

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
\$4

APRIL 1987 \$4.00

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW:

ANDREA DWORKIN
ON LESBIANISM,
PORNOGRAPHY,
AND CENSORSHIP

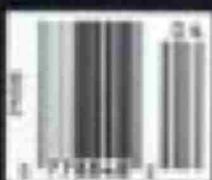
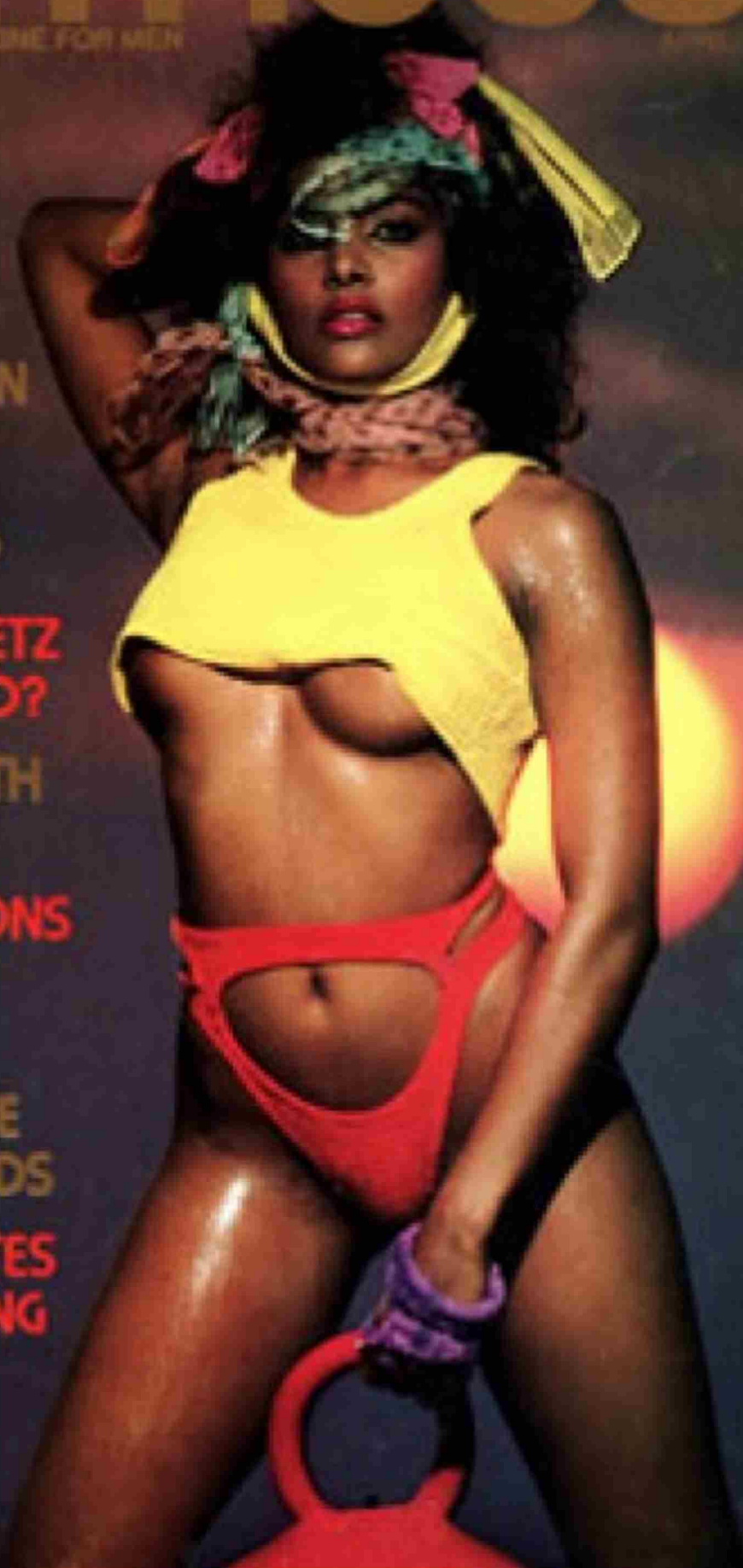
IS BERNHARD GOETZ
A NATIONAL HERO?

RAPPING IT UP WITH
RUN-D.M.C.

THE UNITED NATIONS
CONDOM
CONTROVERSY

HOW BIG MEDICINE
PROFITS FROM AIDS

JOYCE CAROL OATES
CELEBRATES BOXING







You can tell a lot about a man by his brand.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

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

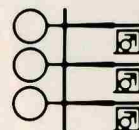
PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/April 1987

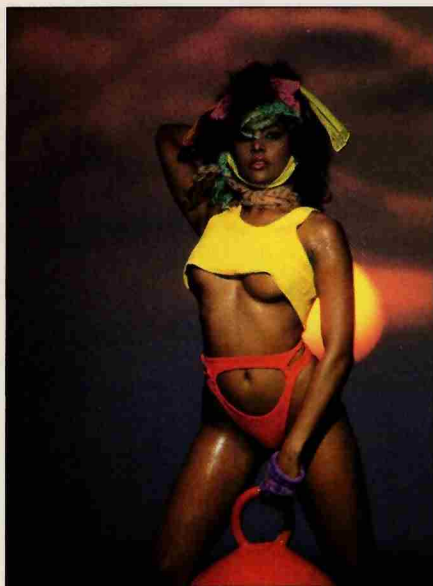
Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

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



CONTENTS			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		10
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL: Air Safety, Royal Anorexia, Mengele, A Fashionable Resort, Beverly Hills Beer, U.N. Condom Controversy	Column	Sharon Churcher	17
JUSTICE: Fifth-Amendment Communists	Column	Alan M. Dershowitz	20
WOMEN: Joyce Carol Oates	Column	Laura Berland	25
FITNESS	Service	Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	29
MEN'S RIGHTS: Maternal Fathers	Service	Sidney Siller	30
CALL ME MADAM	Service	Xaviera Hollander	32
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	43
SCENES: Spanish Sparklers		Laura Berland	44
VIDEO: "Federal Follies"		Doug Garr	44
PEOPLE: Sam Kinison		Marshall Fine	45
SEX NEWS		Lauren Bank	46
ANDREA DWORKIN	Interview	Michele Mayron	50
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles		53
MIAMI SPICE	Pictorial	Photos by Earl Miller	58
JENNA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Hank Londoner	75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	92
THE IMPORTANCE OF BERNHARD GOETZ	Essay	Barry Slotnick	94
DARK STAR	Pictorial	Photos by Ed Holzman	96
GOOD RAPPIN': RUN-D.M.C.	Profile	Allan Sonnenschein	106
SECOND COMINGS	Satire	Eli Bauer	114
MEDICAL GENOCIDE, PART TWELVE: THE AIDS PANIC	Article	Gary Null	118
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein	124
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	129
HARD TIMES	Humor		135
GAMES: Puzzle Potpourri	Diversions	Scot Morris	142
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	148



This month's cover features Pet of the Month Jenna Persaud. Jenna was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 132.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 18, Number 8 © Copyright 1987 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Penthouse Magazine*, P.O. Box 3039, Harlan, IA 51537. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to *Penthouse* magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—\$36 one year; Canada—\$46 one year; and elsewhere—\$46 one year. Single copies \$4.00 in U.S. and AFO (\$4.50 September, December, and January issues); \$4.50 in Canada (\$4.95 September, December, and January issues).

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.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ALESSANDRA FERRI

HOME: New York, N.Y.

AGE: 23.

OCCUPATION: Principal dancer, American Ballet Theatre.

HOBBY: "Trying to find the time to have one."

LAST BOOK READ: *Hopscotch*, Julio Cortazar.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Dancing the lead in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Giselle* during

the ABT's latest season. No mean feat.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "All little girls want to be ballerinas; I just never changed my idea."

QUOTE: "I'm Italian, and we're never neutral. About anything."

PROFILE: Focused, passionate and strong-minded. At ninety-seven pounds, she's nobody's weakling.

HER SCOTCH: Dewar's® "White Label" and Perrier®. "After the barre, the bar. Where would you go to stretch out?"



Europe's answer
to thinning hair:
Foltène[®],
a prescription-free
solution.

Now available in the United States

Foltène® is a remarkable European discovery that brings new help to millions with thinning hair.

Facts about thinning hair.

Beyond the age of 25, our bodies tend to lose the vibrance and vitality they had in youth. And so does our hair. Fewer hairs are produced, and those that are tend to be weaker. (One major reason is that the microcirculation within our hair follicles, which leads to healthy looking hair, slows like our circulation elsewhere.) Once starved of the nutrients circulation brings, activity within the hair follicles shuts down. The hair begins to lose sheen, manageability and strength.

Another natural symptom of maturity is that the body usually produces fewer natural hair conditioners. Without them, hairs are thinner in diameter, and weaker; more susceptible to breakage.

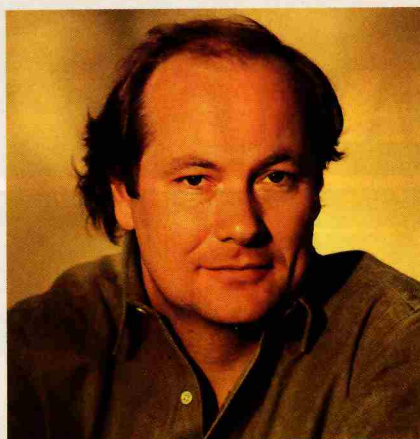
You are not alone.

Thinning hair and weak hair is a problem for men and women all over the world. Nearly 43% of all adult males have thinning hair. By 50 years of age, 25% of all women have also begun to experience hair thinning or changes in patterning. Part of this problem is hereditary. And although neither Foltène nor any other product has been proven to be a cure for male pattern baldness, Foltène does represent a remarkable breakthrough in the treatment of thinning hair.

Some encouraging news from research.

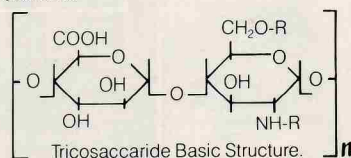
Recently, heart research scientists, both in Europe and America, noticed that special compounds they were testing had an interesting effect. When they were used in topical hair treatments, condition of thinning hair was significantly improved.

The European researchers went on to identify, extract and purify this follicle reactivating substance. A substance which was soon to become the primary ingredient in Foltène.



How Foltène works—a double action system.

The secret of Foltène Treatment for Thinning Hair is a mixture of biological extracts which works to stimulate and nourish the hair follicle. These special compounds are called Tricosaccaride®.



When massaged into the scalp, the Foltène double action system actually penetrates both the hair shaft and the hair follicle, filling them with the nourishment and conditioning that healthy, attractive hair requires. Because of this action, Foltène not only strengthens each individual hair shaft, it also rejuvenates the follicle.

How to get Foltène.

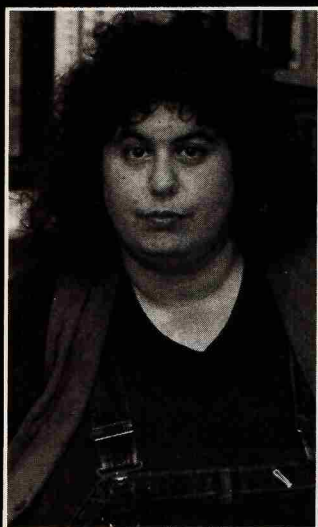
Foltène Treatment for Thinning Hair is at last being introduced in America and soon will be available at selected department stores and better hair styling salons. But the only way to get this remarkable European discovery now is to use the attached coupon or call 1-800-847-4438. In Minnesota, call 1-800-742-5685.



Foltène®. Program to stimulate the scalp and revitalize thinning hair.

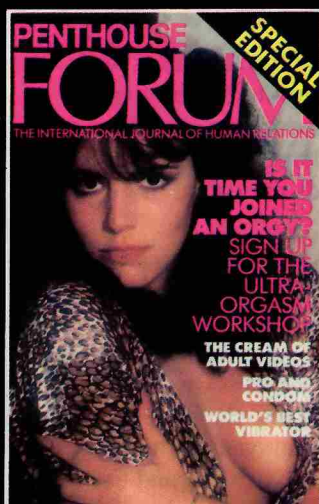


HOUSECALL



DWORKIN'S SQUAWKING

She's one of our most implacable enemies. A grotesque effigy of intellectual slime and hypocrisy who has devoted all of her not inconsiderable energies to try to outlaw the very magazine you are now reading. Why, then, is *Penthouse* publishing a full-length interview with radical feminist Andrea Dworkin? The answer goes to the heart of what our democracy is all about: We don't like Ms. Dworkin any more than she likes us. But we are confident that reading her own uncensored opinions will convince any reasonable American that Dworkin is an inflexible, man-hating fanatic who cannot be taken seriously. When reporter Michele Mayron told us that she had interviewed Dworkin for an Israeli newspaper, we asked her if we could publish the transcript as a *Penthouse* interview. The result speaks for itself. We know that the worst thing you can do to any fanatic is to give him or her an unchallenged public platform. Let her speak and, if that voluminous girth permits, she will inevitably put her own big foot squarely into her own big mouth.



A GOOD RAP

Magazines aren't the only targets of censors these days. Certain pea-brained extremists believe that rock 'n' roll has corrupted our youth—specifically "rap," an esoteric inner-city art form that has become the hottest thing in music. In his profile of Run-D.M.C., three kids from Queens, New York, who are the kings of rap. Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein demonstrates—once again—how stupid and uninformed the would-be censors are. Rather than celebrating mindless violence and drug use, Run-D.M.C. devote their music to educating audiences against these and other self-destructive habits. "Kids look up to us because they are so impressionable," they told Sonnenschein. "They have to know to go to school and not to do drugs." And even while their records go platinum, Run-D.M.C. make it



a point to stay in personal touch with their fans: "It helps to get our message across." . . . While we're on the subject, we'd also like to congratulate the same Mr. Sonnenschein for an earlier investigative article, "Our Children, Our Shame," in which he exposed the secret national networks of child abusers that pollute our society. The Odyssey Institute gave this article its prestigious First Place Award for **Excellence in Reporting and Programming Concerns of Children.** Needless to say, we're very proud of this honor and of our continuing commitment to bring you the very best in contemporary reporting and writing.

GOETZ GETS SET

Social awareness is also the subject of Barry Slotnick's "Advise & Dissent" this month. Hardly anyone in America—or even the world—is unaware of "the subway gunman," Bernhard Goetz. Over two years ago, Goetz shot four youths he believed were about to rob him. Now as his case is finally coming to trial, Slotnick, one of America's most distinguished trial attorneys, who is defending Goetz, explains why he

believes his client has become a hero to millions. "The true meaning of the Goetz case," he writes, "is that it awakens each and every one of us to the fearful realities of our world."

THE AIDS PANIC

And one of the most fearful realities is the so-called AIDS epidemic—a disease virtually unknown a few years ago that today strikes terror in the hearts and minds of people everywhere. In the 12th part of his series on "Medical Genocide," science investigative reporter Gary Null shows how certain institutions stand to profit from such an epidemic and how they, above all, promote the moralistic hysteria that turns AIDS victims into modern-day lepers. As with cancer, the intractable medical establishment and its media groupies shamelessly ignore the positive evidence of exciting and often revolutionary approaches to modern medicine while continuing to demand billions of dollars for wasteful research projects.

SECOND COMINGS

But there's also much to be happy about these days. For one thing, there's more than a hint of spring in the air, and artist Eli Bauer welcomes the Easter season in his own weird and wondrous way. . . . Then, as your discerning eye has no doubt noticed, we have enclosed a free sample copy of our sister magazine *Forum* . . . a special treat aimed, among other things, at raising your sexual consciousness. If you haven't read *Forum* for a while, you're in for a pleasant surprise. . . . But there's no surprise about our *Pets* this month—they're as beautiful and sexy as ever, and you know we're not April fooling! O—



TAPACANADRAFT.

Just pull the tab and pour yourself a mug of fresh, smooth draft beer.

Miller Genuine Draft is real draft beer in bottles – and now cans.

Like all real draft beers, it's not heat-pasteurized.

Instead, it is cold-filtered to give you the freshness and smoothness of draft beer straight from the keg.

MILLER GENUINE DRAFT. IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST.

“Everyone wanted to be next!
Closing my eyes dreamily, I heard them say
they’d draw for high card. Seconds
later, I felt the next guy between my legs.”

PENTHOUSE FORUM



POKER PARTY

It started out innocently enough. Archie, my aunt's neighbor, had a Saturday-night poker party planned with four of his cronies, and they needed someone to fix snacks and serve beer while they played. The girl who usually did this wasn't available, and he mentioned each guy always chipped in five dollars to pay her to act as their hostess. Easter vacation from my out-of-state college (where I'm a sophomore) was ending, and I agreed to fill in. The \$25 would come in handy when I left by Greyhound bus that Monday. Now, I have an exhibitionist streak in me, and I just love to tease the opposite sex, whether they're young or old. I like to flash my thighs and show glimpses of my panties, and I was a little excited at the prospect of teasing the old gents with a lot of skin. Archie and his friends were all in their late fifties and early sixties, so I figured why not give them a few thrills?

I wore a white blouse, a white miniskirt, and high-heeled white leather boots that

came to just below my knees. The blouse was of a sheer cotton and my black half-bra could be seen plainly. If one were to look closely, my black bikini panties could be seen through the thin material of my skirt. Because of my exhibitionist tendencies, men always look at me, and the old dudes weren't an exception. Their eyes slowly roved over my figure from head to toe, and they didn't bother to conceal the hunger in their eyes.

I didn't plan it and hadn't expected the old coots to get their peckers stiff, but horny they got! I'm only human and I have to admit I got very horny also. As the evening progressed, everyone got mellow from the beer, including me. They wanted me to imitate a topless waitress, and after a certain amount of coaxing—about 15 minutes—I took my blouse and bra off. About an hour later, the next item of hot interest was my miniskirt. They wanted me to serve them in just my panties and boots. I knew I would, but I wanted to hear them beg before I did. They

pleaded like little boys for half an hour and I loved it! Finally, I wiggled out of my skirt. With a smile on my face, I paused in the doorway for full effect. They gasped in unison and their hands visibly trembled. "What's the matter, guys?" I teased.

"Haven't you ever seen a girl in her panties before?"

As I walked toward them to set the beer on the table, the only sound in the room were the heels of my boots clicking on the floor. "C'mon, guys! Cat got your tongues?" I said lightly. "Say something! I seem to be the only one capable of talking!"

Stepping back, I cupped my tits and slid my hands down my body, drawing upward on my panties, making the crotch cut into my cunt and outline the swell of my hairy lips. Parting my feet on the floor, I arched my hips slightly forward. They gulped and stared at the stray strands of cunt hair peeking out from my panties. Stretching my arms over my head luxuriously, I slowly turned around to let them ogle my ass and asked over my shoulder, "Well . . . how do I look from the back?"

"You . . . you . . . you look fantastic!" one old geezer managed to croak.

"I'm glad you think so, honey," I purred, giving him a peck on top of his bald head. "Who knows? I just might give you studs a special treat yet!"

After collecting two more glasses to refill, I turned and faced them at the doorway. I gave them a show, dipping my knees slightly, hips twisting suggestively in slow motion. Blowing them a kiss, I ducked into the next

room quickly. When I returned with the beer, one of the guys caressed the slope of my ass while I was bent over the table. Kneading my ass cheeks, he inquired haltingly, "Could you . . . uh . . . you know . . . could you give us some pleasure?"

"You mean fuck?" I asked bluntly. "You guys want a piece of ass, is that it?"

"Well . . . uh . . . uh . . . yes!" he stuttered.

"Sure! Why not?" I replied. "We may as well go the whole route!"

Looking at each expectant face, I smiled at Archie.

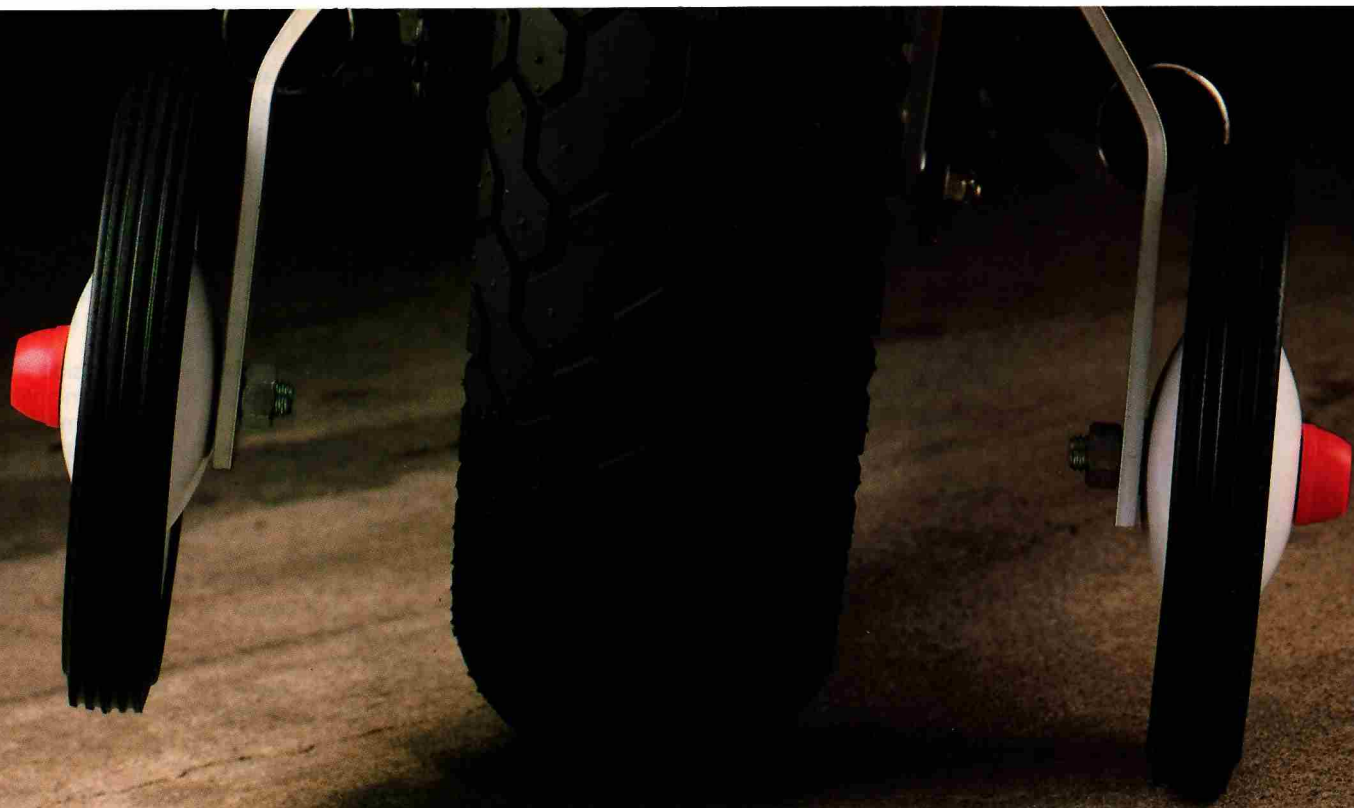
"Since this is your party, would you like to be first, Archie?"

"I'll be delighted," he answered. "I feel honored!"

Raising myself on tiptoes, I hopped up on the table. Lying back on my elbows, I said, "Take my panties off, Archie. Then you can fuck me any way you want to!"

He reached out and stroked my thighs, his hands moving up and down them from my hips to my knees. Finally, his hands went to the elastic band of my panties, and I lifted my ass to let him peel the nylon bikinis down my legs. The rest of the old guys licked their lips and kept their eyes glued to my cunt. Enjoying the effect I had on them, I raised my knees, planted the heels of my boots on the edge of the table, and opened my thighs wide to show them my charms.

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.



If you're going to begin riding bikes again, don't settle for a beginner's bike.

Be honest. You'd love to get back on a bike. But not one of those tinny, tiny, whiny little motorcyclettes with all the power of your average 5-speed blender.

A real bike. Like the new Virago 535. Powerful enough to keep you from being bored out of your helmet after a few rides. With that low, throaty sound you don't hear much these days, unless it's from

former riders grumbling about the way things were.

It's got an air-cooled, 535cc, V-twin engine. Hydraulic front disc brake. And a long wheelbase

and low center of gravity, for a solid, smooth ride that'll take you back.

The only nostalgic sensation it won't bring to mind is the long-lost feeling of chain lube splattering on your ankles. Thanks to the fully-enclosed, virtually maintenance-free shaft drive.

And all this, for a few hundred dollars more than you'd pay for a toy cycle.

Just \$2,699*.

Which means now you can stop reminiscing. And start riding.



YAMAHA
We make the difference.

*Suggested retail price. Transportation, options, taxes additional. 12-month limited warranty. Warranty terms are limited. See your Yamaha dealer for details. Dress properly for your ride with a helmet, eye protection, long sleeved shirt, long trousers, gloves and boots. Specifications subject to change without notice. Yamaha and the Motorcycle Safety Foundation encourage you to ride safely and respect the environment. For further information regarding the MSF rider course please call 1-800-447-4700. Do not drink and drive. It is illegal and dangerous. Rear view mirror(s) standard equipment. Models sold in California equipped with evaporative emission control device.

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione (chairman)

Kathy Keeton (vice-chairman)

David J. Myerson (chief operating officer)

Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

EDITORIAL

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

ART

Sr. VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; VP/Art Dir., Int'l.: Joe Brooks; Art Dir.: Richard Bleiweiss; Assoc. Art Dir.: Pablo Rodriguez; Designer: Kay Cardwell; Staff Photographer: Earl Miller; Photo Ed.: Hildegard Kron; Assoc. Photo Ed.: Lisa Shapiro; Art Rights Mgr.: Gwenn Lewis Norman; Special Ass't. to Bob Guccione: Jane Homlish

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Pres., Marketing Div.: William F. Marlieb; VP/Dir., Advertising: Nancy Kestenbaum; Sr. VP/Corporate Dir., New Business Development: Beverly Wardale; Sr. VP/Southern and Midwest Advertising Dir.: Peter Goldsmith; VP/Western Advertising Dir.: Wendy Bloxham; Assoc. New York Mgr.: Michael Citron; Assoc. Advertising Dir.: Richard Keech; Marketing Traffic and Production Dir.: Eileen B. Garber; Advertising Production Dir.: Charlene Smith; Advertising Production Traffic Mgr.: Pam Rizk; Assoc. Adv. Mgr., Southern Region: Jo Taffer; VP/Dir., Pub. Rel.: Leslie Jay; Sr. Publicist: Deborah L. Bronstein; Dir., Sales Promo./Mdsq.: Beverly Greiper; Assoc. Dir., Sales Promo./Mdsq.: Elaine Yanis-Bennett; Research Dir.: Eli Belli; Mgr., Mktg. Research: Roni Stein; Dir., Pet Promo.: Jeff Zelmanski; Mgr., Pet Promotions: Kelly Mitchell; Offices: New York (Nancy Kestenbaum): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. Detroit: Wynkoop, Hannah Albaum, Inc., 2685 Lapeer Rd., Suite 100, Auburn Hills, Mich. 48057, Tel. (313) 373-1026. Midwest (Peter Goldsmith): 333 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1810, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 346-9393. South (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. West Coast (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Northeast and Canada: The McCord Corp., 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. U.K. and Europe: 14 Lisgar Terrace, London W14, England, Tel. 01-828-3336. Japan: Bancho Media Service, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-Ku, Tokyo 101, Japan, Tel. 03-252-2721, Telex J25472. Korea: Mr. S. H. Hwang, Pres., Kaya Advts. Inc., Rm. 402 Kunshin Annex B/D251-1, DohwaDong, Mapo-Ku, Seoul, Korea (121), Tel. 719-6906, Telex K 32144 Kayaad

ADMINISTRATION

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

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; Australia: Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Hong Kong: Yongder Hall, Ltd., 128 Java Road, 18F Java Centre, North Point, Hong Kong; Italy: Cosmopoli s.r.l., Viale Tunisia 41, Milan, Italy; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd., 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Greminger, Rocafor 104, Barcelona, U.K.: Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

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

APRIL

Unbuckling his belt, Archie pushed his trousers and shorts down to his knees. Snuggling up between my knees, he seized my waist firmly and held me on the edge of the table. When everything seemed right with him, he pushed his cockhead against my parted cunt lips and forced it inside.

His cock wasn't very long, but it was thick! Tightening his grip on my hips, he slowly fed all six inches into me. Panting and squirming in bliss, I ground my cunt around his prick. "Ohhh, Archie!" I squealed. "Fuck me, honey! Fuck me!"

He started to pump his hips, sending jolts of delight racing through my body. I trembled and mumbled at the same time and closed my eyes. It didn't matter if he was old and bald, I just wanted my hungry cunt to swallow up his thick cock! Holding me in position as he screwed me, he didn't allow my ass to slide backward one inch from his pounding. "Ahhh!" I groaned. "You're driving me crazy!"

His fucking increased in force and speed until squishing sounds emanated from my wet cunt. Passionate fuck noises filled the room as he worked noisily between my thighs. He fucked me until I felt that wild glorious sensation starting in my loins. My body trembled uncontrollably when my pussy juices burst forth, just as his come erupted. His prick shot load after load deep inside me, and it was all I could do to keep from going out of my mind. We stayed coupled together for several minutes while I used my cunt muscles to milk him completely dry. Then, fully satisfied, I relaxed and allowed his cock to slip out. Turning to the rest of the guys, he asked, "Okay, who's next?"

Everyone wanted to be next! Closing my eyes dreamily, I heard them say they'd draw for high card. Seconds later, I felt the next guy between my legs. He plunged his cock in, pumped his hips about six times, and shot off weakly. I felt him withdrawing his limp dick, and he was immediately replaced by another panting old guy. This one and the fourth guy didn't have any discipline, either. You'd have thought this was their first piece of ass the way they came so quickly. The fifth guy aroused my passion again, though. I could tell this wouldn't be another quickie as his stiff prick tunneled into my cunt. He held me tight and kept pushing, making me moan at the hot contact. His cock was by far the largest out of the five of them. Bending forward at his waist, he tongued my erect nipples while I clamped my cunt tightly around the base of his immense eight-incher. "Unghhh!" I groaned, shaking my head. "Your cock feels so fucking good!"

Seizing my thighs with both hands, he pushed my legs all the way back to my shoulders, thus giving the other old guys a juicy view of my cunt clenched around his meat. I loved the position in which he was holding me; it made my pussy very vulnerable and easy to fuck.

He thrust hard, his cock stabbing

deeply, withdrawing halfway, then stabbing deeply again, sending tingles of pleasure racing all the way up to my brain. I worked my cunt as passionately as I could, wanting to return the pleasure. He drove his big cock in and out with wicked thrusts, making me squirm my ass frantically. I drooled and gasped as lightning bolts ripped through my hot cunt. This old stud knew how to use his big pecker, and I wished it would never end.

His hot come blasted deep inside me and I gasped aloud. Throbbing mightily, he loosed powerful streams of come until I felt it running down the crack of my ass. Clamping my cunt lips down on his rock-hard prick, I held on to it as tightly as I could. As soon as he finished shooting off, I realized I was about to climax myself. Hot jolts shot through my nervous system as I flexed my fuck muscles, my own climax seizing me. It was out of this world, and I couldn't have been happier. When the spasms passed, I attempted to catch my breath. Only then did his flaccid cock finally slip out of my grasping, postorgasmic cunt.

They treated me royally after that. Two of them gently carried me to a divan in the next room and covered me with a sheet. A couple of hours later, I served each old guy a generous helping of pussy again! I could almost consider a career as a topless waitress if I knew each night would be as memorable as this.—Name and address withheld

GIRLFRIEND IS BETTER

My girlfriend Marla and I met in a firm we both worked for in Boston. Let me describe Marla to you: She's about five foot three, with long sandy-blond hair. She has a slender figure with trim, well-tanned legs and small pert tits with nipples that ache to be sucked. In sum, she's a gorgeous, slender blue-eyed blonde who loves fucking almost as much as she loves to suck cock. I had noticed her around the office and at the local after-work hangout for about a month before I mustered up enough courage to ask her out. She agreed, and I offered to make her dinner at my place the following week.

While I was busy in the kitchen, she wandered around my apartment, keeping herself amused. She found a few copies of *Penthouse* lying around, and when I saw her leafing through them, I asked her what her favorite part of the magazine was. Of course, she answered "Forum." The talk turned to fantasies, and Marla asked me directly whether I had ever fantasized about her. I was reluctant to answer until she told me that if I told her my fantasy, she would let me live it out there and then.

What an offer! Without hesitation, I told her how badly I wanted to strip naked and jerk off in front of her while she was topless, and to be able to come all over her tits. I could see the nipples underneath the flimsy fabric of her tank top harden almost immediately. Marla smiled

MAGNA

One Great Smoke



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

at me, and without saying a word, she pulled her shirt off and sat before me topless. My cock grew stiff as I sat in awe of the sight I beheld. Her boobs were just as I imagined, smallish, but very pert and firm. Each areola was about the size of a quarter, with a very erect nipple that I longed to suck.

I wasted no time in taking off all my clothes. My man meat was fully erect and pulsing with desire. I leaned over, and before I even kissed her mouth, I took Marla's left nipple between my lips and sucked and licked it. She moaned softly, leaned her head back on the couch, and thrust her tits out even further. Her hand reached out between my legs and she began to fondle my cock. She grabbed the back of my head and pressed my face against her breasts. I willingly obliged, and for endless pleasurable minutes I rolled each nipple between my lips, gently biting first one, then the other. Marla's moans grew louder, more urgent.

Reluctantly, I pulled away and leaned back against the sofa. I took my love pump in my hand and lived out my fantasy. I stroked my prick faster and faster, focusing my gaze on Marla's lovely face and naked chest, her nipples hard and pointed. I remembered what it was like to feel and taste them, and started beating off even faster. Marla was really getting into it, too; her eyes were riveted to my pulsating crotch.

I felt myself coming and asked her to lie on the couch. She was a vision of beauty, lying there with her breasts jutting up, her nipples firm and still wet with my saliva. While I straddled her naked chest, jerking off right in her face, I saw her reach down, unzip her jeans, and slip her fingers in her pussy as she started to stroke herself. That was the last straw, and I cried out loud as I started to come. Gobs of jism streamed out of my cock, and I aimed it all over Marla's boobs. When I finally regained control, I looked down and saw small pools and streams of come dripping all over her tits. She smiled, took her free hand, and smeared my seed all over herself, licking drops of it off of her fingers.

Marla pushed me off of her and said it was her turn now. She wiggled out of her jeans and panties, brought her knees to her chest, spread her legs, and stuck her fingers in her pussy. She began masturbating furiously, moaning and groaning until her hips began bucking, and she screamed out in her own orgasm. By then I was hard again, so Marla got on her knees in front of me and slipped her wet lips over the purple head. Her mouth was so warm and her lips so soft as she gently bobbed her head up and down, sucking my cock deep into her mouth. Every now and then she'd stop sucking and lick her way to my balls.

Marla then said that she wanted me inside her. I got on the floor and told her to sit on my cock so I could play with her boobs while we fucked. She spread her

legs and sat down on me. Her light-brown bush looked so inviting. Marla grabbed hold of my prick and rubbed the head against her pussy lips. She eased herself down, impaling herself on my hard rod. Her pussy felt like heaven itself. I was inside Marla all the way, and she ground her cunt against my cock. She started bucking and sliding her hips as she fucked me. I reached out and ran my hands along the sides of her lovely body, eventually fondling her tits. I squeezed and rubbed her breasts, tweaked her nipples, and leaned forward to suck her boobs into my mouth. Suddenly, Marla moaned loudly and began humping wildly. She screamed she was coming, and come she did!

Since we had no birth-control devices, we thought it best for me to come in Marla's mouth. She kissed her way down to my cock and began sucking furiously. I exploded in a matter of seconds, filling her mouth with my jism. Some of it dribbled out her mouth and onto her breasts. She reached down and rubbed a gob on her nipples, then licked her hands dry.

As incredible a night as that was, it was only our first. Our sexual exploits could fill a book, but I think after reading this account, you can see why I'd rather keep Marla my little secret. She's really too good to share with anyone else.—*Name and address withheld*

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

I am 23 years old with a slim, muscular body and firm, perky tits. In all modesty, I am quite desirable. A few weeks ago, my husband and I threw a huge keg party in our backyard. A lot of our friends brought their friends, so there were many people there that I'd never met before. Like a good hostess, I started mingling, and soon got into a deep conversation with a pretty curly-haired redhead. Annabelle had a cute Kewpie-doll face above a body that was definitely stacked. We chatted about men, weather, and other trivialities until the conversation rolled around to sex.

I got the feeling Annabelle was trying to shock me when she said, "My boyfriend and I get into orgies." "I never engaged in any," I retorted a little haughtily. Annabelle leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "Do you engage in lesbian sex?" I nodded. I had had a light encounter in the past that ended at the heavy-petting stage. My partner at the time quit, due to embarrassment I guess. Whatever the reason, I dwelled on the disappointment and longed to make love to a woman who was willing, unashamed, and would really get into it.

At this point I felt my hostess duties were calling me, so I just gave Annabelle a wink and made the rounds. I glanced at her frequently, and she kept shooting me smoldering, sexy stares. After about an hour, we resumed our conversation, and to my relief, she made her move. Annabelle suggested we share a joint, and

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.

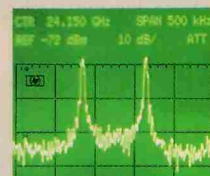


Figure 2: An electronic close-up reveals two individual signals.

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.



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 vehicle's 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 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.

No waiting for the good stuff

When testing proved that AFR was 100 percent effective, we immediately incorporated it into ESCORT and PASSPORT. Our policy is to make running changes—not model changes—whenever a refinement is ready. That way our customers always get the latest science.

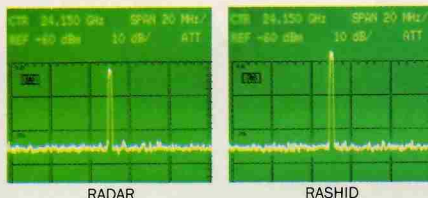


Figure 1: A digital spectrum analyzer scanning the entire width of K band can't see the difference between radar and Rashid.

AFR is fully automatic. There are no extra switches or lights. Nothing for you to bother about. The Rashid problem simply goes away.

Last year *Road & Track* called us "the industry leader in detector technology." We intend to keep earning our accolades.

Now... same-day shipping

Call us toll free with your questions. If you decide to buy, orders in by 3:00 pm eastern time Monday through Friday go out the same day by UPS, and we pay for shipping. Overnight delivery is guaranteed by Federal Express for \$10 extra.

Money-back guarantee

If you're not entirely satisfied in 30 days, return the purchase. We'll refund all your money, including return postage, with no questions.

We specialize in breakthroughs. Can we make one for you?

Order Today

TOLL FREE... 800-543-1608

(Phone M-F 8-11, Sat 9-5:30, Sun 10-5 EST)



By mail send to address below. All orders processed immediately. Prices slightly higher for Canadian shipments.

PASSPORT
RADAR • RECEIVER

Pocket-Size Radar Protection \$295
(Ohio res. add \$16.23 tax)

ESCORT
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

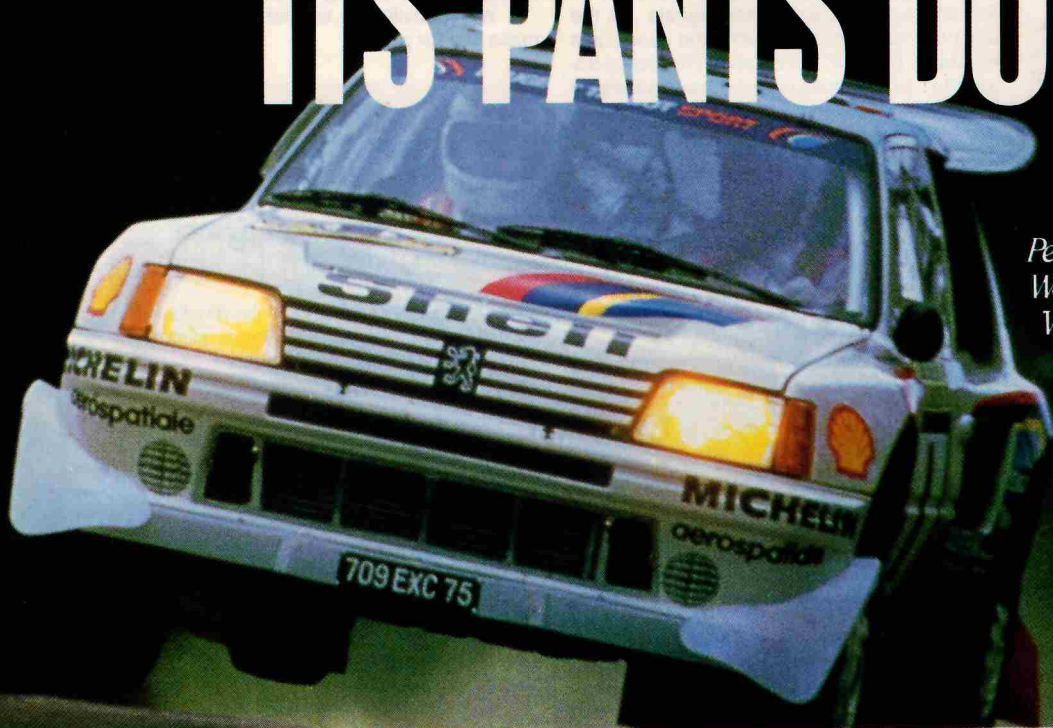
The Classic of Radar Warning \$245
(Ohio Res. add \$13.48 tax)

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 60547
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

© 1986 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

Now... same-day shipping at no extra cost.

WHILE THE WORLD WAS BUSY WATCHING FRENCH FASHION, WE CAUGHT IT WITH ITS PANTS DOWN.



*Peugeot
World Rally Champion 1985
World Rally Champion 1986*

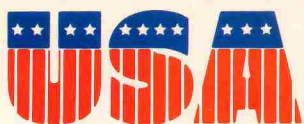
The power that drove Peugeot to two consecutive World Rally Championships is something you can feel the minute you slip behind the wheel of a 150 hp 505 intercooled Turbo. If you think the French are merely leaders in fashion, you should test drive one.

It'll knock your socks off.



PEUGEOT 505
NOTHING ELSE FEELS LIKE IT.™





BY SHARON CHURCHER

FLIGHT SAFETY? THEY DON'T DARE TALK!

Last Christmas Day, as fog and cloud shrouded Chicago's frenetic O'Hare International Airport, a DC-8 owned by a small carrier succeeded in making its final approach after what the flight engineer relates as a "mad scramble" in the cockpit. The plane's directional gyros had been malfunctioning on previous trips, and that day they didn't function at all. "This company's maintenance is pathetic," says the engineer. "We call our mechanics 'box changers' because all they do is change the black box. When something like the gyros goes down, it's supposed to be written up in the log to make sure it's fixed, but it's not. If you write it in the log, you get fired."

A barrage of publicity has highlighted the dangers posed by skimpy maintenance at the precariously financed airlines that, touting attractive fares, have proliferated in recent years. Yet the cause of this problem has been largely overlooked: In the unlikely event that a pilot or mechanic for a major carrier had to balk at flying an unsafe plane—unlikely because big airlines have big supplies of spare parts—he would have a union to protect him from dismissal. The firm that owns the gyroless DC-8 is nonunion, as is commonly the case in its segment of the industry. "One of the crew schedulers told me, 'If you hear anyone talking union around here, tell me,'" recalls a former pilot for another small company, National



Airlines, a New York-based charterer now in Chapter 11 bankruptcy. Over company denials, another ex-National pilot charges that maintenance was "terrible." He experienced two engine failures. "We were guaranteed 60 hours' pay per month. Over the 60, it was per hour, and since there was no union, the company didn't have to pay if you grounded a trip because of problems with the airplane," he says.

A bill that would have given such employees another form of protection if they blew the whistle on safety violations, permitting them to sue for damages, died in the last Congress. Crew members like the DC-8 flight engineer say that conse-

quently they are scared to use a toll-free safety hot line that has been set up by the F.A.A. Though the agency promises confidentiality, it doesn't take much ingenuity for a carrier suddenly slapped with penalties to guess where the snitch works.

"Our outfit, all they would do if someone called the 800 number is nail the captain's butt to the wall," the flight engineer says.

Because of the testimony that followed the crash of an Arrow Air charter that killed 248 U.S. servicemen in 1985, you might assume that the F.A.A. is alert to what seems to be widespread crew discontent at the smaller companies. Testifying before a Senate subcommittee,

former Arrow pilots charged, over yet more of those company denials, not only that crucial maintenance was routinely postponed, but that their hours were often so long that some crew members would fall asleep in the cockpit and the flight attendants would have to shake them awake. However, an F.A.A. spokesman points out that to date there has been no proof that maintenance shortcomings contributed to the disaster. He dismisses the complaints that other firms' employees made to me as smacking of "exaggeration," since only one fatal accident occurred among small carriers in 1986. The agency has started in-depth inspections—each airline initially will get one thorough going-over—the spokesman adds, and also conducts routine inspections, the frequency of which supposedly depends on a carrier's track record.

"I haven't seen an F.A.A. inspector in a month and a half," says the flight engineer on the gyroless DC-8, stifling a yawn. He seldom gets the F.A.A.-specified rest periods. "Our owner's attitude is, anybody who doesn't want to work 30 days a month has a flaw in his character," he explains, adding that he lost his last job—with another non-union carrier—for complaining.

An off-duty pilot, catching a flight to New York, stuffed 12 bottles of scotch into his bag and walked right through the security check. "What if it had been 12 bottles of gas to blow up the plane?" he frets. The unsettling answer, according to Marvin Badler, a security consultant to El Al, is that a bottle-toting terrorist

probably would be able to board hassle-free at any U.S. airport, unless he was bound for an overseas destination. While several American carriers are adopting El Al's rigorous screening techniques, including preboarding interrogations, for international flights, metal detectors—which are unable to tell the difference

between gasoline and alcohol—are still the only precaution on domestic routes of which Badler is aware. "I walked through a detector at Kennedy Airport the other day with my gun on my hip, and the machine didn't go off," he adds. "The security guard said, 'Oh yes, the machine doesn't always work.'"

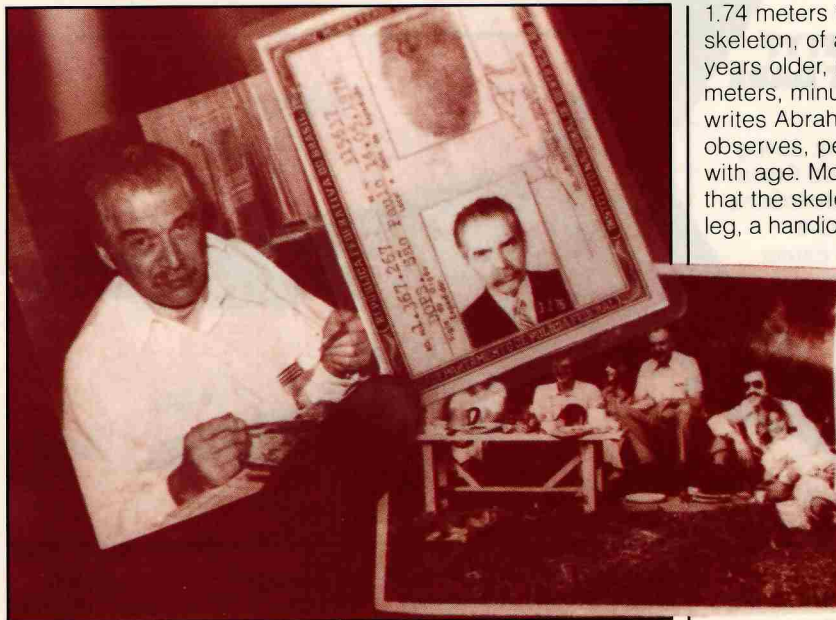
CONFIDENTIAL

ROYAL ANOREXIA?

Sarah "Fergie" Ferguson, whose wedding to Britain's "Randy" Prince Andrew made her the cover girl of 1986, has winnowed off so many pounds that she is just a slip of her old Rubenesque self, and the talk of the palace is that she's a candidate for anorexia.

"The queen and Prince Andrew are very worried because she's so compulsive about losing weight," confides a family friend. Fergie reportedly shed the first 12 pounds with a diet of orange juice and red meat. "She said, 'I have to lose more weight,' " says the friend.

In a desperate attempt to save those contours, the queen urged Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones—daughter of H.R.H.'s sister, Princess Margaret—to intercede, the friend says. "Sarah was once mildly anorexic," he says, "and she got over it, so the queen asked her to talk to Fergie. But Fergie told her to mind her own business."



DOUBTS ABOUT MENGELE

After an expert hired by the U.S. Marshal's Service, University of Maryland anthropologist Ellis Kerley, and other scientists on a special team concluded with "reasonable scientific certainty" that a skeleton exhumed in Brazil was that of the long-missing Josef Mengele, this country closed its file on the case. Testifying to Congress, a Justice Department official confessed, however, that he wasn't convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that the team was correct—an admission that, as it turns out, may have been wise. According to court papers filed in New York, just months before making the Brazilian identification, Kerley ruled that there was a "95 percent chance" that another South American resident was Mengele.

The papers, submitted by Council on Hemispheric Affairs human-rights activist Richard Alan White in a dispute with a newspaper

that he claims retained him to find Mengele, say that Kerley wasn't alone in fingering an unidentified Uruguayan as the sadistic Auschwitz medical experimenter. A Smithsonian Institution forensic anthropologist concurred with him. The two experts were working with 1985 photographs of the Uruguayan and a 1937 picture of the young Mengele. Subsequently, White tells me, the Israeli Mossad sent 20 agents to try to snatch the man, only to determine that he wasn't Mengele.

Kerley explains that the erroneous I.D. was based on measurements of facial "landmarks." "There was a 95 percent probability that the two men were the same, but I said in my report that there was a five percent probability that they were not," he notes.

In a book published in Brazil, *The Angel of Death: The Mengele Dossier*, Ben Abraham, a journalist and Auschwitz survivor, argues that the Brazilian skeleton may not have been Mengele, either. At 27, Mengele was

1.74 meters tall, while the skeleton, of a man some 40 years older, measured 1.75 meters, minus the scalp, writes Abraham. Normally, he observes, people shrink with age. Moreover, he says that the skeleton had a gimp leg, a handicap not recorded in a 1934 medical report on Mengele. Abraham theorizes that the Nazi war criminal hatched an elaborate hoax to throw off the international manhunt, duping,

among others, an Austrian-born couple who assert that they sheltered the man whose skeleton was discovered and that he admitted to being Mengele. The couple, whose testimony influenced the Kerley team's conclusion, may have housed Mengele's chosen "double," postulates Abraham.

Though the Justice Department was readying a report at press time that was expected to contain new evidence favoring Kerley's conclusion, another nation's scientists seem to persist in having reservations.

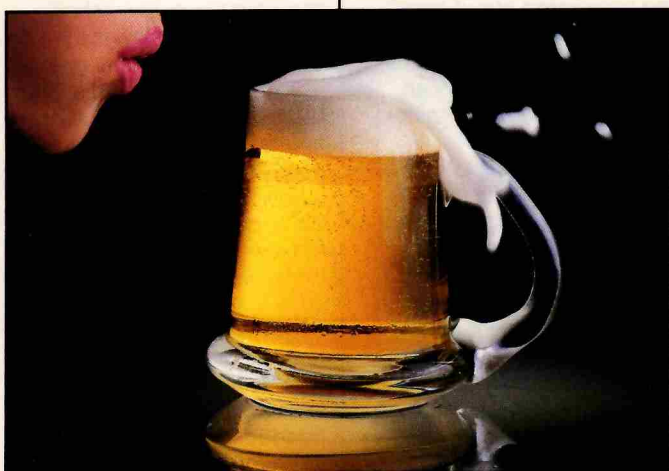
"Our experts are still working on the case," says Dennis Gouldman, an Israeli official. However, Kerley is confident that this time there was no mistake. "The overwhelming preponderance of evidence is that it was Mengele," he says.

He goes on to dismiss Abraham's book as an example of a tendency among Holocaust survivors to refuse to accept Mengele's death "for emotional reasons. They want to have the chance to take revenge."

A FASHIONABLE RESORT

The latest hot place for glitterati like Henry Kissinger is Casa de Campo, a Dominican Republic resort with such essentials as 150 polo ponies. A socialite whispers that fashion designer Oscar de la Renta, by birth Dominican and an old friend of the resort's founder, Gulf & Western boss Charles Bluhdorn, had expected it would be offered to him one

day on "very attractive terms." Instead, after Bluhdorn died of a heart attack (while flying home from Casa de Campo), his firm sold the resort and an adjoining sugar plantation to a family of sugar barons. De la Renta denies, however, that he ever had ambitions to take over. "Oscar designed a lot of the Casa de Campo interiors and staff uniforms," Bluhdorn's daughter Dominique elaborates. "But I don't see him running a sugar mill."



BEVERLY HILLS BEER

They are refraining from calling it that, but there's no disputing the glitzy credentials of a new brew that should start to hit the stores toward the end of this year. It's the brainstorm of Jerry Goldstein, founder of the Napa Valley's Acacia Winery, and Wolfgang Puck, chef-owner of Spago, a Hollywood favorite where the parking-lot Rolls-Royce count has been known to reach 21 on a good night.

Their beer will conform to Germany's ancient *Reinheitsgebot* (purity in brewing) law. This stipulates that the only grain it can contain is malted barley. "The big American brewers want to appeal to the masses, so they tend to produce a beer

with a lighter flavor, using less expensive ingredients like corn and rice," says Goldstein. The competition to the new project won't be American beer, however, but imports like Beck's—which already accord with German standards. "Imports can have a real skunky flavor because they've begun to deteriorate," claims Goldstein.

