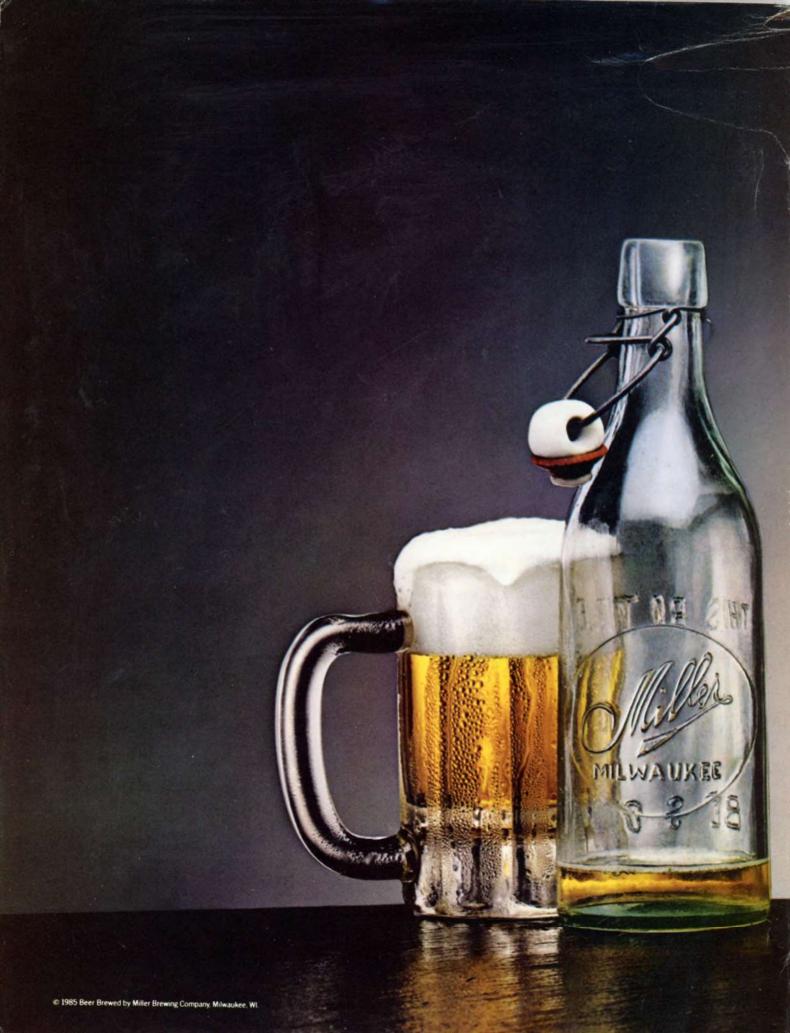
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN MAY 1985 \$3.50 **VIGILANTE JUSTICE:** A CONSUMER GUIDE LIVING PAST 100: THE SCIENTIFIC REALITY A FEMINIST LEADER **DENOUNCES WOMEN CENSORS BUSINESS GENIUS MESHULAM RIKLIS:** THE MINNOW THAT **SWALLOWS WHALES DRIVING FORCE:** STAR RACER **DANNY SULLIVAN** HOW TO BARGAIN-**AND WIN** BY MICHAEL KORDA CAN YOU HANDLE **SUCCESS? TEST** YOURSELF INSIDE



TO QUALITY. TO PU AND THAT TRADIT



RITY. TO AMERICA. ON CONTINUES...

When Frederic Miller came to America from Germany, he wasn't much different from any other newcomer.

Like millions of others, he saw in America a golden opportunity—to bring his brewing skills to their peak, using the finest resources in the world.

Frederic Miller made the most of what America had to offer. He made the best beer he knew how to make, using the finest grains and hops; the purest water.

And to show America the quality and purity of his beer, he insisted on putting it in clear bottles.

A lot has changed since Frederic Miller's day. But a lot hasn't.

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And Miller still comes in the same clear bottles.

For the same clear reasons.

Miller

MADE THE AMERICAN WAY.





OVER 100 YEARS AGO FREDERIC MILLER MADE A CLEAR COMMITMENT.

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/May 1985

Worldwide sales: 5,000,000*

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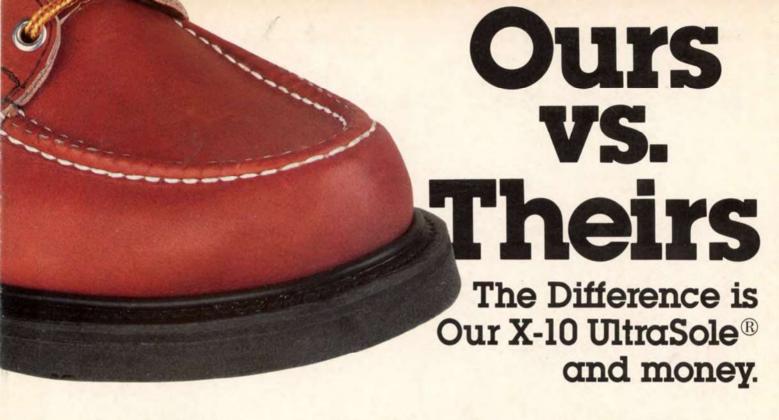
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This month's cover features Delia Impey, who was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 164

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Advertising Offices: New York: Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York: NY, 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Microsett Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive. Suite 1012. Chicago. III. 60601. Tel. (312) 565-0466. Washington, D.C. Penthouse. 1707. H.St., NW, Suite 807. Washington, D.C. 20006. West Coast. Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002. Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys. Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International. Ltd., NY. "Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)



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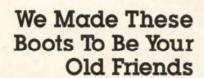
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HOUSECALL









Bill Lee. As America's premier Investigative Cartoonist, Bill studies the issue fairly and objectively and publishes his findings in "Vigilante Justice for the American Consumer."

DEATHBUSTERS

Although the idea of eternal life has always captivated man's imagination, until recently such notions have garnered little credibility among legitimate scientific researchers. But times change, writes Gary Hanauer in an article that explores the "growing network of people from all walks of life who contend that an average life span of well past 100 years is possible." Hanauer interviewed many of these would-be Methuselahs-including some who believe that you can "just think death away." But other, more realistic experts say that the problem is much more fiscal that physical, and that wellfunded research is the name of the game. As one such expert told Hanauer, "Everything in this article will be obsolete in ten years." To preclude that happening, Penthouse plans periodic updates on this ever-compelling subject.



SUCCESS STORIES

Although many Americans probably know the name of Israeli financier Meshulam Riklis, if only because he's the husband of embattled superstar Pia Zadora, there's much more to this paragon of business genius than meets the eye. In the late 1940s, when he came to the United States, Riklis had about \$3,000 between him and oblivion. Today he is worth hundreds of millions of dollars-exactly how much, he refuses to say. But, as you'll see, that's about the only subject on which Riklis is less than outspoken. "I don't do it for the money," he told

Contributing Editor Peter Manso. "I enjoy being successful. Progress must continue or your creativity begins to deteriorate." No doubt Danny Sullivan, who's profiled in a stunning photo essay this month, would agree. This young, good-looking college dropout has become America's hottest race-car driver, facing down death at speeds of over 200 miles per hour in his obsessive determination to become world champion.

SOCIAL ISSUES

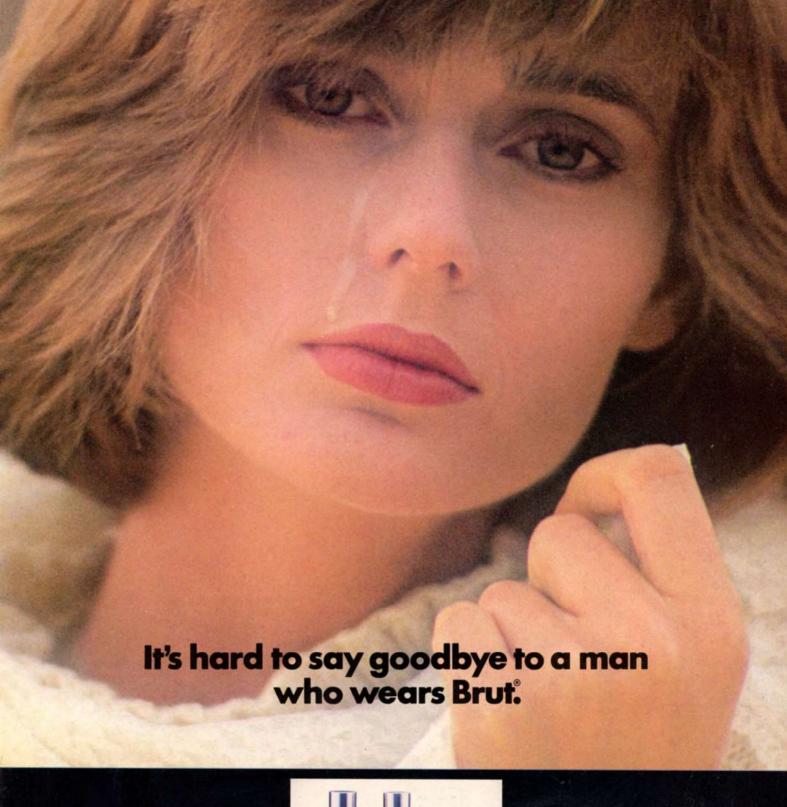
The controversy over the "Death Wish" gunman's shooting of four would-be muggers in a New York City subway continues to this day. As usual, a great portion of the nation's press has overlooked the more fundamental social and constitutional issues in favor of pandering to the public's tumescent appetite for sensationalism. This is not the case, however, with our more conservative Humor Editor

FEMINIST CENSORS

This month's "Advise & Dissent" is a long-overdue attack on those megalo-feminists who have joined the Far Right to systematically stifle free speech in the United States. The charges are made by Karen DeCrow, the insightful former president of the National Organization for Women. If you think DeCrow makes an unlikely critic of the radical new feminists, her article will open your eyes as well as theirs. As she writes, "Being a feminist means that you are against sexism, not against sex. . . . The time is long overdue to be rid of the myth that if one believes in equality between the sexes, one is against erotic literature.

WINNING COMBINATIONS

Of course, there's so much more to read and view this month that we can only touch on some of the other highlights: Ben Stein's gripping short story, "The Second Civil War," a 1984-type prophecy of an America once more split in two . . . Scot Morris's "Games" column, featuring outrageous drink names . . . A new look at our newest "sister" magazine, Newlook, already causing a sensation on the newsstands . . . And, of course, our always sensational Pets, who will make this May and our Memorial Day memorable indeed. Ot-



The great smell of Brut by Fabergé.



Cologne, After Shave, Deodorant.

Finally, I was between Anne's legs. I figured that I had it made and decided to see how much she enjoyed being teased.

PENTHOUSE FORUM

QUICK DIP

I'm a nice-looking 26-yearold male who manages to get his fair share of pussy. Unfortunately, few of my conquests are what you would call real beauties. Through my experiences with women, I've discovered that many of the real lookers are cockteasers. so it was with some considerable satisfaction that I recently had the opportunity to give one a taste of her own medicine. As might be expected, however, my plan backfired and she made a fool of me.

I had had four or five dates with Anne and wanted her rather badly. She has a gorgeous body and is well aware of it and the effect that it has on men. They say, if you've got it, flaunt it-and Anne took that saying to heart. She had several guys besides me drooling after her, and I'm sure that none of them were getting what rests between her long, pretty legs. As a matter of fact, she had the gall to tell me that one of these guys had begged for it to the point that he actually had tears in his eyes. Anne found this tremendously amusing and added that she had, of course, denied the guy his wish. She is 25 years old and was married for a brief time and needs her butt spanked

My big chance finally came. I had managed to get Anne's panties off and nearly lost my load just gazing at her prolific bush. I found myself feeling a bit sorry for her ex-husband: He must feel like a miserable son of a bitch after losing his right to sleep with her. As it turned out, I should have saved my sympathies for myself. Anyway.

Anne and I were on her den rug and I finally got between her legs. I figured that I had it made and decided to see how much she enjoyed being teased. I have a good-sized cock with a big head, and I knew that it drove women crazy when I eased it in and let it just sit there, barely inside their pussies. I reached down and worked the head into the front of Anne's box. The heat and snugness were indescribable and the urge to plunge in was difficult to resist. I did manage to keep my senses about me and let my cock just sort of flex and dangle right where I figured it would do the most good. Anne surprised me when she didn't immediately make an effort to pull me all the way in, as most women have done in the past. She did reach down and gently weigh my balls with her fingers and stroke them

until I had to bite my lip to keep from giving it to her to the hilt. Just when I had decided that she had "suffered" enough, she gripped my cock and removed it from her pussy. I began to panic and tried desperately to regain my position, only to find that she was blocking her entrance with the back of her hand.

Anne giggled when I tried to push her hand out of the way. The next thing I knew, she wiggled out from under me and I was in a three-point position with my cock in one hand. I looked up and saw Anne standing several feet away with a big smirk on her face. She informed me that I had seemed so hesitant about screwing her that she had decided maybe I really didn't want to do so. I was angry and humiliated, and my cock was driving me nuts. Anne had deliberately teased

me and was obviously enjoying my predicament. I tried to be cool and asked her to rejoin me on the floor, but I'm afraid my hoarse voice betrayed my anxiety and frustration.

