

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1988

PAULA PARKINSON:

**DAN QUAYLE, JACK
KEMP, AND OTHER
WOULD-BE LOVERS**

SECRET SERVICE SECRETS:

**GROUPIES, PICKUPS,
FLYING BULLETS,
AND FORMER
PRESIDENTS**

SANDRA BERNHARD:

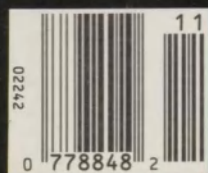
**MADONNA AND
THE REST OF MY TOP
SEX FANTASIES**

SEN. BILL BRADLEY:

**THE CRISIS
BEYOND POLITICS**

SPECIAL ELECTION ISSUE

\$4.50






For people who

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

BENSON & HEDGES LIGHTS

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

A photograph of a man in a crowd, possibly at a concert or event. He is in the foreground, looking upwards with his eyes closed and mouth open, as if singing or shouting. He is wearing a light-colored, textured sweater. Behind him, several other people are visible, some with their hands raised in the air. The lighting is dim, suggesting an indoor or nighttime setting.

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

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

A man in a white shirt and a red patterned tie is laughing heartily. He is surrounded by falling confetti. In the background, another man is visible, holding a cigarette. The overall scene suggests a celebratory or festive atmosphere.

BENSON &



like to smoke...

When you really get it all together.



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.

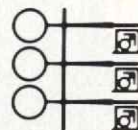
PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/November 1988

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	2
FORUM	Correspondence	6
U.S.A. CONFIDENTIAL: Paula Parkinson	News	15
WOMEN: Susan Estrich	Profile	18
FINAL STRAW	Humor	20
FILM	Comment	22
SOUNDS	Comment	24
CALL ME MADAM	Service	26
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	33
SCENES: Days of the Dead		34
LOONY BIN: Last Temptation		34
SPORTS: The Survival Game		35
AUTOS: Buying a Car		36
ELECTION FRAUDS	Article	38
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles	43
BODY AND SOUL	Pictorial	46
SENATOR BILL BRADLEY	Interview	56
SECRETS OF THE SECRET SERVICE	Article	66
DEBORAH	Pet of the Month	75
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	90
VOTING FOR LIFE OR DEATH	Essay	92
EMMA & KAY	Pictorial	94
CAMPAIGN '88	Satire	105
SANDRA BERNHARD	Profile	110
MITZI SHORE	Profile	112
COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER	Pictorial	119
GAMES	Diversions	128
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	131
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	134
HARD TIMES	Humor	141
WET DREAMS	Fiction	146

Certain pictures and textual material in this edition may differ from that contained in copies circulated outside Canada due to the publisher's compliance with tariff code 9956 of the Canadian Customs Tariff.



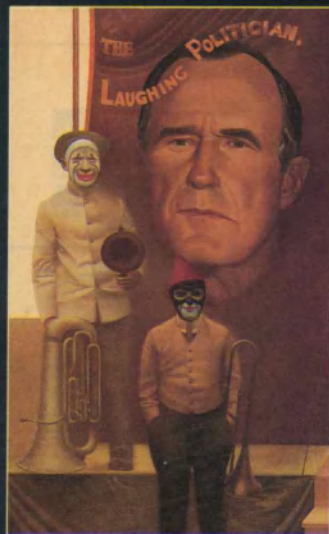
Our cover features Pet of the Month Deborah Lafer, who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 31.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 20, Number 3 © Copyright 1988 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, 433 Hackensack Ave., Hackensack, N.J. 07601. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to *Penthouse Magazine*, P.O. Box 3021, Harlan, Iowa 51593-0254. Tel. 1-800-289-7368. Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial and graphic 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 semi-fiction 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, 6728 Elton Ave., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.

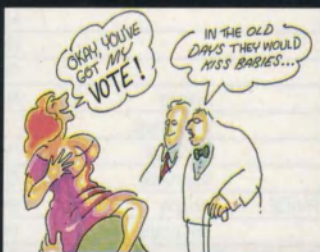
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

HOUSECALL



ELECTION FRAUDS

"Russians who want to vote are sent to the gulag," says **Nicholas von Hoffman**. "Black men and women were killed, beaten, or jailed to ensure blacks safe passage to the voting booth. . . . But Americans who get paid time off to cast their ballots can't be bothered. Why do we have to think of forcing people to do what some of our forebears literally gave up their lives for? Why don't we vote?" A timely question this month, certainly, and Von Hoffman is one of the best people in the country to answer it. As a newspaper reporter, television commentator, syndicated columnist, and best-selling author, Von Hoffman has observed firsthand the decline in voting excitement during the past several decades. He vividly demonstrates, however, that boring politics is an unnatural American condition. By recreating an era not too long ago when voting was actually *fun*, when it directly touched peoples' lives, Von Hoffman



shows us what our democracy must return to if our elections are to be anything more than spectator sports.

ELECTION FACTS

You couldn't accuse frisky politicians **Dan Quayle** and **Jack Kemp** of being mere spectators, not after reading bombshell lobbyist **Paula Parkinson's** story in this month's special "U.S.A. Confidential," written by investigative reporter **Joe Trento**. . . . And, on a more serious level, Senator **Bill Bradley** of New Jersey warns of a problem that goes beyond politics—the environment—in this month's interview, conducted by journalist **Glenn Plaskin**. After this year's ozone pollution, filthy



beaches, and sweltering, greenhouse-style summer, Americans should be ready for Bradley's blunt suggestions on how to rectify this life-and-death situation.

INSIDE JOBS

The presidency of the United States has also become, all too often, a matter of life and death. No one realizes this more than the agents of the Secret Service, whose job it is to prevent our political process from being directly affected by an assassin's bullet. Reporter **Hariette Surovell** talked recently to retired Secret Service agent **Dennis McCarthy**, who saved President Reagan's life seven years ago. McCarthy describes some of the job's pluses ("We even had Secret Service groupies") and minuses ("There's nothing worse than standing outside the President's room at 3 A.M., looking at a blank wall, and thinking, *I'm a college grad; what the hell am I doing?*"). . . . It's highly doubtful, even at 3 A.M., that

Susan Estrich ever wonders what the hell she's doing. Legal scholar **Alan M. Dershowitz** profiles his one-time legal assistant who, of course, has gone on to run the presidential campaign of **Michael Dukakis**, and recalls her as "firm, understated, cautious, and correct"—a person for whom anything's possible, in or out of politics.

COMIC RELIEF

One could also say that "anything's possible" in relation to **Bill Lee** and **Sandra Bernhard**—but, of course, in a rather different sense of the words. Bill, our resident humor editor, commemorates the presidential campaign by indulging his grotesque sense of fun in an in-depth graphic analysis of the electoral process. . . . Sandra, keeping her mind on the *real* issues, believes that laughing is the best kind of sexual encounter—and you won't disagree after reading **Richard Dominick's** profile, "Queen of Comedy," in which she discusses what men she thinks are hot (and what men *aren't*), and what she did and didn't do with **Madonna** and **Sean Penn**.

DREAMS

Victoria Joyce makes her *Penthouse* debut this month with "Wet Dreams," an erotic short story that is often very literally steamy. Its somnambulist mixture of illusion and reality will long haunt your dreams . . . as will the daunting beauty of our November Pets, whose passionate loveliness is no illusion, but a wonderful reality. Their bountiful delights are our pleasure to share with you, this month and always. 



THIS BOTTLE OF BEER COST \$50 MILLION.

Why have we spent \$50 million to develop Miller Genuine Draft?

Because we've always believed in making every effort to produce the best tasting bottle of beer. So we took a long, hard look at how a beer is made.

Most beers are heat-pasteurized. And that can affect a beer's taste.

But Miller Genuine Draft isn't heat-pasteurized. It's cold-filtered™.

We spent a lot of time and effort to develop the cold-filtered™ process.

It's an exclusive method that doesn't alter the rich, smooth, pure taste of beer.

Cold-filtered™ Miller Genuine Draft. What our \$50 million buys you is a beer that's as real as it gets.

AS REAL AS IT GETS.

If this is a price war,
we just dropped the
big one.



Introducing The CP832 Portable Cellular Telephone from STS. \$695 Complete.

Armed with fresh thinking and innovative engineering, STS is quickly changing the face of an industry dominated by \$2,000 and even \$3,000 price tags.

It was a natural move, really. We had already taken the home satellite television market by storm. And the private-aircraft avionics industry. In each case, our uncanny knack for building high-quality, low-cost electronics had established STS as an innovative leader.

But it wasn't enough. We needed a fresh challenge, and the price-heavy portable cellular market seemed like a perfect target.

It was.

Compare specs and you'll find the STS portable offers all the features of its higher-priced counterparts. Memory dial. Call restriction. Lighted LCD display. Plus a leather carrying case, recharger, 12V car adapter and detachable antenna. Others might call these options. But in our minds, a portable phone wouldn't be portable without them.

If You Work In Two Cities, We've Got Your Number.

We've taken the notion of portability a step further by introducing dual NAM capability.

This gives your STS portable two possible phone numbers. So if you live or work in a city served by one cellular carrier and commute to a city served by another, simply set up service in both places. Of course, the CP832 works wherever cellular service is offered. But this feature eliminates roaming charges wherever you set up the second number. Even if you never use it, this offers some insight into our forward-thinking design philosophy.

Features	STS Model CP832	Motorola 8100L	NEC P9000	GE Mini	Radio Shack CT300
Cumulative Call Timer	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Dialed Number Display	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Electronic Lock	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Dual NAM	✓		✓		
Memory Dial	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Leather Case, Recharger, Auto Adapter	Standard	Extra	Extra	Extra	Extra
15-Day Money Back Guarantee	✓				
1 Yr. Warranty On Parts and Labor	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
Price	\$695	\$1695	\$2995	\$1795	\$1499

*Prices are manufacturer suggested retail, based on survey conducted 8/3/88.

Deal Direct With The Experts.

This makes a lot of sense. When you call with a question, you speak directly to the people who design and build the CP832. We know it inside and out. So you get real answers from real experts.

Our approach to service is just as direct. Should your STS portable phone ever need service, send it straight to us. We offer a 48-hour repair turnaround. And we back up the CP832 with a one-year limited warranty on parts and labor with a 15-day, no-questions-asked, money-back guarantee. Whew.

Picking Up Our Phone's As Easy As Picking Up Your Phone.

Just call 1-800-888-4566 toll-free. We'll answer any questions. We'll even send you a bundle of free information. Specifications, price comparisons, the works.

When you're ready to order, we'll ship your phone Federal Express® within two working days. Meanwhile, we'll set you up with local cellular service. So when your phone arrives, you're ready to go.

Order your STS portable cellular telephone today. You'll wonder how you ever got along without it. But at this price, you'll be glad

you waited till now.

CP832
Portable Cellular Telephone
\$695 Complete
(In Missouri add \$39.79 sales tax)

Order Today
Toll-Free
1-800-888-4566
(Mon.-Fri., 8 a.m.-8 p.m. CST)
Visa/MasterCard accepted

STS
Satellite Technology Services

11601 Lilburn Park Road
St. Louis, MO 63146

Upon activation of your telephone, you will receive service and monthly bills from your cellular carrier. A contract for service will exist between you and the carrier once the carrier approves and activates your request for service. The terms of the service contract are available upon request.

(Dept. 17811)

Price based on cellular service designated by STS.

Let me cast a fervent appeal and vote for publication of a roundup of "Oh, Wicked Wanda!" and "Sweet Chastity." Ron Embleton was truly a many-faceted talent.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

TRIBUTE

I want to express my sorrowful appreciation to you for the obituary and tribute to illustrator Ron Embleton in the "Jimmy Swaggart" (poor boy) issue of *Penthouse* (July '88).

Those years of raunchy satire in full color by the Guccione-Embleton team were among the best features of your publication—wonderful stuff! Among the possessions I have in my personal library are works done by Embleton. They are very different and include scholarly monographs on the history of the military uniform and detailed descriptions of various cultures that flourished in the area of the Roman Wall in Great Britain. As your editors said so well in your tribute, Embleton was a many-faceted talent.

Let me cast a fervent appeal and vote for publication of a memorial roundup of "Oh, Wicked Wanda!" and "Sweet Chastity." It would be criminal to allow those two beauties to disappear into oblivion. Their ribald relations with the ostensibly Great People of the seventies and eighties brought much laughter to many a reader in the past.

So, I state my plea again: Please publish a book of the collected episodes of Embleton's two heroines.—Tom Leamon, Whately, Mass.

GATOR-MAID

I am another one of those who didn't

believe any of your letters until my fantasy became reality. I go to a small liberal-arts college in Connecticut and just finished with my finals. Yesterday I went for a long bicycle ride to relieve some tension. It was a hot, humid afternoon.

I was almost home, but in a bit of a

hurry, because I was supposed to meet a friend and go to the Huey Lewis concert. Nevertheless, I was dying for a bottle of Gatorade, and rode to a nearby grocery store. I could not find any of the juice, so in my weary, dehydrated state, I moaned, "Ga-tor-ade."

Suddenly, from the other side of the shelves, out popped this hot-looking

blonde wearing white short shorts and a purple halter top. "Gatorade?" she asked. "You know about Gatorade?"

Like when you're so hung over that your lips burn?" I knew what she meant, and we discussed the wonders of the "juice of life" as we waited in line with our bottles.

Out of the blue, she asked if I knew anyone who wanted to buy some of her extra Huey Lewis tickets. I told her that I already had mine, but added that we should meet at the show. We stood outside and bullshitted as we drank our Gatorade. By the time I finished chugging my bottle, I had to hold it in front of my spandex bicycle shorts to hide the woody that had arisen from watching the bouncing of her full hair and firm breasts.

She was a beautiful 28-year-old, but seemed truly turned on by my youth. She

asked if I would like to drive around before the concert.

I warned her that I would have to shower and we would also have to pick up my friend.

She understood, and

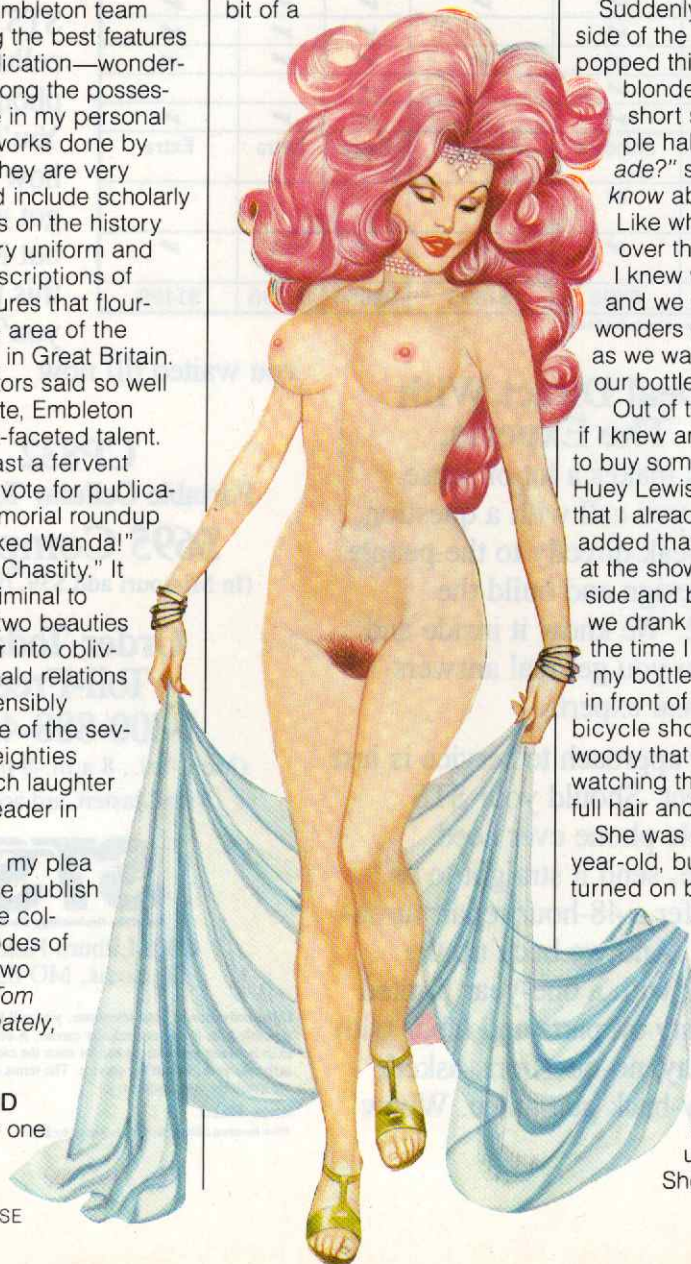
told me that she had to stop by her old man's place to pick up the tickets; I could shower there. When I realized that her "old man" was her lover, my erection was soon gone. By the time she, my friend, and I got to the concert, however, she was sending out the right signals. I became aware that her sugar daddy was not enough to satisfy her. She liked my buddy a lot, but it was obvious that it was me she wanted. We made out a little at the show, and I could tell there was more to come.

Afterward, all three of us went to a downtown dance joint. Even though we seemed to be getting it on, I was aware that she easily could be picked up by some stud closer to her age. Fortunately she didn't let me down, and we went so far as to practically ball on the dance floor. At 3 A.M., we dropped my friend off and headed back to my place.

For some reason, we started making out in the car across the street from my off-campus house. I slipped my hand into her shorts to find that she had no panties on and was as wet as they get. Her hand soon moved to my member. "How many girls have told you that you have a gorgeous cock?" she asked, catching me off guard. It being the first time that I had been duly complimented, I had no choice but to balk at the question and bury my face in her chest.

Every few minutes she

FORUM 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 Editorial Dept., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette by FTC method.

KOOL® & MILD TODAY

Also available
in Box and
100's Soft Pack.



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 (president)

Anthony J. Guccione (secretary-treasurer)

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; Executive Ed.: Peter Bloch; Managing Ed.: Robert Sabat; Senior Eds.: Patrice Baldwin, Karen Schwarz, Allan Sonnenschein; Copy Chief: Laura L. Vitale; National Affairs Ed.: William R. Corson; Humor Ed.: Bill Lee; Assoc. Eds.: Jackie D'Amico, Gwen Gowan, Nanette Varian; Copy Ed.: Karen Brogno; Literary Rights Mgr.: B.C. Lefrak; Asst. Ed.: Sharon Chester-Taxin; Editorial Asst's.: Robyn Lee, Trudi Miller; Contributing Eds.: Sharon Churcher, Al Goldstein, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Lynn Kearcher, Peter Manso, Marcia Pally, Emily Prager, Vin Scelsa, Sidney Siller, Ben Stein, Gerard Van der Leun, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; West Coast Ed.: Toni Biggs

ART

Sr. VP/Graphics Dir.: Frank DeVino; VP/Art Dir., Int'l.: Joe Brooks; Art Dir.: Richard Bleiweiss; Assoc. Art Dir.: Pablo Rodriguez; Asst. Art Dir.: Beth Goldstein; Staff Photographer: Earl Miller; Art & Photo Ed.: Hildegard Kron; Asst. Photo Ed.: Alison Rigney; Art Rights Mgr.: Gwenn Lewis Norman; Special Asst. to Bob Guccione: Jane Homlish

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

Pres., Marketing Div.: William F. Marlieb; Sr. VP/Corporate Dir., New Business Development: Beverly Wardale; VP Dir., Group Adv. Sales: Nancy Kestenbaum; Sr. VP/Southern and Midwest Adv. Dir.: Peter Goldsmith; Adv. Dir.: Michael Citron; Assoc. Adv. Dir.: Audrey Daniels; Western Adv. Dir.: Susan K. Sanford; Marketing Traffic and Production Dir.: Eileen B. Garber; Adv. Production Dir.: Charlene Smith; Adv. Production Traffic Mgr.: Pam Rizk; Midwest Adv. Mgr.: Phil Wertz; Assoc. Adv. Mgr., Southern Region: Jo Tafier; VP/Dir., Pub. Rel.: Leslie Jay; Publicity Mgr.: Jim Kelly; Dir., Sales Promo./Mktg.: Beverly Greiper; Research Dir.: Eli Belli; Dir., Pet Promo.: Jeff Zelmanski; Mgr., Pet Promo.: Kelly Mitchell. Offices: New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128, Detroit: Wynkoop, Hannah, Albaun, Inc., 2685 Lapeer Rd., Suite 100, Auburn Hills, Mich. 48057, Tel. (313) 373-1026, Midwest: 333 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1810, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 346-9393, South: 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050, West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777, 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: Intergraph Jiro Semba, Telex J254691GLTYO, Fax 434-5970, Korea: Kaya Advts., Inc., Rm. 402 Kunsin Annex B/D 251-1, Dohwa Dong, Mapo-Ku, Seoul, Korea (121), Tel. 719-6906, Telex K 32144 Kayaad

ADMINISTRATION

Office of the President, Exec. Asst. to Pres.: Teri Pisani, Dir. of Special Projects: Marc Bendesky, Sr. Sec'y: Patty McCloskey, Sr. VP/Administrative Services: Jen 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; Dir., Circ. Marketing: Bruce Mullinix; Dir., Eastern Regional Sales: Charles Anderson, Jr.; Dir., Western Regional & Int'l. Sales: Bruce Eldridge; Dir., Subscription Circ.: Marcia Schultz; Newsstand Promo. Mgr.: Dorothy Meyer; Traffic Dir.: William Harbutt; Production Mgr.: Tom Stinson; Asst. Production Mgr.: Nancy Rice; Exec. Asst. to Bob Guccione: Diane O'Connell; Asst. to Bob Guccione: Anna Castro

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; Foreign Editions Mgr.: Linda Quinn; 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: Cosmopolis s.r.l., Viale Tunisia 41, Milan; Japan: Kodansha Ltd., 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Mexico: Corporacion Editorial, S.A. de C.V., Apartado Postal 16-400, Azcapotzalco 02400; Netherlands: Magasijn N.V., Sassen Weimarlaan 39A, 1075 BZ Amsterdam; Spain: Editorial Formentor, Rocafort 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: 6728 Eton Ave., Canoga Park, Calif. 91303, Tel. (818) 992-4777

NOVEMBER

tried to stop us by saying how much she hated having sex in a car and that we should go inside. I would pause long enough to agree, then we would immediately get back to petting. I finally got her hot enough that she couldn't help but ask for the dode. She was a little weird about it, though, because she said, "You're just a kid. I want to see how much control you have. Put it in me once—then take it out!" That didn't really seem like my idea of fucking, but I was enticed by her challenge.

We cocked her seat all the way back and slid off our shorts. I stroked my penis up and down her labia and then slowly slid it in. She let out a soft but satisfied moan. I didn't move for about five seconds (although it seemed like an hour). Then I slowly slid it out and backed off. "I can't believe the kid fucking did it!" she groaned. At this point she would have taken it all; but since she started the game, I thought I would finish it. I put my shorts back on and, with a grin, casually told her that I, too, didn't like having sex in a car.

Even inside, the air was still hot. We walked into the kitchen to get some ice water. We filled up the pitcher and had a few sips; then she turned the water back on. She pulled down my shorts, bringing my cock to attention. After placing some crushed ice in her mouth, she began to suck on it. It was an incredible sensation. I looked at the stream of tap water and became aware of what was soon to come. She pulled away from my cock before I lost my load, and filled her mouth from the faucet. She quickly went down on me again, and within a few seconds I exploded. It was like nothing I had ever experienced. She had completely won me over and I was more than ready to go to the bedroom.

Although I am not the most experienced college student, I knew that what we did was not your run-of-the-mill session. I did not know that it was possible to have sex for seven hours (with breaks for ice water), but she had complete confidence. It was 11 in the morning before we were through.

After explaining what I had been through to a few of my friends, one of them succinctly put it, "She was your fleshly Disney World, and you had an all-night pass."

Now that summer is coming, I will be doing a lot of cycling. I think that I'll have to stock up on some Gatorade.—Name and address withheld

DOCTOR'S ORDERS

When I finished medical school a few years ago, I began an internship in New York City. My hospital employed vast numbers of good-looking women as nurses, technicians, secretaries, etc. As time passed I became very friendly with many of these women, and their stimulating presence often caused me to walk around the hospital with an erection for

a fair portion of most days.

One of my better friends was a nurse I'll call Alice. Alice was petite with shoulder-length black hair and beautiful brown eyes. You always knew when Alice was around, because whether it was the nursing station, the cafeteria, or the saloon across the street, for some reason everything was livelier whenever she was there.

Most of the women working at the hospital dressed attractively with some degree of sex appeal. The secretaries were the most obvious about it, but some of the nurses did make you wonder if they bought their uniforms at sex boutiques. Not Alice, though. She always wore the same style uniform—baggy white pants, a button-down top, and white clogs. The uniform looked good on her, but was not in any way seductive.

After months of trying, I finally arranged a dinner date with Alice. She was ready to go when I arrived at her apartment, looking great in her high heels, tight jeans, and fur coat. When I helped her off with her coat at the restaurant, I couldn't help but notice her perfect breasts, which were accentuated by the clinging angora sweater she had on. I had known this woman for months, and this was the first time I got a real glimpse of her beautiful figure. What a contrast to her baggy nurse's uniform!

We had cocktails and white wine with dinner, and I was buzzing from the combination of this beautiful, sexy woman and the fine wine. Our conversation began innocently enough, but Alice was killing me by playing with her hair with her dark-red fingernails. Alice mentioned that she used to wear her hair long, down to her waist, but it was too much trouble. I asked what she meant by too much trouble, and Alice matter-of-factly replied, "Washing it took too much time, and my boyfriends were always coming in it." I nearly collapsed to this type of conversation.

Alice knew I was aroused and curious, so she leaned forward and parked her curvy breasts on the tabletop. I could see the faint outline of erect nipples beneath her sweater. She then asked me how I was in bed! Gathering my composure, I informed her that I had satisfied a few women, and was told that I had good staying power. Alice replied that she had seen me walking about the hospital with

TO ALL TREASURE HUNT CONTESTANTS: Because of pagination problems in the September issue, it is not necessary to submit a solution to the Treasure Hunt puzzle with your entry. All entries that meet the eligibility requirements will be accepted. For a copy of the Official Rules, including all the eligibility requirements, please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Penthouse Rules, P.O. Box 883, Boston, Mass. 02117 before October 31, 1988. Good luck to all!

The ultimate in sound... The ultimate in savings...

Choose SIX Compact Discs For The Price Of ONE

...with nothing more to buy ever!

COMPACT DISC CLUB

174328. George Harrison—Cloud Nine. Got My Mind Set On You, When We Was Fab, more. (Warner/Dark Horse)

115457. Itzhak Perlman: French Violin Showpieces—Carmen Fantasy, Havanaise, more. (DG DIGITAL)

170250. Barry Manilow—Swing Street. Title song, more. (Arista)

163629. Whitesnake—Still Of The Night, Give Me All Your Love, more. (Geffen)

134420. John Cougar Mellencamp—The Lonesome Jubilee. Cherry Bomb, etc. (Mercury)

152854. Whitney Houston—Whitney. Didn't We Almost Have It All, etc. (Arista)



128522

134501. Steve Winwood—Chronicles (Greatest Hits 1977-1987) (Island)

140079. Pat Metheny Group—Still Life (Talking). (It's Just) Talk, Third Wind, more. (Geffen)

153900. Best Of The Moody Blues (Voices In The Sky). (Threshold)

125179. Tchaikovsky, 1812 Overture; Nutcracker Suite; more—Solti. (London DIGITAL)

160363. The Judds—HeartLand. I Know Where I'm Going, Don't Be Cruel, etc. (RCA)

143465. Bon Jovi—Slippery When Wet. Livin' On A Prayer, etc. (Mercury)

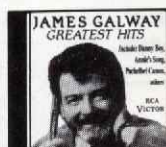
115530. Eine kleine Nachtmusik; Pachelbel Canon; Toy Symphony; more—Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields/Marriner. (Philips DIGITAL)

150019. Kenny Rogers—Greatest Hits. Lady, The Gambler, Lucille, more. (Liberty)

123385. Eric Clapton—Time Pieces (The Best Of). Layla, After Midnight, etc. (Polydor)

125264. Horowitz in Moscow—Scarlatti, Mozart, Rachmaninov, Scriabin, Schubert, others. (DG DIGITAL)

143330. Foreigner—Inside information. Say You Will, more. (Atlantic)



173233

163600. Segovia Plays Bach. (MCA)

154570. Huey Lewis & The News—Fore! (Chrysalis)

115306. Handel, Water Music—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

172190. Elvis Presley—The Number One Hits. 18 #1's. (RCA)

264137. Chuck Berry—The Great 28. Rock & Roll Music, Johnny B. Goode, Maybellene, etc. (MCA/Chess)

153501. U2—The Joshua Tree. With Or Without You, Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For, etc. (Island)

105392. Pops In Space—Boston Pops/Williams: Star Wars, Superman, more. (Philips DIGITAL)

173406. Jazz CD Sampler. 15 performances from Louis Armstrong, others! (PolyGram)

163917. Randy Travis—Always And Forever. Forever And Ever Amen, more. (Warner Bros.)

115356. Vivaldi, The 4 Seasons—Trevor Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

164160. The Who—Greatest Hits. My Generation, Pinball Wizard, more. (MCA)

134536. Madonna—You Can Dance. Biggest dance hits: Physical Attraction, Where's The Party, Into The Groove, etc. (Sire)

115437. Gershwin, Rhapsody In Blue; American In Paris; more—Previn. (Philips DIGITAL)

130230. Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young—Greatest Hits (So Far). Woodstock, etc. (Atlantic)

112014. Led Zeppelin IV (Runes). Stairway To Heaven, Black Dog, more. (Atlantic)

104810. Mozart, Syms. Nos. 40 & 41 (Jupiter)—Levine, Chicago Symphony. (RCA DIGITAL)

154087. Prince—LoveSexy. Alphabet St., Glam Slam, I No, etc. (Warner/Paisley Park)

144460. Robbie Robertson. Sweet Fire Of Love (w/U2), Fallen Angel, etc. (Geffen)

125153. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No. 1 & Paganini Rhapsody—Vladimir Ashkenazy. (London DIGITAL)

150913. Van Halen—OU812. When It's Love, Black And Blue, etc. (Warner Bros.)

160027. Alabama—Live. Green River, Lady Down On Love, She And I, etc. (RCA)

262889. Virgil Fox: The Digital Fox—Organ works by Bach & others. (Bainbridge DIGITAL)

144524. Classic Old & Gold, Vol. 2. 18 Original oldies from Ritchie Valens, etc. (Laurie)



153810

223559. The Beach Boys—Endless Summer. California Girls, Help Me Rhonda, In My Room, more. (Capitol)

153621. Beethoven, Symphony No. 7; more.—Royal Philharmonic/Previn. (RCA DIGITAL)

143293. Glenn Miller Orchestra—In The Digital Mood. (GRP DIGITAL)

153740. Genesis—Invisible Touch. Title hit, In Too Deep, etc. (Atlantic)

154358. Slatkin Conducts Pictures At An Exhibition, more—(RCA DIGITAL)

134392. Robert Plant—Now And Zen. Heaven Knows, Tall Cool One, etc. (Es Paranza)

273965. Sting—Nothing Like The Sun. We'll Be Together, more. (A&M)

115541. Bach, Brandenburg Concertos 1-3—Pinnock. (Archiv DIGITAL)

SAVE 50%

INSTANT HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN

Unlike other clubs, you get a 50%-off Bonus Certificate with every CD you buy at regular Club prices, effective with your first full-price purchase!

START NOW WITH 4 COMPACT DISCS!

Yes, pick any 4 compact discs shown here! You need buy just one selection at regular Club prices (usually \$14.98-\$15.98)...and take up to one full year to do it. Then you can choose another CD free as a bonus. That's 6 compact discs for the price of 1 and there's nothing more to buy...ever! (Shipping & handling added to each shipment.)

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You select from hundreds of exciting compact discs described in the Club's magazine mailed to you approximately every 3 weeks (19 times a year). Each issue highlights a Featured Selection in your preferred music category, plus alternate selections. If you'd like the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will be sent to you automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection, or none at all, just return the card enclosed with each issue of your magazine by the date specified on the card. You will have at least 10 days to decide, or you may return your Featured Selection at our expense. Cancel your membership at any time after completing your enrollment agreement, simply by writing to us.

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Listen to your 4 introductory selections for a full 10 days. If not satisfied, return them with no further obligation. You send no money now, so complete the coupon and mail it today.



CD671 Compact Disc Club, 6550 E. 30th St., Indianapolis, IN 46219-1194

YOUR SAVINGS START HERE

Mail to: Compact Disc Club/P.O. Box 91412/Indianapolis, IN 46291

YES, please accept my membership in the Compact Disc Club and send me the four Compact Discs I've indicated here, billing me for just shipping and handling under the terms of this ad. I need buy just 1 CD at regular Club prices during the next year—after which I can choose a FREE bonus CD! That's 6 for the price of 1...with nothing more to buy ever! (Shipping & handling is added to each shipment.)

RUSH ME THESE 4 CDs (Indicate by number):

D	D	D	D
---	---	---	---

I am most interested in the musical category checked here—but I may always feel free to choose from any (check one only):

☐ MR. ☐ MRS. ☐ MISS

☐ A ☐ EASY LISTENING (Instrumental/Vocal Moods) ☐ B ☐ COUNTRY ☐ C ☐ HARD ROCK ☐ D ☐ POP/SOFT ROCK ☐ E ☐ CLASSICAL

First Name Initial Last Name (PLEASE PRINT)

Address

City State Zip

Telephone (Area Code)

Signature

Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only. One membership per family. We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application. Local taxes, if any, will be added.

XLT32

BU

an erection beneath my scrub suit.

My date then excused herself to go to the ladies' room. While waiting for her I tried to calm down and regain my balance. A few minutes later, I felt a soft hand across my eyes and a long fingernail playfully running down my back. When Alice took her hand from my eyes, she was standing beside me wearing a skin-tight, low-cut maroon bodysuit with a dangling string of pearls around her neck. Her now-erect nipples were visible through the flimsy garment. I could feel pre-ejaculation fluid escape from my pulsating penis. Alice had called for the check on her way back to the table. We quickly paid and left.

The short ride to her apartment was a blur. Alice was softly stroking my right thigh. She was attempting to converse, but my responses were essentially monosyllabic grunts. The evening had been too stimulating. I was concentrating on driving an automobile in this crazy state of mind. Alice said, "Come on, sweetie, don't tell me that you're one of those guys who can't carry on a conversation just because you're being turned on by a sexy woman." She could obviously read my mind. I guessed she'd been in this situation before.

When we arrived at her apartment, Alice flipped on the stereo and kissed me while rubbing herself against my pelvis. She took off my coat and had me sit down

on the couch. She removed her fur and knelt on my thighs, kissing me, then rubbing her clothed breasts in my face. Next she stood up and slowly undressed me, examining my undershorts upon their removal. Alice got up and brought out two glasses of wine, then kissed me before going into the bedroom. She returned wearing her fur open, with nothing underneath. She tossed something at me; it was that revealing bodysuit. "I believe this top has served its purpose," she said. "I'd like to congratulate you on your fantastic stamina. Most guys usually come long before this."

Alice then resumed her position, kneeling on my thighs and rubbing my face with those beautiful breasts. With one hand she reached down and grasped my balls while with the other she stroked my erect penis. It only took the touch of her hand to make me come all over her. She took one finger and gathered some semen, smearing her lips with it. She kissed me again, and more of my hot fluid escaped. We spent the rest of the night satisfying Alice. In fact, Alice is still teaching me to satisfy her to this day.—*Name and address withheld*

BOFFIN' BONNIE

Here's a story that I am glad to be able to share. I am a 37-year-old attractive male possessing eight inches of dick that's as thick as a chicken egg. My

neighbor Bonnie is a great-looking college girl of 19. She's five foot one and about 100 pounds. She's very friendly—I also know her parents well—and she often stops by to talk to me. Bonnie often confided to me that she was a virgin and had never happened upon the proper moment to change that situation. Well, that was until the last time she came over to my house.

She was very upset with her boyfriend for teasing her about never doing the dirty deed (as he so eloquently put it). Bonnie said that she often gave him head and that they participated in extensive foreplay. Although she was a little scared about going "all the way," she admitted that she was very curious. She also told me that she had experimented with a vibrator a few times.

Well, this kind of talk aroused my interest, so to say, and I asked her to go get the thing so I could have a look at it. It was about five inches long and as thick as my thumb. I told her that she should get a bigger one before she went after some real meat. Bonnie laughed and said that her boyfriend's cock wasn't much larger, and that if I had something better, she would love a peek.

With that, she walked over to me, pulled my shorts down, and grabbed my half-hard dick. At first she just held it, fascinated as it grew in her hand. She looked up at me and said it was at least twice as thick as her boyfriend's. Bonnie coyly giggled, and told me that as long as she had started the machine, we might as well use it. I thought that was kind of cute, so of course I obliged.

When she removed her clothing, revealing her 19-year-old body—young, firm, and waiting to be loved—I was ready for whatever she had in store. I started with a little foreplay; but she was hot and real ready for her first fuck, and I landed up on my back with her on top of me. Bonnie started to rub her superwet pussy up and down my trembling hard-on. She muttered something like, "Now or never," and began to force herself down on my erect cock. After a few moments of Bonnie trying to get into the rhythm, she decided she wasn't very comfortable. She turned around. Her beautiful behind was facing me, and she ground down more and more, trying to get all of me into her.

Bonnie was so tight, I couldn't slide in or out. Her cunt gripped my dick as it slid back and forth, my cockhead being the only thing really moving inside of her. Experiencing this was too much for me, and I started to climax. By now Bonnie was pounding up and down, moaning with delight and rubbing her tits in a near frenzy. With that I blew my load and kept filling her up with my sperm.

After what must have been at least ten seconds, she said she was really spent and began to lift up about an inch, breaking the seal we had between us. With my rod still inside her, Bonnie did this incredible squeezing movement with her



"Before I pass sentence, I'd like to take this opportunity to pass a little gas."

Group therapy.

K

Keep hearing sounds in your head? Feeling beats deep inside you?

Then it's time you worked it out. With Casio.

Our electronic instruments give you all the support you need. For you to find yourself. Or lose yourself in the music.

Take our new MT-240 Tone Bank keyboard. The sound's so real, it's life-size. It lets go with up to 210 different tones, 20 auto-rhythms, on-board stereo speakers, and MIDI compatibility. A very mean board.

Ear-opening lead rides start with Casio DG-series guitars. Not to mention the other moving music their presets and auto-rhythms put out. With built-in speakers and nylon strings that are always in tune, they put on one outrageous show.

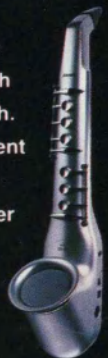
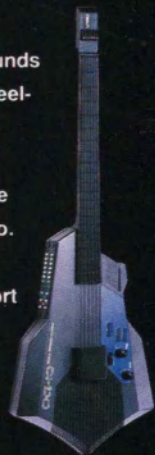
For a beat that'll set your heart racing, put the MT-520 on drums. Eight built-in drum pads let you pound out percussion your way.

And when it comes to horns, the Casio DH-100 will blow you away. Its mouthpiece is sensitive to your every breath and its keys to your every touch. The DH-100 belts out six different sounds, has a built-in speaker and MIDI to let you control other instruments. Quite a blast.

If music's an obsession for you, there's only one prescription. Casio.

CASIO
Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Electronic Musical Instruments Division,
570 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Dover, NJ 07801
Casio Canada Ltd., 2100 Ellesmere Road, Suite 240,
Scarborough, Ontario M1H3B7



vagina, causing her to spurt my juices like a geyser around my cock. Bonnie then climbed off me, definitely satisfied, her pussy still slick with my come.

As we lay there relaxing, Bonnie said that she was lucky to have had such a wild first time. I told her that it was just as much my pleasure as it was hers. As Bonnie left my home, she turned and chuckled, saying with a very confident smile that she now had something to tease her boyfriend with.—*Name and address withheld*

BOMBS AWAY!

I'm a senior at a well-known East Coast university, and I recently had an experience that was very new and different for me. In fact, having gone to an all-boys Catholic military high school, I was ill-prepared for such an encounter.

I recently attended a costume party thrown by one of the university clubs, having little idea what was in store for me. Dorie caught my eye the minute she entered the room. She stood five foot nine, and had blond hair and a body that looked perfect with what she wore (or didn't wear). Her most striking feature was the way she carried herself—her walk was enough to make even a eunuch get an erection. I suddenly recognized her as a student on my floor (I was her resident adviser). Never before had I realized how sensuous she was. She soon disap-

peared onto the dance floor and was lost in the crowd.

After the party, I returned to my dormitory. While climbing the stairs to my floor, a door flung open, and out ran Dorie's roommate, Chrissy, soaked from head to toe. As the R.A., I stopped her to find out what was going on. Before she could explain, the door opened again, revealing Dorie, similarly drenched. The situation quickly revealed itself when a water balloon, intended for Chrissy, hit and exploded in my groin.

Torn between anger and embarrassment, and knowing that such shenanigans are against the rules, I felt compelled to do something. But since this was a harmless prank, and my father (being a judge) raised me as a just person, I knew I could hardly punish these young freshman coeds. As I looked at Dorie's erect nipples and dark bush protruding from her wet T-shirt, my throbbing manhood convinced me to be lenient. After I got her to apologize and promise to clean up, I let them go. Walking to my room, I could hardly believe I had wimped out on such an opportunity.

As I was changing out of my wet clothes, hating myself for not taking advantage of the situation, there was a knock on the door. I quickly wrapped a towel around myself, and opened the door to find Dorie and Chrissy once again. They apologized repeatedly and insisted on

having my trousers cleaned and pressed. As I was getting them, I heard the door close. Next thing I knew, Dorie grabbed the towel, leaving me naked. Chrissy gasped at the sight of my engorging cock.

Before I knew it, Dorie had grabbed me and given me a wild, passionate kiss. With her tongue deep inside my mouth, my legs gave way and we collapsed onto the bed. Her hands roamed my body as she slowly kissed her way down to my now-erect dick. Her tongue glided up and down the length of my shaft, sending spasms of pleasure throughout my entire body. As I was nearing the point of no return, Dorie pulled away, and Chrissy, stark naked, strode over. Never having been with a woman before, I didn't know what to do. I was totally spellbound. The approaching ecstasy quickly diminished the fear I was feeling. Right or wrong, I knew there was no turning back.

Chrissy lowered her hot, dripping cunt onto my shaft and wrapped her legs around me. Carefully she guided my penis into her cunt. What a feeling! As it slid in, her pulsating pussy muscles started milking me for all I was worth. Within seconds, I exploded in my first orgasm of the evening. I came for what seemed like an eternity, but Chrissy was not about to stop. She continued on and on, and as she neared her climax, she started shouting at the top of her lungs, "Oh, I love your hot, long cock deep inside my pussy!" Then it happened. Chrissy tensed up, all the muscles in her body got rock-hard, and she burst into a colossal orgasm. I lay there in disbelief as she went into spasm after spasm.

The rest of the evening passed with me performing oral sex on both of them and fucking them every time my cock recouped. At about 6 A.M. and five orgasms later, I was finishing up with Dorie. She got off the bed and went to sit on the floor next to Chrissy. I then witnessed something I'd only read about in your magazine. Dorie started kissing Chrissy and, their mouths locked together, they started feeling each other's body. I couldn't believe my eyes—watching the two of them was an incredible turn-on. After a half hour, they both brought each other to orgasm in a hot sixty-nine. At this point, I had a raging hard-on that needed quick relief. I begged them to fuck me or at least suck me off, but unfortunately my pleas were ignored. They simply put on their T-shirts and left. Since then I've had various other encounters with Dorie, Chrissy, and their boyfriends. I'd just like to add that for those of you who don't believe, your day will come.—*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.

**Ice is
more delicious
with
a touch
of Comfort.**

Southern Comfort has a distinctive, appealing flavor.
It's a drink that makes any other drink taste that much better.

*Comfort on the Rocks: Pour 1½ jigger of Southern Comfort
into a short glass with ice. Garnish with lemon, or lime, or cherry.*



Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 40-50% Alc. by Volume, Louisville, KY © 1988



REAL PEOPLE.
REAL TASTE.

© 1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



AMERICA'S BEST.



BY JOE TRENTO

THE FRIENDS OF PAULA PARKINSON

The selection of J. Danforth Quayle as George Bush's vice-presidential running mate was a political time bomb waiting to explode. Looming in Quayle's history was the January 1980 golfing vacation in Florida that had already claimed the political careers of two of his colleagues. A simple check in the clip files of *The Wilmington Delaware News Journal* by Lee Atwater and his Bush campaign staff would have revealed Quayle's participation in a week-long outing that included eight men in a three-bedroom house, a woman lobbyist who would later pose nude for *Playboy* being the only female overnight guest. Had Atwater read the story carefully, he would have learned that the lobbyist's presence was kept secret from the congressmen's wives.

When I broke the original Paula Parkinson story on March 6, 1981, in the *News Journal*, Quayle was just settling into his new offices in the U.S. Senate. But Quayle was still a congressman from Indiana when he joined two other members of the U.S. House of Representatives, a tobacco lobbyist, and assorted hangers-on in an Atlantis, Florida, house during that week. There with Quayle and the others was Paula Clifton Parkinson, a well-endowed 29-year-old blond insurance lobbyist.

Parkinson was regarded as big trouble on Capitol Hill. The congressional staffers knew full well why she had such easy access to several congressmen. Working as an assistant to her then boyfriend, Hank Parkinson, she cultivated largely Republican congressmen. Nearly



20 years younger than Hank, Paula is the daughter of a Dallas physician. She met Hank in Wichita, Kansas, when he was a down-on-his-luck P.R. man looking for a new start, and she was longing for the big time. In Washington, D.C., they found both. Her flashy looks and his ability to buddy up to congressmen by throwing parties won them attention, access, and success. Hank was good at his job of keeping company with politicians whose wives were at home in a far-off state, or whose wives were nearby but not really part of the Washington scene. Many congressmen find life lonely after-hours in Washington.

Hank kept Paula busy. She could be found at the Capitol Hill Club, a Republican hangout a few steps from the House of Representatives

office buildings. The Club is a good place to see congressmen engaged in activities you are not likely to see on C-Span—like married elected officials picking up available women. According to Hank Parkinson, the couple at one point was entertaining 15 congressmen and staffers a day, many of them at the Club.

Paula was seen constantly at the Club, and soon her activities extended to the bedroom. She said that she engaged in affairs with eight different members of Congress. Later Hank Parkinson would say that he "created a sexual Frankenstein in Paula."

One of her first affairs was with Tom Railsback, the sincere young Republican on the House impeachment hearings investigating Richard Nixon. Paula said her

relationship with Railsback was not a love affair, just a good time. But another member of Congress said Railsback was so involved with Parkinson that he had planned to take her on a golfing junket to Spain after the Florida trip. Railsback's lawyer and friend, William Geoghegan, confirmed that Railsback had had a love affair with Parkinson. A congressional colleague said he talked him out of the trip to Spain, and Railsback took his wife instead. Parkinson said that she drove him to the airport for the trip.

One of Parkinson's last affairs was with then Delaware Congressman Thomas B. Evans, a former top official of the Republican National Committee and a favorite of President Reagan.

Paula was assigned by Hank to lobby against the passage of an expansion bill for a federal program that makes direct payment of disaster insurance to farmers. Elements of the midwestern insurance industry opposed the bill. Paula lobbied Quayle, Railsback, and Evans to vote against it. All three congressmen who had shared the house with Mrs. Parkinson later voted her way on it.

Quayle, who had just begun a six-year term in the Senate when the Parkinson story first broke, was the only congressman of the three who stayed under the same roof with Parkinson not subsequently voted out of office. His Republican colleagues, Evans of Delaware and Railsback of Illinois, both lost reelection in the wake of the Parkinson scandal.

When I wrote the *News Journal* story, Quayle, unlike Evans and Railsback, refused to talk directly about his stay at the house. Through a



CONFIDENTIAL

spokesman he confirmed that Mrs. Parkinson was a guest in the three-bedroom house when he arrived, and remained when he left one day later; his staff assured me that Quayle did not even know Parkinson was there. "He's a Boy Scout, he's just not the type," a Quayle press aide said in 1981. No one in Quayle's office could explain what he was doing on the trip to begin with, except to say it was an opportunity to play some golf.

For Quayle, it was inevitable that once Bush picked him as his running mate, the press would want to know more about his activities during that trip to Florida. Quayle claimed he did not know Parkinson and never saw her before or after that time. He also claimed that he had been "cleared" of any wrongdoing in the incident.

Since I recalled that what Parkinson had to say about Quayle did not quite match the Boy Scout image he has tried to project, I decided to dig out my old interviews with Paula Parkinson to refresh my memory. My first 1981 interview with Parkinson took place one month after I broke the original story. Quayle was peripheral to the main topic, which, for a Delaware newspaper, was its lone congressman, Tom Evans. Nevertheless, the Quayle that Paula Parkinson described then came across as a husband on the make who spent the vacation with colleagues who had similar plans. Parkinson candidly gave the reason the congressmen and lobbyists were in a rented house, instead of at the home of a friend of Tom Evans's in nearby Palm Beach.

According to our taped interview, it seemed that a now deceased Wilmington restaurateur and close friend

of former congressman Tom Evans, volunteered his Palm Beach home for the golfing week. But Parkinson said restaurateur Wally Sezna's wife caused a massive change in the married congressmen's plans. "Wally wasn't going to bring his wife, and all of a sudden, his wife decided to come down," Parkinson said. Sezna quickly arranged to rent another home from a Michigan doctor for his eight male guests. According to Parkinson, she was the only woman in the house with the eight men. She said she slept with Evans; and she confirmed having had a previous affair

Post that Quayle flirted with her in the bar and was playful. "I had on white pants and a white sweater, and he said, 'Here, drink this,' and just picked up the pitcher of orange juice that the bartender makes screwdrivers with. So I just started drinking out of the pitcher and I remember it spilled all over me, all over this white sweater. Everybody started laughing, tee-heeing; then we went to dance," she said.

In my interview, Parkinson said that Quayle was there for only one night, and did not pick up local women as others in the group did; so I assumed that Quayle had

Palm Beach. She said she turned him down, saying she was there with Congressman Evans. When Parkinson told me this information, I had no interest in Dan Quayle. She told it matter-of-factly and never made any claims that she had slept with the future junior senator from Indiana. I had already written my story several months before this conversation without any help from Parkinson. But because it was an extemporaneous conversation taken from a long taped interview, it makes her allegations all the more credible in retrospect.

Glenn Lewis, a Washington attorney who represented Parkinson in 1981, revealed that his client had told him about Quayle's advances around the same time that I did my interviews with her. Quayle has denied anything improper, but



Dan Quayle and George Bush

with then congressman Tom Rainsback. She said only Evans had a woman with him that week. The others, she recalled, "would pick up the ladies."

The night that Quayle arrived, the congressmen and Paula went to a Palm Beach restaurant for dinner. Paula told *The Washington*

indeed behaved himself as his staff claimed. I then asked Parkinson, "So he was telling the truth?" She responded, "He was sure putting the moves on me."

In a follow-up interview a few days later, Parkinson explained that Quayle propositioned her while they danced at the restaurant in

has yet to explain why he was staying in a house where Parkinson's presence was kept secret from all the congressmen's wives. Rainsback said at the time, "I feel terrible about this. . . . You know, our wives did not know that Mrs. Parkinson was present at the Florida house. . . ." Rainsback went on to say that one of the most difficult things about the exposure of the trip was that "Tom [Evans] is going to have to tell his wife and I am going to have to tell mine." Rainsback said in retrospect that he, Evans, and Quayle "made a big mistake" when they stayed at the house with Parkinson. Quayle has declined to say what he told his wife. Another question not answered as this article went to press is how he came to be a houseguest to

begin with: Who invited him, and who paid for the trip?

Tom Evans, now a Washington lobbyist himself, told *The Washington Post* that Parkinson only recently made up the encounter to promote the republication of a 1980 picture in the November 1988 *Playboy*. That is not true, since Parkinson had told me, extemporaneously, about Quayle's proposition shortly after the original story broke, when few outside of Indiana had any interest in Dan Quayle.

In fact, at the time, Evans was more newsworthy than a junior senator like Quayle, because of Evans's close ties with President Reagan and the White House. Evans had raised millions for the Republican National Committee during the Nixon era, when he ran finances for the G.O.P. After the Parkinson incident, it was made clear to Evans that Nancy Reagan was displeased, and he was off the list of those who had free access to the President.

Evans's current defense of Quayle is even more ludicrous when compared to Parkinson's description of what went on during the week in Florida. The goings-on among the participants were hardly what you would expect from a group of Reagan Republicans. Paula said that one evening, when Quayle was not present, she and five of the men drove to a restaurant for dinner. "In the car Evans was driving, I was sitting next to him and John Garrett. In the backseat was Bill Hecht [a lobbyist with the Tobacco Institute of America], Railsback, and Fred Tuck. The only one I did not see smoking dope was Fred Tuck." Parkinson said she supplied the marijuana.

Quayle was not the only Republican facing the wrath of Parkinson in 1981. This



Jack Kemp

summer, Congressman Jack Kemp of New York, along with Quayle, was a finalist to be George Bush's running mate. One of the concerns that put him out of the running, according to sources in the Bush campaign, were allegations about Kemp's extramarital activities.

The alleged trading of sexual favors for influence had become the subject of an F.B.I. probe in April 1981, when Congressman Philip M. Crane (R-Ill.) tried to clear his friends Evans and Railsback by asking Attorney General William French Smith to launch an investigation, "to avoid a witch-hunt mentality, sensationalism, and distortion of the facts, characterized by recent innuendo in the media and elsewhere."

Although the investigation was inconclusive as to the trading of sexual favors, the results of the probe did not do any of the men any good. They were so embarrassing they still remain secret. But among those questioned were Congressman Kemp, the daughter of a prominent Republican congressman, Paula Parkinson, and Tom Evans. Parkinson says she told the F.B.I. that she, Evans, Kemp, and the congressman's daughter had used a lobbyist's suite at the L'Enfant Plaza Hotel in Washington for sexual activity. Parkinson and F.B.I. sources both say that while Evans confirmed at least one

of the incidents, Kemp and the congressman's daughter denied the charges. When F.B.I. agents told Parkinson that Kemp had denied them, Parkinson said she got mad and decided to call Kemp on his private line. She told Kemp that she was afraid her estranged husband Hank was going to name him as a correspondent in their pending divorce case. "... Well, he panicked; then he called Hank, and Hank said, 'No, I am not,'" Parkinson said.

Parkinson said she made love to Kemp all night on one occasion. "I told him point-blank, 'You really ought to come out with it. It would do you a world of good for your reputation,'" referring to reports of homosexuality that Kemp has repeatedly denied. Another time, she and Kemp planned a threesome with another congressman.

Paula recalled that after she married Hank Parkinson, she had affairs with Kemp, Evans, and another member of Congress, who she refused to name, but whose sexual acrobatics she taped. She said that videotape is now in the hands of the F.B.I.

Parkinson explained that she was in love with Tom Evans and that he had promised to marry her. Evans has consistently refused to "comment or characterize my relationship with Paula Parkinson." He did issue a statement saying, "I deeply regret having had any

association" with Parkinson.

Parkinson said that when her husband found out about the affair with Evans, he threatened to make the relationship public unless she agreed to see a psychiatrist and begin taking the antidepressant Lithium. Parkinson also reported that Evans got her pregnant on July 28, 1980, after the two of them made love on the floor of his congressional office.

She claimed that Evans paid her \$500 through Washington lawyer Jerris Leonard, for her to have an abortion in the fall of 1980. Leonard denied the payment; but Parkinson provided a receipt for the abortion, and F.B.I. sources say the father was listed as Evans. A friend of Parkinson's confirms that she picked up the cash for the abortion from Jerris Leonard's law office.

The records the F.B.I. compiled were turned over to the House Ethics Committee for further investigation. Paula Parkinson charged in May 1981 that the F.B.I. agents investigating the case told her the records had been turned over, because such an action makes the material exempt from the Freedom of Information Act. She added, however, that the members of the House Ethics Committee in 1981 were in no position to investigate their colleagues. My phone calls to Parkinson, Evans, Kemp, and Quayle went unanswered. At presstime, Evans wrote denying Parkinson's allegations about him and Quayle's conduct on the Florida trip, but remained unavailable for an interview.

The heart of the Parkinson scandal was perhaps best summed up by Paula's then husband Hank, when he said, "I guess my problem was, I wasn't the jealous type."

White House staff person, attorney general—anything's possible for Susan Estrich, the first woman to run a presidential campaign.

women

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ



Susan Estrich, the 35-year-old woman who is heading up Michael Dukakis's presidential campaign, knows how to handle tough men. I know, because of how she handled me during the Claus von Bulow case, in which she was my assistant.

After I finished delivering my argument on the appeal, the prosecutor gave his. When he finished, I had ten minutes of rebuttal time left. (The rebuttal is the most crucial part of an oral presentation.)

But Susan Estrich was convinced that we had already won the case, and that our victory could be endangered by a wrong answer or an incautious comment. She therefore firmly grabbed my jacket, preventing me from getting up, and gently whispered, "I know how difficult it is for you to keep quiet, but if ever there was a good time, this is it."

I stayed seated, kept my mouth shut, and won the appeal. It was typical Susan: firm, understated, cautious, and correct.

Susan and I have worked

on several cases, projects, and campaigns together. She is at her best in the midst of combat and crisis—at the center of the storm. When emotion and exhaustion threaten to take over, Susan takes charge. I recall many a night during the Von Bulow case when everything seemed to be falling apart. Witnesses were changing their stories, journalists were bad-mouthing our client, arguments were crumbling, cases we were relying on were being overruled, secretaries were calling in sick, Xerox machines were breaking, research assistants were arguing with one another.