Tom Schwalm of Dribeck, the American importer of Beck's, counters that it takes at least 120 days for deterioration to set in, but at most 14 days to ship Beck's all the way to California. Besides, Beck's dates from 1553. "To do what Beck does and make a beer according to a law that allows no preservatives and no foam stabilizers is very difficult," he warns.

U.N. CONDOM CONTROVERSY

Just what does the World Health Organization, an arm of the vast United Nations bureaucracy, hope to do with the \$1.5 billion a year it plans to be raising by the 1990s to combat AIDS? An agency document speaks of persuading people to use condoms "in all casual sexual encounters." Curiously, however, the document says nothing about handing out those condoms free, or at least at low-cost, in poverty-stricken parts of the world like Africa where the disease is threatening to reach pandemic proportions. Instead, W.H.O. devotes copious space to social-worker jargon about encouraging countries to develop research and educational programs involving the appropriate "message tone" and "traditional media."

One staffer at the Agency for International Development (A.I.D.), the U.S. agency that liaises with W.H.O., says that his colleagues had urged the distribution of free prophylactics in Africa, only to be shot down by White House representatives who feared that this would send

the continent on a promiscuous binge. If so, Ronnie's boys seem to have swiftly reversed themselves: An A.I.D. spokesman tells me that an initial \$2 million U.S. donation to the new program is intended "primarily for measures like condom distribution." Rather, the resistance to such common sense appears to be from W.H.O.

"I just can't picture W.H.O. distributing condoms on street corners," W.H.O. information officer Catherine Dasen told me. "We are not a service organization," concurred a high-ranking W.H.O. official. "W.H.O. is an intergovernmental organization that helps governments with the exchange of information." I was referred for further help to a third official at the agency, Dr. Ronald St. John, who said that member nations of W.H.O. could get money from the program to set up their own prevention schemes. In what he saw as the unlikely event that they desired "free condom stands," W.H.O. "would probably fund it. But educating people against indiscriminate sexual contact is the best method."

A conservative is often a liberal who's been mugged. But a civil libertarian is often a conservative who is being investigated.

JUSTICE

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Every so often, some dramatic event reminds us that the Bill of Rights protects *everyone's* liberty. Many Americans believe only "certain kinds of people"—not them, of course—have to invoke the first ten amendments. "They" may need its protections, but not "us," ordinary law-abiding citizens who mind our own business and stay out of trouble.

More specifically, political conservatives are always complaining that the Bill of Rights (with the exception of the Second Amendment's right to bear arms) is only invoked by criminals, pornographers, radicals, feminists, atheists, gays, and druggies. But the newspapers are rife with stories that demonstrate that the first ten amendments are there for everybody.

During the early days of the Iran-contra arms fiasco, former members of the Reagan administration, including the President's recently "retired" national security adviser, invoked the Fifth Amendment, the most stigmatizing of them all. Rather

than immediately condemning its invocation, President Reagan's initial reaction was to explain and justify its use in this case. When specifically asked whether he was disappointed that his former aides were pleading the Fifth to avoid testifying before congressional committees, President Reagan explained, "I think it should be perfectly obvious. It's not new or unusual. It has happened many times before."

This has not "happened many times before." It's extremely rare for high-ranking officials—present or former, civilian or military—to invoke the privilege against self-incrimination. Nor did President Reagan mention that in the past, when private citizens—actors, screenwriters, directors, and others—had pleaded the Fifth, he and his friends had been somewhat less understanding. Those citizens, who had the temerity to refuse to answer questions about their political beliefs and associations, were labeled "Fifth Amendment Communists." But now, those who plead the privilege are being called patriots. It all depends, I guess, on whose ox is being gored—or more precisely, whose interests are being protected by invoking the privilege.

On another front, many police officers around the country are suddenly realizing the virtues of the Fourth Amendment, which protects citizens against unreasonable searches and seizures. For years, police associations worked to weaken the Fourth Amendment by abolishing or limiting the so-


called "exclusionary rule." This court-made rule prevents the government from using evidence that was obtained in violation of the defendant's constitutional rights. But now that police departments around the country are mandating random drug tests, the men and women in blue are screaming about how totally unreasonable this is. Some are even asking their archenemy, the American Civil Liberties Union, to help them out.

This time, at least, the Reagan administration is consistent, siding with those police departments that are sticking with their drug-testing programs. We haven't heard the President defending the invocation of the Fourth Amendment. Indeed, he has threatened to fire any federal employee who refuses to urinate in the bottle, thus imposing a double standard on the applications of the Fourth and Fifth amendments.

Even the First Amendment has been discovered to be useful by those who are anxious to limit free expression. Moral Majoritarians in Tennessee, who would like to censor everything except their own version of the Scriptures, have trotted out the First Amendment in support of their right to refuse to allow their children to read *The Diary of Anne Frank* and other "anti-Christian" propaganda that public-school teachers have been assigning. These same groups—who condemn the right of a child to refuse to salute the American flag—regard the teaching of scientific theories of evolution

and biology as the state-supported establishment of "secular humanism." They would have no complaint if our government established Christian fundamentalism as the state religion. But teaching science is too much for them. President Reagan, who has declared that a little prayer in the public schools never hurt anyone, has yet to be heard from on this one.

The upshot of all this is to broaden the potential scope and application of the most important protections of our Bill of Rights. This is to be applauded, even though those who are now invoking the protections are doing so in a self-serving—some might say hypocritical—manner. But the Bill of Rights was designed to protect the righteous and even-handed, as well as self-serving hypocrites.

There is an old saw that says, "A conservative is a liberal who's been mugged." All too often that is true. But it is equally true that a civil libertarian is often a conservative who is being investigated. Everybody eventually makes use of at least some of the Bill of Rights. That is why the framers of our Constitution refused to ratify it before the first ten amendments were made part of it. As we approach its 200th anniversary, it is important for Americans to realize that our Constitution protects Communists and fascists, atheists and fundamentalists, Democrats and Republicans, saints and sinners. The evening news is but one reminder that it is a living charter, for all seasons. 

For people who like to smoke...



© Philip Morris Inc. 1987

10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

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



BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.



Discover an ultra light with real flavor.

Merit Ultra Lights



DOCTOR GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting
By Frequent Women May Result in Fast
Hips, Promote Skin, And Live With Weight

© 1994 B&W T Co.

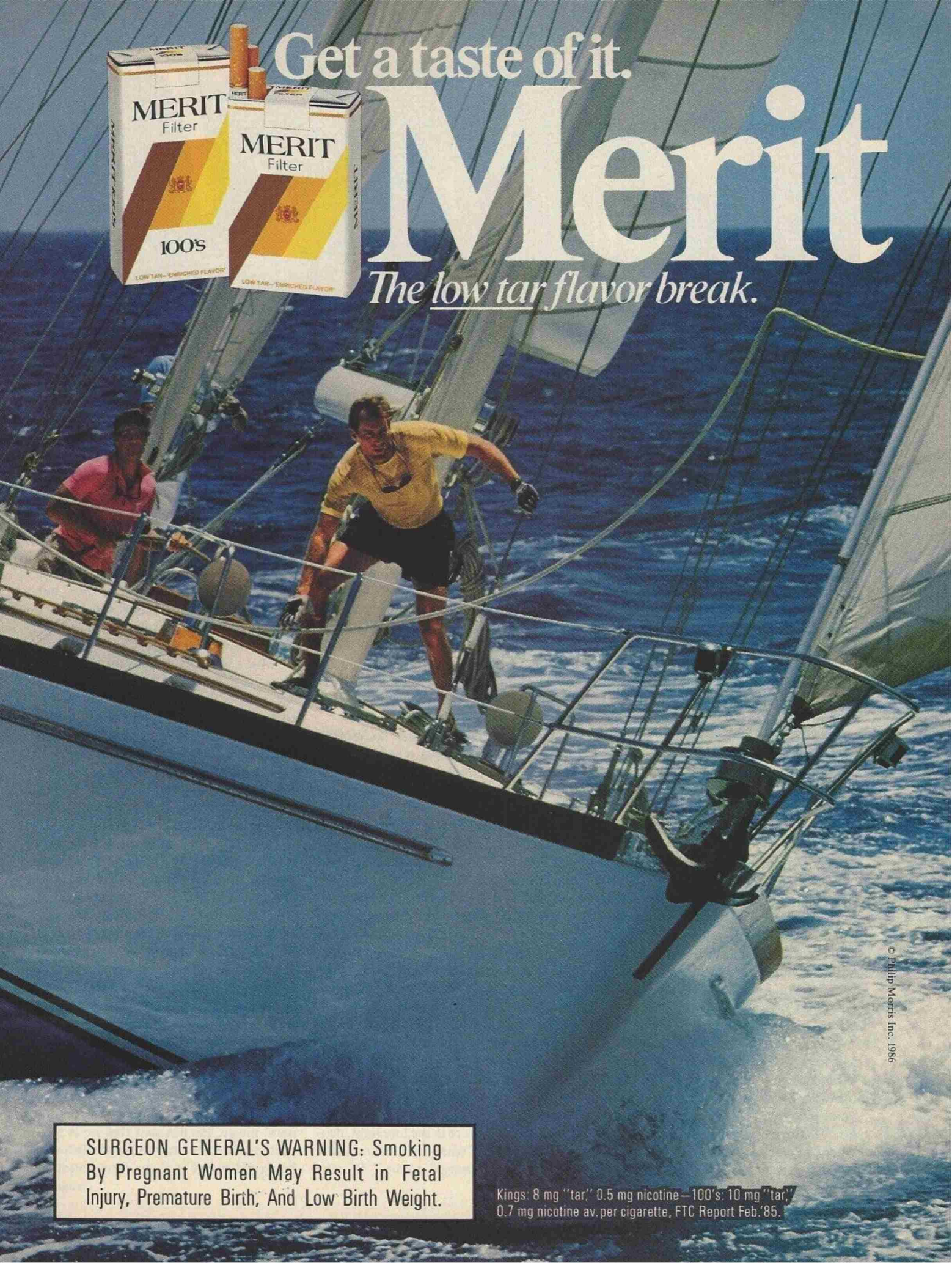
Merit Ultra Lights® 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



Get a taste of it.

Merit

The low tar flavor break.



© Philip Morris Inc. 1986

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

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85.

Intrigued by the mystery of boxing, writer Joyce Carol Oates takes to the ringside to explore a sport exclusively dominated by men.

Women

BY LAURA BERLAND



"I've never been present at anything like the Hagler-Hearns fight of 1985, where the crowd started screaming when the fighters appeared and just kept screaming until they were worked up into a frenzied state. I was with some of my writer friends, a little group of academics, looking around, fascinated . . ." Ironically, the woman who describes herself here as one of a little group of bewildered intellectuals packs some of the most powerful prose to portray the macho world of professional prizefighting. That woman is Joyce Carol Oates, author of 17 novels—including *Them*, which won the National Book Award—13 volumes of short stories, eight books of poetry, and a number of books of essays; several-time nominee for the Nobel Prize for Literature; professor at Princeton University; and considered by many to be one of the prominent writers of the decade.

Oates's first stab at exploring her impressions of professional prizefighting on paper appeared in the form

of a *New York Times* essay in the summer of 1985. Now she has expanded that essay into a full-length book entitled *On Boxing*, published by Dolphin/Doubleday. *On Boxing* looks at the sport from many angles, including its historical evolution, as a history of the black man in America; as a multimillion-dollar business; the lore of fighting in literature and film. Interspersed throughout are Oates's philosophical musings, such as the "primordial appeal" of the boxing match as an expression of man's innate aggression.

Norman Mailer, a boxing aficionado himself, was among those to praise Oates's original essay, proclaiming it to be so good he almost thought "I had written it myself," and added that the essay was "one of the most creative acts of feminism I've ever encountered . . ." Somewhat less than enthusiastic with Mailer's implication that for a woman to write well, she must invariably write like a man, Oates agrees, at least in part, that her work on boxing represents a coup for feminism. She demonstrated that a female writer could, in fact, enter the arena of what she calls "a celebration of the lost religion of masculinity," a world that "is for men, and is about men, and is men." Her observations and insights proved so acute that the original essay generated overwhelming response, not only from boxing fans but from the sports world—people like Jimmy Jacobs, Mike Tyson's manager, who Oates proudly recalled, "liked my work and even photostated my essay to send

to other people."

Oates stresses that she does not hold forth the fighter as the masculine ideal to which all men should aspire. Rather, she candidly says, "I don't think most men would measure themselves against the professional fighter. For one thing, they dare not. It would be like most women measuring themselves against outstanding women in the pages of *Penthouse*. It's an ideal we don't want to measure ourselves against."


Oates reveals that her interest in boxing has much to do with the fact that it exists as an extreme example of masculine aggression. She criticizes those who turn a blind eye to the sport because they object to its violence or celebration of machismo, and tells *Penthouse*, "I think there are some feminists and perhaps others who think that by not liking it . . . they will somehow make it go away. But they don't. Because it is there we have to consider it." Oates's willingness to grapple with violence has drawn some criticism of her work as distorted and exploitative. It is a critique that Oates dispels as "insulting, ignorant, and sexist" because it arises from prevailing attitudes that "war, rape, murder . . . fall within the exclusive province of the male writer, just as . . . they fall within the exclusive province of male action."

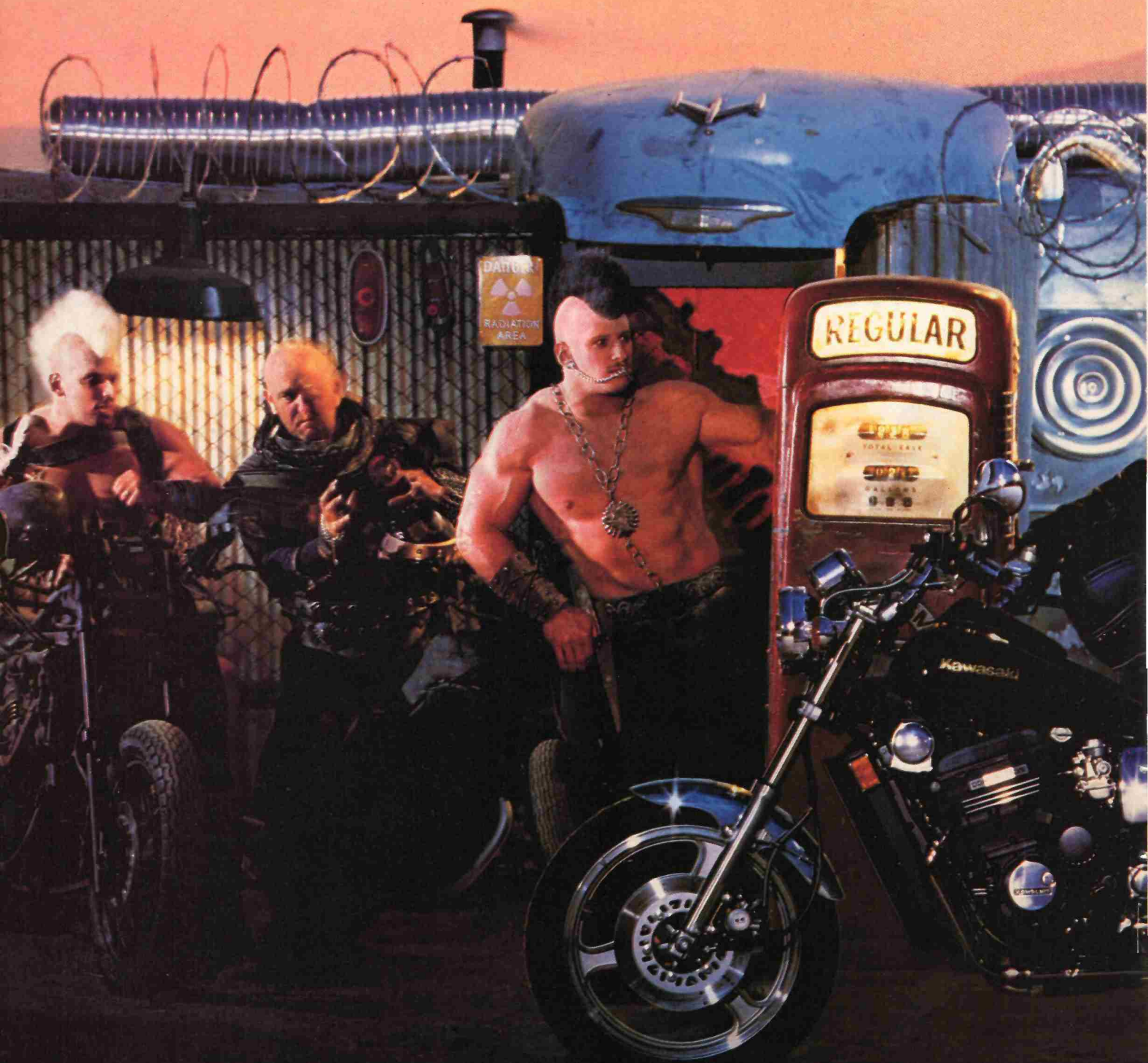
Much more than a feminist statement, however, *On Boxing* represents a personal challenge for Joyce Carol Oates—a challenge that began as an investigation of boxing from a sociological

perspective, as a phenomenon in our society and its relationship to sports in general. During the six months it took to complete her book, boxing became much more than a sociological study for Oates. She found herself drawn deeper into "the arcane quality, the mythology of boxing, the different world from ours but continuous with ours. . . ."

"It is the emblem of two men fighting in an elevated ring which is well lighted, with crowds encircling them," Oates reflects. "It's very dreamlike. I'm thinking of George Bellows's paintings, the oils of the 1920s in which those fighters have a heraldic quality. There are some boxers like Jack Dempsey and Muhammad Ali, and now Mike Tyson, certainly Joe Louis, that acquire a significance beyond their individual selves. It's as if on some level they're saviors. When they appear in the arena, people start screaming."

Oates's examination of boxing as metaphor as well as her appreciation of the spectacle itself makes her writing powerful. While sports fans view Mike Tyson as the next heavyweight champion of the world, Oates will not only record Tyson's "shrewdness," "his icy-cold determination," but Tyson as "a symbol of something beyond himself that Tyson himself can't guess at."

As for the future, will Oates continue to write on boxing? As long as it maintains its mystique for her. After all, says Oates, "I'm not someone who feels she knows all the answers; I'm more interested in questions." 



It is written that the meek shall inherit the earth. It fails to say, however, just how long they'll hang on to the roads. Or if.

Enter Kawasaki's hot new ZL. 1000cc's of hungry hardware that thrives on possession of pavement.

Because it's out t

REMEMBER, RIDING SAFE IS RIDING SMART. ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET, EYE PROTECTION AND PROPER APPAREL. PASSENGERS, TOO. RIDE DEFENSIVELY. OBEY THE BASIC SPEED LAW. NEVER RIDE UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DRUGS OR ALCOHOL. ADHERE TO THE



bike eat bike
here.

Kawasaki's ZL1000 is fit. Very fit. It's the quickest road runner alive. And out there, that makes it man's best friend.

Survival belongs to the fittest. And at zero to fifty in 2.2 seconds,

Kawasaki

Let the good times roll.

MAINTENANCE SCHEDULE IN YOUR OWNER'S MANUAL. CALL 1-800-447-4700 FOR THE MOTORCYCLE SAFETY FOUNDATION BEGINNER OR EXPERT COURSE NEAR YOU. SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. AVAILABILITY MAY BE LIMITED.



And only the hungry survive.

Hungry bikes prowl where others fear to tread. So they have to be well equipped to handle themselves. This fearsome foursome is.

The '87 KZ305. Priced and sized for entry level. But it's larger than the 250's and hot enough to give 400's fits.

The 454 LTD. A liquid-cooled, eight-valve sophisticated street stalker. Ready for action. ZL600. The heart of a superbike, tuned for

more bottom end. Liquid-cooled, 16 valves, shaft drive. Basic boulevard brilliance.

The new Vulcan.TM Restyled with a full 750cc. A torquey V-twin with low-end pull. And maintenance-free hydraulic valve lash adjusters. The prince of the city.

If you're ready for some heavy cruising, try the Kawasaki Street Quartet. They play for keeps.

Kawasaki
Let the good times roll.

Sport-shoe technology has advanced so much recently that even the designs of five years ago are obsolete.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



A lot of dieting guides mention certain high-water foods, such as celery, as having "negative calories," since chewing burns more calories than the food actually contains. What other foods have this negative calorie value?—Dick Wass, Schenectady, N.Y.

You would have to chew your teeth to stumps to compensate for the calories in any food. It is true though that high-water, low-calorie foods can help a diet. Spaghetti squash, for instance, is over 90 percent water and, without sauce, has only 19 calories per three-and-a-half-ounce serving. It's a satisfying substitute for conventional spaghetti, which runs 320 calories for the same size serving. Twelve such meals, and you avoid one solid pound of body fat.

The trick is to make low-cal food into good meals. Try a big plate of steamed asparagus (eight ounces) for only 60 calories, with a smidgen of melted cheese (20 calories) or some Butter Buds, a low-calorie butter substitute. Served with half a boiled

potato (60 calories), again with Butter Buds, and chopped chives, you get a satisfying meal.

Other satisfying low-cal foods include eggplant (25 calories per three-and-a-half-ounce serving), tomatoes (24 calories), mung-bean shoots (36 calories), strawberries (39 calories), and grapefruit (40 calories).

Most fruits have roughly double the calories of vegetables, with ripe bananas containing the most—90 calories for a small one. Melons vary a lot depending on sweetness. The sweeter the melon, the higher the calories; so don't fool yourself by gorging on them.

I have been dieting and exercising steadily for the past six months and still can't get rid of my saddlebags. I have been considering liposuction and would like to know if you think it is dangerous.—Claudia Rich, Knoxville, Tenn.

All surgery is potentially dangerous. But if your doctor follows the procedures approved by the American Board of Plastic Surgery, it is safe and very effective.

Liposuction for saddlebags is a fairly simple procedure. Following a local or spinal-block anesthetic, the physician inserts a small tube, called a cannula; moves it about under the skin; and literally sucks out the fat cells with a vacuum pump. That's all there is to it.

Unfortunately, a bit of body rebellion follows. The thighs are wrapped and taped, but quickly become swollen and very painful. Most doc-

tors will advise walking, often the same day, even though it will hurt like hell. Support panty hose are worn for six weeks after, and some loss of feeling is common because of minor nerve damage. This rarely lasts more than six months.

Liposuction insures *permanent* removal of saddlebags. It's very hard for the body to grow them back again because the fat-storage cells no longer exist in the treated areas. The procedure costs \$3,000 to \$5,000, and I think it's the best thing since sliced bread for saddlebags and other isolated fat pockets. To find a top-notch doctor in your area, contact the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, 233 N. Michigan Avenue, Suite 1900, Chicago, Ill. 60601.

I've read recently about the latest specially designed walking shoes. Are these shoes necessary for this exercise plan, or are my running shoes sufficient?—Daryll Seavey, Carmel, N.Y.

Sport-shoe technology has advanced so much recently that even the designs of five years ago are obsolete. Today's running shoes are straight-lasted—that is, there is more support under the arch of the foot. This better controls pronation; it stops the foot from rolling inward. For both walking and running it is far less tiring.


Then there is the counter, which cradles the heel. Counters used to be soft with little support. Now they are very firm, often with an extra stiffener on the shoe's exterior. If your shoes lack a

firm counter, then they are not suitable for walking, especially on uneven trails.

Inside modern shoes there is a removable sock lining (which used to be called the innersole). The best are composites of different shock-absorbent materials. Sock linings are most important for distances over ten miles. The midsole of the shoe, the layer between the sock lining and the outersole, is now superbly resilient. Nike, for example, claims that its Air Sole retains resiliency for thousands of miles.

In the last two years, there have been many running shoes adapted to walking, some merely relabeled to catch the dollars of the walking boom. You don't need to buy a special walking shoe, however. High-quality running shoes are just as good and frequently cheaper. Men should choose from the Converse Odessa, Le Coq Sportif Turbotronic, New Balance 735, Sako Super XL, or Brooks Tempo.

The New Balance 520 and the Puma Medley are superbly designed for the female foot. The older Saucony Lady Jazz is still available, usually at discounted prices under \$30 a pair. Most running and good walking shoes run \$50 to \$80.

We have tried some of the new walking shoes and some of the lightweight hiking shoes, but they are generally heavier and less comfortable than good running shoes. Some of our athletes are using the New Balance 735s for tough mountain hiking and have not had a single injury attributable to the shoes. 

The time has come
to look at the facts and dispel
the myth of the nurturing
mother and the neglectful father.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



Once again, men find themselves in a no-win situation: Condemned as neglectful in their parental duties and at the same time dismissed as unimportant in their children's psychological and emotional development, they are perpetually relegated to the status of nonentities in their children's lives following divorce. Increasingly, evidence has come to the fore indicating that men are, in fact, neither villainous nor inconsequential but, rather, loving, caring, and central to their children's well-being. The time has come to destroy the fallacy that fathers are not equally capable of raising their children and, consequently, mothers should be the only ones awarded custody after the dissolution of marriage.

Throughout the last century, our culture has accepted the image of the nurturing mother and the neglectful father with little regard for its accuracy. Jane Young, in "Fathers Also Rise," an article appearing in *New York* magazine, points out that "the neglectful, irresponsible father

that runs away from his family, leaving his ex-wife and children to live in penury, has become a staple of American folklore." While this idea has long been accepted as fact, there is little to support its existence in reality. In my own experience as a lawyer, I find that for every uninvolved father there are many more that are attentive, interested, and eager to share in the child rearing.

Unfortunately, our courts have adopted the image of the negligent father in dealing with the issue of child custody. We need only to look at national statistics to back up the claim that in a majority of cases, men lose their children following divorce. In 1985, only ten percent of the 12 million children of broken homes were placed in the custody of their fathers. With the entry of the divorce decree, men are asked, in effect, to become nonentities in regard to their children.

We can thank the media in large part for promoting the villainous-father image. TV and radio continually broadcast the plight of single mothers and children who have been cruelly deserted by a callous father. While I don't deny this sad situation exists, virtually no attention is given to the dilemma of men who are just as pitilessly excluded from their children's lives. This leads to the misconception that men are unfeeling, uncaring brutes in regard to their offspring. In contrast, Dr. John Jacobs, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine, finds that many men suffer

intensely when they are separated from their children, and they often retreat to avoid further pain. He observes, "Often the most devoted fathers can deal with intense sadness only by withdrawal and fewer visits."


Psychology has played an important role in leading us to believe that mothers play the crucial part in a child's development, while fathers are mere observers. In his excellent book *Fathers*, Ross D. Parke sets forth theories as to why men have historically been classified as second-class citizens when it comes to parenting. Parke cites Sigmund Freud and John Bowlby as major supporters of the theory that the infant's relationship with its mother plays the primary role in shaping its personality. Again, fathers are left out in the cold.

Yet, increasingly new and convincing data places this concept of the all-important mother and inconsequential father in a dubious light. Psychologists Richard Warshak and John Santrock conducted a study of the emotional, social, and personal development of 64 elementary-school-aged children—one third in the custody of their mothers, one third in the custody of their fathers, and one third in two-parent households. According to Warshak, "The children in the father-custody homes looked every bit as good as the children in mother-custody homes."

Studies demonstrate not only that a healthy father-child relationship may have an advantageous effect on the child's psyche, but that a

father's absence may cause serious development problems. Judith S. Wallerstein and Joan Berlin Kelly's study of predominantly middle-class children of divorce found that children who did not see their fathers often developed profound emotional and behavioral problems, some of which emerged at later stages in their life.

If mothers and fathers make equally good parents and are equally necessary for a child's well-being, the question naturally arises as to which party should obtain custody following divorce. I advocate joint or shared custody as the only solution to an imperfect situation. Historically, the courts have been reluctant to grant divided custody, the main justification being that shuffling a child between homes promotes instability. I believe, however, that the evidence is far more convincing that depriving a child of either parent can have a more serious detrimental effect. I share the sentiment of *The Christian Science Monitor* when it recently reported, "Shared parenting arrangements can promote the feeling that both parents are devoted to [their children] and love them."

Having represented hundreds of divorced fathers, I have always found their overriding concern to be their offspring's healthy development. In all too many cases, however, they are relegated to observers, unable to influence the course of their children's lives. It is time for all of us to recognize that they, too, cry and bleed at the loss of parenthood. 

Get Fox[®] radar protection before radar gets you.



INTRODUCING VIXEN III[™]

Finally. Driving is fun again, because the new Vixen III takes the guesswork out of spotting police radar. Despite competing claims, it's a simple fact: No other radar detector combines Vixen III protection with Vixen III convenience.

Radar can't hide from Vixen III.

Low power X or K Band radar can't hide. Quarter-second bursts of instant-on radar can't hide. Moving radar, approaching from behind, is announced loud and clear. Even distant, hidden radar can't hide. You *know* when radar is on the road long before it knows you are.

The exceptional range and sensitivity of Vixen III are made possible by newly developed Fox analog microcircuitry. (No one else has it.) At the instant of radar contact, an oversize, six-part LED meter tells you if the radar is near or far. A variable pulse audible alarm also informs you of your distance from the radar source.

Vixen III cannot be fooled.

Drivers put their trust in radar detectors. So nothing is more misleading—or annoying—than false alarms caused by non-radar signals. Vixen III filters out false alarms with the newest Random Signal Reject (RSR[™]) technology.

When you receive an alert, it *has* to be radar. It won't be a false alarm caused by a mobile phone, an airplane overhead, or another radar detector nearby. In a year or two, every high-end detector will probably offer the advantages of RSR. But why wait? Vixen III offers them *now*.

No other radar detector is this convenient and easy to use.

To make driving even more pleasant and worry-free, Fox originated these exclusive Vixen III features...

AutoPower makes it unnecessary to turn off Vixen III, or disconnect its power cord, when leaving your vehicle. Vixen III shuts itself down when the ignition is turned off, then turns itself back on when your vehicle is started.



Vixen III. The slyest Fox of them all.

Another exclusive, *AutoMute*, keeps long radar alerts from competing with music or conversation. The audible alarm silences itself after five seconds. (You continue to monitor radar range with the LED meter.) The alarm will remain silent—until the start of your next radar encounter.

Four full-size pushbuttons, each with its own On/Off indicator, give you instant command of all Vixen III functions. Two pushbuttons control *AutoMute* and *AutoPower*. Another lets you select Highway to extend Vixen III range on the

open road. The Lights pushbutton shuts down all LED indicators for discreet, after-dark driving.

Vixen III is the most user-friendly detector you can own.

Backed by experience, built to last.

Vixen III is the successor to our highly rated Vixen II[™]—the detector that earned *Road & Track* magazine's highest rating.

Vixen III electronics are protected by a handsome, rugged case that is made of metal, not plastic. The integration of Vixen III circuitry enhances reliability as well as performance.

Over one-million Fox radar detectors have been put into service since 1975. Vixen III is the culmination of a decade's leadership in microwave technology.

In the unlikely event your Vixen III should need service or adjustment, a one-year limited warranty on all parts and service is packaged with each Vixen III.

Surely, Vixen III is the preferred cure for any driver's radar worries. Maybe that is why simply announcing Vixen III generated over 2,000 advance orders from our customers.

A phone call puts you closer to driving peace of mind.

We can ship you a Vixen III for only \$249.95. For more information, call us toll free at 1-800-543-8000. Please ask for Department B.



Fox radar detectors employ dual conversion superheterodyne circuitry using gallium arsenide (GaAs) diodes and RSR[™] (Random Signal Reject) anti-falsing electronics.

●My boyfriend is not
wildly enthusiastic, and when I find
a lover with a touch
of "Draculitis," it is wonderful.●

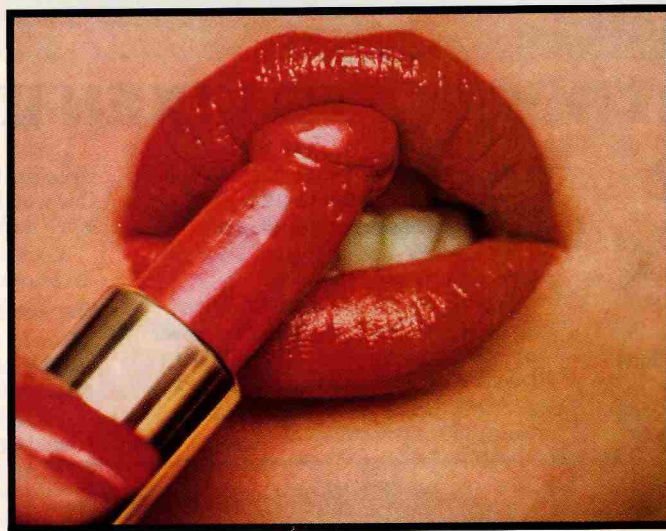
XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am writing to you to tell you of a fantastic relationship I'm having, and to ask you a question. Lillian and I have been having an affair for about a year, and it's been the best time of both of our lives. We are so incredibly good for each other when it comes to sex. There is nothing we wouldn't do to make the other happy. If one of us wants to try something, the other is always willing to go along for the fun and excitement of it.

Lillian once told me that her husband will have nothing to do with her when she has her period. I find a woman to be the most alluring and feminine when it's her time of month, and I told Lillian that I'd love to be her "scarlet knight." We were watching an X-rated video one afternoon at her house when I excused myself to go pee. I went into the bathroom and noticed a tampon wrapper in the trash can. Lillian had followed me and noticed what I had seen. She said it was the first day of her period and she was bleeding heavily. I grabbed several towels, carried them back to the TV room, and spread them on the floor.

We undressed each other down to our underwear and began to make out on the rug. I removed her bra and cradled her breasts, sucking on her half-dollar-size nipples. During her period, Lillian's nipples are quite tender, and she likes the intense pleasure she gets when they're licked and



stroked. She stripped me of my underwear and stroked my hardening penis. In return, I slipped off her panties and went down on her pubic mound. As she moved her mouth down to my balls, we switched to a sixty-nine position, with her twat over my face and her lips wrapped around my throbbing hard-on. I reached up and gently eased the tampon out of her vagina. As it slipped past her clit, she shuddered with pleasure. I could see small trickles of blood already beginning to drip from her cunt, so I laid her gently on her back and inserted two fingers inside her. Lillian loves to feel my fingers in her love box—it sends her to the moon.

She was so turned on by this time that she started pleading with me to put my love pump inside her. I lay on my back and

she knelt over my pulsating prick. I guided it into her blood-soaked pussy, and she began to rock up and down over me. The blood, mixed with her juices, made it so slippery that several times my cock fell out and I had to place it back inside. I began to push up into her as she pumped down and we both came at the same time. She fell exhausted on top of me, and we lay there holding each other until we fell asleep, my penis still deep within her pussy.

I woke up first and slowly withdrew my member without waking Lillian. I went to the bathroom to clean myself off and get a washcloth to clean her. I wiped her thighs clean, and spread her labia to get any excess blood and come that might be there. She was still bleeding, so I grabbed another tampon and inserted it.

Lillian barely moved, she was so soundly asleep. I kissed her finely trimmed pubic hair and she stirred. When she realized I had taken care of her, she held me tightly and told me what a good lover I was. She also told me that a good sexual outlet eases her cramps and makes her much easier to live with.

My question is this: Do most women feel this way about having sex during their periods? If not, why? It turns me on and certainly excites Lillian. How do you feel about engaging in sexual activity when it's your time of month? Is it normal?—K. M.

The color red has powerful associations for us. It is the color of warning lights; stop lights; mandatory road signs; bullfighters' capes; and, of course, our vital fluid. When we see it dripping out of our own bodies, it is a danger signal. "Stop that leak," it says, or the ship of life will flounder. Armies used to be dressed in red coats so that the blood would not show and demoralize the individual soldiers. It is not surprising therefore that many people can't stand the sight of blood, and as a result many religions have branded a woman as unclean while she has her period.

In Indonesia, if a woman enters a temple while she is men-

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.

Introducing Zig Zag Premium Cigarette Tobacco FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T RUN WITH THE PACK.



You've always done things a little differently. For you there's Zig Zag premium cigarette tobacco. It's blended for American tastes, smooth and mild. Zig Zag's long cut makes it easy to roll. And you get twice as much tobacco for the same price as machine made brands. Sure, rolling your own cigarette is a little out of the ordinary, but what's so great about being ordinary?

Manufacturers Coupon Expires 7/1/87

**ZIGZAG
CIGARETTE
TOBACCO FREE**

Consumers: Coupons properly obtained in accord with our promotions are redeemable at participating stores if you comply with the following terms of this offer: **A.** One coupon per pack of Zig Zag Tobacco. **B.** You must be 21 or older. **C.** Coupon good only in USA. May not be traded, void where prohibited, taxed or otherwise restricted. **D.** You must pay applicable sales tax. **E.** Not for use with any other offer. Use other than specified may be illegal and fraudulent.

Dealers may redeem coupon for fair value up to \$1.20 upon compliance with U.S. Tobacco terms (incorporated by reference and available by mail from address below). U.S. Tobacco reserves the right to withhold payment on coupons and confiscate submissions containing coupons which, in our opinion, have not been redeemed in compliance with U.S. Tobacco terms. Any attempted redemption in knowing violation of this offer is fraudulent. Cash value 1/20 of 1 cent. Handling allowance 8 cents per coupon.

Dealers only: Mail to: U.S. Tobacco Co., P.O. Box 730795, El Paso, TX 79973
PN3

98832 100014

Symbol of quality
Since 1879

struating, the temple is defiled and she will incur divine punishment by suffering a run of bad luck or being run over by a bus on the way home. I have met intelligent Spanish girls who still believe that if a menstruating woman picks a flower it will instantly die, or if she pours wine it will go bad as it hits the glass. The Jewish religion forbids intercourse for two weeks after the first flow of blood, and the woman takes a mikvah—a ritual bath of purification—first. Interestingly enough, this time lapse carries her through to the point of ovulation which, combined with her husband's forced abstinence, creates ideal conditions for conception. Maybe this is why Jewish Orthodox couples tend to have large families.

I had a date recently with a Jewish man. He has no particular religious convictions, but I was in the middle of my period, and to be on the safe side I cut a tampon in half and inserted it deep into my pussy before making love. He came inside me, but when he pulled out, the string had got tangled around his cock. I saw it first, and in the guise of a final caress to his wilting weapon, I managed to remove it without him noticing. The manufacturers of articles for feminine hygiene do not guarantee their products against this kind of treatment. Having lost the string, which had parted company with the remains of the battered tampon, I retired to the bathroom and tried, un-

successfully, to extract what was left. Luckily, I have a resident girlfriend who is a nurse, and she finally managed to remove it. If you had been there, maybe you could have pulled it out with your teeth.

On the first day of my period I don't want to know about sex. Nothing alleviates my cramps, although a hot-water bottle and a gentle massage soothe away some of the pain. By the third day, I am ready for what my boyfriend calls "the red-towel treatment." He is not widely enthusiastic, and when I find the occasional lover with a touch of "Draculitis," it is wonderful.

Now that more and more women have stopped taking the pill and some have even gone back to the rhythm method, the fear of pregnancy has returned. This is why a lot of women get especially horny during their period; they can make love with a sense of total freedom, as those are the days they have a 95 percent chance of not getting impregnated.

TIMETABLES

I have a problem that I know many men also face. My wife tells me I always satisfy her immensely, but I can only do it once and have to wait several hours till I can get it up again. This bothers both me and my wife. I am asking you for any advice you can give me before seeking professional help.—J. P.

One of the unfortunate side effects of the porn industry's present popularity is that we tend to get an exaggerated idea of what is expected of us. The performance of an Olympic athlete is far ahead of Mr. or Ms. Average, and most of us are aware that we will never be able to high-jump nine feet or run the mile in three-and-a-half minutes. But when it comes to sex, we all like to imagine that we are in the Olympic class.

According to Kinsey, fewer than two percent of men are capable of having more than one orgasm off the same erection. Most of the men he describes as being multiorgasmic lose their erection after orgasm and take from ten to 30 minutes to rev up again. He adds that a man who is capable of more than one orgasm in an evening is a "high-outlet male." A man's orgasm drains a number of glands, and before he can perform again he has to wait for these glands to fill up. An hour or two between ejaculations is definitely above average. Many "normal" men require from 24 hours to a month to recuperate, so you don't have any worries.

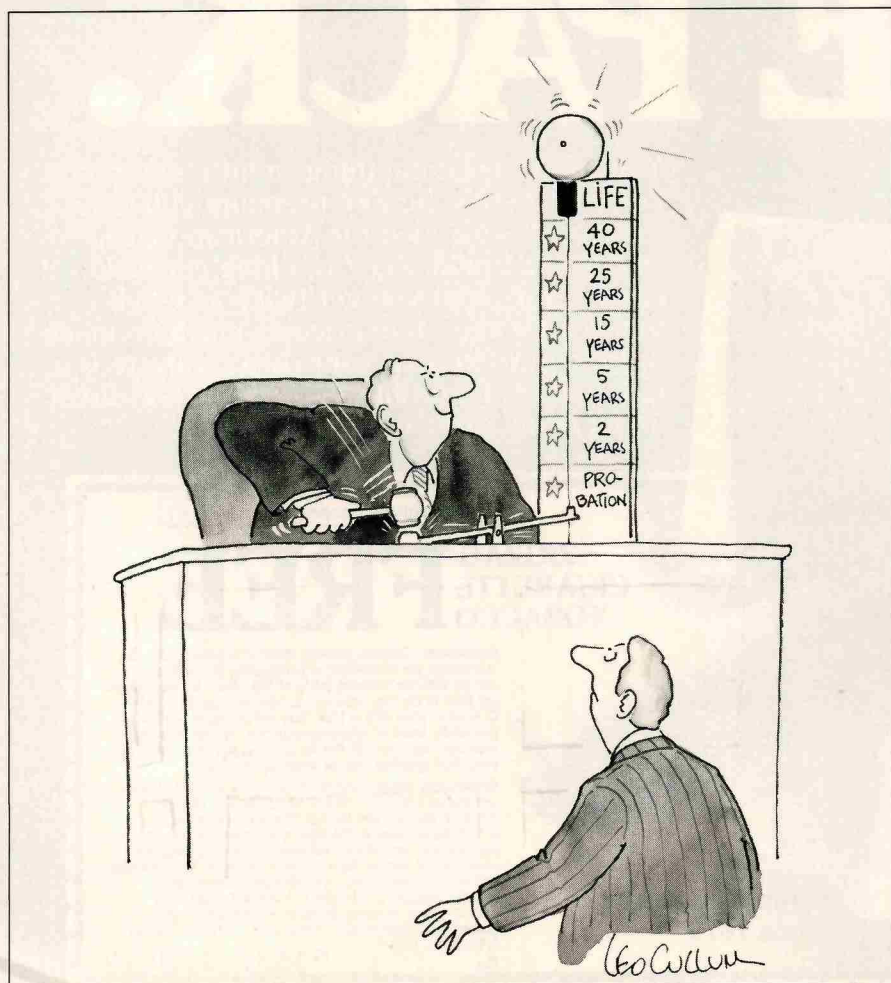
HOOKED

I am writing to you because you are possibly the only person in the world who could understand my situation. After you finish reading this you'll probably think I'm such an asshole that I don't deserve a reply, but I'm so miserable I hope you'll try to help. In order for you to understand the entire situation, I must start from the very beginning.

A few years ago, I was working in night-clubs. I would see the boyfriends and husbands of the various exotic dancers and hookers who came in the clubs and think to myself, Boy, these guys must be pretty desperate to have to go out with girls who share their bodies with other men. Why can't they find any straight girls to love? There are plenty around. At that time, I hadn't found the "love of my life," but I was never unfaithful to whomever I was going out with. If I didn't have a steady date, I chose the girls I went out with very carefully.

Some years later, I did meet my dream woman. She was everything I had ever looked for: very pretty, very mature and intelligent, yet possessed of a certain childlike innocence that allowed her to be herself. She was free enough in her ways to express her feelings, both physically and verbally, so that when we were first going out together, our lovemaking was like nothing I had ever known. We would spend hours with each other, literally fucking our brains out and being as close as any two people can possibly be without occupying the same space. Because I worked nights, we set aside two days a week where we could just be with each other. A few months after we met, I asked her to marry me and she accepted.

At this point, Louise began to hang out with a crowd of bikers and started to stay



BUY 2 AND GET ME...FREE!

GET MY HOT NEW VIDEO "DAYDREAMS" FREE WHEN YOU ORDER THIS OUTRAGEOUS "SPRING BREAK" DOUBLE FEATURE!



UPCOMING PENTHOUSE PET LORI PALLET

Make your next VCR party the hottest affair in town and show "Girls Of Spring Break" and "How To Fill A Wild Wet T-Shirt"—the daring double feature that helped launch the careers of Penthouse Pets Lori (that's me...), Stephanie, and Jill.

Start your night right with the "Girls Of Spring Break", the first full-length uncensored documentary to be filmed live from Ft. Lauderdale's notorious Candy Store. Watch as America's most beautiful "breakers" bare all in the world's ultimate "amateur" contests!

Next, it's a "How To" lesson you'll never forget—as dozens of sexy, young coeds prove that there's more than one way to "Fill A Wild Wet T-Shirt"...

So act now! Order these two tempting features today, and you can have me, Lori Pallet, all to yourself in my private video fantasy "Daydreams"—absolutely free! Do it now—and feel Spring Break Fever all year long...

Save \$19.99 and

CATCH THE FEVER!

Buy "Girls Of Spring Break" and "How To Fill A Wild Wet T-Shirt" for just \$79.90 and get "Daydreams"

—FREE—

or buy "Daydreams" for just \$19.99

I'VE GOT THE FEVER!

Please send me

☐ "Girls Of Spring Break"—just \$39.95

☐ "How To Fill A Wild Wet T-Shirt"—just \$39.95

☐ Both for just \$79.90, and I get "Daydreams", FREE!

☐ "Daydreams"—just \$19.99

Add \$4.00 postage and handling

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please indicate

☐ Cash

☐ Master card

Account # _____

Exp. date _____

☐ VHS

☐ Check

☐ Money order

☐ BETA

☐ Visa

Credit card holders order toll free: 1-800-321-6200.

No C.O.D. please. Send this coupon to: Group Davis Productions, 3060 N.E. 45th Street, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33308. Florida residents add 5% sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!



PENTHOUSE COVER GIRL AND CENTERFOLD JILL SHAWNTAI

out all night. She assured me that she was always faithful, but I noticed that our lovemaking was becoming less frequent and less expressive. Sometimes Louise would come over, and we'd just fall asleep without doing anything.

Louise wasn't working, and her family couldn't afford to give her the things she needed, so I tried to take care of her—getting myself into debt doing so. Funny, the things a guy will do for love! She told me to keep track of everything I bought her so she could pay me back, but I didn't because I gave her everything out of my love for her. Last summer, unknown to me, she took a job with an escort service, which was really just a glorified front for a ring of call girls. Our lovemaking became even more infrequent and now lasted a matter of minutes instead of the long, glorious hours we spent at the beginning of our relationship. The last time we were together, it was so fast that Louise never even bothered to take off all her clothes. I removed her jeans and panty hose while she joked and made fun of my efforts to arouse her. A couple of days after this unsatisfying experience, she called me at work and told me that she had given me crabs. I thought I would die. Not because she had given me a disease, but because she had obviously caught them from someone else.

The next day, Louise told me about her work at the escort service. She told me

that she still had never cheated on me. "Please understand," she said, "I love you and the customers don't mean a thing. Most of the time they never even come inside me. I never kiss them, and usually I'm done in half an hour. I feel nothing but pity and hatred for them. All I think about is the money." She went on to explain that she never had an orgasm with any of them, and she always made her customers wear a condom. Louise told me that she loved me more than ever, but now that I knew, if I didn't want to see her anymore she would understand.

I love her very much, and that's why this hurts so badly. I can't help thinking about all the guys who have fondled her beautiful tits. How can I deal with this? Every hour of the day I am haunted by the thought of her with other men. Am I a selfish, self-centered bastard for thinking this way? I know it's no fun for Louise, and I would do anything to help her. I want to marry her, but I'm afraid that this will always be in the back of my mind, and if we ever have a fight I'd bring it up. Yet I still love and need her.—N. Q.

Your problem is that you are trying to have "double standards." By this I am not saying that you are one of those people who want the world to think them to be a pillar of respectability while they indulge themselves in every forbidden pleasure known to man. What I mean is that although you

have a very definite and carefully thought-out code of personal morals, you are prepared to change your ideas in order to justify the behavior of your girl. Why should I consider you an asshole? I don't think you're a bastard, although I suspect that you may have Moral Majority-type friends who would call you an idiot for loving a girl who is screwing around.

"These guys must be pretty desperate," you said about the boyfriends and husbands of dancers and hookers. Maybe they loved their girls just like you love Louise. But that is not all of the problem. I get the feeling that you are quite a bit older than this girl and that she loves you as a kind of father figure. You adore her because she is young, vivacious, and beautiful, and let's face it, a man of any age gets a tremendous boost to his ego to have such a girlfriend. You, however, want to put your bird in a cage, capture her, and tie her down by marrying her. I don't think it is going to work.

What worries me is that the "things" she "needed" were so pricey that her family couldn't afford them and nor could you. They ran you heavily into debt. This means that she has expensive tastes or you have a rather mediocre salary; but in either case, how are you going to be able to afford her if you get married? Don't think that I am criticizing Louise. Almost everything that I want is either expensive or fattening (sometimes both), and she has been honest enough to bend over backward to pay you back for the things you bought her.

I also get the feeling that she is not being entirely truthful with you—not out of malice, but simply to spare your feelings. Contrary to popular belief, a call girl's clients are not all approaching middle age. They are men who visit hookers because they are horny and don't get enough through the normal channels.

So what do you do? Forget for a moment the social taboos against promiscuity and imagine being married to a professional model or a successful actress or even an airline hostess or cocktail waitress. However faithful one of those girls is to her husband, he still has to share her with an enormous number of other people. This is not what you need. If you want a wife, she should be someone who thinks like you, someone who would freak out if you came home with lipstick on your collar and divorce you if you gave her crabs.

If you really like suffering (and from the tone of your letter you may be a bit of a masochist) then ask your girl to live with you and see how it goes. There is always the chance that she will settle down and become the faithful wife that you want, but personally I doubt it. If I hung around with a crowd of bikers and stayed out all night with them, my boyfriend would go through the roof.

SPLITTING HAIRS

My wife and I would like to know if there



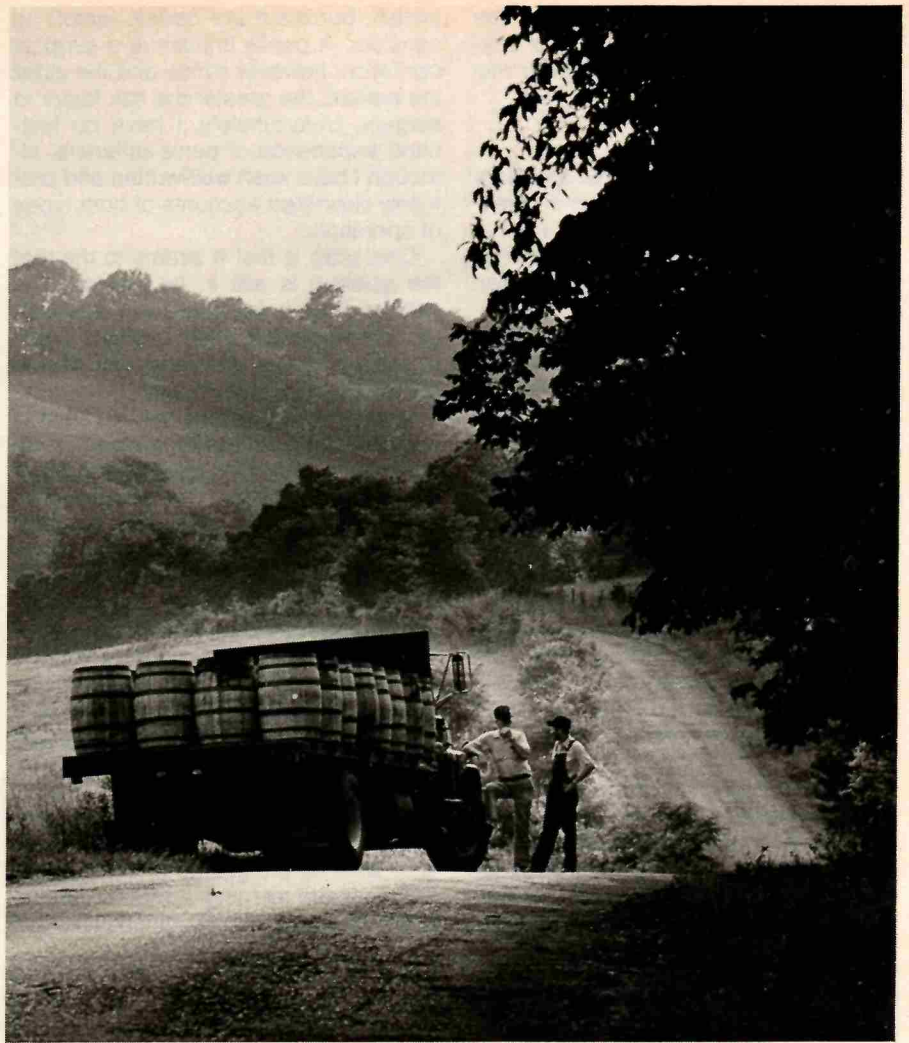
is any way to grow more pubic hair than we already have. We both like a thick bush down there. I've heard that if you put some baby oil on your pubes they will grow thicker and faster. Is this true? If not, please tell us what we can do. Also, is there any method other than a mechanical device that I can use to increase the size of my penis? Something like jogging without underwear or tying a weight to the end of my dick?—N. I.

You and a few hundred million balding males all over the world would like to know how to grow hair almost anywhere on the human body, but mainly on the head. My research into hair growing has been extraordinarily unproductive, and the only positive answer I have come up with is that from doctors to hair specialists, from scientists to barbers, no one seems to know a damn thing about the subject. Most of the widely advertised cures for baldness are apparently valueless. Shaving does not increase growth, and the only sure way to have more hair than nature endowed you with is to have extra hair, either real or artificial, woven into the already existing strands. This is the principle on which most hair clinics work.