She had done enough teasing to know that she had me where she wanted me. She declined my invitation with a shake of her head and a simple, "I'm sorry."

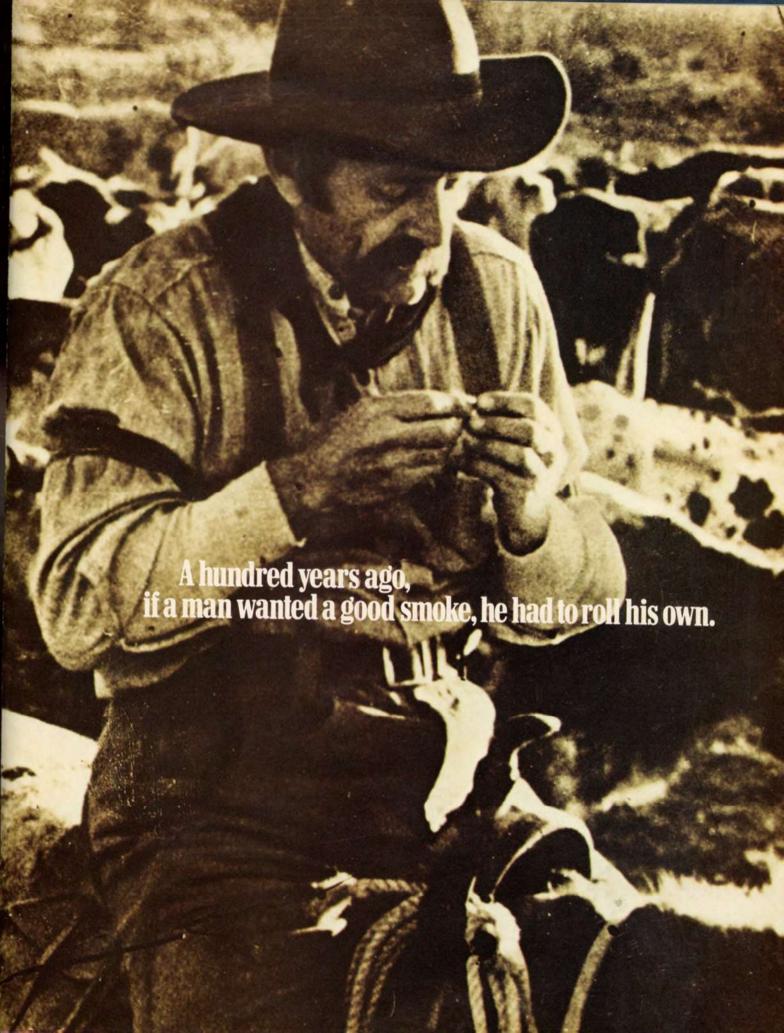
Anne stepped across the room and began to slowly dress. I went to her and held her in my arms, burying my face in her neck. My cock was pressed against her belly between us, and my hands roamed her saucy backside in a feverish attempt to rekindle her passion. I moaned, "Please," and was instantly reminded of the story she had told me of the poor guy who had begged for it to the point of tears. I could already picture her telling some other guy how she drove me mad.

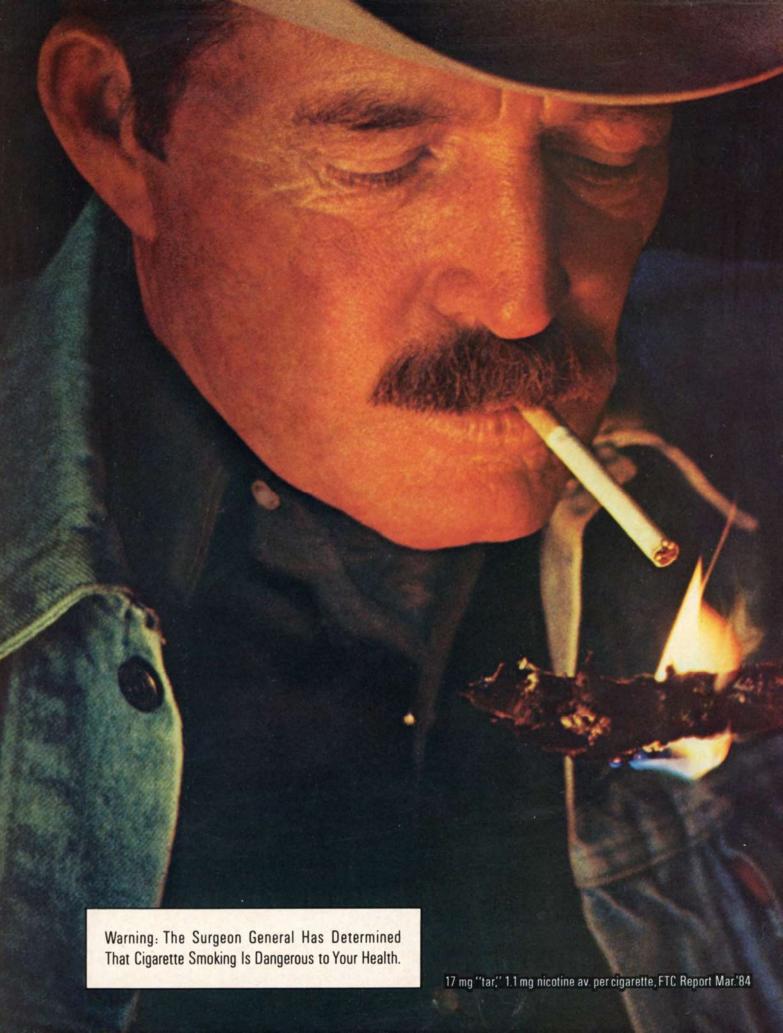
Anne stepped away and glanced down at my throbbing cock appraisinglyalmost as if she were admiring her handiwork and mentally estimating the amount of misery it was causing me, which was considerable. I glanced down too and noticed for the first time that the tip of it was wet and sticky from the tiny venture it had made into her pussy.

We each dressed in silence and I let myself out the door,



In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum. Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially





Today, you just light up a Marlboro.

NTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr VP/Foreign Editions John Evans, Australia Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., PO Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062 Germany Redaktion PH. Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland, Japan, Ko dansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112, Spain. Editorial Formentera, Rocalort 104, Barcelona, United Kingdom, Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg. PO. Box 381. Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

MAY

vowing to cunt-tease never again as long as I lived.—Name and address withheld

SHOW AND SWELL

I'm a student at the University of Michigan, and just recently I had an experience I won't forget for a long time. One Friday night a friend of mine told me about a party at one of the local taverns, and since I had nothing better to do, I decided to join him. After drinking about four beers, I met an attractive woman. Well, one thing led to another. She told me her roommate was gone for the night, and as she said this, she reached down and squeezed my crotch. I could take a hint. We left immediately for her dorm room.

When we got there, she slowly started to peel off her clothes while I sat on her bed and looked on in amazement. She had stripped down to her bra, which held round firm breasts, and to her panties. which were so sheer I could see her pubic hair and the outline of her cunt. By this time the bulge that had grown in my pants had now extended a couple more inches. I was ready for her.

After she removed her bra and revealed her small firm tits, I started to undress myself. By the time I was stripped to my shorts, she released her panties. and I could now see the bearded rose petals that I longed to prune with my seven-inch clipper.

I then dropped my shorts to let it all hang out. She gasped in ecstasy. She then proceeded to rub her fingers along her clitoris, and soon her fingers disappeared inside her pussy. She withdrew them and started to lick her own sweet juices. She continued to dig her fingers deeper into her pussy as she let out tremendous screams.

To say the least, I was more than a little excited at the show that she was putting on. I grabbed my throbbing cock and pumped it so hard that I started cutting my foreskin, which only added to my climax. After about five minutes of this, I let my load fly with such force that it almost knocked the building down.

When I opened my eyes, I saw her sitting in the corner of the room with a nineinch candle lost inside her hot, wet cunt. She was screaming, "I'm coming! I'm coming!" so loud that she must have woken up everyone in the dorm. As I watched in utter fascination, my once limp cock was now growing with new vitality. Again I massaged my joystick until I sent a hot stream of white cream into the heav-

We both reached such an ecstatic high that we continue to hold such masturbating sessions regularly to this day.—Name and address withheld

PAINTED-ON JEANS

When I traveled to a small midwestern town to provide technical assistance for a government agency there, I had no idea exactly what kind of assistance I would wind up giving-or getting.

I arrived at the office early in the morning, before the regional administrator had arrived. But the office manager was there, a woman named Jill. She was a knockout. with a well-curved 30-year-old body, sensuous eyes and mouth, and beautiful curly black hair. I became aroused being in her presence and quickly found a place to sit before my boner became obvious. The regional administrator then showed up and we got down to business, but frankly, I was distracted all day. Late in the afternoon, the regional administrator suggested we get together for a drink at the hotel where I was staying. We agreed to meet an hour later and left.

To my disappointment, Jill was not at the bar when I arrived. Her boss and I finished two drinks, and still she did not show up. Finally I returned to my room, disappointed.

When I got there, I was startled to find Jill already inside, dressed in a flimsy halter top and cutoff jeans that looked like they had been painted on. The nipples of her tits were hard and seemed to stare back at me. She explained that the hotel manager was a friend and had let her in. It turned out that she thought the administrator was a bore, and she'd been afraid we'd be stuck with him all evening.

We went out to a secluded bar and had a few drinks. By the time the band began to play, I was getting hornier and hornier. All night Jill had been brushing her tits against my arm and moving her hand up and down my thigh. When we got up to dance, I had a raging hard-on. Jill began to grind her pelvis against my crotch, and I thought I was going to blow my load right there on the dance floor!

After the dance, she suggested we get some fresh air, and I eagerly followed her out the back door of the bar and down a wooded path. We were a few paces into the woods when she turned and reached for my cock and said she wanted it. Now. Before I knew it, she was tugging my jeans down and kneeling in front of me, licking the shaft of my dick. I shed the remainder of my clothes and helped her get off what little she had on. Now entirely naked, she immediately went back to devouring my cock, swallowing its entire length, and at the same time massaging her cunt. I pulled her around and buried my tongue in her dripping crotch. Before long, I felt her begin to lurch and buck. We both exploded in ecstasy. She rolled off, and I was startled to see a young blond woman sitting not ten feet away watching us. She had her hand down her pants and was working furiously at her cunt. I learned later that her name was Lynn, and that she was a friend of Jill's who had watched us in the bar and followed us outside.

Lynn moved forward and lapped up the remaining liquid dribbling down my softening cock. She then stripped and lay back, and I watched as Jill positioned herself and proceeded to tongue Lynn's cunt while she moaned in appreciation. After Lynn came, we dressed and headed



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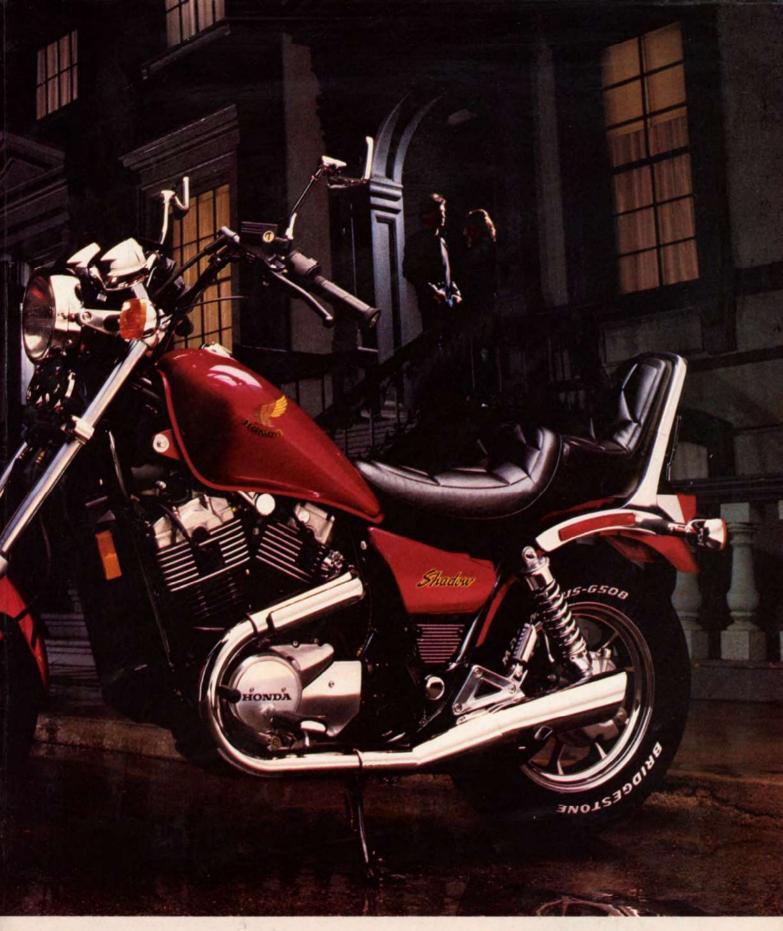




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back to my room for a night of fucking and sucking none of us will ever forget.—Name and address withheld

PLEASE DO ME

I'd like to share with you a memorable moment I enjoyed a short while ago. Because our summers here in Alaska are so short, life has a frenzied pace when the weather is nice.

