JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME KICKS UP A STORM

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

AUGUST 1992

DINO'S DEMONS:
DEAN MARTIN'S BIZARRE SELF-DESTRUCTION

SEN. JAY ROCKEFELLER:
HOW GEORGE BUSH HAS TORN AMERICA APART

ALAN DERSHOWITZ:
BAD POSTAL WORKERS MAKE WORSE COPS

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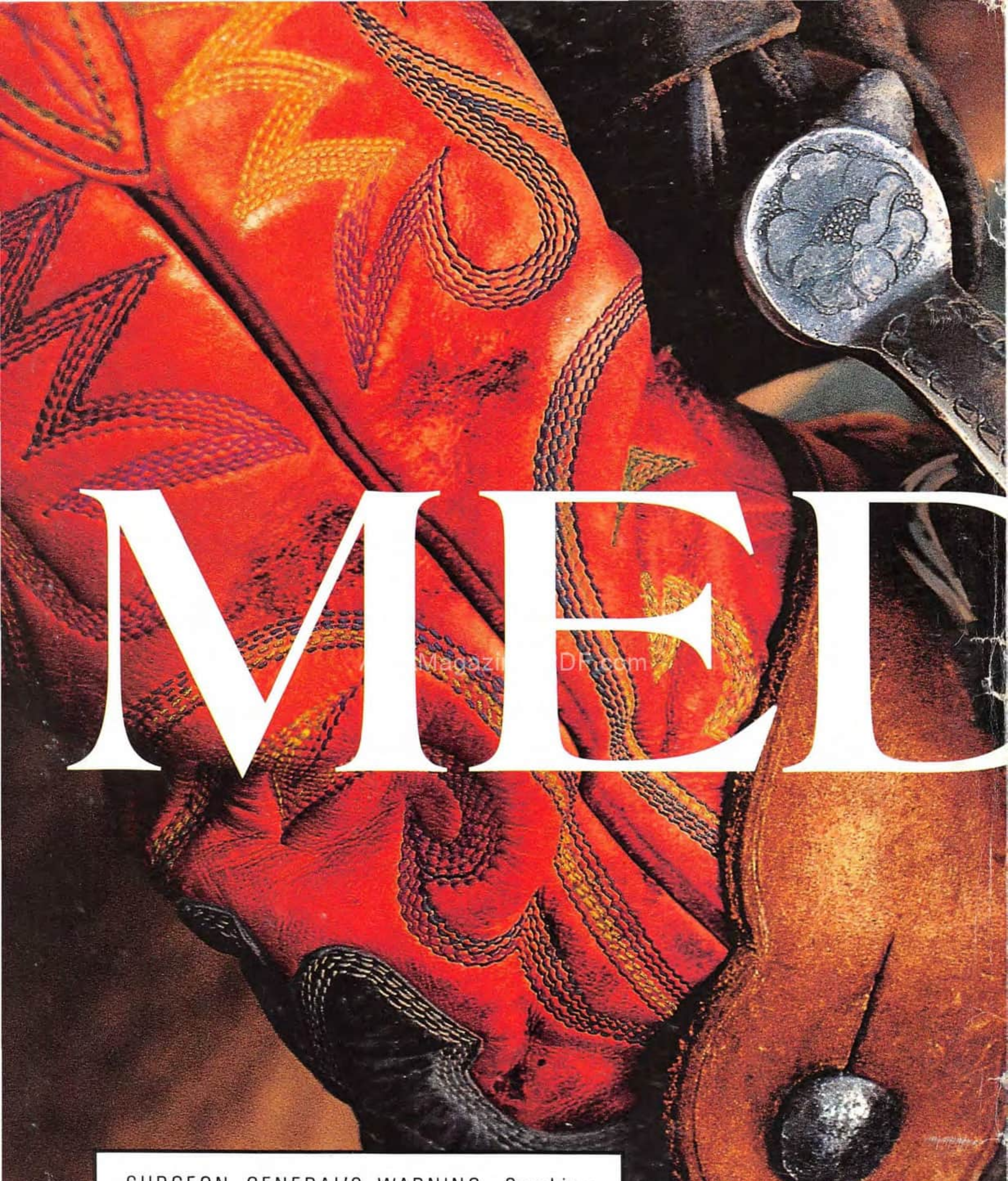

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August 1992

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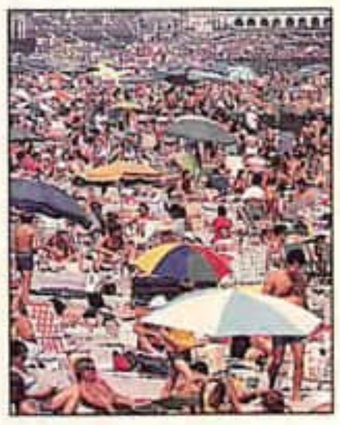

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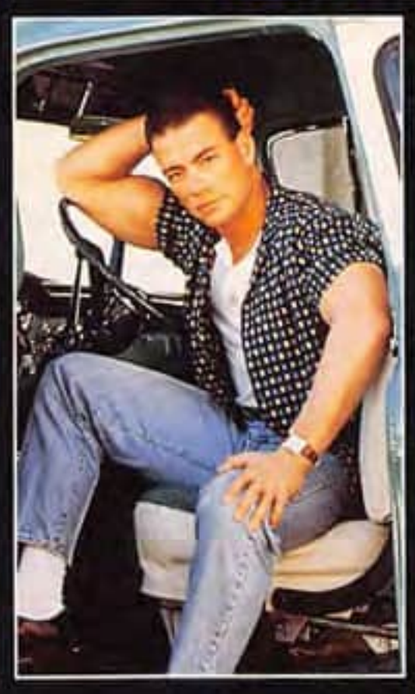
HOUSECALL

He once made up a nickname for himself: "Wham, bam, thank you, Van Damme." That's been the Belgian's only failure to date.

Damme Right!

The man who's better known as "the Muscles From Brussels" (a much more successful appellation he invented) is poised right now to become the latest and hottest international movie star. In our cover profile, written by **Lawrence Linderman,** you'll learn why Hollywood is betting that this summer's release of *Universal Soldier* will make **Jean-Claude Van Damme** the next **Arnold Schwarzenegger**. As the Belgian tells us, "I love challenges. . . . If you don't have any and can do whatever you want, then it's probably time to die." Van Damme's point is proven, unfortunately, in **Nick Tosches**'s profile of Dino Crocetti, who was born 70 years ago in Steubenville, Ohio. Slightly better known as **Dean Martin,** after two name changes and a nose job, he skyrocketed to fame, at his peak earning more than $15 million a



year. This excerpt from Tosches's new biography *Dino* (to be published by Doubleday) is a sad exhumation of this one-time great performer.

Rocky Road

Like Jean-Claude Van Damme, our interview subject this month is also a man who thrives on challenge. With a legendary family fortune behind him, **John D. Rockefeller IV** could have played it safe and become a businessman or philanthropist, enjoying his wealth in peace and tranquillity. Instead, the man who almost everyone calls Jay chose to dedicate his life to public service, getting into the thick of West Virginia politics, becoming governor for eight years and finally serving as U.S. senator since 1984. In an

exclusive wide-ranging interview with **Russell Warren Howe,** Rockefeller explains why he didn't run for president this year—he was a favorite to win the Democratic nomination—in order to have the freedom to fight for the kind of "fundamental change" in the political system that he knows Americans are demanding. "Two Republican presidents," he tells Howe, "have tried their utmost to wall us off, one from another, with fear . . . lavishing tax breaks and corporate perks on the lucky few. . . . George Bush has no principles. Unfortunately, he is driven by polls, not ideas."

Apple Polishing

Another politician who is never leery of a good fight is former Big Apple mayor **Edward I. Koch**. This month, however, his "Survivor's Guide to New York" should go a long way to restore party harmony. No one knows his hometown like Koch does; and everyone—from Democratic convention delegates to international tourists to longtime N.Y.C. residents—will find Koch's unique insights and tips an invaluable guide to the city that never sleeps.

Fast Tracks

There's lots more advice and good ideas contained herein, from many of our frequent contributors: Feminist leader **Karen DeCrow,** for example, shows how anti-porn fanatics are trying to promote a law that would in reality help sex criminals escape punishment; **Alan M. Dershowitz,** America's most famous and controversial legal scholar, shows how the postal service neglects mail delivery in favor of expensive and illegal entrapment schemes; our auto reporter, **Lesley Hazleton,** test-drives a pickup truck that can go from zero to 60 in 4.6 seconds (really!); and film critic **Marcia Pally** profiles **Victoria Abril,** a beautiful international star whose most exciting roles explore the strange extremes of passion. . . . And finally, of course, to send you off faster than the speed of light in just the time it takes to turn the page, our equally beautiful August Pets are, needless to say, ready and willing to share every extreme with you—passionate and otherwise.

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Gerbil Dicks

I know I'm not alone, but I don't have an eight-inch penis, and I found it horribly depressing that you would print a story like "Penis Envy" (April 1992). Even if women feel that way, don't you think America—and the world, for that matter—would be a much happier place if men with less than eight inches in their pants (most of us) didn't have to constantly second-guess their sexual prowess?

In defense of the lesser endowed, I offer this anecdote: In school a few friends of mine started a club called the Rat Pack. We were all "gerbil dicks." Even though we had less than eight inches, we never sent a women away from our beds unhappy. This may sound pompous and unfounded, but it's not. We retain very good, friendly relationships with the women we were sexually active with, and even after the fear of "bursting our egos" was gone, the women always said the same thing—"That was the best sex I ever had." Now, you may think they're lying because they're our friends, but that's not it, either—friends don't lie to friends.—*D. R., Ohio*

Voyeur's Paradise

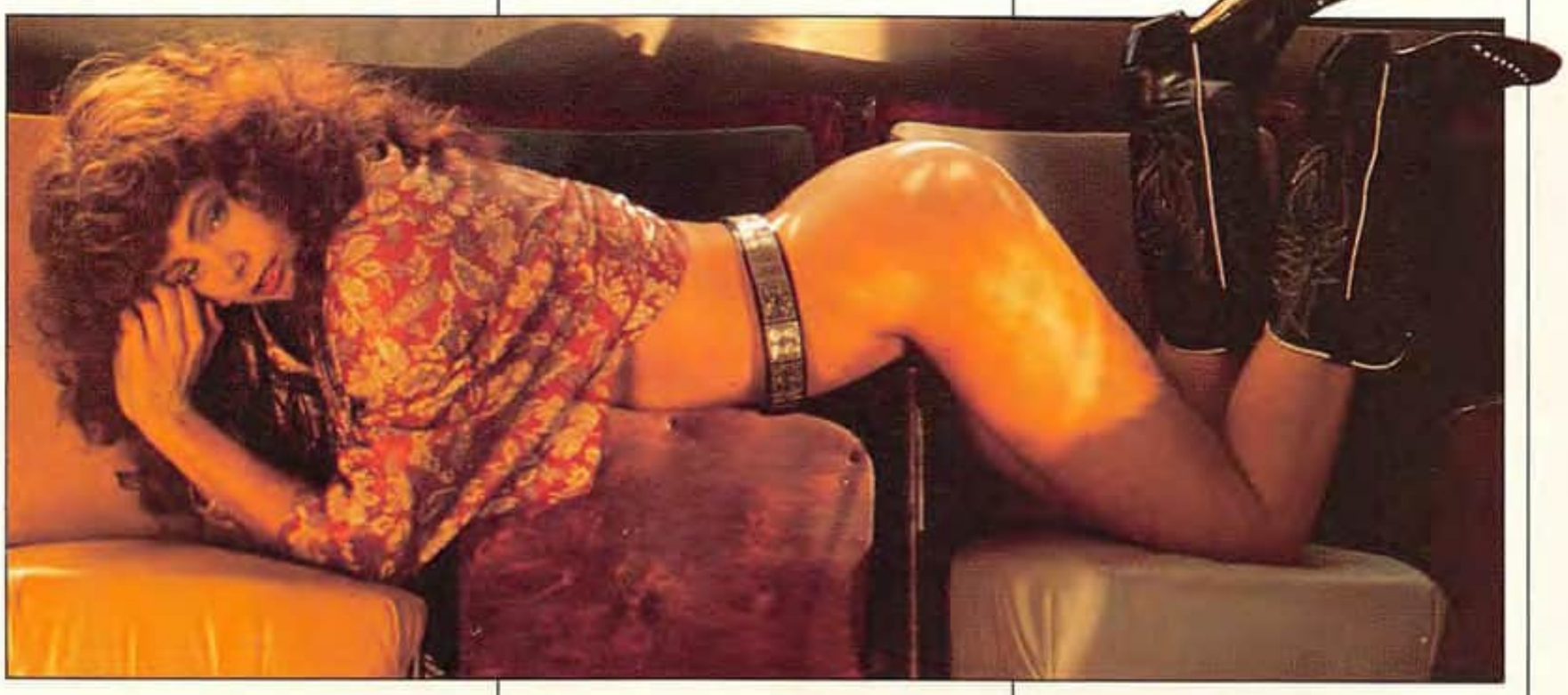
My girlfriend and I frequently go to X-rated movies in the area. These films really get us hot for some great sex afterward. We normally sit toward the rear of the theater so we can masturbate if the on-screen sex gets us hot. We enjoy the danger of possibly being caught.

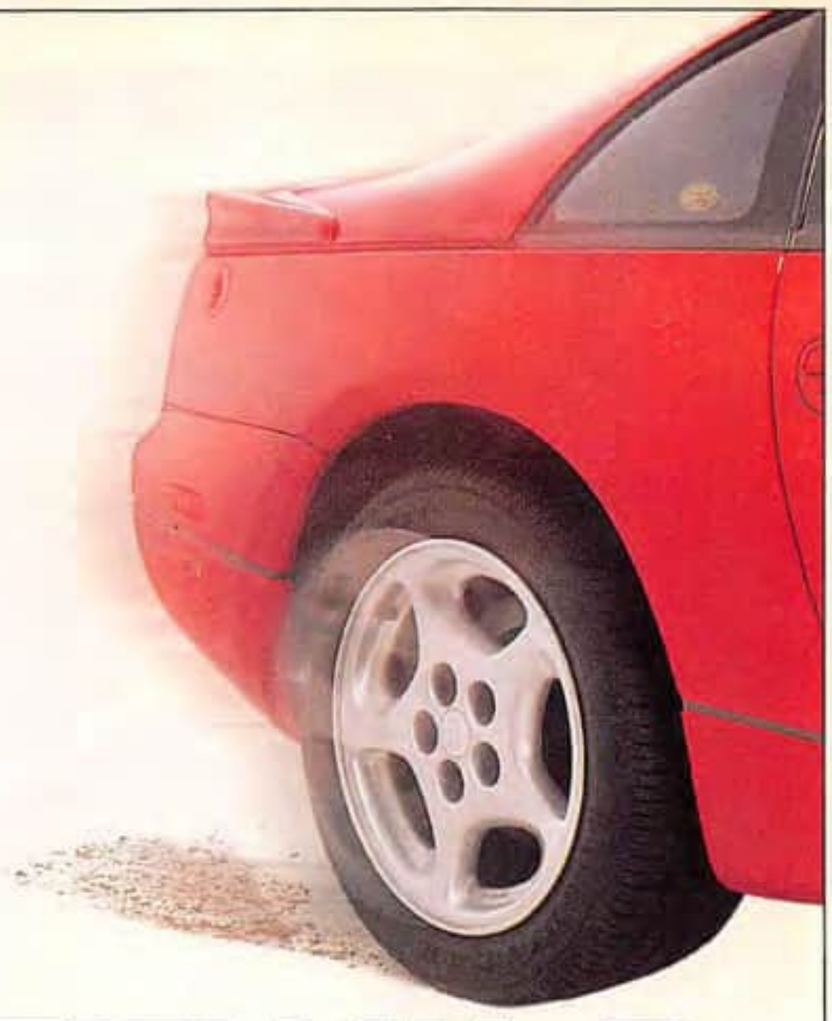
On this particular day, my girlfriend was wearing a short skirt, and while we were sitting there watching the action, I put my hand on her bare thigh and started to rub it very lightly—which drives her crazy. Then I moved my hand up beneath her skirt. She parted her legs slightly and I noticed that she had started to breathe a little heavier. When I got to the top of her thighs, I discovered that she was not wearing panties.

I touched the lips of her pussy and they felt so full—she was soaking wet. I ran my fingers between them, lightly stroking her clit, and she closed her eyes and pushed her hips forward to meet my hand. Then she reached over and grabbed my cock, which caused her to groan softly. I inserted one finger deep into her wetness, and she kept pushing forward for more.

That was when I noticed a guy sitting in our row about six seats away. My girlfriend was totally oblivious to him as she rocked her hips back and forth, inching my finger in and out of her cunt. I eased it out, hearing her sigh as I brought it up to her lips. Her eyes still closed, she slowly slid her tongue out, licking her come off like my finger was a Popsicle. I slid it back in her pussy, noticing the expression of pleasure on the face of the guy down the aisle. Slowly, I fingerfucked her.

Again I looked up at our spying friend and saw the smile on his face and his





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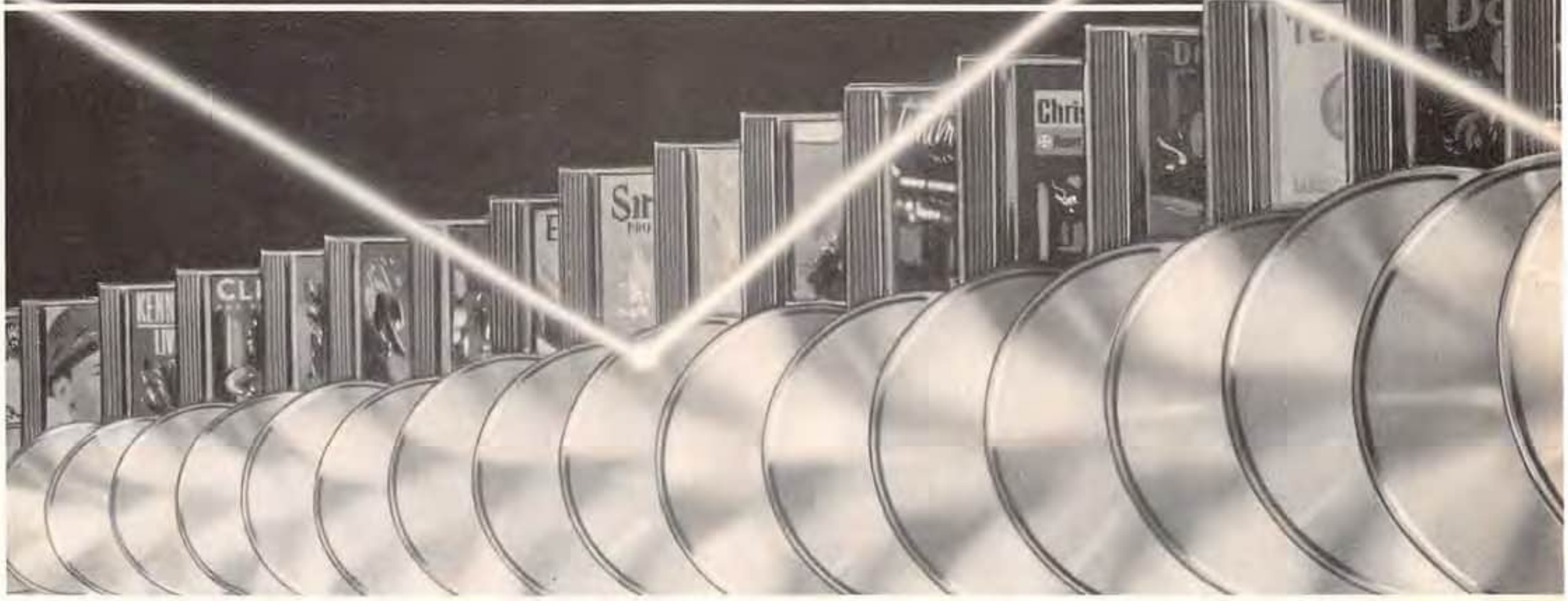

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AUGUST

cock in his hand. He lazily stroked himself and I imitated his pace with my hand. My girl's breathing got even heavier, and she opened her eyes and saw the guy sitting there. I thought she was going to protest, but her gaze became fixed on his cock. She spread her legs farther apart, urging me to work harder on her lusciously creamy cunt.

She began moving her hips in time to his strokes, their eyes glued on each other's sex. He started to moan softly as his hand picked up the pace. So did mine. Together they went over the edge, him shooting come in an arch in the air, my girl thrusting her hips one final time on my fingers before covering my hand with her come. Without saying a word, the guy quietly put his flaccid cock away, got up, and left.

My girlfriend told me that was one of the most exciting things she'd ever done. That night we had the best sex ever. I can't wait to go to the show again.—*W. N., Ohio*

SCOTCH TREAT

I didn't want to go, but now am I glad I did! My wife and I were invited to a $100-a-plate political fund-raiser. Not my idea of a fun evening, but I went to escort my Crystal.

Crystal is an elected official in our small town and the daughter of an old, established family. That is why she was invited, but not why she was turning so many heads. She's statuesque at six feet, with a 40-inch bust, legs clear up to her sweet ass, long blond hair that cascades down around her pretty face, and a naughty smile. As she paraded around the party atop her black velvet "fuck me" pumps, men brought up topics other than politics.

Trying to fit into a conversation, I looked across the room and caught a glimpse of her, and decided there was something else I'd rather "fit into." When I walked over to the crowd she was attracting, she held out her glass to me and said, "Hi, guy. Buy a girl a drink?"

I smiled and asked, "Sure, what are you drinking?"

"Scotch and water," she replied, and my eyebrows shot up (also my cock). She smiled that naughty smile, and I knew that with Scotch as her aphrodisiac of choice, my Crystal was ready to party, and not the political kind.

I returned with her drink and said "here," giving her a rather randy smile. She downed her drink and we walked across the room, her name on everyone's lips but *my* hand on her ass. Once in the car, I asked if she wanted something to eat. "Your cock!" she snapped, then, "But we better get you something—you're going to need your strength, big boy." So we decided on a local restaurant with a dark lounge.

Seated in a back corner, we began to grope each other, both with our kisses in everyone's view and our hands under the table. I ordered an appetizer, but kept my eyes on Crystal, who ordered another Scotch and water. When our waiter left, I began to caress her soft inner thighs above her stockings until I found the moist crotch of her panties. Crystal whispered an excuse in my ear and then walked to the ladies' room. When she walked back, even in the dim light, I could tell she had freshly applied bright-red lipstick, and her heavy tits swayed provocatively under her sweater and jacket.

She sat down and, sipping her drink, teasingly picked up a shrimp from my plate. As her hand did a job on my zipper, she sucked the life out of that shrimp and spread her knees for my hands. She had removed her stockings, and as I paid our tab, she left our waiter a tip—her black nylons and lace bra with the DD cups—in the booth where we had been sitting.

As we left, my suit pants could not hide the tent pole she had made of my cock. My high-class political wife had been transformed into a high-class woman of lust, and again we headed out the door, followed by jealous eyes.

In the car it was all I could do to keep my stick shift in drive. Crystal removed my coat and tie as we headed north on the highway. We were past the city limits, she had lost her jacket and shoes, and was in my lap as I drove. I steered from memory as she shot her tongue down my throat, until I could see when she ripped my shirt open and began sucking my nipples. I played with her mammoth mammaries and rolled her hard nipples beneath her cashmere sweater. Then I saw the historical marker. Pulling into the little highway park, we stopped where a monument marked the first fuck in the old town. (Well, it marked this fuck, anyway.)

With the car stopped, I leaned the seats back and opened the moon roof. Crystal dove onto my crotch, unzipped my pants, and yanked down my boxers. My cock sprang into the moonlight, then disappeared down her warm throat. An incredible cocksucker, she sucked my joint while massaging my balls with her "pillow tits." I hiked her skirt up over her ass, then managed to get her out of her sweater.

As she went back to alternately sucking my cock and her own tits, I felt her pussy through her panties. They were so soaked, I ripped them off with my finger. As they tore, Crystal went deeper on my cock, moaning as I fingered her clit. Once she came up for air, I repaid not the panties but the blowjob. I nestled my face in the splay of her crotch and tasted her creamy pussy. I licked her cunt and clit with broad strokes of my tongue until she clamped her thighs around my ears. Then, sucking hard on her clit, I heard her moan turn into a coyote's wail as she splashed

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come all over my face.

As I sat up, Crystal opened the car door and sprang out into the night, completely naked. I followed her up the steps to the statue, where she lay back against the marble and raised her legs wide. I plunged my cock into her just-licked hole. As I fucked her with long strokes, I paid special attention to her clit until she came one more time with a furious scream, accompanied by the cacophony of a passing trucker's horn.

We scrambled back to the car and hurriedly dressed each other. Returning to the highway, we found a "no-tell motel" with water beds and X-rated movies, and decided to check in for the rest of the night.

As we walked into the lobby, Crystal was wearing only heels, skirt, and jacket, which barely constrained her bare boobs. But the rest of that night, and the look we got from the desk clerk, are another story.—*R. D., Texas*

DILDO DELIGHT

My wife and I have enjoyed our marriage, and as you can guess, this is partially due to great sex! We both enjoy ample foreplay and oral sex, and I think we have fucked in every position and in every room in the house. Recently, I added a new twist. Unknown to my wife, I purchased a vibrator and introduced it to her as a surprise.

At first she was not sure she liked the idea of using a dildo as part of our sexual escapades. She had always been satisfied with my cock and talented tongue and mouth. But after a while, I talked her into experimenting with it. I started by turning it on and running it up and down the insides of her thighs while kissing her neck and nibbling on her ears. Within minutes her breathing deepened as the vibrations made her mind wander to thoughts of what was to come.

I continued rubbing the dildo up and down her thighs, moving it closer and closer to her beautiful hot pussy as I began to suck her pert, erect nipples. Suddenly, she grabbed my hand, guiding the dildo onto her throbbing clit. She took it from me, continuing to stimulate her "little man in the boat" while my fingers found their way into her soaking-wet pussy. I began kissing my way down her stomach to see what was going on between her long legs.

Her pussy glistened with wetness as her new toy hummed away on her clit. I positioned myself between her legs and replaced the vibrator with my hungry mouth. She tasted sweet as I started to lightly flick my tongue across her engorged clit. Next, I took the dildo from her and slowly inserted it into her cunt until it was completely inside. I engulfed her clit with my mouth and started to lightly suck on it as my tongue continued its feverish licking. The end of the vibrator rested under my chin and provided my mouth and tongue with extra vibrating-sucking action. By this time my wife was moaning and I could feel the onset of her orgasmic shudders. She begged me not to stop as her moans changed to screams and her hips pushed her cunt harder into my face. Her body trembled as she screamed, "Oh yes, don't stop! I'm coming!" Her orgasm seemed to last forever, until finally she stopped moving, except to look at me with a devilish, contented smile.

I withdrew the dildo and wiped her wetness from my face. She sat up and hungrily kissed me deep and hard, tasting her juices in my mouth. She rolled over onto her hands and knees and begged me to fuck her from behind. My cock slid easily into her wet cunt. She looked back over her shoulder and told me to fuck her good. I buried my cock into her hard and fast, my balls slapping against her with each stroke. I grabbed her hips to keep my balance as she pushed her ass into me, meeting my thrusts, pushing me deeper and deeper inside of her. Within minutes I erupted, filling her with my load.

Our bodies were hot and sweaty as we lay next to each other. We kissed and cuddled, caressing each other as we came down off our sexual high. She told me that she had just experienced the most intense orgasm of her life and couldn't wait until we played with her new vibrator again.—*H. C., Georgia*

DOUBLE DECKER

My wife and I traveled to the home of our mutual friends, Dennis and Judy. Dennis is a longtime friend and Judy is his gorgeous wife, who I met several years before they were married and whose body I have admired from a distance ever since. My wife Nancy is no slouch in the looks department, and what she lacks in the chest she more than compensates for in enthusiasm.

Judy has a great set of breasts, and after a few beers with our friends, I was openly admiring them. I kept imagining what they would feel like in my hands if they were to suddenly escape from her confining blouse. Sweet dreams—but only dreams, as I continued with my beer.

Dennis works as a chef, so we were really looking forward to dinner. He announced that he had to go into town for a while to get some items for the meal. My wife decided to go running for about an hour in the meantime, which left me alone with Judy and my thoughts.

Judy said she didn't need any help in the kitchen, so I went to the bathroom to drain off some of the beer I'd been having. After I finished, I was washing

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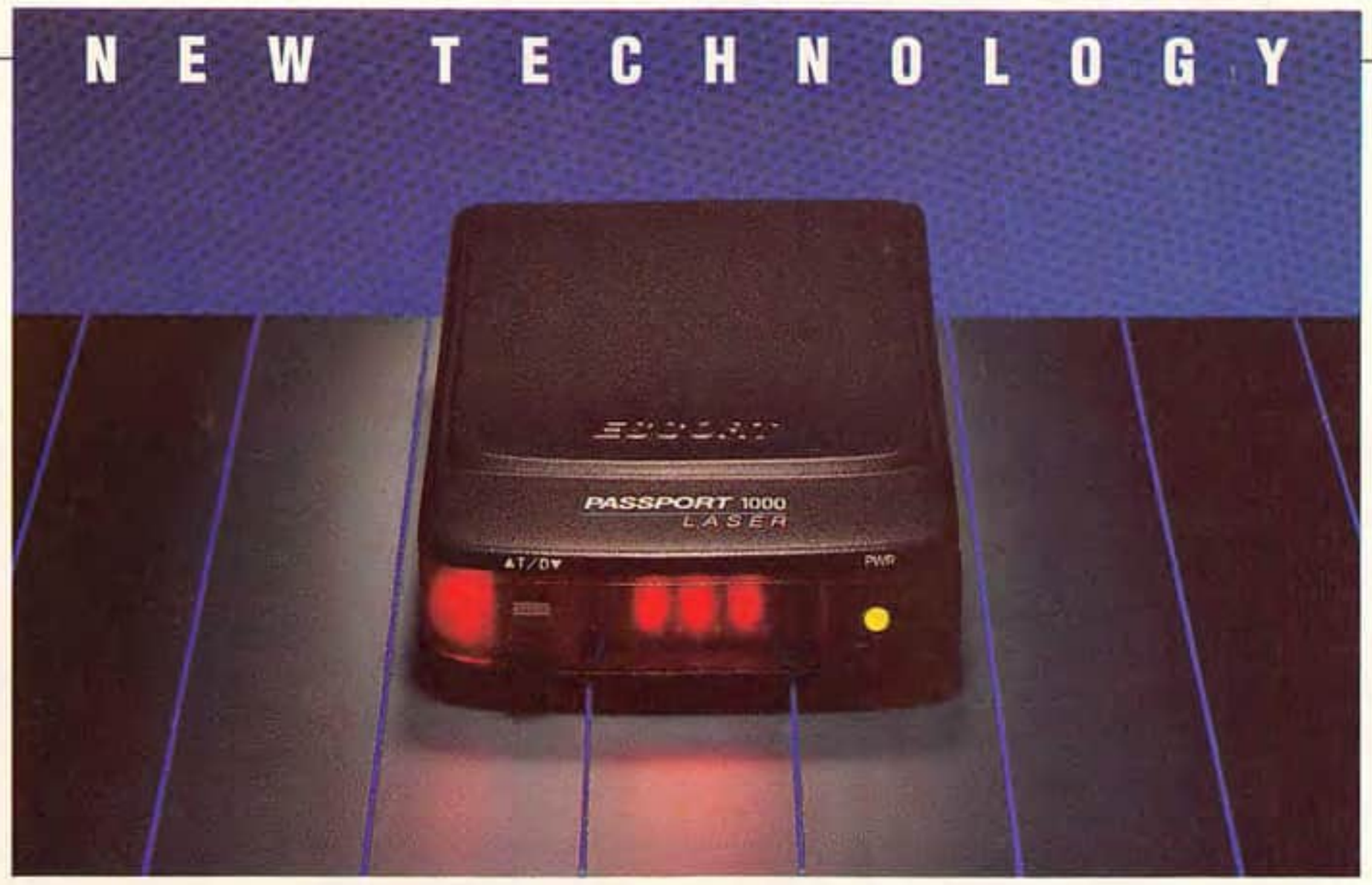

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FAST FORWARD

"You can't talk about passion, only 'love.' Sex is a big part of life. I won't refuse to do a film because there are sex scenes in it. But ... either we do what really happens, or we don't do it."

Film

By Marcia Pally

Victoria Abril began her career at 15 years old, playing a transsexual boy in a film by Vicente Aranda, who also directed her most recent U.S. release, *Lovers*. In the intervening years, Abril has made over 60 films, received several Spanish Oscars, a French Oscar nomination, and, for *Lovers*, earned the Best Actress award at the Berlin Film Festival. She takes on roles about the strange extremes of passion—a preference that landed her in Pedro Almodóvar's last two movies (*Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*, *High Heels*) and at the center of a public uproar.

In *Tie Me Up!* Abril plays a B-movie starlet kidnapped by a man who has loved her from afar and whose love-sick persistence wins her over. A stylish send-up of *Beauty and the Beast*, the film was nevertheless assailed in the United States as a prescription for kidnapping and rape—an idea that made Abril roll her eyes. "We tried to show something that happens in life," she said. "It's not advice."

Abril has been before American audiences three times in the last two years—a record the envy of many American actresses—and for the first time, she is considering Hollywood scripts. During her recent trip to the States, we talked about **movies and real life:** "Film is fiction: One can make a story about a kidnapper without telling the audience to be one. Fiction is not something that viewers agree with and mimic. The audience has its references and opinions; it judges the film. In *Lovers* I play a woman who is courageous, but with a difficult, desperate morality. In order to portray her, I don't have to recommend that women be like her." **Sex, art, and porn for women:** "In America there's so much fuss about sex in art, but you can turn on the TV and pay for sex movies. And then you see nothing of the men—it's so *machista*. They have those black dots over their cocks. That's such a dark view of sex, it can't be healthy." **Why good girls don't do sex scenes:** "To be a 'smart' actress in the U.S., you can't talk about sex or passion, only 'love.' But this is naive, sex is a big part of life." **Acting:** "It lets me live lives other than mine. I'm very normal; I live in Paris with my son [one-and-a-half-year-old Martin]. I'm not married. If you see only your life, if you put a Do Not Disturb sign up, you don't evolve. Each film is a way to say yes or no about something." **American movies and European movies:** "The problem with American studios is repetition. Studios think of films like sausage, like a market. So you get copies: a cop, a gun, a sexy woman—copies. *Basic Instinct* is like *Sea of Love* [with Ellen Barkin and Al Pacino], with the twist that the woman is homosexual. But a film needs a vision, not too many cooks. Then you have risks, something new, even taboos. It's a pity your rating system is so intolerant. In Europe we have ratings, but directors have final cut, not producers or studios. [In the United States, film contracts may require directors to bring in their film with a designated rating.] Censors treat people like lambs, as though they mimic whatever they see. American directors have to fight to own their films. The power is with the money, and in art that's the wrong place."

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FAST FORWARD

A fast car is one thing, actually it's almost old hat. But a truck that does zero to 60 in 4.6 seconds ... well now, that's truly something special!

Autos

By Lesley Hazleton

It was Test Day of the International Motor Press Association—the day when all the automakers park their products in the pits with the keys inside, and invite auto journalists to drive them around the Pocono Raceway in Pennsylvania. Two laps maximum in any vehicle is the rule—which generally works fine. Trouble was, I'd done at least 20 in the GMC Truck Syclone pickup, and nobody could get me out of it.

"Wouldn't you like to drive a Porsche?" one of the marshals said as I came in for the obligatory pit stop.

"What about a Mercedes 500 SL?" suggested another.

"A Corvette?" someone else offered in desperation.

I just shook my head and went blasting out for yet another few laps.

Trucking had never been like this before.

When GMC Truck brought out the Syclone in early 1991, I was prepared to ignore it. If they couldn't even spell the name right, I figured, how the hell could they make a good pickup? Let alone one costing $27,000 (that's no typo).

I figured wrong. There is something about a pickup that can do zero to 60 in 4.6 seconds (again, no typo) that makes spelling irrelevant.

The Test Day course consists of two tightly curved road tracks that crisscross the infield as well as a hefty section of the outer speed track. Perfect. There is a particular satisfaction in going into a power drift around a hairpin bend in a quarter-ton truck. You've got the thing behaving like a race car, yet it's undeniably an open-bed pickup, and that dissonance between physique and performance is exactly what makes it so exciting.

My only problem came on the speedway portion of the course. Some ethical monster at GMC Truck had decided to put a governor on the engine so that it would cut out at about 120 miles per hour. So having blown away the Porsche and the Corvette on the curves, I had to watch them catch up in the rearview mirror. Then, in the nick of time, we'd get to the curves again and—*whoosh*—bye-bye, babies!

The Syclone is built on a lowered, modified version of the Sonoma chassis, with an engine modified with Corvette parts. A turbocharged 4.3-liter V-6 to be precise, producing 280 horsepower at 4,200 r.p.m. and 350 pound-feet of torque at 3,600. Link that to an all-wheel-drive system with a 35-65 torque split fore and aft, and the result is called pure fun.

Trouble is, with that quarter-ton payload, there's not much else you can do in the low-slung Syclone. You definitely cannot take it off-road. You can't tow anything, either. And that $27,000 sticker price may be why many people were opting for the similar-looking Sonoma GT, which takes far longer to do zero to 60 (8.5 seconds), but does it for $10,000 less.

So for 1992, GMC Truck decided to up the ante and put the Syclone's power plant onto a Jimmy chassis, going for the pricier sports-utility market. Now they had a four-seater. They put in leather seats, stuck in some flashy colors (the Syclone originally came in any color you wanted, as long as it was black), added $3,000 onto the Syclone's price, and called the new hot-rod truck the Typhoon.

The Typhoon couldn't blow away the Syclone on the track—the extra weight gives it a comparatively sluggish zero-to-60 time of 6.5 seconds—but on the market, it could and it did. GMC Truck built 3,000 Syclones in 1991, but only 500 in 1992 (numbered, for God's sake, like pieces of artwork), and shifted production almost entirely to the Typhoon.

A wise move, perhaps, but wisdom doesn't always cut it. I did two laps in the Typhoon that day at Pocono, and then clamored right back into the Syclone.

They finally got me out of it when they closed the track at day's end. I did them a favor and drove the Corvette home.

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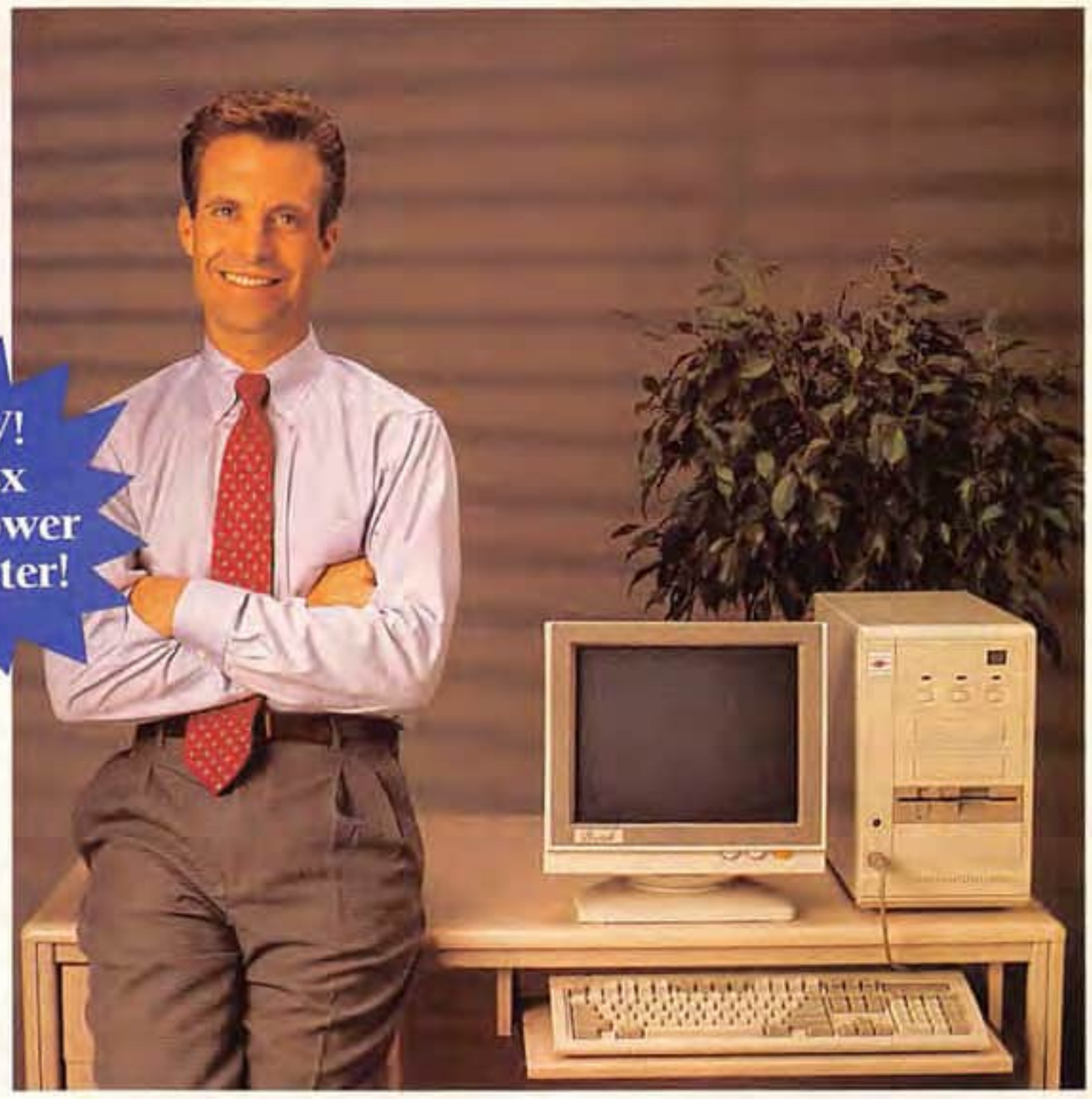

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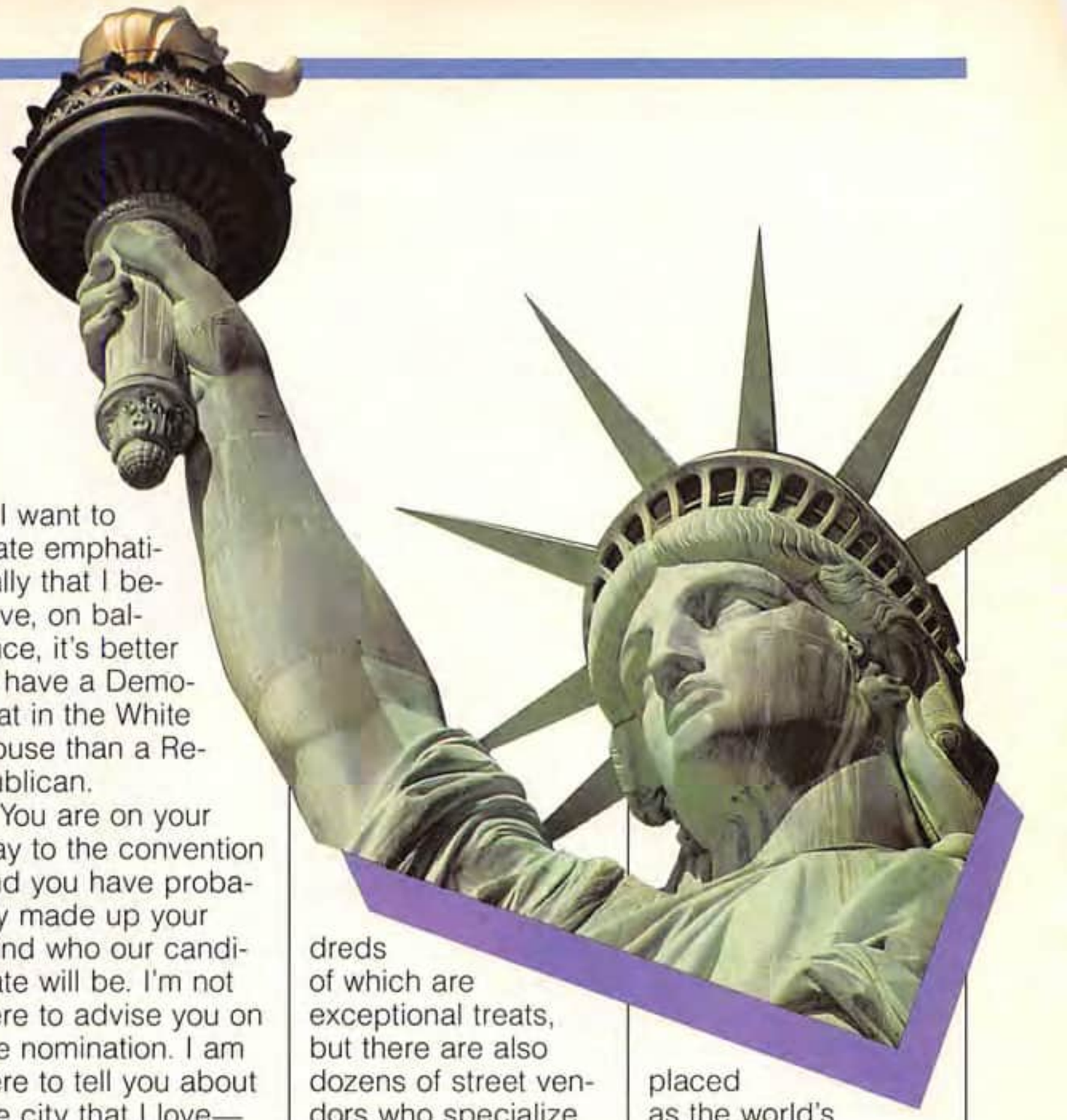


An open letter to Democratic convention delegates—and to anyone else who wants to savor every slice of the Big Apple.

Travel

By Edward I. Koch

You're coming to New York City, hopefully to select the next president of the United States. Because I believe in truth in packaging, let me state up-front that I'm a Democrat. There are some people in my party who think I'm not Democratic enough. By that they mean that I am not sufficiently and unflinchingly loyal to the party. But during my years as a public official—nine as a member of Congress and 12 as mayor of New York City—I always, even when it meant holding my nose, voted for and supported the Democratic candidate for president.

I want to state emphatically that I believe, on balance, it's better to have a Democrat in the White House than a Republican.

You are on your way to the convention and you have probably made up your mind who our candidate will be. I'm not here to advise you on the nomination. I am here to tell you about the city that I love—New York—and to advise you on what you can do to have fun and relax when you are not in the convention hall.