In would walk Susan, a mug of coffee in one hand, a cigarette in her mouth, a pencil behind her ear, a pad in the other hand. "Let's get organized," she'd say. "Let's think about this rationally and not waste time on trivia and bickering. This isn't about our egos; it's about our client's life." Then she would begin assigning tasks—to me, to herself, and to the others. Like an officer who commands the troops to follow her into battle, she'd invariably take the most difficult ones herself.

These traits have become obvious during the Dukakis campaign. Susan began working for Dukakis as an assistant, but quickly emerged as the person in charge, when John Sasso was fired for leaking the negative videotape that helped drive Joe Biden out of the race.

This was not Susan's first campaign. She worked for Ted Kennedy and then Jimmy

Carter in 1980. In 1984, she worked for Geraldine Ferraro and Walter Mondale. Although her candidates lost the elections, Susan gained much know-how and a husband out of the Mondale-Ferraro effort. She met Marty Kaplan, who was Mondale's speech writer, during the campaign, and married him two years later. He is now a vice president of motion-picture production. He and his wife alternate visits to the East and West Coast.

Their wedding reception in Susan's hometown of Swampscott, Massachusetts, was a combination of romantic union, campaign reunion, and Democratic strategy session. Mike Dukakis mingled with Walter Mondale, Geraldine Ferraro, and other assorted political honchos. The toasts consisted of double entendres combining romance with politics.


But Susan's life has not been all toasts and successes. Fourteen years ago, she was brutally raped at knife point. Remarkably, she wrote a book—perhaps the definitive legal opus—on rape. In it, she takes a pragmatic and balanced view of the rights of those accused of rape, as well as those victimized by that horrible crime. There are no polemics, no extremes. She uses the same approach when teaching criminal law, or working as president of the Massachusetts Civil Liberties Union.

She supports the First Amendment and generally opposes censorship, even when it is demanded in the name of feminism. She believes that the feminist agenda should be more

pragmatic and less polemical, and that feminists and civil libertarians should stop fighting one another.

Although this is Susan's first experience as a campaign manager, the job comes naturally to her. To Susan, every project is a campaign—whether it be a law case, a bicoastal romance and marriage, or an election race for the most powerful job in the world. And to each she brings her incredible analytical and interpersonal skills.

If Michael Dukakis is elected president, Susan will almost certainly move to Washington. There is much speculation among her friends and colleagues about the kind of job she should take: She could become a senior White House staff person; she could become a cabinet member, maybe attorney general; she could take on a more political role in the Democratic National Committee; or she could be appointed to the judiciary. The latter is unlikely, at least in the beginning of a Dukakis administration, since Susan would be too valuable as a political adviser to the new president. Whatever role she assumes, Susan will be Susan—pragmatic, effective, tough, and successful.

She will continue to be a pioneer among women. She was the first woman president of the Harvard Law Review, and the first woman to run a presidential campaign. She may well become the first woman to make the fact that she is a woman totally irrelevant to her appointment in a presidential administration. 

SPACE AGE SPEAKER

UNIVERSAL® Company develops exciting new technology that allows speaker placement anywhere in your home without speaker wires.



TECHNOLOGICAL BREAK-THROUGH

Highly acclaimed in *The Wall Street Journal* as one of the most exciting new products in the '87 Consumer Electronics Show. The UNIVERSAL Speaker System enables you to listen to your favorite music (records, cassettes, reel tapes, CDs, or AM/FM radio) throughout your home without having to run miles of speaker wire everywhere. Simply plug in the UNIVERSAL transmitter into the tape jacks of your receiver, and then plug in the UNIVERSAL speakers into any household electrical outlet. The music is transmitted through your home's wiring. **No Speaker Wires are Needed!** And the sound is great; with deep, rich bass and crystal clear highs.

GREAT SOUND ANYWHERE

Enjoy music on your patio, by the pool, in the bedroom, bathroom, while working in the garage or even at the office. You can have as many speakers as you have outlets, without the worry of speaker wiring running endlessly through

your home. Place one, two, or four speakers in a room, or one speaker in every room in the house. The possibilities are endless, and each speaker has its own on/off volume control, for even more versatility.



SUPERIOR FEATURES

The UNIVERSAL Speaker System is of the highest quality design. The $9\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4} \times 6$ " acoustically constructed cabinet delivers deep bass through a $4\frac{1}{2}$ " woofer and a $2\frac{1}{2}$ " tweeter captures those delicate highs for a full rich sound.

Installation is quick and simple, the transmitter plugs directly into the tape jacks of your receiver and includes a y-jack, so you don't lose the use of your tape jacks. The speakers with their built-in receivers simply plug into any household outlet anywhere you want to listen to your main sys-

tem, regardless of the distances from your stereo. In addition, this new technology simply taps into the signal your stereo already generates, so it will not affect your stereo in any way. Since the transmitter combines both the right and left channels of your stereo, you get a full and rich high fidelity sound.

These technological wonders are available direct from the manufacturer, and your satisfaction is guaranteed with a 30 day return privilege and a full 90 day manufacturer's warranty.

ACT NOW AND SAVE

These wireless speakers will carry a price tag of \$125 each when they become available to retailers late this year. But **NOW**, through a special promotional campaign, the UNIVERSAL 2-way speaker system, transmitter, and jack is only \$69. And if you order more than one speaker, each additional speaker is only \$59. That's less than half the price you can expect to pay when they hit retail stores in the future.

Act **NOW** and pay less than dealer cost through our **MANUFACTURERS DIRECT PRICING!**

When ordering make sure you specify your promotional order code **PH1X**. Most orders are sent within 72 hours of receipt.

So enjoy your favorite music from records, cassettes, reel tapes, CD's, or AM/FM radio anywhere in your home or by your patio/pool area with the **UNIVERSAL Wireless Speaker System**.

TOLL FREE 1-800-992-2966



(In VA. 804-379-2192)

OR MAIL COUPON TO:



COMTRAD MARKET NETWORK

Crossroads Business Park

11634 Busy Street

Richmond, VA 23236

Send 1st **UNIVERSAL®** speaker and AC Transmitter @ \$69 plus (\$6 S&H)

Send _____ additional speakers @ \$59 plus (\$6 S&H)

(VA residents add 4½% tax. NO COD ORDERS)

☐ My check or money order is enclosed

Charge to ☐ VISA ☐ MASTER CARD

Acct. No. _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Phone (____) _____

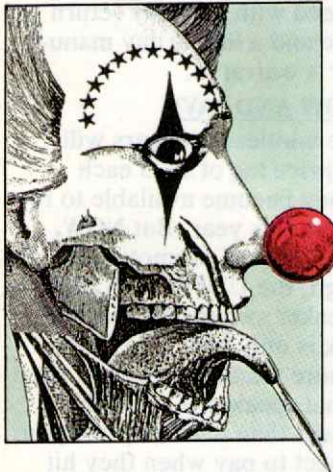
Sign Here _____

PROMO CODE PH1X

If elected, I'll allow private citizens to really get into defense by putting their names on missile warheads.

FINAL STRAW

BY LEWIS BURKE FRUMKES



I like Dukakis. Dukakis is small and cute and calls everybody "my friends," whether they are or they aren't. But we're talking about electing a president of the United States, my friends, a leader who will be the most powerful man on earth. Dukakis, with or without his friends, just isn't exciting enough. I also like George Bush. George is tall and handsome, the kind of man every divorced woman in America hopes she'll meet on a blind date. George can boogie like a demon, hit golf balls with the best of them, and model V-necked sweaters for GQ; but, let's face it, friends, he's just too wimpy to be president. That is why I have decided to run for president.

But where am I coming from, you ask? What is my platform? Good question.

As you probably know, the Russians are winning the arms race. Back in the seventies, when the peaceniks and molycoddles were talking Salt II and détente, and we foolishly stopped producing arms, the devious

Russians continued to build weapons behind our backs—"Build, Sergei, build! Yo, ho, heave ho! Catch the capitalist dogs now, but don't let them see you." Today they not only have parity with us, they have surpassed us in every major military area. I'm sure I don't have to tell you about their SS-20, PL-4, and PI-5 missiles, all huge and MIRVed and equipped with needles and spiders, capable of taking out planets the size of Saturn. They are awesome. Or their Gruntov Battle Titan, a gigantic evil robot that eats soldiers in the field and then spits them out again. "Ha, ha, ha! Imperialist peege! Grrr! Crunch, crunch! Ha, ha, ha!" Believe me, the Russians are friends. They are tough and mean and never show mercy. "Please, comrade, no, spare me. I will learn 'The Volga Boatmen' by heart, please—arghhh!" In any nuclear confrontation they would kick our teeth in. I wouldn't lie to you. If you don't want your children to be eaten by a Gruntov Battle Titan or incinerated by a nuclear missile, you had better get your priorities straight and jump on the Frumkes bandwagon now. Uncle Lew needs you!

How will I offset the Russian lead, you ask? I will build not only a Stealth bomber, that invisible flying wing you have seen drawings of in *Time* magazine, but Stealth aircraft carriers that launch invisible fighter planes, and Stealth submarines and Stealth tanks. I will build an entire Stealth army equipped with black cloaks and Reebok sneakers so that we can tiptoe across the Russian

border without being detected and walk right up to Gorbachev's office inside the Kremlin walls.

"Did you hear something, Boris?" "No, not me, Mr. Chairman. It must have been the wind."

I will allow private citizens to sponsor missiles so they can really get into defense. There will be a special brass plaque on each missile, be it a Backfire, Blackjack, Pershing, or cruise, bearing your name, corporate logo, or simply "This missile is being fired in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Woevil" and your coat of arms. If the Air Force runs out of plaques before your missile is fired, your name will be handwritten in chalk on the warhead just prior to launch. Not to worry, the chalk will be a new kind that doesn't come off easily.

I will also encourage private gifts of space-age weapons to our defense establishment. Thus you will be able to channel all those profits from your Quik-Press pants business into a real Star Wars particle-beam weapon interceptor, or a high-powered, space-based infrared laser battle station. Imagine an "Etta Kirshenbaum" pop-up kinetic-energy weapons system, orbiting the earth every hour on the hour for all to see. You will also be helping your country.

These programs, jointly involving the public and private sectors, will ensure our security well into the twenty-first century.

In domestic affairs, I stand for capital punishment. While it is true that capital punishment does not discourage crimes of passion, like rape

and murder, it works wonders with litterers and parking violators. Think about it, would you really double-park again if you knew for sure you would be hanged or guillotined in the town square? I thought not. Nor would you discard a gum wrapper without thinking twice:

"My God, Harry, they shot him for throwing his gum wrapper in the mailbox."

"The sonofabitch litterer! Harry."

The country, under Frumkes, will once again become clean and uncongested.

I also believe in participatory abortion. Under this method, a woman may have an abortion if she chooses, but the accused father will have to perform it. It will become a somewhat less attractive option.

"Whaddaya mean, I have to do the abortion? Whaddaya, crazy?"

To raise money for education, I will propose grade auctions every Sunday. A's will be \$25, B's \$10, C's free. True, some affluent students will become instant scholars, but that is better than doing drugs.

"Geez, will you look at this. We raised \$30,000 from the 200 valedictorians. The Von Trubitz kid will deliver the commencement address."

"Can he read?"

"I don't know; he got an A for his Bugs Bunny paper last week."

Yes, my programs are bold. Yes, they are courageous.

Vote Frumkes on Election Day.

A vote for Lew is a vote for you! O+

BREAK OUT THE BEST!



TRY NEW JOB FRENCH LIGHT™ CIGARETTE PAPERS... A CUT ABOVE THE REST!

Savor premium quality and true French tradition with new **JOB** French Lights. Thin, light and smooth-burning, the exclusive French Light™ gives you the finest in tobacco smoking pleasure.

So elegant and fine in the popular 1 and 1/4 size, French Lights now come to you backed by 150 years of French heritage and experience.

Try them for a world-class smoke!



...SINCE 1838

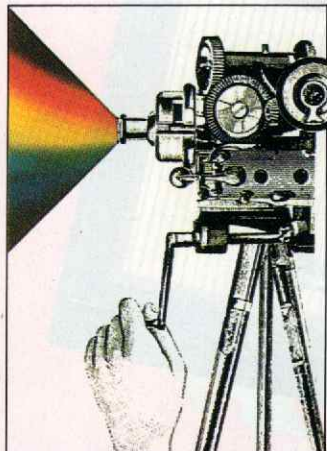
ROLL WITH THE BEST!™



Clint Eastwood does Charlie Parker. Amy Irving and Peter Riegert do pickles and sex. Tom Hanks is better than *Big*. And the Beatles are back.

FILM

BY MARCIA PALLY



• ***The Beast* (**) in Kevin Reynolds's** new film is a Russian tank that decimates an Afghan village and loses its way in the desert, becoming prey to the rebels whose relatives it just torched. The film has the gore and morals of *The Killing Fields*, and *Mutiny on the Bounty* drama. But without the savvy of these earlier works, the theatrics seem merely trite. With solid performances by **George Dzundza** (*The Deer Hunter*) and **Jason Patric** (*The Lost Boys*).

• The **Charlie Parker** biopic ***Bird* (**½)** may be **Clint Eastwood's** most valiant effort at directing, but the film—about all of the great saxophonist's downs and few of his ups—leaves you a bit limp-spirited. Three hours of dark footage, even if silky or daring, makes one restless (and nearly blind). **Forest Whitaker** and **Diane Venora**, as Parker and his spunky wife, draw you into the story; you just can't see, from Eastwood's movie, why any woman would stay with him.

• **Michael Keaton** gives the performance of his career

in **Glenn Caron's** ***Clean and Sober* (***)**, where, looking startlingly like **Jack Nicholson**, he plays an overwired real estate broker with several habits to kick. **Tod Carroll's** script is equally gripping as it closes in on the cycles and traps of addiction. As Keaton's friend and eventual lover, **Kathy Baker** has a steely sexuality that insists its way through to you.

• If women in your neighborhood are seductively eyeing the guy who delivers pickles, it's because of **Joan Micklin Silver's** ***Crossing Delancey* (***)**, about the unexpected romance between a literary young woman (played delicately by **Amy Irving**) and a Lower East Side pickle man. With **Peter Riegert's** steady, sexy neediness, doctors, lawyers, and **Mark Harmon** had better watch out. The rest of the film is a pushcartful of color and characters, the most tantalizing of which are **Reizl Bozyk**, **Sylvia Miles**, and New York itself—its chic uptown and its downtown funk, where young blacks, Latinos, and Koreans mix with old Jews in between knish shops and cuchifrito stands.

• In ***Eight Men Out* (**½)**, **John Sayles** hails his fanfare for the common man at the notorious 1919 Chicago White Sox scandal. The players whose talent and effort make the game possible are cheated by club owners and game fixers alike, and only the players get caught. Spicy and fast, the script could do with a bit less ballpark footage; the film has the handsome look of men's clubs and old-time taverns. With poignant, intense perfor-

mances by **John Cusack**, **David Strathairn**, and **Christopher Lloyd**.

• In his nearly 20 years of stardom, **John Lennon** was poet of an era, and its self-aggrandizing jester. ***Imagine: John Lennon* (***)**, by **David Wolper** and **Andrew Solt**, shows him at both extremes. But it's the footage of the early years, when the Beatles sounded the hope of the sixties, that makes this film's stirring nostalgia. It explains why so many grieved at Lennon's death in a much more cynical time.

• In ***Prince of Pennsylvania* (***)**, the explosive **Keanu Reeves** plays a boy too smart for his tough, coal-mining town, and too troubled by its sexual hypocrisies and emotional barrenness. Writer-director **Ron Nyswaner** has a disturbingly sharp eye for our contradictions, betrayals, and bottled-up feelings, and **Bonnie Bedelia**, **Amy Madigan**, and **Fred Ward** show them all with shimmering clarity.

• **Tom Hanks** zips and shines as the sexy, serious, endearing, edgy, and very funny stand-up comic in **David Seltzer's** ***Punchline* (***)**. **Sally Field**, as the housewife also trying to break into big-time comedy, is gawky and irresistible when stumbling through her acts, though her at-home scenes with hubby and kids are a bit teary. Best scene: Hanks doing "Singin' in the Rain." **Gene Kelly**, move over.

• What a team! **Teri Garr** and **John Lithgow** sidle along as dubious accomplices to murder in **Malcolm Mowbray's** ***Out Cold* (***)**, while **Randy Quaid** bobs in and out as

a private eye, adding shimmering dementia to this wicked death-by-fridge frolic.

• ***Stealing Home* (**½)** ends where **Bull Durham** begins: Some schlep makes it into the minor leagues. Written and directed by **Steven Kampmann** and **Will Aldis**, ***Stealing Home*** bounces with some delicious flashbacks to the late fifties and early sixties, where **Jodie Foster** is at her bad-girl-next-door best. But watch out for the present-day scenes: **Mark Harmon**, as Foster's best friend, has to figure out what to do with her ashes.

• **David Mamet** has always written tight, enigmatic scripts, and his new ***Things Change* (***)** is just as wily. About an Italian immigrant who makes a deal with the mob to take the rap for one of their boys, ***Things Change*** slips between drama and satire as it toys with whose view of life will prevail: the old shoemaker or the Mafia dons. **Joe Mantegna** and **Don Ameche** steer magnificently through all of Mamet's sardonic moods.

• With his usual hectic genius, **Nicolas Roeg** (*The Man Who Fell to Earth*) answers the gooey baby movies of last year with ***Track 29* (***)**, an apocalyptic film that collides images of sexual fetishes, alcoholic despair, and the oedipal triangle with our need to be loved. ***Track 29*** is mescaline-trip mad—and brilliant. Only actors with the elasticity of **Gary Oldman** (*Sid and Nancy*), **Christopher Lloyd**, **Sandra Bernhard**, and **Theresa Russell** (here sensuously disheveled) could pull it off. 

AT \$9.47, LONGEVITY ANSWERS THE QUESTION THAT HAS ELUDED PHILOSOPHERS FOR CENTURIES: WHAT PRICE IMMORTALITY?

A year's subscription to Longevity has to rank as the deal of a lifetime. Because for only \$9.47 you get 12 issues of the first magazine devoted to helping you live longer and better.

That's just 79¢ an issue. 20% off the cover price. Which isn't bad, even if immortality isn't quite within our grasp. Yet.

In the months to come, there will be articles on subjects ranging from exercise to nutrition to psychology and genetic engineering. Provocative

stories from the frontiers of the field and immediately useful, practical advice. All written in a no-nonsense, fast-read style.

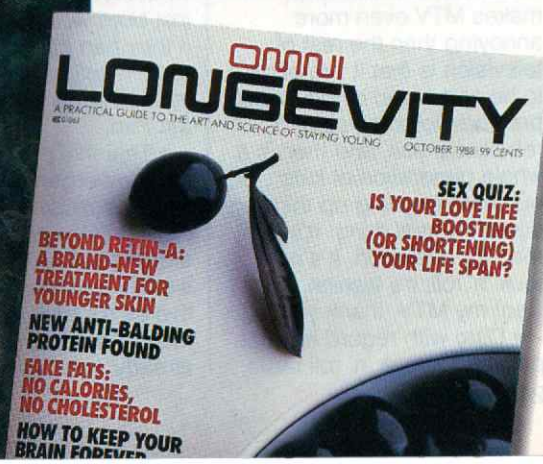
And guiding us in this exploration is a distinguished panel of research scientists and medical doctors. Combined with an impressive roster of contributing authors, many of whom have never allowed their work to be published in a mass circulation magazine.

But then, there's never been a magazine like

Longevity. A magazine dedicated to the idea that, to quote one prominent anthropologist, "the goal of life is to die young—as late as possible."

It's an ambitious goal, but one we doubt you will find hard to subscribe to. Just \$9.47 brings you your first 12 issues. So use the attached card to subscribe today, or call, toll-free, 1-800-341-7378. But act now. Because at least for the time being, none of us are getting any younger.

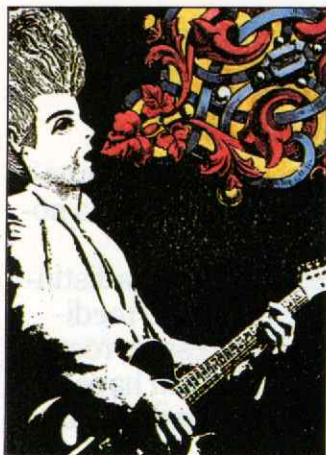
ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE



I want my Thanksgiving turkey to know it died for something more than two weeks of leftovers. So here are my rock 'n' roll Reasons to Be Thankful.

SOUNDS

BY VIN SCELSA



Every year around this time, with Thanksgiving approaching, I find myself taking stock of all that I have to be grateful for over the last 12 months. Holidays should have meaning and not be mere excuses for ritualized overindulgence. I want my Thanksgiving turkey to know it died for something more than two weeks of leftovers.

So . . . Reasons to Be Thankful—from a rock 'n' roll P.O.V.:

- I am thankful that watching MTV is not mandatory in America. It's not so much that MTV is insidious, mediocre, boring, and worthless—it's that *all* TV is insidious, mediocre, etc. But what makes MTV even more annoying than the rest of television is that it pretends to be some kind of alternative, pretends to some spirit of rebelliousness, and there's a whole generation of kids out there growing up thinking this is the real thing. It's not real; it's television. It's not rock 'n' roll; it's fashion. I *don't* want my MTV, thank you. . . .

- Ditto with regard to what passes for rock 'n' roll radio

these days. I keep waiting for the pendulum to swing back to a freer, less demographically controlled philosophy of programming, but I am not holding my breath. Luckily, God gave us three wonderful audio inventions (one of which, they tell us, will soon be obsolete—but *they* are the same *they* who used to say God was dead, so what do *they* know, anyhow!) we can utilize to reproduce music at home. Thank you, God, for records, tapes, and CDs. . . .

- I am thankful that Prince left some element of mystery in doing his Lennon *Two Virgins* impression on the cover of *Lovesexy* (Warner Bros. 25720). The men don't want to know *all* the secrets of the gods, and sweet Prince, that pencil-mustachioed tease, understands. Thank you, Royal One, for the discreetly positioned leg. . . .

- That the Ramones are still at it. *Ramonesmania* (Sire 25709), their double-disc collection of "hits," is one of the unqualified great collections of the year. These guys are the masters of the two-minute hysterical blitzkrieg headbanger, as well as the heartbreaking urban slow grind. The Ramones are what Never-Never Land's lost boys would have become if they had chosen to be a rock 'n' roll band, and Joey is their (and our) shaggy electric Pan. . . .

- That this past year saw the reemergence of some of rock's lonesome recluses. Robbie Robertson's solo album (Geffen GHS 24160) was as touching and evocative as his best work with the Band; it's a year old already, but I still haven't filed

it away. Patti Smith survived marriage and motherhood to emerge from her Detroit homestead with fist still poetically clenched (*Dream of Life*, Arista AL-8453). And Brian Wilson finally climbed out of the sandbox, shed weight—both physical and emotional—and got back into a recording studio to create *Pet Sounds* '88. I'm not so sure about this shrink of his, but dammit, *Brian Wilson* (Sire 25669-1) is a wonderful album, so the guy's unorthodox approach to therapy can't be totally discounted. . . .

- I am thankful for the continuing existence of *Fast Folk Musical Magazine*, a unique concept that unites songbook journalism with recording technology, to present a publication you can listen to as well as read. Each "issue" of *Fast Folk* is both a full-length 12-inch LP and a *Broadside*-style magazine that covers the acoustic-folk scene. This is where you get to hear the Suzanne Vegas, Christine Lavins, and Tracy Chapmans before the rest of the world discovers them. (Question: Why is it only women who have emerged from the folk scene with major label contracts and national attention over the past few years? Why haven't talented guys like Cliff Eberhardt, Rod MacDonald, John Gorka, and David Massengill risen from the Village streets to greater recognition?) The latest issue, "An Evening in Greenwich Village" (Volume 4, No. 4, FF404), captures a live performance at New York's Bottom Line that features David Roth's very punny

"Should on You," John Gorka's tender "Stranger With Your Hair," and vocalist *extraordinaire* Lucy Kaplanski's version of Shawn Colvin's exquisite "Diamond in the Rough." (If there is any justice floating around the music biz during the coming year, Colvin and Kaplanski deserve to get the next big break.) You can subscribe to *Fast Folk* (\$35 for five issues, \$65 for ten) by writing to P.O. Box 938 Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014. . . .

- I am thankful that Van Morrison and the Chieftains—a musical marriage so perfect it's a wonder it hadn't happened sooner—released *Irish Heartbeat* (PolyGram/Mercury 834 496-1), a collection of mostly traditional songs plus Van's own title track and "Celtic Ray." These men tap into timeless sound and emotion here—it's a celebration of joy, an understanding of sorrow. I play this one instead of going to church. . . .

- And I'm thankful for all the musical pleasure I've received during these past months from Tom Waits, Richard Barone, REM, the Cucumbers, Lyle Lovett, the Silos, the Tom Russell Band, Strange Cave, T-Bone Burnett, Nanci Griffith, the Del Lords, Ziggy Marley, Leonard Cohen, Graham Parker, Camper Van Beethoven, Toni Childs, Steve Forbert, Pat Benatar, Tom Chapin, Iggy Pop, Jimmy Buffett, Neil Young, and Paul Kelly & the Messengers. . . .

See what happens when you stop to smell the roses? You find all sorts of wonderful things have grown in the garden. . . .

GIFT SUGGESTION #1

GET THE EDGE!

GET IT NOW... FREE.

Buy any one of these
Fully Automatic world class
knives and get the Model
#434 Full-Auto Minuteman
ABSOLUTELY FREE

OWN A CLASSIC

Model #817
Full Auto*

Model #702
Full Auto*

Model #860
Full Auto*

Model #120
Full Auto*

**Genuine,
Automatic And
Completely Finished**
Sold in Legal Kit Form*

Model #702 Full Auto* Panther

Heavy duty and built to stay that way, the Model 702 utilizes a cam-spring activator within its large contoured grip. Touch the button and it delivers a finely honed blade of mil-spec stainless steel. Instantly retractable. A full 9 inches.

~~\$23.95~~ Now thru December sale priced at \$14.95

Model #817 Full Auto* Lever Hunter

The gleaming brass and polished rosewood handle conceals a spring loaded blade of Rockwell hardened brushed stainless steel. Touch the lever, and the blade arcs out with a flash, and locks into eight inches of elegant and rugged knife. \$39.95

~~\$39.95~~ On sale thru December only.....\$19.95

Model #860 Full Auto* Stealth

Midnight black, High Impact Mil-Spec ABS Resin handle provides light-weight yet heavy-duty action. Touch the button and a sleek blade of Vanadium Stainless Steel leaps out, ready for any situation. Front opening and instantly Retractable. 8 1/2"

~~\$23.95~~ On sale thru December only. . \$14.95

Model #120 Full Auto* The Sicilian

Beautifully Handcrafted in Italy, the classic lines of the Model 120 have earned a reputation from the hills of Corsica to the asphalt jungles of New York. This truly collectible knife features Swiss steel guards, full brass liners, deep-swirl pearlescent grips. Touch the button and out arcs a flashing, sleek blade of heavy gauge razor sharp Chromex steel. 8 3/4" Model #120

Supplies guaranteed only thru March '89. \$49.95

*Attn. collector and 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.

**Swift,
Silent, and Ready
When You Are.**



THE EDGE COMPANY

P.O. BOX 826
BRATTLEBORO, VT 05301

TO ORDER
CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-445-1021
OR SEND TO:



The Minuteman Model #434 Full Auto* Now Free.

The unique, classic design of the Minuteman Full Auto traces its history to Germany, where it was first seen in 1895. Handforged of European steel and Mexican Rosewood, the precise full-auto action snaps out a clip point blade of polished and beveled 440 stainless steel. Over 8" of serious knife.

Normally \$29.95 Now yours FREE with any of the above!

**Also Free! The New 1989 Edge Company Catalog...
125 incredible knives in blazing color.
Call Toll Free 1-800-445-1021
EDGE HOTLINE SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.**

THE EDGE COMPANY
P.O. BOX 826, BRATTLEBORO, VT
05301

1-800-445-1021

Gentlemen, please RUSH the following:
(check proper boxes)

☐ Model 702 ☐ Model 817 ☐ Model 860 ☐ Model 120
Qty. _____ Qty. _____ Qty. _____ Qty. _____

☐ Yes, please also rush my FREE Full Auto Model #434 Minuteman.

Add \$1.50 Per Kit Shipping and Handling

☐ Check or Money order Enclosed \$ _____

☐ MasterCard # _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ Visa Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

I Certify That I Am Over 18 Years of Age.

Signature _____

Police & Military must send photocopy of I.D.
to receive 15% discount. PN11

EDGE COMPANY KNIVES ARE GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

•Passion, pleasure,
titillation of all the senses, supreme
delight, and total fulfillment—
these are what making love is all about. •

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

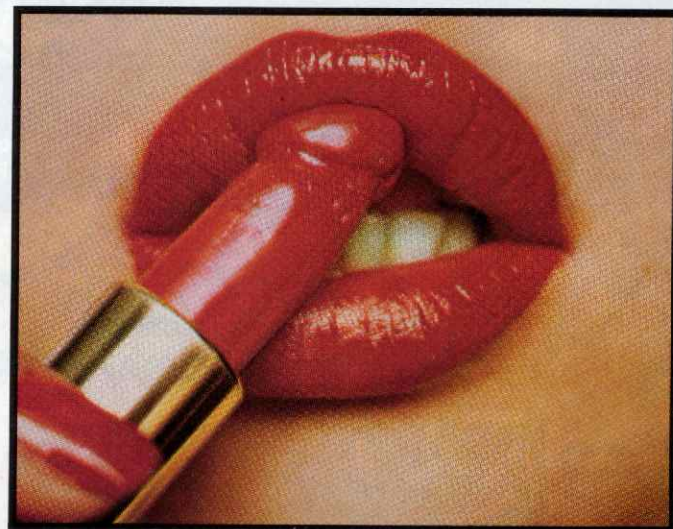
LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have a question that I have been wanting to ask, but I'm afraid that no one will believe me! How many times should the average male be able to experience orgasm in one night? I'll explain my situation.

My girlfriend Lorri and I live in separate cities, since we are trying to get ahead with our careers. Because of our arrangement, we only get to see each other on weekends. Our time spent together is usually terrific and filled with lots of good sex. Since Lorri has trouble with the Pill, we use condoms as a means of contraception.

Lorri and I started out as good friends and did not make love until three years later. However, since we have begun having sex, it's been the best—the greatest—that I ever had! She is a very beautiful woman with the best legs that I've seen on a girl. I dream about her constantly. In fact, I think my dick is more often hard than soft. When we are together, I just can't seem to get enough of her. When I'm away from her, I am miserable. Now here is my problem, which I hope you'll believe.

A few months ago, right after Lorri had her period, she thought that it would be safe to make love without a condom. Since I am madly in love with her, I agreed, thinking even if she did get pregnant, I would love to marry her. Anyway, that was on a Friday night in which I came five times during our lovemaking. The next



night—after an evening of knowing that she wasn't wearing any panties under her jeans—we made love again, and I came 11 times over a period of two and a half hours: seven times during intercourse, three times by her hand, and once while receiving oral sex. I realize that by now you might have already thrown this letter away; but please don't, because I am telling the truth. Even that Sunday night I came three times by her hand (she was too sore), making 19 the total for that whole weekend. What really gets me is that every time after making love, I still had a tremendous hard-on and could come again very easily.

I feel bad because Lorri usually comes once during our lovemaking (usually by my hand or orally), and afterward she just wants to relax. I feel

that I'm not able to give her the orgasmic pleasure that she gives me; maybe I am taking too much pleasure. However, she says it excites her to see me come so many times and it gets her off in other ways.

I've never felt like this before with any other woman. I used to come, at the most, maybe three times in one evening—I thought that was a lot! Also, before that weekend with Lorri, I'd come at least seven times in one evening, and we thought that was a bit much! Maybe it was the excitement of having my dick inside of her without a condom—but since then we've used condoms, and I'd come at least eight times.

Xavier, no other woman makes me feel the way Lorri does. I can't get turned on by anyone else. Is this normal? Another problem is guilt—I feel bad that Lorri doesn't have as

many orgasms as I do. Am I really giving her the pleasure she deserves? Please take me seriously.—B. G.

What a lot of complexes you have! You feel bad, you feel guilty, you are worried, you are afraid I'm going to throw this letter away because you don't think I am going to believe you, etc., etc. What a pathetic victim of our culture you are. Your problem is that somewhere along the line you got brainwashed into believing that it is "wicked" to have a good time.

Everyone seems to be talking about sexual satisfaction. What a wishy-washy word. Satisfied is how you feel after a plain, healthy lunch at the office cafeteria. "Enough," said Oscar Wilde, "is as bad as a meal—too much is as good as a feast." Jeeves, the immortal gentleman's gentleman created by P. G. Wodehouse, said, "I endeavor to give satisfaction." An admirable quality in a servant, but in a lover one wants more. Passion, pleasure, titillation of all the senses, supreme delight, and total fulfillment—these are what making love is all about. Your Lorri is so beautiful and sexually exciting, and you love her so much, that you can't get enough of her. When you are satisfied, that's it. You stop doing whatever satisfied you and go away and do some-

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

thing else. I once had a German boyfriend who, when I asked him if he loved me, said, "I like you a lot." He was satisfied with me. I gave him up immediately!

I also detect a note of egomaniacal smugness in the description of your sexual prowess. Okay, so 11 orgasms in two and a half hours is definitely in the Olympic class; but biologically there is no reason why a healthy young man should not have an orgasm every 15 minutes or so. It just depends on the individual's recovery time. Very few men are capable of more than one ejaculation from the same orgasm, but they do exist. I have a lover who is one of them, and he has achieved nine orgasms in an eight-hour period. Still doesn't beat your record, but this guy is more than twice your age.

Some years ago, a zoo in South Carolina took charge of a middle-aged lion

called Frazier. The young lionesses in the zoo—several of which were still virgins—fell instantly in love with this aging leonine playboy, who immediately collected a harem of admirers.

The first day he was placed in their enclosure, he had intercourse 18 times, but this was only for starters. Fascinated by his potency, a team of trained scientific observers watched him in shifts; so, unlike a lot of statistics on human virility that are only hearsay, this lion's tail has the official stamp of approval. In 60 hours, Frazier, the king of beasts, fucked 170 times. If you want to be lionized, you are going to have to do some workouts.

To your last question, I would say that if you enjoy feeling guilty (I think you probably do), by all means, do so. A sexual romp of these proportions is, or should be, pure pleasure; so if you can think of

anything you haven't already done that might increase that pleasure, go ahead and do it.

KING OF THIEVES

First let me tell you that I read Penthouse all the time. You never cease to amaze me with the things you say, the experiences that you've had, and the places you've been. You sound like a woman with class; and although I don't know you, if I had a billion dollars, I wouldn't hesitate to spend it all on you.

Now for my inquiry. I'm a 22-year-old professional thief and I live a very flamboyant and exciting life. I'm good-looking and I do have a way with words—I mean, I do attract many women.

I have 11 girlfriends right now, and I sleep with them all. I usually sleep with seven different ones each day. Xaviera, none of these girls are cheap sluts in any way. They are all between the ages of 18 and 21 years old, and are all good-looking girls. They all know what kind of business I conduct—I guess they find it exciting and unique.

One of them lives in an apartment that I provide for her. Another lives in a huge house I bought—she's the one that I am really heavy with. Another two spend their time occupying two hotel rooms that I rent. They are both out of town. As for the other seven, one girl is the sister of the woman I have in the apartment. She still lives at home. Another is a cop's daughter. That's a real blast! The next beauty is a preacher's daughter who also lives at home—she's the sweetest girl you've ever seen. I also have another girlfriend who's an attorney's daughter—she has her own condo. The remaining three are friends of the last four girls I've told you about. They also still live at home. (I hope you're following me on all this.)

Now I go from girl to girl and bang my brains out every day. I fuck so many times a week, I get lost counting! It's not like being a husband, where you have good sex two or three times a day, because I do the two to three times a day with different women. The funny part is that most of these girls know about each other. To me, that's really crazy.

I'm sure that it's the money and the cars that attract them. I made \$5 million in 1987, and own ten sports cars. I let all my girls drive these cars for themselves. I don't know—do you think I should chill out a bit? Should I slow down as I get older? I don't want to hit 30 and find out that I can't get it up anymore because of all the banging I'm doing now. Oh, and one more thing: If I get busted and go to prison, would I go through a sexual withdrawal because of inactivity?—H. D.

Are you sure you're not exaggerating? Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh had, I think, 68 Rolls Royces—which I suppose represent some kind of investment, but I can't imagine why he would want so many. What on earth can you do with ten cars?

Minolta Binoculars

No matter what your game is



Set your sights on anything you like. But first set them on superior optical quality. In a range of styles at affordable prices.

That's Minolta. Sixty years of experience applied to your choice of rugged Standard, Compact, Pocket and Waterproof binoculars, all backed by a 25 year warranty.

With our special prism design for clear viewing and our fast, accurate focusing, you'll come face-to-face with every detail of your game.



For more information, see your Minolta dealer or write: Minolta Corporation, Dept. BIN, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, NJ 07446. © 1988 Minolta Corp.

BINOCULARS

ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA





Instant-on radar: How it works. How to defend yourself.

Instant-on radar—sometimes called “pulse” radar—has been around for years. But it's being used more frequently now as radar operators try to defeat detector users. Here's how it works.

First things first

Ordinary radar and instant-on radar use exactly the same type of radar beams. In fact, most radar guns can operate either way. It's just a matter of which buttons the operator pushes.

How ordinary radar works

In an ordinary radar trap, the radar gun is aimed at traffic and it continuously transmits a beam of radar waves. The effective range for the radar to “see” your speed is less than a half mile for most cars, longer for trucks.

How radar detectors work

A radar detector is a radio receiver tuned to radar frequency. A high-performance radar detector is sensitive enough to pick up the radar waves before you drive within speed-measuring range. It's as simple as that.

How instant-on radar works

The instant-on radar trap is set up just like an ordinary radar trap. The only difference is that the gun doesn't transmit until the operator pushes a button. So there is no radar signal for a radar detector to find.

Then when you're within speed-measuring range, the operator triggers the beam. Hence the term “instant-on.” The radar reads your speed within a fraction of a second, too quickly for a human to respond.

Your only hope

Because instant-on radar is faster than your reflexes, your only defense is to identify it before you are within its range. You must detect it when the operator zaps the traffic ahead of you. For this, your detector must reach out for distant radar signals.



The Kustom Signals HR-12 and KR-11, two of the many radar units that can be operated in an instant-on, or “pulse” mode.

You're looking for weak radar that lasts only a few seconds. Finding even one such “pulse” is cause for alert. Finding a series of them, each stronger than the previous one, indicates you're approaching an instant-on radar trap that's picking off traffic ahead.

Same old strategy

Identifying instant-on radar before you come in range is the only defense today, just as it was when we first introduced Escort. That's why our warning system, used on both Escort and Passport, tells you both the strength of the signal and the length of it. You need to know both to defend yourself.

Nothing but the truth

Our warning system indicates signal strength two ways: by a meter for a visual check, by a variable-rate beeper if you prefer to listen. The length of the signal is indicated by the duration of the alert. Knowing signal strength and signal length of every radar encounter is the only way to find instant-on radar before it finds you.

Escort and Passport are the most effective radar-warning instruments available. But don't take our word for it.

In 1987, *Car and Driver*, *Popular Mechanics* and *Roundel* each published independent tests of radar detectors. And each gave us the highest ratings. Call toll-free and we'll send reprints of the complete tests, not just excerpts or quotes.

We're as close as your phone

We sell direct to you, and we guarantee your satisfaction. If you're not entirely satisfied within 30 days, return your purchase. We'll refund your money and shipping costs.

To order, call toll-free. Orders in by 5:00 pm eastern time go out the same day by UPS and we pay the shipping. Overnight delivery is guaranteed by Federal Express for only \$10 extra.

Call now and the best defense against instant-on radar can be in your car tomorrow.

Order Today

TOLL FREE 1-800-543-1608

(Mon-Fri 8am-11pm, Sat-Sun 9:30-6 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 6005N8
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45249-9502

DOING IT WRONG

When you understand that instant-on radar is nothing more than ordinary radar being turned on and off, the threat loses its mystery. Defense comes down to detecting the radar before it's strong enough to find you.

Baloney breakthrough. Yet one detector maker has added a feature it calls “Pulse Protection” to one of its models. Here's what it does:

When this unit detects the sudden presence of a high-strength signal, a “P” appears on its display and it sounds a special alarm. This is your “Pulse Protection.”

The fine print. Unfortunately, the sudden presence of a high-strength signal describes an instant-on encounter when you're within range. True protection from instant-on depends on responding to weak signals, but “Pulse Protection” doesn't respond to weak signals.

The maker says this feature “tells you when you're being shot at.” And that's the problem. When you're being shot at, it's too late.

It is possible for a man to *make love* to more than one woman at a time; but nobody, however talented, can drive two cars at the same time any more than he can *fuck* two girls at the same time (unless he was born with two cocks, and even then it would be difficult).

Now, your claims—that you sleep with seven different girls every day and “do the two to three times a day with different women”—are not entirely clear. It could mean that you “have good sex” 20 times a day. I see nothing wrong in that, as it is good, healthy exercise, especially with the girls scattered all over the place. I guess you have to move pretty fast to get round all of them once and some of them twice. What I don't understand is when you ever find time to do any thieving, as your estimated income for '87 seems on the high side. What do you tell the income-tax people, incidentally?

Assuming that your figures are correct, then I suspect that my readers will be much more interested in your professional activities than your sexual escapades. I know several men whose sexual capacity is probably as great as yours, but none of them have the ability to earn a seven-figure income, honestly or dishonestly.

Whatever way you steal all this money, the risk you run is considerable, because most people get very angry when they are ripped off. It starts with a bitterness that one accepts with a loss of less than 20 bucks, but to have a hundred dollars disappear into some crook's criminal clutches produces a fury in the average citizen's mind that cries out for vengeance. If you should get caught, which is fairly likely in the case of someone who boasts loudly and arrogantly of his wickedness, expect no mercy. Some judge, who is already being royally ripped off by the Inland Revenue, will delightedly consign you to the slammer for as long as the law allows, and there you will suffer.

You probably won't have withdrawal symptoms from lack of women, since you can always masturbate. I suggest that you learn an ambidextrous technique, or else your right arm will develop to Mr. Universe proportions while the rest of your body deteriorates.

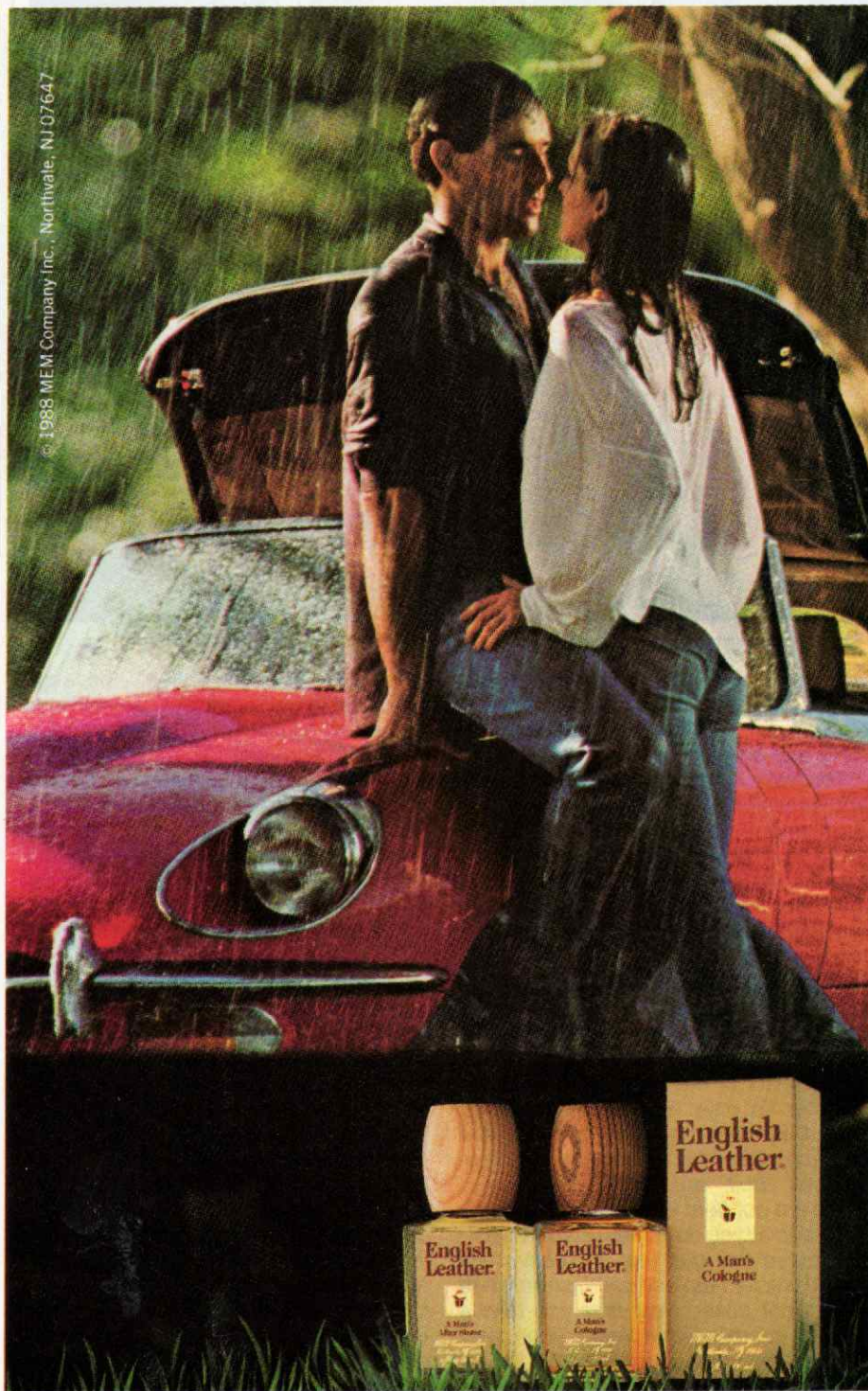
My advice to you is, take the money and run to a place like Jamaica, where there is a lot of poverty and six women to every man. You could make a lot of people happy every which way—although on second thought, you had better shop around for a country that has no extradition treaty with the U.S.

HE'S MAD AS HELL

I would like to say something in regard to your answer to “Selfish Sailor,” whose letter appeared in the January '88 issue. First, I do not condone the actions or statements made by the individual. In my opinion (take it or leave it), he needs to make a serious attempt to communicate

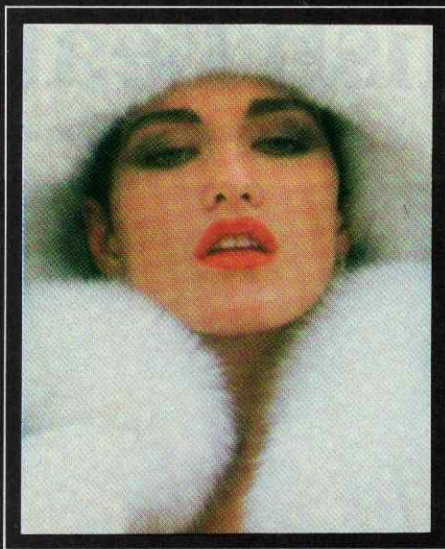
English Leather®

A man's cologne and aftershave.



Some guys have it all.

HOT DATES



INTRODUCING THE 1989 PENTHOUSE PET CALENDAR

12 OF THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS WOMEN.
BEAUTIFULLY PHOTOGRAPHED. AND BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED.

AVAILABLE ON NEWSSTANDS NOW!

with his wife. Things can work out; but it's got to be give-and-take. The thing that burns me up is the way you attack the Navy and armed forces in general.

The Navy is probably the most difficult and stressful service on a marriage (the Army and Marines are second). On the average, a sailor is on cruise eight to ten months, in home port for only 90 days—then back out again. I don't think you have any idea what it is like to have that long a separation.

My wife and I have been married for one and a half years. I'm in the Army, stationed in Europe; she's in the States because of the bad dollar value. Out of those years of marriage we have been together 137 days. We love and trust each other 110 percent and have never cheated on each other. (You're probably saying to yourself, "Bull," but the fact remains.)

We are out here keeping your behinds safe, and all you do is stab us in the back! Of course this guy has a problem. He asked you for help and you gave it to him with a hot poker. Next time you take a shot at someone that keeps your sorry self safe by putting his life on the line 24 hours a day, think about what it would be like to sit in a foxhole or on a ship somewhere (like in the Gulf).—B. C.

I hope that none of your superior officers are as quick to take offense as you—especially those guys who sit with their fin-

gers poised over "the button"—because if they are, we are definitely on the brink of the long-awaited nuclear holocaust.

I have just reread my answer to "Selfish Sailor," and I cannot find any criticism of the armed forces, either directly or by association. I said that the writer was screwing his way around the world, but that is what sailors are supposed to do. "A wife in every port" is the saying. So this guy has a wife in one and a mistress in another—what's the difference? My advice to him was to treat his wife with more consideration and as an equal, rather than criticize her appearance, hairstyle, etc., as he might justifiably do to an enlisted man under his command. The comment that I presume provoked your anger was that what he was doing was "at taxpayers' expense." Who do you think pays your wages? I'll tell you. Mr. and Mrs. John/Jane Doe Citizen contribute a large percentage of their earnings in order to maintain the armed forces. One recent presidential candidate pointed out that the money needed to buy one or two extra nuclear submarines (of which we already have more than the Russians) would solve all the problems of poverty and homelessness in the United States. But it is a question of priorities; and among the people advising the government on what is important, there are professional soldiers like you, but higher up in the pecking order. And what do they

want? More money for weapons.

The fact remains that the only suitable employment for an army is to fight wars; so whether or not you are keeping anyone's behind safe is open to doubt—you may be doing just the opposite. And listen to me, soldier, my butt is not sorry, even if yours is. But who wants to hear all this shit in a column of sexual advice? Let's get back to your situation.

As a professional soldier you're not expected to reason why—your job is to do what you're told and, if necessary, to die. So if the international exchange rate of the U.S. dollar is why you are spending so little time with your wife, then like a good soldier, you are really not doing much reasoning why. If you stop a bullet, your wife will be taken care of financially; and as a premature one-way ticket to the next world is a definite possibility in the life of a military man, you would do better to live in the present rather than try and be a yuppie. "Upwardly mobile" has only one interpretation in your job—that you have stepped on a land mine.

One of the great advantages of being a soldier stationed abroad is the chance of getting into a lot of fancy foreign pussy. As you are prepared to forgo the delights of European women (of which I am one) in order to be faithful to your wife, I would have thought that the clever thing to do is say "Fuck the finances," and if the Army will let you, give her the chance to see a bit of the world and sleep with her husband rather than alone.

HELPING HAND

I am a 30-year-old aide in a clinic where we do a lot of preemployment and insurance physicals. We usually require the patients to undress for these complete examinations. My job is to measure the patients' height, weight, pulse, temperature, and blood pressure before the doctor comes in.

One day a young medical secretary named Lisa came in to see me, right before I was to perform an exam. She expressed an interest in helping me, and said that she had some free time. I let her stay. Since then, she often stopped by to assist me, and eventually I spotted a pattern.

At lunch the other day, I teased Lisa and said that every time she wants to help me, the patient turns out to be an attractive young male. At first she denied it, but eventually I got her to admit that the pattern I'd noticed was no accident. She blushed and confessed that she'd been dying to get into the examining room ever since she found out that the patients had to disrobe. She said she gets turned on something fierce by watching dishy hunks parade around in their birthday suits. She begged me to let her continue to help.

Lisa argued that if a man is already nude in front of one woman, he wouldn't mind two. She added that she has been praised by our superiors for being so

courteous and helping me. My problem is that the situation might be immoral.


Xavier, I really do not know what to do. Should I let Lisa help me with the examinations? Is it fair to the patients? Should I consider leaving my job? So far, there have been no complaints.—G. S.

I am constantly astounded by the extraordinary rules that otherwise quite intelligent people want to make to prevent what we call sexual harassment. While you consider Lisa's plea to be *allowed* to help you, I wonder what imaginable harm could possibly ensue.

In your puritan-oriented brain, do you think that some macho hunk might be given a complex leading to eventual impotence by Lisa staring at his scrotum? We live in a world where movies are "adapted" for television, which means they are censored in case our kids watch them. That consists of removing all scenes of total or even partial nudity. They cut all sexual confrontations until the story becomes incomprehensible, and replace honest Anglo-Saxon *fuck's* with doubtful words like *freak*. But the violence, murder, torture, and cruelty content of these same films is left untouched, because parents seem to be less worried about its effect on their offspring.

I suppose that some censors would like to see licenses issued to view nudity. I can just imagine some saying, "Can I see your permit please? Oh, you haven't got one, and you don't look over 21 to me."

Step back a pace and realize that you are Meese-ing around, looking for sin where there is none. The next logical step would have you writing "potential rapist" in your report on any man whose cock twitches when two females look at it.

I once starred in a film called *My Pleasure Is My Business*. It wasn't the greatest movie of all time, but I mention it because of the title, which is a good motto for life. If you enjoy your work, you are much more likely to do a good job. 

CREDITS

Page 2 clockwise from left, Wilson McLean, ©Benno Freidman/Outline Press, Paul Wunderlich, Marvin Mattelson, Bill Lee; page 6, Ron Embleton; page 15, UPI/Bettman Newsphotos; page 16, Wide World; page 17, Gamma-Liaison; page 33 left, B. Markel/Gamma-Liaison; page 33 right, Steve Liss/Gamma-Liaison; page 34 top left, The Bettmann Archive; page 34 right, Universal Pictures; page 35, ©1984 Zimberoff/Gamma-Liaison; page 36, Gabe Palmer/The Stockmarket; page 43 top left, Lynn M. Stone/Animals Animals; page 43 bottom right, Laura Luongo/Gamma-Liaison; page 44 top right, ©Disario/The Stockmarket; page 44 bottom right, Double Vision; page 45 top left, David Redfern/Retna; page 45 right, Focus On Sports; pages 56-57, ©Benno Freidman/Outline Press; page 58, Michael Baytoff/Black Star; page 110, Blake Little/Outline Press; page 141, AP/Wide World Photos; page 142, Movie Still Archives; page 143 top, Movie Still Archives; page 143 bottom, Roy Morsch/The Stockmarket; page 162 top to bottom, Gamma-Liaison, Marvin Mattelson, Beverly Hills Motoring Access, Bettmann Newsphotos, Paul Barton/The Stockmarket.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Month Deborah Laufer, who appears on page 75, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 80-200 lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. J. Stephen Hicks photographed Misha, who appears on page 46, with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 180 lens, and Kodachrome 64 film.

GO FOR THE MAGIC!

Just watch the worm and Monte Alban Mezcal turn into the greatest party you ever saw.

Go with a Glow Worm:
Equal parts Monte
Alban Mezcal and Brandy.
Add a squeeze of lime.

Monte Alban Mezcal.
The original Mexican
mezcal with the
Agave Worm.



"YOU'LL NEVER
AMOUNT TO ANYTHING."

Worm your way into the Golden Worm Club.

Pick up an invitation at your local tavern, package-goods store, or write The Golden Worm, P.O. Box 1451, Arlington Heights, IL 60006.

Enjoy Monte Alban—drink responsibly. © 1988 Monte Alban Mezcal. 80 proof. Imported by Barton Brands, Ltd., Chicago, IL.

Newport

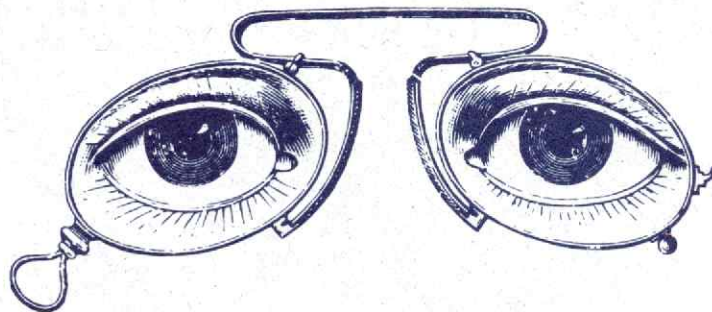


Alive with pleasure!

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

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

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



VIEW FROM THE TOP

CLOSING THE GENDER GAP

BY EMILY PRAGER

It's just a few weeks until Election Day, and all over America campaign workers are struggling with "the gender gap." The female gender does not like George Bush. The male gender is dubious about Dukakis. If they don't figure this out, the polling places will look like high school proms from the 1950s: girls on one side, boys on the other—if you slow dance, make sure there's a 12-inch space between you. We at *Penthouse* would like to offer some advice on how to close this gap.

Things Bush Can Do to Appeal to Women:

1. *Change his name.* The very name Bush has a derogatory sound to women, being, as it is, a slang term for the nether regions of the female anatomy. The name Bush is a sexist affront no matter whether he's talking day-care or kicking ass. He should change it to something that appeals to women, like Kitten or Youngstud.

2. *Change his look.* There is nothing more pathetic to a gal than an aging preppie with stringy hair. Anything is preferable. The Al Haig military look, the Ronald Reagan executive look—each of these has its own powerful mystery. But the aging preppie with stringy hair look has an arrested, unsuccessful feel to it that trumpets prostate trouble. And, indeed, on his medical questionnaire prostate trouble (usually an old man's disease) was high on the list. His is a look that appeals only to mother figures (see No. 4., *Barbara Bush*) and C.I.A. operatives working in Panama.

