

98
APRIL

PENTHOUSE

COMI

A TALK WITH THE ELUSIVE 1 SPACEMAN



THE FIRST AMMENDMENT IS
PHUKIN COOL. A COUPLE
THOUSAND YEARS AGO
THEY MIGHT HAVE
NAILED US TO A CROSS
FOR PRODUCING THIS
PIMPIN' MAG. BUT,
YOU STILL CAN'T
BUY THIS IF
YOU ARE
UNDER
18.

ISSUE

#30

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HAPPY EASTER



COME ON IN

THE CLEANSING IS ABOUT TO BEGIN

65 raging rod
12 blichcraft
15 spiritualized
18 music review
20 demonatrix
32 hmmm
36 posters
45 book review
46 action figures
57 manga review
63 letters
64 passionate woman
70 horoscope
72 falwell
74 sweet chastity

OBSCENITY

Guess what? After the death of JonBenet Ramsey, the toddler baby queen, everyone once again points a terrible finger at pornography. I mean, who else would do such a thing. No-one from their neighborhood of course.

As sad as I was reading about the death of JonBenet, I was sadder still to find out what goes on at these "Baby Beauty Pageants" (for more information track down the December issue of Penthouse). The abuse that parents put their children through in order to win money and a trophy. No regard at all for their children's well-being. The duct tape that so often gets mentioned when talking about JonBenet's death, is constantly in use to pull children's stomachs in or even give the appearance of a cleavage on ten year olds.

These kids are put on show. They are made to look sexy and older than they really are. What the fuck is going through their parents' heads? These events themselves, as tragic as they already are, are encouraging abuse both outside and in the home. The mothers (and sometimes fathers) force these young children to act like adults. The children, hungry to please the parents, comply with anything and everything that is asked of them, not realizing they are producing a form of pornography far worse than anything we could ever print here.

For most children, these days, childhood is way too short. This sort of behavior not only robs them of a decent youth and causes sexual confusion on these young minds, but actually puts their lives in danger.

There will be people who will hold up this issue of PENTHOUSE COMIX while saying those old familiar words of Blasphemy, Obscenity and of course accuse us of perverting the minds of innocents. The true obscenities in this day and age, are the ones committed by high ranking politicians and so-called men of God, who would take from us the best thing of value we have. The right to say what we want and to listen to what we want.

To them I would say, refocus your efforts on those around you. How many of your flock are wrapped so tight, trying to conform to what you want that they are going to explode because they are a round peg in a square hole and it won't be our fault. It will be yours.

Don't forget, if you have kids and someone suggests that they are so pretty, you should enter them for a show, or even modeling, for gods sake think of what your children want and demand. Before you think of that blue ribbon to go on the wall.

That's it for being serious this issue. Enjoy.

DAVE

COVER: Dave Johnson brings us Raging Red and Girl Satan in Easter garb with color by BAD-Q-S. Also, Jason Johnson's J Spaceman inked by Edwin Rosell and colored by BAD-Q-S

IF YOU
HAVEN'T
CAUGHT ON
YET..
PERHAPS
ROD
CAN HELP.

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LAST ISSUE, WE FOUND OUR COCKY HERO IN THE CLUTCHES OF HECTOR HELVETICA'S SISTER BEELZEBELLA! SNATCHED FROM THE ETERNAL ANUS OF HELL BY HECTOR HIMSELF. OUR HERO LONGED TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE! SO HE'S KIDNAPPED HECTOR'S GIRLFRIEND, GIRL SATAN, AND NOW HAS HER STUCK BETWEEN HIS COCK AND A HARD PLACE.

YOUR BUTT'S JUST RIGHT, SO DEEP AND TIGHT, DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS!

ANAL ROD TENTATIVE

HAI-CHI WAH-WAH! THE HOT SAUCE ANAL LUBE IS BURNING THE ASS OUTTA ME! BUT I WANT IT ROUGHER!

by Dave Johnson
Mike Ayon Oeming
and Mike Hillman



HEY KIDS
IT'S TIME
FOR A...



RODEO
FUCK!



SUDDENLY, AN UNEARTHLY
SHAFT OF LIGHT APPEARS
FROM A SHIP OBVIOUSLY
RIPPED OFF FROM
WAR OF THE WORLDS.

EXCEPT FOR THE VAGINA
SHAPED ORAFICE.

JEEPERS!

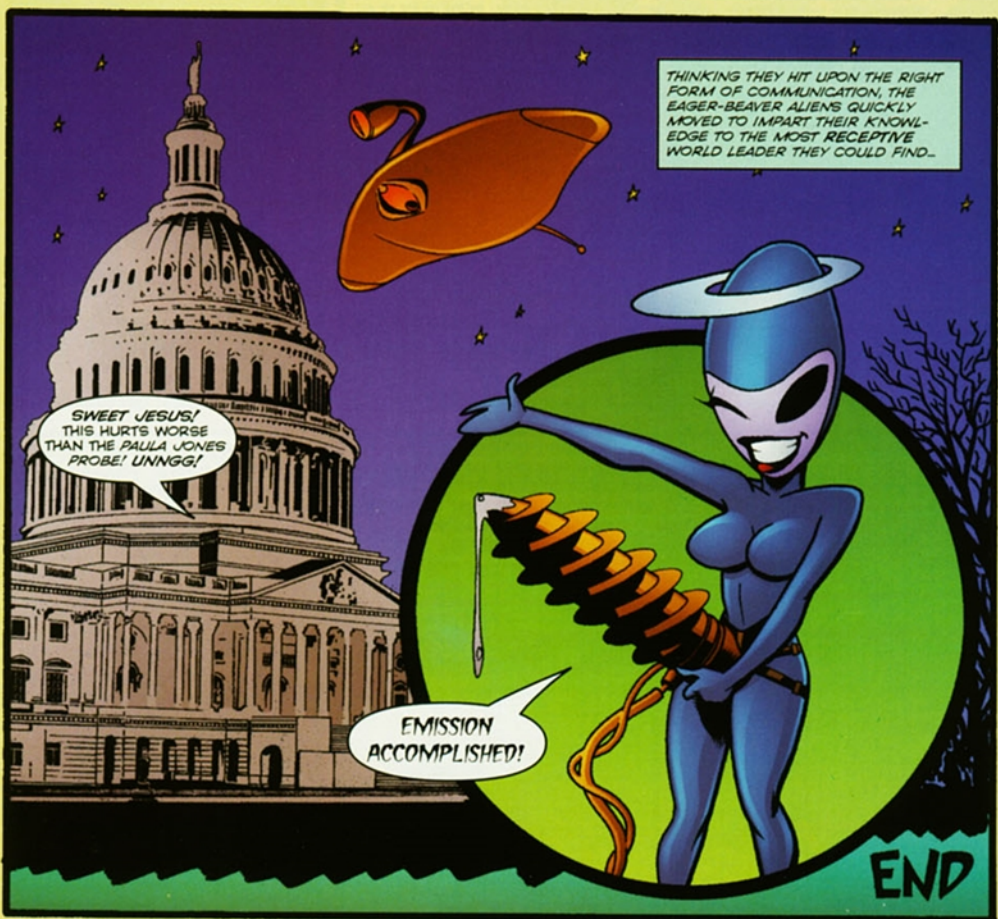
OH, THE
HUMANITY!!

GEEZ!
AND I JUST
GOT BACK!

OH, SURE.
FUCK ME AND
LEAVE ME.

OOH,
MAMACITA!





WITCH BITCH

EPISODE 4: GOIN' FISHIN'!

WRITTEN BY TONY SKINNER

ART BY KEVIN O'NEIL

MIRANDA 'MOURNING' GLORY...
BYTCH'S GIRLFRIEND, SLAVE, PET
AND LITTLE SISTER (THEY WERE
SPAWNED INTO THE SAME LITTER...)

...BYTCH HAD LEFT
HER CHAINED NAKED
TO A RADIATOR IN A
BURNING LOVE-
MOTEL TO TEACH
HER A LESSON...

NO, YOU CAN'T!
YOU WERE TO STAY
THERE CHANTING "MISTRESS
IS ALWAYS RIGHT," 'TIL THAT
BUILDING COLLAPSED
AROUND YOU...!

TROUBLE IS, GLORY NEVER
LEARNS—SHE SIMPLY CHEWED
THROUGH THE CHAIN AND
FOLLOWED HER MISTRESS'
SCENT ACROSS THE CITY...

GREEDY,
MISTRESS BYTCH!
KILLS AND FEEDS
WITHOUT GLORY!

...DIDN'T EVEN
WATCH MISTRESS
FEED! CAN GLORY-
WHORE MAKE SOME
MORE DEAD
BODIES...?

NOW COME HERE,
YOU HORNY LITTLE
FOOL.... LET'S GET
YOU OUT OF YOUR
CLOTHES...

I'LL FEED
YOU, MIRANDA...
BUT LET'S DO IT
IN STYLE!



LOS ANGELES, 2009. TINTO-PECAN GULCH, THE WAR-SCARRED TURF OF THE TINTO-TERROR GANG...

NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT MIND COMES HERE...

THE GANG MEMBERS ARE CERTAINLY NOT IN THEIR RIGHT MINDS—SURVIVING A STAB WOUND TO THE FOREHEAD WITH A THREE INCH BLADE IS A CONDITION OF MEMBERSHIP...

UMMM... SAME AS EVERY NIGHT, I GUESS—LET'S GO KILL SOME MOTHER...!

OH, YEAH—LIKE—WHAT SHALL WE DO TONIGHT?

...ULIUR, AAH, ULIUR... FORGOT WHAT I WAS SAYING...

SHATEAU DWEBB 2009

ONLY THIS TIME, LET'S MAKE IT A CHICK... ONE WITH NO CLOTHES ON...

SHIT! LOOKIT DAT... I'M ULIUR, LIKE MAGIC...

OOOF!

CAUTION OR SCEPTICISM IS WHOLLY BEYOND THESE HOMICIDAL PERVERTS... YEAH, WE LIKE 'EM TOO!

OUCH! AH! COME ON, UGLIES... MY JUICY QUIM IS YOURS... IF YOU CAN CATCH ME... OUCH!

NOW, MISTRESS?

NOW, DARLING!



TO BOLDLY GO

pcx
ventures
into
uncharted
space
with
j spaceman
from
spiritualized

"...sometimes have my breakfast right off of a mirror,
and sometimes i have it right out of the bottle..."

home of the brave, from the album
Ladies and Gentleman We are Floating in Space



BEACH BOYS The PET SOUNDS SESSIONS

4-CD Box set with elaborate notes (EMI/Capitol Records)



For some of us older guys, the Beach Boys mean only a few things: Good Vibrations, I Get Around and the early 60s in a neat little package and might seem disposable for all that (sort of like the Avalon/Funicello surfin' gang, if you thought you had a taste for Beach boys music, try the Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album or, for those of you who like to walk on the wild side, the original mono album. The Pet Sounds Sessions 4-CD set which includes the original mono album. Your casual interest will be whipped into a lather as you hear what this guy did about 30 years ago. So don't take my word for it. Would you accept George Martin's word? "Without Pet Sounds, Sgt. Pepper wouldn't have happened. Pepper was an attempt to equal Sgt. Pepper was one hell of an album, with music that plays every bit as nicely today as back then, that is unbeatable in many ways." Now, a lot of us know Sgt. Pepper was a recording session of Good Vibrations (special thanks to Barnstormin' Brad BBBoys expert) and Per Sounds had been directly spurring on by Rubber Soul. Turns out McCartney knew what he was up against too! There are also two information in how music was put together back then the amount of coverage for a song like God Only Knows is fascinating. All the big boxed set (street \$53 - \$58; it pays to put together back then the amount of coverage for a song like God Only Knows is fascinating. All the time I was growing up, 64 track recorders Moog Synthesizers and any number of studio tricks were being invented to bring us music like Dark Side of the Moon and Brain Salad Surgery. But in 1965-66 you had living, breathing monophonic sound! The vast majority of music was played on car radios and some early, simple equalization. Same with sleigh bells, drum sets, French horns and who knows what all. Sure they had pretty big mixer boards and display of the music weren't enough, the vocal tracks standing alone are simply amazing. Them boys could sing! Not too old Model 5C microphone and start wailing! Like a goddamn orchestra... need a harpsicord, Fender bass and a theremin? Wheel 'em up to big if the breakdown and display of the music weren't enough, the vocal tracks standing alone are simply amazing. Them boys could sing! Not too Sessions, there are alternate versions and pieces, parts and some takes that were false starts. Capitol Records storehouse and discovered many forgotten or The compilers of The Beach Boys, the history of music or just how it was made should seek The Pet Sounds Sessions. It is technically unknown tape boxes. The clarity of the 24-bit digital mix-down will shine on a big system and sounds merely great on a regular CD player. Anyone interested in The Beach Boys, the history of music or just how it was made should seek The Pet Sounds Sessions. It is technically interesting and know what? It's good listening too. "Can't lose" music.

MUSICview **OLD FARTS REVISITED** **THIS PAGE**
LED ZEPPELIN **BBC SESSIONS**
—ERB
Most people today never had the chance to see Led Zeppelin live. If they did, it is probably a distant memory. We only get to hear the clean studio recordings they made. Until that is, now. (BBC Worldwide Music/ATLANTIC)
In my head-banging youth, in London, it seemed that everyone was tuned into BBC RADIO 1 in the late evenings. The airways were given over to heavy rock. The DJ that everybody paid to attention to was John Peel. His show had always been a who's who of anyone that mattered a squat. Well, thank god someone at the BBC thought it might be a good idea to record these programs, even if they do tend to get lost for ten to twenty years. But when I was there... I was there. Anyone who values music history one bit should take me back nearly twenty years. I think that only Jimmy Hendrix had any of their music entertained Europeans through the entire 70s and into the 80s in the form of such bands as SWEET, GARY GLITTER and SLADE.
I think that most of us at one point or other are in a band or a group of friends who at least talk about being in a band. In the 70s, almost every little band that got a gig anywhere, they would have something rock music, every band would play after My Way. The tracks they produced gave every member of the band a chance to shine in a solo (even when more than once someone would piss off the rest of the band by over playing their solo by an extra minute or ten).
Does the music have anything to say today? You bet your mother fuckin' sweet ass it does. Led Zeppelin has proved it is more than a piece of a 70s time capsule. They will be around far into the next millennium with a voice as strong as it was in the 70s.

-DAVE

Being that creativity is dead, and that stale politics and big business are responsible, we have given up and reviewed some important old fogie music that might actually be worth your time (to the left). On this page however, we manage to broach into some of that MO WAX sound and bring you the info you need to get into that shit. Also, two concerts I've seen recently that should be definitely checked, *Portishead* and *Spiritualized*. *Portishead* blew me away with the deep beats and a haunting voice and *Spiritualized* gave me a major head trip.

SUN NO
MOON

mervi.

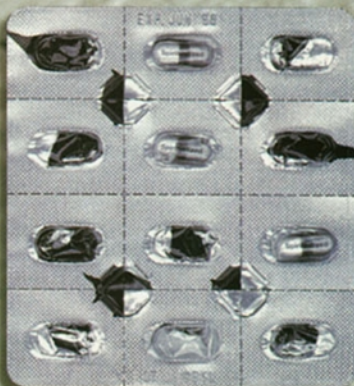


**JAMES LAVELLE-
LIVE at CREAM
DJ SHADOW-
LIVE Q-BERT MIX
LUKE VIBERT-
BIG SOUP**

You wanna know what happened to the beats? Well, PCX seems to have found them. Mo Wax's James Lavelle (*U.N.K.L.E.*) is the man. On the *Live at Cream* disk, Lavelle throws down a set that includes *Dr. Octagon*, *Paris*, *DJ Shadow*, *DJ Krush*, *Winx*, and more. The reason this album is so genius is that Lavelle takes the laid back grooves of MoWax, and translates them for a Cream dance crowd. The only problem is to get this disk you have to buy a three cd set of which Lavelle's is the most noteworthy. Lavelle has also put out *DJ Shadow* being remixed by *Q-Bert* on Lavelle records. If you found *Shadow's Entroducing* enticing to your eardrums, wait till you hear this. *Q-Bert* remixes, and scratches the hell out of some of the best tracks off *Entroducing*. The down side... It's only 26 minutes long, but damn is it phat. Finally, *Luke Vibert's Big Soup*, on MoWax is super-cool. Deep samples from 50's sci-fi and obscure lounge music, brought together into a mix that isn't quite Hip-hop, Trip Hop, or Teckno, but totally worth your time. ...and the beat goes on. **-MERV**



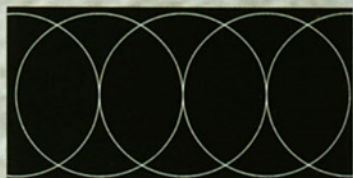
NEW SOUNDZ
(The Future)



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A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION**

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Ladies and gentlemen we are floating in space



1 tablet 70 min

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"Electricity,"
"Come Together"
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Concept
demonatrix
by effects & photoshop
model & picture
white
styling
by merv

DEMONATRIX

The original work for DEMONATRIX is on display at the Andrea Rosen Gallery, 130 Prince Street, NY, NY 10012. (212)941-0203
The work on view is minus the photoshop effects created by Merv.



There is no such thing as an innocent mind. At least not over the age of two. In every head there is a place to go where every hidden desire can be fulfilled. But watch out. There are things in there waiting to prey on us. Watching. Waiting. Creating a link from mental fantasy to a dark realm from which we cannot return.

Such a world is the one inhabited by the Demonatrix. Here she awaits at the dark doorway for her guests. They must step over the threshold of their own accord, but once that step is made... their soul is hers.

For Purity, the wife of an evangelist, her faith is about to be tested.

She has entered the dream realm where she expects to meet her female lover. Only this time, instead of the silken sheets and baths waited on by her lovers' silent yet strong slaves, she is met by the Demonatrix.

She quickly realizes she was to be her lover.

24

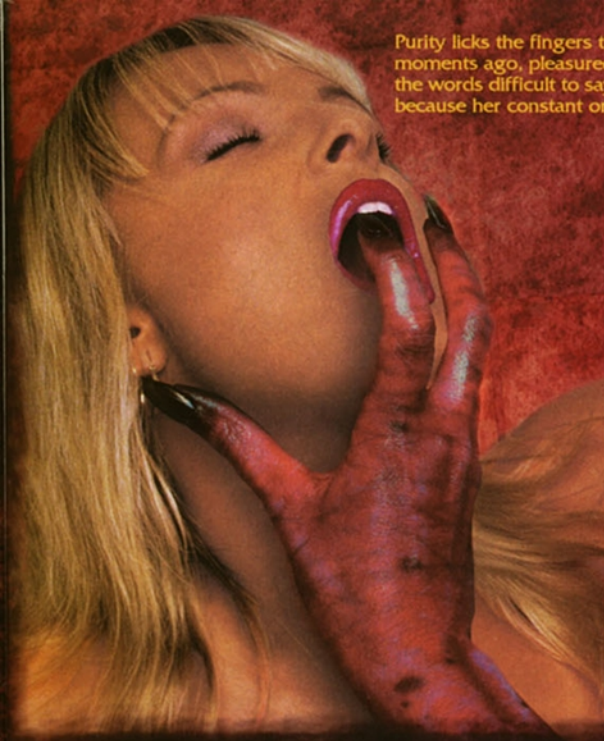
The Demonatrix shows her again, her heart's desire. The sexual fulfillment she has never had and can only dream of. Only now it feels real. Before their first kiss, her legs are wet with her own cum.

When the Demonatrix pushes its finger into Purity's tight, fresh, virgin anus, she involuntarily urinates down her own legs onto the floor. Yet she is not embarrassed. In fact she feels released from something she has had no control over. Now Purity can chose her own destiny.

*"Will you cross the line,
Purity?" Demonatrix asks her.
"Will you surrender your soul
to me?"*



Purity licks the fingers that are covered with her own urine and that moments ago, pleased her own rectum. "Yes! Oh, yes." She found the words difficult to say. Not because she had any reservations, but because her constant orgasms took her breath away.



"Then you are MINE!!" The words cut like a whip from her forked tongue. Demonatrix's movement over Purity's body suddenly changed from sensual lover to sexual lout.



Demonatrix hurls Purity across the chamber, her body landing on a bed of steel.



'Assume the position, bitch!' Purity recognizes the words and the voice. They are her husband's.



That two-faced evangelist who took the money from the poor and put it in his own church. The same man who had sold his soul to the Devil to get that chance. His soul took no effort.

But Purity's was always the one he was after and Demonatrix was about to deliver it. After a little fun, of course.





Demonatrix pushes open her legs. First her two-foot long tongue penetrates her vagina, then her ass.

Purity's horror gives way to orgasm after orgasm.

Shivers rip up her spine as this writhing tongue then works feverishly over her breasts and nipples.


*Maybe this isn't
going to be so bad
after all, she thinks
to herself.*



*"Fool! You have no idea how
bad this is going to be for you!"
Somehow the Demonatrix had read
her every thought.*




Before the words had really had a chance to push its way into her head, that just moments ago had been thrown into a daze by the most powerful orgasms she had ever known, the floor beneath her opened up and she found herself plummeting down into darkness.



A hand catches her. A giant hand.

*"Naughty
Demonatrix," the
creature said.*



*"Purity no longer virgin. No matter. I know plenty
games we can still play. Only you will no like any of
them".*

Purity is on the first level of hell. Only eight more to go.

WITCH BITCH

EPISODE FIVE:

LABOR DAY

PRINCESS LISA SHAKTARA-SATANIA HELLWHORE JUICE-LICKER JONES... (BYTCH, TO HER FRIENDS) SUPREME RULER OF THE HARLOT HORDE, DOMINATRIX OF DEMONS AND WITCH BITCH OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE... LOOKS DOWN ON THE CITY...

BAIL 24 HRS

...IT'S HER KINDA TOWN—A BIT TAME... BUT SHE'LL SORT THAT OUT...

IT IS A HARD, UNFORGIVING PLACE—WHERE IT PAYS NOT TO LOOK WHEN THE HEAVY SHIT IS GOING DOWN...

...HEAD TURNED AWAY—YOU CAN STILL HEAR THE PITIFUL CRIES FOR HELP... BUT IF YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THE VOICE... WALK ON... MAYBE WALK ON ANYWAY...

...IN THE LOS ANGELES OF 2009, CALLING THE POLICE EQUALS A STAY IN THE HOSPITAL... IF YOU LIVE... IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT...

PROTECT AND SERVE





IN THIS KIND OF PLACE ONLY
ONE BREED OF MAN WILL BE
FOUND IN THE DARK ALLEYS...



THAT'S RIGHT... ELECTRICIANS!

...ANYWAY, LIKE I SAID...
I ONLY HAD THE PRICE OF
A SIX-PACK... ABOUT THREE
HUNDRED... I COULDN'T
AFFORD HER!

...HA! KNOW
DA PROBLEM WID
YOU, JOEY?

...YOU'RE
LOW-RENT! HA!
YEAH, AND YOU'RE
ALSO...



THESE ARE SOME OF THE CITY'S FEW DECENT
MEN... A TYPE ALMOST EXTINCT... HARD
WORKING, HARD LIVING, HONEST MEN.

HEY! SHUT YER
SHIT... WE'RE IN
THE PRESENCE
OF A LADY!

...WHAT CAN
WE DO FOR YOU,
LADY...?



HE'S A PROVIDER, A FAMILY MAN... PAYS
HIS BILLS, KEEPS HIS NOSE CLEAN...

YOU CAN
DO A LOT
FOR ME...



THE KIND SHE HATES...
THEY RUIN IT FOR EVERYONE...

YOU
CAN DIE!



IN MOMENTS SHE'S PUT WIVES AND CHILDREN INTO
THE CITY BROTHEL-WHOREHOUSE AND KEPT VITAL
ELECTRICITY FROM THE WELFARE MATERNITY
HOSPITAL ADJACENT TO THE ALLEY!

ALTHOUGH BYTCH ENJOYS HER WORK A GREAT DEAL, IT'S NOT ALL JUST FOR FUN... IF SHE IS GOING TO STAY YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL FOR THE MILLENIA TO COME...



...SHE MUST FEED!

SHE NEEDS THE 'TURUK' * THAT MORTALS EXPEND WHEN THEY ORGASM...



* DEMON-ENGLISH TRANSL. #1
'TURUK' = SEX-LIFE-BOUL-STUFF

AT THE POINT OF NO RETURN, BYTCH LEAVES HER BODY AND ENTERS HER VICTIM... HARVESTING THE TURUK.



THEN RETURNS TO HER OWN GORGEOUS FORM... ENRICHED! THE VICTIMS, OF COURSE, DIE IN PAIN—NO ORGASMS FOR THEM!

REFUSE COLLECTORS... TOUGH BUT DECENT GUYS WHO TAKE PRIDE IN THEIR WORK... THEY CITY MAY HAVE A ROTTEN SOUL AND A PUTRID HEART—BUT, BY GOD ITS STREETS ARE CLEAN!



...DAVE, JAKE, PEDRO, AND HASSAN MAKE SURE OF THAT.

GOOD EVENING, MA'AM... ARE YOU LOST...? CAN I HELP?

NO, I'M NOT LOST... AND YES - YOU CAN HELP!

THAT'S THE ELECTRICIANS AND GARBAGE MEN DEALT WITH... THESE PEOPLE CREAT AN AMBIANCE OF HOPE AND SANITY IN THE OTHERWISE PERFECTLY CORRUPT CITY...

IT'S SCUM LIKE THESE THAT RUIN IT FOR THE REST OF US! BYTCH CONSIDERS IT HER FUNCTION TO OBLITERATE THEM... SHE TAKES HER WORK VERY SERIOUSLY!



CONTINUES ON PAGE 60



hmmmm

images of carmen pope by stan mallinowski



A high-angle, close-up photograph of a woman lying on her back on a sandy beach. She is wearing a white towel that is partially draped over her body. Her legs are bent and raised, and her arms are resting on the sand. The scene is bathed in warm, golden light, suggesting late afternoon or early morning. The background shows some dry, tangled grass or seaweed on the sand.

-beasties

i dream i'm on an island
with a foxy lady too,
when i awaken
i must be mistaken
i'm off the avenue.