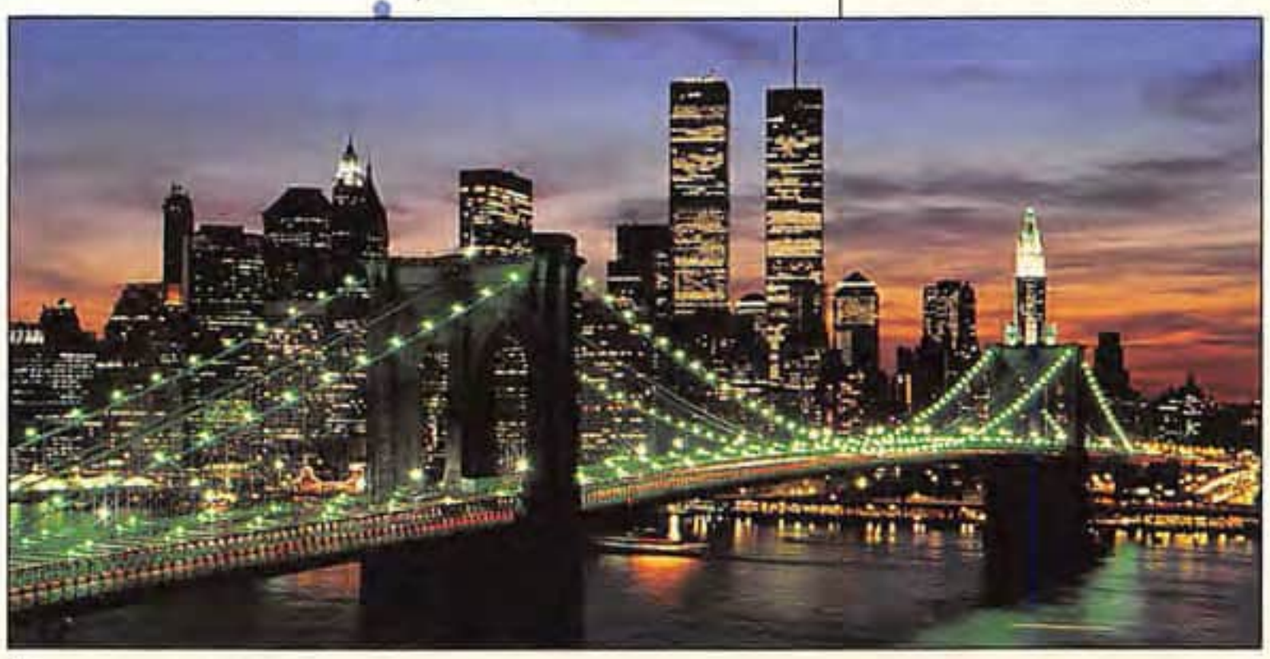
New York City is the ideal place to go on a feeding frenzy. We are the beneficiaries of the sons and daughters of every country in the world who came here for an opportunity to make it. With their baggage they brought with them their cultures, traditions, and—most important to me—their extraordinary culinary arts. Of course, there are thousands of restaurants in the city, hundreds of which are exceptional treats, but there are also dozens of street vendors who specialize in foods from all over the world. No longer is the sidewalk restaurateur offering only hot dogs and pretzels, delicious though they are. Now you can get a gourmet meal by sampling from the diverse menus they offer: souvlaki, sausage and peppers, veal parmigiana heros, loaded potatoes, tacos, soups, and dozens of other culinary pleasures.

Years ago as new immigrants and visitors arrived by boat, their first view of America was the Statue of Liberty. Many more recent immigrants travel to New York City by plane, as you probably did. As you arched over the city, you had your first glimpse of our incomparable skyline. The buildings that comprise it can be visited separately.

At 34th Street and Fifth Avenue is the Empire State Building. It has been replaced as the world's tallest building by the Sears Tower in Chicago, but nevertheless, it is still the monster building we remember King Kong climbing. In 1945 it was struck by a plane. For $3.50 you can go to the top and see all of New York City, as well as parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania on a clear day.

The most beautiful commercial building in New York City is the art deco Chrysler Building, on Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street. Take a look at its tower, and its architectural details will (if you're my age) summon up the Buck Rogers movie and radio serials of your youth. It is especially breathtaking when it's lit up at night.

Another marvelous skyscraper is the Woolworth Building, at Broadway and Park Place. Make sure you enter the lobby, a wonder to behold. The building was constructed in 1913



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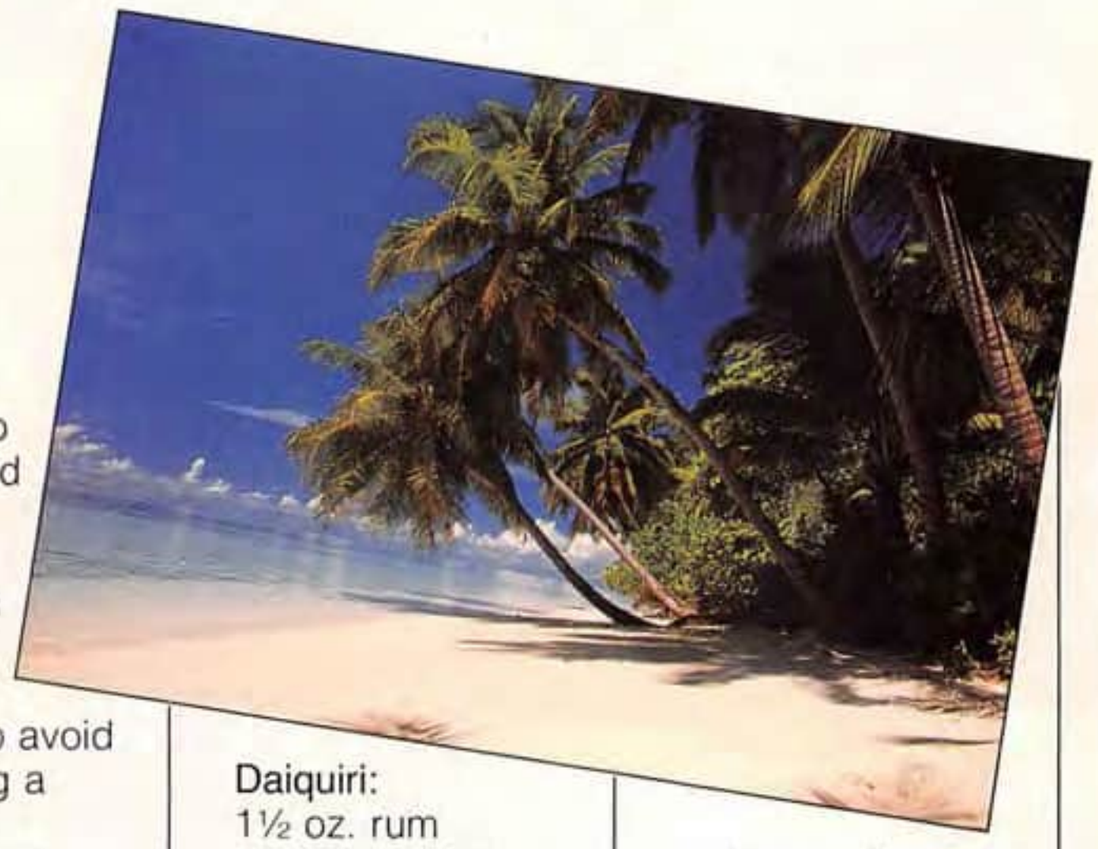


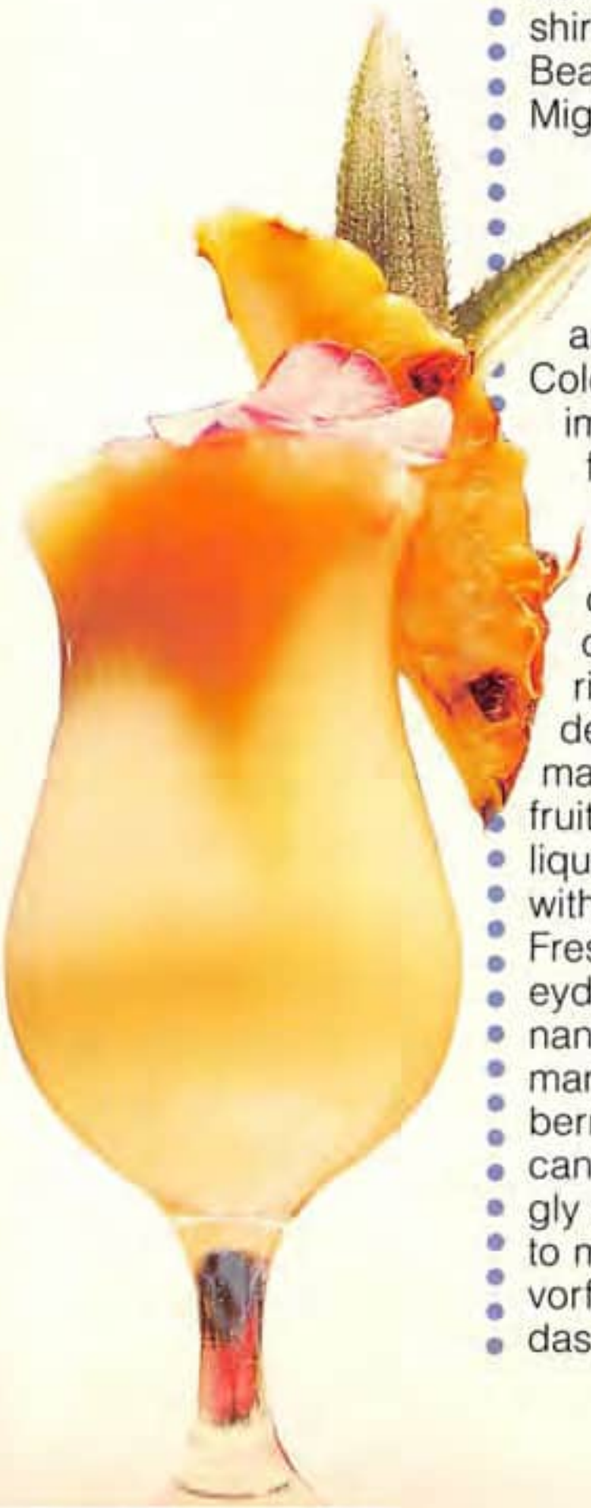
From the Caribbean to your own backyard, classic summer drinks are deliciously refreshing and easy to make.

Spirits

By Deven Black

Summer afternoon. Novelist Henry James called those the two most beautiful words in the English language. Summer afternoon. Just think of those two words and let your mind wander. Baseball . . . green meadows . . . swimming pools . . . beaches . . . bikinis . . . calypso . . . piña coladas . . . daiquiris . . . margaritas . . . (this is the "Spirits" column, after all).

Everything is different in summer. We shed our button-downs for Hawaiian shirts, crank up the Beach Boys and the Mighty Sparrow, and trade in heavier winter libations for rum, tequila, gin, and lager beer. Cold becomes very important. So does fruit. A daiquiri made with fresh, fragrant, luscious, just slightly overripe strawberries is better by definition than one made from frozen fruit or fruit-flavored liquor. And why stop with strawberries? Fresh peaches, honeydew, limes, bananas, cantaloupe, mango, papaya, raspberries, and apricots can all be used singly or in combinations to make intensely flavorful daiquiris, coladas, or margaritas.



Fruit that is too overripe to eat out-of-hand is great for drinks. Overripe fruit adds extra sweetness and is soft enough to avoid putting too big a strain on your blender. For better drinks always use top-quality spirits, and take the time to try different brands. All white rums may look alike, for example, but there are real differences in flavor and smoothness.

Try this experiment: Go to a bar with a good selection of rums. Ask for a shot of chilled Bacardi and a shot of chilled C.J. Wray Dry Rum. Sniff. Taste. Even my buddy Stuffy, who drinks only Irish whiskey, picked up on the differences right away. You can try the same experiment with tequila, vodka, or any other spirit. It is a relatively inexpensive way to find out what brands you really like.

When people talk about summer drinks, three classic cocktail styles jump immediately to mind. The daiquiri, the margarita, and the colada all originated in the Caribbean, where it is summer almost all the time. All three of these recipes are easily adapted to make use of summer's bounty of fresh fruit.

Daiquiri:
1½ oz. rum
1 oz. lime juice
1 tsp. sugar
fresh fruit, about 3 oz.

Margarita:
1½ oz. tequila
1½ oz. lime juice
1½ tsp. Cointreau
fresh fruit, about 3 oz.

Colada:
2 oz. rum
1½ oz. coconut cream
fresh fruit, about 5 oz.

Pick a recipe, add it to a scoop of ice, and blend away. Want to make your blender last? Use only crushed ice. Whole cubes can bend the blades and wear out the motor. Don't have crushed ice? Take cubes, wrap them in a cloth (a T-shirt will do, as long as it's clean), and hit the package with a hammer.

These three recipes are probably enough to get anyone through even the hottest summer, but bartenders are a creative lot, constantly coming up with new libations.

The other important thing to remember is that different spirits can be substituted in many recipes. Ease of substituting ingredients is part of the fun of summer drinking. Once you have a blender, drinks can be made from virtually any combination of spirits and fruits.

One saloon I used to frequent kept a large glass bowl

brimming with fruit on the bar. Customers wanting a daiquiri or margarita were invited to pick their own flavoring. One fellow, a mathematician, figured out that the combinations and permutations of varieties of fruit in the bowl could produce upwards of a hundred different drinks, and he vowed to try them all. I happened to be there to join him in imbibing the honeydew-peach-papaya daiquiri. It was an inspired—and inspiring—summer afternoon.

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STOP IT—
I LIKE IT

I attend a midwestern college, and people tell me I'm pretty. My parents said they always had to keep the boys away, but the boys aren't the problem—it's my roommate. She could have any guy she wanted, but she isn't interested in boys, just me.

I didn't know this when I was assigned as her roommate. It happened shortly after we moved in together. We had gone to a local bar and had a few beers. When we got back to the room, she sat on the edge of my bed after I'd crawled in, telling me how nice I looked. All of a sudden, she started kissing me and running her hand between my legs.

I don't know why, but I didn't resist. In fact, I kissed her back, and when she buried her head between my thighs, licking and sucking my pussy, I thought I was in heaven. She gave me several orgasms, not asking for anything in return, and afterward I fell asleep.

The next day not a word was mentioned, and I thought it might have been a dream, until that evening. Little was said as we got undressed and climbed into our respective beds. I drifted off to sleep, but later was awakened by her mouth again working its magic between my legs. I started to reach down and push her away, but when my hands reached the sides of her head, I pulled it closer to me. The feeling she was giving me was incredible. After she brought me to two orgasms, she started working her way up my body, stopping only to take my nipples in her mouth and suck them gently.

She kissed me full on the mouth, whispering that she had a special surprise for me as she reached down. I could feel something fleshy between my legs, and as she rose up, in the dim light I could see she was wearing a strap-on dildo. She eased it into me inch by inch, laying her body on top of mine. As she began to thrust her hips, I started pushing back, reveling in the sensation. We were breasts to breasts, lips to lips, and I could feel my orgasm build as we started snaking our tongues in and out of each other's mouth.

After I came she positioned her legs on either side of my head, and I couldn't help but run my tongue in and out of her. I just wanted to give her as much pleasure as she had given me. She taught me that evening how to eat pussy and how she liked her breasts to be sucked and nibbled on.

The problem is that I don't want to be a lesbian. I like guys, but I like her, too. I've never felt the way she makes me feel. I don't want to have sex with her anymore, but she knows that when she's in the room, all she has to do is say the word and I'm on my knees licking and sucking her like she's made of chocolate. I've tried dating, but when I'm with a guy and he touches me, I wish that it was her. How can she have this sort of power over me? Am I doomed to spend the rest of my life as her plaything?—T. G., Illinois

Most of the problem letters I get are from people whose sex life is unsatisfactory for one reason or another, or they're getting little or no sex at all. I am tempted to say to you, "How dare you grumble when you are getting good sex in plenty?" but yours is an ever-recurrent problem among young people, caused partly by the educational system but mainly by our half-baked, wishy-washy moral code.

I quote journalist Lance Morrow from *Time* magazine (August 1991): "The busybody and the crybaby are getting to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

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Each of the six picture disks displayed below is a portion of a photo or illustration taken from an ad in this issue. To solve the August SearchStakes, locate the ads from which these disks were taken and note the page number for each. If the ad has no page number, simply count that page or cover as zero. Then add up all six page numbers. That is the solution to this month's SearchStakes.

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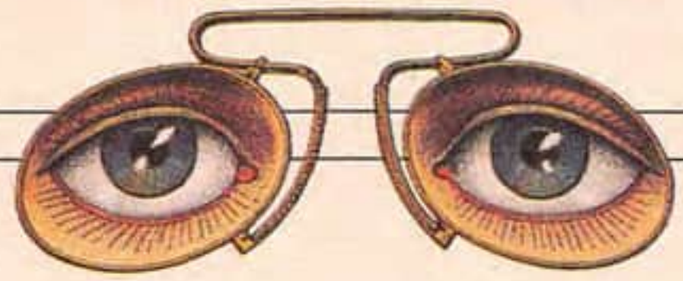


SUMMER-TIME BLUES

By Denis Leary

It's not the heat, it's the humidity.—Adolf Hitler, August 10, 1992

Roll out those lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer. Roll out the hot dogs and pretzels and beer. Roll out the sun and the sand. Roll out the red tide and the skin cancer, the hypodermic needles and the hospital waste. Life is a beach, and it's covered with crap.

Summer. Fuck you and the Beach Boys records you rode in on. June? Wrong. July? Wrong. August? Yeah, right. I hate them all. I hate the heat. I hate the hots. I hate the brawny brown muscleheads who torque down the tide with bacon grease on their bodies and fluorescent-blue French Speedos clinging to their walnutesque genitals like sexual Saran Wrap.

The sun is the enemy of my people. I'm so white, I reflect light. That's how I work my revenge. Once a week each summer, I rush to the Hamptons, run out onto the beach, tear off my shirt, and instantly scorch the cornea cones of unsuspecting debutantes. I don't tan. I explode. I burn and boil and bubble over.

I don't trust people who want to tan. I have nothing to hide. I'm as white as white comes. Caucasian^2. Not cream or flesh-colored. *White.* Like the inside of an Eskimo Pie. I am Alaska come to life. Gimme back my sled. The iceman cometh. I am translucent. You can count the veins. Before I go to bed, I have to spread SPF 88 on my face and arms in case I fall asleep with the lights on.

Come August, most sun people begin their end-of-the-summer-soon-work-school-see-the-leaves-are-turning lament when, in fact, September is only more of August pretending to be its own month. The calendar should read: June, July, August, August Part Two, October. September is just as hot and just as humid, but more annoying because you half-expect it to be cooler because there's football on TV, and then, just when you thought it was safe to break out the mittens and the mufflers and pumpkins and pie, *bam!*—Indian summer—August pops its bottle-blond head up in the middle of November and it gets red-fucking-hot all over again. High school football players have massive heart attacks. Hayrides break down. August can kiss my hairy white phosphorescent Irish ass.

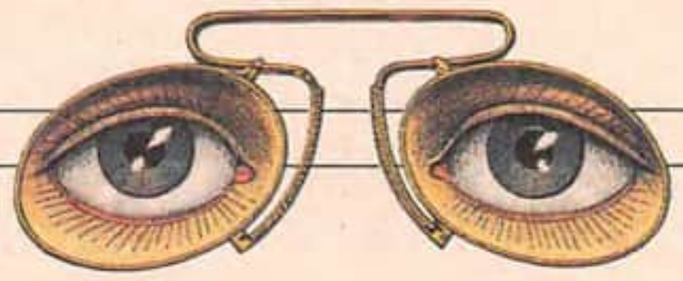
August, I plot against you. I become a cave dweller. I turn the A.C. up to 12 and open the windows every other hour, leaning out and spraying hair spray directly up into the sky. I can feel the melanomas forming on beaches across America. It's not the heat, it's the cancer.

All you sun-suckers, you chaise-lounge lizards—you will be 85-year-old handbags. You will live forever, made of leather. You will be luggage. Your children will strap you to the roof of the car and drive you to the nursing home. It's not the heat, it's the wind resistance.

The ozone opens up inches by second, miles by month—the ultraviolet rays burning through the dirty cloud cover and turning us into insects under glass. That's what we should do: Build a plastic bubble. Just like John Travolta in that TV movie. Let America be the boy. A gimungo shield from Boston to L.A. tinted and bulletproof. Safe sun. No nukes. Or we could manufacture a fleet of shuttles and move to Mars. It would be very hot. Four seasons: August, August, August, and August. But you could light your cigarette right off the ground. It's not the heat, it's the lack of atmospheric oxygen.

Roll out the hypodermic needles and hospital waste. Life is a beach, and it's covered with crap.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



The postal service is supposed to deliver mail—not manufacture phony crimes.

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

Have you recently received any mailings from anti-censorship organizations that claim to be devoted to "counter[ing] right-wing fundamentalists who are determined to curtail our freedoms"? If so, beware! They may not be what they say they are. If your curiosity is piqued and you send for the material from their catalog, you may be in for the shock of your life.

Keith Jacobson received such a shock. The 56-year-old veteran-turned-farmer sent for some magazines offered by an anti-censorship group. His sexual tastes happened to run in the direction of young men and boys, but he had never bought an illegal item of obscenity or committed any other crime. The postal service—which is supposed to deliver the mail, not read it—had gotten his name from a mailing list because he had once ordered copies of a magazine called *Bare Boys*, which were entirely legal at the time.

The postal service conducted a complex scam in which it pretended to be an anti-censorship lobbying group. After 34 months of continuous inducements, Jacobson finally ordered a magazine entitled *Boys Who Love Boys*. When it was delivered, he was arrested. Jacobson pleaded entrapment, arguing that he never would have ordered the smut if the government hadn't persisted in its solicitations. The jury convicted Jacobson and he appealed.

In a surprising decision, the Supreme Court reversed Jacobson's conviction. A five-judge majority, led by Justice Byron White, cited an old case which had said that "a person's inclinations and fantasies . . . are his own and beyond the reach of government."

The court condemned the type of sting used, stating, "The government not only excited petitioner's interest in sexually explicit materials banned by law, but also exerted substantial pressure on petitioner to obtain and read such material . . ." It concluded that "law-enforcement officials go too far when they implant in the mind of an innocent person the disposition to commit the alleged offense and induce its commission in order that they may prosecute."

To no one's surprise, Chief Justice William Rehnquist and justices Antonin Scalia and Anthony Kennedy joined Sandra Day O'Connor's dissent, which argued that no one made Jacobson buy the magazine, and that he was responsible for his own actions. If there were any abuses by the government, O'Connor concluded, then the "jury is the traditional defense against arbitrary law enforcement." But a Nebraska jury can hardly be counted on to protect the rights of a man whose fantasies lean toward young boys. It is the role of the Supreme Court to protect unpopular, even deviant, views from governmental overreaching.

A balance must be struck between the legitimate needs of law enforcement in using stings to ensnare criminals who would commit crimes even without government inducements, and the illegitimate creation of crimes by governmental inducements directed against those who would remain law-abiding if the government left them alone. The line is difficult to draw, but a sting directed against a fantasizing farmer who had never broken the law clearly falls on the side of governmental overreaching.

It is not the proper function of law enforcement to manufacture crime or to test the virtues of citizens. There are enough real temptations in the world for all of us to resist. There is no good reason for the government to tempt us into sin by repeatedly provoking our curiosity about the taste of forbidden fruits.

FIGHTING BACK

By Karen DeCrow

As Teller, of Penn and Teller, reminds us: "Rape predates home videos by thousands of years."

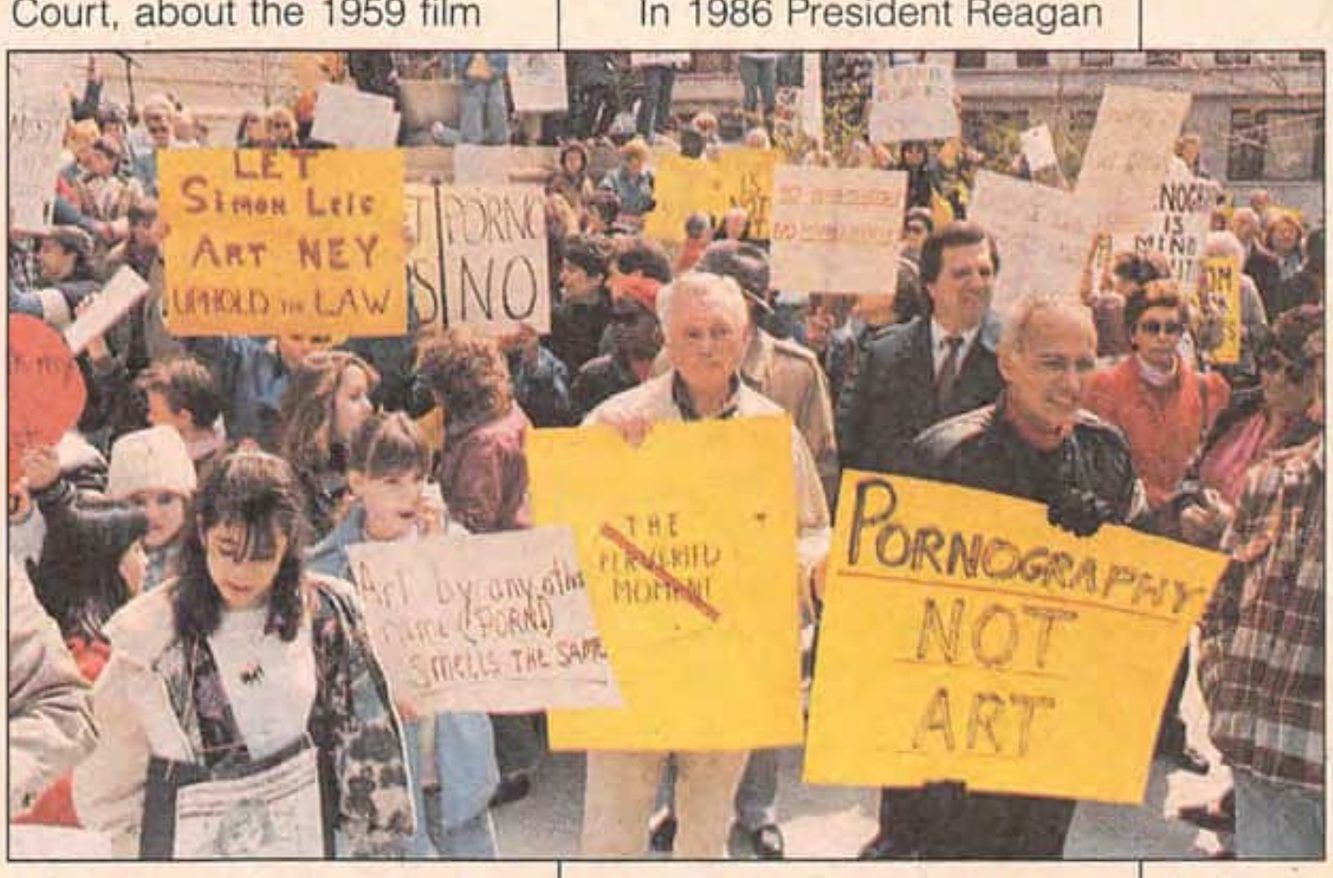
He's right, for it would take a lot of hocus-pocus to make us believe that movies cause crime. No sorcerer can forge the link between reading or thinking about committing a crime and doing it.

The most exciting magic takes place, of course, in the privacy of our minds, and no government can censor that. But each crime wave, each disturbance in domestic harmony, brings on a new wave of censors, zealots looking for the quick fix. Today is no exception.

The Senate Judiciary Committee is about to vote on a particularly foolish, but very dangerous, piece of legislation. The Pornography Victims Compensation Act (S1521) would hold producers, distributors, and sellers of so-called "obscene" material liable for sex offenses that "were foreseeably caused, in substantial part, by the sexual offender's exposure to the obscene material." Organizations representing the arts, civil liberties, and entertainment are opposing the bill. So is the National Organization for Women New York State Committee.

The sponsors of the bill have falsely, and perhaps cynically, determined that this piece of legislation will help curb violence against women. However, the bill gets the *criminal* off the hook by permitting the victim to sue the book publisher. Marilyn Fitterman, president of New York State NOW, believes "the result would be to inhibit writers from writing—even some articles that we may want to print in our state newspaper [discussing, for example, birth control and abortion] might be suspect, and the effect would be a 'chilling out' of educational information."

First Amendment battles have been going on for a long time. It is in the battle over unpopular forms of expression that the very foundations of American democracy have been grounded. What Justice Potter Stewart wrote, speaking for the U.S. Supreme Court, about the 1959 film



Lady Chatterley's Lover, from the novel by D. H. Lawrence, is as relevant today as when he drafted his opinion:

"The D. H. Lawrence classic could not be proscribed on the ground that it 'portrays adultery as proper behavior.' What New York has done . . . is to prevent the exhibition of a motion picture because that picture advocates an idea. . . . Yet the First Amendment's basic guarantee is of freedom to advocate ideas. The state, quite simply, has thus struck at the very heart of constitutionally protected liberty."

D. H. Lawrence did not cause adultery, just as murder mysteries do not cause murder, nor do spy novels cause espionage. We all wish for the magic potion to stop crime and to end all forms of violence, but censorship is not that balm. In 1970 President Nixon's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography spent two years and $2 million looking for the link between erotica and crime. Its report concluded: "There was no reliable evidence . . . that exposure to explicit sexual materials [causes] delinquent or criminal sexual behavior."

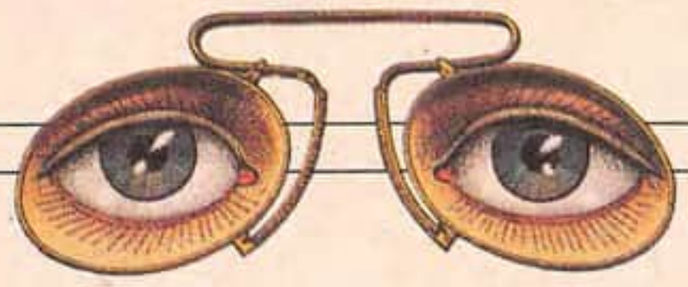
In 1986 President Reagan tried again to establish a reason for censorship, but even his Meese Commission on Pornography failed.

Erotica does indeed offend many people, but there is a difference between thought and deed. Pictures and words about sex, or even about violent acts, are *not* acts themselves. We should be wary of the possible damage to the First Amendment if we confuse them.

I urge you to call members of the Senate Judiciary Committee at (202) 224-3121 and ask that this bill, S1521, be stopped in committee.

Each crime wave brings on a new wave of zealots looking for the quick fix.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



CAMPUS VIEW

By Peter Shore

My nurturing Jewish mother—who still believes I'm going to be a rabbi—dug deep into her divorced pockets to send me off to film school (New York University, class of 1989).

In hindsight, there are only two reasons to go to film school. The first: It sounds fun. The second: You have to go if you want to make films. The "sounds fun" bunch are now in law school, working in talent-agency mail rooms, or reading scripts for studios and/or producers. The others are either slaving over their screenplays, waiting tables, or scrounging to make short films, music videos, and even industrials.

For those who want to reap the benefits of film school, here are a few high angles: Make friends with those who run the equipment-checkout room, the projection rooms, and the editing suites. Don't chum with the administration. Their hands don't get dirty, only their thoughts on how to get more school donations.

My closest friends at N.Y.U. Film School were the equipment-room supervisor, the projection-room manager, and the editing-suites supervisor. These three guys were my pals. They allowed me more time with the sweetness of production. They had more pragmatic power than even the dean, who didn't do jack-diddly-sit-or-squat for my film, or any of my pals', for that matter. Know only those who count. Take *that* to the film festival!

Another tip is to use an experienced cinematographer—even if you have to pay for a professional. You don't go to film school to give student cinematographers their shot; the better the film looks, the better the director looks. To N.Y.U., which is totally against using professional cinematographers: You pay for my movie, and I'll give a shot to an N.Y.U. shooter! Call it cheating; I call it avoiding the aggravation of an out-of-focus film.

A third high angle, which happens to be the hardest to reach: Be prepared to write, produce, do the production design, edit, direct, and hold the boom pole for your own movie. I did. Film students don't want to do anything except direct—*they all want to be the next Spielberg, and Spielbergs don't carry equipment.*

Directing a film is all about sweating it out on your own.

Just as in the real world (a.k.a. show business), no one is there to help you—not the professors, the administration, or the students. It's all about sweating it out on your own.

In the beginning I'd written a script called *Made in Japan*—the story of a Japanese comic who comes to New York seeking fame. My professor wouldn't okay any of my drafts, claiming that I "didn't know my main character well enough." Without his approval of the script, I wouldn't be able to actualize the movie.

I couldn't help thinking to myself, "Why can't I make *Made in Japan* if I [my mom, really] am paying $15,000 in tuition?" I mean, come on, I had sent out over 500 letters, raising almost $10,000 from private investors so I could make the film. I thought school was for learning, not yearning. So I started from scratch.

Forty-three drafts of *Made in Japan* and a lot of sweat later, I came up with *Parker's Picture*—the story of Parker, a film student, trying to make *Made in Japan.*

My film professor and classmates, under the impression that I was making a documentary about film school, gladly played themselves. As it turned out, I was, and continue to be today, the main character in this melodrama of filmmaking.

College students are invited to submit suggestions for "Campus View" to Abbie Demers, Penthouse *Editorial, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.*

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS

"Republican national chairman to see you, sir."

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ARTICLE

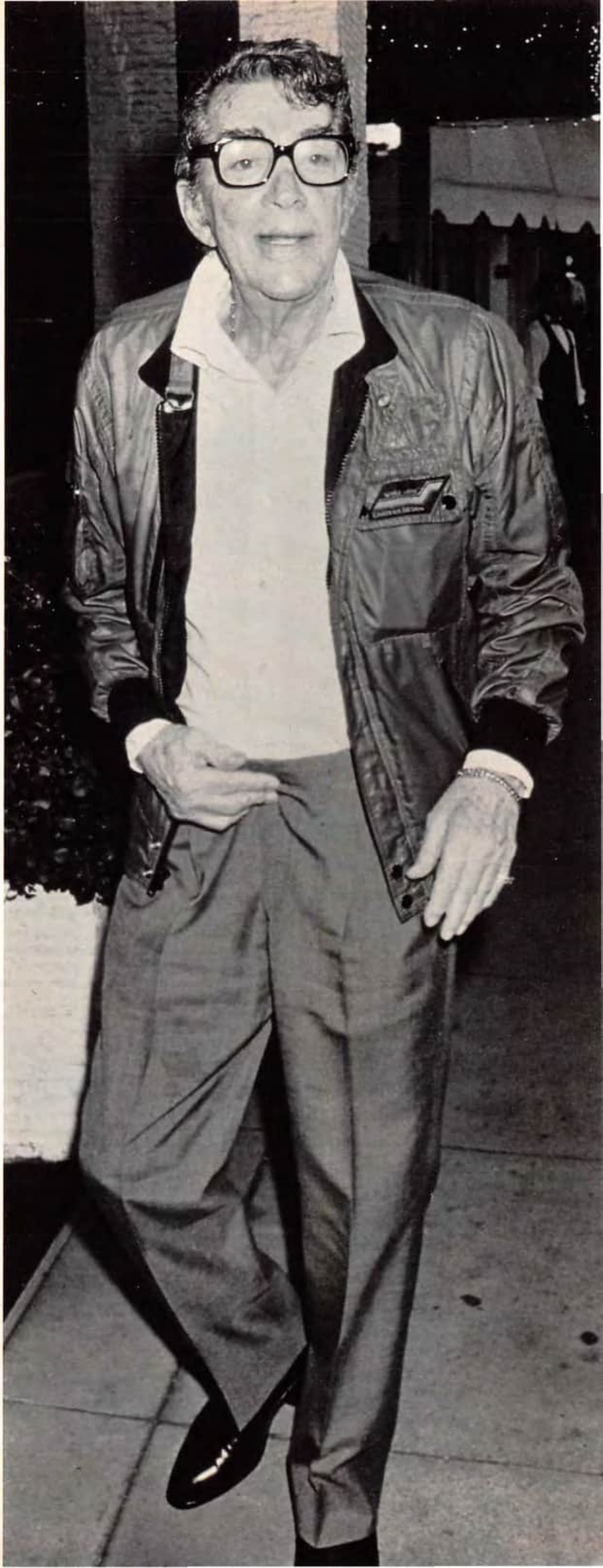
Dino's DEMONS

BY NICK TOSCHES

Paramount. The kingdom of that nation east of Palestine, great Babylon, mother of all whoredom, was his.

His wife Betty was stuck in New York. Newborn Deana had a congenital respiratory ailment. It would not prove serious, and Betty had already retained a housemaid to help care for the children, but she could not accept the idea of traveling without the baby. Dean Martin commended and blessed her; and while she remained back east, he unzippered himself in Babylon. He was the darling of the moment in a land where all that was new and golden was adored; the gynecopia of starlet slutdom was his to savor at will. As always, the forbidden fruit, that from the loftiest bough, was the sweetest.

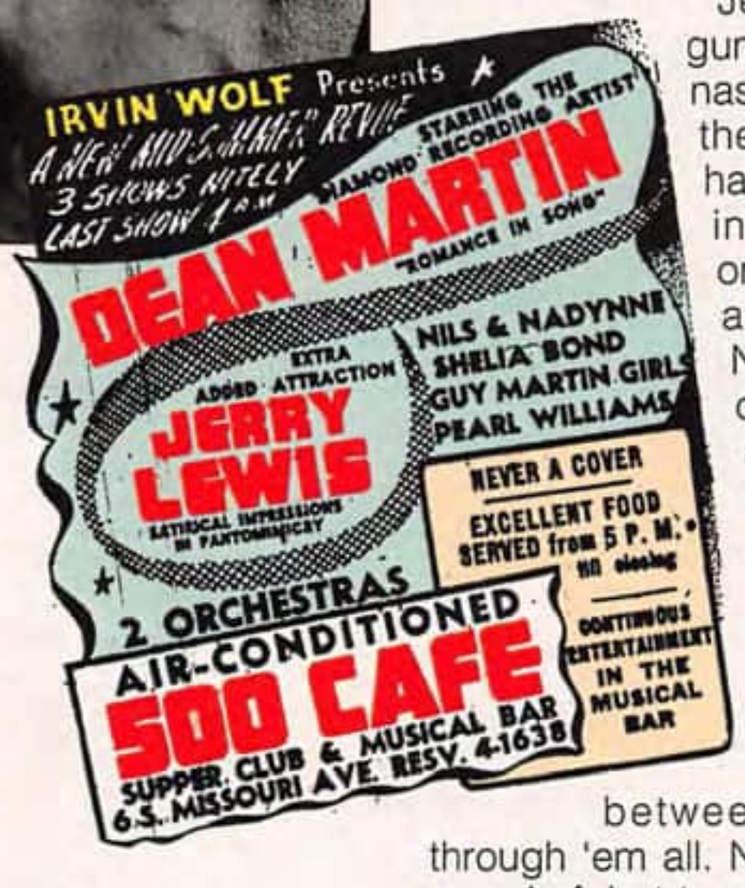
Almost immediately, he took up with MGM's quintessential girl-next-door, June Allyson. On August 10, 1948, the day after Allyson attended the Martin-and-Lewis opening at Slapsy Maxie's, she and her husband Dick Powell took delivery of a two-



month-old baby from the adoption agency that had long kept them waiting. It was the happiest day of their marriage. She told Dean so a few weeks later, on the night she first went to bed with him.

Jerry Lewis had begun picking up Dean's nasty habits early on in their relationship. He had started gambling in Atlantic City: $20 on a baseball game, a trip to the track. Now in Babylon, the candyland of *loch* and *tsatskes*, his days as a faithful husband and nice Jewish boy were gone for good.

"Shit, yeah, we started knockin' 'em off. I think between us, we went through 'em all. Not something to be proud of, but true. The most beautiful broads went crazy for Dean. In truth, I fucked more than he did; but it was always like they wanted to burp me. When you take two six-year-olds and stick 'em in a candy store . . ." His voice would fade away.



Allyson was working that summer with Elizabeth Taylor and Janet Leigh in Mervyn LeRoy's new MGM version of *Little Women*. Twenty-one-year-old Leigh would remember Dean and Jerry visiting the set. By then Jerry was fucking around with June Allyson's friend Gloria DeHaven, a big-band singer who had starred with June in *Best Foot Forward* and who was married to the actor John Payne.

The four of them, Dean and June and Jerry and Gloria, were so bold in their public carryings-on that Hedda Hopper, at publicist George Evans's request, warned them to be careful,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

Right: Atlantic City, August 1946; top center: Dean and valet/addict Mack "Killer" Gray; top right: the Rat Pack in all its glory; bottom: Dean, Jerry, and the cast of *My Friend Irma Goes West* cutting loose at the Flamingo Hotel, Las Vegas, March 1950.

'The Best Things in Life are Still Made by Hand'.

DOUWE EGBERTS

DRUM

handrolling tobacco

Drum. Your Own Rhythm.

Surprisingly Mild.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

THE JERRY FALWELL MEMORIAL FILE

The Reverend **Jim Bakker**, currently serving a prison sentence for fraud, reportedly has had a fellow inmate protect him during various encounters with other inmates. According to sources, Bakker calls his new friend "Peaches."

BAD KARMA

Officials of the Phoenix Cardinals football team discovered that attendance at one of the team's home games was outdrawn by an ostrich race held nearby.

ONLY IN NEW YORK

A convicted New York mugger was awarded $4.3 million after he sued the city for damages for the injuries he suffered when he was shot by a transit policeman during a robbery attempt on an elderly subway rider. The officer claimed he shot when the mugger and his accomplice lunged at him as he interrupted the robbery, but the jury found the cop had used "excessive force."

OUR ORSON WELLES AWARD FOR CINEMATIC ACHIEVEMENT TO ...

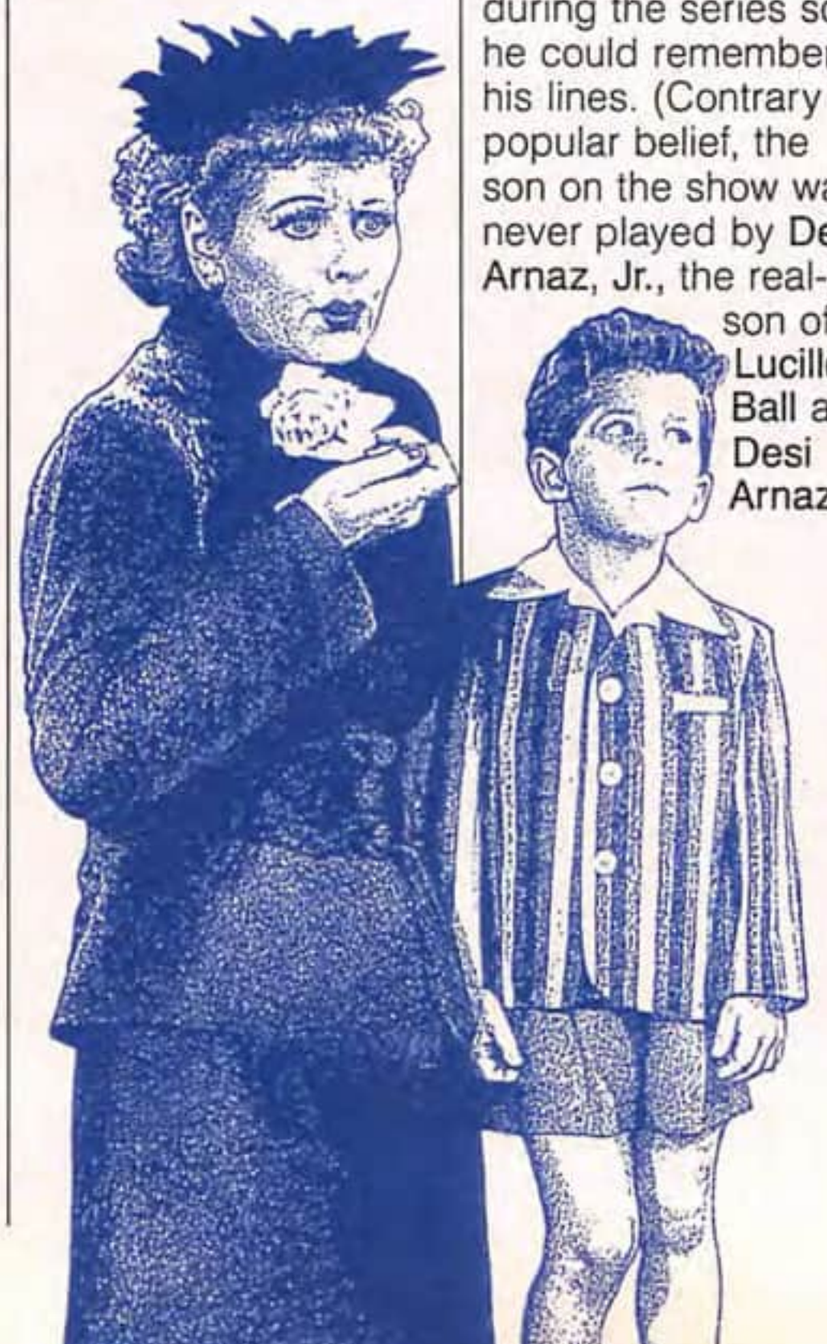
. . . actress **Kirstie Alley**, who has written a movie that will "star me with some guy who looks great without a shirt on." Her film will also include kissing scenes because, she said, "I love to make out."

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

Director and performer **Barbra Streisand**, on why she has never attended a White House social function: "I have been invited to the White House many times, and I've never accepted. The Republicans cater to the rich. I'd rather pay more taxes, see social reform, health care, and research for AIDS."