3. *Take voice lessons.* Women do not respect a man who whines. They will, however, adore the worst man in the world, provided he has a strong voice. To wit: Robert Chambers, Adolf Hitler, Joseph Stalin. The Bush whine reminds every woman of her hairdresser on a bad day, or as a Washington reporter put it so succinctly, of her ex-husband. That whine makes a gal want to wield a blunt object or ring up Marvin Mitchelson. It brings out the sadist in a girl, not the voter.

4. *Revamp Barbara Bush.* Women judge a man by the look

of his wife. Barbara Bush looks like George Bush's mother. This means two things: (a) Bush is in the child role—no power; (b) he does not make Barbara feel sexy—which is the worst thing a man can do to a woman (see No. 2., *prostate trouble*). A Republican man is supposed to keep his wife in luxury. Barbara Bush looks like a hausfrau. It's all wrong. Slim her down. Make her wear a garter belt and stockings under her clothes. They'll be surprised how differently she will present herself.

5. *Dump Dan Quayle.* Baby-boomers who didn't serve in Vietnam and now are hawks make women puke.

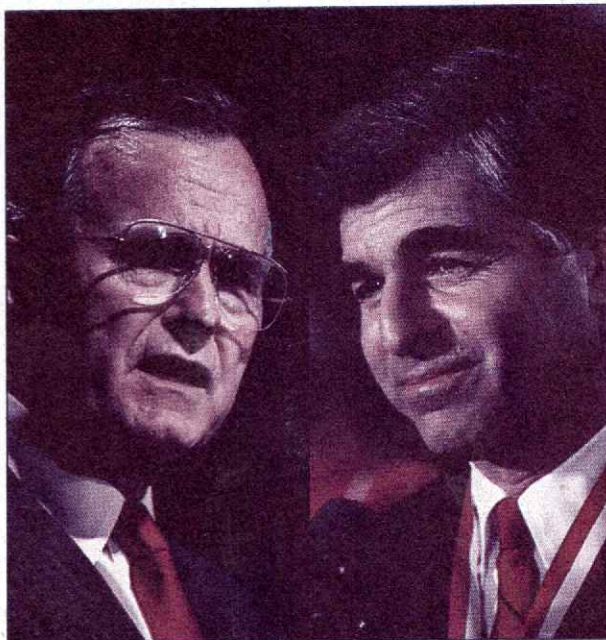
Things Dukakis Can Do to Appeal to Men:

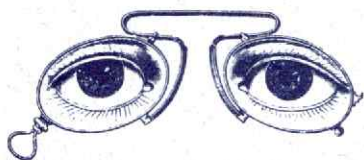
1. *Get a new tailor.* On TV, Dukakis looks like a dwarf. I thought he was five foot four. He's not. He's five foot eight. Alan Ladd and Paul Newman are short, but look big on-screen. Men like to be tall. They like to laud it over the short guys. This is why short guys become Napoleon. Any TV tailor can fix the problem. You do something to the shoulders to make the arms look longer and the head smaller. More short guys who look tall: David Bowie, Robert Redford, Mikhail Baryshnikov.

2. *Get a new snowblower.* Men love gadgets. I've never known a man who wouldn't rather buy a CD player than take

me out to dinner, or who wouldn't rather have a conversation with his car computer than with his wife. Gadgets are as big as sports with men these days, maybe bigger, because they signal prosperity. The Duke's complete disinterest in gadgets gives him a fuddy-duddy air he can ill afford. At the very least, he should get a wristwatch television so he can watch football at pit stops.

3. *Drop the sensitivity myth.* Men think the Duke is too sensitive. Women know he isn't. Any man who could spend 15 years with a woman on diet pills and not know it, is no Charles Boyer, believe me. Clearly, the Duke's an egomaniacal workaholic who blocked out his wife's pill problem, a classic sexist pig worthy of every American man's respect, Republicans included.





VIEW FROM THE TOP



SCENES

BY TANYA INDIANA

One of the children is playing happily with a brightly painted wooden Ferris wheel. As he spins the wheel gleefully, little dolls wobble about in their seats. Wait a minute, the seated figures are skeletons, grinning maniacally. A little girl carefully arranges an altar with lighted vigil candles, incense, fruit, holy pictures, family portraits of ancestors, a favorite pipe of her deceased grandfather. Leather-clad rockers play tiny electric guitars in a papier-mâché diorama nearby. The Grateful Dead? Literally. They're smirking skeletons, too. Tugging on the string of a jack-in-the-box, a baby giggles each time a little skull appears. The "box" is a miniature cardboard coffin.

Who are these kids? Children of the damned? Spawn of some mind-swiping, psycho, goat-sacrificing devil

worshippers? The Munsters redux? No way, José!

It's fiesta time in Mexico. *Días de los Muertos*, Days of the Dead to you gringos. This traditional Latino holiday coincides with the Catholic feasts of All Saints' Day and All Souls' Day (November 1 and 2), and is exuberantly celebrated in the southwestern United States, as well as Mexico. Although this fiesta memorializes the deceased, these are no mournful holy days racked with sobs and keening. In heaven the salsa is always *muy picante*, there is no alternate-side-of-the-street parking, and Los Lobos always plays on the jukebox de Jesus.

Latino babies who die are *ángelitos* (little angels) who relish the same childish pastimes they did on earth. They're welcomed back by their loved ones with firecrackers, chocolate, toys, and tamales. Feasting families gather around the tombs of their well-loved *abuelitos*

(grandparents), which have been cleaned and painted, then decorated with flowers and burning tapers.

Death is the great equalizer: Inevitably it will happen to the famous and the unknown, to the rich and poor; so Latinos treat it with friendly mockery and paint smiles on their *calaveras* (skulls). This is simply one part of the cycle of life celebrated by rural Latinos during the yearly rotation of over 200 festivals and holy days, celebrations that bind together families, heritage, and spiritual values throughout their lives.

In the United States, there are altar parades in Austin, Texas; exhibits of *Días de los Muertos* folk art at Que Milagro (Houston, Texas) and Mythology (New York City); and celebrations in East Los Angeles sponsored by Self-Help Graphics. Triton Museum of Art in Santa Clara, California, San Diego Museum of Man, and the Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth have all had exhibits of folk art created for this fiesta, and have published catalogs documenting these pieces.

LOONY BIN

BY MARCIA PALLY

I've always been suspicious of where Donald Wildmon's American Family Association (formerly the National Federation for Decency) gets its funding. But now I'm sure the energetic reverend is in the pay of the film studios. Why else would he launch a massive campaign against Martin Scorsese's *The Last Temptation of Christ*, drawing the attention of millions of Americans to a film that would

otherwise slink through the art-house circuit unnoticed by the S.R.O. audiences at Eddie Murphy's *Coming to America* or *Big Top Pee-Wee*? Any man who gets this much press for an adaptation of a Kazantzakis novel has got to be doing P.R. for Universal. And you couldn't find a better man for the job.

Wildmon knows instinctively what every huckster, Broadway producer, and publisher knew by trade at the turn of the century: Comstockery is the best publicity. Ban a book or a play, or threaten to boycott, and reporters from every rag in the country will trot out a story



in the very papers that wouldn't bother to review the show when, or if, it came to town. So Wildmon sent out thousands of P.R. packets to ministers across the country, urging a boycott of the film, which shows Jesus struggling with human temptations and finally rejecting them. Also on the hit list is everyone connected with

the project, from Universal Studios to Cineplex Odeon theaters and all the subsidiary businesses that are owned by MCA Inc.

Presto! Reporters are scribbling their stories, quoting Wildmon's covey of moral caretakers saying, "We're trying to destroy the movie, we're not for censorship."

What a great ad campaign—high profile and low logic, self-righteous and outrageous. As Mae West told the press, "I don't care what you say, just spell my name right." But I can't give all the credit to the fundamentalists. They are, to be fair, following in the footsteps of the Catholics, who just a few years ago ran a similar campaign about Jean Luc Godard's *Hail Mary*. Now, there's one film that needed help. It reaffirms the virgin birth, yet is so, so . . . Godardian that only six Francophile cinema buffs would've gone to see it. So the pope bans it—the first work of art the Vatican nixed in 400 years—and theaters sell out.

Wildmon's campaign is neat also because he can scream till opening night, stirring up his succès de scandale, without any fear that the film will actually be banned. Ever since the 1952 *Miracle* Supreme Court case, Americans have had the right to see whatever films they choose without government interference. So Wildmon's ploy is foolproof.

I think. The *Miracle* ruling came down in the fifties, and things have changed so since then.

Final note: When they started their ruckus, neither Wildmon nor his crew had seen the film.

SPORTS

BY BRETT SONNENSCHIN

A visitor to Tennessee this November might be shocked to see teams of gun-wielding, camouflage-clad men and women roaming a field outside Nashville, engaged in combat. Not to worry, this isn't World War III or (perhaps even more dangerous) the set of the next Rambo film, nor is it covert military training maneuvers. It's just the Survival Game North American Championships. Nobody gets hurt—the guns fire only brightly colored paint pellets—and the combatants all go back to their regular day jobs at the end of the weekend.

The Survival Game will look familiar to anyone who ever played cowboys and Indians or cops and robbers as a kid; only, as in war itself, all the competitors think their side are the cops and the other side, the robbers.

For those of you not familiar with it, the Survival Game has been described as a grown-up capture-the-flag game with a few extras. It's played in the woods by teams of about 15 men or women, usually dressed in military fatigues, who don't tag their opponents out, but instead fire paint guns, or more precisely, .68-caliber dye-pellet marking pistols. Before dismissing this as a

passing fad or a small group of crazies, keep in mind that 35,000 Rapid Deployment Force wanna-be's take to the fields every weekend at over 300 sites around the United States.

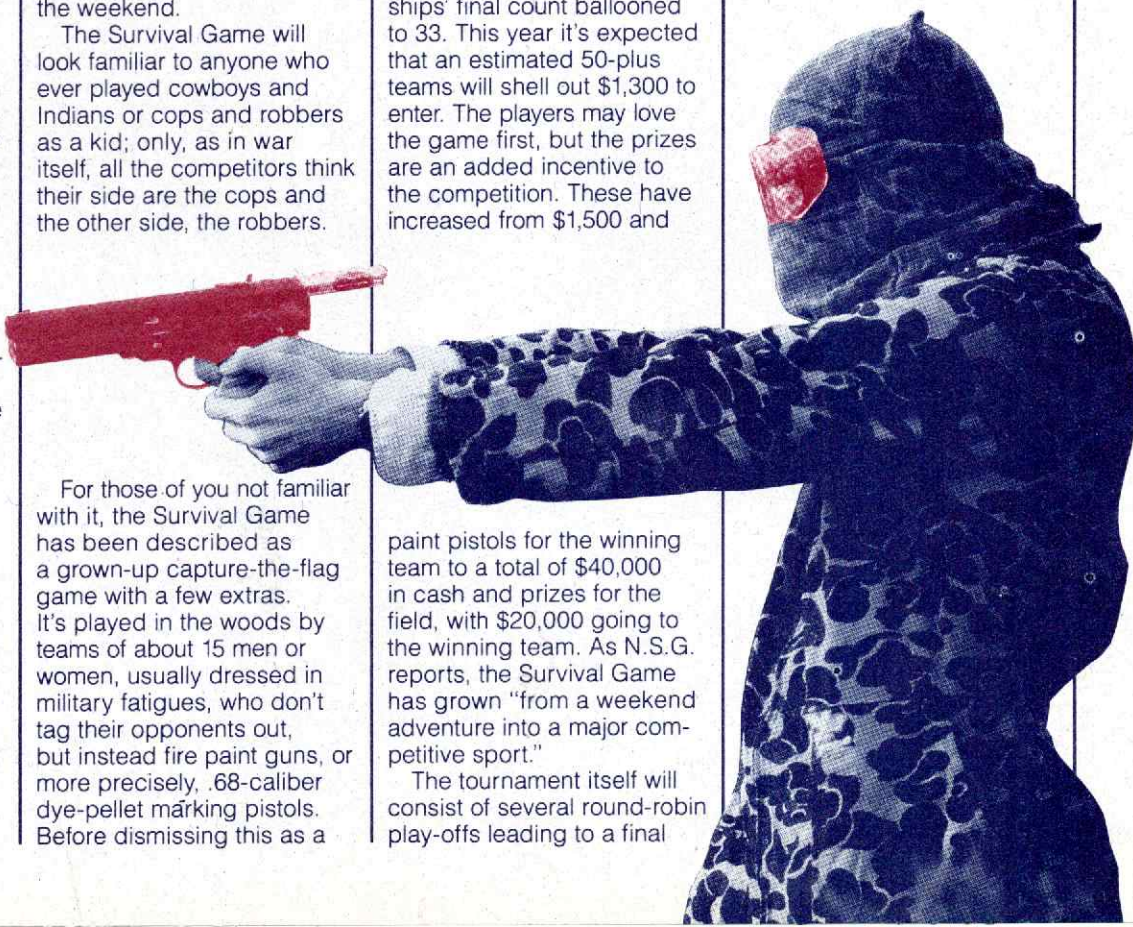
This November's tournament will be the sixth hosted by National Survival Game, Inc. (N.S.G.). As well as being the largest manufacturer and supplier of air-gun game pistols and products, N.S.G. runs about a hundred playing sites. As the company has grown, so have the North American Championships. The first championships, held in 1983, included eight teams from the United States and Canada; last year's championships' final count ballooned to 33. This year it's expected that an estimated 50-plus teams will shell out \$1,300 to enter. The players may love the game first, but the prizes are an added incentive to the competition. These have increased from \$1,500 and

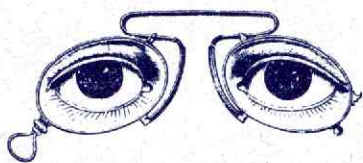
on November 6. The players will be competing on a 410-acre site south of Nashville, containing six new playing fields. Since no one has ever played on these fields, the organizers feel the competition will be fair to all the teams.

The Survival Game is also becoming an international sport. Playing sites have begun to pop up in Europe, and a team from London, England, is expected to compete in this year's North American Championships, which would make the competition (unofficially) the first world championship, something N.S.G. hopes to make official in the next few years.

paint pistols for the winning team to a total of \$40,000 in cash and prizes for the field, with \$20,000 going to the winning team. As N.S.G. reports, the Survival Game has grown "from a weekend adventure into a major competitive sport."

The tournament itself will consist of several round-robin play-offs leading to a final





VIEW FROM THE TOP

AUTOS

BY PETER MANSO

Trauma. For most folks, walking into an auto showroom means coping not only with calculating salesmen, trade-in allowances, and finance agreements, but with their anxieties as well. Is it any wonder, then, that even the most resolute buyer sooner or later throws in the towel and takes whatever halfway "deal" the house happens to offer?

Resist the temptation. There are ways of beating the system, or at least evening the odds. Any automobile dealer is subject to the pressures of overhead and interest rates. He has to move his merchandise; yet paradoxically, most franchises require dealers to maintain a full inventory, with the result that there are times when even the most hard-nosed dealer has to sell certain models at close to cost. Furthermore, a salesman counts on commissions more than salary, so he has to sell. You don't have to buy.

While comparison shopping, you may get a price spread of \$100 to \$250 on the same model, but find that your local dealer is unwilling to match your lowest quote. Don't despair. In many cases it still pays to buy locally. Why? Because when it comes to service work, dealers invariably care for their regular customers first. One justification for buying out of town does exist, however. Certain cars, like the Honda Prelude, are currently in such demand that metropolitan dealers have been jacking up the sticker price and selling them loaded with

all kinds of profit-making accessories. The answer: Get on the phone to dealerships in out-of-the-way places, even out of state. The savings can sometimes top \$1,000; and if you don't have the patience to go through a dealer directory, then call the public-relations office of the car's manufacturer or importer.

In general, don't get carried away with options, especially if you're buying domestic. Dealers make their greatest profit on accessories, which are often packaged as "option groups." Find out whether it's possible to break up these packages and order only what you want. Likewise, beware dealer-installed options such as rustproofing and roof racks. Dealer-supplied rustproofing at \$250, for example, is easily twice what it costs through nationally franchised service out-

lets such as Rusty Jones.


Try to resist the temptation of buying the cheapie, which your dealer may suddenly spring on you. A diarrhea-tan car you'll come to regret, whatever the "discount." Certain properly optioned vehicles—Mercedes, Honda, Saab, Ford Taurus, Corvette—have shown remarkably strong resale values. By choosing wisely at the outset, you can get a car to nearly pay for itself.

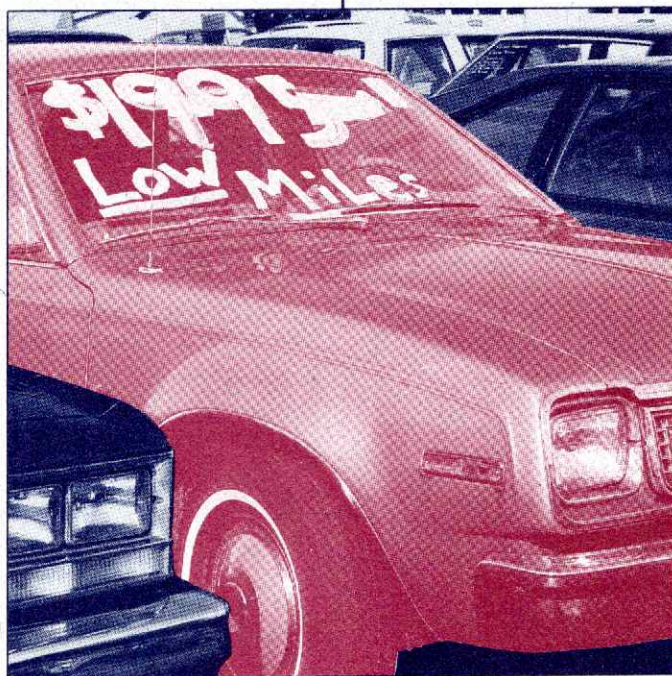
Used vehicles. Be absolutely, totally certain to have the car inspected by a trustworthy mechanic. Be prepared to have the mechanic explain to the seller just what's wrong with the vehicle and what it's going to cost to fix. Every used car needs work; dealers themselves deduct for reconditioning, so why shouldn't you? As for selling your old heap, dispose of it privately, not through

your dealer. Not only do you stand to get a better price, but a private sale leaves you free to bargain directly on the new car.

Timing is critical here, too. Don't buy during holidays. Any salesman worth his salt knows he has the edge here, since who doesn't want to treat himself right at Christmas? Ditto, don't buy in the evening. Most dealers operate on the assumption that anyone looking after dark is an impulse buyer. The best time? Regular weekday working hours, especially in the autumn, when dealerships have to move their stock to make way for new models.

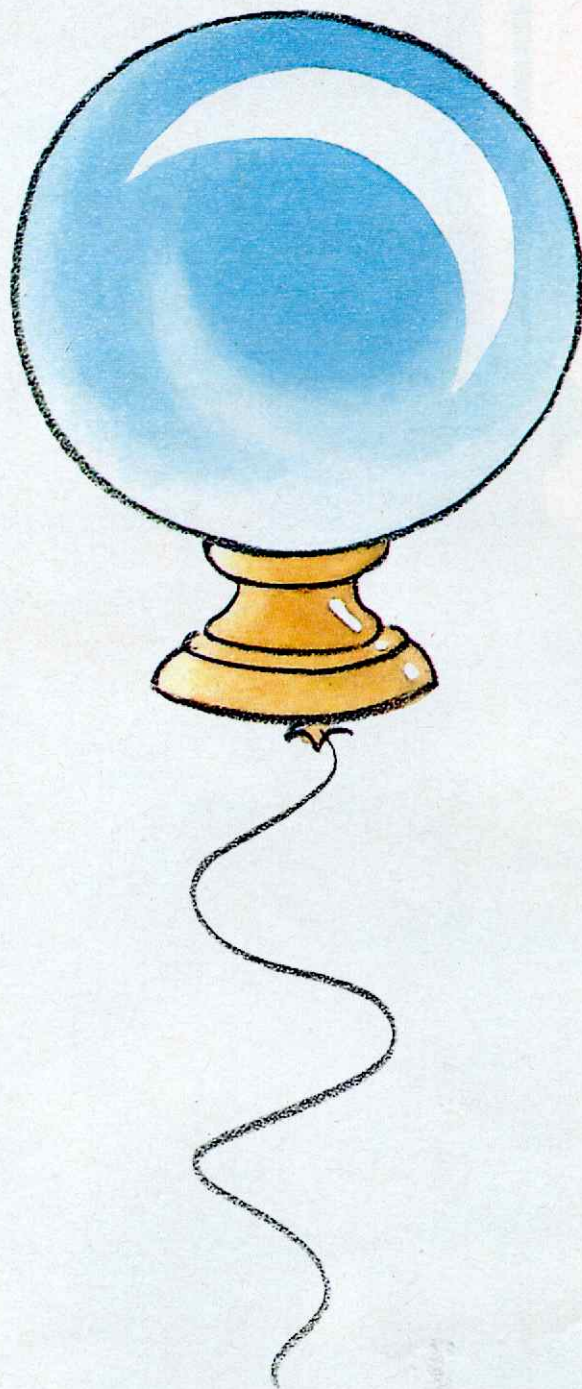
Shop for financing. Dealers customarily charge anywhere from two to six points more than banks or credit unions. If you do opt for dealer financing, however, don't forget that you can bargain on interest rates. Anything is negotiable in the game.

Timing, as well as persistence, may be the strongest card in your hand. One of the fundamental tactics of negotiating is to drag it out. Visit the showroom more than once, even return for a second demo ride. Insist on highway driving, as well as finding steep hills and potholed roadways. Aside from giving yourself a better idea of how the car performs under a variety of real-life conditions, you're putting the salesman on the spot by demonstrating your seriousness. The goal is to pry him loose from the sanctuary of his desk so that once inside the car, it's just you and him—the opportune moment, perhaps, to pop your final offer. 



Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS



"Ask him where he left the safe-deposit-box key!"

ARTICLE

Whatever people think they're doing when they go to the polls these days, they're certainly not voting in the old-fashioned sense of the word.

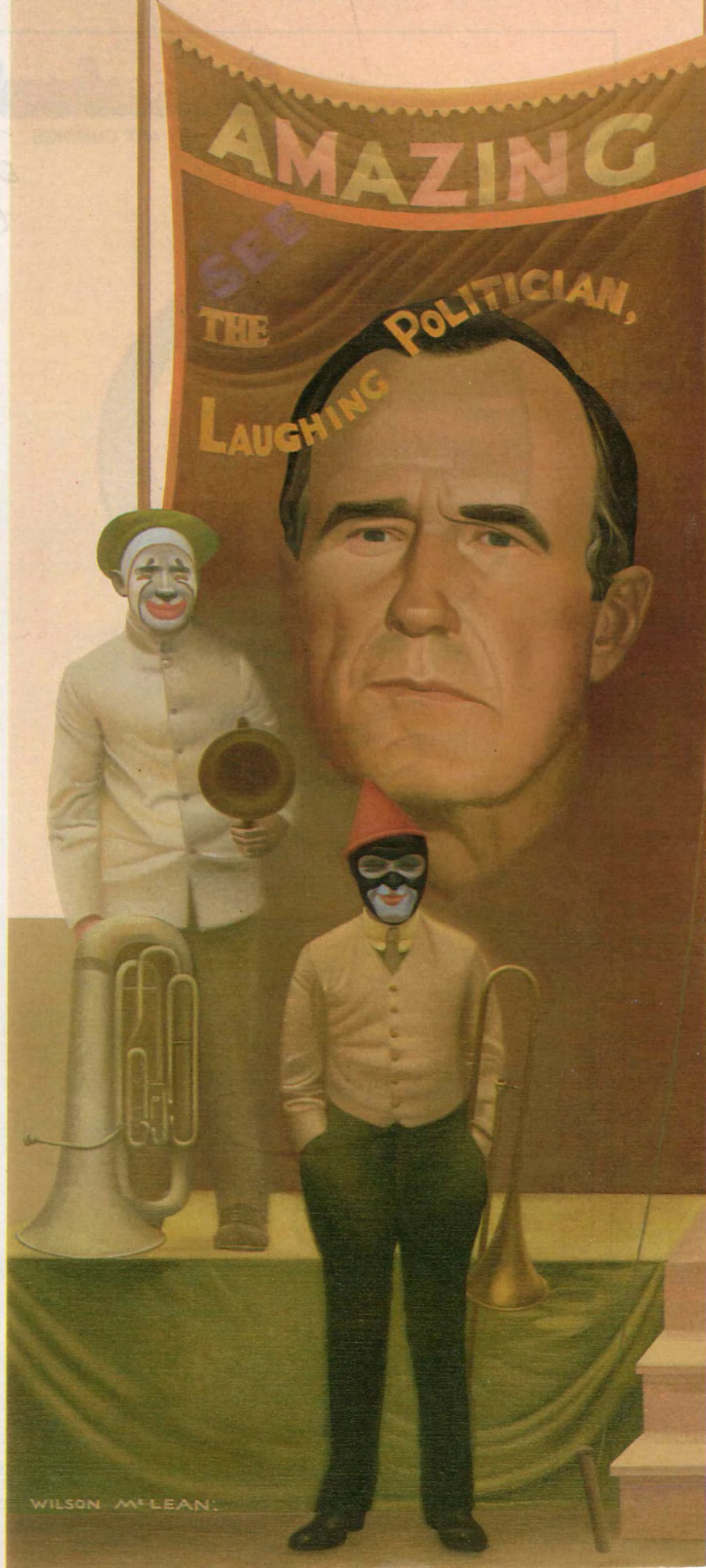
ELECTION FRAUDS

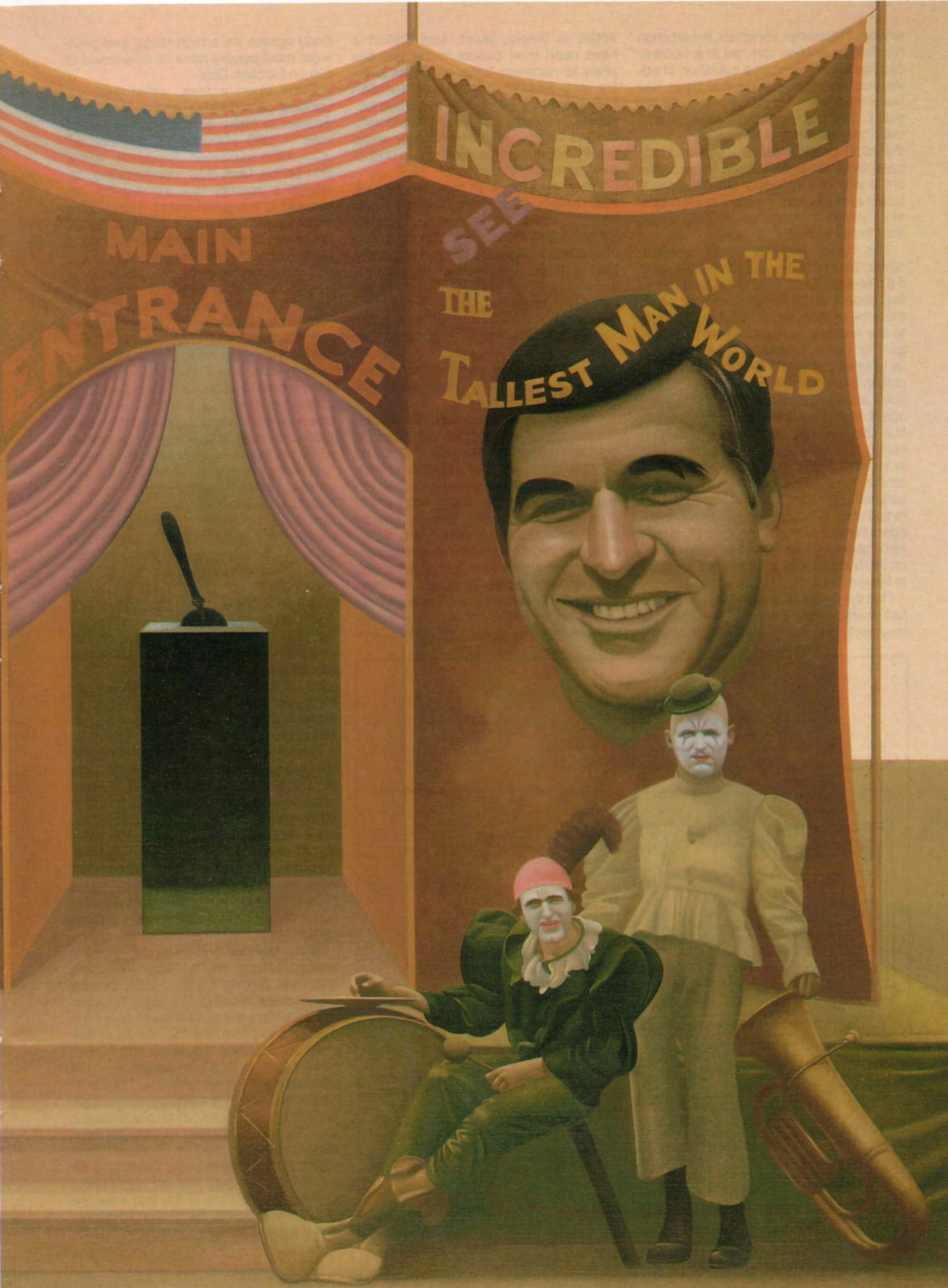
BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

The Nevins episode was a perfect story of its kind, a one-day phony shocker that filled airtime and white space and got some minor politicians a little free publicity. All concerned read their parts with conviction when the New York City Board of Elections asked the district attorney to file criminal charges against TV reporter Barbara Nevins, who had registered from six different addresses to prove how easy it is to commit vote fraud.

A few days later, Nevins was going about her business as a general-assignment reporter, covering, or uncovering, other more disturbing evidence of the decline and fall of everybody and everything. Apparently nobody cared whether it's easy to steal votes in New York City, for neither her actions nor the conditions she had exposed merited any further at-

PAINTING BY WILSON McLEAN





INCREDIBLE

SEE

THE TALLEST MAN IN THE WORLD

MAIN

ENTRANCE



tention. The matter vanished, the election machinery in New York, as in a number of other cities, being in a condition of advanced decrepitude. Yet that news has been appearing from time to time for years. The last significant case of vote fraud occurred almost 30 years ago, when the 1960 presidential election was apparently stolen from Richard Nixon by the chicanery of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley and the hanky-panky of then senator Lyndon Johnson, which gave Illinois and Texas to John F. Kennedy.

The ironic, yet unexplored, question raised by the Nevins incident was, why, if it's so easy to commit vote fraud, do so few people do it? Put another way, could there be an unintended double entendre to the biennial November television slogan, "It doesn't matter who you vote for as long as you vote"? Certainly this proposition found reinforcement when the nation's adult legislators decided that teenagers aren't responsible enough to drink, but saw no reason why they shouldn't continue to vote. A teenager with a drink in his hand is a danger to himself and others; one with a ballot in his hand is safe as sassafras. Not that you are likely to see one. In a nation of nonvoters, teenagers head the list of the types of people who have more constructive things to do on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

Half the population of the United States has given up voting entirely; the other half may not know whom it's voting for, or why.

Voters in Illinois, Texas, and California have used their ballots in the last few years to nominate followers of the sinister, anti-Semitic conspirator Lyndon LaRouche to a number of important positions. They voted for these people without the faintest idea of who they were, mostly because they liked the sound of their names.

When people go to the polls to cast their ballots for people they've never heard of, then whatever it is they're doing, it's not voting in the old-fashioned sense of the word. They are performing some kind of ritual, going through the motions of carrying out their "civic duty." They're not voting for somebody or something; they're voting so they won't feel guilty. Functionally there's no difference between them and the people who won't vote because they're afraid that if their names appear on the voters' list, they'll get called for jury duty.

It wasn't always that way. Time was, people voted in massive numbers. In nineteenth-century America, 70 to 80 percent of the eligible voters cast their ballots. In 1896, there were states in which nearly all the eligible voters went to the polls. In the intervening century, one by one, women, blacks, teenagers, illiterates, and idiots have been given the franchise; non-English-speaking persons who can't understand the language of American political debate are bowed into the voting booth; even convicts are sometimes allowed to vote. And while every-

body agrees it's a high honor and privilege, most people have other errands to run on Election Day.

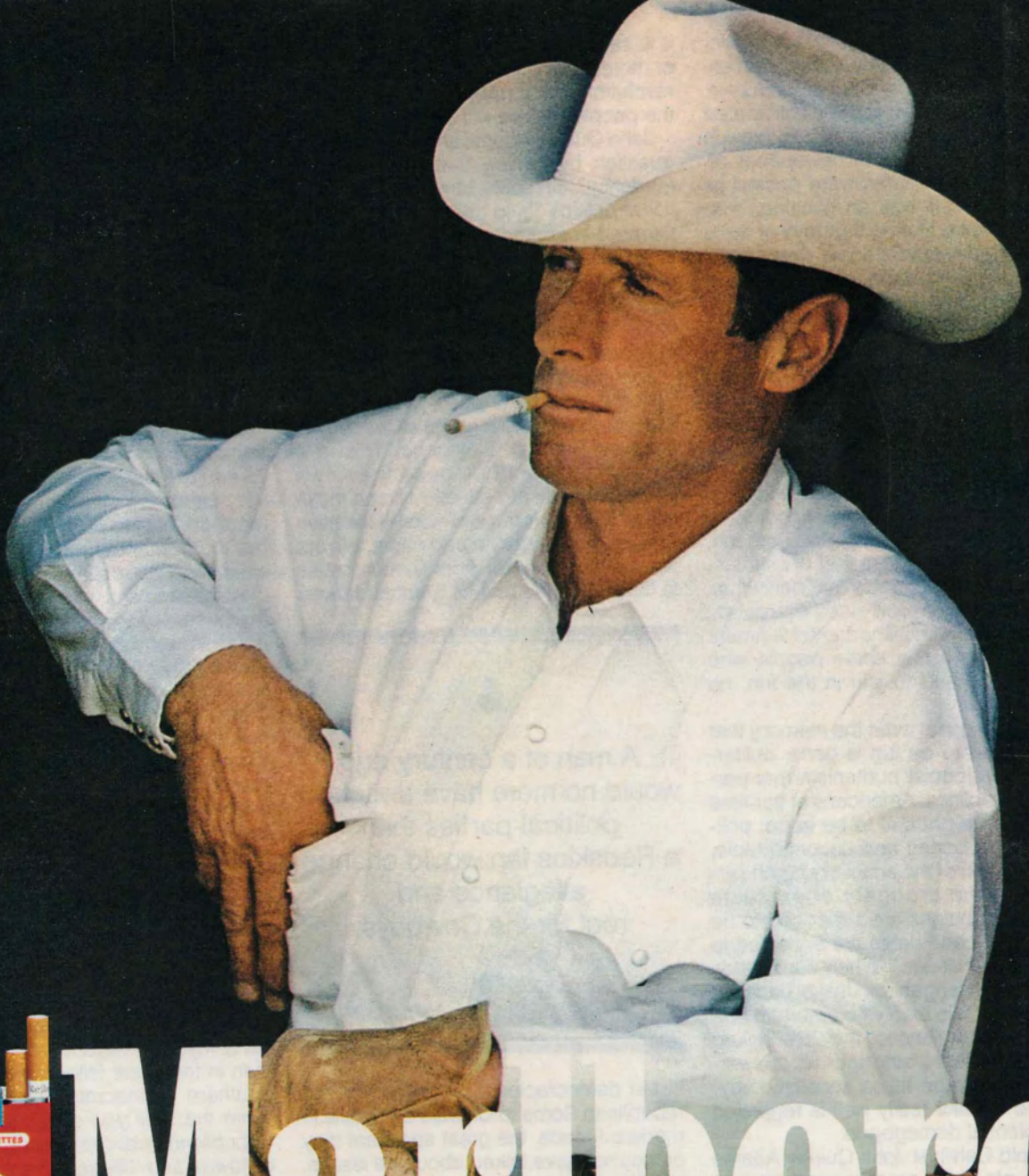
Once upon a time, white men expended considerable energy and gunpowder to make sure black men didn't vote. In 1890, Mississippi Congressman John Allen explained, doubtless with a grin on his face, that "the Negroes, although a majority in some districts, do not vote to any great extent. They do not know how to vote and in most cases do not desire to vote. Now in most places in our section, the white men begin to fire off shotguns early on the morning of Election Day. This is to notify the blacks that it's going to be an entirely fair election." Today you'd need a shotgun to drive many a black into a polling place. Between then and now, black men and women were killed, beaten, or jailed to ensure blacks safe passage to the voting booth; yet now that the hard-won franchise is theirs, voter turnout of their children and grandchildren is no greater than white participation, and often it's lower.

Now that universal suffrage has become a reality, when anybody, drunk or sober, who can stagger to the polls is permitted to step behind the little curtain, the electoral system has collapsed. The poor, the merely less well-to-do, the minorities—all who, it was once supposed, would use the power of the ballot box to take from the rich—have given up voting. The middle-class millions have dropped out, too. Unaffiliated and distracted by competing activities, they have given up electoral politics almost completely, save when at each presidential quadrennium they cast their ballot in what is less an election than the observance of a symbolic rite.

Russians who want to vote get sent to the gulag, but Americans who get paid time off to cast their ballots can't be bothered. Nevertheless, Americans who judge other countries on whether or not they have "free elections" are so disinterested in their own, that it's been suggested that nonvoters be fined or even jailed. Perhaps that's the way to go; but why do we have to think of forcing people to do what some of our grandparents literally gave up their lives for? Why don't we vote?

Many reasons are given by scholars and politicians, some dippy and some plausible. Among the dippiest is the one that blames television for predicting the results before the polls have closed. The theory is that learning the results of exit polls discourages would-be voters. But history tells us that knowledge of which candidates were winning didn't discourage Americans over a hundred years ago. Back then, there was no national Election Day. Some states voted as early as September, others voted in October. Thus voters in some states knew weeks or even months before they had an opportunity to drop their ballots in the box how the election was going, and it didn't discourage the gigantic voter turnouts of the era.





Marlboro

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

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

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

Television predictions of election winners may depress voter turnout for an entirely different reason. Once upon a time, election night was an eagerly anticipated event. Before radio and television, crowds would gather in front of newspaper offices where the returns were posted as they came in. It was an exciting, suspenseful event. During the days of radio and early television, people would have friends over and make election night a party night, with cold cuts and beer in front of the set. The lightninglike speed with which elections are now called minutes after the polls close, has taken the fun out of the occasion. No more staying up till four o'clock in the morning, waiting for the last returns. By 9:30 or earlier, before we've had time to put out the clam dip and Fritos, we've been told who won. After months and months of candidates parading across our television screens, elections are over in a matter of minutes. The modern election is an anticlimax waiting to happen; and since everybody is aware of its diminished entertainment value, it follows that some people who might have voted to join in the fun, no longer bother.

The fun is gone; even the memory that politics used to be fun is gone, obliterated by a reformist puritanism that pervades our politics. Americans of our time have been taught that to be good, politics must be boring and uncomfortable, a combination of the ennui of church services and the drudgery of graduate school. Campaigns are supposed to be serious and candidates are expected to address "the issues." When candidates like Ronald Reagan or Jesse Jackson come along, two men who entertain and delight their audiences, they are looked down on as mere actors or as too verbally playful to be taken seriously. Anyone who speaks really well is regarded as a potential demagogue.

That old Calvinist John Quincy Adams was as alarmed as any present-day League of Women Voter at the blossoming of popular oratory and the intrusion of happy times and celebrations into what he thought ought to be a cheerless political process. This great but grave statesman noted what was happening in his diary entries for the year 1840: "The whole country throughout the Union is in a state of political agitation upon the approaching Presidential election such as was never before witnessed . . . not a week has passed within the last four months without a convocation of thousands of people to hear inflammatory harangues against Martin Van Buren and his Administration, by Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and all the principal orators in or out of Congress. . . . One of these assemblies was held yesterday by a public dinner given to Caleb Cushing by some of his constituents at Newburyport, and a ball in the evening by him to them. . . . Mr. Webster and Mr. Saltonstall were there, and a stump-speech scaffold, and,

it is said, a procession of 6,000 people or more, and a dinner of 1,800. Here is a revolution in the habits and manners of the people. Where will it end?"

John Quincy Adams answered his own question by writing that "the manifest tendency" of such tumultuously emotional politics "is to civil war." But it also ushered in an age of mass participation in politics after the Civil War. In the second half of the nineteenth century, off-year elections for Congress averaged voter turnouts of 60 percent or more. That's almost double today's figures.

John Quincy can rest easy. The era of "inflammatory harangues" is over. A 25-second sound bite is about all the 1990s-style politician can manage. This is a breed that can't compose their own speeches and can't effectively read those that others write for them. Adolf Hitler gave spellbinding oratory a bad name, but the art of public speech, from Demosthenes to Churchill, has had its greatest flower-

6

A man of a century ago
would no more have switched
political parties than
a Redskins fan would change
allegiance and
root for the Cowboys.

,

ing in democracies. From Cicero in old republican Rome to Charles de Gaulle in modern France, the great speakers may or may not have talked about the issues, but they kept their audiences hypnotized. Whether it's Benito Mussolini on a balcony or Franklin D. Roosevelt giving a "fireside chat" on the radio, folks only come to hear the entertainers—which may explain why both Ronald Reagan and Jesse Jackson are credited with getting people who otherwise don't vote to the polls. Years in front of the camera and behind the pulpit enabled Reagan and Jackson, respectively, to master the art of public speaking; but most politicians don't put in the time and work. Although both Bush and Dukakis have been running for public office for decades, neither has bothered to learn to speak well. We are living in a time that has taken on some of the traits of John Quincy Adams's youthful years, when presidential candidates never spoke and never campaigned, and voting and politics were something left in the hands of white gentlemen of property and leisure.

Many a past presidential election has been between two dunderheads nobody

wanted to listen to, and still voter turnouts were unbelievably high by modern standards. How come a hundred years ago, in a race between two dullards like James A. Garfield and Winfield Hancock, 80 percent of the voters went to the polls? That was another campaign in which there weren't any issues worthy of the name, but people flocked to the polling places nevertheless.

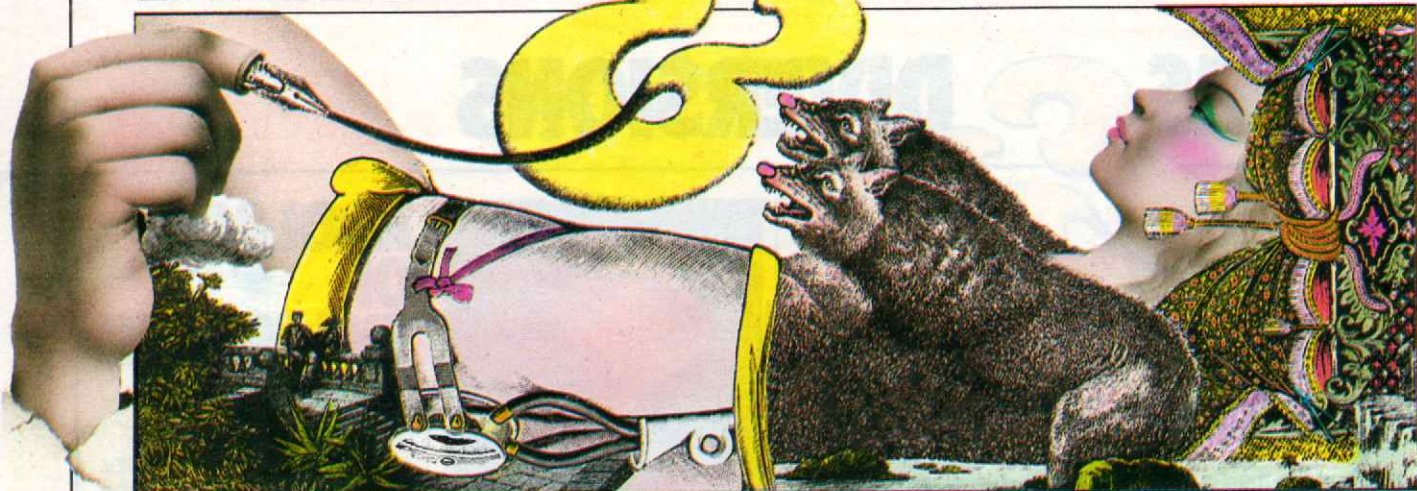
Not all this voting flowed from our ancestors' sense of responsibility as citizens. Often they were paid—sometimes fabulously well—to vote. In the 1880s, there were reports of political organizations paying up to \$15 a vote, a staggering amount of money in a time when you could buy dinner in a good restaurant for 75 cents. Fifteen bucks per vote was for very important elections; \$2.50 was the more ordinary price, but that still works out to 50 or 60 of our modern inflation-weakened dollars.

At those prices we might be able to get the homeless to vote this fall, but who's going to pony up that kind of money? A century ago, winning or losing elections was more important than it is now, even if the outcome made little difference in how the government was run. That was the partisan era, when people rooted for their political parties the way they root for a favorite pro-football team today. People identified with their party for emotional reasons. You inherited your political party from your daddy, the same way you inherited his engraved gold watch. A man of a century ago would no more have switched parties than a Redskins fan would change allegiance and root for the Dallas Cowboys.

Regardless of the paucity of issues, party loyalties were never more intense than in the years following the Civil War. Southern Democrats were adjured to "vote the way you shot," and northern Republicans marched through the streets of towns and villages chanting, "Sing a song of shotguns / Pocketful of knives / Four and twenty black men / Running for their lives / When the polls are open / Shut the nigger's mouth / Isn't that a bully way / To make a solid South?"

Rot and racism maybe, and mindless it may have been, because the hollering had little to do with serious intent to pass civil-rights legislation. Even so, such carrying-on shows just how much excitement politics injected into the lives of an earlier generation of Americans. Beyond that, politics was so much a part of daily life that it supplied people with a social and geographical map of their world, as this little item from the 1883 *New York World* suggests: "Pat Killion of the First Ward and George Lovell of the Fourth Ward, two youths who work in a packing-box factory, met in a loft near the Post Office last night to settle a grudge, with friends contributing a purse of eighty dollars. An impartial referee was brought in from Jersey City." Our modern social geography is not divided by wards and pre-

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Abbie Hoffman, the antiwar activist of the 1960s, now earns some \$150,000 a year speaking at college campuses.

ART CRITICS OF THE MONTH

Chicago police impounded a satiric painting showing the late mayor of the city in

women's lingerie, after the city council claimed that the artwork was an "insult" to the former mayor. "The painting has been arrested," one Chicago alderman announced as the work was removed from a student exhibition at the prestigious School of the Art Institute.

AND A SPECIAL MOTHER'S DAY BOUQUET TO . . .

. . . Sylvester Stallone, who said of his mother, "My mother is impossible. And I give up. I throw in the towel. . . . You can stop a tidal wave if you build a wall . . . but you can't stop Mum. . . . She's half-French, half-martian."

ONE FOR THE ROAD

A Connecticut man was arrested after refusing to

remove a 1,300-pound ox he brought with him to a bar.



MASTERS AND JOHNSON, PLEASE NOTE

Health officials in Baltimore are counting used condoms found floating in the city's sewage-treatment pools to determine the number of people who practice safe sex.

OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

A Queens, New York, couple was cleared of shoplifting charges after arguing that they had never before been in a mall, and were unaware that taking goods out of a store was a crime.

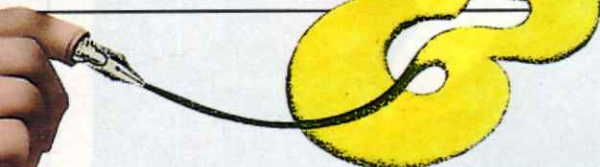


A PLACE IN THE SUN

A Colorado man won \$10,000 in a contest to determine who could legally change his or her name to the call letters of the radio station that sponsored the contest. He produced 53 separate legal documents identifying himself as "The New Q103 FM."



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A Massachusetts man jailed

for robbing a bank escaped—and immediately entered the very same bank, approached the very same teller, and robbed the place again.

SPORTING AMERICA

Following a loss to the California Angels, then New York Yankees manager Billy Martin was asked by reporters about his failure to make a pitching change. "He just made one bad pitch and got hurt," he replied. "And I'm not mad at him, and I don't want to read that in the fucking paper, either! You guys like to write shit! I don't give a shit what you write!"

Following a close call by umpires during a game in Oakland, then New York Yankees manager Billy Martin attempted to kick dirt onto the shoes of an umpire. When he found the infield packed too hard for such a gesture, Martin reached down, gouged out some dirt with his hands, and threw it at the umpire's chest.

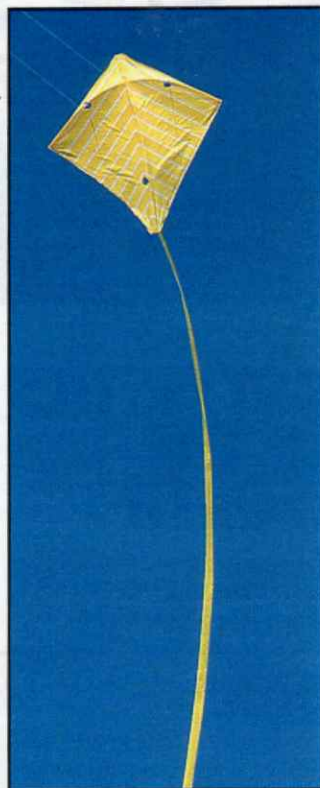
LIFE AT THE TOP

TV producer Aaron Spelling bought the Hollywood mansion of Bing Crosby, demolished it, and is now building a \$12 million home on six acres. The 56,500-square-foot mansion will include a bowling alley, a gymnasium, garages for eight cars, a tennis court, and an entire story of closets between the first and second floors.



ED KOCH, PLEASE NOTE

The mayor of São Paulo, Brazil, who last year introduced municipal kite-flying classes, inexplicably banned the flying of kites in the city. He had resigned the presidency of Brazil in 1961, when he claimed that extraterrestrial forces had instructed him to do so.



APOLOGY OF THE MONTH

After smashing a press photographer's camera against the wall, Kansas City Royals first baseman George Brett said, "I regret what I did. But I'm not sorry I did it."

SIC TRANSIT

The Berlin underground bunker complex where Adolf Hitler shot himself is being demolished to make way for a complex of apartments, stores, and a park.

FAIRWAY HAZARD OF THE MONTH

A golfer, preparing to address the ball on a local golf course, noticed that a herd of 13 buffalo had suddenly wandered onto the course and were calmly watching him ready his nine-iron shot. The player blamed the herd for his subsequent bogey.



THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

A ten-year-old Marion, North Carolina, boy has been suspended from school four times for delivering fire-and-brimstone sermons in the school yard. The shouted sermons, which include epithets about teachers' sex

lives, were defended by the boy's parents, who said they believe in their son's right of "freedom to preach."

Teachers at a church-run nursery school in Sherman Oaks, California, were told

that they must profess faith in Jesus Christ or resign. Church officials said several Jewish teachers who work at the school—some of whom had been there 23 years—could remain if they become "confessing Christians."



ROCK 'N' ROLL

Singer James Brown announced that he was divorcing his third wife, despite claims that "I love her very much." However, Brown added, "I just need a lot of girls." The announcement followed his arrest during an incident in which he allegedly beat his wife with a pipe and shot bullets into her car. Earlier, Brown had been charged with the possession of PCP.

OUR FIRST AMENDMENT AWARD TO . . .

. . . security officials in Peking, who beat up a news reporter | for filming a flower show without official permission.

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

A Texas man was awarded \$1.5 million by a jury that heard his suit charging that his marriage was broken up by a lesbian nun who seduced his wife. According to the suit filed against the former nun and a local Catholic diocese, the man's wife was a member of the church choir the nun directed.



MEMO TO DR. BLOOM

School officials in Chicago tried, unsuccessfully, to fire an elementary-school teacher who failed to turn in any lesson plans for a year and let her classroom degenerate into anarchy. The officials said the classroom was a

madhouse, with children throwing chairs across the room. The children were all required to attend summer school. Their teacher claimed, "... you can't expect miracles when you have low achievers."

SUMMARY JUSTICE

Two Nigerian police officers were convicted of shooting four lawyers at random.

OUR INCREASINGLY SENSITIVE UMPIRES AT WORK

The home-plate umpire in an American Association minor-league game ordered an Omaha team's organist out of the ballpark for playing the "Mickey Mouse Club" theme song during a disputed ball-and-strike call.

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.







BODY & SOUL

For as long as she can remember, Misha Leigh Ganz has been putting her thoughts on paper. "I've written dozens of songs," she says, "and I'm working on a book of poetry." The youngest daughter of a rural mail carrier in North Dakota, Misha studied ballet until she turned 17. "Then something happened that changed my life."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS



"I heard a rock band rehearsing up the street," Misha explains. "I went over to investigate, and I landed a job as their lead

singer!" A
gifted
student,
Misha
managed to
combine
a full course
load with
her
burgeoning
music
career.

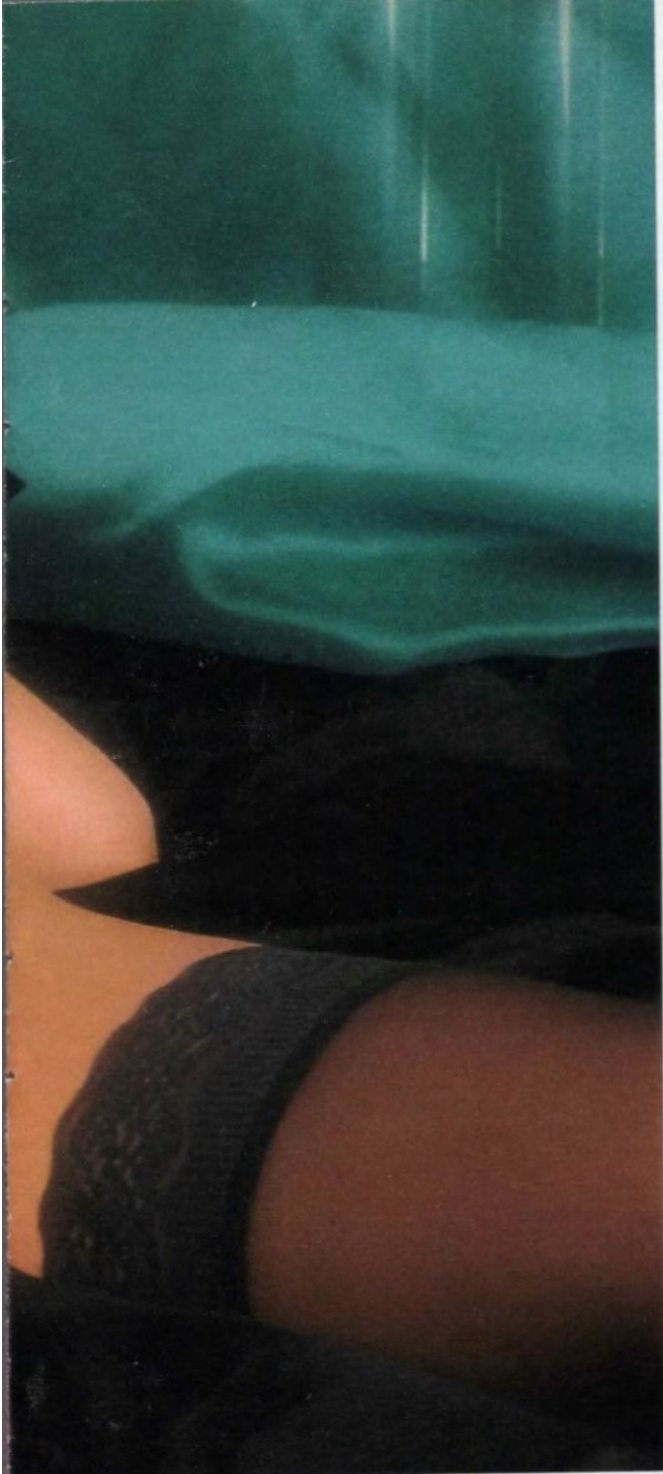




At 21, she decided to stop touring, and settled in Denver. "I might change my mind in a year or two, but right now I'm enjoying the local scenery. . . . It's beautiful and magical at the same time!"







With her stunning figure and fabulous mane of long blond hair, Misha had no trouble launching a local nightclub act that's "classy, flashy, and loaded with special effects."











PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“We live in a world where everything goes fast, where anxiety is very high-level. . . . As long as we can assure access to nature, we’ll remain a healthy society.”

SENATOR BILL BRADLEY

Remember a basketball star nicknamed Dollar Bill?

Looming at six foot five, the brainy Princeton grad and Rhodes scholar tore up the courts for a decade, playing forward for the New York Knicks (1967–77), where he was known for his practice and persistence rather than speed or flash.

Likewise, as a nine-year veteran of the Senate, Bill Bradley is an unusual fish in the tank of political baracudas, for he takes pride in his averageness. The no-frills senior senator from New Jersey is bookish, self-deprecating, dresses in

bargain-basement suits, and remains a lackluster speaker, almost a nervous high school senior compared to the commanding panache of Jesse Jackson. Yet Bradley is unanimously considered a future presidential contender.

Why? It must be the Dukakis buzzword—*competence*—that remains his strongest suit. A former campaign manager says the hardworking senator is “an absolute nut for facts, a wild empiricist.” And he doesn’t fit into any preestablished mold, according to his close friend and media adviser Michael Kaye, who recently told *Institu-*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BENNO FREIDMAN



●This garbage comes from man's progress, from industrialization, from higher living standards. . . . The source of this pollution is us!●

tional Investor, "Bradley is an original. He went to Princeton, not a basketball factory; to Oxford, not the New York Knickerbockers; then to the Knicks, not to law school; and to the U.S. Senate, not to the House or a state assembly."