~~pullout~~

POSTERS



horny little devil

artwork • milo manara, colors • bad\$\$\$



witchcraft orgy

pencils • jason johnson, inks • edwin resell, colors • bad\$\$\$



tasty little treats

carmen pope images by stan malinowski, styled by merv



contraception in the garden of good and evil

artwork by alex horley







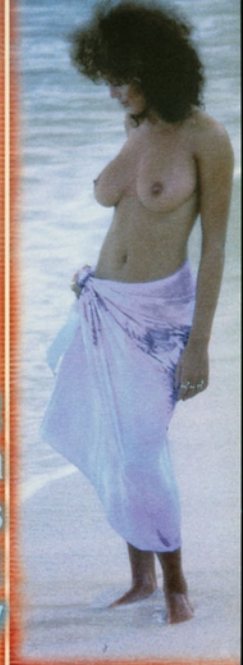
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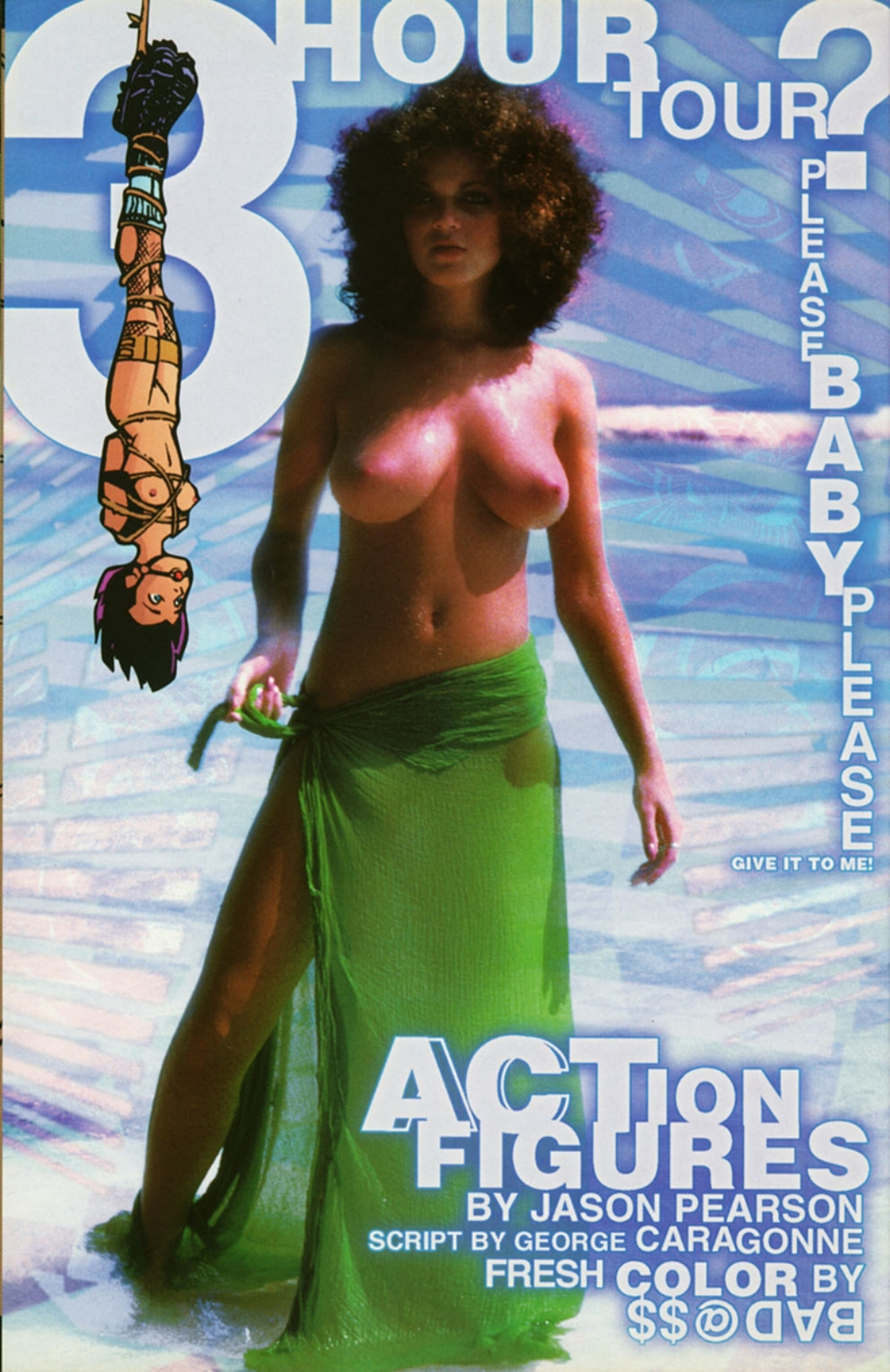
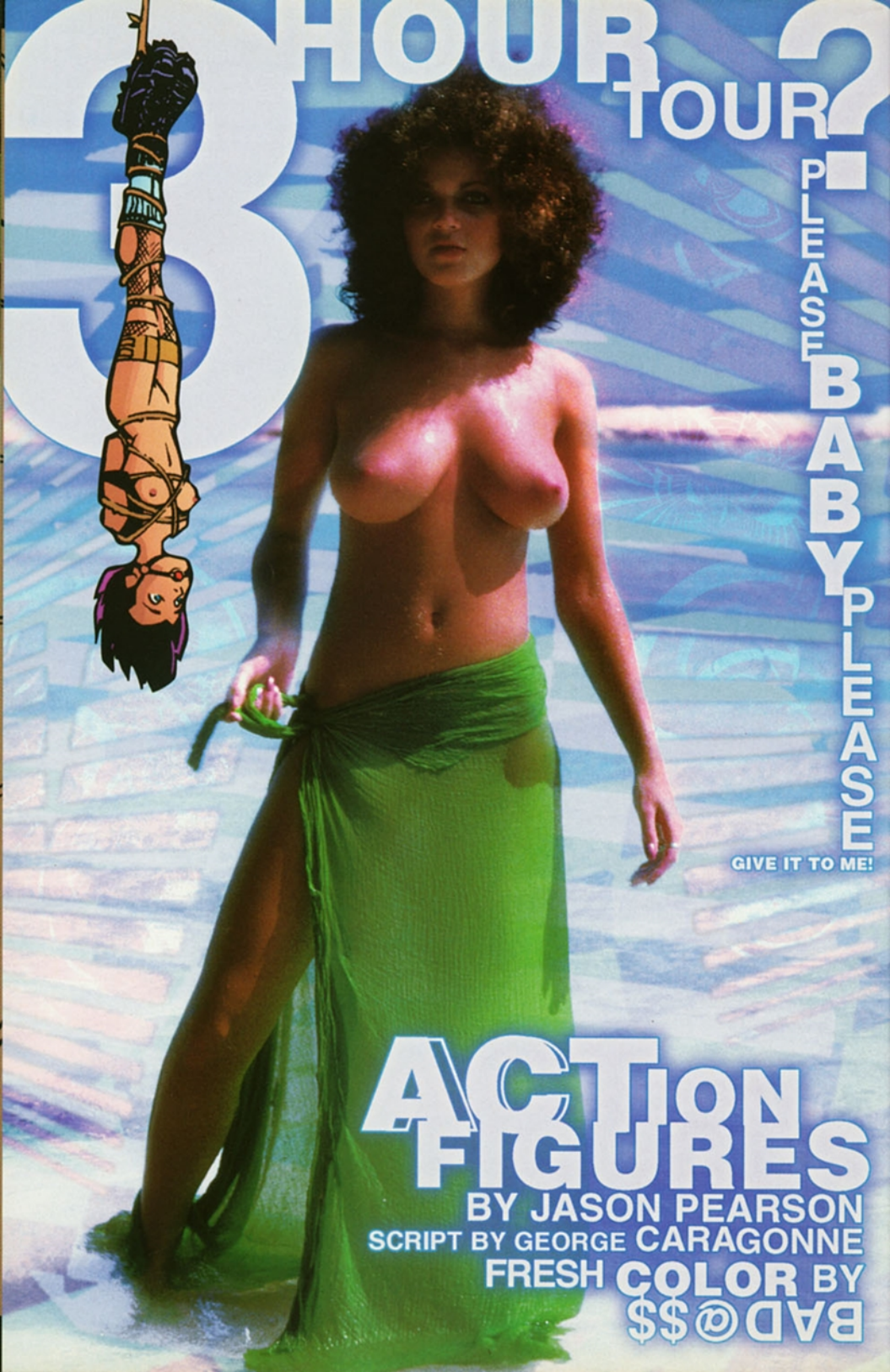
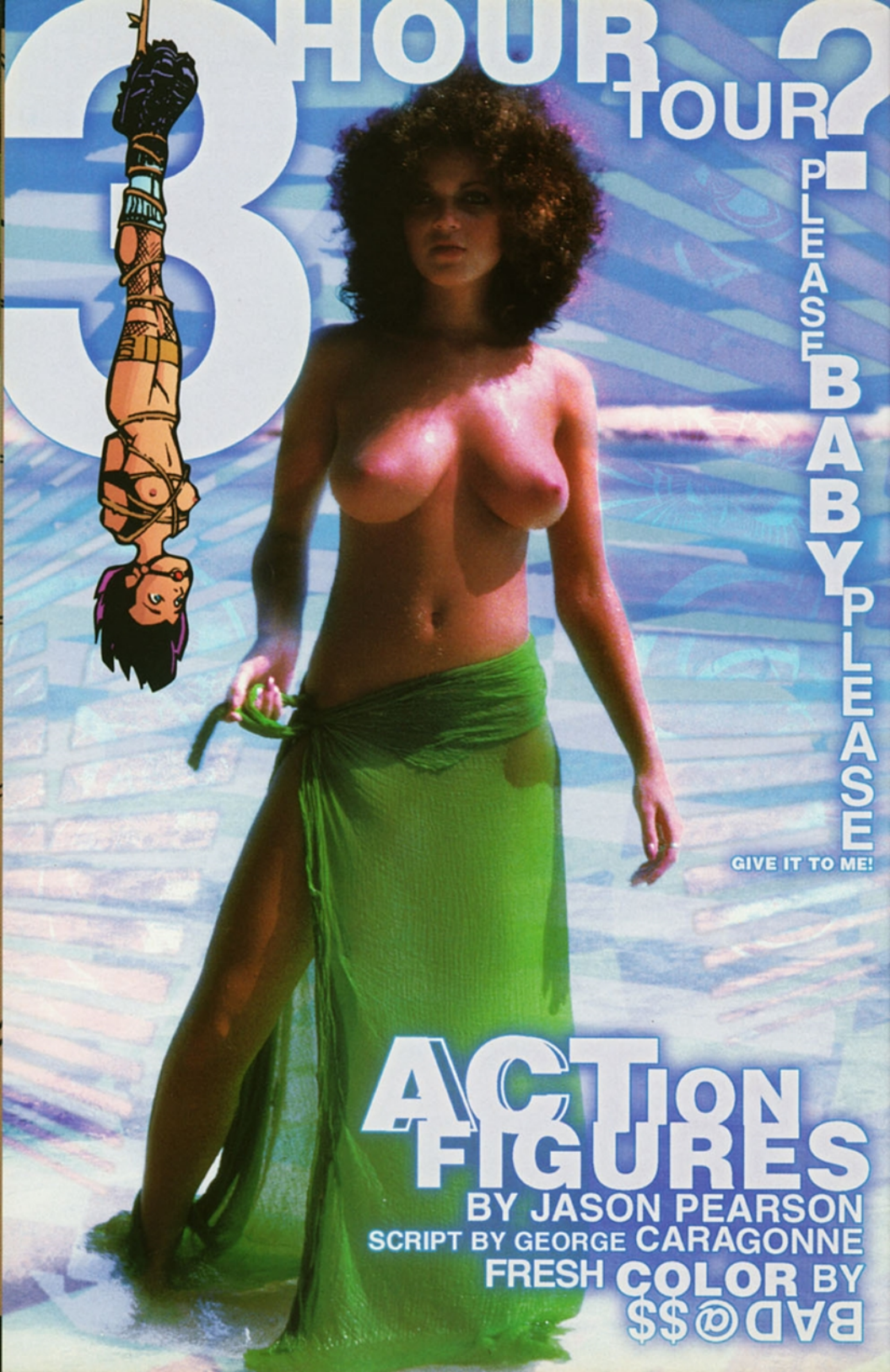
