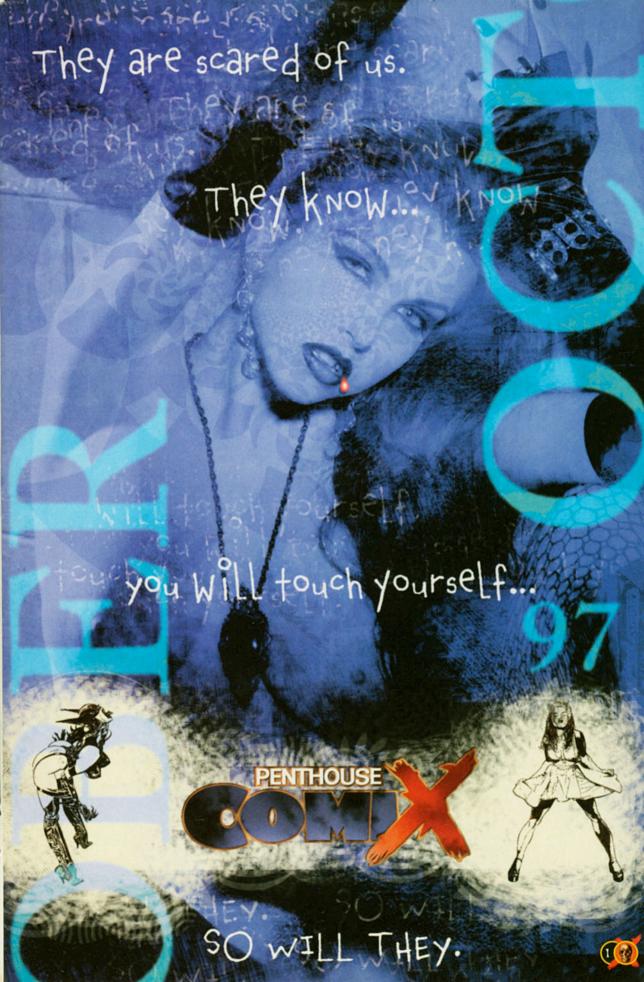


US.\$4.95 U.K. **62**.75 GER. DM 20 AUS. \$9.95 N.Z. \$12.95



Do not think for a second that this is Batgirl. Batgirl is a & DC Comics and is a very nice young lady. NightGirl is an evil nasty piece of work, believe us.





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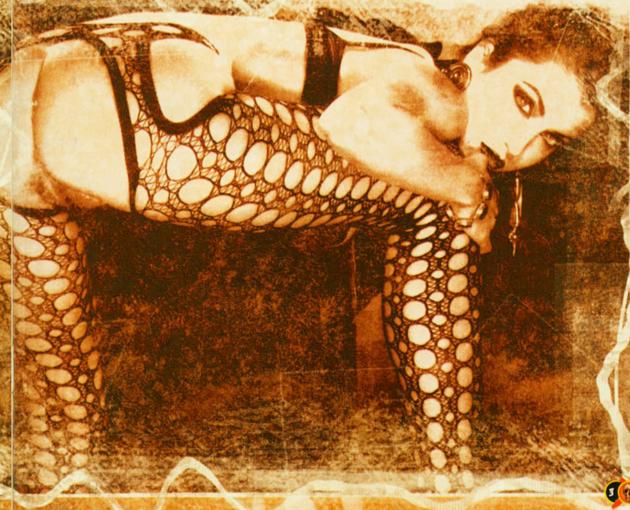
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WEGOT WOT U WANT

a note from dave (our fearless editor-in-chief)

Hopefully by now you have noticed a change in format this issue, if not, well I guess I better tell you. We have changed size. Yep, we have gone from the traditional magazine size to the traditional comic book size. Why? Cos' we're a comic book!

We are still a pulsebuilding, throbbing 80 pages of full-color, glossy, sexy artwork and stories. Okay, so we've messed with the logo again, but I've always said you gotta keep it fresh. It ain't the first change and it won't be the last.

So, what else is up?

