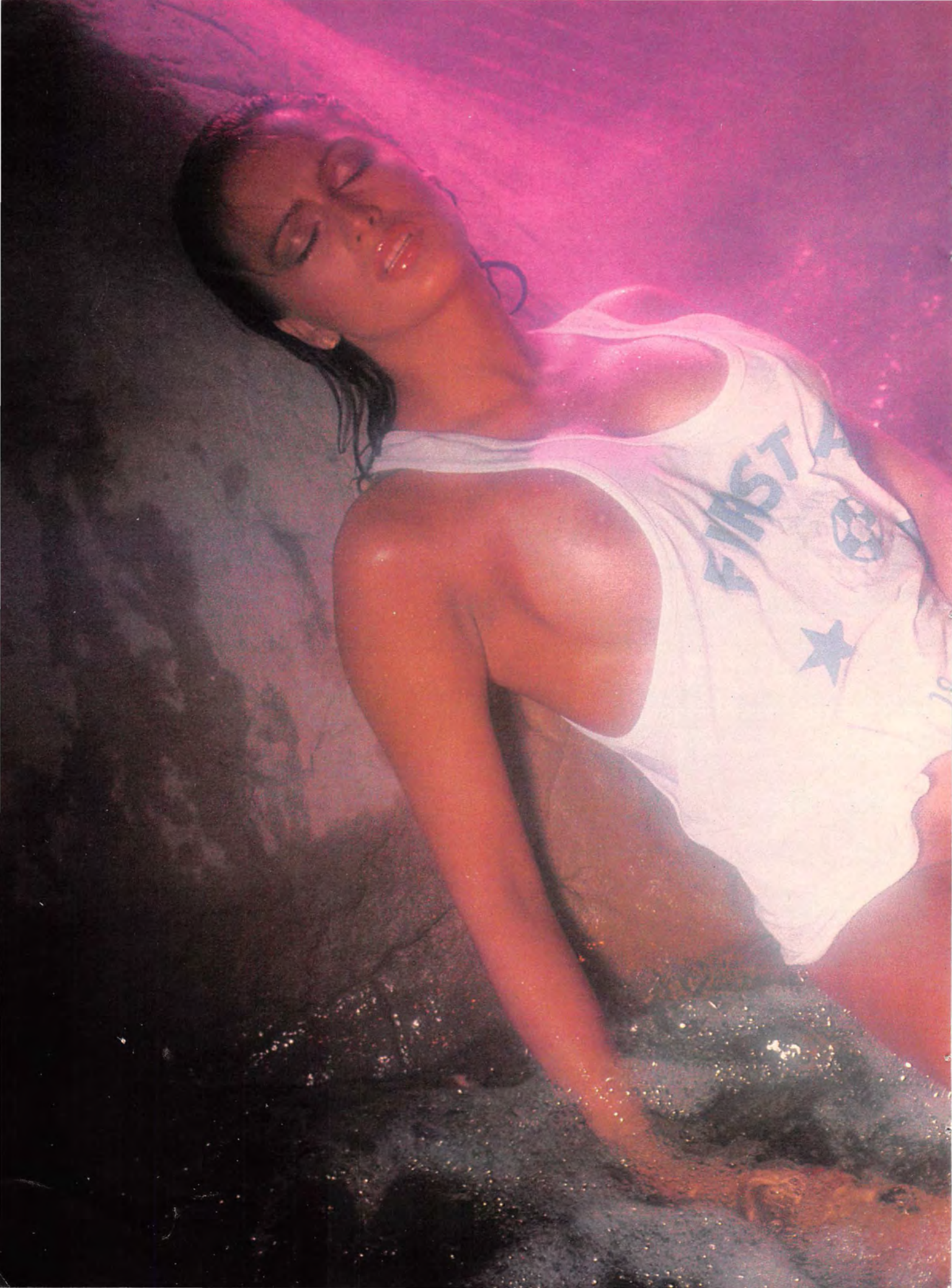


Moist lips, sultry
tongues come together
to share a rising
breath; slender fingers
seek the dewy flesh



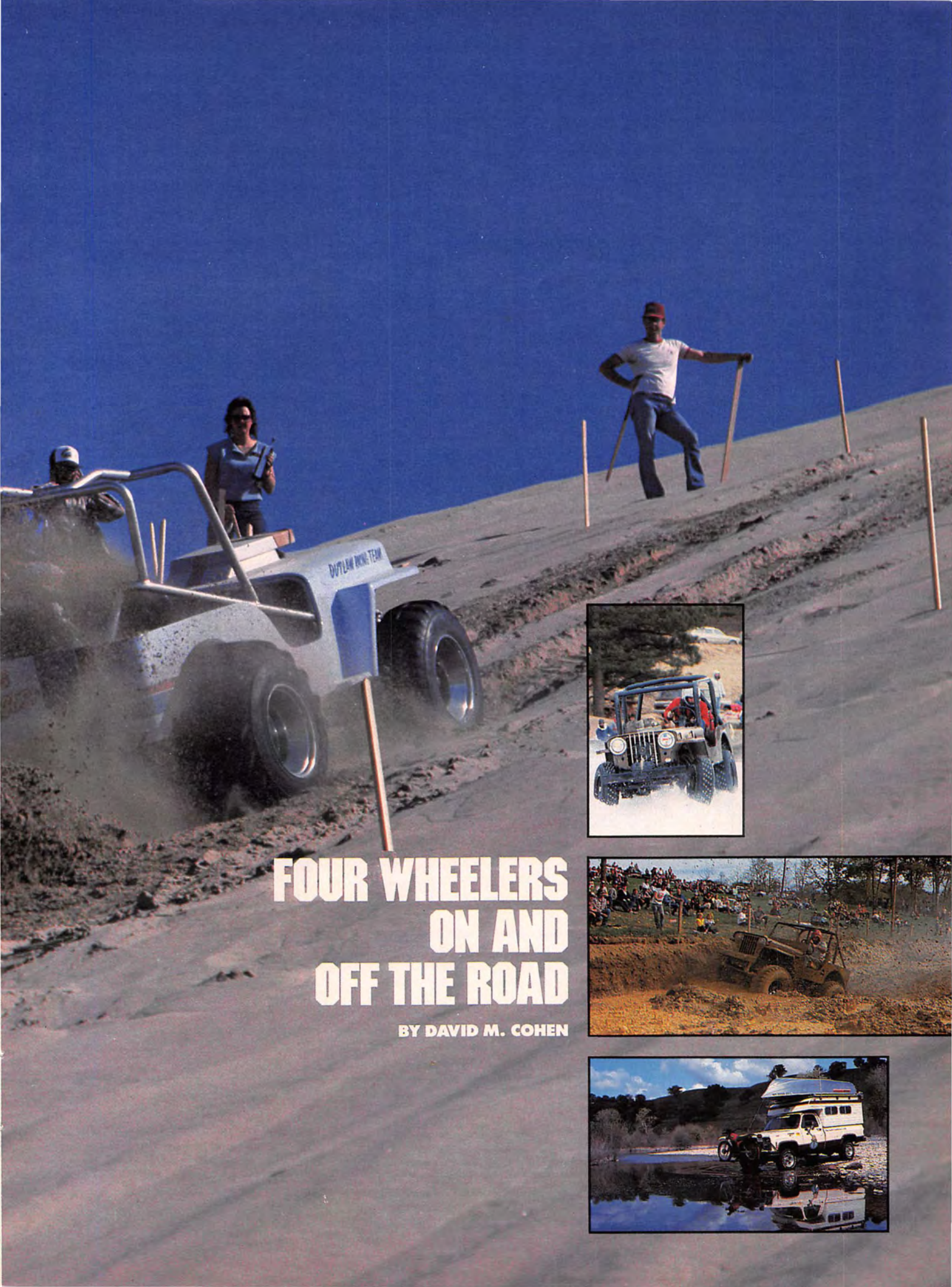
they know so well. A
sigh becomes a moan,
and the hot whirling
water calls them
back. 











FOUR WHEELERS ON AND OFF THE ROAD

BY DAVID M. COHEN





You see them in droves, their tail pipes tucked in between their rear wheels, heading back to the Black Forest. Mercedes-Benz . . . BMW . . . Porsche . . . these automotive aristocrats are in the twilight of their reign; they have become that which a status symbol can never afford to be—cliché, passé, insipid. Theirs was an era when ownership was its own reward, when exclusivity was the obsession. Well, the tables have turned. As publisher of *Four Wheeler* magazine, which is now being published by Penthouse International, I have closely watched the growing interest in four-wheel-drive vehicles and the lifestyle changes they have engendered. The bourgeoisie have rebelled and are enthroning their own leaders. The new sta-

tus symbols are four-wheel-drive machines the likes of Jeep, Ford, Chevrolet, and the foreign counterparts—Suzuki, Toyota, and Nissan. The eighties is the decade of the four-wheel drive.

The phenomenon is not as strange as it may seem when looked at from a historic viewpoint. The fifties was the decade of the "hot rod." The GIs were home, the people were high from the victory of World War II, and the postwar economy was healthy. The decade heralded the beginning of the world's greatest technological revolution, and a love for machinery was evident in all areas of American life. Inspired by America's newfound interest in machinery, automotive artists let their imaginations run wild—enormous tail fins, mammoth V-8s with hefty

sculptured chrome bumpers, and bullet-shaped taillights emulating rockets were trademarks of fifties style. America was what many historians have called "court-ying" the automobile. Chevys, Delta 88s, and Victorias, resplendent with their iridescent paint jobs, careened down the nation's highways spawning the new romance of men and their cars.

If the fifties represented the courtship phase of America's automotive involvement, then the sixties represented the engagement. The relationship between owner and vehicle had been firmly established and consumers were paying big bucks to get exactly what they wanted in design and performance. It was the era of the muscle car, and the names and phrases given to cars reflected a com-



mitment to sportiness and top performance—Cobra, Mustang, Barracuda, Stingray, Cyclone . . . "hemi," "fastback," "tripower"—establishing a vocabulary with which all future automobiles would be compared.

The seventies were a dark period in the romance. Due to economic and political events, the average American began to fall out of love with his vehicle. The Arab oil embargo, growing concern with air pollution, and a political/philosophical attitude that called for all Americans to lower their expectations resulted in vehicles that were designed for sheer transportation—no flash, no sizzle, no romance. The seventies was the era of the "econobox."

But as the seventies hung on through

the early eighties, things at home began to improve. The oil supply began to grow and prices began to stabilize, a new administration managed to strengthen the economy and reawaken in America the attitude of heightened expectations, and once again the words *performance* and *styling* resurfaced in automotive conversations. Just as in a lover's quarrel, America and the automobile were back together and their relationship was stronger than ever.

Performance and styling had indeed once again come into vogue, but not performance and styling for its own sake. Americans began to realize that handling and ride were just as important and that styling should not just be visually exciting but also *functional*. The period of auto-

Four wheelers provide an exhilarating driving experience on any terrain.

Off the road, they are commonly seen hauling boats to remote watersides, trekking across canyons laden with hunting gear, or driving solo across parched deserts on a quest for unexplored territory. But it's the less conventional "four-wheeling" that tests one's true grit—challenging drivers to compete in sports such as swamp running, mud bogging, and hill climbing.



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 44

Late-night TV's becoming a brawl
Where everyone's lost self-control;
Johnny thinks that Joan's dirt,
Joanie says that she hurts,
But it's David who might win it all.





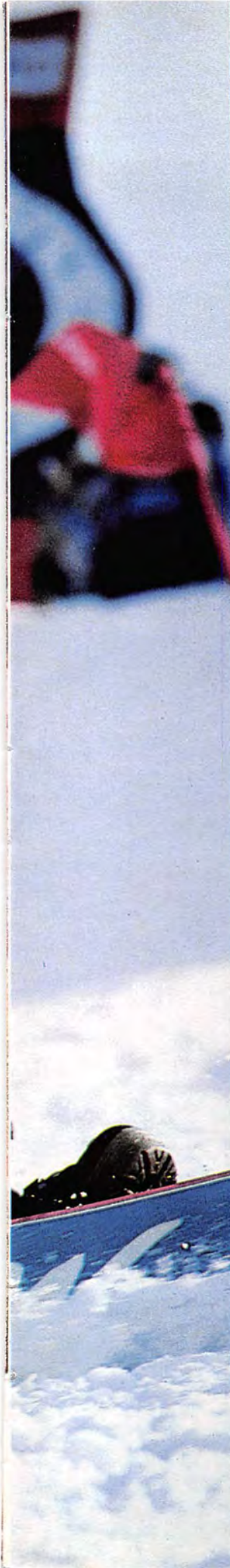
ATHLETES ON SNOWBOARDS INVADE CALIFORNIA.

WINTER WAVES

BY GARY HANAUER







We saw them in the opening shots of the James Bond film *A View to a Kill*. But who do you call when you want to see the most thrilling aspects of skiing, surfing, tobogganing, and skateboarding combined into one careening, 65-mile-per-hour rampage down the slopes?

Snowbusters.

Also known as snowboarders and skiboarders, snowbusters are to white powder what free-styling surfers are to water. But unlike other board riders, they barrel straight into the air, often making spine-tingling leaps of 60 feet off snow-covered rocks.

"The sensation is incredible," says Californian Scott Clum, 22, a former skateboarder who's



become one of the hottest names on the professional snowboarding circuit. "There's nothing like jetting down 400 feet of fresh, untouched powder on a snowboard." "Yet it's a cleaner, safer, and more stable ride than in skiing," agrees Bostonian Andrew Coghlan, 23, a former U.S. Ski Team associate. "Plus it's less expensive and there are fewer injuries."

Except for a sore joint now and then, the worst thing a snowbuster can expect is surprised looks on the prize tour, which will increase to 20 dates in 1987.

When first seen, a snowboard looks like a surfboard ready to be pushed down a hill. Unlike skiing, there are no poles. But like skiing, bindings lock the rider's feet in place. The fiberglass plank—weighing just ten pounds and about half as wide as a surfboard—is moved by leaning, or “weighting,” your body back and forth and from side to side.

The first snowboard was developed by Finnish skier Sacari Hiltanen back in 1939. “Then the war came along and we stopped fooling around,” he told Tom Hsieh, Jr., editor of *International Snowboard Magazine*. There

CONTINUED ON PAGE 196







MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART TEN

Despite an unbelievable
waste of taxpayers' dollars, the
incidence of cancer death
is increasing more rapidly than
it did before we had
the National Cancer Program.

A BILLION-DOLLAR BOONDOGGLE

BY GARY NULL
AND LEONARD STEINMAN

On December 9, 1969, a full-page ad in *The New York Times* excited public attention by suggesting that a cure for cancer was close at hand. Urging President Nixon to open the sluice gates to pour federal funds into cancer research, the ad, prepared by an elite group of five calling themselves the Citizens Committee for the Conquest of Cancer, claimed: "There is not a doubt in the minds of our cancer researchers that the final answer to cancer can be found." The ad quoted a former president of the American Cancer Society as saying, "We are so close to a cure for cancer" that all that was needed to guarantee it was "the will and the kind of money and comprehensive planning that went into putting a man on the moon." With that kind of serious effort,

the Committee contended, a "cure" by 1976 was a distinct possibility.

The ad was the opening salvo in a well-orchestrated drive for a national cancer program. By the end of 1971, President Nixon had signed the National Cancer Act into law, and the taxpayer-financed crusade against cancer was underway. The National Cancer Institute (NCI) in Bethesda, Maryland, in existence since 1938, was transformed into a monolithic superagency, responsible for directing cancer research in the United States through its burgeoning staff of bureaucrat/scientists.

Congress targeted 1976 as the year by which the conquest of cancer would be complete. But in January 1977, Benno Schmidt, then chairman of the President's

Cancer Panel, submitted his report to the President on the first five years of the National Cancer Program. The report could not hide the fact that the program was a failure. "Just as the past five years have brought a greatly enlarged science base," he wrote in part, "they have also brought important improvements in . . . dealing with cancer, but . . . our progress only serves to emphasize how far we have to go."

Some months later, at a subcommittee hearing under the auspices of the House Committee on Government Operations, the evidence was manifest that we were facing an expanding cancer epidemic with nothing but a failed, ineffectual cancer research and treatment program to deal with it. Congressman John W. Wydler of

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

New York, who was then the ranking minority member of the subcommittee, observed, "Every family, every person, I think, lives in fear of cancer for themselves and their loved ones. Therefore, this is a very personal kind of disease that has affected nearly every American family. As a consequence of this, we all have a stake in determining how well the fight against cancer is going. Congress now appropriates about \$800 million annually to help finance the war against cancer. We need to know how well this money is being spent. . . ."

In 1976 Dr. Morris Zedeck, a researcher at the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute, stated, "When Nixon signed the Cancer Act, people got the idea it was like a moon shot; you give more money, we'll get the answers. . . . You can pour \$12 billion into this program for the next five years and maybe we'll come a little closer to understanding."

These are the results 15 years after the NCI was commissioned to lead the war against cancer: The NCI has spent more than \$10 billion funding cancer-research programs that have had little effect in preventing or eliminating cancer. The incidence of cancer death is increasing more rapidly than it did *before* we had a national cancer-research program. The annual U.S. cancer mortality toll has risen from approximately 120,000 in 1930 to 460,000 in 1985.

The lack of progress in NCI-sponsored research programs and the NCI's waste of billions of dollars are matters that demand public outcry and congressional action, since the future health and well-being of the American public are at stake. The excuse that attempting to unravel the mysteries of cellular behavior leading to cancer is an extremely long-range affair, and that we are only at the very beginning, must be regarded as a rationalization for boondoggling, ineptness, and stagnation. At best, probing the mysteries of cellular behavior is an endless occupation that must be regarded as secondary to the task of rolling back the climbing cancer death rate.

Dr. Samuel Epstein, author of *The Politics of Cancer*, states, "The job of the NCI has got to be cancer prevention. Cancer prevention has got to be moved to a number one priority." Dr. Epstein feels that the entire decision-making apparatus of the NCI is slanted in favor of chemotherapy and "basic research." He comments bluntly that "without intense congressional oversight, the NCI will just not change. . . ."

While cancer mortality in the United States now ranks 13 out of 46 countries studied, the NCI is unwilling to fund research into promising anticancer therapies. These include the work of Dr. Josef Issels, with his documented 16.6 percent *cure* rate in terminal cases and 87 percent nonrelapse rate in nonterminal cases; Drs. Ewan Cameron and Linus Pauling's vitamin C therapy; Dr. Law-

rence Burton's blood-fraction therapy; Dr. Joseph Gold's hydrazine-sulfate therapy; and others described in previous *Penthouse* articles.

Instead of *results* based on effective research and practice, the NCI continues to make stale claims which seek, by a kind of verbal sleight of hand, to transform 20 years of ineffectual work into an illusion of progress. So, in June 1977, upon the opening of yet *another* congressional investigation into the National Cancer Program, it was pointed out that Frank J. Rauscher, Ph.D., former head of the National Cancer Institute, and Dr. R. L. Clark, president of the American Cancer Society (ACS), had stated in an article they coauthored in *The Washington Post* that one out of every three cancer victims was being cured as a result of progress in cancer research. But Congressman Wyder pointedly remarked, "Information has been brought to my attention showing that 20 years ago, in 1957,

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This NCI-produced
fiasco has wasted billions
of dollars on
predictably worthless
cancer programs.

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the *same* proportion of cancer cases—one in three—was being cured." He continued, "If the . . . figure is correct, we will want to know why, despite all of the effort and money devoted to cancer research . . . the cure rate has remained unchanged." Eight years later, the ACS cheerfully informed us, "Today . . . three out of eight patients who get cancer this year will be alive five years after diagnosis." This, however, does not represent a lengthening of survival due to advances in cancer therapy, but merely reflects technological improvements in methods of diagnosis.

In May 1978, Senators George McGovern and Robert Dole called Dr. Arthur Upton, the new chief of the NCI, on the carpet. Upton admitted there was a rising tide of evidence that many cancers may be due to dietary causes. But despite these indications, the NCI had allocated little more than one percent of its total funds for research in this area! In 1975, the NCI told Senator McGovern that by 1981 it would be spending \$33 million on such research. Yet three years later, its projection for 1981 was for an allocation of only \$12 million. Exasperated at

these contradictory claims, McGovern tartly observed: "We are having great difficulty, frankly, Dr. Upton, finding out what your budget is. Why, for example, have we had three different budgetary estimates from the National Cancer Institute as to what you spent on nutrition [research] in 1977?"

In June 1977, Congressman Wyder stated, "I am disturbed when I hear that the quality of research supported by Federal monies is not as it should be; and I am startled when some of the so-called cures [surgery, radiation, chemotherapy] show evidence of being as bad as the disease itself. Knowing that the war on cancer is now a multimillion-dollar business, I wonder about the potential conflicts of interest between those who grant the money and those who do the research. Finally, I am concerned about the overall administration of the program, especially when . . . articles appear . . . detailing waste and inefficiency, and calling the cancer program a billion-dollar mess."

The National Cancer Program, heralded over the past decade as the way to wipe out cancer—the second leading cause of death in the United States—is a *devastating failure*. That is the frank evaluation of the objective experts, despite a continuing campaign by leaders of the cancer establishment to hoodwink the public into believing that the war against cancer is being won. Dr. Haydn Bush, director of the London Regional Cancer Center of the Ontario Cancer Treatment and Research Foundation, has stated in an interview: "If cancer *control* and *not* perpetuation of our own institutions is our major aim, then surely it's appropriate and logical and certainly scientific to evaluate the null results that we have been seeing persistently over the past 20 years." Dr. Epstein believes that NCI officials have a vested interest in perpetuating the myths about the improvement in cancer statistics. Said Epstein, "People in the NCI and ACS have a lifetime of professional interest in cancer treatment and are . . . attempting to mold and shape public opinion to reflect their own special interests of a professional nature."

This NCI-produced fiasco has wasted billions of the taxpayers' dollars on predictably worthless cancer programs. Some, like the mammography program for women, have turned out to be high-risk health hazards. Millions of trusting cancer patients have been sacrificed to ineffective treatments that were often deadlier than the cancer itself.