I'm a 27-year-old, good-looking ladies' man who enjoys a very eventful and exciting sex life when I'm not busy working at my carpentry skills.

After finishing my regular day, I sometimes do work on the side. One particular evening, I decided to check about extra work, only to find that the contractor was gone for the day. What I found instead. however, was a young woman finishing work on a cabinet. I couldn't help but notice that under her tattered work clothes and sawdust-splattered hair was a very beautiful body and face. After getting her name, I asked Judy if she would like to join me for a cold beer at a nearby tavern. She willingly accepted the invitation.

Once we got there, she said that she felt uncomfortable in her clothes and was going to her car to change them. After a few minutes she came in wearing a tight pair of pink overalls that complemented her firm body nicely. She walked seductively up to me and gave my thigh a friendly rub, then went back to sipping her beer. I

realized that I had stumbled into something good. After she bested me in two games of pool, I suggested we head home, get showered, and go out for dinner and some dancing.

Sometime later, I showed up at her house to find her dressed invitingly. Under her tight overalls she wore a skimpy T-shirt that showed off her beautiful tits.

After dinner and a few drinks we were both ready for dancing. She danced with moves that just invited sex. We decided after a few slow tunes to head back to my place for some wine. We didn't take long to get acquainted. After a long deep kiss she whispered in my ear, "Please do me." I wasted no time fulfilling her request. After laying her down on the couch, I eagerly started eating her hot, wet cunt. What a surprise to find it had been shaved all around the pussy except for a nice mat of dark fur above her slit. This sexy sight turned me on and whipped up my desire to please this horny doll. While I worked my tongue on her for the next half hour, she passionately moaned, telling me how she was going to give my cock the hot sucking it deserved and fuck me until the morning came around. Well, she did both in a manner I'd never experienced.

After her explosive juicy climax, she told me it was now my turn to lie back and relax. The thought of her pretty face swallowing up my big cock was a dream about to come true. Instead, she had a surprise for me. She started caressing my prick with her feet. This new "footjob" sensation was phenomenal. After an erotic massage, she took my cock between both her feet and started rolling it around while jerking it off at the same time. This put Judy on fire, and she moaned how badly she needed my cock in her mouth. This woman adored my thick cock. She smiled and moaned while glancing into my eyes—all the while licking my prick, then flicking her tongue around my ass hole. She began rubbing her hard tits over my long cock. This got us both hot and she begged for me to fuck her.

I teasingly slid my cock into her aching cunt. It was sheer ecstasy. She was tight, firm, moved well, and moaned her dirty thoughts into my ear all the while. After some passionate fucking, I pulled out and shot a hot load of come onto her pretty face. What she didn't swallow she rubbed

all over her angelic body.

She pleaded with me to eat her until she climaxed again. She then asked if I would fill her ass with my big cock. She wanted it all! I slid into her tight hole after lubing it up with her wet cunt juice. She went absolutely wild, begging me to fuck her harder. After flooding her snug little ass hole full of come, we both collapsed in a

Upon waking up in a couple of hours, Judy greeted me by the front door with her legs spread wide and this sexy grin on her face. She was flicking her tongue over her upraised hard nipples. She begged me to reconsider going off to work so soon. With the option of having another hot session with this foxy nymph, I found good reason to stay at home a little while longer. Such are the fringe benefits of working on your own time.-Name and address withheld

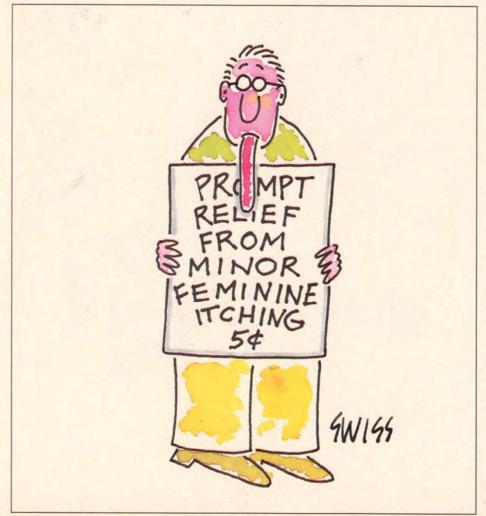
A FRIEND INDEED

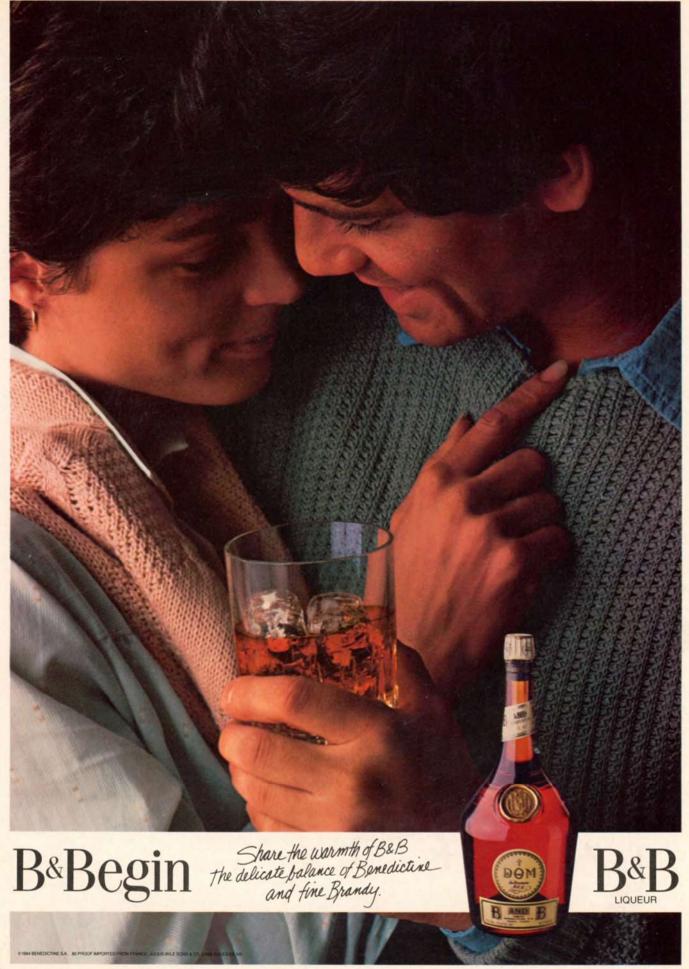
My compliments on your excellent pictorials and articles, especially the letters presented in "Forum." I always read them with great interest, but find many hard to believe—that is, until recently, when I had an experience that fulfilled my wildest fantasies.

I am a 22-year-old student at a small eastern university. Until a few weeks ago, I lived on campus in a crowded dormitory full of freshmen.

The woman who made my fantasy come true is a friend of my mother, who lives near campus. She is 37, rather slim, and has long shiny black hair. She has been divorced for almost four years and lives

Naturally, since she was so close to my mother, I visited her frequently. Being far away from home, I often spent long hours at her house. She often prepared my meals, and we watched TV, played cards, or just sat around the house, talking. During that time, I discovered that although she was a fun, attractive woman, she had few boyfriends and was very lonely. She talked constantly about how different life





Is Rebecca Hill really a boxer? God—to go just one round with her. I'd give anything. ▶

PETFORUM



Rebecca

SHE'S A KNOCKOUT!

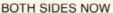
Dear Penthouse,
Thanks so much for the
wonderful presentation of
your January 1985 Pet of the
Month, Rebecca Hill [photographs by Earl Miller]. Is
Rebecca really a boxer?
Cause if she is, I'm forever
turned on. Women boxers are
the ultimate! God—to go
just one round with her. I'd
give anything.—Name withheld, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hollywood,
I'd take you to the mats
anytime. Or maybe you prefer
being tied up on the ropes?
I would love to be the female
"Rocky." But I'm not always
a sore loser. I enjoy going
down for the count—if there's
something great to look up
at, that is.—Rebecca

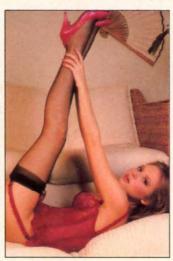
Dear Rebecca Hill, Not long ago, on a quiet evening at home, I made a list of those things I'd never done and would like to try, one of which was purchasing an adult magazine. I have seen a few, but never really looked at one, so I went out and bought the January 1985 issue of *Penthouse*. When I had the time, I decided I would really look at it and read every word.

Well, when I got to your Pet of the Month pictorial, I was speechless. You are the most gorgeous lady I have ever seen! I mean it. I've seen more than my share of girls in my time, but you are the ultimate in perfection. I credit you with being the only girl who can arouse me with just one thought. You are my fantasy, and I wish you the best of luck.—Name and address withheld

Dear Newcomer, Your letter has got me thinking about making a list and doing some things I've never done. One thing that comes to mind is the San Francisco 49ers. I enjoy playing on the best of fields.—Rebecca



Dear Angela Marie Mineo, I really enjoyed your pictorial "Puppy Love" [December 1984]. I am a 31-year-old male who enjoys wearing silk stockings and high heels, and I'd like to know where you



Angela Marie



Marcia

got those beautiful highheeled snakeskin shoes that you wore for your pictorial. I'd love to get me a pair.— Steve D., Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Steve,
Please! Shoes are my passion, and it bugs the heck out of me when I see someone else wearing my shoes. So I'll just have to keep my secret shoe shop to myself. Thanks anyway for the compliment.
—Angela Marie

Dear Angela Marie, I am not in the habit of fantasizing about having sex with other women, but after seeing your photo spread "Puppy Love," I must admit that I was really turned on. Angela, what do you think about other women fantasizing about you? Am I weird, or do you think that most women find other beautiful women sexy?—Lynn W., Sunnyvale, Calif.

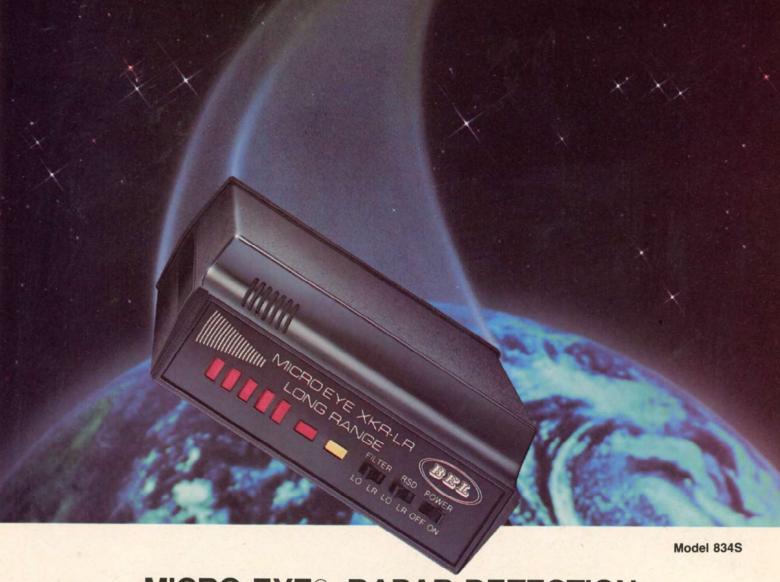
Dear Lynn, It's great that you can fantasize about another woman! And believe you me, it's not weird, it's healthy. You are simply realizing that we were all created to recreate, not necessarily to procreate.—Angela Marie

SITTING PRETTY

Dear Penthouse,
Over the past 15 years you have introduced your readers to some pretty outstanding women. They're so breathtakingly spectacular, you should have a Hall of Fame of Pets. What I'm leading up to is the wonderful April 1984 cover shot of Marcia Ruks. It's the best one ever produced.

Marcia Ruks is simply a gorgeous lady. I'm hoping to see more of her. Would you please show her off? Especially a shot of her gorgeous legs.—Harry Assad, El Paso, Tex. Otom

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



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6It's disgusting when radical groups, in the name of religion, democracy, or freedom, impose their views upon another person or group.

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

CANADIAN CENSORS

The importation and sale of the December 1984 issue of Penthouse was banned by government officials in Canada after certain radical feminist and "church" groups complained that the pictorial "Sakura," by world-renowned photographer Akira Ishiqaki. was "obscene." Although art experts pointed out that Ishigaki is one of Japan's most important artists, whose work is collected in museums in Japan, Europe, and the United States, the government refused to change its decision and allow Canadian citizens the right to make up their own minds about Ishigaki's illustrations of ancient Japanese love poems. Below are some of the reactions by Canadians to their government's tactics.-The Editors

You're aware, I'm sure, of the unfortunate situation in Canada concerning the December 1984 issue of *Penthouse*. It's unbelievable that this sort of thing keeps going on; one would think ours was an authoritarian state! I'm glad to say that I bought my copy as soon as it hit the stands, well before the ax of prudery fell. I found nothing about the pictorial in question to be offensive.