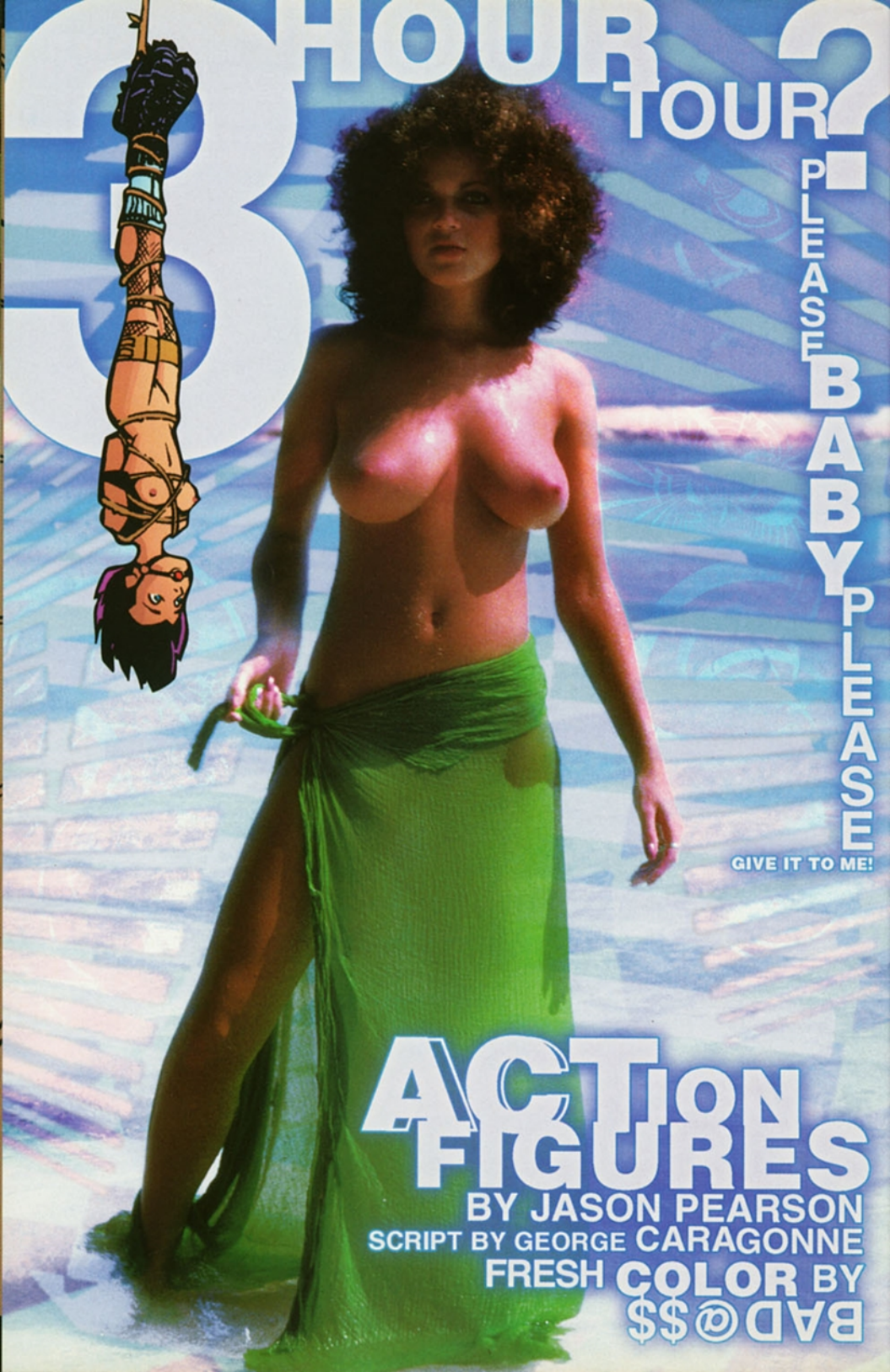
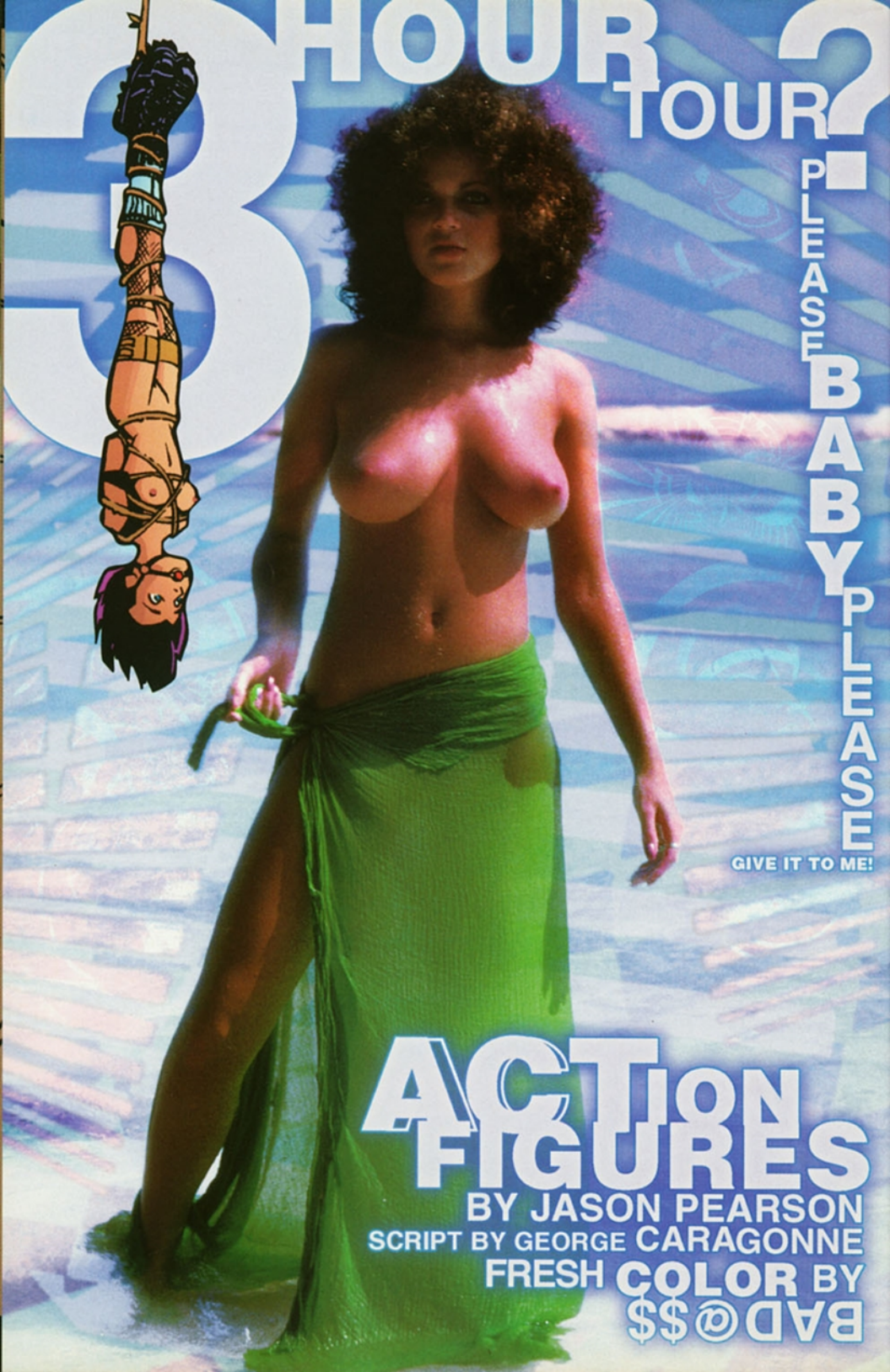
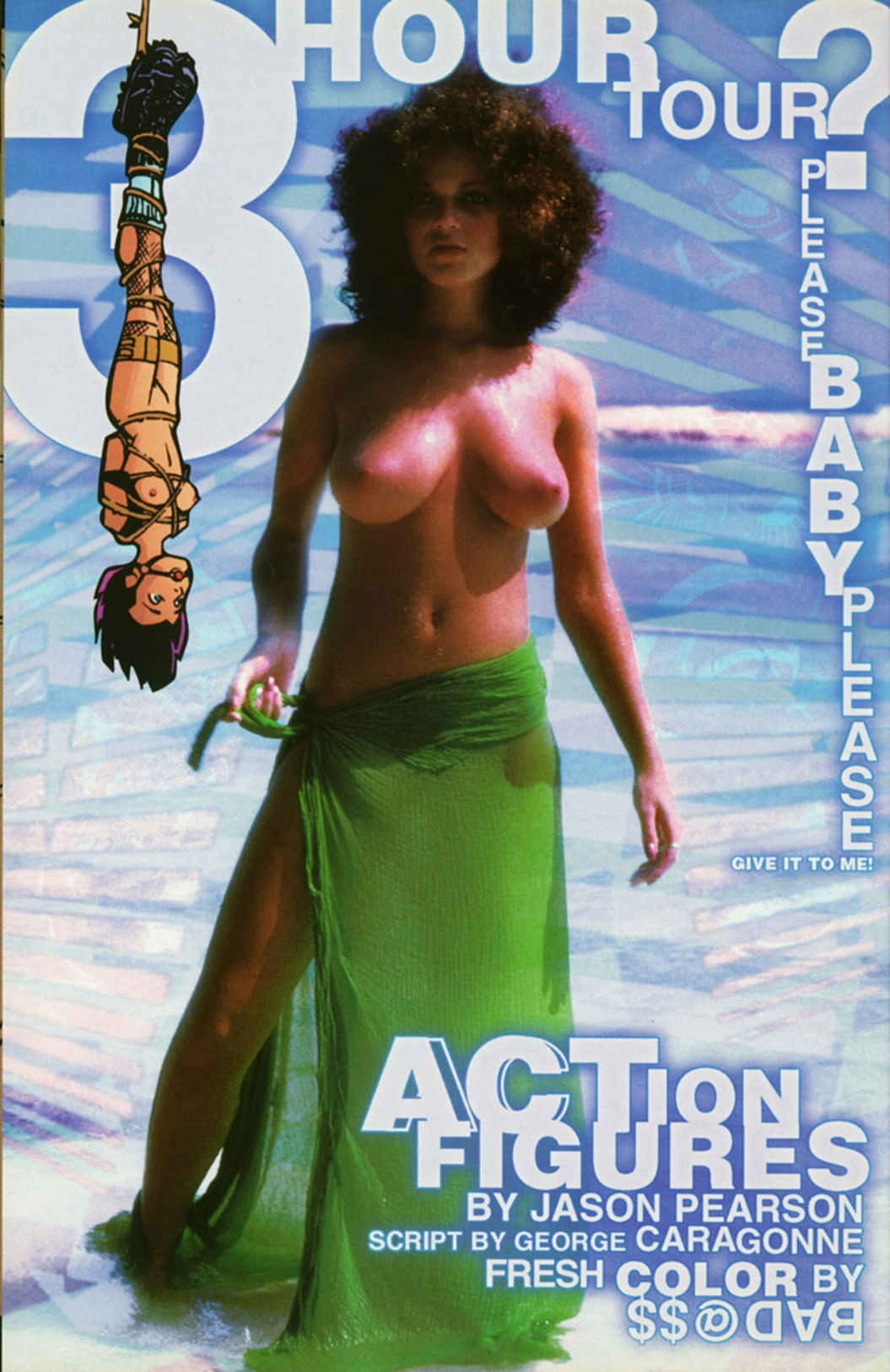
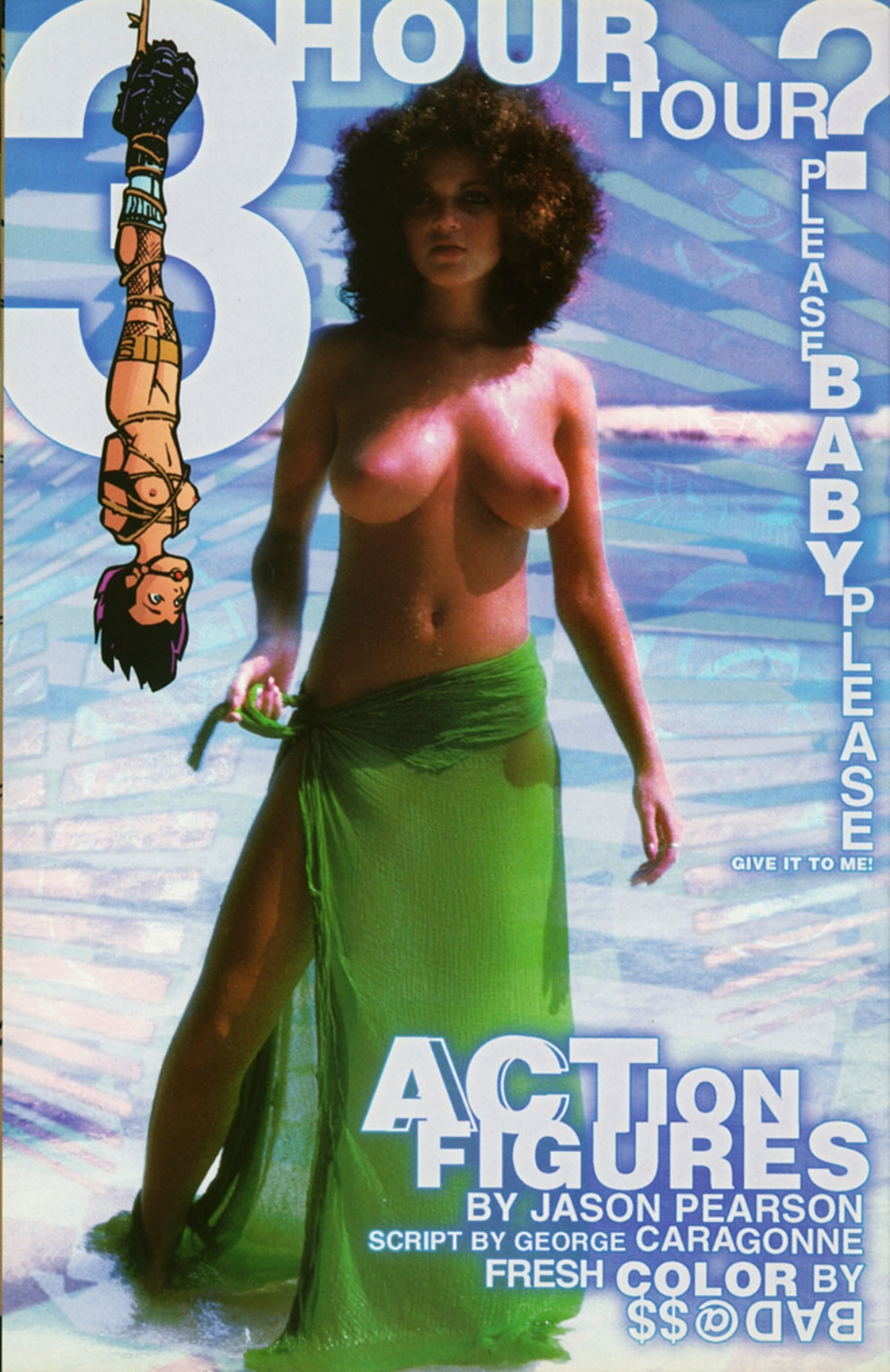
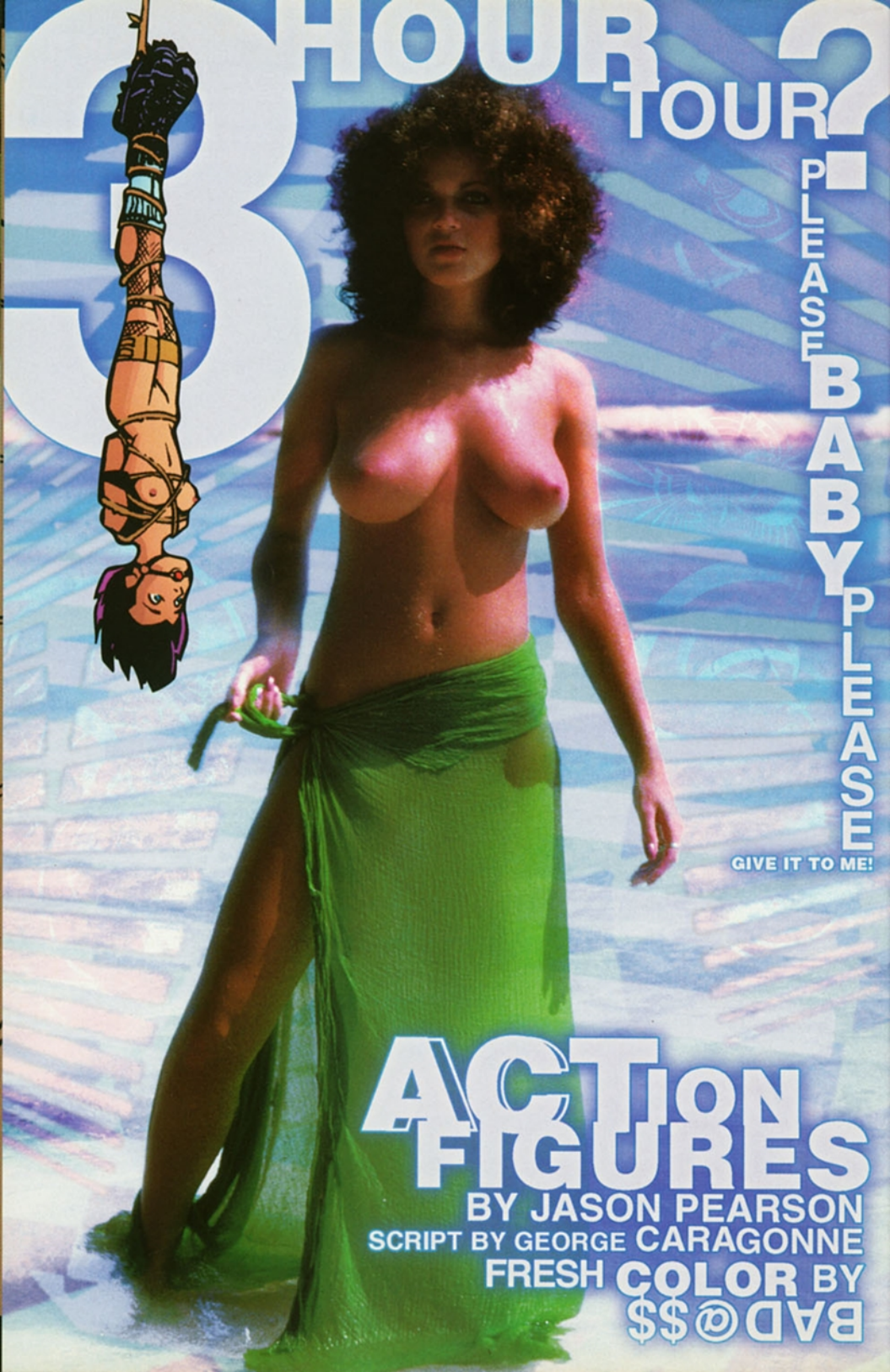
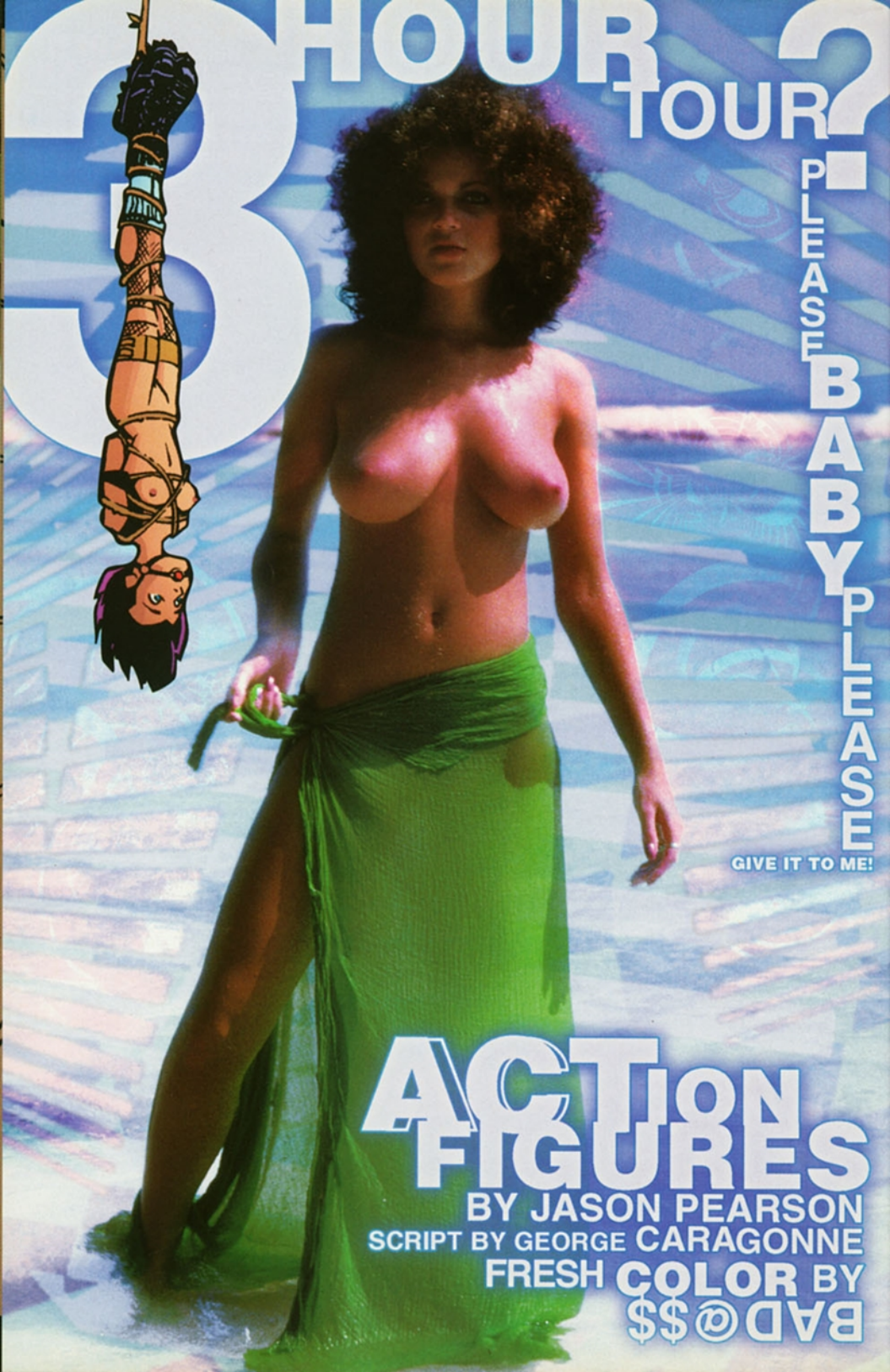
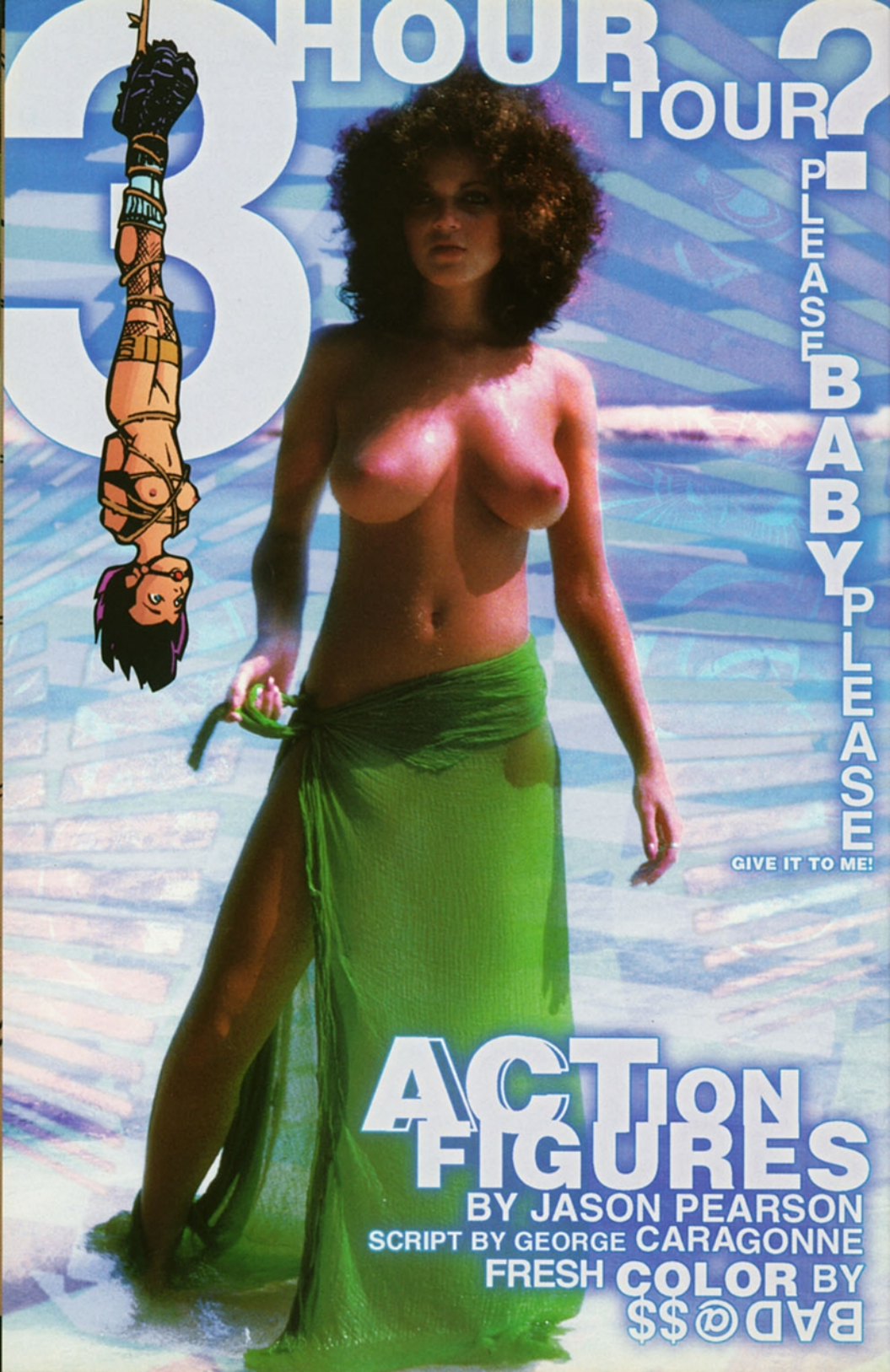
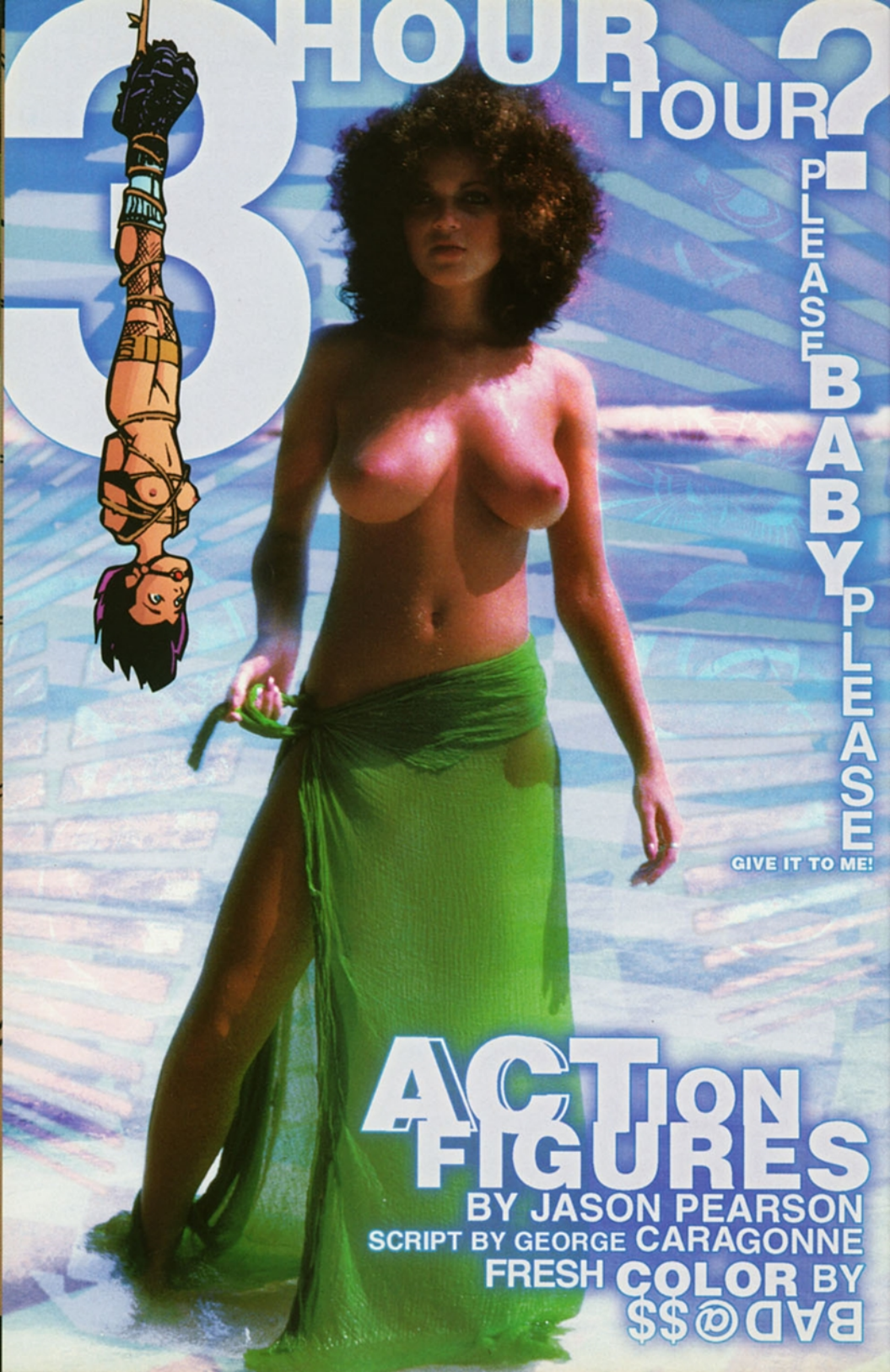
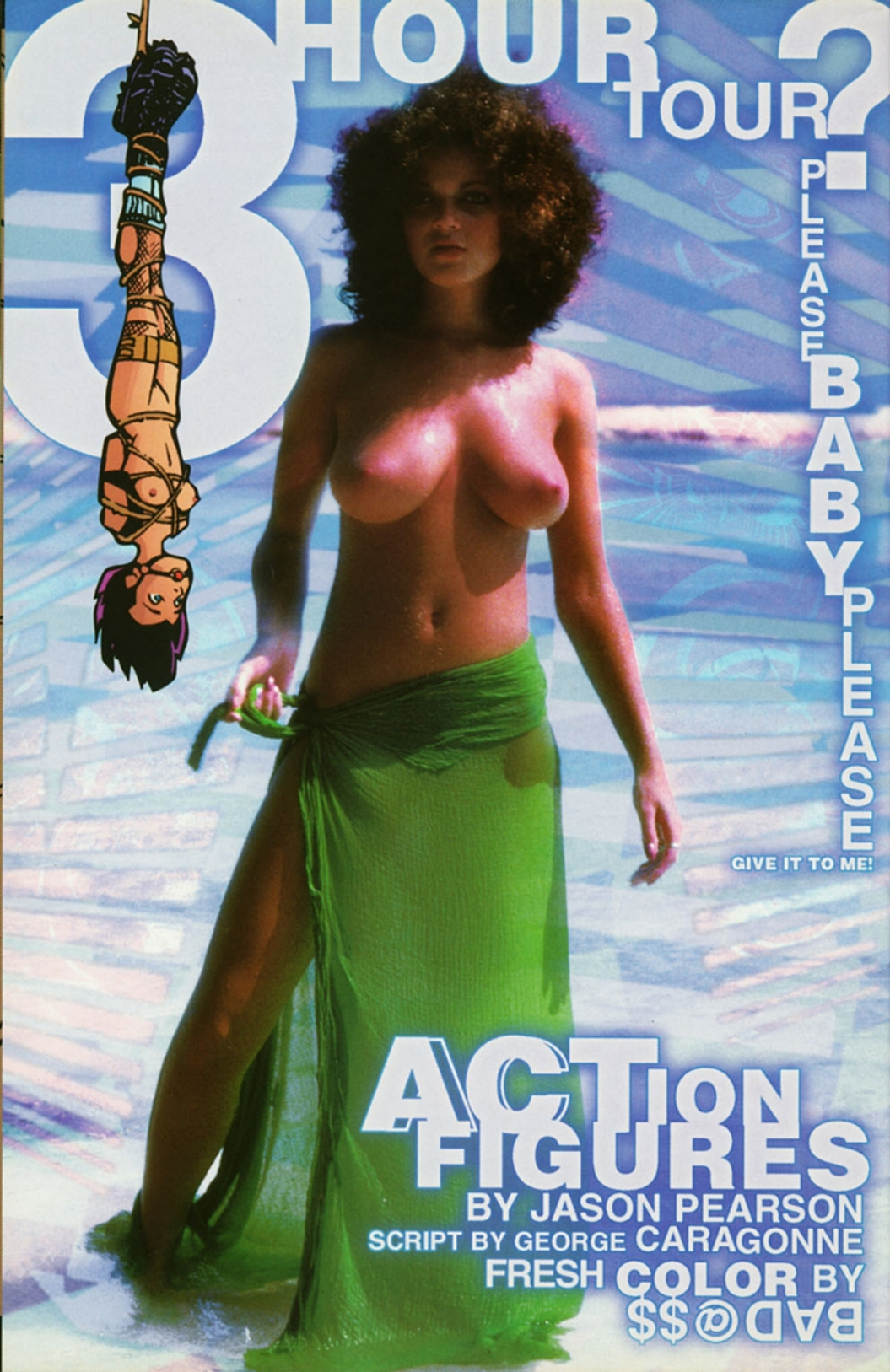
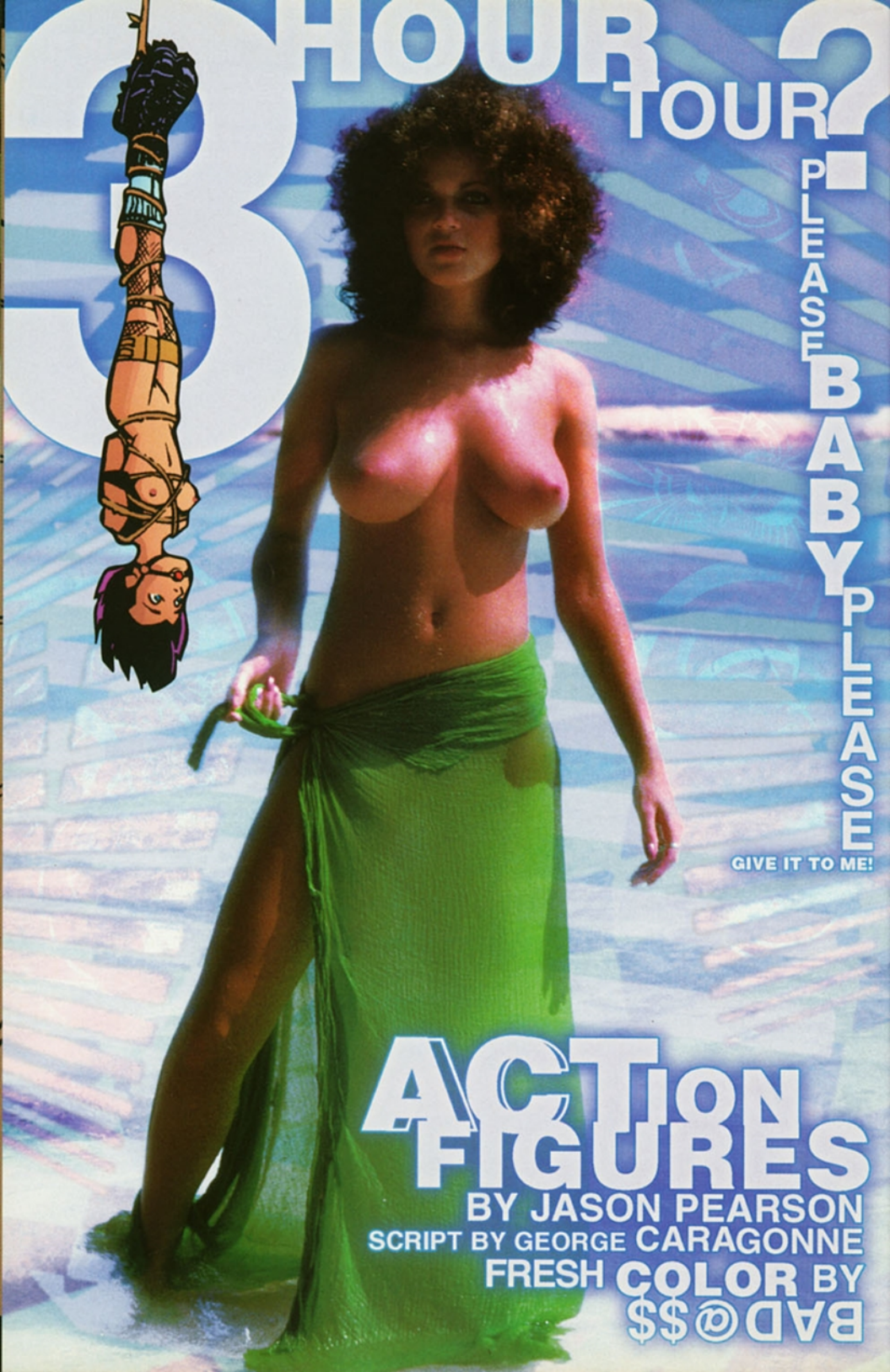
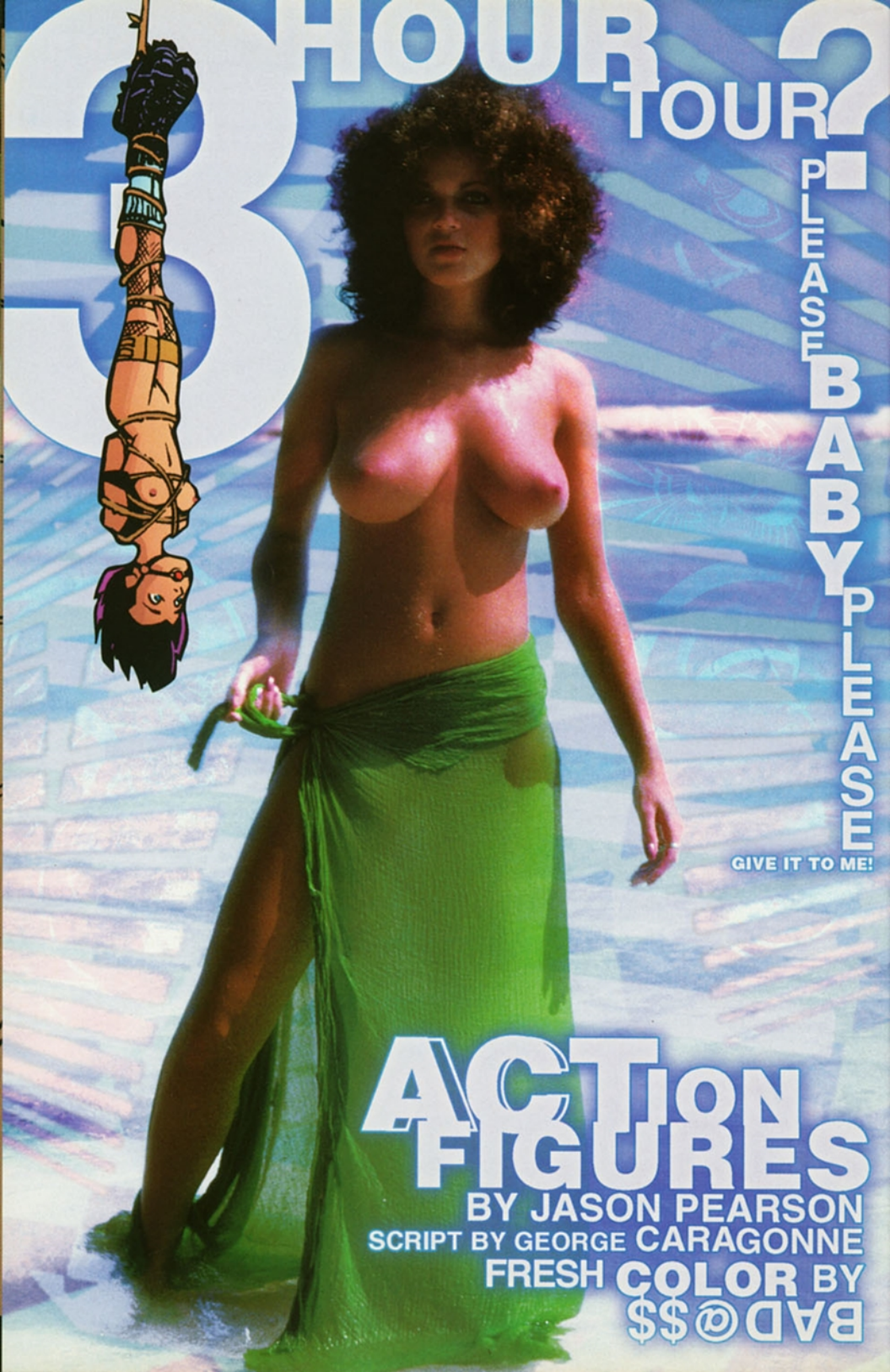
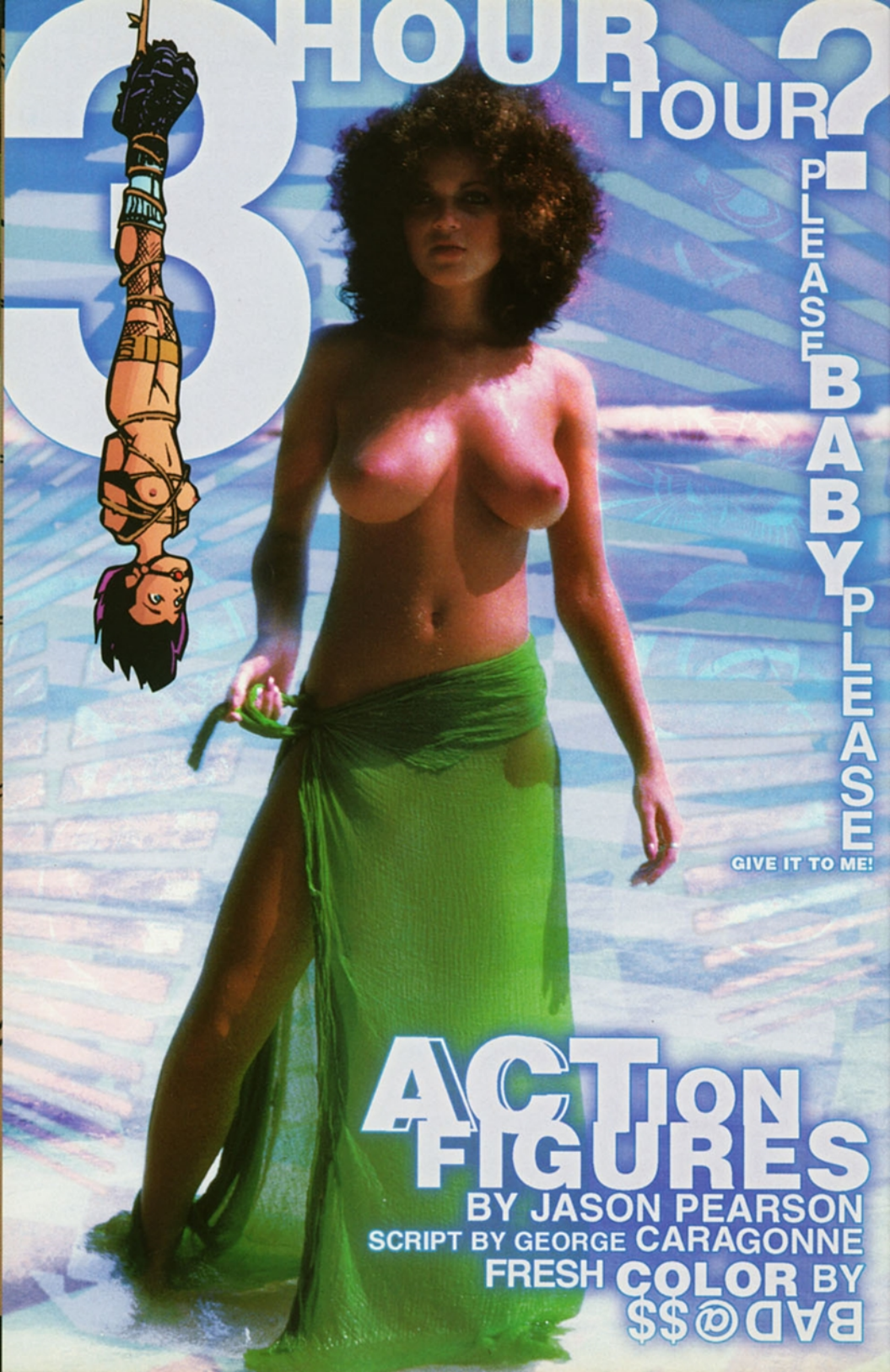
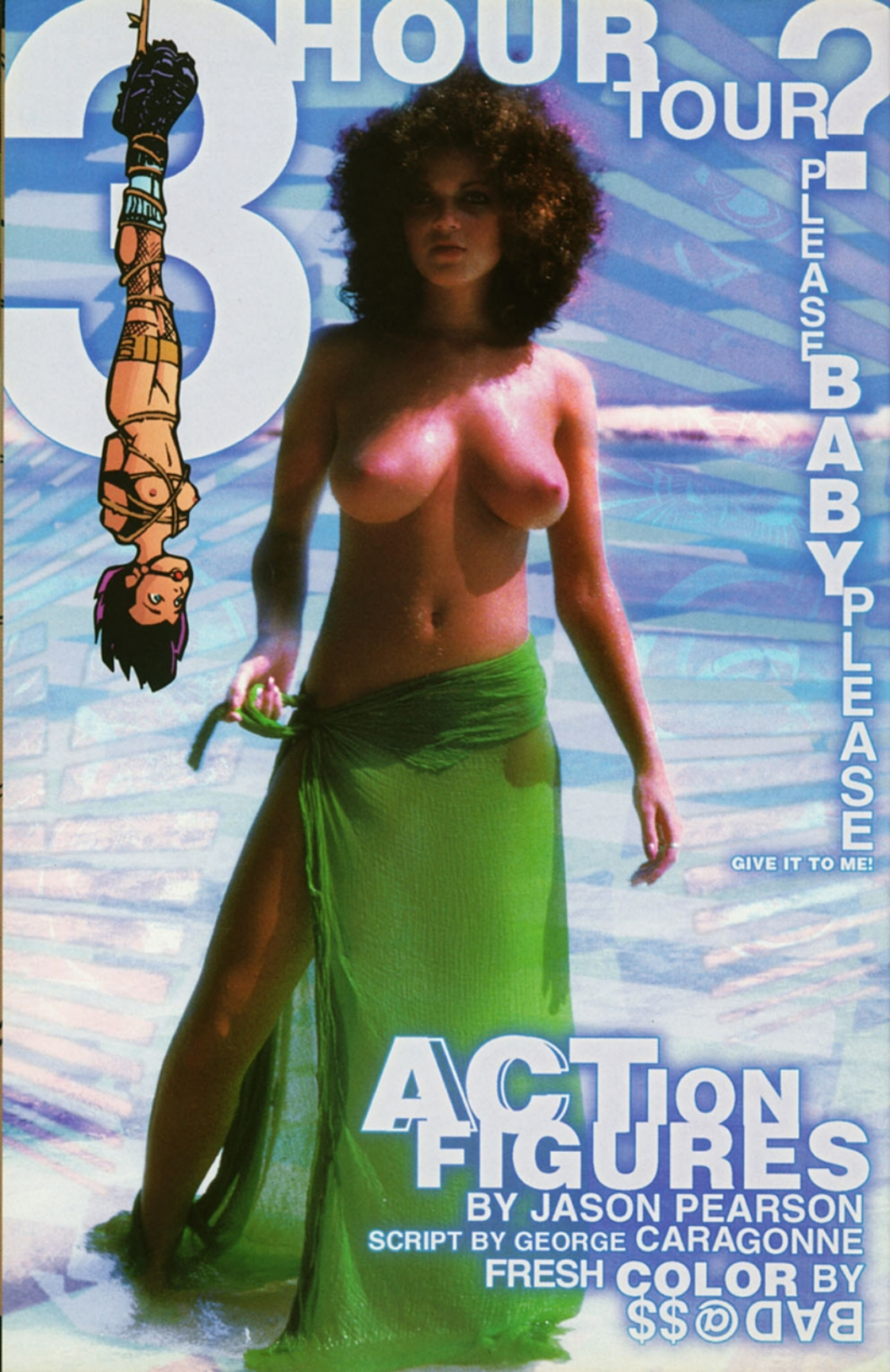