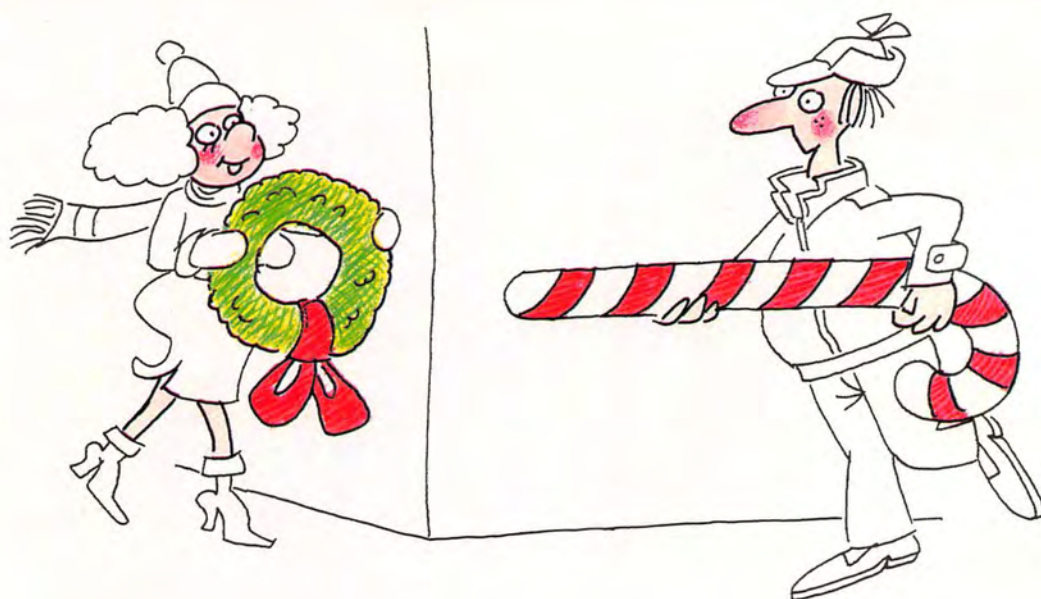
The NCI has stubbornly persisted in pursuing these expensive and dangerous blind alleys despite years of warning by respected scientists, inside as well as outside the cancer establishment. As far back as April 1973, Dean Burk, Ph.D., then head of the cytochemistry section of the NCI, criticized Dr. Rauscher for claiming that the NCI's "cancer chemotherapy program . . . has provided . . . ef-

"Christmas or Bust"

SEASON'S GREETINGS

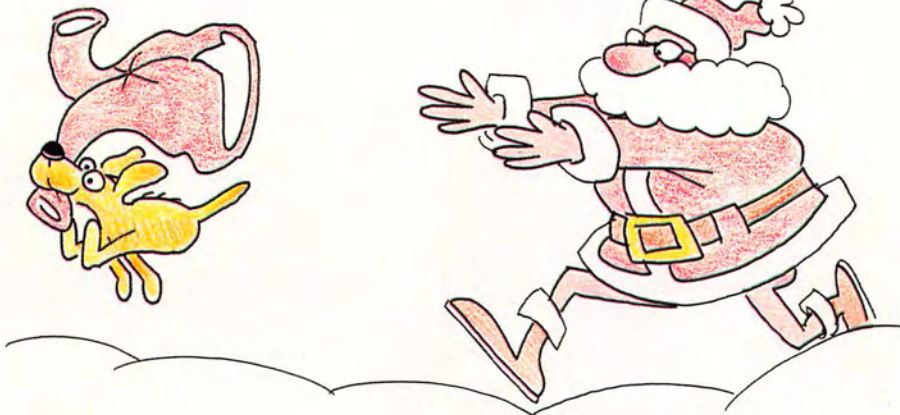
SATIRE BY SCOTTY





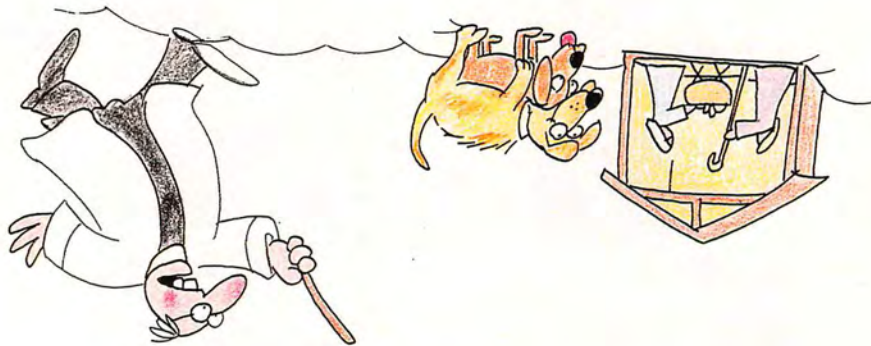
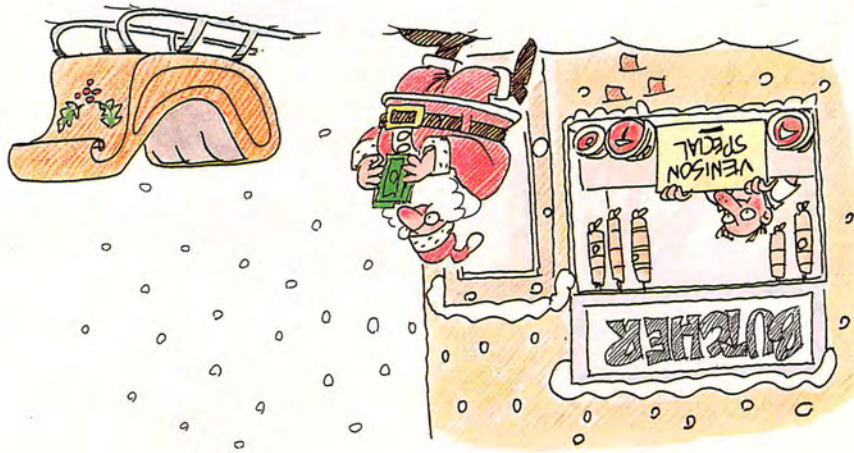
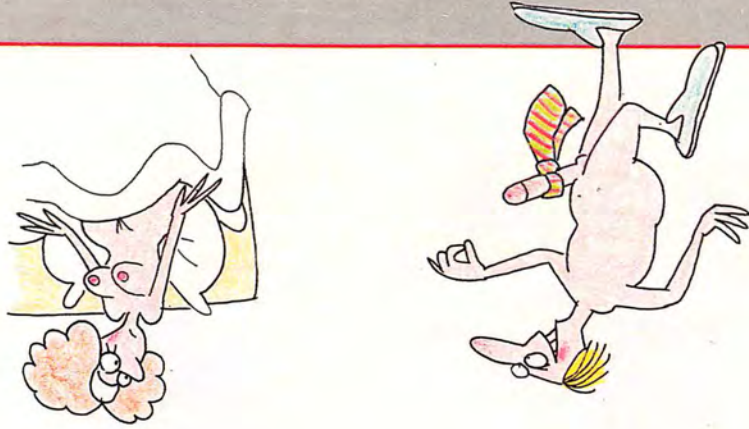


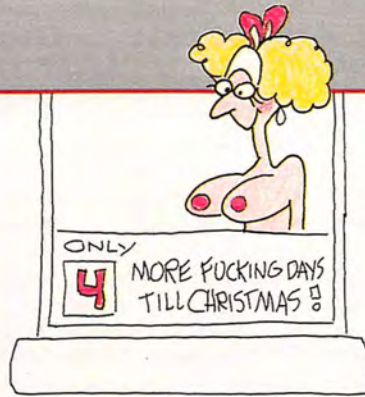
GIFT *
WRAPPING



CHRISTMAS
BONUS
➔







" You folks sure got the holiday spirit. . . . "



BOONDOGGLE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

fective treatment for cancer patients all over this country and the world." Dr. Burk pointed out to Rauscher that the NCI continued to maintain a tragic preoccupation with relatively ineffective yet exceedingly harmful chemotherapeutic cancer agents. Burk then went on to advise Rauscher that "virtually all of the chemotherapeutic agents now approved by the Food and Drug Administration for use or testing in human cancer patients are (1) highly . . . toxic at applied dosages; (2) markedly *immunosuppressive*, that is, destructive of the patient's native resistance to a variety of diseases, including cancer; and (3) . . . highly *carcinogenic* in rats and mice, themselves producing cancers in a wide variety of body organs."

These well-established facts have been reported in the NCI's own publications, as well as in medical journals throughout the United States and in other countries.

In May 1972, on the occasion of being sworn in as NCI director, Rauscher told a White House press conference that "of the 100 cancers that afflict man, about 15 percent of these can be treated extremely well, to the point of at least 50 percent five-year survivals." But Burk reminded Rauscher that his estimate did not present a true picture inasmuch as "from this . . . must be subtracted . . . estimated survival rates of *untreated* patients," which would undoubtedly reduce the proven effects of chemotherapy to an insignificant fraction.

More negative reports continue to be released. A study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine* in 1984 concluded that colon-cancer victims "do not live any longer if they receive chemotherapy along with standard surgical removal of the tumors." This 70-week trial, involving 572 patients at 13 hospitals, was conducted by the Gastrointestinal Tumor Study Group of the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo. The five-year follow-up showed *no significant improvement* in the survival rates of those who had received traditional treatment. The doctors involved in this study agreed that a new and more effective approach is needed.

At the root of this problem, explains Dr. Gio Gori, formerly head of the NCI's program of nutrition research, are the ever-increasing funds over which the NCI has had control. Ever since the end of 1971, when Congress commissioned the NCI to lead the war on cancer, it has had almost unlimited power to parcel out vast sums for research. Hence, the NCI became a kind of giant pork barrel for those who knew how to play the political game.

First and foremost were the kingmakers—the godparents, so to speak—of the NCI. A small, powerful group of elite stalwarts able to influence congressional

legislation, the House and Senate appropriations committees, and the president himself, this group pressured and manipulated Congress to invest phenomenal annual sums in the crusade against cancer. It consisted of the same people who had launched the so-called crusade against cancer with that full-page newspaper ad in 1969, demanding that President Nixon pour money into cancer research so that the disease could be conquered by the same kind of effort that put us on the moon.

The kingmakers made certain that "the right people" were placed on the country's top-drawer cancer advisory boards. "If you make an analysis of the people who've been on the National Cancer Advisory Board for the last nine years, you'll see that it's loaded with representatives of the big cancer institutions," Dr. Gori points out.

The President's Cancer Panel is one of these top-drawer groups. Its function is

6

If you make great
discoveries, you're finished.
They don't want
persons capable of new ideas.
They just want
what's been done before.

9

to advise the president about the progress of cancer research. At one time, Benno Schmidt, an adviser to Sloan-Kettering, headed this panel. "Such people, smack in the center of things, have wielded tremendous power" over the direction of our cancer research policies for the past decade, says Dr. Gori. They are oriented toward what some critics have called the "magic bullet" approach: the belief that cancer can be treated like an infectious disease, and that some particular new drug—comparable to the antibiotics so effective in treating diseases caused by bacteria—will be developed to safely destroy cancer tumors.

But this approach makes no sense with cancer, because tumors are the result of the body's own processes gone awry. Dr. Gori believes that cancer researchers should work toward finding ways of strengthening the body's immune system and straightening out its own metabolic processes:

"You don't try to kill the tumor selectively, but you try to increase the capacity of the organism to counteract the effects of the tumor. This kind of an approach has been singularly neglected by the es-

tablishment so far. . . . I don't think they will find a cytotoxic drug effective against cancer. The odds against it are infinite, because the metabolism of the cancer cell is not very different from the metabolism of the normal cell. The hope of finding a cytotoxic drug which is effective against cancer cells but doesn't kill or damage normal cells is a pipe dream. We've got to pay more attention to other approaches. And not only to the cure, but also to the quality of life of the cancer patient being treated. It's not enough to try to fight cancer, and forget we're treating a human being, in the process often subjecting him to worse injury and trauma than is being inflicted on him by the cancer itself.

"I would hope," continues Dr. Gori, "we may be able eventually to bend the establishment into searching new avenues. . . ." Even today, he stresses, there exist nontoxic therapies, well-grounded in scientific rationale, that are capable of greatly increasing the capacity of the body's own immune-defense system to counteract cancer (whatever its particular form), eliminate it, and restore the individual to health. Through such means, says Dr. Gori, the "quality of life for cancer patients in this country could be improved in a practical way to an extent that would be unbelievable today."

"I don't know," Dr. Gori says pointedly, "if you've ever visited a chemotherapy ward where you see these youngsters with their gums bleeding, their hair falling out, full of bleeding lesions in their intestines that make it impossible for them to evacuate their bowels due to the chemotherapy they're getting. Their skin falls off, their teeth get loose, they vomit, they feel miserable—just because these drugs are so toxic. These cytotoxic drugs can and too often do cause secondary cancers to develop. . . . It's not a cure, it's far worse than the disease."

Dr. Gori also reveals a startling fact about the way many NCI-funded experiments are set up. He says that NCI cancer researchers are encouraged to choose subjects for their experiments based on a "play the winner" policy. "For the purpose of conducting cytotoxic drug trials—later to be reported in the medical journals—the researchers take in only those [patients] who have the best chance of surviving."

In his book *Cancer Crusade*, Richard A. Rettig, a consultant for the Rand Corporation, points out that the melancholy state of affairs in the cancer field has to be measured against the fact that "in the period . . . [from] 1972 through 1981, 7 to 8 billion will have been appropriated to NCI for the National Cancer Program. This amount will exceed by more than three times the funds appropriated in the prior thirty-five years. . . . On this basis alone, the public will deserve a thorough accounting of performance."

The very reason for the National Cancer Act of 1971, as Rettig says, "was the



DANCER

*“In my dreams, I danced
this moment a thousand times.*

*The floor beneath
my ribboned feet was as soft as
fallen leaves, and I moved
as if borne by a gentle breeze.*

*But tomorrow night,
the moment will be for real.”*





Lingering alone after the rehearsal, Sandra thought of the night to come: her debut as a ballerina, the flowering of all her life's devotion.





It would be a *ballet blanc*, the stage transformed into a delicate fury of whirling, dazzling white.



A ballet of action has a plot,
a ballet of divertissement has none. Alone,
Sandra tended toward the latter.
Her lithe legs tautened with the excitement
of the all-important moment ahead.







She saw her own flesh now in a glorious glow, a glow
that would soon brighten the night. O—

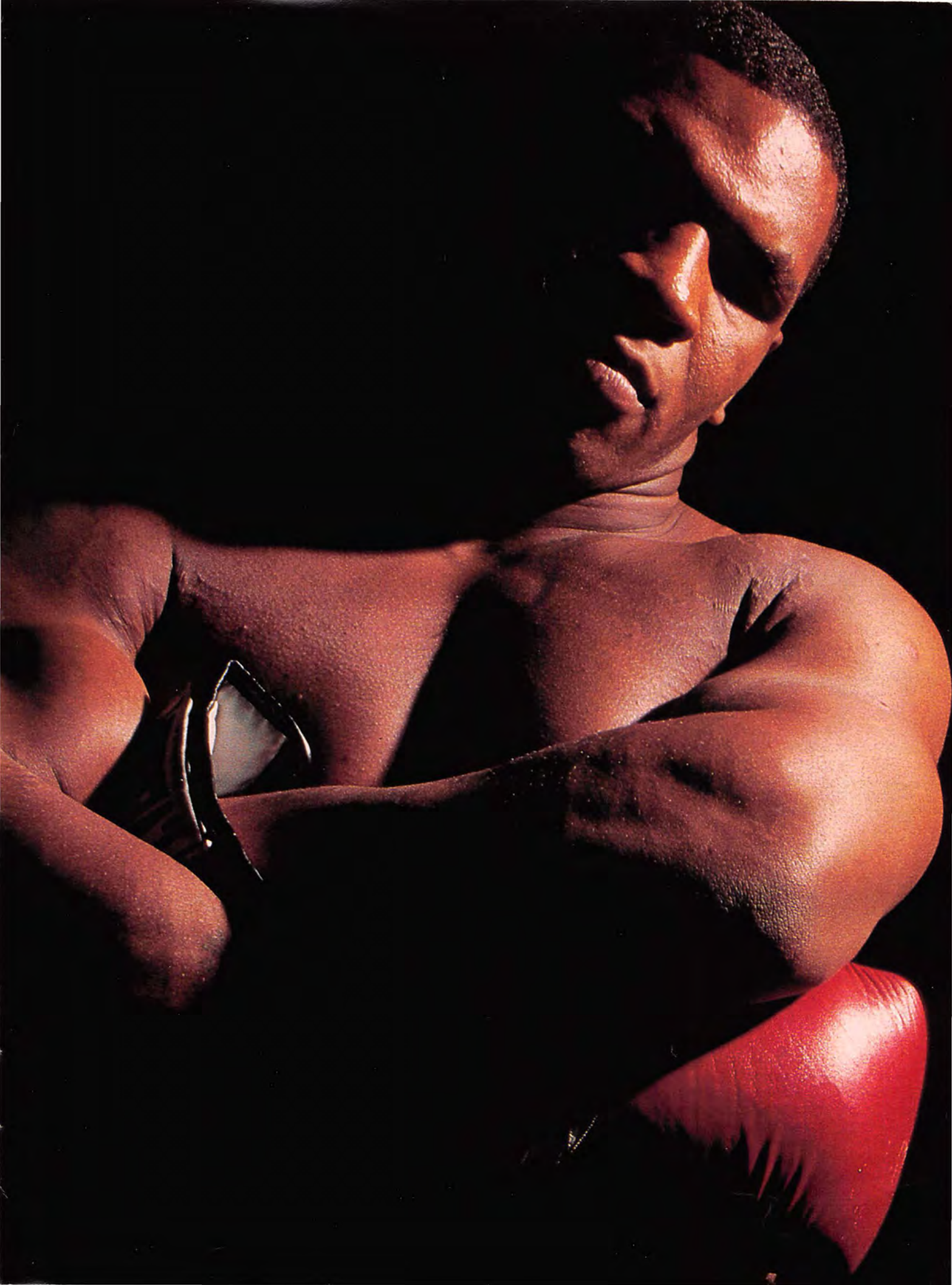
He was 14 when
he was paroled into the
custody of the
legendary boxing trainer
Cus D'Amato. Now,
six years later, it's . . .

TYSON'S TIME

BY ROY S. JOHNSON

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Michael Tyson is walking the streets, once again wondering where he might have been instead of where he is. Or where he's going. He's dressed in a fashionable gray leather jacket with a plush wool collar and heavily padded shoulders, the kind that costs big dollars these days in chic boutiques in New York's

PHOTOGRAPH BY
DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY



SoHo or in Beverly Hills, but can't be found in a small town like this: Catskill, New York, a small, quiet conservative community nestled quaintly on the shores of the Hudson River, about 95 miles north of Manhattan. It's the sort of place that makes you feel like you've stepped onto a movie set, maybe *Back to the Future*, or better yet, *The Last Picture Show*. Small wonder then that Tyson looks somewhat misplaced as he ambles along Main Street. "Let's just walk," he says.

By his own admission, Tyson is very bad, a fact that causes the young man to shake his head in wonder as he provides this guided tour one day in early spring. "Some of these guys here think they're bad," Tyson says, looking around, but toward no one in particular, "but they don't know what bad is. I spend a lot of time in jails, in prisons. And sometimes, I see my friends, guys I grew up with, you know, and I think, *This could be me*." He pauses here, but without breaking his stride. "Maybe it even *should* have been me in there, not them."

That remark creates an exaggerated pause as Tyson continues on toward the far end of this "downtown," past the town's only dry cleaners, the movie theater, the library, and Tyson's favorite sandwich shop, which, much to his consternation, is closed. "Dammit," he says. Along the way, it becomes clear that Tyson is far from being the sort of character who should be pacing inside some prison cell. In fact, from the responses he's prompting from the townsfolk, he's one of Catskill's most respected and recognized citizens. Tyson is greeted warmly by nearly everyone. "Hi, Mikel!" says a high-pitched female voice from across the street. The woman is carrying groceries in one arm while using the other hand to corral an active child. "Hello, ma'am," Tyson responds, waving and flashing a friendly smile that reveals a lone silver tooth in the front. Passersby in cars and pickup trucks honk and shout his name.

All of this respect has come because Tyson has an enviable vocation, one that's kept him off the wrong streets: He knocks suckers out. *Cold*.

Boxing is, and probably always will be (despite persistent efforts to ban it), an intriguing profession. Like other sports, it requires a multitude of skills, strength, stamina, and quickness. As well as an intense desire, a *fire*, to beat the living daylight out of your opponent. Yet unlike baseball, basketball, football, tennis, or golf, sports that spawn their legends because of their achievements rather than their personalities, it is not good enough in boxing merely to be the best. Jack Johnson, Rocky Marciano, Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, Roberto Duran, Sugar Ray Leonard, and, of course, the inimitable Muhammad Ali were all living icons because of *who* they were outside of the ring rather than whom they pummeled inside it. The images they presented (real or imagined) to the crazed

boxing public helped them transcend the barbaric nature of their sport. In seven years as the heavyweight champ, Larry Holmes, now 36, never came close to filling the tremendous vacuum in that division left by Ali's slow, sad fall from Great-est-ness. And despite a record that is truly worthy of adulation and unwavering respect, he never will.

Michael Tyson just might. And he may do it before he's old enough to drink.

He's only 20, but already he's boxing's rising star. Nineteen men have felt the raw power that has led some longtime boxing aficionados to predict that Tyson will not only become the youngest heavyweight champion ever, but that he will wear the belt with more aplomb than any man since Ali and breathe fresh, sweet life into an old, tired sport. He is undefeated in 19 professional fights (19 KOs), the best start in boxing history. The first victory occurred in March of 1985. He clubbed Hector Mercedes of Puerto Rico in just

“
Thus began an
intriguing relationship
between an old
white man, with little time
left to give, and
a tempestuous black
child of the streets.
”

one minute, 47 seconds in that debut, sparking a pattern. All told, 12 of his opponents have done belly flops to the canvas in the first round; none has lasted through six. When he came to, Sterling Benjamin, victim No. 11, said Tyson had a "sledgehammer." *Did anyone get the number of that truck?*

"We couldn't have asked him to do anything more than what he has done," says Jimmy Jacobs, Tyson's comanager with Bill Cayton. "We've had high expectations for him and he's lived up to them all spectacularly."

It is more than sheer talent, however, that makes Tyson an eventual threat to dispatch all of the pretender-contenders wallowing in the rankings beneath Michael Spinks, the current heavyweight champ, and Holmes, the deposed champ. It's something inside him, something he has carried with him more than a hundred miles to this place from his Brooklyn home. "Can I tell you something?" Tyson says as he takes a seat in a local soda shop and orders a Pepsi. "Sometimes I get into the ring with these guys and think, What am I doing? What is a fighter really, except someone who

beats people up? Who is Mike Tyson, and how did I get here? But then everything I was taught takes over, and everything I learned in my past. It's survival, man, that's all. And just making people understand that you're better than they think you are, that you're great."

Tyson's teacher was the late Cus D'Amato, a legendary figure in the boxing world who once trained and managed heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson and light-heavyweight champion José Torres and became a major force in the sport before falling on hard times. As his stable of fighters dwindled to a few unknown and unpromising students, he resided in a white 14-room Victorian home on a hill overlooking the Hudson located on nine and a half acres, which was owned by Camille Ewald, whose sister was once married to D'Amato's brother. Even as he grew old he still trained fighters, converting an old, abandoned brick building owned by the city into a gym. Until he found Tyson, his primary goal had become not to mold champions, but simply to give these wayward youths something to do other than terrorize the streets, to raise their self-worth.