Should you decide to take some form of revenge for this outrage, please don't make your faithful Canadian public the target. I really don't think we could stand yet another disruption of the distribution schedule.—
J. D. Luker, Kingston, Ontario

Dear Bob Guccione, The verbal abuse you received recently on CTV's "Canada A.M." was unwarranted. In a country where democracy and freedom are cherished, I see no reason whatsoever for the blatant character assassination you were put through. I am ashamed of my fellow Canadians! I have enjoyed reading *Penthouse* for many years, and not once has anyone forced me to spend my money!

I don't agree with every point of view expressed in your magazine, but in a democratic society that, too, is my right. It's disgusting, however, when radical groups, in the name of religion, democracy, or freedom, impose their views upon another person or group of people.

If the planet Earth is to find peaceful coexistence, it won't be through war. There are concepts of good and evil that transcend economic, social, and religious boundaries. I submit these ideas as an excellent starting point for world peace—if we can ever find the guts to resolve our own preconceived prejudice.—Tammy Dunlop, Ottawa, Ontario

This letter concerns the pictorial entitled "Sakura," which appeared in your December 1984 issue. As a distressed Canadian woman. I would like to offer my sincere apologies to Mr. Bob Guccione and to Akira Ishigaki for the show of immaturity and ignorance displayed by your sanctimonious neighbors. It's a shame that in today's supposedly democratic society, there are people who continue to believe that they have the right to determine what pictures should be viewed by their adult peers. What a remarkable feeling it must be to possess such authority and power! Where is the freedom of choice in this matter? I, for one, consider myself lucky to have been "allowed" to spend my hardearned money on your continually entertaining magazine.—Kim Charron, Cornwall, Ontario

Once again a controversy has enraged our cleancut and wholesome dominion. Some pompous asses in the media, sour and dour feminists, and the religious fanatics of our land have joined forces in a "holy alliance" to become the selfappointed guardians of Canada's good taste. Spineless politicians, sensing the free publicity, have also leapt on the bandwagon with the rest of them to howl with outrage over Bob Guccione's latest attempt to pollute the pristine mentality north of the 49th parallel.

In a campaign to keep the Canadian masses' minds as unblemished as the tundra in winter, the would-be thought-custodians have decried a pictorial in the December 1984 Penthouse, in which there were featured a few scenes of mild bondage. They have, in many cases, had the magazines removed from the stands and the distributors charged with purveying smut.

I don't often buy Penthouse, but I managed to get a copy of the issue in question just to see what all the fuss was about. Quite frankly, I find most television programming to be far more offensive than what you published. I suppose these watchdogs of public morality think that they have such a grip on their lives that they have sufficient energy left over to manage the lives of those of us who haven't yet seen the "error of our ways." Well, maybe I don't happen to listen to the same burning bush that they do.

I thank them for their concern—but no thanks. I have probably seen a bit more of this world than the average denizen of this land, and I feel quite capable and qualified to decide what is right and what is wrong, and what I want to read.

Censorship veiled as a moral cause is an insidious thing. In this country, it is a pathetic tradition of sorts that the government bend over backward to accommodate a vocal minority. The government, in turn, expects the balance of the populace to lie down and take whatever they dish out. Which, unfortunately, Canadians do with great zest. It's for some time now been the Canadian way.-Name withheld, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

EDITORS' NOTE

Hank Londoner, who photographed Jeanette Starion, our Million Dollar Pet featured in the November 1984 issue, would like to remind our readers that Jeanette was photographed on the sands of the Tambuli Beach Resort, Cebu, Philippines. Ot _______

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Penthouse—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, NY, 10023-5955. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



The feminist cabal is still bent on creating an unofficial third political party that will denigrate men.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER



Not a fortnight had elapsed after the second Reagan victory in November 1984, when the leaders of the feminist movement tried to explain the defeat of the Democrats as a "nonpolitical event." That is, they portrayed Ronald Reagan's victory as "personal," and claimed that he failed to obtain a "mandate."

On the contrary, I believe that the real message of the 1984 presidential election was that pandering to the interests of the feminist leadership, or "cabal," has proven to be the death wish of the Democratic Party.

Although Geraldine Ferraro was on the Democratic ticket, Reagan improved his standing with women and got more of them to vote for him than had four years before—while men voted for Reagan two to one.

Don't think, however, that the election results mean that we are close to escaping the heavy foot of the feminist cabal. Men's rights are still in a state of disaster.

For example, the judges of this country, from the

Supreme Court to the family courts, are still hell-bent on eroding the rights of men in areas ranging from divorce to child custody. They have shown little or no desire to stop catering to feminine activists, who show their political power by continually threatening our congressmen and state legislators under the guise of promoting women's rights.

Of course, while feminists cry "sex discrimination," they ignore some important facts: Men are the victims in four out of five homicides; women live almost ten years longer than men; women receive over 80 percent of the dollar volume of medical care; and 96 percent of the prison population is male.

Feminists also conveniently ignore the perjury that is so common in domestic-relations courts. I am certain that many men commit perjury. but I am just as certain that the preponderance of perjury in our divorce courts is committed by women who attempt to show a high preseparation standard of living, a need for more equitable distribution of marital assets that they do not have title to, and superior fitness for custody. One expert, in fact, estimates that perjury occurs in 90 percent of divorces. Another legal commentator once stated that "few crimes except fornication are more prevalent or carried off with greater impunity." The danger and folly in allowing this unpunished lying are that it encourages the spread of perjury to other kinds of cases and negates the value of a sworn oath as a means of obtaining trustworthy testimony.

Despite these inequities toward men, feminists cleverly continue their battle daily in the news media. For instance. Eleanor Homes Norton. former head of the Equal Opportunity Commission, was recently quoted as stating: "If equal employment isn't as urgent to the government, it won't be as urgent to business. The current administration has a different philosophy of enforcement. They do not believe in race or sexconscious remedies to employ women or minorities in certain percentages. But of course there are many people, women and men, who find "quota systems" to be unfair reverse discrimination, often condescending and detrimental to women and the "minority groups" that these so-called remedies are supposed to help.

We should also bear in mind that the feminist leaders, who bask in self-gratification while picking the bones of family life as we once knew it. are giving many average women in America second thoughts about whether feminism benefits them or merely their self-appointed leaders. Some of these women are no doubt looking back enviously to saner days, when sanctity in marriage was unmarred by our courts and the media.

But on the whole, I'm afraid that American men, particularly those under the age of 40, have been wimpified, and that the feminist cabal is still bent on creating an unofficial third political party that will denigrate men and encourage the disintegration of the family.

Men should expect this

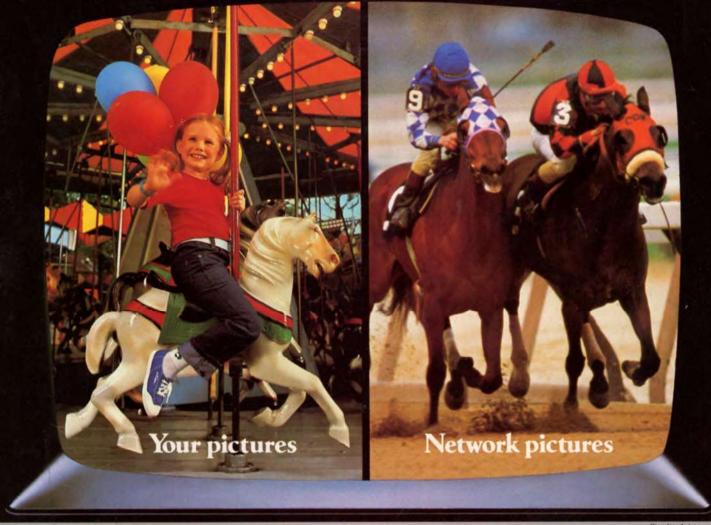
treatment from the feminists until we all finally recognize these political women and their programs for what they really are.

The "elite corps" of the women's movement come from all walks of life, their professions ranging from television personalities to newspaper columnists, publishers, authors, health-spa owners, lawyers, and politicians. Despite these wideranging backgrounds, and despite the obvious differences in personalities, these self-styled feminist leaders all have one thing in common: They believe in career first, family second—that is, if they even choose to have a family life at all.

Of course, this choice is their right—as it should be the right of every American, woman or man. But, unfortunately, the women's movement elite have not been content to make this decision for themselves. Rather, they have attempted to propagandize all women to follow their banner and to adopt alien ideas and lifestyles as their own.

Perhaps the Reagan administration has incurred the feminists' ire because it has ideas in mind other than encouraging more women to leave their homes. If the administration can do something to bring about better supervision of our children, and thereby less crime on our streets, as well as to restore some of the lost moral values that have resulted from the dissolution of family life, then the rights and lives of all of us-men and women alike-will have been enhanced. Ot

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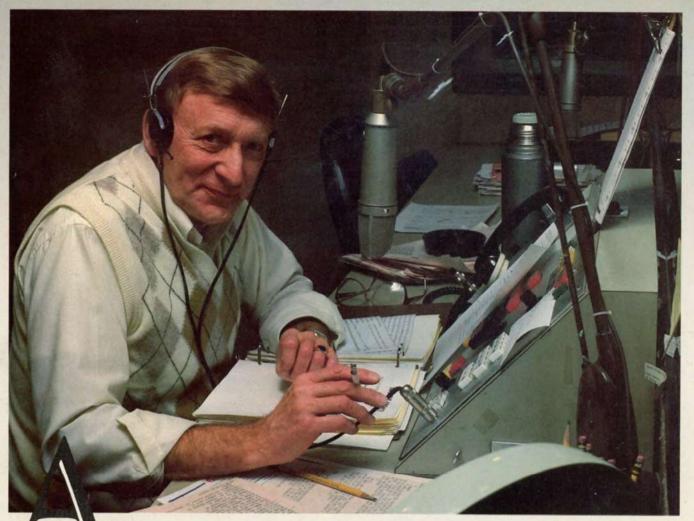
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Not knowing how to bargain guarantees that you are probably paying too much for a lot of things.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA



Americans have always shown a certain amount of contempt for the whole idea of bargaining, as if the very word conjured up a picture of some swarthy, sweaty Oriental, his eyes rolling and his hands flailing as he tries to get you to pay the equivalent of four cents more for a souvenir of the bazaar or the souk which you don't need or want.

The truth is that Americans have always been hard bargainers, and proud of it, while affecting to despise the whole process. The English aren't bad at it either, or they wouldn't have picked up an empire that once covered three-quarters of the globe.

It is only in the past 50 years that bargaining in daily life has ceased to be part of the American culture. We have the whole process of modern merchandising to thank for that: It's more efficient to stamp the price on an object in a supermarket than to have the customers bargaining with the checkout girl over every can of peas or frozen chicken.

In other cultures there is no

such thing as a fixed price. or even a marked price. Go to the bazaar in any African country and ask what a tube of toothpaste costs, and the merchant will say, "How much do you want to pay?" or "Name me a price." Bargaining, in these cultures, is second nature, whereas we reserve it for big, important financial matters: buying a house, getting a divorce, merging a company.

Not knowing how to bargain guarantees that you are probably paying too much for a lot of things—and will eventually pay too much for something significant. What's more, it's an instinct that needs to be developed and kept honed.

Obviously, it's hard to bargain at a supermarket, but there are plenty of places left where bargaining is possible, many of them in the service areas of life. Ask a man how much he wants to clean and repair the furnace. then ask him how much he really wants; and if that doesn't work, ask him how much he'll take if it's in cash. There are plenty of opportunities to bargain, if you look for them. The object is not so much to save a dollar here or a dollar there as to get into the habit of regarding price as a flexible quantity, not a fixed one. The truth is, if you don't know how to strike a good bargain for small things. you aren't going to know how to deal with the larger ones:

Certain principles are necessary to know if you're going to learn how to bargain:

1. There is no such thing in the world as a "real" price. Somebody who really wants

to sell something will always take less than he's asking. Your object is to find out how much less.

2. The person who quotes a price first, be he seller or buyer, has already lost the game. Let the other person name the price, even if it takes all day.

3. Always be prepared to walk away-and make it clear by your attitude that you really mean it. Half the art of bargaining is implanting in the other person's mind the fact that you are ready to forget about the whole thing if the price does not go in the direction you want it to.

Never, ever, say anything like, "I've been looking for one of these for years, or words to that effect. Always make it clear that if you don't buy whatever it is today, it won't be the end of the world, and that you have other

4. Try to find out what the other person really wants. Mostly it will be money, of course, but not always. People selling items of personal significance to themhouses, antiques, sometimes even cars-often want whatever it is to go "to the right person," and will sometimes take a lower price if they feel you'll love and care for the object as much as they did. Or cash may be more important than a higher amount by check. If the price quoted to you for a piece of furniture being sold privately is \$500, it never hurts to ask, "How about \$350, cash, right now?" and pull out the money. The sight of cash is quite often sufficient to make the seller give in.