Well, as a special Halloween treat, Luis Royo gives us several looks at that sexy, but lethal, Queen of Evil... NIGHTGIRL.

But first, another lady of the night called and "persuaded" us to run a pictorial on her and her followers, or minions as she likes to call them. She "worked" very closely with our Art Director Merv. Hmmm. I wonder why Merv suddenly wants to work at night?

Dave.

Dave.







PAINTINGS BY LUIS ROYO

Nightgirl started out as a painting by Luis Royo. He had produced it for a book he was working on called MALEFIC and the piece was originally titled "Black Flights". The piece was then brought for use on the cover of issue 7 of PENTHOUSE COMIX and since then everybody has been asking for more of "Nightgirl".

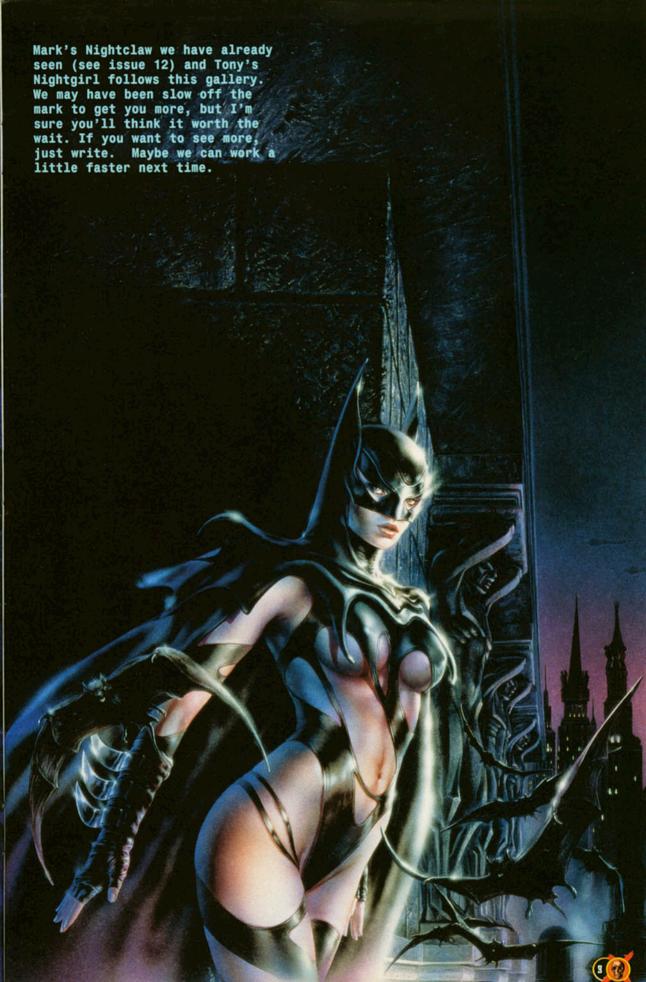
Sketch 1

Cover Sketch

Sketch 2

Well, Luis did some more roughs (three of these you can see on this page) and we selected 3 of which we wanted turned into paintings. At the same time, both Mark Beachum and Tony Salmons were contacted to do a couple of stories to tie in with the character.











BY-TONY SALMONS While I am the undisputed queen of the night, even a queen needs a princess. In heir to the throne, so to speak. In Nightgirl, I have found not only a worthy successor, but someone Who s exil is so close to mine, I must watch my back. Maybe one night I may have to face Nightgirl, and only Then will she realize who is the queen Bitch around here.

































A preview of premier Road Babe, Morris's next Notes from a Road Babe — coming in the excitementfilled November Penthouse Comix!

Alfa Romeo- Beta Pleasure

The day I bought that long, sleek, fast sexy black Alfa Romeo at the E-Z Auto junkyard, was the day I met this incredible woman, Hennen. It was also the day I first ate a "popper," my favorite food I'd waited too long to discover. Hot poppers, Hot Hennen (half-Indian and half-wolf — I think) and a Hot engine — revving somewhere inside of me. I held the door open.

me. I held the door open. She's too cool to ever look scared, but our adventure was about to begin and she knew it.