I don't think baby oil works any better than all the other gunk on the market, but why don't you try it? I can't believe it will do you any harm. You could also buy a wig. Pubic wigs are known as merkins and were used in the eighteenth century to disguise the fact that an individual had been shaved as part of a treatment for venereal disease. They were also worn by dancing girls in such places as the Moulin Rouge and the Folies Bergeres in Paris so that the ladies' pubes could be made to match their dyed hair. In this century, photographic models wear them to cover up visible vaginal lips in order to comply with censorship laws in certain backward countries.

A girlfriend of mine at school had a bald uncle who was always prepared to try any new hair restorer, tonic, or miracle remedy that he could find. He wrote off for the "only infallible cure for baldness," Dr. Somebody's new treatment, which guaranteed a crop of hair within hours of trying. "How can I go wrong?" said my friend's uncle. "It says your money will be refunded if it doesn't work." It consisted of a large packet of hair and a pin. The instructions said simply, "Prick and plant!"

Like the hair treatments, I am afraid all the wonderful devices for increasing the size of your penis are also a waste of time. Apart from a slight increase caused by a lot of healthy exercise, science has not found a satisfactory way of enlarging the male organ. I would not recommend hanging weights on your genitals, as this could cause serious and permanent injury. As far as jogging without underwear, I consulted my pet English pointer, who thinks he is the fastest thing on four legs and has a fine pair of balls. Despite the efforts of the Society for the Prevention



Drop us a line if you'd like to know more about our slow, old-fashioned ways.

AT JACK DANIEL'S DISTILLERY, deep in Tennessee, a man needn't rush to do a job right.

Two of our barrelmen have some whiskey to unload in a nearby warehouse. But first they're taking time to chat about crops and taxes and where good fish can be found. You see, both of these gentlemen know it takes years and years for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain maturity. If it's five minutes late to the warehouse, there's not much cause for concern.

SMOOTH SIPPIN' TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 80-90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



of Indecency in Unclothed Animals, this dog has never worn underpants, or anything else, while running. His answer was noncommittal.

ERECTIVE SURGERY

I am a 71-year-old male. About two years ago I became unable to obtain an erection stiff enough to penetrate a vagina. (The "stuffing" technique will not work on a tight vagina that has never been stretched by giving birth.)

My wife and I continue a reasonably active sex life through manual and oral techniques. The loss of normal ability has had an understandably adverse effect on my ego and self-confidence.

I have heard that there are two surgical procedures that can solve this problem. One consists of implanting a silicone solution and a small pump in the scrotum. The other consists of implanting semi-flexible silver/silicone rods in the penis.

Do you have any opinion on the effectiveness of these procedures and, if effective, which is preferable? Do you believe it is foolish for a man of my age to be considering this matter?—C. R.

We have to respect an older person who leads a healthy, active life in everyday activities. But people tend to classify older males who still desire a normal sex life as dirty old men. I disagree. I do not consider your desire for a fuller sex life at all

foolish, but there are certain factors to consider. A penile implant is a surgical operation, however minor, and the older the patient, the greater the risk factor in surgery. Unfortunately, I have no first-hand experience of penis-stiffeners, although I have seen well-written and profusely illustrated accounts of both types of operation.

One snag is that it seems to me that the science is still in its infancy. The healthy penis is equipped with so much erectile tissue that when it stiffens it also increases in size and sensitivity. This is not the case with an implant.

With the silver/silicone rod you have to live with a permanent semierrection, which must on occasion be both inconvenient and uncomfortable. The silicone-and-pump solution seems like a sort of sexual wheelchair, and therefore not of great assistance to your ego or self-confidence. Before you go any further, I would suggest that you consult a sexologist who is also a qualified doctor. In any case, the first thing to do is to find out if your inability to get a hard-on is physical or psychological. A normal man frequently gets an erection in his sleep, and if this happens to you it means there is nothing wrong with you physically. To test this, you simply stick a piece of paper round your cock before you go to sleep. If it is broken in the morning, it means that nature's machinery is still functioning and

the problem is in your head. In which case I suggest you try porn video, erotic literature, or a pretty young hooker. If the problem is physical, a high-protein diet and plenty of exercise may also help. Surgery in sex, as in other aspects of life, should only be a last resort, but in some cases it is necessary.

A BIRD IN THE HAND . . .

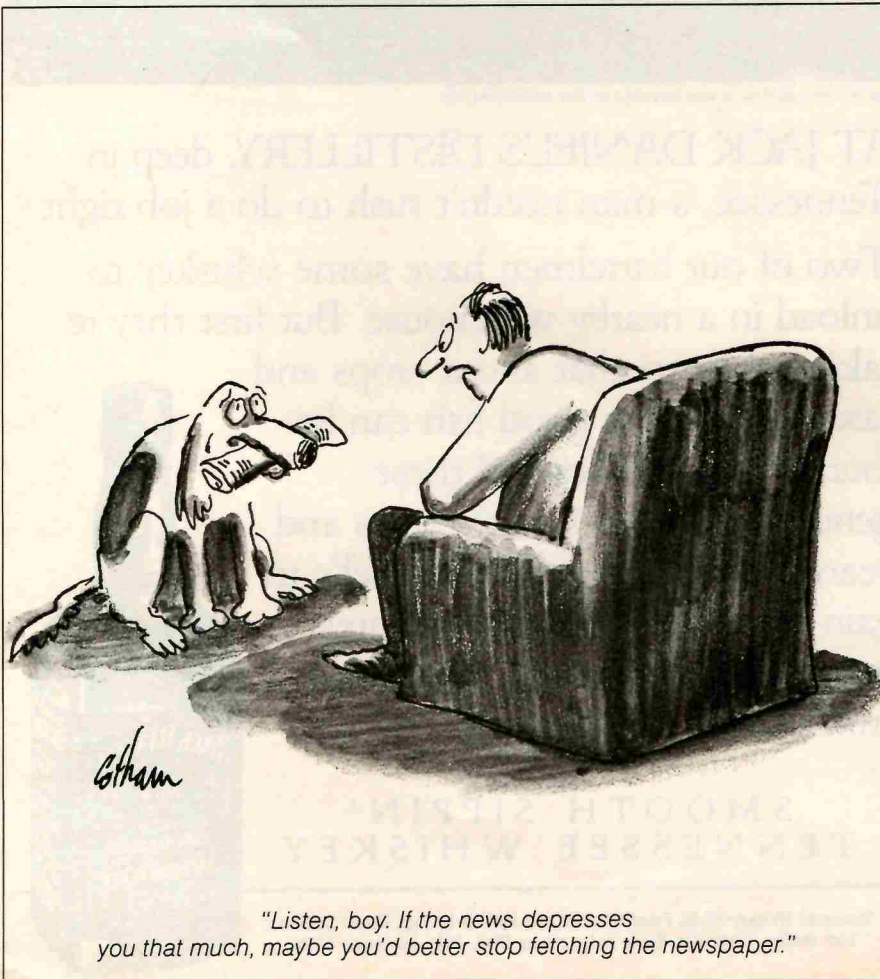
A few days ago I wasn't feeling very well and decided to go to bed early. My boyfriend stayed up to read the paper and watch TV. We don't live together, but I do spend several nights each week at his house. I very rarely go to bed before him. As I was lying in bed, I could see him on the couch, although he couldn't see me. Cameron is very good-looking and very sexy, and he was wearing his underpants—nothing else. Every now and then he would reach down and rub his balls or play with the head of his cock.

I have fantasized about watching Cameron play with himself to the point of masturbating for the past few months. As I watched him touch himself, I got really turned on. I could not believe how hot and excited I was becoming. I wanted to see more, and I silently hoped he would continue until he got himself off. After about ten minutes, Cameron's cock was hard and poking out of the top of his shorts. He began to caress and stroke his dick very slowly.

I put my hand between my legs and rubbed my clit. I was very wet, so when he suddenly stopped and went into the bathroom, I felt like yelling out to him to stay put and finish the job! I thought he was going to finish himself off in the toilet, so I was relieved when he returned after a few seconds, his cock standing straight up and glistening. Obviously, he had just dashed off to anoint himself with my supply of baby oil.

Cameron picked up the latest issue of Penthouse in one hand and held his shiny tool in the other. He started stroking at a much faster rate than before, and I continued rubbing my clit in the same rhythm. We both finished at the same time, which is what I always dreamed about. It was an intense experience for me, and, needless to say, I loved it.

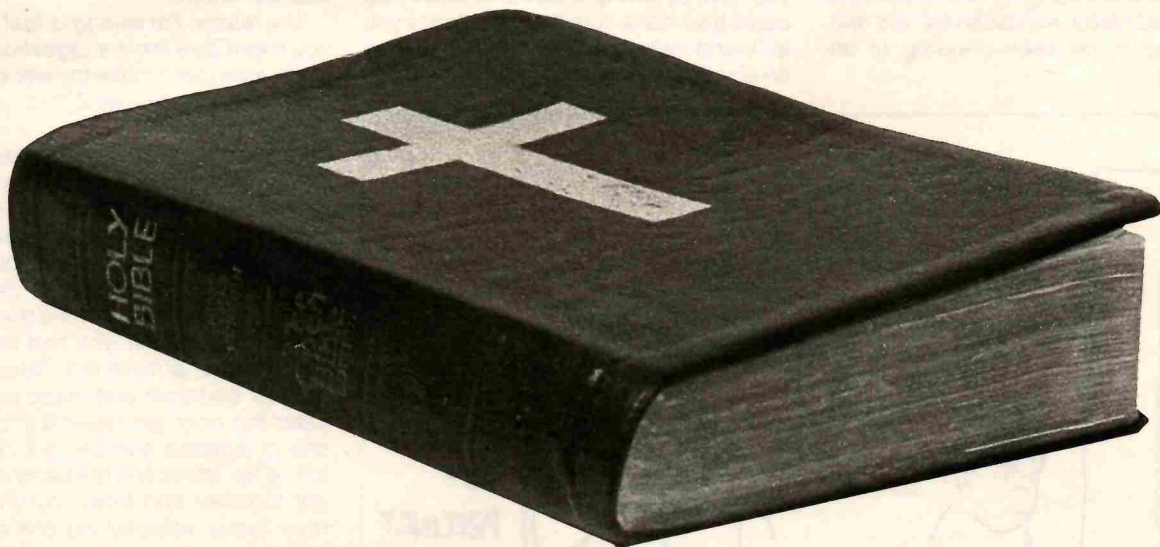
I wanted so much to walk out of the bedroom, tell him how turned on I was by what I saw, and let him know that I masturbated right along with him. I wasn't sure how he would feel knowing that I watched him in this private act. I want very much to tell him that I was turned on, and I really want to tell him that I'd like to watch again! Should I just come out and tell him, or should I wait for the chance of catching him at it? I don't know how often he masturbates, and the probability of walking in on him "in the act" is pretty slim. I keep thinking about it, and the very idea turns me on. When I look at Cameron, I picture him as I saw him that night, and he wonders why I burst out in a big smile. What would you do?—R. B.



"Listen, boy. If the news depresses you that much, maybe you'd better stop fetching the newspaper."

**'THIS IS
THE CONSTITUTION
OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA...
THE HOLY WORD OF
ALMIGHTY GOD!'**

JIMMY SWAGGART



WE DISAGREE.

BE INFORMED. Join *The Freedom Writer* organization and receive America's only monthly newsletter that defends the separation of church and state. Send \$10 annual membership to:

THE FREEDOM WRITER, P.O. BOX 589, GREAT BARRINGTON, MA 01230

Your contribution is tax-deductible. *The Freedom Writer* is a project of Simon, Porteous & Associates, Inc.

Most men masturbate. Were it not for the fact that there are a few guys around who are genuinely impotent, I would say that all men masturbate. This is why so many males are narcissistic. They have a complicated two-way relationship between their ego and their penis.

Every morning, summer or winter, rain or shine, my lover wakes up and demands sex. If I am not in the mood or have something more constructive to do than satisfy his mindless lust, he grumbles a bit, but quite soon he settles down to do it himself. I frequently get suckered into helping him, or I watch him, fascinated by the adoration he has for himself. But then I get turned on and . . . so on.

My boyfriend is a remarkably uninhibited creature and does not seem to mind who watches him, whatever he is doing, but there are many people who, although apparently unrestricted by convention, are reluctant to be observed under certain circumstances. Most of us have taboos that are imposed on us by what is considered good manners. We put our hand over our mouth when we yawn, we prefer not to get caught belching or farting or even picking our nose, and hardly anyone can handle being watched while using the john. Even nudist colonies are equipped with changing rooms because many dedicated exhibitionists are embarrassed to be seen dressing or undressing.

Men are much more straitlaced than us girls. A case in point is your boyfriend, who wears his underwear while jerking off in the privacy of his own apartment. Here we come to the punch line—almost all men hate to be caught masturbating. This may be caused by a prudish upbringing or possibly because a lot of men regard masturbating as being somehow unmasculine. Your dyed-in-the-wool macho man would like everyone to believe that every ejaculation he achieves goes into or onto some part of the female body. But I am sure that the basic reason for this curious shyness is that they have been furtive about it since they discovered it. It is a delicious, naughty game that they only play when they are alone. I once received a letter from a young man that contained a little quiz. It read as follows: Which part of the human anatomy does a man use most when he masturbates? Answer: his ears, as he is constantly listening to see if someone is coming to catch him in the act.

Next time you make love with your boyfriend, masturbate him yourself as part of the foreplay. Try different handholds on his cock; vary the rhythm; use the baby oil or body lotion; ask him if you are doing it right; and then suggest that he show you how, by giving a demonstration. You could also make sure that he catches you at it, and instead of allowing him to leap on you, tell him that it would be a turn-on

for you to watch him masturbate while you play with yourself. There is always the chance that he knew you were watching him, in which case he will certainly do it again soon. He may be waiting desperately to come out with the line, "I thought you'd never ask!"

GOOD NEIGHBORS

I am a 24-year-old male who has been on his own for three years. I have an average sex life. I live in a basement apartment, and the problem I have is that I have become obsessed with the woman who lives above me. Tracy is about five feet tall and 103 pounds, but what's really striking about her is her 36D tits.

I'm not a pervert, but I swear I can almost smell her pussy through the door. I've even toyed with the idea of sneaking into her apartment when she's out and jerking off while sniffing a pair of her panties. Whenever I have sex with somebody else, I fantasize about her. I've spoken with Tracy a few times, and I get the feeling that she shares my feelings but is too afraid of messing up her live-in relationship. One time while we were having a mundane conversation, she constantly stared at my crotch. Of course, this gave me an immediate hard-on, of which Tracy was well aware.

The reason I'm writing is that I thought you might give me a suggestion on what to do. How can I make my wet dreams of Tracy come true?—M. Z.

Your problem has been extensively covered in the past, in both fact and fiction. One of the first cases known happened around 500 B.C., and the plot was pinched by Shakespeare 2,000 years later. It concerned Tarquin, the son of the king of Rome. He had the hots for a married lady known as Lucretia, who had the reputation of never putting out. Tarquin snuck into her bedroom and made love to her. Later the poor girl regretted it so much she committed suicide, but not before telling her father and husband. Her family got together and threw out the Roman royal family, establishing one of the first republics in the world; so maybe from a political point of view the story has a happy ending.

The next-most celebrated lover, Don Juan, lived in the thirteenth century and was probably a fictional character. After screwing his way around Europe, he invited the father of one of the girls he had fucked to dinner and ended up being dragged down to hell by him. And, of course, everyone has heard of Casanova, whose reputation as a great seducer is based on his autobiography.

You may think that ancient history is of no help to you, but we can learn one useful fact from these tales. On the whole (and even more so, in the hole), it is a risky business screwing other guys' wives, although from the sexual point of view it is never too difficult. Most women are only too happy to indulge in extra-



"He says you told him to get lost."



THE SAVAGE 650

Beauty and the beach.

By 5:05 Matt had finished work.

By 5:20 he was at the dealership picking up the keys. He rolled his new Savage onto the street. He swung a leg over and settled in behind the teardrop tank.

Matt pushed the electric start and the single cylinder, four stroke engine rumbled awake. Here was power in his hands. And the beat of a crisp, throaty exhaust note.

He had two bikes before this one but this was his first new motor-

cycle. And the great thing about it was it hadn't cost him his life savings.

First stop was Donna's place. Matt accelerated up the street, the hard pulling torque pushing him to the back of the seat.

Donna was waiting on the porch when he pulled up. Matt sat perfectly balanced, barely 26 inches from the ground. Donna climbed on board. He gave the throttle a twist and off they shot into the twilight, headed for the beach,

where friends get together talking about anything and everything. Tonight it was who might get a ride on Matt's new Savage.

He and Donna got off the bike and Matt couldn't help but like what he saw: his Savage 650 loaded with chrome. Chrome spokes, headlight and fender rails. Chrome battery cover, shocks, and mirrors. He smiled. The ocean sand and his Savage looked great together.

Beauty and the beach.

*I can't believe I get all this bike for just \$2299.**

She's all yours.

I'm all yours.



 **SUZUKI**



Right on, Suzuki

*Suggested retail price. Dealer's actual price may vary. Price does not include dealer prep, freight, taxes, license and title fees. Play it safe. Ride with care. Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and appropriate riding apparel. Never drink and ride. Read your owner's manual carefully. Call the Motorcycle Safety Foundation at 1-800-447-4700 for a riding course near you.

For your nearest Suzuki motorcycle and ATV dealer call:

1-800-255-2550

Find the drums in this picture.



**Casio
Sound Sticks
(SS-1) \$99.95 sugg. retail.**

You've never seen anything like them. Casio's fantastic new Sound Sticks produce real live drum sounds without ever touching a drum.

Just plug them into a compatible Casio keyboard (either our MT-205, MT-500, MT-520, CT-450 or CT-510). Then hit any available surface—make your leg the high-hat; make your chair a snare. Or

snap them in midair. Casio's Super Drum system snaps to life with an amazing array of sounds.

Snare, bass, rim-shot, high-hat — whatever drum sounds the keyboard offers, Sound Sticks deliver with dazzling fidelity. And no wonder—they're PCM samples of the real things.

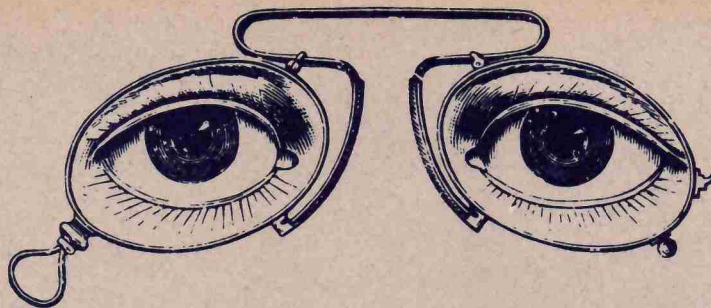
Each stick has a button that controls two sounds, so at any given moment

you have four different sounds at your fingertips.

What's more, if you're a drummer who wants to get out from behind the real things, Sound Sticks' extra long cord makes it easy to get in on the action.

Whether you're a beginner or a real pro, once you get your hands on the drums in this picture, you're sure to stick with them.

CASIO®
Where miracles never cease



VIEW FROM THE TOP

MARILYN MONROE TALKS BACK

BY EMILY PRAGER

This week, a medium in La Jolla, California, made the first contact ever with the departed spirit of Marilyn Monroe! The session lasted about 20 minutes, and fortunately for all of us, the medium had the business acumen to make a tape and sell it to us for almost as much as the profits made on the arms sale to the Iranians. We present the transcript of that tape in its entirety! *For the first time since her suicide—Marilyn Monroe talks back!*

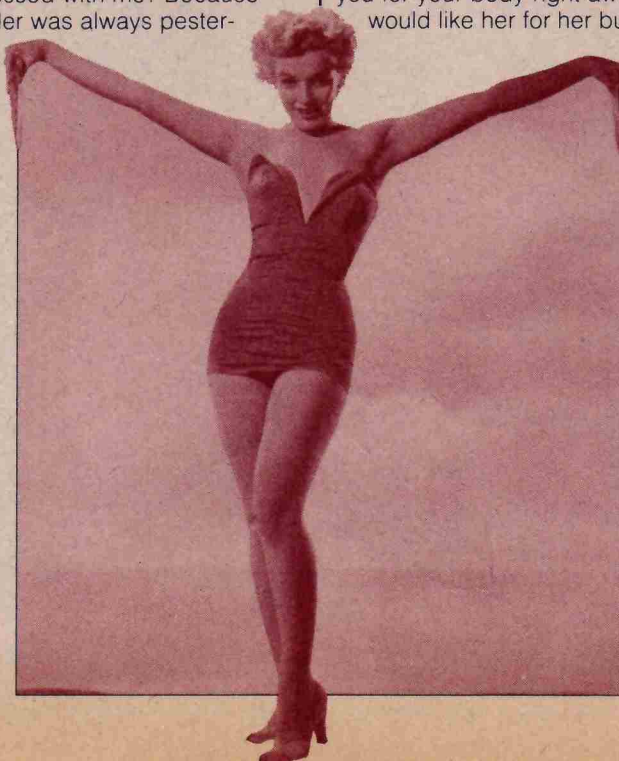
The Medium: Who is it? No, it can't be. It is. It's Marilyn Monroe! *Marilyn:* Hi. Oh, gosh, I've been trying to break through for years. I wanted to come for Norman Mailer's book party, but they wouldn't let me—they were afraid I'd kill him. I would like to say, though, now that I'm here, that I would not have slept with Mailer, not ever, not even if I was dead, which I was. Is he still short? *The Medium:* Yes. *Marilyn:* I thought so. I mean, can you imagine—what kind of man would dress up his young daughter like a dead sex symbol he was lusting for? *The Medium:* A weirdo? *Marilyn:* You bet a weirdo, and not only a weirdo but a publicity seeker of the worst kind. Do you know why that little creep was so obsessed with me? Because I refused to meet him. Arthur Miller was always pestering me to invite him, and I said, "I have never liked men who leer for a living." As a sex symbol, I could tell that Mailer was the kind of man who did not like sex. Constant physical aggression; stabbing his wife in the stomach—it doesn't take much to realize that his lust for penetration was being played out in non-sexual ways. The word was everywhere: He was a bust in the sack.

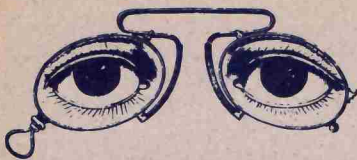
Okay. Let's get some facts straight. The Kennedys did not kill me. The Mafia did not kill me. I took too many downs, and while I was phoning for a pizza, I died. Today, I s'pose, they would have sent me off to the Betty Ford Clinic, but then they just drugged us if we were unhappy, or happy. Like candy. John Kennedy was nice, but he was a bore in bed because of

his back. He couldn't move, so what was the big deal? He was sweet but careless of women—like all men of great power. Bobby was adorable, but a fucker. Literally. Always wanting to have children with women, that's what turned him on, and of course we couldn't do that, so he lost interest. In all these books, they say I was duped. How silly! I defy any woman to tell me that she would not have made love with Jack or Bobby Kennedy or both if given the chance. I did behave like a teenager, but, you know, I'd do it again.

This woman Steinem, this—what is it—feminist? She's the worst of all. She says that I did not have orgasms with men and therefore that I did not like sex. But I point out: I did not find my clitoris until 1972, ten years after I was dead. Like many women of the 1950s, I didn't really know what I was doing. And men were ignorant, too. Except for Yves Montand—he knew what he was doing, he was French. I remember seeing Miss Steinem at Lee Strasberg's class once. This small-breasted mousy girl with a peevish look on her face staring at me with disapproval. You know, the kind of woman who hates you for your body right away, who wishes all her life that men would like her for her butt—not her brain? I know this type

very well: girls who fear and blame men, who cannot laugh with men, who think that sleeping with men if only for friendship, if only for a night, betrays some Freudian nightmare past. I looked over at this Miss Steinem, and I remember thinking that she looks like there's this old prissy spinster trapped inside her directing her to turn off men. And then I—she doesn't say this in her book, but I am here to say it's true—I went over to this poor small-breasted girl and I said, "Honey, you have just got to have some laughs. Really. I suggest you go and buy some Kotex and stuff it in your bra, and then go get yourself a job as a Playboy bunny." And she did. Oh, oh, they're calling me now. I must go. Tell Madonna to get her own look, would you? Bye-bye . . .





VIEW FROM THE TOP

SCENES

BY LAURA BERLAND

Dalí, Gaudí, Picasso's "Guer-nica," flamenco—a myriad of images flash quickly to mind when one thinks of wonderful

1970. It is the combination of quality and low prices—the cost of most Spanish labels significantly undercut those of good French and California brands—that has made Iberian sparklers so attractive to foreign markets. Spain's proficiency in

sparkling wines recently prompted a leading wine writer to comment, "In recent years it's been the astonishingly good and inexpensive sparkling wines that have

put Spain on the wine map."

Embraced by the rocky Mediterranean coast, the foothills of the Pyrenees, and the seaport city of Barcelona in northern Spain is one of the largest wine-producing areas of Spain, known as Penedes. More than 80 million bottles of sparkling wine are produced annually—among them, Freixenet (pronounced "Fresh-e-net"), the No. 1 exporter to the United States. Spotting a gap in sparklers in the \$5 to \$7 price range, Freixenet launched an aggressive and effective marketing campaign designed to capture the attention of Americans searching for a palatable but inexpensive sparkling wine. Freixenet's nonvintage Cordon Negro Brut (\$6), easily recognizable in its striking all-black bottle, has a distinctive flavor, well-balanced between lightness and dryness. Spanish sparklers are

produced using the classic French *methode champenoise*. As part of conditions for Spain's entry

into the European Common Market, however, Spain was required to adopt the word cava as the designation for Spanish sparklers made using this time-honored procedure.

Another leader in the sparkling-wine industry is Codorniu, the world's largest producer of sparkling wines made by the champagne method. Unlike Freixenet, Codorniu's success is much greater at home than abroad, providing over half of all the cava consumed on Spanish soil. This fact has more to do with Codorniu's conservative marketing techniques than to a difference in quality. One of its best-selling bottles in the United States is the light, dry Brut Clasico (\$5). The Blanc de Blancs 1981 (\$8) is fruitier, but at the same time fresh and elegant.

One of the wineries that still adheres to tradition and turns bottles by hand (in order to draw sediment to the neck) is the comparatively small firm of Juve y Camps. Juve y Camps produces 1.5 million bottles of cava yearly, and while their wines are slightly higher priced than other Spanish sparklers, they still offer excellent value. The Reserva de la Familia—Brut Natural 1981 (\$10) is extremely refined with lots of fruit.

Several other producers worth noting are Marques de Monistrol, which makes a

nonvintage Blanc de Blancs (\$5) that is effervescent and has good clean flavor; the firm of Pedro Domecq, whose Lembey Brut 1982 (\$6) offers a smooth, fresh sparkler; and Castellblanch, which makes Castellblanch Brut Zero 1982 (\$6), which is fruity, crisp, and refreshing.

Spain's cavas are unquestionably worthy of recognition. Their sophistication, reasonable prices, and increased accessibility make them an irresistible buy for fanciers of fine sparkling wines. If you still imagine Spain as merely the land of bullfights and sangria, you are missing one of its lesser-known, but equally enjoyable, pleasures.

VIDEO

BY DOUG GARR

In a previous life Jeff Ayers called himself an "adviser" and "strategic planner." His



MacArthur censors W.W. II.

specialty was "communications," and his clients were government agencies. "We always thought he was in the C.I.A.," says his current partner, Kevin Hyson. "You ought to see his passport. He's been to Russia, and

things Spanish. Until recently, fine wine has not been among those images. France, Germany, and Italy have long held sovereignty in the domain of *vin extraordinaire*, while Spain remained in relative obscurity as a producer of quality wines. Spanish vintners are determined to change this, and in the last five to six years they have succeeded in elevating the sophistication of their wines as well as securing upper-shelf status on foreign shores.

Spain's sparkling wines have enjoyed the most outstanding progress. One of the leading importers of sparkling wine into the United States, Spain now ships over 1.5 million cases across the Atlantic annually, as opposed to 2,500 cases in

several Iron Curtain countries."

While Ayers was busy traveling around the globe, he wondered how he could put his government contacts to use in the private sector. He had seen an old combat training film called *Ski Patrol*, and began leafing through National Archive catalogs of government-produced movies that were declassified and in the public domain. He talked his friend Hyson into starting a video company and the two pored over endless listings. "Some of the titles were really bizarre," Hyson said. "*Trip to Where, Cleanliness Brings Health, Mr. Push a Button.*"

The result is a three-tape series called *Federal Follies* (\$24.95 each). There's a Disney cartoon admonishing the use of cornfields as latrines, a Julia Child cooking tape, a couple of classic postwar xenophobic treatments (*Your Job in Germany* and *Our Job in Japan*, directed by Theodore "Dr. Seuss" Geisel and subsequently censored by General MacArthur), a Navy film warning about the dangers of LSD, how to deal with unmarried pregnancies, and so on.

The classic, however, is *Duck and Cover*, the government's advice on how to cope with a nuclear attack, portions of which appear in *The Atomic Cafe*, an independent film that is becoming a classic. We're advised to avoid being near windows because the flying glass could "cut" us. And, when in doubt, you can even use a newspaper to cover your head after the first "flash."

So far, some 3,000 copies of *Federal Follies* have been

shipped to video stores, and dealers say they're renting briskly. Ayer and Hyson recouped their \$40,000 investment just a few months after setting up shop.

If the first three tapes sell well, there will be more. "We'd like to go down as the Lewis and Clark of alternative video," says Ayer. For more information, write or call

Brookville Productions, P.O. Box 1505, Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028, (212) 517-9232.

PEOPLE

BY MARSHALL FINE

Sam Kinison lays siege to his audience with a screaming torrent of comic energy, blasting out his invective about oral sex, Jesus, and the clincher: starvation in Ethiopia.

Nobody's going to teach you how to go down on a woman, so Kinison, 33, recommends, "Lick the alphabet. It makes you appear creative, and it's an easy diagram to remember."

Jesus? He's raring to return: "Yeah, I'll go back—as soon as I can play the piano again, I'll be right there!"

But Ethiopia? Starving children? "We Are the World"? That Ethiopia? "They ought to send someone like me out there," Kinison says. "I'd tell 'em, 'Ya know, we just drove 600 miles to bring you

your food. And it occurred to us that there wouldn't be world hunger if you people would live where the food is! You live in a fucking desert! Nothing grows here! Nothing's gonna grow here!"

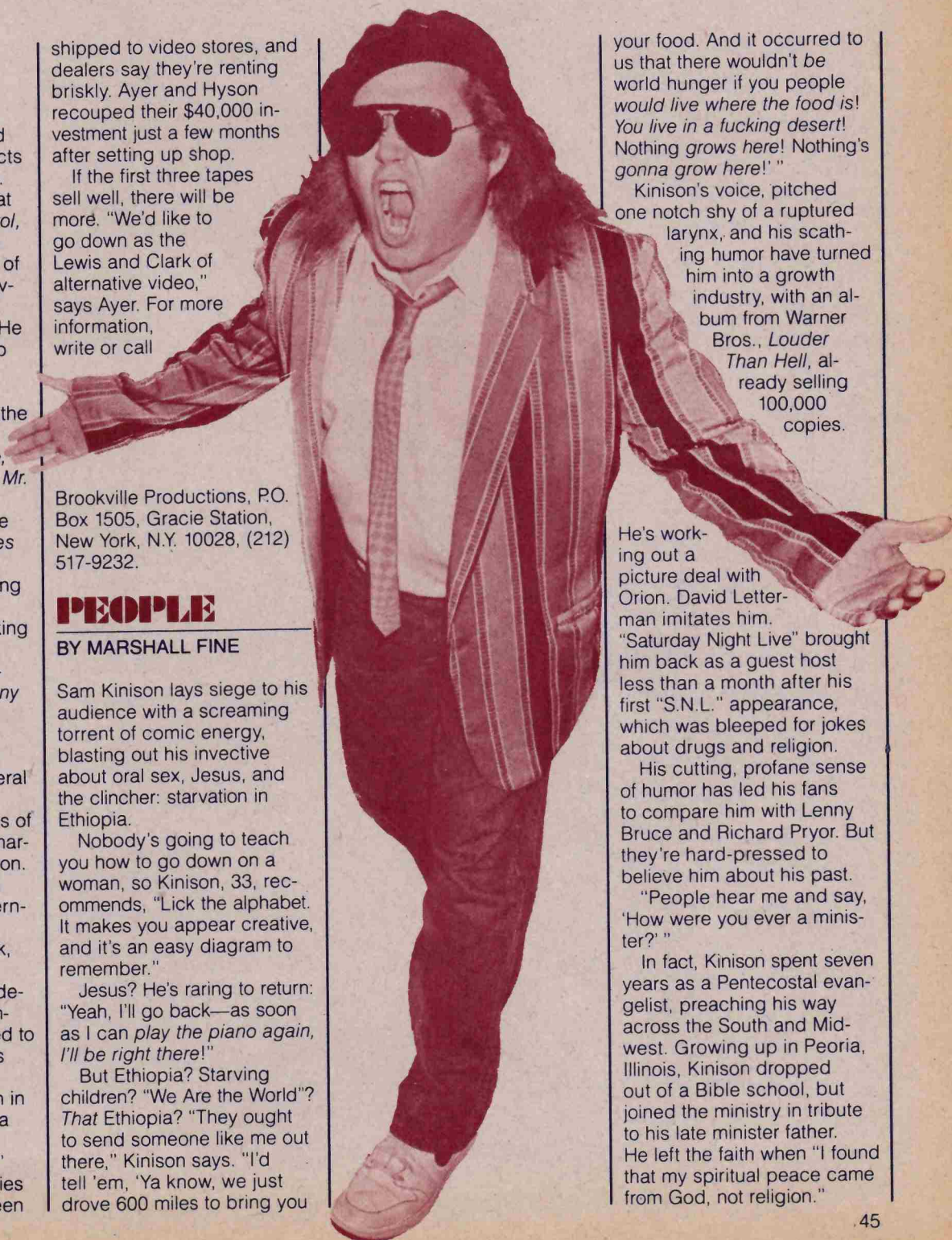
Kinison's voice, pitched one notch shy of a ruptured larynx, and his scathing humor have turned him into a growth industry, with an album from Warner Bros., *Louder Than Hell*, already selling 100,000 copies.

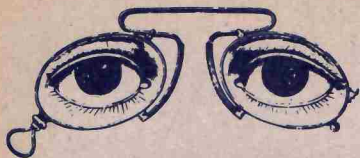
He's working out a picture deal with Orion. David Letterman imitates him. "Saturday Night Live" brought him back as a guest host less than a month after his first "S.N.L." appearance, which was bleeped for jokes about drugs and religion.

His cutting, profane sense of humor has led his fans to compare him with Lenny Bruce and Richard Pryor. But they're hard-pressed to believe him about his past.

"People hear me and say, 'How were you ever a minister?'"

In fact, Kinison spent seven years as a Pentecostal evangelist, preaching his way across the South and Midwest. Growing up in Peoria, Illinois, Kinison dropped out of a Bible school, but joined the ministry in tribute to his late minister father. He left the faith when "I found that my spiritual peace came from God, not religion."





VIEW FROM THE TOP



Kinison: profane and political.

He devoted five years to his rebirth as a comedian. After winning acclaim in Houston, Kinison moved to Los Angeles, where "success kicked my ass," he remembers. At one point, broke and homeless after two divorces and L.A. dues-paying, he slept on the stage of the Comedy Store in Westwood.

Then mentor Rodney Dangerfield invited Kinison to be on an HBO young comedians' showcase, a break Kinison terms "the six minutes that changed my life." It led to semiregular appearances on the Letterman show and "S.N.L.," as well as a bit in the film *Back to School*. Kinison's own HBO special aired this spring.

Kinison's unbridled material undoubtedly will raise hackles on the Religious Right. "Hey, I'd love to debate someone like Jimmy Swagart," says Kinison, and as for Pat Robertson's presidential hopes, about which Kinison does a routine, he says, "You can't come across with this bullshit where you act like the cross and the American flag are the same thing. That's not American; it's religious prejudice. It's time comedians and artists confront these people, the same way people finally stood up

to McCarthy. People haven't been taking these Christians very seriously until now. These motherfuckers can be dangerous."

SEX NEWS

BY LAUREN BANK

- The White House is offering Nancy's "Just Say No" campaign as advice for avoiding teen pregnancy, since President Reagan "strongly disapproves of giving contraceptives to teenagers." If Nancy's suggestion works in this case as well as it did when she proposed it as a solution to the drug crisis, we're bound to see a dramatic increase in teenage mothers.

- Some new maneuvers were seen on a Los Angeles cable station when 15 minutes of a steamy soft-core sex movie interrupted the regularly scheduled wrestling match. Of the eight calls the station received, only two called to protest, while the remaining six called to see how they could receive the soft-porn movies, according to a Group W spokesman.

- And they say the California freeways aren't clean. You certainly won't be seeing these three-letter combinations crawling down the road: BRA, BUM, FAT, HOG, PET, FIG, RAT, RAW, RUM, and of course, SEX have all

been banned from license plates by the California Department of Motor Vehicles. Yet another step toward a cleaner America.

- More evidence that women really need men: Scientists have discovered that women who have sex with men at least once a week are more likely to have normal menstrual cycles, fewer infertility problems, and milder menopause than women who are celibate or have a sporadic sex life. It seems that male pheromones, special aromatic chemical compounds that are secreted through the sweat glands located in the underarms and genital area, regulate the timing of the menstrual cycle.


- The battery-operated woman is here. The latest development in birth control is a self-contained, sealed tiny battery that is inserted into the cervical canal, or at-

tached to a cervical cap or modified diaphragm. The battery creates an electrical field that curtails sperm migration through the canal and into the uterine cavity.

- Herpes Anonymous has announced the first issue of their newsletter *The Pioneer*. In addition to a strictly personal section, the newsletter will offer a listing of social activities, so herpes sufferers will be able to meet others without stigma or fear. For more information, contact Herpes Anonymous, P.O. Box 278, Westbury, N.Y. 11590, (516) 334-5718.

- Medicine marches on: The first successful testicle transplant has been completed in Missouri. Doctors sliced a testicle from one man and grafted it into the groin of his identical brother, in the hope the recipient could then father children.

- Overcrowding is throwing male and female inmates together in unsupervised situations, according to a retiring corrections officer at Rikers Island prison in New York. The officer listed a walk-in refrigerator as their favorite trysting spot.

- Who says men aren't finely tuned animals? A recent study by Kansas State University claims that men have a tendency to oversexualize what women say and do. While women who watched a videotape of a male professor and a female student viewed it as merely friendship, the men saw it as pure seduction and flirtation. Frank Staal, the psychologist who conducted the study, warns that "what a woman thinks is a friendly pat on the hand is likely to be interpreted as a come-on by a man." 



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

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence.
The best live up to it.





Introducing Joan's Cuervo Solid Gold Collins.

A casual evening with Joan Collins means bringing out the caviar and Cuervo; clearly, a Collins Collins must be made with nothing less than Cuervo Gold. Mix 1½-oz. Cuervo with one tbsp. frozen lemonade concentrate. Add ice cubes and fill the glass with Collins mix. Recline casually. And of course never use anything other than Cuervo Gold, for the uniquely smooth taste of the premium tequila.

Rethink your drink.

Cuervo®

Mix with Cuervo tequila.





ANDREA DWORKIN

“Women my age . . . had a phenomenal amount of sexual experience. And actually what came out of it was the radical feminism. . . . I still feel very strongly that being a lesbian is part of my identity.”

Both women were naked and they were embracing. I remember my wife saying to me, “If she wants to get fucked good, we couldn’t think of anyone better than you to do it.” My wife pulled me down on the bed, then placed me between them. I remember taking turns fucking both of them.

This is pornography.

N is easy to love. Devotedly. She is very beautiful, not like a girl. She is lean and tough. She fucks like a gang of boys. Women want her. So do men. She fucks everyone. It is always easier for her to than not. She

has a perfect courtesy and rare grace. She is marvelously polite, never asking, never taking, until licensed by an urgent request. Then she is a hooligan, all fuck and balls. She fucks everyone eventually with perfect simplicity and grace. She is a rough fuck. She grinds her hips in. She pushes her finger in. She tears around inside. She thrusts her hips so hard, you can’t remember who she is or how many of her there are. The first time she tore me apart. I bled and bled.

This is not pornography.

According to Andrea Dworkin, the first paragraph is, because it was

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD

published in *Penthouse* magazine. The other paragraph is not pornography—apparently because it is from a novel written by an antipornographer, Andrea Dworkin herself.

In August 1981, a few weeks before he died in his 98th year, Roger Baldwin, who founded the American Civil Liberties Union in 1920, said he thought these were the most dangerous times for civil liberties in America. Coming from Baldwin, who had lived through several dark periods in American history, it was a sobering assessment—yet he remained optimistic about America's ability to prevail. "For all the danger civil liberty faces today, the historical tide of expanding liberty should encourage Americans: There is reason to alarm, but there is no reason for pessimism," Baldwin said.

Roger Baldwin died, and Ronald Reagan was President of the United States.

It was under the Reagan administration that America went to Grenada, Rambo became a national hero, the Meese Commission was appointed, and Andrea Dworkin became more active than ever in the antiporn movement.

In 1983, Dworkin teamed up with law professor Catharine A. MacKinnon to write a proposed ordinance stating that pornography was a form of sex discrimination and therefore violated women's civil rights. The ordinance, which was defeated in all the localities in which it was presented, was ultimately declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. When the Meese Commission held hearings in New York in January of 1986, Dworkin testified that pornography "creates a vast hopelessness for women, a vast despair." She described women as victims of atrocious crimes committed as part of the making of pornography.

Though at first President Reagan concentrated primarily on economic issues, his leadership helped fuel the movement to restrict the right of women to choose an abortion, to defeat the Equal Rights Amendment, to impose official prayer sessions in public schools, and to repeal key provisions of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. Reagan seemed to be seeking to alter public belief in many of the values underlying the Bill of Rights.

In this era of growing conservatism, Andrea Dworkin, one of this country's most radical feminists and the leader of the antipornography movement, goes on a crusade against the huge commercial success of pornography in America.

She participates in different women's conventions, always leading the antipornography marches and demonstrations. She is always wearing her eternal overalls and chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, pornography has to go." Feminists and liberals attack her for forming antipornography alliances with right-wing political groups. Others say she is not seeking to protect women, nor anybody else, but to impose her own moral values and judgments.

This interview with Andrea Dworkin was conducted by Michele Mayron for an article in the Israeli daily newspaper *Yedioth Ahronot*. Never having been to Israel but declaring her sexual identity as much her identity as her Judaism, Dworkin might make a splash in Israel when she constantly compares pornography to Nazism. After writing her article, Mayron sold the interview transcript to *Penthouse*. The experience, she told us, was unusual to say the least:

"How would you recognize me?" Dworkin asked over the phone. "Well, I'm a big woman. I normally wear overalls and I have long black hair." The description was accurate, yet mild.

"This is Andrea Dworkin, a big woman all right, wearing blue overalls that make her look even bigger. The visual impression this woman makes is not one that you easily connect with having anything to do with sex, erotica, and pornography—pro or con.

"If you tend to relate and mix these terms, this is your first mistake with Dworkin. Your second mistake: You're trying to disagree with Andrea Dworkin.

"When doing so, you might want to bring up arguments based on facts and research. Well, you can do it, but it won't do you any good. She is the only one who possesses all the facts. No research is good enough for her unless it supports her ideology. No argument is valid if it tries to disprove a Dworkin theory.

"Dworkin, extremely polite, lets me quote from a few studies that claim that the effect of pornography on women's lives is not very significant. Dworkin doesn't really appear to listen; she prefers statistics to social science. For example, a research paper, *Women, Sex, and Pornography: A Controversial Study* (Macmillan Publishing), by the Australian social reformer Beatrice Faust, says porn among women is a nonissue: 'Women's indifference to pornography is not news,' she claims.

"She is wrong, Dworkin will say impatiently. And so is Carol Vance, an anthropologist and epidemiologist at Columbia University who thinks that large-scale studies have failed to demonstrate a clear relationship between pornography and violence against women.

"Dworkin tries to give the impression she knows all there is to know of sex, erotica, porn, and of course, men. And she sounds so rational, so convinced, that you must remind yourself to keep your own perspectives intact or you might end up thinking all men are the same: Beneath their human facades they are animals who see all women as sex objects and seek to control and humiliate them with whatever means possible. 'Power is the capacity to terrorize,' Andrea Dworkin defines in her book *Pornography: Men Possessing Women*. 'Men are dangerous. Men are feared.'

"Women, as Dworkin defines them, are weak and humiliated. Men keep women

physically weak. Men choose women who are weak as their mates. Sex with men can be only humiliating. There is no healthy, enjoyable, normal sex between the sexes. The pornographers are a bunch of rich people, pimps. Women who oppose Dworkin are women 'who say' they are feminists, women who protect pornographers are 'lawyers and academics,' and the way Dworkin pronounces 'academics,' one might think it the second-biggest sin next to the creation of pornography.

"The woman's self, Dworkin writes in *Pornography*, doesn't exist—because women are sex objects. The man's self, however, is never big enough, and the woman's is always too big, no matter how small it is. For him, nothing is ever enough unless it's too much. For him, women are to be used to enlarge himself, and he is always in a panic—never large enough.

"Dworkin says women think of erotica as involving mutuality between the sexes, whereas pornography involves dominance and violence. Men, of course, see it differently. In their vocabulary—a vocabulary of power, as Dworkin says—erotica is only a high-class pornography, as with the call girl and the prostitute on the street.

"Americans, who believe in freedom of the press and freedom of individuals to decide for themselves what's good, might view Dworkin as the sister of Big Brother.

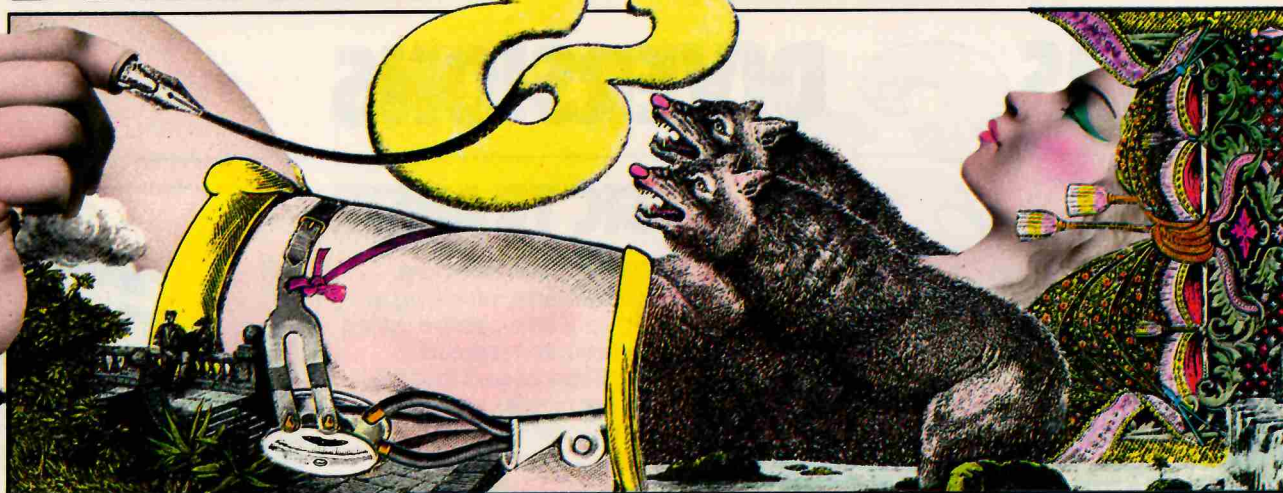
"Dworkin defines herself mainly as a writer. After writing *Woman Hating: A Radical Look at Sexuality, Our Blood: Prophecies and Discourses on Sexual Politics, Right-Wing Women, and Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, she is publishing *Intercourse*, a political analysis of sex as an institution of male dominance over women.

"Although a lesbian, Dworkin has shared living quarters for 13 years with John Stoltenberg, a founder of Men Against Pornography. She has been quoted in *The New York Times* as saying that their relationship allows for outside relationships, so long as they stay outside their jointly owned co-op. 'After pornography, the radical issue for us is housework,' she told the paper. She has just published her first novel, *Ice and Fire*. The narrator's background might remind you of the author's own tough coming of age. The character's chronic search for a maternal presence in her life coincides with the partial absence of the author's mother, who was hospitalized for much of her childhood.

"The themes in the novel are repetitious and the writing is boring. But the carryings-on of the characters are surprisingly titillating, especially since they are the inventions of a woman famous for her opposition to pornography. There doesn't seem to be much difference between the women portrayed in Dworkin's novel and the women portrayed in blatant pornographic writing. Perhaps they get off being on top more. Who knows?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



ART CRITIC OF THE MONTH

A modernist sculpture, consisting of several steel plates bolted together and painted red, blue, black, and white, was bought for \$8,000 by the city of San Jose, California, to decorate a downtown plaza. Shortly after it was emplaced, several construction workers, assuming the piece had somehow been overlooked by their clean-up crew, hauled it away to the scrap heap.



BOOB OF THE MONTH

A California girl was rejected for her school's cheerleading squad because, the squad's faculty adviser decreed, her breasts were too large.



WORST NEW PRODUCTS

Neiman-Marcus now offers "designer kittens," ordinary domestic cats specially crossbred to produce markings of jungle cats. Price: \$1,400 each.



LIFE AT THE TOP

An exclusive Manhattan restaurant offers a "power breakfast" that costs \$5,000 a year—exclusive of food.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

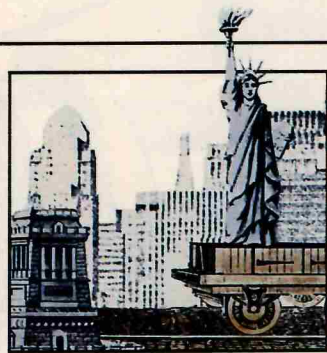
GO TO YOUR ROOM

A San Lorenzo, California, third-grader urinated on a rest-room electrical outlet, setting off a fire that caused \$500 in damage and forced the closing of his school.



SIC TRANSIT

Officials of Wilksburg, Pennsylvania, preparing to dig up a time capsule buried by their predecessors in 1962, discovered that the former officials kept its location secret. Moreover, all of them are now dead.



OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

The Iowa Supreme Court denied jobless benefits to a packinghouse worker who was fired after throwing an

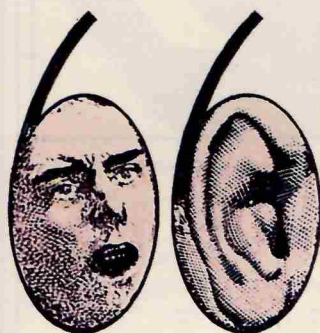
enormous beef tongue at his supervisor. The worker claimed that the supervisor had denied his request to go to the bathroom.

A Santa Clara, California, man was sentenced to an additional six months in jail after mooning a judge who had sentenced him to two years in jail following conviction on a burglary charge.



BAD KARMA

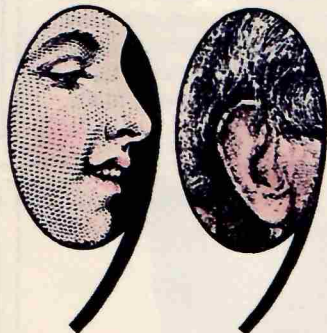
The National Marriage Guidance Council in England said that marriage can ruin a couple's sex life.



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"People don't ask Lee Iacocca why he didn't work on an assembly line."

—Former "Mayflower Madam" Sydney Biddle Barrows, defending her management philosophy



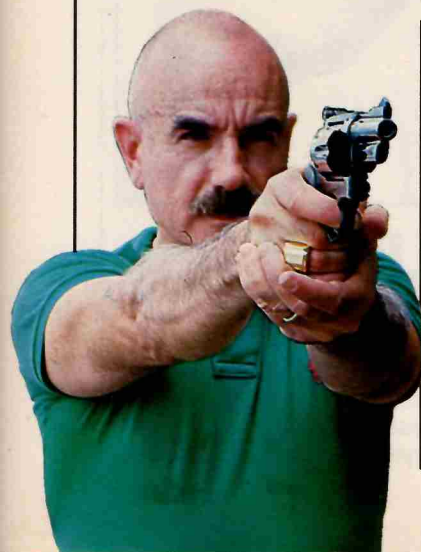
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Convicted Watergate burglar G. Gordon Liddy now runs a special school for business executives, teaching counter-terrorism, corporate intelligence, executive protection, and other matters. The course also includes a special program that Liddy calls "intrusion (exit/entry)."



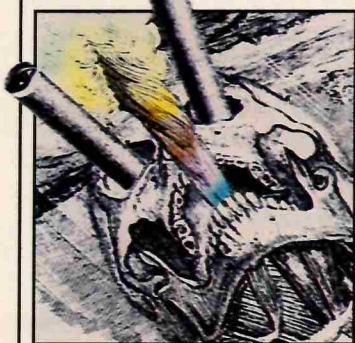
HIGHS AND LOWS

New recruits in the Italian Army are subjected to a hazing called "the thermometer," in which they must stand outside the barracks naked and at attention until they correctly guess the temperature. The hazing, which usually takes place during the winter months, requires that recruits make only one guess every 15 minutes.



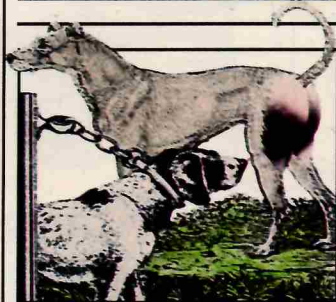
REEFER MADNESS

Children in Des Moines, Iowa, have a new game in which they put flour in bags and pretend to sell it to each other. They call it "playing cocaine."



DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A Gainesville, Georgia, woman thought to have drowned while skinny-dipping in a local lake hid in the woods and watched scuba divers hunt for her body. She later confessed that she was too embarrassed to tell the police she was still alive.



DIPLOMATS OF THE MONTH

British Prince Philip, during a visit to China, described

Peking, the Chinese capital, as "ugly," and complained that Chinese people have "slitty" eyes.

New York Mayor Ed Koch told a group of visiting Soviet children that their government is "the pits."



STOP ME BEFORE I KILL AGAIN!

A group of parents in California attempted, unsuccessfully, to block a performance of Lillian Hellman's classic play *The Children's Hour*. One parent said he objected to the play on these grounds: "If something isn't fit for my five-year-old to watch, it's not fit for me to watch."

WRETCHED EXCESSES

A foreign graduate student at Notre Dame University and his wife committed suicide after the student's doctoral thesis was turned down.



Infuriated over delays at a bank drive-in window, a Homestead, Florida, man drove his pickup truck through the bank's glass doors, demanding to see the manager.

JUST CALL ME BILL

The ambassador of Brunei was adjudged to have the longest name ever in the United Nations directory of accredited diplomats: Awang Ahmad bin Pehin Orang Kaya Digadong Seri Diraja Dato Laila Utama Awang Haji Mohd Yussof.

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.

DWORKIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Penthouse: People say that your novel is pornographic.

Dworkin: Well, I guess people say it is, although I think not with any real conviction. I think people say so because there's nothing that they like so much as the stereotype: the person who's really obsessed with pornography but is really trying to fight it. And that gave me such a kick that they would even take a book like this, such an interesting and experimental book, and try to do that to make their own political point.

Penthouse: What's your point in publishing this book?

Dworkin: It's been apparently a very traumatic book for people to read. A very shocking book. It's also a very short one. It's about a woman who is exceptionally poor, who lives on the Lower East Side of New York, which is a neighborhood not too far from where people had been destitute forever. It's about a woman's life in prostitution, and what happens when you are so poor and all you have to sell is yourself. And then there is the gradual transformation into achieving her own identity and self-respect. She becomes a published writer. What she finds out is that, even in the publishing industry, which appears certainly to be the total opposite of being out on the street, she's sexually

harassed by a publisher and is powerless to do anything about it. Essentially all her future depends on complying with his sexual demands, and she finds that her situation hasn't changed one bit. The power of the book is not its plot, but the way it's written and the way it's put together and argues with the male culture.

Penthouse: Do you make your living as a writer?

Dworkin: So far there is not much money. On my recent book I got an advance—I don't get big advances. Actually, I get quite small advances. I've published many nonfiction books and I'm internationally known, as we can also see by the fact that you're here, and I got \$13,000. I got part of this money three years ago—I've been working on it for five years, and I still haven't gotten the second part of it.

Penthouse: Judging from the tone of your book and some of your public appearances, you seem to be constantly filled with anger.

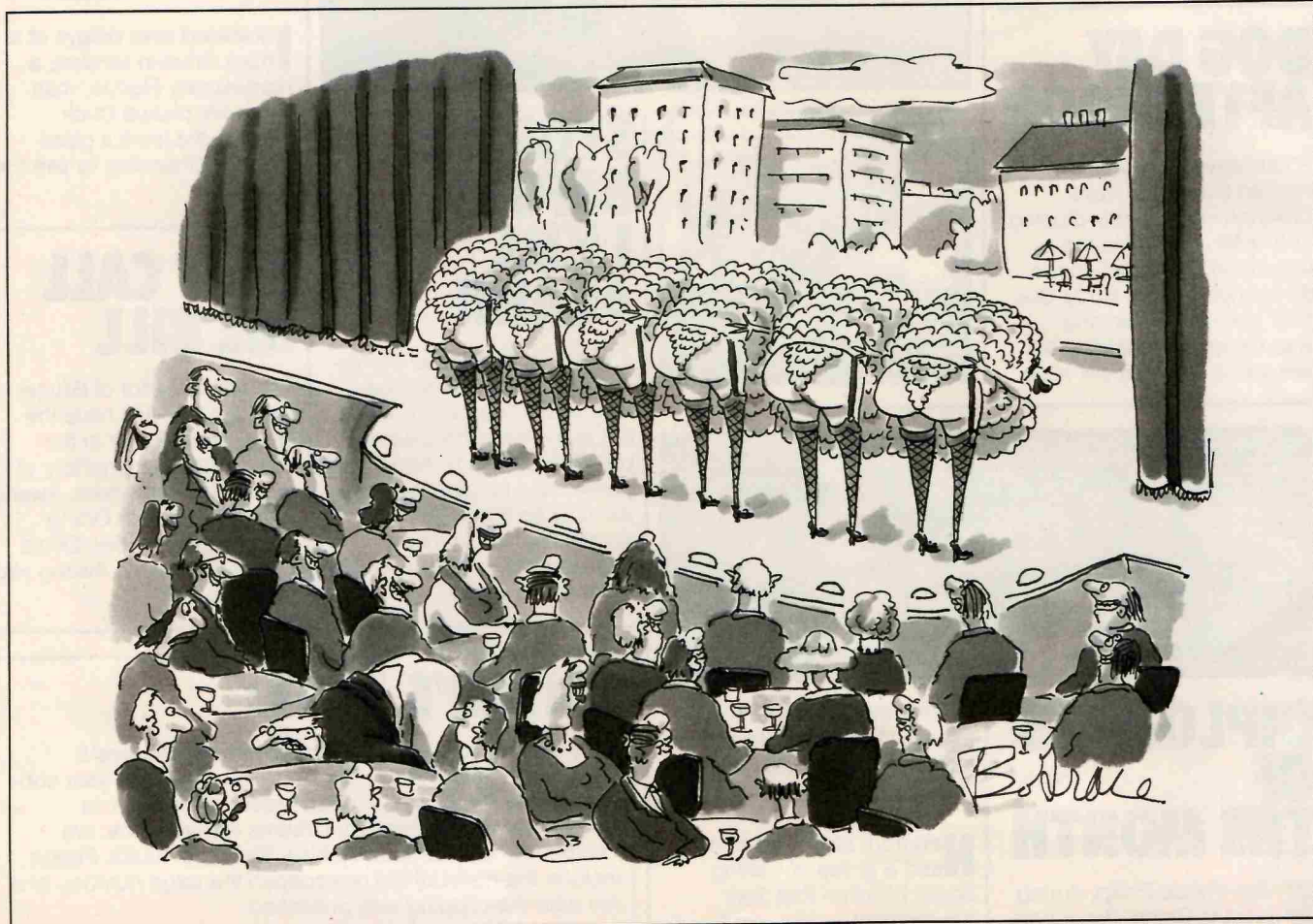
Dworkin: Well, no, no, but I constantly feel things. I mean I'm not bored, I'm not depressed, I'm not alienated. People who have been hurt have the right to be angry. Talking of anger, I think I can point out the incident in my life that turned me into what I am today. I was 18, in the midst of the sixties, when I was involved in a protest against the Vietnam War. It was one of the first demonstrations held in this country, and I was sent to a women's prison. I was badly brutalized by two of

the doctors in the prison. I was given an internal examination, which I had never known about or experienced before, and they tore me up, sadistically tore me up inside. They hurt me very badly. The doctors who did that to me were clearly having a sexual experience when they did it. One of their excuses was that if you weren't a virgin, they could do anything they wanted to. I was 18, and no, I wasn't a virgin. Why do they think it's all right to brutalize someone, to leave them bleeding, in fact, from brutality? When I came out, I wrote the newspapers. They don't expect you to do that, since most of the women in that prison were black, Hispanic, and so on. But I was white. I was poor, but I had this good education, and then again, I was white. When you're white in America, you're rich. So I came out so hurt I couldn't speak. Physically I just couldn't speak. Emotionally I didn't really understand what had happened to me. It was one of the most important events of my life in the sense that I spent many years trying to understand certain things about it.

Penthouse: Why do you believe sex is always connected to power?

Dworkin: Why is sex connected with power? Well, why do men get sexual pleasure from women's pain? Why do men get sexual pleasure from humiliating women? Why does society sanction that sexual pleasure? Because that's the way it is. Here in the United States, according

CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



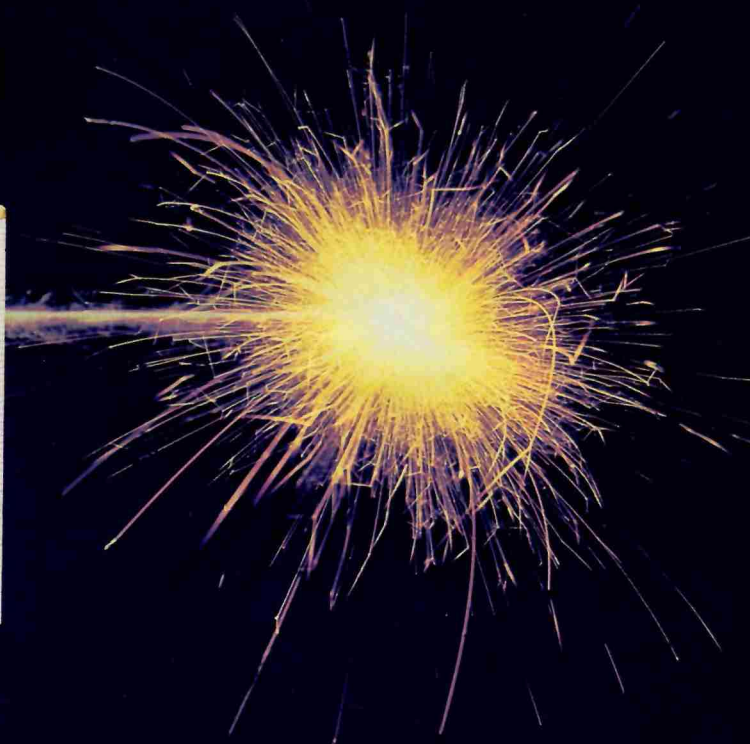
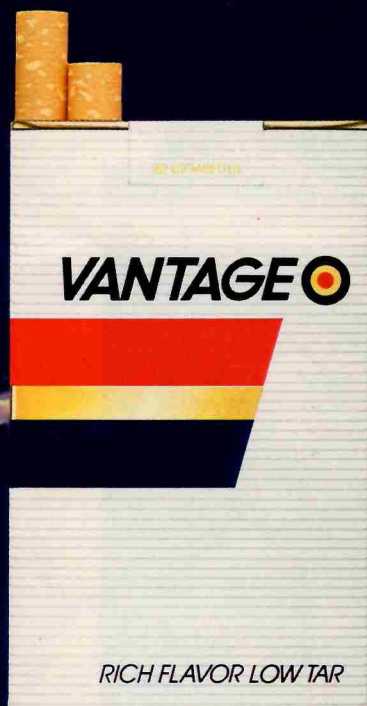
CELEBRATE

THE NEW LOOK OF VANTAGE

FREE PACK

FREE LIGHTER*

Refillable Electronic Quartz



ULTRA LIGHTS MENTHOL, ULTRA LIGHTS MENTHOL 100's: 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine, FILTER 100's, MENTHOL: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report JAN. '85; ULTRA LIGHTS, ULTRA LIGHTS 100's: 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL 100's: 9 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

*Your Vantage lighter can be obtained in one of two ways:

- Simply fill in the form on the coupon before redeeming, and the lighter will be mailed to you. (Delivery subject to timely retailer coupon processing.) Or...
- Mail your name, address and the empty Vantage pack obtained with the Free Pack Coupon to:

Vantage Lighter Offer
P.O. Box 1825
Winston-Salem, NC 27102
Limit one request per household.
Consumer must pay postage.
Expiration Date: 6/30/87

7777

MANUFACTURER COUPON EXPIRES 6/30/87

FREE PACK

FREE PACK OF VANTAGE TODAY (Any Style)
FREE LIGHTER IN THE MAIL*



I certify that I am a smoker 21 years of age or older.

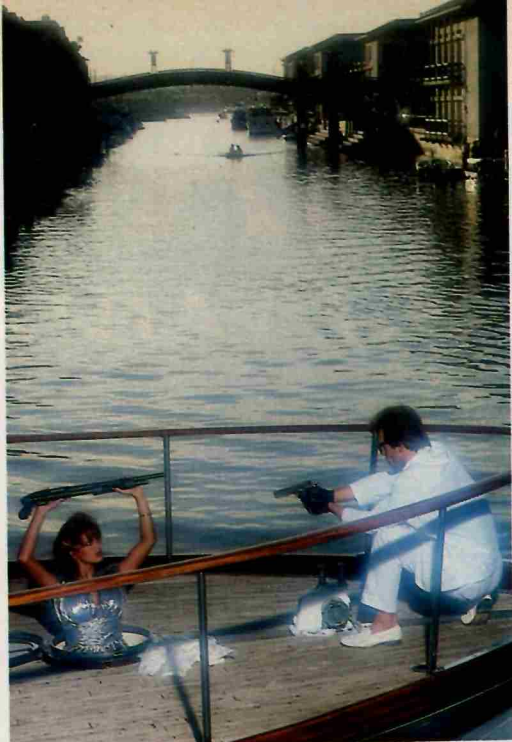
SIGNATURE		
MR.		
PRINT MRS.		
NAME MS.		
FIRST	LAST	APT/LOT #
STREET		
CITY	STATE	ZIP
TELEPHONE	SEX: <input type="checkbox"/> MALE <input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE	AGE
MY USUAL BRAND IS		

TERMS OF COUPON OFFER
CONSUMER: CAUTION! This coupon is good only on brand style(s) specified; it cannot be copied, transferred or exchanged for other coupons. Participation in this promotion is at the discretion of the retailer. All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. Void when used in combination with any other promotional offer. **LIMIT ONE COUPON PER CUSTOMER AND TO SMOKERS 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER.**
RETAILER: Redemption of this coupon signifies acceptance of R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coupon Redemption Policy, incorporated herein by reference, copy available upon request. Retailer and authorized clearinghouses only will be reimbursed normal retail value for this item, applicable sales taxes, B&B handling, and postage upon compliance with this offer and such Policy. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢. Good only in U.S.A., void where prohibited. Mail to: Coupon Redemption Center, P.O. Box 3000, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27102. **RETAILER: YOU MUST FILL IN NORMAL RETAIL PRICE (DO NOT INCLUDE SALES TAXES)**

© 1987 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

FREE PACK

Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older. All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. No facsimiles or copies accepted. Limit one request per household. Offer good only in U.S.A. Offer void where restricted or prohibited by law.



MIAMI SPICE

Jennifer, a federal agent operating undercover and assigned to infiltrate a gang of Miami drug dealers, stakes out a suspicious boat—only to find herself arrested by a local vice cop who beat her to the bust. The relentless force that typically draws such people to danger, however, creates another kind of magnetism that leads to love.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER





Hair by Darlene DeFreitas; makeup by John Maldonado

There's a keen appreciation of life's delicacy among those who live close to death. A caressing touch lingers. Jennifer's loveliness and trust in his arms awaken his hardened heart.





A shared
search
of adventure
and they
know one
another.
Bodies flow
and merge in
sensuous
rhythms.





As the tropical sun grows exotic flowers, so Jennifer glows under the heat of love. The freshness of her sunlit bloom will stay in his memory.





While their
passion
blends into a
new and
loving part-
nership,
the shadowy
figures of
their shared
foes fade
for just
this while.







DWORKIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

to the F.B.I., a woman is beaten every 18 seconds by somebody who is not a stranger—by her husband or her lover or somebody she lives with. You run away and you try to escape, you ask people for help and they say no. They send you back, telling you you belong with your husband and that this is your responsibility. They tell you it's your fault.

Penthouse: The narrator in *Ice and Fire* goes through different stages in her life in which she maintains occasional relationships with men and women, without any special preferences: "I run into an old lover. . . I'm insulted because he wants to wear a condom. But women are dirty, he says as a point of fact. I am offended. I won't allow the condom. We fight. He hits me hard in the face several times. He hits me until I fall. He fucks me. Women carry disease, he said. No condoms, I said. He fucked me again and left. I had another lover coming, a woman I had been waiting for weeks to see, married, hard to see. I picked myself up and forgot about him. She was shameless: She liked the bruises, the fresh semen." Do you lead a lifestyle similar to that of the heroine of your book? A lesbian living with a man?

Dworkin: I don't really want to talk about my personal sexual love life. I've been

out as a lesbian for a long time, but John and I live together, and we love each other very deeply. I'm 40 and he is two or three years older. He is also a writer and politically active against pornography, and we share a small, lovely apartment in Brooklyn. It's my closest relationship with anyone. Yes, I am a lesbian, and we live together, and he's my primary relationship. I find it strange that as an individual you have so many people that you don't know scrutinizing your life and saying, "I want to understand how it all fits together." I don't especially feel any responsibility to explain it. We have a very deep and intimate relationship. I think most women would be extraordinarily happy if they were as close to a man as I am to John. I've been extremely happy, and I still feel very strongly that being a lesbian is part of my identity. It's like being Jewish is part of my identity. It means a similar thing.

Penthouse: How did your parents accept you being gay?

Dworkin: Very badly. I don't know—I think it was very rough on them. I think everything about sexuality to women of my generation was rough. Women my age are really the first group of women in the United States who did really whatever we wanted. As a result, we had a phenomenal amount of sexual experience. And actually, what came out of it was the radical feminism. I mean again the stereotypical view that somebody is a radical feminist because they don't have sexual

relations. That's precisely the opposite. It's when you have sexual relations, and you know enough about them to say it's a political game.

Penthouse: Tell us who you feel are involved with your crusade against pornography.

Dworkin: The antiporn movement involves great numbers of women who have been in pornography or prostitution, so it doesn't have any basis in morality. The liberals who oppose us are the same people who defend the Nazis. There are women who say they are feminists and protect the pornographers—these women are absolutely from the opposite ends of the social-economic scale from the women who are against pornography. These women seem to think that pornography is some form of sexual liberation, and they defend it that way.

Penthouse: What's your goal?

Dworkin: For the last 15 years we have been educating people. I remember the fight against desegregationists. People said yes, but you can't change their hearts. You can't change the morality, and that's the real issue. Well, fuck the morality. You have to change their behavior.

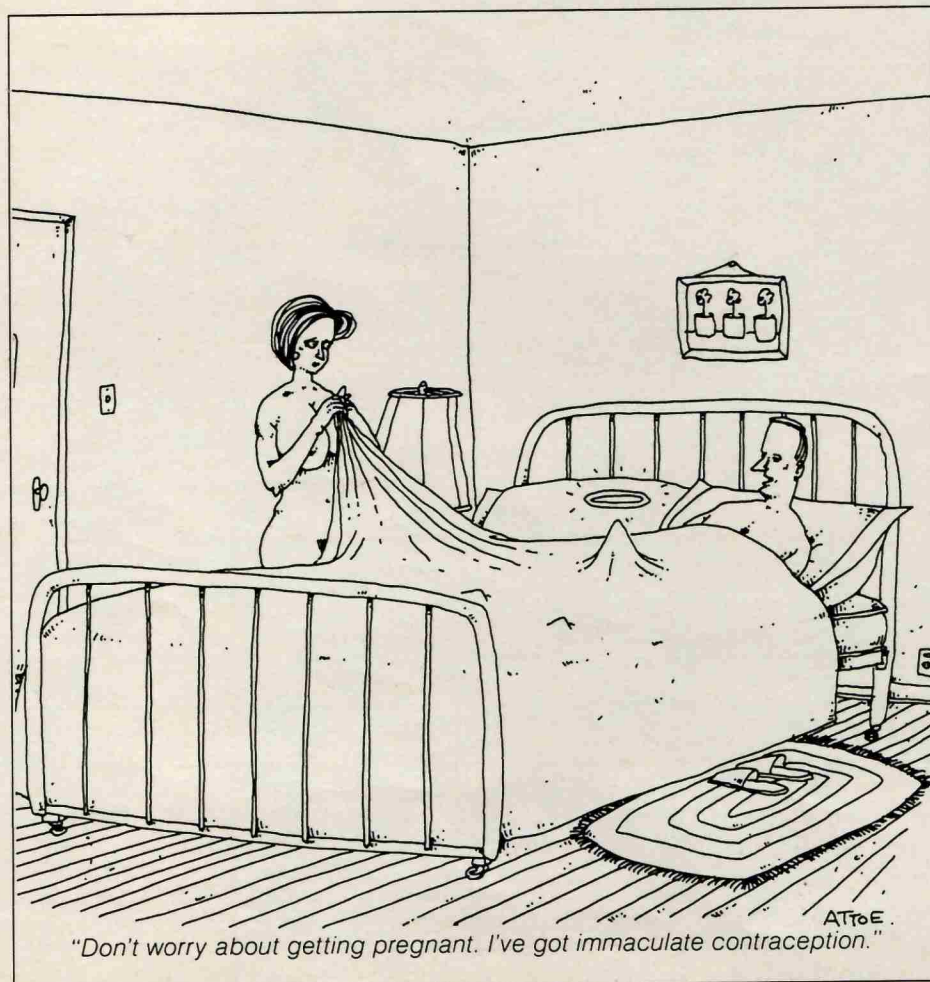
Penthouse: Are other feminist leaders radical enough for you?

Dworkin: No, most of them aren't. I think the worst problem of the women's movement now is that in the last 15 years the movement has established a kind of small professional clique who have in fact benefited greatly from the women's movement. They have status in the world. They make some amount of money, not as much as they should, but they do make some. The problem with the women's movement is that it hasn't significantly helped advancement of women, but it has helped a small group of women. So there is a bigger distance now than there's ever been between the "leadership of the women's movement," which consists mostly of affluent middle-class women, and the situation of most women in the country.

Penthouse: How can you explain the fact that the American Civil Liberties Union opposes you?

Dworkin: Because they get a lot of their money from the pornographers. The Nazis don't pay the Union a lot. The Klu Klux Klan doesn't pay them a lot. You see, I think people don't sufficiently appreciate the fact that when you talk about liberals in this country, you're talking about people who have lost their concern for human rights of real people. These are the people who said, "But we have to have the Nazis march in Skokie, otherwise the Republic will fall." These are the people who enabled the Nazis to march through the neighborhood that holocaust survivors lived in. These are their politics. That's what they do. These are the people who are supporting the pornographers.

Penthouse: But how can you define pornography? If an X-rated movie shows a



"Don't worry about getting pregnant. I've got immaculate contraception."



BIG SAVINGS

Month after month, Penthouse exposes you to the latest and greatest developments in the world around us—exposing the facts, unveiling the fiction, and revealing the figures which shape our daily lives. The big names. The big games. The big wheels. The big deals. The brilliant, the bawdy, and the brash.

So stop thinking small! Subscribe to Penthouse today, and not only will you enjoy the convenience of home delivery, but you'll also receive a hefty \$13.50 savings off the regular cover price.

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE
P.O. Box 3021
Harlan, Ia. 51593-2082

- ☐ One year (12 issues) only \$36!
Save \$13.50!
- ☐ Two Years (24 issues) only \$65!
Save \$34.00!
- ☐ Check enclosed.
- ☐ Money order enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Credit-card holders call toll-free: 1-800-257-7600.

Canada and elsewhere add \$10.00 per subscription. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

H7CP9

PENTHOUSE

A TREMENDOUS OPPORTUNITY

woman in a sexually dominant role, does that affect your analysis of porn being a tool to oppress the rights of women?

Dworkin: Feminists have tried to make definitions based on quality, mutuality, choice, and all that sort of stuff. But if you look at what's actually produced on the pornography market, you find pure pornography. Women's subordination, group sex, an extraordinary concentration on rape as opposed to sexual pleasure for women. Men that are being exploited in pornography are a different story. Men have freedom in society that women don't. Men in pornography have ways of escaping, ways of getting out that women don't. If Bob Guccione decided he was going to sell sexual equality instead of his porn, he would be poor tomorrow.

Penthouse: But Carol Vance from Columbia University doesn't see how one can tell erotica from porn. She says that "in practice this distinction is impossible to make. I would say erotica is what you like and pornography is what the other guy likes."

Dworkin: I know who Vance is and what she does, and I don't agree with her point.

Penthouse: So what's your definition of pornography?

Dworkin: The pornography industry represents a dream that people had during the sixties that has turned into a living nightmare for vast numbers of women. Pornography is violent and humiliating. It's the sexually explicit subordination of women. Putting women down through the use of women as sexual commodities. *Penthouse* and *Playboy* are pornography. They both include consistently and systematically extraordinary sexual violence against women.

Penthouse: And how about women who do not want to be protected by you? How about women who choose to pose for magazines or films by their own free will?

Dworkin: I don't think there are women that do that from free will. We found that 65 to 75 percent of women in pornography were incest victims or victims of some form of child abuse, but usually incest. They were first put in pornography by the men who abused them, including their fathers. Or they might be runaways who left home when they were children and got picked up by pimps and put in pornography in a whole variety of ways, including rape and having the rapes filmed.

Penthouse: So you believe that people are not capable of acting properly and that the government should make up their mind for them. But isn't that a prescription for censorship?

Dworkin: Well no, I don't think so. I think the pornographers have done everything that they can to try to suggest that being against pornography is synonymous with being for censorship. As they do that, they take women and hang them from the poles and put gags in their mouths and masks on their faces, and that's not considered censorship. You take a woman and make it impossible for her

to move or speak and then you say, "She's my freedom of speech, and you can't stop me from doing that to her because then you will be denying me my rights." From the very beginning, when we talked about this issue, people said we were pro-censorship. And we said we just want to talk about it, and they said, well that's being allied with the right wing and being for censorship, so shut up. So now we have developed this civil-rights approach: We want to see pornography legally defined as a violation of women's rights, as a form of sex discrimination. So we are not pro-censorship and we never have been, but we want to stop the pornographers who are trashing women and violate their rights, and we have every right to stop them from doing that.

Penthouse: Perhaps your definition of censorship is not the commonly accepted one. Most people, for example, would say that censorship is an official restriction of free expression.



The stereotypical
view is that somebody is
a radical feminist
because they don't have
sexual relations.
That's precisely the opposite.



Dworkin: Censorship is when you stop somebody from publishing or you punish them through the exercise of criminal law for something that they have published. That's what censorship is. We have obscenity laws in this country that are constitutional, that essentially allow the government to do that.

Penthouse: So if it were up to you, you would use these laws to stop the publication of magazines like *Penthouse* and *Playboy*?

Dworkin: Oh, yes, I would stop those. The question is just through what means. No, I wouldn't let them come out—but I'm not the state, I'm a citizen, and I have the right not to let them come out if I can find a way to stop them from coming out. I hope they go out of business. I'll do everything I can to bring the day nearer.

Penthouse: People who buy pornography might just want to pursue their personal sexual fantasies. Do you think it is within your rights to control what happens in people's heads? What is your distinction between fantasy and action?

Dworkin: Fantasy happens in your head. There is no way of interfering with a fantasy. There is no reason anybody should.

Penthouse: What about women who think and feel there is freedom of choice in how they structure their lives?

Dworkin: I think that their sense of security and their sense of well-being and their sense of equality is based on wishful thinking and not on fact. If a woman has reached the age of whatever it is and hasn't been raped—although one in three girls in this country will be incestuously abused before she's 18, but she is not one of them—and if a woman is raped every three minutes, but she has never been one of them; and one woman is beaten every 18 seconds, but she is not one of them; and if she is lucky enough to die without ever having had any of these happen to her, good. What else can I say? This woman is certainly the exception, and like the rest of us women she has a responsibility to live in a world where she acknowledges the reality of women's rights.

Penthouse: In *Our Endangered Rights—The A.C.L.U. Report on Civil Liberties Today*, Susan R. Estrich, an assistant professor of law at Harvard Law School, and Virginia Kerr, an assistant professor of law at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, say that "women in America now enjoy an unparalleled measure of freedom."

Dworkin: I believe things are getting worse here in the United States.


Penthouse: What do you do to relax?

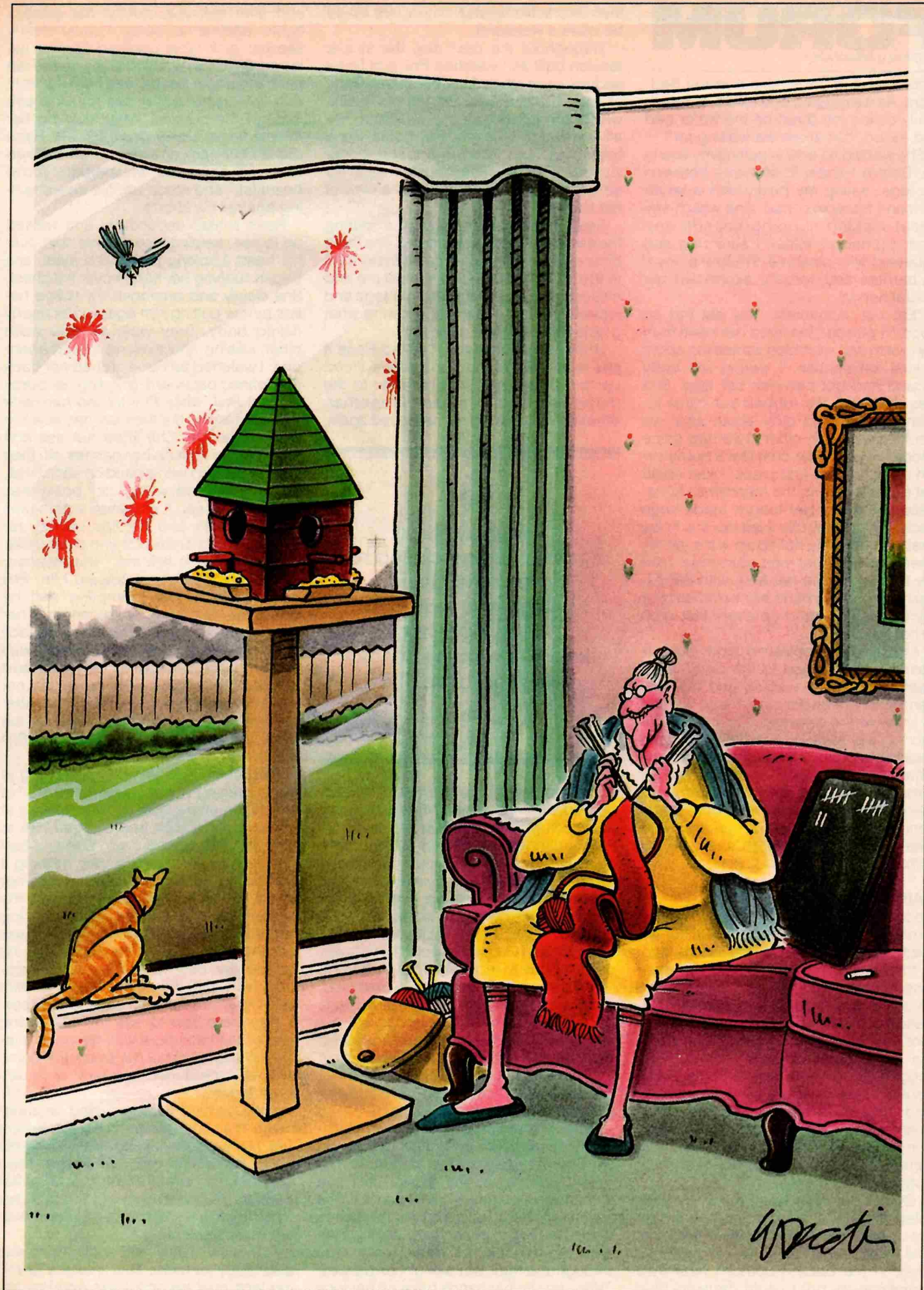
Dworkin: I love music. I listen to it a lot. I love jazz and I love certain very traditional kinds of classical music. I love Bach, I love Mozart, so I'm passionate in that and it's very healing for me. I spend a lot of time listening to music.

Penthouse: Do you recall any great women composers?

Dworkin: I'm not sure there aren't. I mean obviously Fanny Mendelssohn wrote a good deal of Mendelssohn's music, and apparently Bach's wife may well have written a very large amount of his music. We know about how male artists simply took the works of the women.

Penthouse: One final question. How do you really feel about being aligned with the Radical Right? Do you feel an affinity to Jimmy Swaggart and Jerry Falwell?

Dworkin: No, and I don't like it one bit. Actually, I hate it. I feel extremely offended by it and I think it's a lie. It seems to me that it's one of the propaganda victories of the pornographers. Pornographers that create lies. Bob Guccione puts out the advertising, and he can spend enormous fortunes of money to buy pages and pages in newspapers and magazines. But I think I part from some liberal feminists because I'm not willing not to talk to right-wing women. I don't see the world as divided into liberals and conservatives. On the question of pornography, the conservatives have learned to talk about violence against women—and they have picked it up from us. We don't ever say what they say. Sometimes they try to mimic us. 



recommended we smoke it in my bedroom. As we giggled and toked, she suddenly pulled me down on the water bed and asked, "What are we waiting for?"

She wasted no time in getting my shorts off. Before I knew it, she was between my legs, eating my pussy with a fervor no man I knew ever had. She wasn't shy about making slurping sounds and moaning noises, either. I squirmed and squealed with pleasure. We broke down all barriers and verbally expressed our sexual needs.

"Eat me, Annabelle. You eat me so good!" I purred. She lifted her head from my crotch and mumbled something about mutual satisfaction. I swung my body around and got between her legs. She was delicious. We rubbed our cunts together and talked dirty about what we would do to each other if we had some dildos. I went at her cunt like a horny virgin male with his first piece; I just could not get enough. In the meantime, Annabelle was a pro. Her tongue made large circles around my clit. It felt like she knew exactly where my hot spots were, all my special places that men often miss. I did my best to please her and, with her expert instruction, made her come all over my face as I lapped up every last drop of her love juice.

After we'd recovered from our orgasms, we returned to the party. We'd been gone quite a while, and my husband and Annabelle's boyfriend wanted to know where we were. "Oh, in the bedroom," we replied, "getting high and messing around." I later told my husband what happened, and he got incredibly turned on. I haven't seen Annabelle since then, but we plan to have another party soon and she and her boyfriend will definitely be invited.—*Name and address withheld*

CABIN FEVER

Recently, my wife and I had an exciting experience that added zest to our already terrific sex life. Several months ago, a friend of mine moved into the town where Rene and I live, and naturally we invited him over for drinks and reminiscences. Rene and Phil had never met before, but they got on like old friends from the start. Rene obviously found Phil's rugged good looks very attractive. Phil couldn't take his eyes off her long legs and firm ass. On the first night they flirted shamelessly, and Phil paid more attention to my wife than to me. I was very turned on by their flirtations and often suggestive conversation.

One Friday after work, the three of us piled into Phil's old van and headed for his upstate cabin. Rene sat up front with Phil while I slouched in an old beanbag chair in the back. I couldn't hear their conversation, but I could certainly read

their expressions, and I knew this would be quite a weekend.

Throughout the next day, the sexual tension built as I watched Phil and Rene seduce each other. After breakfast, Rene changed into a new French-cut bikini, which she bought for the weekend. We all went to the beach. For hours Rene teased us both, lying in the sun, occasionally stretching sensuously, frequently spreading her legs to give Phil a view of her crotch.

Later that night, Phil started a roaring fire and put on some jazz music. The three of us adjourned to some cushions in front of the fire. Rene lay back against me and closed her eyes. She raised her legs and tucked her feet under her, knowing what a splendid view this gave Phil.

After several minutes, I asked Rene if she would like to dance, and we stood up and began swaying together to the music, our bodies pressed together. When the song was over, we kissed again,

6

Rene lay back
against me and closed her
eyes. She raised
her legs and tucked her
feet under her,
knowing what a splendid
view this gave Phil.

,

and Rene asked Phil in a husky voice if he would care to dance. Without a word, he stood up and pulled her into his arms. Phil began kissing her slowly and sensuously. I knew Rene was completely taken by the moment, by the weekend. She responded fully to his every move. I watched Phil's darkly tanned hands move softly over her body. Stark against her white dress, his hand cupped her breast, gently squeezing her nipples before moving down over her stomach and hips. As they swayed to the music, Rene's legs parted and Phil's thighs pressed against her pubic area. He cupped and squeezed her ass, pulling her hot pussy against his thighs. Soon his hands slipped up under her dress, and I could see them stroking her ass through her silk panties.

When the song was over, Rene breathlessly pushed Phil away and told him to sit. She then proceeded to remove her dress, dancing to the music, until she stood before us wearing only panties. She turned her back to us and ran her hands down her legs to her ankles, leaning over and showing us her dark pussy area through the tight wet silk of her panties. Then she slid her hands back up her legs

and over her ass, pulling her panties tighter against her pussy. I could clearly see her pink labia pressed against the fabric. She was moaning softly as she ran her hand under her panties from the front and spread her pussy lips for us to see through the panties. While running her middle finger slowly down her slit, Rene arched her back and asked us if we liked what we saw. Phil whispered, "You're beautiful," and stood up, his dick straining against his shorts.

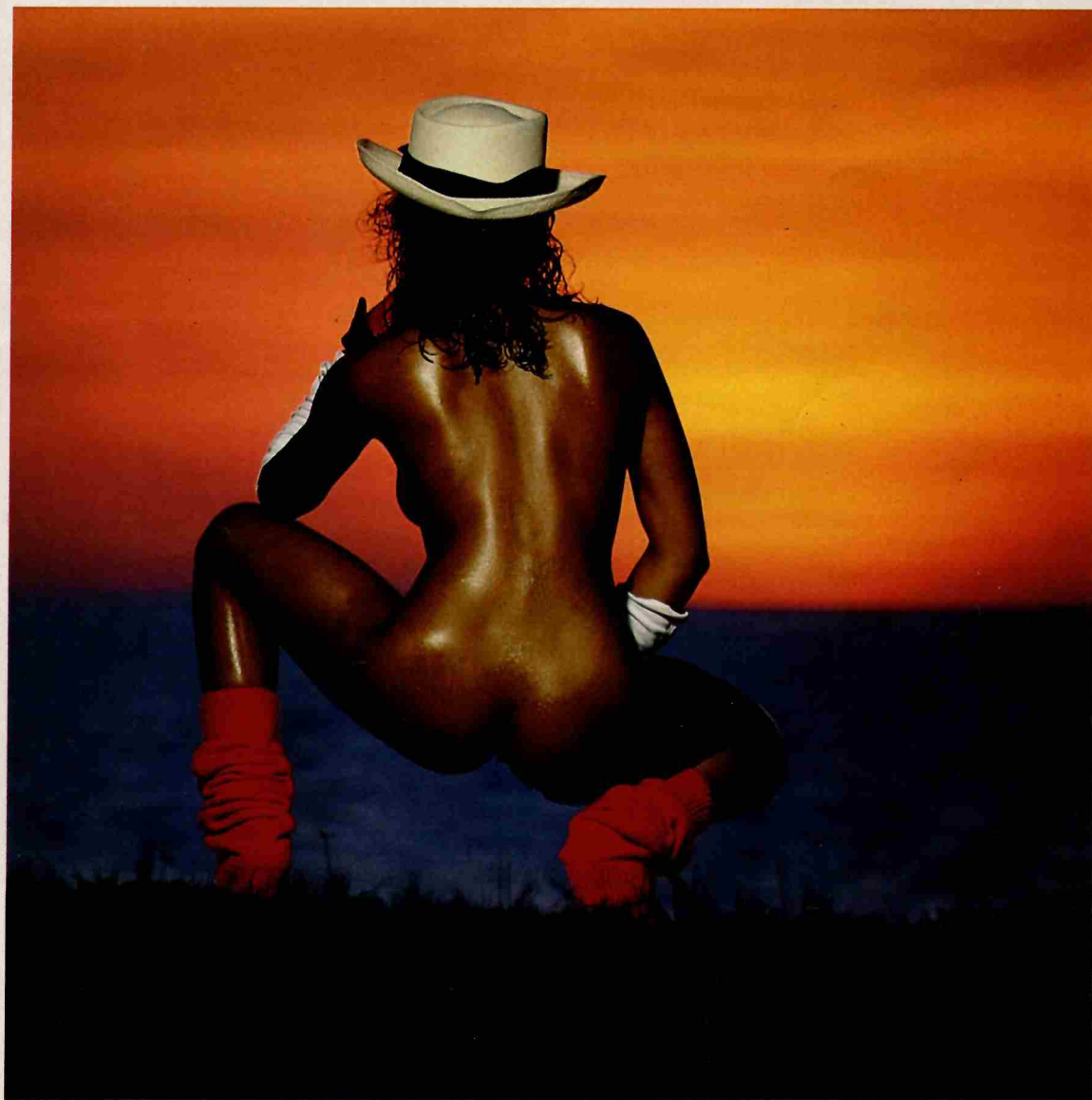
Rene smiled seductively and walked up to him, helping him pull his shirt over his head. Looking him in the eyes, she began running her hands over his chest. She slowly and provocatively licked her lips before pulling him against her nearly naked body. They were all over each other, kissing and stroking in wild abandon. I watched as Rene arched her back and leaned backward, grinding her pussy against Phil, while Phil kissed her neck and shoulders. He then lay her down in front of the fire. She lifted her ass and allowed him to slide her panties off, then spread her legs with a hand on each knee, showing him everything. Her pussy was swollen and wet. It glistened a dark pink in the firelight and the lips parted, revealing her distended clit and pussy hole.

"I want you to lick me," she moaned, and moved her pussy toward him. Phil needed no further prompting and he gently ran his tongue up the length of her slit, flicking her clit before burying his face between her legs. Rene screamed with her first mind-blowing orgasm and gripped his head between her thighs, her hands running through his curly hair. After several minutes, Rene was back at the brink, but this time she wanted to feel Phil inside her.

Phil knelt between her legs, looking at her glistening pussy as he removed his shorts. Breathing deeply, Rene looked at his long, thick dick and begged him to fuck her. Phil leaned down and touched his penis to her pussy, gently rubbing it up and down her slit to cover it with her juices. I watched as he positioned the head of his penis at her pussy opening and slowly pressed it into her. Rene was coming wildly and moaning loudly as he fucked her deeply. With her legs gripping his waist, they moved as one, with long deep strokes that I could clearly see. It was incredible to see my wife giving herself to Phil in pure lust, his penis slipping in and out of her hot pussy. Phil came with his face buried in a swirl of Rene's long dark hair.

They lay together exhausted for a moment, then Phil tenderly kissed Rene's lips. Her hands were slowly exploring his back. Still inside her, Phil kissed down her neck and over the soft mound of her breasts. He began sucking gently on her nipples while his left hand slid down over her voluptuous hip.

Phil was instantly hard again. Rene was also ready for more. This time she raised her legs over his shoulders and Phil be-



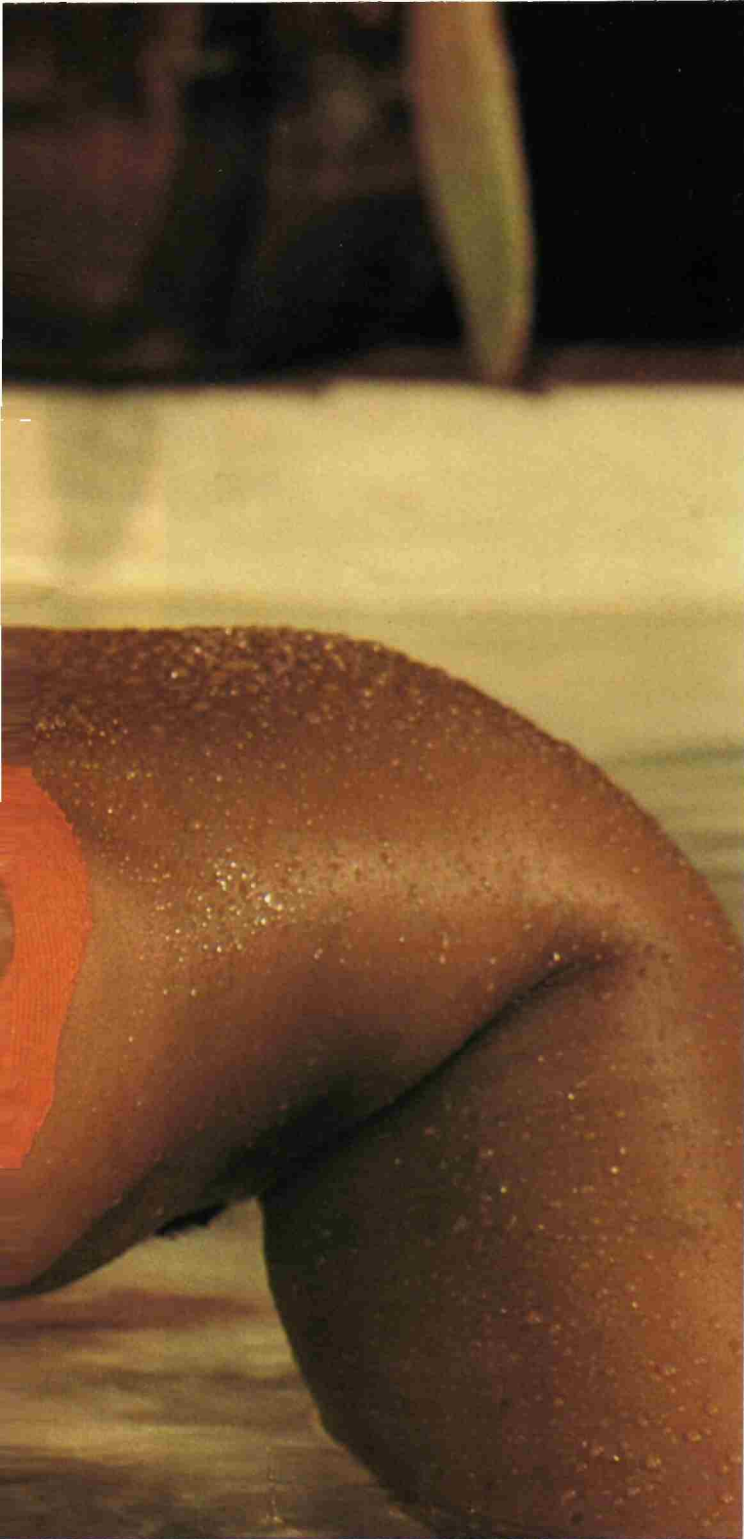
JENNA

*“I thought of the camera as someone I wanted to tease, to make love with.
What you see here is the real me.”*



AV/ella

AV/ella is a collection of images, stories, and videos that explore the world of AV/ella. The collection is available on the AV/ella website and is a must-see for anyone interested in the world of AV/ella.



“I have no patience for women who pretend they aren't strong.”



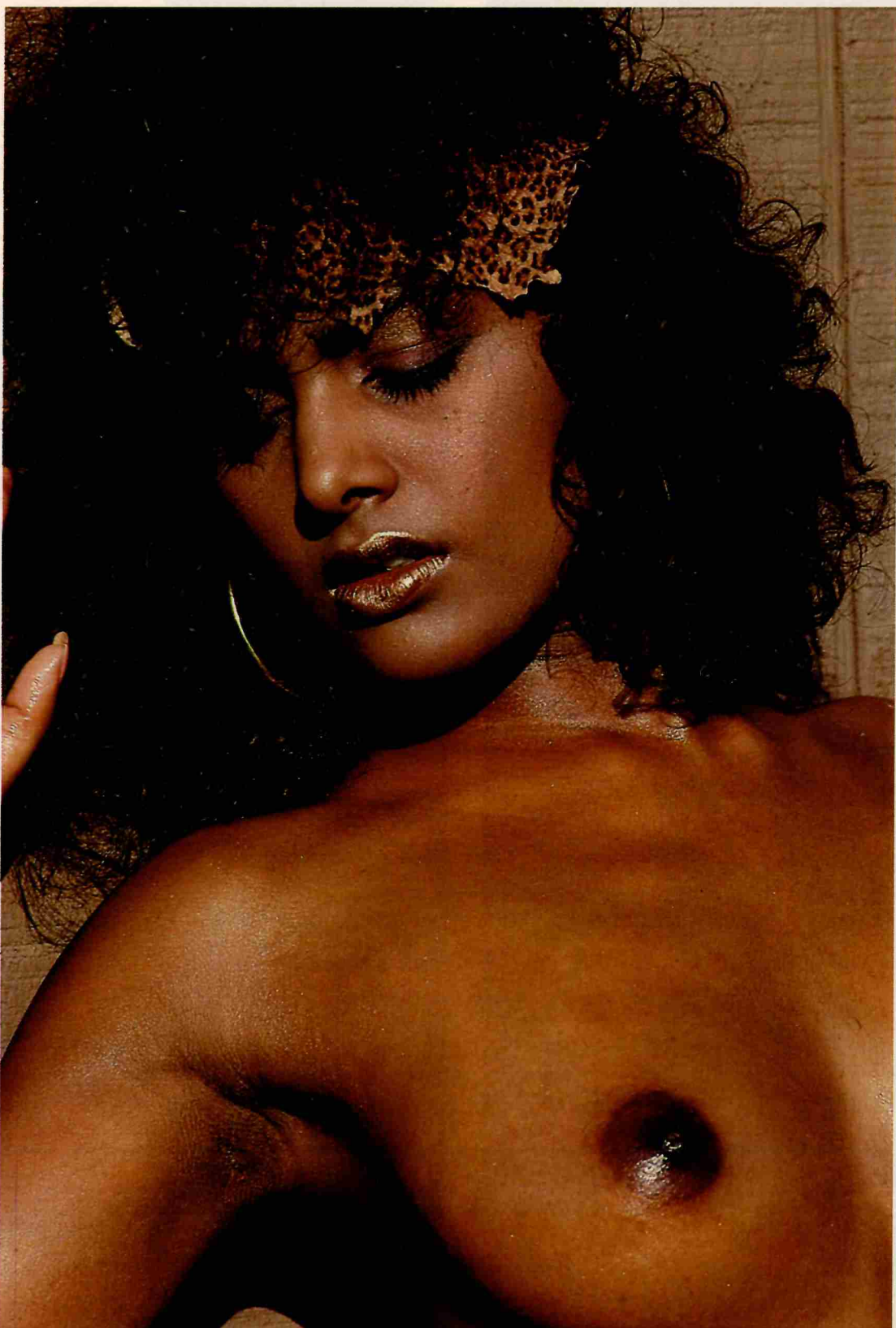
FOREIGN EXCHANGE

Raised in Canada but born in Brazil, Jenna Persaud is as sultry and lush as her native home. “I was very timid and serious while growing up,” admits our dusky 35-22-35 Pet of the Month. “I passed many a long winter’s night alone by the fire with my books. But suddenly, I just bloomed. First physically, then socially . . .”

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



Bathing suit by Liza Bruce, gloves by La Crasia, lingerie by Looking Too, shirts and bodywear by Barely Legal



Jenna confesses that her burgeoning popularity did have its drawbacks. "The cops were always catching me with the local boys!" she says. But fortunately, Jenna's warm smile could defrost even the chilliest member of Ontario's finest.



An aggressive competitor, Jenna pumps iron several times a week. She also enjoys a rough round of basketball with the boys. "I have no patience for women who pretend they aren't strong."









Jenna works as a restaurant hostess to support her study of psychology. "I am intensely interested in human behavior and motivation. People have always come to me for advice, so it seemed only natural that I should become a sort of psychic healer. Also, being skilled in the art of listening can give one a tremendous edge at work—and play." Jenna hopes to someday apply this edge to a career in modeling and acting. Drama is her forte. "I want to play strong-willed, independent women. Like Scarlett O'Hara . . . or one of those prime-time TV bitch goddesses!"





Jenna is currently preparing to hit the audition circuit in New York City. "You might say I've outgrown Canada." But if

she could
live any-
where on
earth, she'd
select "the
sybaritic
beaches and
very urbane
wildlife
of the French
Riviera."

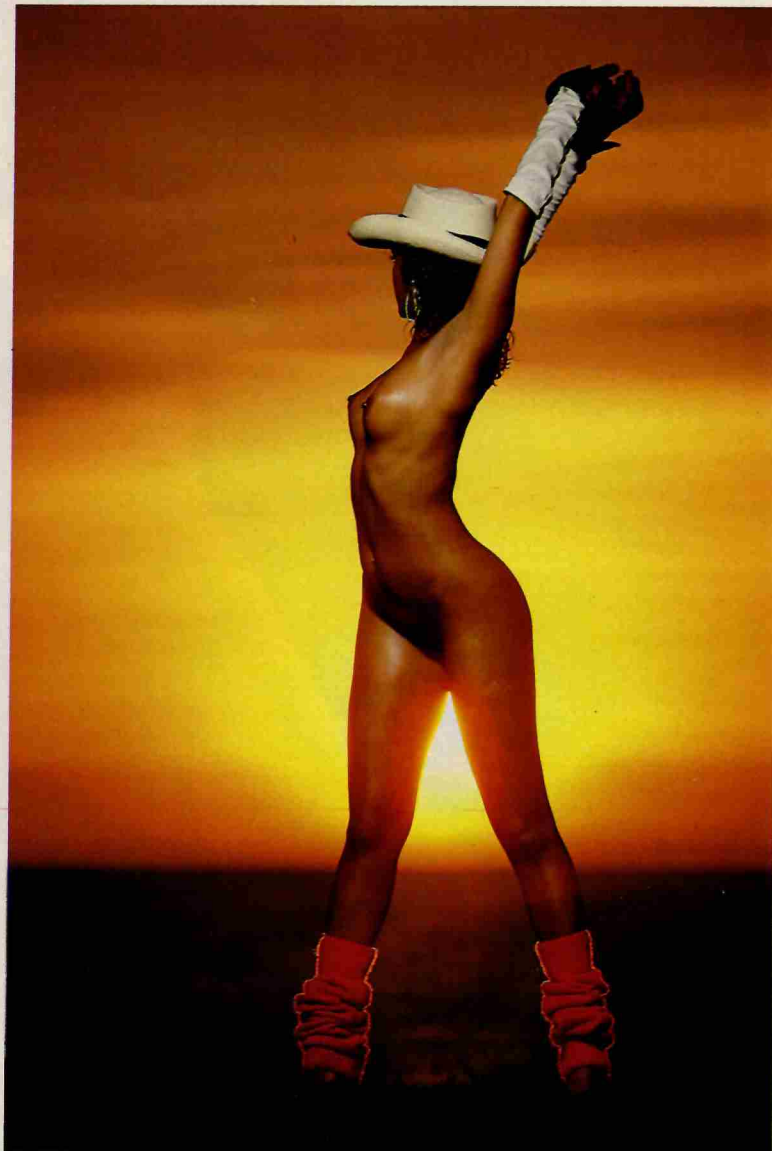




"I've always been a risk-taker. My most exciting sexual experience was making love on the Ambassador Bridge. You're not supposed to stop there, but we just pulled over and hoped that the patrol wouldn't cruise by. The bridge connects the United States and Canada, so it was like having sex in two countries at the same time!"