And although Jesse Jackson, Ted Kennedy, and Mario Cuomo presently constitute the first tier of Democratic statesmen, Bradley falls in right behind. The jock legislator, now 44, will be a youthful 52 if and when Dukakis finishes his second term; only 48 should George Bush be elected but not reelected—in any case, a youngster on the block with rock-solid credentials.

"Bradley," adds Democratic Representative Charles Schumer of New York, "has established himself as one of the few people in Washington focusing on long-range economic problems. He's tremendous at seeing ahead of the curve."

This methodical hero—who pushed through the 1986 Tax Reform Act and fought Reagan in reductions of federal aid to education—supports the right to abortion, believes in the E.R.A., advocates expanding Medicare coverage, and stands as one of the nation's experts on environmental cleanup—this "out of necessity," he admits. Bradley's home state is one of the most polluted in the nation.

When a gangling boy named Bill was born on July 28, 1943, in Crystal City, Missouri, pollution of the environment was a nonissue. There was no need for creating Bradley's 1980 triumph, the Superfund, to clean up toxic-waste dumps, nor the other bills Bradley introduced to ban the use of lead in drinking water and protect threatened wilderness.

Already a high school basketball star at age 17, Bradley vetoed the chance to attend Duke and become All-American on a team likely to make the final four N.C.A.A. championships. Listening instead to his own instincts, he chose Princeton, later passing up a lucrative pro-basketball contract for a Rhodes scholarship. He earned his master's degree in politics, philosophy, and economics.

During these same years, Bradley also planted his size-12 feet firmly on the basketball court, and in 1964, captained the U.S. team that won a gold medal at the Olympic Games in Tokyo. Then, in 1967, he joined the New York Knickerbockers, trailblazing financially to become one of the first basketball pros to rake in around \$500,000 per year.

On the personal front, he had met Ernestine Schlant in 1974. She is a professor of comparative literature at Montclair State College; they live in Denville, New Jersey. "She has a very clear sense of herself," Bradley has said, "and she's an extremely capable scholar. In the family, she's the intellectual. No mistake about that."

And her professional duties don't play second fiddle to those of a U.S. senator. Three days each week, Bradley is left in

charge of the couple's 11-year-old daughter Theresa Anne, who was just an infant around the time Bradley hung up his jersey and announced, with quavering voice, his intention to run for the Senate in 1978.

Despite plodding campaign speeches, Bradley's obvious intellectual prowess and celebrity as an athlete won him a landslide victory, making him the Senate's then youngest member. Once again he had to prove himself all over again to his peers. "He was the first jock elected to the Senate," said one lobbyist, who was at that time the Republican secretary of the Senate. "He spoke little on the floor of the Senate, made a concerted effort at obscurity, and slowly gained the respect of the members."

Having now stepped into the national limelight with relish, Bradley has become one of the nation's most outspoken environmental protectionists. "Our garbage and landfill situation is clearly a crisis," says the now chairman of the Subcommittee on Water and Power. Indeed, things have never been worse. Last summer, New Jersey and Long Island beaches were closed to angry swimmers, thanks to sloppy disposal of hospital waste.

Strolling along the beach, any vacationer could pick up disposed catheters, needles, hospital blood bags, experimental rats, not to mention the toxic levels of fecal bacteria alive in the water. Is it any wonder that Bradley has little patience for political mumbo jumbo when it comes to protecting natural resources and the future of his own family?

"The pollution of the environment is not some abstract, esoteric problem," he exclaims, "but something very real. My wife, 11-year-old daughter, and I drink the same water, breathe the same automobile-polluted air, and swim in the same oceans as my constituents. Although the environment is much cleaner than it was 20 years ago, there's plenty of room for improvement."

Also the philosopher, Bradley muses, "People have got to learn that the land is like the human spirit. If we care for it and take time to explore its richness and variety, it will bloom again and again. The land reclaimed from industrial misuse is similar to the high school dropout in our cities who finds his way late. Both are transformed because someone made the effort to change a situation gone bad. Both can be reclaimed if there is leadership and caring."

"And," the senator concludes, "beyond the paycheck or the power play . . . we are left with just ourselves and nature. We had better protect both!"

In this interview, Bradley talks bluntly about what must be done to solve the looming threats of garbage contamination, hospital waste, poisoned water, and toxic dump sites.

Journalist Glenn Plaskin, who interviewed Senator Bradley last summer,

© 1998 JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, INC. NY, NY. CANADIAN WHISKY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. 40.0% ALC. BY VOL. (80.0 PROOF).



Seagram's
V.O.

FIND GOLD TONIGHT.



An extraordinary series
of official legal tender coins —
the first of its kind ever issued
by any government . . .

The coins in this collection
will bear the portrait of
Queen Elizabeth II, created
for contemporary coinage.
Shown actual size.
Diameter: 38mm.



An extraordinary series of official legal tender coins — the first of its kind ever issued by any government . . .

The coins in this collection will bear the portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, created for contemporary coinage. Shown actual size. Diameter: 38mm.



The Government of the British Virgin Islands announces

The TREASURE COINS of the Caribbean

IN SOLID STERLING SILVER

A collection of 25 silver Proof coins, portraying the most important sunken treasures of the Caribbean — recovered and unrecovered.

Available by subscription only.
Face value: \$20 U.S. / Price for
Collector's Proofs: \$29 U.S.
Price guaranteed for subscriptions
entered by November 30, 1988.

THE CARIBBEAN ... crossroads of empire and wealth. Where galleons, men-of-war and marauding privateers challenged the elements—and one another—in their quest for treasure. And where, today, adventurers explore for those ships that went down long ago—laden with riches beyond measure.

Now, for the very first time, you can acquire a collection of official coinage that embodies this seafaring heritage of the Caribbean. A collection of monetary coins unlike any other ever issued. Consisting of 25 sterling silver coins that recapture, in superb sculptured detail, the legendary treasures of the Spanish Main.

As legal tender of the British Virgin Islands, the coins will bear a face value of \$20, equal to \$20 in U.S. currency. The coins are large—the size of coveted pieces of eight. And *Proofs* will be struck only in solid sterling silver. The use of this precious metal is becoming a rarity in world coinage—especially in coins of this size and weight.

Portrayed on the coins will be the most significant treasures of the fabulous ships of fortune lost in the Caribbean. Each has been selected through a major initiative involving marine archaeologists, treasure-divers, and such noted repositories of maritime records as the British Museum, Lloyd's of London, and the *Archivo General de las Indias*—the leading authority on Spanish colonial shipping.

There will be coins showing the great riches of empire...bejeweled rings, exquisite works of silver and gold, royal revenue and private wealth that never reached its destination. Other coins will depict significant archaeological finds—offering a view of life during the age of exploration. And perhaps most intriguing of all will be the silver coins portraying those treasures still *undiscovered*—but whose existence is known through drawings, ships' manifests, and maritime disaster reports.

Taken together, these 25 match-

ing denomination coins will constitute the most comprehensive series ever issued on a unified theme. A collection unequaled in scope by the coinage of any nation in our time.

The collection is available by subscription only. The Government of the British Virgin Islands has authorized its official minter, The Franklin Mint, to accept and fulfill valid applications. Subscriptions entered by November 30, 1988, will be accepted at the guaranteed price of \$29 for each sterling silver Proof. To make this guarantee possible, the minter will contract for sufficient silver, at current prices, to cover the entire series of coins for each subscriber.

Each Proof coin will be accompanied by a reference folder and location map, relating the intriguing story of the treasure portrayed. A special presentation case for the collection will be provided at no extra cost.

By entering your subscription now, you and your family can share a unique adventure in collecting—as you build a valuable treasure of solid silver coins. To acquire your collection at the guaranteed price, return the accompanying application by November 30, 1988.



OFFICIAL SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

The TREASURE COINS of the Caribbean

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for one Proof Set of "The Treasure Coins of the Caribbean," consisting of 25 coins of the British Virgin Islands with the face value of \$20. each, to be minted in solid sterling silver and sent to me at the rate of one per month.

I need send no money now. I will be billed \$29.* for each silver Proof, beginning when my first coin is ready to be sent. This price is guaranteed to me for the entire series. My presentation case will be sent to me at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and \$1. for shipping and handling

Please mail by November 30, 1988.

Signature _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Mr./Mrs./Miss _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

85599-259

made the unpublished interview available to *Penthouse* to underline the pressing problem of environmental pollution and what can be done to reverse it. Plaskin reports, "Although I'm five foot ten, it wasn't difficult feeling like a midget when I walked up to Bill Bradley, who wasn't even quite standing up straight. Despite his serious demeanor in public, I had been warned that the senator has a reputation for being one of the most playful, mischievous, and spontaneous people in the capital. I wasn't disappointed. As I reached for his outstretched hand, he playfully missed, moving his own hand aside and then up . . . and then up again, though finally we met. Despite his imposing physical presence, Bradley, I decided, was actually shy, quizzical in expression, restless with the formalities of getting to know you, and anxious to deliver his message. His spare office lacked the usual pictures of the rich and famous, his simple modern oak desk a change from the carved mahogany of his colleagues."

"I liked Bradley right away because he really is unpretentious, scrupulously polite in conversation, direct, and obviously sincere about his wish to educate the public about the environment and to do his part to enforce laws on the books."

What do you see as our nation's most pressing environmental problem today?

There are three of them: First, we've got to clean up hazardous toxic-waste dumps [currently 10,000 in the U.S.] that pose a direct threat to our physical health; second, we must absolutely make sure our water supplies are uncontaminated, particularly our groundwater; third, we have to prevent the death of our oceans, by blocking the overdumping of toxic chemicals and garbage. And to do all that, we must enforce those environmental laws already on the books, such as the Solid Waste Disposal Act, Clean Air Act, Clean Water Act, Resource Recovery and Conservation Act—and Superfund, which allocates funds for toxic-waste cleanup. These laws could be better enforced.

What kind of grade would you give our nation's cleanup effort?

C-minus, maybe D, and I'll tell you why. Since the time I personally fought for the passage of Superfund in 1980, Ronald Reagan and the Environmental Protection Agency have been absolutely negligent about enforcing it, dragging their feet for four years, subverting the law and making no effort whatsoever to clean up toxic waste. I was personally outraged that Reagan didn't have respect for this law, no sense of urgency about the threat of toxic waste to public health. This changed when the reelection began in 1984, and now sites are identified and some cleanup will begin; so I'm somewhat optimistic—but cleaning up toxic

waste is not the simplest thing to do. *What should be done about getting rid of it?*

Let me put it this way: When a smokestack in Pittsburgh is installed with a precipitator that takes toxic particles from the air and captures them, you then produce solid toxic waste; but what do you do with it? Throw it in the ocean, and you pollute the water; dump it in the land, and the dump contaminates groundwater and rivers; take the precipitator off the smokestack, and you pollute the air. All disastrous. We can't push pollution around.

What we need are toxic-waste disposal plants that can remove waste from dump sites and dispose of it in two ways: safe incineration and pelletizing [a process that mixes and disperses solid waste, removing its toxicity]. Unfortunately, we don't have these plants. So what do we do? One, we put a fence around our dumps and monitor the damage to our water supply; or, two, dig up the waste and find a new home for it—to which everybody says, "Not in my backyard." That waste should go into an incineration plant; but there again, we don't have many in this country.

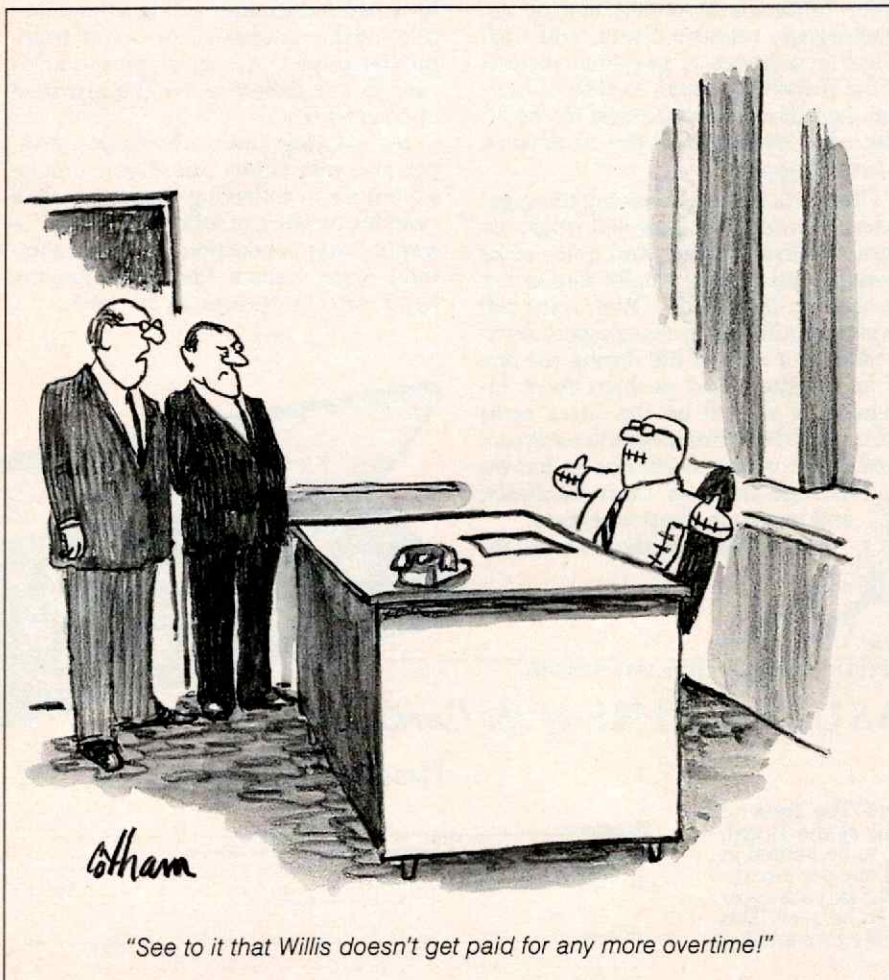
Plants are the solution—and I've been waiting eight years for the New Jersey Hazardous Waste Siting Commission to find a location for such a plant—and it still hasn't happened. That's negligence on the state level. The public must urge local and state politicians to find sites for these plants and to take advantage of the existing tax laws that provide incentives to build them. On the garbage front, I'm more optimistic.

What are we going to do about a nation drowning in untreated sewage and garbage, and tripping over litter on its beaches?

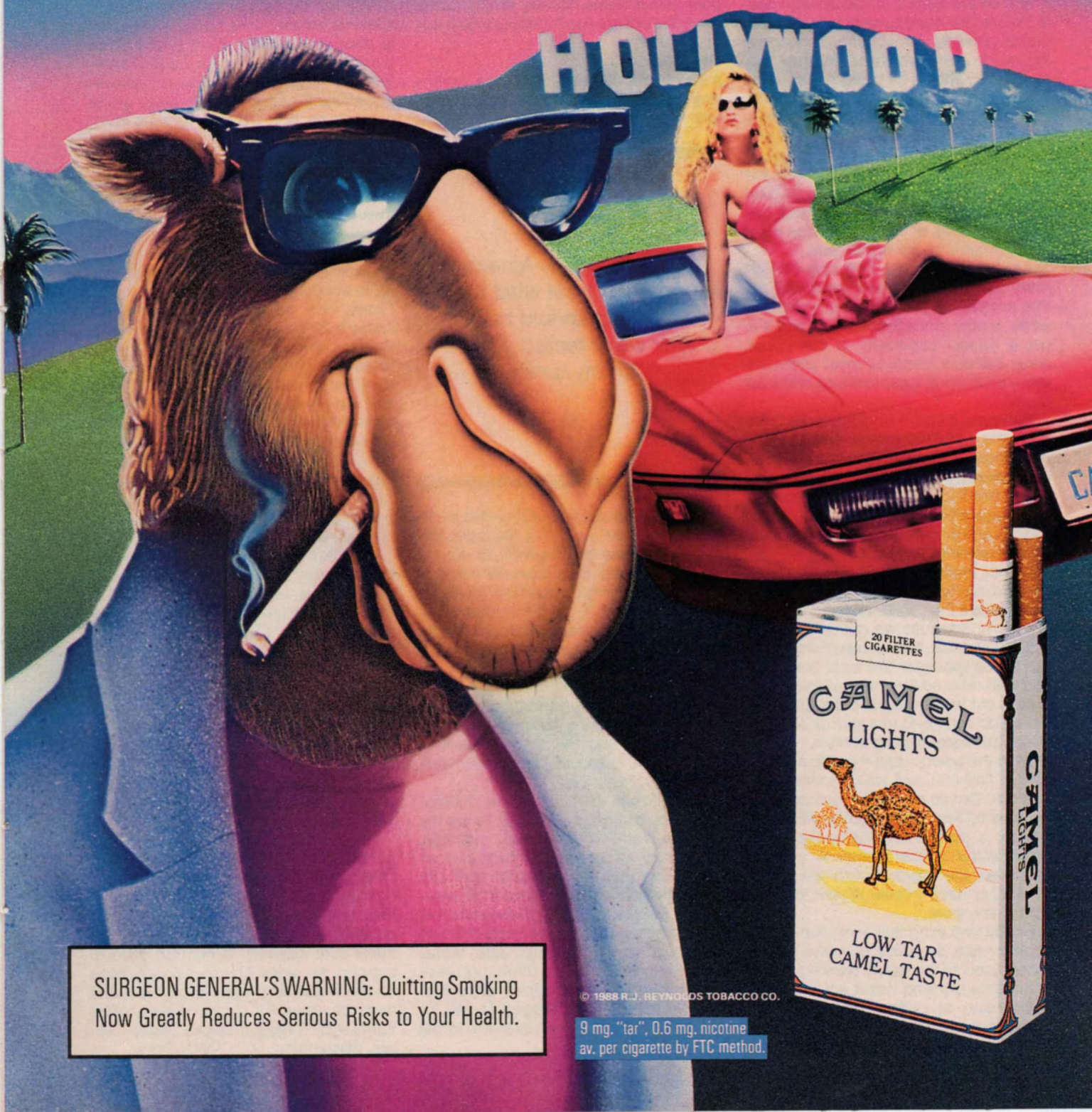
First of all, where does all this garbage come from? It comes from man's progress, from industrialization, from higher living standards, from products made with toxic substances consumed and thrown away into mountains of garbage. The first step to wisdom is realizing that the source of this pollution is us!

Second, wherever the country is going in terms of disposal of solid waste, New Jersey is going to get there first, because we're the most densely populated state in the union, with seven and a half million people living on 75 percent of its land—the other 25 percent, wilderness.

Now, in Texas and Montana, you still have the option of the landfill—driving out to the edge of town and dumping garbage. In Jersey, you can't do that anymore, and shouldn't do so anywhere. So what do we need? *Recycling plants*—converting garbage into sources of energy, into new products—and technology for separating out toxic substances and placing them in safe landfills and/or incinerators. In New Jersey, we only have one big recycling plant; it works very well, but we need more.



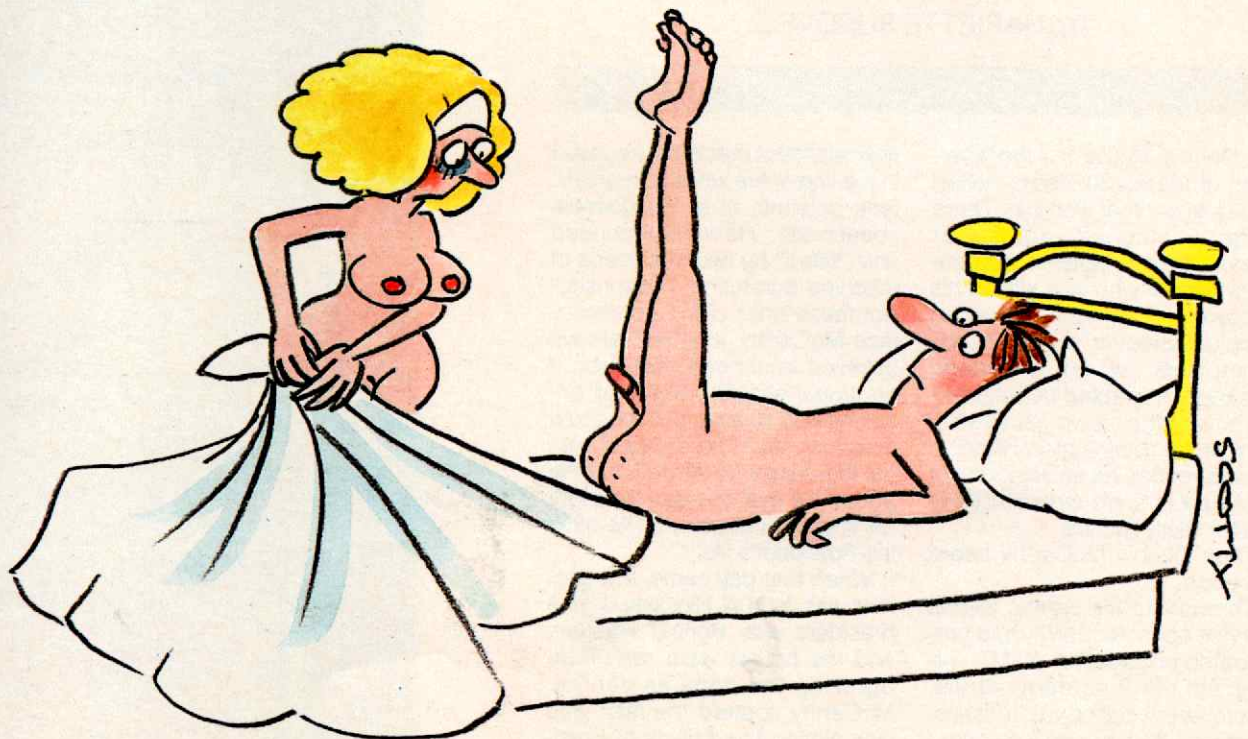
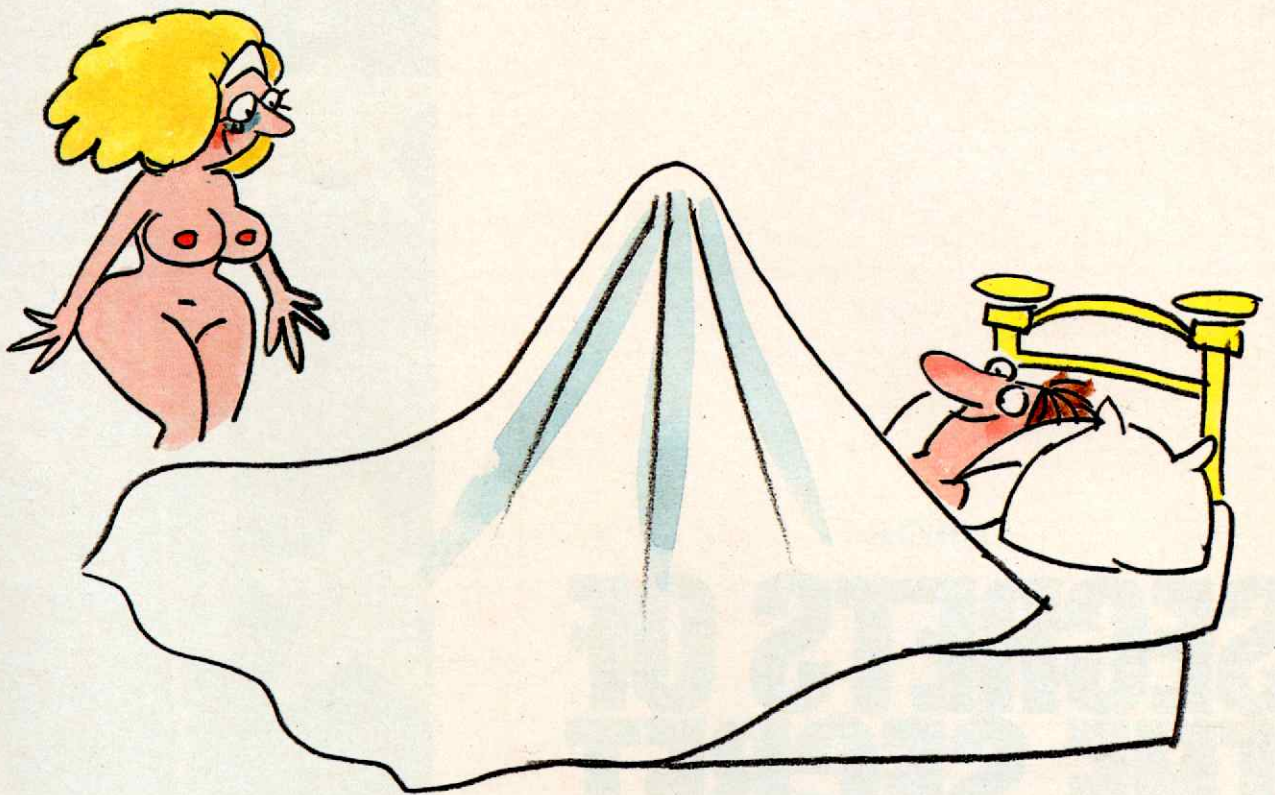
Smooth character.



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

© 1988 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.



ARTICLE

SECRETS OF THE SECRET SERVICE

BY HARIETTE SUROVELL

For Dennis McCarthy, the afternoon of March 30, 1981, looked to be just another workday. There were no planned protests or demonstrations against a popular president who was still on his honeymoon with the American people. Moreover, protective advance work had not uncovered any known repeated troublemakers among the crowd gathered in front of the Washington Hilton. It was as routine as an assignment could be in a job where nothing is ever really routine.

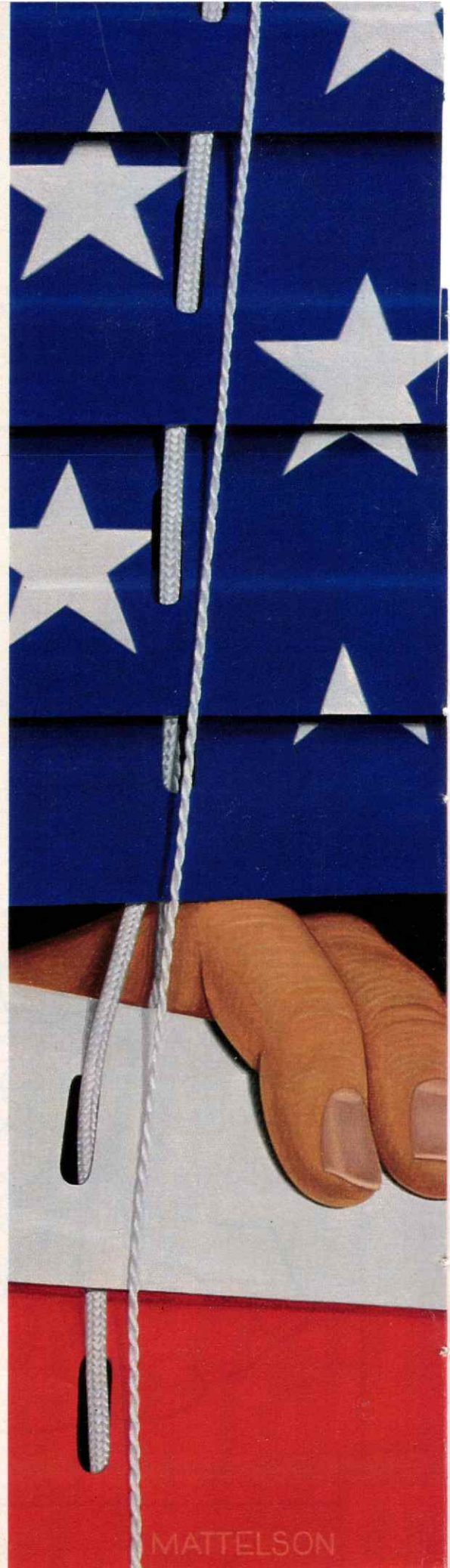
Then Dennis McCarthy heard the pops.

Throughout his career, Secret Service agent McCarthy had participated in countless A.O.P.—Attack On the President—drills, where every conceivable assassination attempt was played

with relentless precision. He stood in the line of fire while a "maniac" took potshots at a "presidential speech site." He was surrounded and "killed" by two truckloads of machine-gun-toting "terrorists." But these drills didn't personally faze McCarthy, who had always believed in his own Irish luck. If an actual shooting ever did occur, he was sure the bullets would miss him. What he dreaded was not the danger to himself, but the possibility that one day he might be tested—called upon to save the President's life.

When that day came, the gunman was John W. Hinckley, Jr.; the president was Ronald Reagan; and the bullets were real. Recognizing the pops as gunfire, McCarthy spotted the man who was aiming five bullets at Presi-

PAINTING BY MARVIN MATTELSON





dent Reagan, hitting the President, his press secretary James Brady, another Secret Service agent, and a D.C. police officer. McCarthy tackled Hinckley to the ground as a sixth bullet landed in a building across the street. McCarthy didn't clearly see his prisoner's face until he had him safely handcuffed inside a police car. His mind was whirling with the instructions he had learned: *Don't violate his rights, McCarthy thought. Don't let anyone get near him . . . there could be another Jack Ruby waiting.*

"I think my wrist is broken," whined John Hinckley, Jr.

"You should be fucking glad that's all," McCarthy growled.

It wasn't until two days later that the events became real to McCarthy. Lying in bed, he began to shake and sweat, wondering if he should have seen Hinckley sooner, or jumped him faster, or done better advance work. He continued to be plagued by guilt and self-doubt—it was only after seeing videotapes of his actions, and after receiving the congratulations of his fellow agents, that McCarthy was finally at peace with himself. He had, after all, saved the President's life, and had been awarded the Secret Service's Medal of Valor—an award given out only 14 times since the agency was founded in 1865. Now, McCarthy reasoned, it was time to think about retirement.

In many respects, Dennis McCarthy's career as a Secret Service agent was a typical one. He received frequent transfers to different details and offices; he traveled extensively; his duties ranged from the mundane (arresting a man for using slugs in a newspaper machine) to the exotic (coordinating security for President Nixon's trip to Egypt). For two decades, McCarthy had protected the pope, skied with President Ford, accompanied Amy Carter to school, impersonated a Berkeley student, prevented a riot in Salzburg, put out a fire in San Clemente, and shooed Nancy Kissinger away from shark-filled waters.

The man who would save the life of the President had come to his profession by accident. As a kid, he was never sure of just what he wanted to be when he grew up. His father, who worked for Peoples Drug Stores, hoped that McCarthy, his youngest son, would become a lawyer. McCarthy's older brother, a rebel and poor student, was sent to military school to "straighten out." When McCarthy visited him there, he was so impressed by his uniform that he badgered his parents into sending him to military school, too.

After graduating from military school, he went to Georgetown University for a year, then joined the army, where he was assigned to the Army Security Agency. After a two-year stint in Germany, he finished his college education at Lynchburg College in Virginia. He had no specific career plans, only a determination

to never again work at a job that required punching a clock. Fortunately, fate intervened on a tennis court. McCarthy was by then working a summer job at the Treasury Department. His doubles partner, a Secret Service agent, convinced him to take the Secret Service exam. After a year of background investigations and interviews, McCarthy was hired. His training entailed a six-week course in firearms at the Treasury Law Enforcement School, followed by two months of study at Secret Service School, where he received psychological training and learned the basics of law and police work, including search-and-seizure and raid procedures. Finally, McCarthy was decreed an official Secret Service agent.

Dedicated and patriotic, McCarthy made the Secret Service his life's career because he "loved the thrill of never knowing what was going to happen every morning" when he woke up. "I was never in that job for the money. My starting sal-

Hinckley was in complete control of himself. He complained about his handcuffs. With real mental cases, you could hit them with a two-by-four and they wouldn't feel it.

ary was about \$11,000; when I retired, my base pay was about \$40,000. On a foreign detail, our per diem expenses were only \$75. But there were benefits that can't be calculated. I could be near the President when he was talking to a prime minister, and I might hear something that wouldn't be in the press for five days. I met heads of countries; I met movie stars and celebrities; and I traveled to almost every country in the world." He was frequently transferred, reassigned, overworked, and unexpectedly summoned to travel; but Dennis McCarthy never punched a clock again.

A rookie agent in 1964, McCarthy's first assignment was less than glamorous—he was ordered to observe and arrest a man suspected of using \$2.60 worth of slugs in an Omaha newspaper vending machine. In 1965, he was reassigned to the Intelligence Division in Washington, where he remained for the next two and a half years. It was the Vietnam War era, and the calm streets of the nation's capital were now frequently filled with chanting, hooting demonstrators; the green lawn of the Washington Monument was often covered with placard-carrying stu-

dents who sat listening to speeches. Dressed as a hippie, McCarthy participated in the protests, carefully keeping an eye on known ultraleftists prone to acts of violence.

In February 1968, McCarthy joined the White House detail, where his responsibilities included screening all visitors who came to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue for a private interview with the President.

"There were usually two or three a day," says McCarthy, "and when there was a full moon, they would be lined up around the block." These visitors usually ranged from harmless flakes to potential psychotics.

"We had a guy who said there was a machine in the basement of the White House that was controlling his thoughts, and he wanted the President to turn it off," McCarthy recalls. "Another guy came in with a bag of hard rolls he swore were coated with nitroglycerin, and threatened to blow us all up. After a while, you develop your intuition to be able to detect bullshit and real danger; I challenged him, and he threw a roll at my partner. When it didn't explode, he started crying. We had him transported to St. Elizabeth's for observation."

While working the White House detail, McCarthy sent about 70 people to St. Elizabeth's. As he recalls, all but one were held for further observation. The most difficult person to subdue, says McCarthy, "was a little old lady who weighed about 95 pounds. It took six officers to restrain her. She kicked the gun right off one officer's belt before we got her into the paddy wagon."

The observations made on this detail influenced McCarthy's analysis of the gunman he arrested on March 30, 1981. He remains angry over the fact that Hinckley is sequestered in St. Elizabeth's, while Squeaky Fromme, Sara Jane Moore, and Arthur Bremer are serving hard time. It isn't that McCarthy believes that Hinckley is psychologically stable, but he steadfastly maintains that Hinckley "isn't as insane as the trial made him out to be. I think that he was in complete control of himself that day. He knew exactly what he was doing. He's intelligent. He had problems, yes. But he also had rich parents, and the other three didn't."

McCarthy's judgment stems partly from Hinckley's reaction to being apprehended. McCarthy recalls, "He just relaxed, went limp. No struggle whatsoever. It was like he was glad to be alive. Then he started complaining about that pain from his handcuffs. I've dealt with some of these mental cases, and you could hit them with a two-by-four and they wouldn't feel pain."

While working the White House detail, his duties ranged from standing guard at the President's bedroom door while he slept, to coordinating security advances in foreign countries. McCarthy recalls the incredible tedium of working the mid-night shift at the White House:

by Audie Howe

"You must have come into some money."

I said that to my friend Fred, innocent-ly and with a little envy. He and his wife Janet had just come in to the dinner party.

Janet was wearing a pendant. It had a gorgeous blue gemstone big enough to choke a horse.

Fred knew what I was referring to. "6 carats," he said casually.



Blue Topaz seems to gather light. It's like wearing a piece of the sky.

The Brazilian Connection

Janet was wearing a breathtaking Blue Topaz. I don't know if you have any idea how big a 6-carat gem looks, but this one was so perfectly faceted it looked even bigger than that.

"Your pendant is like a flawless piece of the sky. I can't take my eyes off it," our host said to Janet.

Much later, Fred told me the secret. He and Janet had bought the topaz direct from a secret "Brazilian Connection" — which meant he was able to get this lovely gem for far less than the normal cost.

Calstar Moves In

You know Calstar. As it turns out, we have a buyer in Brazil. Off he went to the topaz mines.

As good a deal as Fred had made, it didn't compare to our tremendous buying power. We were able to get a whole batch of topaz gems at a fraction of what even the shrewdest traveler would normally pay.

So what does this mean to you? It means you can own (or give) a breathtaking genuine Blue Topaz, its color permanently enhanced, for a price that's truly the deal of a lifetime.

Actual photographs: The gem at left is a 12-carat aquamarine. Price: \$5,000. The gem at right is our 12-carat natural (not synthetic) Blue Topaz. Calstar's direct-to-you price: \$196. The piercing blue of genuine, blue Brazilian topaz has made this stunning gem a favorite of the rich and famous.



The 12-Carat Dilemma

Have YOUR Jeweler Appraise it. We GUARANTEE the Appraisal will be More than Double Your Direct Price!

Get this: Forget the 6-carat topaz. Think twice as big — 12 carats. I'm going to give you a 12-carat Blue Topaz for less than the bargain-price Fred paid for his wife's 6-carat topaz.

Less Than Half the Appraised Value — **GUARANTEED!**

Please read carefully, because otherwise you'll miss the heart of this outrageous bargain:

Direct from Calstar, you can own a 12-carat Blue Topaz, dazzling in its oval cut, for just \$196. That's right, it isn't a misprint. \$196.

Or you can have a stunning oval-cut 12-carat Blue Topaz, in a 14K gold pendant-mount, for \$294.

Or you can have the oval-cut 12-carat Blue Topaz, in a 14K gold pendant-mount, with a lustrous 18-inch "rope" 14K gold chain, for just \$392.

Any of these rich-looking wonders is yours for just \$49 a month interest free. Add \$3.50 for insured shipping.



All eyes turn to this exquisite gemstone, shown here in its 14K gold pendant-mount.



With the 18-inch "rope" chain (14K gold), your 12-carat Blue Topaz is a classic fashion statement.

DON'T STOP READING! THERE'S MORE!

I said I'll guarantee your Blue Topaz is worth at least twice as much as your special Calstar price.

Here's the proof:

When you get your Blue Topaz, wear it and show it — not for just one month but for a full 90 days.

During that 90 days, drop in at a local jeweler and have it appraised. WE'LL PAY YOU \$20 FOR THE APPRAISAL. (Just send us a copy of the appraisal and we'll write you a fast check.)

If the appraisal isn't for at least twice your price, send it back for a 100% refund. We'll even pay the return postage.

Wait. I'm not through.

Whether you order the 12-carat topaz, the topaz in the pendant-mount, or the pendant with the chain, it's yours for \$49 a month. We'll ship when we have your first payment. You can see: I'm willing to take just about all the risk to get this eye-stopper in your hands.

An Impressive Gift

Fine jewelry not only will give you pleasure for a lifetime. It can be an important part of your estate.

That's why, if you buy this spectacular beauty as a gift for someone special, you'll have a lifetime of thanks. What other gemstone within hundreds and hundreds of dollars of this unbelievable price can match it?

So may I suggest you order now? Our allotment isn't unlimited, and real topaz isn't like a metal trinket; there are only so many in all the world. In fact, it's so rare and fine that you'll get a signed Certificate of Authenticity with your Blue Topaz.

Send the coupon or call our toll-free phone now. How can you possibly lose? CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-544-4591 Ext. 840 or mail this coupon right away.

Calstar Inc. Gem Headquarters
7401 Cahill Road
Minneapolis, MN 55435

I want

- ☐ 12-carat Blue Topaz, \$196
(4 payments, \$49 each) 393-22
- ☐ 12-carat topaz in 14K gold pendant mount, \$294. (6 payments, \$49 each) 393-24
- ☐ 12-carat topaz in 14K gold pendant mount with 18-inch 14K gold "rope" chain, \$392. (8 payments, \$49 each) 393-23
(MN residents add 6% sales tax)

Indicate payment method:

(Please add \$3.50 to first payment only, for insured shipping.)

☐ Check or money order enclosed for initial payment. Bill me direct for the remaining monthly payments.

☐ Bill to

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Card No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Phone no. (to expedite your order) _____

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If within 90 days after my Blue Topaz arrives I decide for any reason not to keep it, I may return it for a 100% refund including postage.

Calstar will pay \$20 toward a replacement-value appraisal by the jeweler of my choice; a Certificate will accompany my gem.

FOR FAST CREDIT CARD ORDERING

CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-544-4591 Ext. 840

9147-000

"You could be in the residence, where nobody is walking around and it's dead quiet, and you're just following the President as he moves from the East Wing to the West Wing. There's nothing worse than standing outside the President's room at 3 A.M., looking at a blank wall, and thinking, *I'm a college grad; what the hell am I doing?*"

Practical jokes were one way to blow off steam during a particularly numbing detail, and rookie agents were often the unwitting targets. "Down in Key Biscayne we had this one rookie agent, and we'd tell him . . . 'There's a "magnavox vantometer" out there by the big tree behind the President's bedroom window, and it measures the weight of anybody walking in that area. So would you mind going over by the tree and jumping up and down so we can test it back here at the command post?' We'd get him out there for about 15 minutes . . . the poor guy, we'd tell him, 'No, move a little bit to the left, we're not getting a good reading here' and 'Do some really high jumps.' When he found out what we were doing, he got really pissed at us; but that's okay. We used to pull stunts like that."

Secret Service agents working the White House detail would party whenever they were off-duty. Hanging out at popular Washington, D.C., bars such as

the Aquarius and the Class Reunion, McCarthy discovered another fringe benefit of his job—the effect a Secret Service badge seemed to have on the opposite sex.

"I never knew of an agent to have a problem picking up women," says McCarthy. "Lots of ladies prefer law-enforcement people, because we're clean and safe; we emit that all-American-boy aura. And in terms of law-enforcement jobs, the Secret Service is the most prestigious."

"We even had Secret Service groupies who hung out in various bars around Washington. I remember being in bars and asking women to dance—and when they asked me what I did and I told them, I could see them get turned on."

"The fact that we're wearing guns is part of the mystique. First of all, it makes women feel safe around us, because they know we can protect them. Then, there are some ladies who get off on firearms. I remember once an agent told me that he went back to this woman's apartment, and she asked him to put his gun on the bedstand, so she could just look at it."

McCarthy's luck with the ladies was legendary—that and the fact that he was prematurely gray earned him the nickname the Silver Fox. He remembers the time a fellow agent tried to pick up a

beautiful woman seated next to him on an airplane: "He said he sat down and struck up a conversation, telling her he was with the Secret Service. And the next thing she says is, 'Do you know the Silver Fox?'" The woman had apparently had a brief love affair with McCarthy in Palm Springs, California.

Then there was the time McCarthy was protecting a government official on a road trip. Finding themselves with a few hours to kill, McCarthy and his associates went to the hotel lobby for a drink, and he became fast friends with a woman from out of town. Unfortunately, she had plans to return home later that day.

"I asked her if there was any chance she could stay overnight. She said, 'Well, I'll have to call my husband, I'll have to think of an excuse.' I said, 'You might tell him that you've been invited to a party.' So she calls . . . and gets her ass chewed out, and decides to catch a flight home later that day. I said, 'If you decided to stay the night, you would probably be staying with me. And if we were staying together, we'd probably make love.' 'I guess you're right,' she answered. She had an hour and 15 minutes until her bus left for the airport, so we went to a room and made mad, passionate love. The phone rang and it was her girlfriend, saying, 'Get your ass down here, the bus is



Come on down!

If you've reached down into the ultra low tar world only to come up empty on taste, come down to Merit Ultra Lights. Thanks to Enriched Flavor,[™] Merit Ultra Lights delivers deep-down tobacco taste you'd never expect in a cigarette so low in tar. That's why it's one of today's fastest growing brands. So raise your standards.

Come on down to Merit Ultra Lights.

Enriched Flavor,[™] ultra low tar. A solution with Merit.



Merit Ultra Lights

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

getting ready to leave.' So we jump up, get our clothes on, and come charging down the stairs. Now, this buddy of mine . . . he's standing there by the bus looking at me, shaking his head, saying, 'McCarthy, I don't believe you.' On the bus she goes. I never see her again."

The notoriety of the sex appeal of the Secret Service agents sometimes provoked rivalries with other federal agents. McCarthy remembers the days when he worked the protective detail for President Nixon:

"One time we were out in California, in San Clemente, and the agents stayed at the San Clemente Inn, and the *Air Force One* crew stayed at a hotel closer to the airport," McCarthy says. "The *Air Force One* guys had discovered a bar that was loaded with beautiful women, but they never told us about it. They knew that once the agents moved in, they'd be out of luck. Well, one of our guys just happened to stumble into that bar, and when the crew saw him, their mouths dropped open. We raided the place the next day—and the *Air Force One* guys had to find a new hangout."

When the President traveled abroad, agents turned their attentions to the secretaries working in the foreign embassies. But there was less time for fun when working an advance job. McCarthy was in charge of coordinating the efforts of the intelligence agents, and those in charge of the motorcade and technical security equipment. A typical advance job involved supervising security measures at the airport, along the motorcade route, and at the hotel, speech sites, and restaurants where banquets were to be held. In addition to deciding where to establish security posts in the restaurants, the Secret Service asked local police to check out the backgrounds of all the waiters, cooks, and other restaurant staff.

In the President's hotel room, an extensive electronic sweep searched for bugs; then a bomb dog was brought in. McCarthy says that the agents themselves were sometimes under surveillance while on foreign soil.

"When I was in Indonesia, we found bugs in the room where the agents were. In China, the agents were bugged. And when you know they're manufactured in America, then you're not really sure who's bugging you—whether it's the Russians . . . or your own people. And it's kind of upsetting when you think about the fact that maybe your own people are bugging you."

While most foreign police forces were cooperative, England and Canada were always problematic because of their restrictive gun laws. McCarthy found himself negotiating with British government officials for permission to carry in a limited number of firearms. Once he was forced to squire a cabinet member into Canada without any weapons whatsoever.

"I felt naked," says McCarthy. "I said

to one of my supervisors, 'What the hell are we going for? We can't do anything with our bare hands. If anyone does anything, they'll use weapons and we'll be killed.' But their answer was, 'Well, you gotta go'; so we did."

The Uzi is the Secret Service weapon of choice, mainly because it's so small and compact. According to McCarthy, "When the stock is folded up, it's about a foot and a half long. It's easy to conceal in a briefcase . . . it's a very effective gun, and you can fire the thing with just one hand." McCarthy feels fortunate that he's never had to fire one in a real-life situation.

That sentiment, says McCarthy, was difficult for his Israeli counterparts to comprehend: ". . . they're a tough bunch of cookies. Of course, they have more freedom to kill than we do, because of the war over there. And they don't fool around. You know, they'll run you over, they'll shoot you, whatever it takes. After

6

I never knew of an
agent to have a problem
picking up women.
We even had Secret Service
groupies hanging
out in various bars around
Washington.

9

the assassination attempt on Reagan, Israeli security came to the Washington summit, and I was introduced to some of these security officers as being the first agent to get to Hinckley. And the first question they asked me was, 'Why didn't you kill him?' And I just said, that isn't our system. That's not our way of law. . . . They couldn't believe I let him live. They said I should have killed him when I had the chance. . . . [Israelis] use the same tactics we use, the same type of follow-up-car procedures. The only difference is, they're a lot freer with the use of their weapons."

Ironically, McCarthy felt safer protecting U.S. government officials in Communist countries such as China and Russia, than he did on home turf. "The people there have no rights," he explains. "So the crowds are well picked, they're well mannered, they're told to stay back. Here, I just can't go out onto the street and say, 'You look to me like a Hinckley, and I'm going to shake you down.' I'd be violating your civil rights."

Working the presidential detail required another test of skill: the ability to command the respect of the most pow-

erful official in the land. Of all the presidents McCarthy served under, LBJ had the most difficult personality.

"He had sort of a supersized ego," says McCarthy. "He tried to fire agents all the time; but since we're civil-service workers, we're protected. The agent in charge would say, 'Yes, Mr. President. Agent So-and-So, you're fired.' Then he'd whisper to the agent to go back to the command post and hide out for a couple of hours until the President forgot about it."

McCarthy also quickly learned never to ask LBJ, who was a chronic mumbler, to repeat himself. Such a request inevitably provoked a scathing verbal attack. Even Lady Bird wasn't immune. "Mrs. Johnson was nice. A real lady. I always felt sorry for her being married to Lyndon, you know, because she was so sweet; and the President would scream at her, 'Bird! Get out here!' 'Yes, Lyndon,' she'd say in a little, sweet voice. 'Yes, Lyndon.' I still remember hearing that."

In contrast, McCarthy found Richard Nixon to be a consummate gentleman: "He was a quiet man, sort of an introvert," McCarthy recalls. "He could be friendly at times, which was a real switch from Johnson, who used to scream at us. I think he was pretty much of a loner. He didn't seem to have that many friends. Once, in the Azores, I was at my post on the back porch. Nixon came out with a glass of wine—he used to drink very expensive wine. He sat down on the steps with his drink, and we talked about the Redskins. It was a memorable moment."

McCarthy also spent two years assigned to Pat Nixon's protective detail. In Secret Service circles, guarding a First Lady was referred to as the "lady detail." Most agents considered themselves too macho to enjoy accompanying a woman on her shopping expeditions, but not McCarthy. He was ever the ladies' man.

"My favorite duty was going to Elizabeth Arden's haircutting salon with Mrs. Nixon," he says. "At first, the girls who worked there would be going around in their little frocks and were quite uptight. Then they began relaxing a bit, and it was always a big thrill when I'd come up there. I was treated like a king—they would have my coffee, with cream and two lumps of sugar, waiting. I did get involved romantically with one of the hairdressers, but it wasn't until after she stopped working there. It would've been great, except for the fact that she was a little bit of a hippie. I'd go to her apartment with the beads hanging down, and the lights, and her hippie friends would come to the door and see me and think they were being raided."

The Silver Fox exercised more restraint, though, when he was assigned to protect Julie Nixon while she attended Smith College. He ate his meals in one of the Smith dining rooms, changing tables every night, but he restricted his interactions with the students to teasing and dispensing fatherly advice.



"I especially enjoyed it when you penetrated me!"

"Julie knew me on a first-name basis. I didn't like Tricia. We used to call her 'the princess.' She was always wearing gloves, you know; you couldn't touch her. Almost paranoid, really. She had an attitude with some of the agents. For example, Mrs. Nixon called me once and said, 'I'm going to Los Angeles today. Tricia and I are going to visit my aunt. I'd like to have the car ready by ten o'clock in the morning.' So I'm out there waiting for them . . . 10:30 comes around and no one comes out. Quarter to 11, Mrs. Nixon finally comes out: 'I'm sorry, we can't go right now. Tricia hasn't gotten up yet.'"

"We got out [of San Clemente] at 12:30, and I told Mrs. Nixon that there was no way we were going to make it up to the hospital, visit her aunt, and be out of L.A. before the rush-hour traffic. Meanwhile, Tricia isn't saying anything. The driver was a Los Angeles agent who wanted the thrill of driving the First Lady and Tricia. He'd never done it before. Coming back, we were in bumper-to-bumper traffic. Now Tricia is getting upset. 'Well, isn't there some other way we can go? Driver, can't you get us out of this traffic?' and blah, blah, blah; and she's really starting to lay into him, and I'm starting to turn red. All of a sudden, I turn around and point my finger at her and say, 'Tricia, don't you ever talk to one of my agents like that.' Mrs. Nixon said, 'Now, Tricia, you just quiet down, you know it's your fault.' Tricia called me later to apologize."

Friends of McCarthy's who didn't work in the Secret Service were perpetually intrigued by these stories and always inquired about the particulars of protecting the President's daughters. They would ask him, "What would you do if Tricia or Julie wanted to have some fun?"

McCarthy's standard reply was, "We are protectors of their lives, not their morals. Whatever they want to do in private is okay, so long as they're not screamers." During his 20-year career, however, McCarthy did hear of at least one instance when an agent was compelled to intervene: A high official's daughter was having a party, and the telltale fumes of marijuana began seeping out from behind the door.

While McCarthy was always polite to the Nixon family, he was often engaged in a battle of egos with Henry Kissinger. After leaving office as secretary of state in 1977, Kissinger wasn't officially entitled to Secret Service protection. But because he had been so entrenched in Middle Eastern politics, President Carter extended his protection for six months. McCarthy admired Kissinger as one of the most brilliant and witty men he had ever encountered, but he refused to act as his errand boy.

Because of this, it became a standard practice for Kissinger to leave his briefcase behind after every meeting, then ask McCarthy to retrieve it for him. Inevitably, McCarthy politely refused. Before he could figure out whether Kissinger was

playing power games with him or was merely absentminded, McCarthy received another transfer, this time to a Criminal Investigations Unit located in New Orleans.

Because the Secret Service is a branch of the Treasury Department, a major portion of its responsibilities involves investigating stolen and forged federal checks, bond forgeries, credit-card fraud, and counterfeit bills. To combat counterfeiting, agents canvas ink, paper, and printing-press suppliers across the country, asking them to alert agents to any suspicious characters requesting large quantities of these supplies.

Most business people do their patriotic duty and cooperate. But some counterfeit bills do hit the streets. When a Secret Service agent detects one (legitimate U.S. currency contains blue and red silken fibers that can be pulled out with a pin), he tries to locate the man passing the notes.

6

The Israelis are
tough cookies. They have
more freedom to
kill than we do, because
of the war over there.
And they don't fool around.

"Usually," says McCarthy, "he's a little guy in the organization, and we confront him with a ten-year jail sentence. We don't really want him, we want the producer. So we turn the little guy into an informant and have him introduce one of our agents to his boss."

Ironically, it wasn't a counterfeiting kingpin, but rather a convicted check forger who hadn't appeared at his sentencing who led McCarthy to the most harrowing experience of his entire career. He and his partner searched for the suspect in a New Orleans ghetto at night-time.

McCarthy recalls, "On a mission like this, you never walk side by side. My partner was walking four or five paces ahead of me. We were watching the windows, you know, and there's no one around because the word has passed that there's a couple of cops around the area, so lay low. We go to the guy's mother's house. We bang on the door and a lady says, 'Just a minute, just a minute.'"

"We heard scuffling around, and finally the lady opened the door as we said, 'Secret Service.' We could see the guy cutting out through the back door. So we just

ran through the house and hit the back door, and we were leaping downstairs, and it was like a barnyard chase. We run him down and get him up against a wall. My partner is shaking him down, and suddenly about 15 neighbors come out and surround us.

"I'm standing there and my partner is trying to get control of the guy, and it turns out he had forgotten his handcuffs. I said, 'Bill, you son of a bitch,' and I reached behind me to get my handcuffs. Now the crowd is closing in around us in a semi-circle, cussing us, ready to take the guy away. I pull out my .357 Magnum and say, 'Okay, motherfucks, who wants to be the first? I've got six rounds here. Now, if you want to try to stop us, go ahead.' Well, we finally got the guy out, but it was really hairy."

During his 20-year tenure with the Secret Service, McCarthy saw the agency grow from a staff of 350 to 2,000 agents, including a high percentage of minorities and over 80 female agents. The budget increased from \$1.5 million per year to approximately \$370 million, a special division was established to develop technical equipment, and the agency's priorities shifted from a focus on violent campus groups in the sixties to the threat of international terrorism in the seventies and eighties.

Four years after the Hinckley shooting, McCarthy retired. He has since published a book, *Protecting the President*, and nowadays devotes much of his time to private security work, and to the development of an organization of retired federal agents and police who help search for missing children. He still follows the news closely, especially during a campaign year.

"I worry about the presidential candidates during a campaign year," McCarthy says, ever wary of the omnipresent threat of a potential crazed lone assassin. "I watch their speeches on television and I worry about the candidates; but I have so much empathy for the agents, too, because I know what they're going through."

What they're going through isn't always serious, though, McCarthy admits, as he tells one legendary story from Jesse Jackson's 1984 campaign. On a commercial flight with the reverend and his entourage after a hectic month of campaigning, the agents sat half-asleep while the pilot made the standard announcement about cruising altitude, flying time, and the temperature on arrival. Then, not realizing that his intercom was still on, the pilot was heard saying to his copilot, "Well, I'm glad that's over with. Now all I need is a cup of coffee and a blowjob." A frantic female flight attendant charged up to the cockpit to warn the pilot to turn off his mike, prompting a Secret Service agent to yell out, "And don't forget the coffee, either!"

Even the Silver Fox couldn't top that one! O—



DEBORAH

“I’ve never felt so free—to enjoy my body, to speak my mind, to be myself, come what may!”



“I’m excited by life’s
simple pleasures—honest things
like baseball, barbecues,
and Bob Seger songs.”



AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL

Ask our November Pet of the Month if she'd like to see a woman in the White House, and she answers with a resounding "You bet!" In fact, 20-year-old Deborah Laufer has some very definite ideas about how she'd run the country. "I grew up in a small farm community in Illinois, so I have firsthand experience with the problems facing our nation's farmers. If I were president, this issue would certainly be a top priority."