Her eyes told me that she knew.

I was glad to have a moment to set the mood, which I believe is impor-

the mood, which I believe is important. A joint. A Quincy Jones tape.
Putting the top down so that the
evening joins us. Oh, what a sight,
to see the naked, open, swinging, jingling breasts my smooth moves have
uncovered, comfortable in the seat next to me. I'd scored so big. This
night would never end. "Will you take it all off?"

She looked at the Tiger-skin. She felt the plush. Her feet would have liked the fur. She pulled off her boots and her jeans and all she was wearing was skintight black underwear. "Oh Jesus Christ... Oh, my god..." I kept saying. Words left me. With her hair and her skin and her nakedness and her titties and her pretty face and her legs and her ass and all right there!

I'd like to fuck her, somehow. I wanted to make her moan and cry out my name. I wanted to put the top back steamed the windows — and I wouldn't give her any water to drink, either. I'd be on top of her, deep kissing her, then she on me. I wanted to wrestle with and overtake this woman in the tight cockpit of my Alfa Romeo. What a sexy sweaty fight that would be. I'd pinch and twist her and slap her wet butt.

I wanted to make her moan and cry out up and make her so sweaty that it she was a sweaty fight that would be. I'd pinch and twist her and she was a sweaty fight that w

I envisioned her standing up in the convertible, leaning over the windshield, with me at her ass licking and biting and caressing her things and her big, hot, swinging sexy ass. I wanted to rim her. I wanted to use my thumb on her.

I wanted to lean her over the trunk and really manhandle her, pulling down on her tits, I would lean her back the other way, too, onto the hood, with my palms pressed together, I'd put both pinkies in her ass, both middle fingers up her cunt and I'd use the thumbs on her clit. I wanted to lick and suck on her butch pussy.

Oh, what I wouldn't do to her...

If you like what you see in this road-babe story and are intrigued by the person "Diary of a road-babe" is based on, order the Sex Kitten letter. Experience the titillation and sexual adventures of Road-babe, a real person, who makes sex and pleasure, the biggest part of her life. Subscribe to experience the real Jack Kerouac of the 90's, explicit, unafraid, newsletter on a regular basis. The Sex-Kitten Letter erotic stories come to you 12 times a year!

—by the hottest rebel-babe who ever drove X-country in an Alfa Romeo with 2 basset hounds!

FUNNY — STEAMY — BRILLIANT

Annual subscription: \$100 - but for Penthouse Comix readers of all sexes \$65!
A savings of 35%! Sample copy: \$10
Cash/check/m.o. made out to Eva Morris to:
P.O.Box 20376 New York, NY 10011 — do it!

The Fun, Sexy Adventures of Bad Girl Eva Morris, free spirit-rebel, busty, hippie-sex-kitten, in "Bad Girls' Bedtime Stories" (available for \$20), "Why Is It More Important To Have A CB Radio Than A Basset Hound On A Roadtrip — From the Standpoint of a Female Four-Wheeler" (available for \$20).

65\$ a year buys you the newsletter of her crosscountry adventurés + Sexy, Erotic Fiction + Humor + Alfa Romeo Stories —

COVICTE VILEW



Jax Epoch is that lucky youngster who escapes her ordinary world and reaches another. Her world, which is ours, is one with a single mom, school, its attendant chores and her chums. It is also filled with fantasy and world-weariness prime for just the sort of escapism she achieves. It is this single aspect which is the book's second-most

serious flaw. In comics, it is too pat that everyone who pierces the interdimensional barrier is so aware of magicks and other worlds, power objects and enchantments, that they are merely calm observers. We are left with fairly unemotional commentary as she stumbles through a dimensional barrier and comes across a little shack. As for me, it is strictly because I know a bit about magic and such that, were I to cross such a barrier, I would be hyperventilating and frozen in decision. For Jax, it is another trip to the mall. However, she does come back with some nice things she picked up for herself.