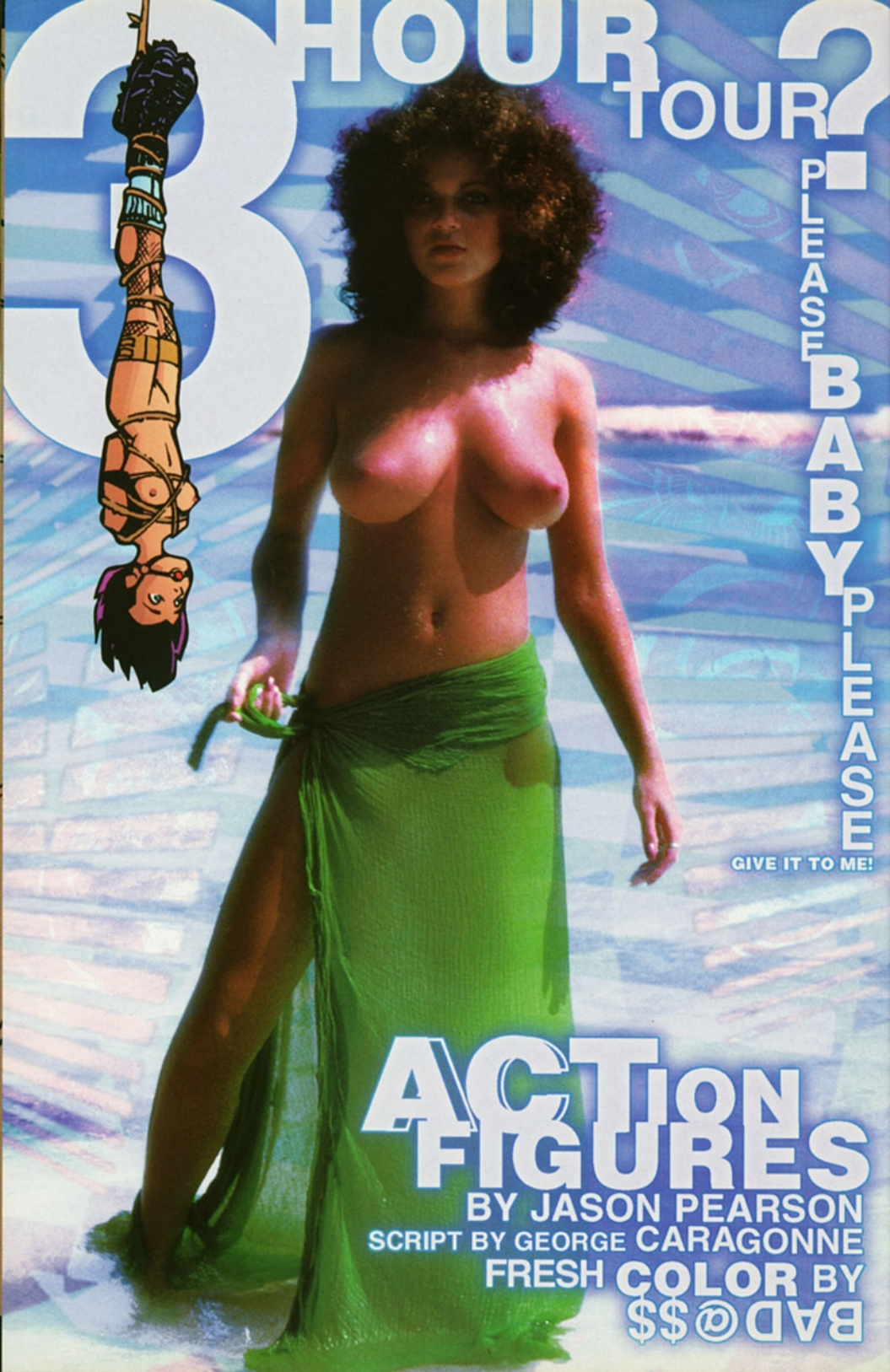
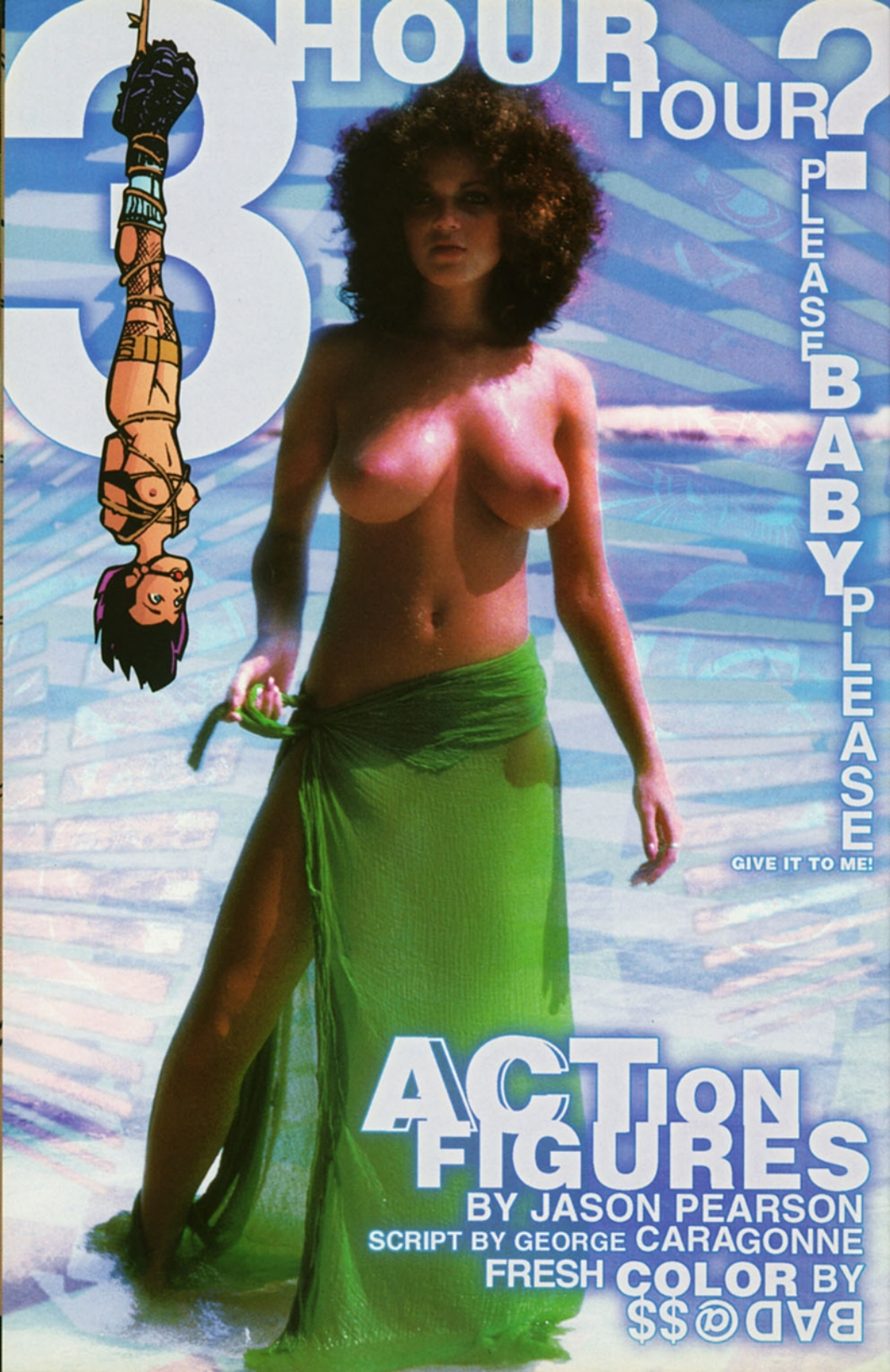
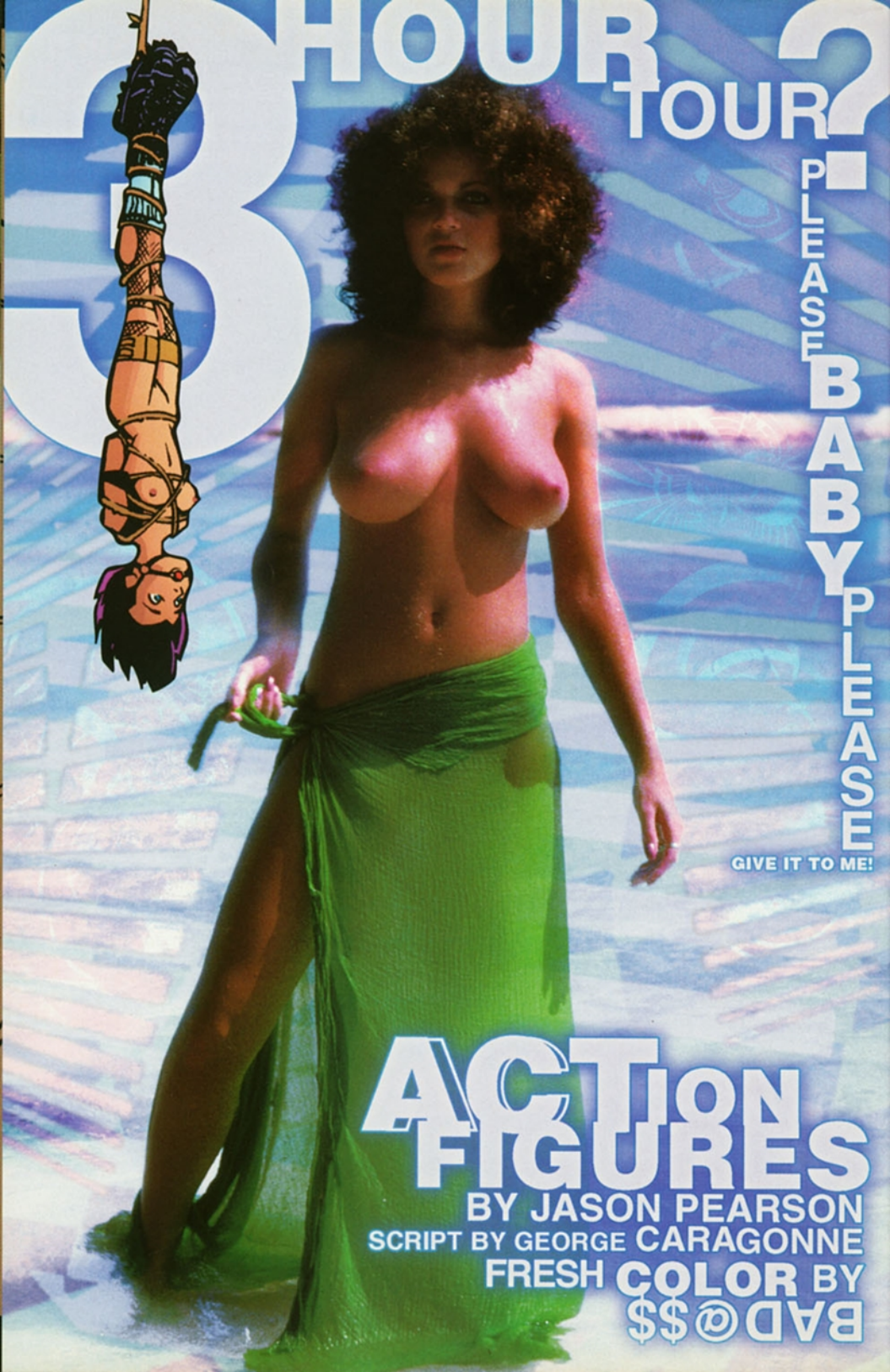
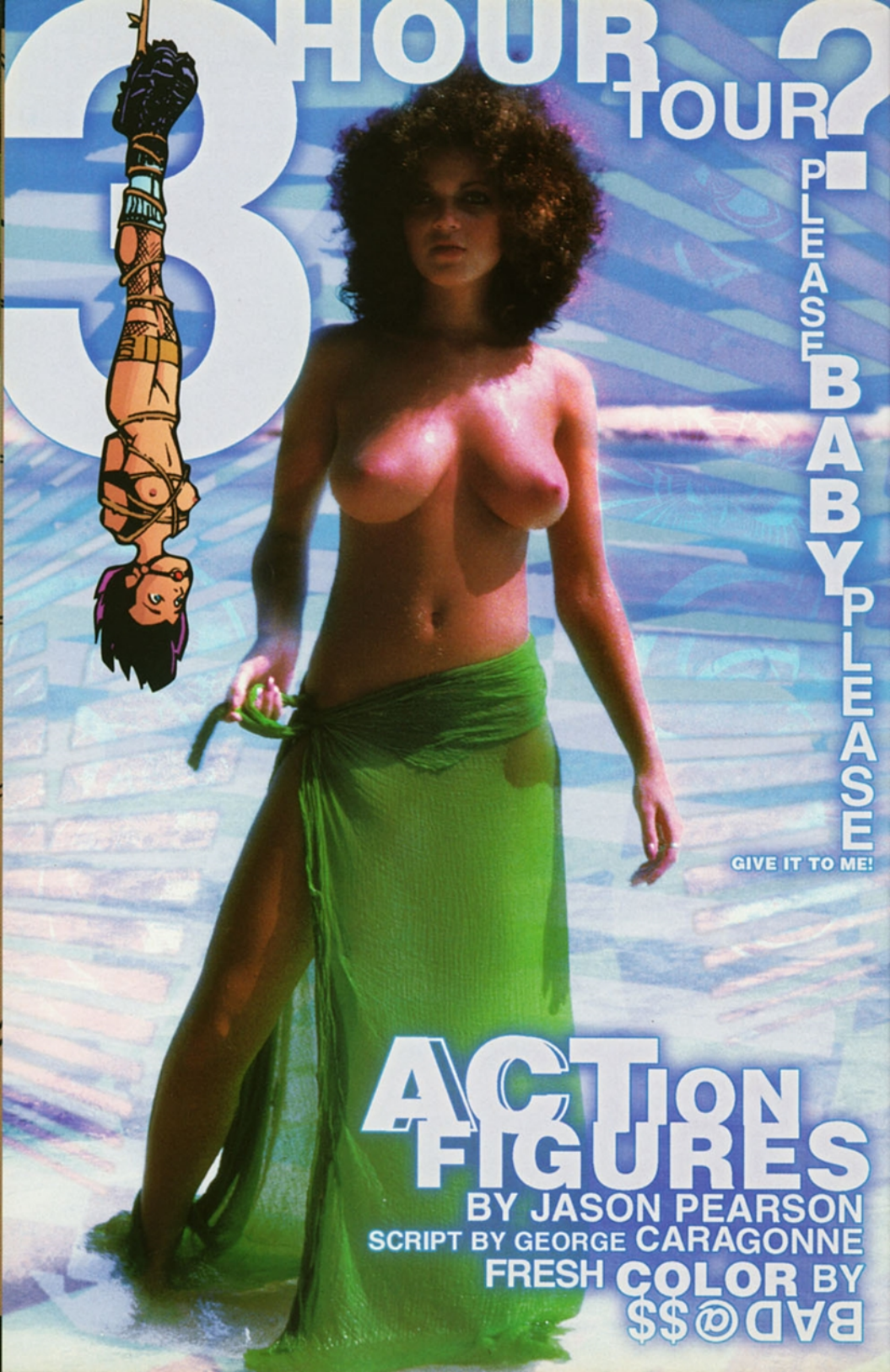
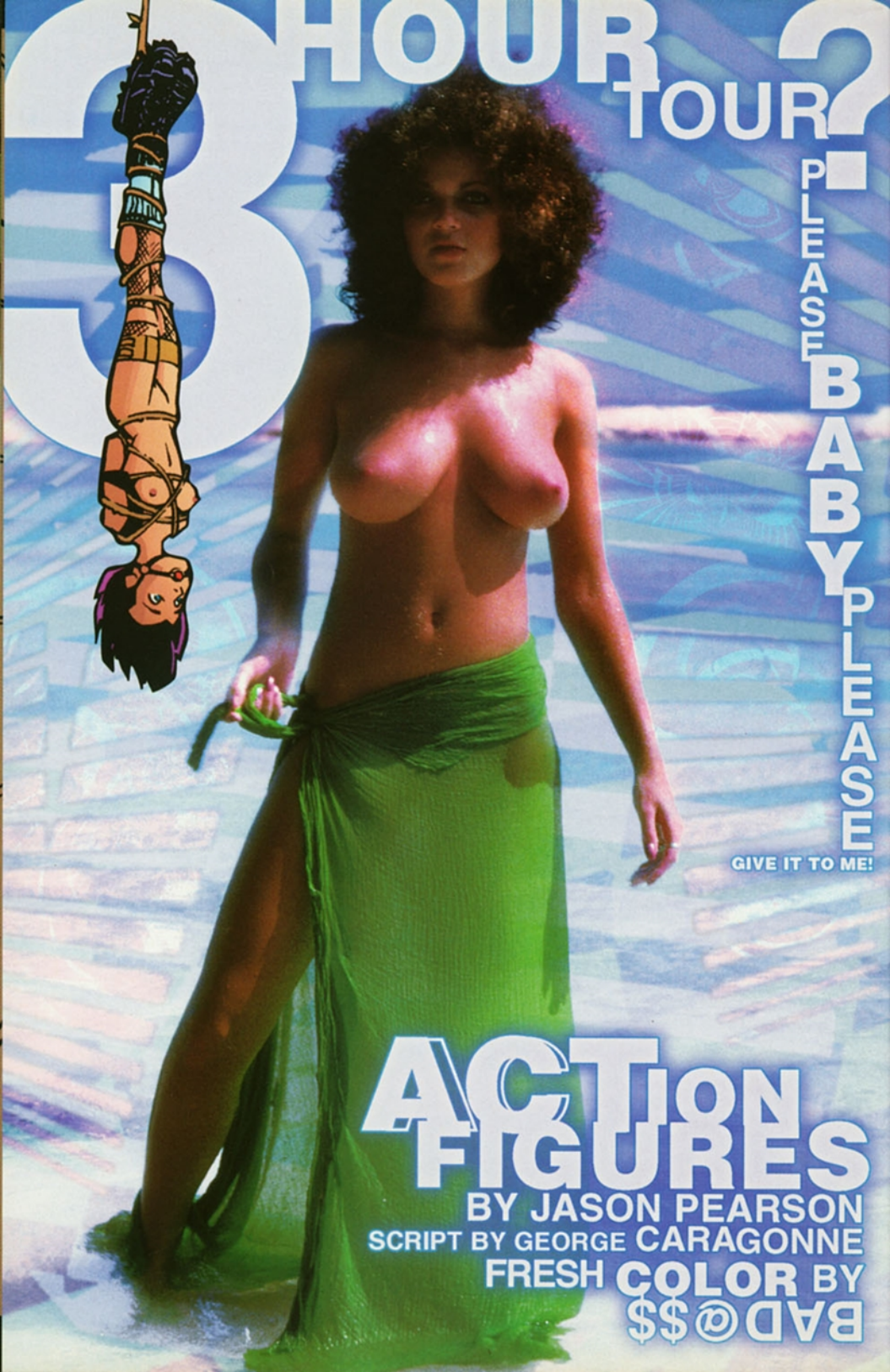
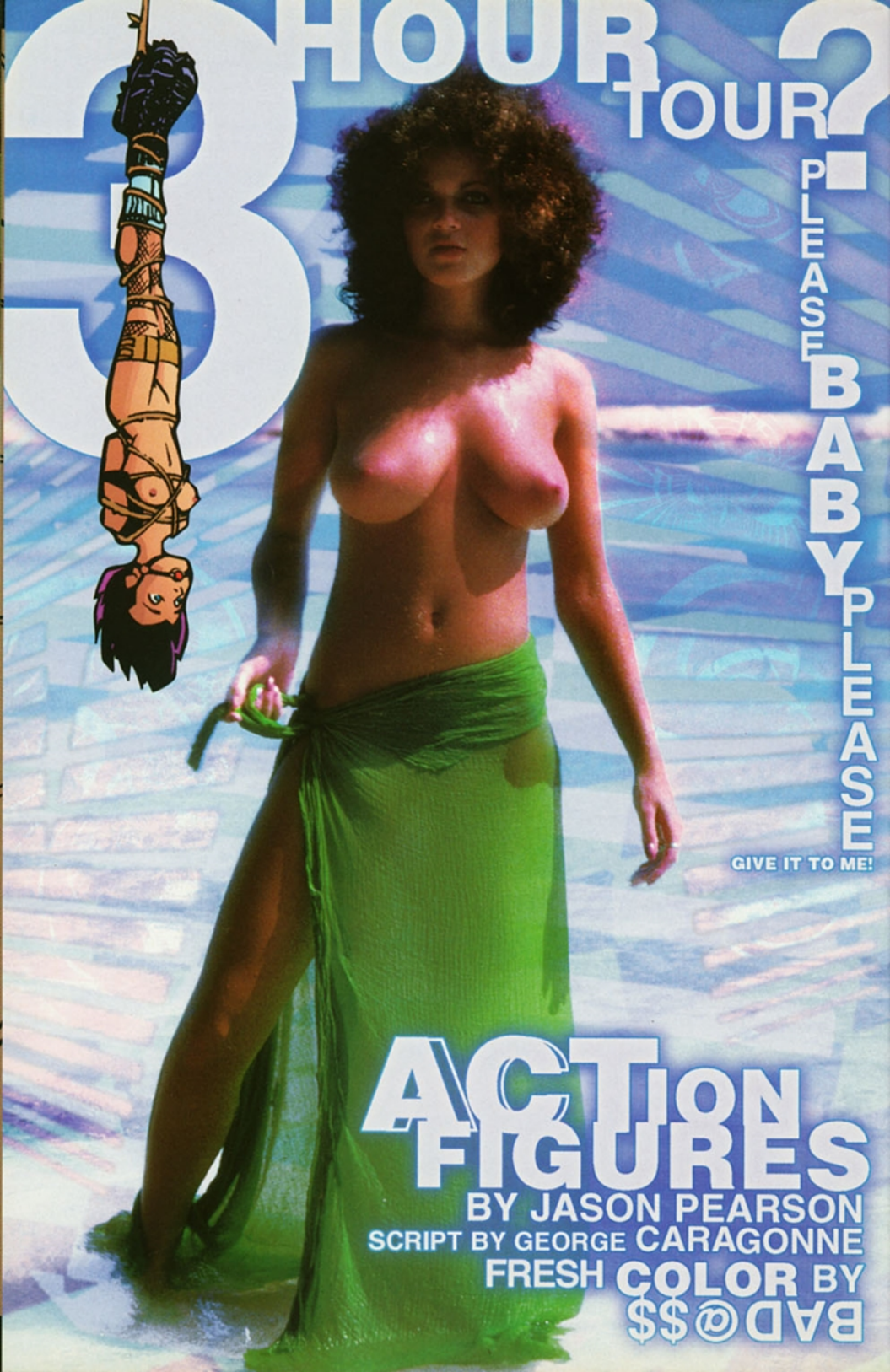
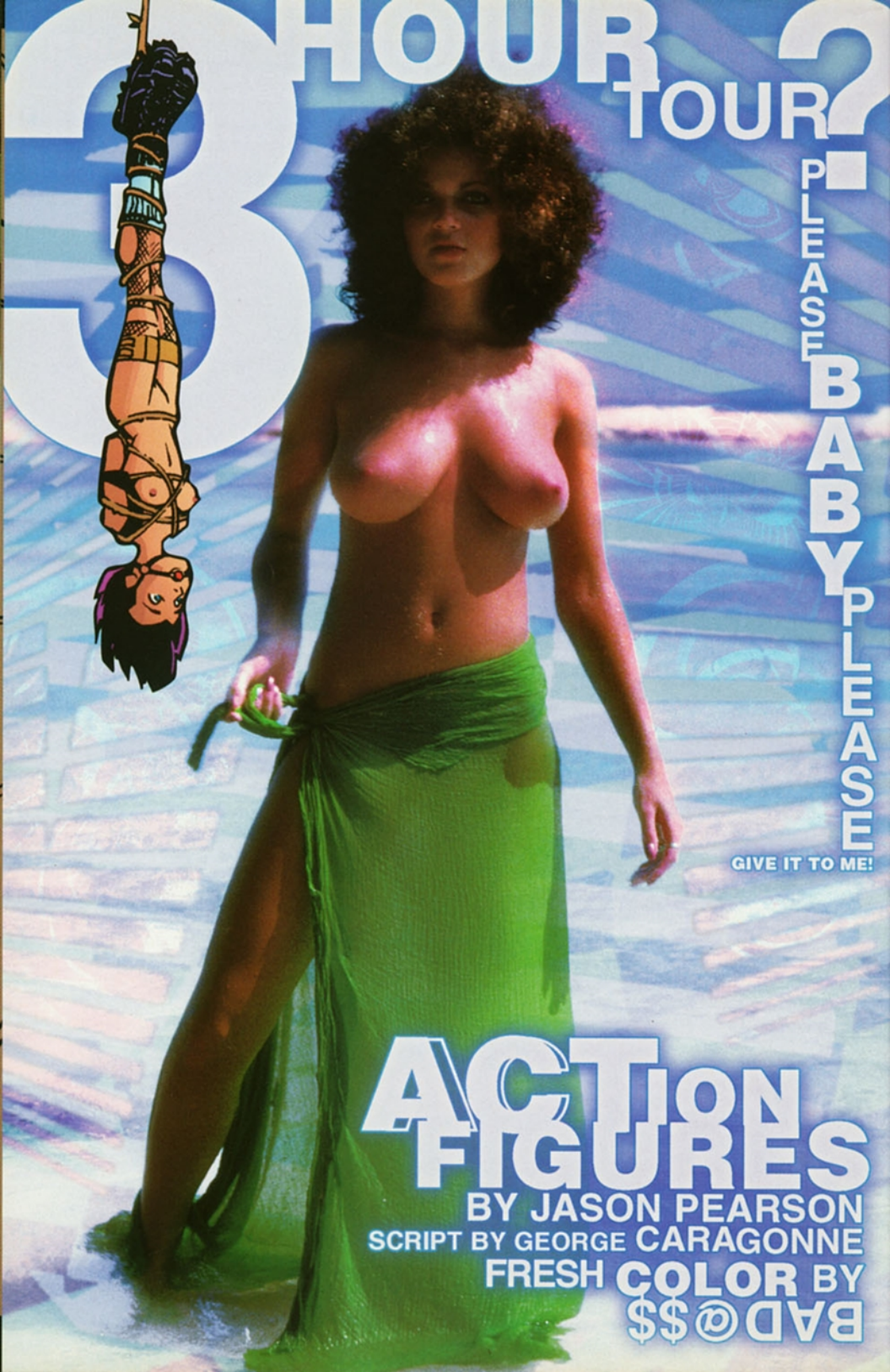
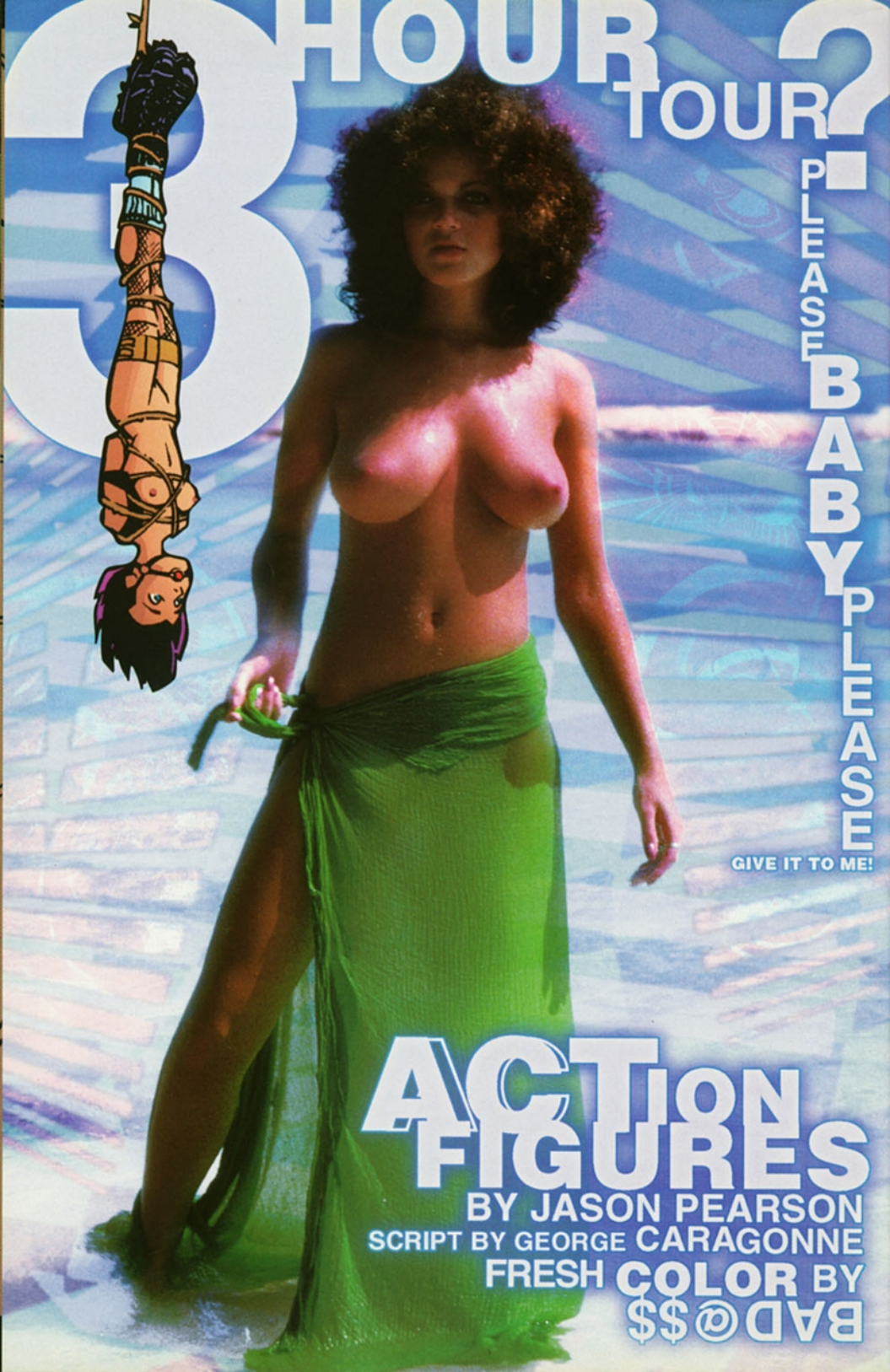
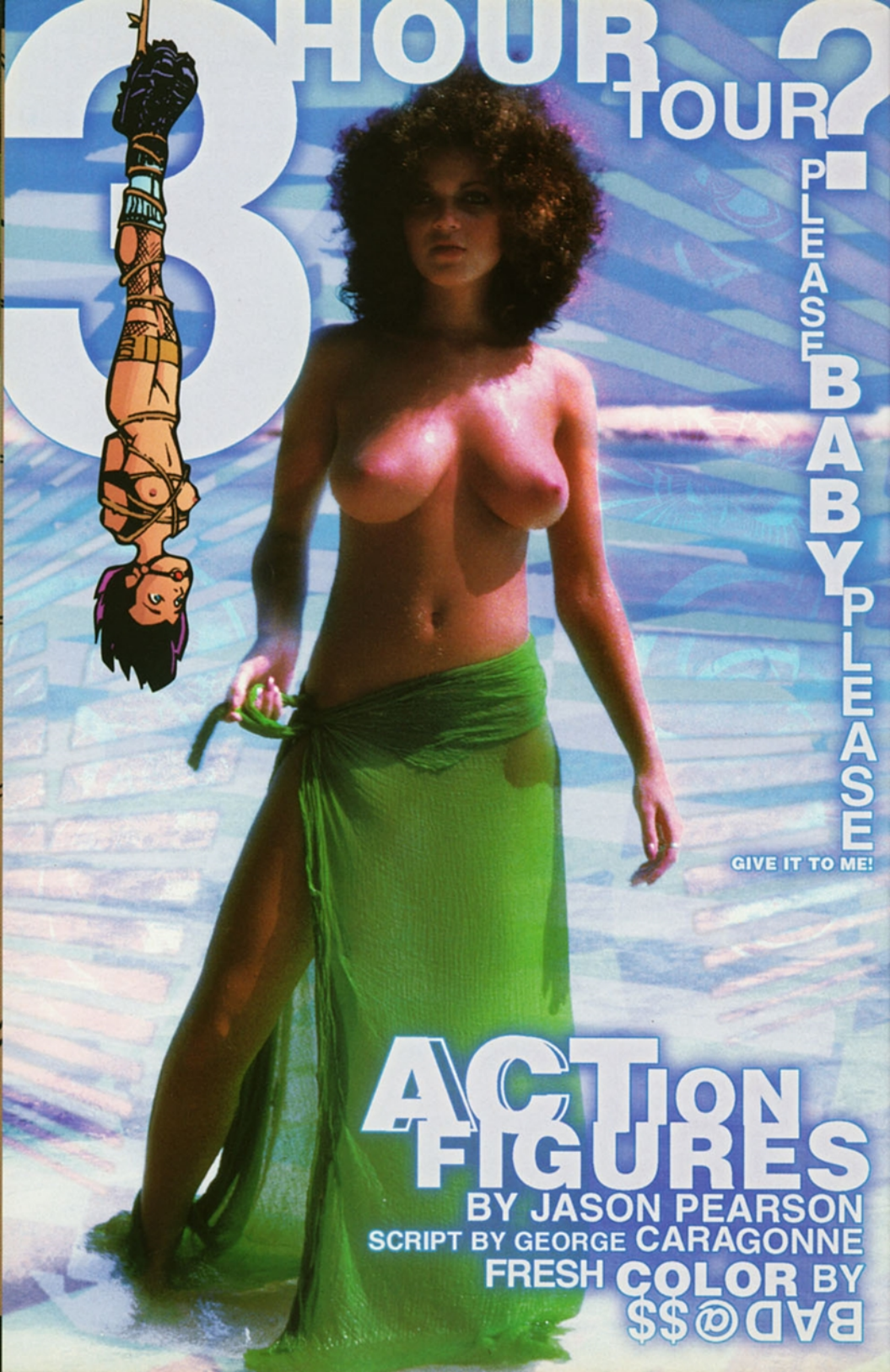
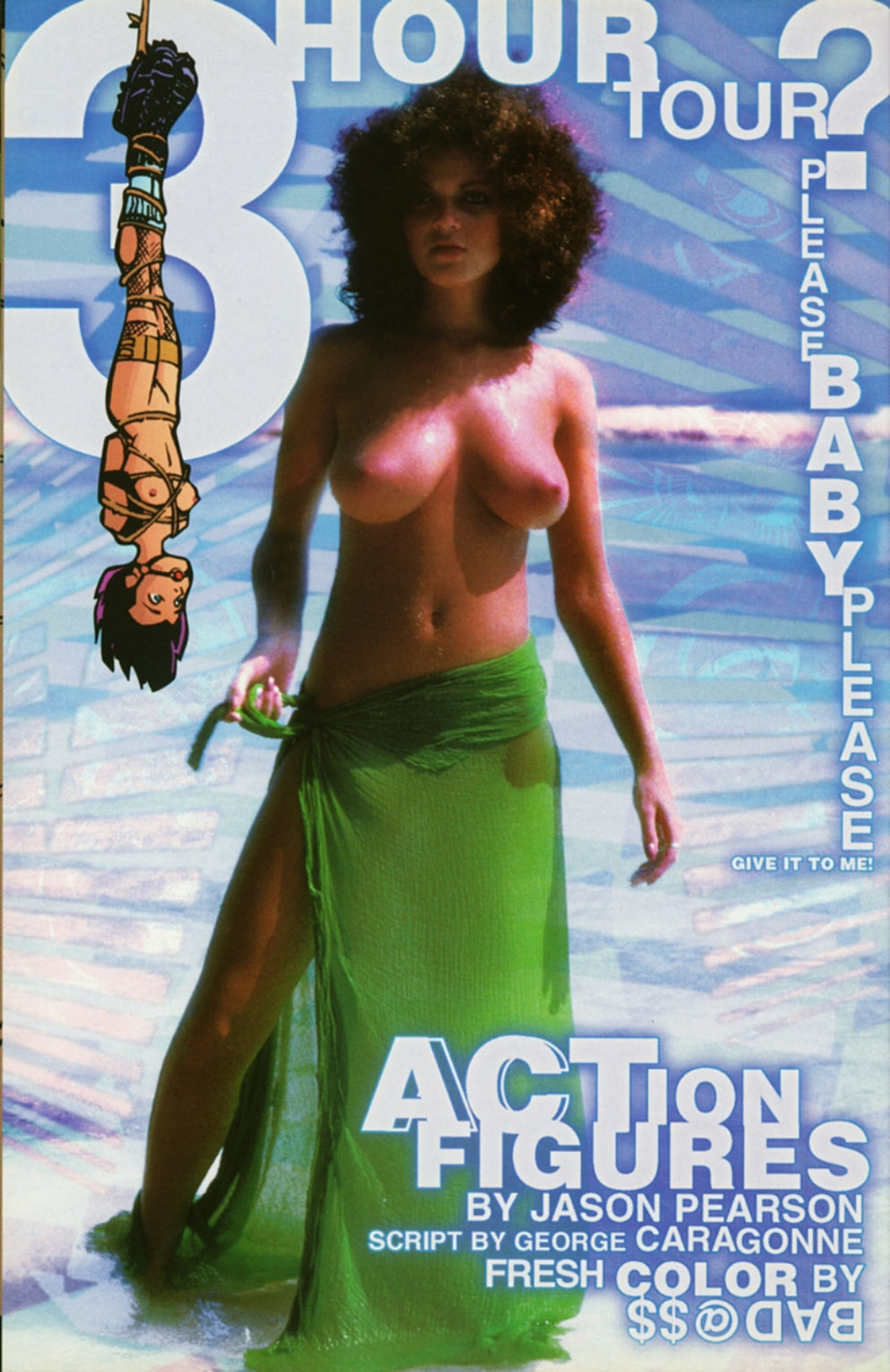
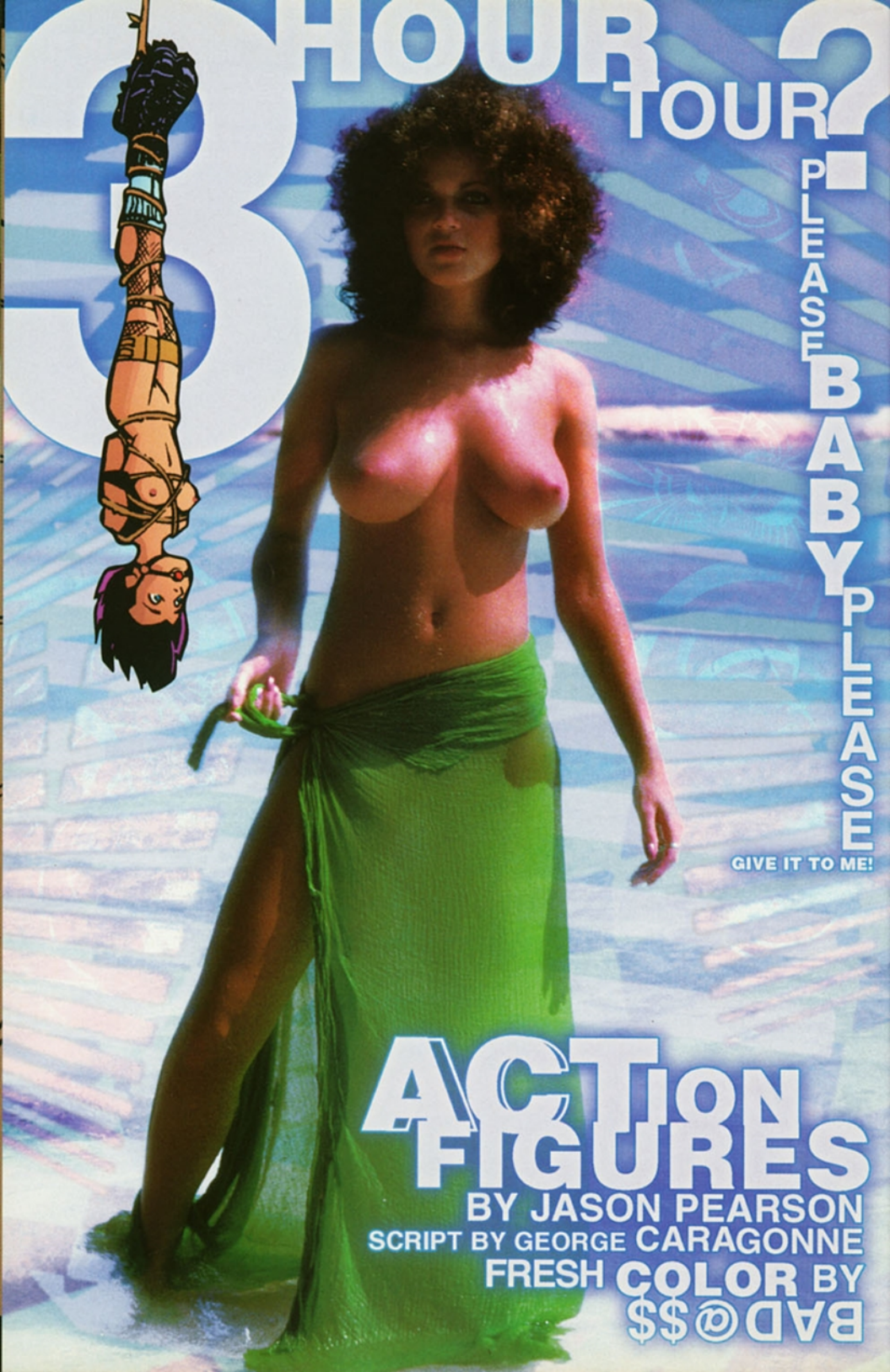
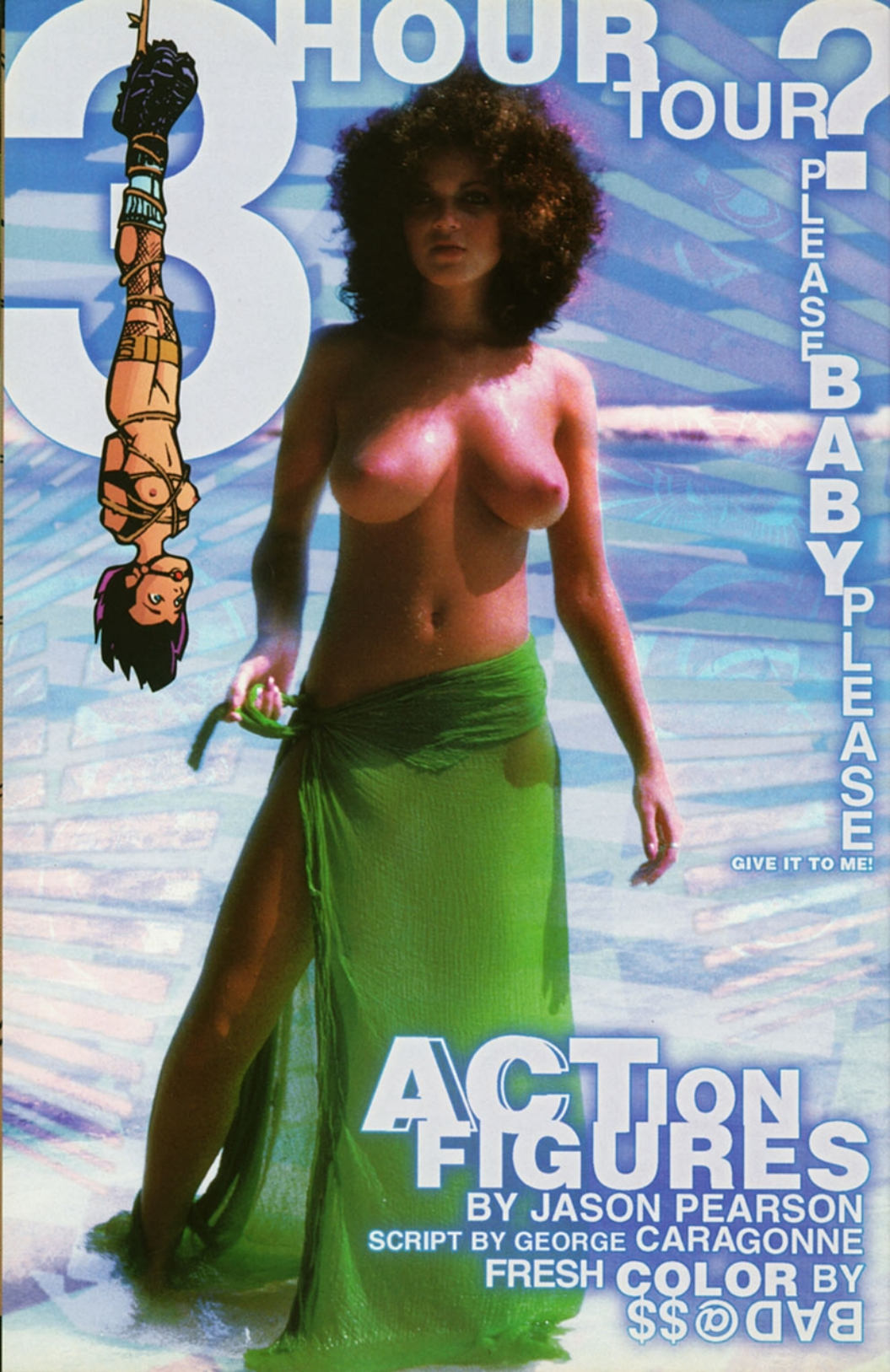
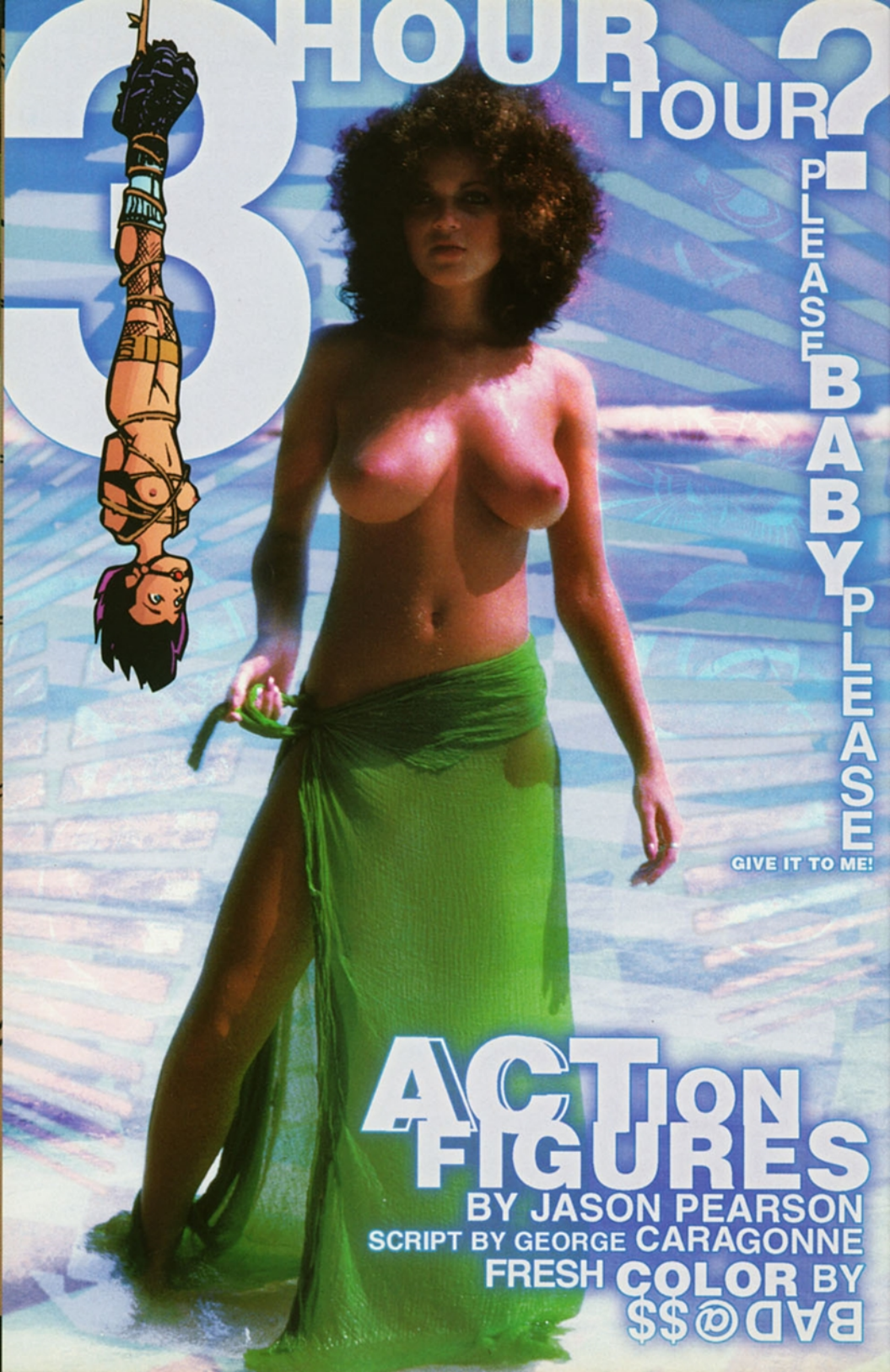