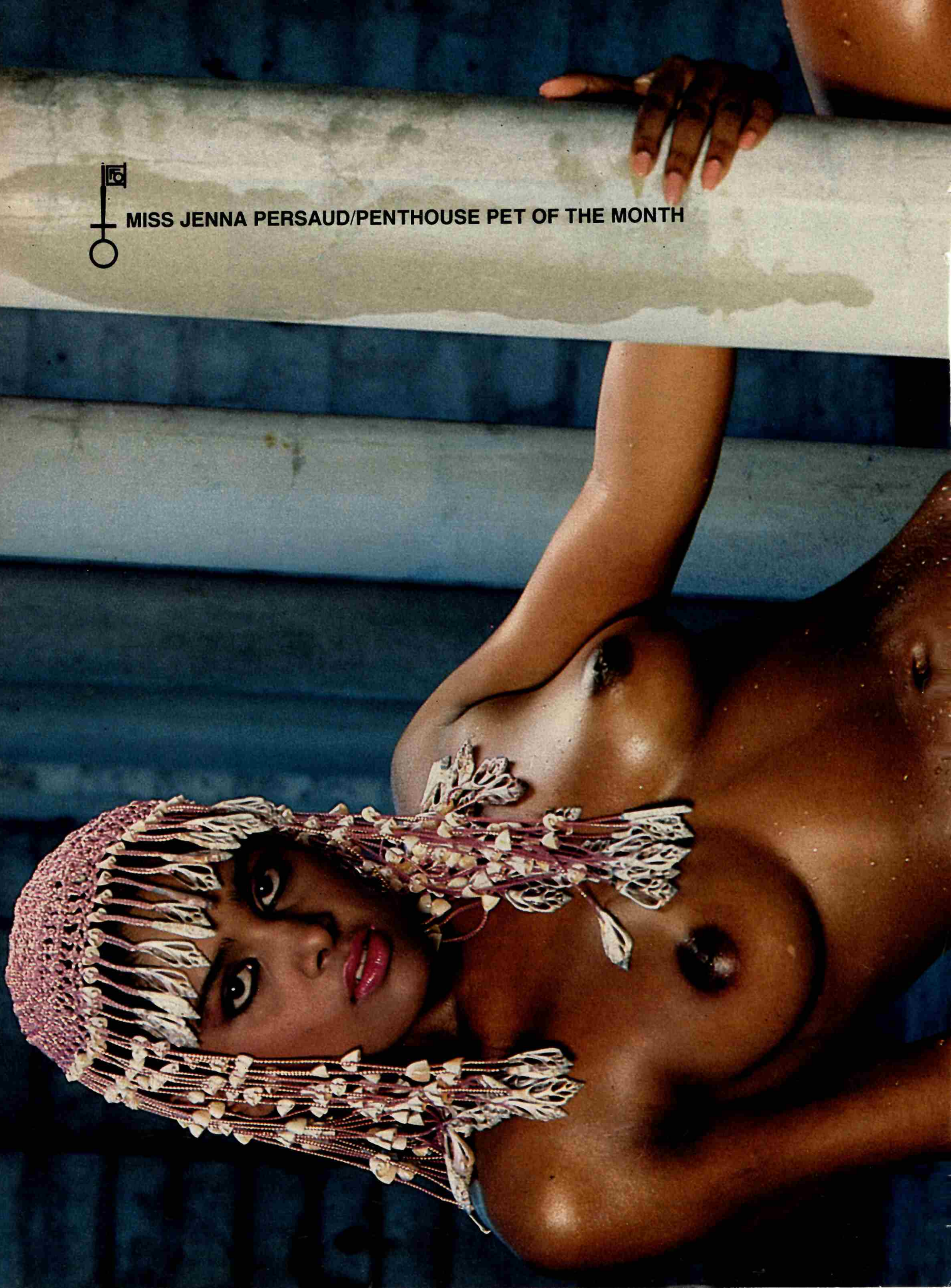




Men have never been intimidated by Jenna's smoldering Spanish—East Indian beauty. "I have a very friendly, approachable manner." Eye contact is extremely important when she meets a new man, so she applied this theory to her *Penthouse* layout. "I thought of the camera as someone I wanted to tease, to make love with. What you see is the real me."



MISS JENNA PERSAUD/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





“The federal government has treated military victims of atomic testing in the same irresponsible manner it has treated Agent Orange victims.”

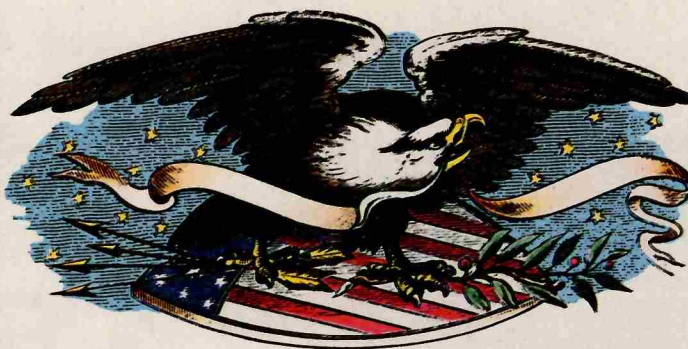
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The nuclear-weapons tests conducted in Nevada more than 35 years ago have come back to haunt us. The military personnel who observed and participated in these tests were truly unwitting guinea pigs. Today, they are suffering from a variety of serious medical problems—and the federal government, as it did with Agent Orange victims, is trying to wriggle out of its responsibilities toward them.

Although nuclear-weapons tests involving military personnel and civilian government employees had been conducted since 1946, they were intensified in the early 1950s after the near-disastrous intervention by the Chinese Communist military forces in Korea. Certain high-ranking military officers thought that the atom bomb was just another bomb—bigger, to say the least, but still just a bomb. This same group believed that nuclear weapons could be employed on the battlefield without bringing about the end of life on this planet.

Needless to say, those were simpler days. The belief that it was possible to win a nuclear war was largely derived from the fact that the United States had an overwhelming superiority over the Soviet Union, the only other member of the so-called nuclear club.

What remains at issue is who was present at the tests, and, in the words of the Defense Department, “the correlation, if any, between exposure to low-level external ionizing radiation and subsequent incidence of certain diseases.” Not unlike many of the curious medical anomalies associated with exposure to Agent Orange during the Vietnam War, the medical histories of many of those veterans who were exposed to nuclear ra-



diation in the aforementioned and other nuclear-weapons tests indicate the presence of symptoms now considered by many medical authorities to be due to that exposure.

For years, no connection was made between individual veterans who had been exposed to radiation and those who sought help from the Veterans Administration and/or civilian medical facilities for maladies without apparent cause. Thus, other explanations were advanced for their relatively rare and obscure symptoms. Predictably, the government (and especially the V.A.) claimed that there was no connection, that the cases were too few to be statistically reliable.

The government's counter-attack against these first few patients was a classic case of bureaucratic overkill. It produced, in response, two organizations made up of putative victims: the National Association of Radiation Survivors, composed of “atomic veterans” and their families, and the National Association of Atomic Veterans. Both these organizations have the unenviable task of getting the government to acknowledge its responsibilities for the radiation-related problems of the atomic veterans.

As expected, the govern-

ment wants to keep the lid on this potential Pandora's box. This, coupled with recent charges that the V.A. had altered or destroyed documents associated with veterans' claims for compensation and benefits due to exposure to radiation, raises the distinct possibility of a scandal.

In the case of the atomic veterans, the situation is further complicated by the fact that the Defense Nuclear Agency, which has the responsibility for constructing a data base made up of names of the military and civilian personnel who observed or otherwise participated in the nuclear-weapons tests, quite literally lacks the means, legal or otherwise, to determine who those persons are and, if still alive, where they are presently living. This bureaucratic catch-22 is not the fault of government as such, but it should not be used as a shield to cover up the fact that U.S. military personnel were exposed to hazards without due regard for their safety and well-being.

Some participants in the nuclear test program have been located by the Defense Nuclear Agency. These individuals, largely career military officers who participated in the test program under personal direct orders, were located in other data bases maintained

by the Defense Department and the military services. On the other hand, the enlisted personnel who participated in the test program often did so as members, without name identification, of a military unit. The search for the John Does and Paul Roes in the units known to have participated in the test program stands or falls on being able to match them with the unit in question by some means other than their names—if, in fact, the rosters could be found. At the time of the tests, military personnel were identified by their service number, rather than, as today, their Social Security number. This by itself makes the search by the government for the veterans who were exposed to nuclear radiation extremely difficult.

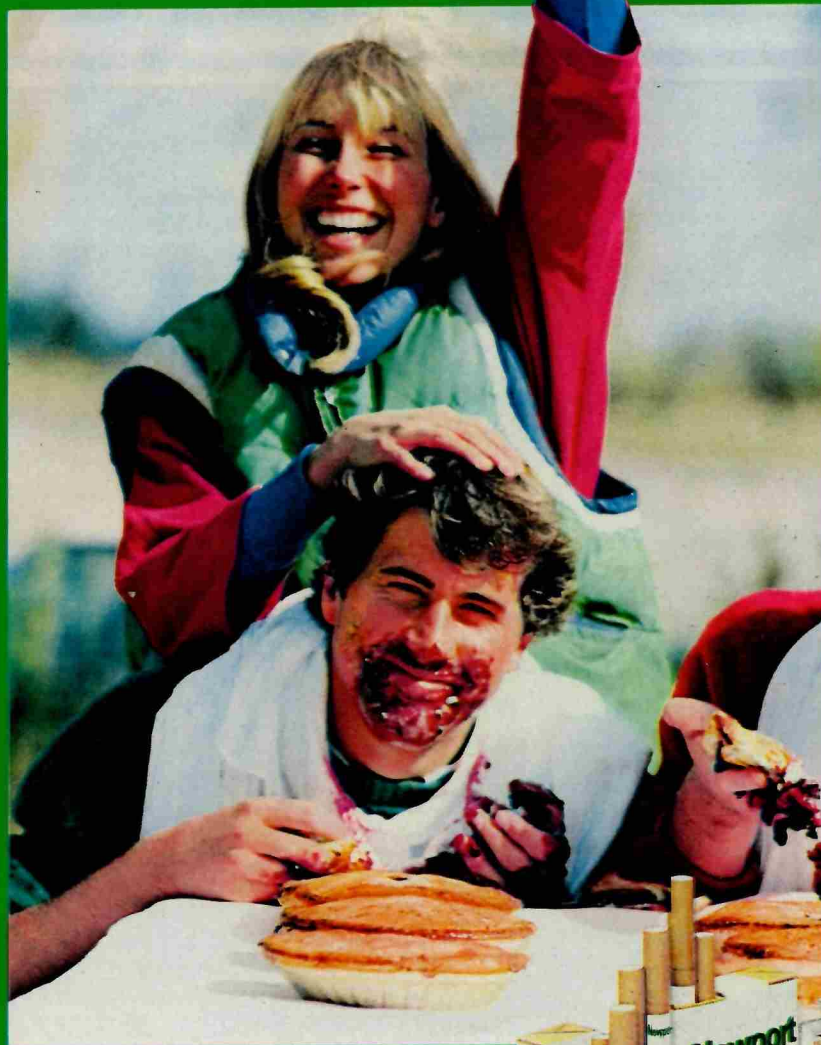
As part of its effort to locate those who participated in the nuclear-weapons testing program, the Defense Nuclear Agency maintains a toll-free telephone number, (800) 336-3068. This has not been a highly advertised effort, but it does exist and is an essential means to insure that the atomic veterans receive a fair shake from the government.

We are aware of some of the scandals associated with the nuclear-weapons testing program. These are not our concern here; what is essential is that veterans who were exposed to nuclear radiation be found, and those who are ill as a consequence of that exposure receive treatment and compensation for their service-connected illnesses.

It took Chernobyl to get the Russians to focus on the hazards of nuclear radiation for their people. Let us hope that we don't require a similar disaster to come to the aid of America's atomic veterans.—

William R. Corson

Newport



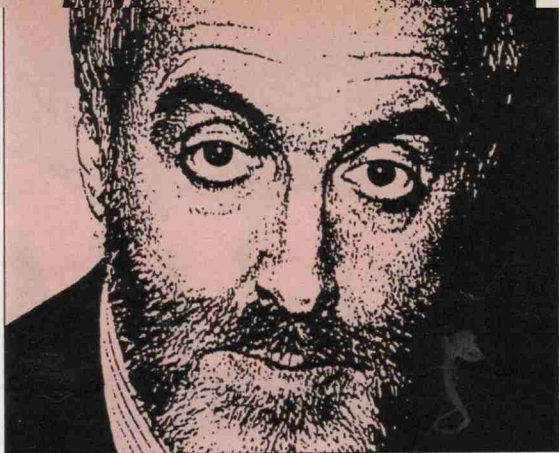
Alive with pleasure!

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



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

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg.
"tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.



“This case has turned my legal world upside down; I now see how wide the gap between that world and the frightening realities of our streets has become.”

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY BARRY SLOTNICK

The author, a distinguished criminal-defense attorney, is a senior partner of the New York firm Slotnick, Cutler & Baker. He has received the “Ammy Award” from *The American Lawyer* magazine for the best performance of a criminal lawyer in the nation.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BERNHARD GOETZ

On December 22, 1984, five shots rang out that were heard around the world. On that day, Bernhard Hugo Goetz shot four individuals he believed were about to rob him.

As he sat in the subway train, surrounded and prodded for five dollars, it was clear to the three-time mugging victim that he was about to be mugged, beaten, and robbed once again. But this time Bernhard Hugo Goetz attempted to protect himself. Reliving his past experiences of brutality on the subway, he drew an illegal, unlicensed weapon and aborted what otherwise seemed inevitable. Many saw his actions as the reflex of a society in which honest, wholesome, and hard-working citizens have become sick and tired of being continually abused by, and fearful of, human predators.

In January 1985, I had commenced a trial in which I was defending a man accused of many counts of mail fraud involving the pharmaceutical industry. I was then intensely involved in my usual practice of white-collar criminal law, defending “important” people accused throughout this land of violating rules, regulations, and statutes. My mind was tightly focused on stopping the government from proceeding against my client in the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York. The last thing I had any interest in was a subway shooting.

So when an acquaintance called me to express his concern for his close friend Bernhard Goetz and to ask if I might be interested in getting involved in his case, I was incredulous. At that moment, neither I nor any of my legal associates had the time or the inclination to represent someone who shot people in the subway, whatever the circumstances. That was January 1985.

Perhaps in retrospect, my incredulity was somewhat arrogant, but we had no idea what a resonant emotional chord this case would strike. Since that time, over two years have passed, and my firm still defends against antitrust violations, price-fixing, mail fraud, tax evasion, and similar charges. We still represent “important” people. Yet the case of *People v. Bernhard Hugo Goetz* has overshadowed each and every “important” case on our calendar. The public at large has made Goetz’s subway stand the most important, emotionally charged legal issue of our time. This case has turned my legal world of trial technique and statutory interpretation upside down; I now see how wide the gap between that world and the frightening realities of our streets has become.

I need not dwell on the mass-media coverage, the legal entanglements, or the many courts in which we have argued the Goetz case; suffice it to say we have fought in every level of court in New York State, including its highest. There have been victories and there have been defeats, but even as the courts’ support shifts, that of the public remains virtually unshakable. People around the country, indeed, around the

world, call and write to strengthen us with that support. The sentiments are all the same: "I know the fear and frustration of being a victim," "I wish I could've done what he did." Stacks of mail and phone calls filled with such comments make clear that worldwide, people are having their freedom and rights curtailed by fear for their own lives and property. What Bernie Goetz did answered the plea of the crime-oppressed average man around the globe.

This is the greatest lesson that my partner, Mark Baker, and I have shared with the public as we have watched this case unfold: There are too many people living in "free" societies where, in reality, they are trapped by human predators who mutilate those "freedoms." It is a universal concern. During these two years, we have learned that the major problem we face is not a decadent legal system, nor is it errant pharmaceutical companies, nor major corporate crime, nor any of the legal technicalities that pervade our system of justice. Bernhard Goetz's "touch of reality" has taught us that the disease contaminating our jurisprudential system is violent street crime.

The thug who preys on each of us, on you, on me, on our friends or relatives—even the stranger we may not yet know—is the scourge of our society. We live besieged by fear, accepting horrid intrusions on our private lives and civil liberties. The right to do as we wish, provided we do not disturb others, has become a philosophical fantasy; reality dictates otherwise.

So we double-lock our doors. We purchase sophisticated burglar alarms. We take off, or hide, any jewelry we might own. We creep in fear of the enemy who walks beside us. That is why so many law-abiding citizens of this nation obtain illegal weapons; they have no other protection. Whether or not state law allows, citizens keep weapons in drawers at home, or at their place of business. Some even carry pistols. Some walk with a gun under an armpit or on a hip. The majority of gun-toting Americans probably do so illegally, but undoubtedly with good reason.

One leading district attorney told me in confidence: "It's frustrating that we in law enforcement are not able to protect the decent people in the street and the tunnels in our cities. It's even worse that good, honest, law-abiding citizens perceive the necessity of protecting themselves by carrying illegal weapons, and thereby subjecting themselves to criminal prosecution." It is indeed sad that despite this perception of the necessity for protection, that need has not been met. That prosecutor was merely echoing a crisis of our times.

The fear and unease pervading our society causes all of us to live within our own prisons. Urban nightlife has changed or disappeared. The rodents of the underworld prey remorselessly upon the poor, the sick, the elderly, anyone in

the wrong place at the wrong time. Today's jails are called "correctional institutions" with good reason; the true prisons of our age are the well-fortressed refuges where, timidly, we live and work.


Much of the public's praise for Bernhard Goetz's actions stemmed from the common fantasy of avenging ourselves against our enemies. It's a simple formula: The built-up frustration and anger of a victimized society pours out in support and sympathy when one of its members strikes out to protect himself by hurting others. Charles Bronson's *Death Wish* owes its popularity as much to public empathy as to good filmmaking.

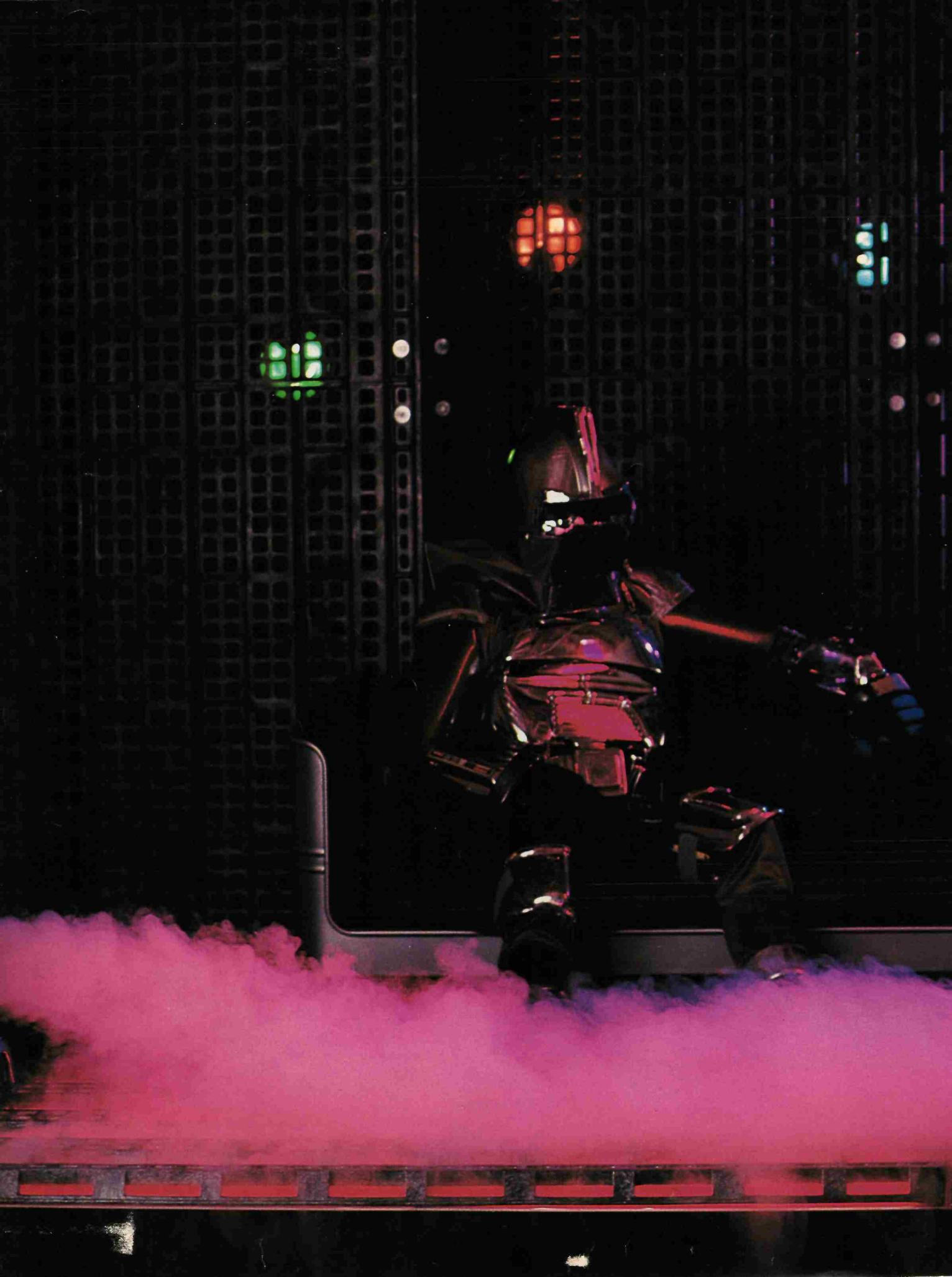
Our criminal-justice system is based upon the belief that it's wrong to take the law into your own hands. That system ensures that, while self-help may be the only available temporary response, it surely is not the answer. But now all such platitudes lie by the wayside. Now we see decent citizens forced to fight back, desperately seeking the self-protection and personal retribution against violent crime that the overburdened police are so frequently unable to provide. Obviously, the legal system that we should honor is failing in its own responsibilities.

Yet, most members of our society cannot and will not protect themselves where no one else can. Thus, when cornered, they fall prey to unspeakable violations of body and property. They are suddenly startled into the realization of what can happen once they reach "victim status"; that realization may prompt them to act as they would never before have done.

That's why a good, decent, law-abiding citizen like Bernhard Goetz reaches out to protect himself, even harming another. And that is why he immediately received the applause of the vast majority of the public, worldwide. Some cheers were born of jealousy or envy, others, of fantasy; still other supporters wished that they themselves could have played Sir Lancelot.

How stupid and arrogant I was two years ago to believe that antitrust violations were more important than a cornered man protecting himself in a subway. The violations of inside traders, antitrusters, and even major crime lords are not the most heated concerns of the everyday man. These are not the criminals whose threat bars our windows, locks and double-locks our doors, and drives deadly fear into our hearts.

The true meaning of the Goetz case is that it awakens each and every one of us to the fearful realities of our world. Yes, criminals should be dealt with in the courts of law. People should not become vigilantes and take the law into their own hands. Yet, while as an attorney I cannot espouse the breaking of the law, as a citizen, I find I cannot help but applaud the mugging of a mugger. 





DARK STAR

A ndrea, an out-of-this-world systems analyst, has a job worthy of her body's special design. The space age inspires more than satellites and lasers; there are pleasure projects being invented, too . . . and someone has to test them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ED HOLZMAN

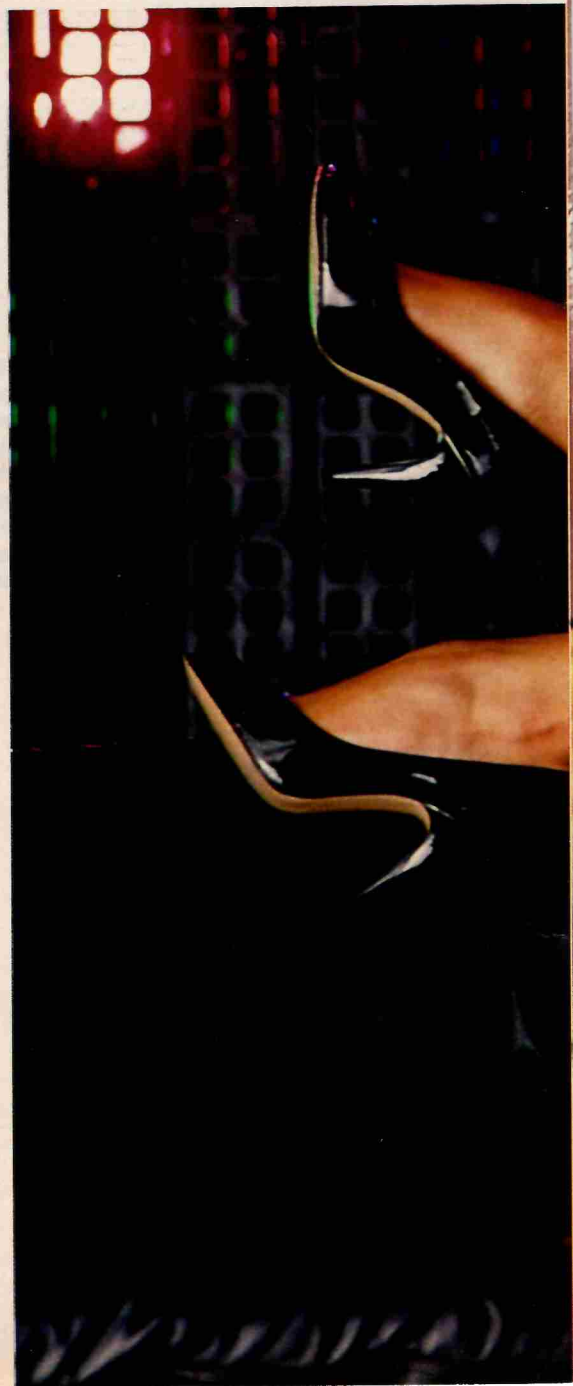


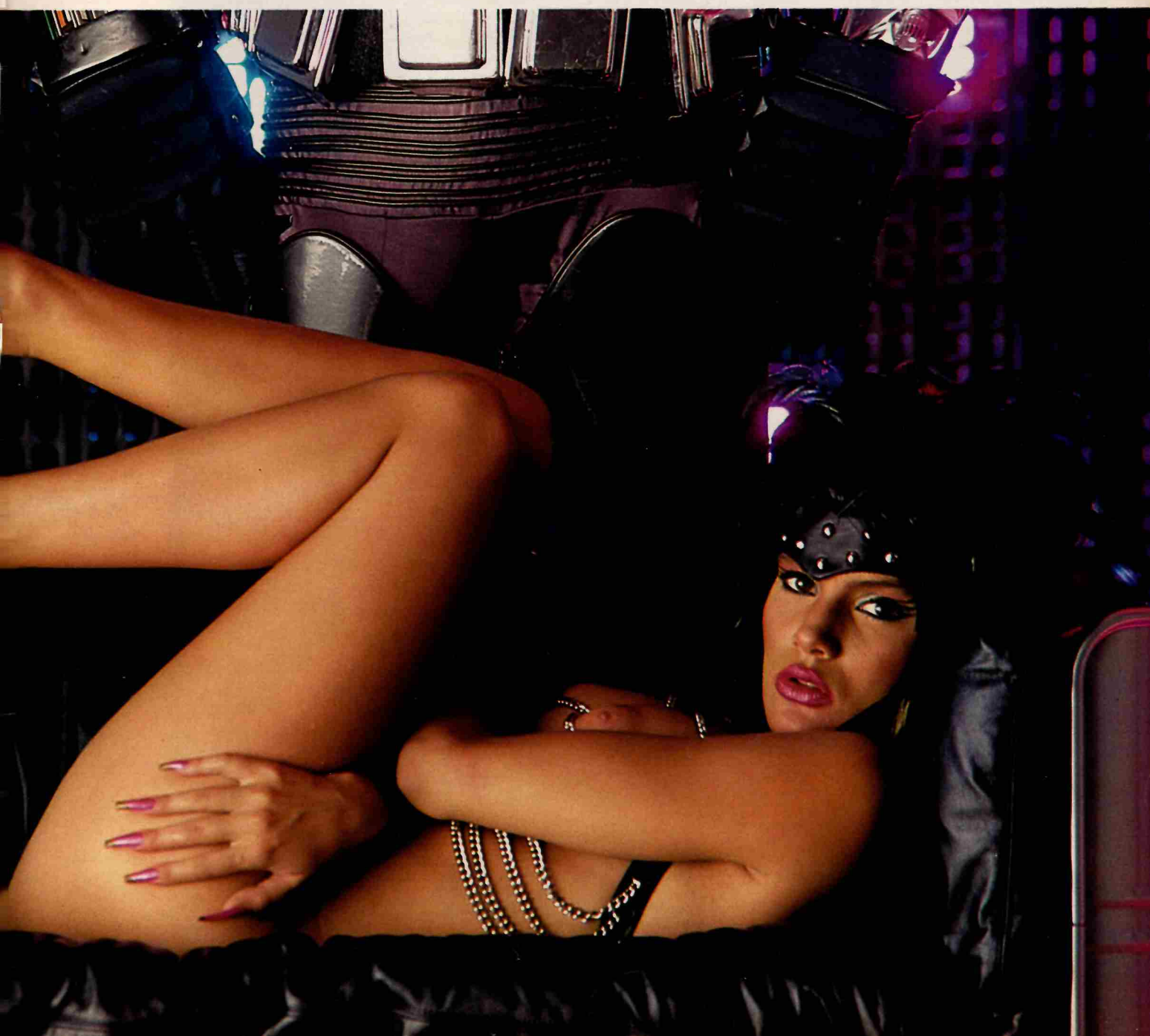
This robot can be programmed into 69 selected modes, including "missionary control." Andrea's kneeling form and soft, dark feathers reflect in the looming figure's shining metal. The human odors that normally swell the sexual environment are lacking in this particular machine, but the sweet perfumes of Andrea's own arousal stimulate and prepare her for further tests.

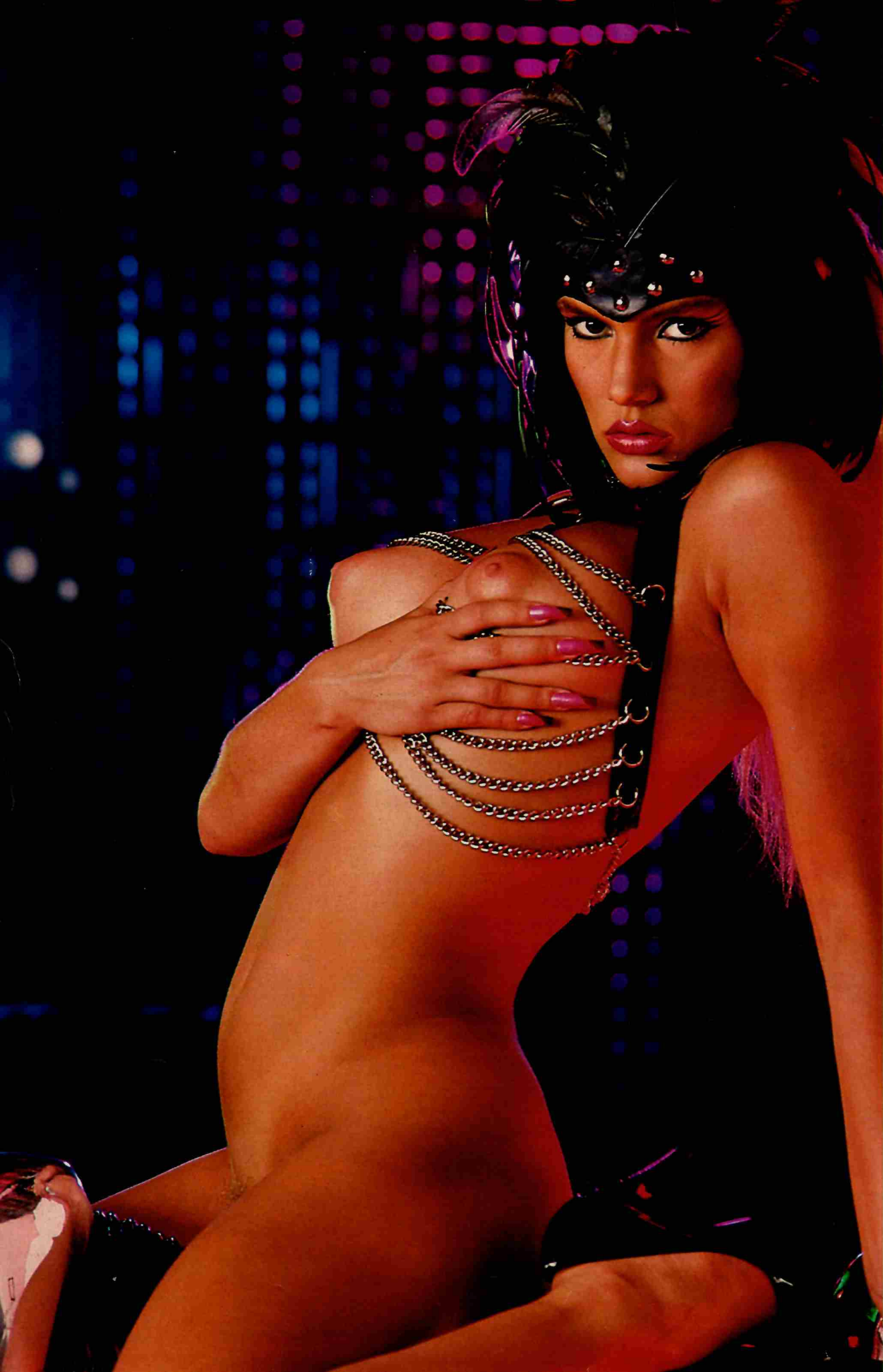




Light years can pass before its microchips begin to decay, and the amorous robot never tires. Dreams behind closed eyes carry this dark and beautiful star to the outer limits of pleasure.








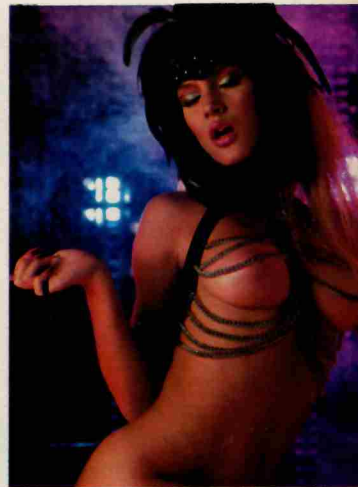
Lovely An-
drea touches
her own
body's
warmth and
texture,
contrasting it
with the
cosmic cold
and relent-
less strength
of her high-
tech lover.






As the Greek
Pygmalion's love
brought his fabled
statue to life, so

Andrea's ardor
animates the robot.
All's well that bends
well! 







They're three kids from Queens
who have sold millions of records. But
in all the ways that count,
Run-D.M.C. has never left home.

GOOD RAPPIN'

BY ALLAN SONNENSCHIN

Sometimes for better and other times for worse, citizens from the densely populated "outer" borough of Queens, New York, have had more than their share of headliners recently. There are the arrogant and "amazin'" New York Mets, for instance, last-minute and sometimes less-than-heroic conquerors of the World Series. There's Governor Mario Cuomo, a Queens boy whom many would like to see as president of the United States. On the down side, there's the Ferraro-Zaccaro family, besieged with arrests, indictments, and various scandals. And there's the scandal of the former borough president Donald Manes, who believed it

wiser to commit suicide rather than face a kettle of worms opened by his political cronies. But for their thousands of fans, the most fascinating and exciting story to come out of Queens is that of three young middle-class blacks—Joseph Simmons, Darryl McDaniels, and Jason Mizell—better known as Run-D.M.C.

For the very few of those who may have been living on another planet, Run-D.M.C. are the kings of rap. Before them, rap was an esoteric form of music, confined to inner cities of New York, Detroit, and Washington, D.C. Then in spring 1983 three youngsters from Hollis, Queens, appeared on the scene, and suddenly rap was almost mainstream. Joyfully, defiantly, it spread—into the cities, suburbs, countrysides, and reversing recent trends, across the

Atlantic. Just as black rhythm and blues revitalized the 1950s, rap is revolutionizing popular music in the 1980s.

In describing rap it is easier to say what it is not than what it is. It is not rock 'n' roll, nor rhythm and blues, and definitely not jazz. Rap and rappers are different and distinct from anything or anybody else in music. From the flash and cool of their names—Whodini, Kurtis Blow, LL Cool J, Public Enemy—

PHOTOGRAPH BY
GLEN FRIEDMAN

to the minimalist simplicity of their music and razor-edged sharpness of their lyrics, rap is a new life-form.

Yet there is nothing mysterious about rap. As rappers shout out staccato-paced lines and rhymes, an ever-present disc jockey is on the scene to "scratch," or more simply, to slide a phonograph record back and forth to give the music a percussive, swishy sound. The form of the music may vary, be it disco or heavy-metal rock. The emphasis is on the rap.

Nobody outraps Run-D.M.C. Their lyrics are direct, going right to the heart of the matter, and their messages are upbeat, positive, and socially aware:

*We are not thugs, we don't do drugs
But you assume on your own
They offer dope and lots of coke
But we just leave it alone*

Run (Joe Simmons) and D.M.C. (Darryl McDaniels) are the writers and rappers of Run-D.M.C. Jam-Master Jay (Jason Mizell) is the group's disc jockey. And they seem to take positions on just about everything that affects their lives and their community:

*I'll take this matter in my own way
I ain't no slave, I ain't baling no hay
I'm in a tight position, in any condition
Don't get in my way 'cause I'm full of ambition
I'm proud to be black, I ain't taking no crap*

Don't think, however, that Run-D.M.C. is just some kind of "social awareness" or "black is beautiful" band. They don't forget for a moment that the purpose of rap is to amuse and entertain, and that all the good messages in the world won't do any good if no one is listening. For instance, here's their paean to their favorite footwear:

*Now, me and my Adidas do the illist things
We like to stomp out pimps with diamond rings
We slay all suckers who perpetrate
And lay down the law from state to state*

And Run-D.M.C. sells. Arenas and stadiums fill to capacity when they appear. Their first album was the first rap record to go gold, more than 500,000 copies sold. Their third and latest album, *Raising Hell*, was the first rap record to go platinum. Of this writing, it's sold more than two-and-a-half million copies. They are in demand at all the "Aid"—antiapartheid or antidrug—concerts. They have made one successful movie, *Krush Groove*, and have completed their second—*Tougher Than Leather*. They have made the rounds of the late-night talk shows, and one of their music videos with the heavy-metal rock band Aerosmith, "Walk This Way," is an award winner.

By any measure they are successful,

but their very success has made them targets of a new horde of censors, the Parents Music Resource Center (P.M.R.C.), led by Tipper Gore and others. "The music says it's okay to beat people up," she claims.

Violence by teenagers both during and after rap concerts, including a major outbreak at a Run-D.M.C. concert in Los Angeles, have made headlines and made it easy for such critics to connect rap with violence. The situation is not very different from the 1950s, when censors believed that they saw in the lyrics and music of rock 'n' roll the causes for teenage rebellion, drug abuse, and sexual promiscuity. Then, as today, some people looked to censorship as the way to cure social ills. Stop the music and stop the problems.

Needless to say, Run-D.M.C. think these people are using the violence to condemn music they don't understand. "We played 70 gigs on our last tour," Run

“
People see our gold
chains, clothes and hats, cars,
and they think certain
things about us; but they know
nothing that's
going on in our minds.

points out, "and there was no trouble. On our 71st gig, we went to a city called Los Angeles. It was bullshit over there. Bullshit people, plastic people who are members of the street gangs they have over there. I call them the crackheads and the dickheads. It was in that city with those people where a riot took place. Nowhere else did anything like that happen. Not in New York City's Madison Square Garden, not in Detroit, not in Philadelphia."

But then, beginning to get angry, Run stops himself: "You know," he says, "instead of wasting time answering people like Tipper Gore, we'd rather talk about all the nice things most of the people have been saying about us."

Russell Simmons, Run's brother and the band's manager, as well as an observer and mover in the world of rap music, is also puzzled about the band's sometimes negative image: "Everything they write and sing is positive. And they have been hurt by the criticism, when their values are school, church, and love for their families. They have put those values in their songs from the beginning. How can those values cause violence?"

Indeed, no one can dispute the fact

that Run-D.M.C. tries to help their teenage fans. They constantly make themselves accessible, at schools and elsewhere, always warning about the dangers of drugs and dropping out of school. In fact, they see rap music itself as a vehicle for positive social change.

"Rap is the most enjoyable form of music to me," Run was telling a small group of friends one afternoon. "Now, superstars like Lionel Richie and Michael Jackson are mostly singing about sex. I'm not saying that's bad, but that's what most R & B records are about. On the other hand, we're always singing about good stuff, positive stuff. We're singing about fun. I'm not for censorship, but if somebody is putting out a record that it's okay to do drugs, or talking bullshit to kids, then fuck those people."

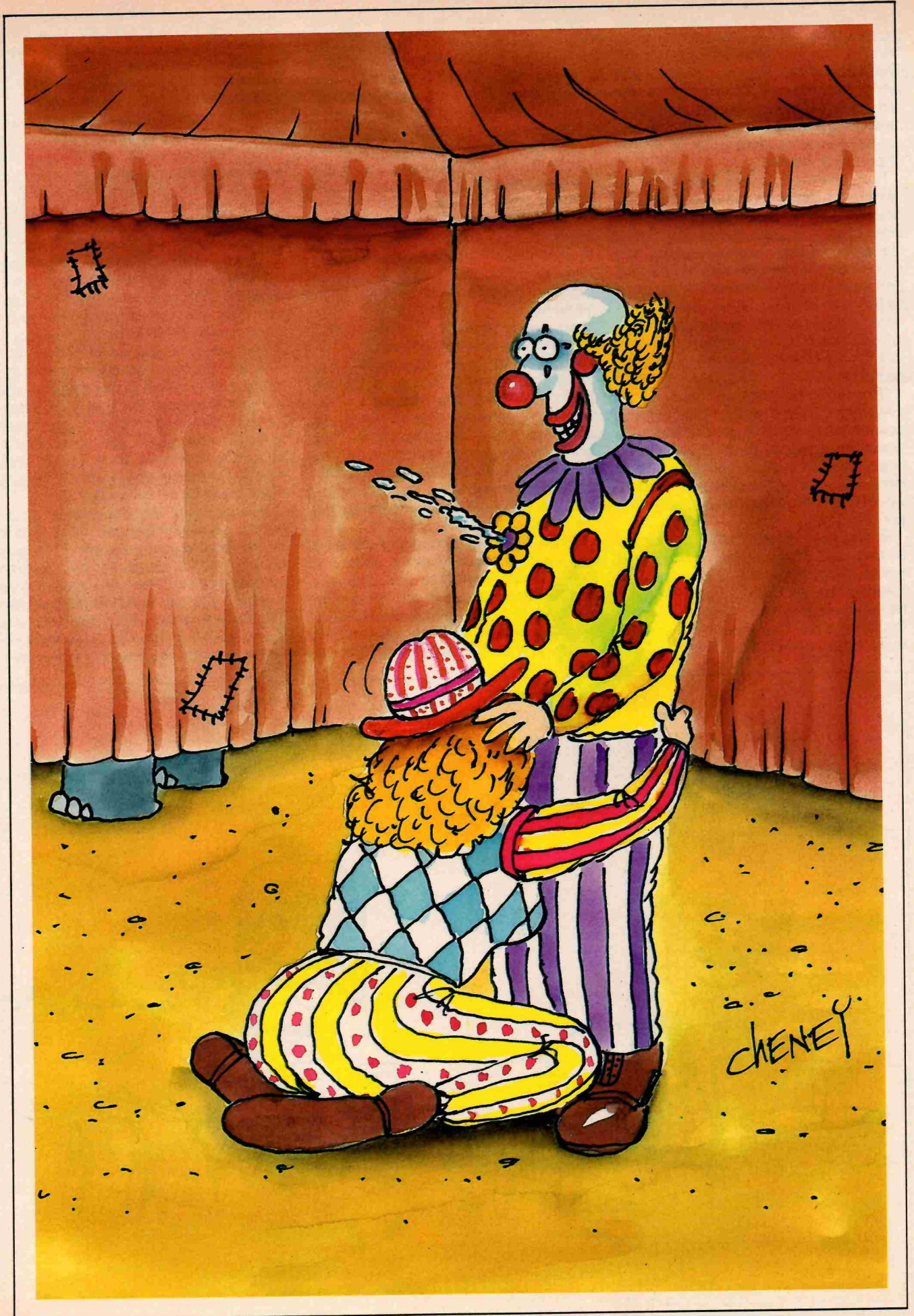
"Many people," he continues, "including plenty of those who are going to read this article, already have stereotyped us to whatever they want to think we are. Actually, we grew up in a middle-class neighborhood where there were some good things going on and some bad things. We chose to go toward the good rather than the bad. So now it comes around for us to tell the kids what we did, probably the reasons they liked us in the first place. A lot of people see our gold chains, clothes and hats, cars, and they think certain things about us; but they know *nothing* that's going on in our minds."

Lying a few miles northeast of Kennedy International Airport, Hollis, Queens, is a small black community. Its one- and two-family homes are often in the takeoff and landing patterns of booming jets. It is a middle-class area, home to many teachers, social workers, and transit workers. This is where Run-D.M.C. live.

Jam-Master Jay was born Jason Mizell in Brooklyn and moved to Hollis when he was nine years old. His father was a social worker who died when Jay was 15. His mother is a school teacher. Jay graduated from a local high school and went on to Queens College, but then he became uncertain about what he was doing there: "I was taking up computer science, but I really didn't want to be dealing with computers. I loved music. I was a deejay."

D.M.C., Darryl (better known as Dee) McDaniels, shared a similar childhood. Darryl, who looks like a linebacker, is in fact an excellent athlete. He and his buddy Run both graduated from high school and enrolled in St. John's University in 1983. He always had music on his mind when growing up, but he never thought it would come to anything.

"My mother was very protective," he recalls. "She would never let me out of the house after six o'clock. I would come and go to my room with my brother Alfred. We would play with our G.I. Joe dolls and make movies. I was very imaginative, and mostly I would draw things. I used to be an artist. The one thing about me was



CHENEY

that I was very quiet. I'd never say too much, but I'd always take information in because learning came very easy for me. That's how it was with rap. I heard it and just dusted out on it. There wasn't a record I didn't know or couldn't sing. But I never thought that I'd be a performer, because I was too scared to get up in front of people and talk."

Run, however, had an early jump on Jason and Darryl as a professional musician because of the influence of his older brother Russell. Before Run was a teenager, Russell was producing rap shows. By the time he was 12, he was performing at some of these shows, billed as the "Son of Kurtis Blow," then the biggest name in rap and—ironically—today one of Run-D.M.C.'s greatest competitors. By the time Run was in high school, he had hooked up with Darryl.

"Run used to come up to my house every night," Darryl recalls, "bringing with him the tapes from his performances he would be doing at Kurtis Blow shows. Soon I began to write some raps, and Run, who was the best rapper around, would take them to parties and he would perform them."

In late 1982, Russell arranged for his brother and Darryl, joined by their old friend Jason, to record their first album. Hearing how well they worked together, he later recalled, he knew the album would be a hit. That was an understatement. It was released the following Feb-

ruary, and it quickly sold over a half-million copies. By May the three members of Run-D.M.C. knew they were going to make a major career move. "We were planning to go back to school in September," Jason recalls, "but we got so hot overnight. I was amazed."

The band's chemistry—surely an important key to their success—is unique. "We are lifelong friends," Jason explains. "We are closer than anyone can imagine. Run-D.M.C. is more than a band. It's more like a unit, a bond. We have everything in common. If I didn't have a wife and baby and Run didn't have a wife and baby, we'd probably all be living in the same house."

So far the three egos in Run-D.M.C. have not clashed with one another. "It's not like anyone is running around saying, 'I'm the main part of the group,'" Darryl points out. With this attitude the rest seems to come easy. "Run comes up with the initial idea," Jason explains. "Dee writes mostly the rest of the record, but we need that initial idea. Then I'll come up with the music to it. I'll arrange it and then we put it all together. Nobody has the formula. We all have it."

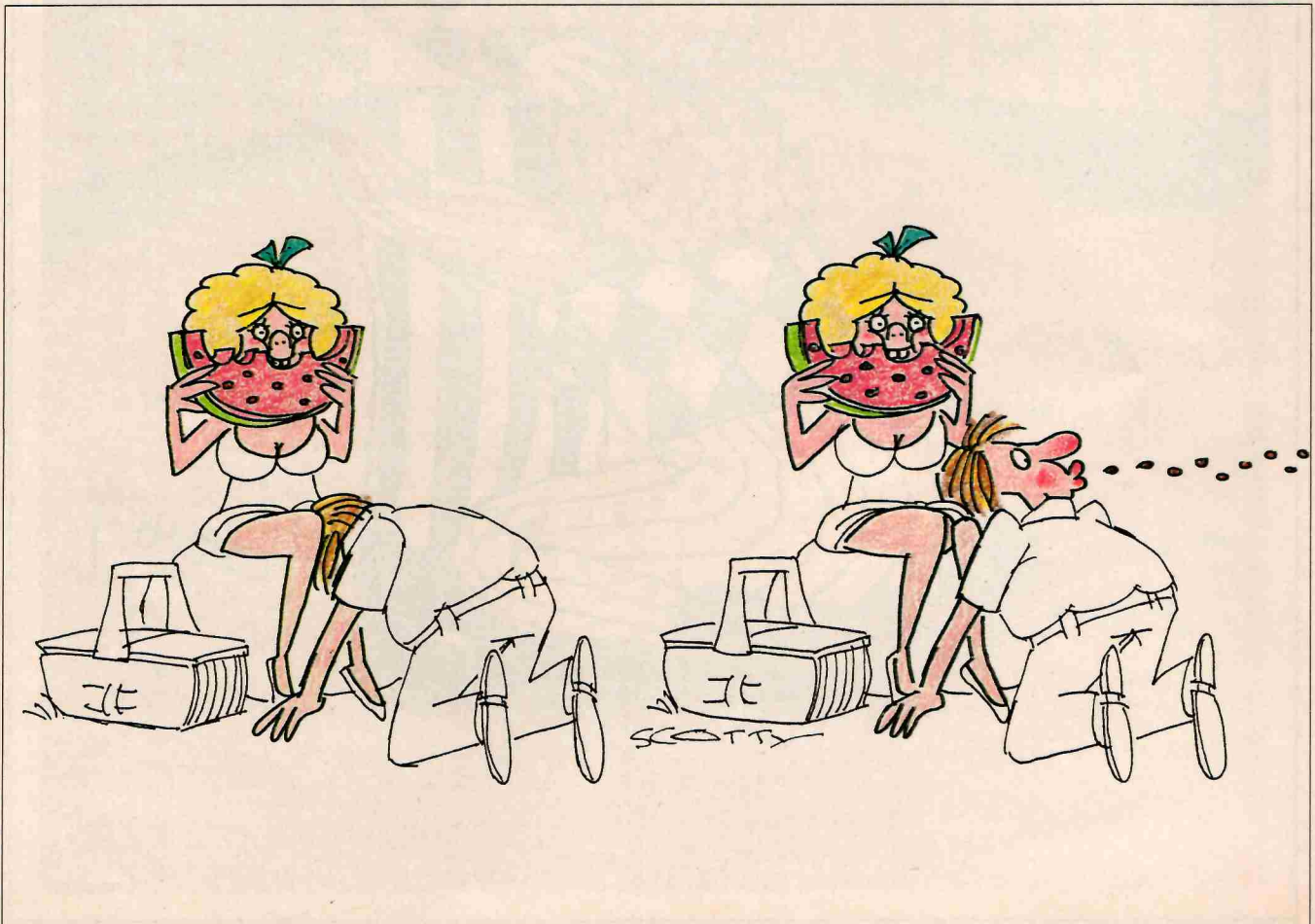
When all three members of the band are together, the spotlight is usually on Run. Intense, intelligent, and articulate, Joe Simmons usually is the spokesman for Run-D.M.C. Sitting around a table sipping beers one day, the conversation turned to the rifts and frictions that can

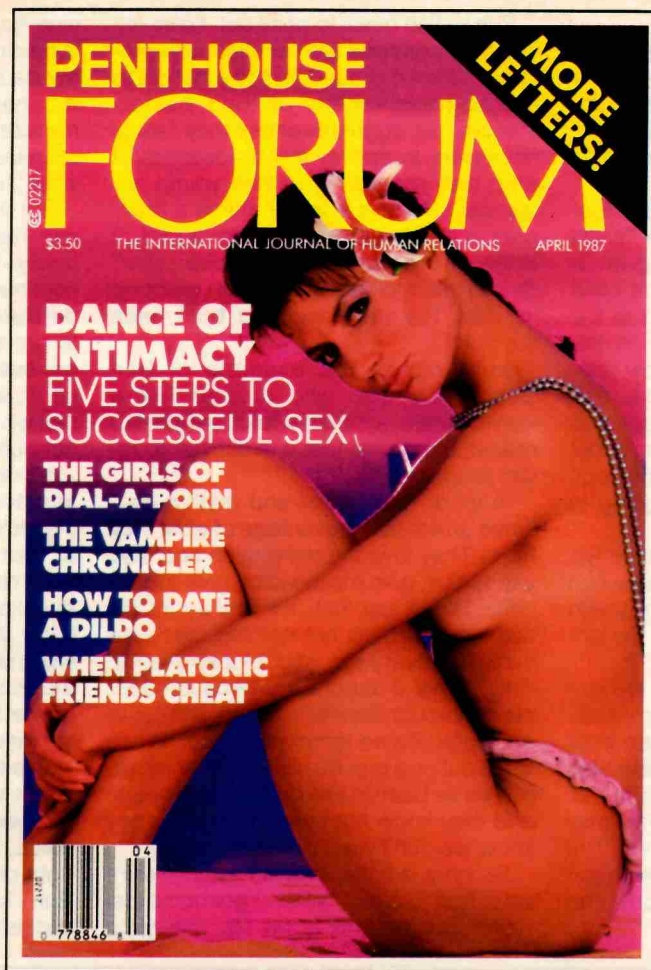
develop when one member of a band seems to steal the spotlight. In this context, Darryl was asked if there was any resentment about Run's identification as leader of Run-D.M.C.