Quicken Forbidden is much more interesting than the vast majority of "Indies" out there -- and from most of the big boys, too. It minimally suffers from "issue one-itus" in that it has to set up a back story, but does so neatly. Since it is set in the "real world," its real complexity takes time to unfold. The most serious flaw lies in what Jax does with the objects she discovers, it demonstrates a deep lack of respect for the unknown. On the other hand, she is a kid -- and it is what makes the story interesting. Despite its first class production values, being from a private press will hurt it, as it will be hard to find; but John Green's art is head and shoulders above the usual Indie fare and Dave Roman's ultra modern take on "Alice in Wonderland" shows us what Alice might've done with some of those mushroom parts on this side of the mirror.

The note attached to this book: "Buy Me."

QUICKEN FORBIDDEN
Issues #1-3 available, \$2.95 each
B/W, 24 pages, color cover
Writer: Dave Roman
Artist: John Green
Back cover of issue 1: Klaus Janson
Published by: Cryptic Press
365 Smith Street

Freeport, NY 11520

For all the gun-totin', bloodsplatterin' vigilante super hero books on the stands today, you'd think it not only

financial suicide but creative suicide to try to come up with another that has an ounce of originality. Well it is. SPLITS isn't exactly a superhero book, though its creator would like to convince you otherwise. Sure, Rickets, the main character, fights for justice, wears cool armor, has a sidekick, and spews some snappy banter (along with a hail of bullets.) But, thankfully, there isn't a muscle-bound, spandexwearing character in sight in this book.



SPLITS #1

The five issue series follows Rickets, an Enforcer of Law and a Split (a lifeform bred by some scientific means), as he and and his armless partner Spud try to locate an illegal arms dealer. While certain cliches are unavoidable in such a premise, they are handled fairly skillfully. The story builds smoothly as characters are introduced and the plot unfolds. Dialogue and action are used to define character and move the story along, something a good portion of other comics haven't quite got the hang of.

The artwork is magnificent. Paul has a wonderful style that fits the tone of the book perfectly. There are some similarities to SCUD: THE DISPOSABLE ASSASIN, but that's certainly nothing to scoff at. In comparison, the panel work is easier to follow, yet still dynamic enough to keep your eyes from moving in the same patterns. His inking is very professional, establishing depth and separating the enormous amount of textures he uses - Paul has an excellent sense of where to use lights and darks and what textures work well together.

The book is definitely an easy read, but that doesn't make it any less entertaining. My only complaint about this book is that it has some unnecessary profanity. That might sound odd considering the book you're reading this review in, but despite some violence some parents might object to, there is a lot about SPLITS that will appeal to a young audience. And I'm not saying this just because the main character's a rabbit... 'cause he is one mean looking rabbit.

SPLITS

Issues #1-3 available, \$2.50 B/W, 24 pages, 'zine size By: Paul Alix

Published by:

Third Born Comics P.O. Box 34 No. Attleboro, MA 02761

QUICKEN FORBIDDEN review by Eliot R. Brown SPLITS review by John Green

What we're reading.

DAYE:
DAYE:
Hellboy.
Almost Colossus
by Mike Migmola
ELIOT:
Iron Man/
Herces Reborn
y Whilce Portacin
RAMON:
Penthouse Comixe
(of course)

Leave It To Chance James Robinson Paul Smith

Tough Love by Abby Denson Soulwind by C.S.Morse











































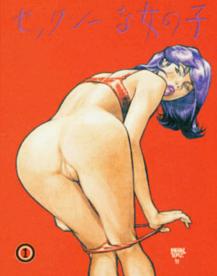




pullout

Poster 1: Mike Lopez' SEXY GIRL

Poster 3 Merv's LOST GIRL







Poster 2: Dave Johnson's RAGING ROD

Poster 4 ACTION FIGURES by Adam Hughes























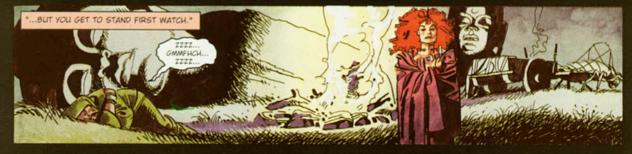






























































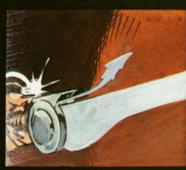


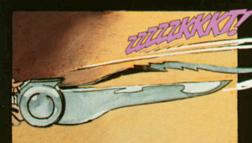






























There is something about Eric Stanton's work that reminds me of Bill Ward's It's not work. the big breasted babes and exagerated. idealized figures. It was the almost naive way he drew. He drew from a passion to put his