He and Tyson came together at a time that couldn't have been more critical for the young thug from Brooklyn who discovered at an early age that the most expedient way to obtain the best—on the streets, that meant big-ticket clothes—was to be the worst. His life of crime began with penny-ante stuff, picking pockets or snatching jewelry from the necks of frightened subway riders. He was only ten, the youngest of Lorna Tyson's three children. (As is often the case, there was no father in the children's lives. He abandoned them while Tyson was still in the womb.) A schoolteacher, Lorna had just moved her family from the warlike Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn to Brownsville, which was only a little better. It was there that Tyson tried to prove himself worthy of the friendship of older boys through crime. Soon he was ruthless. Muggings at knife-point. Burglaries in the middle of the night. He says he never killed anyone, but the look in his eyes says somewhere in his past, he might have come close. "I did some outrageous things, and had a lot of close calls," he says. But none close enough to make him quit. "The most relieved feeling in the world comes when someone shoots at you, and misses," he says. "That happened once, when I broke into someone's place and they were home. No, it didn't make me change. I was back on the streets the next night, doing something else."

Tyson's antics often landed him in reform schools and juvenile detention facilities. At 13, he was sent to the Tyron School for Boys in upstate New York. Here, his life began to take a new direction, though it grew worse before it got better. Tyson was incensed about being locked up, so he fought back. He was



"I said, it's been done . . ."

off the ground, I am afraid there is only one answer. You are with the wrong person. It is no one's fault.

In your case, having had a very free and full sex life, the thought of being tied to just one man forever and a day probably scares the shit out of your subconscious. However nice a guy Charles is, you may be heading for disaster. The whole idea of living with someone before you get married is to see if it works. Although you are reluctant to admit it, you are finding out that it doesn't!

NURSING A GRIEVANCE

I am a longtime reader of your column and have benefited from the information given as well as your very practical outlook on sex. I am a 25-year-old-male, a successful businessman, and considered fairly attractive. Celeste is 24, a registered nurse, and very beautiful. Before we were married two years ago, our sex life was fantastic.

Celeste seems to have lost her sexual appetite. She is and always has been very shy when it comes to openly discussing sex. Straight missionary position is usually the only position Celeste wants to make love in. Sometimes we try variations at my gentle insistence, but I never force anything on my wife. I love to perform oral sex on Celeste, and have been told by past lovers that I am very good. I am not a selfish lover, but work hard to please my partner. I am no less attractive than when we met, and indeed our marriage is strong in every way except sex.

If this situation can't be resolved, am I doomed to a life of perpetual horniness? Should I attempt a purely physical relationship with another woman? I don't want to hurt or lose my wife, because I truly love her. But I can't ignore the urges within my body. After all, I'm only 25 and I have a long and enjoyable sexual career ahead of me, if only I can get through this emotionally trying situation.—L. S.

Just as there are a few rare individuals around who are not interested in money, there are also a number of people in the world who are just not interested in sex. Some of these are stirred into brief hormonal activity by falling in love, but soon the old pattern reasserts itself. I have been discussing sexual technique in this column over the years and obviously some men are technically better lovers than others. Usually when a man says that he is considered to be "very good" and therefore whatever is wrong cannot be his fault, I immediately get the feeling that it probably is.

Something is wrong with your relationship, and you are not observant enough to have noticed what it is. You tell me that your wife is a registered nurse, which is an honorable and responsible profes-

sion, but it is unusual to find a nurse who is shy about physical matters. She would not be very good at her job if this were the case. You don't seem very interested in her profession, and you don't even mention whether or not she is still working as a nurse, so it is presumably not very important to you, but it may be to her! Have you thought of that?

She could be trying to tell you that she doesn't have quite the same sexual appetite as you, or maybe that she would prefer more quality and less quantity, but whatever it is, you *must* discuss it with her in detail.

THE BIG CHILL

I am 32 years old and have been married to my lovely wife for eight years. During our first year of marriage we made love once or twice a day and always seemed able to find time to spend together, even though we both work.

After our daughter was born, it was six

6

She told me that there are times when she wants a strange mouth on her nipples and a different man in her bed.

,

months before Heather would let me make love to her. I was very understanding and decided to give her time. Our son was born a year and a half later, which is a miracle in itself, since we had sex only three or four times in the year and a half between children.

It's been five years since our son was born, and our sex life hasn't improved. I know that Heather enjoys sex when we do have it, as she always reaches orgasm. I make sure I never leave her unsatisfied. I've tried everything I know to increase the frequency of sex, but to no avail. She seems to be searching for something because she spends more and more time with her girlfriends, but she claims that there is nobody else in her life.


At this point I really don't know what to do. I have suggested counseling, but she won't admit to having a problem. I am very depressed, but I plan on remaining faithful. Is it possible for postpartum blues to last this long? What can I do?—M. H.

Both men and women go through low-libido periods, when their sex drive almost dwindles to nothing. Often this is

because of outside circumstances. In women, career usually replaces the sexual urge, but motherhood frequently has the same effect. The pleasure and the chores of raising children eventually fill the female horizon to the exclusion of frivolous pursuits like sexual relationships.

There may also be a subconscious fear of another pregnancy, which is easily avoided by cutting out sex. Certain women seem to be born for the sole purpose of breeding, and when they have produced their quota of children, they ask for nothing more than to mother them. Their purpose in life has been fulfilled. They discuss breast-feeding, diapers, and pediatricians with their friends and, like anyone who is obsessed by one subject, they are thoroughly boring.

If your wife spends more and more time with her girlfriends, try and get her to talk about it. It is not unusual for a couple to be sexually bored with each other after eight years and, if this is the case, you could try to spice up your lovemaking. Leave the kids with a baby-sitter and take her to a romantic hotel for the weekend. Rent some X-rated movies and see what that does to her.

If this does not work, then use the method that has been tried and tested. Find yourself a beautiful mistress, and as your wife is apparently totally uninterested in your sex life, there is no reason to tell her about it. 

CREDITS

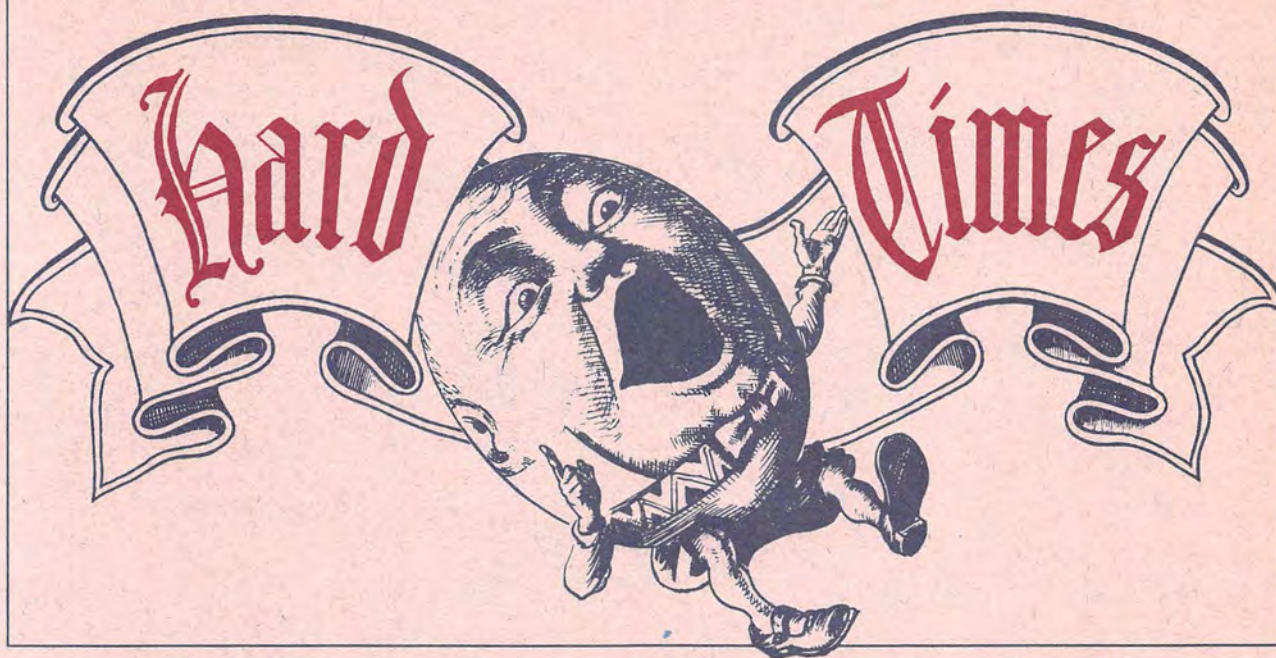
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CAMERA CREDITS

Jill Shawntai, our Pet of the Month, appears on page 99. She was photographed by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera; Nikkor 55, 85, and 135mm lenses; Harrison filters; and Norman strobes. He also produced the love set on page 121, using the same equipment. J. Stephen Hicks photographed Linda Lou with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Linda Lou can be seen on page 68. The pictorial on page 157 was photographed by Ed Holzman, who used a Nikon FM camera and Nikkor 75-150 and 80-200 zoom lenses.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and oftentimes witless dribbles of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT**VOL. 5, NO. 11**

MOMMY WAS A PUSSY



Out of India comes the bizarre news that a two-year-old female was raised from infancy by a panther before she was rescued by peasant loggers in the village of Jhansi. They had stumbled upon the panther, who was badly injured, and had simply thought the child was lost. She was brought to the village medic, where it was apparent the child wasn't normal. "Her hair was long and matted," the medic told the press. "She was in reasonably

good physical condition, but the only sounds she made were growls. At rest, she would hunker down, letting her hands and forearms drape to the ground." The child was taken to a leading behavioral development expert for rehabilitation. Today, while she continues in many ways to act like a cat, her human instincts are intact. (*Weekly World News*)

Now if they could only get the kid to stop chasing mice.—Editor



"CRY FOR ME, FILIPINOS" IMELDA'S LAMENT

It was sad news from Honolulu when former first lady of the Philippines, Imelda Marcos, revealed her family is nearly destitute. Poor Imelda, who owned millions in jewelry, enormous bank accounts, thousands of pairs of shoes, and the wardrobe of a queen, today tells a tale of woe: "I worry about whether there will be enough rice on the table, enough milk for my grandchildren. Real basics. All the little details. Where do we buy a rake?" Imelda didn't really spell it out, but it seems that she's putting the onus of her plight on her husband Ferdinand, claiming that he didn't tell her they were leaving the Philippines forever. "[If he had] I would have jumped out of the helicopter, parachute or not." (*Weekly World News*)
Promises, promises!—Editor

His Fate Was Sealed

It could be the fantasy of every cuckold in the world, but a Brazilian man decided to take the law into his own hands. Confronting his wife and her lover with his pistol, he cemented his wife's hand, using extra-strong glue, to his rival's penis. It took delicate surgery to separate the cheating pair, but unfortunately the man died a few days later, as toxic chemicals had permeated through his penis. So far police aren't saying whether or not the husband will face homicide charges. (*Toronto Sun*—submitted by R. Finch, Scarborough, Ont.)
Hubby sounds like a real handyman.—Editor

Real Big Shots

Australian men are up in arms about condoms imported from Japan and Taiwan being too small to fit them. Because they do not accommodate the Australians and frequent cases of breakage occur, the New South Wales parliamentary committee on prostitution has hired a researcher to investigate the problem. (*Saudi Gazette*—submitted by R. Griffith, Portales, N.M.)
The Australians are getting the short end of the stick.—Editor

THE LAST FLIGHT OF KING TUT

Whether it was the world's longest cover-up or its strangest mystery, 3,300 years later the shocking truth about the death of King Tut is revealed. Researcher William Deiches has concluded the boy pharaoh met his death in a plane crash. Deiches states that the ancient Egyptians were flying in the clouds with hot-air bal-

loons and crude gliders long before the Wright brothers. Flying was considered god-like and only permitted for royalty and the rich, "although," Deiches suspects, "it is only more than likely that a few slaves might have been killed testing new models." (*Weekly World News*)
Tut, tut!—Editor



World's Most Backward Man

Piennie Wingo, 85, of Marina Del Rey, California, has lived the last 50-odd years walking backward; in fact, he's even made a living doing it. It started way back when Wingo would get paid walking backward as a promotional gimmick, but in 1931 he was offered the challenge of walking 8,000 miles from Santa Monica to Istanbul, Turkey—backward. It might have taken the younger Wingo two years, but he did it. He then decided that for the rest of his life he would never take a step forward. Crazy? Not so, says Wingo. "Just look at it this way. While most people want to see where they're going, I like to see where I've been." (*The Sun*)

That's the most ass-backward thing we've ever heard.—Editor

WHERE HAVE ALL THE SOLDIERS GONE?

Things at American Legion Post No. 9 in New London, Connecticut, haven't been the same over the last year. The vets at the post are unhappy, and the cause of their unhappiness seems to be Bridgette Poi, who used to be Robert Brusseau, a four-time medal winner while in the Air Force. In 1973 Robert decided he'd rather be a she and traveled to Mexico for a sex-change operation. She settled down and married a marine sergeant, Richard Poi, later killed in Vietnam. Then in 1985, Bridgette ran and lost for post commander. Being the kind of girl who won't take no for an answer, she ran again this year and lost, 52 to 22. Said one naysayer at the post, "There's a name for a man who has sex with another man and it's not commander. It's outrageous, it's disgusting." (*Weekly World News*)
We still think Bridgette has a pair of balls.—Editor



Son of Bigfoot

If Bigfoot were around to hear the news about his son, he would probably, if able, leap for joy. The whole story reads like a soap opera when a Chinese couple found out one day they were unable to have children. The following day they stumbled on little Bigfoot sleeping under a blueberry bush in their back fields. Despite the child's less-than-human looks, the couple found him cute and they decided to adopt him. It hasn't been an easy task raising Zhen, little Bigfoot, but progress has been noticed. "At first," his mother said, "all he wanted to do was climb up the wall and hang from lighting fixtures. Now he sits on a chair, tries to read, and even washes his own dinner plates." (*The Sun*)

That's more than many human kids are capable of.—Editor



CABBAGE PATCH ATTACK

This horror story will remain with Mrs. Van Nguyen for the rest of her life. She had traveled to San Francisco to be with friends after her 11-year-old daughter was killed in a car accident. One night she was awakened by the sound of footsteps and saw a Cabbage Patch doll standing by her bed. It soon vanished. The second night was even more terrifying, as she was awakened by the doll standing by her pillow, its fingers groping for her throat. The doll began to dig its fingers into her flesh. Her friends heard her screams and rushed to the room, but the doll vanished as soon as the lights went on. Was it only a nightmare? Mrs. Van Nguyen claims there were tiny bruises where the Cabbage Patch doll tried to strangle her. (*National Examiner*)

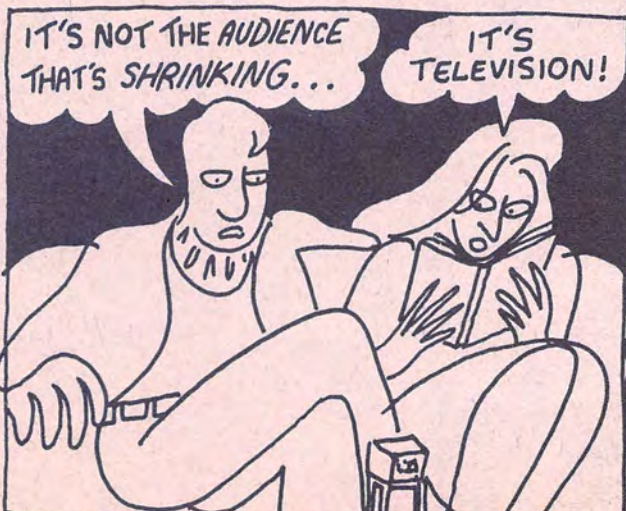
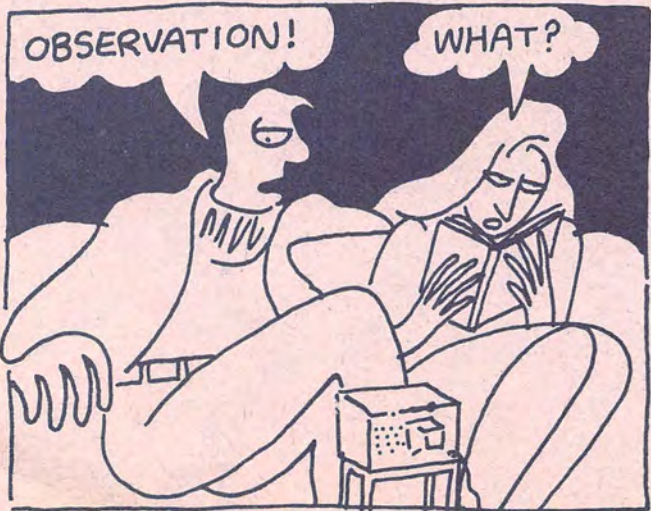
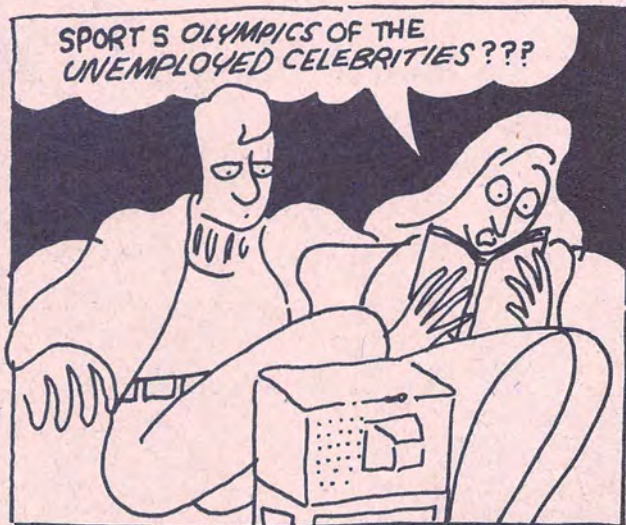
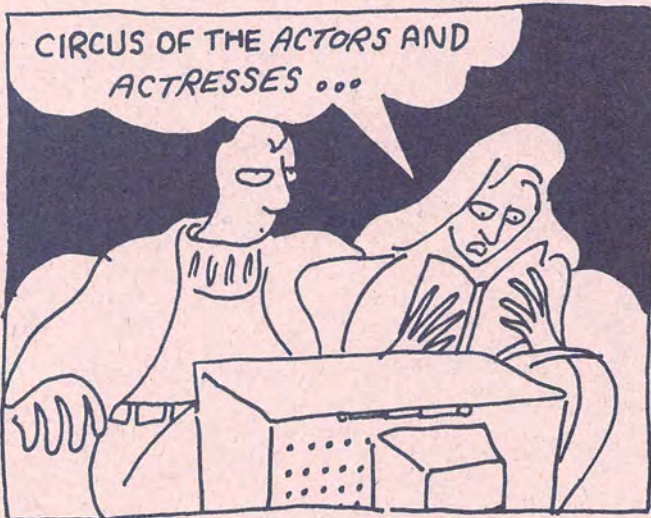
We always thought that Raggedy Ann was better behaved.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

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PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE



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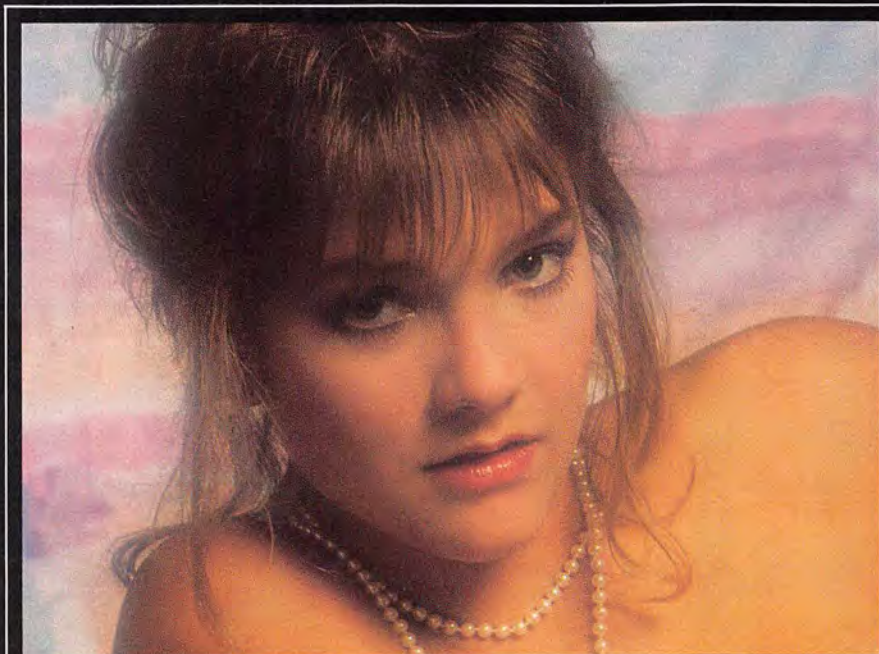
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No C.O.D. please. Send this coupon to: Group Davis Productions, 15760 Ventura Blvd., Suite 801, Encino, Calif. 91436. California residents add 6.5% sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!



SEE ME, JILL SHAWNTAI, IN THIS MONTH'S PENTHOUSE CENTERFOLD

In *Flasher*, Braun matches a young phalliphobe, who faints at the sight of cock, with a flasher who has a predilection for showing his.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Lottery Lust: Like Lite beer, this is lite smut.

CALIFORNICATION

Lottery Lust

(Penguin Video) **1½**

California recently started a lottery, and there's the whole reason *Lottery Lust* was made. Porn producers, casting around for another "idea" to toss into the gaping maw of the adult market, use whatever's handy, whatever it is people are talking about. People in California are talking about the lottery, so voilà—we have *Lottery Lust*.

The tape traces the progress of Eddie, accountant to the stars, who wins the lottery for a million bucks and finds out women are now attracted to him for the first time. Traci and Amy, a couple of big-titted stewardesses, try their gold digging in Eddie's shorts, but he winds up back with his true love—his maid! Like Lite beer or lite music, this is lite smut. Even if the women are beautiful, the action never rises above ho-hum.

LOW CONCEPT

Behind Blue Eyes

(Moonlight Entertainment) **1½**

We've finally found them—not that we were looking. These are the people who are

responsible for writing adult-video scripts, and they've come out from behind their disguises in *Behind Blue Eyes*. The semiclever concept behind the tape is that we're sitting in on a scriptwriter's story conference in a crowded restaurant. The action veers wildly from desert to sorority to eatery as the two geniuses try out their ideas. They've got good raw material to work with: Sabrina Scott is the sensational blond newcomer, with mixing-bowl breasts and doorbell nipples. Is the fact that the resulting story line is vapid, senseless, and uninteresting supposed to be satire? Only the producer knows for sure.