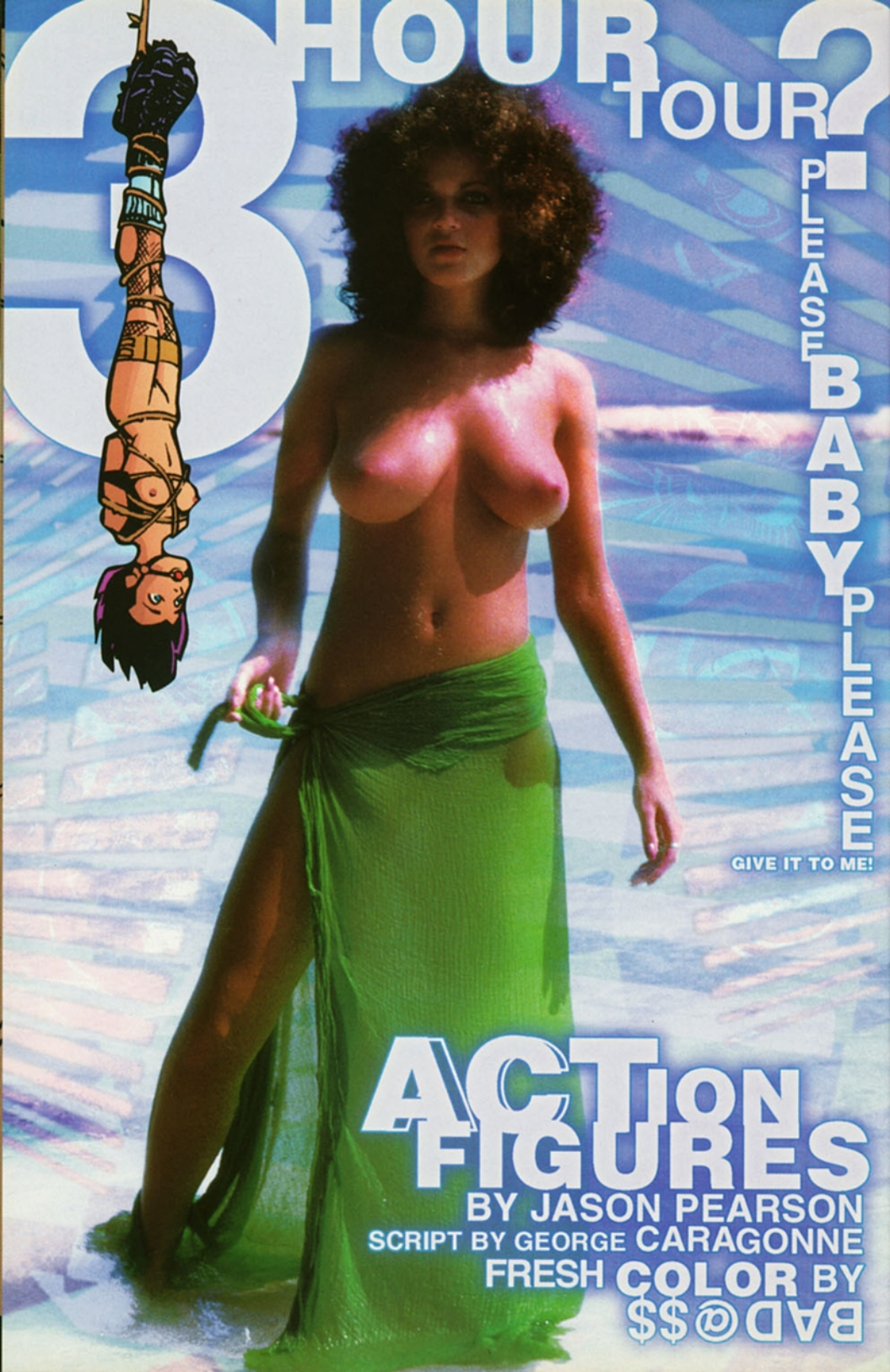
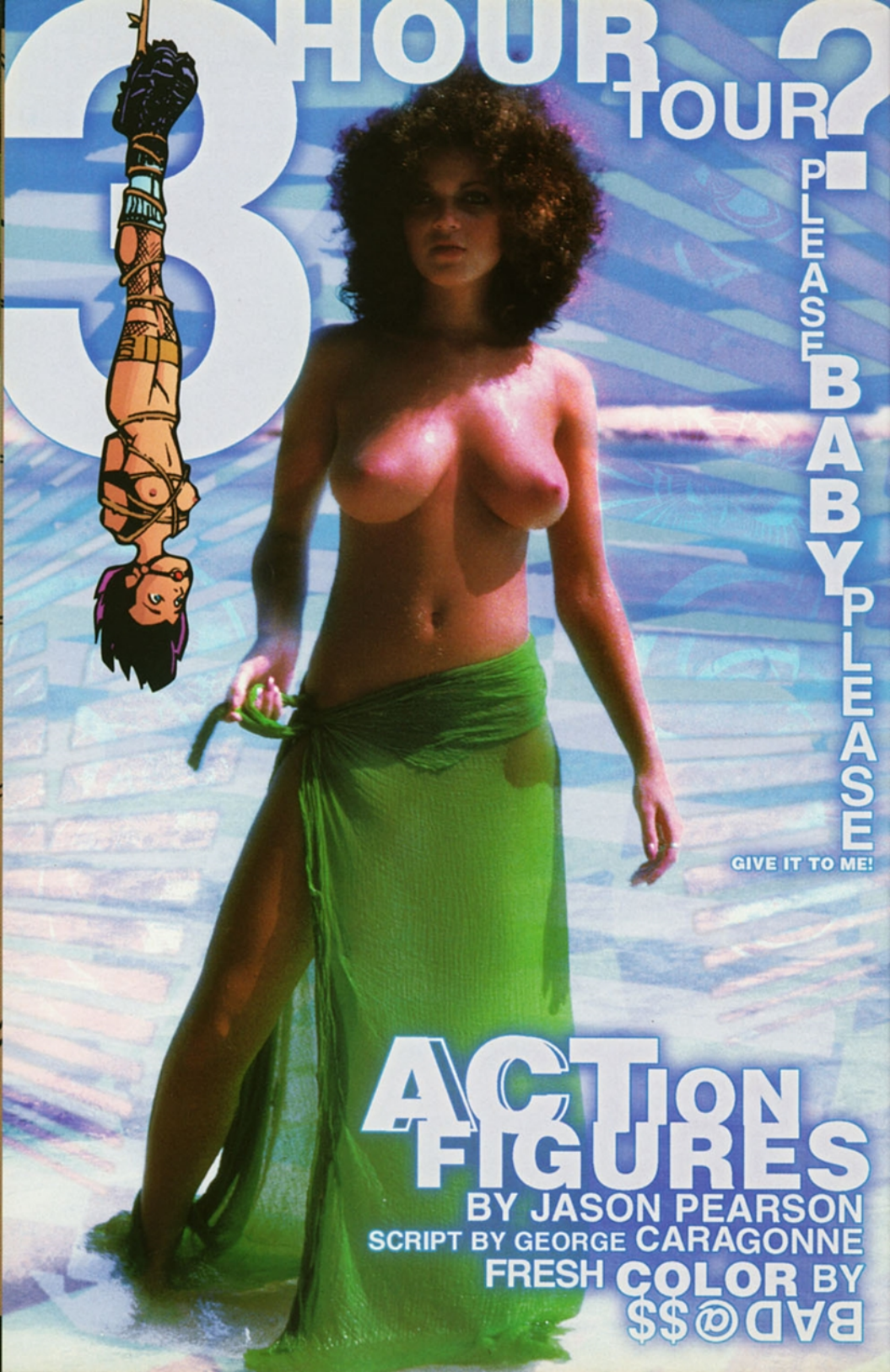
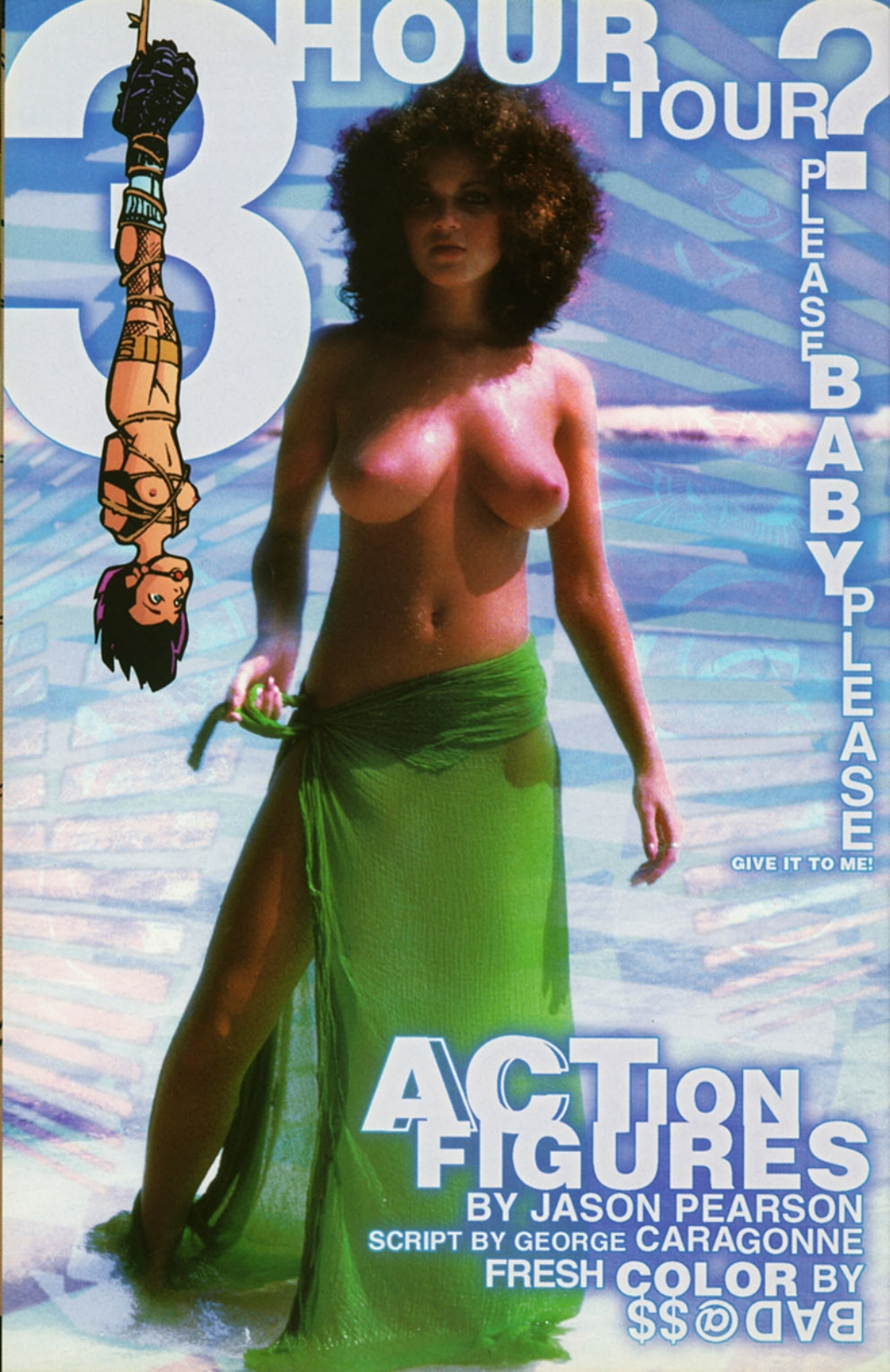
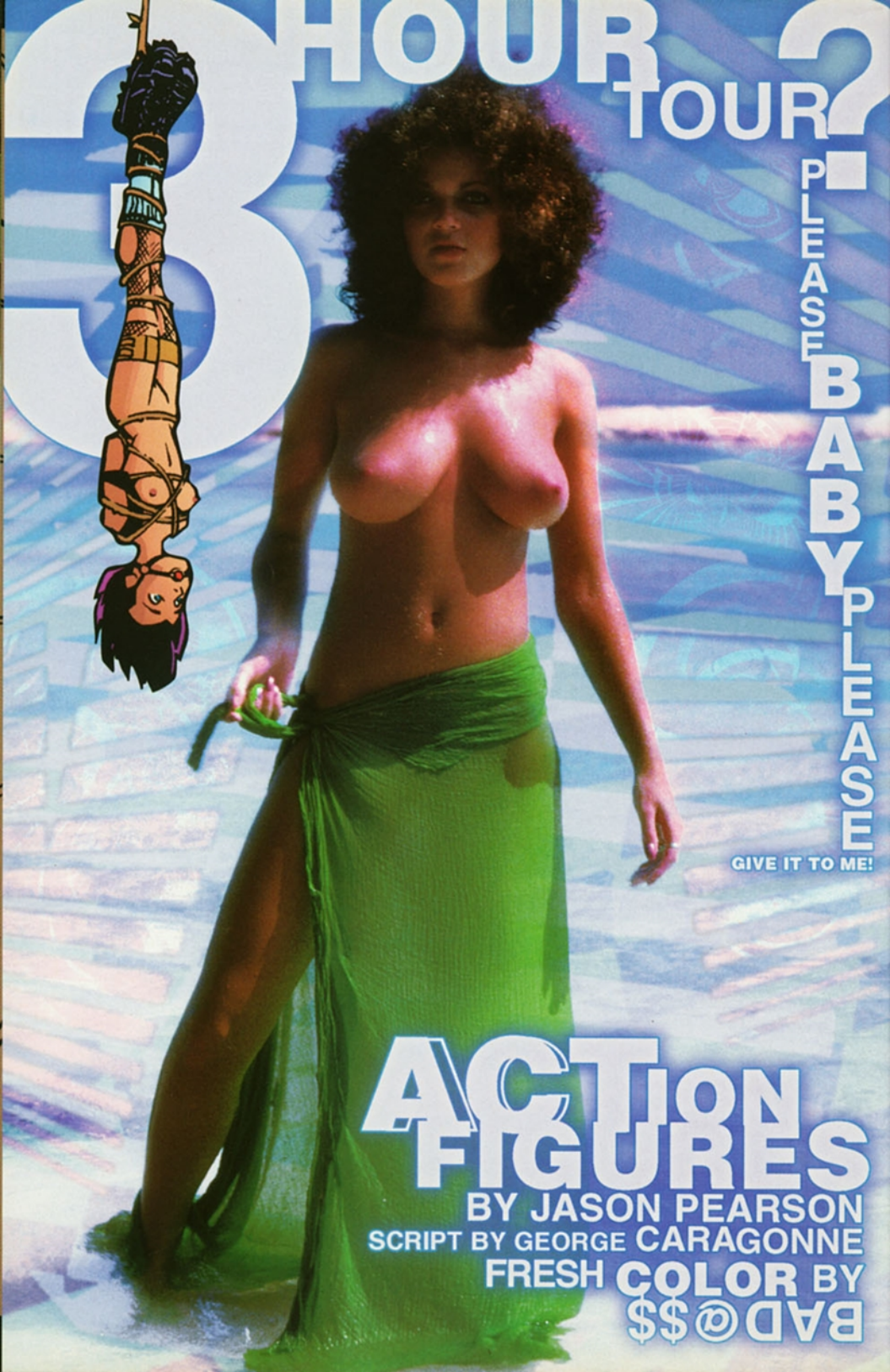
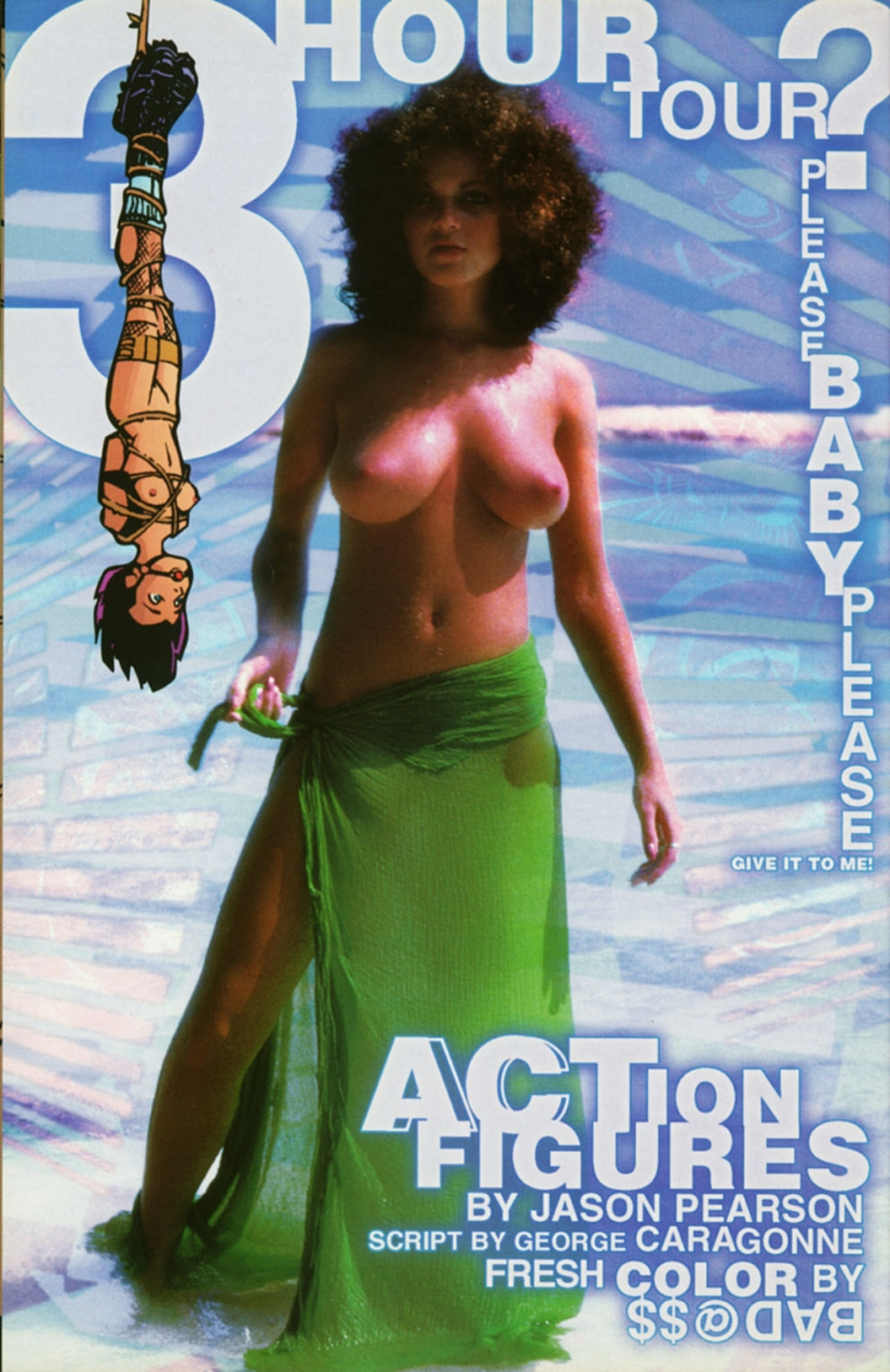
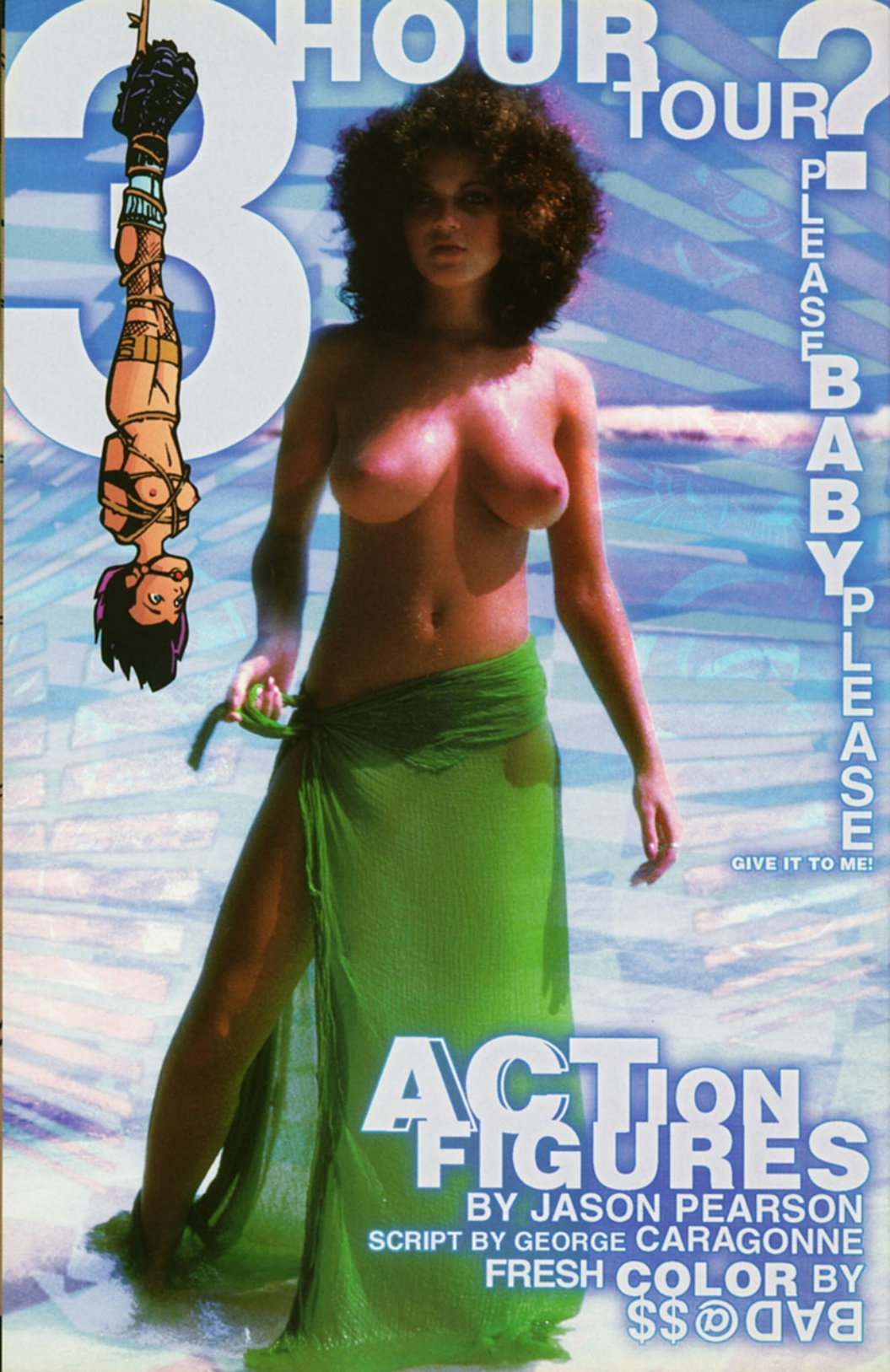
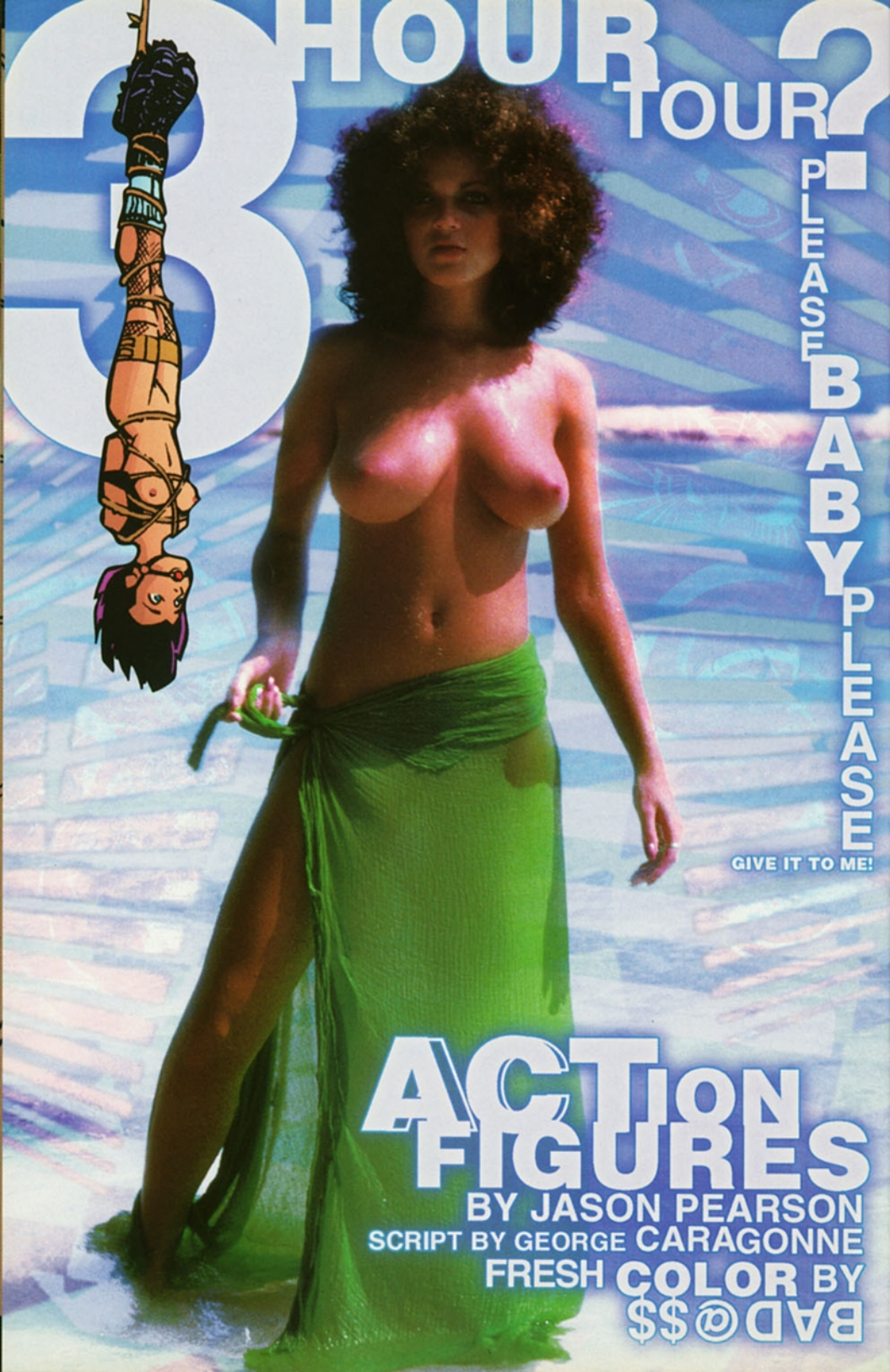
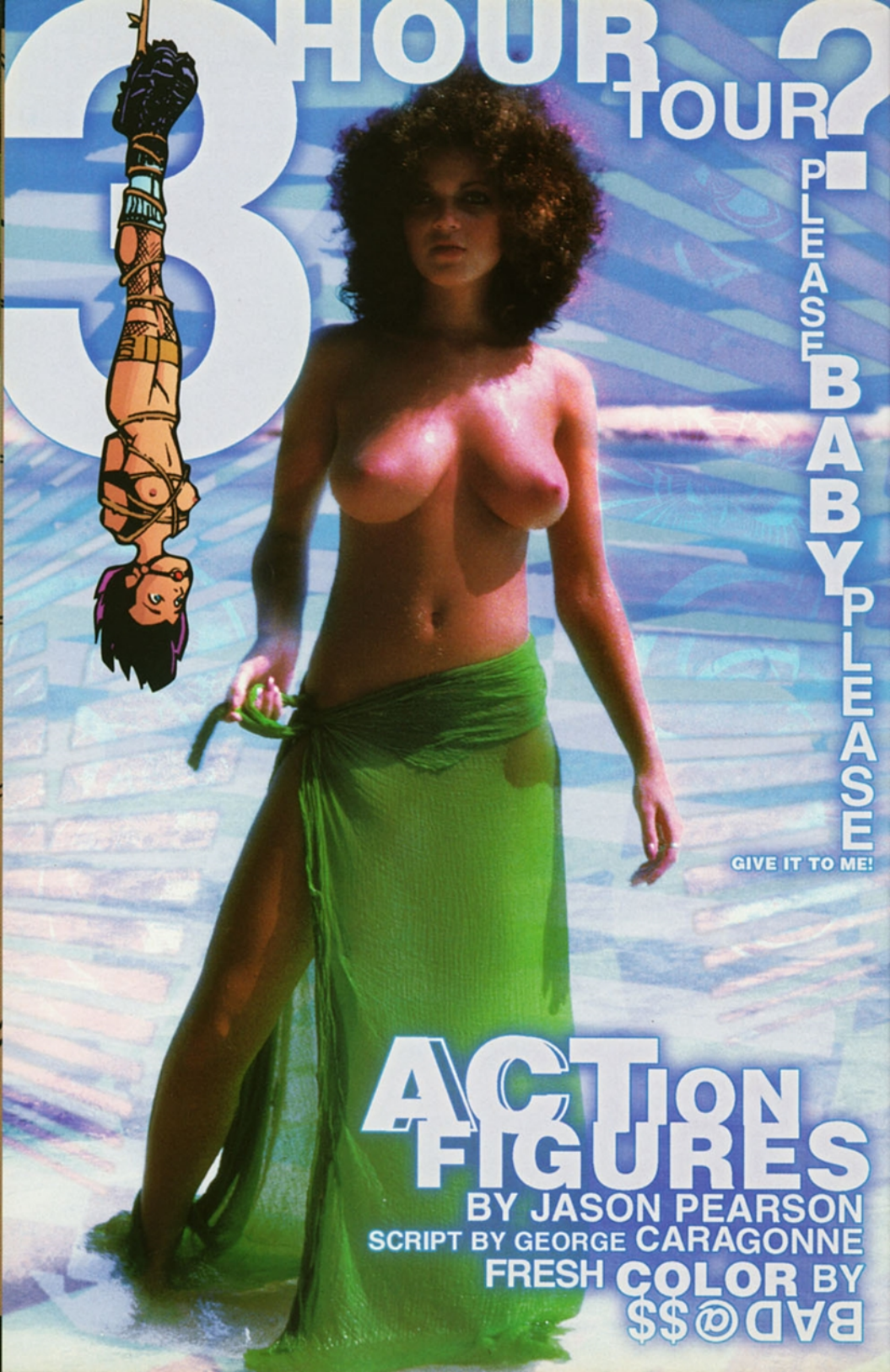
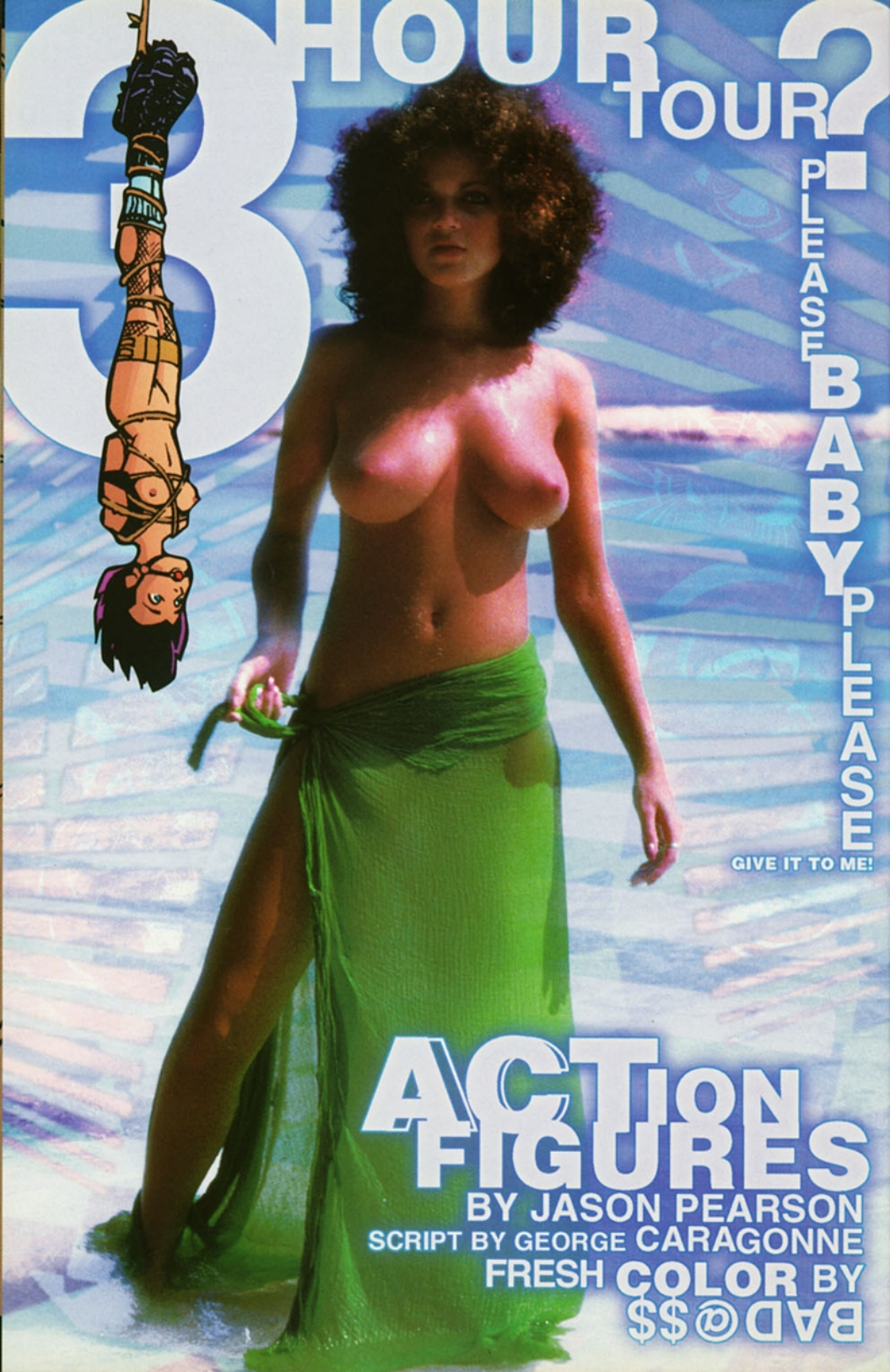
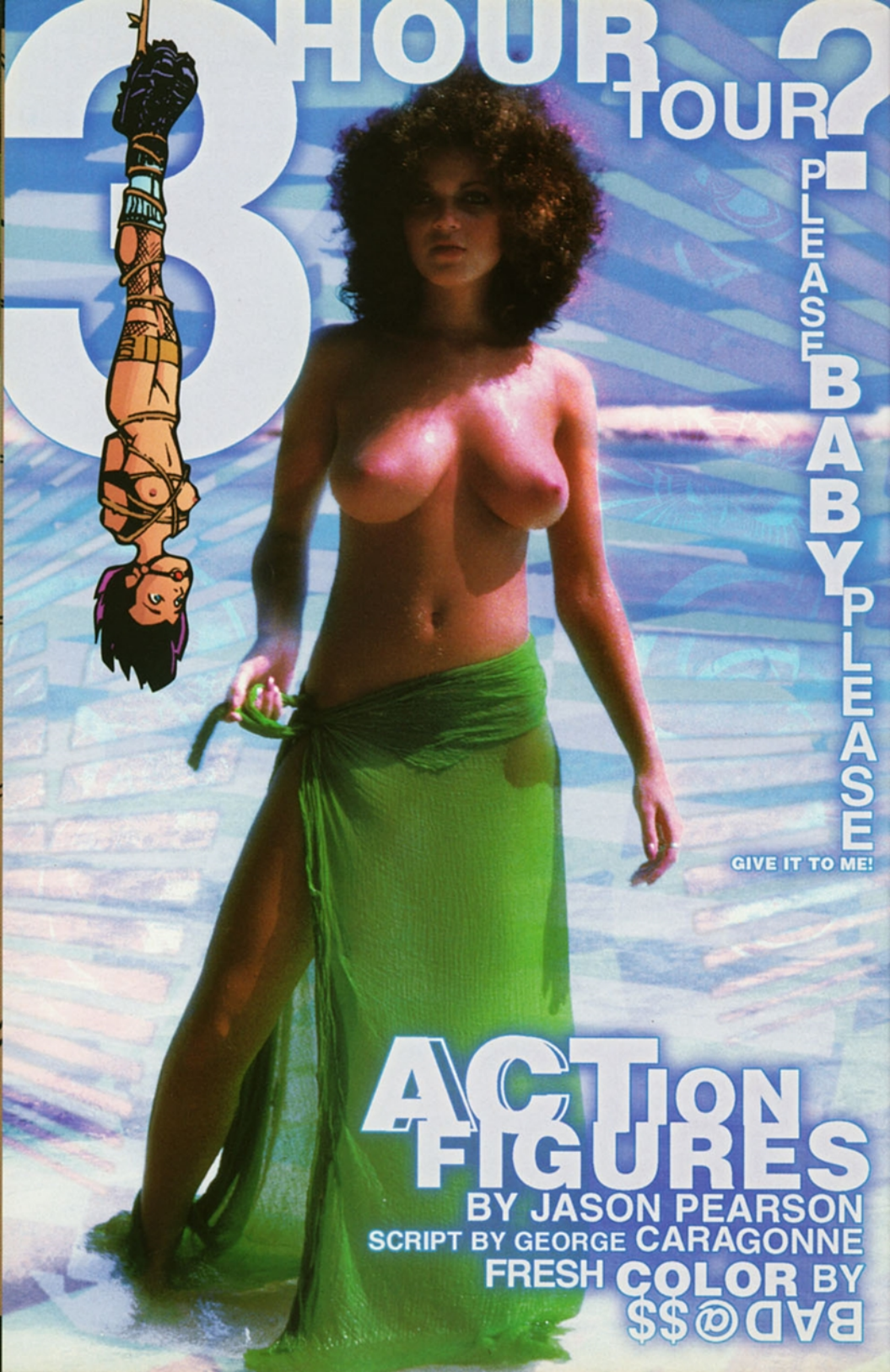
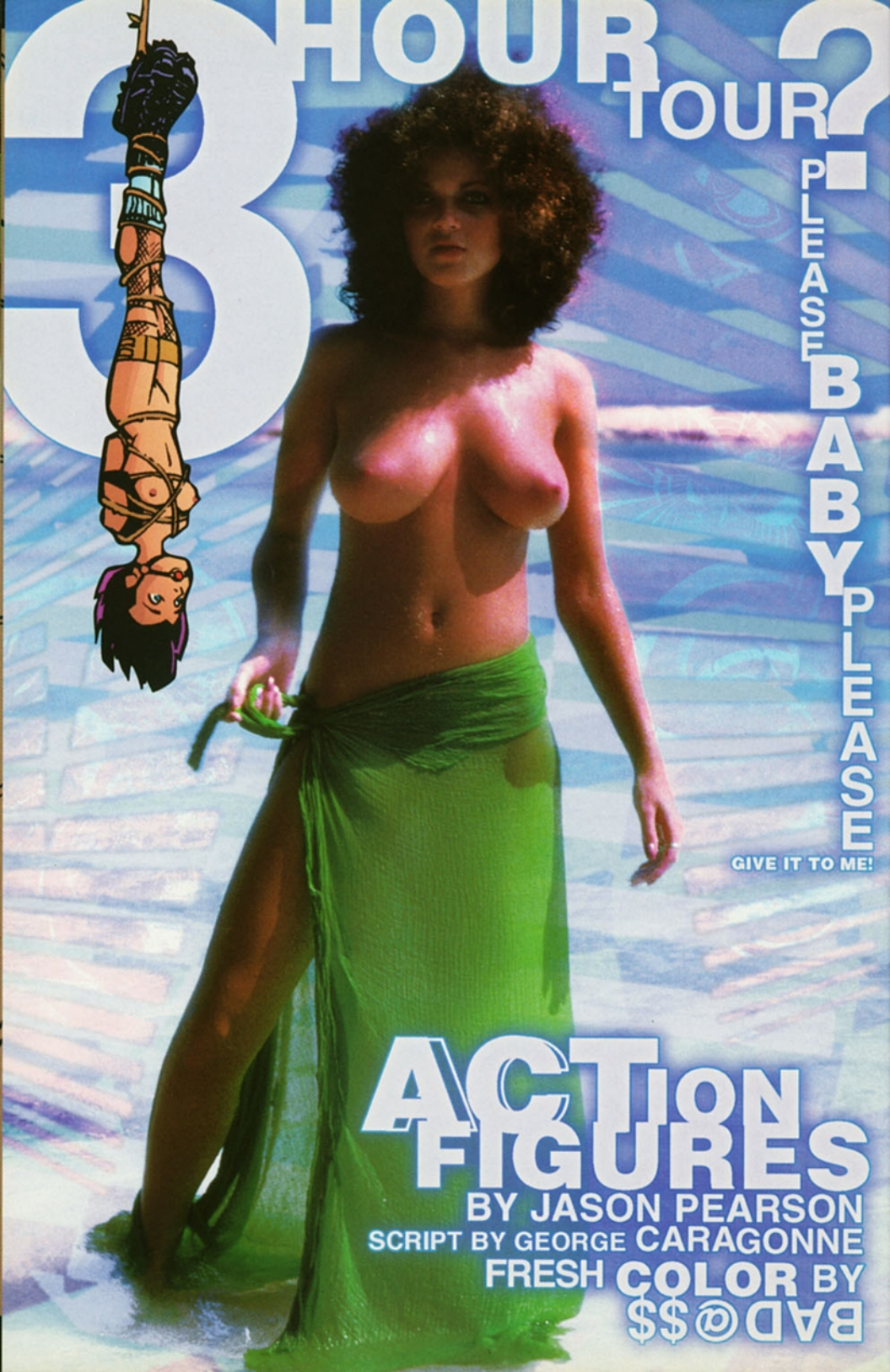
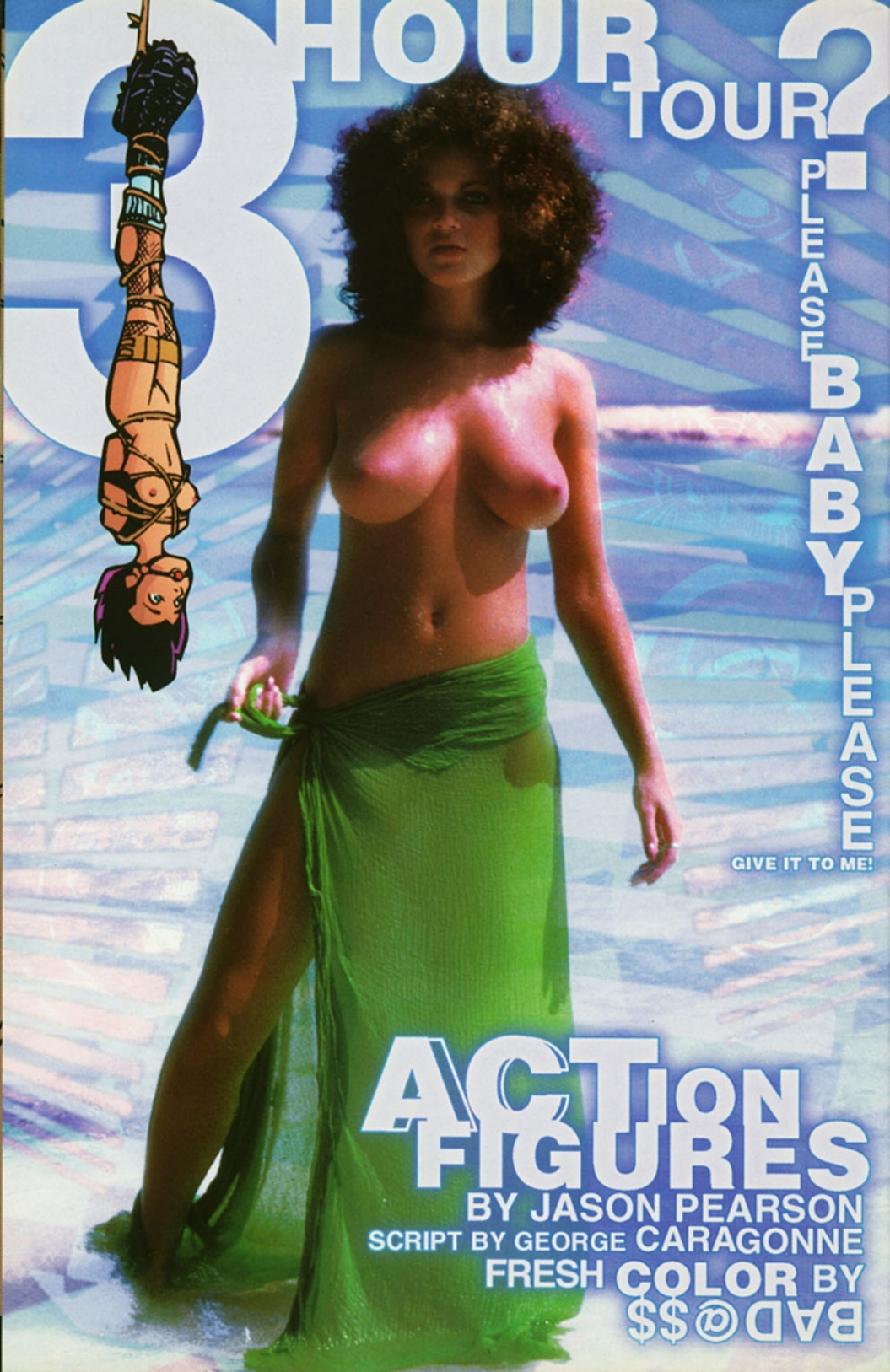
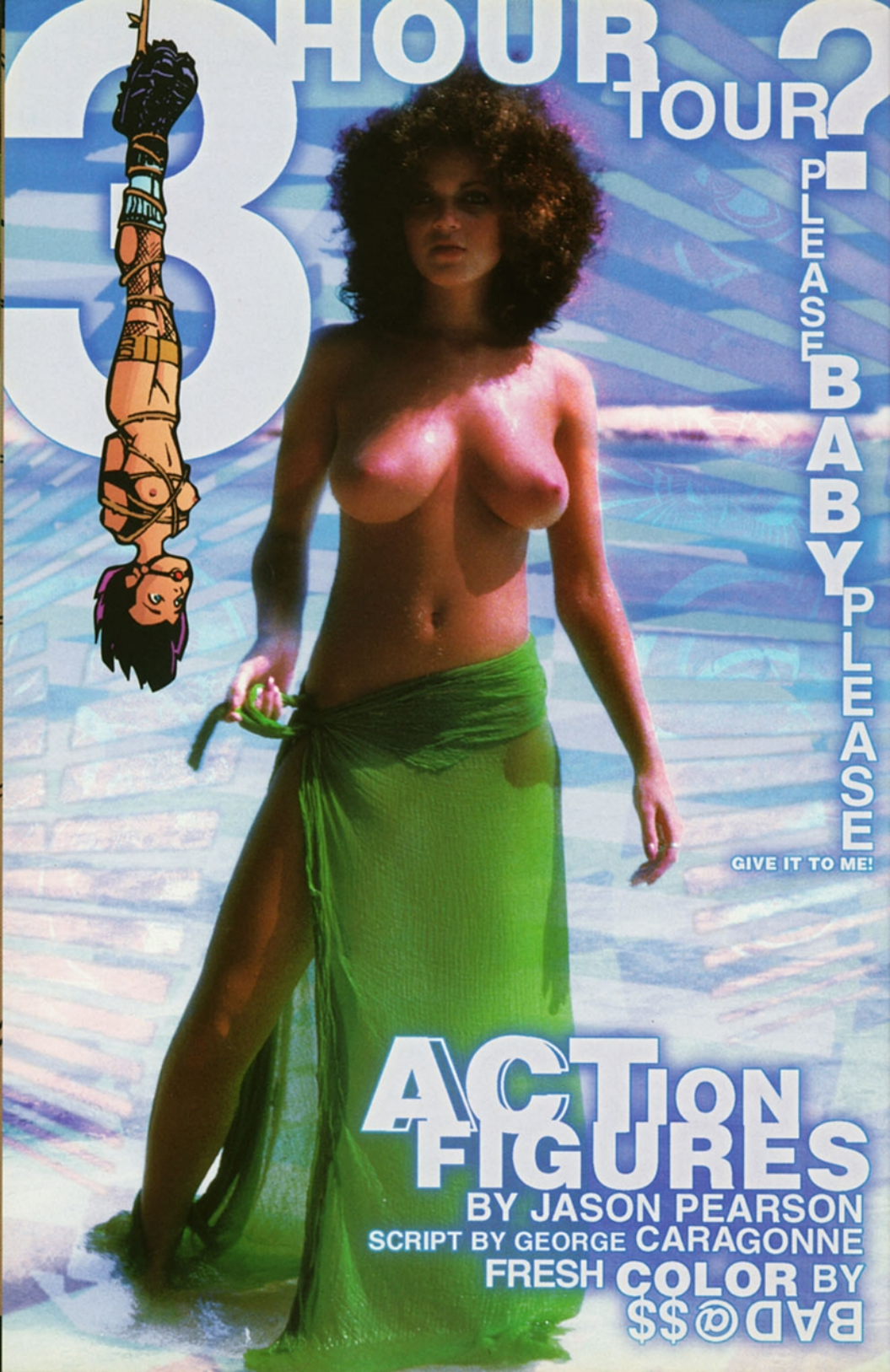