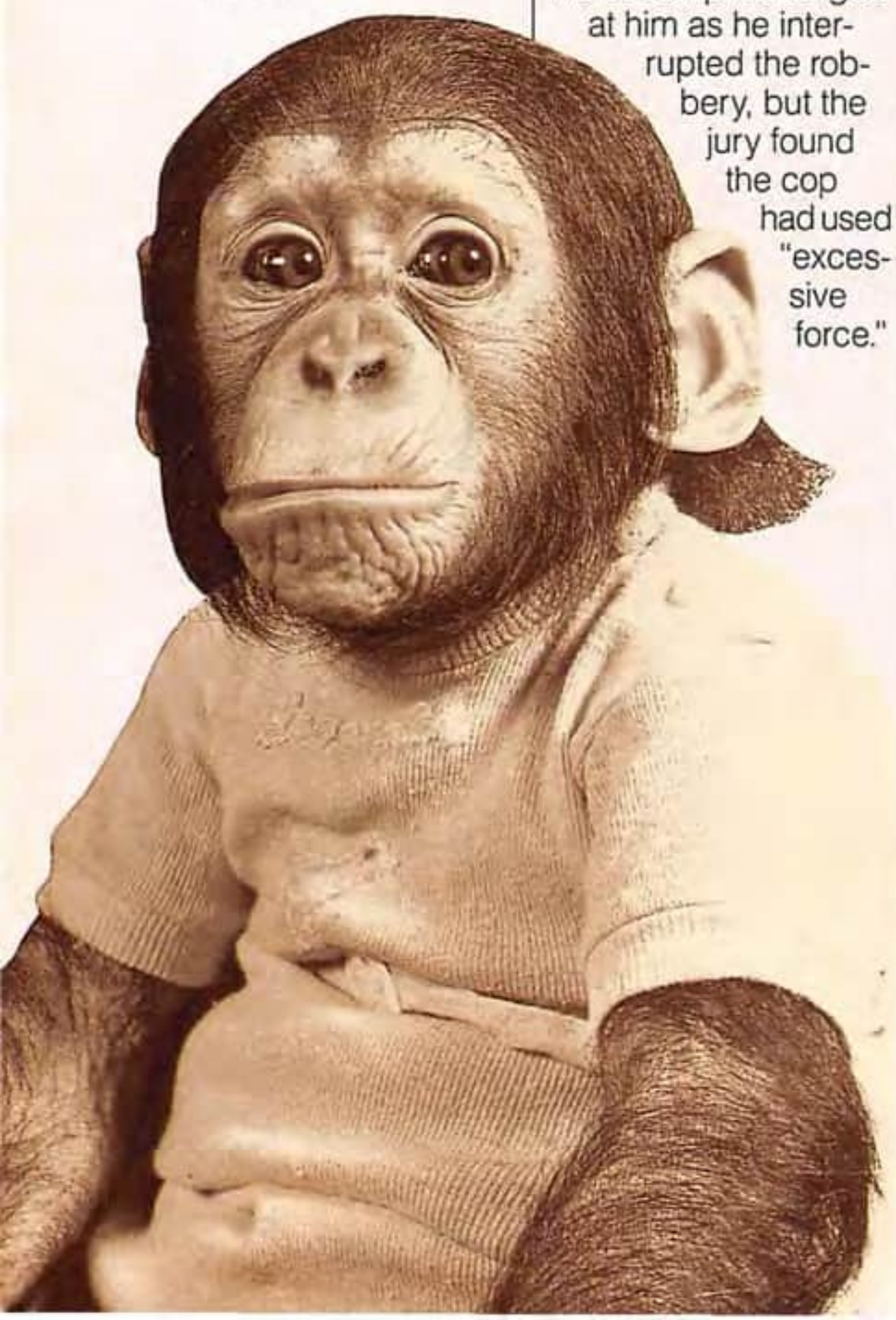
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

Keith Thibodeaux, the child actor who played Little Ricky on "I Love Lucy," is now 42 years old, married to a ballerina, and the father of one child. Thibodeaux recalls being hypnotized during the series so he could remember his lines. (Contrary to popular belief, the son on the show was never played by **Desi Arnaz, Jr.**, the real-life son of **Lucille Ball** and **Desi Arnaz**.)



DOES HIS COUSIN KING KONG KNOW ABOUT THIS?

J. Fred Muggs, the cute chimpanzee who captured a nation's fancy when he appeared on NBC's "Today" show in 1953, was not invited to the show's 40th anniversary celebration last January. An NBC spokeswoman said an appearance at that time was not "practical." She was apparently referring to the fact that Muggs, 39 years old, now weighs 175 pounds. When he debuted on the program at ten months old, he weighed 13 pounds.



AND NEXT WEEK: LEONA HELMSLEY ON HONESTY

Former assistant secretary of state **Elliott Abrams,** sentenced to 100 hours of community service after pleading guilty to charges of lying to Congress about illegal funding in the Iran-contra scandal, spent that time delivering lectures to lawyers. His topic: legal ethics.

WHY THE SOVIET UNION WILL NEVER REVIVE

The I.R.S. sent one of its district directors to three republics of the former U.S.S.R. to teach their officials "tax techniques."

SIC TRANSIT

Yakov Smirnoff, the Russian humorist who emigrated to this country several years ago to begin a career as a television and nightclub comedian, attempted to sell his Hollywood Hills home for over $1 million. Smirnoff had already moved his family to a more affluent home in Pacific Palisades.

ART LOVER OF THE MONTH

Japanese billionaire **Ryoei Saito,** who has purchased one of the most expensive and wide-ranging collections of classic art in the world, once considered having the treasures cremated along with him after his death.

WORST NEW CUISINE

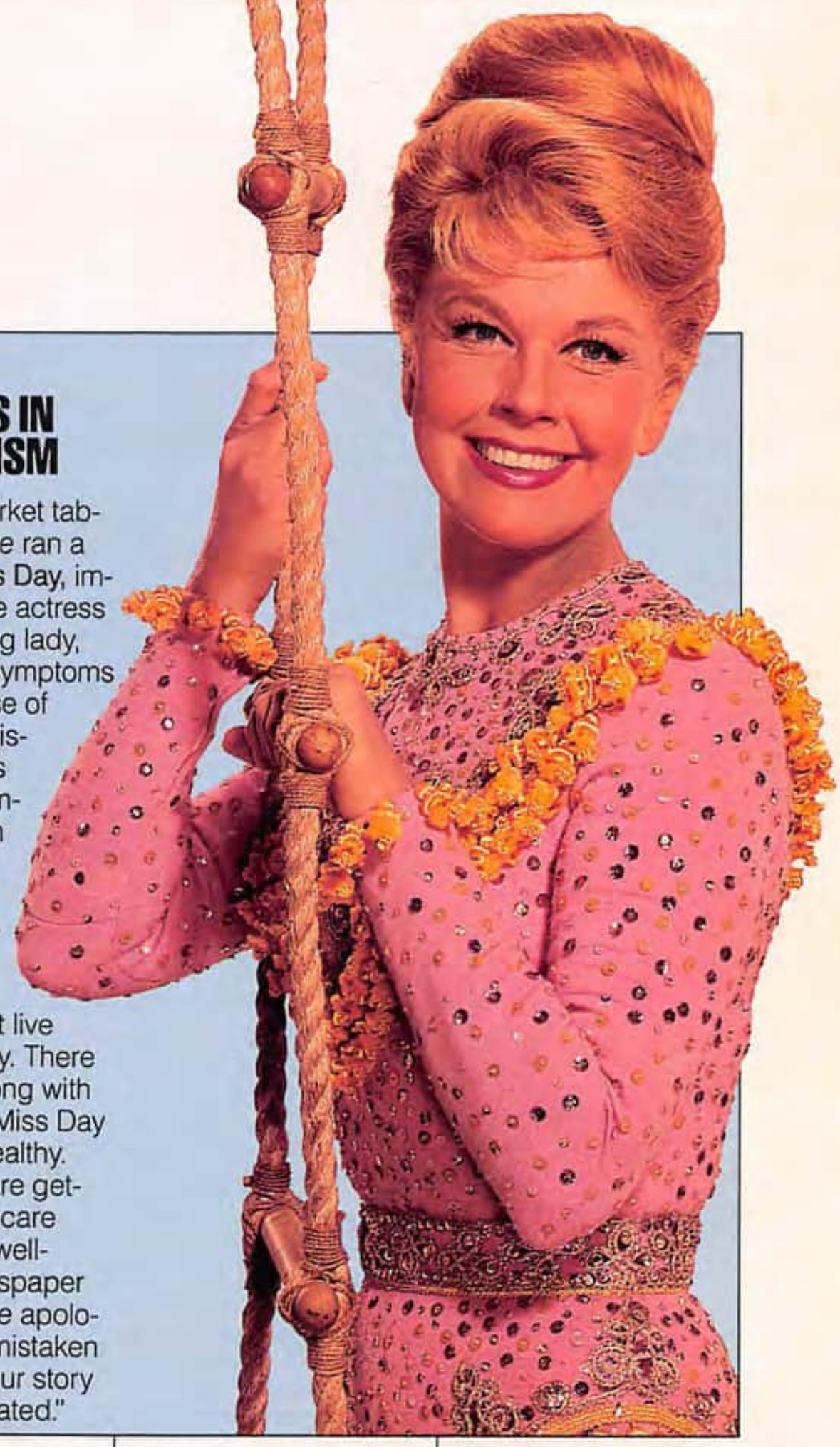
A South African restaurateur has developed what he believes will become the next popular cuisine, meat dishes of exotic game. The most popular dish, he predicts, will be *amavondwe,* or cane rat.

JUST AS WE THOUGHT

Despite **President Bush**'s efforts to promote American-made products, a survey of the White House employee parking lot by *The Boston Globe* revealed that nearly two-thirds of the cars are foreign-made.

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

The supermarket tabloid *The Globe* ran a story on **Doris Day,** implying that the actress lives like a bag lady, suffers from symptoms similar to those of Alzheimer's disease, and has trouble remembering. Seven months later, the newspaper ran a correction that read in part, "She does not live like a bag lady. There is nothing wrong with her memory. Miss Day is perfectly healthy. Her animals are getting excellent care and they are well-fed." The newspaper added: "*Globe* apologizes for the mistaken impressions our story may have created."

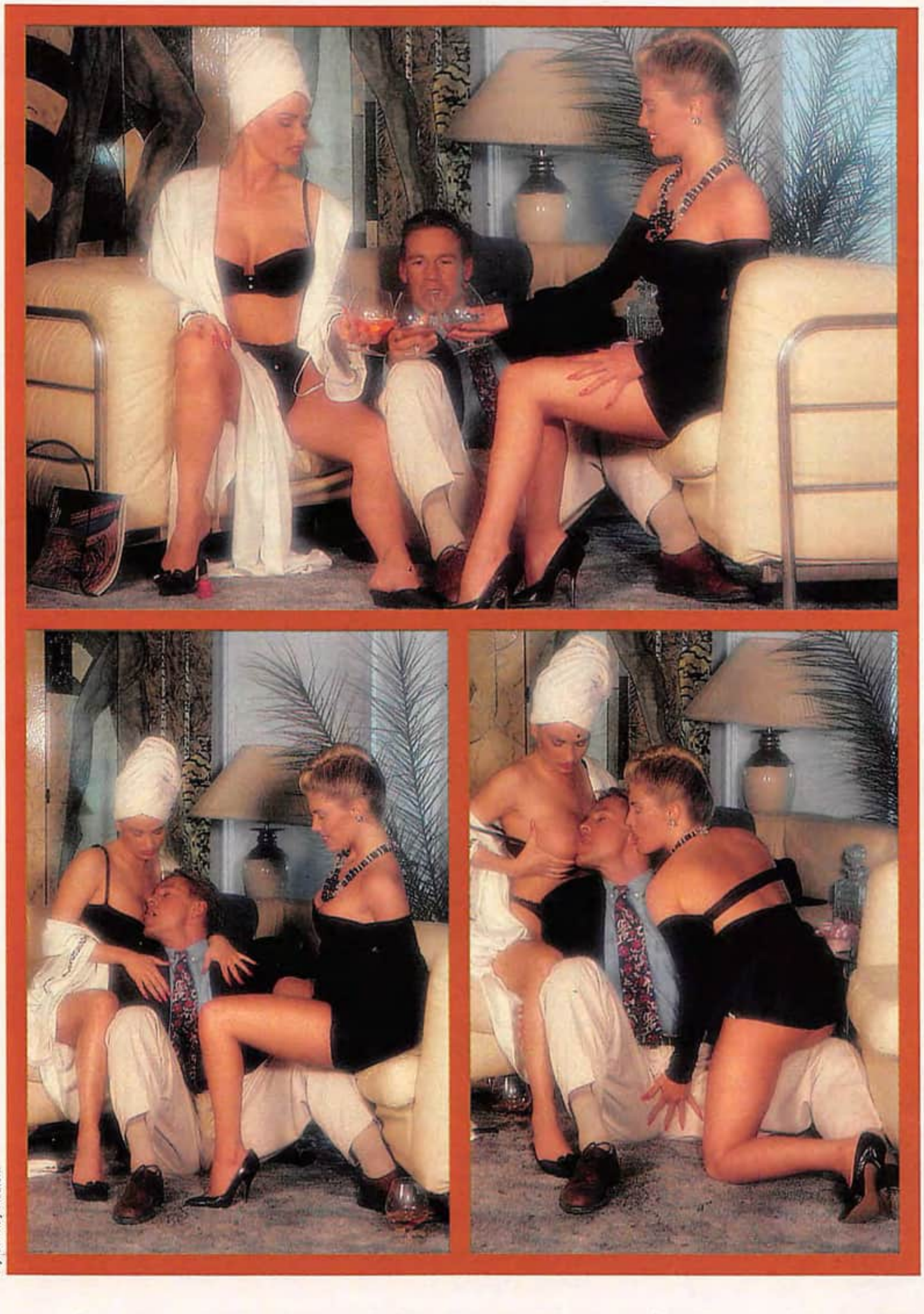


OUR NATION'S COURTS AT WORK

A Buffalo, New York, court sentenced the father of two young boys to eight weekends in jail after his conviction on charges of raping a 13-year-old girl, a crime he videotaped and later showed to his sons. The court ruled that he should not serve a more severe sentence on the grounds that he was the only adult family member available to take care of the boys.

BULLETIN FROM THE P.C. FRONT

An Oregon newspaper stated it will not print the names of sports teams that it finds "offensive to.racial, religious, or ethnic groups." This includes such teams as the Atlanta Braves and the Washington Redskins. How the paper can write about the teams without mentioning their names is unclear.



Stylist: May Austen.

CHUCK, SUSAN & EVA

It became a truly enchanted evening when Susan and Chuck returned from dinner and a show to find Eva, Susan's roommate, in desperate need of some tender lovin' care. Her date had canceled, and not even the bubble bath she had taken could appease her frustration. But Susan knew what she needed.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

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The couple thought Eva quite the singular sensation as they began a game of sensual pleasures, suited to

satisfy their restless friend. Of course Eva returned the favor, completing the chorus even as she basked in the spotlight.

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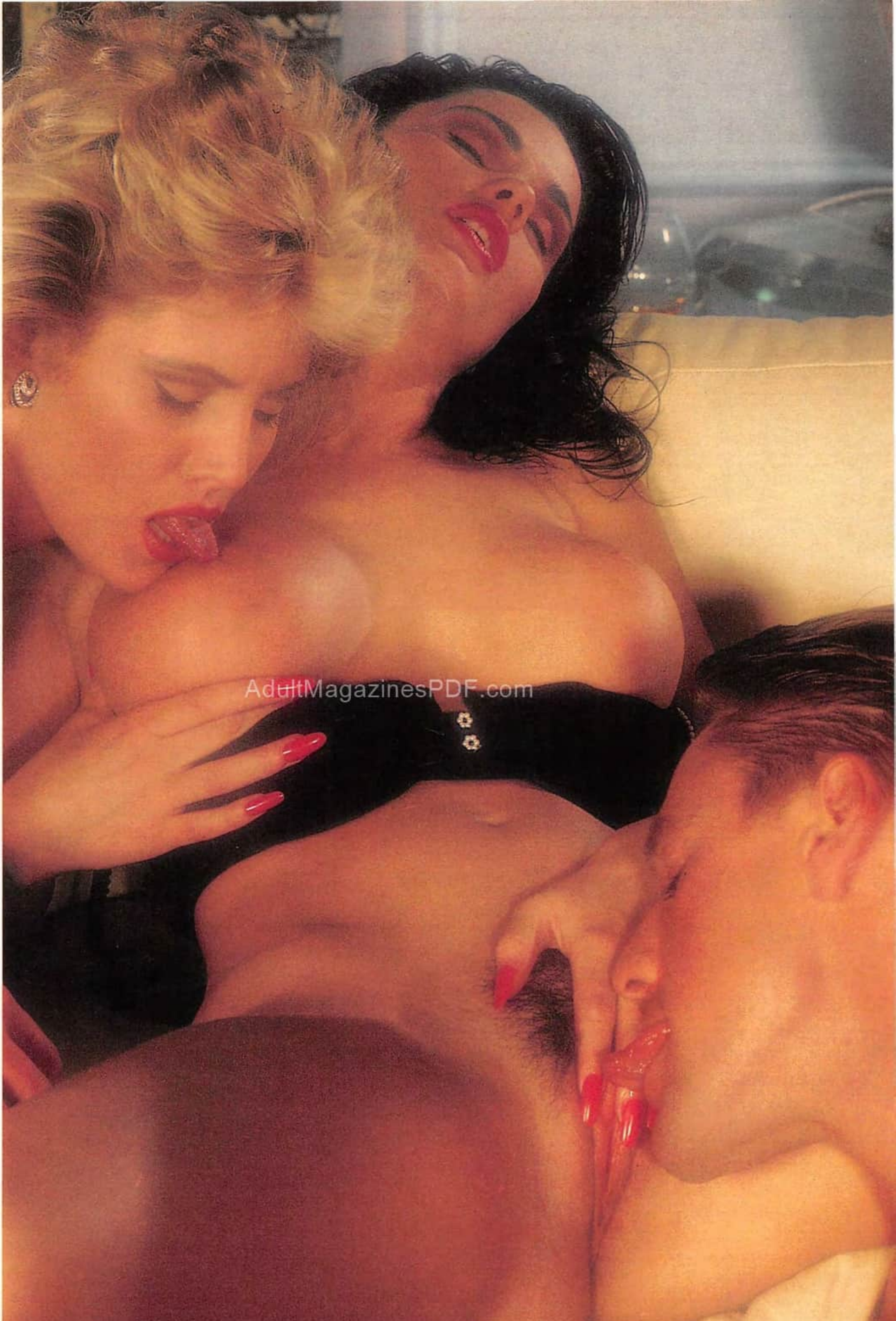
Sharing her boyfriend with her roommate, Susan became an eager audience of one, looking on in awe and applaud-

ing with her moans. Waiting patiently for her turn at the mike was only one of the many things she would do for love.

Soon warm-up time was over. . . . It was Chuck's turn to perform. Eva helped eagerly, and the two of them brought the house down with a passionate flurry of fingers and tongues.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The dream girls drifted into ecstasy as Chuck strutted his stuff with commendable rhythm and excellent form. At the final curtain, all three were delighted by the reviews and ready for an encore.

DAMME THE TORPEDOES—FULL SPEED AHEAD!

BY LAWRENCE LINDERMAN

In the wake of Arnold Schwarzenegger's anointment as the world's biggest movie star—we're talking box office, not just biceps—Hollywood studios have been engaged in a mad scramble to discover the next hunk of bankable beefcake. Take a number and stand in line: Even marginal athletes like wrestlers Hulk Hogan and Rowdy Roddy Piper and ex–football player Brian Bosworth have been given shots at becoming macho marquee idols.

Aside from Schwarzenegger, the current kings of action-adventure films—including Chuck Norris and newcomer Jeff Speakman—exhibit what now appear to be the two requirements of the genre: a knowledge of the martial arts and absolutely no acting talent. As Schwarzenegger has shown, charisma alone can suffice, and he's got plenty to spare. So does a Belgian named Jean-Claude Van Damme, who appears poised to jump ahead of them all in the race to outmuscle Arnold.

A former European karate champ, Van Damme spent the last six years starring in a string of cheapo martial arts movies that made buckets of money. In 1991 he played a pair of combative twins in *Double Impact*, which quietly grossed $35 million in the United States and will probably rake in an additional $50 million worldwide. Throw in some astonishing videocassette sales, and it's easy to see why Carolco Pictures is confident that its $23 million production of *Universal Soldier*—which stars Van Damme as a half-robot half-human—will end up as one of this summer's biggest hits.

To borrow a line from a well-known Austrian bodybuilder, trust me now and believe me later: Van Damme is about to become a major star. Like Schwarzenegger, he has a sculpted body, a strong screen presence, a sly sense of humor, and a pronounced accent (his is French). The one edge he has on Arnold is his age. At 31, Van Damme is 14 years younger and much further along in his film career than Schwarzenegger was at the same point.

"I don't know if I'll ever be as popular as he is, but being compared to the No. 1 guy is a compliment to me," Van Damme says. "Arnold's charming, not afraid to make fun of himself, a strong promoter, and very, very intelligent—that's why he's so successful."

The same can be said of Van Damme, who has tirelessly plugged his films all over the world, thereby building up an international following. He's very bright about publicizing himself. These days it's difficult to find an article or TV report about him that doesn't refer to "the Muscles From Brussels" or "Van Dammage."

"I made up both of those nicknames, and they seem to have worked. I also made up another one that didn't: 'Wham, bam, thank you, Van Damme,' " he laughs.

Van Damme is smooth as opposed to slick, and women have definitely taken notice of him: *Cosmopolitan* and *Playgirl* both rated him one of the ten sexiest men of 1991. It's easy to understand why. He's ruggedly handsome in a boyish way, and has a gentle sense of humor. On-screen he looks like a giant, but he's barely five foot ten, weighs 185 pounds, wears glasses, and conducts himself like a cheery college professor. He's thoroughly approachable, and vows to remain so.

"The first movie I ever did was a film called *Rue Barbar* that was shot in Paris—I played a bad guy," he says. "Movie stars are more accessible in France. They work on the streets, and during breaks they'll go off for coffee with a friend. They lead normal lives, and I like that. The French are cooler about making movies than the Americans. Here it's like everything's done in hiding; it's very plastic."

Unlike most of his action-oriented colleagues, Van Damme was always more interested in becoming a movie star than a star athlete. He recalls being a small, sickly child with bad vision who spent an inordinate amount of time going to the movies. "What I remember most is that we were poor," he says. "Brussels is a beautiful city filled with museums, but it's not like any town in the U.S., where kids have computer games and TV. We had nothing. We had the street, the school, and sports."

When Van Damme was 11, his father—a florist and accountant—enrolled him in a karate class in hopes of giving his son some self-confidence. The plan worked. "I enjoyed the training a lot—it was like a religion for me," Van Damme says. "My country didn't have karate for kids, so I trained with adults. I grew up quickly by listening to their conversations and by sparring with them. They kicked my ass almost every day—I was very light—but after a few years of training hard and growing, I got very strong and started to hold my own."

By the time he was 16, Van Damme had shot up and was no longer a Brussels sprout. He was also the city's karate king. At that point, he began studying ballet. After a couple of years, Van Damme began performing with a ballet company.

"I'm not saying this because I have a swelled head, but I was a very gifted dancer," he reports. "They called me *le ballon*—the balloon—because I was able to jump six feet in the air, which is exceptional. But I also liked muscles, and my arms and torso became too big. Most dancers have a small upper body and very strong legs. I kept my body balanced 50-50, and it was unusual to see a guy built like me dancing ballet. After five years, I finally gave it up: You just can't drive two cars at the same time. I stayed with karate because it had been part of my life since I was a boy, and by then I'd become the European karate champion. But it was never going to be my life. I wanted to be in the movies, and karate was the skill I used to introduce myself to different countries."

Van Damme fought all over Europe, and claims that the only match he ever lost was when he was 18 and was defeated by a 28-year-old Italian in the finals of the European champion-

PHOTOGRAPH BY RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

ships. "That was one of my biggest disappointments, because I had held back. I believed my instructor, who told me the guy was too big for me and that it was impossible for me to win," he says. "Almost a year later, I saw the champion training one day. He said, 'Kid, take off your glasses and let's do some sparring.' When we started, I blocked a punch of his and kicked him right in the face. I was lucky, but after I lost to him, I'd been training for six hours a day, and I'd become a *monster*."

By then Van Damme had quit school and opened the California Gym on the busiest street in Brussels. It quickly became the city's trendiest health club. With his own line of vitamins—and his father's help—he was soon overseeing a million-dollar-a-year business.

But he wasn't happy: He longed to become an actor. Once a week he went to Paris to look for movie work, which led to his role in *Rue Barbar*. He also sent letters and photos to every studio and director in America.

"That didn't do me any good," Van Damme remembers. "I was innocent; I didn't know how to approach this thing. I tried everything. I opened my gym when I was 18, and after three years of it, I began wondering, 'What am I doing here?' I was making money, but since the age of 12, I'd been living a fantasy about becoming a movie star. My feeling was that life is short, so what did I have to lose by coming to Hollywood? My parents thought I was crazy. They said, 'It's impossible, Jean-Claude. How can you go to America, where they have millions of actors, when you don't even speak English? Go back to school and become a gymnastics teacher.' They couldn't talk me out of it. In 1981, before I was 21, I sold my gym and vitamin business—I was too impatient to wait for the right price—and then I flew to California."

Van Damme was dazzled by Hollywood—and by Southern California's weather. The rest of it wasn't sunny at all. "When I first got here, many people made big promises to me, and they were all lying," he says. "After a few months, I realized that the people I met—I wasn't dealing with executives of major studios—were deceitful, and that I'd have to play the game their way or else end up looking like an asshole. In Hollywood you have to learn to act like a shark, or you'll just be another fish that gets swallowed up."

Van Damme supported himself as a film extra, bodyguard, bouncer, cab and limousine driver, carpet layer, and personal trainer. In 1986 he finally landed a speaking part—as a Russian villain—in *No Retreat, No Surrender*. "Good fights, stupid movie," he says. "It was shot in Los Angeles in five weeks, and I was paid $250 a day for five days."

Immediately afterward Van Damme was hired to play the title role in a Schwarzenegger film, which didn't mean much: Van Damme was cast as the predator in *Predator*. He was suited up in an outfit that was far too big for him—his head only made it up to the creature's chin—and was flown down to Mexico, where the film was shot. "It was a nightmare," he says. "It was impossible to move inside that suit, so I had to drop out. After I left, they went with a different costume and a guy who was much taller than me."

At that point Van Damme had learned to speak English, but he still didn't have a green card, which meant he couldn't legally work in the States. But that didn't deter him. Now that he'd had a taste of filmmaking, he went at it with a vengeance.

One night at a restaurant in Beverly Hills, he spotted Cannon Pictures' Menahem Golan, whom he'd met briefly years before at film festivals in Cannes and Milan. Golan had just signed Sylvester Stallone to star in *Over the Top*, Dolph Lundgren (who costars in *Universal Soldier*) for *Masters of the Universe*, and had recently produced *Missing in Action* with Chuck Norris.

As Golan left the restaurant, Van

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SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS

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Damme ran up to him. "I said, 'Menahem, it's Jean-Claude Van Damme. Remember? I gave you my photos in Cannes and Milan.' He had no idea who I was," Van Damme reports. "I wanted to impress him, so I did one of my 360-degree leaping kicks at his face—and above his head. Menahem's my height, and he was shocked, maybe even afraid. He probably thought, *Who the fuck is this guy?* Anyway, he said 'Call me tomorrow' and walked away."

The next morning Van Damme camped out in the offices of Cannon Pictures and waited more than five hours to speak to Golan. When he was shown in to see the producer, he was blunt. "Look, let's cut the bullshit," he said. "I've been here for five years and I'm fucked—I've got no money. I think I'm gonna be the best, and I'm very hungry. You can buy me with a piece of bread."

Van Damme removed his shirt to show off his muscles, then pulled two heavy chairs a few feet apart. He jumped up and did a split between them and, with one foot hanging over each chair, continued to sell himself.

"I'm not a Shakespearean actor, but you don't do Shakespearean movies," he told Golan assuredly. "You believe in action films, and I'm trying to show you I'm an action guy who can do special things with my body. I can do anything I want, and I'm gonna make you *so* much money."

When Van Damme sat down again, Golan instructed his secretary to bring in the script for *Bloodsport.* Golan said, "You want to be a star? I'll make you a star. You're gonna be the lead in this movie. You have a lawyer and an agent?"

"No," said Van Damme, "but I will tomorrow." Golan signed him to a three-picture deal, and Van Damme was lucky: *Bloodsport* was filmed in Hong Kong, so he didn't need a green card. (He's since gotten one.) He earned $50,000 playing an American soldier who competes in the *Kumite,* an outlawed martial arts competition in Hong Kong. The actor says that *Bloodsport* cost less than $1.5 million to produce, and it went on to earn $35 million in theaters, plus an additional $12 million in videocassette revenues.

Hollywood's collective ears perk up when figures like that are reported. Van Damme completed his Cannon contract by starring in *Cyborg* and *Death Warrant,* and then continued with low-rent movies in *Black Eagle, Kickboxer,* and *Lionheart.*

"The best of those films cost less than $3 million to produce, and all of them were profitable," he says. "Afterwards, I knew I could look every studio executive and producer I'd dealt with in the eye and say, 'You've made lots of money with me.' "

By now so has Van Damme. He received $600,000 for *Double Impact,* $1.5 million for *Universal Soldier,* and will be paid $3.5 million for his next film, *Crossing the Line.* A good chunk of his earnings have been invested in real estate: He and his wife, Gladys Portugues (a former world-class bodybuilder), and their children, Kristopher, five, and Bianca, one, live on a $2 million spread located about 45 minutes north of Hollywood.

Moviegoers around the world now know that Van Damme can stage acrobatic film fights. The remaining question is whether or not he can act. "Truthfully, all the movies I've made have felt like acting, because when you fight karate and you don't get hurt, you're faking the pain, you're faking *everything,*" he says. "But I know I have to make huge improvements in every other area, and I think I already have. In terms of acting, *Double Impact* was a small step above my other pictures, and I've taken more small steps—including comedy—in *Universal Soldier.* It's unrealistic to think you can go from A to Z in one jump. These last two films have certainly gotten me beyond straight karate, and I'll be taking more steps in every movie I do."

Van Damme hopes to eventually star in epic adventures (he's a great admirer of classics like *Ben-Hur* and *Spartacus*) and love stories. "But I'd never do a love story that doesn't have action—why disappoint my audience? Why change?" he asks. "I think that's what's happened to Sylvester Stallone. Stallone's a good actor—anyone who's made movies like *Rocky* and the first *Rambo* has to be good—but now he's changing, and I don't know what he's doing. I sense that he's confused and looking for something different. He should follow his own instincts and not listen to other people."

Not too many years from now, Van Damme thinks he'll be polished enough to play lead roles in films like *Bugsy.* "I know it's difficult when a guy like me, coming from karate, says that, but I'm gonna be there for sure," he promises. "I *love* challenges. If you don't have any and can do whatever you want, then it's probably time to die."

Van Damme hasn't modeled himself after anyone, including his favorite actors—Paul Newman, Steve McQueen, and Montgomery Clift. He knows that at the moment he's a hot property, but also realizes that doesn't count for much. "You never know what's going to happen," he says. "We may have a war in two days, or I may go down in a plane crash next week. Right now I know what kind of roles I want to play, and I'm booked for the next five years. By then I think I'll be very big in movies, but if I'm wrong and I'm finished in five years, I know exactly what I'll do: I'll go back to Belgium and open up another gym—and I'll do it without regrets."

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TRAVEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

at the cost of $13.5 million, paid for in cash. But, of course, once upon a time, a ride on the subway was only a nickel. Now it costs 25 times as much.

Right across the street from the Woolworth Building is City Hall Plaza, with New York's City Hall at its center. Completed in the early 1800s, it is a jewel of a building. I should know. When City Hall was built, its location was considered the northern frontier, since no one could imagine how much farther the city would expand. Because of this, the back of the original building was made of inferior stone compared to the front, since the only people likely to approach it from the north would have been the city's first inhabitants, the Indians, coming to spend their $24—the fabled purchase price of Manhattan Island—in Sodom and Gomorrah, or those prescient Dutch burghers who were buying land uptown on what's now 42nd and 59th streets for their descendants to later develop. They were New York's first real estate tycoons. In subsequent years, the rear facade of City Hall was redone to match the front. Tours are available—ask to see the Governor's Room on the second floor.

Within walking distance of City Hall is Wall Street, which indeed got its name because of the wall that was erected there to protect the city from Indians. During the week, the streets of this district are overflowing with people; on weekends you could shoot a cannon ball from Trinity Church, where the street starts, to the East River and not strike a single stockbroker.

Trinity Church, at Broadway and Rector Street, is one of the oldest in the city. Its ancient cemetery contains the graves of many early New Yorkers, including that of Alexander Hamilton, who was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr. In the 1960s, when marijuana use flourished in the city, this cemetery was the meeting place for potheads and often the subject of police raids. Now the dead sleep quietly and are not bothered by yesterday's overly sweet and fetid aromas.

Federal Hall, at Wall and Broad streets, was the site of George Washington's first inauguration, which took place in 1789. (Many of you may not realize that New York City was then the capital of the United States.)

If you walk down Wall Street, you will reach the East River, where—a few blocks to the north—you will find the South Street Seaport, the largest pleasure port designed for pedestrians on the East Coast, similar to, but more extensive than, Boston's Quincy Market. By the early 1970s, the area where the Seaport now lies had degenerated into empty, ramshackle buildings with few inhabitants. Later in the decade, the process of restoring it to its nineteenth-century entrepreneurial vigor had begun, and it is now one of our most interesting food and fun places for tourists and residents, both day and night.

The Seaport is home to dozens of specialty shops, including Ann Taylor, Laura Ashley, and Abercrombie and Fitch, and restaurants ranging from the casual to the elegant. Although they feature all types of cuisine, they specialize in seafood, much of which is obtained from the famous Fulton Fish Market, adjacent to and part of the Seaport.

During the summer it is particularly pleasant to visit the restaurants on the pier and benefit from the river breezes. There are numerous street performers on the cobblestoned roads, including acrobats, clowns, comedians, and magicians. And you may wish to visit the South Street Seaport Museum, with its tall wooden sailing ships. You can also take short boating excursions on the East River and the Lower Harbor.

> Be wary of purchasing anything from camera or carpet stores that are draped with going-out-of-business signs. Those stores are always in their "final days."

I find visiting New York's many museums a pleasant way to spend a weekend. Many Sunday afternoons I go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at Fifth Avenue and 82nd Street, one of the greatest museums in the world. I'm a member, and membership, as they say, has its privileges; if you aren't, it's a $6.00 suggested contribution. Besides its extensive exhibits, the Met's gift stores are wonderful, and there are several located around town, including one at the mid-Manhattan branch of the New York Public Library at 40th Street and Fifth Avenue, the promenade at Rockefeller Center at 49th Street and Fifth Avenue, and Macy's Balcony at 34th Street and Seventh Avenue. They have a great selection of reproductions of ancient jewelry and statues; the Roman, Greek, Egyptian, and other jewelry all come with a description telling you exactly where the original was found. In addition, the stores have a selection of ladies' scarves and men's ties and suspenders with ancient patterns—including some of the Napoleonic period—at very modest prices. (If you're a member, you get a ten-percent discount on any purchase.)

To get to the Met, you can take any of the city buses that run along Madison Avenue, then at 82nd Street walk one block west to Fifth Avenue. New York also has a great subway system, but without the street smarts that comes from living here, I wouldn't recommend riding it after 6:30 P.M. Stick to the buses and taxis—except during rush hours, when you will have a lot of company.

While you're uptown, take a bus across Central Park at 79th Street to Central Park West to the American Museum of Natural History, at West 81st Street, which boasts, among other things, a wonderful dinosaur collection.

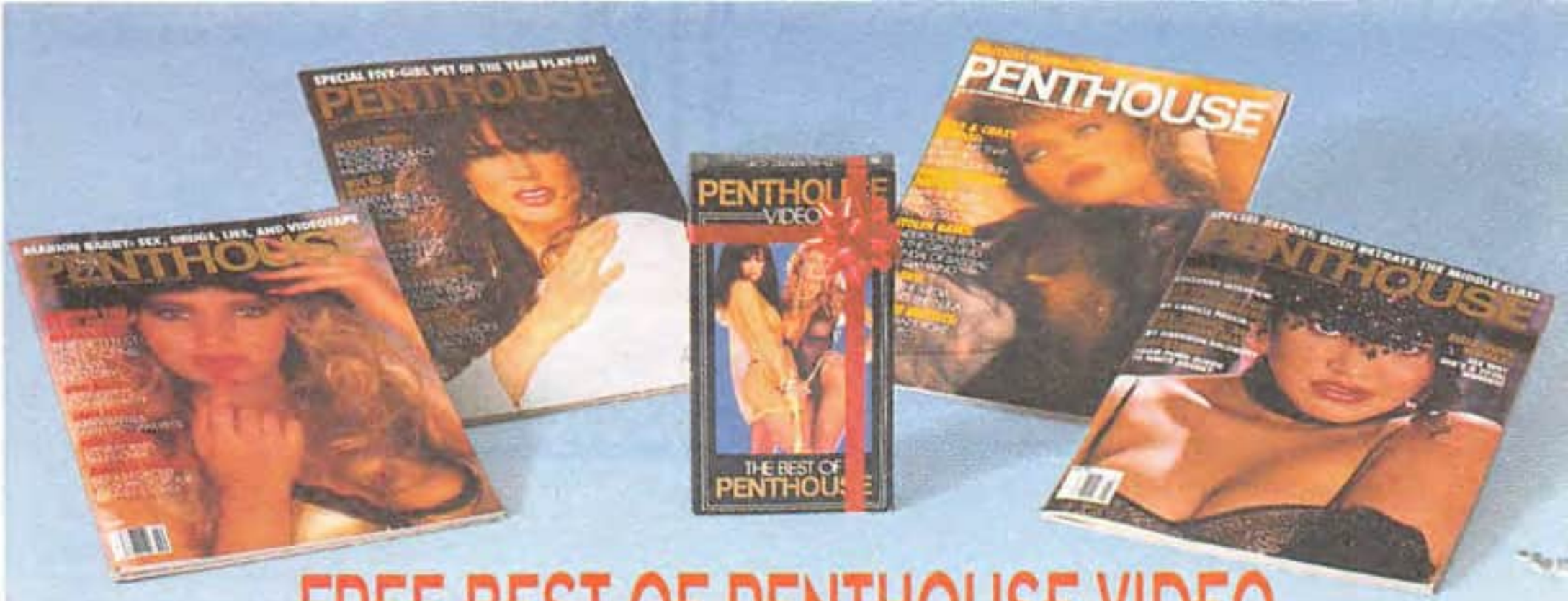
When you head back downtown, check out the Museum of Modern Art (MoMA), on West 53rd Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Although its collection is more circumscribed than the Met's, it is nevertheless superb. Both museums have lovely, modestly priced dining rooms for lunch.

No trip to New York is complete without visiting some of our shopping emporiums. Farthest uptown, at Lexington Avenue and 59th Street, is Bloomingdale's. Three blocks west, along Fifth Avenue at 58th Street, you will find Bergdorf Goodman—the stores for men and women on opposite sides of the street—Tiffany, at 57th Street, and Saks, at 51st Street. For the best in men's clothing, walk one block east to Madison Avenue and then six blocks south to Brooks Brothers, at 44th Street. That's where I buy my clothes. Farther downtown at 32nd and Broadway is Abraham & Straus, and, of course, on 34th and Seventh Avenue, Macy's, the world's most famous department store, still going strong despite its financial woes.

One bit of advice: Be wary of purchasing anything from camera or carpet stores that are draped with going-out-of-business signs. Those stores are always in their "final days." Many practice bait-and-switch tactics—they lure you in by advertising an exceptionally low-priced item, but when you ask for it, they tell you it's out of stock and proceed with a hard sell of a higher-priced item.

Also, avoid the street peddlers who display what appear to be fantastic gold watches at very cheap prices—their wares are knockoffs. I don't believe they're stolen. They're just no good, and not worth whatever you pay. So don't.

A final word about street life. Do not—I repeat, *do not*—get conned into playing three-card monte. You will win the first time and lose every time thereafter. You may say, "Well, I'll only play once." If you only play once and walk away with the money, you will end up with broken kneecaps.



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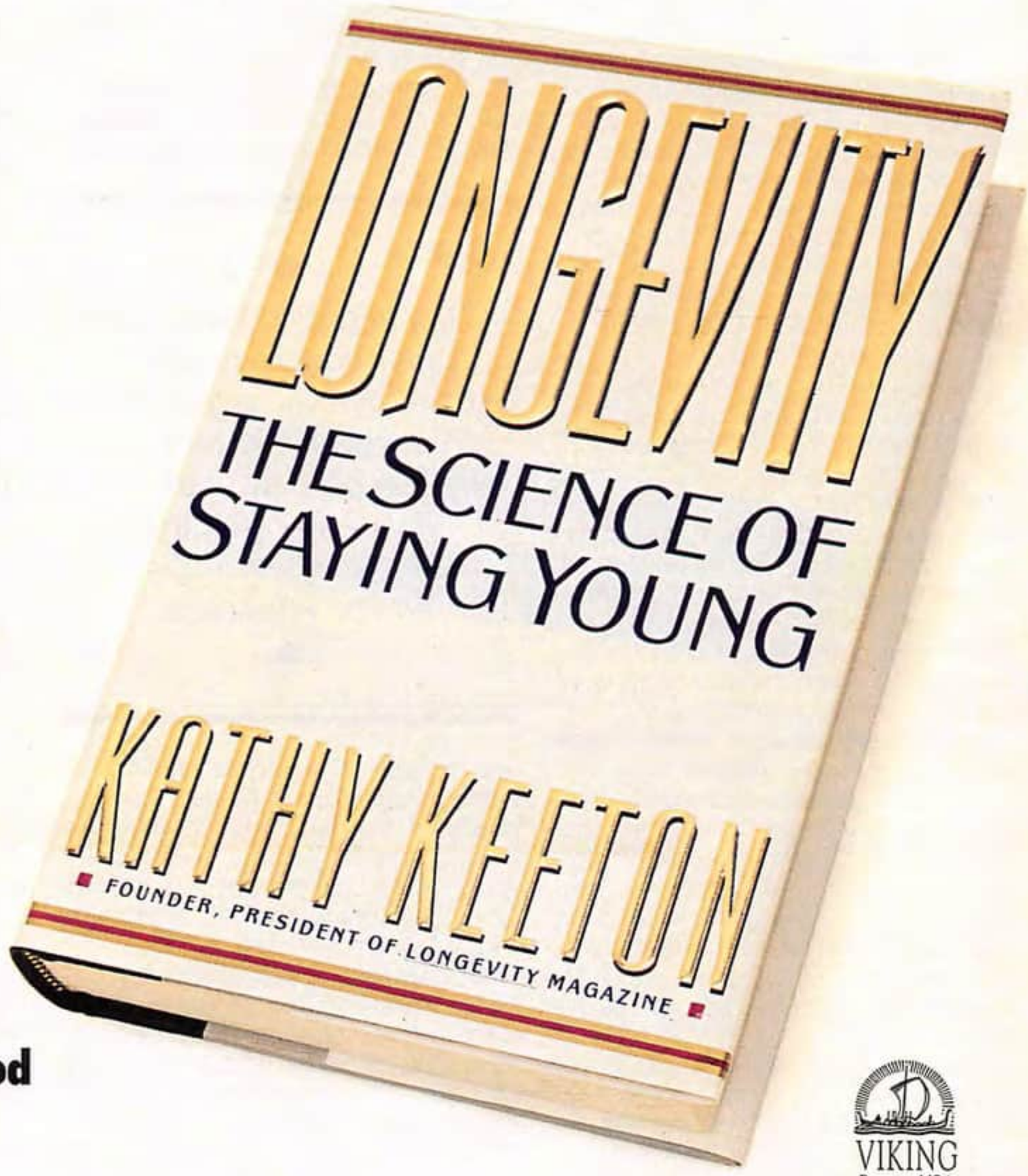

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Visiting New York without going to a Broadway show is like going to Paris and not seeing the Folies Bergère. The old standbys will undoubtedly be there for years to come—*Les Misérables, The Phantom of the Opera, Cats*—and there are more recent arrivals like the revivals of *Guys and Dolls* and *The Most Happy Fella*. There are many other excellent shows available, particularly off-Broadway and off-off-Broadway. Discount tickets for as much as 50 percent off are available on the day of the performance at ticket booths located at 47th Street and Broadway and at the World Trade Center in lower Manhattan, at Church and Vesey streets. Keep in mind that to make use of these discount booths, you have to be flexible in your requests.

Not far from the Broadway theaters you'll find another New York institution. The Carnegie Delicatessen, at Seventh Avenue and West 55th Street, is the best deli in the city. Every sandwich is built for two. My advice: One of you take the corned beef, the other pastrami, and share. Like good wines, New York delicatessen does not travel well, nor can it be duplicated elsewhere.

One of New York's wonderful neighborhoods is Greenwich Village, once the artistic heart of America. The Village begins south of 14th Street and continues down to Houston Street, bordered on the west by the Hudson River and on the east by Broadway. It has an enormous number of small restaurants and boutiques, but what is most fascinating, of course, is the street life. I live one block off Washington Square Park, which during the summer is wonderful for people watching.

Immediately adjacent to the Village is the East Village, formerly known as the Lower East Side. It stretches from Broadway to Avenue D, with the same north and south borders as the Village. It is less safe but not particularly dangerous, and is famous for its exciting and varied street life. In the 1960s it was the heart of the hippie world, and there are still some vestiges left, as you will find if you walk along St. Mark's Place. If I were you, unless you're with someone who knows the area, I wouldn't venture farther east than First Avenue.

Now for restaurants in both areas. In the East Village, two very moderately priced ones are Kiev Restaurant (Second Avenue and Seventh Street), which is Ukrainian, and Christine's (462 Second Avenue), which is Polish. I find it difficult to tell them apart, but for a delicious, inexpensive, hearty lunch, I recommend both. One of the best Italian restaurants in this area—and all of New York—is Il Mulino (West Third Street between Sullivan and Thompson streets). A dinner with wine will run you about $75 a person, and it's worth it. It is a very small room, so reservations are absolutely required.

Another special and interesting downtown area is SoHo (south of Houston), which starts at Houston Street and goes down to Canal Street. It's great fun on Saturdays and Sundays, especially in the afternoon when the streets are teeming with people. SoHo's main drag is West Broadway, which begins at Washington Square and West Fourth Street. For the stretch down to Houston Street, it's called LaGuardia Place; south of Houston it reverts to its original name of West Broadway. Don't hesitate to just walk around, making sure to visit the boutiques, the art galleries, and, ultimately, Dean & Deluca, the greatest food emporium you can imagine, on Broadway and Prince Street. It's like visiting the gourmet-food section at London's Harrod's. There is really nothing like it.

For a meal, I generally end up at one of three nice, moderately priced restaurants. The first is the Spring Street Bar and Restaurant, which has a marvelous sidewalk-bistro atmosphere. The second is the Broome Street Bar, which has more interesting patrons. The third, Tre Amici, is a little more pricey, but it has more atmosphere and gets occasional theater and movie stars.

> *Do not* get conned into playing three-card monte. You will win the first time and lose thereafter. If you play once and walk away with the money, you'll end up with broken kneecaps.

Odeon (145 West Broadway between Worth and Duane streets) is elegant, reverse chic. Its basic decor is "cafeteria," which is what it once was. I go there for lunch and occasionally for dinner on weekends. The menu is continental, and everything is well prepared. I always order the country salad, ofttimes as an entrée, which is under $10. The calamari appetizer is superb.

Sometime in the course of your visit to New York, you will want to visit Chinatown and its adjacent neighborhood, Little Italy. There was a time when each was distinct, but Chinatown has leapfrogged and grown so big that now much of Little Italy has been absorbed within it. Mulberry Street, the main drag of Little Italy, has a large number of small Italian restaurants—not a bad one in the lot—many with tables outside. When you combine the local color and the crowds, it's like being at an unending Neapolitan and Sicilian festival in Italy. Most of the restaurants are inexpensive and serve substantial portions. Eat heartily, but skip dessert and take a short after-dinner stroll to Ferrara, a world-famous Italian dessert café at Grand and Mott streets, for Italian ices or any one of a dozen different pastries or coffees.