PENTHOUSE PICK

Great Sexexpectations

(VCA) **1½**

Despite the lame title, this tape is worth its weight in Spanish fly. It comes as a sequel to another Ron Sullivan (aka Henri Pachard) flick, *Sexcapades*, but for my money it's the better of the two. *Great Sexexpectations* is yet another behind-the-scenes-at-a-porn-film-type tape, but it sidesteps clichéd

territory and hits dead center on a breezy, horny style. Kelly Nichols, Joanna Storm, Honey Wilder, Chelsea Blake... take your pick of the female leads—they're all wonderful—walking saleswomen for sex. Sullivan can make the graphic refreshingly elegant. He's a director that should be registered with the Smithsonian as a national treasure.

BRAINS AND BRAUN

Flasher

(Vidco) **1½**

Lasse Braun's videos are dirty, the same kind of dirty as in Woody Allen's line, "Sex is dirty if you're doing it right." The action is thick with compulsion, perversion, and exploited vulnerabilities. In *Flasher*, Braun matches a young phalliphobe, who faints at the sight of cock, with

fellatrix Paula Meadows. The sweet blond Danielle wakes up from a dead faint to find Harry Reems nuzzling her crotch. Carol Cross uses curt imperatives to instruct a young virgin how to make love to her.

All this is against a background of campy circus music, amid plot twists involving improbable dog-nappings and a bald, lollipop-sucking cop. Two things slow *Flasher* down: the cornball tone adopted throughout the flick and a fascination with reprehensible leading men like Billy Dee and Harry Reems. But Braun's erotic vision, plus his technical adeptness, pull this one out of the fire.

STARLET SEARCH

Chastity and the Starlets

(Rainbow) **1½**

This tape is a bizarre hodge-podge of vintage porn footage bracketed by a modern plot. The overall story concerns the Starlet Club, "founded in 1920," where young girls go to become womanly wise in the ways of the world. Taija Rae is her predictably torrid self as Chastity, who enters the club in search of her sister. The whole shebang is introduced by Amber Lynn, who manages to be perky and sultry at the same time as she narrates the history of club to a luscious backdrop of 1930s-style Tijuana hard core.

Have you ever seen the original "girl with the smoking twat"? She's here, as is the famed Turkish shaving sequence—all that's missing is the donkey. In another arrival from left field, John Holmes is featured as the club's ex-gardener. The noto-



Flasher: raging hard-ons.

a flasher who has a predilection for showing his. He pairs off Sharon Kane and Brittany Strycker as two lesbians, and is smart enough to know which one to make butch. A raging hard-on is ministered to by famed

rious Johnny Wadd unleashes his celebrity in a pool scene: Holmes's cock actually looks bigger underwater. Some sections of *Chastity* are priceless, and it may be worth your while.

SIBLING RIBALDRY

Hanna Does Her Sisters
(Select-A-Tape) **11**

The title gets my vote for parody of the year—it must have Woody Allen of *Hannah and Her Sisters* rolling over in his condo. The action is not bad, either—it's headed up by the luscious Barbara Dare as a member of the Hott family. Hanna Hott and her sisters entertain the family doctor, the family minister, even the family maid—as well as all and sundry relatives. The scene between Sharon Mitchell as the maid and Erica Boyer as the stepmother is especially sizzling. The rudimentary production values do get in the way. Nevertheless, this tape is sure to become a classic.

TONS OF FUN

Blacks and Big Boobs,
Between My Breasts, Miss
Twin Towers
(Big Top Video) **1**

I can think of only two reasons why someone would want to order tapes offered by Big



Breasts: Buick-size boobs.

Top Video. One is for their fetish value—if your particular kink happens to be Buick-size boobs. The other is as a gag, to put on during a party or to play for laughs. Problem is, some of these tapes will literally gag you. The women are not only



Boobs: not only big on top.

big "on top," but big everywhere. However, there must be some fat-fetishists who will find this pure bliss.

GHOUL TALK

I Know What Girls Like
(Wet Video) **1**

I Know What Girls Like is the type of tape that tries for weirdness and winds up somewhere between trash, stupidity, and kink. It is produced by the Dark Brothers—which ought to give you a clue—and written and directed by someone named Veronika Rocket, whom I suspect is the porn star-performance artist Veronica Vera. Scenes from this sexual mélange begin and end abruptly, collide with one another, and dribble off

pathetically. The sound quality is poor, one may get nauseous from the camera angles, and even the focus is catch-as-catch-can. But if you like your kink outrageous, courting the edge of the void, this tape's for you.

The lead is a junkielike bisexual ghost identified as Eric Clark, a skin-and-bones reptile who resembles no one except Keith Richards just before a blood change. The women wear cerulean-blue wigs or black nail polish—my kind of gals. There is S & M roughhousing, butch-dyke action, and bisexuality. A lot of decidedly unattractive people do many reprehensible things. *I Know What Girls Like* is not a tape for everyone, and it remains to be seen whether it's a tape for anyone.

FELINE FINE

Cat Alley
(AVC) **111**

Cat Alley has a coherent, interesting story line that disintegrates only in the last third of the tape—but by that time we're so involved in the sexual pairings that it doesn't really matter. The plot is another one of those boardroom spectaculars that porn producers are so fond of, based on the theory that power breeds sex. Jerry Butler is a board member who has died in the saddle during

an overexuberant fuck that kicks off the action.

Butler's death and the ensuing scandal, in addition to the chairman of the board's machinations in dealing with it all, is the meat of *Cat Alley*. Good performances and hot sex are interfered with a bit by the poor technical quality, but this tape leaves us convinced that power does indeed breed sex—and it's the only adult tape I know of that features a cameo by a Bengal tiger.

THE SULTAN OF TWAT

Harem Girls
(Essex) **1**

When does a big-costume epic get too overblown for its own good? Perhaps when the turban slips down over the eyes of the director, as it obviously did in *Harem Girls*. We are asked to believe many ludicrous things in this tape—that harem girls all sport tattoos, or that potted palms a desert make.

The big draw is supposed to be Barbara Dare, and her body is exquisite. Not so exquisite, however, that we must have not one but two scenes of her pouring oil over it. Enough is enough. We're subjected to stupid, asinine playacting, an incredibly stilted script, and the ridiculous concept of the plot itself. What kills *Harem Girls*? Take your pick. **OT**

RATING KEY

- 1** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- 11** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- 111** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- 1111** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

TAKING IT ON FAITH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

had deteriorating eyesight for a few years, and his condition was now worse, in spite of Grant's claim of a total healing.

Grant is careful to be cordial to the media but will not allow his operation to be scrutinized. At the Fort Lauderdale meetings, I was accompanied by a film crew from the CBS-TV news program "West 57th." Grant allowed them to film but when he learned that we were interviewing unhealed persons as they were leaving the meeting, he sent out his flunkies to warn the crowd loudly, "These people are not Christians! Pass them by!"

The "West 57th" piece was devastating to Grant. But that program was nothing compared to the six-part series by newsman Al White of WOKR-TV in Rochester, New York.

WOKR showed viewers an evangelist who licked his lips, stuttered, blinked, and faltered as he was faced with leading questions that he could not answer. Asked about his claim that he had been educated at U.C.L.A., he had to admit that he was never there. Places he named didn't exist. When he was asked about his visit to a young woman's motel room at 1 A.M. without any shoes on, he told White that he had been "ministering" to the young lady. As he left Al to run off to his car and the faithful worshipers await-

ing his wisdom at the auditorium, Grant told White, "Pray for me, brother!" White answered dryly, "I sure will."

Enter Peter Popoff, Anointed Minister of God, possessing the Nine Gifts of the Spirit. Squeaky-voiced Popoff directs his religious empire from Upland, California, sending out over 100,000 computer-generated begging letters to victims from coast to coast every two weeks. He *admits* to an income of \$550,000 a month. But since Popoff—like all the evangelists—is not required by any government agency to report his ministry's income, except whatever he decides to give himself as a salary, we'll never know what he really brings in.

Popoff was recently featured on a major U.S. television show—but not in quite the manner he might have chosen. Having obtained very strong evidence that proved he was lying to his congregation and presenting faked miracles, my teammates and I went to several federal and local officials and asked that they take action against him. They clucked a great deal, promised to "look into" the matter, and then forgot all about it. I decided to present the case to the American public via a popular television show.

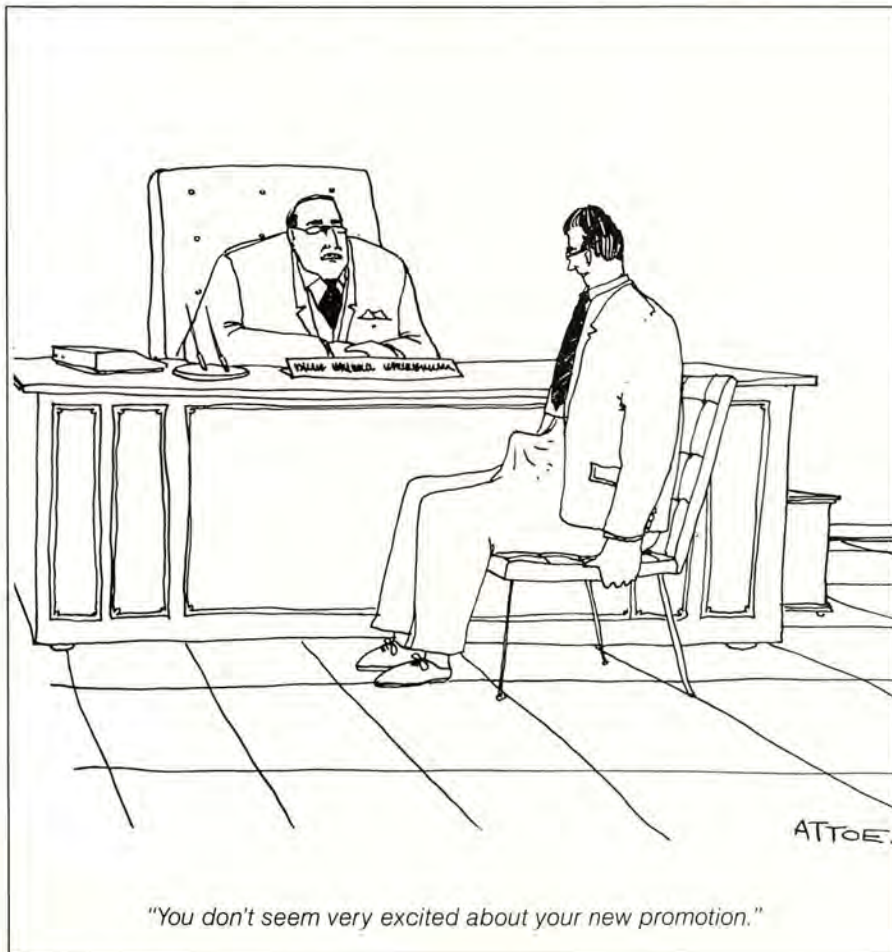
When I first saw Peter Popoff's performance, in Houston, Texas, it was in the company of Steve Shaw, a colleague who is a full-time professional mentalist performer and the ideal choice for the task. I also had the assistance of the Houston

Society to Oppose Pseudoscience. We all watched Elizabeth, Popoff's wife, and Reeford Sherrell, his assistant, circulating in the audience gathering information, as expected.

But after Popoff was well into the big healing scene, Steve and I realized that there was something more than mnemonics at work. Popoff had far too much information available to him, and he was able to locate individuals among the thousands in the Sam Houston Coliseum that afternoon with great accuracy. We decided that he had an electronic communicator working. Steve went up to Popoff to get a closer look. Popoff did indeed have a piece of pink plastic in his left ear. We doubted that someone who daily heals deafness in others would need a hearing aid. We were convinced that someone, or something, was talking to Popoff, and his crusade show would be visiting San Francisco the following week. We knew what our next move would be.

I contacted Bob Steiner of the Society of American Magicians and then-chairman of the Bay Area Skeptics, who introduced me to electronic whiz Alec Jason. It became their job to find the source of Popoff's information. With a highly sophisticated scanner device, the two men infiltrated the San Francisco Civic Center, posing as repairmen. As Elizabeth Popoff finished her in-audience chores and retired backstage, the show began. Sherrell began the warm-up for the star's entrance by claiming that Popoff had raised the dead and had visited Heaven at the special invitation of God, who told him "things never before revealed to a mortal." When Popoff finally appeared, to the hysterical plaudits of the faithful, Jason turned to Steiner with a big grin and gave the thumbs-up sign. The scanner had zeroed in at 39.170 megahertz, and this is what they heard: "Hello, Petey. I love you. I'm talking to you. Can you hear me? If you can't, you're in trouble. 'Cause I'm talking. As well as I can talk. [Pause] I'm looking up names, right now."

What followed was a revelation. We heard Elizabeth Popoff give "Petey" all of the data that she and Sherrell had gathered from the audience an hour before. She was stationed in a TV-studio trailer that was parked outside the coliseum to record the meeting for the weekly Popoff telecast. Facing a bank of TV monitors that covered the action inside the coliseum, she spoke into a transmitter, directing her husband and giving him information. After she had run through her list, she turned to Sherrell's list, and he joined her to point out on the monitors the persons he had pumped for data. Then they turned to the healing cards and selected a few of the more spectacular ones. Peter Popoff would shout out the name and look about for someone to respond. His confederates would assist him by spotting each one on the monitors and directing "Petey" to that person. The following was recorded at Popoff's Ana-



"You don't seem very excited about your new promotion."

There's only one thing that
tastes more like a fat, juicy peach
than Original Peachtree™ Schnapps.

DEKUYPER® ORIGINAL PEACHTREE™ SCHNAPPS

Straight, rocks, or with soda. Bite into one today.

DeKuyper® Original Peachtree™ Schnapps Liqueur, 48 Proof, John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH.



heim, California, meeting. Elizabeth Popoff was speaking: "Reeford's got a *hot* one! [Laughter] Reeford's so excited! He came running in back here and scared us half to death! You ready for a *hot* one? Okay! Want a hot one? *Hot* one! Hot off the press! *Ruby Lee Harris. Ruby Lee.* She's standing in the far back where there's no chairs. [Long pause] Hot one! Reeford's got a hot one, *Ruby Lee Harris.* She's against the back wall. She's got lumps in her breast. You might want to whisper it. Have her walk down—have her *run* up there. *Run!* Oh! *Look* at her *run!* [Loud laughter] She's got *knots* in her breast. [Laughter and giggles] A home run! A home run!"

However, the best information we got from the transmissions was obtained before and after the performance itself. At one location, the radio was left switched on for 40 minutes after a show! That was very enlightening! And in between, when Popoff was involved in his histrionics onstage, there were exchanges between Mrs. Popoff and Pam Sherrell, Reeford's wife, that fully demonstrated to us just how callous, arrogant, bigoted, and shallow were the Anointed. They laughed and joked at the "boobs" and "big butts" of terminally ill women who were there giving their money and their confidence to the Popoffs. They made raunchy gags at the expense of many of their ailing victims. They discussed breast implants, recipes, and family scandals while Popoff pretended to heal the sick, only to snap back into action when the reverend went into a series of "amens"—his signal for new data. Reeford Sherrell, meanwhile, was busily circulating around the coliseum during the healing act, gathering additional material.

Armed with a videotape of the Popoff show recorded in San Francisco, I appeared on "The Tonight Show" and played two segments. The first was a 60-second segment of a "healing." I then informed Johnny Carson that Popoff had a hearing aid in his left ear, and we showed that same segment with the added audio track of Mrs. Popoff's voice.

The day after this exposure, callers to Popoff's headquarters were told, "Everything Amazing Randi says is not true." That was the total official response—on Day One following Armageddon. At the meeting, one of Popoff's principal officers, president of marketing for the Peter Popoff Ministry, Garry McColman, remained faithful through the crisis. As he later confided to a television producer, he gave Popoff some excellent advice. In answer to the Question of the Day, "What shall we do?" he simply said to Popoff, "Peter, cover your ass! If the government people come poking about here, make sure your ass is covered *before* they get here!"

On Day Two, Popoff claimed that NBC had hired an actress to impersonate Mrs. Popoff on a "doctored" videotape. Finally, on Day Three, a Popoff spokesperson

was claiming that "almost everybody" knew about the "communicator" and that it was necessary so that he could "stay in touch with the TV crew." Also, he added, "My wife *occasionally* gives me the name of a person who needs special prayers." Calls to Popoff's office to confirm this sequence of events were not returned.

But in all of the many hours of recording we have of Mrs. Popoff's transmissions, *not once* was there a reference to the television operation. As for the "occasional" name given Popoff, we found that *all* of the people "called out" during performance were named by the secret transmitter, and that *no* names were given that were *not* called out.

When McColman appeared on the "Sally Jesse Raphael" show with me to debate the matter, he came rather poorly informed by his master. Though he frequently invoked "Blessed Jesus" and used other similarly powerful phrases, he

I didn't mention that I knew
of the secret
transmission. . . . Popoff fell
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blew it all by insisting that, unlike Reverend Grant, Popoff was above using rented wheelchairs for the old Wheelchair Trick. After getting him to firmly assert that fact, I played him an audiotape in which Mrs. Popoff's voice assured Popoff that a woman in a wheelchair—who we had seen placed there by Sherrell—*could* walk, and she added, "That's one of our rentals." Then Popoff commanded the woman to "get up and walk in the name of Jesus!" The Popoff flunky's reaction to this was rather colorful.

On that same program we were shown a videotape that Popoff had prepared concerning a small girl who he said had been healed at one of his meetings. Now, at San Francisco, I'd photographed a very enthusiastic woman who was telling several others in the audience that the Popoff miracles were "all real" because her daughter had been cured of epilepsy. On his carefully edited videotape, Popoff presented a doctor who said about the girl, "She did . . . respond fairly well to medication. . . . We would expect the seizures to return once the medications had stopped." Asked if he'd seen any further evidence of epilepsy in the girl, he re-

plied, "None at all. None whatsoever." But when Ross Becker, a reporter for Los Angeles TV station KCBS, contacted him, the doctor said that he is a Charismatic Christian, and thus believes in such events. In fact, says Becker, the doctor told him that he is personally convinced that the healing is a miracle. As a medical person, however, he told Becker that that variety of childhood epilepsy often goes into temporary remission quite spontaneously. That part of his medical opinion was not presented by Reverend Popoff.

One very disturbing aspect of all these healers is the guilt burden that they bestow upon their subjects. The faithful are told that if the healing does not work, it is due to lack of faith on *their* part. They, not Jesus nor the healer, must take the blame. David Paul, in his usual wild tirade before an audience, calls them "miserable, wretched creatures" who cannot make decisions, cannot prosper, and cannot survive—without "Jeezuz" on their side. And that, in turn, means total, unquestioned surrender, which preachers like Paul can supervise because of their great wisdom.

Before the Carson show was aired, I appeared on the Cable News Network (CNN) and I revealed that Popoff was being given information obtained by his wife and Reeford Sherrell through in-audience interviews. But I did not mention that I knew of the secret transmission, expecting that Popoff would assume that what I'd said was all I knew. He fell for it. The following week, he broadcast a series of testimonials which he felt would validate his ministry. As a result, though he now says that he *never* gave the impression that he was receiving the information from God through the Gift of Knowledge and that "everyone" knew about the hearing aid, there exists a videotape segment from his own broadcast, edited and chosen by Peter Popoff himself, that proves his audiences believed he got his information from God. For example, a woman in Pennsylvania said: "I happened by your telecast . . . about four weeks ago. . . . And I says, can this be . . . that this man is calling out names and addresses? I *really* didn't believe it. And today, when you called my name—first name *and* last, street address . . . *number* and address—I mean, believe me, people, God is *real*!"

This is positive proof that Peter Popoff did indeed want to give, and did give, the impression that he was speaking to God—and hearing from Him personally. It was the gimmick that sold all the rest of it. Following the exposure, Popoff announced that he would put a disclaimer at the beginning of every performance. And he did. Did he tell people that he is using a "communicator"? Did he deny hearing God's voice? No, all he used as a disclaimer was a statement saying, "People at the Peter Popoff services are prayed for by request."

The question that supersedes *all* the



"How about plan 'B' for Beirut?"

others is whether or not any of these healers actually do any healing. Obviously, psychosomatic ailments, by their very nature, are going to be susceptible to these ministrations. Suggestible individuals, immersed in an emotional, theatrical atmosphere and surrounded by thousands of others who *expect* a miracle, will be swept up by it all. Their symptoms may well vanish, either temporarily or permanently. But that result can also be achieved by any one of a hundred placebo treatments.

Organic diseases are another matter. The healers typically choose to "heal" individuals who have arthritic conditions, diabetes, or heart trouble. Such "healings" are not going to be proven, one way or the other, at the performance. But even those who return home to discover that they have *not* recovered, will bear false witness. I tracked down one person that W. V. Grant advertised as having "kept" a healing of diabetes. He insisted he was healed by Grant's divine talents, and that he had been healed for two years. He knew his doctor would deny his recovery because the doctor did not believe in faith healing. He also admitted that *he* was *still taking his insulin* though he "knew" it was only a matter of time before he would give that up.

Medical anthropologist Dr. Philip Singer followed up on a number of W. V. Grant's victims. He found no evidence of healing

that would not have been expected without Grant's intervention. The Bay Area Skeptics and the Southern California Skeptics appointed teams to trace healers' results. They found *not one* example of an organic disease healed.


In over 40 cases that we were able to follow up on, the victims were willing to tell us that they were not healed at all, and that they were angry and frustrated. Frequently, we were asked what they could do to get their money back and whether there was any hope that something could be done about the flummery that they had fallen for.

Popoff, following my accusations on the CNN broadcast, appealed to his TV viewers to send him healing testimonials and claimed to have received 200,000 replies. I immediately wrote to him and suggested that he choose at random any five of those testimonials and submit them to an independent, neutral medical board for evaluation. Popoff ignored my suggestion.

Is there criminal activity involved here? Unless lying, cheating, and swindling are illegal, no. But Popoff, in two recent services, spoke to his audience about the terrible doctors who were asking them to put "chemicals" in their bodies. "Dr. Jesus doesn't *use* any chemicals!" he screamed. And he told them to come forward and literally throw their medications up on the stage. Among them were nitro-

glycerin tablets, oral insulin, and digitalis compounds. These are medications without which those people might well die. But Peter Popoff won't be around to answer for that unfortunate result.

Prepared to expect miracles, convinced they are helpless without supernatural intervention, and bullied into supporting their gurus far beyond their means, the pathetic victims of these healers have become a subculture disillusioned with the present life and impatient for the next. The Healing Show, with its cruel lies, vain promises, and glittering trickery, has blinded them to reality and removed them from productive society. They are the dupes of clever and highly organized swindlers who are immune from justice and are confidently aware of that fact.