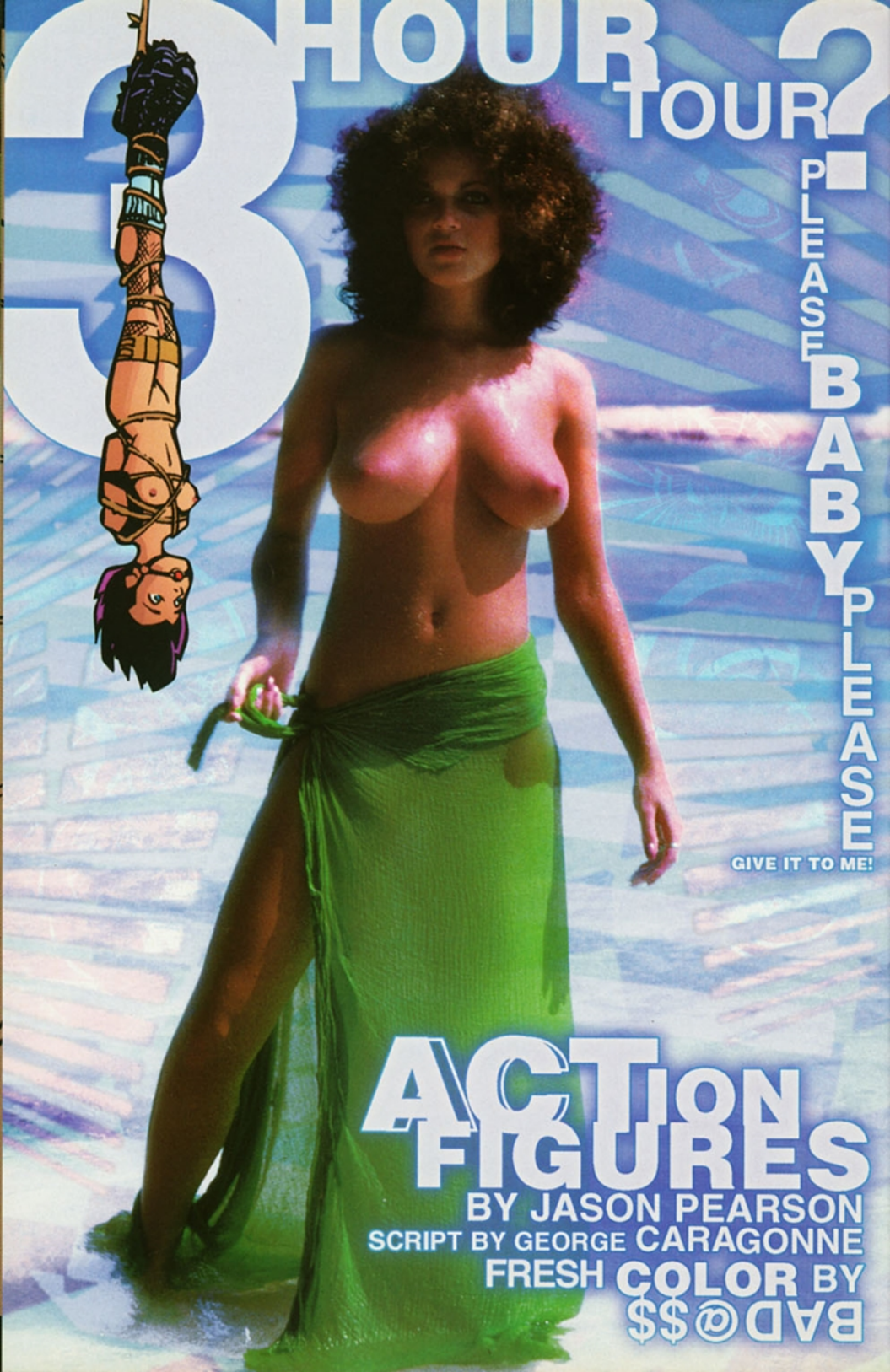
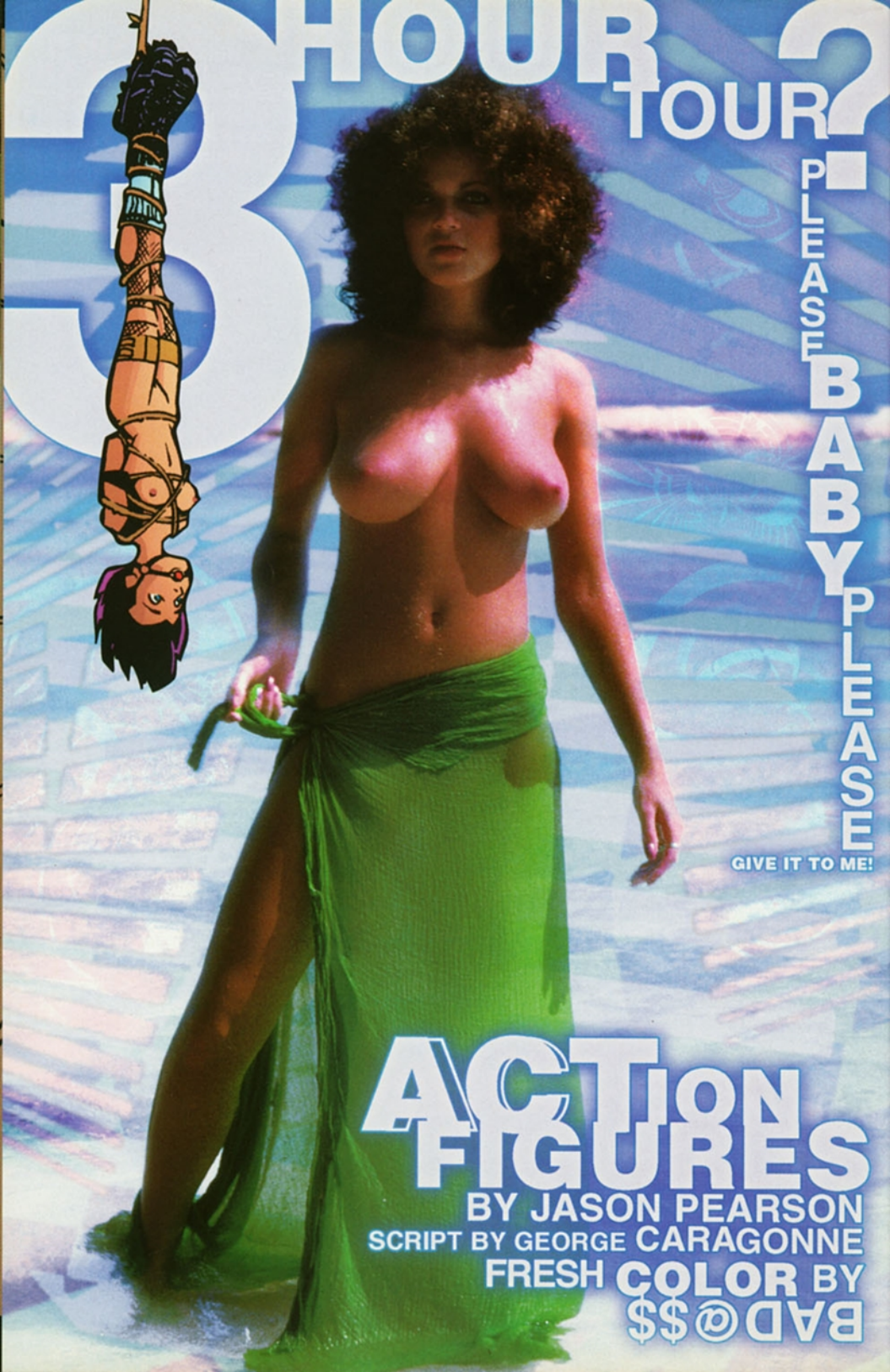
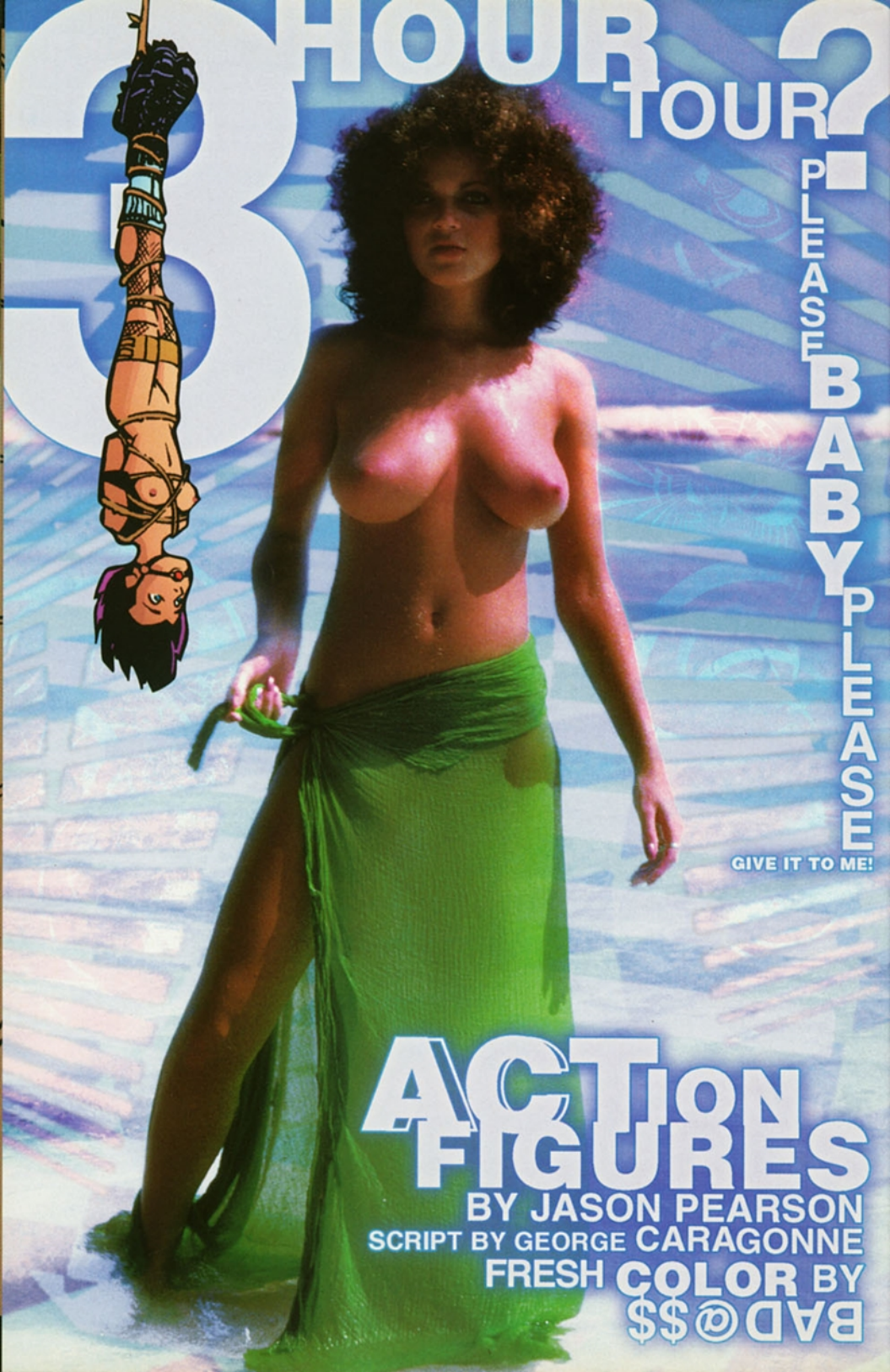
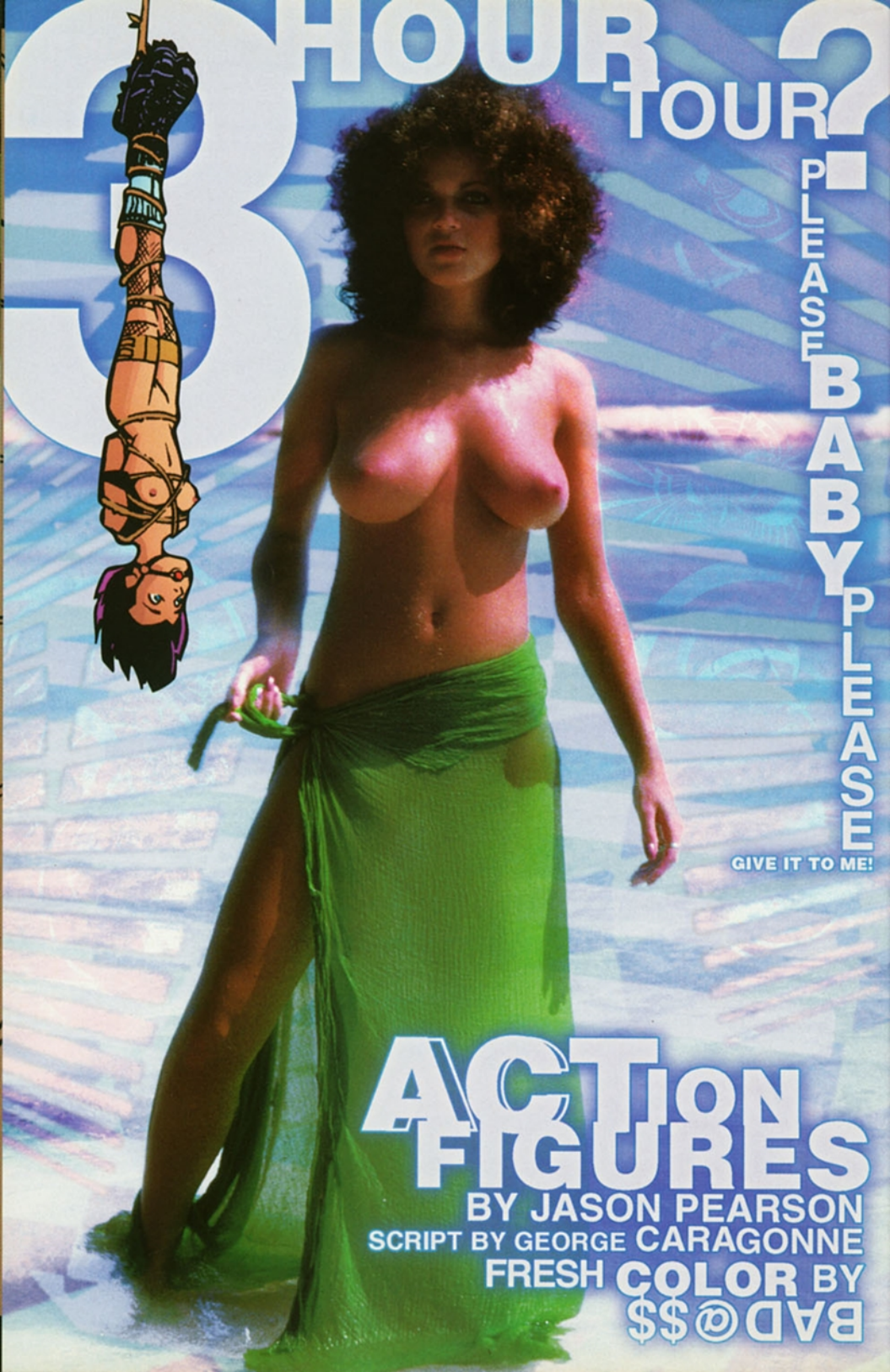
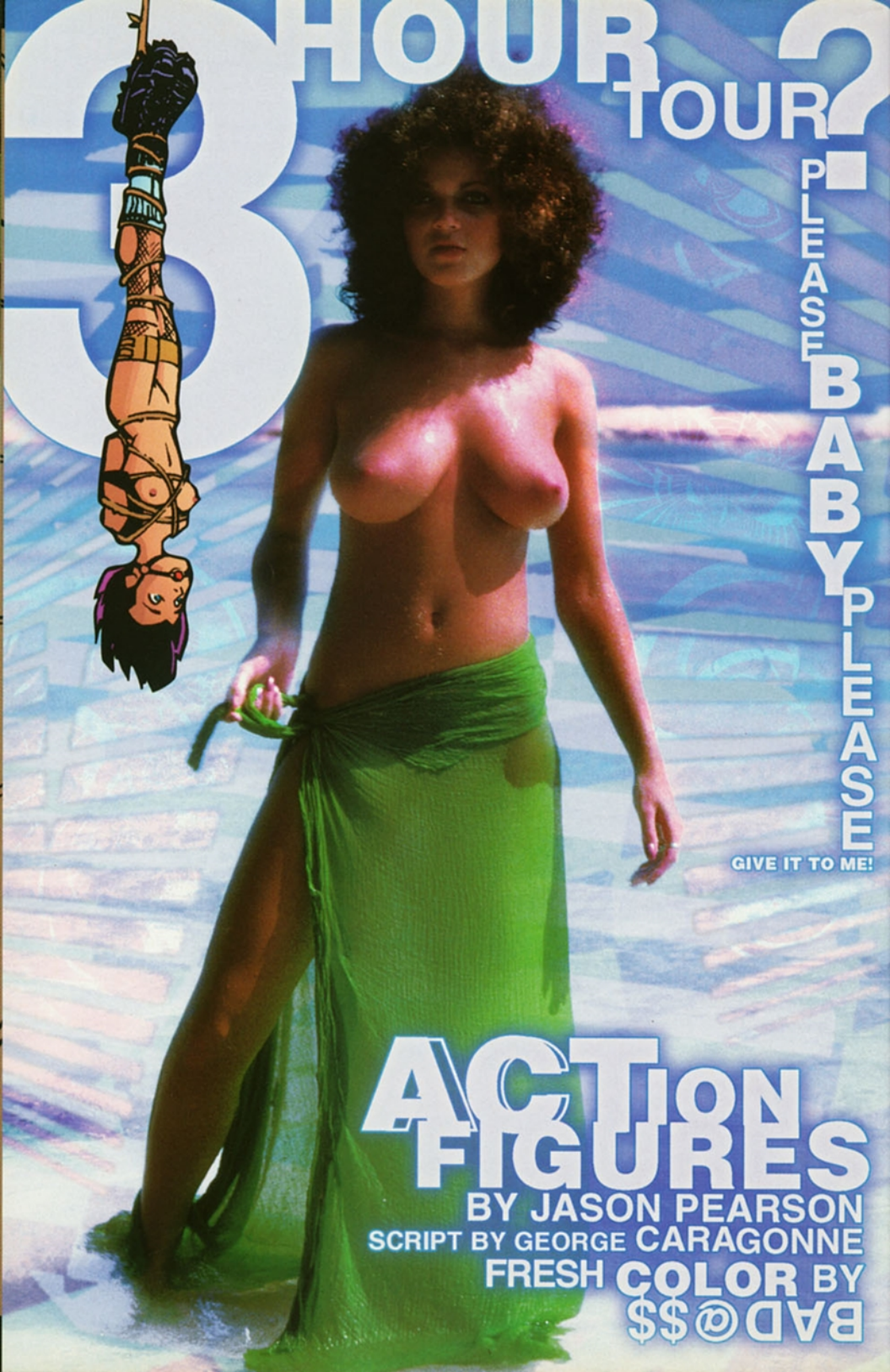
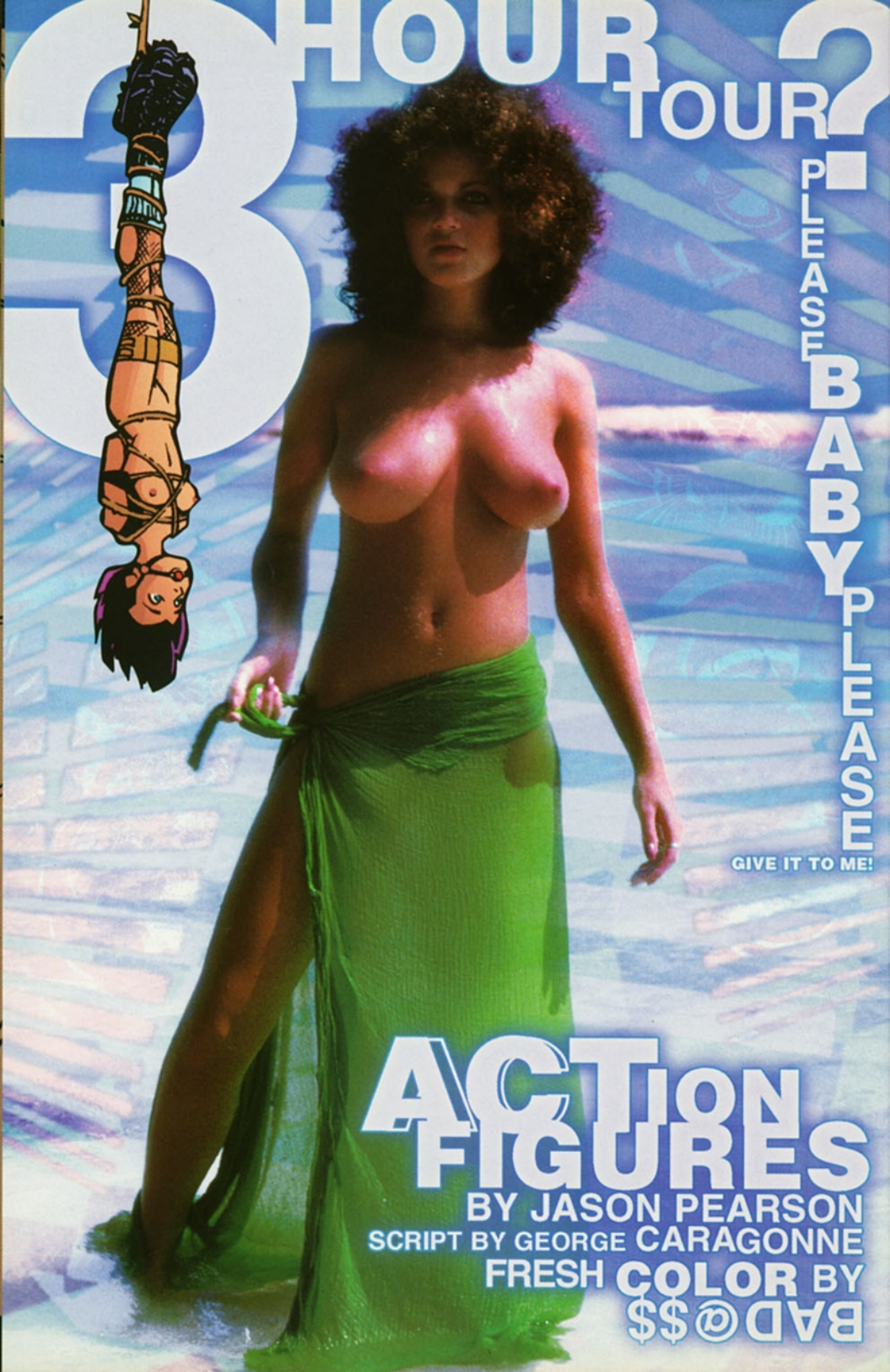
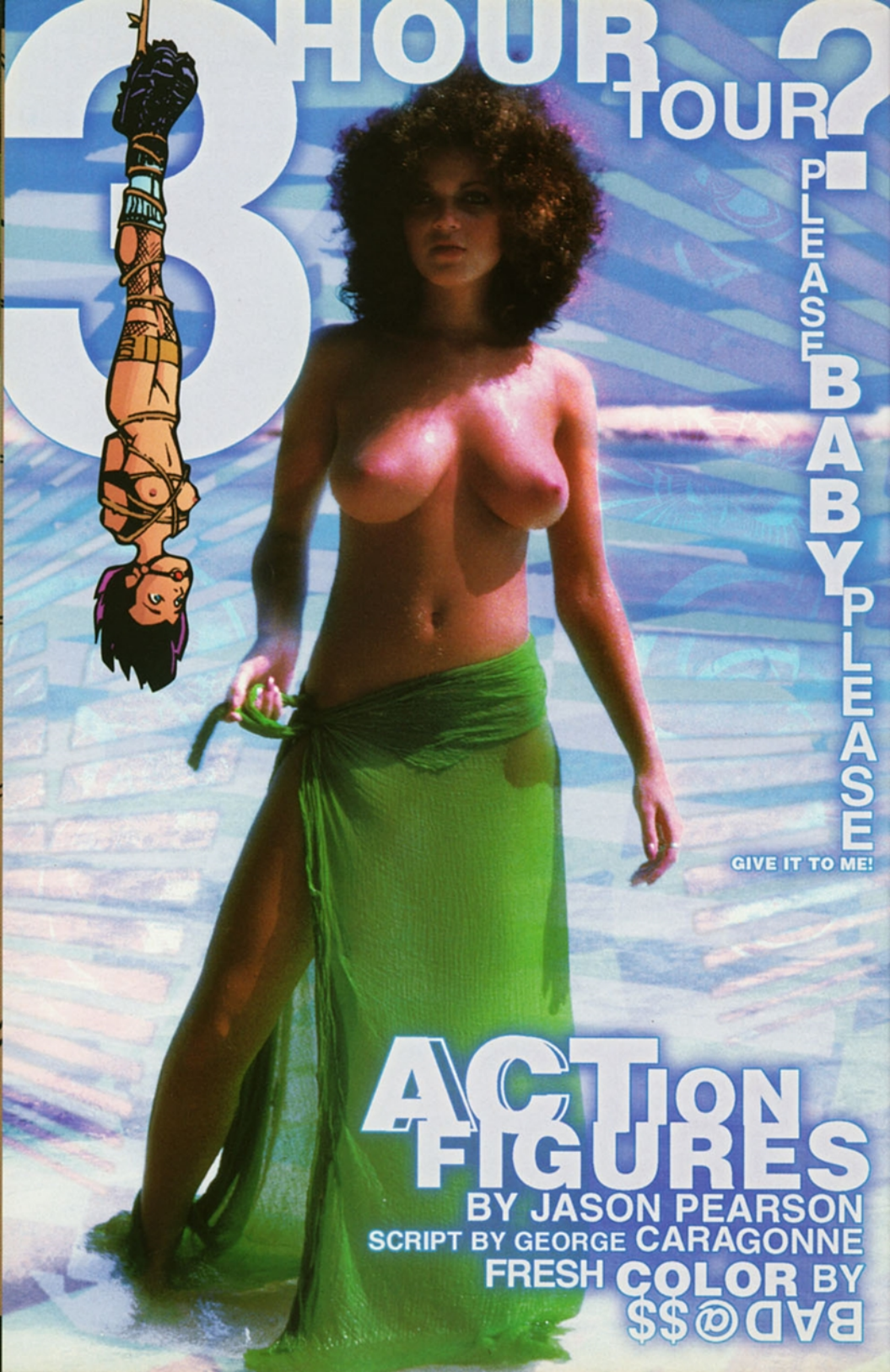
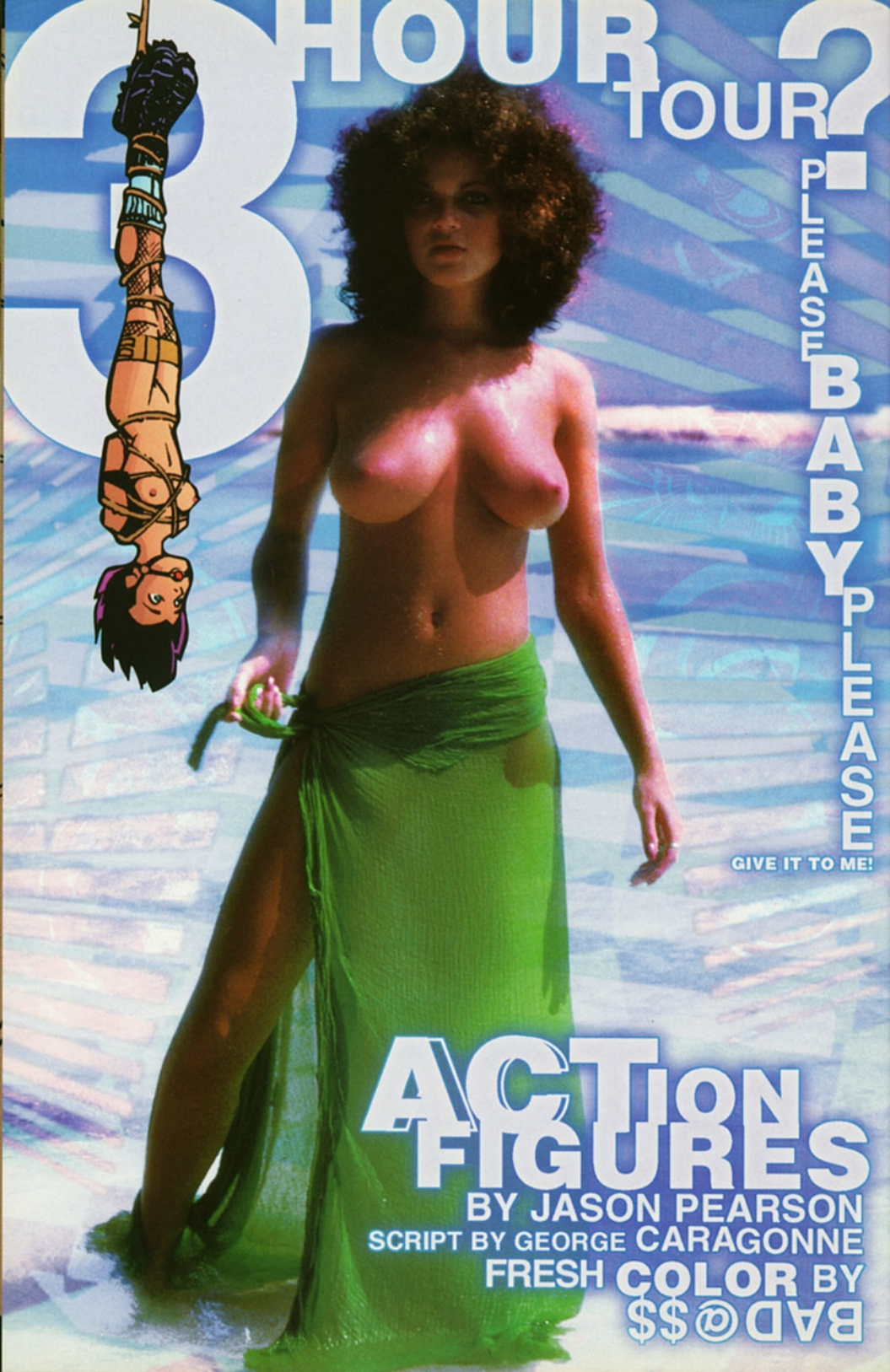
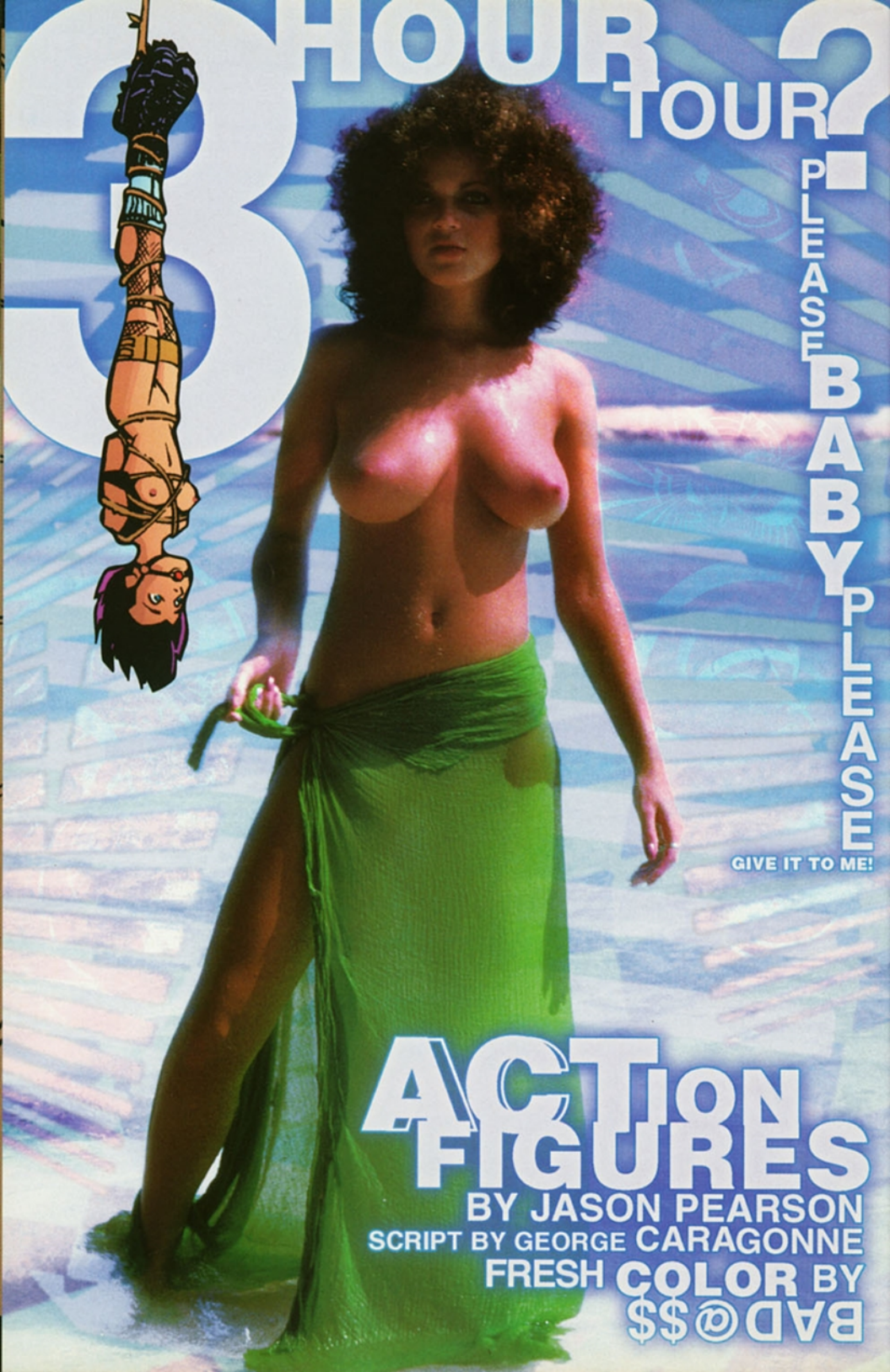
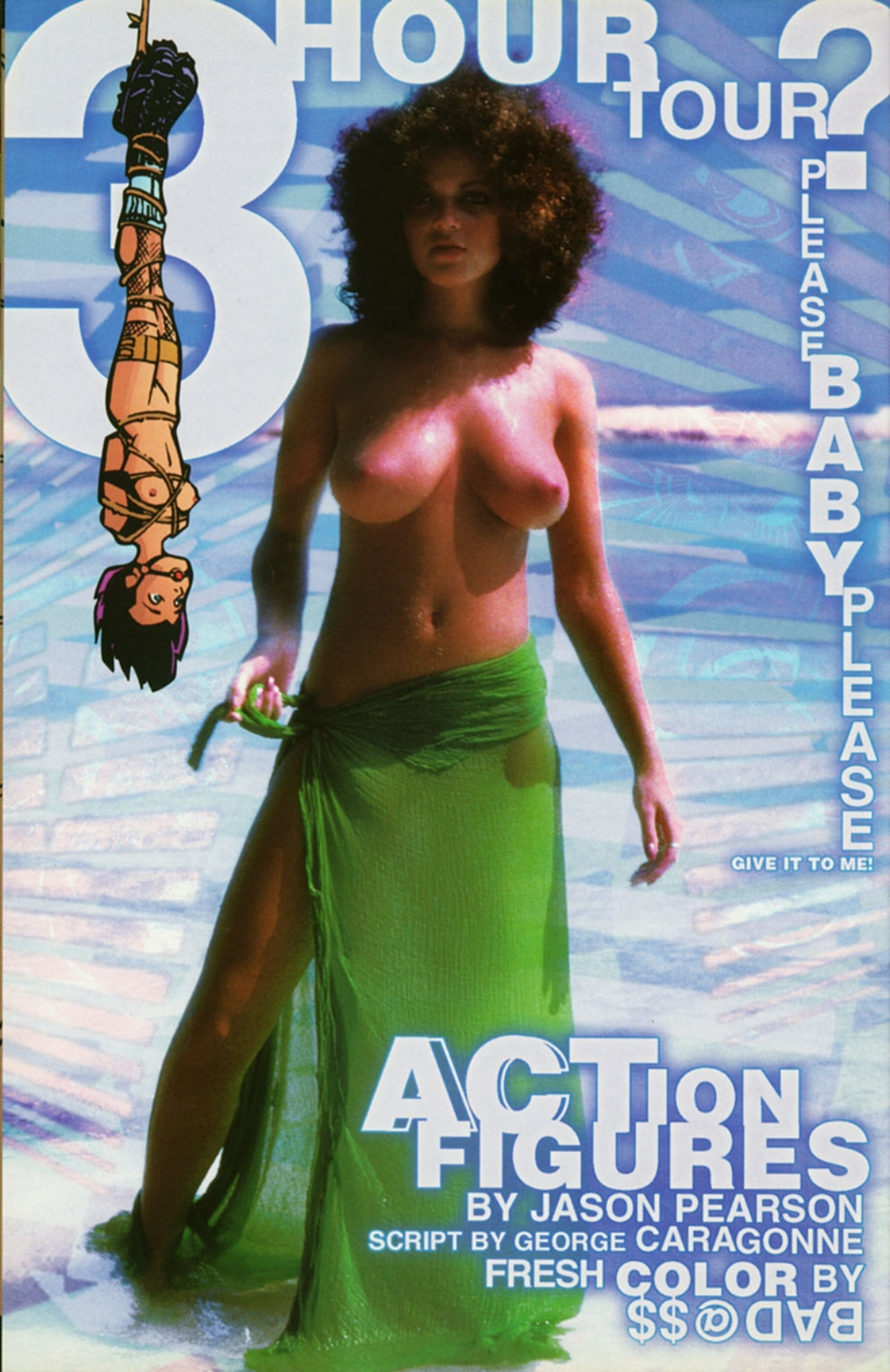
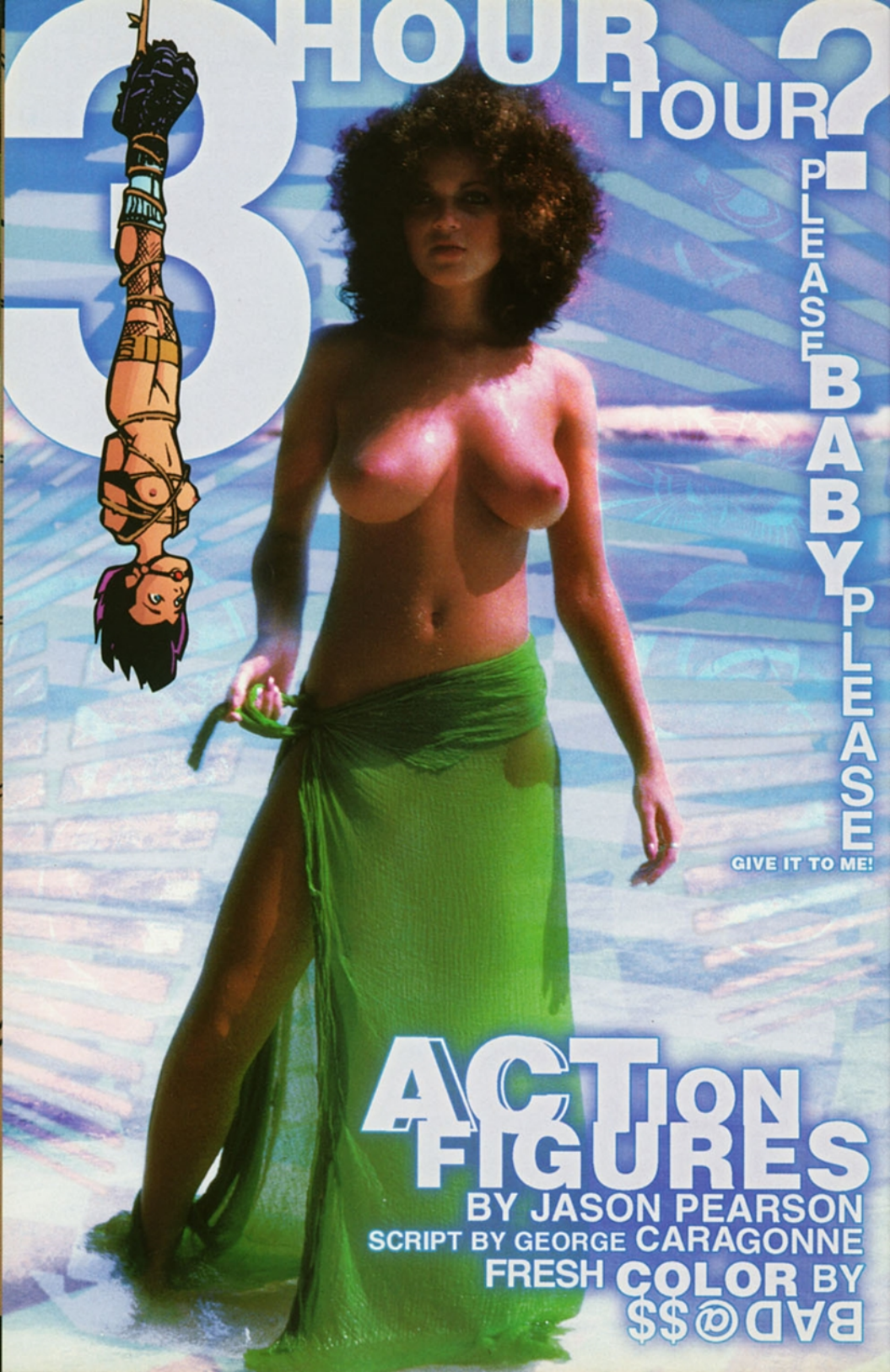
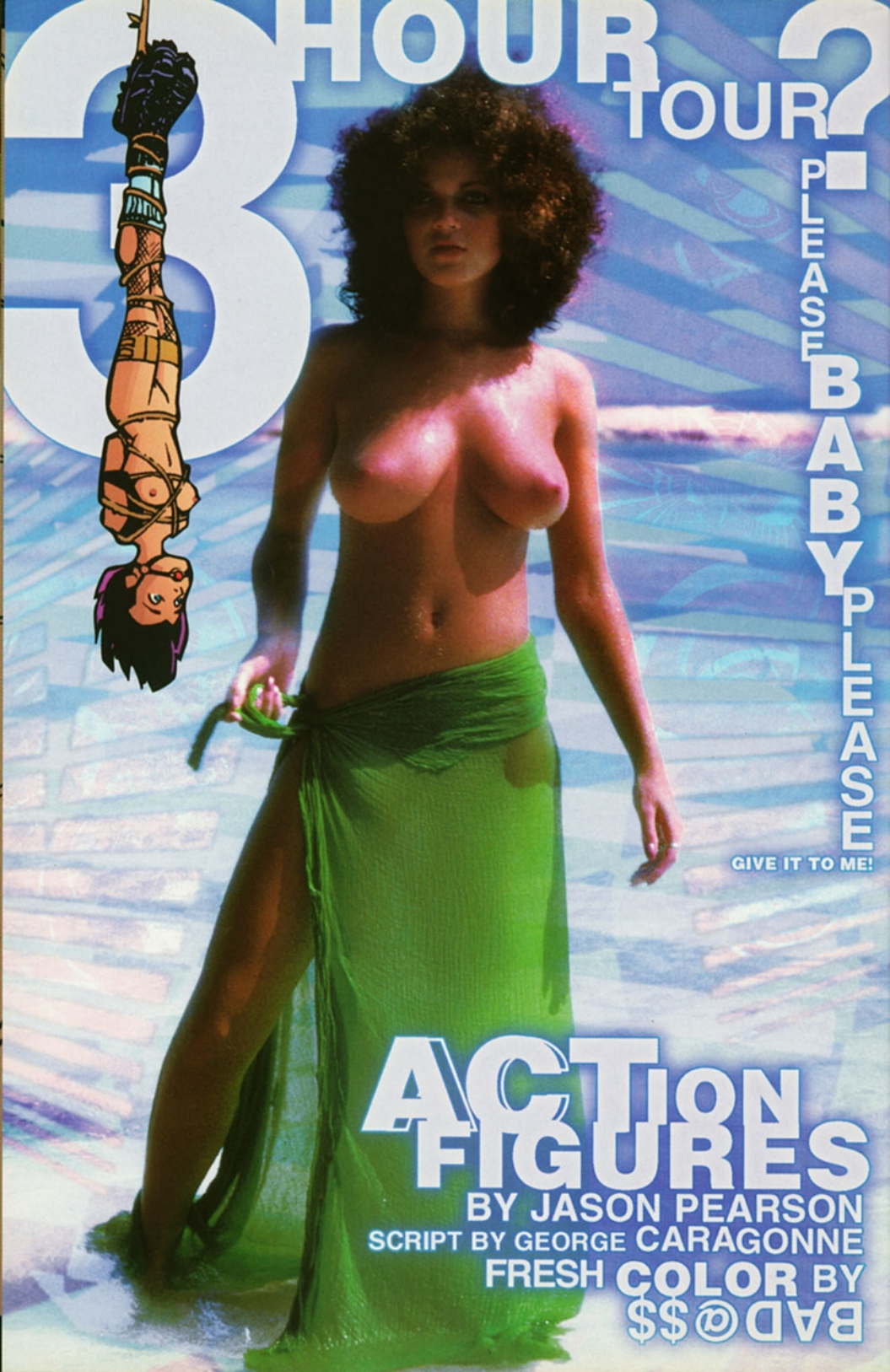
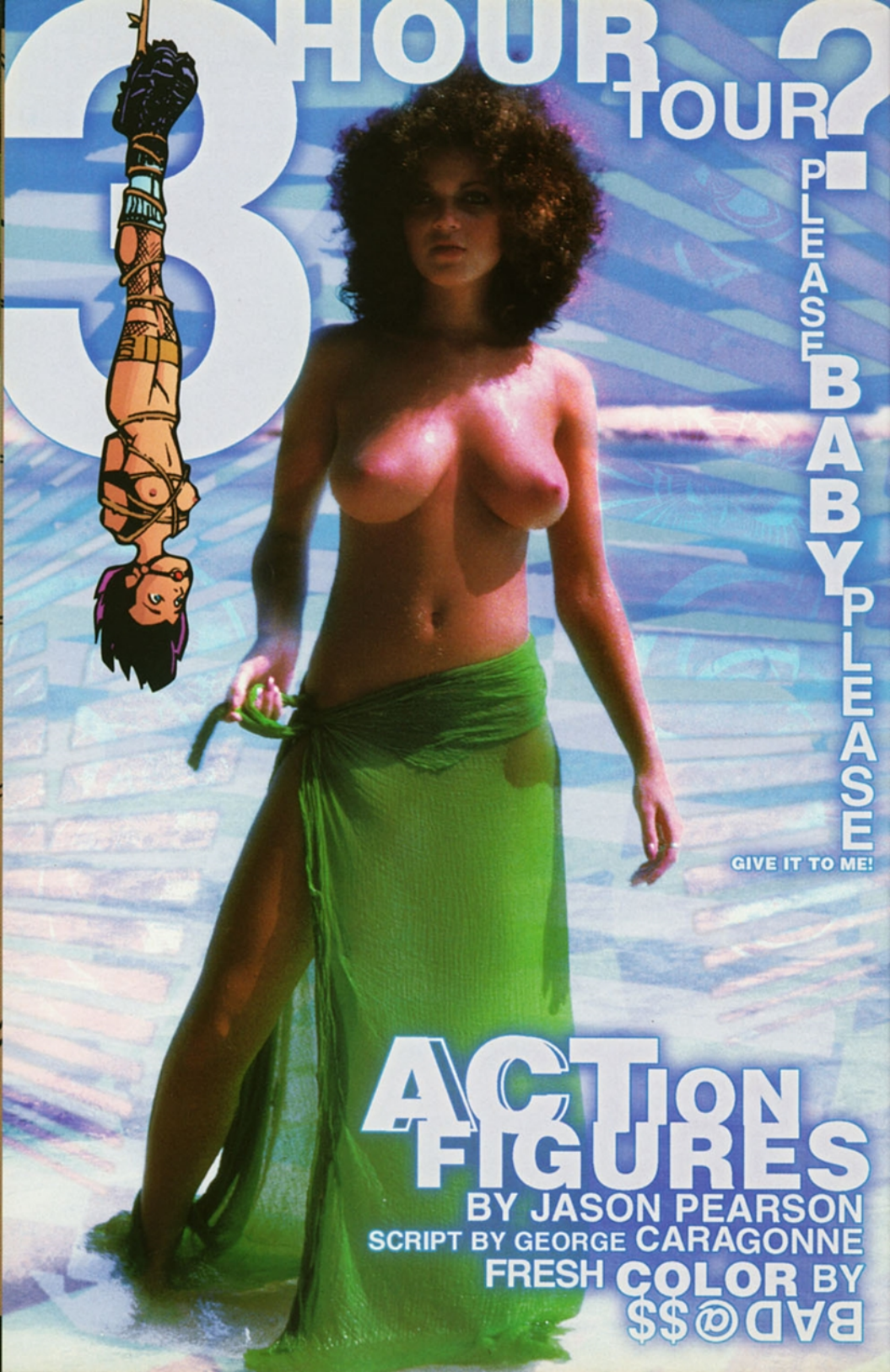