Chinatown is on both sides of Canal Street. Its main drag starts at Worth Street and runs north along Mott Street. My two favorite restaurants are the Peking Duck House (22 Mott Street)—be sure to order the duck, along with eggplant with garlic and the fried bananas and walnuts for dessert—and Sun Lok Kee (13 Mott Street), which specializes in seafood: You shouldn't miss the huge steamed Canadian oysters in black-bean sauce. If you are at a loss for what else to order, tell them you want to eat what the mayor eats—but add, "I mean the old mayor." Then wander around Chinatown; it's as close to Hong Kong as you are likely to get on this continent. Great art, no, but novelty shops galore.

Tribeca (triangle below Canal), the most recently developed part of Manhattan, is formed by West Broadway, Canal Street, and the Hudson River, hence its unique name. Within it is Battery Park City, a huge complex of the city's most modern commercial buildings, housing some of our largest financial institutions. It also contains apartment buildings and restaurants, located along the Hudson River from Murray Street to West Thames Street. Visit it for its architecture and to see firsthand an example of urban life at its best.

One superb restaurant in the area is the Tribeca Grill (Greenwich and Franklin streets), owned by Robert De Niro (diners have been known to see the man himself)—I especially like their desserts. I prefer Montrachet (West Broadway and White Street), which is owned and operated by Drew Niporent, who is also the maitre d' at Tribeca Grill. Their wine selection and lamb are special. Rosemarie's (Duane Street and West Broadway) is a small, lovely gourmet Italian restaurant—the swordfish is truly unique.

The Upper West Side, with its two main north-south thoroughfares of Columbus and Amsterdam avenues, is a wonderful part of the city to explore by foot. Start your walk at Lincoln Center, at 65th Street: It is one of the world's major cultural institutions, containing the Metropolitan Opera, the ballet, and other theaters. To truly appreciate it, you should purchase tickets to one of the varied performances available.

Two good, interesting restaurants on the Upper West Side are Ollie's Restaurant, at Broadway and 84th Street, for Chinese food, and Carmine's, at Broad-

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way and 90th Street, for family-style Italian food. They're both busy, but well worth the wait in line and inexpensive to boot. A little farther downtown is Fishin' Eddie's, at 73 West 71st Street, which serves mainly seafood and pasta. Their fritto misto is superb, and great for sharing.

An area I know well from my 12 years as mayor is the one surrounding Gracie Mansion, located at 88th Street and East End Avenue. If I were still mayor, I'd invite you over. But you can still enjoy strolling by the house, which is actually located in Carl Schurz Park. Among the more interesting restaurants in the neighborhood are Elaine's (Second Avenue and 88th Street), where you may see some of the beautiful people, and Quatorze Bis (323 East 79th Street), a moderately priced French bistro.

In midtown, at the Japanese restaurant Shinwa, in the Olympic Tower (Fifth Avenue and 51st Street), you can enjoy a full-course meal for about $14. My favorite dish is a soup consisting of pasta and pork or duck. If you call ahead, you can request a table upstairs with a view of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Otherwise, you'll be seated downstairs with a view of a waterfall. Nice, but sitting upstairs is nicer.

Tatou (151 East 50th Street) is a great place for both lunch and dinner, featuring southern cooking. There's also dancing in the evening. Remi (145 West 53rd Street) is an excellent Italian restaurant. Their risotto is superb.

No visit would be complete without going to Harlem, the international black capital. Harlem's most famous restaurant is Sylvia's, renowned for its soul food, particularly the smothered pork chops and black-eyed peas. It is located at Lenox Avenue and 126th Street, and since you don't know your way around, take a cab.

A great way to see the Manhattan skyline is by taking a ride on the Staten Island ferry. It's no longer a nickel, but at 50 cents for a round trip, it's the best bargain in the city. Not only a great view of Manhattan, but Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty as well. Of course, if you want to climb the inside of the Statue of Liberty, you can—but you have to board a different ferry.

For a longer sight-seeing cruise of Manhattan, you can take the Circle Line Tour, which embarks from the pier at 40th Street at the Hudson River. The three-hour tour costs $16 and totally circles Manhattan Island. It is a lovely trip, particularly in the evening.

For a great view of the Manhattan skyline *and* a gourmet meal, you should go across the Brooklyn Bridge to Brooklyn's River Café. It's expensive, but it's worth it to experience the nighttime view of Wall Street and the lower Manhattan skyline from across the East River. It looks like El Dorado.

Also in downtown Brooklyn is Gage & Tollner, a 112-year-old landmark restaurant located at 372 Fulton Street (Fulton Mall), owned by a friend of mine, Peter Aschkenasy. If you go, you should take a cab. They specialize in seafood, including she-crab soup.

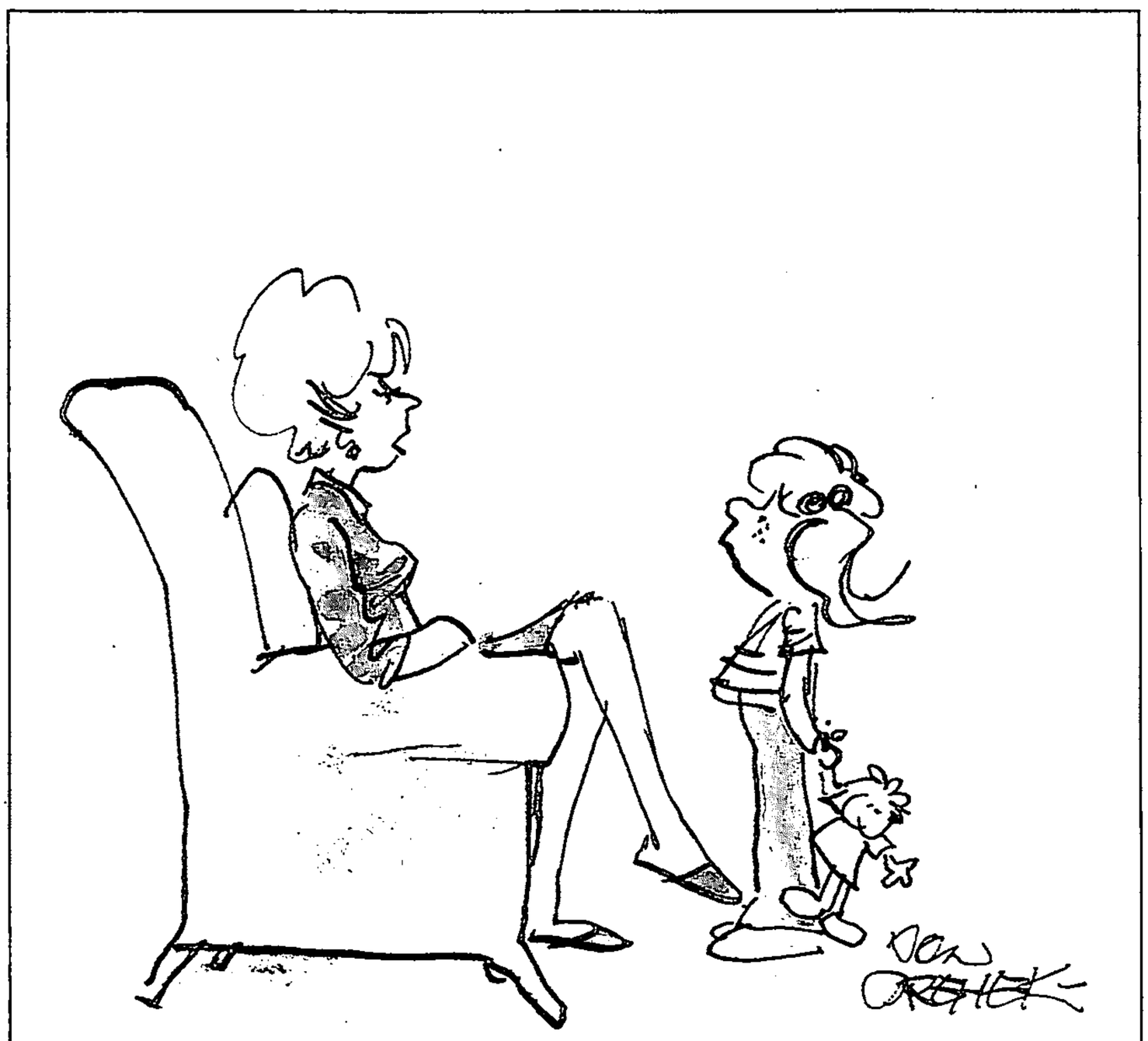
There are hundreds of other places for you to visit in Manhattan and the outer boroughs. If you have time, you can visit the New York Aquarium in Brooklyn, then continue walking into Brighton and enjoy the Russian restaurants and cabarets. We sometimes claim there are more Russians in Brighton Beach than in Odessa. And if you want to wax nostalgic, spend some time at Coney Island, the fun world that antedated Disney by a century. Take a walk on the boardwalk, go to Nathan's and have a hot dog, french fries, corn on the cob, and much more. Fifty years ago a hot dog cost a nickel; now it's $1.89.

The borough of Queens has the most diverse population, particularly Asian and Latin American, most of them living in Flushing. You'll walk down streets and think you're in Korea because there won't be an English sign in view: All you'll behold are signs in Korean. Shea Stadium, also in Flushing, is where the New York Mets play their home games.

If there is a single place to visit in the Bronx, the borough of my birth, it would be the Bronx Zoo, one of the best in the world and terrific for children, but you too will enjoy it. And of course, there's the Yankee home games at Yankee Stadium. For years George Steinbrenner has threatened to yank the team from New York, but it's still here.

Finally, there is Central Park. Central Park is the lungs of the city. It would not be advisable to go there after dark, but during the day and early evening, it is a marvelous place in which to walk. The one place you must visit there is the Central Park Zoo. It is small but unique, particularly if you like polar bears, penguins, and sea lions. A small urban zoo cannot adequately provide for and present lions, tigers, and other carnivores that need lots of space, so you will understand why it can best be described as a boutique zoo. Former city parks commissioner Henry Stern calls it "the nouvelle cuisine of zoos: small animals tastefully hidden."

In the days that you spend here in New York City, do remember that we are a city of seven and a half million people. Yes, we have ethnic and racial frictions, but far less than most cities in the United States. We have basically learned to live with, and be tolerant of, one another. And what is marvelous is that all of us—no matter what our race, religion, ethnicity, or nationality—love what can only be called God's miracle: New York City. Come again. Just give me a few days' notice so I can get ready for you....



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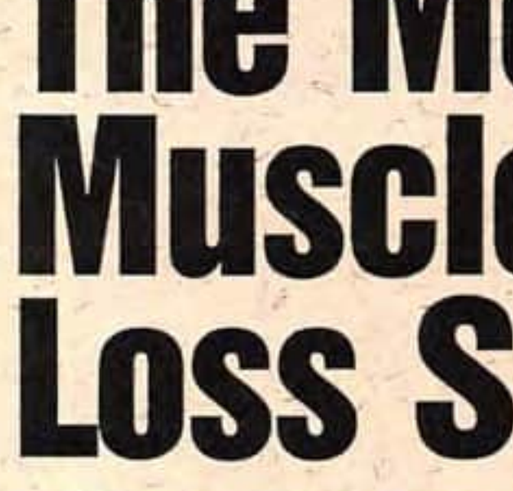

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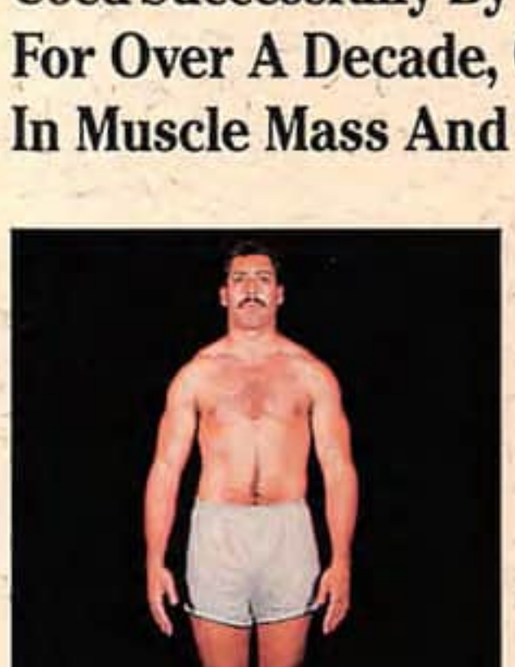

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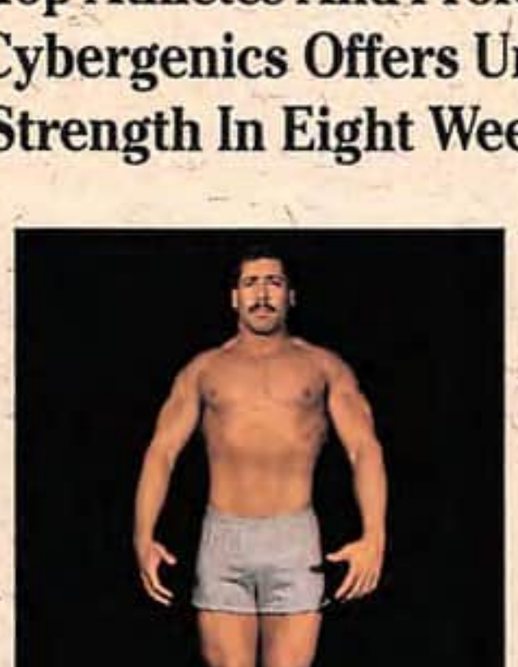

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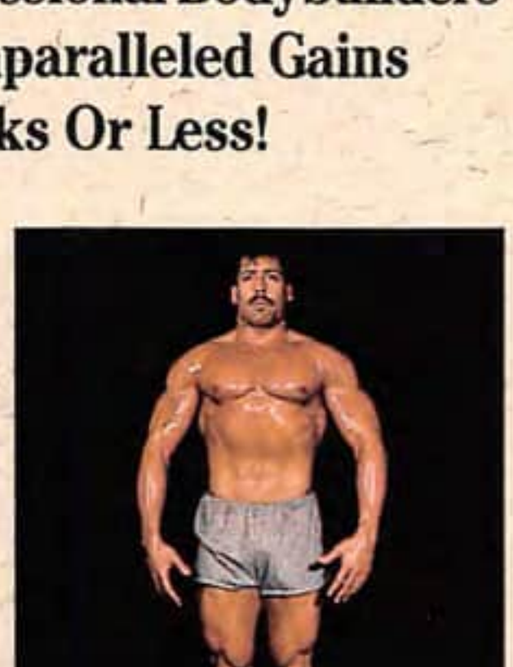

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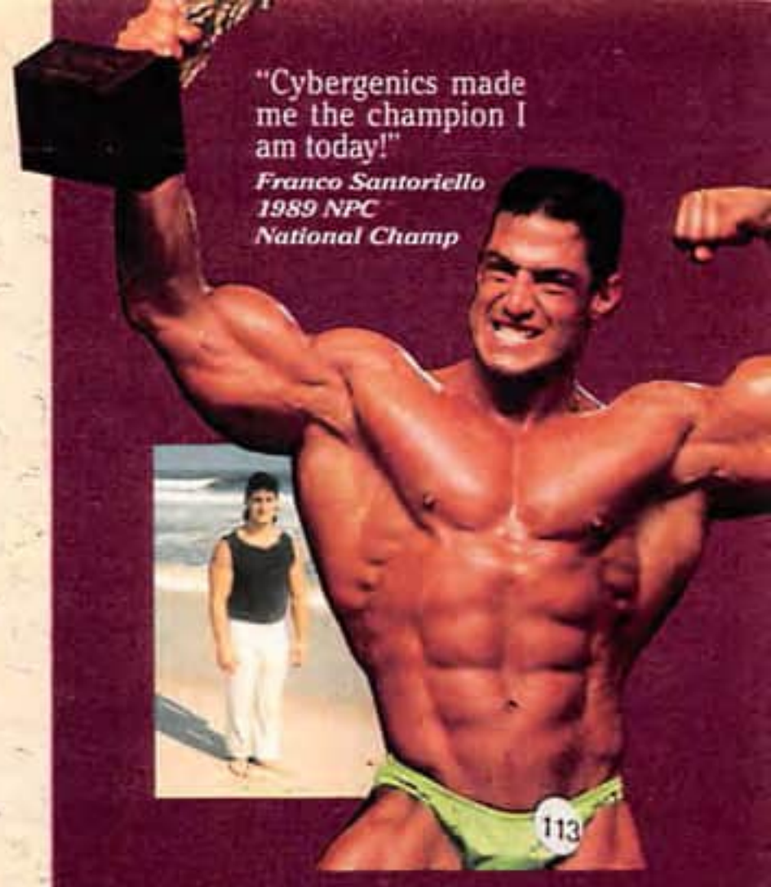

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DEMONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

lest they become the feast of less friendly columnists.

As Jerry saw it, their philandering neither affected nor reflected their feelings for their wives. "Because going home at night, we were going home to those that we loved. And what we were doing was playing in our little fucking fantasyland. I never had 50 bucks in my pocket at one time; now I'm walking around with $3,500 in $100 bills, and I got a starlet on my arm. It's fantasyland."

Where does fantasyland end? When do the six-year-olds get sick of the candy store?

"It never ends."

"Let us not be deceived," *The New York Times* had declared in April 1947, while Dean and Jerry had been playing at the Loew's Capitol, "we are today in the midst of a cold war." By September 1949, while they were in Las Vegas, President Truman, the first president to have a televised inauguration, revealed that the Soviet Union had set off an atomic-bomb explosion. A week later, on October 1, Chairman Mao Tse-tung would formally proclaim the Communist People's Republic of China. In January Truman would order the development of the hydrogen bomb. Six months later, United States ground troops would invade South Korea. "Let us not be deceived"—but America wanted nothing more than to be deceived.

Martin and Lewis gave them that: no laughter in the dark, but a denial of darkness itself, a regression, a transporting to the preternatural bliss of infantile senselessness. It was a catharsis, a celebration of ignorance, absurdity, and stupidity, as meaningless, as primitive-seeming, and as droll today as the fallout shelters and beatnik posings which offered opposing sanctuary in those days so close in time but so distant in consciousness.

Dean, of course, had no use for any of this shit. He did not know the new and improved from the old and well-worn. Homer, Sorelli the Mystic: It was all the same shit to him. The Trojan War, World War II, the Cold War, what the fuck did he care? His hernia was bigger than history itself. He cared as much about Korea as Korea cared about his fucking hernia. He walked through his own world. And that world was as much a part of what commanded those audiences as the catharsis of the absurd slapstick, and it would continue to command, long after that catharsis, like a forgotten mystery rite, had lost all meaning and power. His uncaring air of romance reflected the flash and breezy sweet seductions of a world in which everything came down to broads, booze, and money, with plenty of linguine on the side. There was a beckoning to join him in the Lethe of the old ways' woods that appealed to the lover, the *menefreghista,* the rotten cocksucker, the sweet-hearted dreamer in everyone.

Mickey Cohen, a brutal killer who "got kind of friendly with him," said that "Dean would've been in the rackets if he didn't have the beautiful voice that he has. He probably would've wound up a gambling boss somewhere. I'd say Dean had the perfect makeup to be a racket guy, although he is a little too lackadaisical, if you know what I mean."

Love was Dean's racket. The traits he shared with the Fischettis and the Anastasias—that *lontananza,* that dark self-serving *moralita*—were never far beneath the surface of whatever sweet spell he meant to cast. Whatever talent

> Dean can do nothing better than anyone in the world. He can literally do nothing. All he needs is a television set and a western, the older, the better. He was always content in a void.

he had, whatever effect he worked at, whatever was God-given and whatever manufactured, that much, that darkness beneath the spell, was immanent and intractable and ever-there.

Frank Sinatra, who had sung at the Nacional during the Havana yuletide gathering of 1946, was a *malavita* groupie, a scrawny mama's boy who liked to pretend he was a tough guy. He cultivated the company of, and catered to, men such as the Fischettis. But it was Dean, so aloof and yet seemingly so kindred, to whom those men themselves were drawn.

"They loved him," Jerry said. "But they knew that he wasn't the one to talk to on a business basis. He had his way of getting that clear to them. I would say he was the most brilliant diplomat I've ever known. I used to hear things like 'Talk to the Jew,' 'Talk to the kid,' 'Talk to the little one.' "

Las Vegas was a great place to play. "There's something you have to understand," said Herman Hover, who later became a part owner and entertainment director of the Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas. "Big attractions in those days were not that much interested in their salary. What they were interested in was money under the table—money that was not declared. Cash, off the books. So a contract might read for $2,500 and actually might get an additional $1,000 or $1,500, on which they didn't pay an agent's commission or income tax." Dean and Jerry, he said, were making a lot of money under the table—and they were not alone. "Every attraction was getting it. They were getting it elsewhere. In Las Vegas it was very easy to get money under the table, because they had all that gambling money, which they didn't declare anyway."

Dean and Jerry were paid $15,000 a week at the Flamingo. By the end of their first week there, Jerry ran up a casino debt of $137,000. Moe Sedway, henchman of the late Bugsy Siegel, called him into his office.

"You realize you owe this hotel $137,000," he said.

"And you realize that you're running this hotel, and you're giving that kind of credit to someone that's getting $7,500 a week. Doesn't that make you a fuckin' idiot?"

Sedway looked at him. "Well, yeah," he said, "I guess so."

"You guess so? I'm just a kid, and you let me run up a $137,000 marker? Where the fuck do you think I'm gonna get that kind of money from?"

"Well, that's just it. How *do* you propose to pay it?"

Jerry thought for a minute. He thought of Fischetti and those guys back in New York, the ones with the good sense of humor, the ones who had blown away Siegel and put Sedway here in this office instead.

"Call New York and ask how I should pay it," he said. "And I will follow those instructions."

That night Sedway came to him in his dressing room. "You're to pay it as you get it, however you can pay it, however long it takes. But you're to pay it. Those are the instructions."

"What about gambling? Can I gamble to get even?"

"No. You're not to play anymore until you pay."

It would take Jerry a year and seven months to erase the debt. During that time, he would lose gambling with Dean as well. "One time we got on the train, he owed me $600 for some bet or other. Three days later, we got off the train in New York, I owed him $3,300. I said to him, 'You're a fuckin' dealer. Are you dealing me seconds? Would you do that to me?' He looked at me and said, 'Would I do that to you?' And I said, 'No. But you keep fuckin' winning.' He said, 'You're an unlucky Jew, and I'm a good poker player.' "

The early 1950s belonged to them. It was the age of television, of whitewalled tail-finned mindlessness, a world gone

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mad with mediocrity. Soon it would not even matter. Like Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, most people would not even read. Ajax was no longer a Homeric hero; he was the "Comedy Hour" sponsor's foaming cleanser, no longer a contender with Odysseus for the arms of Achilles but a consort of Fab, which had itself transplanted Melville's musings on "the whiteness of the whale" with the dictum "Whiter Whites Without Bleaching."

Through it all—polyvinyl history: the American dream gone gaga—Martin and Lewis reigned as the jester-kings in a land where even laughter, freeze-dried and hollow, would soon be canned.

Jerry Lewis said it all: "Can you pay two men nine million dollars to say 'Did you take a bath this morning?' 'Why, is there one missing?'—do you dare contemplate such a fuck-and-duck? Yet that's what we did. We did that onstage, and they paid us nine million dollars."

"I feel the reason we are knocking down all this coin is that the public doesn't have to reach for our stuff," Dean would venture. "Certainly it's not our routine, because we don't have one."

Unlike most of the famous figures in Hollywood, George Raft had a background and a manner that were similar to Dean's. "I don't think we ever saw George more than maybe four times," Jeannie, Dean's second wife, remembered. But Dean saw much more of him than that.

"As a kid, I guess I'd seen every picture he ever made," Dean recalled. Now he never missed an opportunity to visit Raft's home in Coldwater Canyon. He was awed by it. "It was like the temple of a brothel. The most gorgeous women in town would be there. It wasn't just sex. They would swim nude in the pool, or we would sit around and talk. George would lounge all day in his silk robe at poolside. He never swam. In fact, the only exercise he ever had was with broads or shuffling a deck of cards. Dinner was a special event. When the girls would unfold their dinner napkins, there would either be a $100 bill or some expensive earrings or, for special broads, a brooch or a bracelet. George had class."

Raft was then in his late fifties. His great roles—Gino Rinaldi in *Scarface,* Stacey in *Each Dawn I Die,* and the rest—were behind him. Maxie Greenburg, alias Mack "Killer" Gray, the former boxing manager Raft had known since Prohibition days in New York, had been Raft's personal assistant, confidant, and valet since 1932. Gray was 46 in 1952, when it became obvious to both him and Raft that circumstances could no longer allow for Gray's services. So that year, Mack Gray assumed for Dean Martin the same duties that he had for 20 years so devotedly fulfilled for Raft.

As the songwriter Sammy Cahn recalled, "Mack Gray had a permanent migraine. I never saw Mack Gray when he didn't have his finger pressed to his head. He was always in pain." Gray's solution to his pain was Percodan.

Manufactured by Du Pont Pharmaceuticals, Percodan is a powerful drug whose principal ingredient, oxycodone, is a semisynthetic narcotic affecting the central nervous system and muscular organs in a manner similar to morphine. And like morphine, it is addictive and potentially lethal. Legally prescribed as a painkiller, Percodan is usually restricted to a dosage of one tablet, containing four and a half or five milligrams of oxycodone, per hour. But Mack Gray "would take Percodan like they were Tic-Tacs. Just flip them into his mouth," said Cahn. Over the years, Dean began popping them as well. In time, he too would become a junkie.

Meanwhile, the venom between Dean and Jerry was rising. It was only a matter of time. On February 17, 1954, they began work on *Three Ring Circus,* the picture that would sunder the bond between them. Jerry called that bond friendship, Dean did not call it anything; soon it would not matter, not one way or the other.

"When we were together," Jerry would say, "we were unbeatable. When we were together, we were a fucking solid-steel unit. If any third faction got between us, it created problems. It was not just the years of Jerry getting all the attention. Deep down, he knew that for what it was worth. And I maintain his discipline as a performer and as a man was great enough that we could have gone another 20 years. But he had outside factions telling him that he's nothing. He had all these poison-droppers."

Jerry had his Beverly Hills psychiatrist, Dr. Henry Luster. Dean had himself, *il dottore dell'io.* Airs, waters, and places had conspired against him. There could be no happiness but in waving away the world, none but in being apart, unthinking, unfeeling. He had heard of Dante and the *Commedia,* of the hundred cantos that rose toward a paradise of light, love, and reason with the breath of a woman at their heart. *Pura luce, piena d'amore.* But what was all the light and love in the world compared to a single good blowjob? That was what women did to men, turned them into fucking *pazzo* poets. And what the fuck did Dante know about hell? Dante Alighieri and Jerry Lewis. Nine years of listening to that *mortucrist'* wail and whine—then he really could have written a fucking *Inferno.* Fuck it all. Fuck all that love, light, and reason shit. Fuck Beatrice where she breathed. Fuck the moon in your eye like a big pizza pie. It was a racket all

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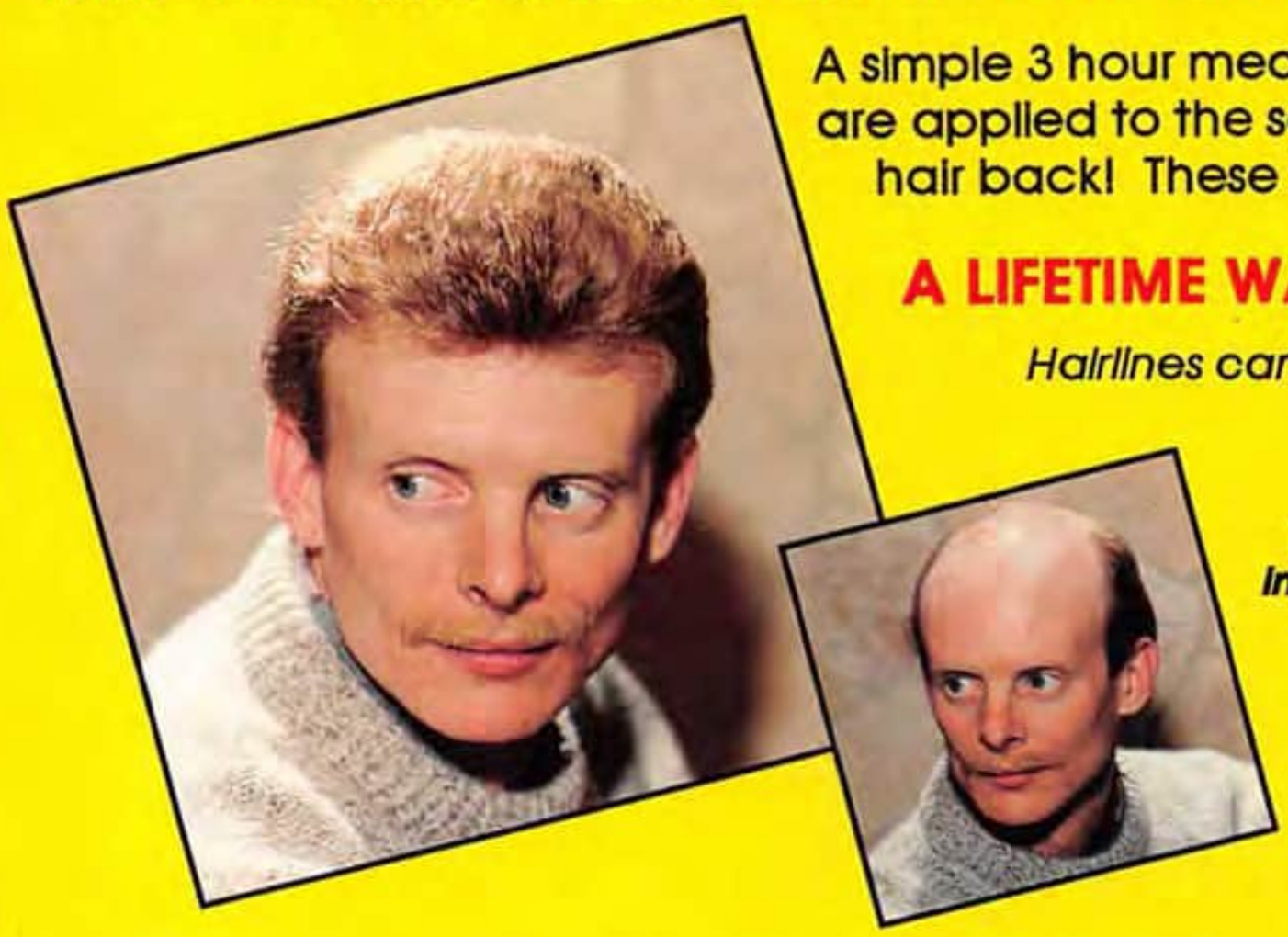

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right. You sang your song, you wrote your poem: a crust of bread, a jug of wine, and thou. It was like the clown in the opera said: *La commedia è finita!*

Jeannie left him on October 13, 1955. She took the kids with her to a rented house in Palm Springs; he stayed behind in their new dream house. There were no immediate plans for divorce, she told Louella Parsons.

At the end of May 1956, Jerry approached Dean. Melancholy had for a moment overwhelmed the anger and the manic anxiety and the depression. He wanted to say something, but he was not quite sure what it was. "You know, it's a hell of a thing," he began to say. "All I can think of is that what we do is not very important. Any two guys could have done it. But even the best of them wouldn't have had what made us what we were."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"I think it's love. I think it's how we still feel about each other."

Dean half-closed his eyes and said nothing. Then he looked dead-straight at Jerry:

"You can talk about love all you want. To me, you're nothing but a fucking dollar sign."

They made one final trip east, flying separately. On Friday, July 13, they opened at the Copacabana for their farewell engagement. They gave their last show on the hot Tuesday night of July 24, ten years to the week after their first show together.

"I hit the stage and glanced at Dean. His face was a mask," Jerry remembered. "He would play it cool even if it killed him." They finished with the closing crescendo from "Pardners": *"You and me, we'll be the greatest pardners, buddies, and pals!"* Dean threw his arm around him, pulled him toward him, hugged him. The joint was in an uproar. It was the biggest night in the club's history. There was no encore. Dean took one aisle away from the stage, Jerry took the other.

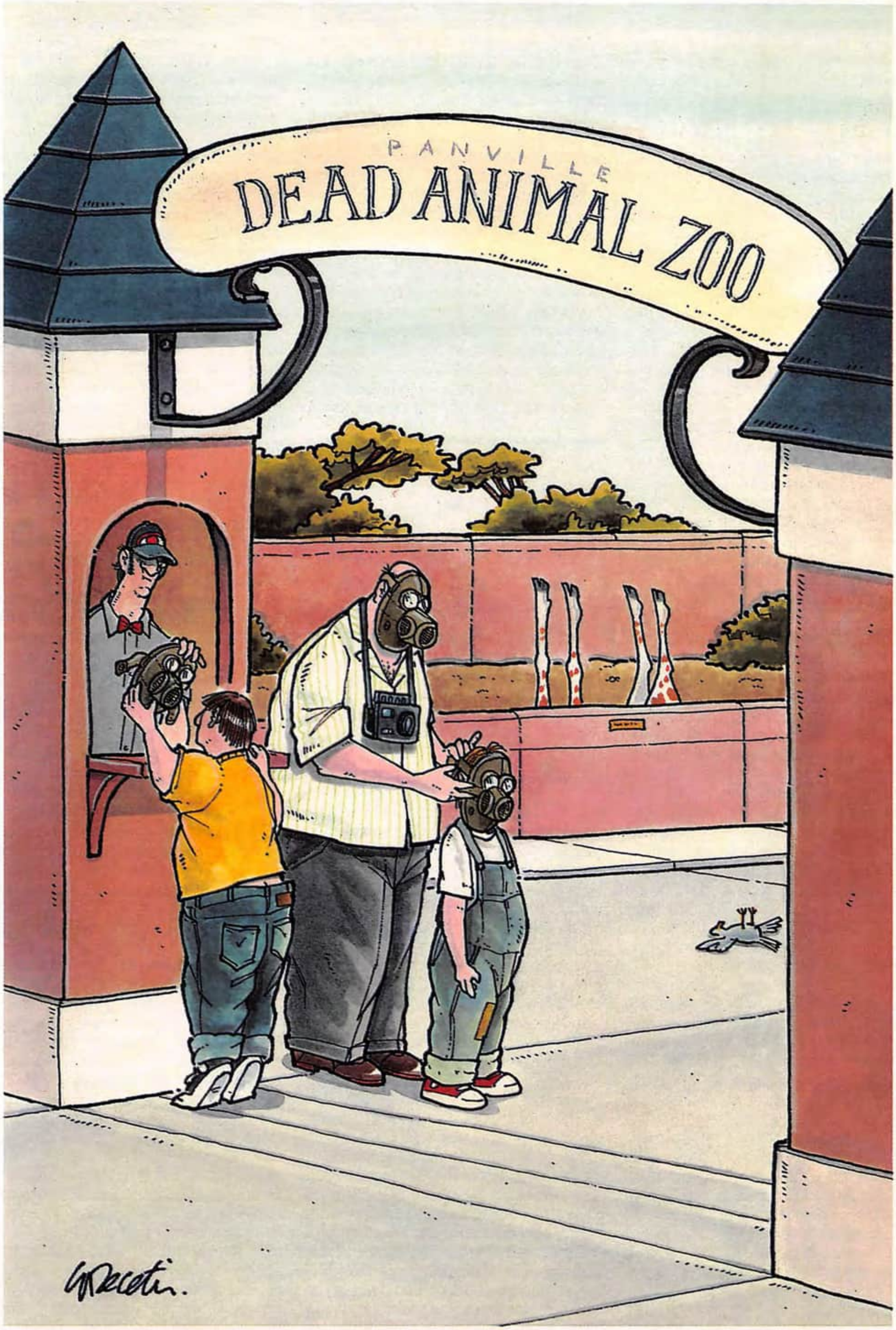
In Las Vegas, the casino era was entering its years of greatest glory, and though the city's murder, rape, robbery, and burglary rates were higher than those of New York—and its suicide rate was the highest in America—the veil of illusion prevailed.

It was the holy city of old-guard cool. There, Elvis was still a provincial, without *civitas,* without imperium. There, as the consuls of cool, Dean and Sinatra reigned supreme. Their *praetorium* was the Sands.

Sinatra and Martin: There was something about them that brought out the biggest gamblers. What the Sands paid them, they brought back in spades. It was common knowledge: "Dean Martin is back in the Copa Room," said *Variety* in December 1959, "and the casino execs are happy— because Dino pulls in the same type heavy player as does Frank Sinatra, another of [Sands president] Jack Entratter's surefires."

It was not just the dirty-rich *giovanostri* and *padroni* who were drawn to them, to their glamour, to the appeal of darkness made respectable. The world was full, it seemed, of would-be wops and woplings who lived vicariously through them, to whom the imitation of cool took on the religiosity of the Renaissance ideal of *imitatione Christi.* The very songs that Sinatra and Dean sang, the very images they projected, inspired lavish squandering among the countless men who would be them. It was the Jew-roll around the prick that rendered them ithyphallic godkins, simulacra of the great ones, in their own eyes and in the eyes of the tease-haired lobster-slurping *Bimbo sapiens* they sought to impress.

Dean's singing had begun to take on a new tone. He was no longer merely selling the idea of romance. Stabbing sharply and coldly here and there into the songs with lines of wry disdain, he was exposing his own racket as well, selling the further delusion of their sharing in the secret of that lie itself. It was an elaboration on his tried-and-true


PANVILLE
DEAD ANIMAL ZOO

style of singing to the men rather than the women, of singing to them as if they alone could truly understand him. It was also a natural emanation of the way he felt. He simply no longer cared. He began more songs than he finished, dismissing most of them with a wisecrack partway through. Some, with the help of lyricist Sammy Cahn, were reduced to gross parody.

"If you think I'm going to get serious, you're crazy. If you want to hear a serious song, buy one of my records."

In the first week of August, *Ocean's Eleven,* the Rat Pack film featuring Frank, Dean, Sammy Davis, Jr., Peter Lawford, Joey Bishop, Angie Dickinson, and Shirley MacLaine, was previewed at the Fremont Theatre in Las Vegas. The *Los Angeles Examiner* declared it "something you should keep your children away from." *The New Yorker* dismissed it as "an admiring wide-screen color travelogue of the various effluvia—animate and inanimate—of Las Vegas." But *Variety*'s prediction proved true: Despite "serious weaknesses in both material and interpretation," it would "rake in chips, thanks to the cast." *Ocean's Eleven* became the ninth-biggest money-maker of the year, behind such formidable pictures as *Psycho, Spartacus, Exodus, La Dolce Vita, Butterfield 8,* and *The Apartment.*

Dean's income in 1967 rose to $5 million for the year. Of that, $1.6 million came from NBC's "The Dean Martin Show": $40,000 for each eight-hour day he put in. His uncaring manner and good-natured boorishness endeared him to the millions who were sick of sincerity, relevance, and pseudo-sophistication. Dean was a man whose success and fortune no man begrudged him. He seemed somehow kindred, one of them but blessed beyond them by the Fates. In him, for one late hour before the final day of every workweek, the multitudes found something of their own: lullaby and vindication, justification and inspiration, a bit of boozy song and a glimpse of gal-meat.

Now that the show had become the most popular program in America, the network was eager to commit him beyond the single season that remained under the original 1965 contract. On June 13, six days after his 50th birthday, negotiations for a new three-year contract were completed. Dean emerged with a deal that shook the very foundations of dreamland greed. His pay for each eight-hour workday was increased more than sevenfold, from $40,000 to more than $283,000. In all, NBC agreed to pay him $34 million. That came out to $11,333,333 a year for the next three years, raising his annual income to well above $15 million.

Fifteen fucking million. And that was just his pocket money. The value of his real estate holdings and investments would soon overwhelm reckoning.

On September 16, 1971, "The Dean Martin Show" began its seventh season. The sixties supposedly had been a baptism of liberation for America. Free love and free speech had sold well. But after all the Day-Glo debris, swami shit, and dead flowers were swept away, the puritan ethos emerged unvanquished. Beneath her new tie-dyed skirt, her whiter-than-white cotton panties remained undefiled. Now, however, her prudish tyranny governed not in the name of God and morality, but in the name of sensitivity and liberty. That was the true legacy of the sixties' ideological boutique: censorship in the name of freedom. The stage-set bar, suddenly deemed unwholesome by NBC after five years, had been removed from the show at the start of the 1970 season. But there were more moves to compensate for such lapses in tastelessness. The 12 sex objects, the Golddiggers, whom Dean had introduced in the spring of 1968, were now replaced, in 1971, by the even more offensively named Ding-a-Ling Sisters.

"You can talk to me about love all you want," Dean told Jerry. "To me, you're nothing but a fucking dollar sign."

The first show of the season, on which the four Ding-a-Ling Sisters made their bump-and-grind debut, also featured a hot-pants dance routine by Liberace and Art Carney, as well as a cue-card girl with the script written on her belly. In one routine, Dean and Richard Castellano, soon to portray Clemenza in *The Godfather,* played monks who had taken a vow of silence. The joke centered on waiting 20 years to find out where the toilet was.

The fact of Dean's narrowing mainstream popularity was well illustrated on October 5 at the Boston Garden. Liberace had sold out the Garden's 15,000 seats on Labor Day Sunday. Tickets for Elvis's upcoming concert on the tenth nearly sold out overnight. Yet when promoters lured Dean to the Garden for a guarantee of $100,000, more than half the seats remained unsold. He stayed onstage for barely 30 minutes, then flew back west with his hundred grand.

In December, onstage at the Riviera in Las Vegas, he fell silent a moment as if in thought.

"I hate guys that sing serious," he said.

Meanwhile, there was more trouble with "The Dean Martin Show." In April *Life* had taken a look at what it called "the witless reign of King Leer." It had seen "Deano, slumped inside his neon suntan, a cigarette hanging out of his mouth like a fuse." It had been repelled by "the drinking jokes" and "the mammary gland jokes." The show's sexual humor was one of "calculated degradation." It was "pathological-anti-woman and anti-man, too." It could be "*entertaining* only to monsters or to people wholly incapable of love." In conclusion, "Deano's systematic sniggering diminishes all of us, and if the radical feminists want to picket next Thursday night, I'll join them if they'll have me."

In May, at a Los Angeles meeting of NBC affiliates, the local stations had sided with *Life*—and, they claimed, an increasing number of their viewers—in expressing their concern to the network. They complained that "The Dean Martin Show" was "too suggestive" and in "questionable taste." NBC had taken their concern to heart, and in June, producer Greg Garrison announced to the show's writers and production staff that things would have to be cleaned up and toned down for the upcoming season.

On "The Tonight Show" in October, Johnny Carson asked Dean if the gossip was true, that his divorce from Jeannie would cost him millions of dollars. "Ah," Dean dismissed the matter with a wave. "I'll still have enough left over to go back and take care of all the hookers in Steubenville." Several years before, the Steubenville city fathers had named a desolate stretch of ugly highway on the eastern outskirts of town Dean Martin Boulevard in his honor. The day after his comment on the Johnny Carson show, the local WSTV "Phone Party" radio program received a flurry of calls demanding that his name be removed from the highway.

The eighth season of "The Dean Martin Show" was disastrous. It never placed above 24th in the ratings. The problem could not be blamed solely, or perhaps even primarily, on the touchiness of women who no longer shaved their legs and of the men who loved them. Cultural fashion, the changing galvanic sensibilities of the times, had a lot to do with it. But the ultimate reality of Dean's divorce from Jeannie and marriage to a much younger woman had as much, or more, to do with it. As his ex-partner put it: "The public is a strange duck. They'll turn on you." Dino had shattered America's comforting image of him as a man who at heart hewed to the traditional values. His long marriage to Jeannie, the family

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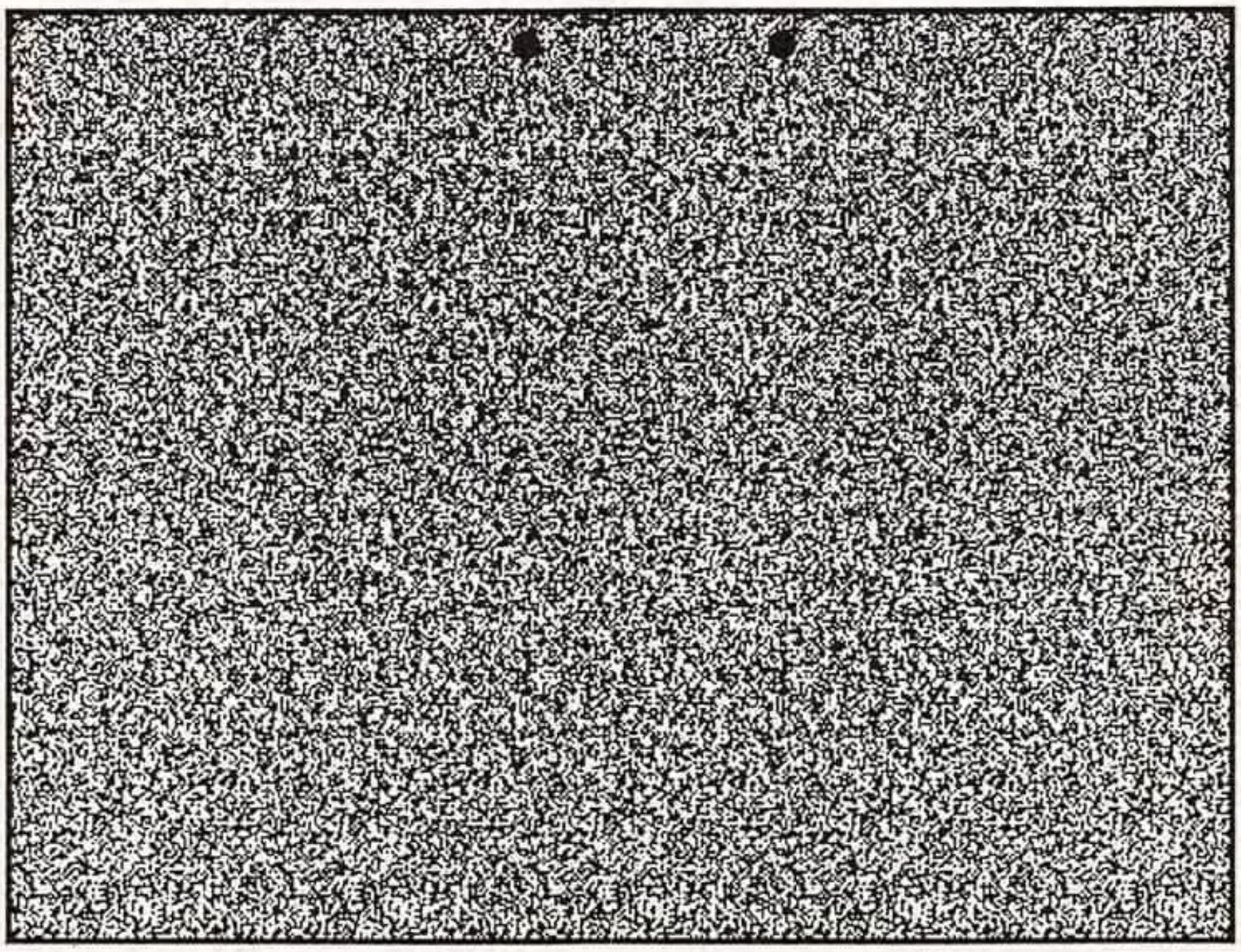

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GAZE TOYS ** N.E. THING ** STARE-E-OS

Christmas shows, the illusion of the old-fashioned family man that dwelt beneath the rogue—these, as much as his *menefreghismo* and as much as what gifts God gave him, were what had endeared him to his fans. Now he had betrayed them. Through the sundering sin of illusion-deprivation, he had abandoned them as surely as he had abandoned Jeannie.