These healers appear to be pious and innocent, one of God's children, but they are charlatans who have perpetrated a vicious, callous, and highly profitable scam on their flocks. Fond as they are of quoting scripture, they should appreciate a certain very appropriate selection from the good book in which they appear to have been anticipated. I ask them to turn to Matthew, chapter seven, verses 15 and 16, where it is written, "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits." 



Men could use some protection from women.

(And vice versa.)

Of course, there's no doubt whatsoever that men and women are the single best thing ever to happen to each other.

There are, however, complications.

The list of sexually transmitted diseases is long.

And growing.

And on the list are some diseases that are

very difficult to cure. Even impossible.

But happily for all concerned, there's a simple way to help protect yourself. It's called the Trojan® brand condom.

Use it properly, and the Trojan condom can help reduce the risk of spreading many sexually transmitted diseases. (Your doctor can tell you more.)

But let's be frank.

Of course, you'd like to feel good and protected. But what about just plain feeling good?

Relax.

Trojans are barely 0.003 of an inch thin, and ultrasensitive. *All* Trojans.

But there's a variety of *different* Trojan styles to suit your individual preferences. (We're as committed to protecting your pleasure as we are to protecting your health.)

And how do Trojans compare with other forms of birth control, in the matter of controlling birth?

Impressively.

In fact, the condom is the most effective method of birth control available without a prescription.

You should also know, the Trojan brand is highly respected, widely trusted, and the one that's used the most in this country.

Which is good.

Because it would be tragic if men and women start to feel they're a threat to each other.

Instead of the pleasure they really are.



TROJAN® CONDOMS
For all the right reasons.

FOUR WHEELERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

motive austerity produced in Americans a distaste for ostentatiousness and an appreciation for value and utility. They began to evaluate vehicles from a "holistic" standpoint.

This holistic approach to the late seventies and early eighties was of course not an automotive phenomenon but an offshoot of Americans' attitudes toward their lifestyles. It became important to fulfill all facets of the *self*, the mental and the physical. Physical fitness and recreation were no longer seen as luxuries but as *necessities* for achieving a holistically balanced lifestyle. Getting away from the rat race to spend some "quality time" on the self became a national obsession. This movement produced the "Me Generation," which spawned a new automotive generation. The eighties became the decade of the four-wheel drive.

Indeed, the eighties has been the marriage between the American and his automobile, and the utility of four-wheel drive has proven to be the ring that has united man's lifestyle with his automobile. But the origin of the four-wheel drive can be traced back, long before the eighties, to the latter part of 1930s.

The Army was looking for a quarter-ton personnel carrier to replace the motorcycle and sidecar, up to that point the only alternative to big, cumbersome

trucks. Three manufacturers competed for the lucrative Army contract (American Bantam Co., Willys-Overland Motors, and Ford Motor Company); Willys-Overland got the nod for the bulk of the units, with Ford providing some additional manufacturing capacity. The four-wheel-drive Willys-Overland "MB" soon won the hearts of the GIs, with its ability to tread rough terrain and endure the physical abuse. In fact, it was this bionic ability that supposedly altered the name "Willys-Overland MB" to the now familiar "Jeep," coined after the comic-strip "Popeye," which frequently portrayed a little mythical creature named "Eugene the Jeep." Eugene was magical—always showing up out of nowhere, always performing the impossible, always providing Popeye, Olive Oyle, or Sweet Pea with the means to get out of seemingly hopeless situations—therefore the association was a natural.

Ford, however, contradicts the "Popeye" story and claims they produced many MBs for the Army, and referred to their vehicles as the "GP" (General Purpose). Admittedly, while not nearly as romantic and amusing as the "Popeye" tale, it is just as likely.

It is hard to turn your back on a love that you have gone through hell and back with. After the war, many GIs bought surplus Jeeps to use on their farms, on the job, or for recreation. So many surplus Jeeps were being purchased that Willys felt the market might be right for a civilian

version of the venerable MB, and lo and behold, Willys followed its instincts, manufacturing the "CJ-2A" (Civilian Jeep).

The all-purpose characteristic that had once kept four-wheel drives pegged as the vehicle of yokels ironically became the quality the general automotive public was seeking. This demand not only increased the numbers of four-wheel drives on- (and off-) road—more than 12 million registered, 1.3 million in 1985 alone—it redefined the role of the personal vehicle in America.

In the past, family vehicles were specialized. The good car was usually reserved for commuting and nights out on the town. The family car (usually an older four-door sedan or a station wagon) was relegated to hauling the kids, dog, and Little League team. If the family was affluent, a third vehicle for recreational use or Sunday touring was kept parked in the driveway. Each vehicle was never used outside of its relegated role. Consequently a high price was paid in automobile insurance, maintenance, registration, and taxes, which inevitably led all but the super rich to seek alternatives. Four-wheel drives provided the perfect solution, for they offered the ability to do all the jobs their specialized counterparts once achieved—a soft ride on-road, much like a car; capacity for handling the rough stuff off-road; and the luxury and comfort automotive owners have become accustomed to, such as air conditioning, plush upholstery, and a good sound system. A classic example of the four wheeler's metamorphosis is the new Jeep YJ. Its predecessor, the CJ, was renowned for its ability to take passengers anywhere, although unfortunately the ride was very uncomfortable. By contrast the new YJ can travel any terrain its predecessor could, yet in ultimate comfort. The all-purpose four-wheel drive is commonly seen driving to work, chauffeuring the kids, hauling supplies, towing boats, en route to the ski slopes, or on the way to the opera. Of course, it's best at heading down secondary roads in search of an untouched locale where one can set up camp for the weekend. Diversity in lifestyle has become synonymous with the eighties, therefore it makes good sense that the four-wheel-drive vehicle would become the automotive choice of the decade.

Utility aside, there are also some very practical reasons for the growing popularity of four-wheel drive behind trucks and utility vehicles. Take the price of new cars. The average cost of a new car in 1985 was approximately \$12,000, as was the average cost of a new four-by-four. But when you make a cross-comparison there is the matter of durability to consider. Besides being built sturdier than cars, four-wheel drives last longer. On average, the life span of a car is six years while the life span of a four-wheel-drive truck is ten—or about 66 percent longer. Cosmetically, four-wheel drives offer the



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customizer distinct advantages over a car on the exterior as well. Where most car looks are in large part dictated by the vehicle's age (fifties hot rod, etc.) four wheelers can assume a number of identities depending upon the mixing and matching of various components. Paint schemes, auxiliary lights, seats, tires, and wheels can all be chosen to suit the driver's needs and desires.

Then there is the power advantage. Most four-wheel drives come with V-8s as a standard equipment as opposed to most cars, which fall into the four- to six-cylinder bracket.

Four wheelers provide an exciting driving experience in any recreational setting. In the off-road category, four-wheel drives are commonly seen pulling boats to remote watersides, allowing the four wheeler a secluded weekend of fishing. Or the four wheeler may take to the wilds in the middle of winter on a hunting expedition. But four-wheeling can also mean less conventional sports the likes of mud bogging, truck pulling, sand dragging, hill climbing, swamp running, open-course and closed-course off-road racing, and ice racing. Naturally, the latter sports require specialized modifications to a vehicle—the application of heavy-duty shock absorbers, specialized tires and protective armor under and around the vehicles, and high-output lighting. But why this proliferation of four-wheel-drive truck sports?

Again, we can look to our automotive

past of the fifties and sixties. During this period in American automotive history drag racing was the most popular form of motor sport, granting the layman access to the otherwise elite world of racing. The "drag strip" was a fixture in most every rural town, and any kid of driving age could crank up his Chevy and take to the strip for a night of fun. But when the boonies grew, the once-isolated drag strips were covered with housing developments, or new homeowners protested the noise and the drag strips were eventually abolished. But still in the blood of every American male ran an innate desire to test their true grit behind the wheels of their machines.

Four wheelers combine the thrill of drag racing without needing a formal facility to accommodate them. Four-wheeler racing can be held in the remotest areas. Or if the competitors so choose, inside stadiums. In fact, competing in a closed arena has become increasingly popular. Right in the middle of the most urban cities in this country, enthusiasts can compete in any one of the growing number of traveling competitive events. Madison Square Garden, the Silverdome, the Astrodome, the Los Angeles Colosseum . . . all have played host to sell-out crowds of competitors at truck pulls and mud bogs.

The other forms of competition, by their nature, place them away from civilization. They are adaptations of local geographic and climatic conditions, which when viewed from a yearly perspective, allow

the four-wheel-drive enthusiast the opportunity to participate in truck sports year-round. With little more than the change of a tire, an ice racer can become a hill climber; with a few suspension changes, an open-course racer can become a mud boggler. The crossover possibilities are extensive.


All these interests are not without their social implications. Whenever you have a group of people who share a common interest, it is just a matter of time before that group becomes a club. As would be expected, these regional clubs get involved in local land-use issues. Part of that involvement is working with the Bureau of Land Management to maintain and (when necessary) restore their local four-wheeling sites.

Many people are drawn to four-wheeling because it gives them the ability to get out and enjoy nature, not destroy it as some of the more extreme environmental groups would have the public believe. It is an issue that threatens the off-roading form of four-wheeling; heavily financed groups like the Sierra Club are lobbying for legislation that will remove currently open lands from public recreational use and redesignate the territory as "wilderness" areas.

Unfortunately, the loose-knit, underfinanced nature of four-wheeler groups does not allow them to counter a political machine like the Sierra Club. But what four-wheel-drive enthusiasts lack in sophistication they make up for in dedication, so the battle is far from over.

Despite any controversy four-wheel drives may incur, one fact is evident: They are here to stay. The four-wheel-drive phenomenon has made automotive manufacturers rethink the passenger-car market. Audi, Mercedes, BMW, Subaru, Honda, Toyota, Ford, and Volkswagen already offer all-wheel-drive options, and according to *The Wall Street Journal*, by the late nineties more than half of all production cars will be four-wheel drive.

In this respect we are already far behind Japan and Europe, where the variety of all-wheel-drive and four-wheel-drive vehicles on the market is far greater than that available in America. And the level of enthusiasm abroad for their vehicles is easily a match for America's. Sweden, Germany, England, and France all have clubs and events dedicated to four-wheel drive; and in the case of Australia, where the vastness between civilized areas almost demands the ruggedness of four-wheel drive, the action and enthusiasm is so hot that challengers from all over the world come to compete.

All of this points to the fact that four-wheel drive is here to stay. After all, what other vehicle do you know of that can handle the daily grind; participate in competitive events; be a status symbol; and, when all that gets to you, provide the means to load up and head out to some remote locale where you can taste the air and hear yourself think? 



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Editor & Publisher

R. Guccione

... intense desire of the American public to be free from the threat of cancer." What have we gotten instead? For all the millions of dollars the NCI has pumped into its profligate extravagances, we have reaped the following, according to Rettig: The incidence of cancer and cancer mortality skyrocketed to record levels in the 1970s, with more than 3.5 million deaths from cancer that decade and more than 6.5 million new cases reported.

The NCI's failure to affect the incidence or mortality rate of cancer in the United States raises the gravest doubts about its qualifications to continue administering the National Cancer Program. At the time Nixon signed the National Cancer Act, concern had already been expressed about the foreseeable marriage of cancer research to big business, and about the prospect of the NCI's conversion from a respected research institution to a den of self-serving wheelers and dealers.

Benno Schmidt, nominated by power figures in the business world to advise the president on cancer research, quickly became, in Rettig's words, "the most powerful figure in the leadership of the cancer program." He was influential in the selection of candidates to the National Cancer Advisory Board, which is the sole overseer of the NCI's activities. In the spring of 1972, Schmidt replaced Dr. Carl G. Baker, the blunt, analytical director of the NCI, with Dr. Frank J. Rauscher, a specialist in virology.

The virology program was and continues to be one of the largest contract programs of the NCI. The contract awards were hardly paltry sums. From 1964 to 1974, for example, the NCI allocated a quarter of a billion dollars to virology.

By March 1973, rumors of major conflicts of interest, financial wastefulness, incompetence, and confusion regarding the NCI's Virus Cancer Program had begun to filter out to the public with such frequency that Rauscher was ordered by Congress to convene a committee to review its operation.

The committee appointed to investigate the virology program exploded several bombshells. Named for its chairman, Dr. Norman Zinder of Rockefeller University, it noted—according to the December 1983 issue of *Science* magazine—that the "Virus Cancer Program is a closed shop. . . . Too few people, all on friendly terms with each other, are in charge of handing out large sums of money to each other. It's too incestuous."

One of the most serious weaknesses of the virology program, the Zinder Committee Report noted, was that "the segment chairmen at NCI have too much power. The program is in large part an NCI in-house operation, and those who run it are often the recipients of large

amounts of the money they dispense. They tend to come from a narrow section of the scientific community, and were not originally selected for NCI employment on the basis of their ability to run large contract programs." A kind of "cronyism" prevailed between segment chairmen, segment members, and contractors, so that "when the work is finished or the contractor fails to produce, understandably it becomes difficult to terminate the contract. . . ." Failure of a program or experiment by one of the members or contractors leads to "an attempt to prop up his program with more money support instead of . . . phasing out or termination. The information we received indicates . . . it is more difficult to terminate a bad contract than an unproductive grant."

Even the process of assembling review groups belies objective scientific judgment. The segment chairmen selected their review groups from NCI people and "the small pool of contractors."

The NCI's failure to affect the morality rate of cancer in the U.S. raises the gravest doubts about its qualifications to administer our National Cancer Program.

Assignment of a particular working group seemed to be determined, in part, by personal relationships. Participants in the working groups had little knowledge of the virology program as a whole, did not suggest changes in any contracts the segment chairmen seemed to favor, and felt uneasy at the lack of critical review. The Zinder Committee found that a contractor was often a member of the working group that would be reviewing his contract, and often would be in the same room when his contract was discussed.

The Zinder Committee also found that the program was directed by NCI management to grow from the inside out, "instead of allowing the direction of the scientific program to come from . . . working scientists by opening it to all." It generated a kind of scientific make-work and encouraged mediocrity. As *Science* magazine reporter Barbara Culliton pointed out, "Scientists should not, for example, sit in the room when their own contracts come up for approval. Nor should members of a review group have a say over the contracts of another member of the group."

The stinger in the Zinder Committee

Report was its recommendation that all existing virology contracts be "terminated over the next three years," and that the NCI ought to make a "public and widely advertised announcement . . . to the scientific community" that the virology program was open to proposals.


The committee found that the virtual assurance of contract renewal, regardless of poor past performance, eliminated the incentive provided by competition, and this accounted "in part for the poor quality of some of the research done to date. A little competition should be stimulating."

The Zinder Committee Report, presented to a closed meeting of the President's Cancer Panel, the National Cancer Advisory Board (NCAB), and top NCI brass in the winter of 1973, turned out to be a hot potato. It caused an uproar among the NCAB, some of whose members were themselves contractees under the virology program. Some members of the NCAB refused to accept the report, claiming that its recommendations were "illegal"; and finally, the board demanded that the Zinder Committee "revise" its report—in short, do a whitewash job. Reporter Culliton buttonholed Dr. Zinder soon afterward and asked him to comment on the NCAB's demand. "A report is a report," he replied to her. "What is there to change? We stand behind it."

That was in 1973. Thirteen years later, things do not seem to have changed substantially at NCI, the NCAB, or in the general management of the National Cancer Program.

The virology boondoggle is only the tip of the iceberg. The bulk of the problem is the NCI's method of awarding contracts and grants. What seems to matter to the NCI about a research idea or proposal is whether the proponent has influential friends on the President's Cancer Panel, the NCAB, or within the so-called peer-review system.

Dr. Irwin D. J. Bross, past director of biostatistics at the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, agrees that the whole system of peer review at the NCI is merely a collection of interlinked clubs of chums; a close-knit community more interested in perpetuating funding among friends than innovative research. "If you're into research," Dr. Bross adds, "and you want to stay in business, you might think that the thing to do is to make great discoveries. . . . If you did that, you're finished. These people [at the NCI] are mediocre, they don't want persons capable of new ideas, innovative ideas, original thinking. They just want what's been done before."

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DELICIOUS SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

23. Staring at him. Then smiling.
24. Bumping into him.
25. Drawing a perfumed bubble bath for him and washing him all over, paying special attention to his beautiful penis.
26. Buying him a rubber duckie for the bathtub.
27. Grabbing him by the tie and saying "I can't wait."
28. Stroking him with pressure, more pressure than you'd like because that's what he likes.
29. Kissing him roughly. Throwing him onto the bed or the floor and unzipping his pants.
30. Challenging him to wrestle.
31. Telling him what to do to you in bed ... in the taxi on the way home.
32. Kissing. Kissing his neck and his earlobes. Kissing his eyelids. Kissing the hollows and the bones. Biting his earlobe gently. Sticking your tongue in his ear, just for a second, to see if he likes it.
33. Rubbing against his body as you dance. Pressing your breasts into him with the most casual kiss.
34. Holding his hands over his head as you ride his penis so that he can feel he's your prisoner.
35. Kissing. Kissing his nipples. Caressing the muscles there with pressure. Flicking the nipple with your finger. With your tongue. Biting it gently. Pinching it hard once he's let you know how hot that makes him.
36. Nibbling. Licking. Sucking. Less-than-serious biting.
37. Sharing your bath or shower. Going down on him in the tub. Teasing his balls with his rubber duckie. Drying him with the towel.
38. Kissing his stomach. Kissing his inner thighs and stroking close to the pubic area without quite touching, using some pressure. Kissing behind his knees.
39. Kissing the bottoms of his feet. Massaging his feet and ankles. Sucking his toes.
40. Sitting on his face.
41. Loving it.
42. Letting yourself come. A lot.
43. Eating him while he's eating you even if it's not your favorite thing because it distracts you from your pleasure. Because he likes it.
44. Sucking your thumb while he's thrusting inside you and imagining it's his penis.
45. Asking him to sit on the edge of the bed naked so you can kneel between his legs and go down on him.
46. Torture him with pleasure.
47. Making him try on your underwear.
48. Telling him you love his hands ... or eyes ... or mouth ... or rump ... whatever is true. These are not clever lines to use. They are how to express what you really feel.
49. Taking off your shoe and tickling

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his crotch with your toes under the table at dinner. (Only if there's a tablecloth.)

50. Leading him around on a leash. If he can get into it.

51. Being verbal about your pleasure. Making sounds. Telling him it's not just sex ... it's him.

52. Coming to bed in boots and a lacy garter belt.

53. Asking him to lick your boot.

54. Taking your panties off in the cab and sticking them in his pocket.

55. Getting him to stand in front of a mirror while you go down on him.

56. Telling him over the phone what you are fantasizing doing to him and what telling him is doing to you. And what you are wearing ... very little, sheer, and silky ... and where your fingers are.

57. Letting him know when he does something wonderful. Perhaps in writing. Sharing with him some new feeling, a sexual high or a first you've reached with him. If it's true.

58. Kissing. Kissing his backside. Stroking the cheeks, making circles, alternating tickling touches and assertive pressure. Licking the crack, sticking your tongue inside, probing with your tongue and your very wet finger. Just a little, to see if he's interested. Deeper if he seems willing. And more.

59. Hugging him a lot ... languorous skin-to-skin hugging in bed, hugging him close after sex. Hugging anywhere, anytime, when you just can't keep your hands off him. Don't.

60. If you're always amazed how handsome he is ... tell him.

61. Shoving him into a dark doorway. Feeling him up. Necking in the car. Making love to him in movie theaters, elevators, on the edge of the hot tub, during intermission at the ballet, in the stairwell at the museum, hugging him and petting while waiting for your number to come up at the smoked salmon counter.

62. As you dress for a party, tying a long silk ribbon around his penis, asking him to drape the end over his belt so you can tug on it all night if you feel like it and he won't forget who's the mistress.

63. Telling him he's a beautiful woman and it's your penis and you're inside him. Use the *f* word.


64. Doing exactly what he likes to his balls. Licking. Sucking. Gentle tugging. Taking first one and then the other or both into your mouth. Cupping them tightly in your hand as you eat him. Holding them as he comes.

65. Letting him come really fast.

66. Letting him come in your mouth. Enjoying the taste.

67. Telling him everything you think is wondrous about him. What you've heard. What you've discovered. If he's the best—at anything—say so.

68. Looking at him from time to time as you kiss him ... as you eat him.

69. Surprising him again and again with your sexual response ... the level of your erotic intensity. 

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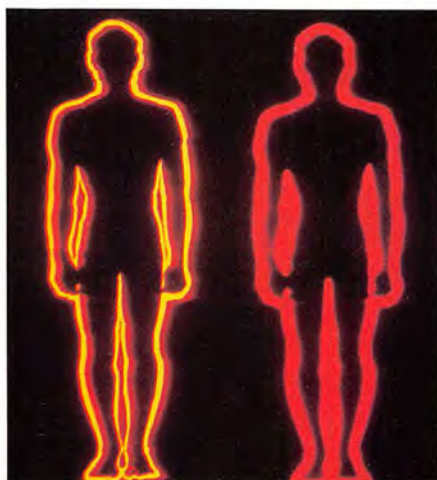
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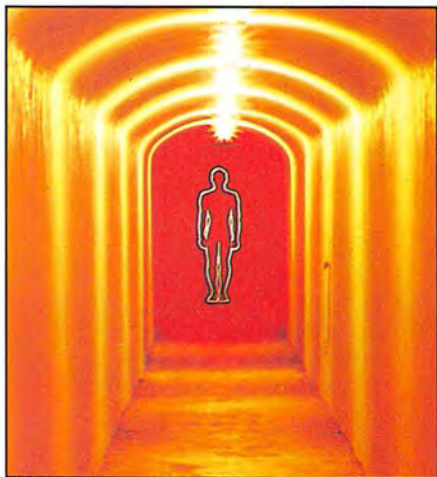
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STORM TROOPERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

by attacking an overwhelming enemy force in a battle to reclaim the all-important caliphate (the leadership of Muslim theocracy) which was taken by force from his elder brother.

Shiites have made martyrdom a goal to embrace. Thousands of Iranian Shiites have thrown themselves against enemy guns in the Iran-Iraq War. More important, Shiites see martyrdom as the metaphor governing all life. It is their assurance against fear of death, paradoxical as that is. All the other Islam traditions—its impassioned love poetry, its subtle moral theologies, its high aesthetic sense—are ignored or ruthlessly repressed. Sunni moderates, who are the majority of Muslims, and Sufi mystics are treated as heretics.

Just as the Shiites reduce Islam to the single notion of martyrdom, just as Soka Gakkai fundamentalists pare down the complexities of Buddhism to the single practice of chanting a mantra.