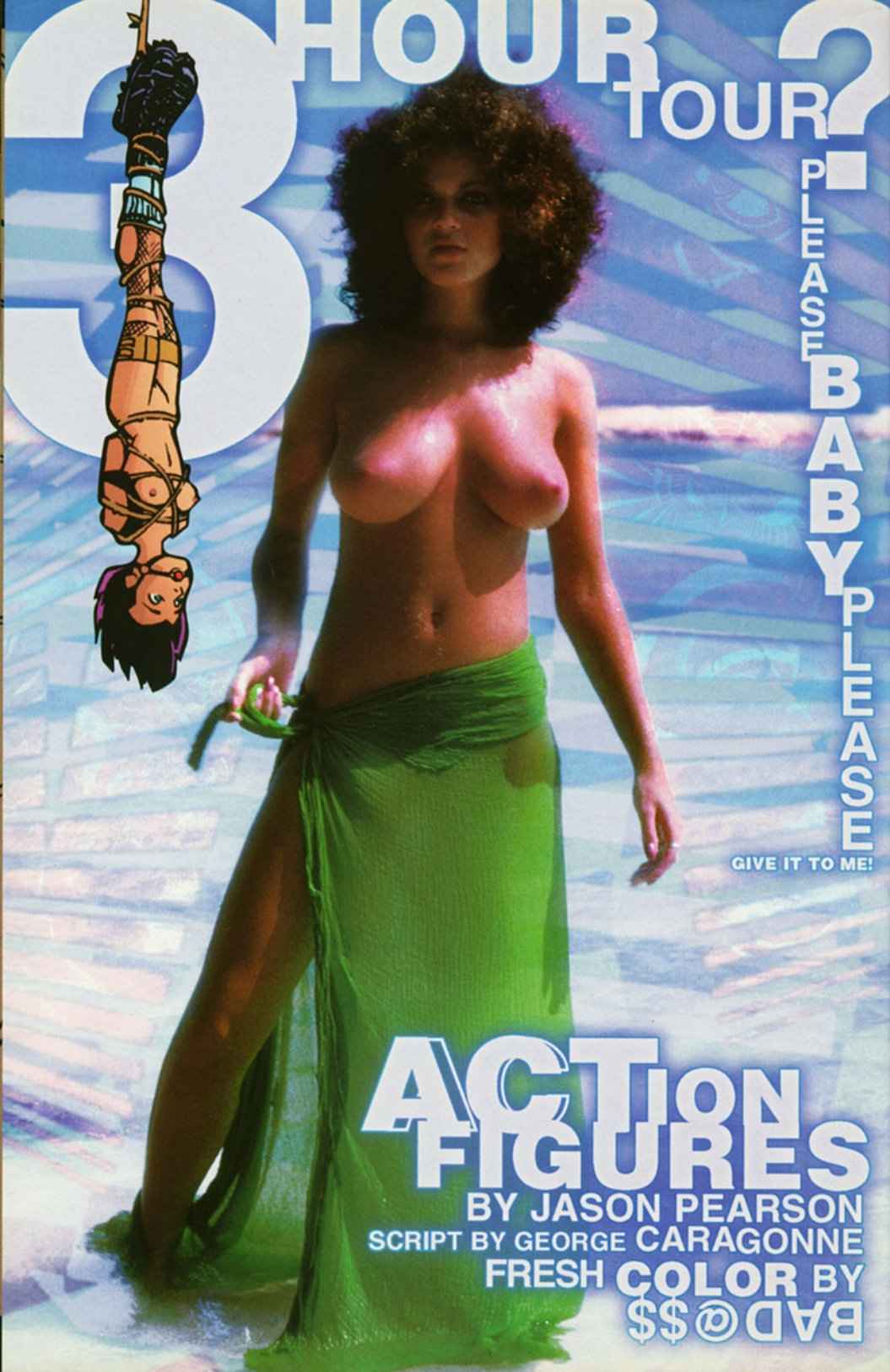
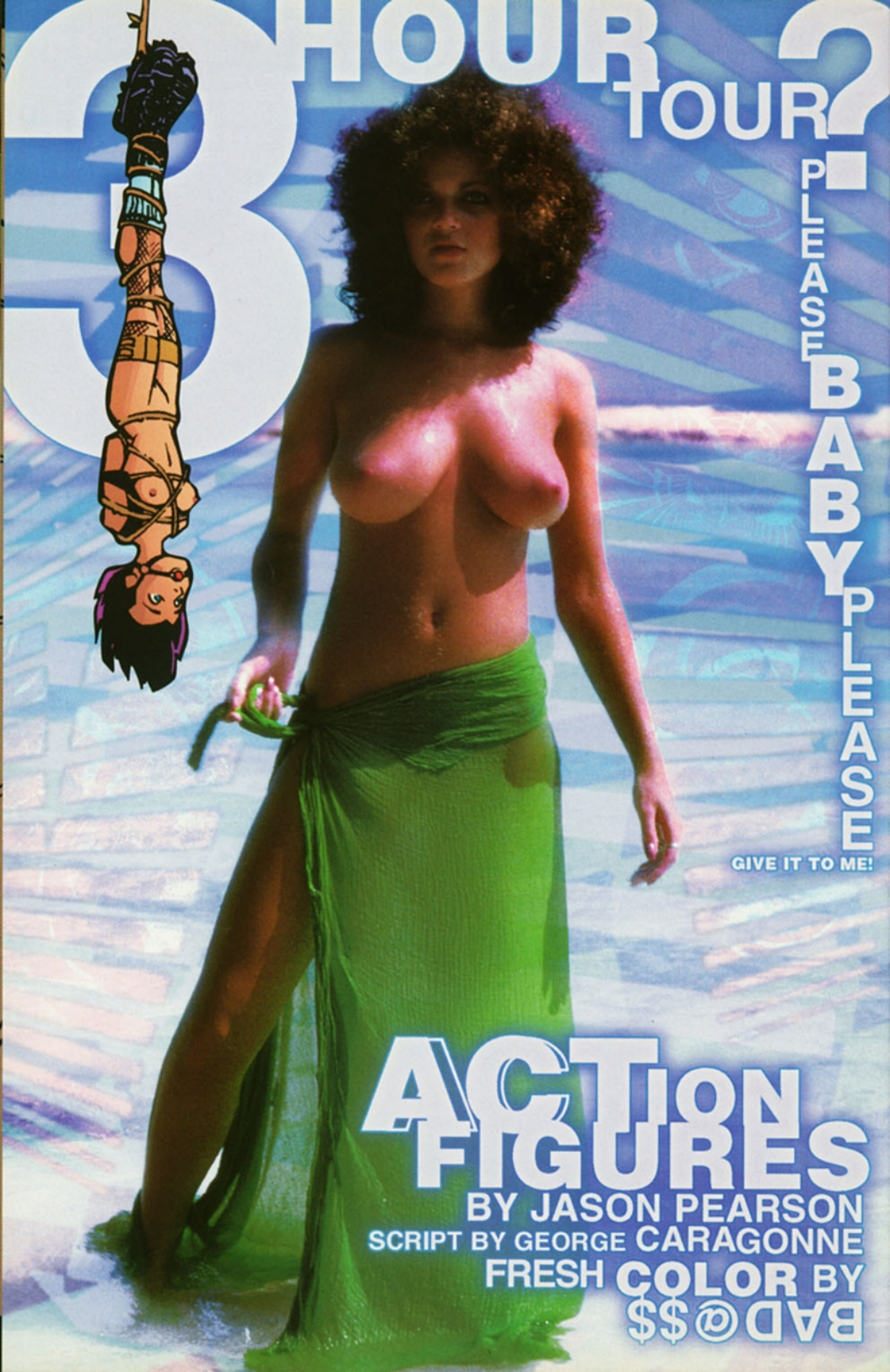
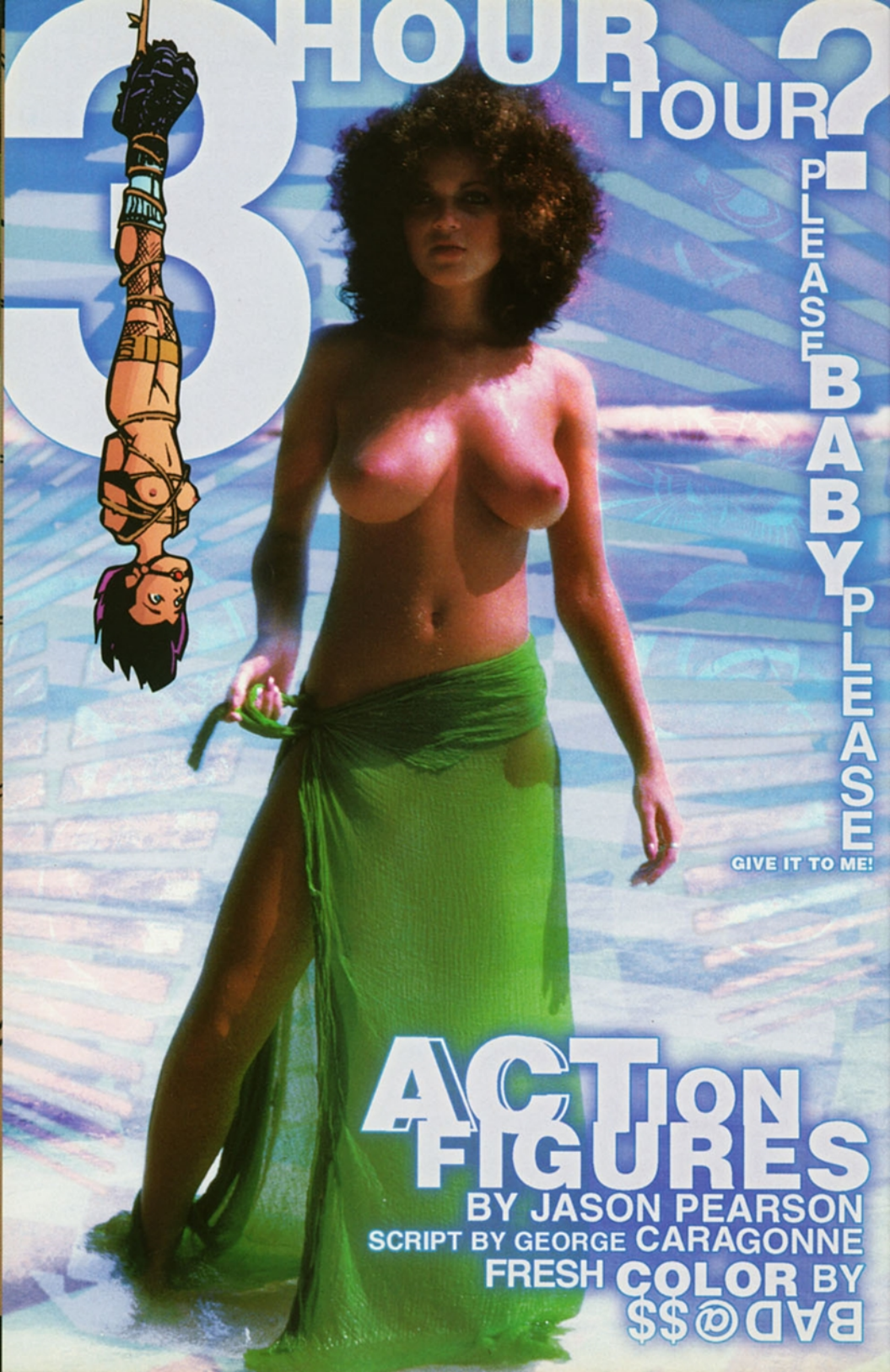
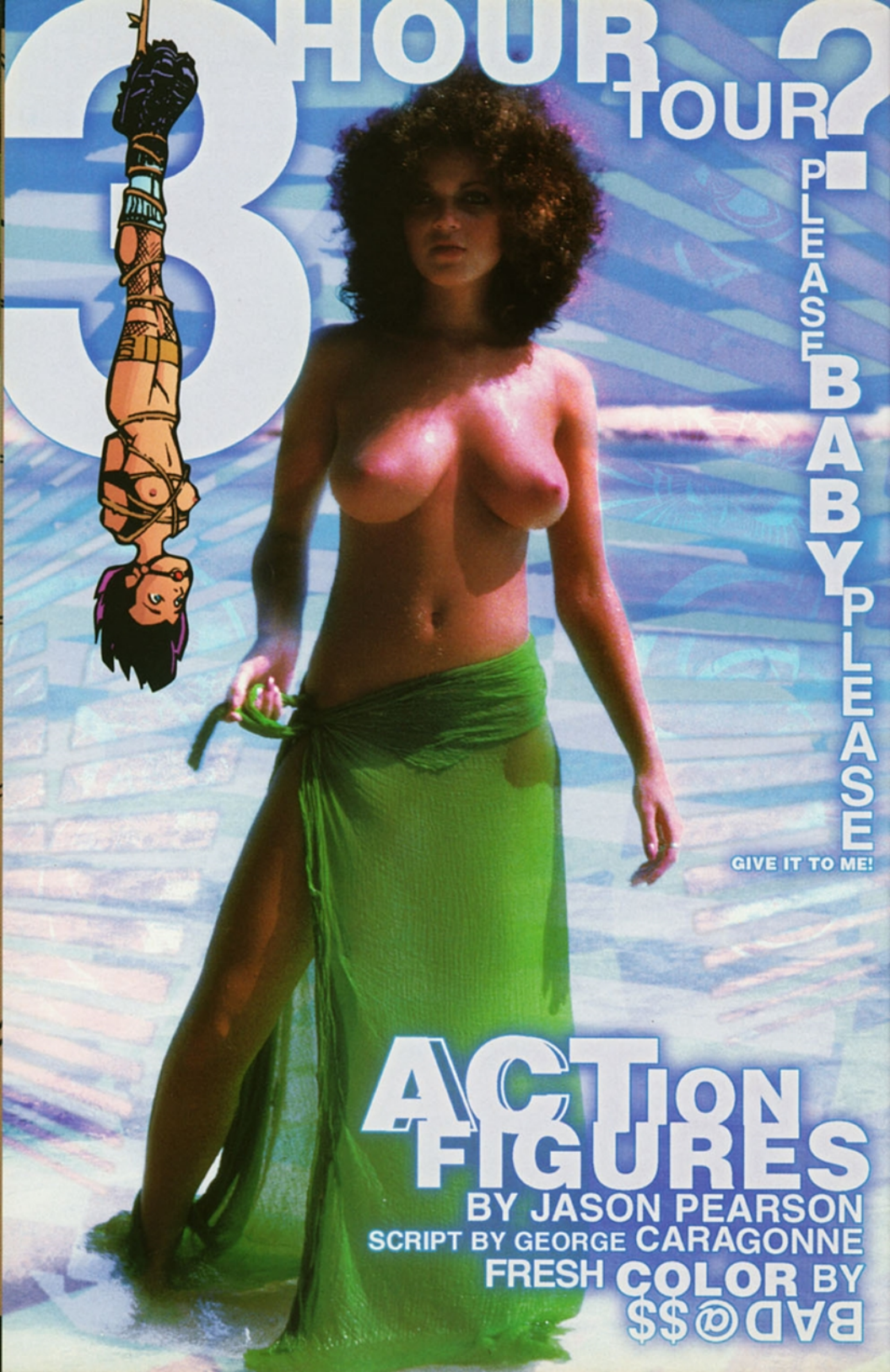
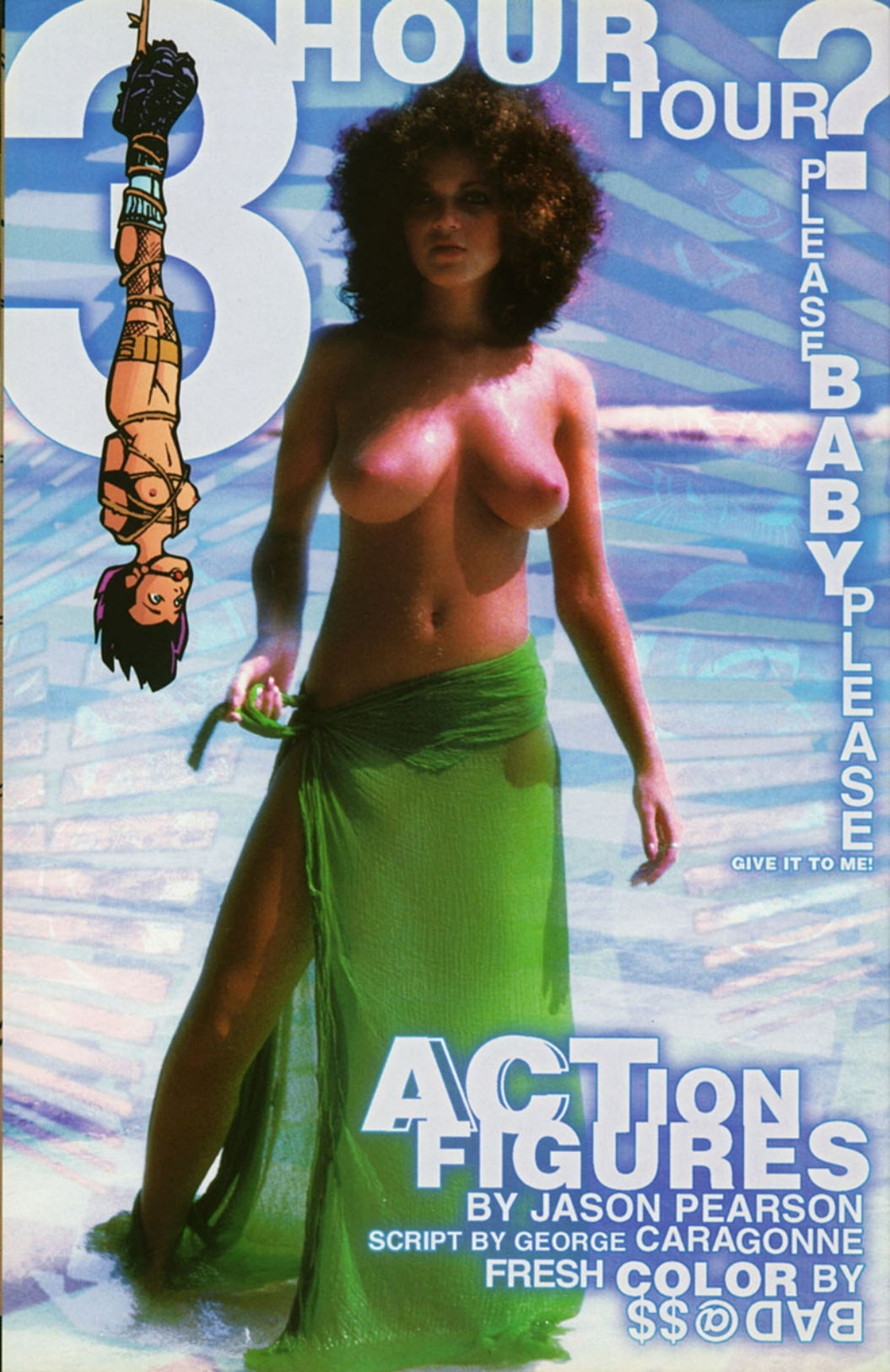
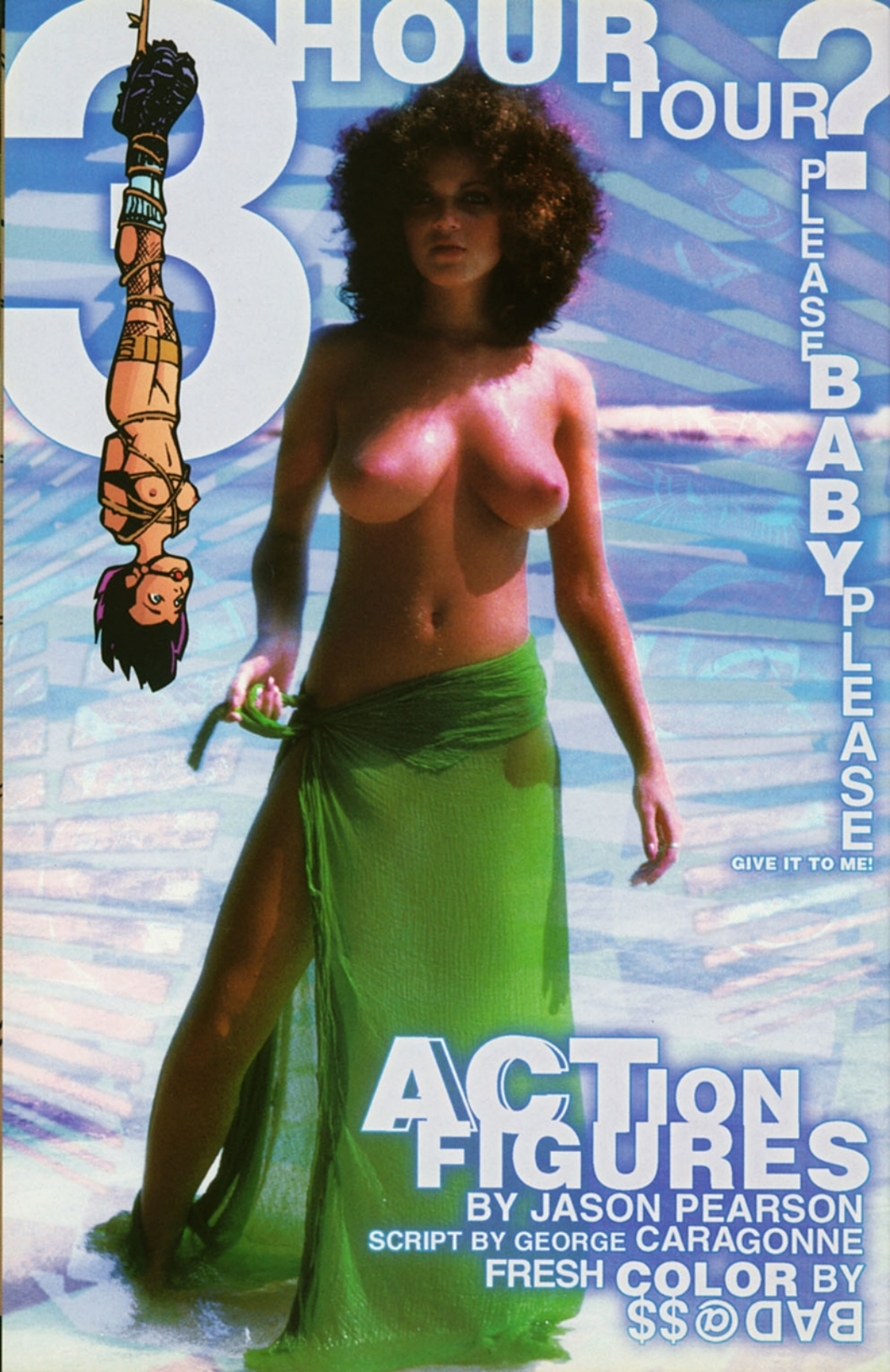
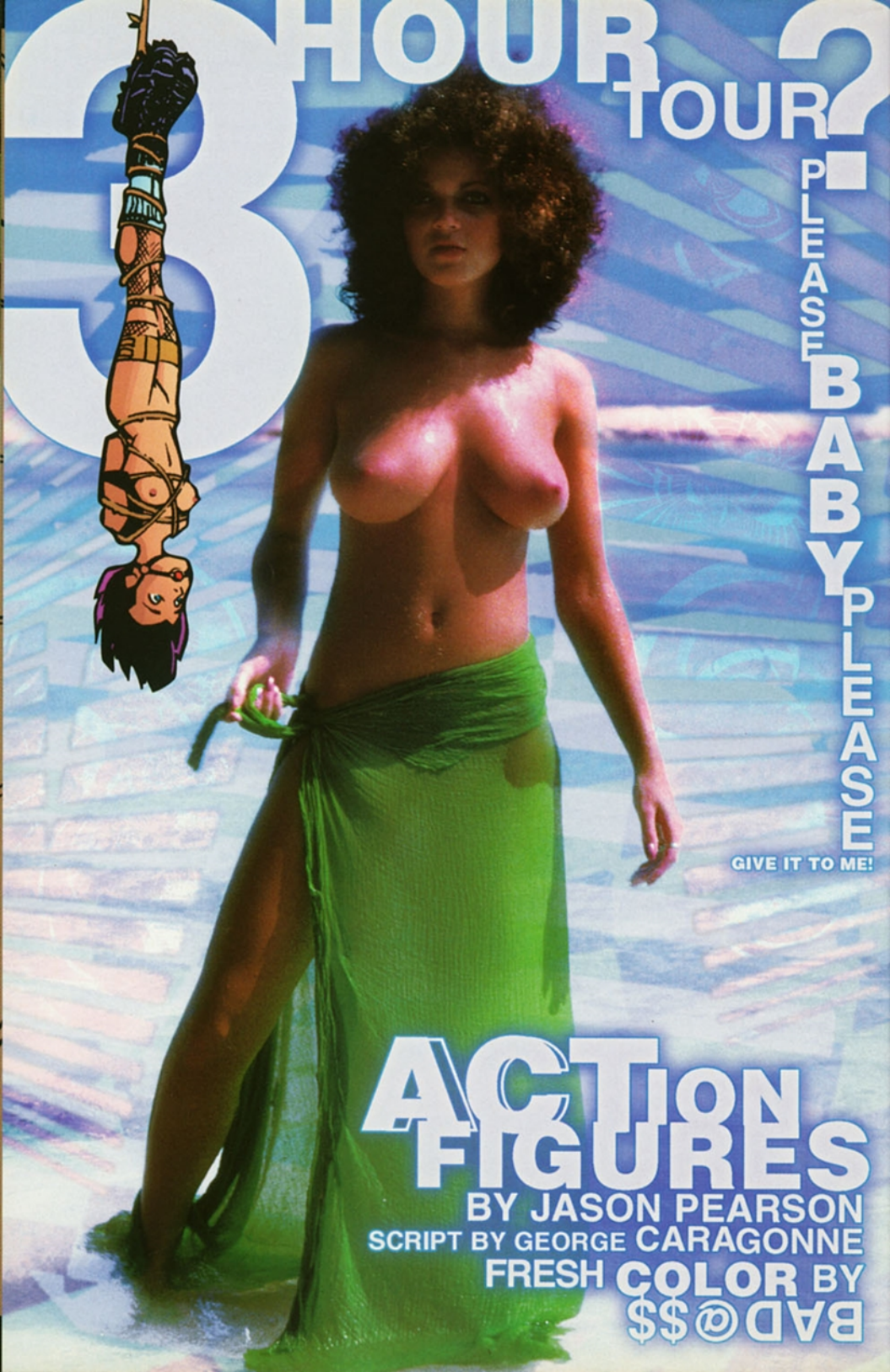
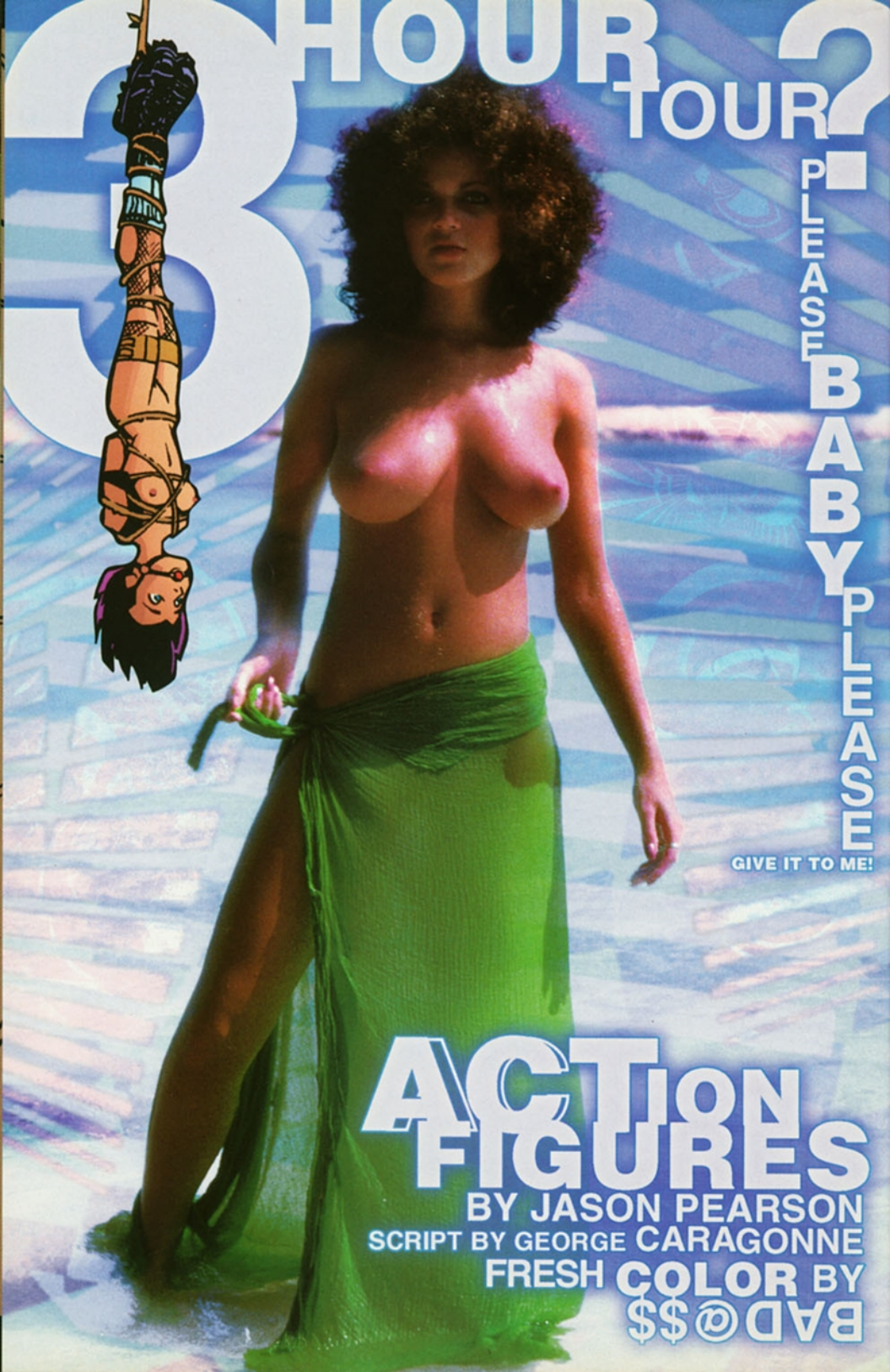
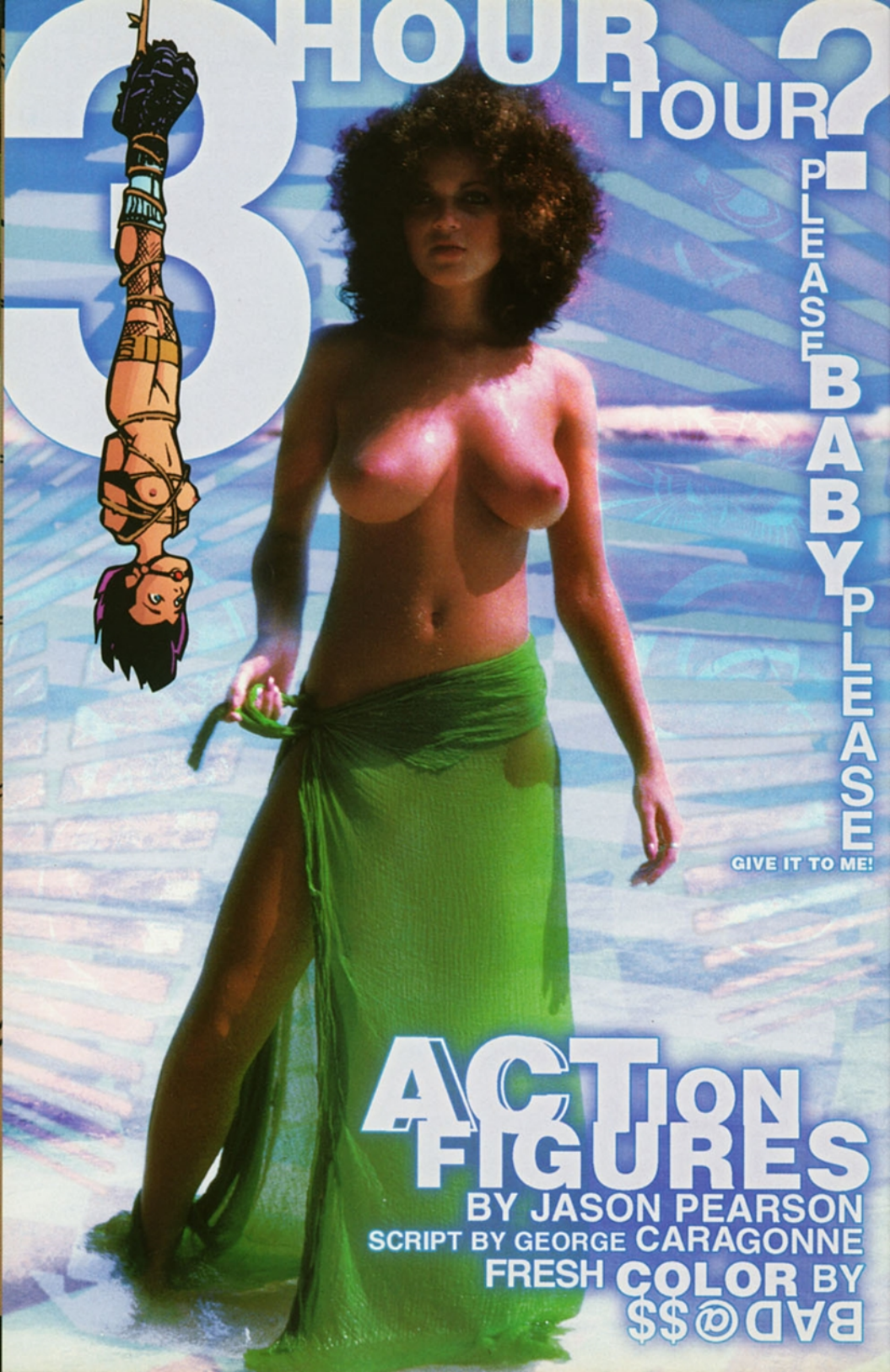
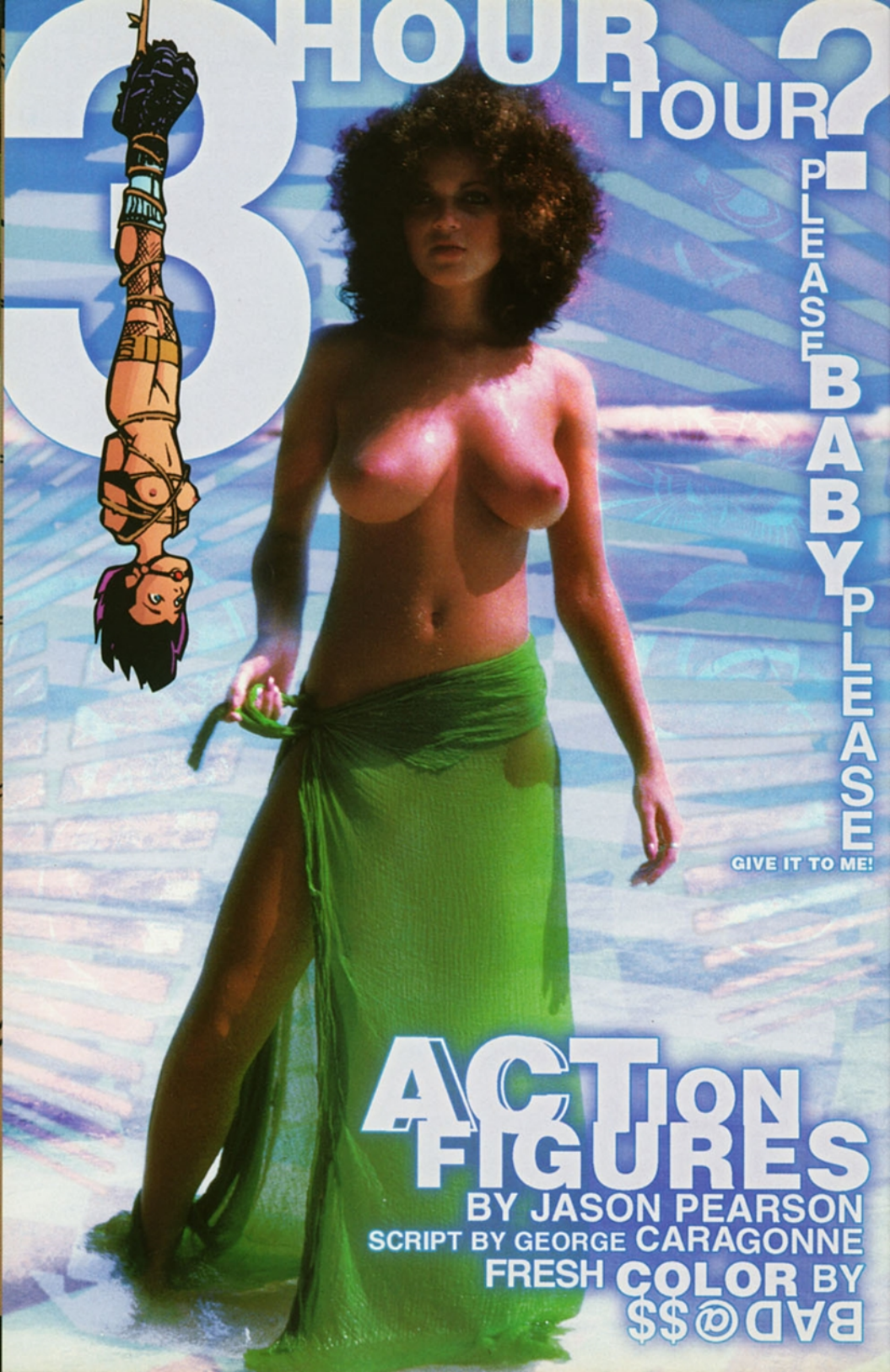
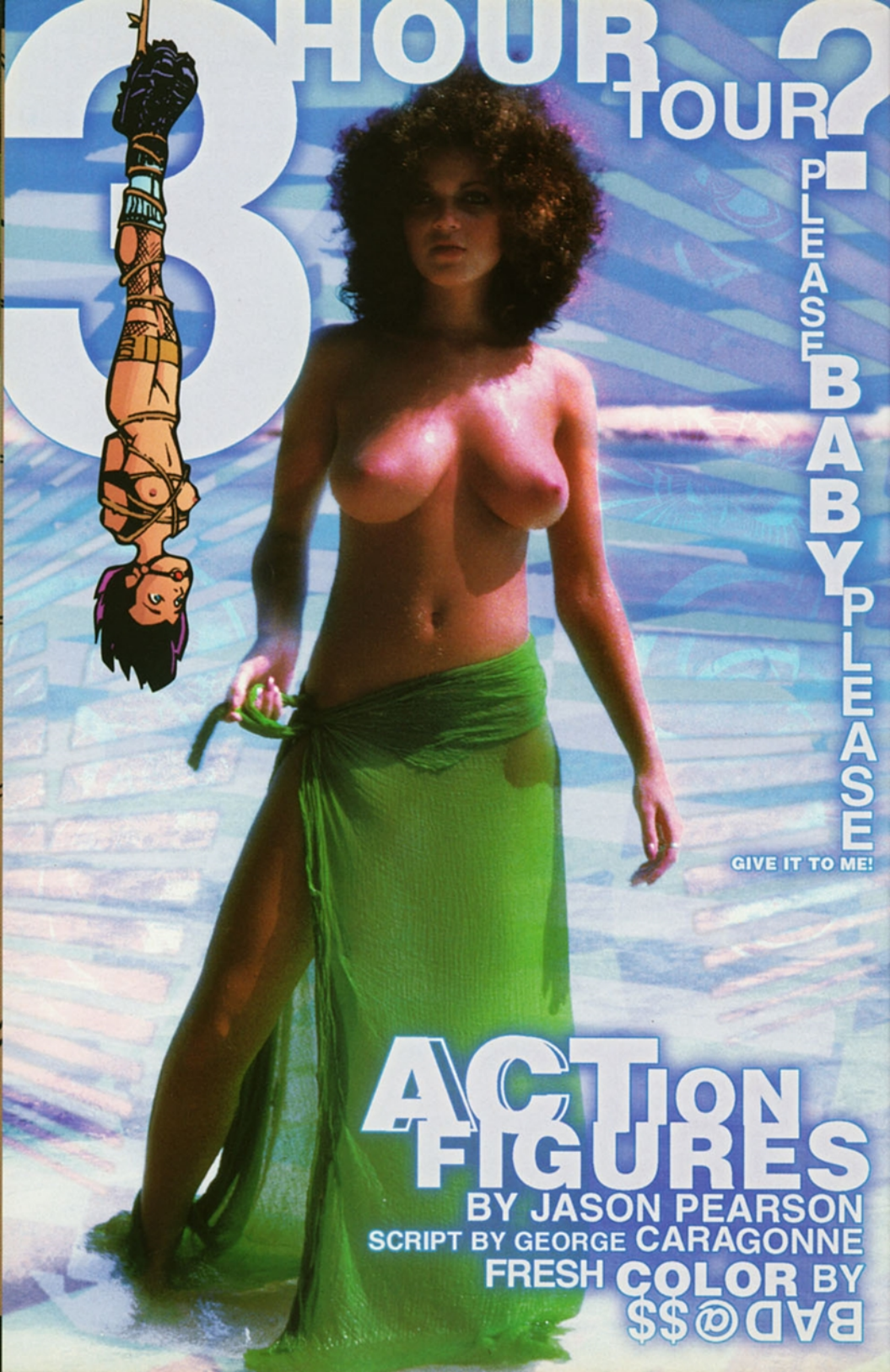
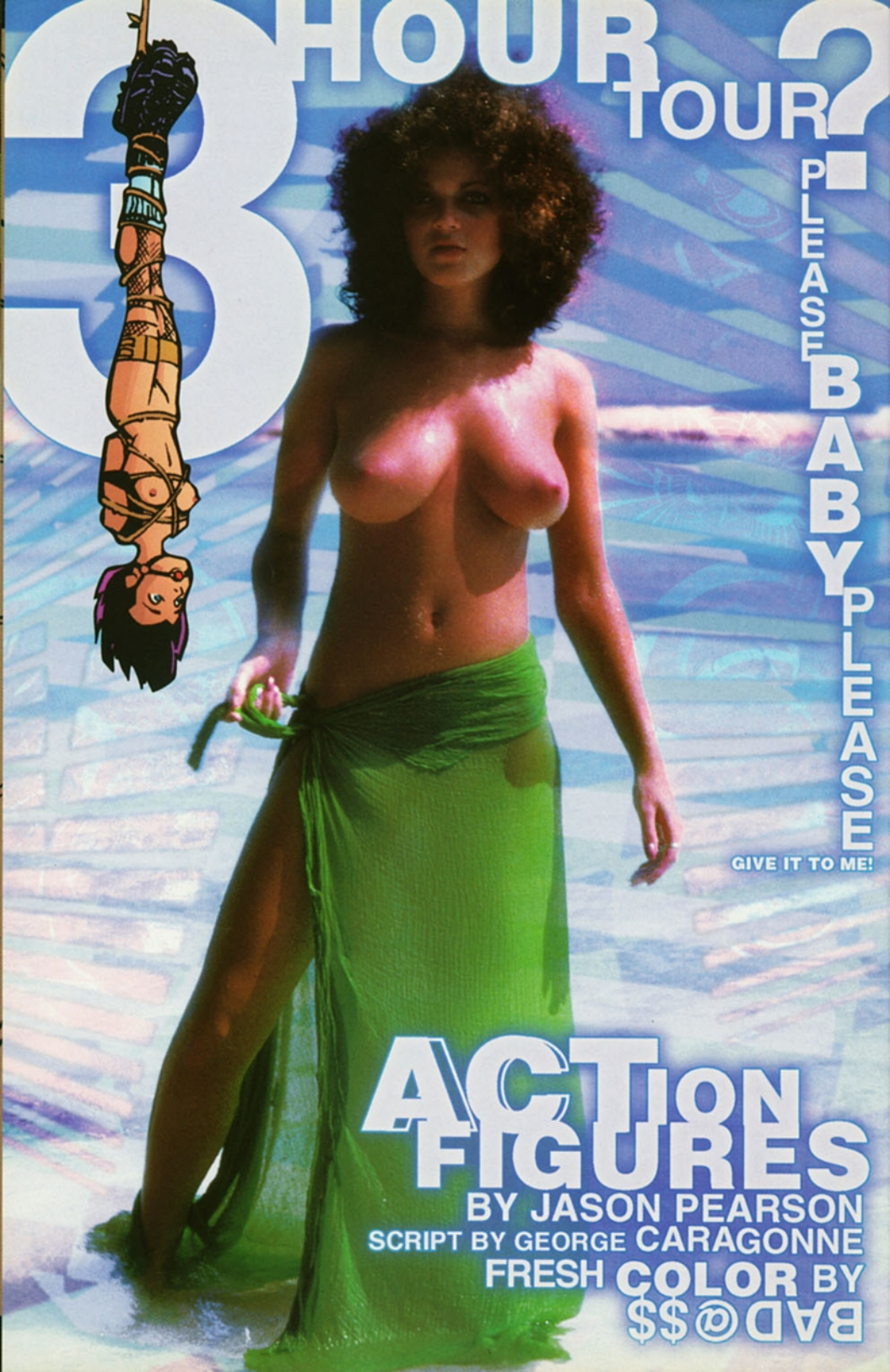
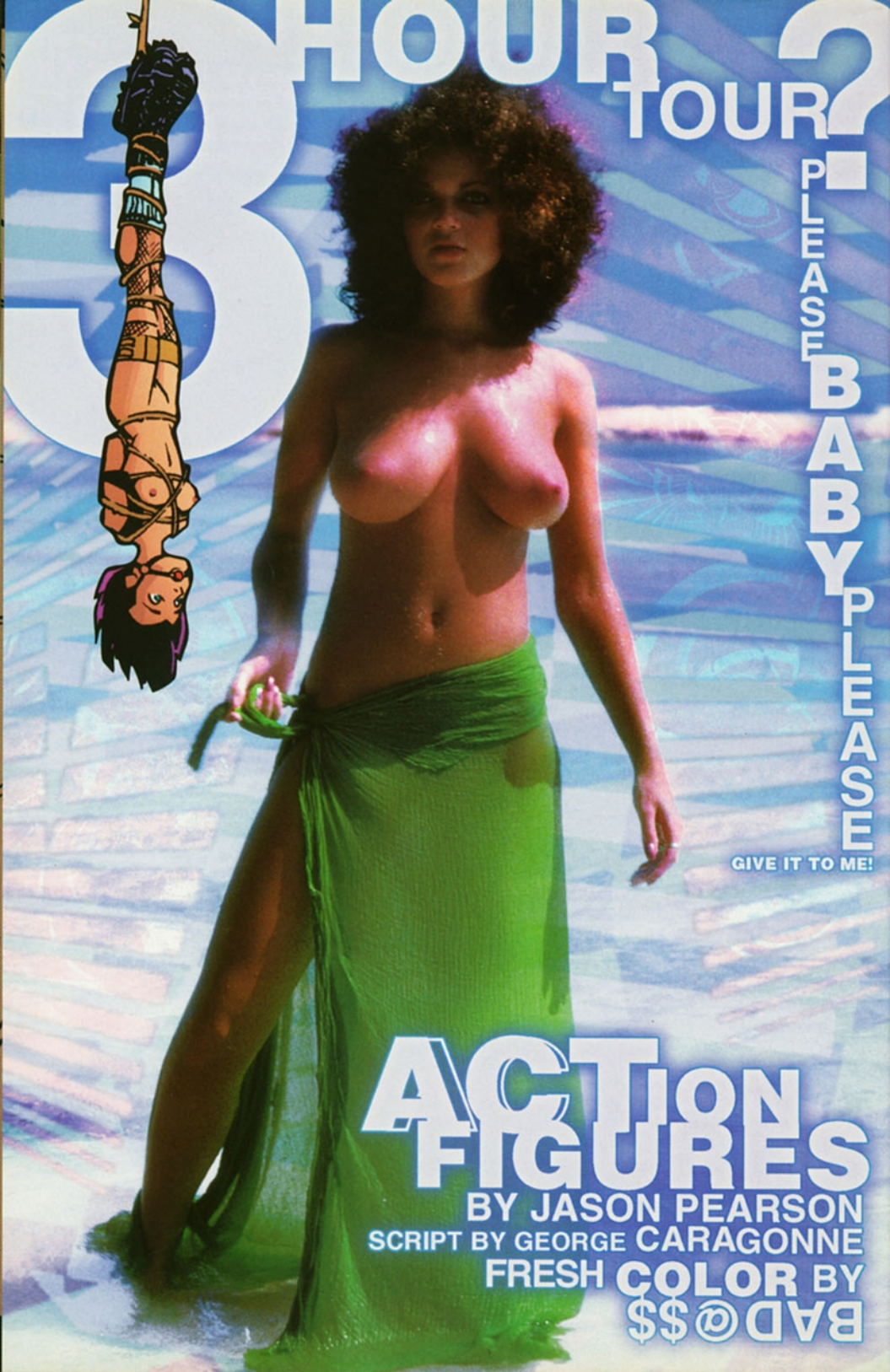