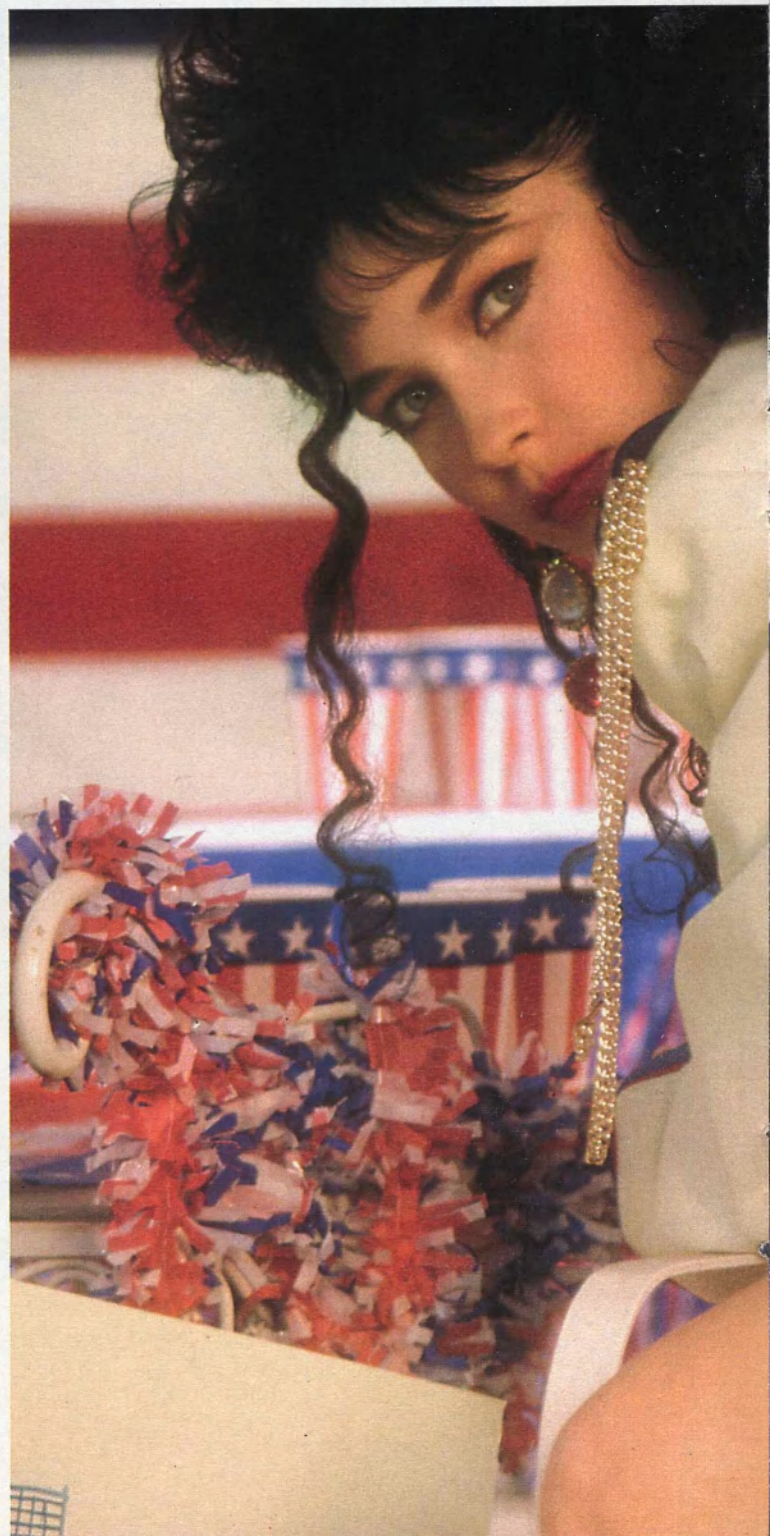
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER



A modern-day pioneer, Deborah recalls her decision to pull up stakes and head west, to Hollywood. "It was the most impulsive thing I've ever done. I drove across the country in an eight-year-old bomb of a car with only \$400 to my name!"



Hair by Yuki Sharon









Deborah admits that she's had some difficulty adjusting to what she refers to as the L.A. attitude. "People here are so competitive," she sighs. "Back home, we all helped each other out. Nobody worried about being trendy or sophisticated."



Honest, open, and utterly unaffected, she speaks with a soft twang that betrays her middle-American origins. "I'm just a small-town girl at heart," she confesses. "Materialism's not my style. It's the simple pleasures that excite me—baseball, barbecues, Bob Seger songs."







A true Pisces, 35-22-35 Deborah loves being surrounded by water. "One night I made love in a church courtyard during a storm. It was so erotic, with the thunder cracking and the rain on my bare skin."



An aspiring actress, Deborah is optimistic about fulfilling her own American dream. "This is an exhilarating time. I've never felt so free—to enjoy my body, to speak my mind, to just be myself, come what may!"





MISS DEBORAH LAUFER/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



“An extraordinary new book by one of America's leading reporters finally sheds the light of truth on the lies of Vietnam.”

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

This month we salute a new book that is—simply—the one book Americans must read if they want to begin to understand what Vietnam was all about. It's called *A Bright Shining Lie: John Paul Vann and America in Vietnam* (published by Random House), and it's written by Neil Sheehan, one of our great reporters. And for Vietnam veterans and their families, *A Bright Shining Lie* is the kind of book that comes along just once in a lifetime.

For over 15 years (just about as long as *Penthouse* has been fighting for veterans' rights), Sheehan has been researching the life and death of an extraordinary man who in many ways symbolized the war and our nation's involvement in Southeast Asia. "Writing about John Paul Vann," Sheehan told us, "gave me an understanding of what the war was all about . . . why it ended the way it did."

The names of some of the people at John Paul Vann's funeral at Arlington National Cemetery in June 1972 will begin to give you some idea of what Sheehan means:

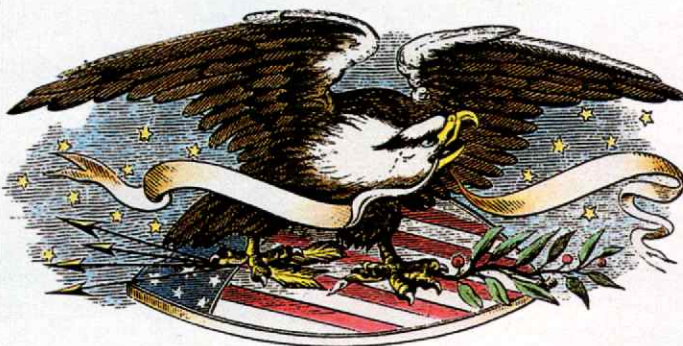
General William Westmoreland, Army chief of staff, former commanding general of U.S. forces in Vietnam . . .

Vann's son Jesse—bearded, blond hair to his shoulders, who left half his draft card on his father's coffin and held the other half as a surprise present for Richard Nixon, who was waiting for the family at the White House . . .

William Colby of the C.I.A., whose Phoenix Program was responsible for the deaths of thousands of Vietnamese, and who would crown his career as the United States' director of central intelligence . . .

William Rogers, Nixon's secretary of state . . .

Lieutenant Colonel Lucien



Conein, the "dirty tricks" expert who was deeply involved in the 1963 coup that overthrew the Diem government of South Vietnam . . .

Major General Edward Lansdale, Conein's former boss, whom Sheehan calls "the attending physician at the birth of South Vietnam" and who served as the model for *The Ugly American* . . .

Mary Jane Vann, John's divorced wife, who had asked the band to play "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?," the antiwar movement's anthem, as the coffin was carried to the grave . . .

Melvin Laird, the secretary of defense . . .

Robert Komer, nicknamed Blowtorch, who ran the so-called pacification campaign in Vietnam . . .

Senator Edward Kennedy, whose concern for the Vietnamese victims of the war was shared by his friend Vann . . .

Joseph Alsop, the right-wing columnist who considered Vietnam to be the supreme test of America's will . . .

Daniel Ellsberg, who had been indicted at the order of President Nixon for stealing the top-secret Pentagon Papers. He had been John Paul Vann's closest American friend.

John Paul Vann was clearly many things to many people. For those who respected and

admired him, it wasn't strange that his death could bring together so many who were still bitterly fighting about the merits of the war that Vann so desperately wanted to win.

Neil Sheehan had some very personal reasons for getting involved with this story. For one thing, it was Sheehan, when he was a reporter for *The New York Times*, who had obtained the secret Pentagon Papers from Daniel Ellsberg. Reading their revelations of years of deceit by various U.S. administrations convinced most Americans that our involvement in Vietnam had always been a corrupt mistake, and that errors had continually been covered up at the top, and paid for, in blood, by the men in the field.

Sheehan had long known Vann in Vietnam and, like most of the other reporters there, had considered him a hero. "In the end," Sheehan writes, Vann was "the most important American in [Vietnam] after the ambassador and the commanding general. . . . He manifested the faith and the optimism of post-Second World War America—the faith that any challenge could be overcome by will and by the disciplined application of intellect, technology, money, and, when necessary, armed force."

But Sheehan soon discov-

ered that there were some dirty secrets lying in the coffin with John Paul Vann. In fact, like so much else about the war, the life of John Paul Vann was, in his own words, "a bright shining lie." Sheehan's search for the truth makes his book a compelling mystery of the highest order.

"Vietnam was our first bad war," Sheehan tells us. "The American soldier had everything he could want except a good cause and good leadership, without which you can't win. . . . Not all wars are good wars. You can get killed for nothing. Europeans had that knowledge—we didn't. We were extremely naive. The Vietnam experience has made us realize that fact." And veterans have a very special reason to be bitter: "They were really victims of their own leadership, not the Vietcong."

In his book, Sheehan describes Vann as a tortured man—a hero destroyed by a tragic flaw. "There was a duality in the man—a duality of professional honesty, which was rigorous and incorruptible, and the personal compulsions and deceptions, which could not bear the light." And the light Sheehan sheds in this remarkable work is the light of truth, a truth that veterans had to face long ago.

"To me, Vann summed up all those ways in which we like to see ourselves," Sheehan writes. "He had boundless drive and was fearless and he wanted to win in Vietnam for the reasons the United States went to war. Full of good intentions, many misguided. And in the end, he was done in by lies. John Paul Vann summed up the contradictions in his virtues. If you understand him, you understand this country and why Vietnam really happened."—Peter Bloch

SEAGRAM'S 7 AND 14C



Seagram's Seven Crown  America's Good Time Spirit.



“What the media calls
“foreign policy” is as much a
burning reality as
“pocketbook” issues or abortion
rights and prayer in school. ♣

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY TAD SZULC

The author, a former foreign correspondent for *The New York Times*, has written 15 books, most recently *Fidel: A Critical Portrait* (William Morrow). His new book, to be published next year, will examine the state of the world 50 years after World War II.

VOTING FOR LIFE OR DEATH

More and more, the outside world affects the fate and the daily lives of Americans—and Americans had better have this fact firmly in mind when they vote for a new president and Congress on November 8. In other words, what politicians and the press call *foreign policy* is as much a burning reality as domestic “pocketbook” and ideological and emotional issues (such as prayer in school, abortion, and so on).

Foreign policy, therefore, is not an abstraction, and it touches every aspect of our existence—from employment to living standards at home, and from the preservation of peace to the danger of nuclear war. It is not truly separable from domestic policies—the two merge in real life—and our history in this century establishes this principle very clearly.

It is quite probable, for example, that if the United States Senate had not forbidden this country to join the League of Nations immediately after World War I, in 1919, we would have played an active role in international affairs, possibly preventing Adolf Hitler from building up German power for launching the Second World War. Americans, however, chose isolationism, and the consequences of this decision were awesome for humanity.

After the outbreak of World War II, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, elected to his third presidential term, was able to bring Congress along to authorize urgent assistance to embattled Britain so that Hitler could be denied victory. This, too, was an American foreign-policy decision.

In 1952, Dwight D. Eisenhower campaigned on the promise of ending the Korean War—he had said he would go to Korea, if elected, to assess the situation and obtain peace—and he won big. In a special sense, Americans were voting foreign policy in that election, anxious to bring our army home from the cruel Far East conflict, but without accepting defeat at the hands of Communist North Korea and China. However, to this day, American troops guard the border between South and North Korea; and we support that policy inasmuch as Congress goes on appropriating funds for this expenditure.

Twenty years ago, in 1968, the Vietnam War was the central concern in the presidential elections, as well as in American life in general during that immensely troubling period. With the explosive growth of the antiwar movement at home and the inability to win militarily in the jungles of Indochina, Vietnam was both a domestic and a foreign-policy question; they were inseparable. Richard Nixon had defeated Hubert Humphrey in 1968, presumably because the electorate thought he had a better idea for ending the war “with honor” (though the war went on for four more years, with tens of thousands of additional American casualties, resulting in the United States’ departure, without true honor, from that dubious engagement in Asia).

Today when they go to the polls, Americans must again

make foreign-policy decisions affecting their well-being. Let us examine these foreign-policy choices and the dilemmas facing the next United States administration, and their immediate and long-range implications:

The new Soviet challenge. For over four decades, the basic assumption in U.S. foreign policy was that the Soviet Union ("the Evil Empire," in the words of Ronald Reagan) posed the principal threat to us, as well as the West in general, as an aggressive nuclear power bent on world conquest and the implantation of Communism.

Accordingly, we have had 40 years of "cold war," which on a few occasions bordered on a hot war, and our principal priority was to maintain our military strength at least on a par with the Soviets. It was an immensely costly undertaking, especially during the eighties, with defense accounting for much of our huge budget deficit.

Recently, however, the new Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev has launched a gigantic peace offensive, making it possible for the two superpowers to sign—as they did last June when Reagan flew to Moscow, the capital of the Evil Empire—the first major postwar agreement on limiting nuclear weapons. This was the treaty on the elimination of intermediate ballistic missiles deployed in Western and Eastern Europe by the U.S. and the Soviet Union, and it was a milestone in contemporary history.

At this juncture, Americans must decide the next step in the East-West relationship. It will be a national decision on whether, in effect, to leave the cold war behind and seek new terms of understanding with the Russians—or to go on acting as if nothing really had changed, notwithstanding the Reagan-Gorbachev treaty.

It will be a decision that will have an enormous impact on the U.S. in the closing years of the twentieth century and beyond, involving judgments on the extent of mutual nuclear and conventional weapons disarmament, the continuing cost of national defense, and consequently on the structure of the American economy.

In the absence of the cold war, American industry would have to gradually shift away from defense procurement and move to new fields in high technology for producing consumer goods—a difficult but promising transition. Here, the real challenge may be posed to our industry in terms of inventiveness and competitive ability in domestic and foreign markets.

Obviously, Americans will not be asked to vote yes or no on specific questions involved in this historic changeover of attitudes and policies. But the mind-set of the new president and Congress will define the national climate in which the day-by-day decisions will be made, and it will (or will not!) create a new foreign policy. Before long, most Americans will

feel the impact. Thus, on November 8, the voter will have the choice between the mind-sets of candidates: those who believe the cold war is over and those who do not.

World trade. The world is changing again, and the United States must change with it to continue to prosper. Perhaps the greatest change in global economics since the end of World War II, is the emergence of new trading empires rivaling and challenging the United States; and in this area, American decisions on foreign policy will be intimately linked to our domestic preoccupations. At stake are U.S. overseas markets, foreign access to American markets, and American farm and industrial jobs.

Very soon, in 1992, the 12 Western European nations constituting the European Economic Community (E.E.C.) will officially form a full-fledged common market. They will abolish customs barriers among themselves and, most likely, will deal in one voice with the rest of the world. This European common market will represent immense economic and political power, given European advances in high technology, the great industrial and farm production and management traditions, and trade experience. Moreover, Europe today is highly affluent, probably the most important single world market after the U.S.

Japan, already a formidable leader in the international economy, continues to defy the U.S. with its ability to flood American and other world markets with its high-quality products—clearly to the detriment of our industrial and high-tech producers. South Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore—the new economic "tigers" of Asia—are more and more successfully joining Japan in the economic and trade assault on the West.

The question facing the U.S.—today and tomorrow—is whether to take the relatively easy but potentially suicidal road of protectionism and isolation, or to adjust our attitudes to a constructive competition with the Europeans and the Asians.

Protectionism and retaliation against foreigners may indeed save a certain number of American jobs in the immediate future. But it may cost a thousandfold more jobs later if, by discouraging others from selling in the U.S., we lose access to *their* markets—even the rich third-world markets, from China to Latin America.

In August, President Reagan signed a trade bill that set up penalties against foreign nations engaged in what we consider unfair trading practices. The problem now, especially with the approach of the European common market in 1992, is how to maintain reasonable margins of protection under present legislation, without triggering trade wars that, in the end, no side can possibly win. World trade is definitely both a foreign- and domestic-policy issue in our elections.

Regional wars. These wars and conflicts, from the Middle

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136



EMMA & KAY

Always a bridesmaid, never a bride!" joked one of the guests as the two lovely women walked down the aisle at their friend's wedding. But that afternoon, neither Emma nor Kay had any intention of finding a man to tie the knot with. In fact, they had alternate plans; and after the ceremony, they sat down to discuss their own special union.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DAVID





Stirred by the beauty of the
music and the joy
of the day, they quickly
stole away from the
party to begin their own
festivities.









Off in the distance, the wedding reception wore on, but both Emma and Kay were too busy with their own courtship to notice.



Alone at last, each
felt the tenderness
the other had to
offer. Free from all
inhibitions, they
consummated their
relationship.









Their taffeta dresses blew gracefully
in the breeze as the two stood
as one. It was clear to see that there
was more than one match
made in heaven that day. O+

ELECTION FRAUDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

incts; most of us don't know our congressman's name, let alone the boundaries of the congressional district.

It didn't hurt that those faraway contests were breathtakingly close elections. More than nine million votes were cast in the Garfield-Hancock race of 1880, in which the Republicans nosed out the Democrats by less than 1,900 votes. Fans love a cliff-hanger. Politics in the last century and the early part of this one was fun, because the contests were often so tight, it didn't matter that the candidates were a couple of headless nonentities with furred-over necks. What do the Chicago Bears or the Los Angeles Rams stand for, after all? The Denver Broncos don't need a foreign-trade policy for people to go gaga over them. The word *fan* is a shortening of the word *fanatic*. They stand for "our side against their side," and that's enough to engender enthusiasm among the masses that is little short of clinical. In the old days, people went out to vote for many of the same reasons they go to the ballpark now.

Campaigns then were great carnivals, heady occasions to take time off to sing, dance, march, drink, play games, and carry on. There wasn't a couch-potato electorate. Vast numbers of people took large or small roles in the long, drawn-out business of conducting a campaign—or more aptly, campaigns; since elections were more frequent in the old days and more offices were elective, the political soup was constantly on the stove and simmering. Instead of our modern feeling that elections are something that only happen once every two or four years, Americans in times past saw politics as a four-season sport, one that always had something on the card to divert and entertain the community.

The contemporary distinction between "us" and "the professional politician" didn't exist. It wasn't an all-the-way-in or all-the-way-out game, the way it is today. Huge numbers of people did a little bit of politics. In 1947, Ed Flynn, the boss of New York City's famed Bronx Democratic organization, said that of his 1,700 district or precinct captains, only 142 of them held full-time patronage jobs. The rest were involved for a variety of other reasons, ranging from having an inside track on government contracts to the respect and influence that went with being so well connected politically. It might only have been attending the picnics, excursions, clambakes, dances, golf days, and other social events staged by the local party organization—one way or another, people were touched by politics. Even when they weren't the recipients of favors, it was made personal and immediate for them; not surprisingly, they were more likely to vote. Politics then wasn't something performed by experts and watched

by a supine citizenry for three minutes on the evening news.

Part of the mythic history of the United States is the old-time ward heeler bearing coal, Christmas turkeys, and other favors to an impoverished, Dickensian population. The ward heeler, however, was a different kind of healer to those in need of his help. He was part of the community, a person serving "his own," as they used to say, a man or woman situated on a critical intersection of the crisscross of daily life. He was typically a saloon keeper, an undertaker, a coal or ice dealer. Above all, he was not a stranger, not an outsider; and thus to an earlier generation, politics wasn't a thing apart, a specialized activity. To live in a community was to be touched by partisan politics and be part of it.

That is what made the amazing "front-porch campaigns" possible. To contemporary Americans, whose idea of a man running for office is an exhausted yo-yo

6
Campaigns in those
days were great carnivals,
heady occasions to
dance, drink, play games, and
carry on. There wasn't
a couch-potato electorate.

of a candidate swooping down onto the tarmac of the local airfield for photo ops, the man running in place must seem to be a contradiction in terms. Yet a front-porch campaign was exactly what the name implies. The man running for president went nowhere, but instead stayed home, stood on his front porch, and received delegations that had journeyed hundreds of sooty summer miles in non-air-conditioned railroad coaches. Abraham Lincoln in 1860, James Garfield 20 years later, Benjamin Harrison in 1888, William McKinley in 1896, and Warren G. Harding in 1920, all attained the White House essentially by sitting on their duffs and receiving the people who came to see them by the hundreds of thousands.

The railroads provided reduced-fare trips for these political pilgrims, who came in occupational and social groups to cheer their hero and stand in his front yard, listening to him greet them with a homey little speech. To a new generation that zaps to another channel at the mere sight of a politician's face, such behavior must be nearly incomprehensible; but obviously it was both fun and inspiring to the people who made these trips to

Springfield, Illinois, or Marion, Ohio, or the other front-porch towns.

Thousands upon thousands of party workers in every community across the nation were needed to make such things happen. These same organizations got out the vote—and this explains why we used to vote in such large numbers, but don't anymore. We used to vote because there were people who pestered and pushed us to vote, who made sure we did.

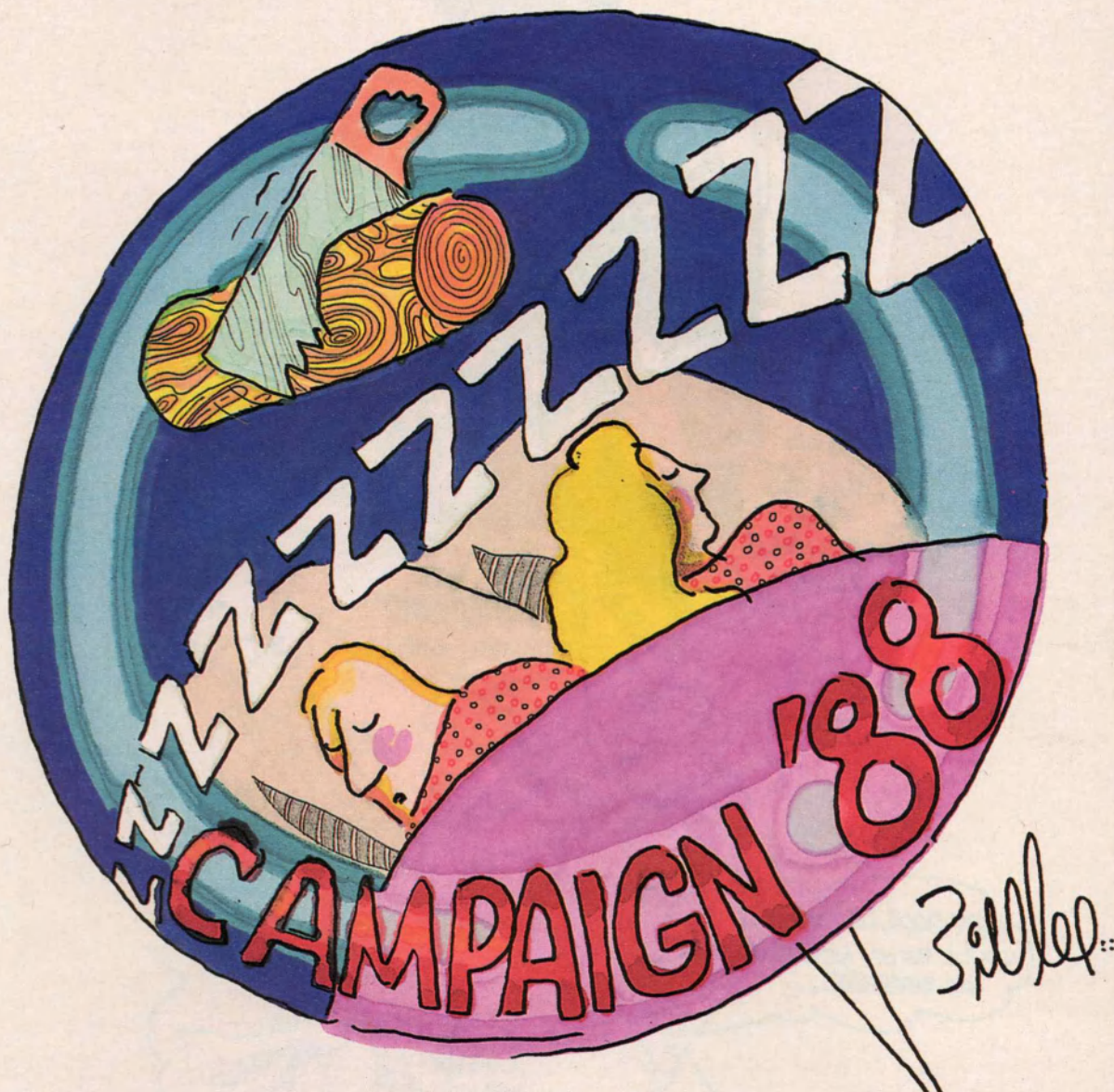
That was the time for a Barbara Nevins to do some effective exposing, because the political parties did commit extensive voter fraud. The nation was scandalized when it learned that vice president-elect Chester Arthur had joked at a fancy victory dinner about buying votes in Indiana during the presidential election of 1880.

If voter fraud is a testimony to the dishonesty of the politicians of that day, it is also powerful evidence of how elaborate the party organizations were. It's a mistake, however, to think that political machines relied primarily on vote fraud to win. Ed Kelly, boss of the Chicago machine from 1933 to 1947, used to say that "a good organization doesn't steal votes. It doesn't steal elections. If it's a good organization, it doesn't have to." On January 1, 1935, he demonstrated why a political machine in good working order didn't need to mess around with stealing votes. Kelly was running for mayor of Chicago that year, and was required to bring in 3,732 signatures on his nominating petition to get on the ballot. On that date, the Democratic Central Committee handed in petitions with 600,000 names.

Compare that with what happened to Republican candidates Bob Dole, Pierre du Pont, and Al Haig earlier this year. Attempting to get into the G.O.P. primary in Texas, they hired a consulting firm to gather 5,000 signatures—the number necessary to get their names on the ballot. The firm hired some teenage boys, provided them with beer, and told them to copy names from a list of registered voters. Although an irate mother quickly blew the whistle on the inept consultants, the state Republican party graciously allowed the candidates to remain on the ballot.

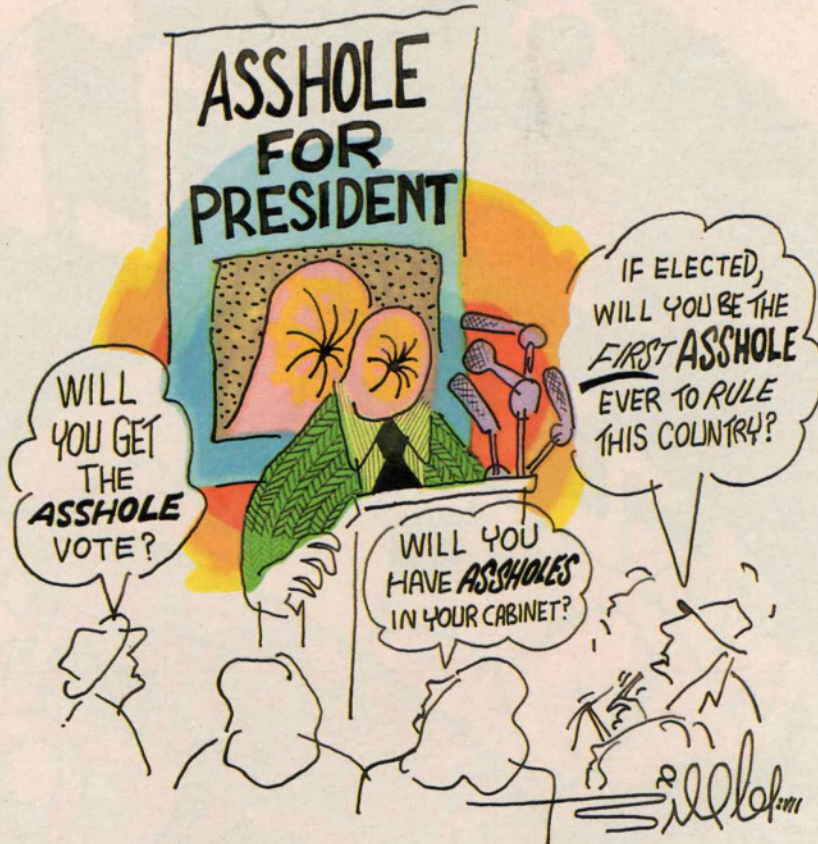
Political parties of the past had control over their people to turn them out when they needed them. By the 1880s, New York City's Republicans had block-by-block lists of 350,000 of their voters. That they were in touch with these voters is attested to by the accuracy of the party leaders' predictions of the election winners. In 1892, a Democratic party poll came within 482 votes of the actual count in Indiana. The Republican state chairman in Maine did almost as well, coming within 531 votes of the final statewide tally. Newspaperman Arthur Wallace Dunn approached William Barnes, Jr., the man handling New York State for the Republicans in 1904, for his predictions:

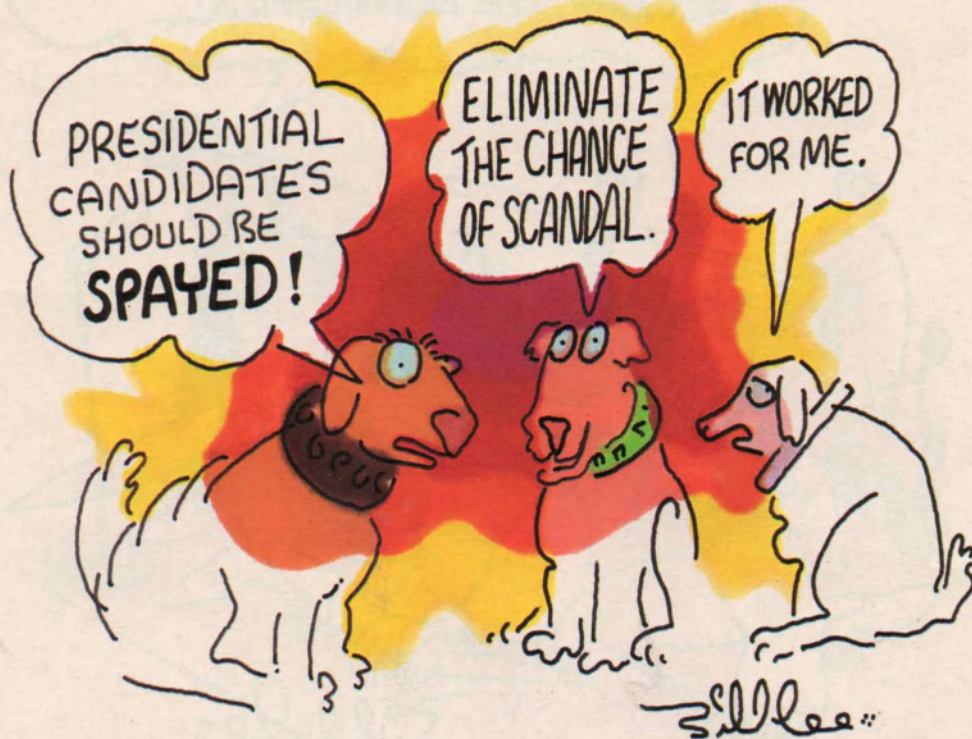
"Well; how about Albany County?" I

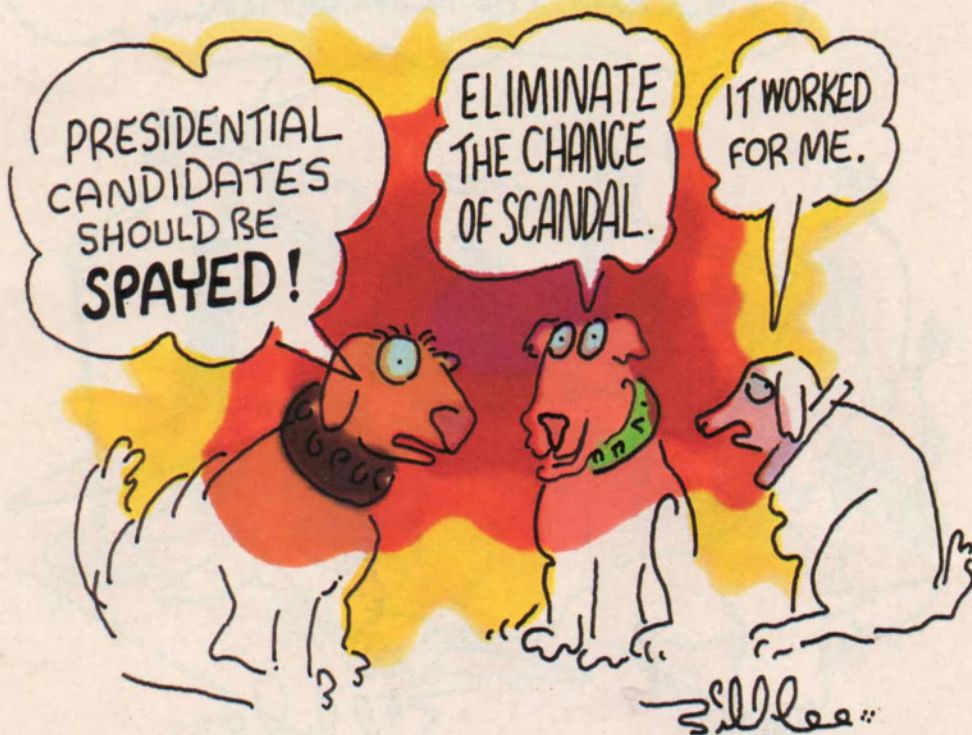


SATIRE BY BILL LEE

This year's election is a treadmill race between two candidates whose tepid prose would put a Roman legion to sleep! America's next president won't be sworn in, he'll be *tucked* in! With that thought in mind, *Penthouse* has decided to rouse the voters with a fresh look at Campaign '88.

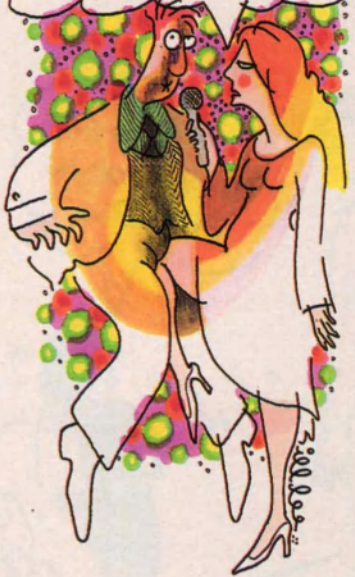








DO YOU FEEL THAT THE PRESS
HAS TREATED YOU UNFAIRLY IN
THIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN?



AT LAST, A CANDIDATE THAT
OFFERS THE VOTERS A
CLEAR CHOICE...

YOUR VOTE
OR YOUR BALLS?

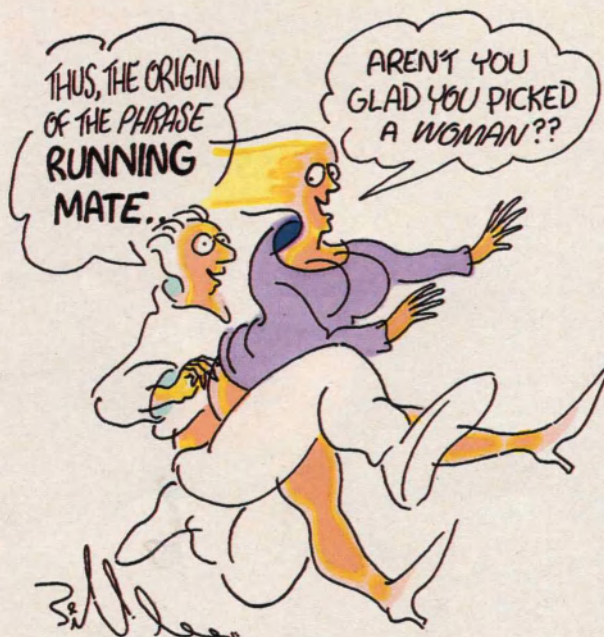


Sillle

AS THE SOLE SURVIVING *DEMOCRATIC*
CANDIDATE FOR THE *PRESIDENCY*,
I ACCEPT THE NOMINATION...



Sillle





PROFILE

The outrageously funny Sandra Bernhard—up close, outspoken, and breathlessly waiting for her next adventure.

THE QUEEN OF COMEDY

BY RICHARD DOMINICK

Your eyes are like two limpid pools, your lips are like . . . like . . . well, to be perfectly honest, Sandra, your lips are like two G78-15 radials.

The first thing you notice about Sandra Bernhard are her lips. Thick. Large. They take up most of her face and probably weigh more than the rest of her body. When she first entered the Manhattan restaurant where we met, I wanted to run to the door and help her carry them over to the table, but my wheelbarrow was still in the shop. Now, don't get me wrong, these aren't carnival-sideshow lips, not by a long shot. What we have here are hot, overly ripe lips that curl up, down, over, and across, turning her bony face, topped by a rat's nest of reddish hair, into a masterpiece.

"You'll have to excuse me," Sandra said, sitting down at the table, "but I'm sweating like a pig." And she was. Fresh from a workout, she appeared for lunch and an interview in the same clothes and perspiration she had

PHOTOGRAPH BY
BLAKE LITTLE

pumped iron in. "I have to build my body up and get in shape," she told me. "It's important to be in shape." Coming from someone who's five foot ten and must tip the scales at 100 pounds tops—soaking wet, after dinner, and holding a cinder block—I felt a pang of guilt. The last time I exercised was when I bent over at the grocery store to pick up the package of Twinkies I'd dropped. Already my life was beginning to change.

Sandra's stage personality is tough. She would have been a Shark in *West Side Story*, a warrior in *Mad Max*, a gun-carrying moll for the Corleone family. But offstage, dining on a shrimp-and-spinach salad and sipping iced tea, Sandra looked and acted more like a Barbie doll gone bad. There's a lot about her that's surprising.

"I come from a Flint, Michigan, middle-class Jewish family," Sandra told me. "My father was a doctor and my mother was an artist." If that doesn't sound surprising, then you haven't been watching San-

dra's act for the past 12 years. "People seem surprised when they find out I've had a normal upbringing. I guess they figure I grew up as an orphan in the Bronx, or something. A lot of men treat me like I grew up on the streets."

I hated to admit it, but that's how I thought of her, too. Street-smart. Cool. Pinching pennies and bumming cigarettes. Bad enough to be one of Sam the Sham's Pharaohs. When the Temptations were belting out "My Girl," I just naturally assumed they were singing about Sandra. I expected to meet a broad that afternoon, someone to do some shots and beer with, discuss professional wrestling with, maybe rip off a few New York tourists with a couple of hands of three-card monte. Instead, I found a nice Jewish girl from the Midwest whose early life was about as exciting as that of Betty Anderson out of "Father Knows Best."

"People seem disappointed when they find out I'm not from New York," she says. "I guess if you're witty and tough, you're

supposed to be a product of New York City. That's bullshit. There is intelligent life beyond the East Coast, you know. Not all comics were born in Brooklyn."

And she's right. Jack Benny, in this writer's opinion the best comic to ever walk on a stage, grew up in Waukegan, Illinois. Johnny Carson was raised somewhere in the cornfields of Nebraska. David Letterman bagged groceries at the Atlas supermarket in Indianapolis. Even Jackie Mason was actually born and raised in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

"We moved to Arizona when I was ten," Sandra says. "That's where I went to high school and grew up. So I'm really a weird blend of a Jewish upbringing, midwestern morals, and Southwest lack of roots and stability. The Southwest is restless country, and I guess I've taken on its personality to some extent. People come and go there. A lot of transient relationships and divorces."

After nine years of Arizona, Sandra headed out to join the rock 'n' roll scene

COMEDY'S GODMOTHER: FINDING THE NEW ROBIN WILLIAMS

BY TERI WINGENDER

"Where's Vinnie?" Mitzi Shore is asking Kirk, her bar manager. She has enfolded herself inside a long white shawl draped over her shoulders in a very bohemian, dramatic sort of way. Kirk sighs, trying to decide how to handle this, catching the amused and mischievous eyes of grinning comedians in the dozens of photos hanging in the hallway. A sudden burst of wild laughter, crashing like a water balloon, spills from the Main Room behind him.

Mitzi holds herself very still, her eyes direct, dark. "Well, is he still outside? Is he gone, did he quit? Where is he?" she asks again. Kirk is not sure how to give the news to Mitzi, who is wondering why her doorman is not at the entrance of the Comedy Store on a busy Saturday night.

"He wants to go onstage," Kirk says, finally. "He wants to do the Main Room."

Mitzi smiles, but rolls her eyes. "He's not ready for that. He's still gotta be the doorman."

"No he's not," Kirk says. "He quit the door. I don't know where he is."

"Jesus," she says.

Mitzi Shore is the godmother of stand-up comedy as it stands today, the woman behind the legendary Comedy Store, where Williams and Pryor and Letterman, and a barrelful of our best-known and best-loved comic artists, pulled and pummeled and sweated their acts into shape. When our favorite funny guys started out in the early seventies, the Comedy Store was the oasis

of inspiration in a desert of has-been bars and strip joints—rooms where you told jokes just to sell drinks.

"Comedians had always fronted for a stripper, were always the bottom of the barrel—unless you were one of the Vegas guys, like Don Rickles or Shecky Greene," Mitzi says, stealing a moment away from the fray. She pauses to negotiate a table arrangement with one of her staff, a sexy blonde in a skintight, rhinestone-studded jumpsuit, who zips around the Belly Room setting up for tonight's backstage party. "I wanted to give respectability to the stand-up comic," Mitzi explains. "That's the whole foundation for the Comedy Store."

Mitzi knows what the comedy scene used to be like; she had lived it. Long before she invented the Comedy Store, she'd been on the road herself. Like the borscht belt in the Catskills, the Midwest was polka-dotted with summer lake resorts where stand-up comedy acts flourished. When the death of her father forced Mitzi to quit her art studies at the University of Wisconsin, she got a job at Elkhart Lake, north of Milwaukee. It was there she met Sammy Shore, the resort's social director and resident stand-up comic. Although it wasn't love at first sight, Mitzi admits, he made her laugh; and the laughter, she found out, was her truest love of all. They married, and Sammy took his act on the road, hitting all the clubs in the Midwest. He made it to Vegas, and even fronted for Elvis Presley a few

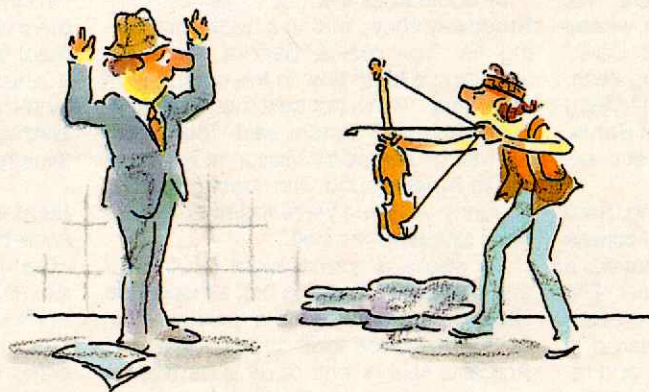
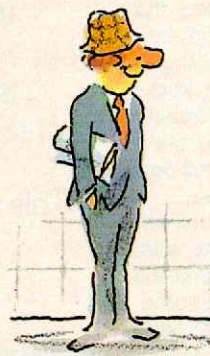
times. Mitzi helped him with his act and his business, and after a few years, worked on raising their two kids.

It was a tough life to keep together, but it was an experience that inspired the intensity of her business credo. "I know what the road is about, and I know what it does to stand-up. You can't create on the road—and usually you start to work dirty. When you worked a club on the road, the idea was to sell drinks. As a rule, you weren't performing for the intelligentsia; they just wanted to hear joke, joke, joke—like so many shots—and it didn't matter to them if the work was original or not. It's a non-creative environment."

Mitzi picked up plenty of practical business sense from life on the road, and in 1972, Sammy and Mitzi Shore worked their way to Los Angeles, to take on show business where it reigned. Mitzi promoted her talents as a conceptual writer while still in the throes of motherhood. After she had her fourth child, she went to work at Four Star Productions, a small Los Angeles production company, conceiving ideas for TV.

Sammy was performing in different clubs in L.A., but needed a place to try out new material. Frank Sennes, a big Midwest booking agent whom Sammy and Mitzi knew, owned several nightclubs, notably the Copacabana in New York and Ciro's in Los Angeles, and he offered the Shores a 99-seat cocktail room to experiment in. "The place was very funky, a booth in the middle of the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132



Cummings

in Southern California. "I left for Los Angeles in 1974. I wanted to be a rock 'n' roll singer. Comedy is my second love. I've always wanted to be a singer."

But somewhere along the line, Sandra got sidetracked into the world of late-night comics, and before long found herself working the comedy clubs. "I didn't know what I really wanted to do, but when I started hanging out with people in the comedy world, they told me I was pretty funny and a natural and should try doing stand-up. I was 19, so what did I know? At that age you have no fear—you'll jump out of planes, you'll fuck anybody, you'll do stand-up comedy. So I just started doing it, and it became second nature to me. I loved the accessibility of it, the immediacy and the excitement of it. The more I did it, the better I got. But it wasn't overnight. It took a long eight years to get really good at it. It takes that long."

It was during those days that Sandra first bumped into David Letterman. Together they worked the Los Angeles comedy clubs with other up-and-coming comics like Jay Leno, Robin Williams, and Jimmie Walker. Letterman would later become a good friend, a boost to her career, and if there's truth behind the jokes, her secret fantasy love. "The second I met David, I knew he was going to make it big. He was doing his bit about scraping up the little bits of toothpaste dried up in his bathroom sink and serving them as after-dinner mints. To this day, I laugh every time I think of that bit."

While Letterman took off as the heir apparent to Johnny Carson, Sandra went off in another direction. She became the ultrahip valley girl with a little extra something—a razor-sharp wit willing to slice through anything and anybody. In her one-woman show, *Without You I'm Nothing*, Sandra takes on everything from Lily Tomlin and Stevie Nicks to dyke Hollywood agents and the big 1960s hit "The Lion Sleeps Tonight."

"I did everything I could at first," Sandra continues. "I worked as many comedy clubs in L.A. as I could. For exposure, I even did 'The \$1.98 Beauty Contest' and won." That's right, folks. This girl with the wild hair and sexy lips, whose sexual presence can turn stoic David Letterman into a mass of blushing flesh, once paraded onstage in an ill-fitting bathing suit for the likes of Chuck Barris. "You do what you have to do," she explains. "It was good exposure."

And it was, because before long, Sandra landed a steady job on Richard Pryor's television show. She played a prostitute in Oliver Stone's thriller *The Hand* (although her scenes were eventually cut from the movie), appeared in *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, and received rave reviews for her role as a creepy, obsessed fan in Martin Scorsese's *King of Comedy*, where she held her own against the likes of Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis. But the biggest lift to her career has come from her old friend

David Letterman. She's appeared on his show 19 times so far.

"I don't know what it is about me and Letterman," she says. "I guess there's some sort of underlying sexual energy between us. Whatever it is, it's hot for the eight or so minutes I'm on." And hot it is. Nobody has been able to get to Letterman like Sandra can. Even Cher's calling him an "asshole" did not have as much impact as Sandra's walking on the set one night in what looked like her lingerie, kissing him, and saying, "I want you, Dave."

"David Letterman gave me the chance to get my statement across to the people, and I've been able to run with it after that." And Sandra has not slowed down since. Her one-woman show received rave reviews in New York, and she plans to take it to Chicago, L.A., Dallas, and maybe a dozen more cities if she can keep it going. So far, the critics say she will. In her new movie *Track 29*, she plays an amorous

6

We'd start making
out in front of the fireplace.
Then I'd climb on top
of him and fuck him right
there. Oh, God!
This is going to get me in
a lot of trouble!

,

nurse who gets to go down on Christopher Lloyd. In between her acting and comedy, Sandra also found time to record an album of songs and poetry called *I'm Your Woman*, and to write her first book, *Confessions of a Pretty Lady*, which was published in September by Harper & Row.

In addition to starring in her own off-Broadway show, writing a book, and filming her new movie, Sandra has been spending a lot of time in the company of Madonna. "We're not best friends or anything like that," Sandra said, "but I think we can be someday. Madonna is a lot of fun to hang around with, because she's so funny. Anytime we're together we just keep laughing like hell."

So what's a normal night out for her and Madonna? "Nothing big, although the New York newspapers like to write about us terrorizing the town and stuff like that. Actually, neither one of us is as wild as we are made out to be. Usually me and Madonna just go someplace for a quick bite to eat, and hang out for a while. For some reason, people think we're crazy together, looking for trouble, or some shit like that. We're just two girls who enjoy

each other's sense of humor, that's all."

"I'm where I want to be creatively," Sandra admitted that afternoon during lunch. "I worked very hard to get where I am today and I've also been very lucky. I have no complaints, except for one: I want you, David Letterman."

But getting into David Letterman's pants isn't the only thing on Sandra's mind these days. During lunch, she discussed with me such hot topics as abortion, sex, and the other men and women in her life. So here's what you've been waiting for—an up-close view of Sandra Bernhard, the lady behind the lips.

The Real Dirt on Her Affair With David
I swear to God—I wish, I fantasize, but it's never happened. I've never even had dinner with David. I've known David for years, but I've never socialized with him. We've never even gone out after the show. Seriously. But I'm glad there's a rumor. We should have dinner, we should get to know each other better. We should fuck [laughs], but maybe it would destroy the magic we have in those eight to ten minutes we have in front of the camera. Sometimes it's dangerous to get to know somebody too well when you have our type of relationship. But I do like him and I love doing the show and I think he's definitely one of the most sexiest men in the country.

Who Else Gets Sandra Hot
Walter Cronkite. Isaac Bashevis Singer. Omar Sharif, who was always sexy when I was growing up. Sean Connery, circa James Bond—I mean, he's still kind of sexy in a weird way. Uh-oh. There's an older-man theme happening here. What does it mean? It's scaring me. The sexiest men in America are those who are accessible and not defensive. The problem when I meet men is they have preconceived ideas of my persona, so they're a little bit scared of me, I think, and they're defensive. I hate meeting somebody and having to become my stage persona. You want to meet someone, you want to be relaxed; you don't always want to be on. I'm always battling guys, like cab drivers, guys on the street; they think I've got my razor blade out. It's nice to relax once in a while. But getting back to sexy men, Letterman tops the list. I'm always fantasizing about Dave. And Jon Bon Jovi. I think he's sexy.

Sandra's Fantasy Date With David
A barbecue at his house, complete with cleaning the gutters and raking the leaves. Do some yard work. It could be a whole-day affair. A Sunday-afternoon type of thing. Do some planting, put in some flowers, have a couple of beers, watch some football. Maybe have a couple of neighbors over. Stoke up the 'cue, slap on some ribs and chicken and some nice big, thick steaks, some potatoes and some corn on the cob. Then at five o'clock, the neighbors head out. All this

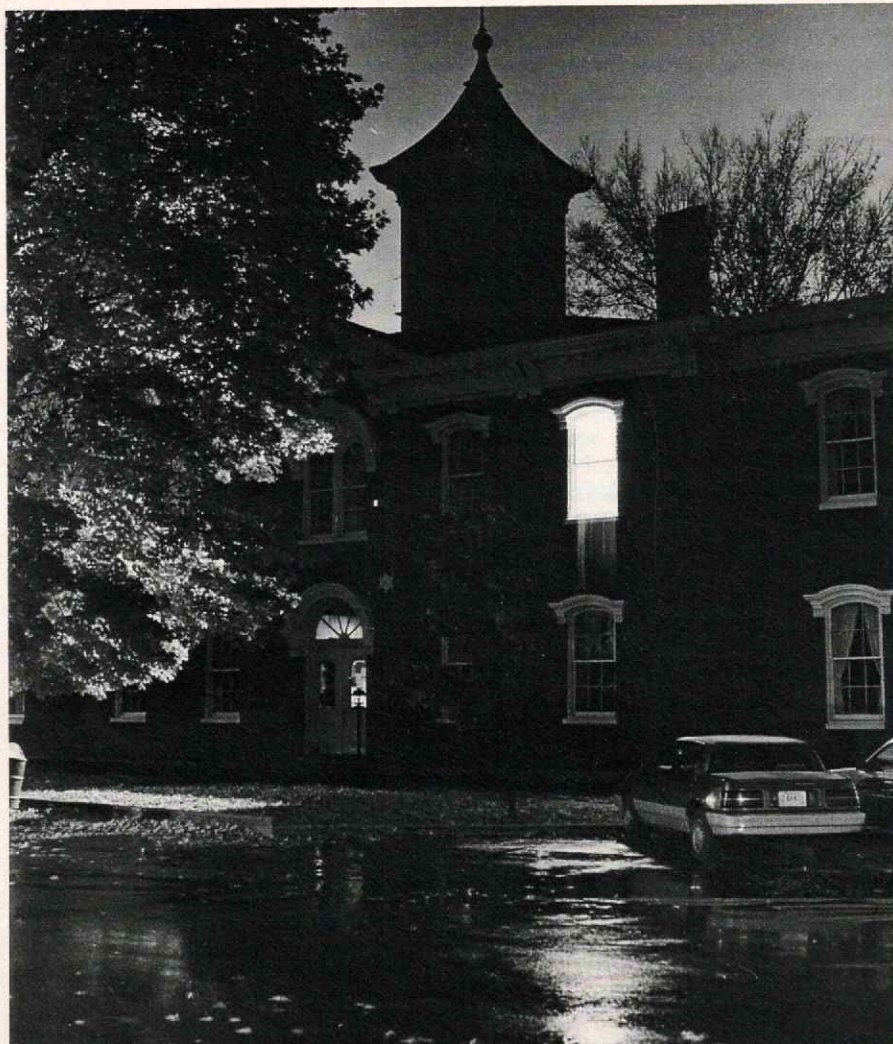
is happening in the fall, so it's getting chilly and we start a fire. We listen to some old Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young. Then we talk quietly, crack open a few bottles of champagne, maybe smoke some grass. Then we'd just start making out in front of the fireplace. Then I'd climb on top of him and fuck him right there. [Laughs] Oh, God. This is going to get me in a lot of trouble.

How Sandra Would Woo Walter Cronkite
Go sailing off Cape Cod, of course. Do a little fishing, definitely. Discuss the world at large, make out, drink a bottle of champagne, listen to some old Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young; then I'd climb right on top of him and fuck him. Which is probably the only way Walter can do it at this point. [Laughs] Great. Now I'm gonna be in even more trouble.

Sandra Gets Serious About Comedy
Well, I've been doing comedy for 12 years now, but I've never considered it strictly stand-up. Actually, I've never done straight comedy; it's more of an eclectic blend of singing and my own intense style of monologue and introspection. There's no punch lines or anything like that. It's just a way of looking at things. I don't know where my comedy comes from. I just get an idea and it takes off. I know it sounds corny, but with each show or film role, I want to take the audience to another level. After *King of Comedy*, nobody in Hollywood seemed to know what to do with me. I guess I didn't meet up with some of the right people in Hollywood. I had some movie offers, but they didn't work out, and I'm glad, because they just weren't the kind of movie roles for me. They weren't sexy, mysterious, or whacked-out enough for me. It became this kind of second level of struggle to figure out what I really wanted to do. And I didn't want to sell out and I didn't want to become watered-down, because people really didn't know me well enough, didn't know the intensity or the insanity well enough, that I could have afforded to get into a mediocre movie-role situation. I think now I could do just about anything, and if I did it correctly, people would know it was tongue-in-cheek. But five years ago, people didn't know me. I just came out of nowhere, so I couldn't take that risk. But I'm glad things worked out the way they did. People are now getting to know who I am and what I really do. People now know my point of view, and I think it's important for an artist to establish that. David Letterman has really helped me with all this. He's allowed me to establish myself in short spurts on his show, and I've been able to take it from there.

What Jerry Lewis Is Really Like

He's a very intense, singular kind of man. I think he really lives his own life and I don't think he worries a lot about what other people think of him. I think he's



If you're coming of voting age this year, congratulations from all of us at Jack Daniel's Distillery.

THE LIGHT in the Moore County courthouse in Tennessee burns late on election night.

Our courthouse clerks have counted many an election. Declared many winners and even more losers. But it's a job they like, for nothing renews the love of democracy like the day when the people speak—including a few new voters with their own slant on things. We hope if you're coming of voting age this year, you'll speak your mind. And help keep your local clerks up a little later, too.

SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352



threatened by women and very competitive with other men. He did very goofy things on the set. Very funny things. He did things that made me laugh. You can't help but laugh at him—he shoves light bulbs and cigarettes up his nose. I mean, he does all that shit and it makes you laugh. There's no way around it, he's a funny man, in all of his very predictable, funky, insane ways that make you laugh.

Sandra's Celluloid Heroes

Robert De Niro is a very hard guy to get to know. Very introspective, very quiet. You don't really know what he's thinking. He was very into his part and never really spoke much. I got along with Martin Scorsese, but I think I may have overwhelmed him by the end. I got along better with the men in my new movie, *Track 29*. It's a Nicolas Roeg film, and I think he's one of the sexiest men in the world. So is Christopher Lloyd, who all my scenes are with. All the men on that film were sexy, because they weren't assholes. Very calm, secure guys. No heavy bullshit going on there. I especially liked my last scene in the movie. The last thing you see of me is, I'm going down on Christopher Lloyd and giving him a blowjob. I'd like to be remembered that way. It's not a bad way to be thought of. I don't know if I can live up to that expectation all the time, but it's certainly a part of my personality.

Sandra and Sex—a Biological Approach
I have to admit, I do take big gaps in time in between having sex. So I can regenerate, like a starfish. I have to grow new body parts. I have to get my color and my stamina back and then move on to my next situation. Right now the gap's been about six months. It's a dangerous time to be loose and experimental, unfortunately. Just at the time when I'm reaching my sexual peak, I have to be cautious. It's a shame, because when you're 19 and can't really enjoy it, you're stupid enough to fuck anybody. I guess you can say that the only good that has come out of this horrible AIDS scare is the fact that men are now responsible for birth control. They have to wear rubbers and I don't have to worry about my diaphragm, or whether I have it with me, or the whole trip of putting it in. It's a big drag. I know it's a drag for the men, too, but too bad. Women have been sticking things up themselves or swallowing pills for years. It's about time the men took on some of the responsibility. It's better to be safe than sorry.