To continue the parallels, fundamentalist Christians reduce Christianity to "literal" readings of selected Bible passages which their leaders interpret as absolute moral, historical, and scientific truth. They permit no other interpretation, let alone outright dissent or rejection. As Billy Sunday said, "America is no place

for dissenters to live in."

Biased selectivity, outrageous simplification, and authoritarian interpretation is the way of fundamentalist religions all over the globe, and they seek to have the rest of us conform to their way by force of civil, secular law, backed by the very secular jails. For all their use of the phrase "Christian love," militant fundamentalists are, to paraphrase William Jennings Bryan, out to crucify us on the cross of righteousness, and press down on our heads a crown of moralistic thorns that would puncture and shred the Bill of Rights of the U.S. Constitution and the fabric of American liberties woven over more than two centuries of history.

Fundamentalism is a twisted answer to people's need for identity, belonging, and worth, because it cancels freedom of the mind. It requires from its followers a dedication with the strength of steel, but what results is brittleness. When people yield to their fear of life's mysteries, they succumb to the restrictive religious doctrines that inevitably stifle the human spirit.

Their cycle of fear is fueled by the psychology of conversion itself. "Converts," of course, include people born Christians who come to a new or "reborn" commitment to the faith. Religious conversion is a phenomenon of enormous psychological power. It involves the resolution of problems seated deep within the emotional core of the individual. "Born-again" conversion entails an ex-

plosive release of energies previously blocked by fear and all of fear's children—depression, anxiety, and repressed rage. Converts remain in a state of high excitability for a term ranging from a few hours to a lifetime. This is the basis for the stereotypic image of the convert being the most zealous of all believers.

Evangelistic conversion to fundamentalism can become an ever more tightly wound mechanism holding back fear. Converts are driven to validate their faith by making it prevail in the social sphere. By canceling all other options for everyone, they smother any threat that the alternatives practiced by others might prove worthy and workable. They are therefore driven to convert others, to impose their fundamentalist beliefs and morality upon them.

Because of the tremendous drive created by conversion, it would be naive to think that the Righteous Right will tire in its efforts to impose its beliefs and moral codes on the rest of us. It would be equally unrealistic to think they can be reasoned away from their attempts at oppression. Remember, their psychology is self-contained and self-fueled. Anything that contradicts or threatens the fundamentalists' beliefs merely spurs them to more energetic effort. Khomeini's Shiites are battlefield martyrs, while Jerry Falwell gives the standard true believer's response to opposition. Says Falwell, "If you train people to do spiritual combat, they



have to take enormous punishment from society. But people out there also identify with someone who comes under fire and can take it."

The one thing that would be required for reasonable argument and political compromise is the one thing that the fundamentalist cannot grant—that is, the possibility that his assurance against death may be rooted in nothing more than his own psychology. To do so would mean having to face the dread of death he is so energetically repressing. It would necessitate a searching for answers in sources more difficult to discern than fundamentalism. It would mean that fundamentalism is no answer at all.

We see in militant fundamentalism a psychological miasma that smothers freedom and chokes our best hopes. It is a self-fed, self-contained, closed psychology, impervious to all doctrines but its own. And it is essentially tyrannical. It believes in its own truth only, and denies any merit to truths outside of it. It insists that political and police power be used on behalf of its truth and against all who dissent or deviate from it.

Psychological freedom means that the origins and sanctions of morality are not derived from the authority of a person, an idea, or a group that is somehow "saved" and therefore in a "one up" position from the rest of humanity. In the free mind, origins and sanctions of morality

exist in the relations of people to each other and the interplay of ideas the experience generates.


In the language of mainstream Christianity, "free will" is, of necessity, based on a free mind. Fearing the free mind as dangerous, fundamentalists have even less respect for its offspring, free will. On the other hand, the free mind, because of its essential nature, cannot help but embrace the vow made by Thomas Jefferson, inscribed in bold lettering on the crown of his memorial in Washington: "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

At this time, the Righteous Right poses a threat of tyranny in America. Last June, fundamentalists won a victory that gave them a great increase in power. After a seven-year-long campaign, they succeeded in taking control of the 14.4 million-member Southern Baptist Convention. This, in addition to the ten million members of fundamentalist churches and several million more nonfundamentalist evangelists who back their social and political agenda, makes the Righteous Right one of the greatest religious forces in the country, and one of the strongest political forces.

The newly elected president, the Reverend Adrian Rogers, carries considerable weight in appointments of trustees to the boards of the convention's 14 na-

tional agencies and six seminaries. He made clear his agenda for this office in a news conference following his election: "We're not telling professors what they must believe, but those who work for us ought to reflect what the great majority of Baptists believe." The potential impact on mainstream Protestantism, and thus on the nation, its politics, and its liberties, is staggering. Just six of the many TV evangelists reach a combined total of 50 million households. Their combined annual income approaches \$1 billion.

Pat Robertson's attempt to win the Republican presidential nomination in 1988 should not be viewed as just a right-wing version of the Reverend Jesse Jackson's 1984 campaign for the Democratic nomination. Jackson's effort was merely to influence the national political agenda. No one thought he could actually win the election. Robertson might. He and his colleagues have the money and the logistical support to pull it off.

Even if Robertson loses, he is in a much better position than Jackson to influence the politics of the country just by being a candidate. Jackson's effort at influence failed because he went against the 1980s national swing to the right. Robertson may well succeed because he adds his weight in the direction of the conservative swing, thereby impelling it much more in its own direction—all the way to the *extremist* right. 

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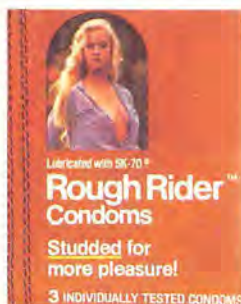


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WAVES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 147

the idea languished until the snurfer, a board steered with a hand-held rope and made by Brunswick, became popular in the seventies.

Today, thanks to the replacement of heavier, wooden models with today's high-tech units, snowboarding isn't just the most bizarre winter sport—it's also the fastest-growing one. From a mere 10,000 enthusiasts five years ago, it has mushroomed into a worldwide activity with 100,000 participants. A whopping 50,000 boards were sold in 1986 alone.

Still, it isn't just new boards and new blood that's melting the hearts of U.S. ski resort operators (some 85 of whom have now opened their gates to the snowboarders). What really sets their heads spinning is all the tricks these surfers of the slopes have devised. In addition to jumping off icy rock cornices and slalom-ing down hairpin turns, snowbusting hot-doggers roar tobogganlike up the sheer walls of bowls made not of cement, as in the Olympics, but of hard snow. They also practice the following maneuvers:


- **Back-scratchers.** While jumping, you kick your back foot, forcing the bottom of the board to face the sky. "With your leg behind you, it looks like you're scratching your back," says three-time world champ Terry Kidwell, of Tahoe City, California.

- **Laybacks and Lip Slides.** Sliding into the edge of a snowy crest, the rider snaps the front of the board back so the tail ends up on the outside. In laybacks, you keep your trailing hand down.

- **McTwists.** Riding as high up as possible on the walls of a snow bowl, Kidwell and others who have followed him whirl 540 degrees in the air, landing in the bowl. Other aerials include *front-sides* (soaring off a snow ridge, you grab the rim of your board, and reentering the snow, release your hand) and *back-sides* (like a front-side, but with your back to the lip).

- **Nose-rolls** require the snowbuster to spin along the wall of a bowl 360 degrees while pivoting on the front of the board—then adding a 180-degree roll.

Still, snowboarding faces some rough sledding ahead. "Some resorts don't like us," admits Hsieh. The problem is that the sport is like mountain biking was five years ago, with riders zooming off trails, scaring some skiers out of their wits. "We need more rules," he says.

One possible solution is the formation of a U.S. Snowboarding Association, which Coghlan and others are planning. After that, the hope is that resorts and snowboarders will come together to form special snowbusting areas. "It's all downhill from here," says Kidwell, holding up one of the 12 first-place trophies he's collected in four years. They prove the snow surfer who catches the biggest wave doesn't always win. It's what you do on a wintry wave that counts. 

TYSON'S TIME

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

sullen, sometimes violent, and so unman-ageable that he was once detained in a separate "cottage" set aside for the school's most nefarious inhabitants. "I was," he says now, "a horrible kid."

Boxing was a natural escape, although it, too, was not without its trying moments. Tyson grew close to one of Tyson's employees, a former professional boxer named Bobby Stewart, and convinced him to tutor him in the sport. Stewart agreed, but only if Tyson agreed to raise his reading skills. Neither task was easy. "I used to beat up on other kids, so when Bobby and I boxed he tried to kill me," Tyson says. "He wanted to humiliate me in front of the other kids, so they could see I was nothing. He hit me so hard once, I stopped breathing."

Yet Tyson was the same kid who dodged a bullet and came back for more. He pestered Stewart to learn more about boxing, its nuances and tricks, until the ex-fighter could teach him no more. That's when Stewart telephoned D'Amato.

The two men—the old man and the kid—met for the first time in that old, converted building that D'Amato called his gym. Tyson sparred with Stewart, displaying skills and a disarming build (he was five foot eight, 210 pounds) that belied his 13 years. Inside was another fighter, former welterweight Kevin Rooney, who is now Tyson's trainer. "He fought Bobby tough," Rooney recalls. "I even said I don't know who this kid is trying to fool. He's not 13. Maybe he's lying because he didn't want to go to jail, or something. After a while, Bobby had to go back into training just to keep up with the kid."

D'Amato was quickly convinced about Tyson's prospects. "He told me," says Jimmy Jacobs, who for ten years shared an apartment in New York City with D'Amato, "that Mike Tyson was going to be heavyweight champion of the world. That was enough for me."

Thus began an intriguing relationship between an old white man, with little time left to give, and a tempestuous black child of the streets, with little more than a future filled with promise.

Tyson's initial impression of D'Amato was exactly what one might expect from a teenage rebel. "When I first met him, I thought he was a psycho," the fighter says. "But after a while, I knew he was genuine because everything he was saying for me to do came out right. He knew things that were going to happen ahead of time, and not just in boxing. He knew politics, religion, things about ethnic groups and history that fascinated me. He was a master of life."

D'Amato, the philosopher, captivated Tyson during the two weeks he spent at the Ewald home before returning to Tyson. And several months later, at the age

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of 14, he was paroled into D'Amato's custody. It was September of 1980. "My whole life," Tyson says now, "starts here."

Camille Ewald had seen so many young toughs come through her home since D'Amato moved in that she lost count. But none of them struck her like Tyson, who entered as a suspicious youngster who had not been taught to read or write, trust or love. Sitting at the breakfast table one recent overcast morning, she spoke of the fighter's early years there. "He was a very lovable little boy," she says, "very affable. But he wasn't sure how he should or shouldn't act. He so much wanted a hug sometimes, but he would hold back until you patted him. Mostly, he would listen to Cus preach. Every day, every day, Cus was trying to teach him wrong from right. He didn't know how to take care of himself, except to fight. But Cus would never give up with him. He would scold him because he was the boss. But it was for a reason. He would always say, 'There's no such thing as a bad kid. Bad kids aren't born, they're made.'"

Though steered ably by D'Amato's guidance, both inside the ring and out, Tyson struggled to cope with his new surroundings. As a student at Catskill Junior High, he bucked authority like a wild colt. He was expelled after throwing a book at a teacher. "He couldn't take orders," says Miss Ewald. "I think he still doesn't like to do it. If a teacher told him to do some-

thing, he wouldn't. It was as simple as that. But it was mainly because he just couldn't cope with the reading and writing and he was ashamed."

Miss Ewald listened to the troubled youth into the wee hours most nights, and soon became his confidante. He was, after all, a stranger to this place that was as far removed from his home in Brooklyn as any place could be. He spoke of "mostly personal things," says Miss Ewald. "Girls." At Catskill High, he was one of only a handful of black students, which created new tensions within him. "He was leery of white people in general and thought the kids were after him. He didn't know if he was supposed to be friends with the white kids or the black. There was a lot of social dissection at the school. After things were straightened out, he became accepted by both kinds. He even dated a couple of the white girls. Now he dates a whole bunch of girls. He has more than one, every day a new girl. If someone doesn't like certain colors in people, he stays away from them."

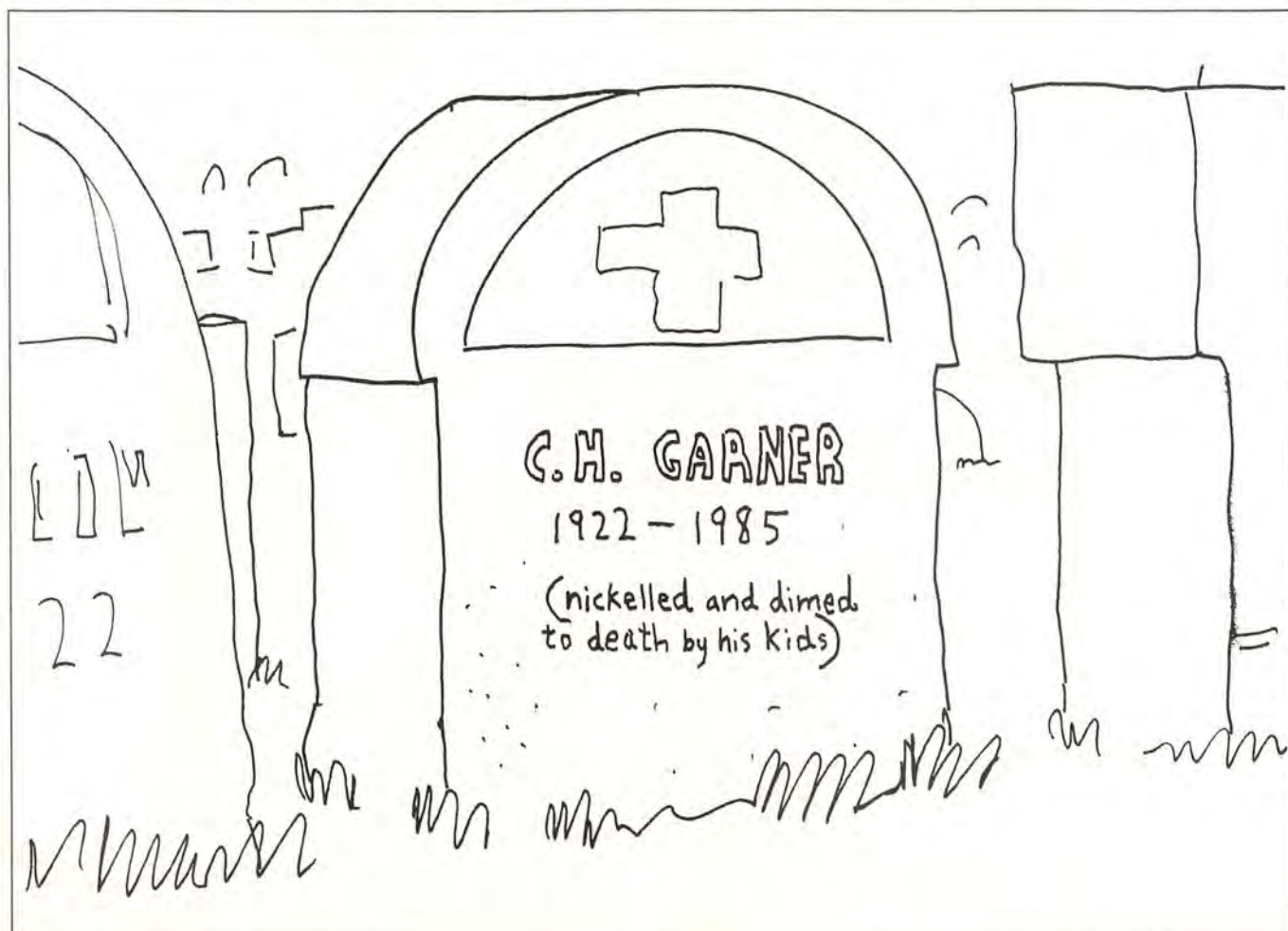
There were still times when the emotions inside Tyson pulled at one another, times when he didn't know where he belonged. So he bolted, returning to Brooklyn for as much as two weeks at a time without telling D'Amato or Miss Ewald where he was. "I just needed to see where I'd come from," Tyson says. "Deep inside, I knew I was coming back. But I

needed to see some of the guys I used to run with. A lot of them weren't there. They were in jail, selling drugs, or dead."

"He just wanted to see whether he was better off here or there," says Miss Ewald. "I knew he was coming back. He had to get something out of his system, something that he'd lost. He had a lot of conflicts in his life. Sometimes, they were just too much to take."

D'Amato became Tyson's legal guardian in 1981. Less than a year later, Lorna Tyson lost a long battle with cancer and died. Tyson says she became despondent when his father left her, and she began drinking. Although he contends several times during the conversation that he doesn't know the man, in a quiet moment he admits that he may have seen him at his mother's funeral. Tyson made no effort to talk to him, though, and says he never will. His sister still lives in Brooklyn ("I send her money," he says), while his brother lives in Japan, where he is attending medical school.

The wall of D'Amato's gym—it was officially renamed The Cus D'Amato Catskill Boxing Club after he died—is lined with worn and yellowed testimonials to his and boxing's past. Faded photographs of the trainer and his most successful pupil, Patterson, and clippings and posters chronicling the fighter's career are prominent from the ceiling to the floor. But they are quickly being sub-





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merged beneath rows of articles touting Tyson's meteoric rise: TYSON'S THIRD-ROUND RIGHT FLOORS SIMMS, K.O. NO. 8 FOR TYSON IN 39 SECONDS, THE WRECKING MACHINE, ANOTHER KNOCKOUT!

But don't be fooled by the highlights. For a time, Tyson was tested inside the ring as much as, if not more than, he was in the real world. He was a model student, even suppressing his puncher's instincts in an effort to master D'Amato's emphasis on defense. And he survived round after round of standing in the ring with lighter, quicker fighters and being told not to hit them, but elude the punches. Move. Duck. Weave. As a result, he possesses a rare combination of power and elusiveness. Rooney characterizes him as an "aggressive boxer." "Joe Frazier," he says, "would take one or two punches just to get in one good one. Mike doesn't take any."

Indeed, he has never tasted the canvas during a fight.

But Tyson began boxing in the kinds of auspicious places that even the most ardent fans are leery of. "Smokers," they're called, nonsanctioned bouts before surly, vocal crowds. And some of Tyson's opponents were worse—unrefined talents who would bull and batter their way around the ring trying to inflict as much pain as possible on him. "Some of those guys," Tyson says now, "would have scared the guys from the neighborhood."

Meaning: They scared Tyson, too.

But it was all a part of D'Amato's plan, for it was here that the young fighter honed his development in the psychological aspect of the sport. The trainer spoke openly about fear, a subject that most trainers refuse to address. "He used to tell us that every fighter has fear," says Rooney. "It was just another part of the game you had to deal with. You had to control those feelings, then go out and do your job. He'd say, 'The hero and the coward both feel fear. But the hero reacts to it differently.'"

"Cus never had to explain what that meant," Tyson says.

The calendar in Miss Ewald's kitchen displays the final phase of D'Amato's grand plan. Inside the box for November 1 of last year, the name "Sterling Benjamin" was scribbled by an obviously ancient hand. The 13th is filled with "Eddie Richardson." "Conroy Nelson" is under the 22nd of the month. "Sammy Scaff" on December 6. And so on. D'Amato's scheme was to take advantage of Tyson's youthful resilience by fighting him as often as possible, a tactic that has been widely assailed because it is so contrary to the relatively easy schedules followed by today's fighters who surface for the big payday, then resubmerge into seclusion for several months before fighting again. D'Amato's reasoning has its roots in the ancient archives of the sport, and comes

from a time when fighters fought more because they *had* to in order to satisfy their creditors.

Tyson prides himself not only as a boxer, but as a student of the sport as well. During his early training, he would spend countless hours with D'Amato watching films of former champions like Jersey Joe Walcott and his favorite, Jack Johnson. Listen to the kid long enough, and you swear you're hearing Cus. "You see," he says, "what makes the great fighters was their stamina. In old times, there were no limits on how long some fights could last. Guys would go 45 to 50 rounds at full speed, and the great ones never gave up. Jack Johnson. Imagine if they had to fight 15 rounds. They wouldn't even be warmed up."

"Whatever you do in life, be it play tennis, box, or hammer nails, the way our bodies are constructed, the more often you do it the better you are," says Jacobs. "As young as he is, Cus felt it was better for him to fight often, rather than be in the gym sparring. And if you look at 800 years of boxing, that's the way it always was. Fighters worked. Actually we're out of sync now, rather than the other way around."

Tyson's critics say because of his height (his thick neck and shoulders actually make him look even shorter than he is), he's too short to compete with today's towering heavyweights. Holmes is six foot four. Spinks is six foot two and a half. But Rooney dispels that notion. "Actually, his size works in our favor," he says. "Once Mike slips inside against a taller guy, he's in his range. Guys like that aren't used to having guys in on them like that. They're used to having them at the end of a jab, so his size is an asset to us."

Others contend his string of victories was built at the expense of fighters of dubious skill. Jacobs dismisses that, saying, "That's part of boxing. Some of the guys Mike's fought were supposed to be big tests for him, but after he knocked them out, people said they were tomato cans."

Finally, skeptics have dredged up the only stain on Tyson's ledger, a close loss in the 1984 Olympic trials to Henry Tillman, the eventual gold medalist, in the box-off that determined the American team. "He was only 17 then," Jacobs says. "Anybody who didn't see something special in him is blind. I've got tapes of Sugar Ray Robinson when he was 19, and let me tell you, you wouldn't know who he was. He was skinny, and he wasn't worth a nickel. Even now, Mike has only been a professional for barely a year. He's not the same fighter he was at 17, and he won't be the same fighter at 21."

What D'Amato could not have figured was that his protégé would pique the interest of a boxing public, starved for a champion they can know and love, months before he was even ready to fight for the title. Already the television networks are bidding heavily for him. And



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Home Box Office signed him in March to fight three times this summer for \$1.5 million. Although expenses—"Everybody expects to be paid," says Jacobs. "We pay a fair fee for our opponents"—will keep much of that out of Tyson's hands, he is better off financially than he ever expected to be. Yet he has few conspicuous eccentricities, save for a closetful of expensive clothes and the limousine he has at his disposal 24 hours a day. But even that is a necessity. Tyson's driver's license was revoked after he was charged with three moving violations.

Otherwise, he seems as ready for success as he will soon be for the heavyweight title. "I have a lot of money," he says, more matter-of-fact than brag. "But success isn't everything. I'm trying to work on being the right person. An athlete's career is so short, but when it's over he's still the same person. That's why so many athletes have trouble when they retire. It's because after a while, they start to believe what people think they are, and forget who they *really* are. I know why people around here like me now. I used to tell Cus that I'd like to meet some famous people. He told me once that if I kept doing what I was doing, they'd break their necks to meet me. And he was right."