ideas and images, that would not wait for tutoring, down on paper for himself. But, the ability came as he worked and both he and the bondage industry flourished (though not equally).

I first became aware of Stanton's work during the big Betty Page revival that was brought about mainly by the work of Dave Stevens and his choice of Betty as reference for a character in his highly acclaimed ROCKETEER book (which Disney turned into a movie a few years back). The first work I saw was a pirate edition of some of the work he had done in collaboration with Steve Ditko (co-creator and original artist on Marvel Comics SPIDERMAN), with whom he shared a studio in the late 50's and early 60's. Again it was partly seeing Steve Ditko's influence on the art, after only being aware of his work with Marvel and Charlton comic companies, that sparked my initial interest. But the images would not go away and I eventually found more and more of his work. I also found more and more people owning up to collections of his material and his influence.

With THE ART OF ERIC STANTON: FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PLACE, there comes a book that finally gives an insight and retrospective on the most influential erotic artist this century. While the bulk of the book covers the bondage, S & M material he is best known for, it also has plenty of wrestling artwork, covers from many Pulp-fiction novels and other pieces like "Trans-Fem-Ation". It covers his work for Irving Claw through to his present work which he self publishes.

I had not realized that Stanton was still working today. He still works in his unrealistic, somewhat naive, style. But that never really mattered to him or the people that follow his work. He works for himself now, having been burnt by others so many times in the past, producing pieces for collectors and for his own publications.

I am not a connoiseur of bondage material. Bondage is not a subject matter that really does anything for me. But there is something in Stanton's work that is above just revelling in the tying up of women. Eric walks both sides of the track, not just making women those that face subjugation, but men too. This makes the stories he tells more believable because he is not coming at it from just one view point.

This is brought out in the candid commentary, by the book's Editor, ERIC KROLL. Kroll is reputed to be the King of Fetishism. After the loving care and attention to this book, plus the release of his own new book, ERIC KROLL'S BEAUTY PARADE, this is a point I would not argue. What Kroll gives this book is a historical backdrop to the bondage industry that at times reminds me of the semi-autobiographical material of Will Eisner when talking about the comic studios of the past.

Whether you are interested in bondage or not, this is a beautifully put together book and is both fascinating and entertaining. If you are a fan already, then you have been waiting for this book for a good many years. Enjoy.

Review by Raymond Ward.

If you are interested in contacting Eric Stanton, you can write to him directly.

Eric Stanton P.O. Box 163 Gracie Station New York City New York 10028

Or at http://www.stanton-fetish.com

THE ART OF ERIC STANTON: FOR THE MAN WHO KNOWS HIS PLACE is published by TASCHEN. 352pp, hardcover US\$49.99/ UK 29.99

ERIC KROLL'S BEAUTY PARADE is also published by TASCHEN hardcover US\$29.99/ UK 16.99

Eric Kroll's website is: http://www.fetish-usa.com

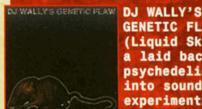
What we're reading.

DAVE
Forever King
by Molly Cochran
Warren Murphy
ELIOT:

Out mere
y Howard Blum
RAMON:
se Crime Family
syndicate

MERV: Naked Lunch JOHN:





GENETIC FLAW (Liquid Sky) is a laid back, psychedelic trip into sound experimentation.