5. Related to all the above:

Never be in a hurry! You can't bargain if you're pressed for time, which is exactly why so many things in our time-conscious society can't be bargained for. If you're in a hurry to buy a car or a washing machine, resign yourself to paying list price. Patience is the key to bargaining.

6. Don't let the other person impress you by naming a figure. Many people are awed when somebody says, "I'm looking for \$200,000 for this property," and feel they can't decently offer less than \$150,000. But this defies every rule of bargaining. If somebody quotes an opening price of \$200,000, look surprised and say, "Oh dear, I was thinking of \$75,000"; then see what happens. Maybe you'll go up to \$100,000, maybe you'll get thrown out the door-but there are plenty of cases where the buyer asks for \$200,000 and ends up taking \$75,000, so don't be ashamed of coming in low. Book publishing and the movie business are full of "million-dollar" deals that end up being \$100,000 deals, if that. The fact that someone asks for \$1 million does not mean he or she expects to get it.

Years ago I remember a certain Hollywood agent asking me for \$1 million for one of his client's books. "A million!" I said. "You're crazy! I wouldn't pay you \$50.000!"

There was a pause. "Sold!" he said. "How much of the 50 thou can we get up front?"

Finally, and most importantly, remember that in a good bargain both parties walk away happy! Ot

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FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



Chinese restaurants supposedly add MSG to all their dishes, but you can ask them to keep it out. I know some people are allergic to it, but is there really anything harmful about using it? What is it, anyway?—M. K. Kopf, Santa Monica, Calif.

Monosodium glutamate (MSG) is the sodium salt of glutamic acid, a common amino acid, which occurs naturally in many protein-rich foods.

The allergic reaction, or "Chinese Restaurant Syndrome," can be set off by the excessive additional amounts of MSG used in many Chinese dishes. Symptoms may include numbness or tightness of the mouth, jaw, or chest, burning sensations in the neck, and extreme thirst and headache. The media bounced health-hazard headlines off this syndrome when researchers found that MSG fed to chicks destroyed part of their brains. Later studies, however, did not support these findings, but the original horror story is repeated ad nauseam in

health books and magazines. Fortunately, for lovers of Chinese food and many other types of cuisine that use MSG, the Food and Drug Administration reviewed the evidence more carefully than the media and found that a moderate amount of MSG is perfectly safe.

But excess MSG can produce symptoms, most commonly headaches; in almost anyone, especially if combined with foods high in tyramine, another amino-acid product. Examples of these are aged cheeses, pickled herrings, and soy sauce. Chinese Restaurant Syndrome may also result from insufficient vitamin Be in the diet. (Be is essential for glutamate metabolism.) The problem could be avoided by eating more B₆-rich foods, like whole grains and powdered brewer's yeast in your cereal. If you prefer to use a vitamin supplement, ten to 25 milligrams a day would be sufficient.

I have just taken up running as part of my fitness program (I already walk briskly about two miles a day). I am gradually building up speed and distance, but I find that a few minutes after a run I get a dull stomachache and feel a little nauseous. It passes in about 20 minutes. Why does this happen? Is there any way to avoid it?—P. Sommers, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Many runners suffer intestinal disturbances. If you are normally subject to an acid stomach or indigestion, then running will aggravate the condition, perhaps because of the general increase it

causes in the acidity of the body. Some 30 percent of the runners on our nutritional programs have reported intermittent stomach or intestinal problems. Over the years we have developed some simple and effective ways of dealing with them. For the particular trouble you describe: First, avoid highacid foods and beverages, especially orange or other citrus juices, before running. Second, try taking an antacid medication, like Alka-Seltzer or bicarbonate of soda in water, before or immediately after running, or suck an antacid lozenge during your run. Finally, avoid milk products before running. If you intend to run regularly, substantially reducing your intake of dairy products may work wonders, and not only for your stomach.

To cut calories, I eat three eight-ounce containers of fruit-flavored yogurt a day, along with fresh raw vegetables, cheese, sunflower seeds, whole-wheat toast with margarine, and a couple of cookies as a treat. People tell me, however, that yogurt is not as dietetic as most people think, and that the fruit yogurts have a lot of sugar in them. I love yogurt and like eating a lot of it when I'm trying to lose a few pounds. Can you tell me how much is too much, and if it's a good idea to eat it at all?-E. Ciccone, Pittsfield, Mass.

Fruit yogurt is frequently very high in calories and therefore not the super weight-loss alternative it is touted to be. That is, unless you are substituting it for banana cream pie. The recent yogurt fad has led to the manufacture of yogurts that are really just high-sugar junk food. Plain yogurt is a much better food. Try eating it with pieces of fresh fruit.

Whatever you eat, dieting is not a good idea. As I wrote in Your Personal Vitamin Profile (Morrow), dieting eventually makes you fat. In one study, for example, we tracked the weights of a group of people who dieted at least three periods a year and compared them with people on balanced nutrition programs, which do not restrict food to the point where you walk around hungry all the time. Over 16 months, the dieting group, who used a variety of different diets and plans, on average gained four pounds. The other group, following a balanced nutrition program, lost two pounds on average. Many people end up permanently fat at 40 because their sporadic weight-loss diets have ultimately taught their bodies to crave excess

Many of the 32 million chubbies who diet in America might disagree with me. They have been well indoctrinated with the "efficacy" of special diets, weight-loss drugs, and slimming foods. No wonder the latest figures show that America is steadily getting fatter. O

Editor's note: Readers with questions about nutrition and fitness are invited to submit them to Dr. Colgan. Some of these inquiries will be answered in upcoming issues. Please send questions to Dr. Colgan, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.



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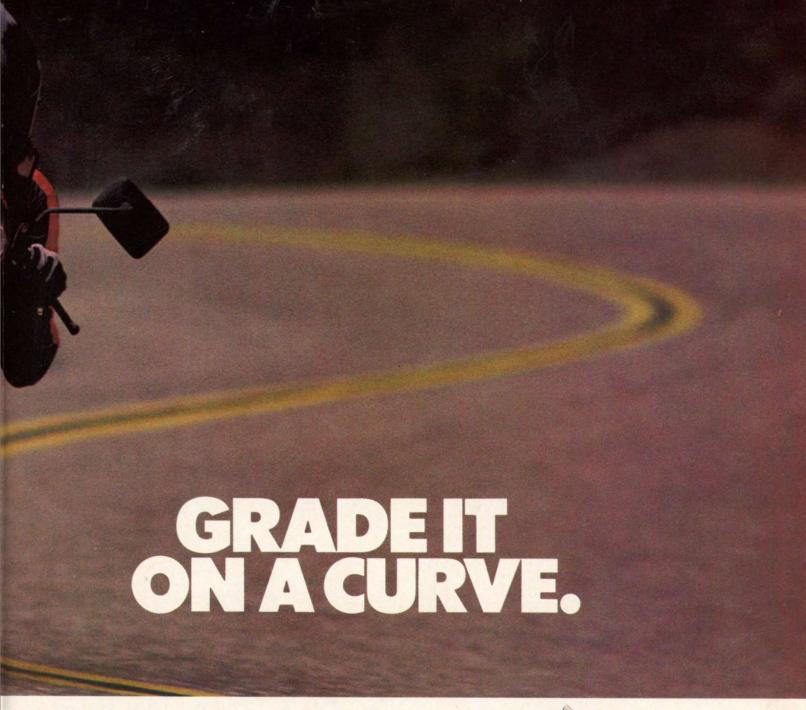
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For oral sex, everything has been used, from strawberry jam to chocolate mousse, but these tend to leave traces on the sheets. Good old-fashioned saliva is still one of the easiest lubricants to come by. ●

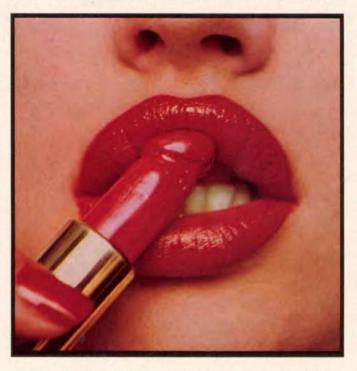
XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Something has happened to me that may change my whole life around, and I don't know quite how to handle it. I'm 19 years old and just recently graduated from high school. which will probably be the extent of my formal education. When I was seven years old a couple moved across the street from me who had two daughters. The husband seemed much older than the wife. He fixed up a room in the front of the house for her to operate a beauty salon, without too much objection from the neighbors. The wife was and still is beautiful. She became good friends with my mom. Since her daughter started going to school I have accompanied her, walking her there and back home every day.

Two years ago, her husband passed away. Since then I have been called on different occasions to do little things for this woman. They were small odd jobs. She never paid me for them but often used to just give me a squeeze. More recently I started squeezing her back. A couple of times she held me longer than usual.

I used to mow lawns for about eight or ten families in the neighborhood. Before he died, her husband had given me permission to store my riding mower and power mower in his garage. In the afternoons when this woman, Vivian, was busy in the shop with her customers, I'd mow the lawn. Her daughter Tina, who's my age, used to follow me



around with the small mower to cut around shrubbery. We'd get rather sweaty and then go into the garage where it was nice and cool. I'd always looked forward to getting into her pants. One time, while I was lying on my back working on my mower, she came and stood right over me. When I looked up and saw those legs clear up to her ass, I lost all control of myself.

She squatted down to hand me a wrench, and I accidentally ran my hand up her leg and she didn't move away. She came closer and we locked in an embrace. This went on a few times. Each time I got a little bolder. Once she asked me not to force her into sexual intercourse, but anything else was okay. Each time I experienced more and progressed a little further, until she finally agreed to let me smell her pussy. The aroma drove me bananas. Well, I just had to kiss it, and when I did, she closed her eyes and held my head there against her. I ran my tongue all around and spread her beautiful lips apart, exposing her clitoris. I wrapped my lips around it and caressed it with my tongue, using rotating motions. I kissed her and rubbed her tits, and she admitted it was the most pleasurable thing she ever experienced. She promised to exchange positions and do the same for me, but I couldn't wait. Our affair has been going on for about a year now. We have been using the sixty-nine position ever since that day. She doesn't want to lose her virginity till she gets married. We have been talking about getting married after she finishes school and have made plans.

When I graduated in June, her mother kept telling me she was going to give me a graduation gift, which I never received. She would not let her daughter attend the senior prom with me, so I didn't go either. Instead, she allowed her to attend a cookout with me at one of my classmates' place, out of the city, provided we would be home by 11 o'clock.

In the meantime, she had asked me to panel a room in her house and replace a couple of windows. I was to start the work the same day Tina started her summer courses at school. Vivian canceled all her morning appointments till after 2 PM. on that day. I was to work in the morning and she was going to help me.

We came home from the cookout around 10:30 because it was chilly in the mountains. When we got home Vivian was waiting for us on the front steps. When Tina went to kiss her mom, the mother put her hands to her nose. Then she came toward me and did

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

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ON HUMAN EXPERIMENTATION

BY EMILY PRAGER

don't know about you people, but I cannot take the human experiments. I just can't take them. Every two months now, it seems, there is some poor human stuffed full of tubes and drugs, hooked up to some Rube Goldberg invention that 200 years down the line might work, maybe, and we're supposed to be mentally humming "The Star-Spangled Banner" about everyone's courage, his courage, our courage, the medical profession's courage, and I just can't do it. I think trying to conquer death with machines is hubris and bullshit. It's the emperor's new artificial heart, if you see what I mean.

Actually, I don't know how this started. Five years ago, I recall reading lots of articles about developments in medicine. They brought up important issues about human life and how we should view these carefully before things got out of hand. The next thing I see they are planting a plastic pump in Barney Clark's chest and calling it a miracle. Look, this is no miracle. This is simple auto mechanics. The heart is a pumping tool. You put a guy flat on his back, strap him to a respirator, feed him blood-thinners, painkillers, anticonvulsants—you name it—suture his aorta over the pump valves, and after the time it takes for the body to come out of shock and get enraged.

you've got a "go." Then the body, which cannot tolerate artificial organs, rejects. And rejects again. And rejects again until you have a death.

And all this time we're supposed to be singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." But it is clear after the first rejection that the human lab animal didn't know what he was in for. He did it for extra life and historical fame, and to help medical science. They told him about the pain, but of course, the thing about pain is that it's not in the telling. So, after the first rejection, the stroke, the pneumonia, the convulsions, he's out of the clouds and right down there with the lowest lab rat, dying a hideous, protracted, painful death—on television. And for what? What have they learned from this? Of course, they can always turn off

the machine, if the lab animal can no longer stand it. But what hero is going to commit suicide on television and shame his family? Some option.

Although I do not think there is such a thing as informed consent in human experimentation, at least Clark was an adult. What about Baby Fae? Right-to-lifers—who feel they must bomb abortion clinics to protect the rights of the unborn, and who pursue like banshees the tortured parents of the severely deformed—expressed not one whit of concern for the rights of this living child. Baby Fae was taken at birth and made the guinea pig in this clearly doomed experiment.