Tyson has until May of 1988 to achieve D'Amato's goal and become the youngest heavyweight champion ever. He'll be 21 years and 11 months then, the same age the trainer's other heavyweight pro-


tégé, Floyd Patterson, was when he became champion. That is the standard Tyson is aiming to shatter.

What the people close to him fear isn't that he won't be good enough to win the title or that he might return to a life of crime or experiment with drugs—"Michael Tyson has never used drugs," the fighter says, "and Michael Tyson never will use drugs"—but that somewhere along the way he might succumb to the natural temptations of youth and perhaps be somewhere, or with someone, he shouldn't. "I don't want to say he'll definitely be champ," says Rooney, who watched Tyson pound his way through nearly 40 sparring partners in a year. "I'd say he has an outstanding shot. You never know what could happen. He could get sick. [An ear infection in March forced Tyson to postpone a bout with James 'Quick' Tillis and spend a week in a hospital.] Or he could lose interest. You always worry about drugs, but Mike doesn't get high. I'm not saying he never did, but he doesn't now. What worries me most is him getting himself caught in the wrong situation. A drug bust, being harassed by cops because he's with the wrong crowd. He's 20, and doesn't really understand that being a celebrity isn't always good. We've all got to watch ourselves."

Tyson says he tries his best to maintain a sparkling public persona, but that doesn't mean he won't speak his mind (à

la Ali), even if the words risk offending someone. "Can I tell you something?" Tyson asks as we walk back out onto the streets. "Maybe this is being a racist, but I want white people to think I'm great. But when I run into some black or Puerto Rican kids, and they're just looking at me like I'm something special, I say, 'Hey, what are you staring at?' They'll be shocked. Then I'll say, 'Yeah, gimme five. Now, let's go get something to eat.' I want them to feel and know that they could be doing what I'm doing. I want to stress that I'm no better than they are."

If the significance of the impact that D'Amato's had (and is still having) upon Tyson isn't already apparent, just come to his room on the second floor of the white Victorian. There are two pictures of the fighter and his mentor, one taken just before he died last November, of pneumonia, at the age of 77. Tyson is still affected by the void left by D'Amato's death. "Cus was smart, shrewd, and elegant," he says. "But he could be crude when he had to be. All those things captivated people, and nobody challenged him. He was more than a father to me. I've got one of those somewhere. He was my backbone. Losing him wasn't a loss because I gained so much from him. The people who never met him, they suffered the loss."

If all goes according to the late trainer's plan, what he left behind will be boxing's great gain. 



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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

bed and I took her tender hips in my hands and began sucking on her wet pussy, darting my tongue in and out as she moaned with delight.

I undid her robe and kissed her tummy up to her small silky breasts. Michele rolled me onto my back and peeled off my tennis shorts. I was delighted when she began sucking on my knob, taking all of it into her mouth. Just then, Francine came out of the shower. I could see her standing at the foot of the bed with a towel around her while Michele gave me great head. Francine dropped her towel to reveal her gorgeous young body to me. Her breasts were large, about 38s, and her long black hair flowed down over her shoulders. She approached the bed and kissed me. I placed my hands on her hips and guided her on top of me until her pussy was on my face. I started to lick her dripping juices while Michele continued to mouth my dick. I maneuvered the three of us so that I entered Michele's tight wet pussy from behind. To my surprise, she began to eat Francine out. I thrust my cock inside Michele's hot twat until I exploded inside her quivering body. The three of us discovered countless positions as we made love on into the night, each of us fulfilling every fantasy we had

ever entertained. I knew the whole time that I might never have another night like this again, and that the guys would just never believe this one.

By morning all three of us were sore and sleepy. I quietly got out of the bed Francine, Michele, and I shared and soiled all night. When I got back to my room, my buddies bitched at me for disappearing. When I told them what happened and promised to introduce them to my French-Canadian friends, they changed their tune. I guess I can speak for all of us when I say it was the best vacation anyone ever had.—*Name and address withheld*

HOT LUNCH

I work for a large private concern based in Tucson, Arizona, and am head of a small, ten-person division. The people in my office are all pretty progressive, open, and fun to be with. We do more than our share of partying when birthdays or holidays roll around, and it was one of my staff members' birthdays that provided me with my "Forum" experience.

On this particular occasion, the birthday girl was Joanne. She had just turned 32, though she had a body any 20-year-old woman would envy. Joanne has long blond hair and a five-foot-six-inch frame honed sleek from years of aerobic exercise. She has long legs, a cute little ass, and boobs that are just the right size for

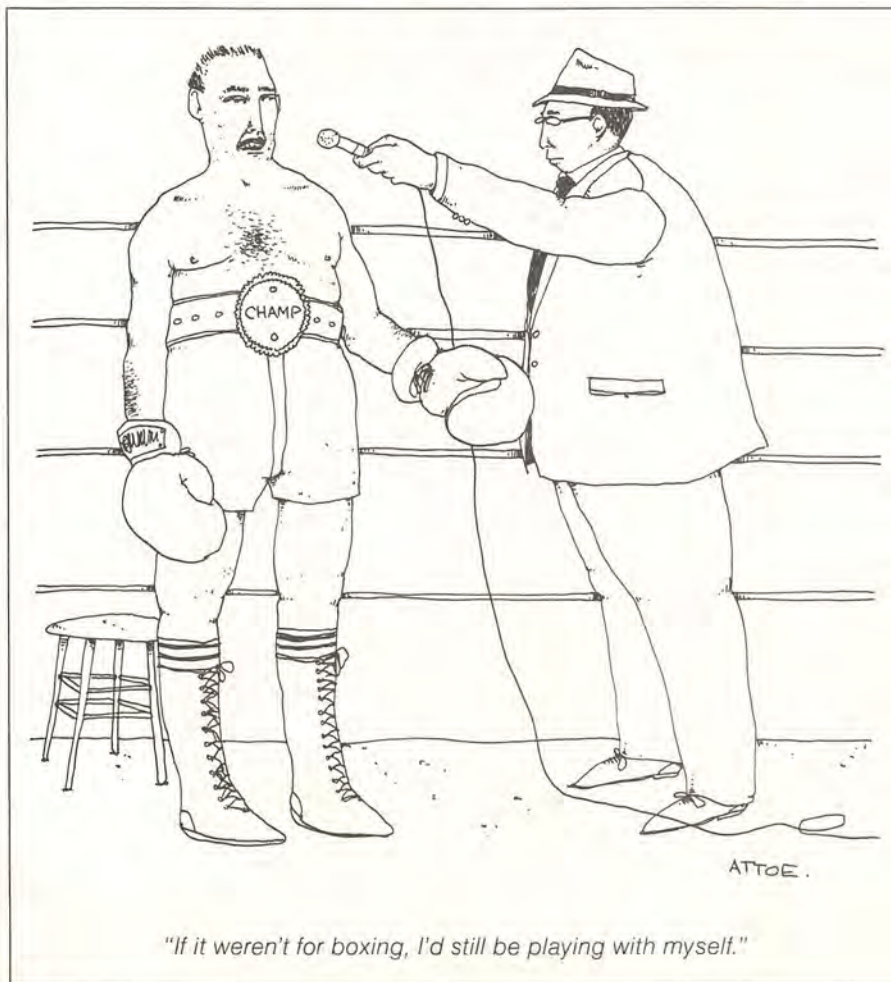
your hands.

Joanne's birthday started out differently from most of the others we had celebrated. Because of the nature of our business, most of the staff was out of town on field assignments. The only other staff member in the office was Elyse, a lithe 24-year-old brunette. Elyse has beautiful brown eyes that are distracting when you talk with her, and a luscious olive complexion. She often wears dresses with plunging necklines that reveal a pair of tantalizingly round and firm breasts—a nice complement to her beautiful and perfectly shaped legs. Elyse doesn't do aerobics; she keeps in great shape through baseball, tennis, and other sports.

With the rest of the staff out in the field and our office phones covered by one of the firm's secretaries, the three of us trekked off to celebrate Joanne's birthday. We stopped at a local club and drank a birthday toast. Our conversation turned toward sex and things started to get a little interesting. The highly charged sexual atmosphere that developed led us in one direction. Joanne made the first move. She said this year she really wanted a birthday she would never forget and maybe we could help. She said she had an apartment nearby and suggested we go there and begin some close-contact partying. I said it sounded good to me and turned to Elyse to see what her reaction was. She said she thought we'd never ask.

We made the short drive to Joanne's place in eager anticipation of what was in store for us. Her apartment had a large master bedroom featuring a heated king-size water bed. Judging from the lush, sensual decor of the bedroom, I surmised that Joanne knew far more about this kind of get-together than I had given her credit for. While I have had considerable experience with women, I'd never had a threesome. As a result, I was a little unsure about what to do, or who to do, first. Joanne didn't let me ponder the dilemma long. She reached for my belt, unlatched it deftly, and unzipped my pants—slowly, so that I could feel the zipper slide down. With my belt and zipper undone, she reached around behind me and slipped my pants down to my ankles. I turned, sat on the bed, and slipped my pants the rest of the way off.

Elyse, meanwhile, was not to be outdone. She already had stepped out of her skirt and removed her silk blouse, revealing a shape even more curvaceous than I had imagined. So when Joanne stopped undressing and began to slip out of her dress, Elyse joined me in the middle of the bed. I reached around her, unsnapped her white lace bra, and let it fall. Her rock-hard nipples looked like they were just waiting to be sucked. Elyse began moaning softly as my tongue played with her tits. She finished undressing me while I helped her slide out of her matching white lace panties, which revealed a



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dripping, succulent pussy covered with a soft mound of dark brown hair.

Joanne, in the meantime, needed no help getting out of the rest of her clothes. I looked up as she unsnapped her bra from the front to show her perky upright breasts. She raised her hips slightly to take her panties off, baring a beautiful blond pussy that just glistened with love juice. She sauntered over to the bed and slid my bikini underpants off, moaning just slightly at the sight of my manhood. I still had my mouth full of Elyse's young tits, so I was in no position to complain, even if I'd wanted to. Joanne slid down on the bed and began caressing my throbbing dick with her warm lips and mouth. The combination of the cool room air and her hot mouth on my rod was unbelievable, and if that wasn't enough, she used her tongue like a master, continuously sliding it up, down, and around.

While Joanne was driving me to ecstasy on my lower half, I decided it was my turn to start dishing out the same to Elyse. Because I had no intention of asking Joanne to stop what she was doing, I decided to remain on my back. I gently lifted Elyse's leg across my chest and brought it to my shoulders so she was above me, her wet pussy just above my mouth. She immediately leaned back and lowered herself to my lips, at which time I let my tongue do some talking on her lower lips. She tasted great and the sight of her pussy and bouncing boobs, coupled with Joanne's excellent head work, produced sensations in me that were indescribable. Elyse must have been enjoying it to the max, because after only about a minute of my eating her, she came in a body-shuddering explosion of pleasure. I could feel the vibrations of her deep moans all the way down to her pussy. The sounds of Elyse's ecstasy really had an effect on Joanne, as she worked her tongue and lips in a frenzied passion on my dick, bringing me to a titanic orgasm that seemed to last forever. The fact that she hungrily licked and swallowed every drop of come in the process helped make me even more eager and anxious for what was to follow.

Elyse said she was ready for some heavy artillery if my cannon was ready for a second round of firing. If I had any doubts, they disappeared when she switched places with Joanne and wrapped her warm sensuous lips around my still-smoking gun. I could tell that Joanne was more than ready herself when she placed her knees on either side of my shoulders; all I could see was a dripping wet cunt ready for my anxious tongue. Joanne liked to talk about what was happening, as long as her mouth wasn't full of something that would prevent it. Performing oral sex on her was no exception. She liked it and she said so, over and over again. Joanne was enjoying my hot tongue in her snatch so much that it took her only a short time to come. Just before she did, I pulled her

slightly to me so I could place her whole clit in my mouth. As she came I reached up and grabbed her swollen tits. She pressed them forward even harder into my warm hands, her nipples still hard and erect, pressing into my palms.

Elyse had since climbed on top of my dick and was moving her hips in a sensuous, snaky rotation. She seemed tireless, and though she wasn't talking, it was clear she very much enjoyed having my rod up her tight, juicy cunt. Once it slid inside her, it was like it had found a new home. As she moved up, down, and sideways, she never once let it come out. Her movements became more rapid, and I reached down and massaged her clitoris with one hand while I played with her boobs with the other. The contrast of her white tits with her highly tanned body, coupled with her wild hip action, sent shock waves of pleasure through my entire body and brought me to a second momentous orgasm. She moaned loudly

“
We parked ourselves
on the sofa and talked prices
while she touched
herself. She was stroking
her long legs
and making me go crazy.”

as I pumped harder until we both virtually collapsed in exhaustion.

A minute later, I looked over at Joanne, who was lying on her stomach next to me. I didn't think I had anything left to give—Elyse had nearly drained me—but the sight of Joanne's beautiful ass sticking curvaceously up from the rest of her body brought my spirits up for one more round of revelry. Incredibly, my engorged, reddened dick came back as rock-hard as when we had begun. I got on top of Joanne and gently slid my rod into her still very wet and very receptive cunt. She sighed and immediately began responding to my long probe between her legs. She began moving her hips in a circular motion to get the full feeling of my plunging deep inside her. After a few minutes of this ecstasy, I moved back on my knees, reached under the front of her hips, and lifted her up so I could fuck her doggie-style. I played with her firm, full tits while we both moved back and forth forcefully. She began to vocalize our action, only this time I joined in. The pace of our action became furious. I reached around her and began massaging her clitoris, at which point she began crying

and pounding her ass back even harder against my pelvis. Her love sounds brought both of us to powerful, screaming orgasms.

After a few minutes, we all got up, showered, and headed back to the office to finish what remained of the day. Fortunately, business was slow and we weren't really missed. As it turned out, we've all been good friends since the experience, though we've had no repeats. I guess I'll just have to wait for the next birthday to see if any encores are called for.—*Name and address withheld*

LADIES' MAN

I'm fresh out of the Army after putting in six years as a paratrooper, and I'm full of piss and vinegar. I've had my share of cunt: white, black, American Indian, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese—you name them, I've fucked them. If cunt were rationed and a man had to stand in line once a month for a piece of ass, I wouldn't want to go on living. I'm a firm believer that cunt is man's greatest pleasure. I go gaga over women's bodies, especially creamy-white thighs and tits. Believe me, I've gotten into plenty of altercations in bars with jealous boyfriends or husbands because of my overwhelming attraction for all kinds of women.

I never used to mess around with older or married women, although I've had plenty of chances. I used to stick to females around my age, but little did I know what I was missing. My girlfriend Thea and I went to a bar one Friday evening. She was a student at the local college, pretty, 21 years old, with ash-blond hair shimmering to her waist. She was an excellent piece of ass. I guess we looked terrific together because all the bar patrons turned to stare when we walked in.

About eight feet across from our booth, a brunette sat at a table. The view was maddening. I knew she was cockteasing by the way she showed off her creamy-white, shapely legs. I'm a leg man and my eyes kept straying to her sleek, inviting thighs. She knew I was looking. Whenever our glances met, a smile would tug at her mouth and she'd lock her eyes with mine. Not only did the brunette know I was admiring her legs, but Thea also noticed the hypnotic effect the dazzling display of thigh had on me. She got mad and walked out. There I was, left high and dry by a jealous girlfriend.

The brunette introduced herself as Colleen after I invited her to my booth. We drank and talked for several hours and I had a fierce hard-on the whole time, wishing I could get into her panties. Close to 11 P.M., she said she had to leave because of her baby-sitter. My spirits fell, but immediately picked up again when she invited me along. My hesitation must have been obvious, but she quickly assured me that her husband wasn't home because he was on the road most of the time driving an 18-wheeler. After getting paid, the baby-sitter left, and Colleen im-



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mediately took my hand and led me to her bedroom. She made no pretense as to why she had invited me home—she was hot to trot!

Smiling, she glanced at me shyly and proceeded to undress. Dropping down on the bed, she raised both knees and slowly parted them. I just stood there and gawked. At 32, she had a fabulous body. No scar, blemish, or birthmark marred her smooth flesh, and her measurements were just right for her height. She had a perfect hourglass figure. A centerfold come true!

"Well . . . are you just going to stand there and look?" Colleen asked.

I quickly pulled my clothes off, my tool jutting up proudly. I'm no slouch when it comes to size. Fully erect, my cock is a little over nine inches. I like to take my time when I fuck, especially when I fuck a woman for the first time. I love to hear a woman beg me for cock before giving her what she wants. Sitting down at her feet, I eyed her wide-open thighs.

"I want to eat you first before I fuck you," I told her.

I was just starting to tongue her when she moaned, "Fuck me, Jeff, fuck me!"

"Later—let me eat your cunt first," I replied.

"No, fuck me now!" she groaned. "Put your big cock in me."

Well, if it was cock she wanted, then cock she'd get. Whimpering ecstatically, she guided my cock to her cunt. Easing the head in, I reared back and drove every inch in, which made her arch her back.

"Oh, your cock feels so good," Colleen cried. "I love it, Jeff. Fuck me, honey, fuck me hard!"

It never fails. Talking dirty really excited Colleen, and it was music to my ears having her babble gutter-type language. She seemed prim and proper the rest of the time, the epitome of decorum. I continued to pound my meat into her, withdrawing it to the rim of the head, then ramming it back in again.

"Uh," she grunted. "That's it, honey, give it to me! It feels terrific! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

What a hot cunt! She was in heat and wasn't shy about showing her appreciation for a man who could really satisfy her. We came at the same instant. She kept shrieking with each load I shot into her, grinding her cunt wildly around the base of my cock. Panting and gasping for breath, it was at least five minutes before her breathing returned to normal. At her insistence, we fucked two more times that night, and it was just as satisfying each time. In fact, I didn't leave her house until early the next Monday morning, when I had to go to work.

The construction company I worked for had a job that lasted over five months in Colleen's hometown. The situation was tailor-made for us, with her husband being on the road most of the time in his semi-rig. Colleen and I took care of each other's sexual needs throughout those five short months. She had a high sex drive her husband either ignored, was unaware of, or couldn't satisfy because of his job; and when Colleen needed a man, she wasn't strong enough to deny her hunger for cock.

So, all you young studs out there, don't reject an older woman or a married one if she makes a play for you. Those women know how to satisfy a man, and they appreciate the banging a young stud can give them.—*Name and address withheld*

QUICKDRAW MCGRAW

I am a 21-year-old junior at a medium-size Missouri state college, and until last night, I was a virgin. I was in my third-floor dorm room studying for an accounting test that I was to take the next day. Being a little hungry, I left my room to go get a snack. However, on my way out, I thought I smelled marijuana coming from the room next door. Since I'm the staff

I enjoy exposing
my body. It really arouses
me to imagine
strangers catching a
glimpse of me and
getting hard as they watch.

assistant on my wing, I thought it was my duty to check it out.

I knocked on the door, but no one answered, so I used my passkey to go in. Upon entering the room, my eyes immediately focused on one of the biggest pair of tits on campus. Margo was one of those girls whose reputation was not the greatest, and before the night was over I was to find out why.


Hank, the guy whom Margo was with, was passed out on the floor. Sure enough, Margo had a joint in her hand, which, upon seeing me, she immediately put out. Normally, under these circumstances, I should have gone down to get the head resident, but on a gut impulse, this time I did not. I could tell that Margo was scared shitless.

As I was about to write her up, she got up and walked toward me. Margo told me that she would do anything if I would not report her. I refused to be bribed. Margo started to cry, and suddenly, she was in my arms. She then began kissing me, but having virtually no experience with women, I was not really sure how to respond. My dick responded, though, and I knew that Margo could feel it against

her stomach. It was then that I realized what was about to happen.

As she unzipped my pants, I glanced nervously at Hank; he was still dead to the world. Before I knew it, Margo and I were both naked, and I was staring at her large tits. At that moment all that mattered to me was getting my cock into her dripping-wet pussy.

She led me to the bed and told me to lie down on my back. Next she climbed on top of me and stuck that nice and moist pussy of hers right in my face. I explored her cunt with my tongue briefly, but just as I was getting the hang of it, she moved down and maneuvered my cock into her pussy. It felt so good inside of her that in less than 30 seconds I had shot my wad.

Afraid that Hank would wake up any minute, I quickly got dressed and left the room. I could not sleep that entire night, thinking about Margo and my first sexual experience. It has taught me one thing: 21 years is definitely too long to go without getting fucked!—*Name and address withheld* 

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Statement of ownership, management, and circulation (Act of August 12, 1970; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code). 1. Title of publication: PENTHOUSE. 2. Date of filing: September 17, 1986. 3. Frequency of issue: Published monthly. 4. Location of known office of publication: 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965. 5. Location of headquarters or general business offices of publishers: 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965. 6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: R. C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965; Editor: R. C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965; Managing Editor: Robert Sabat, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965. 7. Owner: The names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965; A trust for the Benefit of the R. C. Guccione Family, Georgetown, Grand Cayman; R. C. Guccione, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965. 8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: NONE. Average number of copies of each issue during preceding 12 months: (A) Total number of copies printed: 4,489,900. (B) Paid and/or requested circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 2,677,347. 2. Mail subscriptions, paid and/or requested: 259,674. (C) Total paid and/or requested circulation: 2,937,021. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 3,842. (E) Total distribution: 2,940,863. (F) Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 5,550. 2. Return from news agents: 1,543,487. (G) Total: 4,489,900. Actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: (A) Total number of copies printed: 4,061,391. (B) Paid and/or requested circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 2,140,500. 2. Mail subscriptions: 255,042. (C) Total paid and/or requested circulation: 2,395,542. (D) Free distribution by mail, carrier, or other means, samples, complimentary, and other free copies: 5,000. (E) Total distribution: 2,400,542. (F) Copies not distributed: 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 5,418. 2. Return from news agents: 1,655,431. (G) Total: 4,061,391. I certify that the statements made by me are correct and complete: John Prebich, Sr. Vice President and Chief Financial Officer.



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ARE YOU INFLUENTIAL?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Some men radiate authority. When they speak, people listen. When they want something, they get it ... often without even asking. Their influence counts.

This psychograph is designed to find out if you're one of those men, to see if, consciously or not, you behave in a way that prompts people to defer to you instinctively and to value your opinions.

Men of influence are not necessarily the high-profile celebrities you see on the evening news or on "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." They may be advisers to presidents, who move quietly through the halls of power, or they may be as near as your local used-car lot in the guise of the supersalesman who never fails to close a deal. What they share is a set of traits and behaviors that make people want to listen to them and do their bidding.

Psychologists have developed a massive body of evidence that enables us to pin down factors that cause people to defer to authority. Some authority figures come by these traits naturally. They seem to be born with a secret knowledge of how to influence people. Others, like charity fund-raisers and successful salesmen, are only too conscious of which psychological levers they need to pull in order to have us do what they want.