This album jumps through several musical hoops, finding its way into jungle beats, acid-jazz, hip-hop samples, and even remixing Simon and Garfunkel's "59th St. Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy).' Perhaps what makes DJ Wally stand out so much, is the relaxed pace that he seems to find. From haunting to laughable, disjointingly experimental to Danceable, this album never feels pressured. music just seems to float in and around you wrapping you into a 70 minute mind fuck.

Released on Liquid Sky (DJ Spooky, DJ Soul Slinger), a label known for experimental projects, DJ Wally fits right in. Both experimental innovative, this album is too much fun for mere words. listen to it.



SPIRITUALIZED -Ladies and Gentlemen we are floating in space (Dedicated/Arista) is a spacy, orchestral,

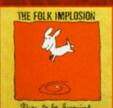
painstakingly precise record.

The title Ladies Gentlemen We are Floating in Space lets you know straight out what to expect from this album. Continuing the ethereal space-rock sound developed in their previous albums, Spiritualized doesn't stray toO far from course. The album has a series of highs and lows,

existing in jarring contrast to each other, giving it an almost orchestral vibe.

From airy songs like "Stay with Me" and Heart" to manic blasts "Electricity" and "No God only religion" this album seems to fly all over the place in disjointed unison.

Throughout Floating in Space, An undercurrent of drug references is apparent. From 'Home of the Brave', "(I)Sometimes have my breakfast right off of the mirror, sometimes I have it right out of the bottle." The theme runs over onto the cover which contains a tag line, "1 tablet 70 min." Perhaps therein lies the listening sensation of Spiritualized. Sit back, relax in your favorite way (I smoked), and let it play. Fucking unbelievable.



THE FOLK IMPLOSION -Dare to be surprised (the Communion label)

If you think you know The Folk Implosion from "Natural One", or their other tracks from the KIDS soundtrack,

While the KIDS' tracks were SURPRISE! largely instrumental, moody, and fringing on electronica, this album seems to gain a healthy dose of sarcasm, wit and guitar.

It's really hard to categorize or even analyze this album. The lyrics are playfully dark, chanting, almost to the point of being nursery rhyme-ish. The music is like two opposing forces grinding on their instruments, vying for equal listening time.

Dare to be surprised is deceivingly enjoyable. Once again, the title says it all...

On another note, albums to be on the lookout for ...

> PORTISHEAD - OCTOBER 7,1997 MONEY MARK - SOMETIME THIS FALL

> > reviews by Merv

What we're listening to.

Fom you punk

Being completely lazy rats, we're going to let these guys do all the talking:

Now from the sprawling InterNet:

Penthouse proudly presents--Unsolicited Novella Theater by Unknown

Here is a storyline I would like to see PHCOMIX blow up into a MAX edition. What do you think: The Return of the Nazi Penises From Outer Space! Having grown tired of "Mighty Muff" (captured in PH18, and last seen lying on a floor paralyzed by a stasis field while the little pricks do high dives into her pubic hair) the Nazi Penises of Brown's Delights in return to Earth, capture Hericane and Miss Adventure (their original target) and return to Uranus. Unable to determine which of them is best suited for their needs, the aliens decide to have our heroines perform for them in a "Sexual Olympics." When the ladies balk at the idea, the aliens inform them that this will be a Tail Light COMMAND PERFORMANCE and immediately subject them to muscle control rays. These are rays that leave the victims conscious and aware of everything around them, but unable to control their bodies. The first event would be the "Rhythmic Masturbation Dance." While music plays in the background, the muscle control devices would force them to play with themselves until they are spent from orgasm. The second event would have them compelled to make love to each other, while bets are placed on who will come first. The final event is the ORGASM ORGAN ENDURANCE contest. In this one, both ladies are bolted into massive musical pleasure machines. The "winner" of the event is the one that survives the symphony of sexual ecstacy that the devices deliver. I admit I have taken liberally from the "Excessive Machine" scene in Barbarella for this one, but I love it. Just as Miss Adventure is about to succumb to the pleasure (being much less experienced than Hericane), Mighty Muff shows up, really pissed off that she was going to lose her place of honor among the aliens. Upon freeing our heroines, the three of them enjoy a round of BOBBITIZING the planet. In the end, Miss A and Hericane return to Earth, while Mighty Muff remains on Uranus in order to keep the little pricks in line.' I would like to see more Action Heroes in your magazine. I really enjoy all of your stories, especially Miss and Young Capt. Adventure. I see you added a nice African American female character, Latischa. Nice, would love to see more. The artwork is great but I buy the comix for the stories. So far, you guys have exactly what I've been looking for. A Fan