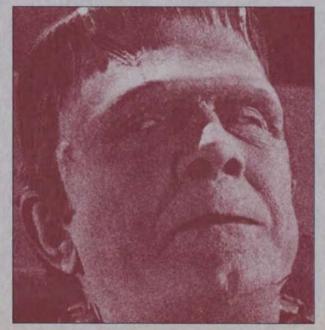
No one was on the side of Baby Fae: not the media, who gloried in pictures of this suffering infant with a telephone clapped to her ear, supposedly hearing her mother's voice; nor the animal lovers, who mourned the death of the baby-baboon donor; nor the medical profession, who harrumphed a bit about protocol and then shut up. Obviously the doctors feared that if they condemned this one, they might limit their future schemes.

Not one person spoke up on behalf of this tiny soul who spent two weeks in needless pain. Why? Why was everyone

so polite about this little human sacrifice? So uncaring about the anguish of the human victim involved? So casual about her right to die a peaceful and dignified death?

Human experimentation is becoming an accepted thing. Ask the elderly. Ask the loved ones of the dying aged, who have to fight to have their relatives removed from life-support machines and life-prolonging drugs. The search for mechanized immortality is another nail in the coffin of human dignity.

And as if that weren't enough, Reagan's cutting Medicare. This is outright sadistic when hospital costs are so clearly exorbitant and elderly patients so obviously at the mercy of any doctor's decision to keep them alive months beyond the true end of life.





iew from the top

LAW

RENTER, BEWARE!

According to a video industry source, "almost everyone with a VCR will rent an adult title at least once." This means that sexually explicit cassettes may be seen in as many as 17 million households. That should not be surprising in light of the fact that nearly 7,000 X-rated titles are now on the market.

Among the surreptitious viewers of the forbidden films will surely be Moral Majority members, feminists, and politicians, who would never risk being seen in a seedy downtown porn theater but who will satisfy their curiosity-if not their prurient interest-in the privacy of their living rooms.

Every time one of the thousands of video-rental stores that stocks adult titles rents out a hard-core cassette, it is committing a crime. Such films are obscene under the law of every state. Their purchase by the stores is probably also a federal crime, since it generally involves transportation via interstate commerce. Under many statutes, even the act of rental for private home use is illegal. Yet millions of such criminal acts occur each year under the nose of local and federal law-enforcement authorities. And they are committed by the nicest people and the finest businesses

Pornography transactions are not, of course, the only illegal acts that have become everyday occurrences. Marijuana sales, adultery, prostitution, and homosexual encounters are all illegal in



Porn-cassette rentals may become public information.

most jurisdictions—yet they are commonplace. But there is at least one important difference between these other tolerated activities and the open rental of pornographic videotapes: A permanent record is made and kept of nearly every rental of a porn video. The vast majority of such rentals are transacted with credit cards, checks, and/or receipts. These records are preserved by the video stores. It is hard to think of any other situation where documented evidence is maintained of so many felonious transactions. Even though other crimes are winked at by the police, it is unthinkable that anyone would pay for his grass with a Gold Card or compensate his favorite hooker by check. Yet millions of Americans willingly create a permanent record of their felonious porn rentals, oblivious to the dangers that this could pose to their privacy, if not their liberty.

Well, it had to happen sooner or later. And it has. In Cincinnati, an ambitious

prosecutor has subpoenaed the rental records of several video shops that include adult films among their fare. The subpoena demands the names and addresses of every renter, the title of every cassette rented, and all rental contracts and receipts. The prosecutor says he is specifically interested in five titles: French Classmates, Penetration, Exhausted, Tapestry of Passion, and Doing It. Managers of the video stores are quietly challenging the subpoena. The challenge is quiet because the store owners do not want to alert their customers to the danger that their private acts of renting porn cassettes may become governmental and public information.

The head of the American Civil Liberties Union in Ohio is not remaining silent. He regards the case as "very important," because if "people feel the lists of what they have read or viewed are going to be exposed to public scrutiny, they may be chilled" in the exercise of their constitutional rights.

The subpoena controversy in the Cincinnati case, moreover, goes well beyond porn videocassettes. The prosecutor has also issued subpoenas to stores that sell magazines—bookstores such as B. Dalton and Waldenbooks, as well as convenience stores such as 7-Eleven. The overt object of these subpoenas is apparently to show that X-rated videocassettes can be mailordered from magazines sold at these stores.

The real object of the prosecutor's grandstanding is to send a message to video businesses and their customers: "Don't rent porn unless you are prepared to pay the consequences in terms of public disclosure of your private acts."

The Cincinnati case has not yet been finally resolved by the courts, and no names have yet been disclosed. The state of the law in such matters is very much up in the air, and it is impossible to predict how the case will be decided.

But members of the public have a right to know whether they can rent cassettes without their neighbors and their government learning of their private tastes. Eventually the video stores will surely devise techniques for deflecting the intruding eye of the government. For example, rental contracts may cease to list the name or number of the specific film rented and instead will note only the value of the cassette. But until then, VCR owners who do not want their private acts made public can do little more than heed the warning: "caveat renter."-Alan M. Dershowitz

TYV

FLEETING LAUGHTER

Comedy shows are becoming a risky business. Once upon a time, their audiences were the most faithful in the land. Even Andy Griffith's resignation from "The Andy Griffith Show" did not much hurt that series' ratings, so devoted were its fans; and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show" might have gone on forever had not Moore herself put an end to it. But comedy audiences have grown fickle. "After-MASH" began as one of the big hits of 1983. Yet by the end of 1984, forsaken by its audience, it was canceled.

Only three of this casualtyridden season's new shows made the top 15 in the ratings; and two of those three, surprisingly, are comedies. One of them, "The Cosby Show" (NBC), has been by far the most successful new series, both a critical and popular hit.

Like Cosby's last situation comedy (the ill-fated "Bill Cosby Show," which ran, also on NBC, for a little under two years, in 1969–71), "The Cosby Show" deals with family life. On the surface, it has much in common with

any number of other household comedies. The family depicted here-an obstetrician (Cosby), his lawyer wife (Phylicia Avers-Allen). and their cute kids-is quite well-off. As with most madefor-TV families and Ordinary People's family, their home (in this case, a town house) bears little resemblance to the homes of real-life, lowercase ordinary people (for a comedy family-or even. for that matter, a deranged killer-to live in Ralph and Alice Kramden's flat would be unthinkable on TV these days); and, unlike those reallife families, they don't spend most of their time watching TV. Beyond this, however, "The Cosby Show" is rather uncommon

The wonder of it is that it has few of the cliches and none of the forced sensitivity or jive "togetherness" that define the genre. "The Cosby Show" not only can raise a laugh, it also never stoops to pretending to have a message. Thus, it really has one of sorts. In one episode the teenage son, Theo, plaintively proposed, "Maybe you should accept and love me as I am because I'm your son." The father looked at him and said, "That's the

dumbest thing I've heard in my whole life."

On "Kate & Allie" (CBS) the household is more modishtwo single-parent mothers and their children. While much of the show's success is obviously due to its female-fantasy appeal (and isn't it about time? TV has long prospered in catering to far dopier male and, often the same, kiddie fantasies). "Kate & Allie" could have made it on humor alone. Susan Saint James as Kate and especially Jane Curtin as Allie are superb as mid-life homecoming queens of nil desperandum. They are never caricatures. Their dizziness is interlaced with just enough sagacity, and it results in the sort of classic comedy that is rarely found in television.

The best thing about both these shows is that they're funny. Given the current state of TV comedy, that's quite a change. It would be nice to have them around for a while.—Nick Tosches



INVENTOR OF TELEVISION

Television was nothing like the other bands that won their first followings playing at CBGB, the seedy bar on New York's Bowery where punk rock was born. Blondie, the Ramones, and Talking Heads all subscribed to a less-is-more philosophy: songs so compressed they were brusque; fast, concise performances. Television would get up and jam for 20 minutes on a tune like Bob Dylan's "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," with leader Tom Ver-



Verlaine: a true guitar hero.

laine closing his eyes and squeezing electrifying solos out of his guitar. They've been called the New Wave's Grateful Dead.

Verlaine, the man who invented Television, has recorded only four albums since the band broke up in 1978: every one laced with curling, luminous guitar solos and evocative dream imagery; every one a cool, quiet killer. The latest, Cover (Warner Bros.), is the best of the lot, an album of moods and mysteries, songs that linger in the mind, and guitar sounds that simply have never been heard beforesounds no synthesizer will ever reproduce. Verlaine is a true guitar hero, and his penchant for introspective lyricism just makes the guitar pyrotechnics shine that much brighter.

I used to run into Verlaine in Greenwich Village every week or so, usually browsing amid tottering stacks of books. Then, not long after the release of his third solo album, Words From the Front, he seemed to have disap-



Bill Cosby and Phylicia Ayers-Allen: uncommon comedy.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

peared. When I next encountered him, to talk about Cover, two years had passed. He'd returned to New York after spending much of 1984 in England and Europe, intending to play a concert date and then disappear back across the Atlantic.

"I found myself doing a lot of work there, playing for and producing records by some new bands," explained Verlaine. "It doesn't have the electricity New York has, but I found it very easy to write there. I guess because it's quieter. It also made me want to develop melody a lot more on the new record, in terms of the guitar parts as well as the vocals. This is another thing that comes from being in Europe: there's such a history of melody there."

The contemplative quiet that Europe offered is part of Cover's appeal, but the images that environment brought forth from Verlaine's subconscious are typically American. The first-person narrator in the rollicking country-style "Lindi-Lu" says he's moving "back to the junkyard, to live in my old shack ... I ain't comin' back." There's the sound of a dog barking at the beginning of "Swim," and Verlaine notes dreamily, "So I saw myself living somewhere in the north in this trailer ... water and pine trees and all . . . and late at night sometimes I'd sort of . . . fly around." This brief, allusive monologue is framed by an overlapping pattern of bright, ringing guitar overtones and countermelodies. It's a dream so vivid you can almost taste it.

Like his favorite poets and writers—Rimbaud, Blaise

Cendrars, the Persian Sufi poet Rumi-Tom Verlaine closely monitors his dreams. "I was reading a dream the other night that I'd had in 1983," he said, "and I was astounded because what it had in it was something that came true, in a very real sense, a week ago. I don't really make much use of these dreams in songs, but I do sometimes hear melodies. rhythms and things, in my dreams. Sometimes it's really wild stuff that the conscious mind would never have come up with. I wake up and hum it into a tape recorder."

That helps explain the richness and magic of Verlaine's albums, especially Cover. It's as fresh and vivid and unexpected as—well, a dream.—Robert Palmer

CLEAN-CUT DIRTY OLD MEN

The news from a Senate subcommittee investigating child molestation: The dirty old man in a trenchcoat is simply the wrong image of the child abuser. According to police officials' testimony, the real danger is from the cleancut average-looking guy, who can camouflage his perversion behind a veneer of respectability. The Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee heard testimony from a variety of police specialists on sexual exploitation of children, among them Lieutenant William Thorne, head of the sex-crime squad of the Bergen County, New Jersey, prosecutor's office. "The most dangerous [child abuser] is the guy who puts on sneakers and



Nixon as vice-prez: lip trouble?

jeans and coaches the Little League team," Thorne said. "They are hidden, and it's the kind of situation where, even if the child comes forward to talk about it, nobody believes it."

DIRTY LANDERS

It just goes to show you: Never date a woman who reads Ann Landers religiously. The advice columnist polled her female readers about their attitudes on what she euphemistically called "the act"-the horizontal mambo, dipping the wick, making the beast with two backs, etc. Would her female readers prefer just cuddling and tenderness to fucking? A resounding 72 percent said "Yes!" The poll generated the second greatest response ever for the columnist, behind a column on nuclear war and just ahead of a meat loaf recipe.

SHORT TAKES

Is Richard Nixon a victim of the herpes scourge? After a fifties-vintage photo circulated, showing the then-vice-

prez sporting a huge cold sore, some member of the opposition press speciously pointed to Dick as the original carrier of the plaque. Now comes a report that he's suffering from an "excruciatingly painful" case of shingles, a disease related to chicken pox that's caused by a herpes virus. Draw your own conclusions. . . . A 15year-old "hacker" who once had a run-in with the authorities over his free-time activities has paid his debt to society. Peter Leppik was once accused of breaking into a bank's computer system, but was not prosecuted for it. He told the police to look him up if they ever needed help. Police in Minneapolis, where Leppik lives, did just that, and the whiz kid cracked a computer code used by an accused sex offender to keep track of names and details of his boy victims. . . . George Gallup, Jr., dean of American pollsters, pointed to the fact that American attitudes toward sex are often a bit askew. "The strangest poll we've conducted was one about topless bathing suits," Gallup told People. "Onethird of the public was against men going topless." . . . A British court did a two-step around the issue of surrogate parenting recently. First it took custody of a baby from its surrogate mother, and then granted the infant to the natural father and childless mother, who had paid the surrogate \$7,475 to have it. But the couple's guardianship of the baby was already a fait accompli: The lawyer for the reportedly American couple had smuggled the child to them. O+



Why not let somebody else think for you?