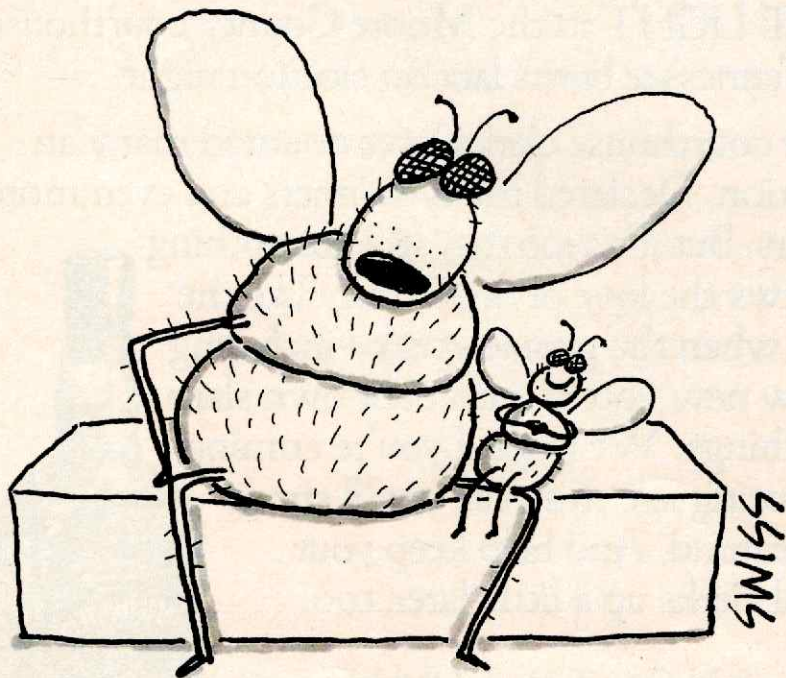
What She Does When Regenerating

Dream of Dave and his barbecue, of course. . . . I don't think fucking is really much of an issue anymore, anyway. I mean, the question I have is, do most men like oral sex? I bet they do. My question is whether women like to do it, and I

don't think they do. I think the best kind of sexual encounter is laughing. Having somebody who gets your sense of humor—being able to laugh with somebody is very sexy. Banter is sexy. Being able to banter and make sexual innuendos is very sexy to me. It seems that that's the way sex was supposed to be when I was growing up, like Marilyn Monroe and John Kennedy, or the James Bond movies. They made sex look ultrahip. Today people seem more concerned with being physically fit or being successful, so there's no time for that type of interaction. Sex should be one terrific cocktail party filled with intellectual, witty conversation, and Ella Fitzgerald and Sarah Vaughan should drop in for a drink. With all the shit going on today, like Irangate and AIDS and the yuppie need to be successful, we lost that sense of innocence and wonder and excitement. I miss all that. I was really hoping it would be a little different when I grew up. That's a running theme in my comedy now, the disappointment of losing that and how to re-create it. . . . I just thought of another person for my "sexiest men in America" list. Robert Conrad from his "Wild, Wild West" days. I think he was very sexy then. And we've got to put some black men on that list. Sometimes I feel I'm more black than white. It's second nature for me to be comfortable with black people. And that's not some kind of phony, liberal middle-class Jewish chick trying to make the world all right. I just happen to like black people. I have a feeling for the music, for the rhythm, for the trip. I like that world, but it has gotten a little homogenized by the blacks themselves. By the very nature of wanting to be accepted, things have changed—which I can understand. Who can blame them? If you want a little piece of the dream, you do what you have to do. But I'm intrigued by blacks, their music, sport figures. Darryl Strawberry goes on my list as one of the sexiest men in America. And Yaphet Kotto.

Hitting a Home Run With Darryl

I fantasize about Shea Stadium at night. The crowd's gone and I meet Darryl in the locker room. I'd love to fuck him in a locker room with all the lights out. I like sport figures. I used to think Jim McMahon was sexy, the year the Bears won the Super Bowl, but that was before he did every kind of commercial in the world. He was sexy then, but not anymore. He lost it in a bad way. So he does not go on my list. I like bowlers. I watch bowling every Saturday. I want Don Carter on my list. Bowlers in general are very sexy men. Maybe it's just their polyester pants and Ban-lons. I like the whole bowling look. I like a nice moustache, maybe a little bit of bad skin. It's a total turn-on, for me personally. Would you like to hear of my dream date with Yaphet Kotto? Yaphet does my hair for me. He seems like the kind of man who would do my hair for me. And Barry White. He's one of the sexiest



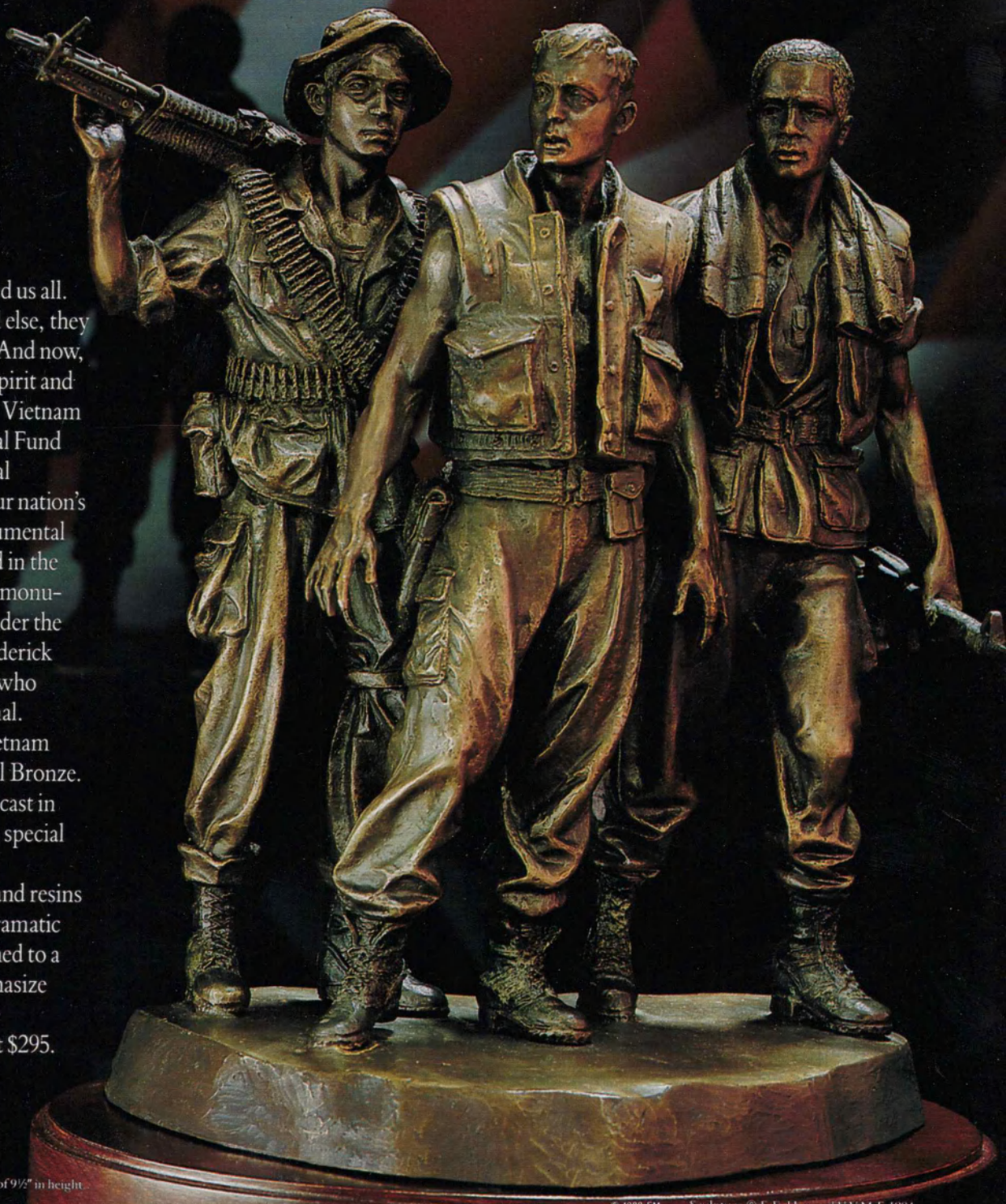
"Okay, okay—I'll tell you one more crotch of shit and then you'll have to go to sleep."

Our sons...our brothers...our friends.

Their lives touched us all. Because, above all else, they were Americans. And now, in honor of their spirit and their sacrifice, the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund presents the official reproduction of our nation's most visited monumental sculpture. Created in the proud tradition of monumental bronzes under the supervision of Frederick E. Hart, the artist who sculpted the original.

The Official Vietnam Veterans Memorial Bronze. Individually hand-cast in cold-cast bronze, a special sculptor's blend of powdered bronze and resins to capture every dramatic detail. Hand-finished to a rich patina to emphasize the character of the sculpture. Priced at \$295.

Shown smaller than actual size of 9 1/2" in height. Hardwood base included.



ORDER FORM

The Franklin Mint

Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my order for The Official Vietnam Veterans Memorial Bronze. Bill me for a deposit of \$59.* when my sculpture is ready to be sent and for four monthly installments of \$59.* each after shipment. The handsome hardwood base is included at no additional charge.

*Plus my state sales tax and a total of \$3. for shipping and handling.



Please mail by November 30, 1988.

Signature _____

ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

Name _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

11124-8

THE OFFICIAL VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL BRONZE

men. I'd love to be in a studio with him. I'd put some pomade in his hair and massage his big shoulders for him. I don't know what his wife would say about that. I think her name is Glowdean. She'd kick my ass, probably. Only kidding, Glowdean. Love you, babe. But seriously, I love Barry White's voice. It doesn't get any sexier. I think maybe when me and Dave are having our dream date, we'll play a little Barry on the stereo.

Would Sandra Pose for Penthouse?

No, I don't think so. I don't feel the need to pose. I am an exhibitionist, and I do like my body and walking around onstage in my bra and panties; but I think for what I do, to take it one step further and actually pose and show you my tits, I think it might take the allure away from the bra and panties, and that is a big part of my persona. But that's not to say it's wrong for anybody else. It's just not right for me. I like magazines like *Penthouse*. I think they're very healthy and help to alleviate much of the pressure in society. I don't think anybody should be censored. That's an issue I would get involved with, going up against censorship.

Sandra Puts Up Her Dukes

I'd fight for the pro-abortion movement. It blows my mind that women have had to take 20 steps back. I think it's another sign of the times that's very disturbing. I'd get involved with any kind of AIDS support, gay rights, civil rights. I would get involved with pro-Israel support. I've spent a lot of time in Israel and understand the antagonism and the confusion, but it's a great country; and if they are a little bit defensive and angry, they have every right to be. The country was based on survival, and they are all survivors of the Holocaust, or one form of anti-Semitism or another; so naturally they're gonna be defensive—so God bless them. . . . Stop me before I start preaching. Let's get back to sex. That seems more fitting [laughs], so to speak.

Mad About Madonna

She is probably one of the world's most sexiest women. She's worked hard at it and done some interesting things with it. Despite all of the mixed messages people think she gives, she's one of the most smartest women in the business—and most disciplined—and I really admire her. In terms of taking care of my body and being disciplined, I've learned a lot from Madonna. You have to have that kind of discipline and absolute dedication to taking care of yourself and being a woman in the business, and Madonna has rubbed off on me. I think what she has done is great, and that makes her sexy to me. We met when she came to see my show, and she really enjoyed it; so she came backstage and we really hit it off. We just started becoming friends, that's all. We're friends; but she's really busy

and I'm really busy, so we don't get to see each other very much. But when we get together, it's really a lot of fun. We have similar sensibilities and a similar sense of humor. She's fun to be with. We laugh a lot. I've actually known Sean for a while, and I met Madonna through him several times, but we never really had a chance to talk and get friendly. Sean is a very nice guy; I really like him. I've always liked him. He's very quiet and very private, but he's a fun guy and can really make me laugh.

Why Madonna Went On Letterman's Show

Because we thought it would be fun. She's never done it before and she didn't really want to do it on her own; so I said come on with me and we'll fuck around, you know. We'll fuck up. It just turned out wilder than I anticipated. Letterman seemed bewildered by the whole thing, but he was fine. I think in terms of guests, it was probably one of the most exciting

6

The last thing in the
movie is, I'm going down on
Christopher Lloyd
and giving him a blowjob.
I'd like to be
remembered that way.

,

times on his show. I think Madonna and I would like to work together. It's really hard in this business; it's catch as catch can, no matter who you are. But if a piece comes along that presents us with an opportunity to work together, I'm sure we will. That's not something you can really count on, but it would be nice, and I think Madonna would like to, as well.

Who Sandra's Never Slept With

I've never slept with Sean. We've never fucked. I never slept with Madonna, either.

What Sandra Told Us About Liza Minnelli

She's marvelous. I've known Liza a little bit over the years, but again, we never really hit it off until recently. In fact, she came to my show with Sean Penn and we all went out afterwards. Liza even sent me a Stevie Nicks shawl, because I make fun of Stevie in my show, as you know.

Sandra's Wild New York Nightlife

It's all just publicity. I'm really just getting a lot of rest. My show is pretty exhausting. I go out now and then, but I'm not a partyer, really. I don't drink and I don't use drugs. I really don't stay out late. A

normal night for me is to do my show, maybe go out with some friends for something to eat, and go right home to bed.

Women Who've Caught Sandra's Eye

Over the years I've loved Mary Tyler Moore. She's maintained a kind of allure. Tina Turner is another very sexy woman, another survivor. Bette Midler and Lily Tomlin in their own way are very sexy. I don't mean necessarily in a physically sexual way, but I sense Lily's power. I like powerful women—that to me is sexy. In terms of absolutely beautiful women, I've always thought Patty Hanson, the model, was sexy; and Jessica Lange, in a trashy sort of way, is very hot. What about Margaret Thatcher? I don't find her sexy because I can see her balls, and that's a little bit of a turn-off.


Her Dream Date With Laura Petrie

My dream date with Laura? Wow. A limbo party. Potato poopies. A jazz combo in the living room. Buddy, Sally, Jerry, and Millie. A lot of laughs. Some capris, a flip hairdo, and probably a weekend at a ski lodge; some hot toddies; and everything that implies. I love Mary. I love Mare. God, there are so many sexy people around, it's disgusting. I think Joan Jett is sexy. And Stevie Nicks; even though I make fun of her in my show, I still think there's something very sexy about her—that kind of doe-eyed, naive trip she's into. I love women in rock 'n' roll. Belinda Carlisle. She's hot. It's obvious that women in rock 'n' roll are manipulative sex appeal, but it's all marketed very well and it works.

Sandra Strips on New York Cable

It was on "The Robin Byrd Show." And what went on that night is what goes on every time her show's on. People strip off their clothes. It's the most real television there is this day. It's totally of the moment, live; so whatever goes down, goes down. And obviously there's no holds barred, which obviously I dig. It's like the coolest thing on television. You can go for the most intensified reaction. It's a strip show. For me, it was stripping away everything. It's the kind of place where I like to be—with a lot of strippers. I had a ball stripping off my clothes and dancing. I'm a stripper at heart, you know.

Her Life in 100 Words or Less

I'm overwhelmed. It's exciting and thrilling. I just hope I don't burn out over the excitement. I wake up in the morning and I can't believe all this has happened to me. When I'm onstage, you don't think about it; but when I step away and think about it, it's mind-boggling. I love life, and that's the message I want to leave with your readers. You must love your life. Have a little bit of pride in yourself and keep a sense of adventure. Remember, you never know who's gonna pop into your life tomorrow. Never sell yourself cheap. 



RITA

“All my men are like coal mines—dark, deep, and rock-hard.”





COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER

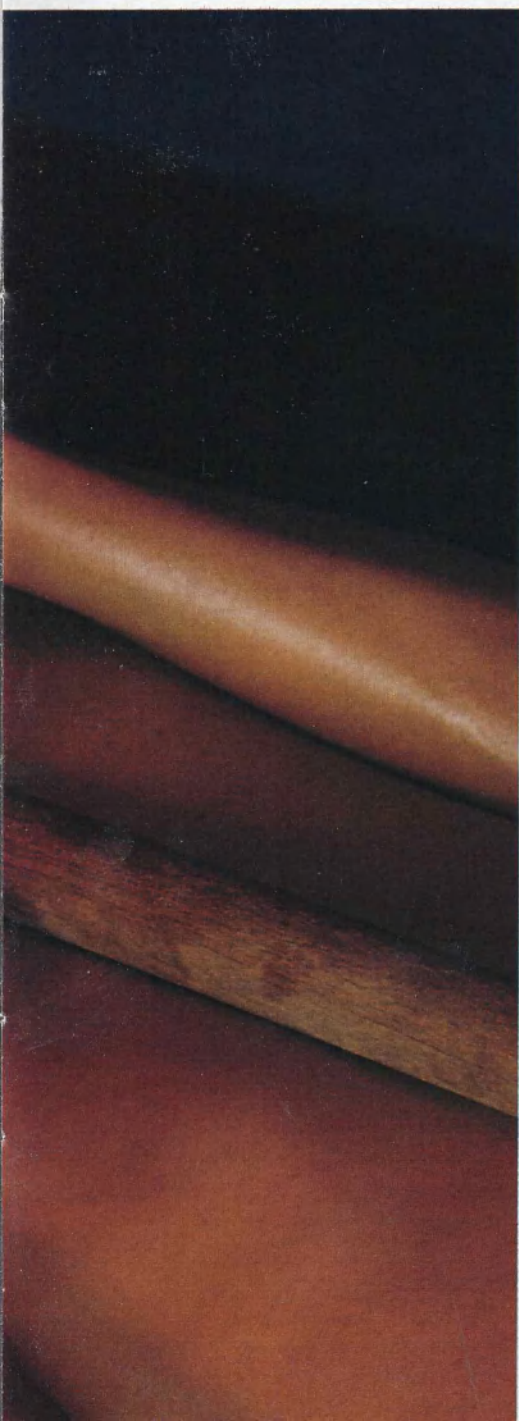
My daddy was a coal miner down in Pennsylvania, and he used to tell me stories about his work. Those mines can be very dangerous," Rita explained, "but I guess that's why I find them so arousing. My fantasy has always been to make love underground in an abandoned mine. I would take the flashlight, and my lover," she said, smiling, "would take the necessary tools."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALAIN NICON



Rita has her erotic dream
carefully mapped out.
"We travel through the
maze of unending tunnels

until we reach the core
of the mine. Finally,
we touch down right in
its center."






"We'd start the excavation right
at the top and slowly work our way down, gently
chipping away at the tough exterior
surroundings. Then I'd ride straight down a
big, long shaft until we hit pay dirt!"









Rita hopes her dream will come true. Although she's dated a lot of men, they've had one thing in common. "I like all my men to be just like coal mines—dark, deep, mysterious, and rock-hard." 

How Politically Correct Are You?

GAMES

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

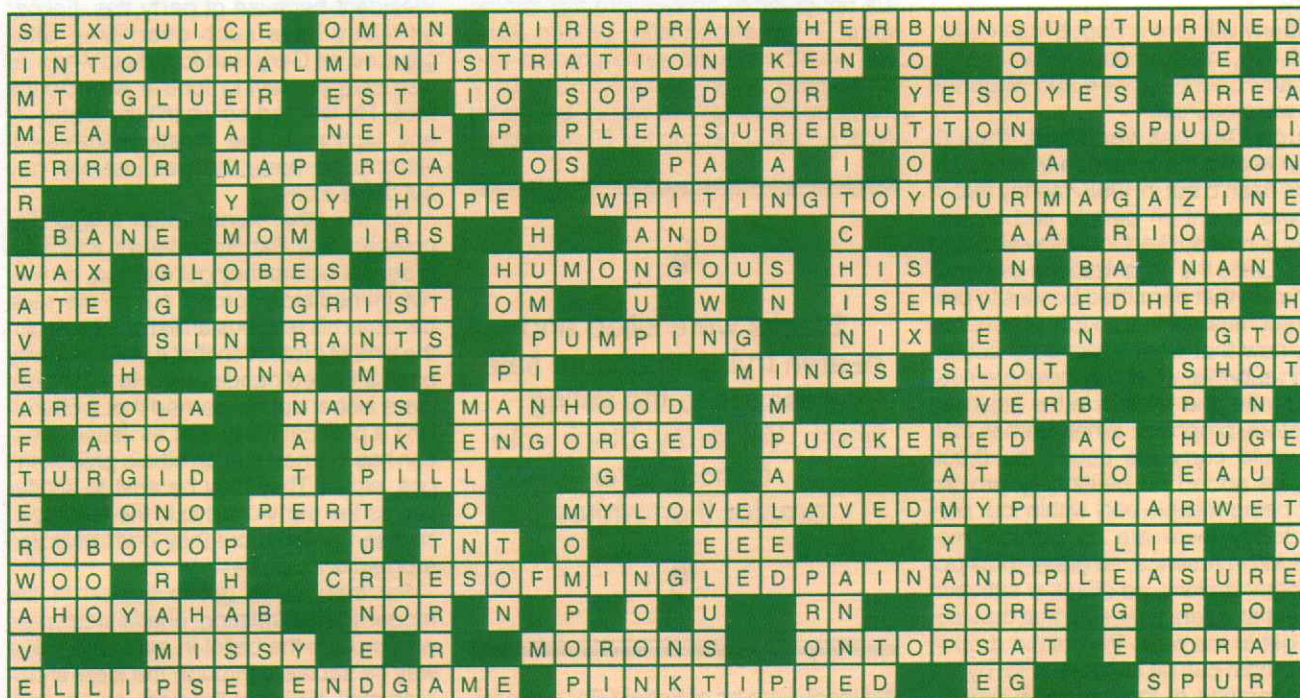
It's that dreaded time when all real Americans have to get out and vote. It doesn't matter that most will be voting against rather than for; what matters is that you perform this action, thereby giving the government a mandate to make your life miserable for another four years. It also assures the dregs of our society—those who are “politically involved”—that somehow their lives mean something and that they'll be able to go on eating rubber chicken and giving blowjobs to lobbyists for another four fat years.

In order to live up to the “ideals” of those who have a deadly addiction to politics, we've had a wave of niggling little laws that limit the personal liberties of many. Not big meaningful laws that might actually make a difference—like eliminating handguns or really cleaning up industrial waste—but stupid little laws, like no smoking on flights that are less than two hours (“Nope, we just want to sit here on the runway and inhale aviation fuel while the airlines fuck up departure time to make a buck”). Little laws designed to make you less free in your home and person, like “zero tolerance.” (“The federal government today confiscated the entire city of Miami . . .”) Worse still are the hundreds of new little behaviors that you have to manifest to be “politically correct”—i.e., a hip, with-it, sensitive, humane, and caring individual. This translates into being a wimpy, cringing dog who will do anything to win the approving sniffs of the rest of the pack. Well, we've made up a little test so you can see just how human or doglike you are. Answer yes or no; score one point for each “yes.”

1. I yell at people. 2. I park badly in parking lots and have forgotten how to parallel park. 3. I like to shop at shopping malls. 4. I refuse to eat raisins or brussels sprouts. 5. I like consuming oil. 6. I think love means never having to say you're sorry. 7. I firmly believe that once you've seen one redwood, you've seen 'em all. 8. I affirm that having superior firepower is a precondition to en-

tering into negotiations. 9. I don't recycle my newspapers. 10. I don't like plants, and they don't like me. 11. I pull legs off small animals. 12. I have a nuclear reactor in my basement. 13. I like men. 14. I like men, and I do not enjoy groups of women talking. 15. I maintain that the Grateful Dead are old and passé and in the way. 16. I water, water, water, all the time, even in the rain. 17. I do not like groups of men talking. 18. I park in Handicapped Parking spaces. 19. I know that the sixties were a crock of shit. 20. I lay mines in Handicapped Parking spaces. 21. I fart in corporate elevators. 22. I don't share my innermost thoughts and feelings with anyone. 23. I have an answering machine that doesn't take messages. 24. I smoke in bed. 25. I don't take cocaine anymore because I consider it a right-wing drug. 26. I don't know any Bob Dylan lyrics. 27. I'm considering putting a kickstand on my ten-speed bike. 28. I am not impressed by Yale. 29. If mankind destroys itself, it's okay by me. 30. I only buy and use spray cans that deplete the ozone. 31. I subscribe to *Rolling Stone*. 32. I admire the lifestyle of Donald Trump. 33. I like New York City better than San Francisco. 34. I voted for Nixon in '72. 35. I've smuggled tropical fish in Zip-Loc sandwich bags of seawater, saying it was my brown-bag sushi lunch. 36. I know that the whole world knows that America is God's country. 37. I'm in favor of deporting all illegal aliens, along with Henry Kissinger. 38. I work to get a consensus, and then do what I want to, anyway. 39. I buy plastic bags. 40. I think Chevy Chase is not at all funny. 41. I am going to buy a bigger car. 42. I think Ronald Reagan is an okay guy. 43. I eat endangered species. 44. I make fun of Chinese drivers. 45. I think Jesse Jackson is a show-off. 46. I believe that deep down Vanna White is shallow. 47. The Reagan years have been good for the poor. 48. I hate sushi. 49. I'm a California Deadhead, and I shave my legs and pits. 50. I think all ethnic jokes are funny. 51. I kiss with my eyes open. 52. I walk

around in public furtively talking into a microcassette recorder. 53. I prefer oral sex to safe sex. 54. I like to throw fast-food containers and beer bottles on the roadside. 55. There are no popular American team sports that I like. 56. I enjoy telling harp seal jokes. 57. I like to talk about money. 58. I water my lawn. 59. I give money to Dr. Gene Scott. 60. I eat red meat. 61. My cats eat red meat. 62. I do not like rock music. 63. I played rugby and remained heterosexual and politically uncommitted. 64. I did not vote for Jackson. 65. I did not vote for Dukaka because I couldn't spell his name. 66. I did not claim to have voted for Jackson. 67. I pee in swimming pools. 68. I didn't buy Lee Iacocca. 69. I'm tired of seeing women promoted to jobs they aren't qualified for and can't even begin to understand. 70. I sell harpoon heads to Japanese “research scientists.” 71. I see no reason to save the whales. 72. I think Ben & Jerry's Ice Cream is a scam. 73. Gorbachev doesn't mean a thing he says. 74. Ronald Reagan is not a senile submoron run by his wife. 75. I never watch public television. 76. I'm careful to invest only in defense industries. 77. Thinking of women as sex objects turns me on. 78. Women are only worth three-quarters of what men are worth. 79. I do not admire Bill Cosby's achievements. 80. Mort Downey, Jr., is presidential material. 81. I wear white cotton socks. 82. I never miss “Entertainment Tonight.” 83. I urge people to buy Japanese. 84. I would like to be a yuppie someday. 85. I push the # button on my phone when things get slow. 86. I don't think that women are always right about everything. 87. I couldn't care less whether or not a woman comes. 88. I long to wear bell-bottoms. 89. I *really* want a woman who'll pick up my socks every day, make sure there's a good dinner waiting when I'm through with work, and give me head until I'm dead. 90. I wear a button on my hat that says YES! 91. I never recycle anything. 92. I love L.A. 93. The American Nazi party has a few good points. 94. I subscribe to *People* magazine and



Answer to last month's crossword puzzle.

read it cover to cover. 95. I've never been to Japan. 96. I've been to Japan, but never took off my shoes while I was there. You can tell, 'cause I carved my initials in the big timber that holds up the roof of that temple or whatever outside of Kyoto. 97. I have never seen *Apocalypse Now*. 98. I think Charles Bronson vigilante movies are really hip. 99. I think it's clear that Sylvester Stallone is God! 100. I ask strangers for quarters. 101. I think Tawana Brawley is telling the truth. 102. I'm a Christian. 103. I used to be a Jew, but I quit. 104. Arnold Schwarzenegger's buns. Just once. One in each hand. 105. Kathleen Turner's buns. Just once. One in each hand. 106. Kathleen Turner's buns aren't what they're cracked up to be. 107. I think jokes about feminists are funny. 108. I think foreplay is a waste of time. 109. I enjoy sharing bodily fluids for its own sake. 110. I'm saving myself for my wife. 111. I think Dan Rather is concerned about the credibility of network

news and is not just out for money and fame. 112. I believe that space is for warheads, not Deadheads. 113. I think being a virgin is an important prerequisite for marriage. 114. I prefer paper sex to the real thing. 115. I have pistols, a bow, and a sword handy. 116. I let my cat drink beer. 117. I don't believe in Drano. 118. I don't believe in deodorant. 119. If I could redo my career, I'd become a lawyer. 120. When I see a woman, the first thing I do is look at her crotch. 121. When I see a man, the first thing I do is look at his crotch. 122. I think that size has *everything* to do with it. 123. I have a thing about blue-silk drapery cords. 124. I exploit women's menstrual cramps for my own purposes. 125. I'm goal-oriented. 126. I want the Trilateral Commission to run the world. 127. I'm very competitive. 128. I've done smack. 129. I think the new "Star Trek" sucks eggs. 130. I don't believe in I Ching. 131. I don't believe in astrology. 132. I don't believe in magic.

133. I invited Ollie North to dinner because I wanted an in with Fawn Hall, the most desirable woman in the world.

SCORING

0 to 30: You are a radical feminist who is also an unwed lesbian mother fighting to make the world safe for Communism.

31 to 60: You are a radical lawyer who thinks that the person who introduced AIDS into America should be given a lifetime pension from the federal government.

61 to 90: Jacksonian Democrat


91 to 92: Dukaka Democrat

93 to 94: George Bush

95 to 96: Republican

97 to 100: Jane Fonda look-alike

101 to 120: Sylvester Stallone clone

Over 120: A red-blooded American who is not fooled for one second by all this liberal and revisionist flatulence from those who would undermine our lives, fortunes, and sacred honor. 

ELECTION FRAUDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

asked. 'I can tell you after tomorrow,' he replied. 'Why then and not now?' I persisted. 'Well, tomorrow is Dough Day, and when I know how much money I can have for Albany County, I can tell what majority we shall get.'

"'Dough Day' in New York is an institution. It is the day that the county chairmen and state leaders assemble in Manhattan and receive their apportionment of money for their representative districts.

"After the Dough Day distribution, I again asked Barnes about Albany County.

"'Albany will give a Republican majority of 6,000,' he promptly replied.

"Albany County gave 6,200 when the votes were counted."

Dough Day has vanished, though heaven knows the influence of money in politics hasn't; but in 1988, money that in 1904 was spent on people and organizations is now socked into television and polling. Once the organizations gathered information that permitted bosses to predict outcomes within a couple of hundred votes; now that work is done by public-opinion surveys, which are nowhere near as accurate and reliable in the business of electoral prophecy. When Barnes said they would carry the county by 6,000 votes, he added no cautionary proviso about being reliable only within four percent. Today there are no political machines left in America, no grass-roots political organizations, no effective outreach to potential voters to ensure that they actually get to the polls. Part of the drop in voter turnout can be accounted for by the disappearance of local political organizations that nudged and nagged people to vote, that provided baby-sitters, transportation, or whatever else was needed to free them up to go down to the voting place. The precinct or district captain, along with his or her runners and assistants, were the door-to-door salesmen of politics, the people who could use favors, threats, or civic guilt to get the electorate into the voting booth. Television can motivate, but often it can't close the sale.

Disillusionment, often with the men one voted for in the last election, has also taken its toll on the voter's enthusiasm. Over the course of the last 90 years, many of the electorate have become embittered over the war-peace question. When William McKinley crumpled under pressure and proposed a war with Spain that he didn't believe in (and many in his party knew he didn't believe in), it had an effect. The speaker of the House of Representatives, a fellow Republican, retired from public life. Almost 20 years later, when Woodrow Wilson led the United States into World War I less than 12 months after he'd campaigned on a peace platform, the price was damage

to the national civic morale. Like McKinley, Wilson also lost the support of the speaker of the House; but more interestingly, the voter turnout in the next election was lower than it had been in 100 years.

In 1940, Franklin Roosevelt, running for a third term and seeing himself going down in the polls because of the suspicion that he was angling to get the United States involved in World War II, made a speech in Boston on October 30, only a week before Election Day. His words eventually became the cause of yet another wave of electoral cynicism: "And while I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance. I have said this before, but I shall say it again and again and again. Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars." A generation later, Lyndon Johnson would make the same promise and be blamed by an infuriated minority of his supporters for the war in Southeast Asia. And now, yet another 20 years later,

“
Blacks were killed and
beaten trying to ensure safe
passage to the voting
booth. Yet today, black voter
turnout is no
greater than whites’.”

the most gung ho of Ronald Reagan's followers were enraged by the pictures of their erstwhile leader strolling arm in arm across Red Square with the world's No. 1 Communist.

Less visible but just as alienating are the postelection revelations about some of the losing candidates. To those who once loved them, many of these candidates seemed to have deceived the same voters they had courted. Wendell Willkie, Franklin Roosevelt's 1940 opponent, turned out to have been in basic agreement with FDR's war policy all along. In a book written after his 1960 loss to John F. Kennedy, Richard Nixon admitted that, contrary to his assertion in a TV debate with Kennedy, he had no intention of negotiating a peaceful settlement with Fidel Castro if he were elected president.


The majority of the electorate either didn't care or simply forgave the offending politician; but the offended minority—angry, unforgiving, and articulate—did not forgive these betrayals. Though not persuasive enough to convince the majority, they have contributed toward spreading a "what's the use?" attitude about voting for any politician. In the past,

in the era of strong party loyalties, the leaders of the other team were skunks. In the present nonpartisan era, the dropout voter tells you, "They're all liars, they're all a bunch of crooks." A bipartisan attitude of contempt for every politician and all their work pervades most political discussions. Anyone in politics, not just those in the opposing party, is assumed to be an opportunist, a crook, a compromiser, or a phony.

Of course, most people aren't members of any political party, so they have no strong loyalties and no reason to excuse their leaders. If William McKinley disillusioned George Hoar, the antiwar Republican senator from Massachusetts, Hoar nevertheless stuck with the President because of party ties. Few of us today have such overriding allegiances, as Gary Hart found out when he was caught playing footsie with Donna Rice. He learned he wasn't the leader of any faction in the mostly nonexistent Democratic party; he was just one guy out there alone.

On the other hand, when it was discovered that Pat Robertson's wife was pregnant before they got married, he was not immediately forced out of the race because his religious affiliations gave him the kind of protection that a political party once afforded candidates. He wasn't out there alone; but he learned that a church isn't a political party, just as Jesse Jackson has learned that an ethnic group isn't one, either. They may be able to shelter you as the party used to in the heyday of partisan politics, but they don't give you a broad enough base to win.

For that you've got to appeal to the modern ticket-splitting, unaffiliated voter, who cruises the ballot in much the same way he saunters through the local shopping mall. If it's got the right look or feel, he or she will buy it or vote for it, as the case may be. The consumer-voter of the 1990s has only feeble brand loyalty and little resilience against bad news about his politicians. Regardless of party, if the candidate screws up just a little, John and Jane Voter may be down the street window-shopping for somebody with a shinier paint job or a newer design.

In times past, voting patterns hung on for decades. That's why historians could talk of "watershed" elections, like 1828, 1860, 1896, or 1932. Thanks to party loyalty, stable family life, and social stability, people tended to vote the same way all their lives. The variations from one election to the next were small and easy to understand. No more. Now we have landslides one way, landslides another—four out of the last six presidential elections have been won by lopsided majorities. As trends and fashions in the political product rise, fall, and evaporate, the consumer-voter gets hooked on a succession of advertising themes or, as likely as not, says the hell with it, and passes up shopping altogether on Election Day. 



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 66

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. P1188
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.

GODMOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

floor—it was really funny." She laughs, remembering the eccentric dimensions. "It was a great offer, but in those days, in '72, Sunset was a bad strip, had a bad name. Still, it was saving his liquor license, so we were doing Frank a favor, too."

Sammy hooked up with Rudy DeLuca, a writer friend, and the two kibitzed on the stage together. The room needed a name, so Mitzi christened it the Comedy Store and it opened for business. "It was a raunchy little joint, but it was cute," she says, "and it was ours to do whatever we could do with it. The guys really struggled, fought a lot—they're both street guys—so it got crazy sometimes. Sammy would go on the stage for an hour, put on singers, jugglers, a magic act—just to have stage people."

Sammy stayed with Rudy about eight months; Mitzi learned and watched the whole time. But as in any new business, their blind spots soon showed, and the Shores had to reset their sights. "Sammy was having a hard time handling the place moneywise—plus staying onstage—and his career wasn't happening, being there. So we decided he should go on the road again and make some money."

It was a decision that changed Mitzi's life forever and gave her the chance to prove how good she really was. It was 1973; underwire bras and other uninspiring underwear was literally a burning issue, and bouncing breasts became the somewhat ironic symbol of women's lib. Mitzi Shore, too, was singing "I Am Woman" in the shower, but she was far ahead of her sisters as far as being her own woman went. She was doing it.

She immediately devised new and strict policies—most important, showcasing only stand-up comics on her stage. Her dedication to the business was fierce. "I worked four years straight every night, without a night off. But I was happy, too, and I seemed to regress back to the way I was when I was 18, my mind, my body—back to college days. Sammy and I separated—the marriage was never right; we stayed together for the kids. But through all the changes, I loved comedy, and I think that was what kept me together. I had seen everything there was to see, every club in this country, the worst and the best. I knew what I wanted to do."

With the comic as artist utmost in mind, Mitzi created different "stages" to best express the individual comic's level of experience as a performer, and she strove to have every nationality represented in her club. "It was important to me to develop all kinds of comedians from different backgrounds. Yakov [Smirnoff] was even my carpenter for two years, so he could stay out here in Los Angeles and wouldn't have to go back to New York, to the borscht belt. I had Tamayo [Ot-

suki], a Japanese American; Charlie Hill, who's an American Indian—I had everyone, Irish, English, Italian, so they could go onstage and make their people proud of them."

Mitzi Shore is not the fake-eyelash type. She's absolutely rock-solid for real: artsy, gutsy, with beautiful, striking looks and a gaze so direct, you know immediately why this woman has conquered her own piece of the business—a business that is so full of the business, you could drown. Her instinct about the world is bracingly tactile; she is a hands-on operator with a common sense that cuts through the crap.

But heart and soul, Mitzi's an artist and understands very deeply the artistic process. And while it's not often that an artist can combine compassion with a hard business head, Mitzi understands why. She started life as an outsider. "I'm a survivor. Being a Jewish person in Wisconsin was crazy. Not that they were bad people—but they didn't make me feel like I belonged. We were poor, too, so I valued money; I knew you had to have it to survive. And if I hadn't had the smarts for the business, I couldn't have kept the Store going. I never had a partner. I was a pioneer—and when Sammy left, we had \$13,000 in the bank and he took it all. I had two little kids with me and I had this club, and the only time I ever borrowed money was when I needed \$3,000 to feed my kids and to buy liquor for the bar."

Monday night is Potluck Night at the Comedy Store: Anybody with the courage to call himself a comic can sign in and do three minutes, with Mitzi presiding, as ever, with the list of names. Should we look through the Potluck annals, many of those names would be prized autographs. "In the early years of the Comedy Store, I used to sit and sign people in from 6:30 to 8:00 at night, and look at everybody until 2:30 in the morning! The comics of consequence that you know today as stars came to me on Potluck Night and developed their talent at the Comedy Store." Mitzi still sees every comic who wants a shot at the lucky break. "The foundation of the Store rests on the discovery of new comic artists—and I have to see it for myself."

As casual and uncomplicated as the scene sounds, first-time performers at the Comedy Store know that "this is it"—if they can make it here, they can make it anywhere—and those three minutes are like diving off a cliff, hoping you timed the tide right. In a quote from his unauthorized biography, *The David Letterman Story*, Letterman talks about his first night onstage, when Mitzi gave him his 180 seconds of terror. "I found it very painful to get up in front of those people. . . . I got up and said from rote some stuff that I had written that day—dead silence." Yakov Smirnoff's first night held a different kind of terror. "Mitzi said to me, 'Boy, you really killed them,' " he recalls. "So I hid from police for a month."

But Mitzi knows when something new

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

MAIL ORDER EXPRESS

52 UNCENSORED ADULT FEATURE FILMS

ON 90 MINUTE CASSETTES ONLY **99¢** EACH IN QUANTITY



Now choose from 52 fantastic adult video features for as low as 99¢ each in quantity. Every 90 minute tape is jammed full of the hottest and hardest sex imaginable, featuring hundreds of famous stars & nasty newcomers. We guarantee you will receive the great movies listed...

Also, this offer comes with no strings attached or further obligations, we're convinced that once you see the great products & prices, you'll become one of our valued customers.

PLEASE CHECK YOUR MOVIE SELECTIONS

- | | | | |
|---|--|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> NIGHT ON THE WILD SIDE | <input type="checkbox"/> JOANNA STORM ON FIRE | <input type="checkbox"/> STRANGE BEDFELLOWS | <input type="checkbox"/> HARLEQUIN AFFAIR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPYS | <input type="checkbox"/> SEDUCTION OF LANA SHORE | <input type="checkbox"/> HEIDI A | <input type="checkbox"/> DADDY'S DARLING DAUGHTER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C HUNT | <input type="checkbox"/> A STAR IS BORN | <input type="checkbox"/> CHEERLEADER ACADEMY | <input type="checkbox"/> TASTE OF MONEY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PRETTY AS YOU FEEL | <input type="checkbox"/> CASINO OF LUST | <input type="checkbox"/> I NEVER SAY NO | <input type="checkbox"/> GRAND OPENING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> EDUCATING NINA | <input type="checkbox"/> TEENAGE RUNAWAYS | <input type="checkbox"/> BEST OF ATOM | <input type="checkbox"/> SUMMER SIZZLE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LIKE A VIRGIN I | <input type="checkbox"/> INS AND OUTS | <input type="checkbox"/> DOCTOR GINGER | <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASURE SEEKERS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TREASURE CHESTS | <input type="checkbox"/> UNDER THE TABLE | <input type="checkbox"/> HEAVENLY DESIRES | <input type="checkbox"/> CAMPUS CUTIES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DEEP CHILLS | <input type="checkbox"/> COCKTAIL | <input type="checkbox"/> HIGH SEAS ROMP | <input type="checkbox"/> BLACK SISTER/WHITE BROTHER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TAXI GIRLS | <input type="checkbox"/> CAGNEY & STACEY | <input type="checkbox"/> HEAD OVER HEELS | <input type="checkbox"/> SURFSIDE SEX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LIKE A VIRGIN II | <input type="checkbox"/> SEXUAL PURSUIT | <input type="checkbox"/> RX FOR SEX | <input type="checkbox"/> SEDUCE ME TONIGHT |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLEASURE SO DEEP | <input type="checkbox"/> TAXI GIRLS II | <input type="checkbox"/> TWO TO TANGO | <input type="checkbox"/> DR. JUICES LUST POTION |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FAST GIRLS | <input type="checkbox"/> VIRGIN HEAT | <input type="checkbox"/> SUGARPUSSY JEANS | <input type="checkbox"/> WOMAN IN THE WINDOW |
| <input type="checkbox"/> WOMEN IN UNIFORM | <input type="checkbox"/> SPERM BUSTERS | <input type="checkbox"/> SUPER MODELS | <input type="checkbox"/> SPREADING JOY |

BONUS.... ORDER ALL 52 VIDEOS & RECEIVE A 120 CUMSHOT TAPE FOR FREE!!!!

- | | | | |
|------------------------|--|---|---|
| OUR SPECTACULAR PRICES | <input type="checkbox"/> ANY 5 FOR \$15 | POSTAGE, HANDLING & 100% DELIVERY INSURANCE | <input type="checkbox"/> 5 VIDEO'S \$3 |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> ANY 15 FOR \$25 | | <input type="checkbox"/> 15 VIDEO'S \$4 |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> ANY 35 FOR \$38 | | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 VIDEO'S \$5 |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> ALL 52 FOR \$51 | | <input type="checkbox"/> 52 VIDEO'S \$6 |

Please specify format ☐ VHS ☐ BETA

Send your name, address, entire ad with remittance plus P & H to: Fantastic Features Dept: EX8 25 E. Washington Suite 939 Chicago IL 60602 Must be 18 to order

30 CINEMATIC SUPERSTARS

ONLY **49¢** EA. IN VOLUME JUST SO YOU CAN SEE THE GREAT PRODUCTS WE HAVE TO OFFER!!



Now you can build your adult video library the smart way.....Choose from explicit, action packed videos starring today's most prolific male & female superstars. Every thirty minute tape is recorded in super HQ high resolution color with sync sound and musical score.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> AMBER LYNN | <input type="checkbox"/> SUMMER ROSE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHRISTY CANYON | <input type="checkbox"/> NANCY SUITER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TAJA RAE | <input type="checkbox"/> SHARON KANE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELLE RIO | <input type="checkbox"/> PENNY MORGAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ERICA BOYER | <input type="checkbox"/> KAREN SUMMER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TANYA FOX | <input type="checkbox"/> CANDI EVANS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> BRITTANY STRYKER | <input type="checkbox"/> KARI FOXX |
| <input type="checkbox"/> TRINITY LOREN | <input type="checkbox"/> GINGER LYNN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> USA MELENDEZ | <input type="checkbox"/> STACEY DONOVAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LORI LOVETT | <input type="checkbox"/> NIKKI DEE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PAM NINO | <input type="checkbox"/> JANETTE LITTLEDOVE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PATTI PETTITE | <input type="checkbox"/> PAULA HARLOW |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DESIRE LANE | <input type="checkbox"/> LACY LUV |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JANEY ROBBINS | <input type="checkbox"/> CAROLYN CHAMBERS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JOANNA STORM | <input type="checkbox"/> NINA HARTLEY |

To order please check stars desired and send with remittance plus \$4 P&H to: ALL STAR VIDEO Dept. EX8 P.O. BOX MB27 Gary In. 46401-0827

- ☐ ANY ONE FOR \$6
☐ ANY TEN FOR \$10
☐ ALL 30 ONLY \$14.70

Check format ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
 MUST BE 18 to order

FIFTEEN FREE VIDEO'S

FOR YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ALL YOU PAY IS P & H



JUST **\$9.95** TOTAL

1. SWEET & CREAMY
2. BLONDE SANDWICH
3. WELCOME WAGON
4. OREO COOKIE GIRLS
5. TEASE ME
6. GREEK DOLLS
7. NO HOLES BARRED
8. BUN LOVERS
9. BLACKS & BLONDES
10. ORAL ORGASMS
11. GIRLS & THEIR TOYS
12. DIRTY BLONDES
13. ENDLESS ORGIES
14. CUMSHOTS

ALL THESE ARE YOURS FREE!!!
 SELECT FORMAT ☐ VHS or ☐ BETA

15. KNOBS & KNOCKERS

Send just the \$9.95 for P & H to: QUALITY SALES DEPT. EX8 P.O. BOX 5460 CHICAGO IL 60680-5460-MUST BE 18 TO ORDER

180 CLIMATIC ENDINGS

IN 12 EXCITING VIDEOS

99¢ EACH IN QUANTITY

WE WANT YOU AS A BUYING CUSTOMER! \$12 ALL 12 VIDEO'S PLUS \$4 P & H SEND NAME, ADDRESS & REMITTANCE TO: VIDEO SPECIALTIES DEPT. EX8 P.O. BOX 370 NEW BUFFALO, MI. 49117-0370



Each one hour tape is packed with the greatest collection of stars and cumshots ever seen on video! FRANKI LEIGH (pictured), TAJA RAE, SAMANTHA STRONG, SEKA, & HUNDREDS MORE.

SPECIFY ☐ VHS OR ☐ BETA
 MUST BE 18 TO ORDER

In *Dinner*, Ona Zee demonstrates "fire breath"—not pepperoni-and-beer halitosis, but the ability to breathe oneself to orgasm.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

PENTHOUSE PICK

Party Girls

(Masterpiece) **1111**

What happens when women start doing it for themselves? Producer-director Jack Remy lets us find out by taking us inside a "Shtupperware" party—a showcase gathering of some of the hottest new actresses in porn trying out a whole range of sex products. The girls form a loose circle of friends and acquaintances in suburban Los Angeles, and they decide to have a girls-only party to have a look at the latest lingerie, love oils, and dildos. A ludicrous enough plot device, but it works because of the breezy lightness of the women involved. *Penthouse* favorite Christy Canyon heads up the list, followed by superslut Kimberly Carson, the shaved snatch of Heather Wayne, and the gorgeous newcomer, foxy Roxanne Roland. Girls' night out doesn't last too long, though, as the husbands of all these beauties come sneaking around to keep an eye on their babes. There is a long flashback right in the midst of all this action, purporting to show the whole crew ten years earlier, in high school.

Favorite pairings include Heather Wayne and Sheri St. Clair in a hot lesbo duo, Christy Canyon acting tough with Billy Dee, and Roxanne Roland going down on Dan Mann. The technical quality is mostly excellent, with feature-film cinematography and loving and lingering camera angles catching all the action. Except for an obnoxious sound track that resembles an outtake from "The Brady Bunch," this effort rates excellent all around.



Seduction has more emphasis on plot and character.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH

Innocent Seduction

(VCA) **11**

Director Adele Robbins has suffused this whole tape with a woman's sensibility, from the slow-paced, rhythmic seduction scenes to the lingering moodiness of the set. It's as if adult entertainment made by women differs from that made by men in about the same way women's lovemaking is different: primarily in pacing and emphasis. There is much more emphasis on plot and character in *Innocent Seduction* than is normal in the porn world, but this tape is better for it. Eric Edwards and Demi White are the centerpiece couple here, with Sharon Mitchell doing a tough, butchy turn as Demi's best friend. White plays Dee, the abandoned stepdaughter of a rich couple. She is determined to worm her way into someone's affection—she's just confused as to whose. Mother's Malibu beach-bum lover? Her best friend? Her stepdad? Demi White is a cute, somewhat plump actress who plays the

innocent well. The surprise ending lends a quirky twist to the proceedings, and the tape as a whole holds together well. With a little more technical help—the lighting is particularly bad in this tape—Robbins could turn into a first-string creator of erotic video.

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Our Dinner With Andrea

(Caballero) **11**

The folks at Caballero evidently gave some production money to Ona Zee and partner Frank Wind and let them loose: The result is the quirky *Our Dinner With Andrea*. Half marriage manual, half sex tape, *Dinner* is as wordy and static as the mainstream movie its title parodies, Louis Malle's *My Dinner With Andre*. But if you want a quick initiation into various esoteric sex practices, such as tantric and yogic sex, this is as good a place as any to start. Ona Zee is the title character, and she has invited a group of friends over for dinner and discussion. The talk centers around Ona's

dabbling in the sexual arts of the Far East, particularly tantric sex—a discipline whereby the male maintains his *chi*, or vital breath, by having orgasm without ejaculation. The male is thereby able to stay hard for hours, and as Sharon Kane says, "That's what I like in a man."

We also get to learn a bit about something called *quadoushka*, which might sound like Cherokee for "bullshit," but is actually "the American Indian philosophy of spiritual and sexual energy." Ona Zee demonstrates "fire breath," which again isn't the pepperoni-and-beer halitosis it sounds like, but the ability to breathe oneself to orgasm. We learn that Eskimos call fucking "laughing together"—just the tidbit to drop at your next dinner with the in-laws. All this is communicated with a certain loopy, wide-grinned wonder, as if we're back in the sixties again.

Come to think of it, though, that wasn't such a bad decade: A lot of people got laid, at least, and this tape has the same type of well-meaning sluttishness about it. Kane and Zee have what the industry calls mature bodies, but Shanna McCullough is present, too, jacking up the temperature level. For all its talk, *Dinner* is not a bad main course.

ANGELS WITH SCUMMY FACES

Piece of Heaven

(Cinderella) **11**

This is, overall, an amateurish, sloppy production that succeeds only because it has a couple of hot, insistent sex scenes. You can't avoid the steaminess of Keisha

slurping down Billy Dee's monstrous hard-on, which rings gongs in the libido even if the technical values of the scene aren't up to snuff. Neither can you ignore the heat during a fantasy fuck in a hospital, a scene that numberless other tapes have tried and failed to somehow make as hot as this. And every mechanic can relate to the scene in a car shop, when a hot blonde decides she wants to take her garage bill out in trade.

Newcomer Toni Krista is a welcome addition to the scene, and the hot, hot, hot Alison Monet manages to give her a run for the money. Too bad the producers did not lavish more tender loving care on this tape, because



Attraction: a sideshow at best.

it could have been a classic. As it is, we get two dopey angels (Tom Byron and Peter North) who with remote control change the sexual destinies of the mortals they watch on celestial TV. The idea is all right, but the execution is low-rent. *Heaven* is good in spite of itself.

TOO MANY CHEFS

Conflict
(Vidco) **11**

Conflict is what results when you get two old war-horses like directors Ron Sullivan (a.k.a. Henri Pachard) and Bruce Seven together. The action is fast and loose, nobody takes anything too seriously, and a good time is had by all. Seven and Sullivan have between them directed scores of adult tapes. They work their rivalry—which is more like ribaldry—into the plot. The luscious Alison Monet heads the cast as a porn actress who wants to produce her own film. She hires Seven to direct; at the same time a rival porn star, Sharon Kane, takes on Sullivan to do her film. Seven and Sullivan, playing themselves, have a sort of busman's holiday as actors—though they never actually get laid. The technical quality is at the virtuoso level throughout, especially in the great use of intercutting and close-ups. Truth is, however, that this tape is a lark, a chance for two great directors to goof around.

FUTILE ATTRACTION

The Main Attraction
(4-Play) **1**

It takes a little while before you figure out that this tape is a knockoff of the mainstream monster hit *Fatal Attraction*, but that's because porn writing, acting, and directing are so turgid and lackadaisical. Michael Keller (Mike Horner) is so blind, he must have been named after Helen. He can't quite grasp the fact that Julie Close (Megan Leigh) is coming on to him, even when she has his dork in her grasp.



Heaven: hot sex scenes.

There are a lot of allusions to *Fatal Attraction*—like the fact that Julie's last name is Close, as in Glenn, and Keller's best friend (Jon Martin) is called Alex, after the Glenn Close character in the original movie. But allusions do not a resemblance make, and this tape has none of the snap and dazzle of the original. The only bright spots are Alison Monet's sturdy performance as the sultry wife (this girl can act, and someone should find her a vehicle) and the subtle twist of a surprise ending. The sex, however, is listless, and since that's ultimately what we

come to an adult tape for, it renders *The Main Attraction* a sideshow at best.

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

Love Dreams
(Caballero) **1111**

This relatively lavish production centers lovingly on the European starlet who calls herself Julia Perrier. This was Julia's one and only appearance in an adult film, and the world is poorer for her decision not to make more. She is stunningly fresh and beautiful, a continental waif of a girl who was just 18 when the film was made. Her sponsor is Beate Uhse, the German pioneer who was the first woman to direct large-scale erotic features.

Love Dreams takes the slice-of-life approach, showing us Julia's arrival in America and her acclimatization to the American way of loving. She hires herself out as an au pair girl, and her randy adventures in one household after another put her through her erotic paces, including a great blowjob scene with one of her employers. This simple act of expert fellatio proves that youth doesn't necessarily have to mean inexperience. Finally, Julia "settles down" with John Leslie, prepared to live happily ever after as husband and wife. **O+**

RATING KEY

- 1** Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
- 11** Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
- 111** Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
- 1111** Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

THIS SUBLIMINAL CASSETTE

CREATES A SEXUAL DESIRE FOR YOU
Mephisto

AMAZING TAPE SEDUCES WOMEN !

SHE THINKS IT'S ONLY MUSIC, BUT SHE'S BEING EROTICALLY PROGRAMMED TO LOVE YOU!

CAN WORDS HIDDEN UNDER MUSIC SEXUALLY AROUSE A WOMAN AND FOCUS HER PASSION ON ONLY ONE MAN?

YES!! Simply insert 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!

Become her fantasy!

Scientific Demonstrations prove: Subliminal stimuli activate involuntary bodily responses such as: **SEXUAL AROUSAL!** That means Mephisto's "hidden" orgasmic subliminal commands will secretly focus her erotic urges on you and plant your image (like a seed) deep into her subconscious swelling her sexual excitement to the edge of orgasm!

CLEVER MEN RECOGNIZE MEPHISTO'S INCREDIBLE POWER!

"Finally getting my share!! Thanks." BE MA. "I know for a fact it works!" C TEX

ACCLAIMED WORLDWIDE

Sexologist agree: The process of bonding (the choice of "only" one man) occurs in her subconscious and is the trigger to a woman's **SEXUAL DESIRE!!** And because the subconscious mind "cannot" reject or "disbelieve" Mephisto's ingenious commands establishes you (and only you) as the object of her **LOVE AND PASSION.**

SHE WILL BELIEVE:

- 1) You are the world's most desirable man.
- 2) Other men are dull and sexually repulsive.
- 3) She is deeply in love with you.
- 4) Sex with you is "necessary and right"!!

SHE WILL:

- 5) Have sexual dreams of you.
- 6) Have visions of your hands in foreplay.
- 7) Lose her modesty and inhibitions!
- 8) Urgently need you to give her a climax!

FREE CATALOG:

"CUSTOM" FANTASY TAPES PRODUCED



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.

Chicago Tribune: "Something entirely New!" It's the world's most invincible erotic stimulant.

Gallery Mag.: "She simply cannot resist this tape!"

ORDER TODAY! Soon you will hold in your hand the most POWERFUL and sophisticated APHRODISIAC in history. 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

VISA/MC Toll Free 1-800-537-0377 24
In ILLINOIS Call 1-312-652-8644 Hours

\$16.95 plus \$2.05 Post. & Hand.

TOTAL \$19.00 Each

send check or money order to: MEPHISTO
P.O. Box 377, Dept. PE118, Westmont, IL 60559

VISA/MC Exp.

FOREIGN ORDERS: U.S. FUNDS ONLY! NO C.O.D.'s
Postal Money Order or Visa/MC Only!
Must add sufficient extra postage!