"It's no problem to us, because I know when Run is not around I have to talk. When he is talking, we don't mind sitting around listening, because we know everything he is talking about. We've heard it, we know it, and we feel it. We also know that Run has got more energy inside him than we do and he has to let it out. He'll start screaming and we love it. He's our man and we love him. Sometimes he gets so excited. He'll say, 'Tell him, Dee,' and he knows exactly what I'm going to say. We all know the answers to all the questions, but we let him talk."

In the 1980s it has become chic for many rock 'n' rollers to become involved with global issues. Run-D.M.C.'s involvement, by comparison, is with issues close to home—education, family life, crime, and most important, drug abuse. They want to put their energies where they can make the greatest difference.

Run explains why the priority of the band's social awareness must be directed toward young people: "The kids look up to us because they are so impressionable. They have to know to go to school and not to do drugs. Because they have to know about that, I have to rap about it. I do it consciously because I know the kids are listening to this mes-





THE NEW FORUM

YOUR GUIDE TO GREAT SEX

There's a new Forum on America's newsstand today, and it's different from any other Forum in our sixteen year history. Not only is it different, but we think it's better than ever. And we're sure you'll agree.

Why this change? Because sex itself is changing. And it's different for all of us—in one way or another—than it was a decade ago. And the same is true of Forum. We're adapting to the new sexual climate and tailoring our features and columns to help you live as full a sex life as possible in today's changing world.

So pick up a copy of our big April issue—on the newsstand now—and see what we have to offer. Columns like "Future Sex" by Dr.

Robert Francoeur, with its focus on "Your Next Move In Bed", or "What Women Want", in which Forum fields the intimate questions that men are often too embarrassed to ask their wives or girlfriends.

We've also substantially increased the number of letters from our readers—all of which are guaranteed authentic, and cover every sexual topic under the sun. And, as always, our Forum Advisor is at your service to answer your questions about sexual health in the strictest of confidence.

For a special sneak preview of Forum's exciting new format, be sure and turn to the sixteen page insert bound into the center-fold of this month's Penthouse!

TO SUBSCRIBE, CALL TOLL-FREE:

1-800-341-7378

IN IOWA CALL: 1-800-233-4692

PENTHOUSE
FORUM

sage," he says emphatically.

He also goes on to explain that teenagers find it especially easy to identify with the band members, because Run-D.M.C. is the audience as well as the performers. It is something that their critics don't understand.

"We perform a song called 'The Message,'" Run offers as an example. "It lets everybody know what was going on in their neighborhoods: There was a child born with no state of mind, blind to the ways of mankind. He was born in the ghetto, and while he doesn't know anything, all he sees are pimps, addicts, and drug dealers. This is what he begins to know. He hasn't anything to grip on to but what he sees when he walks out the door. He has choices, but how is he going to know about them?"

And to those people who call their lyrics obscene and vile, Run explains that their audience can relate and identify with their songs precisely because of the language.

"When we say these things, we are saying them because we are enthusiastic about our messages. We mean what we say, and we are not telling the kids anything bad. Cursing is not bad to me. Every little kid curses, although they may not curse in front of their mother. The curses are like punctuation marks in our raps. They are the commas, periods, and question marks."

Run is also quick to point out, however, that their concerts are not filled with profanity. When it is used, it is to emphasize the aggressiveness of their performances, an aggressiveness they feel is necessary to convey the seriousness of what they are saying to their young audiences. He tells about the time a teenager at a concert offered them a joint. "I looked at this kid and said, 'Smoke a joint? Smoke this, motherfucker!' And I grabbed my dick. The crowd laughed, but I made the point."


Bringing up the example of Boy George—"A man who dresses like a woman and is a heroin addict"—Run dismisses the notion that it is difficult to resist drugs:

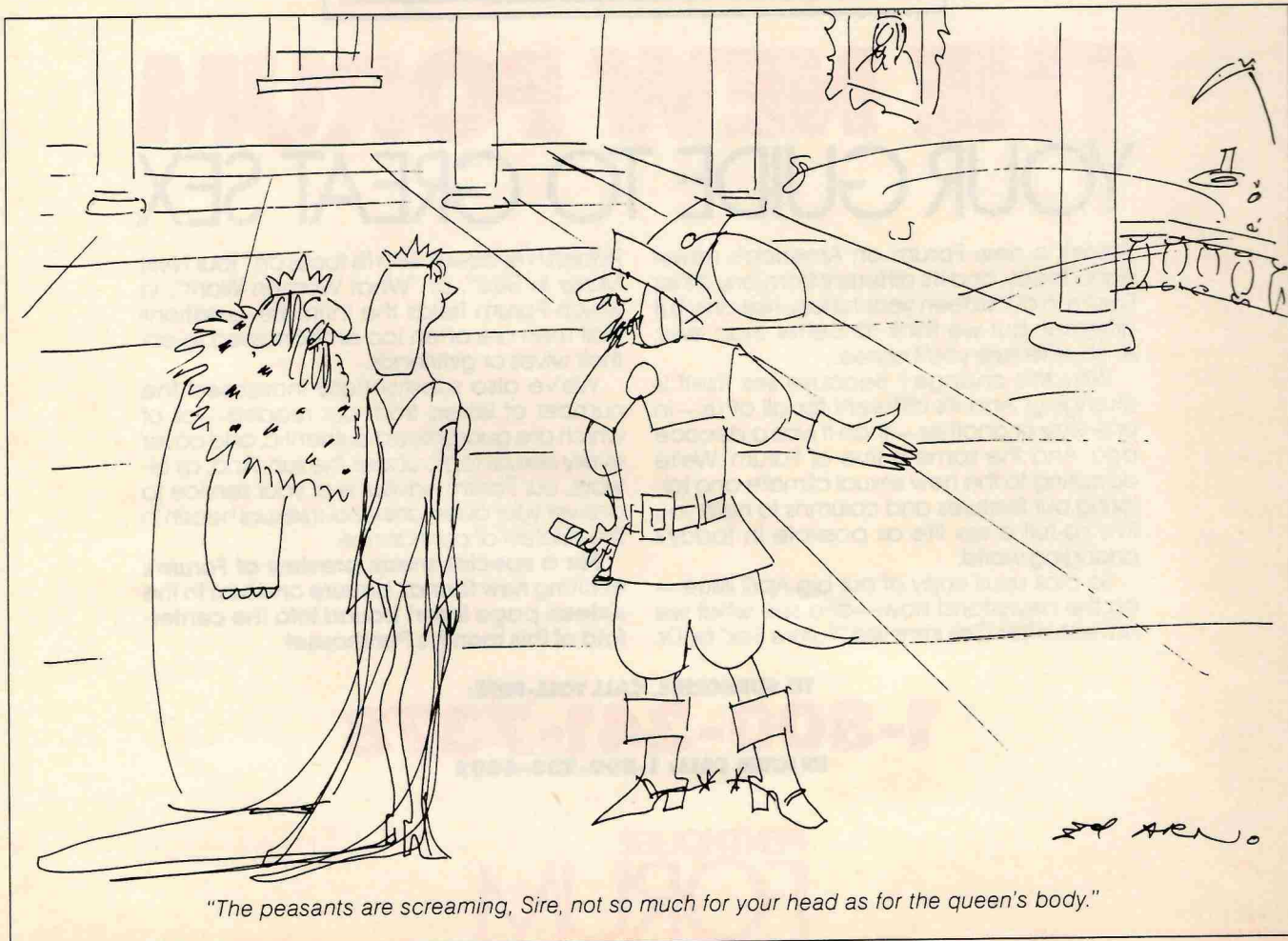
"A lot of rock 'n' roll and rhythm-and-blues artists take advantage of what they have. They love the temptation and they say, fuck it, give me the joint, give me the coke. They'll say, 'Aah, it's only a joint, it's nothing.' Well, it's not nothing, because they do it every day and it fucks you up. And it's not a temptation, because people go through their whole lives and never do drugs. It's no temptation to us. When we're out on a gig, it's always in our faces; but we've been in this business for years, and they know not even to ask us. They know we don't want it."

So what is it that they do want? Here's what Run told me: "When I got home last night, I took a look at my life. I've got a

nice house, a nice car, and the Jacuzzi is coming tomorrow. Then I took a look at my daughter Vanessa sitting on a chair with her coloring book. I sat down with my wife to watch television, and it was all so beautiful that I almost cried. This is what life is."

But the real world is outside and they can never forget that life is more than family. "Right now we have money," Run continues. "We want to help people understand what life is really all about and to get everybody off drugs. We want to get everybody who is stupid to smarten up. To some that might sound like bullshit, that we're putting on airs; but you see, it's not bullshit. It's how we feel."

It's obviously a bit early in their careers to determine if the three dynamic young men from Queens will achieve even a part of their ambitious dreams. But for now they're not stopping to consider the questions—because they're sure they know the answers. This year they're hitting the ground running, working on new albums, movies, and planning tours. Stevie Wonder has asked them to be on his new album, and Michael Jackson wants the group to co-compose an anti-crack song and perform it with him on his new album. So whatever the future holds, it's obvious they're moving in the right direction . . . and, along the way, as Run likes to say, "We leave all the other suckers in the dust." 



"The peasants are screaming, Sire, not so much for your head as for the queen's body."

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

“Light my Lucky.”

ENTER THE

“Lucky World of Wheels” Sweepstakes!

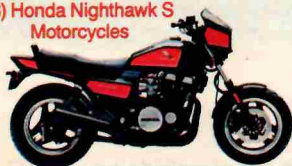


Filters Soft Pack: 10 mg. “tar”, 0.8 mg. nicotine; Filters Box: 11 mg. “tar”, 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan '85. Lights: 8 mg. “tar”, 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



GRAND PRIZE
1987 Pontiac Fiero GT

SECOND PRIZES
(3) Honda Nighthawk S
Motorcycles



THIRD PRIZES
(5) Honda Fourtrax 250
4-Wheeler



“Lucky World of Wheels” Sweepstakes!

Clip and mail to: “Lucky World of Wheels” Sweepstakes
P.O. Box 19, New York, NY 10046

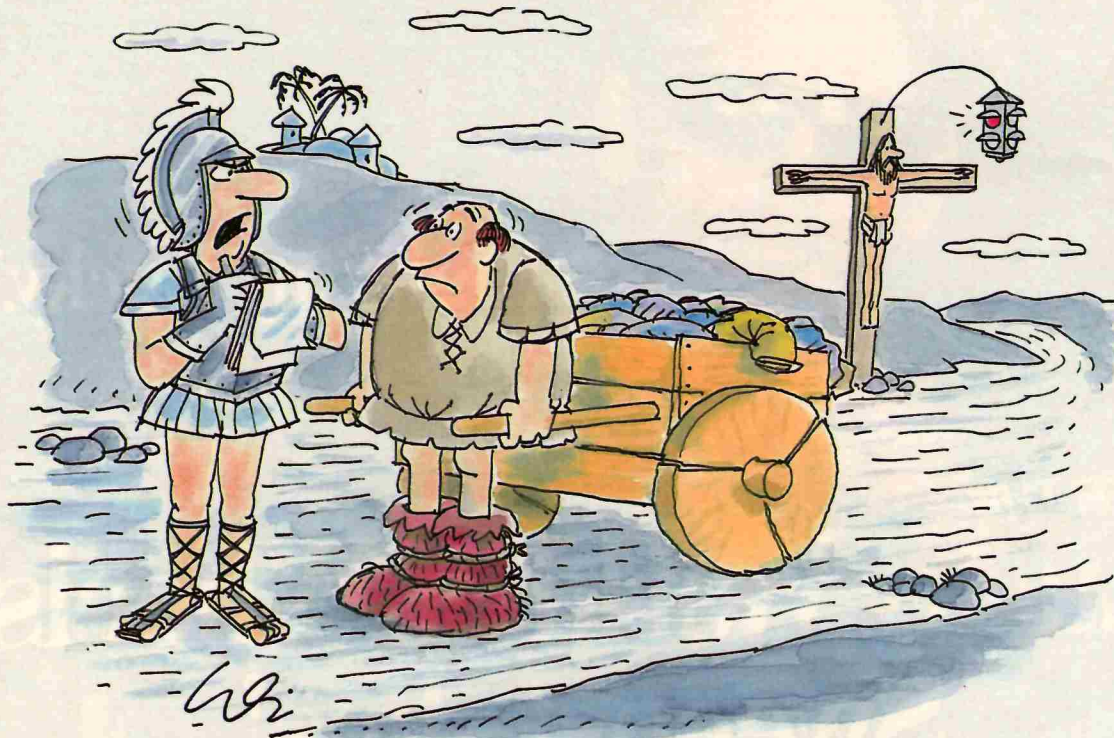
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

RULES:
1. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. To enter complete the official entry form or on a 3"x5" card, print your name, address, city, state and zip code. Include with your entry an empty package of LUCKY STRIKE Lights/Filter cigarettes or hand print the words "LUCKY WORLD OF WHEELS" SWEEPSTAKES on a separate 3"x5" card.
2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope. All entries must be received by June 30, 1987 to be eligible. No mechanically reproduced entries accepted.
3. Winners will be selected July 20, 1987 in a random drawing from all entries received under the supervision of Marden-Kane, an independent judging organization. By entering the sweepstakes, each entrant accepts and agrees to be bound by these rules and the decision of the judges which shall be final and binding. All prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail and may be required to execute an affidavit of eligibility and release.
4. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S.A., 21 years or older, except employees and their immediate families of The American Tobacco Company, its affiliates and subsidiaries, its advertising and production agencies and Marden-Kane. One prize per family or household. No substitution or transfer of prizes. All applicable taxes are sole responsibility of the winner. Void where prohibited, taxed, licensed, regulated or otherwise restricted by law. Odds of winning depend upon the total number of entries received.
5. Prizes: One Grand Prize: Pontiac Fiero GT Automobile. Three Second Prizes: Honda Nighthawk S Motorcycle. Five Third Prizes: Honda Fourtrax 250 4-Wheeler.
6. For a list of prize winners, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to LUCKY LIGHTS WINNERS, c/o Marden-Kane, P.O. Box 663, Sayreville, N.J. 08872.
EXPIRATION DATE: June 30, 1987

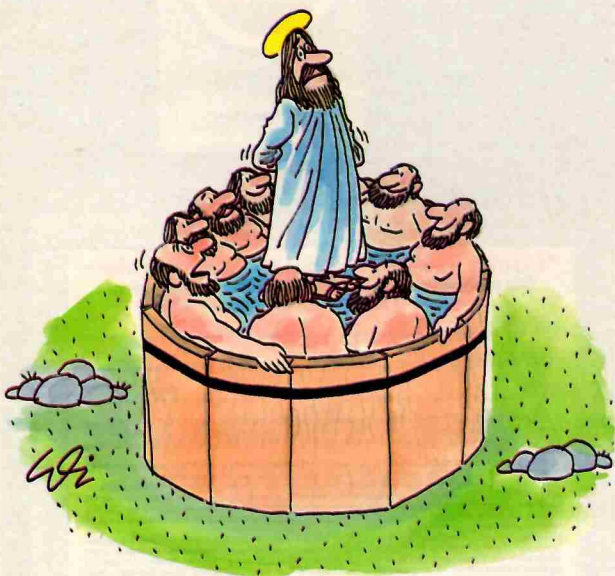
OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

SECOND COMINGS

SATIRE BY ELI BAUER



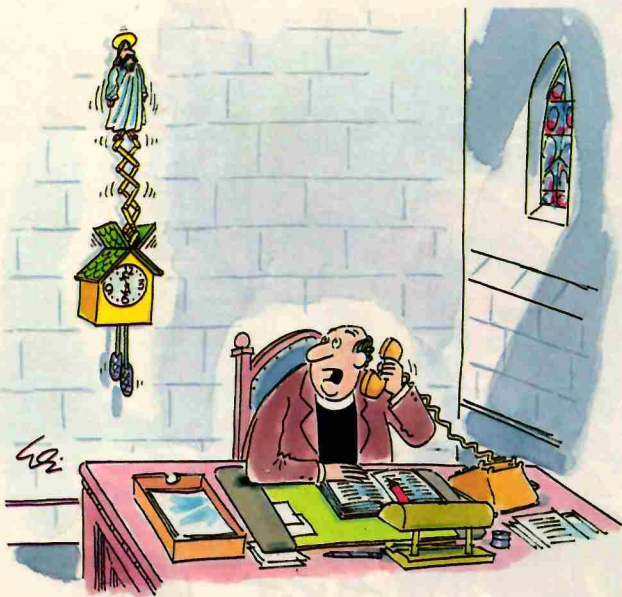
"What'sa matter, didn't you see the light?"



"Trouble with you is you don't know how to relax!"



"Beats the hell out of walking on water!"

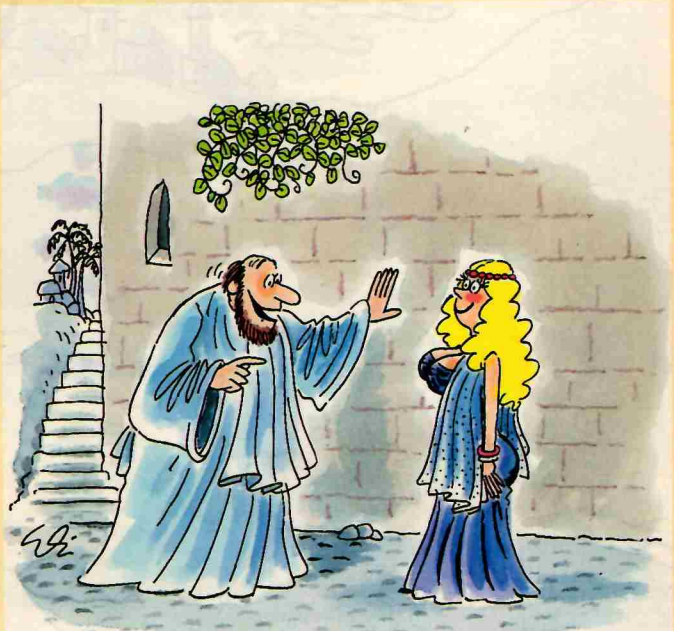


"... I have a feeling we're running out of time."





"They call it baptism and it works like a charm!"



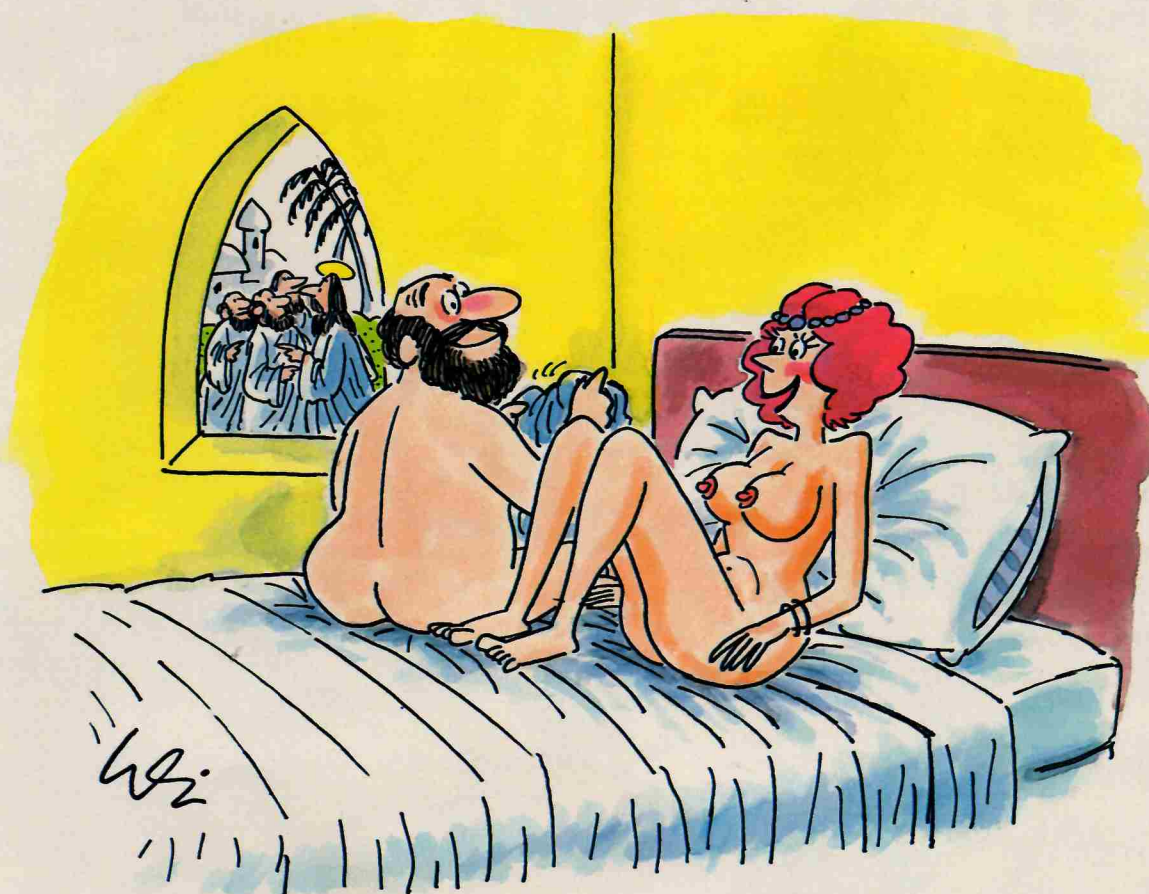
"Let me assure you, my dear, you are well on your way to making a sizable prophet!"



"Damn, Judas! You really know how to betray a guy!"



"I tell you, Arnie, the motor was dead—then along comes this here guy . . ."



"How about hanging around for the second coming?"



MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART TWELVE

An enormous public-relations push is under way. Those who stand to profit the most are handing out stories to the ever-hungry, uncritical media. And in the moralistic hysteria, very little attention is given to positive and practical approaches.

THE AIDS PANIC

BY GARY NULL

A single frightening message about AIDS is being broadcast by researchers, print and television journalists, and U.S. government health agencies alike. According to this message, AIDS is a new contagious disease that is spreading rapidly from known risk groups—homosexual men and intravenous drug users—into the community at large. AIDS is incurable and kills everyone who becomes infected with it. The nation, the message goes, is in the grips of a disastrous epidemic, and everyone is a potential victim. Our only hope lies in experimental drugs and vaccines that will require billions of dollars to develop.

This portrait of a runaway killer disease has been reinforced by Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, who warns that virtually any sexual contact without the use of "protective behavior" puts the sexual partners in danger of contracting the disease. The news media fan the fire of panic and fear. "AIDS Hits Home," a CBS News special hosted by Dan Rather last fall, was typically grim. With AIDS

there are no survivors, only victims. Almost all the AIDS patients interviewed for the program were reported to have died by the time the program was aired.

Elsewhere in the media, the alarm is going out in the same dramatic terms. "Call to Battle," an article published in *Time* magazine last fall, reported the Public Health Service's projection that by the end of 1986, 26,000 people will have developed AIDS and 18,000 will have died. By the end of 1991, those numbers will multiply to 270,000 cases and 179,000 deaths, at a cost to the public of between \$8 billion and \$16 billion annually. The article quotes the cochairman of a National Academy of Sciences committee, who refers to AIDS as "a national health crisis. . . . We are quite honestly frightened about the proportions." Adds *Time*, "Very few AIDS victims live more than three years after their disease is diagnosed."

Only a week prior, *Time* had devoted its cover story to AIDS. In that issue, Surgeon General Koop was quoted at length: "Unless it is possible

to know with *absolute certainty* that neither you nor your sexual partner is carrying the virus of AIDS, you must use protective behavior. *Absolute certainty* means not only that you and your partner have [had] a mutually faithful monogamous sexual relationship [for at least five years], but . . . that neither you nor your partner has used illegal intravenous drugs." The warning here is clear: Sex—even with your spouse—is dangerous.

That is the message the American public has been getting on AIDS. But just how accurate is the message? Most of the information we receive concerning AIDS comes from the government via its various health agencies, the most active of which are the Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.), its parent agency, the Public Health Service (P.H.S.), and the National Institutes of Health (N.I.H.).

A recent article in *The Wall Street Journal* reveals that, like other areas of the government today, agencies involved in AIDS research are not free from political and

PAINTING BY ETIENNE SANDORFI

personal motivations. Reporter Jonathan Kwitny found that "ego clashes, professional jealousies, and perhaps worse" have crippled the C.D.C.'s AIDS laboratories, which have been the subject of allegations of "hampered research, political meddling, and even sabotaged experiments."

The *Journal* cites Dr. Paul Luciw of the University of California at Davis, one of the scientists who helped detail the genetic structure of the AIDS virus, as saying, "They've lost their credibility almost completely." Also cited is an investigation by the National Academy of Sciences, which confirmed reports of tampering with experiments. The *Journal's* own investigation revealed "scientific decisions made to suit political ends." In fact, Kwitny learned that a senior scientist had ordered valuable virus cultures thrown in the garbage because he wanted the lab to do research on strains he had isolated. Other scientists reported contamination of their cultures, "perhaps by someone spitting into them."

As to the motivations behind these episodes, the *Journal* quotes one scientist as saying, "AIDS research has attracted a certain type of personality. There's a lot of power to be had. They [the C.D.C.] control a lot of money. There are a lot of egos involved and they are clashing."

Those who stand to profit most significantly from the AIDS crisis are engaged in disseminating information about the disease to an ever-hungry and uncritical press. An enormous public-relations push is under way. An AIDS panic makes both good copy and good business. Scientists, researchers, and governmental agencies have enormous budgets at stake, and these budgets require justification. The P.H.S. projection that by 1991 AIDS will cost between \$8 billion and \$16 billion annually may very well be self-fulfilling. The P.H.S.'s AIDS budget has already been growing at a rate of 7,369 percent over the past five years, from \$5.5 million in 1982 to \$410.8 million in 1986. These panic-stricken announcements warning of the billions of dollars that will have to be spent to wage "perhaps the most wide-ranging and intensive efforts ever made against an infectious disease" are in the P.H.S.'s interest, since it would be a major beneficiary of these billions of dollars.

One of the most alarming trends surrounding AIDS today is the unquestioned pursuit of an AIDS vaccine. Dr. J. Anthony Morris, a leading virologist for 35 years who has worked with the National Institutes of Health, Walter Reed Hospital, and the Food and Drug Administration in connection with its research on vaccines for influenza and other respiratory viruses, fears that the rush to research and prepare an AIDS vaccine may be self-serving on the part of some of the governmental agencies and scientists involved. "They are asking for a couple billion dollars a year," Morris says. "A

panel that was assembled . . . was asking for \$2 billion. This is nonsense. You don't need \$2 billion to do this work. . . . It is a public-relations scam."

Dr. Morris's many years of work on vaccines for influenza and the common cold leads him to believe that we cannot be any more successful in creating an AIDS vaccine. He explains why:

"The first agent that was recovered from AIDS patients almost simultaneously in Paris and in Bethesda was a single identifiable agent. If AIDS had been caused by that single virus, there is a possibility that a vaccine might be prepared against it. But subsequently AIDS viruses were recovered from Japan, various parts of Africa, and various parts of this country, and they all differed in some minor respects. But the differences were of such significance that if it were possible to prepare a vaccine against the first one, that vaccine might not protect against all the other modifications of the virus. It is

“

The warning is clear:
Sex is dangerous. That's the
message the American
people have been getting
on AIDS. But just how
accurate is the message?

”

for this reason that a number of people, including myself, believe that, according to the techniques that are now available, you will not be able to prepare a vaccine against AIDS. You might prepare a vaccine against one of the agents, but if you protect against that one, others will move in to take its place."

Another means used to justify large expenditures for AIDS research is to depict it as a new and deadly disease that is spreading wildly throughout the entire population. In point of fact, although it is commonly referred to as a disease, AIDS is not; it is a syndrome. Terry Krieger, a Washington journalist who has been researching AIDS in conjunction with internist and former P.H.S. official Dr. Cesar A. Caceres, explained in *The Miami Herald* that "a syndrome is a set of symptoms that reflect a disease. For example, fever, nasal congestion, muscle pain, and stomach upset may reflect influenza. In AIDS, however, the symptoms themselves are over a dozen diseases, none of which is new. Moreover, not all AIDS patients have the same diseases, and the death rates for AIDS patients depend on which diseases they have."

Krieger continues: "According to an AIDS report issued by the C.D.C. last fall, the death rate for AIDS patients whose primary disease is pneumocystis carinii pneumonia, which prevents the blood from receiving oxygen, is 58 percent. By contrast, the death rate for AIDS patients whose primary disease is Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer, is 43 percent. The death rate for AIDS patients with other primary diseases is 61 percent. . . .

"The different diseases and death rates of AIDS patients suggest that AIDS is not a single syndrome, but several conditions resulting from severe damage to the body's immune system, which defends the body from the disease," says Krieger.

Furthermore, not only are the statistics concerning AIDS inflated, there is also evidence that the rate of increase of AIDS is on the decline. "If we calculate the increase by the number of AIDS cases diagnosed each year [using November 3, 1986, C.D.C. data], we find it was 283 percent between 1981 and '82, 177 percent between 1982 and '83, 100 percent between 1983 and '84, and 70 percent between 1984 and 1985. These figures are consistent with an unrelated analysis of AIDS trends that the C.D.C. conducted two years ago. The analysis found 'the composite trend for all U.S. AIDS cases was in a transition period that may plateau in 1985.'"

Moreover, AIDS is not a new heretofore unknown condition. AIDS scientists may be looking for and identifying factors that have been present for decades in a large percentage of the population.

"AIDS has been around for years," Dr. Morris says. "I base that statement on the presence of the antibody in blood that was taken 40 to 50 years ago, and stored in an icebox. This means that the person from whom this blood was gotten 40 years ago was exposed to the AIDS virus."

If the AIDS virus has been around for at least 40 to 50 years, why is it primarily showing up in our gay community today? Dr. Morris has a theory that he is careful to preface as "speculative."

"The AIDS virus began to appear in homosexuals around 1979. That was immediately following tests of the first hepatitis vaccine." That vaccine was tested on homosexual populations principally in New York and San Francisco. Soon after the completion of those tests, AIDS was first detected.

"I wrote a letter to . . . [the] director of the C.D.C. in Atlanta. I asked him, with all the evidence that he had at his disposal, to convince me that there is no causative connection between the introduction of the experimental hepatitis vaccine into the homosexual population and the occurrence of AIDS in that same population. He wrote a letter back saying that he believed that there was no connection, but that the convincing evidence was just not available."

Dr. Morris explains that the hepatitis vaccine in question was prepared from



CALL ME...

FOR THE ULTIMATE
EROTIC FANTASY

EXPERIENCE
A NEW KIND OF
PLEASURE

1-900-410-1000

THE SENSUAL ADVENTURES OF
SCARLETT O AND HER NAUGHTY FRIENDS

1-900-410-2000

SEXCAPODES OF OBSESSION AND DESIREÉ—
TWO LUSTY LADIES

1-900-410-3000

FORBIDDEN FANTASIES OF ALEXIS C—
A SEDUCTIVE NYMPH

1-900-410-XXXX⁹⁹⁹⁹

LADIES OF TABOO
TRUE X-RATED CONFESSIONS

1-900-410-7000

SECRET SEX TECHNIQUES—ADVICE ON HOW
TO FULFILL YOUR ULTIMATE SEXUALITY

1-900-410-7777

HYAPATIA LEE—SIZZLING, SULTRY, SEX STAR
OF THE SILVER SCREEN

• SAFESEX FANTASIES CHANGE DAILY
• 24 HOURS A DAY • MINIMUM CHARGE 50¢
FIRST MINUTE • 35¢ EACH ADDITIONAL
MINUTE • MUST BE 18 YEARS • MCI/SPRINT
USERS • FOR AT&T ACCESS • DIAL: 10 ATT
(10288)-1-900-410-1000 2000 3000 9999/
7000 7777 •

AEN, BY ITS DONATIONS, SUPPORTS AIDS RESEARCH, METHODS TO
PREVENT THE SPREAD OF SEXUALLY TRANSMITTED DISEASES
& THE PROMOTION OF HEALTHFUL SAFESEX PRACTICES



the blood of homosexual men who were infected with hepatitis and that today the commercially marketed vaccine is manufactured in the same manner. As the technique for identifying the AIDS virus was only developed recently, there is no way of telling how many people received hepatitis vaccines that may have been infected with the AIDS virus.

Dr. Morris tells of how a similar situation arose in connection with the polio vaccine: "The polio-virus vaccine was first developed by Dr. [Jonas] Salk. . . . He looked for and inactivated all the viruses which could be detected at that time in the early polio-virus vaccine. After the vaccine had been used for several years, it was learned that there was present in the Salk vaccine an agent that could not be detected by the techniques of Dr. Salk. That agent . . . was not inactivated completely by the processes used to inactivate the polio virus as well as other viruses that might have been present . . . nor could it be detected by the early techniques. Yet it was there. It was put into millions of children and that is still a problem. . . . That agent is capable of causing cancer.

"Now let's look at the vaccine for hepatitis. That vaccine is prepared with the blood from homosexuals—infected homosexuals. The techniques employed to determine its safety did not detect the presence of any adventitious agents. But that doesn't mean they weren't there, because you go to the Salk vaccine and that

experience should teach you something.

"I was one of those who looked into the [polio vaccine] problem. . . . The N.I.H. and the Food and Drug Administration assured the public that the Salk vaccines were safe—and they weren't. But they were safe according to what they meant by safe—they did not detect any virus that they were capable of detecting."

Whether Dr. Morris is right or wrong in this theory of why AIDS has appeared so prevalently in the gay community does not seem such a difficult matter to verify. One could start by asking AIDS patients whether they received a hepatitis vaccine. Instead, however, the government prefers to have us believe that sexual contact and intravenous drug use is responsible for the transmission of AIDS.

This theme was expounded upon in *The Wall Street Journal* article, which quotes one AIDS scientist as saying, "[If] medical politics have been part of the AIDS lab's problem, so have national politics." A former head of the AIDS lab is quoted as saying of the current head, Dr. James Curran, "Curran isn't homophobic, but he is certainly conscious of the administration's feelings and he wants to keep the C.D.C. alive. The C.D.C. is being sandwiched between a very bad disease and a policy coming from above, treating it with less aggressive action."

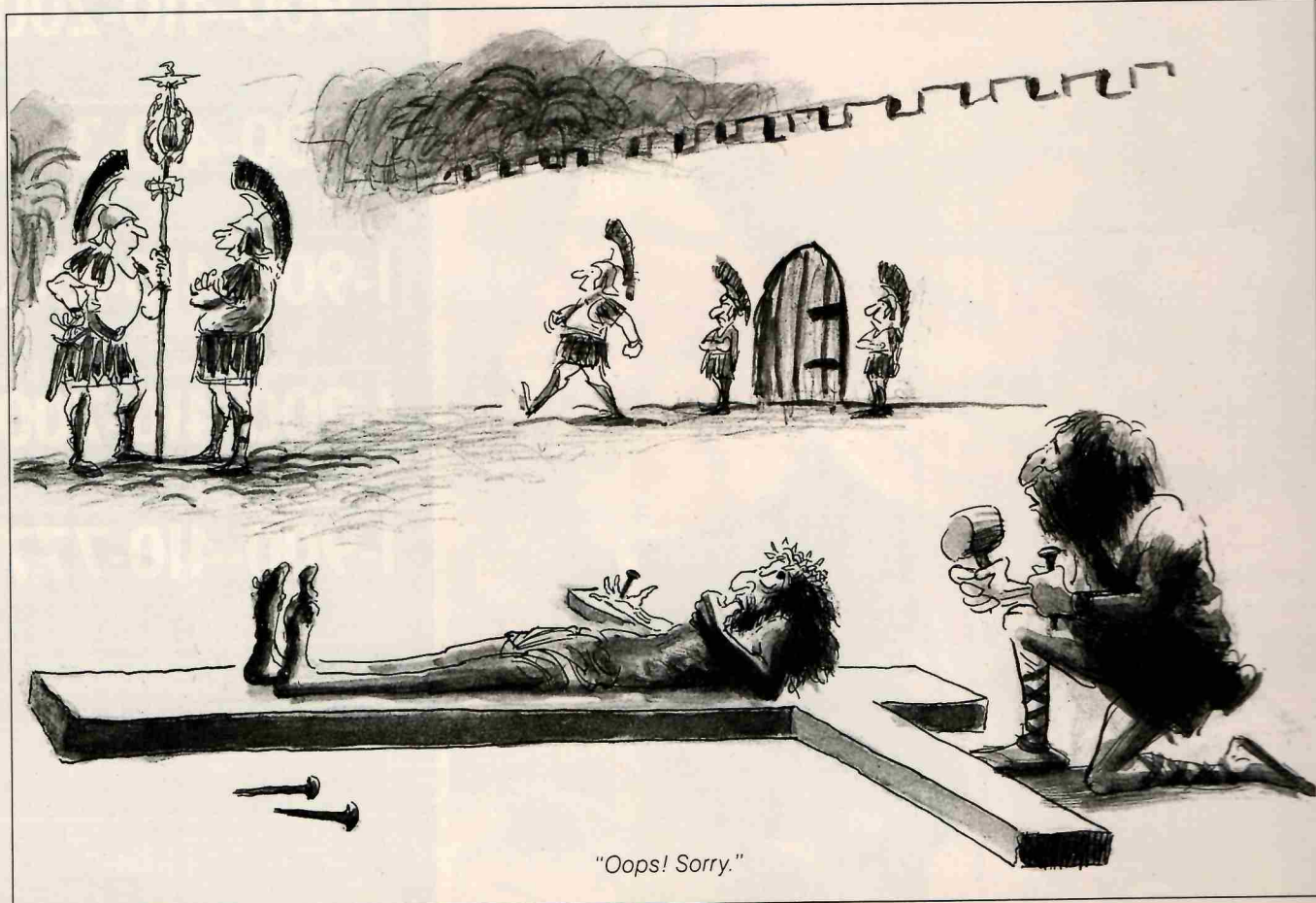
California biologist Bruce Voeller, who found certain spermicides capable of killing sexually transmitted organisms, is reported to have proposed to Dr. Curran

that a study be done of the effects of these spermicides on the AIDS virus. Dr. Curran refused. When Voeller later conducted the study with the help of a technician at the C.D.C. and showed that the spermicide killed the AIDS virus in vitro, Dr. Curran still expressed reluctance to release the results. According to another technician, who coauthored the report concerning the spermicide, Dr. Curran "was more interested in effecting a lifestyle change, the number of partners, and things like that, rather than saying here's something you can get in the drugstore that might help." Asked to comment, Dr. Curran told *Penthouse* that he doesn't remember Voeller's proposal, and that "lots of things inactivate AIDS in a test tube."

Research at the Pasteur Institute in France turned up similar results regarding the effect of a spermicidal substance on the AIDS virus. Dr. Claude Chermann was guarded but clear in explaining the significance of this finding: "It should be clearly understood that benzalkonium chloride will not replace the condom. On the contrary, it is the ideal complement."

We have already seen that, by the current definition of AIDS, statistics concerning the number of cases may be inflated and that rather than spreading rampantly, the rate of increase of AIDS seems to have plateaued in 1985. One way to keep AIDS statistics inflated to epidemic proportions is to redefine what constitutes the diagnosis—which the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126



8 Real Features, \$3.75 Each!

You've never seen so much for so little. 8 fantastic, frenzied features, all complete for only \$29.95 total. That's a cost of less than \$3.75 each for 240 minutes of cream-in-your-jeans excitement, big name adult stars, big time featured production. It's all here. And all yours.

#XSF800 **All 8 Features for one price—only \$29.95 total!**
If ordered separately, Features are \$9.95 each.

- 1st Feature:** #XSF801 **Candy Stripers And Candy Cheeks** starring Sheri St. Claire, Jaime Gillis, Jean Silver and Tiffany Crystal.
- 2nd Feature:** #XSF802 **Taboo Twosomes** starring Vannessa Del Rio, Serena, Jesse St. Jaimes, Dorothee LeMay, Jaime Gillis and John Leslie.
- 3rd Feature:** #XSF803 **Fabulous TaTas** starring Susan Nero, Kitty Nativity, Ooshy, Christy Cannons and Angie Sprinklers.
- 4th Feature:** #XSF804 **China Dolls** starring Ginnie Wong, Mai Lind and Kyoko.
- 5th Feature:** #XSF805 **The Story Of Oh!** starring Sheri St. Claire, Sharon Mitchell, Constance Many, Annette Heaven, Ron Jeremy and John Leslie.
- 6th Feature:** #XSF806 **All American Women On Women** starring Georgette Spelvine, Annette Heaven, Lisa Delewd, and Lori Sanders.
- 7th Feature:** #XSF807 **Insatiable Blondes & Blacks** starring Billy Dee, Big Black John, Veronica Hard, Sereka and Rhonda Joe.
- 8th Feature:** #XSF808 **California Steamin'** starring Jennifer West, Ginger Lind, Shanna Grand and Candy Sampler.



Features, Lifestyles, & Collections, 60-90 min.

XGM-301 **The Pleasure Pals**—20 superstars in 10 featurettes (All Male). \$19.95

XMO-501 **Voyeur's Dream**—6 hunks going it alone. (All Male) \$19.95

XMP-504 **Black On Black**—Interracial cast of 70 (All Male). \$24.95

XVH-238 **Barroom Buddies**—5 features: Bald Bubba, College Roommates, Black On White, more (All Male). \$19.95

XVH-237 **Wet & Wild Stallions**—Daniel Holt, Gerald the Giant, Blondie, (All Male). \$24.95

XVH-217 **Autobiography Of A Flea**—Jean Jennings & John C. Holmes. \$24.95

XGT-115 **Women Who Love Women**—Rhonda Jo Petty, Monique Perry (All Female). \$19.95

XVH-232 **Women in Passion**—Vanessa, Jean Dalton, Tina Russel (All Female) \$24.95

XBT-102 **Women in Love**—10 beauties in 5 hot featurettes (All Female) \$19.95

XGT-117 **Paper Dolls**—Cara Lott, Tina Marie, Linda Shaw (All Female) \$19.95

XGR-105 **Lady Friends**—Rachael and her sensuous friends (All Female) \$19.95

XGT-108 **Women's Fantasies**—Danielle, Annie Owen, K.C. Valentine (All Female) \$19.95

XEX-108 **Star Women**—Seka, Lori Smith, Desiree Lane (All Female) \$24.95

XTV-101 **Hot Dogs**—Helga and all her Danish friends (TV) \$29.95

XTV-102 **TV Orgy**—Brigitte, Erick and company (TV) \$29.95

XBL-104 **19 Best of Caballero**—Best of Dixie Ray: Hollywood Star, Centerspread Girls, 17 more. \$19.95

XBL-101 **Blockbuster Cinema Collection**—Best of Debbie Does Dallas II, Amanda By Night, Seka's Fantasies, 14 more. \$19.95

XMV-14 **Complete Classics Collection**—Best of Deep Throat, Devil in Miss Jones, 11 more. \$24.95

XBT-10 **John Holmes Collection**—5 featurettes of Big John with straight & bi-beauties. \$19.95

XBT-8 **Black on White Revue**—4 interracial featurettes & one lily white. \$19.95

XCA-103 **Best of Seka**—Sizzling Seka in her legendary top films. \$24.95

XJP-103 **Big Melons #1**—7 featurettes with the most well-endowed ladies. \$19.95

XGR-106 **Woman on Woman**—Uschi & her lady friends in 4 erotic encounters. (All Female) \$19.95

XMS-601 **Caught in the Act**—Juliet Anderson, John Seeman, Bridgette Leon. \$19.95

XMS-602 **Remember Connie**—John C. Holmes, Taylor Hines, Maria Tortuga. \$19.95

XMS-603 **Upside Down**—Gina Davis, Richard Bolla, Vera Quick. \$19.95

XMS-604 **Dr. Yes**—Gloria Hardy, Victoria Corsaw, David Shakford. \$19.95

XMS-605 **The Coming of Joyce**—Erica Haven, Deborah Pensorn, Bill Adams. \$19.95

XMS-607 **Sex Pageant**—Jennifer West, John Holmes, Misty Dawn. \$19.95

XMS-901 **Hot & Sexy**—Annette Haven, Rhonda Jo Petty, Jaime Gillis. \$24.95

XMS-902 **Menage a Trois**—Mai Lin, John Holmes, Seka. \$24.95

XMS-903 **Oral Delights**—Seka, John Holmes, Annette Haven. \$24.95

XMS-913 **Potpourri of Sex**—Seka, Annette Haven, John Holmes. \$24.95

XMS-914 **Isle of Lesbo**—Susan Hart, Kay Parker, Heather Wayne (All Girl). \$24.95

XMS-915 **Fantasy Dreams**—Cara Lott, Bunny Bleu, Paul Thomas. \$19.95

Private Showcase Video Dept. WMJ710, P.O. Box 4357, Springdale, CT 06907

Sirs: I have enclosed my check, M.O., Visa, M.C. information. Please rush me the items marked below under a 30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. (State residents add sales tax.)

Please indicate <input type="checkbox"/> VHS or <input type="checkbox"/> Beta				Video Total _____
Item #	Price	Item #	Price	State Tax _____
	\$		\$	P&H \$3.00 ea., 4 or more \$10 _____
	\$		\$	Total Enc. \$ _____
	\$		\$	
	\$		\$	
	\$		\$	

NOTICE: SIGNATURE REQUIRED FOR ORDER TO BE SHIPPED
I declare that I am an adult, 21 years of age or over. I am purchasing these sexually oriented materials for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or furnish it to minors. I believe that my community's standards, as well as the U.S. Constitution, allow an adult citizen to view or read anything, including sexually explicit material.

Signature _____

Mr. Mrs. Miss Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

☐ M.C. ☐ Visa Exp. date _____

Account # _____

Bank or Org. issuing card _____

Valid outside U.S. and where prohibited by law.

If you've ever fantasized about Lucy Ricardo getting it on with Ethel Mertz, *Lucy Has a Ball* is for you.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN



Fantasies: a tired cliché.

BRAUN OUT

Hidden Fantasies
(Vidco) **11**

Lasse Braun is the European porn director who has returned to America after a long hiatus and turned to making videos. His productions are always flavored by his continental sophistication, which mostly comes through not in plots or technical expertise but in the role-playing he sees as integral to the sexual act. After a series of good and even great videos, Braun may be running out of inspiration.

In *Hidden Fantasies*, he falls back on that most tired of all porn clichés, the sex therapist. We have Rosemary, a woman suffering from dysphoria (the opposite of euphoria). She goes to a sex-therapy center, where her treatment includes the sights and sounds of people fucking, in the hope that this experience will jar her out of her doldrums. It doesn't work for her, it doesn't work for the viewer, and it looks like

it barely worked for Braun himself. There are some good scenes here—Paula Meadows gives as great a blowjob as ever, and the foot-sucking therapy is hilarious. All in all, though, Lasse Braun hasn't come through with his latest.

THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES

The Titty Committee
(Video Classics) **1**

There is something to be said for compilation tapes, and God knows there's something to be said for tits, so this compilation tape featuring scenes culled for their breast appeal ought to be a winner, right? Wrong. For one thing, the real heavyweights of the X-rated world aren't even represented here—those gals who stitch their bras from spinnakers and call in the structural engineers to secure the cups. We're talking Candy Samples, we're talking Kitten Natividad, we're talking roomful o' bazooms. Sure, the amply endowed "Helga" is featured in a short scene, and the Rubenesque Lisa DeLeeuw; but if I know tit men, they won't be satisfied by a few square feet of flesh—they want cubic yards of it.

In addition, the scenes selected aren't even those that necessarily feature tits. There aren't many tit fucks to speak of, and no fancy Annie Sprinkle-style tit ballets. What we get instead is a whole crowd of exquisite but normally endowed females such as Hyapatia Lee—who has beautiful breasts, to be sure, but who won't win any votes of appreciation from the spandex manufacturers of the nation.

In other words, this is yet another case of misleading advertising in the porn world: a tape targeted to tit men that just doesn't deliver.

CLOSING TIME

Rears
(Vivid) **1**

The title of this video is somewhat misleading because it does not refer to buns, but is actually a parody of television's popular sitcom *Cheers*. While the tape does achieve a certain level of horniness by playing off the situations and characters of its mainstream model, technical sloppiness dooms the enterprise from the start. For once, it's not the writer's fault. The screenplay, credited to Mark Weiss, is credible and smart, despite such lunacies as a straight bar holding a "wet panties" contest.

The theme could be encapsulated as "a feminist's comeuppance," with Tracy Adams doing a good turn as Michelle, the comeuppee, and Eric Edwards less effec-

tive but still good as the comeupper. In fact, there's fairly effective acting all around by what has become the veritable "ensemble" acting troupe of adult entertainment: a sturdy corps of actors and actresses who come on cue. Good writing and good acting—rare enough in porn.

The other parts of the equation, however, just don't measure up. This is strange, since director Ron Sullivan (a.k.a. Henri Pachard) is one of the best in the biz. Even he can't successfully wrestle the problems of shot-on-tape video—the sound in *Rears* resembles the echoes from a well, the lighting is harsh and unappetizing, the framing is sprawling and unorganized. It's too bad, too—this could have been a good one.

PENTHOUSE PICK

10½ Weeks
(Essex) **111**

This tape represents adult entertainment's answer to the mainstream smash *9½ Weeks*,



Rears offers viewers "a feminist's comeuppance."



10½ Weeks: sexy and sultry.

which titillated front-porch America with sexy role-playing. *10½ Weeks* makes me wonder about the direction of adult entertainment as a whole. Why can't porn producers come up with plots like these without having to refer so slavishly to what's coming out of Hollywood? There is a successful adult tape here, above and beyond *9½ Weeks*.

Robert McCallum directs Barbara Dare and Jerry Butler in a sometimes steamy, sometimes schmaltzy relationship. Butler's body has pretty much collapsed—he used to look like a weight lifter, now he just looks like a weight—but his acting still holds up. And Barbara Dare has matured into a scintillating, smoky sultress, her eyes igniting lust wherever her glance lands. She looks like a sexier Stevie Nicks, if that's possible, and acts like that tattoo above her pussy was put there by the men of the world as a vote of thanks. Again, it's too bad that it has to be an imitation, but *10½ Weeks* does work better than the real thing.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Skin Flicks

(Video-X-Pic) **IIII**

Skin Flicks is Gerry Damiano's third entry into the Basic Adult Video Library, behind

Deep Throat and *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*, and it is by far his most cynical. Damiano is doing his exposé of the adult-entertainment industry here, and he acts in the film himself, playing the part of an unappetizing porn director. The dialogue is crackling good, the sex is clawed raw and served sizzling, and the dynamics of this film hold up even almost a decade later.

You could argue that the plot, which investigates the seamy side of porn, indicates some level of Damiano's self-loathing (he was, after all, raised a strict Catholic)—but the repression feeds the sensuality like a coal-stoked fire. One historical oddity: Damiano protégée Jill Monroe, a sex-change transsexual with enormous silicone tits, appears here—perhaps the first time a creature born a man acted the woman in a hard-core flick.

LUST LAUGH

Lucy Has a Ball

(Moonlight Entertainment) **II**

The rating here is entirely for novelty's sake. *Lucy Has a Ball* is a send-up of the old *I Love Lucy* show, complete with canned applause when each of the principals steps on the set, and canned laughter when the "jokes" wind down to their predictable punch lines.

Now we know what killed Desi Arnaz: the prospect of Blondi, a dizzy porn starlet, playing a much juicier version of Lucy. Lucy'll ball, all right—she'll take on anyone, including "Bethel Hurtz," her distaff sidekick. *Lucy Has a Ball* is the product of some truly demented minds, with fart jokes setting the

tone for the comedy and the laugh track halted, mercifully, during the sex scenes.

If you've ever fantasized about Lucy Ricardo getting it on with Ethel Mertz—and if you have, stay away from me—or if you like the idea of Little Ricky all grown up and shtupping the baby-sitter, this is the tape for you.

YACHT'S INCREDIBLE

Lust at Sea

(Vidco) **II**

The star of this tape is a 40-foot yacht the producers were kind enough to spring for. It is all that distinguishes this tape from countless others, and maybe it saved the producers the trouble of renting a set. It gives the tape a slightly claustrophobic feel, like a lifeboat with just you and your obese mother-in-law. Sex therapy is once again the theme here; the yacht is chartered by a sex therapist to take her patients "out beyond international waters" so that their kinkiness won't be illegal. She certainly needn't have bothered, since the tape itself remains docked, no matter what seas it sails on.