Ancient Papyrus Missives Department:

I'd like to let you dudes know how much I dig the Brown's Delights in the Jan 97 issue. It's up to stalwarts like Vanessa Del Rio, you and the hard core rappers no cross-overs, to let everyone still in denial know that it's really about pure booty in the house. Man, please! The drawings of the D.J. by Paris Cullins took me back to high school. Just don't forget about the ghetto mammas and the nigretas. I know there's a lot of tight situation our brown boy could see his self in. I'd like to see brown leave one with her leg trembling and I would like to buy some uncensored uncut version fully-animated video tapes or magazines because The Brother must Represent. Nice Work. Her Majesty's Frothy

Listen, I didn't answer the "name the letters col umn" contest because I figured too many people would come up with the name I'd thought of. I see I was wrong -- and no offense, but Brown's Boutique is, well, corny. If you guys are still open to change it I've got one for you. I came up with it while reading my old issues, particularly the letters sections. I tried to sum up the different letters and the people who wrote them in a few short words. They all fit, myself included, into one mold. Because they all had one thing in common that didn't seem quite right to society's common law. It made them -- special (read: 'crazy') and set them apart ('institutionalized') from everyone else in the world. It is: that they all lust over FAKE women - -"THE NUT HOUSE' The only fitting name to describe your readers -- and where some need to be! Sin-cerely,

Dear PHC, I'm substantially relieved to see that at

long last Penthouse Comix may be pointed in the right direction but I reserving my final decision until a few more issues come out. After all, this could just be a fluke. My confidence in Penthouse Comix will rise as your kinky and explicit content rises and may fall precisely the same way. To those foolish, softcore, politically convect, self-censoring weasels who ran this book straight into the ground, I'd like to say that the South American curse involving tarantulas coming our of your underwear and finding fruit but appears to the same way. fruit bat guano in your Cheerios applies directly to you. To all the readers out there, I'd like to say that Penthouse Comix isn't the Psychic Friends Network Get out your pens, pencils or keyboards and let your feelings be known. Do you really want to end up with strips like Little Orphan Annie in the Land of Geritol or would you rather see something like The Superwoman's Marathon Bondage Gangbang? How about Helen Does Troy? Maybe The Anal Adventures of Princess Xena is what you're after. If you like this magazine, but would like it a little more if it featured more of something or less of something else, get off your duffs and write!

Well, my job is done and my conscience is now at rest. It will be interesting now to see exactly what transpires. Hast La Vulva! Scott McLean San Antonio, TX

Dear Sir: Your lead story in Penthouse Comix 21 was first rate. "Latisha of the Lost World" was a story that D am sure will keep me "cummin" back for some time. The art work, the quick story, the tie-in to the previous stories about Libby were pretty darn good.

In fact, my girl and I got so bothered reading the story that she and I had our own "Tarzan + Jane" action (and I do mean ACTION!). Thanks, guys, for spicing up our

still youthful libidos. Sincerely, H. "S." H

New York, NY



the siren of the spaceways. Azpiri's BETHLEHEMSTEELE! plus more SWEETCHASTITY and the introduction of Dave Johnson's RAGINGROD! Be here in five weeks and be ready to GET OFF!

The return of





and Ron Embleton Baron Vincent Von Frankenstein and his ill-assorted entourage have returned to the gothic gloom of Castle Dreer. Once again his dreams of fame and fortune have been frustrated by the disappearance of his inspired creation, Sweet Chastity. Having tasted, all too briefly, the good life, the dreary rituals of the crumbling castle are hard to take! **FX**









