Even the easy-listening charts now were closed to his lying songs of love. His last, barely noticeable gasp of a pop hit, "Get On With Your Livin'," released in July, appeared only at the very bottom of the easy-listening charts, and only for two weeks. In August, when the National Organization for Women announced "The Dean Martin Show," along with *Last Tango in Paris,* as winners of its Keep-Her-in-Her-Place awards, it was almost anticlimactic. The show already lay castigated and castrated, barely renewed for another season.

The first of Dean's new NBC specials was taped in July at a Beverly Hills club called Caves de Roy. His guests were Ronald and Nancy Reagan, Robert Mitchum, and Angie Dickinson. The show was broadcast, as "Dean's Place," on September 6. By then he had also taped a holiday special, "Dean Martin's California Christmas," with Dionne Warwick and Freddy Fender. "Dean's Place" would prove to be a failure.

Except for the Christmas specials, a two-part special called "Dean Martin's Red Hot Scandals," and increasingly rare appearances on other people's shows, Dean's presence on television after 1975 would be represented by "The Dean Martin Celebrity Roast."

It was a dais of despair. They sat at banquet tables at either side of the podium: the undead of dreamland and the fleeting stars of the television seasons, each rising in turn at the beckoning of Dean or his bloated sidekick, Orson Welles, to deliver the moribund jokes consigned to him for the occasion. Taped in part at the NBC studio in Burbank and partly at the Ziegfeld Room of the MGM Grand in Vegas, its guests often delivered their lines to empty chairs or pretended spontaneous laughter at words that had been uttered in another state.

As many as a thousand cut-and-paste edits were done to give each show the illusion that everyone was together in the same place at the same time. But no amount of editing could vanquish the pervasive air of hollow artificiality that came through. The forced attempts at humor came from a ten-writer assembly line; only Jonathan Winters and Don Rickles were ever allowed to write their own material. The jokes were so bad and the canned laughter so false, and that pervading hollow artificiality so funereal, that the shows had the quality of a relentlessly monotonous but vaguely disquieting dream.

There were those who found "The Dean Martin Celebrity Roast" entertaining. There were those who lived canned lives, who found release through canned laughter. "*Time* cries and lets you care," the commercial said. Canned sadness, canned happiness: a wasteland full of empty cans. And there slouched Dean boozily at the dais—perhaps alone among the empty chairs, perhaps with the ghosts of others nearby—laughing forlornly at God only knew what. That image of him, presiding abstractedly at this *convivium* of artificial life, would be the one that America retained, a final remembrance, as he faded from the prime-time heartland of mediocrity to the realm of myth.

The so-called "Rat Pack Tour" of 1988, featuring Martin, Sinatra, and Sammy Davis, Jr., opened to a full house of 16,000 at the Oakland Coliseum Arena on March 13.

> Jerry Lewis said it all: "Can you pay two men nine million dollars to say 'Did you take a bath this morning?' 'Why, is there one missing?' Yet that's what we did."

"Will someone tell me why we're here?" Dean wondered aloud backstage to Sinatra and Sammy. Neither of them answered him.

Dean went on first. There were problems with the sound system, cries of "Can't hear you!" and "Louder!" He sang seven songs. Davis came out and did 35 minutes. After an intermission, Sinatra did his half hour, then the three of them closed together with a 20-minute medley. Dean fell behind the others by a few bars. "Don't worry, he'll catch up to us," Sinatra said.

"I wanna go home," Dean hollered, and laughter swept through the crowd, but it was more than a joke.

At one point, his mood seemed suddenly to change. He looked long and hard at the faceless sea beyond the stage. What the fuck was he doing here, and who the fuck were these people? He took a final drag from his cigarette and flicked the burning butt into the crowd.

Sinatra confronted him about it after the show. Dean told him to fuck off.

"I can't take this," Dean said in Chicago. "I'm getting out of here."

He chartered a plane and flew back to Los Angeles that midnight. To avoid problems, he checked into Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. It was announced that he had been forced to quit the tour due to a flare-up of his "old kidney problem" and was undergoing a complete diagnosis by his personal physician, Dr. Charles Kivowitz.

Dean had lasted only a week. Sinatra and Sammy went on alone to Bloomington, Minnesota. It was obvious that Dean had no intention of rejoining them. Producer George Schlatter canceled the scheduled taping of the April 6 Radio City Music Hall show that had been planned for an HBO special. On April 15, Liza Minnelli took Dean's place, and the tour went on anew as the Ultimate Event. Dean did not tarry long in the hospital, and it was soon announced that he would be opening—alone—at Bally's Grand in Vegas on April 28.

He knew where he was, and he knew who that was, wheeling out the big birthday cake toward him on the stage of Bally's Grand. Jerry looked good, God bless him, since he'd gotten off the shit. Open-heart surgery agreed with him.

A wish, a wish.

"Here's to 72 years of joy you've given the world," Jerry said, "and why we broke up, I'll never know."

The following year, he did a few nights at Bally's. He had trouble standing. Someone brought him a chair. He had trouble moving the microphone.

It didn't even sound real: 1991. It sounded like something out of one of them fucking Buck Rogers things.

He could hear them: Alzheimer's. Oldtimers' disease: That's what he thought they were saying at first.

"He's a bit frail now," Jeannie said, as his 74th birthday approached. "He's gotten a bit frailer, only because he doesn't play golf anymore."

He did nothing. And, as Jeannie said, "Dean can do nothing better than anyone in the world. He can literally do nothing. All he needs is a television set and a western, the older, the better. He was always content in a void. To tell you the truth, he's content today."

It was her. He recognized the voice. He remembered that blissful heat between her legs, and the golden, sweet heat of that summer. June Allyson. It was her voice on the radio. She was advertising diapers for old people. Yes. Diapers for old people. That's what they were now: old people. From here to eternity, lambskin scumbags to Depend fitted briefs. It was the best laugh he'd had all year.

TAMMY

'I love being naked. It makes me feel so fresh and clean and totally unrestricted. . . . Sometimes I even drive in the buff.'

REBEL
REBEL
REBEL

LIKE A NATURAL WOMAN

I'm an old-fashioned girl with modern desires," purrs 20-year-old Tammy Chapman, our August Pet of the Month. "There are so many pleasures in life for people to enjoy that I can't understand why anyone would want to waste any time worrying about things that don't matter or things they can't change." Part Indian, this free spirit can be found most often in natural surroundings. "I like to hike, mountain climb, and ride horses," she says. "I also love going camping and sleeping outdoors. I've found that all the different trees, flowers, plants, and animals make a perfect setting for romance. Believe it or not, if I could live in a tent all year round I would." Our Illinois lady has another secret to reveal: "I love being naked. It makes me feel so fresh and clean and totally unrestricted. There's nothing more exhilarating than running out into the rain nude. Feeling the drops dancing off my body is an indescribable sensation! I spend most of my time at home in the nude, and sometimes I even drive in the buff. I just put on a jazz tape, drive down a long stretch of road, and let myself go!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER, JR.

"Once a boyfriend and I pulled off the road and made love in our truck. When we woke up, deer were looking in the window. It was quite a sight—for all!"

AdultMagazinesPDF.com

An ambitious woman, Tammy plans to start college this year. "But I haven't decided yet what I want to major in," she admits. "First I thought I might want to work with animals and become a marine biologist or a veterinarian, but I don't think I could ever bring myself to dissect any creature in a laboratory. I would feel terrible if I knew I had harmed an animal in any way." At home our 36-26-36 Pet is kept company by a few pets of her own: a cat, a dog, and a tarantula.

Tammy works as a bartender at a local club. "Sometimes I work as many as 14 hours a day," she tells us, "but I enjoy it. It gives me more of a chance to meet people." Although she insists she could never hurt an animal, men better be on their best behavior when imbibing at her club. With her black belt in karate, some patrons have literally *flipped* at the sight of her!

Wardrobe courtesy of Rock-a-Go-Go, Las Vegas, Nev.; all acting animals courtesy of Karl Mitchell, Pahrump, Nev.

Our Pet's future plans include raising a family. "I want my children to be just like me . . . a little rebellious, a little adventurous, and good-hearted. Most of all, I'd like them to be happy and enjoy life." This dynamic woman also says she would like to get involved in fund-raising and participate in charity benefits. "I like doing things for people. Nothing is as rewarding as knowing I've made people smile." Collect your reward, Tammy. You've already made millions of readers beam.

MISS TAMMY CHAPMAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE

MISS TAMMY CHAPMAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"As the trickle of D.V.A. foreclosures began to swell, the Bush administration did nothing to stanch the number of veterans who were losing their homes and their jobs."

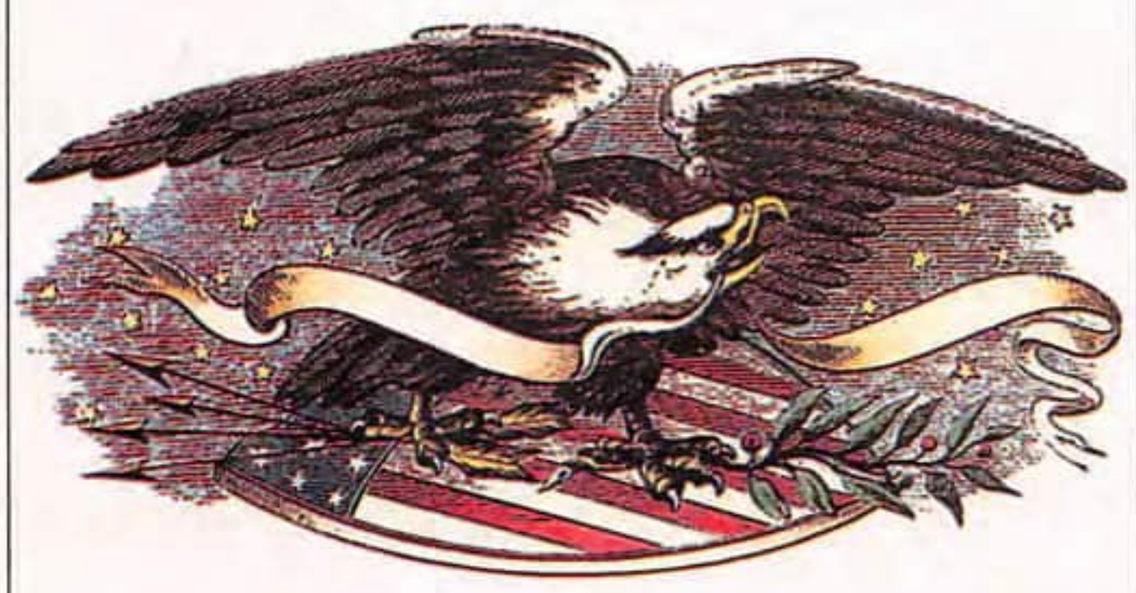
THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

In this summer of political discontent, neither presidential candidate nor the putative leaders of their parties have indicated any real awareness of the added pain endured in the last three years by America's veterans and their families. In the primary campaigns, much was made of politicians' assertions that "people are hurting out there!" These declarations of feigned surprise and crocodile tears made it all too plain that those in government were only inferentially concerned with the real problems of those persons they had been elected to represent.

In particular, America's veterans had become first in war; first to be fired in the recession that President Bush and his economic "experts" said didn't exist; and last in the interests of gabble-babble politicians who spend their waking hours cajoling money to guarantee their re-election, kiting checks or giving themselves interest-free overdraft loans, and expanding and guarding their perks of office.

For the past several years, economists of varying stripes and political persuasions have been trying to figure out what caused the recession and when it actually began. Suffice it to say that what was happening to veterans at the tail end of the Reagan administration and the beginning of the Bush administration was an accurate precursor of the economic troubles that lay ahead for the rest of the nation.

The first clear danger signal at the beginning of the Bush administration was an unexplained upward blip in the foreclosure rate of Department of Veterans' Affairs–insured mortgages. The department's Bush appointees waved this evidence away on the grounds that it was "anecdotal" and that foreclosures were to be expected in a dynamic, expanding, prosperous economy.



At the time it was difficult to challenge the administration's spurious nonsense, however. As the S & L debacle—like the expanding nature of the AIDS epidemic—could no longer be denied or explained as a self-correcting quirk of the market, it became clear that there was a relationship between D.V.A. mortgage foreclosures, S & L frauds, and the rise of vets unemployment in construction and related real estate investment.

As the trickle of D.V.A. foreclosures began to swell, the Bush administration did nothing to stanch the flow of red ink and the number of veterans who were losing their homes and their jobs.

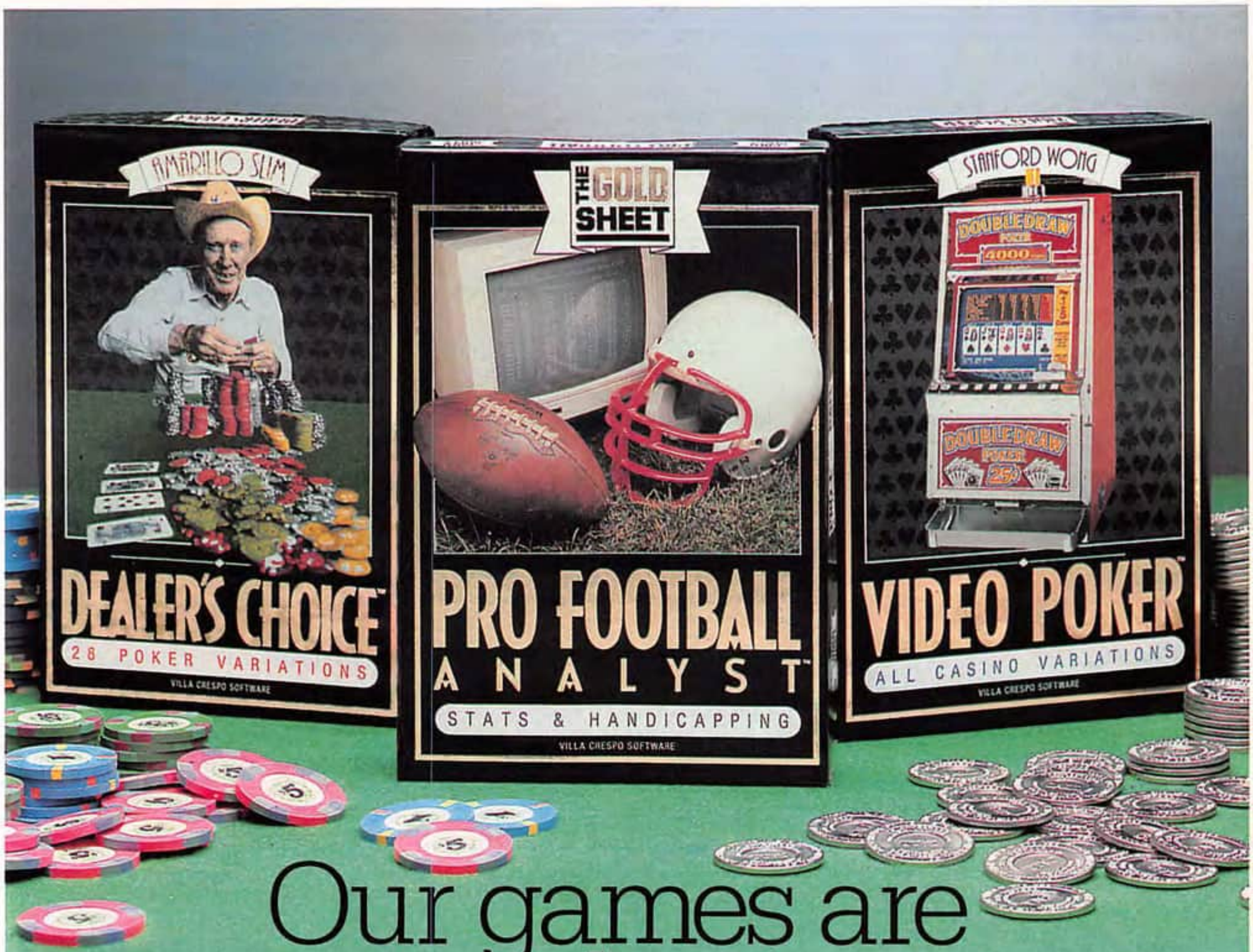
When we brought these facts to our readers' attention several years ago, the D.V.A. "stiffed" us by claiming that its mortgage foreclosures and the resulting rise in unemployment of Vietnam veterans was merely an aberrant phenomenon, much like our earlier "false" concern over the unacknowledged deleterious effects of Agent Orange and post-traumatic stress disorder on only a "few" Vietnam vets who were medical malingerers and chronic complainers. In other words, *Penthouse* would be accepted in the halls of the bureaucracy as long as we focused on the feel-good "1,000 points of light" of vets helping themselves and one another.

It is not surprising that the Bush administration chose to ignore the increase in veterans' foreclosures and unemployment. As long as it didn't adversely affect the President's popularity or raise a continuing nagging call by the media for some governmental action, there was no political reason for his administration to concern itself with such a minor issue. Unfortunately, although Bush's indifference was "politically correct," it is also a case of a needlessly lost opportunity to avoid major problems by dealing with them early on, when they are small enough to be fixed with conventional, less than massive, governmental fiscal tools.

Like the former Soviet government's overall failure in meeting the needs of its people, our government's record in dealing with veterans' issues is characterized by a pattern of ignoring or deferring the maintenance required to keep a system in operation. The Reagan-Bush veterans administrations inherited a mortgage program that was then savaged by Reaganomics and that encouraged the debacle of junk-bond swindles and S & L scams. These acts of economic perversity drove interest rates out of sight and all but eliminated veterans' chances for D.V.A. "guaranteed" loans.

All this mattered very little to the Bush administration until it was too late to deal with the foreclosure of veterans' mortgages and the burgeoning unemployment rates among Vietnam vets. In this regard, the simple truth of the old adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure underscores the disaster that veterans faced at the hands of indifferent, inefficient, and incompetent politicos and bureaucrats.

No matter the outcome of this year's election, it will take a great deal more money to fix the nation's economic messes and the D.V.A.-induced bureaucratic disasters than it would if those who were supposedly in charge of the government had done their jobs. One cannot assume with any assurance that the institutions of our society and government can be abused and corrupted and then still be ready to save us when disaster strikes again.—*William R. Corson*



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

my face in the sink when I felt a pair of hands grasp me around the waist. At first I thought it was my wife, until I heard Judy say, "I saw you eyeing me in there. How'd you like to take a closer look?" I stood in a mild state of shock as she unbuttoned my fly. My cock was at full attention by the time she reached the last button. It sprang out and she immediately caught it expertly in her mouth.

I'd never cheated on Nancy before, and I was a little worried, what with my fantasies coming true and all. My anxiety eased as Judy hungrily licked and sucked on my shaft. The sight of her red hair falling against my thighs and her red lips devouring my cock left me no choice but to sit back and enjoy the moment.

I grabbed handfuls of her hair and helped her bring me to a tremendous climax. I closed my eyes as she swallowed every drop of come I shot deep into her throat. During the orgasm my thoughts drifted. . . . *This is my best friend's wife I'm doing this with! . . . But she's only giving me head, so it's not like fooling around.* . . . I was reaching orgasm, and it felt too damn good to stop.

I opened my eyes and my heart stopped. My wife was leaning in the open doorway, taking in the scene with a scowl. Judy hadn't seen her yet and kept licking my cock. "So, just couldn't keep your hands off the merchandise, could you?" At a loss for words, I stood silently. Then Judy turned to my wife and said, "I've got him all warmed up, just like we planned!"

Not even *my* wandering mind could have seen this one coming! Judy got up and hugged Nancy as they laughed. They told me that they had both seen me staring at Judy's tits, and it got them talking about what it would be like for the two of them to have me. Almost to their mutual surprise, they decided to act on it.

"Now you're ours," said Judy as they both began to undress in front of me. Having this dream unfold before my waking eyes soon had my cock ready for another round. Nancy's body was taut with excitement, and my first glimpse of Judy's physique was worth waiting for. Her breasts were better than I'd imagined, and her pussy was shaved except for a small patch of red above her lips. As she walked toward me, she inserted a finger into her waiting cunt and then placed the glistening finger between my lips.

As Judy and I kissed, Nancy began to undress me. She knelt down and began licking my balls while Judy stood up on the sink, her head almost touching the ceiling. She turned me around as Nancy crawled between my legs and began to deep-throat my cock. I was staring right into her beautiful pussy. "Eat me" was her simple command. I complied with a soldierly efficiency.

As I ate her, she stroked her clit with one hand and fingered her tits with the other. She was soon coming repeatedly and I could hold back no longer. Nancy brought me off and pulled my cock out of her mouth so that I could come across her tits. She rubbed the come all over her chest and then rose to her feet. We helped Judy down from the sink and engaged in a passionate three-way kiss.

Then Judy led us upstairs to her bed. "Fuck me," she said. At this point, who was I to refuse? Judy lay back on the bed and I slid into her sopping cunt. Nancy straddled her face, and I watched with growing lust as Judy's tongue snaked in and out of her pussy

"I withdrew the dildo and wiped her wetness from my face. She sat up and hungrily kissed me deep and hard, tasting her juices in my mouth."

while I pumped away. We worked harder and harder until the three of us came in a simultaneous explosion.

We recovered quickly, then hurried into the shower together to wash away the scent of our lovemaking—and not a moment too soon, since Dennis got back just after we came downstairs. Noticing everybody's wet hair, he joked, "What, did you guys all decide on group sex in the shower while I was gone?" We shot nervous, conspiratorial glances at one another before I said, "No, Dennis. Well, not in the shower, anyway."

My wife and I have already made plans for our next visit to see Dennis and Judy.—*H. E., Colorado*

OH MY WIFE!

I have always had a satisfying and exciting sex life with my wife, but this night would make me glad that I was married to her. We had planned a night out, away from the children, with dinner, drinks, and dancing our goal. To my delight, I noticed that Kelly didn't bother to put on any panties, and her tight, round butt looked very inviting in her jeans. Her open-tit bra also accented a luscious set of boobs. Dinner was quiet and peaceful. I noticed other men in the restaurant admiring my wife's sexy attributes, which greatly heightened my pride. I also enjoyed thinking about those long, thin legs wrapped tightly around me.

We decided to rent a hot tub at a local tubbery after supper to relax before moving on. As I locked the door to the tub room, I was unaware of the passion, pleasure, and fun that lay ahead. I watched Kelly undress, slowly exposing her soft pink pussy behind a cover of soft brown hair, and I instantly came to attention.

We slid into the hot, bubbly water, surrounded by steam and soft country music. I was so horny, my dick was as hard as a steel pole and longing for the juice of a wet pussy. I slowly slid my hand between Kelly's legs to feel the open hole I wanted so badly. She invited my touch, and felt as wet and wild as ever. I teased her with deep strokes as she spread her legs, encouraging my behavior.

To my surprise, she joined me in our pleasure massage, working on her breasts right before my eyes as my fingers danced in her pubic hair, lightly flicking her clit. Her breasts popped in and out of the bubbly blue water, and I could see her nipples grow hard with excitement. When I could not stand the demands of my thick dick, I plunged my rod into her pussy. Although I wanted to rush, Kelly slowed me down, setting a long, lazy stroking pattern. We screwed and fondled each other for longer than we had in quite a while and, wedged tightly between my wife's legs, I exploded in a rush of passion to the point of almost passing out.

Overheated, we sat on the edge of the tub to cool our steaming bodies. My cock was still hard as I stared at my naked wife. Her legs were spread wide, exposing her glowing red cunt. As if I weren't even there, she lay back, running her hands up and down her body, spreading goose bumps in their wake. Although she'd always been very competent at filling my every need, she seldom teased me this way.

Kelly's eyes twinkled with a mischievousness I couldn't help but laugh at, but the laughter stopped as I watched her slowly and deliberately take my engorged tool into her mouth. As she sucked deeply on my aching cock, her tongue was like sweet oil, flicking slowly over every inch of my steaming prick and balls. As if weighing them for purchase, she balanced my balls in her hands, occasionally giving them a firm, tight squeeze. My body shook as pleasure passed through every inch of me.

I had to have more of that red-hot pussy that I knew was eager to swallow me up. As we lunged and gasped

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

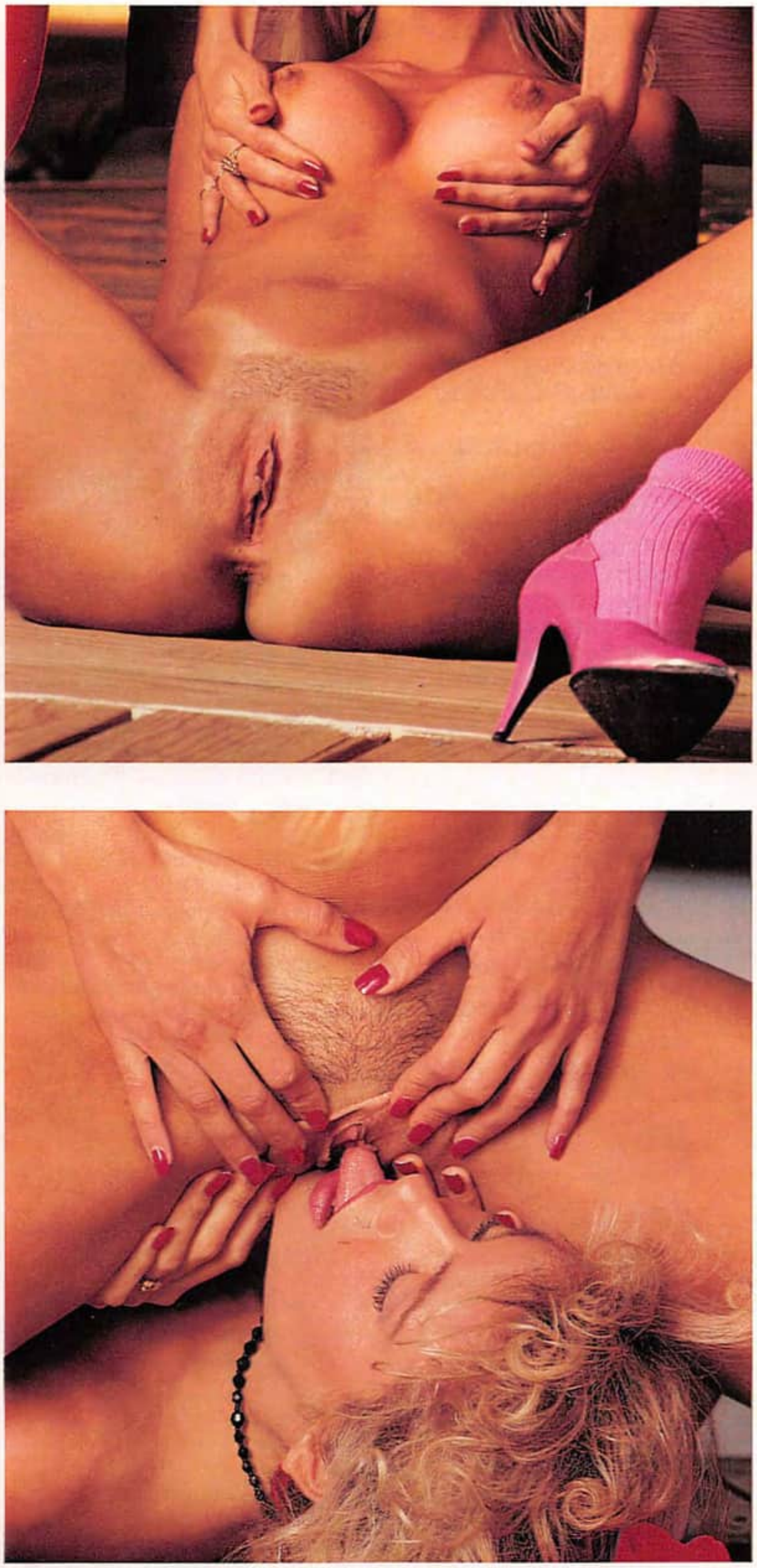
ANNA & BETH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DAVID

The setting sun, a panoply of hues ranging from vermilion to indigo, lit the impassioned lovers during their encounter on the deserted pier.

Anna had long desired the beautiful Beth, and now she had her writhing in ecstatic pleasure beneath her. Beth, for

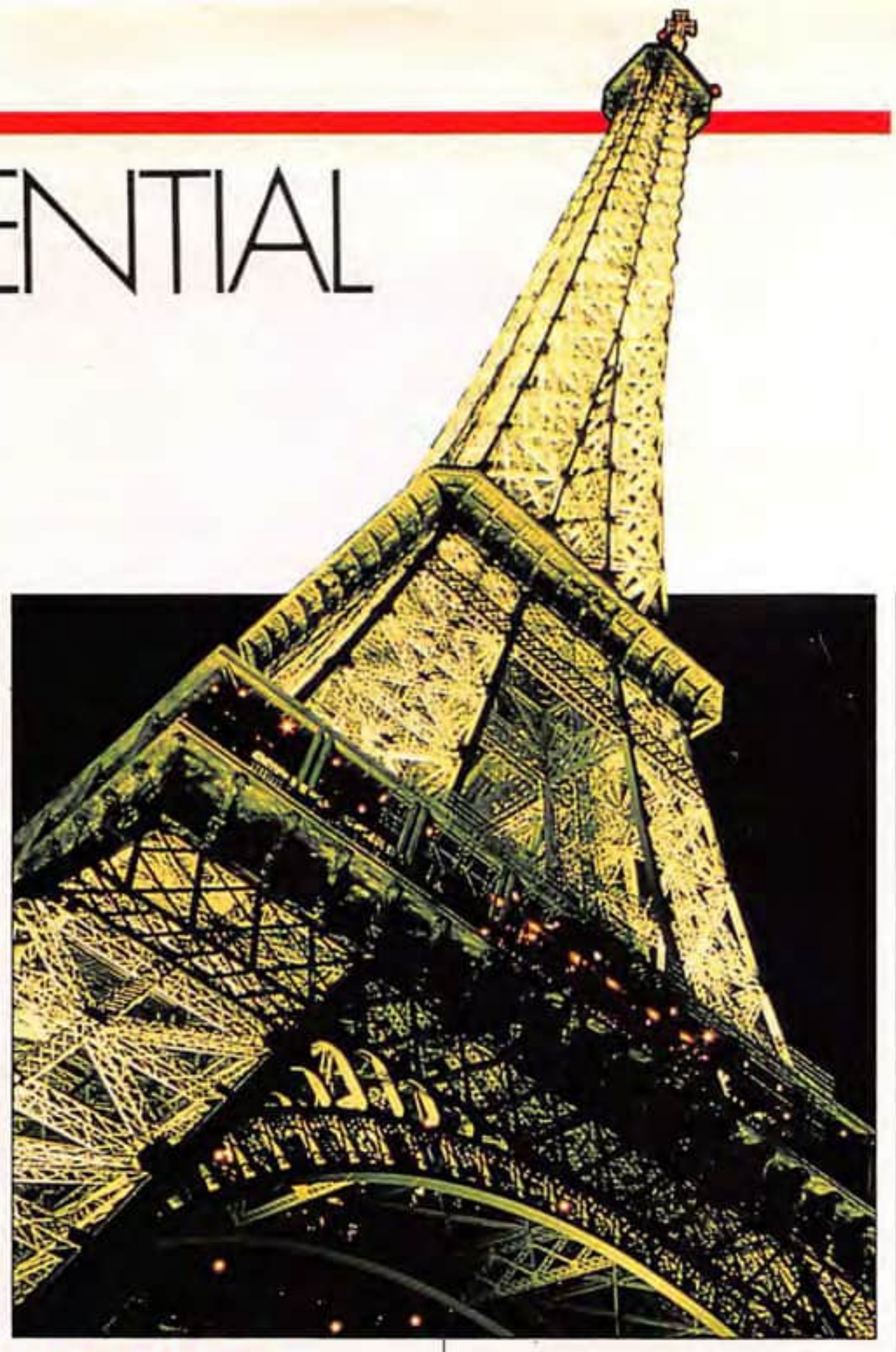
her part, had always been curious about sapphic love, and was thrilled to give in to a once forbidden temptation.



The pier was deserted except for the two ladies in love. The only sounds were the lapping of ocean waves, the keening of gulls, and the soft cries of lust. Slowly, the sun sank over the horizon and day was done . . . that night would be another story.

USA CONFIDENTIAL

BY SHARON CHURCHER



THEY CAN'T STAND PAT

Don't ask leaders of the New York conservative movement to defend Patrick Buchanan against charges of anti-Semitism. "U.S.A. Confidential" has learned that the bombastic challenger to President Bush chickened out of an opportunity to answer the charges at a long-planned

New York City campaign fund-raiser before the New York primary in April.

Buchanan had accepted an invitation to address the event, which was arranged by the small but influential New York Conservative party. As many as 90 percent of its members were Buchanan supporters. So when, three days before the get-together, William F. Buckley, Jr., called on Buchanan to renounce statements that many commentators deemed anti-Semitic, conservative leaders assumed the fund-raiser would provide the candidate with a convenient forum.

Instead, 24 hours before the event was due to take place, Buchanan placed a call to Conservative party chairman Mike Long. "He said he was canceling because he didn't want a hassle with the press over anti-Semitism," says a party insider. "Long said, 'What about the people who are coming in from all over the state to meet you?' Buchanan said, 'That's your problem.' "

With Long slamming Buchanan in an irate speech at the event—there was no time to call it off—the fiasco has become *Buchanan's* problem. Though Long has calmed down, tactfully insisting to us that Buchanan ducked out because of an eleventh-hour "scheduling problem," party insiders tell us they'll endorse anyone *but* the right-wing columnist in 1996. "Maybe we'll go for Jack Kemp, Phil Gramm, Dan Quayle. . . . Buchanan's finished in New York," an insider says. "If he'd showed and said, 'I'm sorry,' that would have been one thing. But now people are thinking he really may be a Nazi." Buchanan didn't respond to our request for comment.

FRENCH FRIES

If you're interested in visiting France, it will *cost* you—even before you get on the plane. To the glee of its European competitors, the French government's New York tourist office has introduced a 900 number. "We don't mail information from here anymore," we were informed when we dialed the office's regular 212 number. "It's 50 cents a minute to order it, or you can come to our office and collect it in person." At the British Tourist Authority, an official said some callers are so irked when they are told they have to pay to even consider visiting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

CAMERA READY

Patricia Hearst's husband, Bernard Shaw, is putting his police experience to work at her dad's Hearst Corporation, where he has the weighty title of "Vice-President, Home Office." With the company recently instituting photo ID cards, staffers were flabbergasted to discover that Bernard was operating the Polaroid.

"I know he was Patty's bodyguard, but is this the most they can find for him to do?" one employee observed. An unconcerned Shaw, who met the kidnap victim in the 1970s while serving as her bodyguard during the 18 months she was free on bond and appealing her seven-year sentence for bank robbery, says he is continuing to "work the camera, back and forth." Just like the old days? "When I was an inspector with the San Francisco P.D., the police officers did the mug shots. I didn't do them personally," says Randolph Hearst's son-in-law. "But we needed someone here to do this job."

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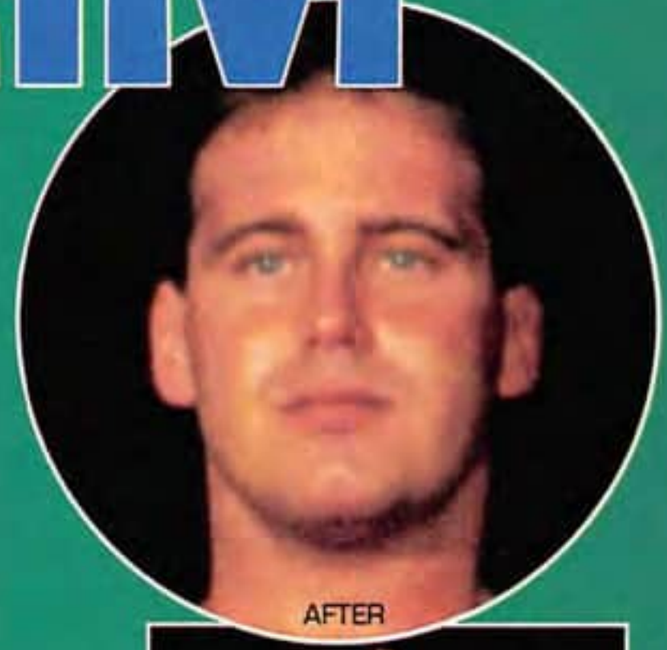
John M Fuchon



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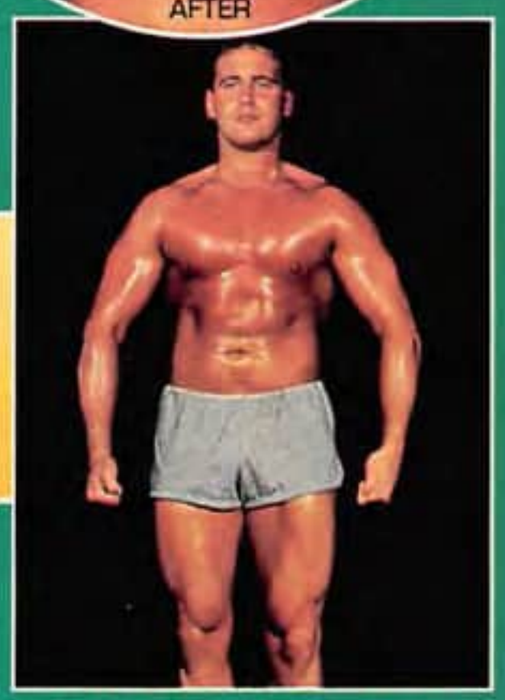

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"Reagan and Bush have tried their utmost to wall us off, one from another, with fear—rich against poor, black against white. I decided this meant that we have to change the system."

SEN. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IV

John D. Rockefeller IV has better name recognition than George Bush or Ronald Reagan—indeed, than any American politician since Franklin Roosevelt. At six foot six and a half inches (he always mentions the half-inch), he is a slim, handsome figure who looks less than his 55 years. His wife Sharon—now the president of Washington's local public-TV station—is the daughter of former senator Charles Percy, a Republican grandee who chaired the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

"Jay" Rockefeller, a Democratic senator from a Republican dynasty, a New York–born New Englander representing one of the poorest and most rural states in the nation—West Virginia—is the quintessential maverick. He took a degree in Far Eastern languages and history at Harvard, then spent three years at Tokyo Christian University (he says his Japanese is still "quite fluent"), then a year at Yale getting a certificate in Chinese. If that sounds like ideal training for a future American diplomat, that's exactly what he had in

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD SODOL

mind. But as an alternative to military service in Vietnam, he became an assistant to Sargent Shriver, the first head of the Peace Corps, then went to West Virginia as a volunteer in VISTA, the domestic peace corps. As he told *Penthouse* interviewer Russell Warren Howe, this experience "turned my life upside down."

Immediately after his VISTA service, he was elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates, going on to serve four years as secretary of state in Charleston, three years as president of West Virginia Wesleyan College, then eight years as governor. In 1984 he was elected to the U.S. Senate, then re-elected in 1990. In 1996 he will have to choose between running for the Senate again and running for the White House.

A year ago he was viewed by many as the front-runner for the Democratic presidential nomination, but last August he decided not to run. He remains in the forefront on such domestic issues as health care (he chaired the Pepper Commission), education, and child care; he is himself the father of four children. Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska, a presidential candidate in the primaries, took on most of Rockefeller's policies—going one further on health care by defying the health-insurance lobby and embracing the Canadian system.

Rockefeller is still seen by many in the party as a president-in-waiting, a man of conscience and principle—but not to the point of embracing former governor Edmund "Jerry" Brown's views on campaign finance. With a fortune estimated by *Barron's* magazine at over $100 million, he has largely paid for his own West Virginia campaigns and would join in any presidential race with a financial head start.

Rockefeller spoke twice to Russell Warren Howe, demonstrating a balance between beliefs in the need for "fundamental change" in domestic policy and a conservative faith in America's continuing role as a superpower. On the eve of the party convention this month, he still sounds like a contender.

Do you have any regrets about deciding not to run for president this year?

I have no regrets. On August 7 last year, during a speech in Charleston, West Virginia, I said that it had become clear to me that if I ran, I would have to devote every waking hour and every ounce of strength to the process and mechanics of a mammoth national campaign. That would mean sacrificing the critical time necessary to focus on governing the country, to planning a Rockefeller administration—something I had only had three months to do. I've never run for office just to win. I've run to get things done, to make life a little better for people.

I've always believed in an America of industrial might and agricultural bounty, where our brightest minds would turn out electronics and automobiles, not junk bonds and video games, where a farmer could feed his family as well as the world. Maybe it's a naive thought in the 1990s, but I was raised to believe in people taking care of one another. No one prospers alone. Success at the expense of someone else is hollow. During the eighties, our so-called leaders changed all that. Standards and expectations were lowered. We were encouraged to forget that corporations are accountable to their workers. Reagan and Bush have built a Berlin Wall through our economy, lavishing tax breaks and corporate perks on the lucky few. Two Republican presidents have tried their utmost to wall us off, one from another, with fear—workers against environmentalists, rich against poor, black against white, and so on. So I decided that this meant that we have to change the system, and that more than three months was needed to make a blueprint.

You sound like Jerry Brown.

Well, Governor Brown is right about many things. I don't agree with him 100 percent, but he'd certainly be better for the country than George Bush.

If Bush is re-elected this year, a whole raft of would-be Democratic presidents will have written themselves off. In that event, would you run in 1996?

Obviously, a future run depends on what happens in November; 1996 is too far away at this point to begin making plans.

If Mario Cuomo had entered this year's race, would you have expected him to become the nominee?

Speculating about speculations is never wise. Mario would have been a formidable candidate, should he have decided to run. But from the start, there have been Democrats in the race who can offer Americans bold and progressive leadership, and who can beat George Bush.

Generals say that battles are largely decided by the enemy's mistakes. So does that mean that 1992 is a good year for the Democrats to fight a presidential election on domestic-policy issues?

Well, that's what my considering a race myself was all about; but, of course, my campaign wouldn't have been solely on domestic issues. The President is very weak on foreign policy, too—other than on keeping the peace. The most important foreign-policy issue is economics, of which trade is a major part. In my judgment, the President is very naive on trade; he looks upon the world as he would like to see it, as opposed to what it is. And that's particularly the case with Japan, and now China.

President Bush, like President Reagan, is waiting for the rest of the world to act as we do. They have such a free-trade philosophy that they can't believe that everybody else doesn't think that way. The Japanese haven't [thought that way] for two or three thousand years; China hasn't for 5,000 years. So that's a rather large gap in foreign policy. I think Bush is entirely deficient on domestic policy, but pretty deficient on foreign policy, too.

General Alexander Haig told me in a Penthouse *interview a few years ago that the only issues that turn all Americans on are foreign-policy issues. Isn't America too preoccupied with imposing its own "new world order" on everyone else?*

Well, neither the administration nor the American people have any sense of what that new world order is. I don't think the President has a sense of what it is. That, I cannot understand, since he's told us that he has this "vision." *I* certainly don't know what it is, and I don't think he does. I think he's dealing with the world as Reagan did—you negotiate nuclear-disarmament treaties bilaterally with the Russians. Well, sure, that's a problem, but not the whole problem.

I think the new world order means that we maintain preeminence in world affairs. On the one hand, that means a military presence—perhaps not as much as in the past, more mobile, perhaps more flexible. I feel no particular pride that we had to lease a Russian vessel to move our troops to the Middle East [for Operation Desert Shield], that we were deficient in mobility.

Secondly, I think the new world order is going to be based on economic strength, that what comes out of a barrel of a gun is going to be dollars or yen or deutsche marks, not bullets. But that does not ignore the existence of rogue nations—the Libyans, the Iraqis, potentially the Iranians and the Syrians: people who go out and buy Exocet missiles and biological weapons, and try to build atomic weapons. A lot of instability is kind of the new danger—not so much lobbing missiles back and forth with the Russians, but handling rogue nations out there.

I take it that you do think that the United States should preserve its role as a superpower, even though the Cold War is over?