SAVE! ANY 3 FOR \$38. ANY 7 FOR \$79. (Postage Paid)

MEPHISTO'S LIBRARY OF SEDUCTION

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 1 Lite Rock | <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 6 Early Rock |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 2 Country | <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 7 Ocean Waves |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 3 Beautiful Music | <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 8 Thunder Storm |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 4 Classical | <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 9 Winter Blizzard |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Vol. 5 Jazz | <input type="checkbox"/> ENTIRE SET \$99.00 |

OTHER TAPES BY MEPHISTO

Erase Stress, Taming Depression, The Last Cigarette, The Subliminal Diet, The \$5 Tree, The Seed of Confidence, The Hour of Love: Banishes modesty and hang-ups.

(Circle your choices)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

**MONEY
BACK
GUARANTEE**

Free! CONTEMPO® Condoms

NEW! Not found in drugstores anywhere!

BAREBACK
So thin, so sensitive you barely know it's there.
Almost Like Having Nothing At All

ROUGH RIDER
Pulsating excitement from hundreds of raised studs.

WET N' WILD
Velvety smooth SK-70 lubrication "wets" the wildest appetites.

POWER PLAY
Nonoxynol-9, inside and out, gives powerful protection. Sensitive, yet extra strong.

Nowadays, most lovers know that using condoms to protect against STD's is PURE PLEASURE! And no one makes better, or sexier, condoms than CONTEMPO®

CONTEMPO® satisfies your preference for pleasure PLUS your need for protection by offering 6 exciting condom choices. From America's largest condom maker, each is electronically tested for reliability and comes in an airtight, tamper-resistant package.

We're so confident you'll enjoy each arousing CONTEMPO® condom, we'd like you to **TRY ALL 6 FREE!**

Hurry! Order now while our supplies last.

Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. PB42, Carrboro, NC 27510

Adam & Eve P.O. Box 900, Dept. PH123 Carrboro, NC 27510

YES! Please send me 6 CONTEMPO® CONDOMS FREE. I've enclosed \$1.00 to cover postage and handling. One offer per household, please.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

**TRY ALL 6
CONDOMS
Free!**

EROTICA
Extra ribbing for her pleasure

KISS OF MINT
Scented With Mint

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

East to Central America, have plagued the world—and the U.S.—for many decades. Even after the shock and trauma of our involvement in the Vietnam War virtually a generation ago, we have not yet clearly defined the real American national interest in these confrontations. And, once more, foreign-policy concerns blend with domestic questions.

For nearly ten years, the U.S. has been engaged, more and more directly, in Central American civil wars—notably in El Salvador and Nicaragua—with interventions by American military forces having never been ruled out. The aid to the rightist contra rebels in their fight against the Marxist regime in Nicaragua has become a heated domestic controversy; it has led to the Iran-contra scandal—when White House officials, such as Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, moved secretly to sell weapons to Iran in order to obtain illegal financing for arms for the contras, after Congress had banned official U.S. assistance. How to act in Nicaragua, therefore, is a national decision the voters must consider in November. Should the administration have, in effect, a blank check to do what it pleases in Central America—even to invade—or must it be effectively checked by Congress and public opinion? Should Americans die in Nicaraguan or Salvadoran jungles?

There are other regional situations of this type that require basic U.S. decisions. Naturally, the electorate need not act on every present and future emergency, but the voting patterns—in light of the known positions of the Democratic and Republican candidates—may help to define how Americans wish our nation to behave.

Should more thought have been given to the naval deployment in the Persian Gulf (which might have prevented the Airbus tragedy), in terms of our real interests, before President Reagan ordered it last year? Were we protecting or endangering the flow of oil to the West through this intromission in the Iran-Iraq war along the Gulf? How deeply should the U.S. be engaged in the Israeli conflict with the Palestinians in this most intractable of all postwar confrontations?

To be sure, there are no pat answers to any of the problems and dilemmas requiring American decisions. The world is too volatile, complex, and unpredictable for simplistic formulas. Accidents that threaten greater explosions—or even terrorist acts—seem to be waiting to happen all the time, everywhere on the planet. Everything that occurs in the world today affects American lives, destinies, and prosperity. We Americans therefore must remember this when, after surviving the onslaught of campaign rhetoric, we finally cast our ballots for president on November 8. **OT**

LEISURE EMPORIUM

TO ORDER...MAIL DIRECTLY TO THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE ADVERTISERS SHOWN!

ADVERTISERS: To find how you can be included in future LEISURE EMPORIUM pages! Contact: SLG Inc., 800 Second Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017! Or Call (212) 986-6642



**1 HOUR
THEATER
QUALITY XXX
VIDEO
FEATURETTES
ANY 5 ON 1¢
EACH**

We've got the Hottest, Wildest, Most Sex Packed Videos ever offered—and we'll prove it with this fantastic offer. Buy just 1 video for \$9.95 and take 5 more for only 1¢ each. That's 6 full length videos for only \$10. Check selections and get our giant discount catalog free. ☐ Sweet Lips ☐ Wet Pleasures ☐ Naughty Neighbors ☐ Dirty Talk ☐ Hot Buns ☐ Miss Show Off ☐ The First Time ☐ Forbidden Fantasies ☐ Anything Goes ☐ Loads of Lust ☐ Mixed Doubles ☐ Outrageous Orgies. Special offer: order within 30 days and receive all 12 for \$15 Postage add \$4 (24 Hr Rush Service add \$1) Send to Screen Images Dept P118 Box 85006 Hollywood Calif 90072



**MEN! HOW
WOULD YOU
LIKE TO BE 2"
TALLER?**

Yes you can appear 2" taller without sacrificing style or comfort. Join the thousands of men who wear ELEVATORS® and see the difference for yourself. ELEVATORS® look just like ordinary shoes, except hidden inside each shoe is an in-nermold which makes you appear taller. Choose from over 90 styles of shoes and boots for casual or dress wear. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Call Toll-free 1-800-343-3810 (in MD 1-301-663-5111) or write to the Richlee Shoe Company, DEPT. PH8N P.O. Box 3566, Frederick, MD 21701 for your free color catalog.



**TURN ALL OF
YOUR
FANTASIES
INTO
REALITY!**

Our catalog features sensuous lingerie, corsets, leather & rubber, wigs, stiletto heeled shoes, stockings, bras & breast prostheses plus unusual related items. Sizes Reg. to Super Lg. & Tall for men & women & cross dressers. (Our name does not appear on return address). To order our new-exciting-exotic boutique catalog, send \$7 cash, check, or money order to Michael Salem Enterprises, Inc. P.O. Box 1781, Dept. PH-118, FDR Sta. N.Y. N.Y. 10150. For credit card orders, retail purchases & info. about our other catalogs call: (212) 986-1777-8 or (212) 371-6877. Catalog is deductible from 1st order! N.Y. Res. add appl. sales tax!



**100 VIDEO-
STARS—19¢
EACH
BONUS—10
FREE
HARDCORE
MAGS**

Enjoy in the privacy of your own home, our fabulous selection of 100 of the top videostars in adult movies today. Gaze upon Amber Lynn, John C. Holmes, Sahara, Tracy Adams, Linda Wong & 95 other industry legends engaged in explicit, uncensored sex! We're looking to welcome new customers and so as an Xtra added bonus, you will receive absolutely FREE 10 HARDCORE COLOR MAGS. If dissatisfied return for full credit for future purchases and keep the 10 mags as our free gift. To order send \$19 + \$5 P&H to: GOOD TIME VIDEO Dept. EX8 P.O. Box 10935 Merrillville, In. 46411. Must be 18 to order. Please specify VHS or BETA. Customer Service Inquiries Only 219-981-2274



**!!DIET &
ENERGY
SOLUTIONS!!**

LET US HELP
YOU KEEP UP
WITH TODAY'S
ACTIVE PACE!

#21 MOLE 325 mg\$6.50 per 100
#22 357 Magnum 357 mg ...\$7.50 per 100
#23 20/20 300 mg\$6.50 per 100
#34 25/25 110 mg\$5.00 per 100
Active ingredient in above: caffeine
#39 MILFORD PLAN—
1-a-day diet plan 90 for \$12.95
#41 Grapefruit Diet 90 for \$9.95
To order or inquire about our many other products call toll free 1-800-221-1833. In New Jersey call (201) 838-5254. D&E Pharmaceuticals, Inc., Dept. 1G4F12B8 206 Macopin Road, Bloomingdale, NJ 07403. Please add \$4.50 for shipping and handling.



**SWINGERS
HOTLINE
HAS NAMES
AND PHONE
NUMBERS OF
GIRLS, GUYS
AND COUPLES
WHO WANT
TO MEET YOU!!**

Our Swingers Hotline offers names and phone numbers of swinging girls, guys and couples in your area who are anxious to meet you for fun and good times as well as lasting relationships! Call Now 1-901-458-6593—or Write To: SHL Ent. P.O. Box 22705 Memphis, TN 38122 24 hours—7 days. Or call our new Thriller Connection at 1-900-490-8000 (\$2.00 Toll)



**MEET
YOUR IDEAL
LOVER!**

Private Encounters is a sophisticated adult dating service for singles and swinging couples. Beautiful exciting women are waiting to meet you! Call today for direct contacts in your area. Your ideal lover is only a phone call away! Call our office Now at 1-213-630-0813 (24 hrs—7 Days)



**STEROIDS
ARE DRUGS
AND THEIR
ABUSE CAN
KILL YOU!!!**

These "SEX HORMONES" tempt you with "INCREASED MUSCLE GROWTH, STRENGTH, SELF CONFIDENCE AND MASCULINITY." Like other Drugs, Steroids are refined from a plant source. For years this herb has been a safe alternative used by professional athletes world wide. Your satisfaction with it is fully guaranteed. Available in Liquid or Tablet Form. For 2 month supply send \$30.00 to: Adonis Health, P.O. Box 1236-R, Lawrence, KS 66044-8236. To order with VISA/MC call 1-800-458-2503 (ask for Ext. #6)



**CHAT
INSTANTLY
WITH REAL
SWINGING
PEOPLE**

Conference with up to 8 people throughout the U.S., Puerto Rico, & Virgin Islands! Also have private phone conversations, leave messages on Male or Female Bulletin Boards, and obtain Video Phone Info. Simply enter your Visa or Mastercard number into any touch tone phone (.95 per min. up to 30 minutes.) CALL TODAY 1-800-999-CHAT.

GODMOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

and bold blows through the Store's door. "They weren't all funny at first; but in all the comics I've brought up, there was something I saw in them that I knew they'd be great. That's an instinct that's in me." Comedian Louie Anderson says the idea is to keep one eye on the crowd and one on Mitzi. "The first night I was on, Mitzi got up in the middle of the show and was walking out. I thought, *Oh God, four years down the drain*. But apparently, she only needed to see a few minutes and took me on as a nonpaid regular."

If she likes a comic for the Comedy Store, Mitzi gives the artist a pacing or course to perform on one of the three stages—the Belly Room, the Main Room, and the Original Room. It's this opportunity that makes the Comedy Store a workshop as well as a nightclub. "It's a monarchy—I decide who goes where and when; but I'm pure in my thoughts, and my first instinct is for that comic and his career. The guys and girls are what count." Yet even though she's strict about her control over the lineup, she doesn't consider herself a coach. "An artist never tells an artist what to do. Unless I'm putting a show on, say in Vegas, where I'm providing comics, and I have to have certain times and edit and clean the acts up—that's when I put the producer hat on. I'm a creator, not a savior."

But for Russian comedian Yakov Smirnoff, the Comedy Store was a salvation from comedy clubs that didn't care about a funny stranger from the Soviet Union. For him, Mitzi made the difference between being a misfit and really belonging. "It became home here. My parents came out to California from New York, too, and Mitzi even gave my dad a job here as a carpenter. I owe a lot to Mitzi. She was like second mother to me—so it means I was nagged in two languages now. And the other comics are like second family. While Letterman was at the Comedy Store, he was very helpful to me when I couldn't read and write English. He even filled out a citizenship application for me. I just wish he would've told me it was for citizenship to *Iran*—but I did get a job in a 7-Eleven after that."

Tonight at the Comedy Store, Sam Kinison is on. Really on. The Main Room is filled to the gills, fans screaming, doubled over in hilarity while Sam screams and expurgates his own devils, along with those of his worshipful, hell-raising congregation. Mitzi watches the rotund rebel revel, smiling from her favorite booth, a benevolent benefactress who understands what makes Sam scream. "Comics are very delicate," she says. As she speaks, Sam is using his microphone to size up a certain part of his anatomy for the scrupulous scrutiny of two lusty L.A. girls lucky enough to get center-row seats. "They're very sensitive, sweet

people who have to be nurtured," she continues, as Sam strides the length of the stage in a frenzy, still screaming, sweating, his shirt open to expose his belly button—a blond, insane Buddha. "You have to understand their pain," Mitzi explains, "because really, most comedy comes out of the disasters and tragedies in their lives. Comedy is a survival trait as much as it is a way of finding love, and they have an overwhelming need to be loved. That's why they're onstage."

From out of the dark, smoky room, amid the raucous laughter, a tall, well-built young man steps over to Mitzi's booth and stands in front of her. He looks upset. She looks up, surprised at first, then bemused. He sits down next to her and speaks in her ear, half confessionally, half conspiratorially. Mitzi asks him something. He shakes his head and looks at her sadly. She puts her arm around his shoulder and starts to laugh. "It's all right, Vinnie," she tells him. A happy outcome.

David made it a year early, I think. He just needed a little more charisma; he should've stayed at the Store one more year. Pryor did it just perfect.

Vinnie, it seems, has returned as sentry to the door of the Comedy Store.

Mitzi loves her comics madly—she is their godmother and muse, their guardian angel. Comedian Paul Rodriguez, who was comic relief to the barrio in East L.A., where he grew up, was guided toward the Comedy Store by a teacher who couldn't discipline him because she was always laughing too hard. "She called up the Comedy Store and put my name on the list for Potluck Night. After my act, Mitzi wanted to see me. She said, 'Who are you, where do you come from, and would you like a job?' " Paul, like lots of other comics who get signed on at the Comedy Store, first worked the front door, walking the customers to their seats and telling a couple of jokes on the way. "The bonus," Paul says, "is that if any of the regulars drop out of the lineup, the doorman takes his place. And," he confides, "thanks to my gang-member friends, it always seemed to happen that on the nights I worked the door, there was at least one absentee."

Tonight, after Sam's show, the select converge in the Belly Room, where Mitzi has a party set up for Sam and his en-

tourage made up mostly of extraordinarily beautiful California girls—legs and legs of them. "They follow him," Mitzi says, then giggles. "Isn't he just *darling*?" she asks, watching him throw his arms around his friends, three at a time in a bearlike embrace. Sam spies Mitzi smiling at him; she beams, her face lovely as a child's, as he bounds toward her. He holds her face in his hands and plants a kiss on her nose. "This is the best, the best," he coos. "This is my *baby*."

Mitzi says it usually takes eight to ten years to "graduate" from the Comedy Store, unless you get lucky and the stars align to spell your name, and you're swooped away by the swirl and twirl of Hollywood—movies, TV—in one of those hot flashes that La-La Land is famous for. Louie Anderson explains, "Producers and casting people—if they're worth anything—are going to spend time at the Comedy Store. My manager saw me here, my agent saw me here, the people who put me in my first movie saw me here."

Mitzi helps her comics make the transition from the warm, supportive womb of the Store to their first thrilling step in the Big Time. For most comics, that's Johnny Carson's "Tonight" show. Mitzi is as jubilant as her comics when they get invited on the show. "The night I did the Carson show, Mitzi sent a limo to my house," says Paul Rodriguez. "Now, I lived in Compton, which leads the nation in murder, more than Detroit, even—'cause they've been having a couple of slow years. Anyway, you see a limo in my neighborhood and you say, 'Who died?' It was great. Mitzi threw a party in her home for me after the show. I'll never forget it."

Mitzi has a highly tuned sense of when a comic is ready for the next stage, provided he's both disciplined and flexible. She knows the pitfalls. A comic has to be careful, she says, because once you're out there in the Land of Oz, courting the Wicked Witch of the West—success!—it's hard to go back. And if you forget something, say, that little extra chutzpah you need for that extra little mile, something that's more substance than shine, it might be short-lived. Louie Anderson puts it most succinctly: "No matter how famous you are, it all comes around. Comedy is just waiting your turn, and the shiny bright things get picked up first. But along with talent, you have to develop the depth you need to sustain yourself in show business. You learn to realize that the big circle keeps turning and once in a while you're on top."

Paul Rodriguez, who came to the Store in 1980, hot on the heels of Howie Mandel, agrees. "I hung out with my mentor, Richard Belzer, and Garry Shandling and Jay Leno—there's one who was way overdue. But those are among the comics who last. Because besides how difficult show business is, there's a self-destruct element, too—start making a few bucks, start partying too much, neglect your writing, consider yourself immortal."

\$5.95 VIDEO!



SEKA, see Features #XMS-902, 903, XAT-118, XVH-202, XVX-907, XMS-914

SPECIAL SUPER SALE FEATURES—\$5.95 EA.

XGP-20 THROBBLING THREESOME Ginger Lynn, Erica Boyer	XGP-90 CENTERFOLD LAYOUT Dobbie Vera, Kevin James	XGP-120 PHOTO ORGY Erica Boyer and her photographer
XGP-60 HEATHER AND BUNNY Heather Wayne, Bunny Bleu	XGP-95 SEX SCHOOL Cody Nicole	XGP-125 GINGER'S HOT MESSAGE Ginger Lynn
XGP-70 SIZZLING STRIPPER Ashley Brooks	XGP-10 LUST TIMES 4 Bunny Bleu, Helga	XGP-30 HEATHER AND THE HITCHHIKER Heather Wayne, Eric Edwards
XGP-75 SWINGING SINGLES Kelly Richards, Tam White	XGP-15 RAVEN'S RENDEZVOUS Raven, Tom Byron	XGP-45 HOT AND HUNGRY Robin Cannes, Dan Mann

CLASSIC FULL LENGTH FEATURES—\$9.95 EA.

XMS-903 ORAL DELIGHTS Seka, John Holmes, Annette Haven, 90 min.	XVH-201 OUI GIRLS Anne Ventura, Lisa DeLeuw, Tiffany Clark, 90 min.	XVH-228 THE STORY OF JOANNA Terri Hall, Jamie Gillis, 90 min.
XMS-910 SLIP INTO GINGER AND AMBER Ginger, Amber, Stacey, Tom Byron, 90 min.	XMS-906 CHINA & SILK Ginger Lynn, Susan Hart, Harry Reems, 90 min.	XVX-906 SOFT PLACES Annette Haven, Phil Tobias, 90 min.
XMS-902 MENAGE A TROIS Mai Lin, John Holmes, Seka, 90 min.	XAT-115 RX FOR SEX Julia Perrier, Lauren St. Germain, 90 min.	XVH-217 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLEA Jean Jennings, John C. Holmes, 90 min.
XGA-903 ORIENTAL MADAM Mai Lin, Paul Thomas, Irene Wells, 90 min.	XAT-103 A TASTE OF MONEY Constance Money, Gina Gianelli, John Leslie, 90 min.	XVX-918 RIDE HER, COWBOY Sheri St. Claire, Tom Lee Curtis, Herschel Savage, 90 min.
XAT-121 LIKE A VIRGIN II Bunny Bleu, Christy Canyon, Sharon Mitchell, 90 min.	XMV-934 DOWN UNDER Kelly Nicole, Tiger, 90 min.	XMV-530 TRACY TAKES PARIS Amber Lynn, Tracy Adams, Viper and her Snake, 90 min.
XAT-120 CAGNEY & STACEY Stacey Donovan, Erica Boyer, Sacha Gabor, 90 min.	XMV-933 BLOWIN' THE WHISTLE Amber Lynn, Samantha Strong, Herschel Savage, 90 min.	XMV-936 DELUSIONS Mona Page, Rose Marie, Melanne Scott, 90 min.
XCA-108 COME WITH ME, MY LOVE Vanessa Del Rio, Annie Sprinkle, Jeffrey Hurst, 90 min.	XAT-105 COCKTALES Amber Lynn, Tiffany Clark, Jamie Gillis, 90 min.	XAT-119 TAXI GIRLS Nancy Suter, John Holmes, Seka, 90 min.
XAT-118 HEAVENLY DESIRE Seka, Serena, and big, black Johnny Keyes, 90 min.	XVH-202 A PLACE BEYOND SHAME Seka, Lori Blue, Bonnie Holiday, 90 min.	XVH-203 SAME TIME EVERY YEAR Lori Sanders, Tiffany Clark, China Leigh, 90 min.
XMV-931 TRIPLE TEASE Nikki Randall, Lorde Gann, Donna Mitchell, 90 min.	XVX-907 SWEET ALICE Seka, John Holmes, Desiree Cousteau, 90 min.	XMS-907 TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE Ginger Lynn, Peter North, Stacey Donovan, 90 min.
XAT-109 PLEASURE SO DEEP International Cover Girl Lauren St. Germain, 90 min.	XVX-908 INTIMATE COUPLES Rikki Bak, Angel West, Herschel Savage, 90 min.	XVX-905 DAUGHTERS OF EMMANUELLE Rhonda Jo Petty, Jeannette James, Ron Jeremy, 90 min.

ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE FEATURES—\$14.95 EA.

XMS-914 ISLE OF LESBO Susan Hart, Kay Parker, Heather Wayne, Seka (All Girl), 90 min.	XGT-116 DANIELLE'S GIRLFRIENDS Tara Aire, Anne Owen, Becky Savage (All Girl), 60 min.	XAT-115 WOMEN WHO LOVE WOMEN Rhonda Jo Petty, Monique Perry, K.C. Valentine (All Girl), 60 min.
XGA-608 TENNIS WITHOUT BALLS Linnea Stevens, Christine Delmar (All Girl), 60 min.	XMS-603 LES, BI & BLACK Gina Davis, Richard Bolla, 60 min.	XGA-605 HORSE Hard-riding action in the corral (All Male), 90 min.
XGR-106 GIRL ON GIRL Uschi in 4 encounters (All Girl), 60 min.	XBT-102 WOMEN IN LOVE Ten beauties in five encounters (All Girl), 60 min.	XVH-236 BIG, BLONDE AND BLACK Daniel Holt, Gary Tony, John, Eric, Henry, Mel (All Male), 60 min.
XVH-232 GIRLS IN PASSION Vanessa, Jean Dalton, Tina Russel (All Girl), 60 min.	XTV-102 TV ORGY Brigitte, Erik & company (TV), 60 min.	XTV-101 HOT DOGS Helga and her Danish friends (TV), 60 min.
XGA-606 BROWN SUGAR Sahara, Purple Passion (All Black, All Girl), 60 min.	XMT-913 RUSHES Tex Anthony, Chris Onassis, Melchor (All Male), 60 min.	XMT-902 NEVER BIG ENOUGH Jeremy Scott, Chris Thompson, Michael Cummings (All Male), 90 min.
XGT-117 PAPER DOLLS Caro Lott, Linda Shaw, Tina Marie (All Girl), 60 min.	XVH-238 BARROOM BUDDIES Five Features: Bold Babba, Black On White, more (All Male), 60 min.	XMT-901 STROKERS 31 hot guys getting it off (All Male), 90 min.

Take advantage of these fantastic prices NOW! Each super-erotic videocassette is priced from \$5.95. And we've got it all, from Special Super Sale Features with 15 minutes of steaming sex, to full-length features with up to 90 minutes of nonstop action. You get top-quality origi-

nals—no returns, rejects, or rentals—filled with sizzling performances by beautiful young starlets and handsome young men. Each exciting sequence comes to you in full color and vibrant sensual sound so you get top-of-the-line erotica at rock-bottom prices!



XMV-14 COMPLETE CLASSICS COLLECTION—The best of 14 full-length feature blockbusters, pictured above, \$19.95
XMS-913 POTPOURRI OF SEX—Climactic best of Seka, Annette Haven, John Holmes (All Star Classic), 90 min., \$14.95
XAT-101 BEST OF THE BLOCKBUSTERS—Includes Rx for Sex, Pleasure So Deep, I Never Say No, Pretty As You Feel, 90 min., \$14.95
XVX-601 EROTIC MASTERPIECE COLLECTION—Best of Taboo, Erotic Adventures of Candy, Daughters of Emmanuelle, 18 more, \$14.95
XMV-940 ONLY THE BEST—Best of Honey Pie, Sweet Cakes, Hot Cookies, Sexteen, Star Virgin, Naughty Network, 90 min., \$14.95
XVX-603 CLIMAX COLLECTION—Best of Inside Desiree Cousteau, Getting Off, Star Virgin, Pink Lips, 19 more, \$14.95
XHIS-1 ALL MALE CLASSICS—Best of 19 gay smashes, \$19.95

Private Showcase Video, Dept. EMJ841, 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				Add \$2 per video for Beta
Item #	Price	Item #	Price	
				Video Total _____ 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 _____
 Phone # (in case we have a question () _____
 about your order _____ area code _____ phone # _____
☐ M.C. ☐ Visa Exp. date _____
 (min. charge order \$25.)
 Account # _____
 Bank or Org. _____
 Issuing card _____
 Void in Delaware, Indiana, Mississippi, Utah, outside U.S. and where prohibited by law.

For customer assistance call (516) 249-8134

The Comedy Store prepares comics for the rigors of fame. Besides the camaraderie the Store provides, a lot of the reason that comics come to the height of their powers with stamina, discipline, and respect for their art, is Mitzi. "Mitzi isn't interested in the fame," says Louie. "She's interested in you. At the Comedy Store, I discovered [that] people like Williams, Pryor, and Mandel were all treated with equal respect. It validated who I was."

Mitzi knows how to develop talent and for how long. "I found that Letterman was a born host, so he would host the shows in the Original Room for me," Mitzi says. "But David made it a year early, I think. He just needed a little more charisma; he should've stayed at the Store one more year. Pryor did it just perfect. He worked the Store for what it was—a springboard, a creative environment for him to write all his material and test it out."

Richard Pryor is one of the pillars of the Comedy Store, having joined the club when Potluck was still an experimental concoction. The evening Richard Pryor walked in, Mitzi was working the register—back in '72, she was still doing everything from turning the lights on to letting the people in. She's known him through good times and bad times, hit albums, and the rise and demise of five marriages. In the 15 years since the Store opened, Pryor did four comedy albums and three live concerts from material he'd developed there. "Timewise, strategy-wise, Richard is a unique example of a career no one else will ever have," Mitzi says. "He's a true, pure artist, with all the requisite ups and downs, but very centered when it comes to his work. Crazy things happened to Richard. He had a hot album and then he was screwed by the people who made the album. But he's had the most fantastic career of anyone I've ever known in comedy. He just turns me around, he's so wonderful. And he's got more sides to him than anyone I know—including upside down!"

Robin Williams also gets rave reviews. "Robin is the most precious human being. I can't say enough about him. He's good, giving—brilliant. He flits around, like his name." In 1976, Williams had his first nightclub experience in the Pacific Beach Comedy Store (which, unlike her Westwood club just outside of L.A. proper, or the original Comedy Store on Sunset in West Hollywood, Mitzi ran solely as a nightclub, rather than a workshop). "That was monumental for comedy because it was the first all stand-up comedy club in the country right on the ocean, with a condo for the comics if they were engaged for the week—all painted blue, very relaxing, really nice."

A year later, the Comedy Store at Pacific Beach moved to La Jolla. The Original Room was thriving. By this time the Comedy Store was a mecca. "That drive, that need—and a funny bone, because their lives were so depressed—brought comics to a place where they could con-

centrate and grow," says Mitzi. "The Comedy Store was and is an artists' colony, in my mind."

By 1979, stand-up comedy was both big business and a class act. Mitzi bought the building on Sunset and opened up another room in the club, the Main Room, as it was originally called when it was part of Ciro's. Mitzi focused on a new idea for the Comedy Store—bringing back the comics that people had forgotten about. "Jackie Mason opened in the Main Room and it was a comeback for him, helping him somewhat on the West Coast, along with comics like Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, Cheech & Chong. I started to put up big bands, too—Buddy Rich, Count Basie, Artie Shaw, Woody Herman—to bring in business." But she found herself struggling. "It was like nobody wanted to come out," she remembers.

After three years of struggling with the Main Room, Mitzi decided to open it up to her regulars, along with comics she

6

A lot of my girls were
intimidated downstairs. It's
like a mill down there,
maybe 25 comics a night,
and if a girl is just
starting out, it can be scary.

,

had been developing. "I put eight of the guys that were happening in a Best of the Comedy Store Show, and that clicked—not right away; but Friday and Saturday nights we'd have names like Robin Williams, David Letterman, and Jay Leno."

But there was a not-so-funny hitch. The Main Room functioned as a professional room, a paid room, a place professional comics could rent for showcases. It wasn't a workshop for unpaid amateurs, as the Original Room was. A group of comics decided that if they were going to perform in that room, they had to be paid—a demand that, in Mitzi's eyes, threatened to damage the artistic ideal that had helped comedy to flourish. The dissident comics wanted to unionize. "I was totally devastated—it just wasn't what I'm about," Mitzi says. Argus Hamilton, a comic artist who was among the few who remained loyal to Mitzi, remembers, "There were seven or eight of us who believed in what Mitzi was trying to do, understood why she was doing it. But it was a terrible time—there were 150 others outside picketing the Comedy Store."

Mitzi held strong and unwavering in her

resolve to maintain the integrity of the Comedy Store's *raison d'être*. "The reason I fought comics being in an AGVA [American Guild of Variety Artists] union is because the unions killed the clubs in the fifties. True artists are independent contractors." Because of Mitzi's fight, it now stands that comedians are independent. "AGVA really ate the big one on that. They can't touch comics now."

Even so, things had changed. Sides were taken, and the hurt feelings were unretractable. Some careers had taken other directions, away from the fray. For Mitzi, the most deeply felt loss had come during the strike, though it had nothing to do with the struggle: Letterman got his own TV show, left, and never came back. It was time to refurbish what was by now world famous. Mitzi, with her usual vigor, readily met the challenge.

The Belly Room is the newest Comedy Store invention. It's cozy, like your best friend's basement bar or a college rathskeller, with a small stage and tables and comfy couches. By 1985, Mitzi was using the Belly Room for fledgling comics, or seasoned professionals launching longer, original shows. "Especially for the girls just getting into the business at the Store, it's wonderful, because it's like a living room. A lot of my girls were intimidated downstairs [in the Main Room]. It's like a mill down there, maybe 25 comics in a night; and if a girl is just starting out it can be scary. Sandra Bernhard, who as a cabaret performer needed the intimacy of a smaller room, started to blossom there. It was a very important room for her in her early development." Whoopi Goldberg used the Belly Room as a showcase to attract movie moguls' attention, and succeeded—drawing the likes of George Lucas and Barbra Streisand.

Mitzi understands stage fright. The Belly Room scares even *her*. "I could never go onstage, that's not for me. But it happened once in the Belly Room at an all-girl stand-up show I put on for George Schlatter's television show. Two of the girls dragged me onstage kicking and yelling, and he's got it on tape and he won't give it to me. He's the only one who's got something on me."

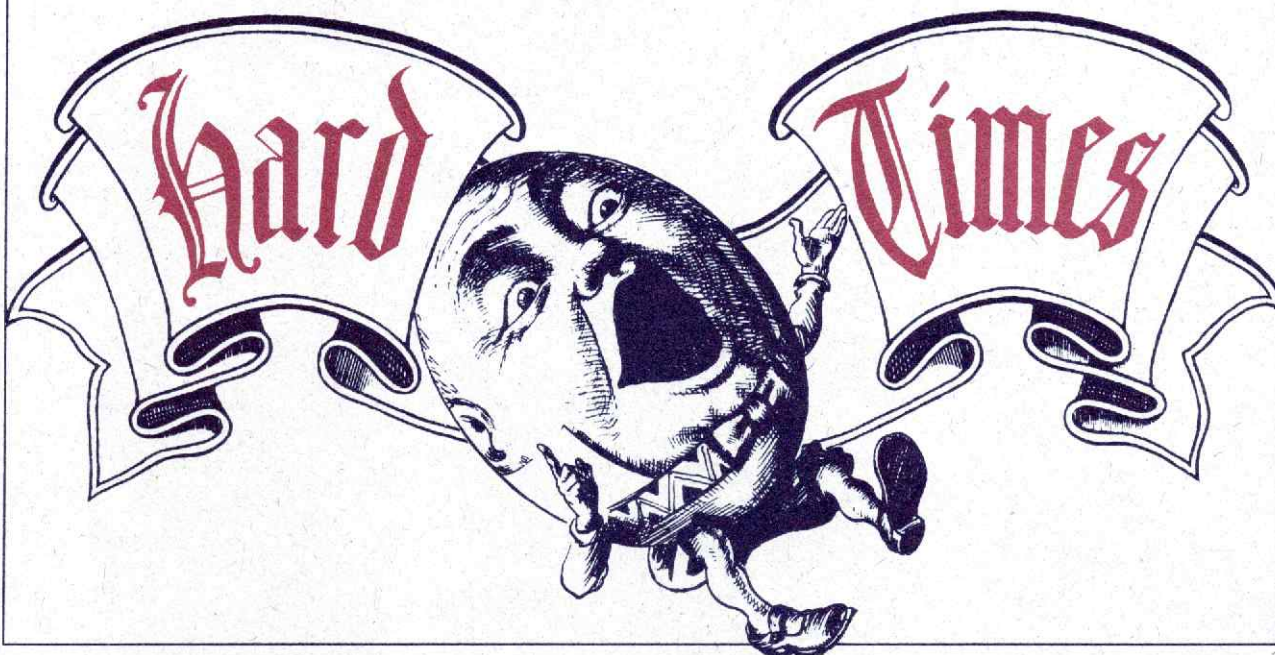
Five or six years ago, a woman doing stand-up comedy was an aberration, not readily accepted in a business dominated by men. Even today, women aren't quite as far-reaching in their themes as the guys are, focusing mainly on their meddling mothers, the gelid contents of their Spartan refrigerators (except for the Ben & Jerry's Dastardly Mash), and the man who most recently failed *Cosmo's* summer sex quiz. But Mitzi knows they'll get there; trying out their wings, they'll eventually soar. Mitzi especially praises Roseanne Barr. "She's the female answer to Sam Kinison. She was a waitress in Denver—three kids, Jewish, married to a non-Jew, grew up in the Midwest like me. I guess that's why I find her so funny."

Mitzi thinks comedy is at the highest

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

EXTRA

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

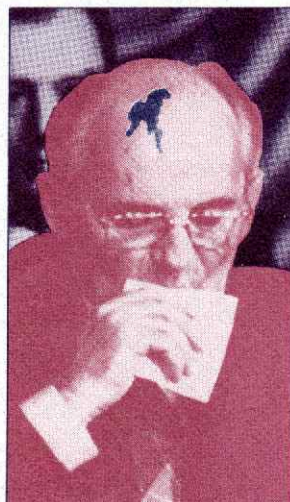
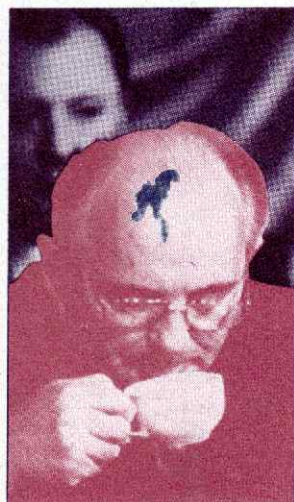
EXTRA

© HARD TIMES, INC.

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 7, NO. 10

GORBACHEV HAS THE MARK OF SATAN



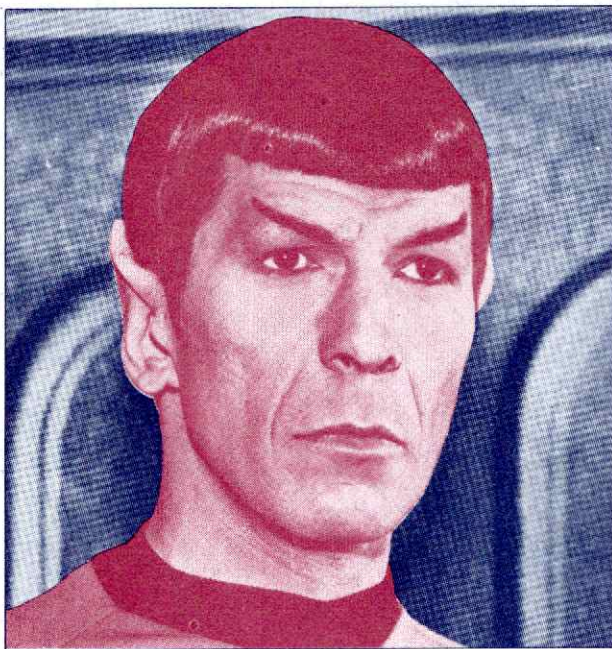
According to a leading South Carolina Bible scholar, Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev bears the mark of Satan, making him his agent on Earth. "The evidence is overwhelming that Gorbachev is the Antichrist," the theologian states. He notes that Gorbachev's birthmark resembles a red dragon with a hanging tail that represents stars, stating that Saint John describes Satan in Revelations as a "great red dragon . . . and his tail drew the third part of the stars of Heaven, and did cast

them to Earth." The scholar adds that the numerical value of Gorbachev's name is a multiple of 666. He also explains that the Russian word for peace, pronounced "mir," also means "world": "When Gorbachev says he wants peace, he's really saying he wants the world. How much clearer must it be?" (*National Examiner*—submitted by Dan Powles, Elizabeth, N.J.) We always knew that running the Evil Empire is a devil of a job!—Editor

A SEAT IN HEAT

A 250-year-old armchair in a convent in Naples, Italy, has the miraculous ability to make sterile women pregnant. It is said that the dark-wood, high-backed chair received its powers from an eighteenth-century nun, Sister Maria Francesca, who is honored by the convent's shrine. Unable to kneel after arthritis left her partially paralyzed, she'd used the chair to pray. A 28-year-old woman, told by her gynecologist and three other doctors that her chances of conceiving were remote, gave birth to a boy only ten months after sitting in the chair. "When I went to the convent, I was desperate to try anything just to hold my own baby in my arms. Maybe it's all a question of faith." Another woman says she felt a strange glow after sitting in the chair for about a half hour; five weeks later, she discovered she was pregnant. Women from all over, believing themselves to be sterile, are currently traveling to Naples so they may have a chance to sit on the cherished relic. (*National Examiner*)
Soon it'll be standing room only.—Editor

TREKKIES SPEND LIFE SAVINGS ON SPOCK EARS



Two "Star Trek" fans who met at a Trekkie convention ten years ago spent \$20,000 for cosmetic surgery on their ears so they can resemble the Vulcan Mr. Spock. Several plastic surgeons refused to operate, but the pair persisted until they found one who complied with their wish under the condition that he remain anonymous. "Some people who attend conventions put on a pair of fake Spock ears," explains one. "You should see the shocked looks on their faces when they pull on ours and find out they're the real stuff!" The two aren't at all concerned about having to live out the remainder of their lives with Spock ears: " 'Star Trek' will live on forever, and we want to be part of it until we make our transition into the next voyage," say these committed fans, displaying the Vulcan hand sign before adding, "Live long and prosper." (*Sun*—submitted by Kevin Luks, Valley Stream, N.Y.)

They've made their point.—Editor



ENGLISH VAMPIRES THRIVE

Vampires are "alive" and living in England. Two of them have been living together in Middlesex, drinking each other's blood, ever since they met and fell in love. The woman, who calls herself Vampira, took just one look at her beau and asked if she could bite him. "I like the taste of blood," she says. "His tastes very nice. It makes me feel happy and starts my adrenaline flowing." The two have had their front teeth capped with porcelain fangs to make things easier. A man

in York knew he was a vampire even as a child. "I first noticed that he was different from other boys when he was about six," his mother recalls. "He used to steal my red nail varnish and take it up to his bedroom where he painted red spots on his neck." Today he wears a black undertaker's suit and a flowing cape, sleeps in a coffin, and works at night in a chocolate factory. He'd like to change his name to Mr. Death. (*Weekly World News*)
That's one story that will never die.—Editor

TALKING DOG WINS BIG

An Australian man has won nearly \$1 million playing the lotteries, with the help of his psychic "talking" dog, Sandi. "I just ask her what to pick and she yelps out a string of numbers," he says. "It's worked like a charm every time." It began as a joke. "I asked her what numbers I should play, and believe it or not, she gave me some," he recalls. "Sandi can only say single-digit numbers, so I combined a few. I was shocked. Naturally, I played those numbers." Sandi's numbers won him \$500, and he continued to turn to the dog for tips, finally winning the big jackpot that's made him a millionaire. "Sandi and I are both sharing the money," he explains. "It's more hers than mine." (*Sun*)

We're sure she has no bones to pick about that.—Editor

LIZARD MAN ON THE LOOSE



Residents of South Carolina's Browntown community surrounding the Scape Ore Swamp, have reported various sightings of a seven-foot lizardlike creature. One 17-year-old, claiming he was attacked while changing a flat tire, describes the monster as having "searing red eyes, three

clawed fingers, and snakelike scales." The mystery has spread due to rumors revolving around the destruction of a local couple's car; footprints indicated an animal was responsible. Although the Lee County sheriff said the tracks might belong to a bear, a local carpenter disagreed, saying

that the footprints were aligned in a manner typical of human steps. "It must've been that one-eyed cow that lives around here," says one waitress. "I don't know if they can go 40 miles per hour, though." Adds one of her customers, "I don't know if it's a one-eyed cow, but I do know they make

some good whiskey back in that swamp." Meanwhile, Columbia radio station WCOS has offered \$1 million to anyone who can capture the Swamp Monster. (*Sumter Daily Item*—submitted by John R. Lee, Sumter, S.C.) *Forget the creature; give us some moonshine!—Editor*



MAN MARRIES LETTUCE HEAD

After his girlfriend became too demanding, an English gardener jilted her to marry a head of lettuce. "It's the vegetable or me," the woman warned, frustrated over his long evenings in the garden caring for the plant. "I'll take the lettuce," he replied. "Her name's Laura and we'll wed in the spring." They exchanged vows next to a cabbage patch in Newcastle, England. The bride wore a dash of sauce. "Please bow your

heads. Lettuce pray," declared a makeshift minister. Says a friend, "I thought he was pulling my leg when he sent out wedding invitations saying, 'Come and see us turn over a new leaf as we start our lives as man and veg.' But you can't call theirs a marriage. She has to spend the night in the fridge to keep her leaves from sagging." (*Weekly World News*) *But she does give good head.—Editor*

WOMAN JAILED FOR LATE LIBRARY BOOKS

A 36-year-old mother of three living in Fort Lawn, South Carolina, was driven from her home by a state trooper, handcuffed, taken to jail, fingerprinted, photographed, and convicted because of her failure to return two overdue library books. She received a suspended sentence of a day in jail. Her boyfriend had taken the books out on her card, forgetting to tell her; by the time the librarian called her, the books had been misplaced. But before she had the chance to pay for them, a police officer arrested her at her doorstep. "I was humiliated, degraded, hurt, and terrified," she recalls. "It was a nightmare I'll never forget. Bureaucracy not only ran wild, it went stark raving crazy!" According to the local magistrate, "Rules are rules and they have to be obeyed. This woman broke the law." The "criminal" is appealing the conviction. "What do they do to you for running a red light?" she asks. "Send in the SWAT team?" (*National Enquirer*—submitted by Joe Forbes, Pittsburgh, Penn.) *That judge goes by the books.—Editor*

EDITOR'S NOTE

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

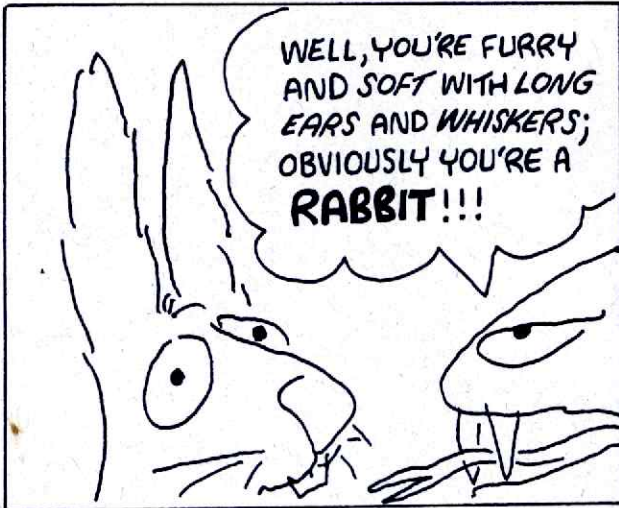
OH, PLEASE, BEFORE YOU **EAT** ME, PLEASE TELL ME WHAT I **LOOK** LIKE...



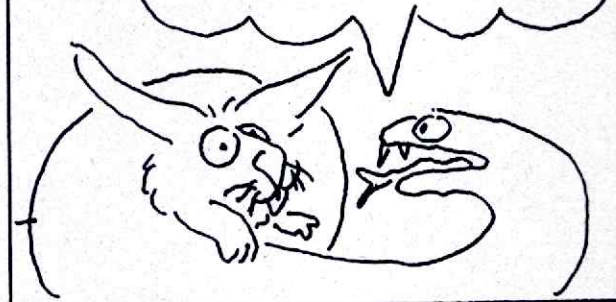
FOR I HAVE **NEVER** SEEN AN IMAGE OF **MYSELF!!**



WELL, YOU'RE FURRY AND SOFT WITH LONG EARS AND WHISKERS; OBVIOUSLY YOU'RE A **RABBIT!!!**



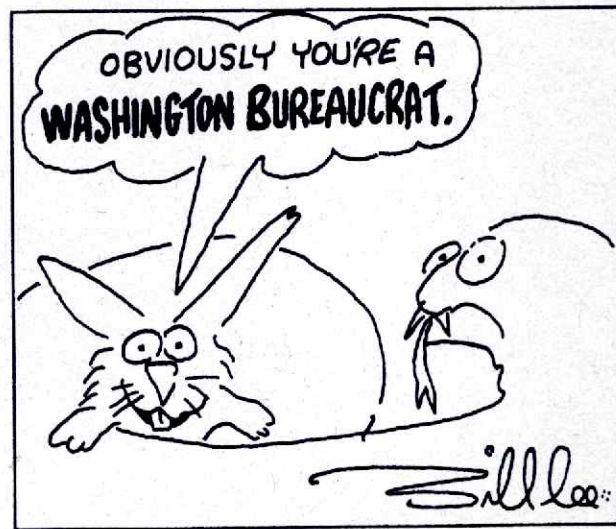
BUT I TOO HAVE **NEVER** SEEN AN **IMAGE** OF MYSELF. PERHAPS YOU CAN RETURN THE FAVOR...

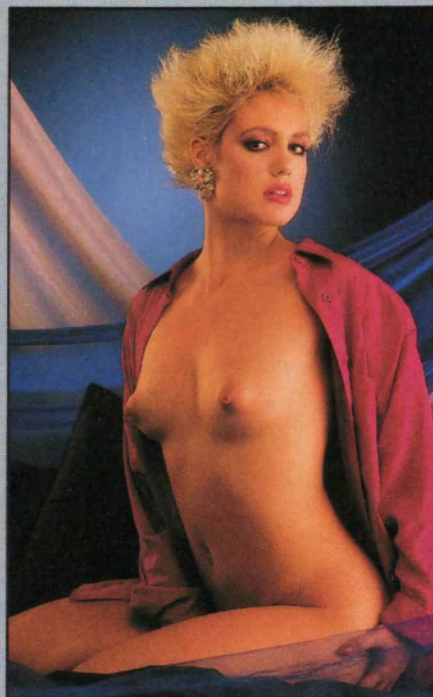


WELL, YOU'RE **BIG** AND **SLIMY** AND YOU'VE GOT **NO BALLS.....**



OBVIOUSLY YOU'RE A **WASHINGTON BUREAUCRAT.**





BAD TO THE Bone

An open invitation to join the sizzling excitement of the new HOTTALK! Each and every month new HOTTALK dares to be different, bringing you more bawdy humor, more erotic essays, more shocking reader mail and more fun-filled pictorials than any other men's magazine. So don't delay, get HOTTALK today. *Subscribe now or buy it at newsstands everywhere.* It's the most adventurous, outrageous magazine anywhere!

HOTTALK

HOTTALK
P.O. Box 11268
Des Moines, Iowa 50347

☐ Yes! Send me 1 year (12 issues) of HOTTALK for just \$39! Save \$15 off the cover price!

Name

Address

City

State Zip

☐ Check encl. ☐ Money order encl.

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard-Intbk. #

Acct. #

Credit card-holders call toll free:

1-800-341-7378

In Iowa call: 1-800-233-4692.

Please print clearly. Rates for U.S., A.P.O. and F.P.O. addresses only. Outside U.S. \$49 for 1 year. No Canadian orders. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

HSPH



Her smile was an intimate
invitation to lose himself in a sexual nirvana
where reality and fantasy are one.

WET DREAMS

BY VICTORIA JOYCE

He spotted her first on the plane. She was about five or six rows ahead of him, but on the other side. He watched her reach up and put her things in the overhead rack. Blond, nice face, about a size eight, medium height, good body. Yes, he thought, a very good body. Maybe he'd get up and walk down the aisle on the other side to the magazine rack. He almost rose to his feet before he realized that he was really in no mood to talk. Business trips like this knocked him out these

days. Competition got keener when the rules changed. With a tough presentation coming up and a skit-tish client nervous about a big budget backing up their top brand in a marketplace with radical new government restrictions, keeping an eye on the ball instead of the blonde would be the more prudent choice. First win the game, then sample the wine. Reluctantly, he opened his attaché case and went over every paragraph of his proposal again.

PAINTING BY PAUL WUNDERLICH

He rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch. They'd be landing in a half hour. He glanced across the aisle. The Blonde was not in her seat. He got up and headed for the men's room to wash up. He had almost reached the lavatories when she emerged from one and headed down the other aisle. He was disoriented for a minute, checking his watch again; maybe he could catch up to her still. He was about to open the door to one of the washrooms when the other door opened again and a man came out. Was he imagining things? Wasn't it the same one she came out of? Could someone have gone in and come out in the minute he was distracted following her down the aisle with his eyes? The thought stayed in the back of his mind. As he headed to his seat, he scanned the row she was in and saw the man sitting across the aisle from her. They had to have been in there together. Still, it could have been a coincidence.

He couldn't take his eyes off her now. Desire was suddenly hot in him. He restrained himself from getting up and walking over there. But his mind felt no such obligation. He let it float. "Hello," he introduced himself, told her he couldn't help noticing her, was she traveling on business or pleasure? Business. He was on a business trip himself. Did she know much about the city? Yes, she did. Perhaps she could give him some advice on places to go. Would she mind if he sat down next to her and talked awhile? It would make the flight the high point of his day. She smiled in welcome: "Actually, I was thinking of walking over in your direction if you hadn't come over here," and she moved so that he could sit down. Mmm. Nice invitation. They talked for a while, he asked about a gym near the hotel where he was staying; "I work out regularly," he explained, and felt comfortable enough to ask, "Do you work out much? You're in great shape." "I do it regularly, too," she said in a way that was full of innuendo and double meaning. The subject was opening doors. They talked about abdominals and stretches and squats and latissimus dorsi as though they were arms and legs and bellies and bottoms and backs being bared for the approval of eyes and hands and appetites. It made them both hot and gave him the beginning of an erection. She hadn't missed it.

A stewardess was walking by. "Would you be more comfortable with a pillow and a blanket? It's a little chilly in here." It was an inferno. A nod: "Excuse me, miss, could you bring a pillow and a blanket?" The "Yes, sir," carried the smile of a conspirator. He turned toward her, she parted her legs, he slipped his hand under the blanket. He was surprised by a pair of panty hose that were completely bare at the crotch. She was a wet, hot, swollen invitation. He was too excited for manners, and pressing deeply in her spread his fingers wide to invade every surface at once. She flinched, he con-

tained himself and softened his touch to little strokes with which he captured the delicious female flesh in tiny rapid pinches. A muffled moan, and he could feel light rippling reflexes pinching back. Her sigh was a breeze passing.

She relaxed, looked at him, then smiling a smile of intimate invitation, said, "I'm going back to the washroom, come with me." She went into one of the cubicles without locking the door. He counted slowly to ten, turned around to make sure that no one was looking in his direction, and slipped into the same one. She had taken off her shoes and skirt and was standing on the seat so there would be enough room for both of them to fit in the small space. Lovely fuzz was almost even with his mouth; he moved toward it. He felt the round firmness of her body, reached upward to capture her breasts in the palms of his hands, inhaled the wonderful smell of her, losing all sense of where he was. He unbuttoned his slacks;

6

She left the airplane
bathroom open for him. She had
taken off her skirt
and was standing on the seat.
Lovely fuzz was
almost even with his mouth.

his hardness was bursting through his clothes. He turned her around and pulled her close, burying himself in the space his fingers had already discovered; feeling and memory came together. He shuddered.

The captain was flashing the No Smoking/Fasten Your Seat Belt sign. Stewardesses were busy collecting the last of the glasses from trays that had to be tucked away for landing. He'd been dreaming, and he'd have just enough cool-down time before the plane landed to get up without scaring little old ladies. The Blonde was standing up again, getting her things down; the guy was still in his seat not offering to help. He decided he must have been mistaken.

He was met at the airport by the male secretary to the president and the company car. This was serious attention. He wondered who else was going to be at the meeting; it looked like the moment of decision to him. They talked casually on the way in from the airport about the possible consequences of certain new laws and regulations, and the concern they

were generating. The easy generalities covered heavy-duty anxiety and a low-key note of hope that he and his firm were on their toes with real solutions. He was dropped at the hotel to check in and handle his messages; they'd be back in a half hour to pick him up.

He made calls to Neil, the marketing V.P., to say hello and thank him for cooperating with his staff; to Steve, the advertising V.P., to check that his presentation had been arranged to specification; and to his office for any last-minute news. Then he glanced at his appearance in the long mirror of the door. His suit had stayed pressed, the easy cut of the jacket fell smoothly over his big frame. He ran a comb through his thick brown hair, straightened his shoulders, and readied himself for battle.

There were six people sitting in on a meeting in a conference room that could have held 30, but they were six of the top people in the firm. In the center of the long table was his beautifully executed scale model of a megasize retail store, part of the national chain that sold large quantities of their product, with every customer-contact point of the new promotion clearly visible. On the walls were renderings of samples and charts covering the range of development for the entire program. The visual presentation was impressive. He had worked hard on it with his team, going over it again and again until they were satisfied that they had left nothing to chance. All he had to do now was go through the initial store-level agreements, the numbers and the step-by-step design of the plan. He knew everyone at the table and shook hands all around with a personal greeting for each. He was about to sit down for the preliminaries when the door opened on a now familiar face. The guy on the plane. He was introduced to Brad Merrill, executive V.P. from the Canadian office, where most of the trouble was. Why did he have the feeling he was going to be the toughest hurdle to clear? Taking a breath, he launched into his presentation on the plan to redirect a multimillion-dollar advertising budget that would continue to build brand equity and awareness without using traditional advertising methods. Every ear was his.

It took less than an hour for a full presentation, and two and a half more to respond to the questions and prove again the validity of each point. But it was worth it. They liked it, they bought it, they shook on it. Even Brad Merrill. He parted with a promise to confirm in a proposal the changes that were agreed upon, and headed for the hotel. He was wiped.

It was too early for dinner. Maybe he'd take a nap. The meeting had drained his energy and he needed an hour or so to get it together again. He dropped his



FOUR WHEELER

WE STAND BEHIND OUR COMMITMENT TO EXCELLENCE!



FOUR WHEELER is your best guarantee against falling behind on the late breaking news in the world of hard driving vehicles. We put you in the driver's seat every month by bringing you the most up-to-date, in-depth 4 x 4 news coverage.

- When Scott "Mr. Spectacular" Stephens built the world's first jet-powered monster truck, FOUR WHEELER was there!
- When Michelin introduced their XC All Terrain off road tire, FOUR WHEELER was there!
- When Toyota pitted its SR5 Turbo Xtra Cab against Nissan's SE V-6 King Cab in a fight to the finish, FOUR WHEELER was there!

From current trends to valuable maintenance tips, let FOUR WHEELER be your troubleshooter. Whether you're looking to design your own dashboard ... purchase your first 4 x 4 vehicle ... construct your own state-of-the-art road machine from scratch ... FOUR WHEELER gives

you valuable advice to help you make informed decisions.

FOUR WHEELER knows where the action is and brings it home to you at incredible savings. Subscribe today and save over 50% off the newsstand cost. Get a full year (12 monthly issues) for **only \$14.87**. In addition, our no risk guarantee assures you of a full refund on all unmailed issues if you are at all dissatisfied.

Don't delay! Put the subscription coupon in the mail today and discover for yourself why FOUR WHEELER is the source most often used by four wheel drive enthusiasts in the know!

FREE BONUS GIFT

Get this handy, streamlined flashlight FREE with your paid subscription to FOUR WHEELER.



YES! Start sending my monthly issues of FOUR WHEELER. I'll get a full year (12 issues) for **only \$14.87**. That's a savings of \$15.13—more than 50% off the newsstand cost. Plus, I'll receive the FOUR WHEELER flashlight—absolutely free—with my paid subscription.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Bill me ☐ Payment enclosed (Send my flashlight immediately)

Please allow 6-8 weeks for arrival of your first issue. Canadian residents send \$19.87 for 12 issues, other foreign residents send \$22.50 for 12 issues. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. Basic subscription price is \$14.87 for 12 issues.

FOUR WHEELER P.O. Box 2046, Harlan, Iowa 51593

HSPH

THE MAILBAG...

Mail directly to the Advertiser
name and address below only

MEET SENSUAL GIRLS CALL TODAY 1-312-262-9800



America's #1 Adult Dating Club offers you a unique opportunity to make nationwide contacts. Guaranteed Names, Addresses and EXPLICIT PHOTO'S. A New and Exciting way to find your special partner (or partners). Contacts Guaranteed! WRITE or CALL today. THE LOVE CLUB, Box 405-PH, Wilmette, IL 60091. CALL 1-(312) 262-9800.