STREETS VERSUS SHEETS

Takin' It to the Streets

(CDI Home Video) **II**

A familiar theme reappears once again in this vapid video. There are two con-

trasting sexualities put up in *Takin' It to the Streets*, and most men know them well.

One is the wife and one is the hooker, a classic division of the guilt-ridden male psyche called the Madonna-whore complex. Bunny Bleu plays a coed whose hubby seems intent on supplying all the hookers in the world with spending money.

For a while the hooker-housewife contrast is maintained, but the tape degener-



Streets offers the classic Madonna-whore complex.

ates into a muddle near the end, when a tutor brought in to help Bunny with her schoolwork turns out to be a she-male. For those who like such novelty, or for those who want to taste the delights of frequenting street hookers with none of the danger, this tape is adequate. For the rest of us, loose technical values and a wandering plot sink this one. **OT**

RATING KEY

I Not recommended—You'll either get ripped-off or get the least for your money.

II Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.

III Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.

IIII Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

AIDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

P.H.S. has already proposed.

According to Terry Krieger, "The P.H.S. now maintains that mere infection with HTLV-III [virus] is itself a disease, and AIDS is only one manifestation of it. In a May 23, 1986, report, the C.D.C. presented a scheme that 'classifies the manifestation of HTLV-III . . . infection into four mutually exclusive groups': a temporary 'mononucleosislike syndrome' at the time of the infection; the absence of signs or symptoms; persistent swollen lymph glands; and conditions other than swollen lymph glands, including diseases associated with AIDS. Since all but a fraction of people infected with HTLV fall within the first three groups, they have either minor medical difficulties or no medical difficulties at all."

Up until recently, scientists and researchers were attributing AIDS to a specific virus that they called HTLV-III. *Time* magazine reports that the currently preferred term for the AIDS-causing agent is HIV, or human immunodeficiency virus, which suggests that efforts may be being made to lump a whole host of immune-deficiency related illnesses into one broad category to which the label of AIDS can be attached.

The *New York Times* reported last November that a third AIDS virus had been identified in Sweden "according to Dr.

Robert Gallo, a leading AIDS researcher at the National Cancer Institute. . . . Dr. Gallo . . . hinted in lectures and a news conference that even more AIDS viruses might be found." This report reveals that health officials are no longer restricting the diagnoses of AIDS to people being infected by the HTLV-III virus. Instead, it appears that any virus that results in the symptoms of AIDS is now being termed an "AIDS virus."

The AIDS scare has brought on much research on viruses and has brought to our attention the role they may play in many of our illnesses. The renaming of the AIDS virus as "the human immunodeficiency virus" and the broad classification scheme proposed by the C.D.C. that includes "mononucleosislike symptoms" means that any viral immunodeficiency disease could come under the name of AIDS, thereby inflating the AIDS statistics ad infinitum.

However one chooses to define AIDS, the message we are receiving as to its fatality also requires some examination. First of all, not all people who are infected with the AIDS virus have AIDS. This suggests that there are other, nonviral reasons for the development of AIDS within the body. The impression being created in the current hysteria, however, is that the virus *is* the disease. Here again, the statistics must be carefully examined. The C.D.C. has estimated that some 1.5 million Americans have been infected with the HTLV-III virus during the past several

years; but according to the C.D.C. report, "The total number of AIDS patients in the United States represents only a fraction of the number of persons with HTLV-III infection. It has been estimated that in 1985 for every case of AIDS, there were 50-100 persons with HTLV-III . . . infection."

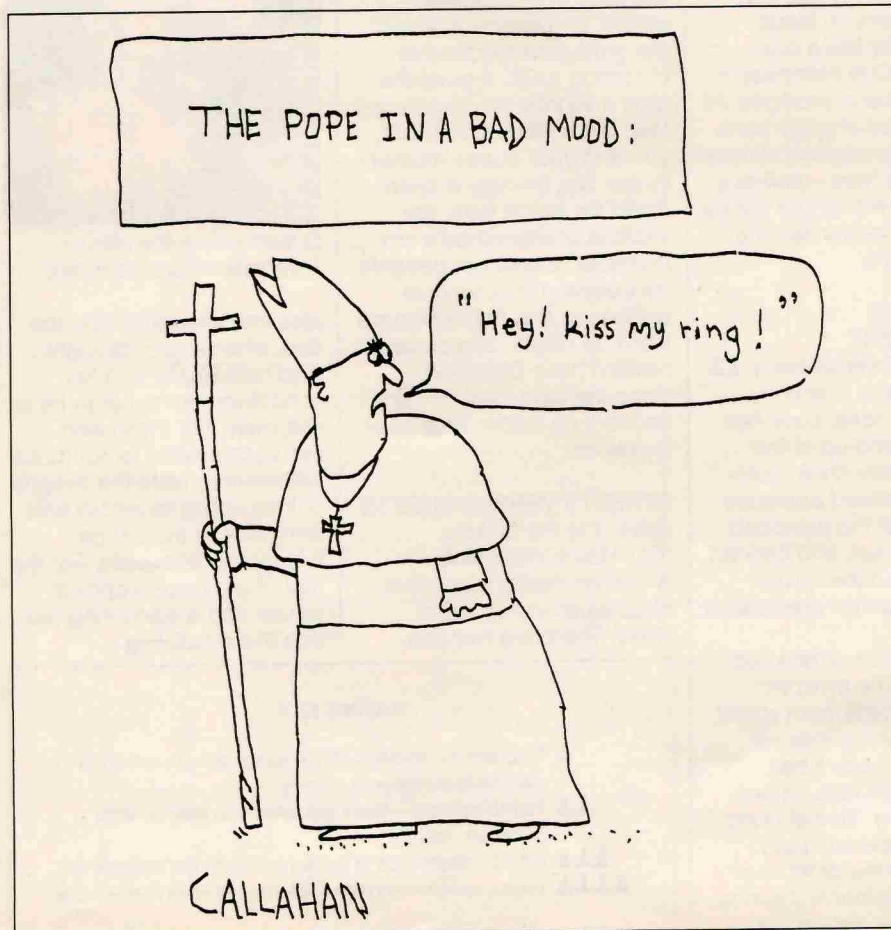
It is on these statistics that the dire predictions of a growing AIDS epidemic are based. But there is clearly another way of looking at the evidence. If only one to two percent of HTLV-III-infected people are developing AIDS, there may well be good, lifesaving medical reasons why the other 98 percent are not. After all, AIDS is a failure of the immune system to fend off a host of secondary "opportunistic" diseases that have been around for centuries. If more and more viruses are discovered to be triggering this breakdown, might it not be that the real cause of AIDS is the breakdown itself? There may well be many reasons why some human immune systems are no longer able to fend off viral infection.

Of all the impressions being created by the press today, perhaps the most misleading is that AIDS is a "killer" disease, fatal to everyone who gets it. For arousing public panic and maintaining big budgets, this is an effective tactic, but how effective is it at getting to the truth? Will AIDS, as the news stories suggest, wipe out a huge part of the American population? Consider the following excerpt from *Time*:

"The figures need to be seen in perspective. The 54,000 AIDS deaths expected in 1991 would exceed the total of 47,319 American battle deaths during the entire course of the Vietnam War." That is a perspective all right, but a bizarre one. Here is another perspective offered by *Time*: Last year—in one year—45,600 people died in motor-vehicle accidents—real, not hypothetical, projected deaths that rival the projected AIDS number *five years from now*. The *Time* article was entitled "Call to Battle." Where is the "call to battle" over motor-vehicle safety?

A more insightful comparison can be made when the statistics for cancer and heart disease are compared with those of AIDS. At this moment, over 63 million Americans are suffering from heart disease—and nearly one million will die of it this year. Last year, cancer killed 462,000 Americans—eight times the AIDS toll projected for 1991. In the entire history of AIDS there have been 18,000 reported deaths. Nevertheless, the government and medical establishment are telling us that in 1991 AIDS will require at least as much and possibly double the expenditures for cancer.

It has taken 25 years for cancer to reach the \$8 billion mark; AIDS is predicted to reach that amount within the next five years. The treatment of an AIDS patient costs, on average, eight to 16 times that of a cancer patient. The cost of drugs used in the treatment of AIDS patients is



A man and a woman are leaning against a light-colored, textured wall. The man, on the left, is wearing a red tank top and blue jeans, leaning with one leg raised. The woman, on the right, is wearing a blue denim jacket over a yellow shirt and blue jeans, sitting on a motorcycle. She is holding a cigarette in her right hand. The motorcycle is partially visible on the right side of the frame.

 **KOOL**
Milds

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

© 1986 B&W T Co.
12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

about six-and-a-half times the average cost of all medications for other hospitalized patients. For the medical establishment, AIDS is a growth industry. If the statistics begin to show, as Terry Krieger believes, that the AIDS "epidemic" is not growing as fast as once suspected, the medical establishment must either redefine the disease in order to include more "victims," or maintain a heightened sense of concern among the public.

There is considerable evidence that a successful AIDS treatment may be achieved with safe, nontoxic, and inexpensive therapies—that many AIDS patients are surviving with treatments that offer little opportunity for enormous profit. Instead, however, the headlines are dominated by such "wonder drugs" as AZT (azidothymidine), the experimental drug manufactured by Burroughs Wellcome. The brief, stormy history of AZT provides a good example of how medicine, business, and the media can frequently interact.

Time reported that initial "results of clinical trials with AZT were so promising that the tests were halted in September for ethical reasons, so that the drug would no longer be withheld from a control group of AIDS patients who had been receiving only inert placebos." But, the article continued, "AZT is not a panacea for AIDS. Because the original trials were terminated after only seven months, doctors cannot predict how long doses of the drug will continue to thwart the virus. They also warn that AZT has damaged the marrow of some patients' bones and could have even worse long-range effects. Moreover, says Terry Beirn of the American Foundation for AIDS Research, 'We're not talking about cure. At the moment, I don't think it's in the lexicon.'"

The article demonstrates the media's friendly, unquestioning rapport with the organized medical establishment. *Time* quickly skips over the "ethical reasons" for abandoning AZT tests. Without our questioning the researchers' ethics here, it must be pointed out that when alternative methods of treatment are being tested on the outside of the orthodox medical community, and when such tests are abandoned for the same "ethical reasons," the medical establishment seizes the opportunity to call into question the validity of the tests in the first place, and to criticize the same "ethical reasons" as an excuse for abandoning the tests. But no such charge was made here. *Time* readers are left with the impression of a wonderful new drug that was almost, but not quite, a great weapon against the AIDS "epidemic." The implication is that, given enough time and money, the orthodox medical establishment will eventually save us all.

But who will profit along the way? Consider the recent fiasco with Interleukin II, the heralded cancer drug. *The New England Journal of Medicine*, in an article that was widely reported in the mass me-

dia, announced in 1985 that Interleukin shrank tumors in 44 percent of all patients it was tested on. After this announcement, in a period of 24 hours, the stock of the manufacturer, Cetus Corporation, shot up \$10 a share—and doubled over a period of two months. One year later, *The Wall Street Journal* ran an article that reported that the success rate of Interleukin II was actually ten to 20 percent. As the *Journal* pointed out, "Inflation of initial research findings . . . isn't new." Nor is governmental involvement in such inflated findings. In the case of Interleukin II, the study in question was performed at the National Cancer Institute.

Besides the fact that AIDS has already become a big business, there is a strong moral and political undercurrent to the present hysteria. When governmental agencies, interacting with the news media, project certain findings, the objectivity of these findings can and must be questioned. The current administration

6

One scientist said,
"AIDS research has attracted
a certain type of personality.
There's a lot of power to
be had. They control a lot of
money. There are a
lot of egos involved."

9

prides itself in its conservative ethos and so-called "family values." Under an administration that bitterly opposes homosexual rights, sex education, abortion, birth control for teenagers, and other social issues, can it be merely a coincidence that the public is being constantly alarmed about AIDS, a condition that carries with it considerable social stigma?

In fact, the issue of sexual transmission of AIDS is far from clear, and a closer examination of the statistics is again in order. The P.H.S. estimates that "new AIDS cases in men and women acquired through heterosexual contact will increase from 1,100 in 1986 to almost 7,000 in 1991." *Time*, citing these statistics, abandons reason for sensation and asks, "But in later years?" The numbers simply do not support a growing epidemic spread through heterosexual sex. Instead, the figures represent an increase of two percent—from seven percent of cases today to nine percent in 1991. In later years almost anything is possible. In the current climate the surgeon general issues "sex is dangerous" warnings to a public frightened enough of the AIDS "epidemic" to believe him.

As Krieger points out, there are other, far more common diseases than AIDS that are transmitted through sex: "While the C.D.C. projects 15,000 new cases of AIDS in the United States this year, it projects 90,000 of syphilis, 500,000 of genital herpes, 1 million of venereal warts, and 1.8 million of gonorrhea and 4.6 million of chlamydia." Thus, if AIDS is indeed a sexually transmitted disease, it is "an uncommon venereal disease."

It is clear then that it is important to evaluate and question the statistics presented by the mass media, as well as the competing interests and motivations of the people who issue them. A realistic view of AIDS cannot be made in an atmosphere of panic and doom. Instead, we must separate what is known about AIDS from what is not known; what the medical establishment has been looking at from what it has been ignoring; and what doctors outside the orthodox medical community are doing about AIDS.

Kaposi's sarcoma and pneumocystis carinii, the primary diseases that characterize AIDS, are not new. Homosexual sex, a supposed means for the transmission of AIDS, is not new. The premise that AIDS can be spread through heterosexual contact is based on knowledge of AIDS cases in Haiti and Central Africa, where, it is believed, promiscuous sex is prevalent. These factors, taken into account with the entirely separate theory of AIDS transmission through the blood, and that only two percent of 1.5 million Americans infected with HTLV-III manifest AIDS symptoms, suggest that one area of concern that must be addressed is not so much how the virus is spread but why some people succumb to it and others fend it off; why some of those infected die, while others survive. A good starting point may be to examine the lifestyles and circumstances of those people who have been diagnosed with AIDS.

Among homosexuals, for example, other factors besides sexual inclination may contribute to an overall weakening of the immune system. Among these factors we find the use of amyl nitrite inhalers ("poppers") often in conjunction with other drugs and poor diet. In addition, there is firm evidence that sexual activity itself can weaken the immune system. In a male orgasm up to two milligrams of zinc can be lost, and zinc is known to be an important nutrient to the immune system. Some homosexual men admit to having up to seven orgasms a day on a regular basis. Such sexual habits, over a prolonged period of time, can severely hamper the immune system's ability to fight off infection, due to a severe zinc deficiency. Coincidentally, the symptoms of this disorder are virtually identical to Kaposi's sarcoma.

Likewise, the theory that promiscuous sex in Haiti and Central Africa has caused the spread of AIDS ignores other salient conditions of life in those areas: Poor sanitation and poor nutrition could con-



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 48

While America was getting royally fucked
Donald Regan was one lucky duck
The White House chief of staff
Thought he'd have the last laugh
But this time his goose seems to be plucked.

IT'S "FOR LOVERS ONLY." AND IT'S FREE.

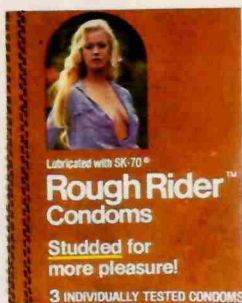
Send for our exciting "For Lovers Only" full color catalog. It's **FREE!** And discover the excitement of adult books, video cassettes, erotic sex aids, condoms and sexy lingerie. Over 200 high quality products specially designed for your pleasure. What's more, books, lotions and sex aids are **FREE WITH EVERY ORDER!**

SPECIAL BONUS: 6 EXCITING CONDOMS. FREE.



When you send for our "For Lovers Only" catalog you'll get:
Prime® Discover the thinnest condom made in America. It's almost like using nothing at all! Spermicidally lubricated for added protection. It's protection plus!

Rough Rider™ Feel what 468 raised pleasure studs can do! Lubricated with SK-70® for maximum stimulation. Rough Rider. It's pleasure plus!



Stamford Hygienic Corp., Sample Offer PP-83
PO Box 932, Stamford, CT 06904

Yes! Please send me my FREE catalog and 6 FREE condoms. I've enclosed \$1 to cover postage and handling.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

OVER 1 MILLION SATISFIED CUSTOMERS
1 OFFER PER HOUSEHOLD

© 1985



tribute to progressively weakened immune systems. Consider where the full-fledged symptoms of AIDS are appearing in this country: in drug users, recipients of blood transfusions, and children. Certainly, outside factors can be cited in these groups. Children's immune systems are frequently not fully developed; the use of intravenous drugs, as well as the snorting and smoking of such drugs, carries with it its own damage to the system; and people receiving blood transfusions are presumably in some state of injury or ill health already. The point is that, regardless of how any one particular virus is spread, the people who succumb to HTLV-III all share a general inability to fend off disease.

In interviews with over 100 gay vegetarian men, we found no symptoms of AIDS. These men watch their diet, take immune-boosting nutrients, and abstain from recreational drug use and excessive sexual contact. Conversely, when we interviewed another group of gay men whose lifestyles included high stress, drugs, and poor diet, we found that almost 90 percent had tested positive for HTLV-III or had ARC (AIDS related complex) or the antibody.

Here it bears repeating that AIDS is an acronym for acquired immune deficiency syndrome, and that at the heart of this whole issue is an inability of the immune system to do what it is supposed to do naturally: fend off disease. Everyone agrees that rebuilding a patient's immune system after the onslaught of AIDS is a vital part of therapy—and the federal government has set aside \$100 million for researching such therapies. But what of building a healthy immune system before an AIDS attack?

Very little is being said about known, proven ways to bolster the immune system against AIDS or any other infectious disease. For years now, the importance of vitamins such as A, C, D, and E and minerals such as zinc and selenium has been widely recognized. But these unpatentable substances have gone ignored in the course of the AIDS hysteria—as has the work of those doctors who use them.

Indeed, many doctors who use immune-boosting therapies have had considerable success treating AIDS patients—and these AIDS patients are among those who have survived the syndrome. The therapies of two such doctors, who work outside the orthodox medical community, will be explored and contrasted to the standard methods of treatment in an upcoming article.

Editor's note: Reprints of this article are available to readers. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with a check or money order for \$1.00, payable to Penthouse Int'l, to: Editorial Department, Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Expect up to two months for delivery.

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

MOVING?

We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION OR RENEWAL?

One year of Penthouse is \$36 in the U.S. \$46 in Canada and overseas (U.S. currency). Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount. 6-8 weeks for delivery.

LISTING/UNLISTING SERVICE?

Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box.

PENTHOUSE P.O. Box 3021, Harlan, Ia. 51593

Please check the appropriate box below. Payment must accompany order.

☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal ☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.

☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

H7CA2

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

gan long, slow strokes. The look on Rene's face was driving me wild. They continued, gradually picking up speed before sharing an even greater orgasm than before. After lying together for several minutes, Phil slowly pulled out of her and kissed her on the belly. Later, while Phil watched, Rene and I made love, and she came yet again, taking me over the edge on the swell of her passion.

The rest of the night, and the entire weekend, the three of us made incredible love. On Sunday morning, Phil and Rene went skinny-dipping and came in glowing from another devastating fuck.

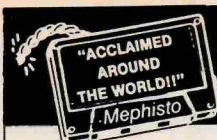
Rene and I have never had better sex, and since that weekend Phil is a frequent participant. Rene has found a new part of herself and is sharing with me the discovery of her full sexuality. Last week, she met a sexy new guy at a party and we're having him over for dinner this Friday. I'm looking forward to that occasion—anything can happen.—*Name and address withheld*

HAPPY TRAILS

The event I would like to share with you happened last year on our annual family vacation. Midsummer, I planned to take my kids camping to one of South Carolina's most famous beaches. As the date for departure neared, my two sons, 21 and 19 years old, bowed out, pleading other commitments. My 18-year-old daughter asked me if she could have one of her friends accompany us, since there would be plenty of room in the camper. Ginny asked Erica, who was happy to be able to get away for a few days. Now, Erica is 20 and built like a *Penthouse* Pet. I was ecstatic that she would be joining us. I've been lucky enough to see Erica in a bathing suit, and she's always given me an instant hard-on, with her 40-inch legs and super-shapely ass.

As we drove to our destination, my mind was racing, just thinking about Erica sitting behind me and the prospect of her sleeping within a few feet of me. When we arrived and pitched our camp, I got my first peek of her in her string bikini. I thought my cock would rip out of the confines of my bathing suit! We all lounged on the beach for hours, just soaking up the sun and surf. When late afternoon approached, I told the girls that I was going up to the camper for a cold beer and a quick snooze. They told me that they were going to stay on the beach a little longer, and would wake me up in time for dinner.

I don't know how long I was asleep when I was awoken by a noise in the camper. I opened my eyes slightly to see Erica coming out of the toilet with just the bottoms of her bathing suit on. My eight-and-a-half inches of man-meat went wild, and I was afraid I would come in my shorts. Unbeknownst to me at that time,



AMAZING TAPE SEDUCES GIRLS!!!

SHE THINKS IT'S ONLY MUSIC, BUT SHE'S BEING EROTICALLY PROGRAMMED TO LOVE YOU!

IS PUSH BUTTON SEX FINALLY HERE???

YES!! Simply insert the THE MEPHISTO SUBLIMINAL CASSETTE (car-home-portable) She will ONLY notice music, BUT inaudible, hidden commands penetrate her subconscious mind. Soon, she wants you with an overpowering passion and a throbbing determination! You become her fantasy!!

LIKE HYPNOSIS. Subliminal Motivation CAN NOT BE RESISTED, because it operates undetected below the level of the conscious mind!!

CAN WORDS HIDDEN UNDER MUSIC SEXUALLY AROUSE A WOMAN AND FOCUS HER PASSION ON ONLY ONE MAN? YES!

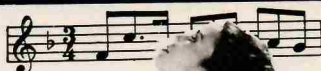
SUBLIMINAL STIMULI activate involuntary bodily responses such as: **SEXUAL AROUSAL!** THAT MEANS Mephisto's orgasmic subliminal commands (concealed under music) can secretly implant erotic urges **DEEP INTO HER SUBCONSCIOUS SWELLING HER SEXUAL EXCITEMENT** to the edge of **ORGASM!** And focuses her passion only on you!

SCIENTIFIC PROOF!! Articles in national magazines (*Time*, *Science Digest*, *Omni*, *Wall Street Journal*) PROVE the irresistible power of subliminal motivation. Inaudible (HIDDEN) commands tested in noisy, crowded department stores stopped shoplifting by 66%!! Because there is **NO DEFENSE** against subliminal commands. **HOW MEPHISTO MAKES HER FAITHFUL!** Decisions to be faithful in love and sex are made subconsciously. Your Mephisto tape programs her subconscious to **LOVE YOU, CRAVE YOU AND TO FORSAKE ALL OTHER MEN.** Make her dream of you (sexually)!!!

FREE BOOKLET: Explains how the Mephisto secretly penetrates her subconscious and programs her with wild desire. (see remarkable testimonials)

LEARN: What **SEXUALLY** arouses a woman most and how the Mephisto tape aims her passion **SPECIFICALLY AT YOU!**

LEARN: About a Mephisto tape so powerful it must be custom made!! **NEW!!** Now **DESIGN YOUR OWN "custom" fantasy tape!!**



Works whether you know her 10 minutes or 10 years! MEPHISTO'S REVOLUTIONARY METHOD uses the astonishing psychological discovery (subliminal motivation) to trigger a woman's **BASIC URGE FOR SEX.**

MEPHISTO'S SUBLIMINAL COMMANDS

(She's told to believe and obey)

- **DESIRE** Compels her to make the 1st MOVE!
- She **LOVES** you (even believes it's her own idea!)
- Your rivals are boring and unattractive
- Her Sexual thirst swells, **ONLY A CLIMAX WILL QUENCH IT!**

DOES IT WORK? Sometimes too well!! *Chicago Tribune*: "... Something entirely new!!" It's the world's most invincible erotic stimulant!

Gallery Magazine, May '86: She simply cannot resist this tape!!

ORDER TODAY! Soon you will hold in your hand the most POWERFUL and sophisticated APHRODISIAC in history. This unique 90 min. tape (audible music & subliminal erotic commands) is ONLY available from MEPHISTO. Simply labeled "Mood Music." Comes to you in a PLAIN PACKAGE. IT'S YOUR SECRET. Only you will know why she suddenly agrees to ANYTHING! (Even reawakens a wife's passion.)

24 HOURS VISA/MC toll free 1-800-537-0377
IN ILLINOIS CALL 1-800-327-0377

VISA/MC EXP
or send check or money order to:
MEPHISTO, Dept. M7P, P.O. Box 377, Westmont, IL 60559
FOREIGN ORDERS: U.S. FUNDS ONLY! NO C.O.D.'s
RUSH tapes indicated. \$16.95 plus \$2.05 P & H, total \$19.00 EACH

SAVE, ANY 3 FOR \$38. ANY 7 FOR \$79. (Postage paid)

MEPHISTO'S LIBRARY OF SEDUCTION

VOLUME 1 <input type="checkbox"/>	VOLUME 2 <input type="checkbox"/>	VOLUME 3 <input type="checkbox"/>
Contemporary	Cont. Rock	"Beautiful Music"
VOLUME 4 <input type="checkbox"/>	VOLUME 5 <input type="checkbox"/>	VOLUME 6 <input type="checkbox"/>
Classical	Jazz	"Early Rock"

OTHER TAPES BY MEPHISTO
Erase Stress Taming Depression The Last Cigarette
The Subliminal Diet The SS Test The Seed of Confidence
The Hour of Love: Banishes modesty and hang-ups
(Circle your choices)

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
City _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GET THE EDGE!

MODEL #120 \$49.95
Handmade in Italy
Side Opening 8 3/4"
Brass Lined Pearl Handle
Blue, Green, Red,
White, Black



MODEL #817 \$39.95
Gleaming Brass & Hardwood
Brushed Stainless Blade
Side Opening 7 1/2"
Lever Hunter



MODEL #119 \$39.95
Genuine Stag w/Shot-Shell Puller
Italian Made 7 1/2"
Lever Side Opening



MODEL #600 \$39.95
Army Ranger Olive Drab
Heavy Duty All Steel
U.S. Design
Front Opening 8 1/2"



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



THE EDGE COMPANY
PO BOX 826
BRATTLEBORO, VT 05301

CALL TOLL FREE
1-800-445-1021

Send for free catalog!! Hundreds of unique models in full color.

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

The Edge Co., PO Box 826, Brattleboro, VT 05301
Before Ordering Call For Availability
Dealer Prices On Request **800-445-1021**

Please Ship The Following Items:

Model # _____	Qty. _____	Model # _____	Qty. _____
Model # _____	Qty. _____	Model # _____	Qty. _____
Model # _____	Qty. _____	Model # _____	Qty. _____

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

☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed Total \$ _____

☐ Visa/MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ C.O.D. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

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

PN-4

my cock was sticking out of the leg of my cutoff jeans. Erica's tits were magnificent. The nipples were the size of silver dollars and were hard. I decided to keep on pretending I was asleep so that I could drink in as much of her as possible before she either put her top back on or left the trailer.

To my surprise, Erica did not put her bikini bra back on. Instead, she removed the bottoms, and walked over to the cooler to get a brew. By now, my love stick was so hard it hurt. As she opened the can she looked over at me, and stared right at the spot where my dick was sticking out of my shorts. She set the can on the counter and walked over to my bunk. I was going out of my mind watching her huge knockers jiggle over her trim, neat, inviting bush.

Thinking I was asleep, Erica started to softly stroke my cock. I opened my eyes and smiled at her. She winked at me and removed my shorts, never saying a word. She knelt down, her tits resting on my knees, and took my tool into her mouth. It didn't take me long to pop my load down her throat with a force I didn't know I possessed. She licked me clean, and then stood up to show me her beautiful cunt, which was dripping wet.

I laid Erica down on the bunk and went down on her to taste the sweetest pussy I've ever eaten. She came two or three times before I had her get on top of me so that she was sitting on my face. Her pussy was out of this world—soft, sweet, and hot. Her grinding gyrations got me hard again, and after she spurted her love juice on my face, I flipped her over and filled her slit with my hungry cock. Erica met my every thrust, and moaned with such passion that I was sure our camping neighbors would hear her. I continued pumping her with all the vigor I could muster, and as she was about to come I gave a couple of last thrusts so that I would come with her.

We lay arm in arm, cock in cunt, on the bunk for a while until Erica got up and told me that she was still hot. I pulled her pussy onto my face and lapped away at her labia, making her come again and again until she just collapsed on top of me. I wasn't about to let her go yet. My dick was hard again, so I rolled her over and put it between her tits, fucking them furiously while Erica stuck out her tongue to lick the tip of my penis upon each thrust. As I neared orgasm, she grabbed me and stuffed the entire length of my shaft into her mouth, savoring all my jism as it came squirting out.

We were both pretty exhausted by our efforts, but thought it wise to return to the beach so as not to arouse any suspicions in my daughter. Although I was always on the lookout for one, we never did get an opportunity to repeat our wonderful experience. When our holiday was over, Erica went away to college, and except for a few brief hellos when she'd come over my house to pick up Ginny, I never

really saw her again. But I will never forget her, and I can tell by the smile on her face whenever we meet that she won't be able to forget me, either.—*Name and address withheld*

SPIN CYCLE

I live in a Dallas apartment complex that comes with all the trimmings, including a private pool for residents only. She was by the pool when I first saw her, lying on her stomach with her bikini straps down, catching a few rays. Her ass had a perfect profile, and as I watched her, she gave her bikini pants a couple of tugs, shifted her hips, and spread her well-proportioned legs a bit.

I went for a swim, and when I got out of the pool I saw that she had gotten up and gone into the community laundry room, where the apartment owners will let you ruin your clothes for 50 cents. As I watched her walk away, I noticed she had a great walk and a sexy little sway

6

She began masturbating furiously, moaning and groaning until her hips began bucking, and she screamed out in her own orgasm.

9

to her hips. I was dying to get a better look at her—and maybe even get the nerve to introduce myself—so I followed her to the laundry room.

I peeked through the washroom door. It was obvious she couldn't hear me because the clunky old washer was on the spin cycle, making its usual racket. She was standing with her back to me, pressed up against the washer. Her hands were in front of her, just as they'd be if she were fooling around with her nipples. All I could see were her elbows. Her head was tilted back slightly and she was working her hips against the vibrations of the machine. It was an incredibly horny sight.

I stopped just inside the door to watch her. I could see her mouth and it was parted slightly. Occasionally, when she moved, I heard something between a sigh and a pant. I noticed she was pressing her thighs and tummy against the washer, squeezing her buttocks together as she moved against the vibration of the old, out-of-balance machine.

I continued to stare as she brought her hands down over her stomach and began to rub her ass. Her head was totally

thrown back now and she was breathing hard, fucking that ancient washer for all she was worth. I was breathing pretty hard myself. I pulled my swimsuit aside and began to squeeze my dick, thinking I could get it back inside if I heard anyone coming.

The only person coming was the lovely lady in front of me. She was biting her underlip and pinching her nipples. I was mesmerized by the sound of the washer and the beautiful girl cooing together. By now, my own squeezing had augmented the erection her performance created and I was on the verge of coming myself. Then the cycle ended. The washer rolled to a grinding halt.

When she turned, I saw her reflection move in the glass of the soap-vending machine, and I realized that she had been aware of my presence the whole time. There was lust in her eyes as she walked toward me, untying her bikini top as she approached.

Pressing against me, she put her hands on the small of my back and began to repeat the movements she had been making against the vibration of the machine. I could feel the bone of her pelvis and the cushion of her pubic hairs against the top of my stiff dick.

"I'm so hot!" she moaned in my ear. I began to press her ass against me tighter. With one deft move, she reached down with her right hand and pulled the crotch of her red bikini pants aside. As her bottom moved forward, I could feel her warmth and wetness. I easily slid my cock into her. I grunted and thrust forward, impaling her atop my organ, feeling the hot fluids our bodies produced mingle and drip down my leg. I felt my orgasm build up, and as her cunt muscles contorted

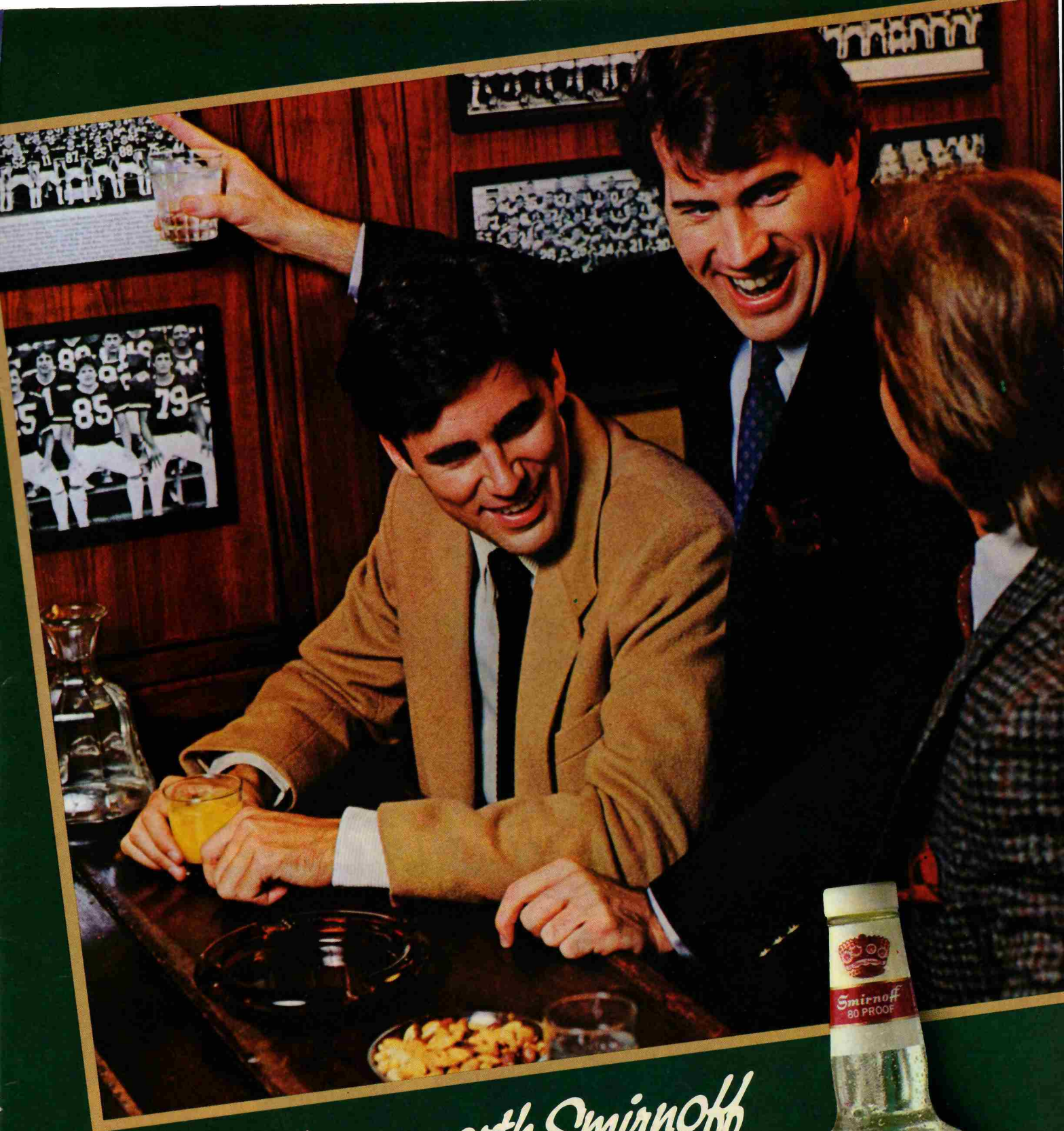
CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

CREDITS

Page 8 left, Jim Wilson/NYT Pictures; page 8 top right, Tony Mangia/Sygma; page 10, Karen Barbour; page 17, Pete Turner; page 18 top, AP/Wide World; page 18 bottom, Outline; page 19 top, Diane Baasch; page 19 bottom, Andrew Unangst; page 43, Movie Still Archives; page 44 top, Doug Whyte; page 44 bottom, The Bettmann Archive; page 45, Ron Galella; page 46 top, Robert Mathew Retna; page 46 bottom, Geoffrey Nilsen; page 50, Drawing of Andrea Dworkin from a photo by the Minneapolis Star & Tribune; page 53 top, J. Stephen Hicks; page 53 bottom, E. R. Degginger; page 54 top, Paolo Koch/Photo Researchers; page 54 bottom, Harry Siskind/Outline; page 55 top, Movie Still Archives; page 55 bottom, Mary McKinney/Photo Researchers; page 94, Stuart Phillip; page 135 left, Randy Taylor/Sygma; page 135 right, The Bettmann Archive; page 136 top, Infinity Photo Agency; page 136 bottom, AP/Wide World; page 137, AP/Wide World; page 154 top to bottom, Focus on Sports, J. L. Atlani/Sygma, Suze Randall, Van Bucher/Photo Researchers

CAMERA CREDITS

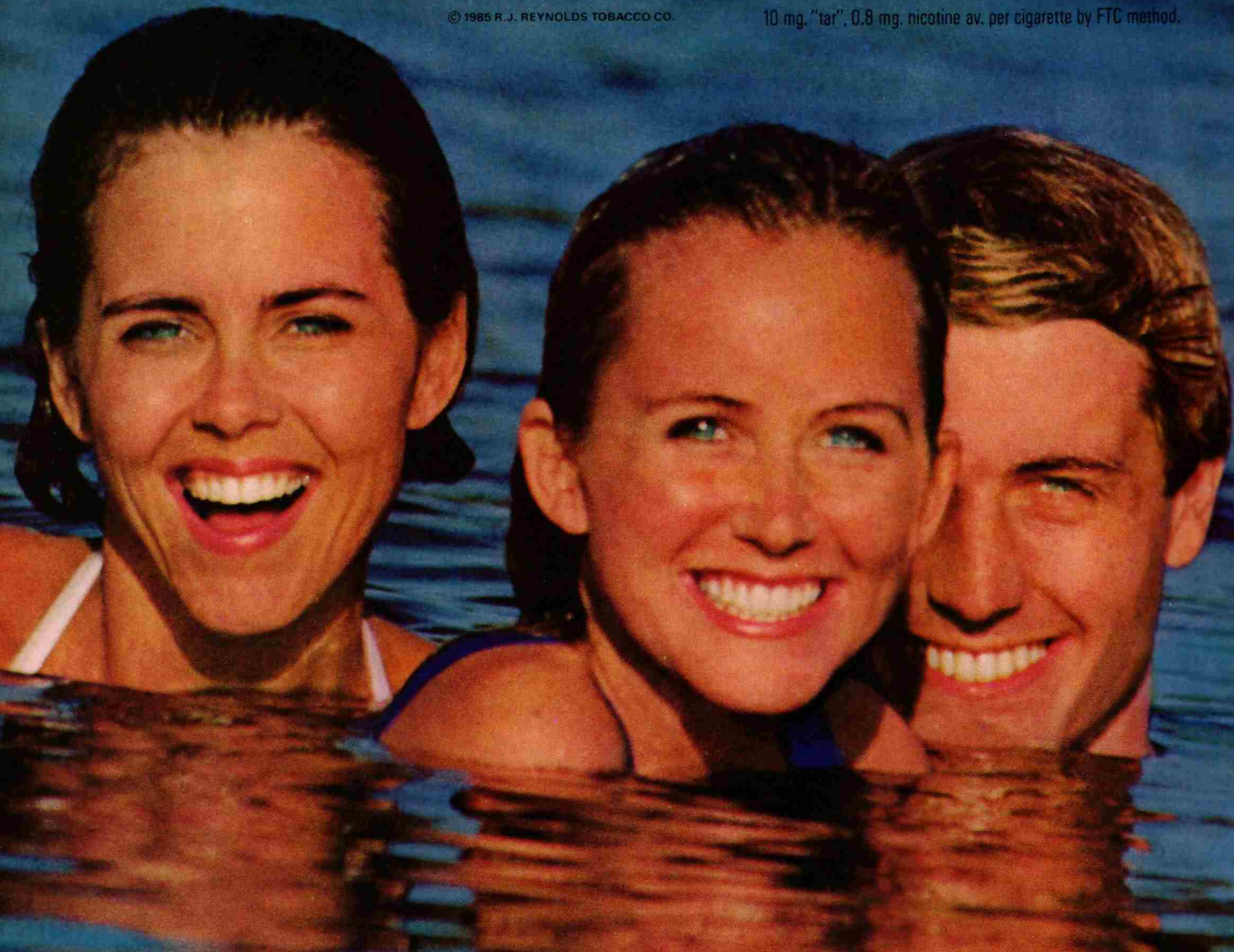
April's Pet of the Month, Jenna Persaud, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. Jenna's pictorial begins on page 75. Earl Miller produced the love set on page 58 with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Harrison filters, and Norman strobes. The pictorial on page 96 was photographed by Ed Holzman with a Nikon FM camera and a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens.



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



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



You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

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



EXTRA

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

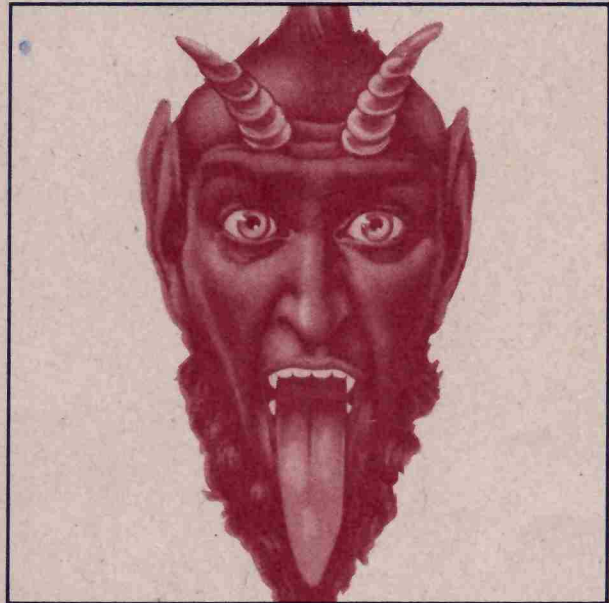
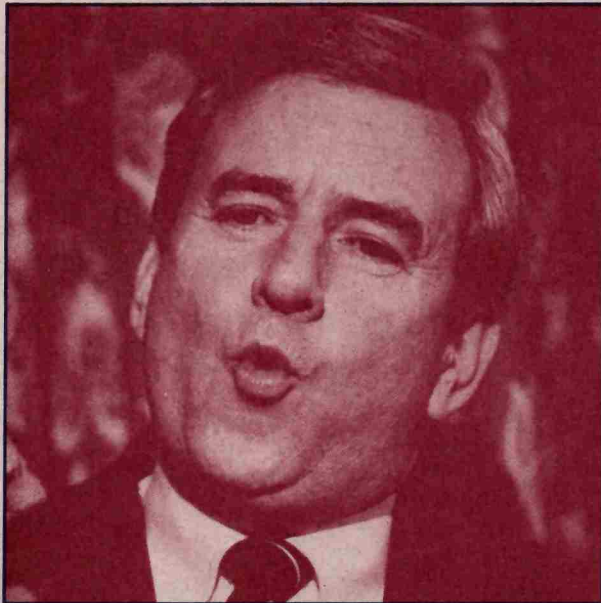
EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 6, NO. 3

YOU DEVIL, YOU!



Jerry Falwell (left) is mad as hell and he's not taking it any more! The television evangelist says that thousands of letters he has sent out to potential contributors have not been received. Jerry's not blaming the post office, however. He says the villain is the devil. In a four-page letter Falwell wrote, "This ministry is under vicious attack." He goes on to say, "We know Satan is angry because of what God is doing through our efforts." Falwell mailed these recent letters from Washington, rather

than his home-based Lynchburg, Virginia, post office, perhaps in an effort to confuse the devil; he also implored the recipients of the letters to let him know that they had arrived. Finally, the devil-fighting evangelist got down to the nitty-gritty. "This situation is so serious I'm asking you to pray about sending a gift of \$25." (*Newsday*)

Apparently, the reverend's not worried about Satan cashing the checks.—Editor

MONKEY BUSINESS

Federal researchers are concerned that the human race may be de-evolving back to the apes. In certain areas of the country where there are atomic-waste-disposal dumps, women are giving birth to babies who are half human, half ape. "Their bodies are covered with hair, and they wail like chimps," environmentalist Anson Fontley said. "The government is trying to hush

it up, but it's getting harder to hide with the increase of these chimp babies," he went on. Fontley has seen and photographed many of these mutants and warns, "We've got to wake up and realize we're sitting on a nuclear dumping ground that threatens the whole human race." (*The Sun*) *As they say, that's what happens when you monkey with God's will.—Editor*



JERK OF THE MONTH

When a 20-year-old Australian man stopped to pick up two female hitchhikers, he must have thought he had died and gone to heaven when they told him that if he ran around the block naked, they would let him do anything to them he so desired. Excited, he whipped off his clothes and sped away. Unfortunately, when he completed his lap, the girls and his belongings were gone. (*Sydney Sun*—submitted by Robert Hudson, Narabeen, Australia)

We know a bridge for sale in Brooklyn, if he'd just send us a check.—Editor

Preacher Pops!

Rev. Franz Lueger from Austria was a real fire-and-brimstone evangelist, especially when he got to his last sermon. Lueger was warning his flock about the dangers of hell when he suddenly exploded. Wide-eyed parishioners trembled as his body went up in flames, leaving a pile of ashes. Eyewitness reports told of how nobody else in the church was touched by the mysterious explosion, and that the Bible the preacher was holding at the time was not harmed. Authorities are still unable to explain the cause of the explosion. (*Weekly World News*)

The Lord acts in mysterious ways.—Editor

Sex-Change Nun Wrestles to Success

Sister Thomas Aquinas was a six-foot-four-inch, 300-pound nun when she decided she wanted to be a man. But after changing her sex, Althea Depew, Al to his friends, needed a profession and became a professional wrestler. After serving ten years as a missionary in China, Al moved to Bangkok, where television wrestling is very popular. He became a hit with his rather unique routine. Calling himself Sister Sumo, he enters the ring wearing a nun's habit, "and I wave a three-foot-long cross at my opponents. The crowd goes crazy when I chase my foes around the ring. And they laugh themselves silly when I sing hymns before the match begins." A Bangkok sportswriter has praised Sister Sumo: "He's big, he's fast, he's strong, and he's got real style. No match of his is complete until he wraps up his opponent in a giant rosary and sits on him." (*National Examiner*)

He's got to get out of that habit.—Editor

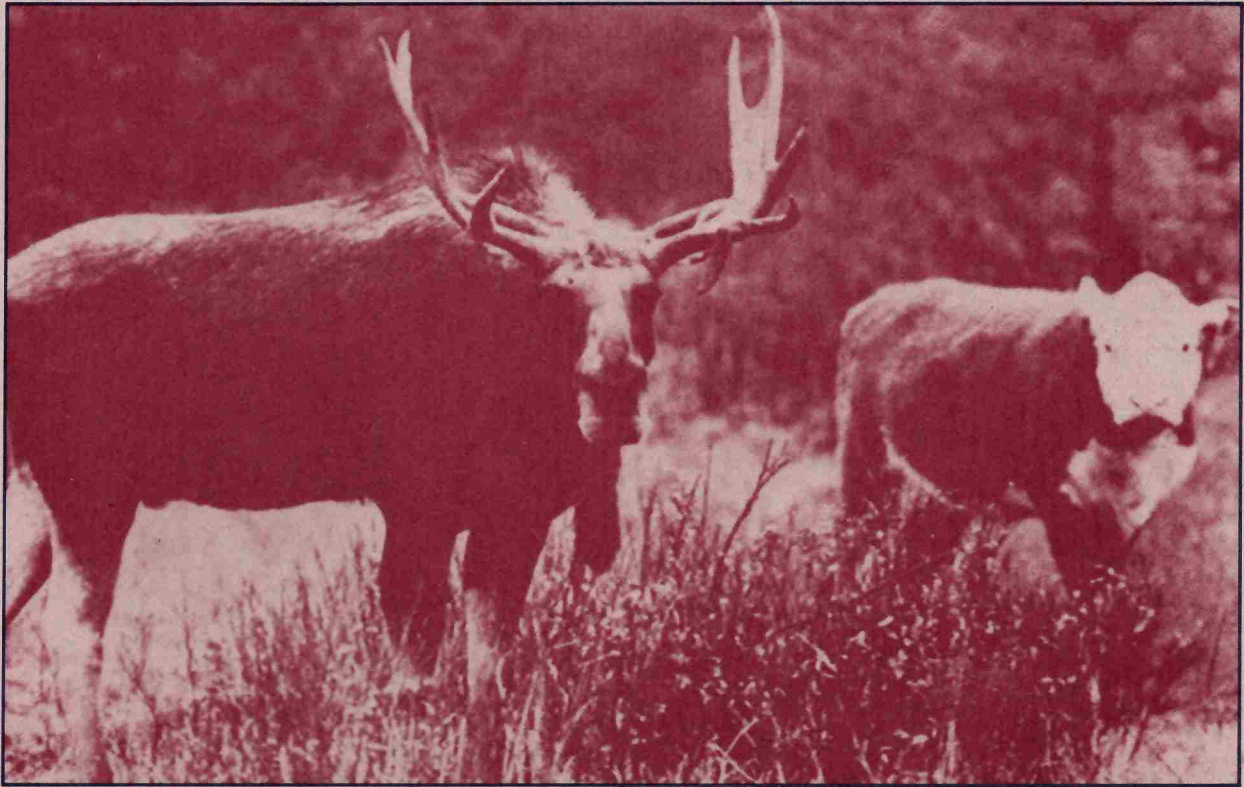
A CRAPPY SITUATION

Getting your hands on a roll of toilet paper is better than winning a lottery in Poland, as you can see by the smile on the face of this unidentified resident of Warsaw. It seems that the only way of getting the precious rolls of toilet paper in Poland is by exchanging an equivalent amount of old newspapers for recycling, although it may take the better part of the day standing on line making the trade. The problem is a simple case of supply and demand—the annual supply being 100 million rolls short of the demand. (*New York Daily News*—submitted by Eugene Riel, New York, N.Y.)

Another wonderful Communist workers' paradise!—Editor



"WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW?"



Nobody is unluckier or more confused than a moose in love. They often don't seem to have a clue as to whom they should be courting. Take the 700-pound moose who wandered into a Shrewsbury, Vermont, pasture, for instance. He was

smitten by lovely Jessica, a brown-and-white Hereford cow. The forlorn lover spent every day of the mating season standing next to his unrequiting lover, staring but never putting a move on Jessica. The local game warden

said that this type of confused behavior is not uncommon for moose during mating season. In addition to moose trying to court cows, he recalled one incident where one fell in love with a horse. "They do get pretty dopey-acting when

they're in this breeding mode," explained the game warden, Donald Gallus. (*The Commercial Appeal*—submitted by Bill Davidson, Memphis, Tenn.) *They don't look so sexy either.*—Editor

A Grave Mistake

Witch doctor Dochendee Dumanka of Zambia will not be seeing patients from the family of Sishemo Kaluwe any longer. Sishemo, who had been suffering from fatigue and headaches, decided to get some extra-strength treatment from the local witch doctor. Dumanka promised to cure him by burying him six feet under the earth. Once underground, Dumanka danced and chanted around his buried patient. You can say it was a case of overtreating the patient, because by the time Dumanka finished the therapy, Kaluwe had suffocated. The "physician" is in custody of the police. (*Weekly World News*)

On the other hand, Kaluwe's headache is gone.—Editor

Different Strokes

A 200-pound man, clad in only shoes, socks, and a blue cap, walked into an Anchorage, Alaska, tanning salon. Calm and collected, he approached the attendant, who was reading a magazine at her desk. "Hello," he said. "How are you today? Now I'll just perform for you." He then

proceeded to ejaculate on the desk. But the woman wasn't too impressed: "He has to be probably the quickest man I ever met in my life." (*The Anchorage Daily News*—submitted by Roger Manning, Anchorage, Alaska) *He sounds like another jerk-off to us.*—Editor

HOOKER HOTEL

Thirty-nine tourists from Quebec thought they were getting a bargain last winter when a Montreal tourist agency booked them for a vacation in Haiti. But it didn't take long for them to realize something was amiss. Their hotel was actually a house of prostitution. In a lawsuit they later filed against the travel agency, one plaintiff charged that there was so much prostitution the chambermaids were offering "bed services other than just changing the linen." (*Standard-Freeholder*—submitted by D. Jacobs, Hogsburg, N.Y.)

We'd like to see their room-service menu.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

CALL ME



SECRET SEX TECHNIQUES — ADVICE ON HOW
TO FULFILL YOUR ULTIMATE SEXUALITY

1-900-410-7000

ALL CALLS — 50¢ each minute
35¢ each additional minute MUST BE 18

CALL US



SEXCAPADES OF OBSESSION AND DESIRE —
TWO LUSTY LADIES

1-900-410-2000

ALL CALLS — 50¢ each minute
35¢ each additional minute MUST BE 18

CALL ME



HYAPATIA LEE — SIZZLING, SULTRY, SEX
STAR OF THE SILVER SCREEN

1-900-410-7777

ALL CALLS — 50¢ each minute
35¢ each additional minute MUST BE 18

CALL ME



THE SENSUAL ADVENTURES OF
SCARLETT O AND HER NAUGHTY FRIENDS

1-900-410-1000

ALL CALLS — 50¢ each minute
35¢ each additional minute MUST BE 18

CALL US



LADIES OF TABOO
TRUE X-RATED CONFESSIONS

1-900-410-XXXX^{9 9 9}

ALL CALLS — 50¢ each minute
35¢ each additional minute MUST BE 18

CALL ME



FORBIDDEN FANTASIES OF ALEXIS C —
A SEDUCTIVE NYMPH

1-900-410-3000

ALL CALLS — 50¢ each minute
35¢ each additional minute MUST BE 18

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

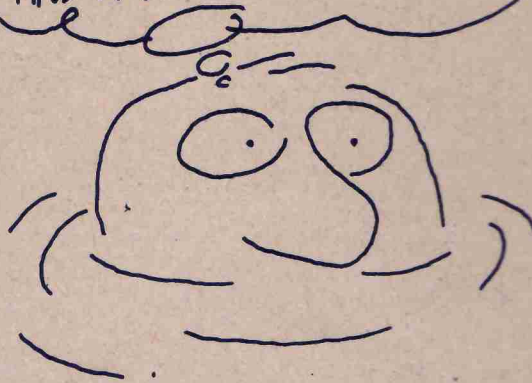
THE REPUBLICAN

DON'T MAKE WAVES.