Oh, very much so. I think that every country in the world, and most importantly ours, is monumentally disserved if we do not maintain that position, and be seen to maintain it—military strength as well as economic strength, which the Bush administration has frittered away. The chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers said last year, "What difference does it make if you sell 100 computer chips or 100 potato chips?" Anybody who

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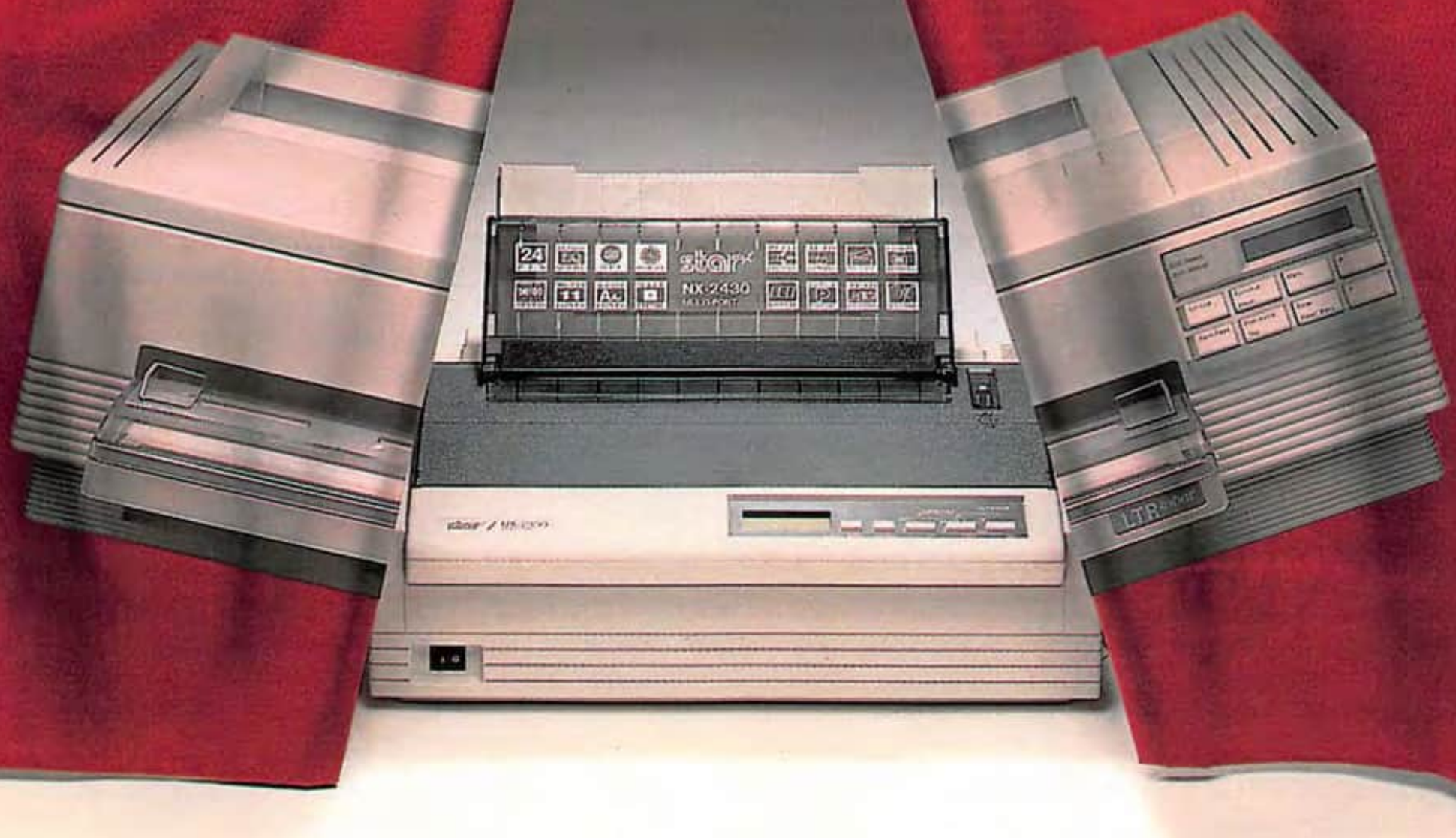

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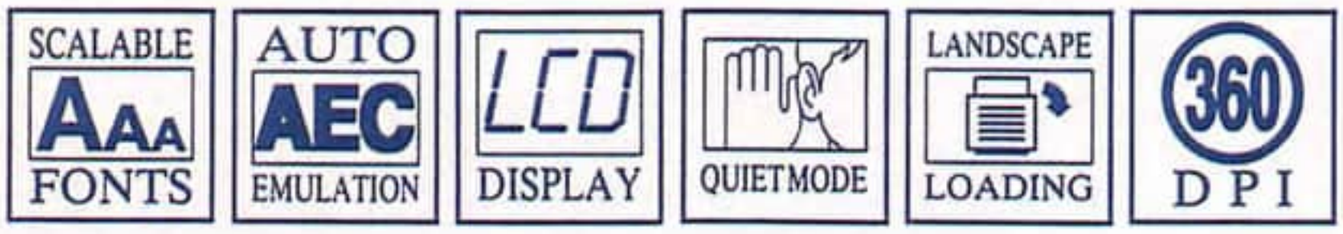

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could say that doesn't understand the economic world.

In domestic policy, you've taken the lead on national health insurance. America's the only industrial country without it. Even in advanced economic powers like Bulgaria or Portugal—

[Chuckling] Well, in some countries it's job-based only, but in some it's universal.

What sort of national health program do you hope to see? Will we have something as good as Canada's?

Well, of course, I hope we'll have something better. If we were to do the Canadian system in this country—single-payer national insurance as opposed to universal health insurance—it would cost us, for comprehensive coverage, $325 billion [annually]. It took the Canadians 25 years to put theirs in place, and it's not a national system, really. It's a provincial system, state by state.

Our present system needs to be substantially reformed. I would prefer that it be made to work than to go to the Canadian system. We are not Canadians! What I would like to do is take our present system, which is job-based and retains an element of choice and uses the private-insurance market, and reform it. Cost can be contained if there's a will to do so. Eighty-five percent of Americans get their health insurance through their jobs, and those who don't or can't ought to be able to.

Tinkering with the present system instead of radical reform brings up the role of the American Medical Association, the powerful doctor's lobby—something that exists in America but nowhere else—which opposes a national health system. You made a very flattering speech last year to a regional A.M.A. conference, congratulating them on recognizing the need for some change. So the A.M.A. has drawn in its horns—but has it changed its spots?

Well, we'll see. The drawing in of the horns is significant. I think the A.M.A. understands—as I think the larger health-insurance companies are beginning to understand—that we are now in real peril, and that our health-care system as we know it is in jeopardy of failure. The A.M.A. reflexively used to deny that. They are more understanding of the situation now. They've put out a proposal for a universal health-care plan which is no different from the Pepper Commission [plan] except in cost control—which is absolutely critical. Cost control requires sacrifices by doctors and hospitals.

You've also made education reform a priority. Worldwide, America comes somewhere near last in math, history, geography, and languages. In our public schools, the Beetle Baileys set the norm. Can anything be done?

There surely is a solution, if we really want to do something about it. This morning I spent four hours with people in the private-education sector, discussing the problem. My own view is that the answer lies in something called school-based management, whereby principals, teachers, and parents have much more to say in the actual governance and curriculum, the *ambience*, and everything else, than the educational bureaucracy. The problem is the educational bureaucracy. The solution is involving teachers and parents with strong principles, in a variety of ways. I have seen this work in several places, all over the country. With common sense and strong leadership, inner-city schools have turned from terrifying places into enormously stimulating and productive places.

Shouldn't there be a longer school year? More disciplined work? More homework?

Yes. Whether it has to be the 245 days of Japan, I don't know—that would be asking too much of a country that is different; but 180 days is insufficient, and three and a half hours average weekly homework is ridiculous. And there's far too much television watching allowed by parents—even by children in school.

There has to be enormous behavior modification in this country. I also believe in choice within the public-school system—a market. Most of the changes wouldn't be very expensive, although we should pay teachers properly. We need to get good teachers in the profession, particularly in science

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Question: What could a one-time farm boy and grade school dropout (John Richard Simplot) possibly have in common with an ex-usher from Brooklyn (David Geffen), a former truckdriver (Johnnie Bryan Hunt), and a one-time Polish housemaid (Barbara Piasecka Johnson)?
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and math. That requires money, no doubt about that, and the states would need federal help. The word is accountability. The Children's Commission, which I have chaired for two and a half years, has worked out the most comprehensive program for children in this century. I say that with obvious pride. There's still a reservoir of willingness and capacity in this country if it's galvanized, if it's challenged, if it's shown what the results could be.

We are cynical, but yet there's an enormous willingness to do better. What we've done so far in government is to set up a remarkable system of anti-family and anti-work policies which short-circuit families' efforts to do well. Education is a good example: The bureaucracy is overwhelming.

Go to the worst slums in New York City and look at a parochial school and a public school, and the difference is enormous, with the same sort of children. Eighty-three percent of the parochial kids graduate. In a public school two blocks away, it's 30 percent. So obviously, it can be done.

Do you mean that we should make the public schools more like the parochial schools, without the religious factor—more disciplined?

No. Discipline is not really an art form. It could be done even in public schools, if the teachers weren't overwhelmed with paperwork and with bureaucrats looking over their shoulders. Some of them don't have time to teach—*only* to discipline.

What reforms would you like to see on the environment?

Toxic waste is like the S & L crisis; yet we pay for the S & L mess, but not for cleanup. We're doing less than one percent of what's needed. Oil should not have more than a reasonable place in our trade—right now it's a third of our trade deficit. That's an environmental problem.

You're in favor of using more West Virginia coal, and methanol.

And ethanol and electric vehicles and a lot more. I'm very, very serious about that. If we can keep our automobile industry in business long enough, we can back oil out of our transportation system. The effect of sulfur and other dioxides would be reduced.

Most reforms of anything cost money. How would you go about reducing the budget deficit and the public international debt?

Education doesn't cost all that much to reform. Health care costs more if you *don't* do it. The average cost of our health care now is $3,200 per person annually. Eight and a half years from now—if we go on as we are now—it will cost $22,000 per head. That's one health plan for one person! Unacceptable!

But at the moment, American living standards depend on the success of Japan and Germany, and generous investment from them and the oil countries. What can be done to make America pay its own way?

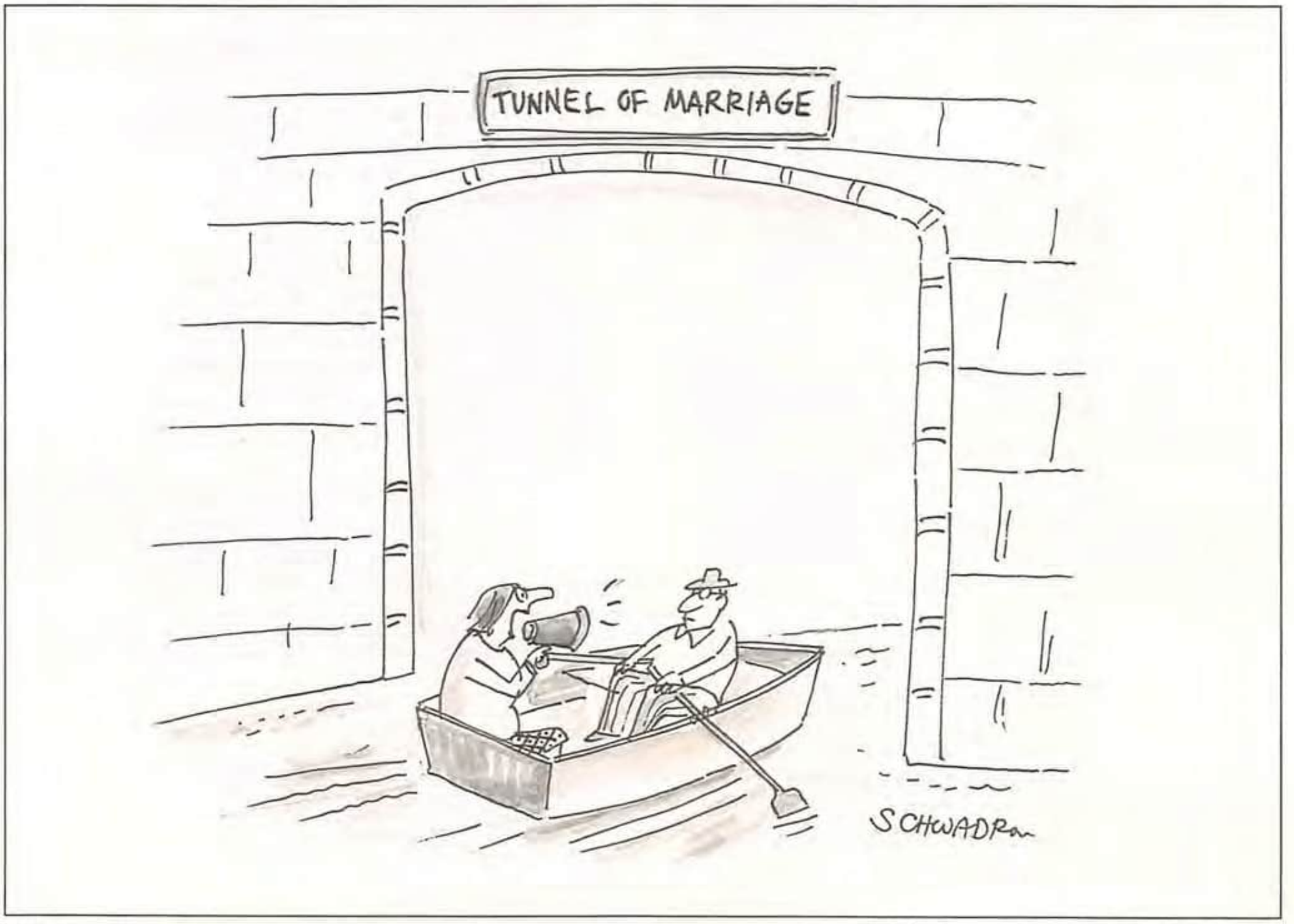
The answer is savings. The first thing that has to happen is to have the leadership explain to us, in words that are not only harsh but also hopeful, where we are. We Americans are living more above our means than anyone else. Especially, we are borrowing above our means.

You mean the U.S. government is a credit card deadbeat?

Yes. But that's because no one has ever told us anything different. The Republican eighties have been about greed and excess consumption and tax cuts for the rich, which basically created our federal deficit, which is growing by $750 billion a year.

Do you favor any drastic solutions? I presume you're against a constitutional amendment banning deficit budgets?

Absolutely. It doesn't work. Anything which is incredibly simple is unlikely to work—such as the line-item veto. That's one of my frustrations with President Reagan and President Bush—they've made careers out of talking about line-item vetoes and capital gains and avoiding the issues. I am of the belief—as David Stockman has written—that the Reagan administration set about *creating* a deficit, even though Reagan himself probably didn't understand what he was doing. The idea was that the deficit would be large enough



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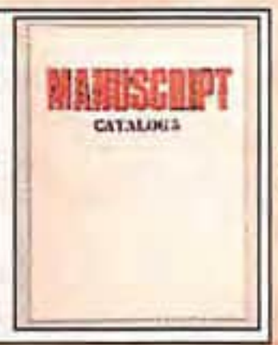

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to stop social spending, which they didn't want to undertake. And they largely succeeded.

Does the end of the Cold War mean that foreign policy is less important in this election than in any since 1940?

No. In fact, the changes that the end of the Cold War present to us are enormously challenging. Our relationship with Japan, for instance . . .

You have a background in the Far East. Wouldn't you like to see a U.S. policy toward Japan that went beyond blaming Japan for America's shortcomings? That seems to be the current policy of both parties.

Well, there's a good deal to blame in Japan, and there's a good deal to blame in this country. I know a lot about Japan, and I believe we have every right to be very severe in our judgments about each other. Indeed, that's my definition of a useful relationship. Because we both have a lot to do to get our houses in order. They have theirs in order in how they do their economy, to an almost enormous degree, but they find flexibility very difficult because of their homogeneity; they find it difficult to open up to exports, whether they be refugees or products.

But they're not asking the world to accept a new world order of their own design. Isn't that one of their qualities?

Yes, and they are in fact doing more foreign assistance than we are—or anyone else. But they backed into it. They're always behind the curve because they don't see themselves in international terms, because they're so inward-looking.

Is that such a bad thing? America was inward-looking and backed into foreign policy by reaction for nearly two centuries, and people "liked" us then.

Well, whether it's bad or not depends on whether you're Japanese or not. It's not bad if you're Japanese. They've always been an in-going country for thousands of years, and when we took away their military, we deprived them of international responsibility. We don't realize how isolationist the Japanese are. We're taught in our schools that the Japanese were terrified of Admiral Perry's steamships, but in point of fact, the Japanese adjusted immediately to the situation by offering him two small ports. We declared victory, but the victory was in fact theirs. We've always been naive about Japan.

Are you saying the Japanese government should be more assertive in a world leadership role—that, like the European Community, it should compete with Washington for world leadership?

I think the Japanese should be very complementary to the United States about world leadership, and they have the resources financially to do what we cannot do now—untie aid to Third World countries. And they should open their markets to Third World products, which they don't do sufficiently. They could be enormously effective in economic assistance. They could do an enormous amount in the former Soviet Union—even if this might not be in our interest.

What about China?

I think George Bush is as captivated by China as Americans were in the nineteenth century. They fell in love with China. It was kind of a cult. Bush was there as Nixon's envoy, and he thinks they're quite remarkable and that they may respond to his blandishments.

If you were president, how would your policy toward China be different?

It's my view that America has to be governed by a sense of economics and self-interest. That's what foreign policy has always been—what's in the interest of your own country. We have been overwhelmingly generous to the rest of the world—Asia, Europe, virtually all countries. But we've never been particularly generous to ourselves. We now have to look after our own interests while maintaining the world leadership position in security terms, and a large moral and physical presence. We must accept that the rest of the world operates in its own interests. Only Canada and the Unites States are free traders. As far as Chinese human-rights abuses are concerned, we should use what pressure we have—economic pressure.

Let's move to the Middle East for a minute. Your father-in-law, Senator Charles Percy, risked and lost his Senate seat trying to get a peace process going against Israeli wishes.

Yes, but I don't think anyone has come up with a very definite way of diminishing that problem. With Israel spending 26 percent of its G.N.P. on the military because it's surrounded by people who want to push it into the sea, it would be difficult to persuade them to act in anyone's interest but their own.

Now that the campaign is about to begin in earnest, what are George Bush's principal weaknesses?

George Bush has one principal weakness: He has no principles. Unfortunately, George Bush is driven by polls, not ideas.

What should be the main issues in the election?

The agenda for the president and for Congress should be the agenda of the American family. The issues are those that touch the lives of American families the most—economic recovery, jobs, health-care reform, and competitiveness.

Isn't Jerry Brown basically right in saying that fundamental changes in the "system" are needed to make it less corruptible by special interests?

Absolutely. Clearly, fundamental change is needed. The people know that, and they're making sure politicians understand that.

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How can you tell if you're at a bulimic bachelor party?
The cake *jumps out of the* girl.

What would you call an open can of tuna fish in a lesbian's apartment?
Potpourri.

HEAD OF THE CLASS

A blind guy goes into a whorehouse. A girl takes him upstairs and starts giving him a blowjob. He says to her, "Excuse me, aren't you Karen Carlton, and didn't you go to Cardozo High School in Detroit?"
She says, "Yes. How'd you know?"
He says, "I never forget a face."

Why did Jeffrey Dahmer have a blender on his front porch?
So he could greet you with a hand shake.

Who's the world's greatest athlete?
The guy who finishes first and *third in a masturbation contest.*

ALL WASHED UP

Haberman is standing at a urinal when a black guy walks up to the one next to him and takes out a white dick. Haberman says, "Please excuse me for staring, but I've never seen a black man with a white dick before."
The other guy says, "I'm not black. I'm a coal miner on my honeymoon."

What's the worst part about being an atheist?
You've got nobody's name to scream out when you're getting great head.

Why is Ted Kennedy dating a blow-up doll?
Because she can float.

SILVER TONGUE

Dirty Johnny catches his parents fucking. He says, "What's goin' on?"
His mother says, "We're making babies, Johnny."

The next night Johnny catches his mother giving his father a blowjob.
He says, "*Now* what's goin' on?"
His mother says, "We're making jewelry."

Why can't the government put Rock Hudson on a stamp?
Everyone would be afraid to lick it.

What do you give an elephant with diarrhea?
Lots of room.

GUM AGAIN

Harry is at a banquet and keeps complaining that his false teeth are hurting him.
The guy sitting to his left reaches into his pocket and pulls out a set of dentures.
He hands them to Harry and says, "Try these."
Harry tries them and says, "Thanks anyway, but they're too tight."
The guy pulls out another set and hands them to Harry. They fit perfectly, so Harry wears them for the entire night. At the end of the banquet, he hands them back to the guy and says, "They fit me perfectly. Are you a dentist?"
The guy says, "No, an undertaker."

What was the first commandment?
"Adam, eat my pussy."

Why don't cannibals eat clowns?
They taste funny.

COMING OR GOING

A college professor is explaining to his class that pleasure is a mental state, and that many people overlook the things they already have. He says, "A man who has developed a true sense of appreciation can enjoy a good bowel movement as much as having sexual intercourse."
Norris stands up and says, "Professor Chernoff, either you don't know how to fuck, or I don't know how to shit."

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

be the most conspicuous children on the American playground. The busybody is the bully with the ayatollah shine in his eyes, *gauleiter* of correctness, who barges around telling the other kids that they cannot smoke, be fat, drink booze, wear furs, eat meat, or otherwise nonconform to the new tribal rules now taking shape."

One important item Mr. Morrow left off his list is *sex*. To have sexual intercourse with someone you are not married to, with more than one person, with someone of a different race, with a child, with a member of your family, with someone much older or younger than yourself, with someone of the same sex, with yourself, or with great frequency is severely frowned upon by our society, and each of the above activities has been given a scientific-sounding but opprobrious name to discourage us from doing it.

You are still too young and inexperienced to decide to be a full-time lesbian, and yes, in the United States homosexuality is disapproved of. However, America is not the whole world. Fads and fashions change, and *there is nothing wrong with enjoying sex*—with a woman or with a man. You may not have found the right man yet, and good body chemistry is not always so with a soul mate. I think you are in love with your girlfriend, so don't miss out on the experience—dive in up to the neck. But if she is a politically feminist lesbian, don't let her put you off men, which she may try to do out of jealousy.

Keep dating guys and try to enjoy the differences between a man's body and mind, and a woman's. I love young men, but under the age of 30 they usually have a hell of a lot to learn, so don't expect to find Mr. Right right away.

WHAT WILL PLEASE A LADY?

I have been reading Penthouse *for over 15 years and have seen all kinds of tales about guys with big cocks that I never believed, especially one several years back when some guy claimed he was 14 inches long. I can't compete with that, but I do have an honest eight inches of solid steel, and over the years, it has been a problem keeping a steady girlfriend. They either say it hurts, or they hold their legs together so I can't make a complete penetration. One woman who I dated for six months would only have sex after she had placed several rings of felt over my cock so that the last two inches would not penetrate.*

Sex just isn't complete unless I can get it all in. The first time with a woman, I hold back after I get about five inches in, and then as we fuck, I slowly push a little more of my cock in until I hit bottom or she yells uncle. Unless I can enjoy making full strokes all the way inside a vagina, sex is a failure for me.

A while back I went over to a friend's to return his tennis racket. He was out of town, but his wife was in. She'd just come back from a wedding, and was all dressed up in a sexy outfit with a slit skirt, black stockings, and high heels. Since she was alone, she invited me in for a drink. Before I knew what was happening, we were kissing and caressing. Nicki didn't object to my advances, and soon she was down to only her black panties, garter belt, stockings, and patent-leather pumps, leaving me with an unbelievable hard-on.

She took me by the hand and led me back to the bedroom. She sat on the bed, and while I stood by the edge, she removed my clothes. Her eyes nearly popped out of her head as she stared at my huge cock. She fondled me, then leaned down and kissed the head, slowly inserting it into her mouth. I was going crazy watching her lovely lips slide up and down my shaft. Finally, she stood up and removed her panties, pulling me down onto the bed with her.

She took hold of my cock and then guided it into her cunt. I knew that I had to go easy with her, so I held back, shoving only about five or six inches in.

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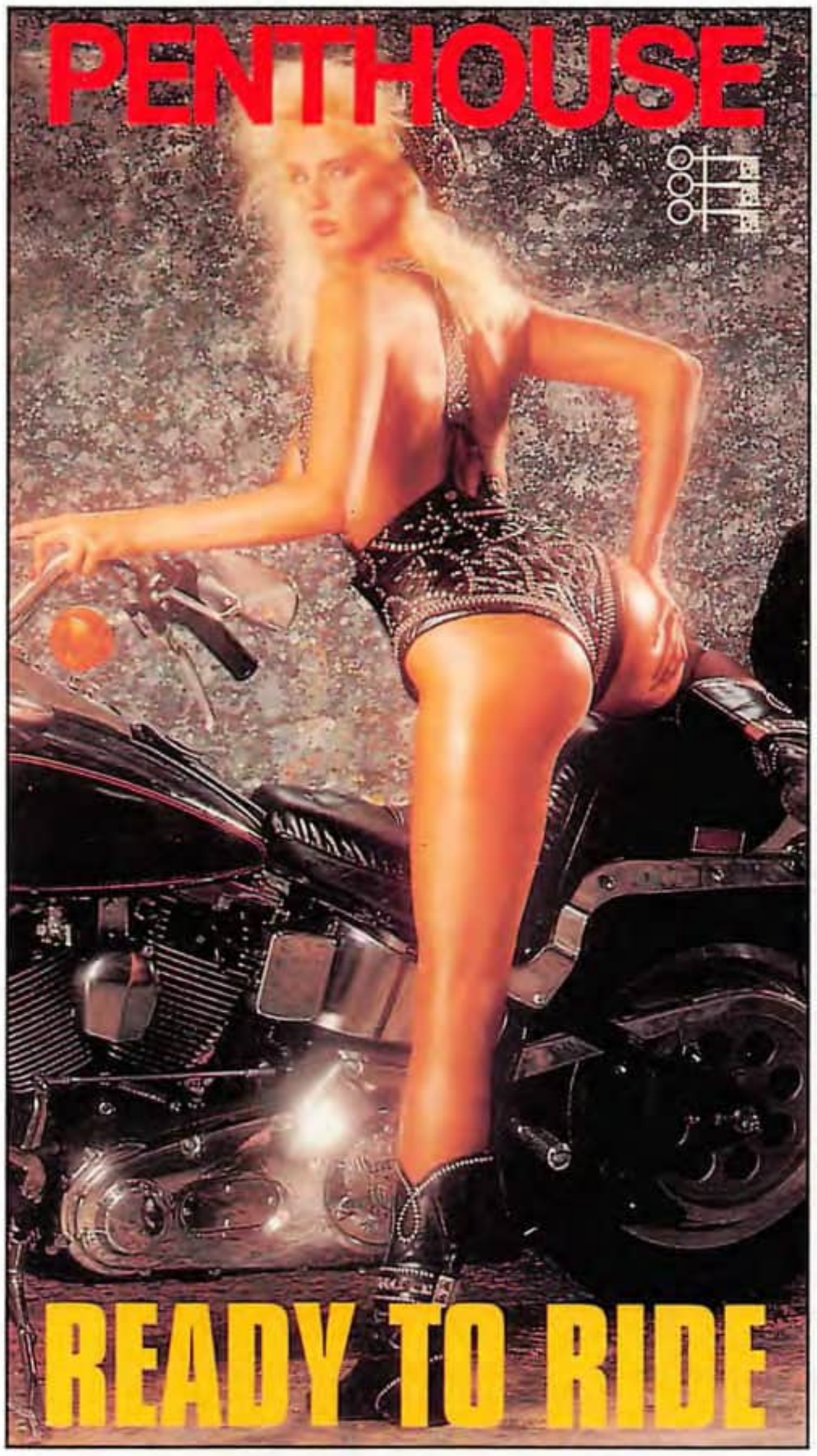

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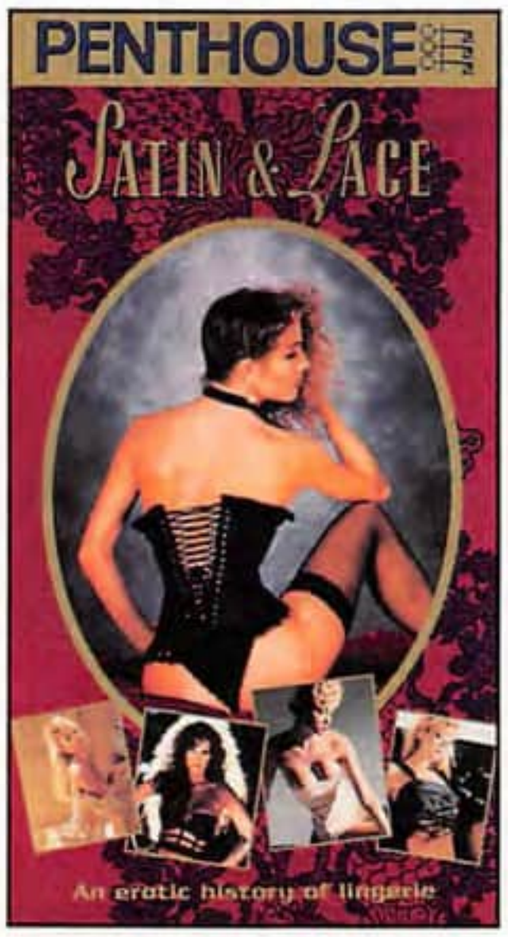

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Soon it became so wonderful, I couldn't resist, and I slowly eased more and more of my cock into her cunt. Then I felt our hips meet and I realized that I had all eight inches inside of her.

Nicki yelled out "Aye!" I asked if I'd hurt her, but I hadn't—it was just the first time she'd ever been fully filled. She began to go wild. I stayed all night and we had a sexual marathon. We fucked in every position possible, taking time in between to suck each other off. She told me that I was the only man who had ever satisfied her and that she'd had so many orgasms, she couldn't count them. I asked her how she'd been able to take all of my cock, and she told me that she'd had a vaginal hysterectomy and her uterus had been removed, which possibly allowed more room in her vaginal tract. Whatever the reason, it was wonderful, as I had at last found a woman who could take my entire cock.

That morning as I was leaving, she walked with me to the door. As we stood kissing, she told me that I had spoiled her and now she could never be happy without my cock. She threw off her robe as we kissed again. Then she knelt down, unzipped my pants, took out my cock, and gave me the most wonderful blowjob that I have ever had. She did not stop until I had filled her mouth with another load of come. Then she stood up and ran her tongue into my mouth. I had never tasted my come before, and her mouth was still filled with it.

That was the beginning, and ever since that night, Nicki and I have had a sexual circus twice a week. She calls me to let me know when her husband is out of town, then comes to my apartment, or sometimes we meet at a motel. Her mother fell and broke her hip, so she had to go away for about a month. Needless to say, I was miserable without her and the great sex that we have together. She called me every two or three days, saying she was going out of her mind without my big cock to keep her satisfied.

After she returned, she told me that she'd become so desperate that she'd gone out twice during the month to a singles bar and picked up a guy. One night she'd gone to the guy's apartment, and the other time she went to a motel with the fellow. Both nights were a complete failure—only once did she reach orgasm—and all she could think about as she had sex with these strangers was my cock.

Since Nicki is the only woman I've found who can handle all of me, I've been curious about other women. Is it because she had her uterus removed that my cock can go deeper, or is it because she just has a big vagina? Are there women who can take huge cocks? I have heard about and seen pictures of women who have had sex with well-endowed men, but how do I find one?

Nicki keeps telling me she'll leave her husband when I ask, but he's my friend, and fucking his wife is bad enough. Even if I agreed to marry her, I don't think I could keep her satisfied. I need a woman who can take all of my cock, but only two or three times a week. The intense times with her are great, but only now and then. I've found what I wanted in her, but she won't let up. She calls me every day—sometimes five or six times—and I find myself making excuses to avoid more than twice-a-week sexual escapades with her. Is this the way a completely satisfied woman reacts, or is she being greedy?—W. G., Michigan

I would be inclined to take the 14-inch penis with a pinch of salt, or better still, not take it at all—14 inches up from the entrance to my vagina is somewhere around my lungs. I don't need anyone (or anything) that close to my heart, but like fishermen, cocksmen are notorious for enthusiastic exaggeration.

However, assuming that you are being both truthful and precise about your eight-incher, I am surprised you have had so many complaints. Your stainless-steel wingdinger is only two inches or so above the national average. Perhaps it is of a metallic substance and has sharp edges or a painful point on the end. It may be referred to as a prick, but no woman wants to have extra holes pricked into her. A little buffing on a grindstone would probably cure that, or just sandpaper might do the trick.

What really annoys me about your letter is that, in a truly materialistic way, after grumbling that for years you were unable to find a woman who could satisfy your needs, now that you have found one, you say you can't handle it.

Nicki calls you every day—presumably to try to persuade you to drop by and make love to her—and I am sorry to have to inform you that this is the way a completely satisfied woman reacts. She may well be satisfied when you leave her on Monday morning, but by noon on Tuesday she wants more, and so would I. In the beginning of my relationship with an exciting man, we invariably make love two or three times each day, and in the case of my great loves, we have gone on like that for several years.

But don't despair. In sexual matters there are no rules, despite what your city fathers, priest, rabbi, *curandero*, or ayatollah may have told you. You can go on just as you are. Get an answering machine and leave it switched on all the time to screen your calls. This way you don't have to make excuses, you just have to call back. Give Nicki a

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good seeing-to twice a week, and just be careful her husband doesn't find out, or you may be persuaded into marrying her. If it all gets to be too much for you, you can always join the navy. I am sure someone there can find a use for an eight-inch steel marlinespike.

SPLITTING HAIRS

One day after some lovemaking, my wife and I discussed the need for a solution to a problem that we have. When my cock is deep in her pussy, she gets sore after just one fuck. We concluded that it is because my pubic hair goes almost halfway up my cock, which I think is about five inches. (By the way, from where does one measure his cock if he is so inclined—from the top, side, or bottom?) The rubbing of the hair between my cock and her pussy makes her sore, rendering her unable to consider another bout of lovemaking, sometimes for days. It even limits our positions, as some are more abrasive than others.

Since she has gone off the pill and we are now using condoms and plenty of K-Y jelly, the problem is virtually eliminated. We do, however, plan to make children one day, and we will be back to the old problem. Believe it or not, once I moisturized my cock and then tweezed all the hair down to the base, but it took days to bear the removal of all the hair. I don't want to shave—just the idea of doing it to that sensitive skin makes the rest of my flesh crawl, and besides, the stubble after one or two days would be disastrous.

What would you recommend, Xaviera? Having tried tweezing, I would be willing to wax my cock, but I'm concerned with what it would do to my skin. Is it hot on application? Will it take the thin skin off with the waxed hair? Though it might be fun discussing this with the girl at the cosmetics counter, there is always the chance that she might remind me of my mother or that I might shock the hell out of her, so any help from you would be appreciated.

By the way, when I tweezed the hair, my cock appeared to be bigger, which will be fun this summer on the nude beach. It doesn't matter to me, considering my five or six inches (though I wouldn't refuse another inch or two), but perhaps it might catch someone's eye on the beach and prompt yet another letter to you or perhaps to Penthouse *"Forum."*—M. S., Florida

It has been suggested that my original unidirectional cock-holding method of penis measurement (grasp the member between forefinger and thumb, pull it out until you scream, then measure with a rigid rule—ouch!) was sadistic, so now we have the Hollander Improved Program of Horizontal Unidirectional Measurement of Penises (HIPHUMP), which is simplicity itself. The subject lies on his back on a flat surface and arranges his penis so that it is pointing toward his Adam's apple. He then inserts a ruler beneath the organ, and the measurement is effortlessly read by his assistant/wife/mistress/nurse. (You must, of course, use an honest ruler and not one of those low-grade Mickey Mouse numbers that have a little extra bit at the end before the scale starts.)

By placing his own thumb or forefinger on the ruler at the point where the glans terminates, the subject can even remove the ruler and, judging by where his finger is, read the measurement himself. This will give him the flaccid length. He can now be encouraged to achieve an erection, which can be said to have reached its maximum length when the penis doesn't touch the stomach due to its own musculature and rigidity (no hands). It can then be measured in the same way, giving you its maximum length. You can also slide a piece of paper under it and trace it with a felt-tip pen. This will give you your penis profile, which can be flashed around without danger of your arrest.

> Nicki didn't object to my advances, and soon she was down to only her black panties, garter belt, stockings, and patent-leather pumps, leaving me with an unbelievable hard-on.

I suspect that some of the 12- to 14-inchers have been measured on the underside, starting from the ass hole. The subject I have at hand has 15 inches this way, and having just measured his erection starting from the back of his neck (where his collar would be if he were wearing one), he tells me delightedly that that way he measures 50 inches. This type of measurement is *not valid.*

Waxing to remove hair can be painful. The technique was invented sometime in the New Stone Age as an advance on scrubbing with pumice, and although the wax-heating machinery is now very sophisticated, the hair-removal principle is still Neanderthal and it still hurts like hell on the legs. If you have masochistic tendencies, I recommend it for the penis, otherwise not.

I have just had a go at the underside of my lover's penis with his electric razor. This part is hairy enough (or was when I began) to make it a viable experiment. When I started, his cock was as limp as wet lettuce at the thought, but when I made the first pass with the razor, he stiffened (and so did his cock). Curiously enough, it was hard when it was soft, but when it got hard, it was easier. As this guy (like most macho men) is totally chickenshit when it comes to pain, this method is recommended.

There is also a method practiced by hair-removal clinics, called electrolysis, which is supposed to be permanent. Your best bet would probably be to have all your pubic hair removed by this method and wear a little pubic wig, or merkin, to baffle the nudist-beach bunnies when you go public.

You could also contact a condom-testing organization that would probably be happy to supply you with substandard condoms through which to impregnate your wife when the time comes. Or you could snip that little nipple off the end of your normal condom and wear it like one of those woolly leg warmers sported by aerobics teams.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of Penthouse. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

And now you can also reach Xaviera Hollander by telephone. Call today to hear her advice on love and sex and her most intimate fantasies. Dial (900) 896-MADAM. The charge is $3.00 for the first minute and 95 cents for each additional minute.

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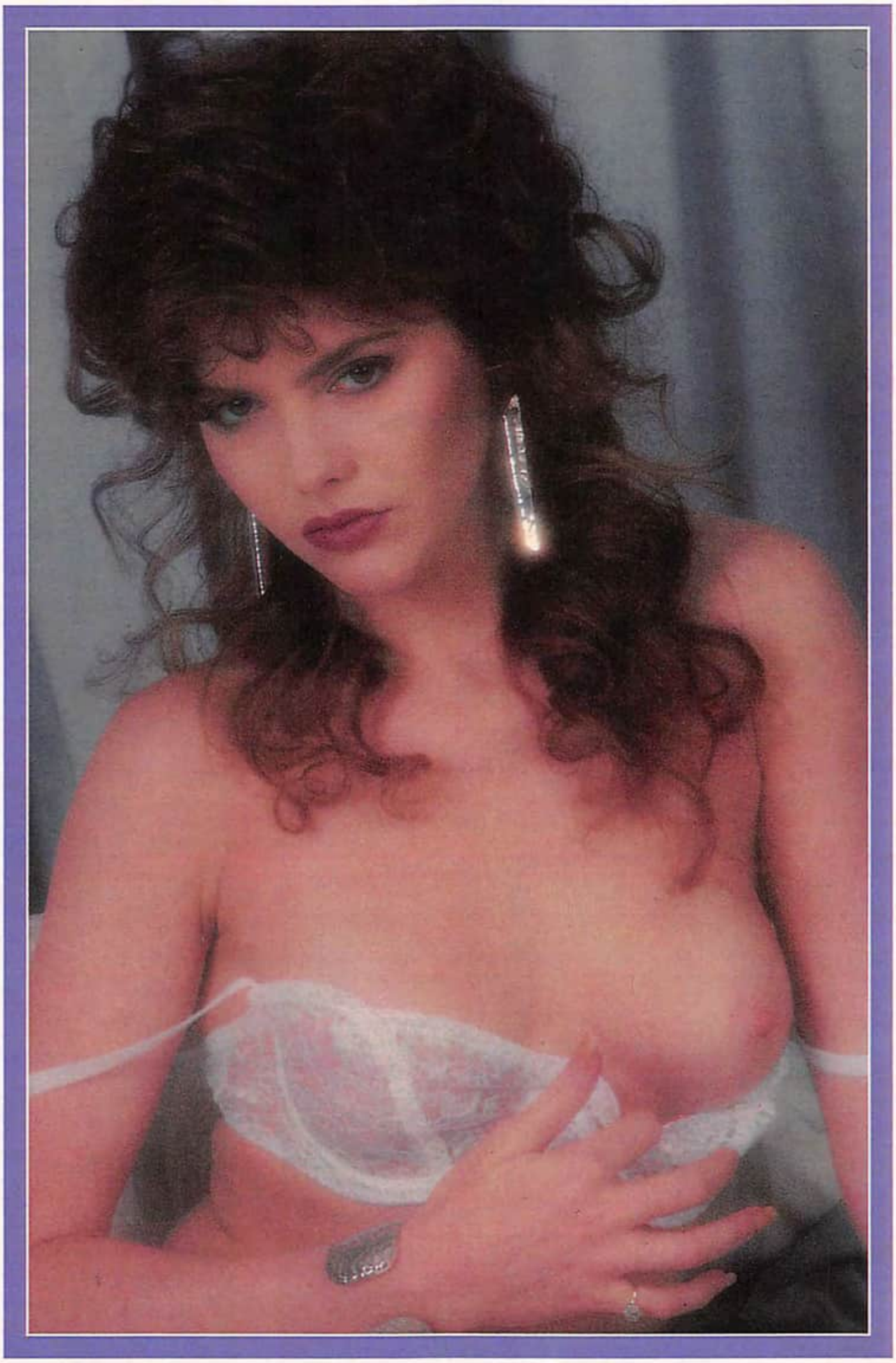
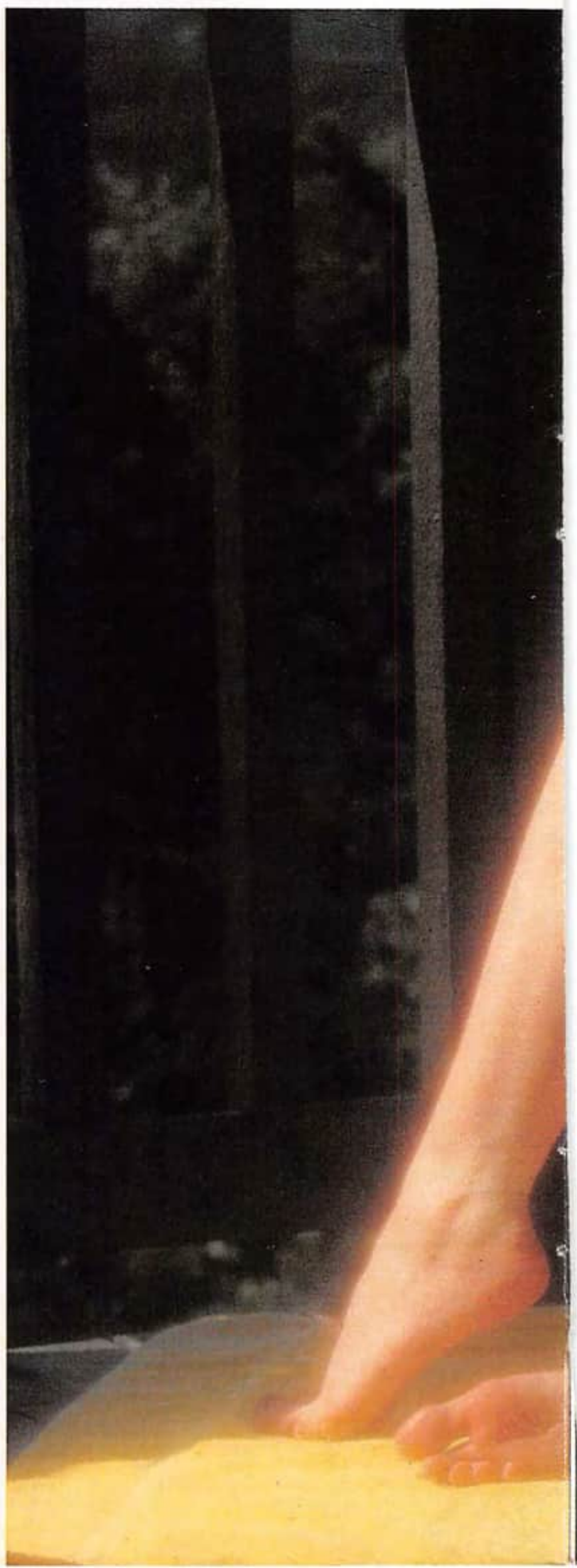


ROXANNE

"My favorite fantasy is to make love with a stranger in a phone booth on a crowded street corner, with hundreds of people outside."

'I really love dancing. It's the perfect job for me because I just love music—especially anything loud and obnoxious!'

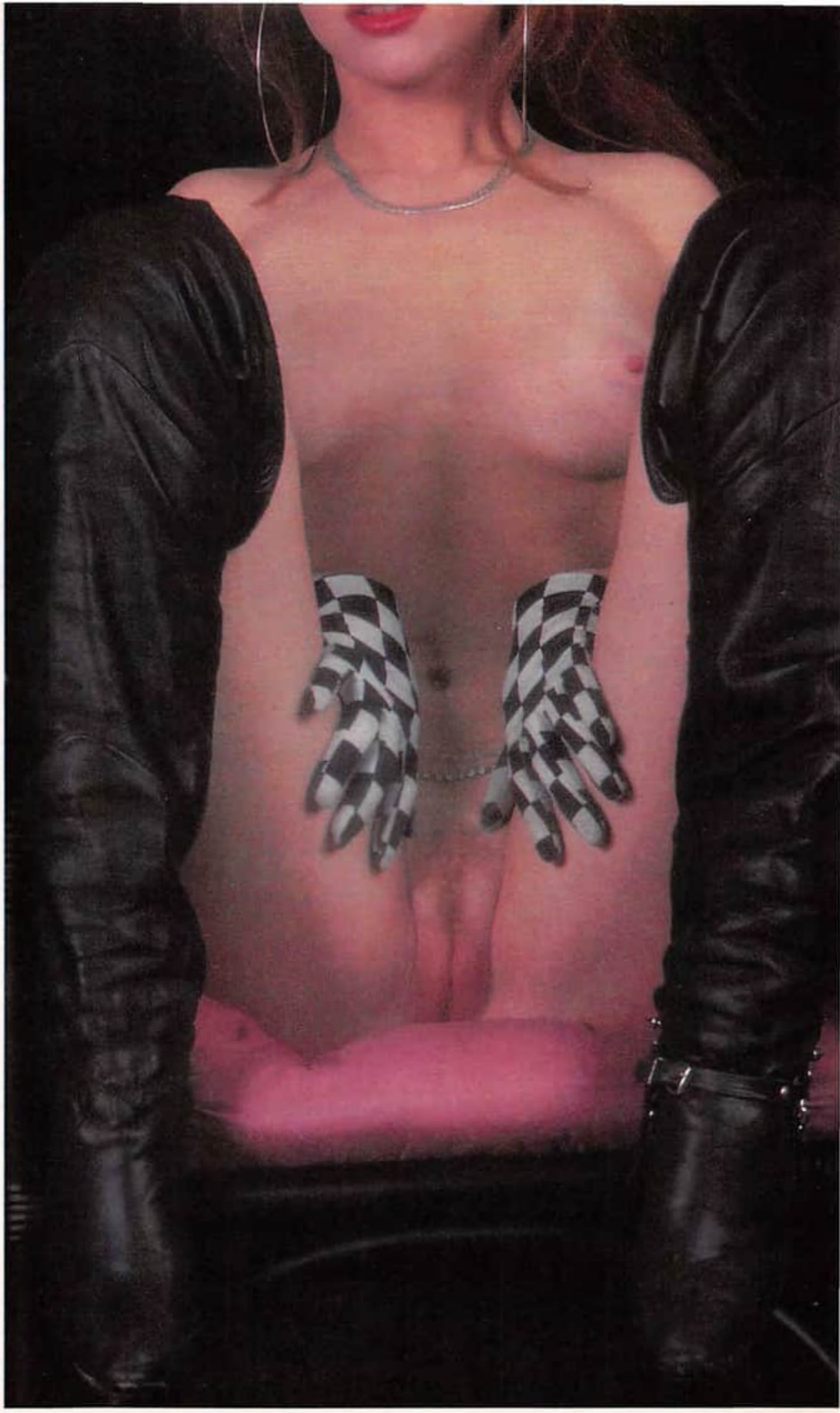


THE REAL ROXANNE

The wide-open spaces of Texas have inspired generations of freethinkers, and now, like a breath of fresh air, comes Roxanne, an Austin-based dancer. In the true Texas tradition of rough-ridin' cowboys and stand-by-your-man ladies, she's looking for love . . . someday. "I have a lot of boyfriends," the feisty 22-year-old says, "but I'll settle down when I'm about 50."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. E. BARNES, M.D.