50¢ VIDEOS



30 Full Length Videos Featuring hot XXX sex on 60 minute cassettes

Group 1: 10 Videos of Blonde Sex Goddesses!

Group 2: 10 Videos of Big Breast Queens!

Group 3: 10 Videos of Oral Fantasies!

Free Catalog with Every Order! Satisfaction Guaranteed! 10 Videos \$7; 20 Videos \$10; 30 Videos \$15 Send Remittance & Choices to: Club Video Dept. EXPO. Box 12007 Merrillville, IN. 46411 Add \$3 P&H. Indicate VHS or Beta. Must be 18 to order this material.

SWINGERS! GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES THAT LOVE TO SWING



GIRLS, GUYS & COUPLES in your area Want To Meet You! Call our TOLL FREE number today and receive our Members Only Directory. This quarterly magazine is filled with OVER 1000 ADS, many with name, phone number & addresses for your direct contact. Stop Fantasizing about it and start living it today! TOLL FREE 1-800-253-2033 OR 1-214-358-7513 24 HOURS. Excitement is just a phone call away!

shoes to the floor, took off his tie, and almost closed his eyes before he realized the message light was on. He dialed the operator. The masseuse, oh yes. We can only arrange a masseuse, sir, would that be acceptable? Yes, yes, that would be fine. She would be available in one half hour, sir, would that be acceptable? Yes, that would be fine. He had forgotten about requesting a massage when he checked in this morning. He was glad he did it now. A woman, huh. The thought was interesting. He headed for the shower.

The knock at the door was soft, but he jumped up with a startled jerk, anyway. Damn, he must really be tired. She was awfully tiny. He wondered if she could do much good for someone as big as him. Kind of cute, though; nice butt, too. He offered to help her with her massage table, and to his relief, she said yes. He wasn't in the mood for one of those I'll-do-it-myselfers. She began with his right leg, kneading the muscles and stroking strongly. For a little girl, she had good hands. He released himself, the tensions eased, the table received the weight of his body as he relaxed.

Her hands were moving now on his upper thigh; the first pulse beat of desire began to stir. He thought he'd forgotten about her, but there she was again, the Blonde. As the hands were moving over him, he imagined they were hers. He let his mind move into the fantasy, dressed her body in the stark white uniform of the masseuse, admired her tan against the white, her small waist, full round breasts, great legs. As the hands moved sensitively around him, his arousal increased and so did his focus on the Blonde. He pictured her standing close to the table, asking him, "How does that feel, sir?" That would feel good all right, real good. As the hands moved to his torso, the dream took on a new dimension; it moved from hands to the body that stood so close now—the masseuse was the Blonde. "Is that enough pressure for you, sir?" That's good, but maybe if you moved a little closer, it could be a little stronger; I like a real strong massage. She moved into the table; if he turned his head, he could just barely smell the intimate fragrance of her. He groaned inwardly.

Now she moved to his head and almost cradled it between her thighs as she leaned across him to take long strokes down his chest to his belly. With each stroke her breasts came close to touching his mouth, her hands just barely skirted his groin. Heat was rising in him. "Excuse me, sir, could you turn on your stomach now?" He felt somehow interrupted in the midst of something important, but realized where he was and turned obediently before drifting back into the place he had made in his mind for the Blonde. She was working on his legs again. Her hands became the hands of

the Blonde. They seemed more intimate, as if each touch was caring, as if each touch would be followed by cool lips and a hot tongue. She moved to his buttocks. The swifter movement, the friction—at any moment it seemed her hands would slide between his legs and touch him. He could feel himself stirring to hardness. The Blonde asked, "Do you mind if I undo my dress, sir? It's very warm in here." Not at all. Then she asked, "Do you mind if I take off my underwear, sir? It's so restricting, and I can give you a better massage if I feel freer." Not at all, with a lump in his throat. The masseuse, standing at his head, again moved to work on his back. The Blonde was in front of him now, tiny curls tickling his nose. He reached out, stroke for stroke, her legs, his back, her flanks, his shoulders, her belly, his neck. She bent; he took her breasts in his mouth. The masseuse was digging into his back now; the Blonde began to drift away. The masseuse was winning. His whole body was in deep pleasure. God, it was wonderful. Every drop of tension had been coaxed away. He felt liberated to naked infancy in the intensity of physical comfort, and yielded in total trust to the warmth of the hands on his back.

He must have slept for at least two hours. It was late now, almost six; he'd barely have time to shave and dress and make cocktails. But it was worth it, he felt like a million bucks! When he got down to the bar, everyone was there and, from the sounds of it, on a high with the victory of the occasion. He said hello again to everyone, shaking hands and collecting a slap or two on the back. Missing from the group was Brad. He didn't let it bother him; in fact, he was kind of relieved. He got comfortable, glanced around at the crowd, and stopped suddenly. A tremor of hot excitement traveled from his groin to his belly. There she was and all by herself, having a drink at the bar. What bad luck, there was no way he could excuse himself; this was the second time she was on the same turf and he had spotted her without being able to follow through. As if she could read his mind, she turned, caught him staring at her, and smiled. He smiled back and in an exaggerated mime glanced around at the group and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. She took a tissue from her purse, pretending to dab at make-believe tears, smiled sweetly, and left. Was she making fun of him? She was becoming an obsession. Annoyed with himself, he forced her out of his mind and turned his attention to the business of the evening.

He stretched out on the bed, glad that his day's work was done, and flicked on the TV. It was on the hotel channel. The list of services were rolling down the screen in computer type. He moved to change the channel when his eye caught the information on the hotel health club. They advertised a full range of Nautilus

A close-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair, looking through a magnifying glass. The magnifying glass is held over her face, and the lens is focused on her eye, making it appear larger. The background is softly blurred, showing what appears to be a pink flower.

MEET YOUR *Love* **MATCH**

LOVE MATCH
PERSONALS ARE:
FAST
FRIENDLY
FUN WAY TO MEET
NEW FRIENDS

AMERICA'S
NEWEST WAY TO MEET
SOMEONE SPECIAL

SELECT YOUR FUTURE
LOVER

YOUR LOVE MATCH
IS A PHONE CALL AWAY

CALL NOW!

1.900.909.2400

1.900.909.2500

\$2.00 FIRST MINUTE
.45¢ EACH ADDITIONAL MINUTE

equipment, a pool, and a steam room. Workout clothes and sneakers were available for rental and it was open till midnight. Why not? It was just after ten now. He was keyed up and still a little steamed over the Blonde; just what he needed to exhaust his energy and get a good night's sleep. He took a pullover sweater from his bag and headed for the elevator.

He had to hand it to them, the hotel had done an outstanding job; the place was a knockout. The workout clothes were the best labels, the equipment was the latest gleaming Nautilus steel, the weight machines were just what he was after, and everything looked brand-new. But what captured his attention and held it fast was what they had done with the atmosphere; it caught him in the gut and pulled at him right down to his testicles. Rainbows of color ran in streams through wide tubes of neon set in rows along the upper walls of the dark-gray-painted room. The floor was heavy glass lit from beneath the surface, making the bulky equipment look almost surreal and spacey. To add to the mood of other-worldliness and distant alienation, Pink Floyd crowded the room with sound from *Dark Side of the Moon* while the lights bubbled and flashed and dragged through the colored tubes in absolute time to each pulse beat and vi-

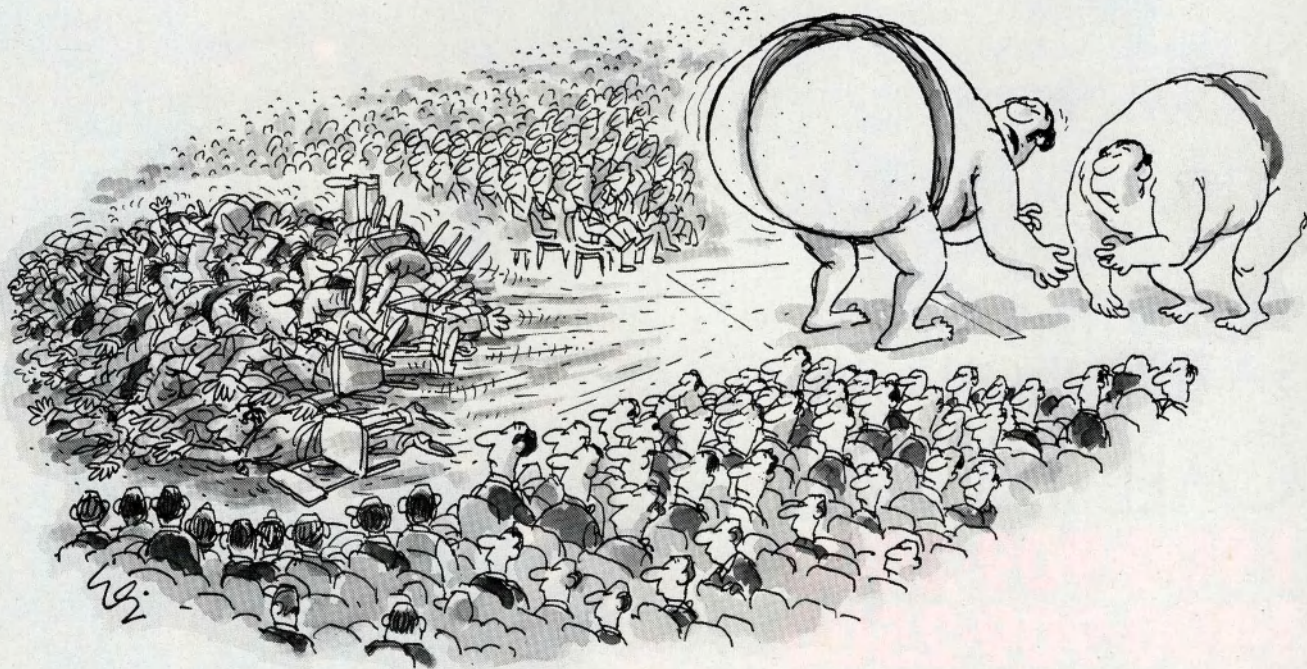
bration. It was a room that made you want to have sex.

He didn't see much chance in that tonight, so he thought he'd go for a pump and let his body hit a high that way. He was 15 minutes into his workout and the beginning of a sweat, when it began to hit him. He felt the beat travel through his veins along with the blood that was rushing upward through his body, taking him away in a free-fall of sensation. He felt good.

The music hit the soft low moans of a woman crying into a long dark night. He lifted toward the sound; coming forward on the upswing, he caught the vision of the Blonde, braless in a tight T-shirt and very short shorts. He must be getting good at this, he could swear she was real. He came up again on the next lift and almost dropped the heavy metal weights to the floor. She was real, and right behind her but walking toward the back of the room was Brad Merrill. He caught his breath, his mind went soaring—his blood racing, his body taut—an animal caught between tensions, an animal sighting the longed-for prize. He waited. She looked at him first, as though she was pleased to see him there; without missing a beat, she walked over to the leg press that was directly across from him and, staring right

into his eyes, settled herself in without looking away. Placing her legs inside the pads, she steadily pushed outward, spreading her legs slowly wider and wider until he could see little blond hairs escaping from the shorts that were pulled so tight at the seam in the middle that it forced the outline of every female fold, and the dampness that was beginning to show, through the fabric. He skirted the room rapidly with his eyes, noticed that they were alone, noticed that Brad had disappeared, probably into the locker room; could it still be a coincidence?

He was past worrying about Brad. He got up, without a word walked behind her, and added a ten-pound block to the weight stack, pausing to see what she would do. She continued her workout without changing her pace or acknowledging his action, but had trouble getting a full stretch through her legs. Now he came around and stood directly in her line of vision. He was beginning to push out the front of his shorts. He leaned forward and put his hands inside her thighs, boldly helping her to press her legs back. He could see the length of her nipples as they became hard. God, he wanted to touch her breasts. They worked her legs together for at least five minutes, with hot stares and without a word. When she stopped, he released her and watched as she eased herself out of the machine



"So sorry!"



Christmas Belles

Ring in the new year with the gift of Penthouse—the gift that keeps coming—all year long.

The first subscription you send costs just \$36—a \$13.50 savings off the regular cover price. Send a second gift (or a

third, or a fourth!) and pay the joyously low price of just \$30 each.

So put the crush on the Christmas rush, and make your presents felt this year. Send your friends Penthouse—the ideal gift for the man who wants everything!

Penthouse Magazine
P.O. Box 3021, Harlan, Ia. 51593

Please enter a gift subscription of:
☐ **First gift—1 year only \$36! Save \$13.50 off the cover price.**
☐ **Each additional gift only \$30! Save \$19.50 off the cover price!**

TO:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TO:
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FROM: (You must complete this section)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ In addition, send me a subscription. ☐ Bill me.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard-Interbank # _____
Acct. # _____ Exp. date _____

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

Please print clearly. Rates for U.S. addresses only. Canada and elsewhere \$46 for one year. Payment must be made in U.S. currency. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. YSCP0

PENTHOUSE

Term Paper Blues?

Term Paper Assistance

Catalog of 14,278 Research Papers

Order Catalog Today with Visa/MC or COD

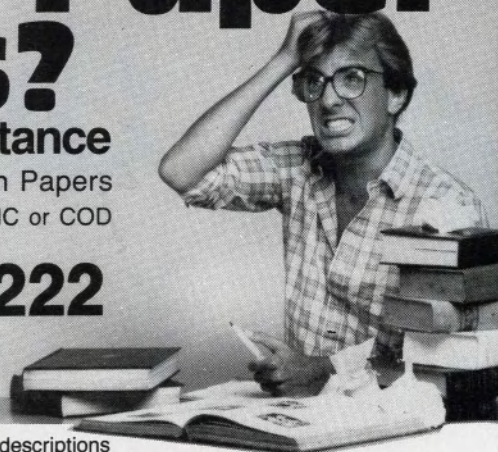
Toll Free-Hot Line

1-800-351-0222

in Calif. (213) 477-8226

Mon-Fri., 10am-5pm (Pacific Time)

Or send \$2.00 with coupon below



Our 306-page catalog contains detailed descriptions of 14,278 research papers, a virtual library of information at your fingertips. Footnote and bibliographic pages are included at no extra cost. Ordering is as easy as picking up your phone. Let this valuable educational aid serve you throughout your college years.

Research Assistance also provides custom research and thesis assistance. Our staff of 75 professional writers, each writing in his field of expertise, can assist you with all your research needs.

Save Time and Improve Your Grades!

- Easy ordering
- Speedy Delivery
- Quality Guaranteed

RA
since
1970

RESEARCH ASSISTANCE • Dept. CQ

11322 Idaho Ave. • Suite 206

West Los Angeles, Calif. 90025

Please rush my catalog. Enclosed is \$2.00 to cover postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

and almost in the same motion stepped casually out of her clothes. With an animal grace, she padded softly toward the steam room, selected a bath sheet, wrapped herself in it, and disappeared. The music hit that wild loose sound again; all around the walls, the neon turned hot and shot long spurts of color through the tubes. He let his mind pick up the wavelength of the wail, and walking on its yearning plea, moved to the door, stripped off his clothes, ignored the bath sheets, and went in naked and hard and hungry.

The steam was up pretty high for that hour of the night, making the air foggy; but the floor was the same as the workout room, and soft light shone up through the glass, outlining her form as she lay stretched on the tile bench, the bath sheet open around her. Her breasts were a dream. He leaned down and ran his hands very slowly over the wet contours of her entire body. Moving closer still, he invaded her mouth, exploring it with his tongue, pressing deeply into its warmth, and felt her pressing back with urgency. Her hand moved up to touch him, stroke him, grasp him. The pressure was intense pleasure, the pressure was torture. Putting his hands under her, he lifted her dripping body; she wrapped her legs tight around him in the same motion. He grabbed her buttocks and pressed his

fingers into every wet opening. Deep sighs, hungry bites, grabbing desire, an open-mouthed scream, her nipples burning holes in his chest, quiet.

In the pause of returning consciousness, he sensed rather than saw the other man in the room with them. Saying nothing, he set her free and found himself suddenly distant, still, unsure. Brad sat down, naked and hard. She walked over to him, bent to her knees, leaned down, took him softly in her mouth, and began a rhythmic licking that, now that he knew her mouth, he could feel on himself. They were so easily intimate, they had to have been together a long time.

Watching them, his mind whirled with surfacing conflicts, challenged possession, the strangeness of another man breaking the circle of their privacy, the demand of his desire. Yet the more he watched, the more Brad became a cipher of himself, her desire for both of them fusing them together in their mutual appetite for her. He let his mind go, released constraints, and crossed over every boundary that provoked him, the raw animal heat of the scene drawing him back. He walked behind her and ran his hand over her, bending himself to lick at the salty wetness that had flowed heavily over the folds between her legs. Very gently and very slowly he opened her, spread her legs wider, and ran his hands over hot, wet velvet, before moving into her and


matching rhythm for rhythm the paced strokes of her mouth. This was what she wanted all along. He was sure of it now. From the beginning it was her dance. He moved deeper, then heard her moan as he felt her rock back hard on him.

Brad withdrew from her mouth and got up from his seat on the bench. Intuitively, he changed places with him, now withdrawing and moving around to sit in front of her on the very edge of the tile shelf. She climbed on his lap and moved down on him before beginning a rising-and-falling motion that shifted her into a position to push herself slightly outward. Brad captured her breasts in his hands, rubbed the wet skin, and squeezed her nipples as he moved close behind her. It was uncanny; he could feel every move that touched her as if Brad were another extension of himself.

She cried out, leaned forward, bit him, and in a frenzy of activity, pulled at both of them at once, hard, in swaying, rocking, moaning, weeping, deep, intense, luxurious animal gratification.

They washed her down in the cold shower, screaming and laughing with their tickling and their poking and the icy streams and the hot steam. Brad went off to dry and dress. He shut off the shower and, unable to give her up just yet, began to lick her dry with his tongue. It was a losing battle; the steam never gave it a chance. But when she licked him back, he prayed for strength, and found his passion for her so strong that he didn't need it. Once more he took her, this time lying on the lit glass floor, the echoes of the beat of a voice crying to the wind seeping thinly under the door, steam dripping little rivers of water over both of them, sighs of pleasure bouncing off the walls.

They had to hurry now. The gym would be closing any minute; someone would be coming to lock up. She dressed quickly and turned to leave. Pausing in the doorway, she spoke the first words he heard her say, "It was good," and she left without looking back.

It took him a long time to fall asleep. He'd have missed his morning flight if it hadn't been for the breakfast card on the door for room service. Heading back, he kept looking around as if she were hidden somewhere on the plane and he had just to look in the right aisle to find her. He wondered how long she and Brad had been lovers; he wondered if they still were or just adventuring friends now; he wondered if he'd ever see her again—he knew if it was what she wanted, he would. His pulse quickened at the memory of the steam room, he leaned back in his seat—why not?—and he let himself drift into the sounds of the sensuous beats, feel her wonderful hot skin against his, and with that provoking remembrance, floated off into the pleasure of another wet dream. 

TITILLATING VIDEOS FROM PENTHOUSE



BRAND NEW!



HOT...



HOTTER...



From the pages of PENTHOUSE, our seductive beauties come to life in erotic locales with engagingly spicy stories that mesh your fantasies with PENTHOUSE eroticism! And the PENTHOUSE exclusive nudes of Madonna, seen for the first time in music video form. Plus, a provocative gander behind the scenes during the filming of Caligula. Never seen – off the set excitement!

Enjoy boys and girls? Girls and girls? And various combinations? Then warm up your VCR. Here's a sizzling video that mixes all the above with a touch of fantasy, a bit of comedy and lots of erotic adventure. Enjoy Penthouse's prettiest Pets every way you like them: top and bottom...over and under...even upside-down. *Love Stories* is 60 minutes of delicious diversity – Penthouse style. You'll love it!



HOTTEST...



Many say it's the hottest movie ever made. It's certainly the most controversial. Here's a chance to see and judge for yourself with the original, uncut, X-rated version – direct from Penthouse. It captures in startling detail the decadence and debauchery that marked the infamous Roman emperor's reign. Malcolm McDowell is sensational as Caligula. Peter O'Toole is brilliant. And the sex scenes are, well...let's be conservative and say bizarre. This is one of those rare films that gets better every time you see it!

What would you expect when the world's most provocative magazine comes to life in your home? Beautiful women? Naturally. But *The Girls of Penthouse* is much more than that. Join some of the magazine's most luscious lovelies as they take their fantasies – and yours – further than they've ever been. This is one of the most engaging and seductive videos you'll ever see!

FREE BONUS GIFTS!



With the purchase of any two of the above videos, you'll receive this handsome multi-function Penthouse digital quartz watch **FREE...**

Take all 4 videos and get the Penthouse watch *plus* the latest issue of *The Girls of Penthouse*, featuring exciting pictorials of beautiful Penthouse Pets, and *The Girls of Caligula* – all *absolutely free!*



PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS 200 North 12th Street, Newark, NJ 07107

Please rush me the videos I've checked below:

- ☐ **Love Stories...** \$29.98, plus \$3.50 postage & handling
- ☐ **The Girls of Penthouse...** \$29.98, plus \$3.50 postage & handling
- ☐ **Caligula...** \$89.95, plus \$3.50 postage & handling
- ☐ **On The Wild Side...** \$29.98, plus \$3.50 postage & handling

Total order (tapes plus postage and handling) \$_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Please indicate one: ☐ VHS ☐ BETA
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money Order enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

Acct. #_____ Exp. Date_____

Signature_____

Credit card holders call toll-free: 1-800-351-1700

Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. No Canadian or foreign orders.

PHOTOTRON

IF YOU ROLL YOUR OWN, GROW YOUR OWN WITH STATE OF THE ART HORTICULTURAL TECHNOLOGY

Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES. My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile. In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory at a major university under Federal license in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature, I did; all of the scientific literature, I did; and look at every apparatus for growing plants, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact, you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact, you will average a 6 inch internodal length (distance between budding sites). In fact, have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And, in fact, YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look, the only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (36 inches tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs. fool you. The PHOTOTRON II will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact, you will grow 6 plants, 3 feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one-inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON II, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON II every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON II, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You receive simple, step by step instructions. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE, you will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it. Then, if you have any questions at all, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON II. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOWCASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

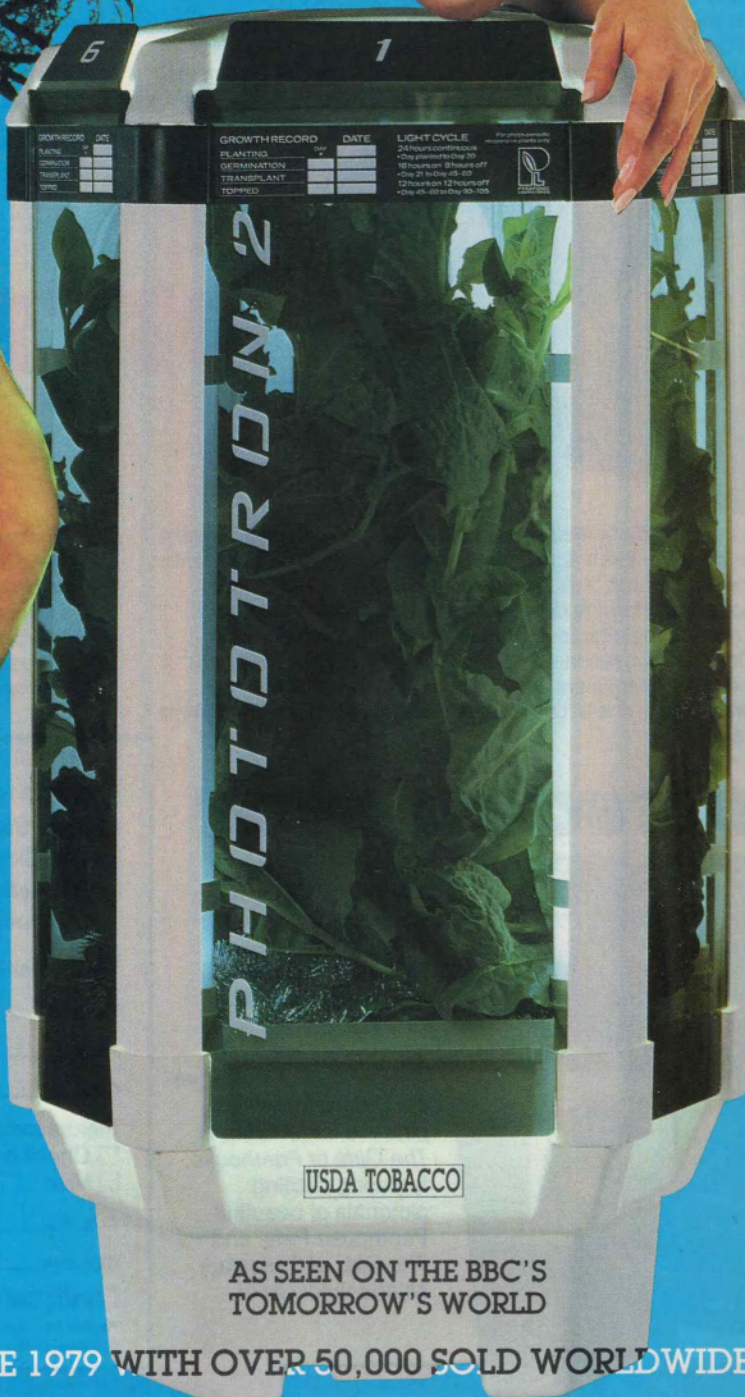
Call me at 1-312-544-BUDS. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call?

Jeffery Julian DeMarco

PHOTOTRON	NONE	12	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
HALIDE SYSTEMS	50%	1	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
LIGHT	LEAF SHADING LINEAR FEET OF LIGHT SPECTRUM ADJUSTABILITY SPECTRUM DESIGNED FOR EACH SYSTEM									
NUTRIENTS	COMPUTER FEEDS PLANTS GUARANTEES PLANTS NEVER KILLS THE PLANTS ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS - 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT ONE-INCH INTERNODAL LENGTHS - 1,000 BUDDING SITES PER PLANT RE-FLOWER AND RE-BUD SAME PLANTS EVERY 45 DAYS UP TO 9 TIMES PER YEAR TOTALLY SELF-SUFFICIENT TO LEAF SATURATION SERVICE HOT LINE FOR QUESTIONS									
CO ₂										
SERVICE										

PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES, INC.²
P.O. BOX 1071, MELROSE PARK, IL 60160, USA

1-312-544-B-U-D-S



USDA TOBACCO

AS SEEN ON THE BBC'S
TOMORROW'S WORLD

AS ADVERTISED NATIONALLY SINCE 1979 WITH OVER 50,000 SOLD WORLDWIDE

GODMOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

level it's ever been, especially in its diversity. Even from the Store's point of view, there's a wide scope that's never been done before. "I hope it stays at that keel, but I'm afraid, too, because there's so much bad comedy happening on TV. I haven't been active in television, but we're going to start pursuing it." This fall, NBC is presenting the "Comedy Store's 15th Class Reunion," a stand-up extravaganza of the best of the best.

While it's never been better at the top, Mitzi worries about a type of aspirant she's seen coming in the door on recent Potluck Nights. "A lot of young people have been in comedy clubs all around the country; a lot of them, unfortunately, with somebody else's material. It's very hard to undo that. I don't discuss their material with them, I just tell them they're not right for the Comedy Store. If there's any glimmer of talent there, I encourage them to come back and showcase for me again. But there're too many untalented people out there and that's too damn bad. Because they come to the coast after they've been making \$350, \$400 a week on the road, and they think they've got it and they *don't*. Rat-a-tat comics I call them—there's no art involved."


Some comics she sees on Monday

nights, as well as some who've made it, try to imitate the old-style one-liner shtick that Mitzi says just doesn't work for them. "It was always the typical stand-up Jewish comic back in the fifties and sixties, and that's what I wanted to change, because as a Jew, I didn't like it. Guys like Jackie Mason, Shecky Greene, are different. They were *there*; it's funny because it's *theirs*—they're like our scholars, and you have to respect the vintage."

Sometimes, Mitzi says, a comic comes to the Comedy Store with talent but without a comic identity. Confused about what they want to do, some end up finding their talents in places they didn't expect. "Michael Keaton started out in a Pacific Beach group in 1976 that included David and Robin, too. I told him stand-up wasn't his thing. I think he still resents me for it, but stand-up wasn't natural to him. Acting is, obviously. David didn't know what he was good at, either—he was a weatherman out of the Midwest, with this beard, looking like a lumberjack—but he had such a wit about him and eventually found his focus." As in any other art, searching for one's comedic niche is a bitch of a journey, although for some there's not as much soul-searching. "Actually," says Paul Rodriguez, "I got into this business to get laid. If I wasn't in comedy, I'd have made a great gynecologist." (Imagine that.) "Or a TV evangelist," he says.

Show business, unfortunately, is also

notorious for casualties. On the road to "making it" are some major potholes, and more than a few of our greatest talents have fallen into them. This year Mitzi helped set up the Comedians' Drug and Alcohol Abuse Foundation, which pays for the care of comedians when they fall prey to substance abuse. "We'll perhaps raise enough money to build our own center. They're always doing benefits for everyone else, so it's high time they have something like this for themselves. There's a wonderful camaraderie at the Comedy Store to help each other, and that extends to the foundation now—for the benefit of *any* comedian, whether they work for the Store or not."

It is that camaraderie that makes the difference in comedians and in careers. And even while the Comedy Store is the place where new stars can shine and big stars can polish their acts—giving it that glamorous edge of something wonderful and crazy and new always about to happen—there is that precious feeling of everydayness. It's a place where comics great and not-yet-great run in and out and into each other through hallways, and you can picture them calling out, "Ma, I'm home," because it's a place where they know their picture is always hung, no matter how big the stages get somewhere else. The Comedy Store is where the best perfect their timing. And Mitzi Shore is where their heart is. 

e-z wider makes it e-z for you.



e-z wider cigarette rolling papers. The world's easiest way to roll a cigarette.

Available in single, 1 1/4, 1 1/2, double, 1.0, lights, ultra lights and new french.

THE SAFE SENSUAL FULFILLMENT OF YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES

INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS



CALL **CHERYL** FOR A
SIZZLING HOT
CONVERSATION!

212-741-0971

MC/V 24 HOURS DIRECT CALL AVAILABLE



I WANT YOU
CALL ANYTIME;

(213) 622-4417
(617) 536-1906

BUY 1 CALL, GET 25 FREE



I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED
... A HOT AGGRESSIVE
WOMAN! CALL

NICOLE
212-741-0216

MC/V 24 HOURS



I'LL EXCITE YOU BEYOND
BELIEF! FANTASIZING AT ITS
BEST TRUST ME!

ASHLEY
212-541-6446

MC/V 24 HOURS DIRECT CALLS



HI, I'M **SHARON**. I LOVE
TO GET INTO WILD
FANTASIES OVER THE
TELEPHONE. CALL ME

212-807-8123

MC/V 24 HOURS



TALK TO A STARLET
I'M WILLING TO SATISFY
YOUR WILDEST FANTASIES
CALL ... **GINA**

213-466-7882

V/MC/AE DIRECT CALL-BACKS 24 HRS.



THE SEDUCTION OF SUZY
FOR SWEET & TOTAL
SATISFACTION CALL ME,
SUZY

305-983-1233

V/MC/AE DIRECT CALL-BACKS AVAILABLE 24 HRS.



DARING DIALOG
DISCOUNT PRICES
CALL **DUSTY**

415-567-6969

V/MC/AE 24 HOURS



SHARE YOUR WILDEST
FANTASY CALL ME AND
LET'S TURN EACH OTHER
ON! **LORI**

212-929-4311

MC/V 24 HOURS

GODMOTHER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

level it's ever been, especially in its diversity. Even from the Store's point of view, there's a wide scope that's never been done before. "I hope it stays at that keel, but I'm afraid, too, because there's so much bad comedy happening on TV. I haven't been active in television, but we're going to start pursuing it." This fall, NBC is presenting the "Comedy Store's 15th Class Reunion," a stand-up extravaganza of the best of the best.

While it's never been better at the top, Mitzi worries about a type of aspirant she's seen coming in the door on recent Potluck Nights. "A lot of young people have been in comedy clubs all around the country; a lot of them, unfortunately, with somebody else's material. It's very hard to undo that. I don't discuss their material with them, I just tell them they're not right for the Comedy Store. If there's any glimmer of talent there, I encourage them to come back and showcase for me again. But there're too many untalented people out there and that's too damn bad. Because they come to the coast after they've been making \$350, \$400 a week on the road, and they think they've got it and they *don't*. Rat-a-tat comics I call them—there's no art involved."


Some comics she sees on Monday

nights, as well as some who've made it, try to imitate the old-style one-liner shtick that Mitzi says just doesn't work for them. "It was always the typical stand-up Jewish comic back in the fifties and sixties, and that's what I wanted to change, because as a Jew, I didn't like it. Guys like Jackie Mason, Shecky Greene, are different. They were *there*; it's funny because it's *theirs*—they're like our scholars, and you have to respect the vintage."

Sometimes, Mitzi says, a comic comes to the Comedy Store with talent but without a comic identity. Confused about what they want to do, some end up finding their talents in places they didn't expect. "Michael Keaton started out in a Pacific Beach group in 1976 that included David and Robin, too. I told him stand-up wasn't his thing. I think he still resents me for it, but stand-up wasn't natural to him. Acting is, obviously. David didn't know what he was good at, either—he was a weatherman out of the Midwest, with this beard, looking like a lumberjack—but he had such a wit about him and eventually found his focus." As in any other art, searching for one's comedic niche is a bitch of a journey, although for some there's not as much soul-searching. "Actually," says Paul Rodriguez, "I got into this business to get laid. If I wasn't in comedy, I'd have made a great gynecologist." (Imagine that.) "Or a TV evangelist," he says.

Show business, unfortunately, is also

notorious for casualties. On the road to "making it" are some major potholes, and more than a few of our greatest talents have fallen into them. This year Mitzi helped set up the Comedians' Drug and Alcohol Abuse Foundation, which pays for the care of comedians when they fall prey to substance abuse. "We'll perhaps raise enough money to build our own center. They're always doing benefits for everyone else, so it's high time they have something like this for themselves. There's a wonderful camaraderie at the Comedy Store to help each other, and that extends to the foundation now—for the benefit of *any* comedian, whether they work for the Store or not."

It is that camaraderie that makes the difference in comedians and in careers. And even while the Comedy Store is the place where new stars can shine and big stars can polish their acts—giving it that glamorous edge of something wonderful and crazy and new always about to happen—there is that precious feeling of everydayness. It's a place where comics great and not-yet-great run in and out and into each other through hallways, and you can picture them calling out, "Ma, I'm home," because it's a place where they know their picture is always hung, no matter how big the stages get somewhere else. The Comedy Store is where the best perfect their timing. And Mitzi Shore is where their heart is. 

e-z wider makes it e-z for you.



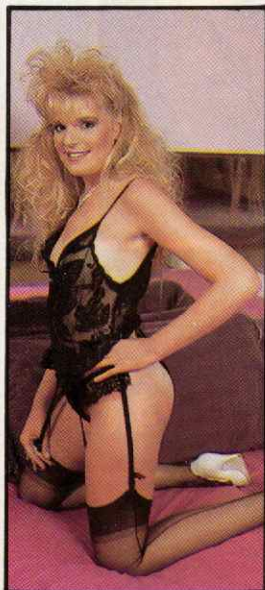
e-z wider cigarette rolling papers. The world's easiest way to roll a cigarette.

Available in single, 1¼, 1½, double, 1.0, lights, ultra lights and new french.

MAIL ORDER EXPRESS

42 NAUGHTY NEWCOMERSON VIDEO

ONLY
75¢
EACH IN QUANTITY



□ KRISTI LEIGH



□ AJA



□ TAMMY REYNOLDS

- LAURLY CANYON
- KIM ACOSTA
- BROOKE SUMMERS
- BELLA DONNA
- AMY BERENS
- TAWNY DOWNS
- JENNIFER STEELE
- LAURA LEI
- LADY STEPHANIE
- DENISE STEVENS
- ISABELLA
- MELINDA LEE
- CHARLI WATERS

- MAXI MOORE
- LISA D.
- NIKKI RANDALL
- LINSHIA
- AMAPOLA
- JESSICA LONG
- AMANDA TYLER
- CARLA FERRARI
- BOBBI SOXX
- BARBI DAHL
- NICOLE SHANNON
- BRANDI WINE
- TABATHA PARIS

- FAWN ROBERTS
- DANIELLE
- PLEASURE
- CHELSEA DALLAS
- RENE MORGAN
- LYNN MOLINEAUX
- KRYSTAL COLLINS
- DELIA MOORE
- LYNN LAMÉ
- DOREEN BELMONT
- MONIQUE DUBOIS
- SIBOHAN HUNTER
- TREASURE

10 MAG BONUS

XXX Entertainment's hottest new starlets. And we have them premiering in a VIDEO AFFAIR just for you. Featuring 42 naughty ladies.... Imagine Fresh Faces, Firm Bodies, Long Legs and D-Cup Wonders, paired with Guys Just Like You locked in explicit, uncensored sex action. To welcome you as a new customer, we are offering to you absolutely free 10 full color hardcore mags as an extra added bonus when you order all 42 starlets.

We guarantee you will receive the exact ladies listed. If dissatisfied return for full credit for future purchases and keep the 10 mags as our gift.

And with due respect to your privacy, everything we ship to you will be plainly packaged and securely wrapped without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE!

PRICES: □ ANY TWO FOR \$10 □ ANY 12 FOR \$15 □ POSTAGE AND HANDLING 1 TO 12 Videos, Add \$2
□ ANY 23 FOR \$25 □ ALL 42 JUST \$32 23 Videos, Add: \$3.00/All 42 Videos, Add \$5.00
Plus 10 MAG Bonus

SEND TO: VIDEO AFFAIR

Dept. 191 EX8 P.O. Box 370
New Buffalo, MI. 49117-0370

Rush items indicated. I enclosed \$ ____ PLUS P/H

□ CASH □ CHECK □ MONEY ORDER

...as payment in full. Canadian remit in US funds only.

No foreign COD's. Send COD, I enclose \$8 extra plus P/H

PLEASE SPECIFY: □ BETA □ VHS

□ I am over 19 years of age and request this material.

□ Add \$2 for insurance and First Class Handling.

NAME _____

Address/Apt # _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Sign _____

Age/B-Date _____

NEW ADULT VIDEO CATALOG LIVE ON VIDEOTAPE!



Now you can build your adult video library the smart way. Choose from explicit action-packed previews on Leisure Concepts unique Video Catalog tape. That's right this 60 Minute all color video consists of complete previews of about 45 of our hottest adult movies available for purchase [famous titles as low as \$9.95] featuring Christy Canyon, Ginger Lynn and more. You'll see highlights of 200 uncensored scenes including at least as many wet endings. So stop shopping in the dark and take advantage of this no obligation offer today! With your order you'll receive our current explicit catalog bursting with hundreds of videos, magazines and marital aids.

BONUS

And for a limited time we're offering a compilation of 25 sizzling sex starlets in their most sensuous roles, absolutely free when you order the video catalog. 90 minutes of pure explicit pleasure.

REBATE

With your order we'll include a \$10 rebate coupon to use on your next order.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

If you are not delighted with your purchase simply return for a credit toward future purchases and keep the rebate coupon as our gift.

**CALL
1-800-874-8960**

With VISA/MASTERCARD orders—Ask for VCT 6 & include Dept # from address to speed your order processing.

□ VIDEO TAPE VCT 6—\$9.95, Includes \$10 rebate coupon & Bonus 25 Sizzling Starlet Video

□ Convenient Value-Packed Printed Catalog only \$2.00 (includes P/H)

I enclose \$ ____ Plus \$4 P/H (Video Cassette tape orders only) Specify □ BETA □ VHS

VISA/MC # _____ EXP _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS/APT. _____

CITY _____

STATE/ZIP _____

SGN/AGE/BDTE _____

I am over 19 years old & request this material

SEND TO: _____

**Leisure
CONCEPTS**
XII

Dept. 194EX8
P.O. BOX 1900
Gary, IN. 46409

THE SAFE SENSUAL FULFILLMENT OF YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES

INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS



ONCE YOU'VE LOVED ME
YOU'LL ALWAYS LOVE ME!
CALL ME . . . **JAMIE**

213 550-0560

AE/MC/V DIRECT CALL BACK UPON REQUEST



I'M ALWAYS AVAILABLE . . .
TO FULFILL YOUR EVERY
DESIRE AND NEED!!
I'M WAITING, **WENDY**
(213) 657-4057

AE/MC/V/ DIRECT CALL BACK ON REQUEST



INDULGE YOURSELF
OPEN MY TREASURE
CHEST FOR YOUR LUSTY
DELIGHT. I'M **HONEY**
213 652-7442

AE/MC/V DIRECT CALL BACK ON REQUEST



MY NAME IS **LIZ**,
BUT MOST GUYS CALL ME
THE "FRENCH TICKLER"

213 657-5580

AE/MC/V DIRECT CALL BACK UPON REQUEST



CALL **RAQUEL**
MISTRESS OF FANTASY
LOVE HONOR AND OBEY

(213) 854-3425

AE/MC/V DIRECT CALL BACK ON REQUEST



IGNITE MY PASSIONS
I NEED YOUR HELP TO
SATISFY MY EROTIC
DREAMS CALL **BLONDI**
(818) 789-4150

AE/MC/V DIRECT CALL BACK ON REQUEST



HOT & WILD!
I LOVE TO TALK DIRTY
CALL ME,
VICKI

305-963-3144

V/MC/AE DIRECT CALL-BACKS 24 HRS



RED HOT
FANTASY CALLS
CALL **GINGER**
1-714-261-1144
1-212-614-9101

MC/VISA 24 HOURS



FRIENDLY FUN AND EASY
CALL ME! LOW LOW RATES
HEATHER

1-415-567-3112

V/MC/AE 24 HOURS

TANTALIZING CATALOGS REQUEST YOURS TODAY!

ENJOY CONVENIENT ARMCHAIR SHOPPING!

MARITAL AIDS: buy mature adult products without embarrassment and risk. Exclusive collection from around the world. Privacy guaranteed. Highest quality, reasonable prices. **Lawrence Research Group.** \$4 off first order. Catalog \$4. 494



96 PAGES OF DISCOUNTED photo equipment & supplies, video components, computer hardware & software, electronics, small appliances, etc. at low discount prices. Money-back guarantee. **Executive Photo & Supply Corp.** catalog \$1.00. 480

CAMERAS VIDEO COMPUTERS ELECTRONICS



APPLIED SUBMINALS self-improvement cassettes, hypnosis & subliminal. Includes: stop smoking, weight control, self-confidence, motivation, relaxation & more. \$2.00 off 1st order. Free catalog. 345

GIFTS OF LINGERIE... are always appreciated & so affordable. Delicate underlings, dreamy sleepwear, lounge leisurewear. **Night 'n Day Intimates** is a unique collection of feminine treasures. Catalog includes \$2 credit on first order. \$1. 417



UNDER FASHIONS FOR MEN! When it comes to intimate men's wear nobody does it better than **Regency Square of Hollywood.** They carry over 70 different designs. For briefs, swimwear, sheerwear and leather with a sense of adventure. Free gift with every order. Send now for provocative color catalog. \$2.00. 084



BODYBUILDING CATALOG: Brand new catalog for men & women who really want to get into shape. All kinds of books, products & courses! No other catalog like it anywhere. It's a must for the bodybuilding enthusiast. **Universal Bodybuilding** \$1.00. 012



WANT BETTER SEX? PRIVATE LIVES Discover the monthly newsletter that's changing the sex lives of men and women all across America. The latest news on sexual research and sexual techniques, the sex toy report and much more. Send for more information and how to take advantage of our introductory offer. \$1.00. 967

CHECK YOUR COINS! Billions of U.S. coins are in circulation... many worth 100's—even 1000's—of \$\$\$! The **U.S.A. Coin Guide** tells which U.S. coins are valuable & how much they are worth. It also tells how to look for & find valuable coins & how to sell them. Send \$2.00. 150



KINDLE THE FLAME OF LOVE with mature adult products from the **Adam & Eve** 48-page catalog. The world's largest selection of high quality books, birth control products, lingerie and marital aids. Privacy, fast service and money-back guarantee. Free. 499



FUNNY SIDE UP has the widest selection of humorous gifts & gags anywhere. 100's of affordable items for any occasion & everyone on your list. Major credit cards accepted, money-back guarantee all items. May be hazardous to your funnybone! \$1.00. 807



NIGHT MOVES fantasy affair catalog features novelties, lotions, games, marital aids, books & more. Quality merchandise; great prices. All products guaranteed. Includes free special color Night Moves lingerie & swimwear insert. Offer valid where legal. \$15.00 in gift certificates. 1-year subscription \$1.00. 832



INTERNATIONAL CATALOGUE COLLECTION Featuring world catalogs: China, crystal, collectibles, clothing, furs, jewelry, linens, decorator items, carpets and more. You'll enjoy great savings by buying direct from manufacturers, retailers and craftsmen in Denmark, Ireland, England, Hong Kong, Thailand, Germany, etc. Catalog \$3. 009

STAMFORD HYGIENIC: Exciting "For Lovers Only" full-color catalog. Adult books, videos, and marital aids specially designed for your pleasure. Books, lotions and marital aids free with every order. Free. 442



GO INTERNATIONAL! Over 60 foreign university T-shirts & sweatshirts available from Oxford U. to Lingnan China, all colors. Prime quality shirts! Send \$1.00 for color catalog. **Collegiate Wholesale Inc.** 706



FUN ANYTIME! Catalog is chock full of laughter provoking practical joke items to bring delight to all your gatherings! Fun gifts or stocking stuffers. Many items under \$3.00. Hundreds to choose. Great for all ages. It's easy to fool your friends with our magic tricks. \$1.00. **Abacadabra Fun & Magic** catalog. 451



The Sports Section: The largest in-stock catalog in the nation. Many of their items are the exact same jerseys, jackets, caps and T-shirts worn by your favorite players and coaches. They carry everything for the pro and college sports fan. \$1.00. 349



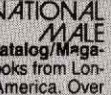
JOIN A MILLION YOUNG-SPIRITED CUSTOMERS who enjoy the fabulous selections from the unique **Mellow Mail** catalogs. Sensuous lingerie, men's underwear, sizzling swimwear, funny T-shirts, lotions, super gifts & more! One year \$1.00. 281



HUGE DISCOUNTS ON AIRFARES, TOURS & CRUISES! Vacations To Go. America's largest, guarantees members savings up to 67% on the world's finest vacations. Scheduled international & domestic airlines, deluxe tours & cruises. Guaranteed reservations, no stand-bys. \$1.00. 861



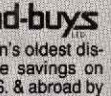
A WORLD OF INTERNATIONAL FASHION for men from **The International Male® Catalog/Magazine.** The absolute hottest looks from London, Paris, Tokyo, Milan & America. Over 50 colorful pgs. of exciting dress, sports & casual wear. Affordable exclusive designer fashions—uniquely different & totally hot. \$2 subscription, refundable 1st order. 951



FREE Hawaii or Disney World getaway through this unique travel club! Also save 50% on condos and major hotels nationwide including Holiday Inn, Sheraton, Ramada—over 1,500 more! Plus up to 42% savings on Hertz, Avis and National car rentals. Information \$1.00. 054



SAVE UP TO 67% ON TRAVEL! Stand-Buys, Ltd., the nation's oldest discount travel club. Incredible savings on vacations throughout the U.S. & abroad by representing tour operators & cruise lines who have unfilled space & are willing to sell at discounted prices. Info \$1.00. 983



DIRECTORY AND GUIDE TO SHOPPING AT HOME: **Nationwide Shopper** features over 200 fine catalogues—many FREE! Something for everyone: fashions, foods, gifts, home, health and more. Money-back guarantee. 1 issue \$1.00. 008 3 issues \$2.00. 005



LOVERS GUIDE: Adult books, erotica lotions, marital aids and provocative lingerie. High quality, fast and confidential service guaranteed. Free gift with every order. Color catalog \$1.00, refundable on 1st order. 669



INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES. Over 60,000 items! Giant 720-page catalog contains hardware, tools, machinery & metals all at low industrial prices. **Industrial Pipe & Steel** catalog \$2, refundable with purchase. 497



INDULGE YOURSELF with the lingerie that has been selected just for you. **Sophisticated Intimates** for the romantic and glamorous you. Full-color catalog plus \$5.00 discount coupon. \$1.00. 195



GET CREDIT CARDS such as VISA® or MasterCard®. Now with **1st National Credit Network's** Guaranteed Credit Program almost everyone can qualify to get the credit cards they want. Their program will also help you to establish or reestablish your credit. Get their special information packet today. \$1. 820

LOVE PANTRY—"A Lovers Gourmet Catalogue." This is for all those sensuous lovers who wish to add new dimensions to their sexuality & discover new & exciting pleasures. Adult gifts, novelties, lotions, lingerie, video sales & adult toys. \$3.00 off first order. Must be 18 or over. Catalogue \$3.00. 896



SEXIEST SWIMSUITS EVER! **Beau Solay** brings you designs right off the French Riviera. Seductive, flattering, unique bikinis. Finest quality, satisfaction guaranteed. Color catalog \$2.00. 952



FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD: Exclusive dresses, sportswear, lingerie, bras, hosiery, shoes, swimwear & accessories. Send \$2.00 for a 1-year catalog subscription (10 issues). Includes \$10.00 worth of gift certificates. 374



FULL-COLOR POSTER & GIFT CATALOG has over 300 posters to choose from: personalities, fast cars, fine art, children, animals and humorous designs. Gift selection includes rubber stamps, note pads, wall murals, stickers and more. \$1.00. 993



GIVE YOUR SPIRIT A LIFT with Blue Angel Fireworks. It's an American tradition that's fun for the whole family. 1,000's of items plus money saving family assortments. 44-page color catalog only \$2.00, refundable on first order. Void where prohibited. Must be 18 or older. 500



THE MOST COMPLETE LINE of automotive parts and accessories. Over 200-page J.C. **Whitney** catalog features parts and accessories for all makes of cars, vans, trucks, RVs and motorcycles. Catalog series \$1.00. 745



AROUSE YOUR LOVER in their sensuously provocative lingerie. Send for an introduction to their full-color catalog of beautiful lingerie, exotic oils, lotions, potions and fun play things for bed and bath. \$1.00 refundable. **Vanities Unlimited.** 254



36-PAGE FULL-COLOR CATALOG with 100's of hard-to-find items for pets. Toys, treats, pet fashions, collars, bedding, grooming and housebreaking aids—even gifts for the pet owner! Special section just for cats. **Du'Say's** one-year subscription \$1.00. 259



1001 FREE SAMPLES, books, etc. anyone can get. Descriptions, pictures and where to write. Get 100's of dollars worth of free give-aways from famous brand companies and government agencies, such as shampoo, vitamins, cheese samples, color film, recipes, more. \$2. 206



THE LARGEST SELECTION OF UNDERWEAR! The Undergar Catalog. Men's boxers, briefs, shirts & active workout wear. Every fabric & cut. Hard-to-find items, imports & exclusive originals for men & women. The finest underwear from everywhere. \$2.00 off 1st order. Subscription \$1.00. 571



YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY at Michael Salem's Enterprises, Inc. Sensuous lingerie, corsets, garter belts, plus wigs, stiletto heeled shoes, stockings, breast prostheses and numerous unusual related items. In regular to super large and tall sizes. Catalog \$3.00 deductible from first order. 495



THIS CATALOG has 2 parts: Part 1 is a list of specific items that you can buy directly from the government. Many of these items cannot be purchased anywhere else. Part 2 is a list of government catalogs which lists 100's of other products and services available. \$2.00. 974



WINTERSILKS PURE KNITTED SILK is soft, warm, long-lasting and machine washable. **WinterSilks** 64-pg. color catalog offers silk long Johns, turtlenecks, sweaters, glove and sock liners, sleepwear and more... at 20-50% off normal retail. Year's subscription \$2.00. 583



SWIMSUIT INTERNATIONAL has the finest selection of contemporary swimsuits for women & men, plus sensuous lingerie & exciting casual/evening wear. Send \$1.00 for full-color catalog & as an added bonus get \$3.00 off your first purchase. 971



Circle number, fill in info & enclose proper amount for requests, plus \$1.00 S&H.

005-\$2.00	150-\$2.00	345-Free	480-\$1.00	571-\$1.00	820-\$1.00	967-\$1.00
008-\$1.00	195-\$1.00	349-\$1.00	494-\$4.00	583-\$2.00	832-\$1.00	971-\$1.00
009-\$3.00	206-\$2.00	374-\$2.00	495-\$3.00	669-\$1.00	861-\$1.00	974-\$2.00
012-\$1.00	254-\$1.00	417-\$1.00	497-\$2.00	706-\$1.00	896-\$3.00	983-\$1.00
054-\$1.00	259-\$1.00	442-Free	499-Free	745-\$1.00	951-\$2.00	993-\$1.00
084-\$2.00	281-\$1.00	451-\$1.00	500-\$2.00	807-\$1.00	952-\$2.00	

Total for catalogs NAME _____
requested \$ ADDRESS _____
Add \$1.00 service & handling charge CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Total enclosed \$ ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER 0382
CAVALCADE OF CATALOGS® 7PEN
144 S. 1ST ST., DEPT. 781194, P.O. BOX 4507, BURBANK, CA 91503 1988

COMING IN THE
DECEMBER

PENTHOUSE



THE WAR ON DRUGS

Special Agent Robert Stutman runs the New York office of the Federal Drug Enforcement Administration. He and his men are the few valiant firemen fighting against the deadly inferno of illegal drugs that is consuming our land. Next month, in an exclusive interview with journalist Hariette Surovell, Stutman speaks frankly about corruption, legalization, and D.E.A. informants who commit crimes while working for the government. And, most important, he levels with the American people about what they—we—have to do in our own communities if we want to reclaim our streets and our children from the drug traffickers.



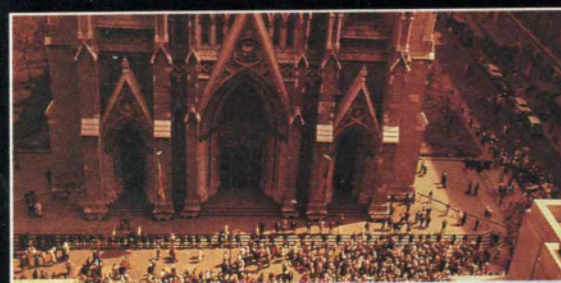
JIHAD!

From Iran to Turkey, from Soviet Armenia to the Philippines, Islamic fundamentalists around the world have taken arms against infidels in a holy war known as *Jihad*. Unlike millions of Muslims who prefer to follow their religious beliefs in peace—and allow others to do likewise—these militants believe that to pursue happiness in this world is futile, because it can only be attained in the next. "The surest path to a pleasant afterlife," writes journalist Craig S. Karpel in an important overview of today's most terrifying religious phenomenon, "is martyrdom in *Jihad*—*fann al-mawt*: 'the art of death.' . . . *Jihad* is to world affairs what AIDS is to sex."



THE RIGHT STUFF

Our special holiday issue marks the debut of some exciting new *Penthouse* features. "Campus News," a column by and about America's college students, will be on the cutting edge of what's happening. . . . "The Right Stuff" will preview the best and the brightest necessities, accessories, fashions, toys, and winning combinations—a visually stunning catalog of fantasies made real. . . . "The Sporting Life," emphasizing personalities, news, and the opinions of leading sportswriters, will make this monthly column a must for all sports fans. . . . and in "Finance," top financial reporter Jerome Tuccille will put his monetary expertise at your service, predicting trends and explaining how unreported meetings in Washington or deals on Wall Street can directly affect you.



"THE CHURCH IS CROSSING THE LINE"

Last year, for the first time in the history of the U.S. Catholic Church, two bishops were arrested for protesting nuclear arms. Ninety-eight Catholics, including the two bishops, were handcuffed and taken away—all proudly marching with a banner reading THE CHURCH IS CROSSING THE LINE. Nat Hentoff, one of our foremost reporters on civil liberties and the author of a recent, acclaimed biography of New York's John Cardinal O'Connor, shows how the Catholic Church, for years America's most reactionary, is now fighting for human rights and, when necessary, defying the establishment in Washington—and in Rome.



FICTION BY JEFFREY ARCHER

The hero of Jeffrey Archer's new short story, "Checkmate," lives for chess; but his obsession is shaken suddenly in mid-game. "I found it hard to concentrate on my opponent's well-rehearsed Moscow opening, as my eyes kept leaving the board and wandering over to the girl in the black dress." So begins this most unusual adventure by the best-selling author of *Kane and Abel* and *The Prodigal Daughter*. "Checkmate" is one of 12 short stories that will be published soon by Simon & Schuster under the collective title *A Twist in the Tale*.

DeTwenty Fifths of DeCember.



DeKuyper® Schnapps has DeHoliday spirit in store for you. Just check our "Deck DeHalls" display and enjoy the taste of true holiday DeLight.

**DeLiciously
DeKuyper.**

DeKuyper® Cordials and Liqueurs. 15/50% alc/vol. John DeKuyper and Son, Elmwood Place, OH. © 1988. To send a gift of DeKuyper, dial 1-800-2-SALUTE or 1-800-BE-THERE (void where prohibited by law).

Move to Malibu!

\$3 off a carton.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Available in 100's and
New King Size.

Filters and Menthol: 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Lights and Lights 100's: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine;
100's: 14 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; Menthol 100's: 12 mg. "tar",
0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.