THE DEMOCRAT

I'LL IGNORE THE PROBLEM, AND IT WILL DISAPPEAR.



THE LIBERAL

IF I HOLD MY BREATH FOR TWELVE HOURS, IT'LL BE OKAY.



THE CONSERVATIVE

IF THIS LASTS MUCH LONGER, THE EMPLOYEE I'M **STANDING ON** WILL PROBABLY ASK FOR AN INCREASE IN SALARY.



Bill Lee

EXPERIENCE OMNI LIVE!

Now, through the innovative wonders of the CompuServe Information Service, OMNI Magazine becomes OMNI On-Line—a live, interactive forum of thoughts and ideas, accessible to you through your PC.

By subscribing, OMNI On-Line members have the unique opportunity to participate in "live" on-line discussions with renowned authors, OMNI editors, and readers, as well as some of the most prominent thinkers of our time! (Recent on-line guests—Isaac Asimov, F. Lee Bailey, and Arthur C. Clarke!)

Conferencing is just one of the many exciting facets of OMNI On-Line. Other features include:

OMNI Data Library. Access a diverse wealth of information—24 hours a day, seven days a week!

OMNI Messaging. Communicate with OMNI writers, editors, and other readers via electronic mail.

The Electronic Magazine. Preview the current issue of OMNI—seven days before it hits the stands!

So be an intellectual pioneer! For more information, or to start using OMNI On-Line immediately, **call this toll-free number and ask for Operator #5: 1-800-848-8199.** (In Ohio and outside the U.S. call: **1-614-457-0802.**)



FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

around my cock, I ejaculated deeply inside her belly.

The explosion brought us both to our knees on the dirty mats of the laundry room. I helped her to her feet, and walked over to the washing machine. I figured after the delightful experience I just had, the least I could do was help her finish her chore. Besides, I was dying to see what would happen when she got her clothes in the dryer!—*Name and address withheld*

BRAND-NEW FRIEND

Being avid readers of "Forum," my wife Betty and I would like to tell your readers about our first experience as a threesome. Like a lot of men, I have been turned on by fantasizing about Betty making it with another man. We discussed this many times while reading this type of letter in "Forum." This fantasizing would send us to new heights of passion every time. We decided we would fulfill our dreams by answering an ad in a swingers magazine. After first deciding on an individual from a nearby state, we wrote a letter describing ourselves to him. We told him that this would be our first time in a threesome and asked him to call us if he was interested in a possible meeting. The call was not long in coming, as we had included a nude picture of Betty, who is a knockout, in our letter.

The caller's name was Harry, and from our conversation we knew we had a lot in common. We met Harry at a prearranged restaurant and had a great time at dinner. Betty was enjoying all the attention while anticipating going to bed with this newfound friend. We were still nervous and didn't know how to handle the situation when we arrived at Harry's apartment. Harry eased the situation when after some small talk and jokes, he suggested that Betty might want to go upstairs to shower and freshen up. Betty used this opportunity to put on a new and provocative gown purchased for the occasion. Leaving the matching panties at home had been my idea! She looked like a vision as she came into the den where Harry and I were watching an adult film on TV. When Harry suggested we continue the film on the TV in the bedroom, Betty and I agreed without hesitation.

We all lay on the bed with Betty in the middle when Harry started rubbing her thigh with his hand. I used this opportunity to rub her other thigh, and when I touched Harry's hand, I pushed it to Betty's pussy.

My heart was racing with excitement as Harry stroked my wife's steaming pussy, pushing his finger into her wetness. He began kissing Betty, and I lay back to enjoy what was happening on the bed next to me. It wasn't long before Harry's head was buried between Betty's

thighs. Her breathing told me she was enjoying it. Harry moved up onto Betty, and although I had not yet seen the size of his member, I could tell by Betty's gasps that it was much larger than she had been accustomed to. I became so excited lying on the bed beside them, Harry rising and falling on top of my wife, that with no help at all, come started running out of my dick. I began to jerk off, really letting the jism fly. Betty and Harry were oblivious to what I was doing, and I could tell my wife was enjoying every inch of her newfound toy. After spending myself all over my hand, I got up and went downstairs to get a glass of water to cool myself off. When I arrived back in the bedroom, I sat at the foot of the bed, and from my front-row seat I watched Harry's cock slide in and out of my wife's arching pussy. I could tell Harry was about to come, as he began to shove his cock deeper, his balls becoming tighter with each stroke. With a mighty shove and groan, he began emptying his load into my wife's waiting pussy. Betty was coming herself and was groaning, "Fuck me. Fuck me harder. Fuck me. Fill me full." It was truly a beautiful sight. As Harry rolled off, his sperm running down Betty's ass and onto the bed, Betty asked if I would like sloppy seconds. Boy, did I! It only took a few strokes for me to refill her box. As I rolled off we all laughed, talking and enjoying our newfound freedom. We fucked and sucked that night until, exhausted, we all fell asleep. The next morning I awoke to the sound of Harry getting a morning piece from my wife. Afterward we all showered and had breakfast, and Betty and I left for home, the three of us promising to see each other again.

We have continued to see Harry, as well as several others, for adult fun and games. We have enjoyed every episode and plan to continue. Betty now wants to find a black man to service her. She wants to find out for herself if all the stories she has heard about the size and staying power are true. That answer, and more, later!—*Name and address withheld*

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

Recently I had to go on a business trip that involved several stops in the mid-South. By the third night of the trip, I was totally bored, having watched every movie the cable stations in my hotel rooms had to offer. Feeling tired but unable to sleep, I shut off the lights in my room and gazed quietly out my window. Luckily, the window faced the second floor of a local college's girls' dormitory. My view was of a small study room, the only furnishings being a typewriter, desk, and copy machine. As I daydreamed about nothing in particular, I noticed a well-endowed blond coed enter the room, accompanied by a rather boyish-looking woman with very short brown hair.

I was a little surprised to see them lock the study-room door behind them, but I

Catalogs with **Sizzle!**

1. Discover the NEW **Frederick's of Hollywood**...for the woman who feels different—more romantic, more playful, more daring. Distinctive dresses and sportswear, sexy lingerie, exclusive bras, swimwear, shoes, menswear and accessories. Send \$3.00 for a **one year catalog subscription**—plus—receive **\$10.00 worth of gift certificates**.



2. **SEXY SWIMSUIT BROCHURES**
...In full color

Sunup/Sundown®

3. Your Fantasy is Reality at Michael Salem's Exotic Boutique. Our catalog features Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets, Garter Belts in Satin, Laces, Leather and Rubber, plus Wigs, Stiletto Heeled Shoes, Stockings and unusual related items. Sizes Petite to Super Large and Tall. New Exciting Spring catalog sent First Class discreetly. Send \$6 deductible from first order. For women and cross-dressers. (Our name does not appear on return address.)

MICHAEL SALEM'S

NEW YORK -
FT. LAUDERDALE
DIV. OF MICHAEL SALEM
ENT. INC.



VOYAGES

The Relationship Enhancement Magazine/Catalog

4. Celebrating our 3rd big year with a colorful new 48 page book with over 785 NEW ITEMS, specializing in adult toys, lotions, books, lingerie and other products for the sensually aware. The world's most sophisticated catalog of sensual products... plus information on how to create more joy and intimacy in your relationship. (\$18.50 in discount coupons included with first catalog.) Send \$3.50 today! This catalog is FABULOUS. YOU'LL LOVE IT!

Send coupon to: CATALOGS U.S.A. % Nielsen Inquiry Service
Dept. PH487, P.O. Box 2035, Clinton, IA 52735

CATALOGS U.S.A.® Your Shopping Guide

Check to the left of each listing the catalogs you want. Enclose a check or M.O. for the total, including a \$1.00 mailing charge. Allow 4 weeks for delivery.

- 1. Frederick's (\$3) — 3. Michael Salem (\$6)
— 2. Sun Up/Sun Down (Free) — 4. Voyages (\$3.50)

total cost of catalogs ordered \$ _____
ADD \$1.00 MAILING CHARGE \$ **1.00**
Total Enclosed \$ _____

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Make check or money order payable to:

CATALOGS U.S.A. No cash or stamps please PH 04/01/87

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Catalogs U.S.A. pages, contact Stanley I. Fishel, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 350-1517.

was astonished when the baby-faced blonde hitched up her skirt and sat on the copy machine. She leaned back and spread her legs while the brunette knelt down before her and began to caress them, very slowly, all the way up. The dark girl touched Blondie all over, finally reaching her chest. She unbuttoned her blouse, letting two huge tits fall out like heavy, overripe grapefruits. Judging by the reaction of her rosy nipples, Blondie must have been pleased to have them freed from their restraint.

The brown-haired girl touched them gently with her hands, rubbing them up and down while kissing and licking the nipples. I could see how much the blonde was enjoying that. As they started to tongue each other's mouth, it was the blond girl's turn to help her partner out of her leather pants and T-shirt. I was interested to discover that what at first had given me the impression of a boyish figure turned out to be a shapely female body. Her tiny yet pert tits were crowned by two dark, erect nipples, and her ass was composed of two firm cheeks. Her suntanned body contrasted nicely with the light flesh tone of her companion.

I could hardly believe what happened next. The beautiful blonde got up on the desk, pushed the typewriter to one side, and positioned herself on her knees, giving me a first-rate view of her well-rounded rosy behind and her long legs. She was already quite aroused and started finger-fucking herself right in front of my eyes. Her suntanned friend soon joined the game, and they got into a passionate sixty-nine position. I could see them moaning excitedly. They were kissing each other's cunt lips and clits, drinking in each other's juices, and tonguing and finger-fucking each other's cunt. I couldn't take much more. By this time I was so excited that my rock-hard rod was in my own hands and I was choking my chicken like there was no tomorrow. When the blonde's long, red fingernails clutched her friend's ass, shoving her whole slit into her mouth, I could hold back no longer. I spurted my hot jism all over the hotel window just as my two beauties quivered and quaked in mutual orgasms. Even though I was exhausted from watching this stimulating encounter, I continued to view the two lovelies and their parting kisses.

Unfortunately, I had to leave the next day, so I never got a chance to see a repeat performance. I am happy, however, to have found a new way to relieve the boredom of business trips. Cable TV was never as exciting as this!—Name and address withheld

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send \$3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, 200 N. 12th St., Newark, NJ 07104.

Sexual Aids:

How to order them
without embarrassment.

How to use them
without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction — or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to pleasure (perhaps many you never knew existed!)

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sexual pleasure.

If you're prepared to intensify your own pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. It is priced at just four dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. P487
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection Gold Edition catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for four dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

In writing these monthly columns about games, I have naturally printed a lot of puzzles. Most of these are adapted from other sources, whereupon I rewrite them to fit my purposes. The puzzle that appears below, however, is entirely of my own devising. What is the basis of the four classifications? Why are the companies and products listed as they are?

The answer is so simple that I could say one word and you would probably be able to solve the problem immediately. What's the word? The answers to this and the other puzzles this month begin on the following page.

NUMBERS TILL YOU'RE NUMB

Here are some problems that involve numbers in some way or another. Don't be intimidated by the numbers, however—in many of the puzzles, the answer has nothing whatsoever to do with math.

1. Which number is next in this series: 10, 4, 3, 11, 15 . . . ? (a) 14, (b) 1, (c) 17, (d) 12.
2. What is the next number in this series: 77, 49, 36, 18 . . . ?
3. Which number completes this series: 4, 1, 2 . . . ? (a) 6, (b) 7, (c) 8, (d) 10.
4. Using only six 9's, write a number that equals 100.

5. There are seven men in a room. Each man shakes hands once with each of the other men. How many handshakes are there in all?

6. Name the athletic games in which the following number of contestants make up a team: 2, 4, 6, 8, 10.

7. What are the next four numbers in this series: 12, 1, 1, 1, 2, 1, 3 . . . ?

8. Write a ten-digit "autobiographical number" in which the first digit tells you how many zeros are in the number, the second how many 1's, the third how many 2's, and so on.

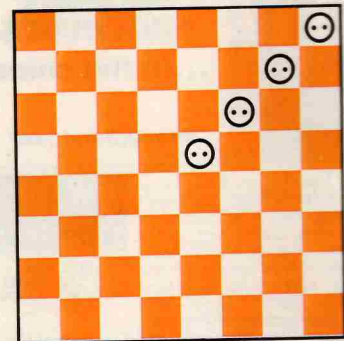
9. Here's a simple addition problem to test your ability to think in numbers. Do this in your head. *Add one thousand twenty and one thousand twenty. . . . Now add twenty to your answer. . . . Add twenty again. . . . Then add ten. . . . And add ten again. What's your total?*

10. Write the digits from one to nine on separate cards. Arrange them in two columns as shown below.

	1
2	3
6	4
7	5
9	8

As you can see, the column on the left totals 24, and the one on the right totals 21. Can you move just one card to make the totals of the columns equal?

THE SEAMSTRESS PROBLEM



A seamstress has a piece of checkered cloth with four buttons sewn on it (above). How can she cut it into four pieces of the same size and shape so that each piece contains one button?

CRYPTARITHMS

1. MULTIPLICATION. A cryptarithm is a puzzle in which letters typically substitute for numbers. Each letter stands for the same digit throughout a problem. Numbers aren't allowed to start with a zero. In the following example, you immediately see that when A is multiplied

A	B	C	D
Budweiser	Coors	Heineken	Lowenbrau
Avis	Hertz	National	
Coca-Cola	Squirt	7-Up	Diet Dr. Pepper
STP	Pennzoil	Quaker State	WD-40
Folgers	Chock Full O'Nuts	MJB	Maxwell House
Smirnoff vodka	Cutty Sark scotch	Tanqueray gin	Finlandia vodka
Baby Ruth	Peanut M&M's	Milky-Way	Almond Joy
Dentyne	Juicy Fruit	Doublemint	Freedent spearmint
Marlboro		Salem	Gitanes
Time	National Geographic	Geo	USA Today
	Kodak	Fuji	Minolta
Exxon	Shell	American Express	IBM
Tylenol	Bayer	Ny-Quil	Bufferin
Campbell's soup	McDonald's		Planters nuts
Old Spice	Johnson's baby shampoo	Irish Spring	Ivory
Era	Arm & Hammer	Palmolive	Clorox
Sun-Maid raisins	Perdue chickens	Kraft parmesan cheese	Entenmann's
Lavoris	Preparation H	Scope	Alka-Seltzer

CATCH THE FEVER

30 MINUTE SPECIALTY VIDEOS FEATURING FEMALE AND MALE VIDEO STARS

30 MINUTE VIDEOS FEATURING SENSUOUS CENTERFOLD MODELS WITH VIRILE MALE STARS

PICK FROM ONE GROUP ONLY

**GROUP A OR B AS LOW AS
\$5.00 EA. IN QUANTITY**

PICK FROM ONE GROUP ONLY

**GROUP C OR D AS LOW AS
\$2.00 EA IN QUANTITY**

**ANY ONE \$15.00
ANY FIVE \$35.00
ANY EIGHT \$48.00
ANY ^{GROUP} OF THIRTEEN \$65.
(JUST \$5.00 EACH!)**

GROUP A

- ☐ **CHEEKY CHICKS**
These girls like it one way
- ☐ **TRIPLE TREAT**
Two girls and one guy sample each other in every conceivable way.
- ☐ **TERRIFIC TA-TA'S**
Four slim girls with the biggest busts ever.
- ☐ **TWICE AS NICE**
Two guys & a girl - 1 black 1 white.
- ☐ **PEAK-A-BOO**
If you like to watch—take a look at this.
- ☐ **THE SEDUCTION OF STACY**
S. Donovan in her best action scenes ever.
- ☐ **DEEP INSIDE ELLE RIO**
This Brazilian beauty pleasures herself with three virile men.
- ☐ **THE EROTIC WORLD OF CHRISTY CANYON**
A must for Christy Canyon fans everywhere.
- ☐ **NAUGHTY NINA**
Nina Hartley shows why she's so naughty.
- ☐ **THE BEST OF BLONDI BEE**
Blond, blue eyed & big busted.
A must have item.
- ☐ **ENDLESS ORGIES**
Dozens of orgies fill this tape
- ☐ **BEHIND BLUE EYED BLONDS**
These blue eyed beauties have a taste for the insatiable.
- ☐ **BLONDS ARE BETTER**
Amber Lynn & a variety of blonde beauties show why they're the best.

GROUP B

- ☐ **NEW COMERS**
Tired of the same old faces? These are the newest and the freshest.
- ☐ **EXECUTIVE ACTION**
A secretary's work is never done.
- ☐ **HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU**
Kari Foxx looks directly at you- while doing it.
- ☐ **DARK AND SWEET**
Black guy and sweet blond girls
- ☐ **GIRLS WHO LOVE IT**
The title says it all!
- ☐ **SUPERSTARS OF FILM**
10 of the sexiest superstars - male and female.
- ☐ **ANYTHING GOES**
3 girls in search of the ultimate orgasm.
- ☐ **4 WAY FUN**
2 guys-2 girls and lots of Fun-Fun-Fun you'll wish you were there.
- ☐ **CLIMAX REVIEW VOL. I**
Featuring over 30 climax endings
- ☐ **CLIMAX REVIEW II**
Over 60 stars and 30 of the Best Endings ever.
- ☐ **THE PLUMBERS & THE HOUSEWIFE**
3 plumbers and one horny housewife
- ☐ **JACUZZI JETS**
Bikini clad girls in hot searing action
- ☐ **GIRLS WHO LOVE GIRLS**
A video anthology of the best girl/girl scenes ever.



**ANY ONE \$10.00
ANY FIVE \$15.00
ANY GROUP OF
TEN \$20.00
(JUST \$2.00 EACH!)**

GROUP C

- ☐ **ELLE RIO**
- ☐ **TANYA FOX**
- ☐ **GAIL FORCE**
- ☐ **BREEZY LANE**
- ☐ **CARA LOTT**
- ☐ **LACY LUV**
- ☐ **PURPLE PASSION**
- ☐ **NINA HARTLEY**
- ☐ **STACEY DONOVAN**
- ☐ **CHRISTY CANYON**

GROUP D

- ☐ **KELI RICHARDS**
- ☐ **GINA VALENTINO**
- ☐ **TAMARA LONGLEY**
- ☐ **LISA DELEUW**
- ☐ **BECKY SAVAGE**
- ☐ **TIFFANY CLARK**
- ☐ **PENNY MORGAN**
- ☐ **BARBARA DARE**
- ☐ **EBONY AYES**
- ☐ **BLONDI BEE**

(as pictured above)

TO ORDER PLEASE CHECK ITEMS DESIRED. FILL OUT
COUPON BELOW AND SEND ENTIRE PAGE WITH
REMITTANCE TO: CURTIS HOME VIDEO DEPT. # E47
P.O. BOX M-827 GARY, IN. 46401-0827
RUSH ITEMS INDICATED. I ENCLOSE \$____ PLUS \$3. P&H.
☐ CASH ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ CHECK As Payment in Full
Canadians Remit in U.S. Funds No C.O.D. S
☐ SEND C.O.D. I ENCLOSE A \$5. DEPOSIT PLUS \$3. P&H.
I AM OVER 19 YRS OF AGE. AND REQUEST THIS MATERIAL.

NAME _____
ADDRESS/APT _____
CITY _____
STATE/ZIP _____
SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE _____
SPECIFY ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

GAMES

by four, you get a one-digit answer, so A must be 1 or 2. Four times E gives a number ending in A, and since four times anything yields an even number, A must be 2. Now what numbers, times four, have a product ending in 2? Just 3 and 8. Which is it?

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{ABCDE} \\ \times 4 \\ \hline \text{EDCBA} \end{array}$$

2. SEND. A freshman's first telegram home to the folks; what numbers do the letters stand for?

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{SEND} \\ + \text{MORE} \\ \hline \text{MONEY} \end{array}$$

3. SIXTY SUM. All the digits from 0 to 9 are represented in this addition problem. Can you find the only solution?

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{TEN} \\ \text{TEN} \\ + \text{FORTY} \\ \hline \text{SIXTY} \end{array}$$

4. DOUBLE SUM. What's the solution to this addition, using only five numbers?

$$\text{SIX} + \text{SIX} + \text{SIX} = \text{NINE} + \text{NINE}$$

5. TWELVE TOTAL. Again, all ten letters represent all ten digits. There are two possible solutions.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{TWO} \\ \text{THREE} \\ + \text{SEVEN} \\ \hline \text{TWELVE} \end{array}$$

6. DOT'S NICE. Here's a multiplication followed by an addition, using just dots. Each dot is a digit from 1 to 9 inclusive (no zeros), and each digit appears once. This classic mind-twister is from English puzzle maker Henry Ernest Dudeney. Can you find the one possible answer?

$$\begin{array}{r} \cdot \cdot \\ \times \cdot \\ \hline \cdot \cdot \\ + \cdot \cdot \\ \hline \cdot \cdot \end{array}$$

ELEVEN PLUS

We'll close this column with a curious sentence sent to us by Martin Gardner. The sentence is: ELEVEN plus TWO minus ONE equals TWELVE. It is true not only numerically but alphabetically. Can you figure out why?

Answers:

The four columns represent the colors of the company logos and packaging. All those in A are predominantly red; in B, yellow; in C, green; and in D, blue. The gaps in the table should have been a hint—for example, we couldn't think of a "blue" rent-a-car company.

NUMBERS

1. When spelled out, each number in the series is longer than the previous number by one letter. The correct answer is (a) 14.

2. Each number is the product of the two digits in the preceding number ($7 \times 7 = 49$, $4 \times 9 = 36$, $3 \times 6 = 18$). The next number is 8 ($1 \times 8 = 8$).

3. Each number, when pronounced, is a common English word (*for*, *won*, *too*). The next number is 8 (*ate*).

4. There are several ways to do this, but perhaps the neatest is this: $99 + 99/99$.

5. If there are seven men in a room and each shakes hands with each of the others once, there are only 21 handshakes—not 42, as many first guess. Remember that when A shakes hands with B, B has already shaken hands with A and needn't do it again.

6. There are two on a tennis doubles team, four in polo, six in hockey, eight in crew, and ten in softball (with a roving fielder).

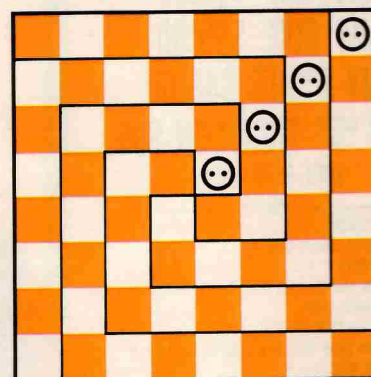
7. The numbers represent the chimes of a clock that strikes once on the half-hour. The next four are 1, 4, 1, 5.

8. The only ten-digit autobiographical number is 6,210,001,000.

9. The correct answer is 2,100. If you got 3,000, you're normal—that's what most people get.

10. This was a bit of an April Fools' puzzle. The solution is to turn the 9 upside down to make it a 6.

SEAMSTRESS



CRYPTARITHMS

1. MULTIPLICATION.

$$\begin{array}{r} 21978 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 87912 \end{array}$$

2. SEND.

$$\begin{array}{r} 9567 \\ + 1085 \\ \hline 10652 \end{array}$$

3. SIXTY.

$$\begin{array}{r} 850 \\ 850 \\ + 29786 \\ \hline 31486 \end{array}$$

4. DOUBLE.

$$942 + 942 + 942 = 1413 + 1413$$

5. TWELVE.

$$\begin{array}{r} 106 \\ 19722 \\ + 82524 \\ \hline 102352 \end{array} \quad \text{or} \quad \begin{array}{r} 104 \\ 19722 \\ + 82526 \\ \hline 102352 \end{array}$$

6. DOTS.

$$\begin{array}{r} 17 \\ \times 4 \\ \hline 68 \\ + 25 \\ \hline 93 \end{array}$$

ELEVEN

Add the letters in ELEVEN to the letters in TWO, then strike out the letters in ONE: ELEVEN+TWO. You can rearrange the letters that are left to spell TWELVE. $\text{ELEVEN} + \text{TWO} = \text{TWELVE}$

"It's not Sauza"



INSIST ON THE BEST

Sauza
WORLD CLASS TEQUILA



Tequila, 80 Proof. Sole U.S. Importer, National Distillers Products Co., New York, N.Y.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

LEISURE EMPORIUM®

To order... Mail directly to the name and address of Advertiser Below.

BETALLER!



ELEVATORS®—Height increasing shoes. Over 50 men's styles. Since 1939. Exceptionally comfortable. **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.** Call or write today for your **FREE** color catalog. **ELEVATORS®** P.O. BOX 3566, DEPT. PH74, FREDERICK, MD 21701
TOLL-FREE 1-800-343-3810

MEET JANETTE LITTLE DOVE



TEN
THIRTY
MINUTE
ADULT
VIDEOS
JUST
\$24.95

Ten of the hottest newcomers in adult films with the most prolific male stars. Featuring Janette Little Dove, Karl Fox and more! Ten of the most explicit videos ever filmed and they're yours for this unheard of price. To order send \$24.95 + \$3.00 postage and handling to: **New Wave Videos, Dept. E47, P.O. Box 370, New Buffalo, Michigan 49417-0370, 219-981-2312 Customer Service Only, no phone orders please.** Specify VHS or Beta. Please print shipping address and sign stating that you are over 18 years of age.



FREE!
\$20⁰⁰
worth of
SEX AIDS

Adam & Eve wants to acquaint modern, free-thinking adults with our line of exclusive marital aids, books and explicit products. You will get a mystery package of 7 sex products valued at \$20 or more—some of the hottest merchandise in our mail order catalog! We can't tell you exactly what you will receive but we guarantee you'll love these exotic surprises. Just send \$3 p&h by check or money order to: **Adam & Eve, P.O. Box 900, Dept PH-14, Carrboro, NC 27510.**

YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!

Send for latest catalog!

New! ☐ **Sexciting Exotic Boutique Catalog \$6** (deductible from first catalog purchase)

All mail sent discreetly in plain wrapper. Our name does not appear on return address. Send cash, check or MO to **Michael Salem Ent., Inc. Dept. PH 487, P.O. Box 1781, NY, NY 10150, NY residents add sales tax. Retail and credit card orders. Call (212) 371-6877 or (212) 986-1777.**

WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF HOSIERY SEAMED AND SEAMLESS

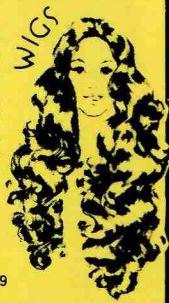
#903 - THE LONGEST SHOWGIRL WIG \$79.99
Your choice of color. Up to extra large sizes to fit men

#9121 - 6" SPIKE HEEL CLASSIC PUMP made of superior quality patent in white, red or black **\$200.00**
Sizes 5-14. Indicate male or female shoe size



SPECIAL!

Male sizes 9-14
\$149.99
2 prs. for \$269.99



EROTIC VIDEO CATALOG LIVE ON VIDEO TAPE ONLY \$9.95
A Full 90 Minutes

Now you can build your adult video collection the smart way. Choose from explicit action-packed previews on Leisure Concepts' unique Video Catalog tape. That's right—this 90 minute all color video consists of complete previews of over 60 adult movies (famous titles as low as \$9.95) featuring more than 200 super stars including **Seka, Christy Canyon, Ginger Lynn**, and more. You'll see highlights of over 250 uncensored scenes including at least as many wet endings and yours for **only \$9.95** (normally sold for \$29.95 or more). To order via Visa/Master Card, **call toll free 1-800-874-8960** or send check, cash, money order, or Visa/Master Card (with expiration date) for \$9.95 (plus \$3.00 postage and handling) to: **Leisure Concepts, Dept. E-47, P.O. Box 1900, Gary, IN 46409.** Please specify VHS or BETA. With your purchase, you will receive a fist full of eye popping brochures to order from and a \$10.00 credit to use on your first order—**You Can't Loose!**



Europe's best hardcore "art" magazines and videos are now available for the first time in the U.S. Every detail of lovemaking is rendered in a very explicit, yet sensitive and erotic style. Known to collectors as the "Rolls Royce" of erotica, these products are produced with a commitment to quality unequalled in the adult field. Totally guaranteed. Photo-filled color catalog—only \$2.00. **TO ORDER SEND \$2.00 TO I.E., P.O. BOX 93, DEPT. PE#5, COLLEGE POINT, NY 11356.** For Inquiries Only (718) 278-8813, no phone orders please!

curricular nookie, so actually persuading the lady isn't hard.

I would suggest that before you start, you make a set of rules and stick to them punctiliously. First of all, find out all about her boyfriend: Where does he work and what are his hours? Does he have brothers in the Marines, the Mafia, or the C.I.A.? Does he practice karate, kung fu, or fencing? Is he a member of a local gun club?

Next, you must find a love nest. Her apartment is too risky. Her boyfriend could walk in any minute, an occurrence that is not conducive to maintaining a nice rigid erection, unless danger turns you on. Your own apartment is too close, and being in a basement, will not have a good escape route. Also, if you do get caught, you will probably have to find somewhere else to live.

Before you actually get onto "intimate" terms with the lady, do a Ph.D.-level study on her personality. It could be that after you've screwed her, she will blackmail you by threatening to tell hubby. You may then find yourself an unpaid housemaid or odd-job man in their apartment.

Finally, if you suffer from "periculo-mania"—i.e., danger makes you horny—ignore the previous rules. All you have to do is hang around outside her apartment; hold her shopping bag while she is looking for her key; carry it in for her; and as soon as you put it down, grab her. It doesn't matter what happens next; you'll enjoy it whatever it is. You will probably spend a lot of time climbing out of windows naked, so you would do well to conceal your own latchkey somewhere outside your apartment.

TOO TALL TO TANGO

First of all, let me say that I've read your column for many years, and I have always admired your honesty and straightforwardness in answering people's letters. I hope you will do the same with me. My question is twofold.

I am a 25-year-old male who stands seven feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. I have blond hair and blue eyes and am considered good-looking by some people. My problem is that I am extremely shy when it comes to women, and the problem is not entirely mine. While growing up I had the normal avid interest in the opposite sex, but girls would always laugh at me and my tall, gangly frame. Their laughs and rejections hurt me deeply and caused my shyness and low self-image. I did have friends that were girls, but never any real girlfriends. I thought this would change, but it never did, and I was left to perform solo ministrations with my hand.

Now, at 25, I have traveled the world and am starting to enter a profession in which I have every intention of becoming successful. Even though I've matured and

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Leisure Emporium™ pages, contact SLG, Inc., 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 986-6642. © 1985 SLG, Inc. Leisure Emporium ©

become confident in myself, I've yet to lose my timidity with women. Please don't tell me that overcoming shyness is a simple task. Years of rejection are not easily overcome. My sexual experiences have been few and far between, and I need some good advice so I can improve my social life.

My first sexual experience took place when I was 22 years old. I had gone to a local bar to watch a baseball game when an older woman started talking to me, asking me all the usual "tall" questions that I've put up with all my life. My overdue case of "virginitis" urged me to take advantage of the situation. We went back to my apartment, and I finally lost my virginity in a none-too-satisfying bout of intercourse. I came quickly, she fell asleep, and when I woke up she was gone. Ever since then I've had a strong desire for older women that has never been fulfilled. I fantasize about making love to them all the time. How do I find these women and where? The few sexual encounters I have had have taught me to please the woman first. I love to eat pussy and would do anything to please a woman, but I'm going to go crazy if I don't get some practice! Help!—H. C.

Your problem is very simple to diagnose. You are not average. From seven feet up, you have almost a bird's-eye view of the rest of us, and there must be a number

of women of normal stature whose chins are on a level with your navel. You describe yourself in high school as "gangly." I hope this does not mean that you go around with hunched shoulders trying to look inconspicuous and reduce yourself to the same level as everyone else. It will never work. If you are different from other people—and let's face it, you are—then the only way to survive is to cash in on it. You are unusually tall, so you must decide right now that you are exceptional and whatever you do you have to do it just a little bit better than the next guy.

The male world is divided into tall guys and short guys, and on the whole it is the short ones that have the complexes. Whenever they see you, they are going to feel small, so they are going to work twice as hard to convince everyone, including themselves, that they are still 100 percent man. In my experience tall men are much more relaxed, more self-confident, and at peace with the world. Many of the world's dictators, from Attila the Hun to Napoleon, from Hitler to Franco and Marcos, were all short of stature but high on self-aggrandizement—an example of how hard the short guys have to push themselves to feel comfortable.

From a woman's point of view, you may be a little scary. We girls are going to assume that everything is in proportion and that you are probably hung like a horse. If you then come over as shy and

retiring, the impression you make is so ambiguous that most women will decide it is simpler to let it alone. What you have to do is to cultivate a kind of Clark Kent image—the tall, dreamy, slightly wimpy guy who is dynamite when the chips are down. Walk tall and talk slow. It sounds as if you are getting it together in business, so now you just have to apply the same strategies in your social life. It might be a good idea to develop an interest in basketball if you don't have it already. Many basketball players are your height, and the girls who watch basketball are presumably attracted to giants, so you have a head start.

One of the finest hunting grounds for women is the local supermarket. When you see a lady who tickles your fancy, home in. One tried-and-true method is to park your trolley in a corner; collect a pile of purchases; and then the moment the woman of your choice leaves her pushcart, drop all your stuff into it.

The resulting confusion is a natural for making friends. You can then hang around outside the supermarket, help her load her shopping into her car, and offer to unload it at the other end. Don't be put off if your first attempts are unsuccessful, because you are bound to meet with a few nonstarters who have heavy lovers. Just keep on trying, and if you don't get your leg over sooner or later, I will be very surprised. O+—

© 1986 Republic Tobacco Co.

KEEP THIN
AND LIGHT...



Silver
Lights
CIGARETTE
PAPER



MANUFACTURER COUPON EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 30, 1987

SAVE 50¢

ON ANY



Silver Lights™
CIGARETTE PAPERS



RETAILER: You are authorized to act as our agent for redemption of this coupon. We will reimburse you 50¢ plus 8¢ handling providing that you and the consumer have complied with the terms of our offer. Void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value 1/20¢. The consumer must pay any sales tax. Any other use constitutes fraud. Mail coupon to: Republic Tobacco Co., P.O. Box 730335, El Paso, TX 79973. Limit one coupon per purchase.

79083 100044

Sweet Chastity

MARCELO—COME HERE.
I WANT YOU TO RUB ME
IN WITH SUN OIL!

S..SUN OIL? BUT
BARONESS...YOUR
HUSBAND.....?

A LONG-LOST TREASURE MAP
HAS COME INTO THE HANDS OF
VINCENT. TOGETHER WITH
CHASTITY AND THEIR FAITHFUL
RETAINER, IGOR, THE
FRANKENSTEIN'S HAVE RENTED
THE VILLA MARGOLIS ON THE
ISLAND OF SICILY. WHILE THE
REST OF THE PARTY SEARCH
FOR THE SUNKEN TREASURE
FLEET, ELEKTRA HAS HER OWN
WAYS OF PASSING THE TIME....

by RON EMBLETON
and BOB GUCCIONE

DON'T BE SILLY....
HE'S OFF ON A BOAT
RIDE SOMEWHERE!

WE'RE ALL ALONE
HERE!

CAN I DO THIS
WITHOUT STARTING
A VENDETTA?

WE HAVEN'T FINISHED
THE ONE UNCLE
GIANCARLO STARTED
IN 1903!



AND WHILE ELEKTRA ENJOYS THE SUN AND THE OBLIGING HELP OF THE HOUSEHOLD STAFF, VINCENT SCANS THE HORIZON FOR ELUSIVE LANDMARKS...

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE PLACE?

THIS IS IT! ACCORDING TO MY NAVIGATION— THIS IS WHERE THE TWO ISLANDS SHOULD BE!

WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF— THERE ARE NO ISLANDS HERE!

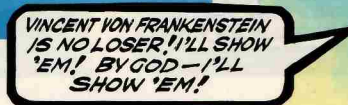
THEY'RE HERE — I KNOW THEY'RE HERE!

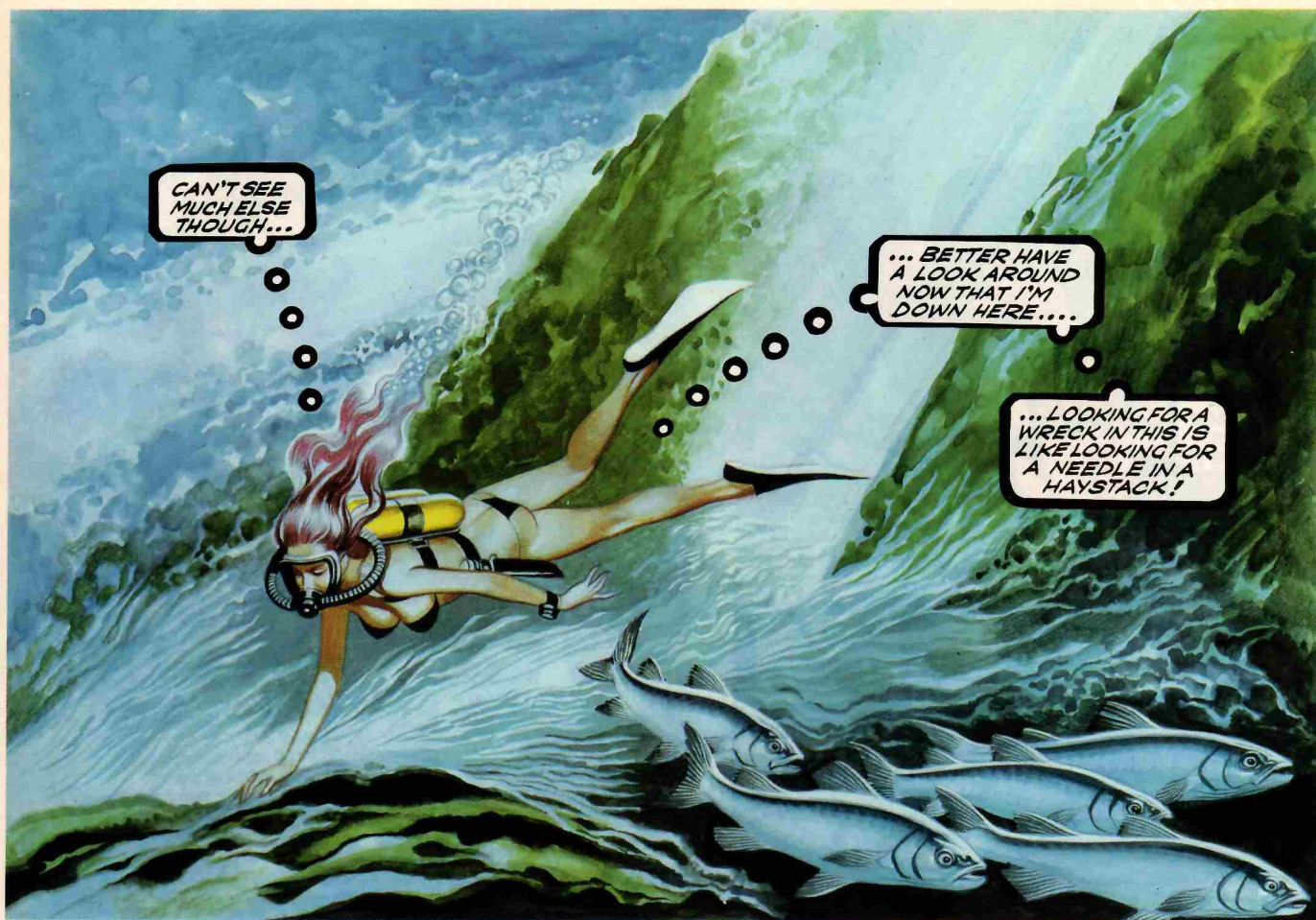
THERE MUST BE TRACES OF THEM BENEATH THE SURFACE!

WELL, OKAY, I'LL GO DOWN AND MAKE A SEARCH — BUT DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING!

IF YOU SEE ANY NICE PINNA FRAGILIS OR DENTALIUM ENTALIS WOULD YOU GET THEM FOR MY COLLECTION, PLEASE, MISS CHASTITY?

YE GODS! WE'RE SEARCHING FOR TREASURE — NOT GODDAM SEA SHELLS!

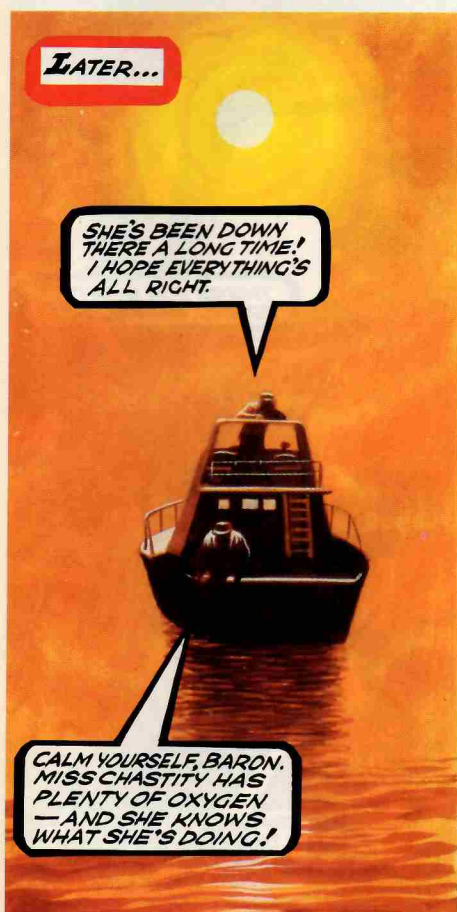




CAN'T SEE
MUCH ELSE
THOUGH...

... BETTER HAVE
A LOOK AROUND
NOW THAT I'M
DOWN HERE....

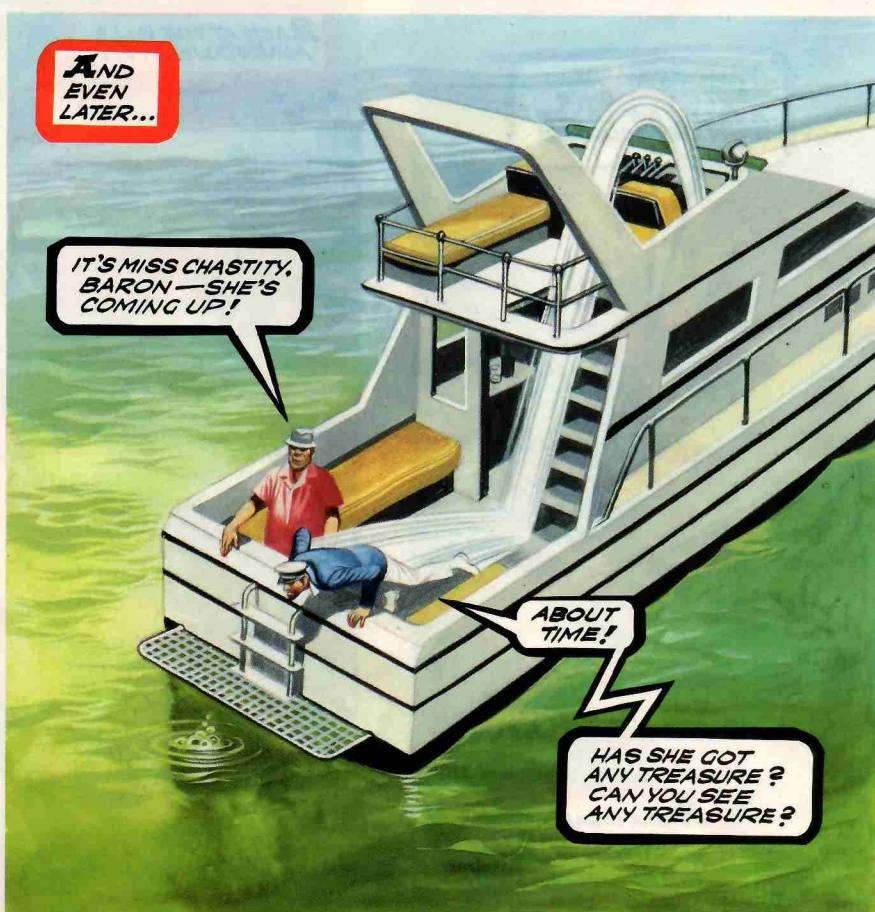
... LOOKING FOR A
WRECK IN THIS IS
LIKE LOOKING FOR
A NEEDLE IN A
HAYSTACK!



LATER...

SHE'S BEEN DOWN
THERE A LONG TIME!
I HOPE EVERYTHING'S
ALL RIGHT.

CALM YOURSELF, BARON.
MISS CHASTITY HAS
PLENTY OF OXYGEN
— AND SHE KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S DOING!



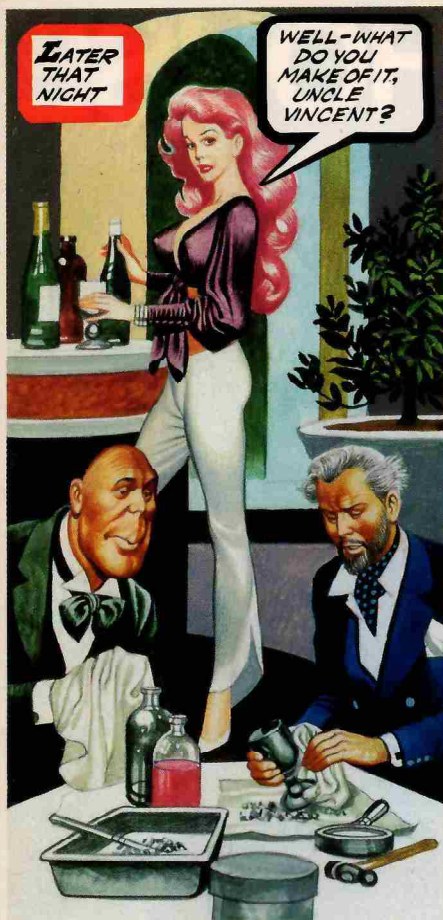
AND
EVEN
LATER...

IT'S MISS CHASTITY,
BARON — SHE'S
COMING UP!

ABOUT
TIME!

HAS SHE GOT
ANY TREASURE?
CAN YOU SEE
ANY TREASURE?





**LATER
THAT
NIGHT**

WELL-WHAT
DO YOU
MAKE OF IT,
UNCLE
VINCENT?



IT'S BASE METAL...
A DRINKING VESSEL
EMBOSSED WITH A
CROSS... AND TWO
WORDS... "OUTREMER"
AND... IT SEEMS TO
BE... "BEAUSEANT!"

WE'VE GOT
TO DATE THIS.
WE NEED
AN EXPERT
- BUT WE
CAN'T AFFORD
ANY
PUBLICITY!



UNCLE VINCENT
- YOU KNOW
WHO WE NEED,
DON'T YOU?
ANTIQUARIAN
AND AUTHORITY
ON MEDIEVAL
HISTORY!

I KNOW -
GODDAM IT!
AND IT REALLY
STICKS IN
MY THROAT
TO NEED HIM
- JOHN
VAIN!



**AT CASTLE DREER
IN TRANSYLVANIA,
ABOUT A HALF AN
HOUR LATER.....**

MR VAIN - THE BARON
PHONED. HE HOPES
YOU ARE WELL. HE
WANTS YOU TO JOIN
HIM IN SICILY AT
ONCE!

DOES HE INDEED!?

RING HIM BACK -
TELL HIM I WANT A
COMPLETE NEW
WARDROBE - AND
FIRST-CLASS TRAVEL
ALL THE WAY!

WHEN YOU'VE DONE
THAT, RUN ME A
BATH - AND BRING
ME ONE OF HIS
DAVIDOFF CIGARS!



I TOLD YOU
HE'D NEED
ME, DIDN'T I?

I TOLD YOU
HE COULDN'T
GET ALONG
WITHOUT ME!

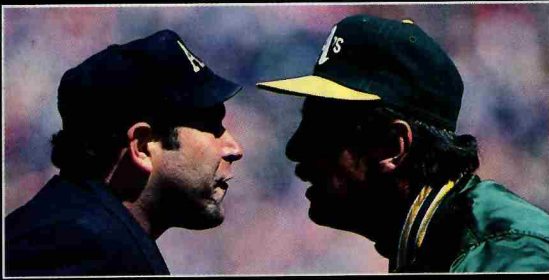
I'M A
HOUSEMAID
- NOT A
MASSEUSE!

JUST DO
WHATEVER'S
GOT TO BE
DONE! THIS
IS A MATTER
OF LIFE
AND DEATH!

DON'T TRY TO
KEEP UP WITH
ME, FANS - ALL
YOU'LL GET IS
THE STARDUST
I LEAVE BEHIND
ME IN YOUR
FACE!

**IT'S AMAZING, ISN'T IT, HOW
SOME PEOPLE - USUALLY THE
BIGGEST CREEPS - ALWAYS
SEEM TO FALL ON THEIR
FEET? THERE'S A LESSON
THERE FOR ALL OF US, SOME-
WHERE - IF YOU CAN BE
BOtherED TO LOOK.**

COMING IN THE MAY PENTHOUSE



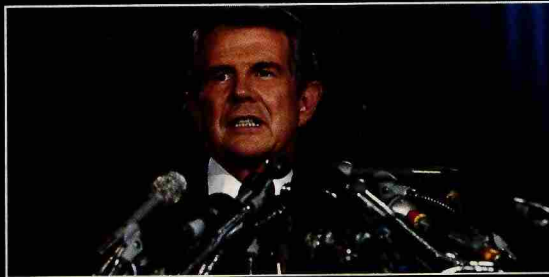
A BILLY MARTIN SLUGFEST

One of baseball's most successful, most fired, and most controversial managers, the Yankees' Billy Martin is widely acknowledged to be one of the game's greatest innovators. Off the field, he is as tough as he is on it—a fact that Senior Editor Allan Sonnenschein discovered when conducting this exclusive interview. Martin has a new book coming out (*Billy Ball*, written with Phil Pepe and to be published by Doubleday). And he was more anxious to speak out to *Penthouse* about all aspects of the game—singling out by name those players and teams that meet with his approval and, more important, those who don't.



HOFMEKLER STRIKES AGAIN!

Renowned Israeli artist Ori Hofmekler has made an international reputation with his "Have Canvas, Will Travel" caricatures. As our readers have known for years, Ori's paintbrush is truly mightier than a sword. His targets have included everyone from Princess Di and Idi Amin to Nancy Reagan and Jerry Falwell. Some of them—like New York's Mayor Koch—enjoy Ori's work. Others do not. Petra Kelly, for example, an outspoken leader of Germany's radical Green Party (pictured at left), sued Ori for taking her party's "Back to Nature" slogan a little literally in a German *Penthouse* calendar. She lost—but you'll win, watching Ori skewer the rich and famous, every month in *Penthouse*!



THE LOONY BIN

Over the past few years, we haven't hesitated to sound the alarm on New Right crazies as they attempt to subvert our democracy and our freedoms. But we've also come to realize that a lot of what they're up to is also pretty funny. Whether it's the Reverend (and presidential contender) Pat Robertson claiming that the Lord has granted him exclusive rights to televise the Second Coming, or some nuts objecting to subversive influences in *The Wizard of Oz*, these inadvertent humorists should be writing sitcoms instead of public policy. Next month, in a new column, we'll share these priceless gems with you.



NORMA JEAN: COP, CALL GIRL, AND CANDIDATE

"I'd always fantasized about being a high-class hooker," says Norma Jean Almodovar, "but I'd never dreamed of becoming a candidate for office." But last year, Norma Jean ran for lieutenant governor of California. She knew she didn't have a chance of winning, but, she tells Ellen Hawkes in this compelling profile, "for me it was a matter of survival." The one-time "born-again" fundamentalist and former traffic cop believes that her life—as well as others who have spoken out against police corruption—is in danger. But she says, "no woman can be free until I'm free to practice my profession."



NO FUTURE

Donita Leeling isn't a reporter. And she never expected to write an article for *Penthouse*. But the time has come that she feels she has no other choice. Ms. Leeling lives and works with her husband on a farm in Nebraska. It is, she writes, "the only way of life we know." And they, as well as thousands of others, are losing that life. "What you see on television about the 'farm crisis' is very real, but it's only the tip of the iceberg. There is much more horror, terror, grief, tears, and suicides than is seen on the evening news." Over the years, we've published very many "Advise & Dissent" essays. But this is one above all others that we hope all Americans read and do something about—before it's too late.



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

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

TECHNOLOGY BRINGS OUT THE BEST

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

SENSITIVITY TIMES TWO

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

HIGH PERFORMANCE

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

30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

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

MICRO EYE EXPRESS-LR
\$299.95

Call toll-free 1-800-341-1401
In New York 1-800-845-4525
In Canada 1-800-268-3994

(NY residents add applicable tax.
Price higher in Canada)
Please allow an additional 15 days
when paying by personal or
company check.



**FULL ONE YEAR
WARRANTY ON
PARTS AND LABOR.**

B.E.L-TRONICS Limited
International Head Office
2422 Dunwin Drive,
Mississauga, Ont., Canada
L5L 1J9

In U.S.
20 Centre Drive
Orchard Park, NY 14127

Model 844s



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

If you smoke *please try Carlton*

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

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