Research shows that most people can be manipulated with frightening ease. Investigators have found, for example, that observers will rate an average-looking woman as ugly if they are shown pictures of truly beautiful women before they meet her. On the other hand, the same woman will be rated as attractive if pictures of really ugly women are shown beforehand. A relatively insignificant change in circumstances can totally alter the way we look at a real, live person. It works with clothing, too. One experiment conducted in Texas found that if a man in an expensive business suit jaywalked, more people followed him unthinkingly into traffic than if the same man did the same thing

while wearing an ordinary work shirt and trousers. And, of course, those followers never knew what they were doing or why. Consciously, they probably weren't even aware that they had noticed the man, but unconsciously, they were obviously influenced by what someone wearing "status" clothing had done. The simple act of donning a business suit had turned the man into an authority figure.

Some researchers have taken their fieldwork even further. Dr. Robert B. Cialdini, professor of psychology at Arizona State University, for instance, spent three years infiltrating the world of what he calls "compliance professionals," that is, people who earn their living by influencing us to spend money. Cialdini answered every help-wanted ad he could find that might give him entrée into this world. Consequently, he ended up in trainee programs, learning firsthand the tactics of encyclopedia and vacuum-cleaner salesmen, public relations professionals, fund-raisers, and ad men. His experience confirmed the scholarly research: There are dozens of subtle but very distinct strategies that effectively influence us to do things we might otherwise not do. (Cialdini's book, *Influence: The New Psychology of Modern Persuasion* [William Morrow], is one of the most readable surveys of research in this field.)

Answer these questions quickly and honestly and you should get a good idea of whether you're a man who understands influence and wields it effectively.

1. Are you an expert in any sport, activity, or area of knowledge?
(a) yes
(b) no
2. Do you feel you're well-educated?
(a) yes
(b) moderately
(c) no
3. Imagine you run a sporting goods store. A customer comes in and says he wants two things: a canoe and a baseball glove. Which item do you try to sell first?
(a) I'd start with the baseball glove because it's cheaper. If you get somebody to buy *anything*, it puts him in the buying mood.
(b) I'd start with the canoe. The expensive sale is always the important one.
4. Do you feel you can cope with most situations?
(a) yes
(b) sort of
(c) no
5. If money were no object, and you could own only one of the following cars, which would you select?
(a) Lamborghini
(b) Plymouth mini-van
(c) Jaguar sedan
(d) BMW coupe
(e) Volvo station wagon
(f) Toyota
(g) Ford pickup
(h) Jeep wagon
(i) Mercedes
(j) Cadillac Seville
(k) fully restored 1957 Chevy convertible
(l) Winnebago motor home
6. How tall are you?
(a) Under 5'6"
(b) 5'6" to 5'10"
(c) 5'11" to 6'5"
(d) above 6'5"
7. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?
(a) I'm not really confident about how well I know grammar.
(b) I feel I'm well-spoken.
8. Would you say the following statement is true or false: To succeed in life you

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don't need people to like you; the important thing is that they respect and fear you.
(a) true
(b) false

9. How would you rate your physical attractiveness? (Try to be objective; this is not the place for either false modesty or vanity.)
(a) far above average
(b) above average
(c) about average
(d) below average
(e) far below average

10. What style of dress do you generally favor?
(a) Very weird; once you've seen me, you don't forget.
(b) Fashionable; I'm not super trendy but I'm not conservative either.
(c) traditional
(d) I like the European look.
(e) Very casual; I don't wear suits.
(f) extremely preppy
(g) whatever's cheap

11. Do you worry about what others think of you?
(a) yes, a lot
(b) quite a bit
(c) somewhat
(d) a little but not much
(e) not at all

12. Do you like sitcoms on TV?
(a) yes
(b) some
(c) no

13. Some people say, "The end justifies the means." How do you feel about that?
(a) I agree.
(b) That's true in some situations, but not in others.
(c) I disagree.

14. With which statement would you be more likely to agree?
(a) It's important to be consistent in your life.
(b) Consistency is highly overrated.

15. How do you feel about this statement: "If you give people something, they won't appreciate it. They only appreciate things that are hard to get, things that they have to struggle for."

(a) agree
(b) disagree

16. Do you find it easy or hard to compliment people?

(a) I'd say I'm quite free with compliments.
(b) To be honest, I probably don't compliment people all that much.

17. When you're in a situation that requires bargaining—such as buying or selling a car, or asking for a raise—which of the following strategies are you most likely to choose?

(a) I'll often ask for much more than I expect to get.
(b) I ask for somewhat more than I expect to get—maybe 15 percent or so. Then both sides can do a little bargaining.
(c) I don't enjoy bargaining. I'd prefer to tell people right off what I think is fair and skip the whole negotiating process.

18. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree?

(a) People in authority don't have to give reasons; they just have to say "Do it!"
(b) When you want someone to do something, always give a reason.

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 90 points; the lowest, 18.

1. a-5, b-1	10. a-1, b-4, c-5,
2. a-5, b-3, c-1	d-3, e-3, f-2,
3. a-1, b-5	g-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-1	11. a-1, b-2, c-3,
5. a-4, b-3, c-5, d-2,	d-4, e-5
e-4, f-3, g-5, h-4,	12. a-1, b-2, c-5
i-5, j-4, k-1, l-1	13. a-5, b-4, c-1
6. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-2	14. a-1, b-5
7. a-1, b-5	15. a-5, b-1
8. a-1, b-5	16. a-5, b-1
9. a-3, b-5, c-3,	17. a-5, b-3, c-1
d-2, e-1	18. a-1, b-5

If you scored 78 to 90 points:

You are a true man of influence. You have that rare combination of physical characteristics, psychological traits, and philosophical attitudes that makes peo-

ple defer to you. Whether you want to be or not, you are an authority figure.

64 to 77 points:

You too have a substantial air of authority about you. Your instincts in this area may not be quite as unerring as those of men in the category above. You are probably particularly effective and influential in areas where you have strong expertise. Once you get into situations that are less comfortable or less familiar, your ability to project influence probably drops off to some degree.


50 to 63 points:

You may have more influence than you realize. True, you may not be the type of person who spends his life having quiet luncheons with presidents and prime ministers, yet a surprising number of people are probably influenced by what you say and do. You're the type of person who, as a boss for instance, is respected by his subordinates.

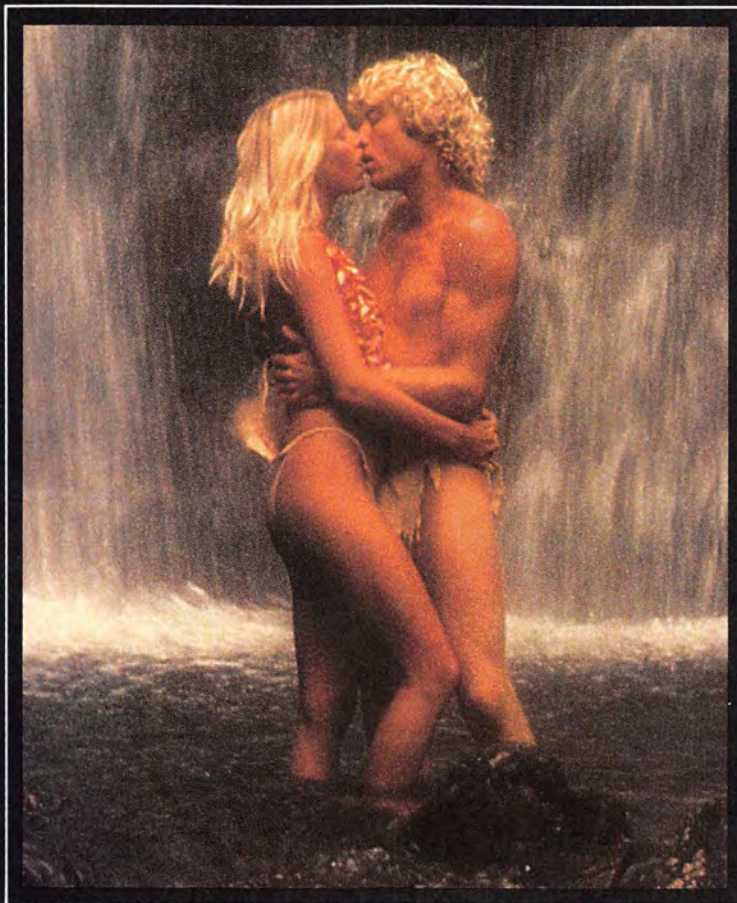
36 to 49 points:

You are probably not the most influential guy on your block. This may suit you fine: Perhaps you like keeping a low profile and being on the receiving end of other people's influence. But if you would like to become more influential, review this questionnaire and see which answers had the highest point ratings. You'll begin to see that there are some simple rules. Contrast is one of the most important. If you want something to look good, put it next to something that's ugly. If you want something to seem cheap, put it next to something that's obviously overpriced. Don't be afraid to be friendly. Spread compliments around; do small favors. People not only pay more attention to people who seem friendly but, as influence peddlers and deal-makers know, they will do almost *anything* to repay even the smallest favor.

18 to 35 points:

You may be the ultimate patsy: someone who always seems to be doing what others want him to do. Salesmen's eyes light up when you walk in the door. They know they could sell you the whole store if they tried. You may feel abused, pushed around, and taken advantage of. And you probably are. Right now, it's obvious that the most important thing for you to learn is how to say no. 

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DISGUISED AS THE TREACHEROUS
CAPTAIN SCHLAGGENDORF AND
HIS ORDERLY, HAVE TAKEN
THE CASTLE — AND HAVE
RECEIVED A VERY WARM
WELCOME FROM THE RUSSIAN
AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF!

THE BARBARIANS
ARE AT OUR VERY
GATES — AND ALL
THEY CAN THINK
OF IS SEX!

IT'S DISGUSTING!

I 'OPE THIS IS
JUST ONE UV
THOSE BRIEF
WARTIME
RELATIONSHIPS!

BY RON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE

GASP! Y—YOU'RE NOT
CAPTAIN SCHLAGGENDORF?

Y—YOU'RE SWEET
CHASTITY!

AT YOUR
SERVICE!

IT'S MISS
CHASTITY—
COME HOME!











The Great Sex-Quotes Quiz

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Who said what about sex? We've collected some of the most outrageous quotes we could find on the subject—some familiar, some guaranteed to give you a run for your money—and constructed a series of quizzes. Match each quote with the person who said it. The answers follow at the end of the column; score one point for each correct answer.

MEN ON WOMEN

1. "Women—you can't live with 'em, you can't shoot 'em."
2. "Women should be obscene and not heard."
3. "A woman's place is in the stove."
4. "If women didn't exist, all the money in the world would have no meaning."
5. "Women are creatures meant to be loved, not to be understood."
6. "I understand women perhaps because I have a very effeminate streak."

- A. John Lennon
- B. Aristotle Onassis
- C. Mort Sahl
- D. Rod Stewart
- E. Oscar Wilde
- F. Stephen Wright

WOMEN ON MEN

1. "Most of my friends are gay, and that seems natural to me. I mean, who wouldn't like cock?"
2. "I love men, I love sex, and I don't care who knows it."
3. "I dress for women and I undress for men."
4. "I find men terribly exciting, and any girl who says she doesn't is an old maid, a streetwalker, or a saint."
5. "I never loved a man I liked, and never liked a man I loved."
6. "My husband said he wanted to have an affair with a redhead. So I dyed my hair red."

- A. Fanny Brice
- B. Angie Dickinson
- C. Jane Fonda
- D. Margot Kidder
- E. Valerie Perrine
- F. Lana Turner

MASTURBATION MATCH-UP

1. "The good thing about masturbation is that you don't have to dress up for it."
2. "The first time I masturbated, it flew across the room and hit the far wall."
3. "Don't knock masturbation—it's sex with someone you love."
4. "The reason I feel guilty about masturbation is that I'm so bad at it."
5. "I always let my fantasy come first."

- A. Woody Allen
- B. Truman Capote
- C. Jack Lemmon
- D. David Steinberg
- E. Paul Krassner

MULTIPLE-CHOICE QUIZ

1. "I'm never through with a girl until I've had her three ways."
- A. Babe Ruth
 - B. Ernest Hemingway
 - C. Errol Flynn
 - D. John F. Kennedy



2. Who said he liked his women "cute, cuddly, tender, sweet, and stupid"?
 - A. James Dean
 - B. Douglas Fairbanks
 - C. Adolf Hitler
 - D. Governor John Y. Brown

3. Who said, "I want women to be liberated and still be able to have a nice ass and shake it"?
 - A. Shirley MacLaine
 - B. Andrea Dworkin
 - C. Phil Donahue
 - D. Gloria Steinem

4. "Celibacy was invented by the devil."
 - A. Jerry Falwell
 - B. Bob Guccione
 - C. Tallulah Bankhead
 - D. Martin Luther

5. "Blondes have the hottest kisses."
 - A. Burt Reynolds
 - B. Warren Beatty
 - C. Joe DiMaggio
 - D. Ronald Reagan

6. "That man hath a tongue, I say, is no man, if with this tongue he cannot win a woman."
 - A. Harry Reems
 - B. Cyrano de Bergerac
 - C. William Shakespeare
 - D. Dudley Moore

7. "My body will go, but my hair will last."
 - A. Linda Evans
 - B. Dolly Parton
 - C. Susan Anton
 - D. Michael Landon

8. "Cavett is much bigger and is a much better lay than Namath."
 - A. Joan Collins
 - B. Margaret Trudeau
 - C. Barbra Streisand
 - D. Janis Joplin

9. "The way to resolve a situation with a woman is to jump on her."
 - A. Lee Marvin
 - B. John Wayne
 - C. Mel Gibson
 - D. Orson Welles

10. What did Aldous Huxley call "the most unnatural of sexual perversions"?
 - A. homosexuality
 - B. bisexuality
 - C. chastity

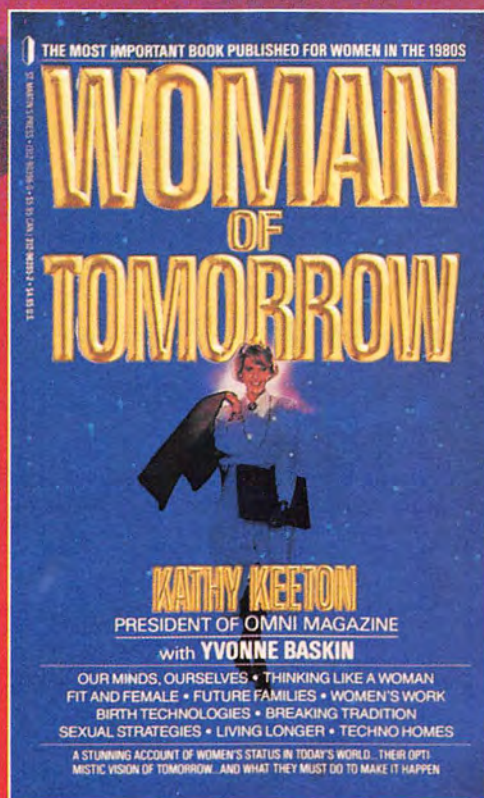
"FULL
OF
EXCITING,
CHALLENGINGLY
PROVOCATIVE
FINDINGS."
FORBES

"SO RICH IN SCOPE
AND VISION THAT
BOTH
MEN AND WOMEN
WILL LEARN
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GAMES

D. doing it while standing up in a hammock

11. "I never sleep with anyone. I never sleep when I have sex."

- A. Joan Collins
- B. Linda Ronstadt
- C. David Lee Roth
- D. Boy George

12. "Older guys like to receive head, but they don't like to give it."

- A. Victoria Principal
- B. Lauren Hutton
- C. Xaviera Hollander
- D. Anne Boleyn

13. "A man in love is incomplete until he is married. Then he is finished."

- A. Tina Turner
- B. Madonna
- C. Zsa Zsa Gabor
- D. Mickey Spillane



EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'

1. "When choosing between two evils, I always take the one I've never tried before."

2. "If you swing both ways you really swing. Double your pleasure."

3. "Bisexuality doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night."

4. "I wasn't kissing her. I was whispering in her mouth."

5. "Women complain about sex more often than men. Their gripes fall into two major categories: (1) not enough, (2) too much."

6. "Accept every blind date you can get, even with a girl who wears jeans. Maybe you can talk her out of them."

7. "I'm going to Iowa for an award . . . to Carnegie Hall . . . to France to be honored. I'd give it all up for one erection."

8. On sex: "If what you're doing can be done in the open, you may as well pitch horseshoes."

9. "I've been sucked by the biggest names in Hollywood."

10. "If I hadn't had them, I would have had them made."

11. "An orgasm is just a reflex, like a sneeze."

12. "I wish I had as much in bed as I get in the newspapers."

13. "If it weren't for pickpockets I'd have no sex life at all."

14. "We are powerless to act in cases of oral-genital intimacy unless it obstructs interstate commerce."

15. "It ain't sex that's troublesome, it's staying up all night looking for it."

16. "I just love a good fight. I'd rather fight than make love."

17. "I think pop music has done more for oral intercourse than anything else that has ever happened, and vice versa."

- A. Woody Allen
- B. Joan Baez
- C. George Burns
- D. Rodney Dangerfield
- E. James Dean
- F. Abigail Van Buren
- G. J. Edgar Hoover
- H. Ann Landers
- I. Chico Marx
- J. Groucho Marx
- K. Mr. T
- L. Dolly Parton
- M. Linda Ronstadt
- N. Casey Stengel
- O. Mae West

P. Ruth Westheimer

Q. Frank Zappa

CORRECTIONS

1. "A quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog" is *not* a pangram—a sentence containing 26 letters of the alphabet—as we claimed in the April 1986 column. There's a letter missing, and many readers caught us on it. What we *meant* to write was "A quick brown fox *jumps* over the lazy dog," a sentence that would have covered our s.

2. In the August 1986 column on graffiti, the knock-knock joke on page 156 should have been a *knock* joke: "Knock! Who's There? Opportunity!", a reference to the implied proverb "Opportunity only knocks once." Sometimes we leave words out for effect, other times by pure mistake. The bottom drawing on page 156—two stickmen holding what appears to be a large circle with a smaller circle inside it—should have carried the caption, "Two men walking abreast."

Answers:


MEN ON WOMEN. 1F, 2A, 3C, 4B, 5E, 6D.

WOMEN ON MEN. 1E, 2D, 3B, 4F, 5A, 6C.

MASTURBATION MATCH-UP. 1B, 2C, 3A, 4D, 5E.

MULTIPLE CHOICE. 1D, 2C, 3A, 4D, 5D, 6C, 7D, 8D, 9A, 10C, 11D, 12A, 13C.

EVERYBODY'S TALKIN'. 1O, 2B, 3A, 4I, 5H, 6F, 7J, 8C, 9E, 10L, 11P, 12M, 13D, 14G, 15N, 16K, 17Q.

The maximum total score is 47. If you scored: 40 or above—Have you thought of starting your own game show?; 30 to 39—You know enough to hold your own in any singles bar; 20 to 29—average; 6 to 19—You haven't been listening; 5 or below—You show an aptitude for fouling things up. Have you considered working for the Pentagon? 



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COMING IN THE JANUARY PENTHOUSE



OUR NEW PET OF THE YEAR

What better gift for this holiday season than a brand-new *Penthouse* Pet of the Year? The editors have tallied your votes and, in photographs taken specially for this issue, we will present the new queen in a setting worthy of her majesty, along with a sensational free poster for your enjoyment. Our current Pet of the Year, Cody Carmack, inherited almost a quarter of a million dollars along with her crown . . . and we expect to outdo even that queen's ransom this time around. Beauty, as they say, is certainly its own reward, but when we unveil our stunning 16th annual winner, you'll see why this time everyone will hit the jackpot!



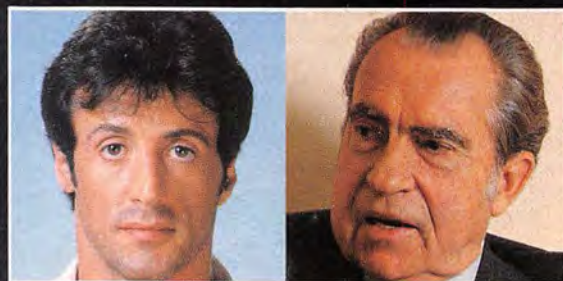
ISRAEL'S WATERGATE

The crime was a terrible one: the hijacking of a crowded bus in Tel Aviv by four Arab fanatics. Hours later, Israeli assault troops rescued the passengers in a daring raid. The Ministry of Defense announced that two of the terrorists had been killed and the other two had died of their wounds on the way to the hospital. But a newspaper photograph dramatically showed that two of the terrorists were not obviously wounded when they were taken into custody. Who killed them and who gave the orders? That's what concerned Israelis wanted to learn. Next month, in an exclusive investigative report, *Penthouse* unravels this scandal that reaches to the highest levels of one of our most trusted allies.



JUST A GIGOLO?

David Lee Roth on stage is everything that MTV should have been, except that it's all larger—much larger—than life and quite a bit louder. The noise crescendos like a 747 taking off as the girls begin to scream hysterically, papering the stage with damp panties and broken bras as Dave breaks into "Bump 'n' Grind." Next month, in an exclusive interview, we go backstage and discover what this consummate rock performer is really all about after the noise subsides and he gets the chance to reflect on women, music, and the most tumultuous year of his life.



THE 25 MOST IMPORTANT AMERICANS

Quick! What does Sylvester Stallone have in common with Richard Nixon? They are, according to Benjamin Stein and Victoria A. Sackett, two of the 25 Americans who "have the most control over the lives of the rest of us, who have changed the way we work and live and hope and fear and dream." Leaving aside the names of those who occupy jobs in government bureaucracy (including President Reagan), Stein and Sackett consulted with experts in the fields of public affairs, mass media, business, and science to make their choices. To find out who the other 23 people are, don't miss next month's *Penthouse*.



MISFIT MERGERS

These days, the buying and selling of American companies is being done on a grand scale. Billions of dollars change hands, and large, prestigious organizations are often ruined in the process. CBS, for instance, once the home of Edward R. Murrow and Walter Cronkite, spent itself into the poorhouse to stop Ted Turner from taking it over. Today it's one more corporate casualty in the merger and acquisition wars and, reports Nicholas von Hoffman, these wars will have lasting effects both on our nation as a whole and on all of us as individuals. "No one can guess what such shake-ups cost us in terms of lost production and jobs," he writes.



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A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red cap and a red and black plaid shirt, is crouching on a rocky surface. She is holding a lit cigarette in her right hand. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. In the bottom right corner, there is a pack of Lucky Strike Lights cigarettes, with two cigarettes shown protruding from the top. The pack is silver with a red circle containing the words "LUCKY STRIKE" and "LIGHTS" below it. The text "ONLY 8mg. TAR" is also visible on the pack.

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