You don't have to leave America to find people who are willing to do your thinking for you. Right now, some Americans are making important decisions about what you should be allowed to read and see and hear. That means you don't have to think as much.

These Americans want to make rules about what television programs you may watch, and what books and magazines you may read. Rules just like the ones they had in Nazi Germany and have today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

If these Americans succeed in their efforts to censor television programs like Mash and The Day After, magazines like Cosmopolitan, Penthouse and Playboy, and books like Ulysses, Catcher in the Rye and Huckleberry Finn, our lives will be a little less complicated. And a lot less free.

As an American, you have the freedom to think for yourself and say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late

Freedom is everybody's business.

A growing number of scientists and self-proclaimed researchers are claiming that people will soon be living well past 100 years of age.

DEATHBUSTE

BY GARY HANAUER

Five years from now, if all goes well, Chadd A. Everone, Ph.D., of Berkeley, California, will be ready to announce the discovery that eluded Ponce de León some 500 years ago: the existence of a "fountain of youth." But this fountain exists in a test tube and is unromantically called a "proteolytic enzyme inhibitor." So far it has boosted the average life span of laboratory mice by 15 percent.

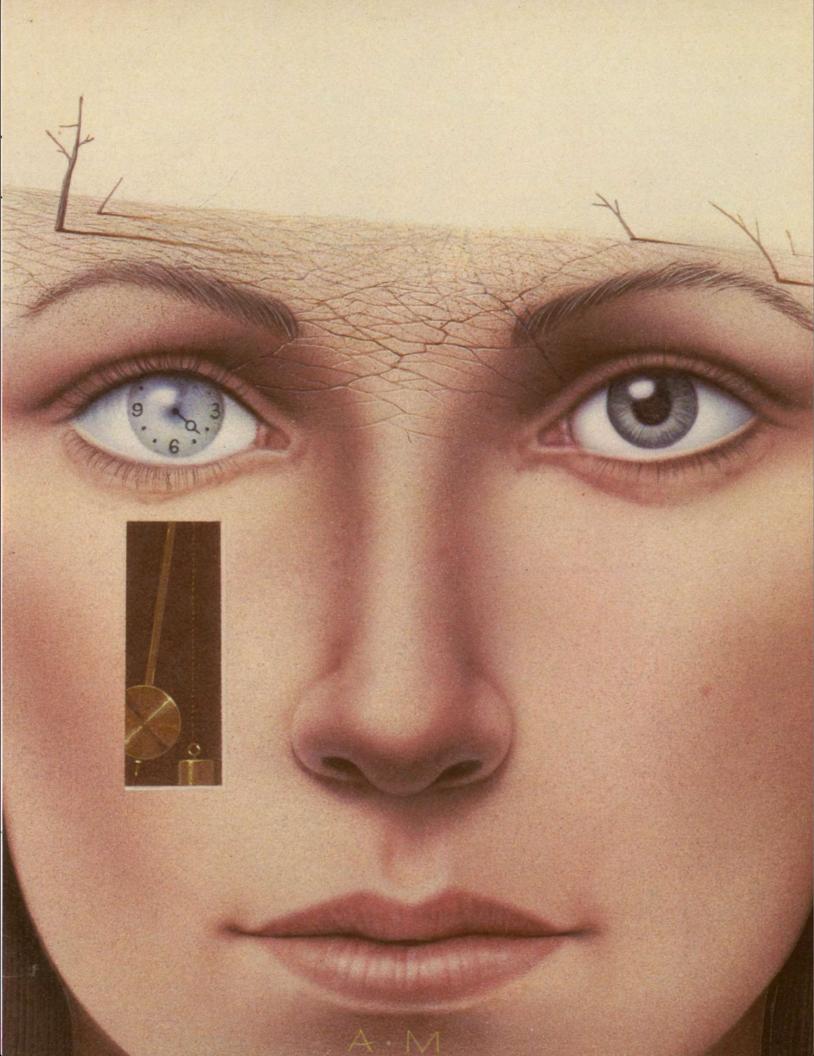
The significance of Everone's finding isn't that we might be able to live to an average of 85 years just by downing a pill or two every day, or that the compound has been used as an arthritis treatment for 20 years.

or that it retards cataracts, sore muscles, and perhaps senility. Everone's enzyme inhibitor represents just a small fraction of an explosion in research that could substantially extend the human life span.

"Even if there are no startling developments, we'll extend the average life span by 30 years at the turn of the century," says Everone, who in 1972 founded the Foundation for Infinite Survival, Inc. But John Mann, president of the MegaHealth Society in Manhattan Beach, California, insists: "We want immortality now!"

Infinite Survival and MegaHealth are just two organizations within a

PAINTING BY ALAN McGEE



growing network of people from all walks of life who contend that an average life span of well past 100 years is possible. Some of these people are notable research scientists and doctors who may or may not subscribe to radical theories of how human life expectancy can be significantly increased. The backgrounds and reputations of others in the field are less certain.

"The life-extensionists include some good scientists who speculate about various hypotheses that are then tested." says Edward L. Schneider, deputy director of the National Institute on Aging (NIA). "There are also people like me," he continues, "who want to know why we age, so that the quality of life can be improved. Then there are a lot of people in this field who claim to be scientists but don't have scientific credentials."

Dr. Marott Sinex, former associate director of the Gerontological Society of America and the cofounder of the Gerontology Center of Boston University. thinks that many people involved in the life-extension movement have acquired a following because "they are telling the public what it wants to believe. . . . Their message is that if you read their book, you'll live longer."

Although today more people than ever before are interested in extending their

natural life span, research into life extension is nothing new. One of the earliest theories of life extension-that the endocrine system, which controls our glands, is an important part of the puzzle-was tested in 1889 by Harvard University professor Charles Edouard Brown-Sequard. He claimed to have regained youthful strength after injecting himself with crushed dog testicles. However, nobody else could duplicate Brown-Sequard's results, and he fell into disgrace.

A short time later, Russian physician Serge Voronoff built up a flourishing practice grafting the testicles of young monkeys onto his clients. He made more than \$1 million from these treatments, but lost credibility when many of his patients contracted syphilis. Then there was Paul Niehans, a Swiss surgeon who in the 1930s began injecting sheep-embryo cells into such notables as Winston Churchill, Christian Dior, and Pope Pius XII. Niehans's theories and techniques are still being argued today.

At the turn of the century, scientists also began wondering why the citizens of Bulgaria, who ate a lot of yogurt, lived so long. In 1904 French biologist Elie Metchnikoff suggested that aging may be related to toxins in the colon, and that eating yogurt would clean out "bad" bacteria. The colonic-irrigation theory has attracted a following. Mae West, who lived to 88, credited her excellent health to daily enemas, and musician Louis Armstrong, who died at 71, downed strong laxatives every night. But just as colonics have passed in and out of favor, so has more serious gerontological research.

How ultimately productive much of it will be remains to be seen, but currently such research is booming. Enter, for example, the quarters of the Foundation for Infinite Survival and you will find 100 healthy mice staring out of glass cages in a quiet and immaculate laboratory. Chadd Everone is using these mice to test one of gerontology's current theories: that preservation of nonrenewable proteins can help keep the body young. Certain enzymes break down proteins within us, thereby promoting aging, since these proteins don't renew themselves

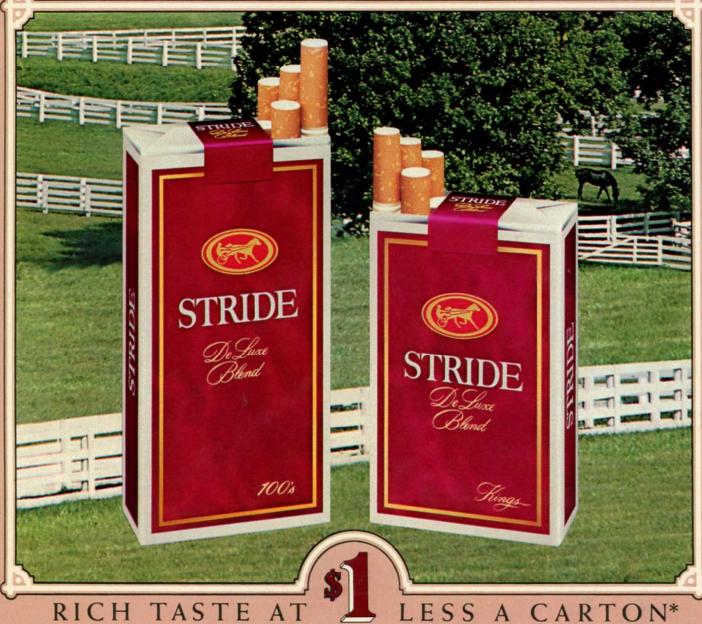
Remarkably, the enzyme inhibitor has not only been testing well in mice since 1980 but also in four humans since 1983. "They're all clients in their sixties who will take it indefinitely," says Everone.

Although its use as a treatment for arthritis and cataracts has been well documented, this is the first time that researchers have tried to test the drug as an age-retardant. "It'll take five to ten years of testing in humans before we can





TASTE



RICH TASTE A CARTON*

*Mfg. suggested retail price is \$1.00 less a carton than full-priced brands. Kings: 14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health. 100's: 14 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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be sure it will meet our expectations," says Everone. "No side effects have been reported so far."

The Foundation for Infinite Survival has no plans to go into the pill-pushing business. "Life extension is more than just selling products, most of which are garbage anyway," says Everone, a man with serious eyes and a neatly clipped mustache, who feels most comfortable in jeans, a white shirt, and tennis shoes.

After studying philosophy at the University of California at Berkeley and the University of Madrid, Everone began to seriously explore the meaning of life. He decided that "survival is the ultimate purpose of life" and set up the foundation. "Since my one ultimate goal is to live forever," he changed his name to Everone.

Spending ten years offering "controlof-aging programs" at a cost to the client
of \$300—\$500 a year has paid off. Everone's clinic, which employs a general
physician and cardiologist, serves 400
clients, most of whom were probably
drawn to it by an ad in the Yellow Pages
for a "health testing center" which listed
such services as "weight counseling."
Once enrolled, they are told about the
foundation.

For their money Infinite Survival clients, mostly 50–60-year-old professionals, get a thorough health exam, a 30-page computer analysis of the results, and an individualized program outlining what they should be doing to increase their longevity. "For most people, the program will take less than an hour a day," says Everone. Infinite Survival's recommendations may include nutritional supplements, exercise, yoga, massage, or experimental drug therapies.

Two of the most popular theories of life extension revolve around limiting two things everybody has: body weight and "free radicals."

Free radicals are molecules with an extra or "free" electron. Millions of free radicals sail through our bodies and float in the air we breathe. Most of these are oxidants, that is, oxygen atoms with a loose electron. When loose electrons spin off to pair with other atoms, they start chain reactions that can damage cells. The damage becomes more extensive when there are too many free radicals present to begin with. Free radicals are present in rancid food, air pollution, cigarette smoke, radiation, and in white blood cells as they attack disease. Free "rads" have been linked to cancer, heart disease, arthritis, abnormal blood clotting, aging, and several other disorders.

Normally, various enzymes protect the body from free radicals. Also, antioxidants, which may be amino acids or other substances, guard against free radicals by breaking down or, in chemists' language, "scavenging" the reactions promoted by free radicals.

Dr. Denham Harman, who stumbled on the free-rad idea in 1954, is convinced that inhibiting free radicals will promote a longer, happier life span. "All major diseases," he believes, "involve free radicals. The point is that we can do something now." That "now," adds Harman, would require ten to 20 years of work screening various chemicals and testing their side effects.

In one sense Harman has already succeeded. He is one of the founders of the highly respected American Aging Association (AGE). Most of AGE's 600 members, who pay \$20 a year in dues, are personally involved in trying to retard aging. The association acts as a clearing-house of information, publishes a quarterly journal, and sponsors an annual meeting of gerontologists.

Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, authors of the 1982 best-seller Life Extension: A Practical Scientific Approach, point out that since vitamins A, C, E, B, and B₆ and the minerals zinc and selenium are antioxidants, downing huge doses of these could extend the average



Two popular writers contend that if a chemical food preservative can keep cooking oil from getting old, it should do the same for humans.



life span. They also contend that if butylated hydroxytoluene (BHT), one of the most common chemical food preservatives, can keep cooking oil from getting old, then why can't it do the same for humans? They each take two grams a day.

Meanwhile, in a Los Angeles lab, Dr. Roy Walford is busy feeding his mice. Walford, a professor of pathology at the U.C.L.A. School of Medicine and author of *Maximum Life Span*, is studying rates of aging and the relationship between genetics and nutrition in aging. He thinks how much we eat may be more important than what we eat.

Over the past 25 years, he and other scientists have noticed that mice on restricted diets live 20–50 percent longer than those left to eat all they want. Walford is the first to admit that he doesn't know why weight reduction works. "But maybe it's tied into our immunity system or endocrines. The important thing is that with normal eating, 35 percent of the energy you produce is used by your body. In a restricted program, the rate goes up to 50 percent. And the greater your metabolic efficiency, the fewer free radicals you probably generate."