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WHAT DID I
SAY, CHRIST? DID
I SAY...

"IF WE ALL GET
HIGH AND FUCKED UP...
WHO'S GOING TO
STEER THE SHIP?"

DID I
SAY THAT? OR
DID I SAY
THAT?

YOU
SAID IT,
TRIX.

AND WHAT DO
I GET FOR BEING
RIGHT? FUCKING
SHIPWRECKED!

AND WHO'S
IDEA WAS IT
TO TAKE THIS
LOUSY TRIP?





"IT'LL BE A GREAT WAY TO RELAX" SHE SAYS.

"AN EXPENSIVE YACHT, SOME KICK-ASS BLVD FROM VERMONT, MUNCHIES AND BEER. WHAT COULD GO WRONG WITH THAT?" SHE SAYS!!

"PERFECT WAY TO RECOVER FROM KILLING A VAMPIRE... A DOSE OF SUNLIGHT FOR A FEW DAYS!"

ARRRRGH, ALRIGHT, ALREADY

PLEASE! DON'T SAY IT. I KNOW. I FUCKED UP. HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT THE ANCHOR WASN'T LONG ENOUGH AND WE'D DRIFT TO AN ISLAND THAT WASN'T ON MY MAP?

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING FOR A HANG-OVER?

SURE.



BANG-BANG, PUT A BULLET IN HER HEAD.

CAN'T.

WHAT ARE YOU STRIPPING FOR?

SO I DON'T GET GUN OIL ON MY ONLY T-SHIRT.

WELL... AS LONG AS WE'RE STUCK HERE AND YOU'RE ALREADY HALF-UNDRESSED...

...WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO A LOVE SET?

NO CHANCE. IT'S GONNA TAKE ME HOURS TO BREAKDOWN, DRY AND RE-OIL MY WEAPONS.



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF OUR STUFF?

I SENT SERAPHIM TO SEE IF ANYTHING ELSE WASHED UP.

WHAT'S IN THE TRUNK?

TOYS.



EVERY FUCKING TIME I DROPPED TO PICK UP OUR SHIT, A GIANT COCK-SUCKING WAVE WOULD HIT ME!

OKAY... WHO TOOK MY .45?

YOU GOT ANY CIGARS?

SORRY, I NEEDED IT FOR A ROLE PLAY.

YES, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THEY ARE. I ONLY USE THEM TO TORTURE PEOPLE.

HMMP!



FUCK! THAT SMELLS LIKE DOG-SHIT!!

I'M GOING TO LIE DOWN SOMEWHERE...

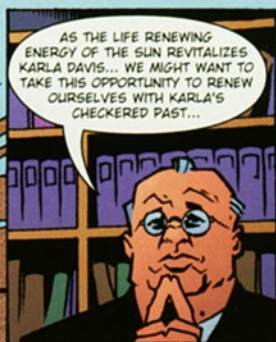


I NEED TO COLLECT SOME RAYS AND HEAL MYSELF UP A LITTLE.

PRIM, TAKE BRIDGETT AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND US SOME SHELTER. CHRISTY, SCOUT AROUND-- MAKE SURE WE'RE ALONE HERE.

DAMN IT. THIS TRIGGER'S MUSHY.

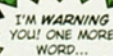
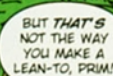




AS THE LIFE RENEWING ENERGY OF THE SUN REVITALIZES KARLA DAVIS... WE MIGHT WANT TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO RENEW OURSELVES WITH KARLA'S CHECKERED PAST...



STOP! I'M MS. DAVIS'S LAWYER. WE DO NOT FEEL THE NEED TO TARNISH HER GOOD NAME WITH THE READERS, BY BRINGING UP SORDID EVENTS FROM THE PAST THAT MY CLIENT FEELS ARE BEHIND HER!









HEY? WHAT'S THIS?

KEVLAR...

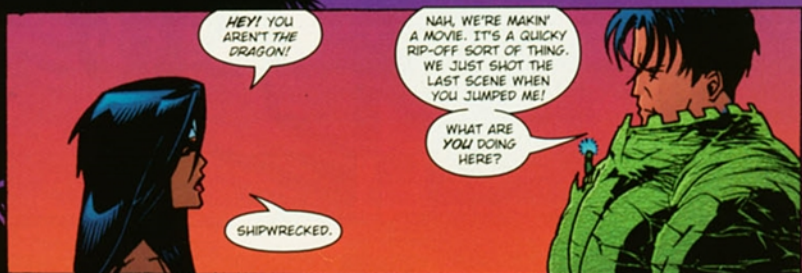
DURASHIELD?



AHHHH...



ARE YOU SOME KIND OF NUT?



HEY! YOU AREN'T THE DRAGON!

NAH, WE'RE MAKIN' A MOVIE. IT'S A QUICKY RIP-OFF SORT OF THING. WE JUST SHOT THE LAST SCENE WHEN YOU JUMPED ME!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

SHIPWRECKED.



HEY, LADY! YOU WANNA GET YOUR WINGS OUT OF MY SHOT? WE'RE SHOOTING A PICTURE HERE.

LICK MY SPHINCTER, DIPSHT! I'LL MOVE WHEN I'M FUCKING READY!

LISTEN, I'M REALLY SORRY. I THOUGHT YOU WERE...

NO, NO. I'M GLAD TO SEE THE COSTUME REALLY WORKS. THANKFULLY IT WAS BULLETPROOF. LUCKY THING THE DIRECTOR HAS HAD SOME BAD EXPERIENCES WITH ACTORS GETTING HURT...



I FEEL SO
BAD. I SHOT
YOU SO MANY
TIMES.

HEY, WHAT THE
HELL? THEY WERE
LOW CALIBER
SLUGS. IS THAT A
BERETTA?



MMM HMM.
YOU LIKE?

DO TELL...

I PREFER THE
DESERT EAGLE.
CHAMBERED FOR THE
.40 AE, IT'S A REAL
MANSTOPPER!



DAMN... OOH...
SELFISH... OH, THAT'S NICE...
CUNTS!... OHH, NOT SO HARD...
NEVER WANNA... OOH... WANNA
CUT ME IN ON THE... OH,
ALMOST THERE... OH, OH,
OH... ACTION...
-WHEW!-

THE
END

MANGA review

This is how we rate manga: SAW quotient., evaluating sexual content, art (as it relates to the characters) and weirdness of storyline.

Sexual Content 1: Mildly arousing 2: Can this spring from the mind of Man? 3: These surely are The End Times!

Art 1: Barely legal and humanoid 2: Anatomically excellent 3: A thing of beauty

Weirdness of Storyline 1: Could tell your mother about it 2: About life on another world/dimension 3: \$\$\$ing &##@!led to you \$\$\$~!!

Then, a 'v' means regular violence; and 'sv' means sexually-oriented violence.

COUNTDOWN: SEX BOMBS

by Hiroyuki Utagane
Eros Comix

ISBN: 1-56097-231-9

Call: 1-800 657 1100 to order stuff or get Eros Comix' really nice catalog, tons of regular American comics at all levels of hardness as well as historical interest and, oh yes, manga.

Utagane is one hot mama-jama. With a compilation of stories wrapped up in a nice trade paperback format, he hits one hot, ringing home run after another. I've read a bit of manga now and I know that a good time cannot be far behind when the first image you see is a christian girls' school. One element that I find delightful, and perhaps not a little mysterious, is the recurring theme of a girl who turns out to really be a well-equipped boy. Part of the mystery is that the initial surprise is so short-lived. After the first few sudsy, slathery splats of semen, the girl couldn't care less that her long-time girlfriend has a major-league boner, which brings up a good point. Bless these fabulous old Japanese traditions that make oozing, foaming, flying and dripping pre-come, come and post-come shots mandatory. Also, because of different cultural references (I guess), it seems that showing thoroughly awful incestuous goings-on with a little sado-masochism thrown in, is OK.

The usual, hypercute manga faces are not so distracting and the stories are nicely turned-out with straight-forward story telling. Countdown: Sex Bombs is the best sort of manga today, really adult with some kink and a few nice twists thrown in. **SAW: 222sv**



WING BIRD RETURNS

by Wing Bird

Available in the adult sections of comic shops everywhere. Also, there is a huge selection of back-issues listed in the rear of this book

Wing Bird is a remarkably talented person who draws something we all want and need to see more of: giant breasted Asian chicks (who take it every which way but loose!). Despite the impediment of these really large tits, these gals manage to be quite frisky as they get in and out - though mostly 'in' - of many of these "scrapes." Three little stories that pack a 1-2-3 punch, and cover a whole range of large-hootered problems that don't fit easily into polite conversation. Wing Bird Returns does beg the question, "where did he go?" but, really, who cares? He's here, his work is red-hot, and his tits are huge. Buy buy buy.

SAW: 322sv



ANIME ^{review}

VENUS 5 - THE INMA BALL

Anime 18

Available through:
Mangamania

Catalog: 1-800-626-4277

This is a fairly straightforward storyline and the little prolog gets us all off and running nicely enough (NOT the "How To Enjoy Anime. Dumb Americans!" intro piece). The only questionable scene is where the bad guys have to torture a demon cat, who sprouts a rather humanoid dick — though hair covered. But, of course, it's not an Earth cat, so it's not bestiality, right? Right!

The sex is truly great; once again, the Japanese have no problem with demonic she-things turning into he-things... kind'a. Unfortunately for this crew, the promise of sex is not realized. The 49 minute running time could easily have had 20 minutes of more hard core sex with the Venus 5 figuring out their young (over 18!) burgeoning sexuality.

I have to give this a "must see" but I chide the producers and creators for starting something they didn't seem to want to finish. What sex there is plenty hard X, but there was room for lots more. Hint to the lustful: if you like running, streaming love-juice shots- here's your anime!



-ERB

BUBBLEGUM CRISIS

Going off on a bit of a tangent, here's a review of the band Bubblegum Crisis, which, appropriately enough for this column, gets its name from the anime series of the same title.

Bubblegum Crisis is one of the more creative bands to come out of the New York ska scene in a long time. The sound of the four-piece is thundering bass and drums, topped off with tight grooves and nimble, chat-influenced female vocals. It's a refreshing new direction for ska-rock: imagine the Police after being fucked up the ass by Led Zeppelin at a demo—it's surprisingly confident and cohesive. The tunes range from structured and pop-four-song album than a demo—it's surprisingly confident and cohesive. The tunes range from structured and pop-ish, with "Pangea" and the snarling psychedelia of "Mr. Think." Bubblegum Crisis is meaty, groovy, and has an ambient quality that is complemented by the otherworldly lyrics. We haven't caught Bubblegum Crisis live yet, but if the tape is any indication, their show would be a damn good place to check out honeys while listening to some rocking music.

You can get your hands on a Bubblegum Crisis tape by writing them at 601 West 137th Street, #52, New York, NY 10031, calling them at (212)491-9845, or e-mailing them at Bubblegum@aol.com.

WITCH BITCH

EPISODE 6

LIKE A MOSQUITO STICKING ITS PROBOSCIS INTO THE CREAMY FLESH OF A PLUMP GIRL, MANKIND HAS ALWAYS SUCKED THE GOODNESS FROM THE PLANET...

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, SHIFTS OF MEN HAMMER AND DRILL AT THE COAL... THAT STRANGE BLACK ROCK THAT WAS ONCE BUSHES, TREES, WEEDS, AND SMALL ANIMALS...

THIS COAL-MINE BEING A GOOD EXAMPLE...

EIGHTY-FIVE MILLION YEARS AGO!

SO WHEN BILL JARVIS EXPOSES A DELICATE... AND DECIDEDLY FEMALE HAND HELD WITHIN THE ANCIENT STRATA... IT IS A SURPRISE...

JESUS!
THERE'S... THERE'S
SOMEONE IN THE
COAL...!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF THIS
BEAUTIFUL, NAKED GIRL
IS ASLEEP...

HELL, IF IT
AIN'T A NUDE
WOMAN...?!

MAKE
IT MINE

BILL...!
SHE'S
ALIVE...!

SHOULDN'T WE...
LIKE, TELL SOMEONE
OR SOMETHING?

SURE, BOB...
YOU GO DO THAT—
ME... I'VE BEEN WORKING
DOWN HERE FIFTEEN YEARS
THINKING 'BOUT NAKED
CHICKS... I KNOW WHAT
I'M GONNA DO.





LETTERS

from our sex-crazed audience.

and fan art (see next page.)

Dear Mr. Brown,
Hello! My name is Bruce Wright and I'm a single, 48 year-old, straight Black man who loves to see videos, photos and artwork showcasing Black women fuckin' and suckin' White men and women. I really liked your presentation, Latischa of the Lost World, featured in the April 97 issue of Penthouse Comix. Latischa reminded me of my awesomely-built Aunt Fannie Mae... 5'8", 220 pounds, 50"-30"-50", who I grew up with.

In 1961 when I was 12 years old, I found her collection of Playboy magazines and hardcore, X-rated photos and magazines of Black women fuckin' and suckin' White men. I got so hot, I whipped out my super hard boner and started jackin' off while lookin' at these pictures spread out in front of me.

Aunt Fannie Mae caught me pumpin' my dick like a piston and said, "These pictures are nice but you needs to see a sexy, nasty Colored girl when you beats yo' meat!" She immediately started strippin' naked for me and blew my mind when she loosed her bra and allowed her awesome chocolate titties to tumble out and sway back and forth like two 50 pound bags of sand. Her nipples were coal black and the size of thumbs. She tugged at her panties - for what seemed like minutes - to be pulled down from around a massive, jumbo ass that protruded so far out in back you could sit a 13" television on it. She had long, shapely, big, hairy legs and a huge, hairy mound of pussy. After she was naked she struck all kinds of hot sexy poses for me while she described her sexy exploits of suckin' and fuckin' White folks.

I found out she was an exhibitionist, submissive, bisexual, part-time prostitute. She started fuckin' White folks by demand, for fun and for profit in 1929 during the Depression as a 14 year-old to help provide food for her family. She regularly fucked and sucked a White store owner for food. This was in Birmingham, Alabama, where White men regularly enjoyed

demanding sexual favors from sexy, super-built Black wenches. During that time, as well as when I lived with her, she was a domestic maid who regularly fucked and sucked the White Boss Man of the house, his sons and friends to completion.

She also fucked our White landlord several days each month. After she saw I was faithfully devoted to her and her lifestyle she allowed me to watch her fuck our White landlord, Mr. Benson, while I hid in a darkened room with a clear view of the action. I jacked-off like crazy while watching Mr. Benson pump Aunt Fannie Mae's succulent mouth, juicy pussy and ass with his 9 inch White dick.

The drawing I've enclosed was inspired by my Aunt Fannie Mae. I'm hoping you'll be able to use it in one of your publications or on the internet offering you open for people seeking all sorts of delicious topics. I really hope you'll have more interracial sexual topics that feature Black women pleasuring White men and women. Aunt Fannie Mae was real proud of the fact that many a young, White man got their first piece of pussy riding in her chocolate saddle.

All the videos I buy or rent feature Black women gettin' White dick. A real turn on is thinking about Sisters like: Chaka Khan, Tina Turner, Naomi Campbell, Diann Carroll, Dianna Ross, Deneice Williams, Iman, Kim Fields and Robin Givens, to name a few, who love White dick.

The Bone Man,
Bruce Wright

Thanks, Bruce. Your touching childhood story warms me still... and your evocative provocative artwork... oooh! speaking of artwork...

Not too long ago, Bikini Magazine felt an irritating bump on the bottom of its high-tone shoes and found us squished into their tread pattern. Their otherwise brilliant observer and chronicler of his time, Mark B. Lasser (for us, Lasser is always morer — heh), scraped us off and took a good look at a couple of early issues of comix. We found his review, well really more of a cautionary notice, to be not so awfully bad. Here it is reprinted in its entirety.

PENTHOUSE PET PEEVES

If you dig way over-the-top naked alien fantasy women with watermelon sized hooters, fishnet stockings, furry tails, and swollen labia, then by golly have we got a magazine for you. Penthouse Comix is male adolescence gone awry. Big time. The irony of this slick comic book, printed on high-grade porno paper, is that it is not for sale to anyone under 18



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Letters (cunt.) and FAN ART

— just the prime market for such a pub. The setting for the stories are predictable: sci-fi outer space, post-apocalyptic deserts, the tennis court of a country club. The writing is embarrassing to read; the illustrations are nothing more than an explicit version of Heavy Metal; and the most cutting-edge element of the issues I read was the table of contents. I was disappointed that there weren't ads for comic book 900 numbers. 1-900-MARS-SEX: have phone sex with an extraterrestrial! Or Jessica Rabbit. Now that I'd shell out for. Unless you are a major comic book fan and really dig on the hyperactive genre thing, or you are immensely turned on by illustrations of exaggerated stereotypes (sickos!), you'll probably do better with good 'ol regular Penthouse.

Mark B. Lasser
Bikini Magazine

Well, Mr. Lasser, Merv thanks you for admiring his table of contents page work, but you obviously don't know just how much trouble it is to reserve several thousand tons of porno paper to print our books on. Then, as you so ably noted, we aimed for the skies and went for the high-grade stuff. We currently print in Iowa which, incidentally, produces 10% of America's food and was a part of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. The constituent that is added to the porno paper to bring it up to "high-grade" is the finely ground wing of the Eastern Goldfinch, the state bird. Tons of those little sucker's wings are needed and they are slaughtered in wholesale lots; there's even school drives to round up the most Eastern Goldfinch wings and the winner is feted at the Iowa State Fair in Des Moines every year.

Then there's your comment about the irony of fantasy-sci-fi sex material that should be for under-18 year olds but isn't sold to under-18 year olds. What about the contents of Bikini? Insidious anti-American counter-cultural cant shouldn't be sold to anyone, period. Your list of advertisers alone reads like a Who's Who of the CIA's Watch List for Un-American Activities (not that that bother us, we seem to reside on that list as well). We feel that there's nothing wrong with good old-fashioned sex between exaggerated stereotypes with watermelon-sized hooters, swollen labias and, um, sickos! Except, of course, when it appears in that jiz-rag fish-wrap, Heavy Metal.

Seriously: thanks for noticing us, Markie, but read a couple more Comix before you line the round file with us. We've improved a lot, pulled ahead and look a whole lot better than we did when you reviewed us.

And, oh yeah, any of you cats out there who think you're hip, check out Bikini. These guys are the best of the best West Coaster hepbsters who are really very smart and show it off by restraining themselves. You want smart observations that are just hip-enough for the room, seek Bikini.
Eliot R. Brown

**PENTHOUSE
COMIX**

277 Park Ave. 4th Floor
NYC, NY 10172



HORATIO ALTUNA "A PASSIONATE WOMAN"



"A PASSIONATE WOMAN"

HORATIO ALTUNA







THE END!

THE PCX

HOROSCOPE



Our new regular Horoscope section will be presented by JEAN PAUL MOUCHERE, renowned psychic and astrologer of the International L'SKUNK magazine.

Well, my little horny toads, let us see what ARIES has in store. ARIES is a big RAM sign. It is also first sign of Zodiac.

ARIES (March 21- April 19)

You will be the star of any party or event this month. The unfortunate part of this is that they will laughing at you because of the photos developed from the Christmas party. Thinking of doing some work for charity? Forget it. Your stars show that if you do, you meet someone you will fall in love with, marry, have kids and have a completely miserable existence with, because you will forever regret marrying so young.

For Her: Now would be a good time to give that guy, who cares so much for you, a well deserved blow job tonight. Follow it with a nicely cooked meal, a few bottles of beer and another blow job while he watches the game on TV tonight. It will mark a change in your relationship forever.

For Him: Go home early tonight and watch the game on TV with the other half. If she hasn't cooked a good meal for you or at least given you a blow job by half time, use the ad break to kick her out the house.

TAURUS (April 20- May 20)

Take time out to relax. You will need to, that blood test you had after the Christmas parties will show up positive.

For Her: Now would be a good time to practice blow jobs. You have your pay review in two months.

For Him: Your favorite trick of farting as you come while being given a blow job will back fire on you this month, as the girl will have your face plastered all over the internet along with the story about how you crapped in your pants. The end result will be that you will have to have plastic surgery to ever get laid again.

GEMINI (May 21- June 21)

You won't believe what a crappy month you're going to have.

For Her: Just stay in and give your boy friend blow jobs all month.

For Him: Just stay in and let your girl friend give you blow jobs all month.

CANCER (June 22- July 22)

Strength and patience in waiting for the right time for sex with your shy partner proves successful. For somebody else. Face it, you just can't stop barking up the wrong trees.

For Her: Tired of your boy friend always asking for a blow job? Well, bloody give him one!

For Him: Everyone keeps bugging you to make something of yourself. Sign up for a class. The photography class at your local college has a really hot model who comes in to pose and she will be instantly attracted to you. So, have a bath as well.

LEO (July 23- Aug. 22)

Your attraction to fame and glory could be fulfilled this month. You just need to get a little facial adjustment with a little plastic surgery, start that diet you've been talking about and find a little talent from somewhere.

For Her: That guy you meet who says he's an art director for Penthouse and says he can get you in the magazine? Fuck his brains out. He is the real thing.

For Him: Don't try the trick this month at the strip club, about claiming to be an art director for Penthouse. She will know the real thing when she sees it and you will permanently barred. Telling her you are a talent scout for the next James Bond film will get you further.

VIRGO (Aug. 23- Sept. 22)

This is the month you will lose your virginity. Be bold, be confident and above all... be prepared to pay for it.

For Her: You will meet a tall dark stranger, this month. He will wine and dine you. He will have that sparkle in his eyes that makes your knees go weak. You will fall head over heels for him. Then, shortly after you find out you are pregnant, you will also find out 'Lover Boy' has four other girl friends in the same position.

For Him: Put off that decision about the penis extension this month. You need to look into where your doctor is getting your "addition" from.

LIBRA (Sept. 23- Oct. 23)

A former rival becomes a romantic possibility. Face it. You're gay.

For Her: Where a consistent effort at work for promotion fails, try a blow job.

For Him: That girl you have been dating with the black finger nails will ask you back to her place tonight on the promise of blow jobs and anal sex. Don't do it. She has 11 Satanists at her apartment waiting to cut your balls off and drink your blood.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24- Nov. 21)

Step by step, you reach your financial goals- try two blow jobs for the price of one this weekend.

For Her: Don't be fooled by what your mother says. The only way to a mans heart is his dick.

For Him: Your girl friend can't make it for that dirty weekend you've been planning. She's busy getting advice on you from her mother. Take her sister up on her offer and take her instead.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22- Dec. 21)

You have reached a point in your relationship where you need to stand back to see if you are with the right person. The best way of doing this is going out and getting laid with someone else. If sex is better than what you are getting now, stay with this new person.

For Her: There is no nice way to do it. That pesky guy that just won't take no for an answer needs to be shot.

For Him: A love interest turns out to be wonderful for your career- provided of course you want to appear in gay movies.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22- Jan 19)

Your feelings of paranoia are well founded. Your boss really doesn't like you. Time to get out.

For Her: You are not sure about that guy who is hitting on you. You know he is married and has kids, but somehow it a relationship with him seems wrong. Go with your feelings. Fuck him, but keep it at that and don't get involved.

For Him: You are fucking this chick at work, but are beginning to be plagued with pangs of guilt about your wife. Don't be. This is keeping your marriage together. You're getting laid, she doesn't keep being asked for blow jobs, it might give her the space she needs to come around and give you a blow job with out asking for it (and pigs might fly-Ed).

AQUARIUS (Jan 20- Feb. 18)

Aquarius is the water sign, so for all of you who have been fascinated by peeing on someone, try it out. Just say no to anything more 'solid'.

For Her: You should learn to take better care of yourself. Relax and have a facial. Infact I have it on good authority that Jizz is great for the skin. Next time you are giving your boy friend a blow job, have him come on your face as a special treat.

For Him: You will feel much better after a special achievement (I don't think coming after only 30 seconds is really an achievement -Ed).

PISCES (Feb. 19- March 20)

Don't feel you need to justify anything to anybody, except when it comes to crapping on your boss's desk during his month meeting with the owner of the company. I prefer putting an old fish into the heating system or nailing it under his desk.

For Her: Remember talking to your best friend about that guy you fell for. Well she checked him out herself. If it's any consolation, the guy she been trying to go out with really has the hots for you.

For Him: It's exciting to watch someone have an impact on the world. So carry on being as depressed as you are and we'll expect to see you drop from the 30th floor any day now.

See you next month and may your star watch over you.





JERRY FALWELL

(contact with god)

Albert: Anger really turned a good one in this month. Jerry Falwell speaks out. Unfortunately, the interview went on for way too long, so we decided to give you the end of it. Albert spent the first hour praising this boy's ass so good, he could not see the scorpion's tail. He was so blind-sided by this that instead of immediately walking out, Jerry's anger got the better of him and he let out some very important details about his views of his utopian society.

Albert: Now, Jerry. You have gone to great lengths to tell us, that you are a man of the church and a man of God.

Jerry: That's right, Albert. I be-

Albert: I'm sorry, Jerry. I hadn't finished. You go on to tell us that politics has no place in the church and that the church has no place in politics. Yet you stated yourself and I quote, "There is no separation of church and state. Modern U.S. Supreme Courts have raped the constitution and raped the Christian faith and raped the churches by misinterpreting what the founders had in mind in the First Amendment to the Constitution." This clearly points out that you perceive politics and religion to be the same.

Jerry: Politics has nothing to do with the reinforcing of moral fortitude in this great nation and should not be confused with the state. In fact, I would say politics has a lot to do with its undermining, by allowing this so called liberalization of the First Amendment. I don't agree with just anyone being able to voice an opinion..

Albert: So, this is why you support the G.O.P. so strongly?



Jerry: I do not lend my support to any one particular party, just to the good christian men who brave politics to make a change for the good of the men, women and children of this country. As for my not showing support for any individual in the Democratic party, when the young folk across the country see a President like Bill Clinton who admitted, himself in an interview with PENTHOUSE COMIX, that he still covets another man's wife and the bed of a woman other than his wife, how can I support anyone who supports a deviant like that.

Albert: But as we have seen time and time again, the people to whom you have supported have taken bribes from big businesses to help them evade paying taxes, to pollute the environment, spoiling it for our children and the generations to come.

Jerry: Well, that hasn't been-

Albert: In fact, shouldn't you be pointing at these men from your pulpit. If you are going to point at Clinton, should you not also damn the Doles, the Helms, the Gingrichs?

Jerry: These are good God-fearing men, who have put their lives to one side and...

Albert: And donated large sums of cash to your ministry in return for your endorsement.

Should you not be declaring that when you endorse them? Should the public not be told that they have brought God's endorsement from you? Should they not also be told how you are able to sell that endorsement? Can we see your contract with God? Will he be endorsing NIKE anytime soon?

Jerry: This is ludicrous. How can you doubt my intentions? Look at everything I have achieved. The amount of money I have raised to teach the next generation about how to be a decent human being. Giving them a real sense of values and ideals to carry on in life.

Albert: But these are all your values, your beliefs and your version of what the Bible says. What have you



Jerry on "You make it sound like a hardship for them to stay at home, look after the man of the house, to take his seed and carry his children."

Women



done but to reinforce into peoples' heads, that children should be seen and not heard, except of course to repeat you line and verse, that women are nothing more than hollow shells to your seed and your ideas.

Jerry: Listen, I have taken enough of this. I do the work of God. How do I know that? How do I know what God's wishes are for mankind? Is it not obvious to thine eyes? Why do you think I have been able to achieve all this? **Albert:**... I am God.

Albert: Now Jerry...

Jerry: It is your turn to listen now. It was I who held back the river for Moses. It was from my seed that Mary gave birth to Jesus-

Albert: Does Becki know about this?

Jerry: Hold your tongue, snake, before I smite you down. I see you now for the viper in the bosom of my garden that you are, I fear you not.

Albert: So, GOD, any chance we can continue this interview? I did not mean to offend earlier. They were questions my editor gave me, I believe in you.

Jerry: Hmm. I will give you a chance to repent.

Albert: Thank you, your Godship. I'm with you, man. I mean, you are putting women in their place.

Jerry: You make it sound like a hardship for them to stay at home, look after the man of the house, to take his seed and carry his children. To bring them up by my word.

Albert: Right. I mean, if you are God, then it wasn't incest when your mother fucked you in the outhouse?

Jerry: That's right.

Albert: So, you did sprinkle some of your seed her way?

Jerry: Every man carries my seed. Every living thing has a little of me in them.

Albert: You ain't slippin' none of your seed in me.

Jerry: Fear not, Albert. The deviants of nature that you imply, are doomed souls. They walk this earth, but their souls already reside in hell. Their physical shells roam the earth to tempt the young. Hoping to win grace in the eyes of the Devil by bringing him fresh souls. Only what they don't know is... I'm Satan as well and believe me when I say, they are all going to suffer.

Albert: Is there any hope for people such as Ellen DeGeneres?

Jerry: Ellen DeGenerate? Her one chance is to receive my blessed seed within her womb!

Albert: Well, we all know the chances of that. What about the world's other religious icons?

Jerry: They are all me too! Ha! All their false believers are going to hell.

(At this point, three men in clerical robes come in. They pin Jerry down and stick the biggest needle you have ever seen in his ass. I am asked to wait outside. 30 minutes later Jerry walks out, looking a little dizzy. He does not remember our interview and his assistants ask if I recorded it. I tell them no and ask if it possible to resume, but am told he is too busy.)

Well, if this interview is true, then we can only say we have failed miserably in trying to entertain you if Jerry Falwell actually reads COMIX. -Ed.



MY LORD
THAT IS
TASTY!!!



*Sweet
Chastity*

written by
bob guccione
art by
ron embleton



CHASTITY!

CHASTITY!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

EXCUSE ME—
HAVE YOU BY ANY
CHANCE SEEN A
NAKED YOUNG
LADY WITH PINK
HAIR?

I DON'T
DRINK.

SOMETHING
HAPPEN TO
CHASTITY?

WHAT'S
UP?

SWEET
CHASTITY HAS
DISAPPEARED!

NO KIDDING!
MAYBE SHE
MET A **REAL**
MAN AND
DECIDED TO
SPLIT THIS GOD
FORSKEN
PLACE...

WHO SAYS
"REAL MEN"
ACT ANY
DIFFERENTLY?









SHE IS SERVING AS A
TANK COMMANDER WITH
THE ISRAELI ARMY...

WHERE THE
HELL ARE WE
GONNA PUT
'EM ALL?



SHE IS WORKING THE
PUBS IN THE AUSTRALIAN
OUTBACK...

AM I
DREAMIN',
CHARLIE?
TELL ME I'M
DREAMIN'!

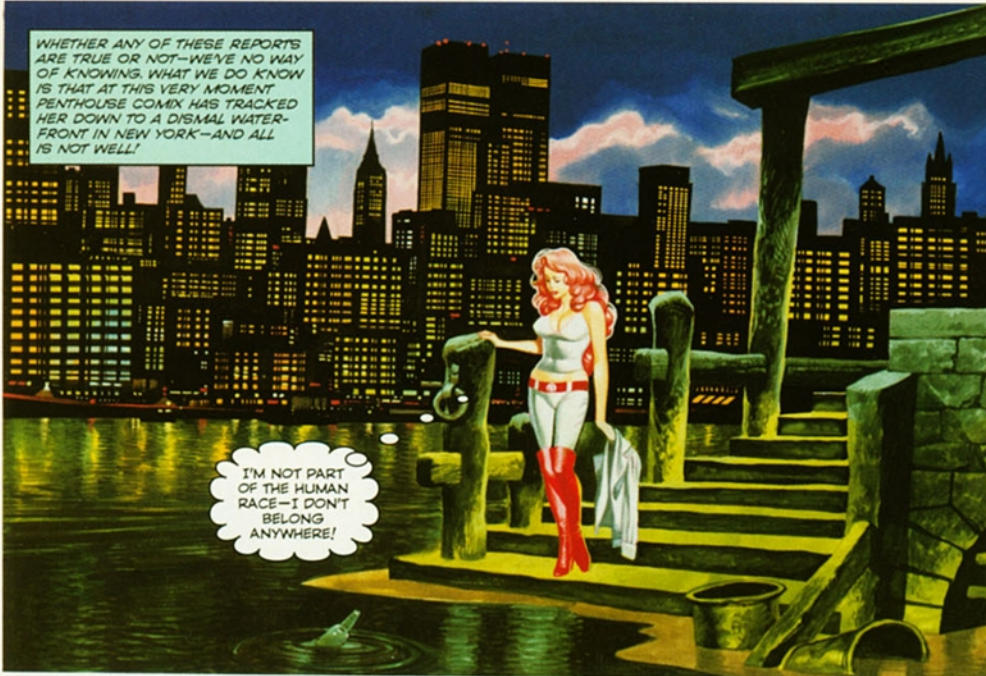
WILL SOMEBODY
SHUT THAT SHEILA
UP! WE'RE TRYIN' TO
GET THE CRICKET
SCORES!

YA CAN'T
HEAR YASELF
DRINK!

OF COURSE
YOU'RE DREAMIN'!
YA DON'T REALLY
THINK YOU'D SEE A
CLASSY SHEILA LIKE
THAT IN A DUMP
LIKE THIS?


YOU AN' ME
ARE MATES,
MATE!

THEY'RE
SPOILIN' EVERY-
THING! DRINKIN'
USED TO BE A
SERIOUS
BUSINESS!



WHETHER ANY OF THESE REPORTS ARE TRUE OR NOT—WE'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING. WHAT WE DO KNOW IS THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT PENTHOUSE COMIX HAS TRACKED HER DOWN TO A DISMAL WATER-FRONT IN NEW YORK—AND ALL IS NOT WELL!


I'M NOT PART OF THE HUMAN RACE—I DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE!



I WOULDN'T DO THAT, LITTLE SISTER!

Y... YOU CALLED ME SISTER?

OF COURSE! WE ARE ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE EYES OF THE LORD—EVERY ONE—IF THEY SEEK REDEMPTION AND FOLLOW THE RIGHT ROAD!



REDEMPTION? EVERYONE—BROTHERS AND SISTERS?

SURE! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PATH TO RIGHTEOUSNESS—I'LL LIGHT YOUR LAMP!

WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY? AND WHAT'S HE SELLING? ALL—AND MORE, WILL BE REVEALED NEXT ISSUE!