"I leave for Paris in a month," adds the 34-24-34 redhead, "and I'll be working as a model there for a few months. Then I go on to Munich, and I'll be working there as well. After that, maybe L.A. I don't need to be a movie star, though. I would love to be on a soap!" If the silver screen does beckon, Roxanne knows what kind of movies she'd like to do. "I absolutely *love* to be scared! I see every horror movie that comes out."



"I have a lot of boyfriends, but I'll settle down when I'm about 50."

"Even though I'm branching out into modeling now," Roxanne says, "I really love dancing. In fact, one of my first modeling jobs was as Miss October for a calendar of dancers. Dancing is the perfect job for me because I just love music—especially anything loud and obnoxious!"

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"My favorite fantasy is to make love with a stranger in a phone booth on a crowded street corner, with hundreds of people outside," Roxanne says with a laugh. "Of course, no one would know what we were up to." That's one fantasy *we'd* certainly be up for . . . we'd even stand lookout.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

France that they promptly phone the B.T.A. instead. "We've heard the French did this because they thought it would make money," chortled a woman at the German National Tourist Office. French government spokeswoman Jacquie Schaff insisted that the 900 number will be a saving for "a lot" of people who call from outside New York. But what about New Yorkers? "New York is just a small percentage of the U.S.," scoffed Schaff.

BUSH LEAGUE

With friends of George Bush continuing to insist that his longtime friend Deputy Protocol Chief Jennifer Fitzgerald was never his mistress ("U.S.A. Confidential," August 1990), the President may have launched a quiet damage-control effort. We hear that shortly after Hillary Clinton's comments about the possibility of his womanizing, George began to make nice to prospective gossips in his inner circle, reminding them of the career perks that await them if he wins re-election. A surer way to squelch the rumors may be to fire Jenny the Scofflaw. It was after the protocol deputy tried to bamboozle Customs about the value of two furs she bought during an official trip to South America that the knives went out for her among State Department pros. They gibe that she must have had some sort of special relationship with Bush in order to be able to survive the embarrassing scandal.

PAMELA'S PERILS

Pamela Harriman, the legendary vamp and Democratic party grande dame, apparently has decided not to pay the journalist she asked to pen her autobiography. *Time* magazine diplomatic correspondent Chris Ogden quit his job to coauthor the book, for which Random House was offering $1.8 million, a "very substantial proportion" of which was earmarked for him. Then Harriman declared that she had "changed her mind." Though Ogden began working with her on the project last summer and has two children to support, "She hasn't paid him a dime," says a publishing source.

Unfortunately for Pamela, says the source, there was one other document that also didn't get completed during the abortive negotiations—an agreement that would have prevented Ogden from disclosing nearly 50 hours of tapes he made with her. Ogden is now said to be planning his own bio of Harriman, whose conquests range from the son of Winston Churchill to her late husband, Averell, who bequeathed her $145 million. An aide to Pamela's attorney, Ted Sorensen, told us, "There's no possibility in the world that [he] is going to have any comment."

MICKEY WOULDN'T APPROVE

The Walt Disney Company's attempt to enforce a Victorian behavior code on young workers at its Florida theme parks seems to have flopped. "We weren't supposed to make or accept passes from guests," says Mark Porteous, a former Typhoon Lagoon lifeguard. "One competition we set up as lifeguards was getting the most room numbers from girl guests and taking them up on it."

Not only were the guests willing, Porteous says, but the hot tubs at Vista Way—a housing complex for young Disney workers—have been splashing room only, what with the booming popularity of a water sport called "Guess Who?" Explains Porteous, "You guess who is standing next to you by running your hands over their naked body." Scandinavian employees introduced another game, he says, scored by the success one player has bringing another to orgasm. "Sex came a lot easier at Vista Way," says Porteous, "than I've seen it anywhere."

A Disney spokesman says he's unaware of these larks. "There is a certain level of comportment," he adds, "that you would hope employees would maintain when they are not on the clock."

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

back into the water, I felt like we could fuck all night. Unlike our first coupling, we fucked hard and fast, coming together in a moment of pure lust-filled ecstasy. After an exchange of kisses, the water stopped bubbling, indicating that our hour was over. Reluctantly, we got dressed. Dancing and drinks were a passive ending to a night of pure passion with the sexiest woman I know. I hope to rent that room on a regular basis for more lust and fun.—*C. R., Colorado*

SHORE PATROL

I'd been house-sitting at a modest beach place on a rarely traveled stretch of waterfront. Frequently, I went several days without seeing another person, much less a woman. But little did I know that that was about to change.

One evening I settled in with the latest issue of *Penthouse*. When I heard someone knock, I answered the door and discovered a female member of the local beach patrol. Her name tag read Camella, and I couldn't help but think, *Yeah, Curvaceous Camella*.

"Hi," she said in a friendly way, "I noticed you left this beach ball outside and I thought it would blow away." Blow. Ball. This girl was speaking my language.

Grateful to her for having saved my beach toy, I invited her in and got two frosty ones from the fridge. Camella sat on the family-room couch and promptly produced a cigar-sized joint. "Do you mind?" she asked innocently. Who was I to argue? I sat down across from her and accepted the humongous doobie. That's when I noticed that she was sitting with her legs slightly spread, and the hairy clam peeking from between them made it obvious that she wasn't wearing underwear. She must have noticed me staring at her beefy beaver, because she spread those long legs further apart.

"Do you see something you like?" she cooed, lightly running her hand across her hairy quim. Before I could answer, she stood up and unzipped her patrol jacket to show me two nice-sized tits with nipples the size of sea snails. "I see you read *Penthouse*," she said, leaning over to flip through the magazine. "I love some of the pictures, like this one." Then she struck a pose and snaked her tongue across one of her huge love nuggets.

By this time my cock had taken on the aggressive nature of a moray eel. "Do you want some more?" she asked seductively. She put her thumbs under the waistband of her shorts and pulled them off with one yank. I couldn't believe it. One second I'm a lonely guy flogging his porpoise, and now I was sitting in front of this naked mermaid.

"You need to keep your beach ball under control," Camella said, walking toward me with a sexy sway. Looking down at the bulge in my pants, she opened her eyes wide. "Oooh. Here's another ball." Without another word, she dropped to her knees and undid my fly. "Before you stick this love tool into my hot, wet box, I want you to blow a load all the way down the back of my throat."

She hadn't touched my dong yet, but the drips of pre-come at the head indicated that I wasn't far from firing. That was when she added, "I may be on the beach patrol now, but I want to be a concert flutist. Do you mind if I hum Vivaldi on your instrument?" Although I could barely speak, I managed to croak out the word *please*, and she engulfed my throbbing tool like a tuna-munching mackerel. It wasn't long before she had her nose buried in my pubic patch and was bobbing madly. "I need your come now," she pleaded, rising for some quick air. "Blow it, baby, please," and with that I shot my love juice down her waiting throat.

> "I saw you eyeing me in there. How would you like to take a closer look?" I stood in a mild state of shock as she unbuttoned my fly.

Of course, a beauty like this she-fish would not be satisfied with just that. "That salty feed was nice," she said, patting her stomach, "but I've got a little seafood fare for you." She stood and walked over to the couch, where she sat down and spread her long, tanned legs so far apart I thought she might split in half. "Eat me," she commanded, clawing at her hair. "I want you to eat me before I have to satisfy myself!"

Then she parted her pink engorged pussy lips with her hands and moaned softly. I knelt before her and breathed deeply. Her cunt smelled of sea air and warm afternoons on the beach. With this happy thought, I buried my face in her hair pie and chowed down as if she were exquisite sushi. I pursed my lips over her clit and sucked as if it were a straw through which I could drink her love juices. My efforts had the desired effect, for within minutes she was bucking furiously, like a fish out of water. She grabbed my head and with a scream of pleasure drove me deeper into her quim. I came up gasping and looked with pleasure at her still-quivering body.

By this time, my own love muscle was in working order, and seeing this, she livened up. Smiling wickedly, she reached for her jacket. Her eyes never left my face as she tore open the small foil pouch and waved the condom at me, beckoning me closer. My rod jumped with joy as her hand smoothed the cover into position. "I want it in me," she said, her voice thick with passion. "I need it so bad." She pushed me away gently and snaked down to the floor on all fours. She wagged her tail with its inflamed pussy in my face, and moved her legs further apart. "Don't I look juicy and ready?" she asked, smiling over her shoulder.

Without another word, I rammed my cock home. "Oh, yes, that's what I wanted. Pump me bad!" She wiggled her hips and pushed against my thighs. I could feel the silky muscles of her cunt flexing against my cock, and I found myself holding my breath, fighting back the orgasm building up. "Yes, yes, yes," she moaned.

I grabbed handfuls of her tan cheeks and drove in up to my balls. It didn't take long before I could feel my sack tighten and my resolve turn to water. With no time to spare, I shoved my meat farther into her pussy's firm grip and screamed.

Without an ounce of energy left, I collapsed to the carpet. When I looked up, I saw Camella smiling, caressing her breasts with her hands and murmuring, "Sweet, very sweet." Then she stood up and began dressing. I looked at her in amazement, for I barely had the strength to open my eyes.

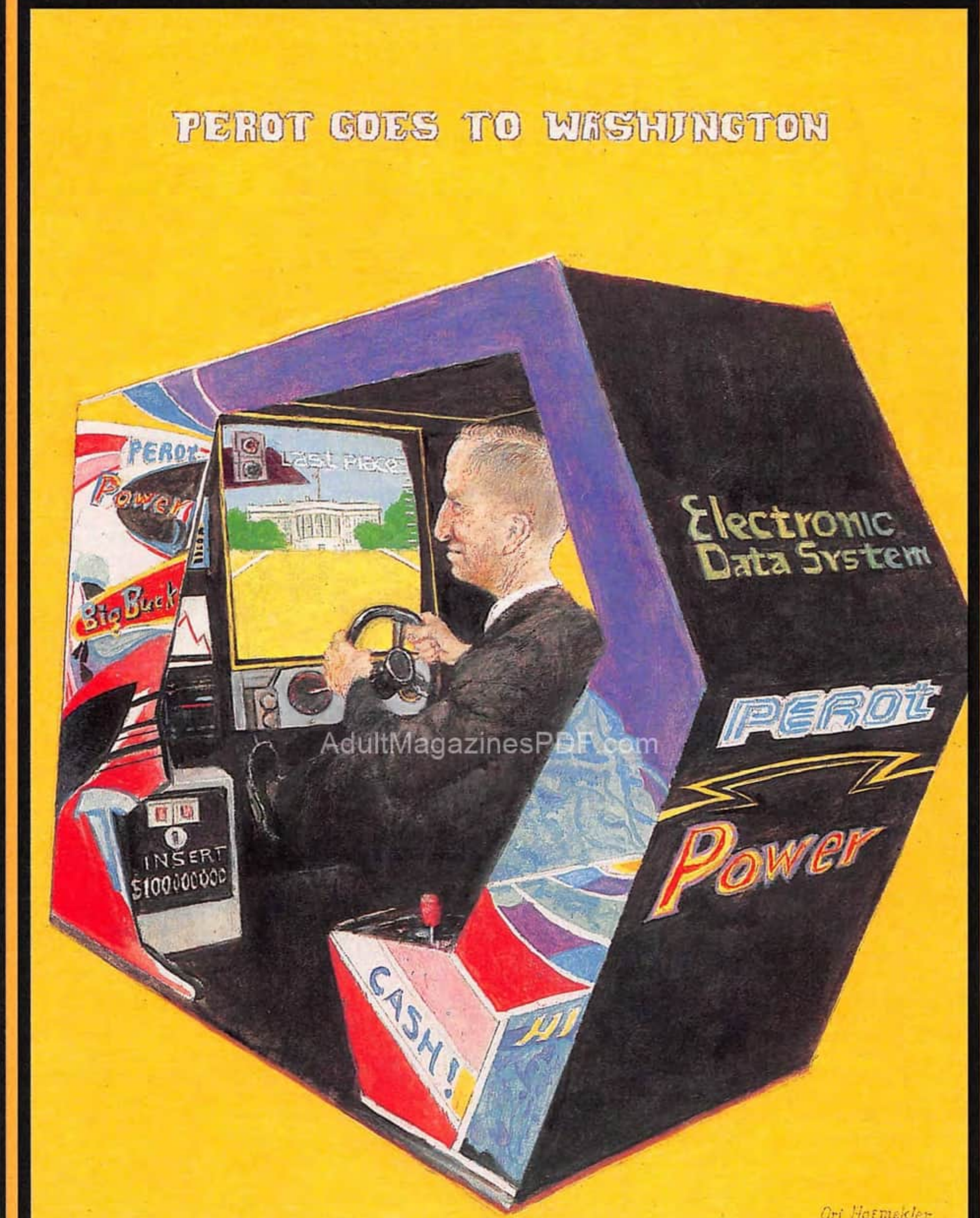
"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Back on patrol, of course," she said. "Someone may have forgotten another beach ball."—*B. H., Hawaii*

REUNION SWEET

I'm a graduate student at a school on the East Coast, and I'm involved in a long-distance relationship with a man in Georgia. Last week I picked my boyfriend up at the airport. I'd worn a clingy white silk blouse and deliberately left several buttons undone. The moment he saw me, his eyes moved eagerly to my partially exposed, ample breasts. As he held me close, I could feel his cock bulging against his tight jeans. We impatiently waited for his luggage, holding and kissing each other all the time. He was clearly hard, and I could hardly wait to have him inside me.

The drive home was difficult—I'd worn a garter belt and stockings, and he insisted on keeping his hand between my upper thighs, only inches from my hot pussy. We finally arrived at my apartment. I began to remove my



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HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 110

Billionaire H. Ross Perot

clothes so we could fuck as soon as possible, but he had a different idea. "I want to watch you undress. I'll tell you what to do," he said in a soft, seductive voice. Then he undressed completely and lay down on the bed. I could see his strong, hard body and throbbing cock, and I knew that I needed him quickly. It had been over three weeks since we'd been together, and my crotch was aching.

"Unbutton your blouse," he directed. I quickly undid my buttons and slid the shirt off my shoulders. "Now your bra." I removed my bra to reveal my very hard nipples, and imagined his luscious tongue and lips caressing them. "Your skirt," he murmured, all the while taking in my swollen breasts and erect nipples. I stepped out of my tight black suede miniskirt, and was then wearing only my black garter belt, stockings, and black G-string panties. I could tell he approved of my outfit by the smile on his face and the lust in his eyes.

"Now the panties, slowly, and then come stand over me." I took a deep breath and slowly wiggled the G-string over my hips and down my thighs. As I stood over him, I knew he could smell my excitement and see my juicy crotch. He leaned up and placed his firm tongue on my clit. His long, hard strokes drove me crazy. Sensations raced throughout my body and I began to moan loudly. It felt so good, I climaxed almost immediately, clutching my fingers to my mouth to avoid alarming the neighbors with my screams of ecstasy.

"I want you inside me," I moaned, pleading with him to enter me. The anticipation of finally fucking was overwhelming. He gently pulled me onto the bed, raised my knees up to my chest, and entered me in a rush. I gasped as I felt his entire manhood push deep inside me. I rose to meet each of his hard thrusts, catching my breath and feeling my juices flow. He brought his tongue down to tease my erect nipples, and I felt myself nearing another shattering orgasm. He began rubbing my clit with his hand, his hard cock still deep inside me, and within seconds he brought me to another fabulous climax.

I begged for him to come—my pussy was aching with pleasure and I wasn't sure if I could stand any more stimulation. He pulled out of me, but then placed his hands on my hips and turned me onto my stomach. I knew what was next—he knows how much fucking doggie-style turns me on. He placed his joystick against me, teasing with the head of his penis. Although I'd had two orgasms and was getting tired, I felt my cunt get even wetter.

Suddenly, he drove his cock inside me. The pressure was almost too much to bear, yet the sensation was irresistible and made me moan aloud. He pumped harder and faster, knowing that his cock was rubbing against my eager and protruding clit. We moved together, and in several strokes, I felt myself in yet another unbelievable climax. Finally, I felt his orgasm explode in my cunt in a rush of warmth. He stayed inside me and collapsed against my sweaty back.

"Welcome home," he murmured. It was certainly one homecoming I'll never forget!—*C. R., New Jersey*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

It all started last New Year's Eve when a friend from the office, Karen, invited me to ring out the old and ring in the new with her and Ann, her best friend and roommate. Karen had become quite a pal, and she knew I'd spent a lonely and miserable Christmas after recently separating from my fiancée. It occurred to me that Karen might be opening the door to my becoming better acquainted with Ann, and frankly, I found the prospect very intriguing.

"I pursed my lips over her clit and sucked as if it were a straw through which I could drink her love juices."

Accustomed to seeing them in rather bold outfits, I was not surprised when Ann answered the door wearing a sheer red silk blouse and an equally entrancing wraparound skirt. She greeted me with a friendly kiss, invited me in, and called for Karen. Karen walked in from the living room and stood beside Ann, wearing exactly the same outfit, and asked, "Do we make a pair or what?" I jokingly replied that it would be real easy to forget who was who, to which Ann replied with a laugh, "It could be easier than you think. Now, go take off your coat and tie, and get us all drinks."

I went to the kitchen as the girls began telling me about the gifts they had received for Christmas, including a video camera, which Karen had been unpacking when I arrived. She returned to the task as I poured drinks and we talked of things we each would like to have videotaped for the future. Karen suggested that we leave the camera running and record ourselves toasting the new year. I replied that acting normal in front of a camera might not be easy for me, at which they both laughed.

Ann said they would lend their modeling experience to help me forget the camera was even in the room. She and I sat down on the couch while Karen focused the camera, turned on the TV, and popped in a tape. She joined us, and we all engaged in light conversation about the good and bad of the past year. I made three more trips to refresh our libations, and began taking every opportunity to look into the TV when I tipped my glass.

The camera angle gave me a very titillating view of the ladies' legs. Ann was the first to notice my growing anxiety and, placing a hand on my arm, said, "See how easy it is to be natural in front of a camera?" She smiled and turned a little more toward it, giving me a better view of her firm thighs. Karen put her left foot up on the edge of the couch, letting her skirt slip downward and affording me a view of the back of her lean legs. She kissed me lightly on the cheek and, drawing attention to the stress against my pants, suggested, "I think he's ready for his first audition."

Ann reached across me, handed her drink to Karen, and then pressed her sweet, hot lips to mine and slid her hand inside my shirt. I returned the favor, feeling the firmness of her breast and rolling her nipple under my thumb. She wasted no time in unbuttoning my shirt and pressing her hardening nipples into my chest, sucking my tongue into her mouth in a kiss of pure passion. I felt her right leg move between my legs and, chancing a look past her perfect face to the TV screen, saw her skirt fall to the side, revealing her naked tight ass and that prize of prizes framed in soft golden hair. I was about to reach beneath her to slip my fingers in that golden love box when Karen held back my hand and whispered in my ear, "Did you forget I was here?"

She pulled my hand to my side, unzipped my slacks, and pulled my growing cock out from under Ann's stomach. As Ann continued her heated kissing, Karen began firmly pumping my cock while gently kissing the back of my neck and ear. I watched the TV in amazement as Karen guided my pussy pony between Ann's legs and rubbed the eye of the beast across her clit. After a dozen strokes, Karen edged Ann to the side, licked her way down my chest, and engulfed my wet dick in her mouth. Apparently, I had not fathomed all of Karen's intentions in inviting me over!

Ann slid to the floor, took off my shoes, and finished pulling down my pants. She knelt in front of the couch and slipped off Karen's skirt, then spread her legs so I could see her pussy on the TV. Ann parted Karen's love lips with her left hand and started finger-fucking her. I felt the back of Karen's throat as she wantonly worked her

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE

FREE

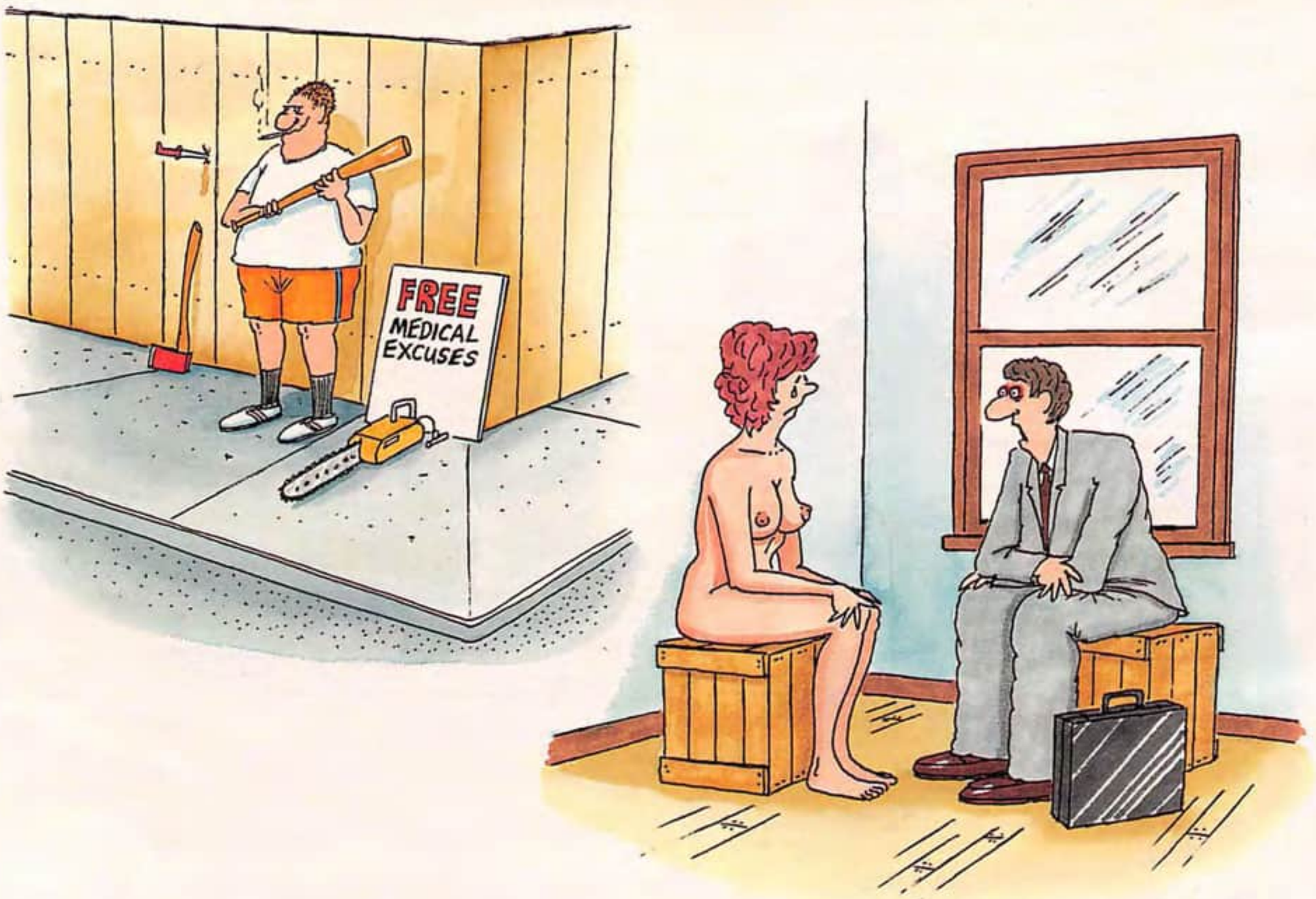
SATIRE BY TOM CHENEY

"I don't recognize the fragrance, but I know I've had it before."

"Son, it's time I gave you some serious advice on the high cost of freedom."

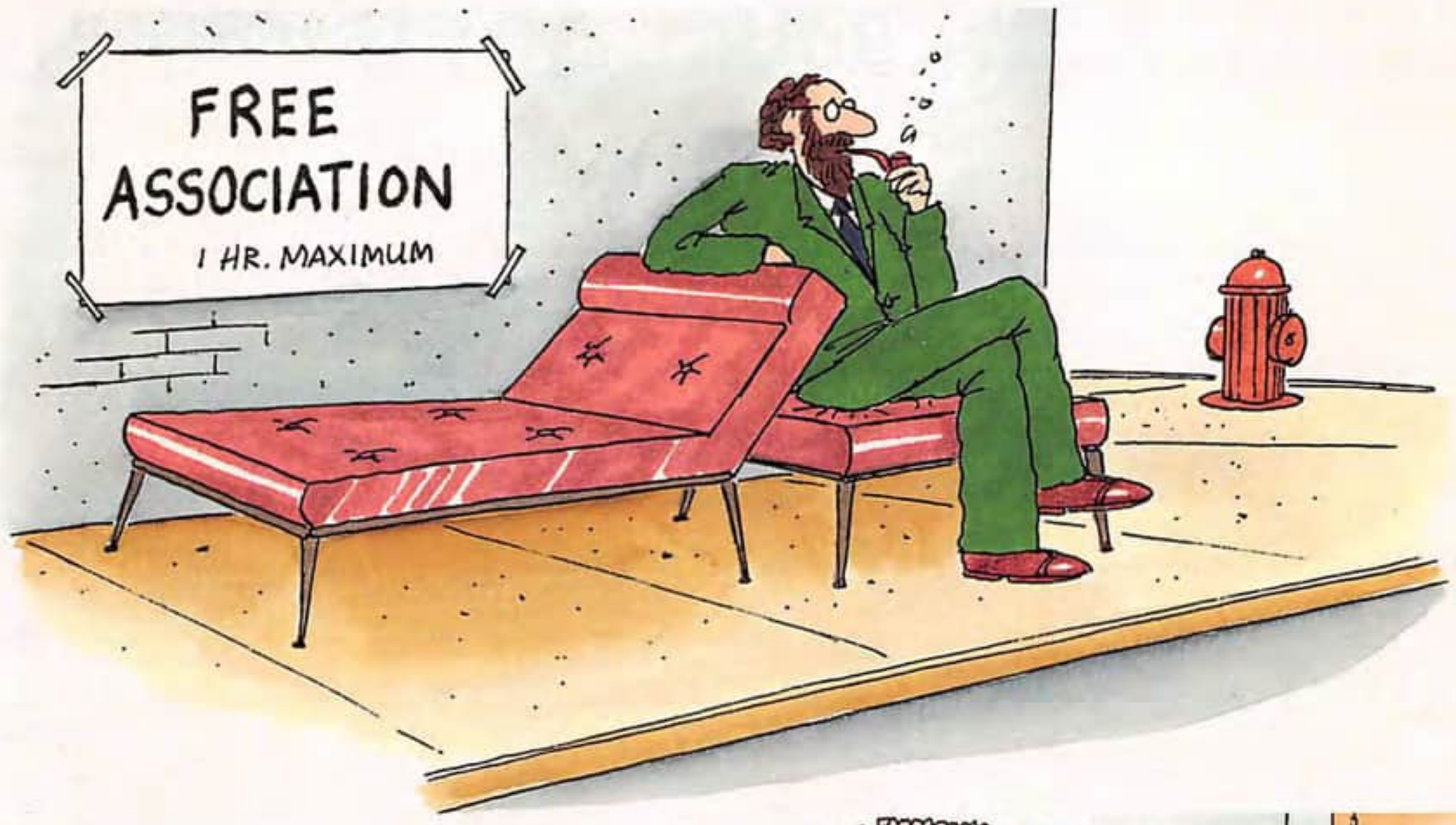
"Eunice, darling, there are very few things in life that are truly free. . . . Please swallow it so I can kiss you good night."

"You're really sick, Ted."



"Let me get this straight. . . . You found a toll-free number in your purse, you called it, and you accidentally gave everything we own to a televangelist?"

"Miss Cooper, see that Mr. Canfield receives one of our complimentary coffee mugs before he reaches the ground floor."



"Okay wise guy . . . show me one thing on this planet you can get for free!"

". . . and if you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you free of charge."

"Now *do you believe it's a mirage?*"

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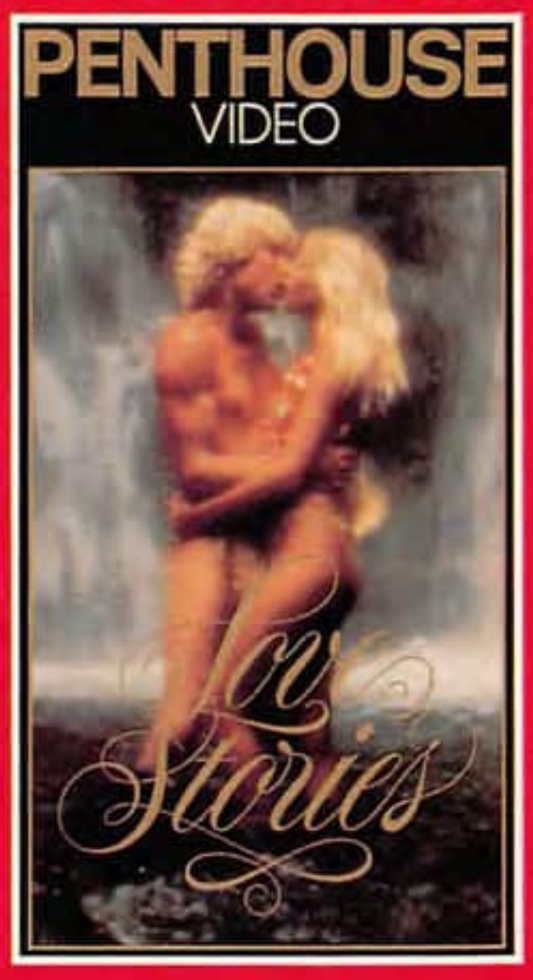

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

face back and forth between my legs time after time.

I was pushing against the couch, ready to fill Karen's mouth with my love potion, when Ann suddenly grabbed Karen by the hair and pulled her backward. She grabbed my balls just hard enough to stem the surging tide and kissed my forehead. "Sorry," she said, "you're supposed to be for me, and I want that cock between my legs." Letting go of my balls, Ann lay on the couch beside me, stretching her right leg over the back of the couch. She taunted me, "Now let's see if you can pass *my* audition."

I got on my knees in the middle of the couch, prepared to fuck her brains out. I crawled between her widespread legs and slipped inside her. She clenched my forearms, digging her fingernails into my skin as every muscle in her body convulsed. Gasping, she dropped her hips as I pounded even harder. I felt my cock filling her, and soon I exploded like never before. Her cunt muscles clenched me even more forcefully as her body bucked against my raging eruption. Bolts of electricity jolted through me.

After we recovered, she and Karen each grabbed an arm, catapulting me to my feet. "You've got the part," Ann said. "Now take us to bed and really get to know your leading ladies." What followed would take an entire magazine to chronicle!—*D. B., Florida*

ORGASMIC ORGY

My boyfriend and I were watching television when several of his buddies came over. All they talked about was sex and having an orgy. They talked and talked and talked, hinting subtly about having one—with me. Now, normally I'm not into kinky things, but lately my boyfriend and I have been getting into some pretty unusual stuff, like doing it outside on the wet, slushy, muddy ground, and having what I call "salad sex"—when we use various items such as celery, cucumbers, carrots, and sometimes salad dressing.

Without giving it another minute's thought, I stood up and stripped in front of them all, going very slowly and dancing seductively. My breasts heaved at the sight of the men hastily stripping off their clothing and sheepishly looking at one another. They had me sit in a chair and asked me to close my eyes. As I did so, I could feel my pussy becoming wet.

My boyfriend talked to me in a deep, husky voice as he slid a cold cucumber up my pussy, laughing as I moaned at the pleasure the succulent vegetable gave me. I licked my lips as they poured Italian dressing over my sweaty body. I was so horny, sitting still was becoming very difficult. Someone rubbed his dick across the dressing that was running down my body and brought it up to my lips. I lavishly licked and sucked the enlarged penis. He withdrew and started sucking and teasing my tits with his tongue. I groaned with delight, hearing others groaning around me.

I arched my back when another began rubbing me down, very gently at first, then harder and faster. He inserted two slippery fingers inside me and slowly worked them in and out of my cunt. Before I knew it, my body was heaving in orgasm. My boyfriend told me to open my eyes, and when I did, not only were the guys still there, but some women had joined them as well. The girls quickly stripped and we fucked on the floor of my apartment for the rest of the evening, with and without the addition of Italian dressing. Now we have an orgy every Friday night, and I can't eat a salad without thinking about it!—*W. T., Texas*

> The moment he saw me, his eyes moved eagerly to my partially exposed, ample breasts. As he held me close, I could feel his cock bulging against his tight jeans.

SILLY GAMES

Wild and silly sexual fantasies were the topic of discussion during a recent coffee break at the large company I work for. We talked freely about everything from group sex to strip poker, nude volleyball to spin the bottle, Jell-O wrestling to a pie fight, whipped cream massage to bare-assed aerobics, and just plain watching a strip show. After work four of us got together for drinks. We tried to put many ideas together to see if we could make some sort of "package fantasy" that all the others might go for.

Harry and his gorgeous redheaded wife, Amy, had just moved into a new house, and they said we could set up an area in the basement for a messy free-for-all. We put carpet padding on the floor and covered it and the walls with plastic sheeting. Harry and Amy were the only married couple. The rest of the 16 people who wanted in were all single, young, hot, and horny.

"Strip cut-the-cards," instead of strip poker, started out the evening. The low-card holder had two pieces of clothing removed by the high-card holder of the opposite sex. The first three losers were all males, and surprisingly, the winning women showed a little shyness when they removed the guys' shirts and shoes! Jennifer was the first female loser, and right away her vest and blouse came off, leaving her ample breasts barely concealed by her bra. I was the next to lose, and vengeance belonged to the girls. Off came my pants and briefs, exposing my hard-on pointing directly to the sky. Card cutting immediately took on a frenzy, and in just minutes, Nancy, a buxom blonde, took off her earrings. At that point we were all equally and totally undressed.

We did five minutes of jumping jacks and other aerobics. The visual pleasure and enjoyment of seeing dicks slapping around and beautiful boobs swinging was obvious by all of our giggles and outright laughter. Next, we played catch—guys against gals—with beer-filled balloons, until one team broke three of them. The winner would get the first whipped cream and Jell-O pies to throw at the losers. We knew the girls, with their long nails, were going to be bad at this one. But so much for overconfidence—the balloons didn't go back and forth more than four or five times before us guys blew it.

We played spin the bottle to pick the first pitcher and the first target. Jennifer won and I lost. She got me square in the face, and that cold, tasty mess slid down my entire body, with a glob of whipped cream staying on my pointing dick. About five or six more pies were tossed, hitting bellies and cocks. Then all hell broke loose, and a free-for-all pie fight was on. Faces, tits, and crotches were quickly covered with red Jell-O and white, slimy whipped cream.

The fun stopped for an instant when Gary accidentally knocked Helen down and they banged heads. She said, "I'll sue you!" Gary didn't bat an eye; he just said, "I'll fuck you." So he jumped on her and they settled out of court in the friendliest fucking way. The whipped cream and Jell-O lubricated his big member and it slid smoothly into her equally wet and messy snatch. He grabbed handfuls of Jell-O and spread it all over her magnificent breasts and torso.

Jell-O and whipped cream covered everyone. Hands were on cocks and cunts, tits and asses—massaging and kissing, sucking and fucking, slipping and sliding. Cocks disappeared into mouths and pussies like there was a bounty on them. Tongues were sliding all over tits and twats, into ears and over firm asses. When one would get exhausted or not be able to get their love muscle hard, there was plenty of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 140

EXTRA

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

EXTRA

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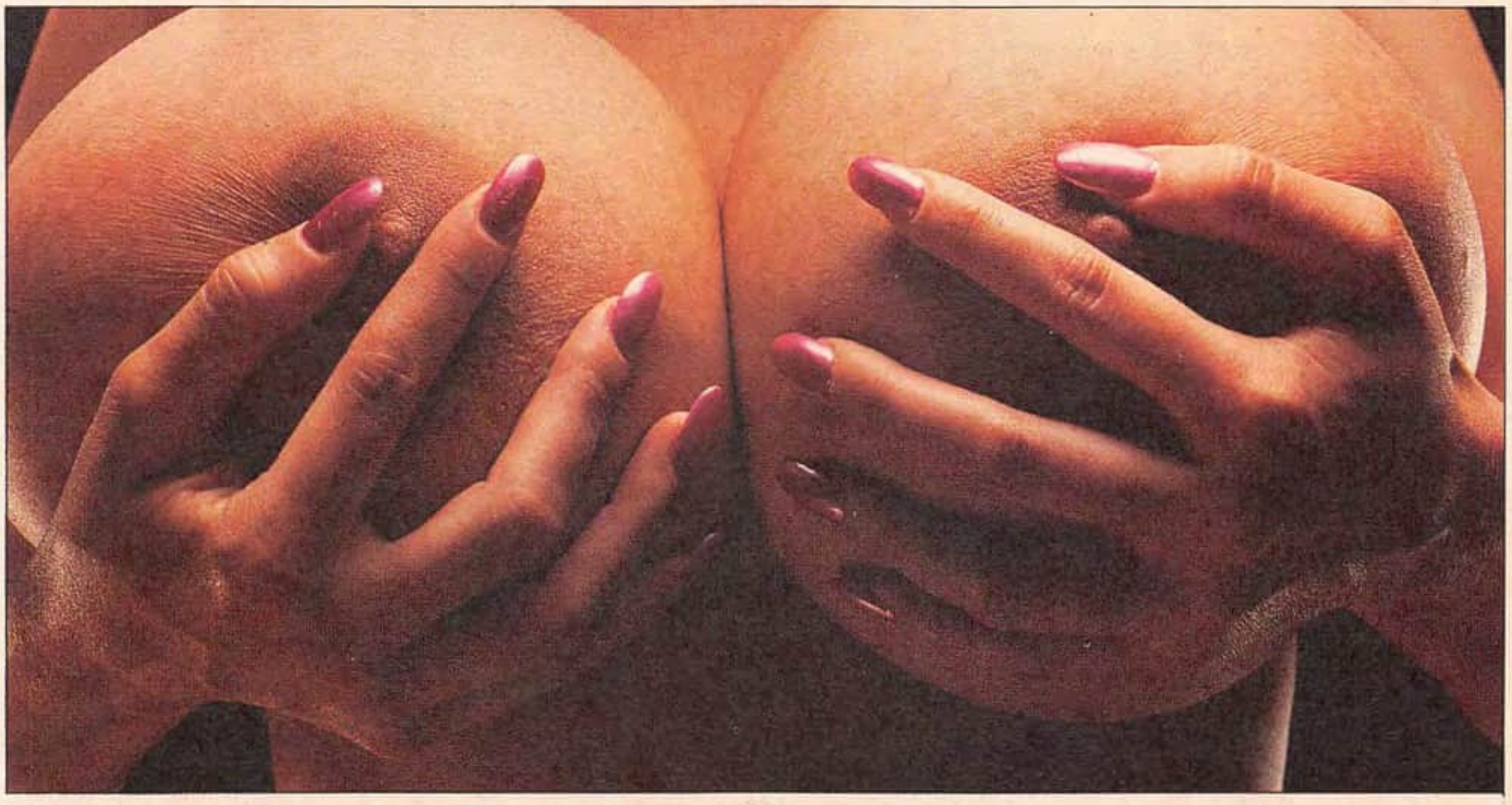
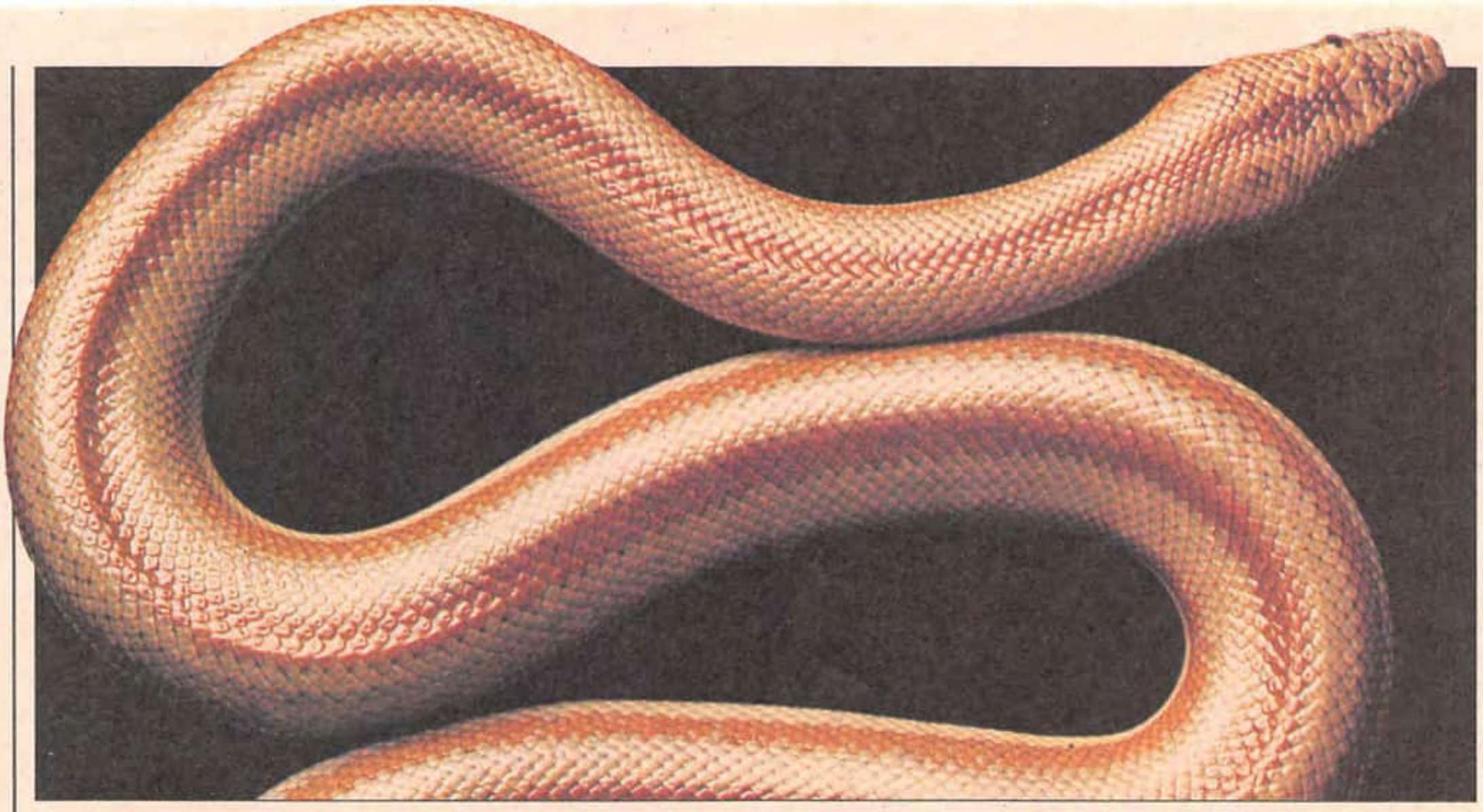


THE WORLD'S MOST BODACIOUS BAZOOMS

Vicki Little, a 19-year-old model who is now the rage of the Paris fashion world, is believed to have the world's largest bosom—73 inches—giving her measurements of 73-23-34. She was working as a $225-a-week billing clerk when she was approached by an agent who convinced her to take advantage of the fashion world's current obsession with large breasts by becoming a model. Now, she says, she earns $10,000 an hour and is booked solid for the next three years. However, the well-endowed beauty still has some problems in everyday life, such as driving a car. "My brother teases me that I don't need an air bag with cushions like these," says the young model, who hopes to bring herself and her "two friends" to the United States sometime soon. (*Sun*)

A titillating experience for all.—Editor



WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO SNAKE

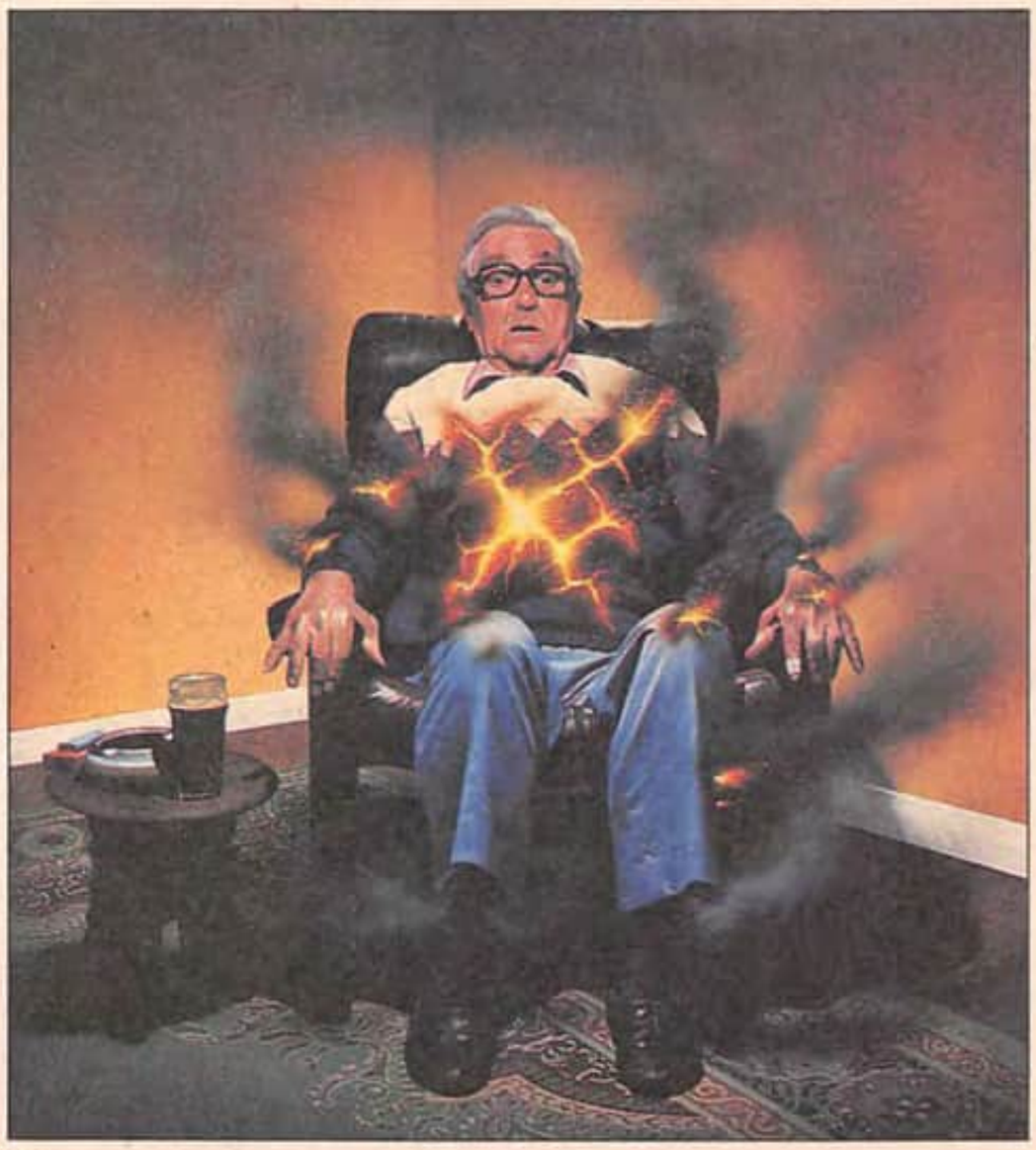
Doctors in a Thailand hospital got the shock of their lives as they prepared to deliver a baby from a young mother and a poisonous snake more than a foot long emerged from her womb. A short while later, the woman gave birth to a perfectly healthy baby girl. Alarmed workers in the maternity ward immediately beat the snake to death, and then tried to figure out how it had gotten into the woman's body. The death of the snake upset the father, who felt the slithery serpent was as much his child as the infant. (*Sun*)

Now that's a snake in the grass!—Editor

MOBSTER'S HEMORRHOIDS EXPLODE

The Mafia godfather who couldn't be killed was finally done in when hit men laced his hemorrhoid ointment with enough explosives to kill a baby elephant. Rocco Onofrio was sitting on the toilet in his mansion near Palermo when he applied the medicine. The blast dismembered the don and nearly destroyed the first floor of his home. (*National Examiner*—submitted by Joe Forbes, Pittsburgh, Penn.)

We guess he was ass-assinated.—Editor



A REAL SEX GODDESS

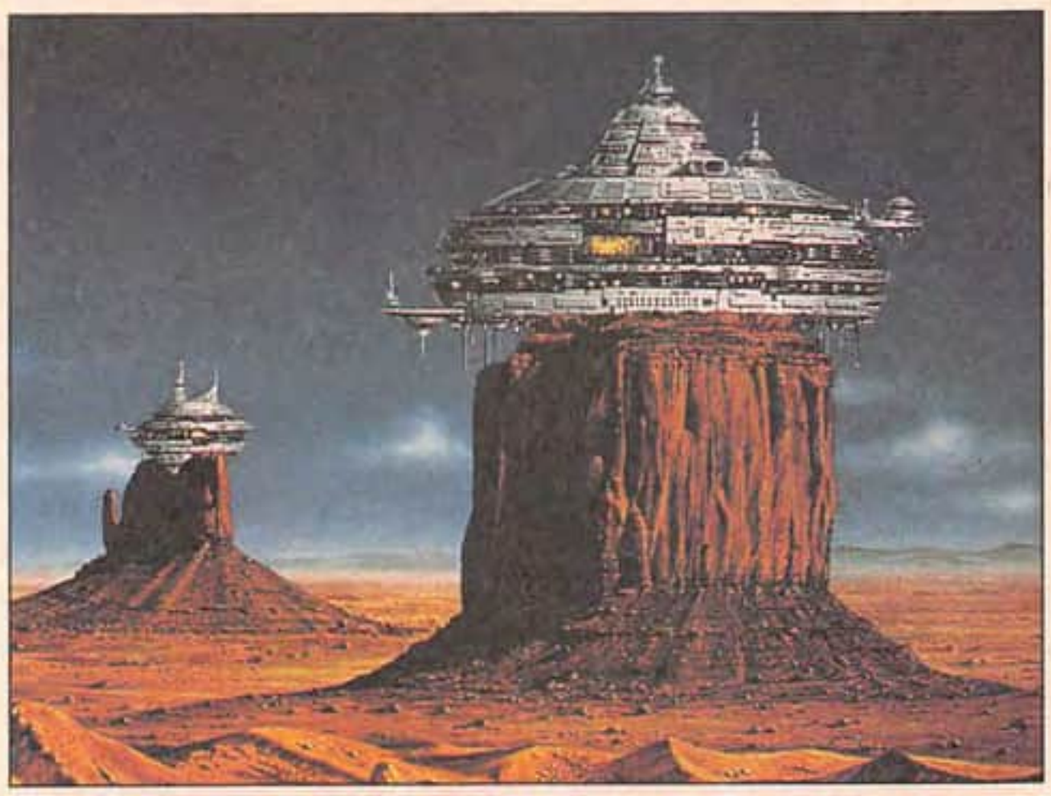
A California religious group claims it can absolve the sins of male worshipers by requiring them to have sexual intercourse with a female priestess. The group, which calls itself the Church of the Most High Goddess, was founded by a man who claims that his wife achieved the high status of priestess in the church by having sex with 1,000 men. (*Los Angeles Times*)

That's a religion for us.—Editor

TILL DEATH DO US PART

Although his wife has tried to kill him four times, a man says he remains in love with the woman, for whom he faithfully waited while she completed a four-year prison term for her latest attempt on his life. Their interesting marital relationship began when the wife, discovering that her husband was cheating on her, fed him spaghetti topped with sauce containing ground-up sleeping pills. After he passed out, a hit man she hired fired a bullet into the back of his head. Incredibly, the husband survived the murder attempt. (He still has the bullet in his skull.) Undaunted, she kept trying: She fed him sleeping pills in poisoned soup (he survived), then hired two hit men to kill him. He survived that attempt when a bullet passed within inches of his heart. While he was recovering, police discovered the wife trying to poison him again with laced soup. The couple celebrated their 26th wedding anniversary this year, and the man claims he's madly in love with his wife. (*National Enquirer*)

Some guys never get the message.—Editor



BERMUDA TRIANGLE MOVES TO MEXICO

Several Mexican scientists claimed to have discovered a landlocked Bermuda Triangle in a remote part of Mexico about 350 miles west of Brownsville, Texas. According to the scientists, the area features strange magnetic radiation, giant UFOs that buzz nearby villages, strange earth platforms rising hundreds of feet from the desert, and purple cacti and trees seen nowhere else in the world. (*National Examiner*)

Whatever you do, don't drink the water.—Editor

KINKY SHRINK SPARKS SUICIDE

A female Harvard psychiatrist, Dr. Margaret Bean-Bayog, was accused of seducing a young male patient, writing notes to him containing graphic sado-masochistic sex fantasies, forcing him to call her mommy, and then dropping him when he ran out of money to pay for his treatment. Shortly afterward, the patient committed suicide. According to a suit filed by the dead patient's family, the young man started seeing the psychiatrist after he felt depressed and homesick in 1986 while at medical school. Subsequently, according to the suit, the psychiatrist seduced him and wrote him hundreds of notes asking him to "do absolutely anything you want to me, no matter how forbidden." (*New York Post*)

After 45 minutes on her couch, thoughts of home would be the last thing on our mind.—Editor

CHIC NEW (UGH!) WAY TO EAT SPAGHETTI

Restaurant owners in Italy report what they consider a repulsive new trend: Italian girls who have decided to spice up mealtimes by sucking up spaghetti through their noses. The fad, which began some months ago in one Italian city, has now spread throughout the country. "I was surprised how good it felt," says one woman. One restaurateur says he's had to set aside separate rooms for "nose diners" so all his regular customers don't lose their lunch. (*Weekly World News*)

Well, it does save on after-meal brushing.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

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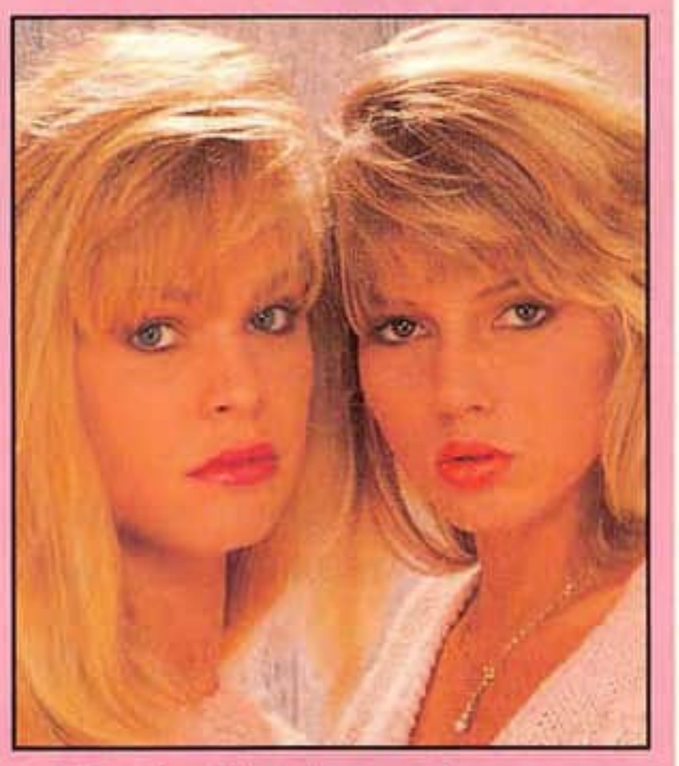

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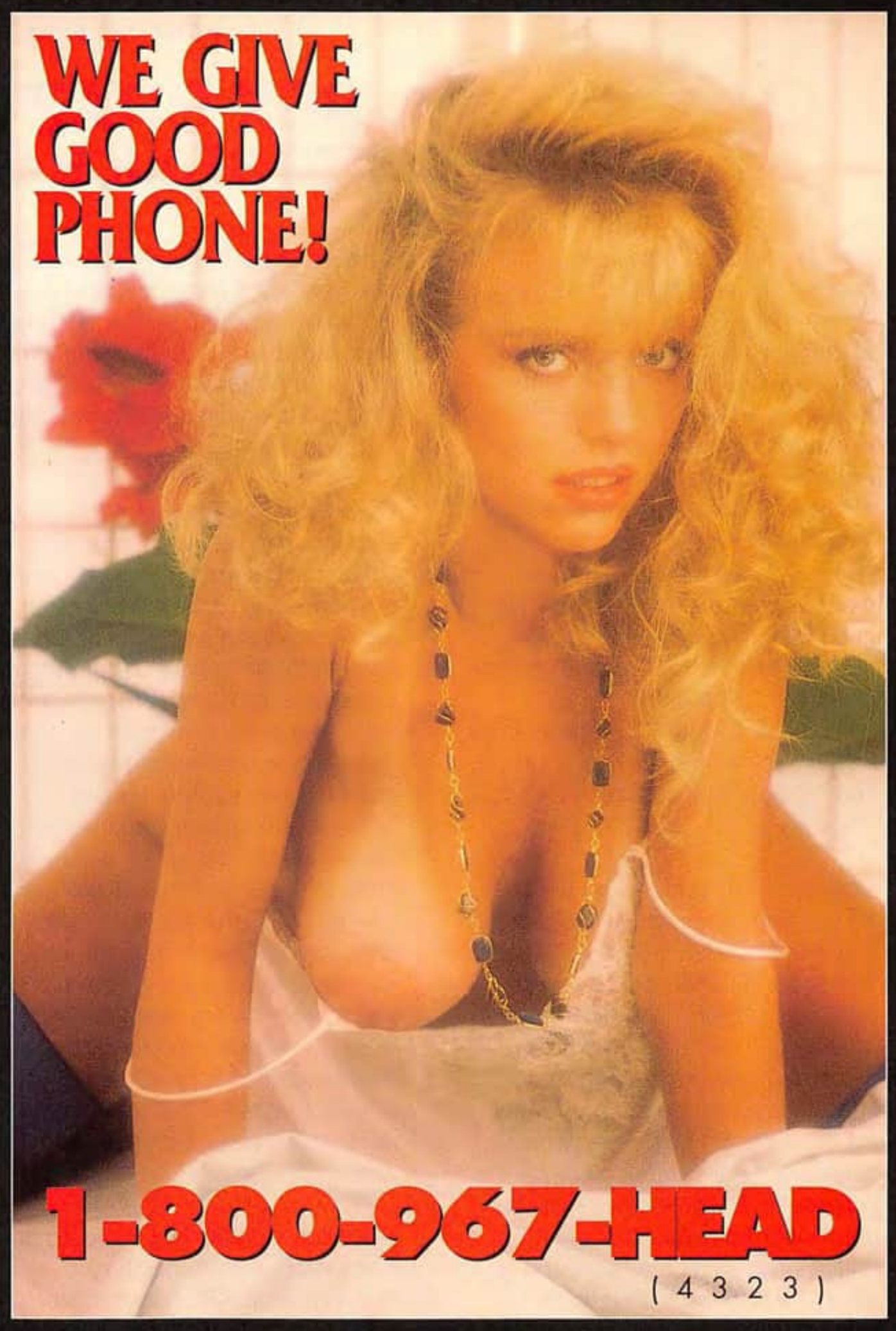

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Over the years I have helped many guys get their act together in the difficult and sometimes scary world of **women and sex.** Very often, with just a couple of hints or ideas relating to their particular problem, I was able to ***completely*** turn their sex life around. I can't tell you how many times I've heard guys tell me that they wished they could have hung out with me or that they miss the good old days when we would hit the bar scene and they could watch me "work." Don't get the wrong idea, I'm not any kind of model or movie star type. I don't have a weight lifter's body and I'm not rolling in money. I **do** have the knowledge and understanding of women that few men have. And, I want to share my expertise with you!

You will no longer feel insecure or intimidated. Before my very fortunate indoctrination into the world of female pleasure, I was just an ordinary guy, trying to get laid (and not doing a very good job of it). It was then, when I least expected it, that I experienced a series of sexual events which transformed me and my life into a dream come true! **You can make it happen too!**

I want you to experience the real sexual thrills and power that most guys just lie about. I will make it happen for you, if you let me help you by sending for my complete Manual.

Learn how to communicate the idea that you are the right guy for her. You can get the woman to become the aggressor and go after **you!** What a great feeling! Women don't like desperate guys. When you appear hard up, ***they*** don't want to be the one who changes your luck! There are many ways for you to convince a woman that she wants you. The art of seduction is the key to your success. When you combine the proper seductive techniques along with the dynamic sexual techniques (that I explain to you in my manual) you will have....

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When I was younger all I could think about was girls. The only girls I got were found in the pages of my latest Penthouse magazine. I was sure that I was never going to get laid. Then one night, my transformation began. In the months that followed, my experience, technique and confidence **soared** to unimaginable levels... I was on my way to becoming the ultimate lover. My initial breakthrough was due to the tender care of a woman who taught me things that most men and women never find out about. I don't know why this woman chose to bestow these gifts upon me. *I do know* that all my lovers are grateful that she did! No man should miss out on anything the world of sex has to offer. Over the past several years all of my sexual fantasies have been fulfilled. I want to make sure that your fantasies **come true** as well!

All you have to do is take the first step by ordering my **Manual.** If you want sexual fulfillment and prowess or, if you just want to brush up your own game, my **Manual** will help you achieve your personal goals! You can't afford to miss touching, tasting and taming one more tempting seductress and now, you won't have to...**THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL SECRETS ARE REVEALED FOR THE FIRST TIME.**

I will explain to you how to give **maximum** pleasure to all the women that you will encounter. In the Manual, you will find details on how to get any women to bed with you.

My methods will insure that you will give them the **gratifying** experience they crave. Once you have **delivered** they will do anything to get you back in the sack. Learn how to torture her with her anticipation and pleasure. Learn how to give your lover what she needs, and she will be begging for the things she wants. Her explosive orgasms will thrill both of you, time and time again.

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STAY AWAY FROM THE QUICK FIXES AND HOLLOW PROMISES

There are many products and books out there that promise to increase your staying power, your size, offer the ultimate pick up lines or promise sex through chemistry.

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When it comes to sex and women, you must learn how to **deliver the goods. I can** and **will** give you all the **complete** information you will need to alter your entire approach to women. I don't care what you look like or what kind of car you drive. I don't care how badly you've done with women in the past. I will change it all for you!

Make love to all kinds of women in all kinds of places and in ways you can't even imagine. This little known information will be confidentially released to you in the **"Hidden Secrets of Sexual Pleasure". You can unlock the door to unbelievable sexual ecstasy.** You have nothing to lose and everything to gain! **Send** for my Manual **today** and find out:

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Here's the recommendation of one very satisfied reader:

"I consider myself to be an average looking guy. I'm tall with a decent build. I always tried to be the funny guy when I went out. As hard as I tried, I just couldn't seem to get a girl to leave the bar with me. I would initially interest them. Then, in no time at all they were paying attention to some other guy. I just didn't understand why I couldn't hold their attention for more than two minutes. I started wondering what was wrong with me. To top that off, there was a particular girl that I had been wanting to go out with, but I didn't want to blow it. For a long time I didn't say a word to her and I became increasingly frustrated.

I was lusting after this sexy blonde for a long time. We would talk on occasion, but I just couldn't get her to go out with me. So I figured, I've got nothing to lose by giving your recommendations an honest try.

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SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

eager help to pull, suck, and/or spread whipped cream and Jell-O on it to revitalize the revelry.

After an hour and a half or so, some of us wanted to take a beer break. The others wouldn't let us, however, so a whole 12-pack of beer was squirted and poured on us. It just added another ingredient to the frolicking.

All those throbbing cocks, pulsating pussies, beautiful bouncing breasts, and slippery naked bodies finally tired as dawn arrived. Some found shower time still another reason to play even more. I hope it can be done again. I know it can't be topped, but nothing's more fun than a barrel of people—just try it!—*S. A., Wisconsin*

THREE FOR ONCE

Although the subject of a threesome had been a major fantasy of mine, and my wife and I had read accounts in "Forum" that had turned us on, Helen was adamantly opposed to it—or so I thought. A chance weekend at a ski resort provided the opportunity. After checking in we ran into Lori, a former colleague of mine who had moved away. She had since gotten divorced and had recently returned to the area. She and Helen had always been friendly, so it was a nice reunion for us all.

That night at the lounge, there were a couple of studs hitting on Lori, but since she was still unsure of herself and these kinds of situations, she stayed at our table. Helen and I were getting horny as hell, and my wife couldn't keep her hand off my crotch beneath the table. As we excused ourselves to go to our room, my hard-on was evident. Lori winked at Helen and said, "Have a good time." Then with a smile, she said to us both, "If you want some company tonight, I'm available." Helen told her to come by for a drink if she got lonely.

Figuring Lori would quickly become involved with someone there, we went back to our room to fuck and suck our brains out. About 45 minutes later, there was a knock on the door. After some light foreplay, Helen and I had just gotten locked in a hot sixty-nine, so we were a bit startled.

Helen put on an old football jersey of mine, and I put on shorts and answered the door—it was Lori with a bottle of wine. My hard-on was all but out of my boxers and Helen's hair was wet with sweat, but we sat down on the bed, with Lori in a nearby chair. You could have cut the sexual tension with a knife when Lori said, "I may have made a mistake coming here, but I thought, well . . . maybe . . ." Then Helen shocked the living shit out of me when she said, "Well, maybe."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 154

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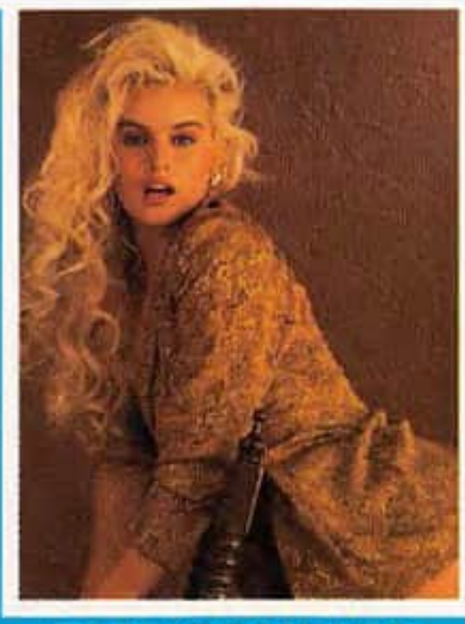

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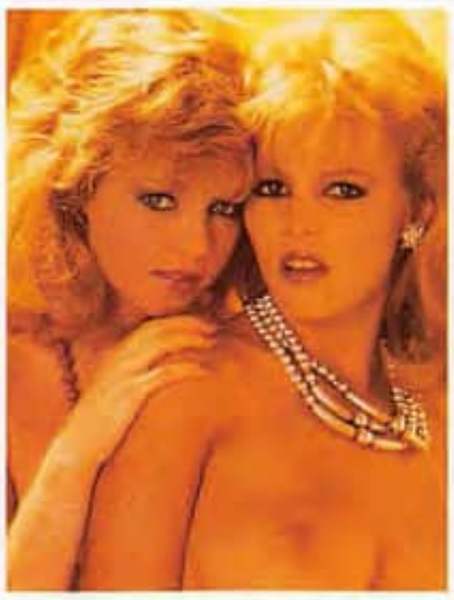

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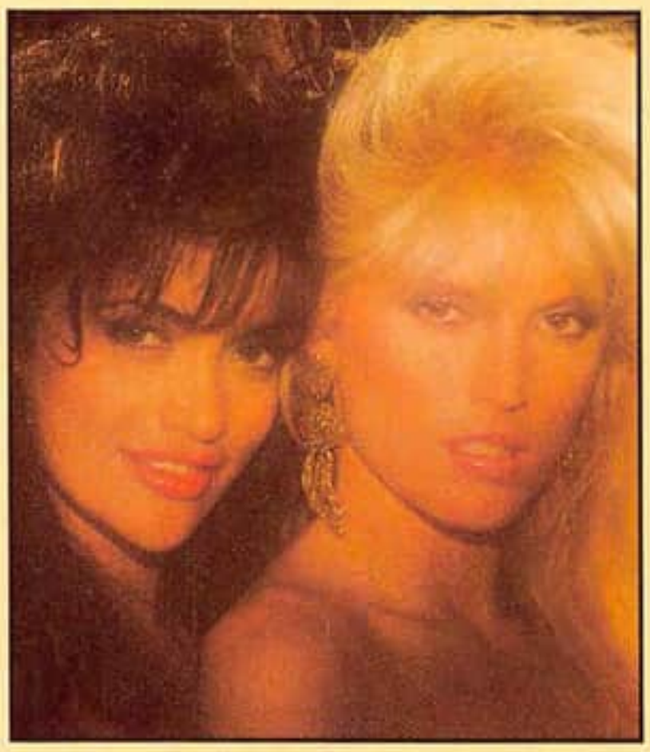

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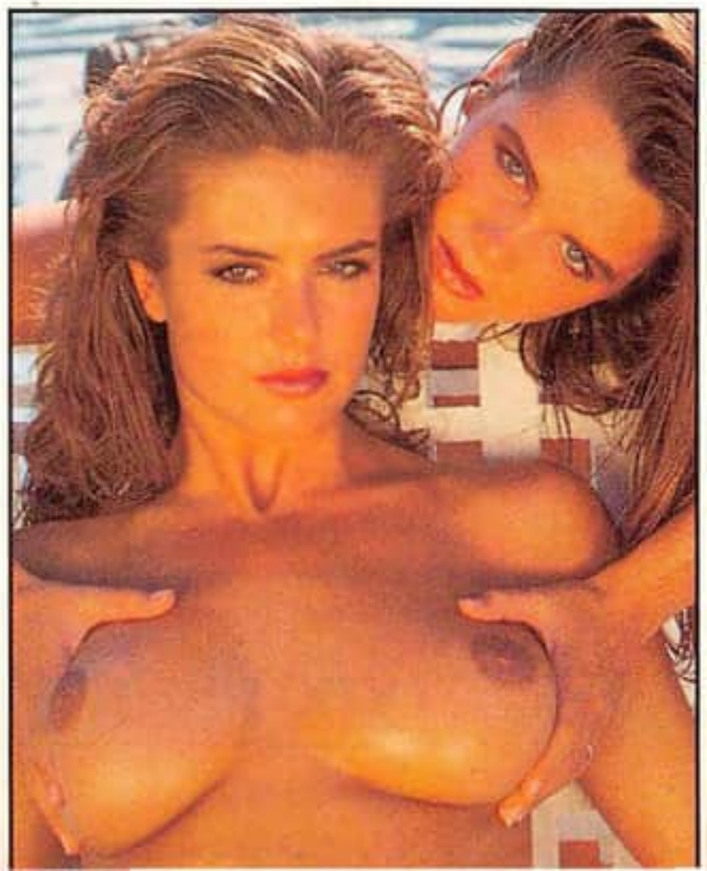

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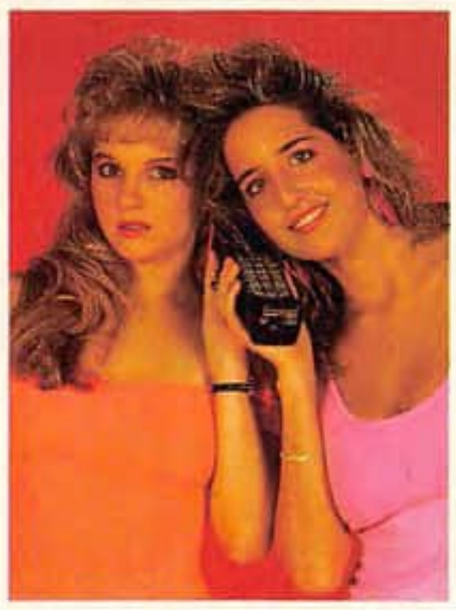

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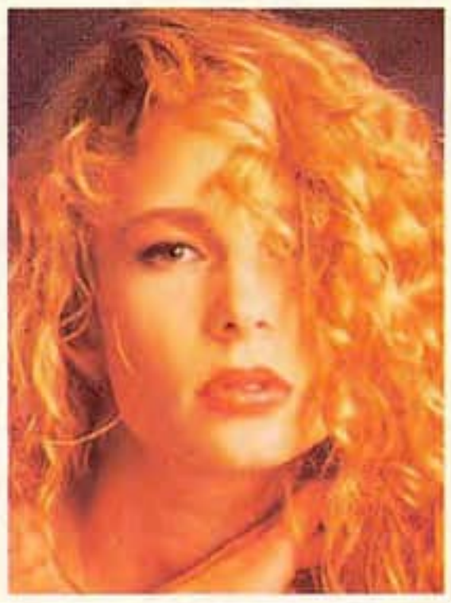

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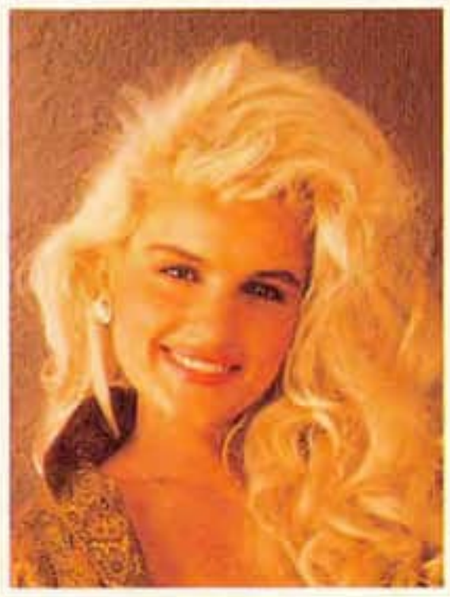

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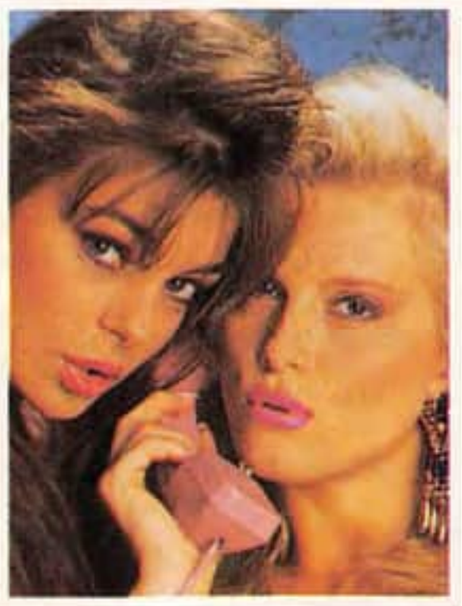

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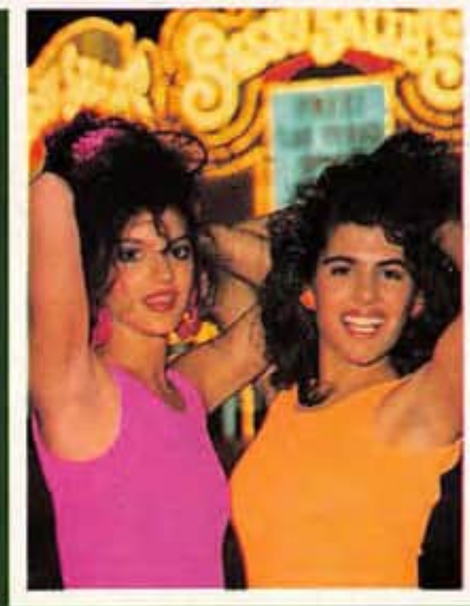

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 140

Lori stood up and took off her coat, revealing only a T-shirt underneath. I said that this was a first for us, so we were both nervous. She said that after her divorce she had had a threesome with friends like us a couple of times in the past year and if at any time we were uncomfortable, she would leave, no questions asked. "Why don't you two get started and I'll watch," she said. "That usually breaks the ice."

I could tell Helen was a bit scared, so I kissed her and pinched her nipples to settle her down a bit. Lo and behold, she pulled the jersey over her head, and I watched as she pulled my shorts down and returned with gusto to my prick. Lori had pulled her shirt off and had her knees up and spread, exposing her blond bush. She played with her nipples with one hand and her pussy with the other. Helen glanced over at her, then rose to her knees with her ass toward Lori and began to play with herself. Then she took my cock out of her mouth and motioned for Lori to join us, saying, "He doesn't have anything to play with."

Returning to my stiff rod, Helen smiled and said, "Have fun, baby." I played with Lori's pussy for a moment until she lay next to my head so I could give her a good eating out. Just the feel of my tongue in her, along with Helen's sucking, made me ready to burst. They both could feel my orgasm coming, so Lori moved closer to Helen while I got ready to let go. When I looked down and saw those beauties over my cock, I began to come, Helen taking the first blast and Lori finishing up. As I relaxed, they both continued to slowly lick and suck my cock, then Lori put her hands on Helen's breasts. There was a moment of hesitation, but Helen didn't object, so Lori went further, first playing with her tits and then moving down to her pussy.

By now, Helen was lying back and we were watching each other. As Lori fingered Helen's pussy, she began to suck her tits and then moved her tongue down. "Ooh, shit," was the only sound from Helen as she looked at Lori's head buried between her legs.

Lori looked up and asked Helen if it was okay if I fucked her. "Fuck her, honey. Fuck her good," Helen cried, then she let out a groan as Lori expressed her gratitude. She continued to devour Helen's cunt while I moved my hard cock up against her wet pussy. It was so tight as I slid into place. Helen's eyes were completely glazed over with pleasure, and Lori's tongue never stopped moving.

Lori moved her fingers into Helen's hole and finger-fucked her to the same rhythm of my cock sliding in and out of her own tunnel. Her lips were clamped on Helen's clit, and it must have been pure heaven. I'd never seen my wife so turned on. Together we moved from a slow, relaxed pace to a good skin-slapping number that sent us all over the edge in a domino effect.

The rest of the weekend, the three of us hardly ever left one another's company. Once, I returned from a session at the gym to find the two girls locked in a sixty-nine, enjoying themselves immensely. There was a note on the nightstand saying "Got tired of waiting—jump in whenever you wish." Needless to say, it didn't take me long to find just the right moment—and the right place—to do so.—*C. E., Virginia*

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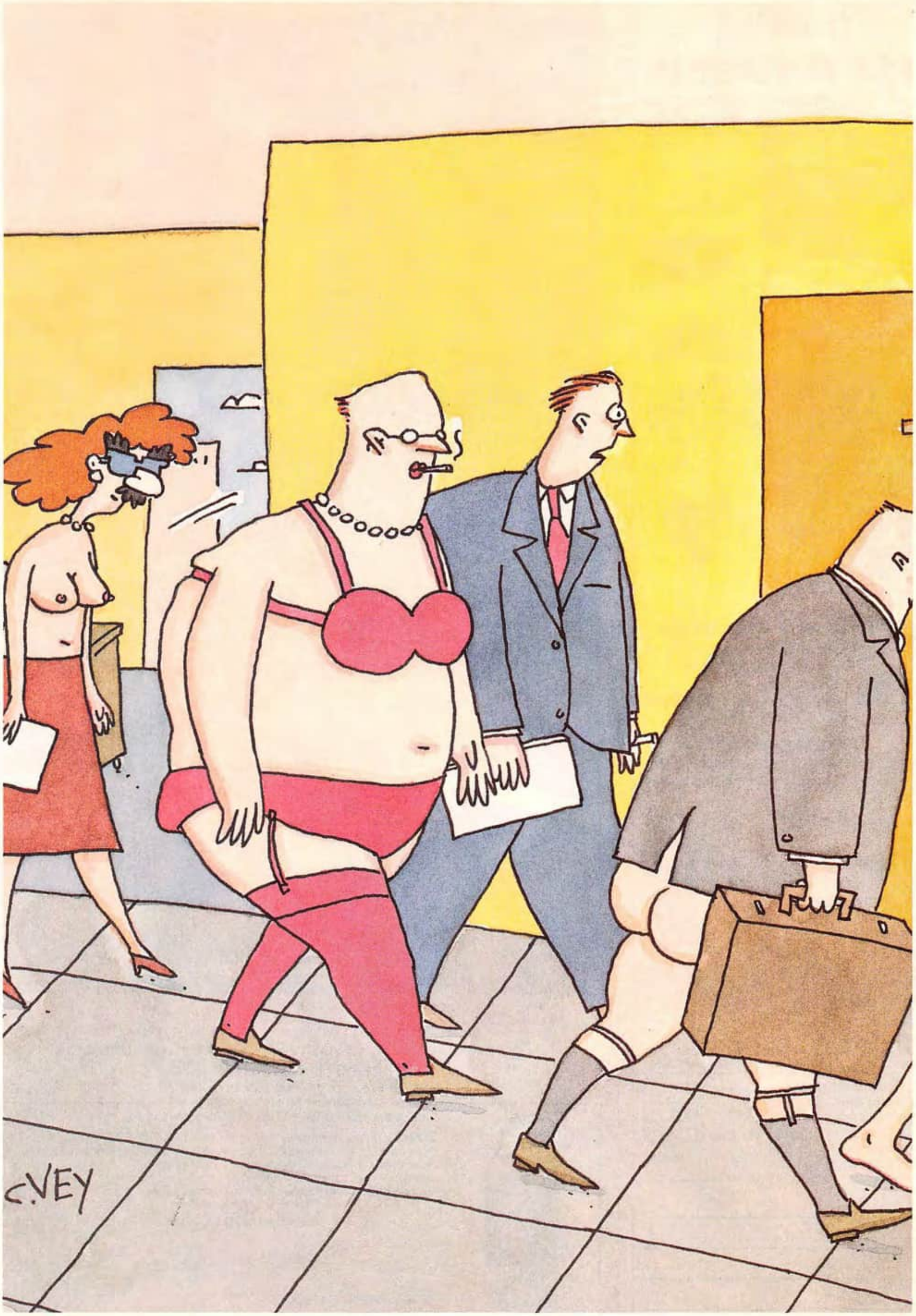

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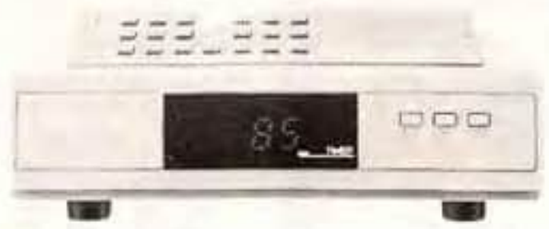

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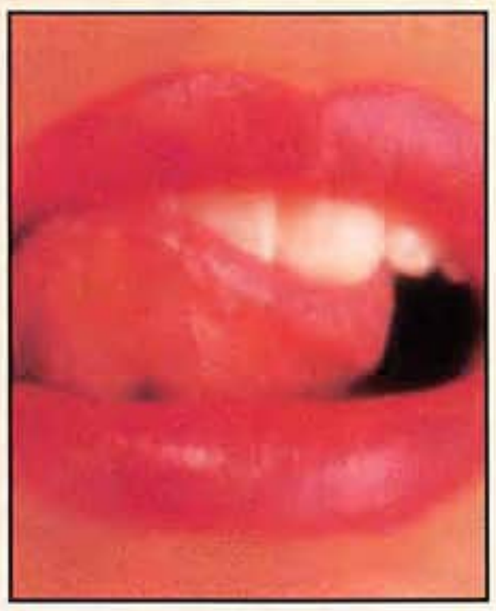

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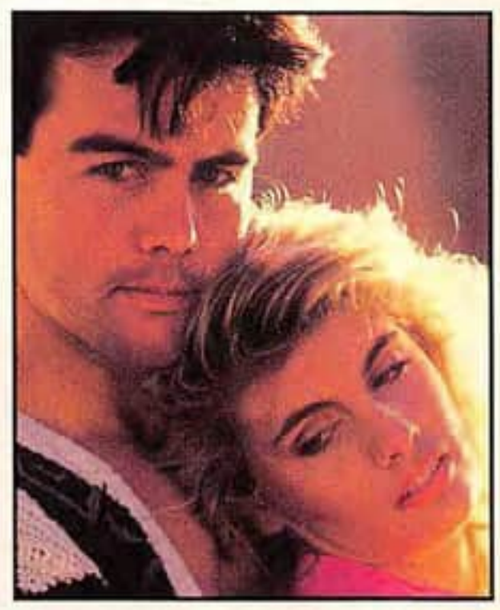

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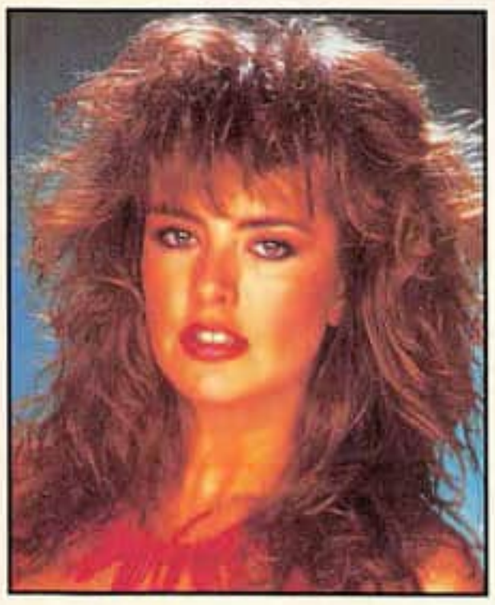

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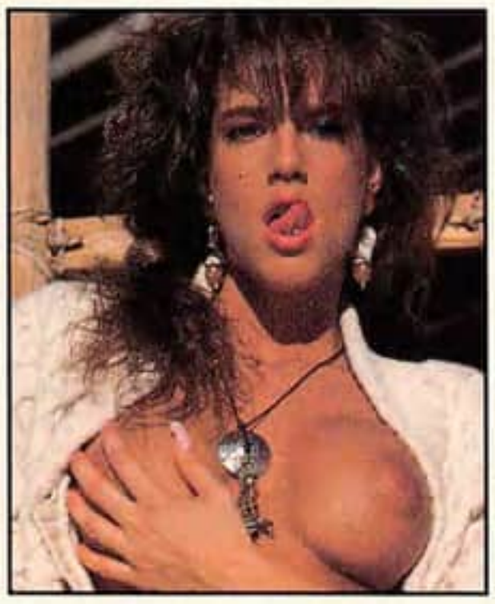

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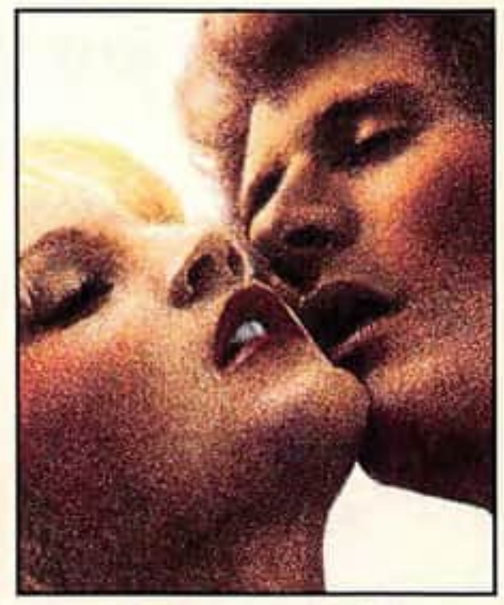

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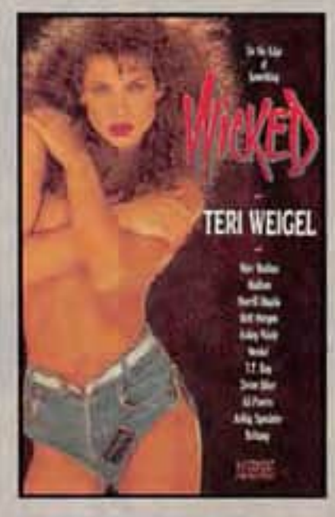

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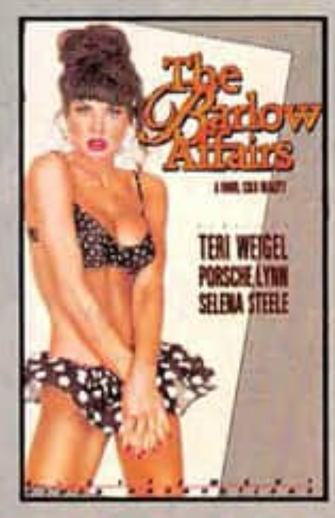

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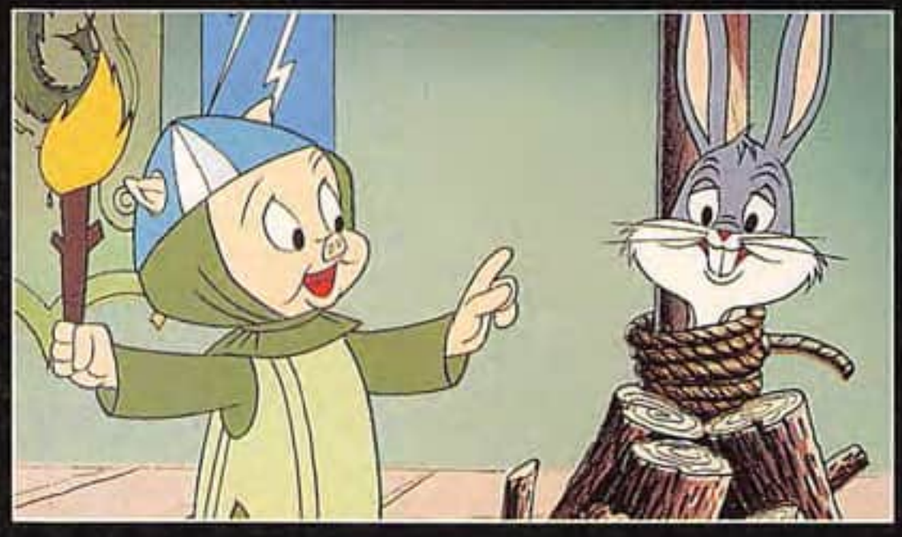
COMING IN THE SEPTEMBER PENTHOUSE

SPORTS SCANDALS

A no-holds-barred special investigation into the downfall of three of the country's favorite sports. Jack Newfield examines the criminality that has eroded the world of boxing from its earliest days until the recent rape conviction of Mike Tyson; Jeff Savage, the investigative reporter whose stories have shaken the world of wrestling, examines the corruption that has overtaken this "sport"; and Linda Marx uncovers the hidden story behind the hottest sports sex scandal of the year—the accusation that three Mets stars raped a woman in Florida.

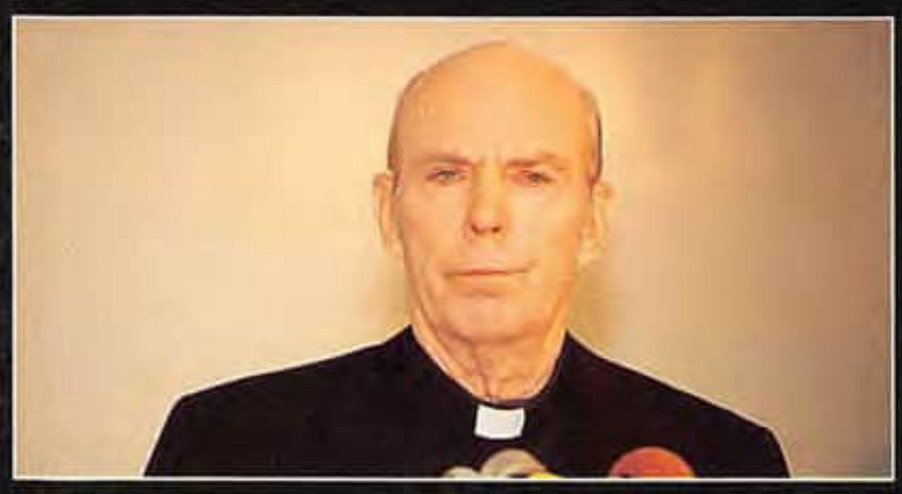
THE HORRORS OF LOW-LEVEL RADIATION

When it comes to nuclear power, most people are terrified by the worst-case scenario: the so-called "China Syndrome," a large-scale, Chernobyl-type meltdown that spews high-level doses of radiation across thousands of miles. But as investigative science reporter Gary Null demonstrates, recent evidence shows that the quiet, hidden, and everyday dangers of living in a nuclear world are really much more insidious. In his continuing "Medical Genocide" series, Null shows how, over the years, low-level radiation from atomic-weapons testing and nuclear power plants has claimed the lives of some nine million Americans.



TOONING UP

If you'd like to become a collector of fine art but lack the bucks to bid on the hottest Degas or Picasso, why not buy a Fred Flintstone? In next month's "Fast Forward," Senior Editor Sharon Chester-Taxin reports that cartoons have become one of the fastest growing segments of the art industry. Besides the relatively affordable prices, what's nice about this hobby is that you don't have to be an art-history major to know who the great masters of the genre are. Who hasn't heard of Walt Disney or Hanna and Barbera? Chester-Taxin's article provides tips and suggestions for those whose appetites are whetted by the opportunity to recapture part of their childhood.



MINISTRIES OF FEAR

The almost unbelievable crime of Father Bruce Ritter, who founded New York City's Covenant House and was discovered sexually abusing some of the very children he was paid to protect, is just the tip of a very large and ugly iceberg. Reporter Art Levine has been following the growing nationwide sexual scandals involving organized religion—especially the Catholic Church. In a shocking compilation, you'll see why legitimate Catholic leaders—both religious and secular—share the outrage of Father Andrew Greeley over how the church "continues to stonewall, cover up, and reassign molesters."

AMERICA'S WILDEST WRITER

Mark Leyner's novel *My Cousin, My Gastroenterologist* made him a cult hero on college campuses across the country. Next month we preview his new book, *Et Tu, Babe,* which will be published by Harmony Books, a division of Crown Publishers, Inc. We usually don't like to quote a publisher's promotional copy, but this time we'll make an exception: "This is the most mind-bending, trendsetting, and hilarious fiction from one of the most original writers at work today," says Harmony. And that's an understatement. Check it out, but be warned—Leyner is addictive and possibly dangerous to your mental health.

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