According to Walford, anybody wanting to live long should go on a gradual diet to drop to ten to 15 percent below their average weight. "If you're 150, you should get down to 120–135." In the past four years, Walford has carefully dieted and taken 12 pounds off his already lean frame and would like to drop ten pounds more from his current 140.

In considering dietary influences on aging, many life-extension researchers are quick to criticize Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw, the glittering stars of the life-extension movement, who say they subsist on "gourmet food and dairy products" and spend "23 of every 24 hours on a water bed."

But they must be doing something right. Their 1982 best-seller has sold 1.4 million copies; their just-out *Life Extension Companion* has sold 200,000 copies; they run a thriving \$100,000-a-year consulting business; and they earn \$5,000 per lecture. The couple owns three homes in Manhattan Beach.

Nobody is sure why they've succeeded so resoundingly. Maybe it's because of their frequent appearances on "The Merv Griffin Show," or the feeling you get from them that you don't have to work hard to live long, or the fact that nobody has read the book that made them famous. *Life Extension* is 858 pages long, enough to make most readers skim rather than carefully read its humorously titled chapters. Reason 4 in Chapter 10 ("Why Some People Prefer to Die") is "they aren't having any fun"; Reason 12 is "all their friends want to."

According to Pearson, an M.I.T. graduate with a degree in physics, the antioxidants they take counteract their sedentary lifestyle. "Besides, we'd rather give up a few years than give up the food we eat." While life-extensionists and fitness experts agree that exercising is crucial. Pearson contends that ten minutes of peak exercise every other day is all you need to keep your heart in shape. "But you could," he adds, "get by with less than a minute of exercise a day. Neither sex nor jogging are vigorous enough but dancing to heavy-metal music is perfect." As for the couple's critics, Shaw says, "Jealousy is a powerful force."

The NIA's Edward L. Schneider says of Pearson and Shaw: "They're fun, but I wish they weren't in aging." Dr. Walford labels them "sensationalists who serve a shallow hodgepodge of half-truths."

You won't find Dr. Marott Sinex, Ellen Orbach, or Dr. Robert J. Morin dancing to heavy-metal music to stop aging. They represent the mainstream of modern gerontology, and would like to see the government and private sector pour millions of dollars into efforts that would come up with completely new ways to better understand and battle aging.

What the federal government contributes to aging research—\$82 million in 1984—is deemed minuscule by Ellen Or-



BY ART CUMINGS





"It's a little out of my line. However, I can give you the name of a great electrician."







DANNY SULLIVAN, AMERICA'S HOTTEST NEW RACE DRIVER, IS RAPIDLY ACCELERATING TO THE TOP. BY MIKE KNEPPER









"I knew that racing was exactly what I wanted to do." Here was something real: Driving a race car at its, and one's own, limits is a singular sensation, both visceral and emotional. It's brushing up against disaster and then deftly, skillfully, dancing away from it.

EXPET THE SULLIVAN

DOMINO'S

P HILLON GOOD

GOODFYEAR VALVOLINE







Michigan International Speedway sits surrounded by corn and alfalfa fields in the farm country of western Michigan. I've forgotten whatever logic it was that convinced someone to build a multimilliondollar racetrack out here in Funk's Hybrid Seed Corn land, a good two hours from Detroit. But never mind. No one seems to care about the drive, and every time one of the major racing series pulls in for the weekend, the stands are packed. This weekend the fans are here to see the CART (Championship Auto Racing Teams) PPG Indy Car World Championship Series. I'm here to get the scoop on Danny Sullivan.

Since the start of the season 12 races ago, Sullivan has risen from the relative obscurity of middle-of-the-pack status to front-rank notoriety. He's already won three races and is vying for the series championship against such notables as Tom Sneva and Rick Mears. And the industry gossip pegs Sullivan as America's next superstar racer.

We're sitting on the pit wall. The Saturday morning practice session is over: qualifying is still a few minutes away. Sullivan's wearing dark glasses and a red quilted flameproof driving suit, which has been carefully tailored to his trim 5-foot-11-inch frame. He lived in Europe for years (paying his dues is how he describes it). but his voice hasn't lost the cadence and softness of the South. He's telling me about growing up in Lexington, Kentucky, and how he was sent off to military school his sophomore year because "I didn't give a shit about anything," when team owner Doug Shierson walks over and tells Danny his turn is coming up. With a casual "remind me where I was" gesture, he pulls a flameproof hood over his head, dons a helmet, tugs on a pair of bright-orange flameproof driving gloves, climbs into his race car, and pulls away.

No. 30, Domino's Pizza Lola, looks aggressively frail. Fat tires stuck on the end of spindly suspension pieces support a wide, flat fiberglass and aluminum body—its underside designed to put an aerodynamic lip lock on the track. The 750-horsepower turbocharged Cosworth-Ford V-8 stuffed in its tail is capable of hurtling the 1,500-pound race car, and its driver, over the river and through the woods at mind-boggling velocities.

A few minutes later, the red. white, and blue Lola swings into view, rounding turn four, and screams across the start/finish line to begin the first of two qualifying laps. The Michigan oval is two miles around (Indy is two and a half) and the car is back almost instantly. "Two hundred eight point seven," the public-address announcer intones. That's miles per hour. Again the Lola screams into view and the announcer says that Danny has turned another lap at the same average speed of 208.7. At that speed a race car traverses the length of a football field in less than a second.

The Lola coasts to a stop in the Domino's pit, and Danny climbs out with the same nonchalance you and I exhibit pushing up from our Barcalounger to change channels.

A few quick words with Shierson and the crew chief and Danny sits down beside me on the pit wall.

"Now, where was I?" he says.

"You were just out there going more than 208 miles per hour," I comment in disbelief, but he's back into the Danny Sullivan Story.

Daniel John Sullivan III lives the good life. The 34-year-old bachelor owns a condo in Aspen, travels to and from races in a Learjet, and earns an annual wage that would impress an NBA first-round draft choice (close to seven figures). Women, as you might have guessed, are something of a staple in his life. But not just "women." We're talking ten-pointers here. A California beauty named Julie Lamm



Danny was bartending
when he was asked what he
wanted to do with
his life. "I said I wanted to be
world champ," Sullivan
recalls. "It was so improbable
it seemed funny."



has been, on and off, the special lady in his life, but he has a reputation around the circuit of taking advantage of the opportunities that frequently present themselves.

A longtime friend offers an explanation of Danny's attitude toward women at this stage of his career and life:

"He realized that dealing with a race every two weeks—don't forget it's a lifeand-death struggle out there—he had to become somewhat one-dimensional."

He's been linked romantically (gossipcolumn stuff) with Susan Anton and Diana Ross. And in the "friend" category there's Jill St. John, Christie Brinkley, and Victoria Principal. A partial list of his male friends includes Paul Newman, David Hasselhoff, Cheech and Chong, Dudley Moore, and Prince Albert of Monaco.

Sullivan's life story reads like a movie

When he was a kid, he liked to terrorize the neighborhood in a go-cart. At the age of 14 he began "borrowing" his mother's station wagon. When Danny showed himself to be a bit indifferent about high school, Big Dan Sullivan, who has a successful construction business in Lexing-

ton, packed his son off to military school, where Danny lettered in swimming, track, and football and made all-state in soccer. Upon graduation he attended the University of Kentucky, but after two semesters dropped out and moved to New York City.

It was 1969, he was 19, and the operative philosophy was to work at something, anything, to earn enough money to have a serious good time. That meant some out-of-city jobs: lumberjack in the Adirondacks, sod-cutter on Long Island, even a memorable few weeks as the guy who cleans under the pens on a chicken farm.

Back in Manhattan he began working days at Maxwell's Plum—then and still a world-class singles bar—and for a short time drove a cab at night.

"I'd get off work at Maxwell's at three

and start from there," he says.

From time to time a family friend, Dr. Frank Falkner, would visit Danny, gathering information to report back to his family. On one of those trips in 1972, Dr. Falkner supposedly surveyed the scene at Maxwell's and then, shouting to be heard over the din, asked Danny what he intended to do with his life.

"I told him I wanted to be world driving champion," Sullivan recalls. "I probably said it because it was so improbable it

seemed funny."

But Dr. Falkner, who had long been involved in racing, took the throwaway line seriously and for Sullivan's 21st birthday sent him to the Jim Russell Driving School

in England.

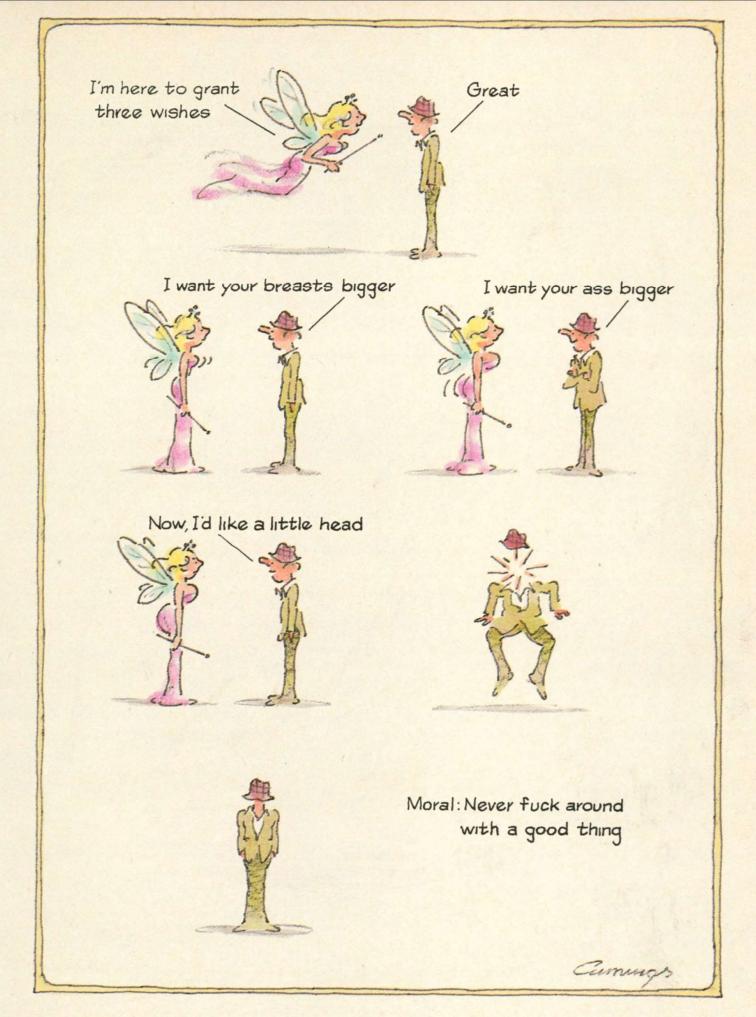
"The first time I sat in one of the school's Formula Fords," Sullivan, recalling the moment, says now, "I knew that racing was exactly what I wanted to do." Here was something real: Driving a race car at its, and one's own, limits is a singular sensation, both visceral and emotional. It's brushing right up against disaster and then deftly, skillfully, dancing away from it. It's being in total, unequivocal control.

Fortunately, Danny proved to be pretty good at racing, good enough, in fact, that the instructors told him he could be one of the best, that there was potential greatness in him. "They tell everybody that. I was dumb enough to believe them."

Dumb or not, he decided to try the British Formula Ford series that summer. Danny recalls: "I made a little money from a job in a race shop, got a little more from Dr. Falkner and a couple of his friends, and bought a secondhand race car and trailer and a used van for towing. A guy at the shop was my mechanic.

"We raced every weekend from March to October. Sometimes twice a weekend. I'd finish a race on Saturday, then tow to another track for a Sunday meet. You can do that in England, everything is so close."

He and the mechanic usually slept in the van. They also didn't eat much. Or often. Sullivan competed in 53 races that year. He finished sixth in the championship and he succeeded in learning how



to race wheel-to-wheel.

The next few years were variations on that theme. "I seemed to have a talent for finding sponsors who backed out at the last minute or wouldn't fulfill commitments," he recalls.

Some years later, in the foreword to a book about a season in the Can-Am series in the United States, Mario Andretti wrote this about Danny's struggle:

"He was the victim of what I call 'pirates.' These are hangers-on—sometimes even established teams—who prowl around racing only for the money they can get. Danny was caught ... by these pirates who promised him cars that didn't exist and [by] teams that were either close to bankruptcy or already there."

"At the time, my father said it was character-building," Sullivan remembers. "I told him I had all the character I could use. What I needed was a good car."

That happened in 1975, when he finally got a reliable sponsor who provided a car to match his ability. He was barely nosed out for the Formula Three title by Gunnar Nilsson, who was soon to drive with Mario Andretti on the Lotus Formula One team.

Good things should have begun to happen. All around him, his contemporaries were moving up, getting the big sponsors, even moving into Formula One. But Sullivan couldn't get a break. British and European companies didn't want an American driver to promote their products, and without sponsor backing, the good teams didn't want him either.

"I never seriously considered giving up," he says. "I always knew that I could make it."

But at the end of 1978, with no offers for the next year, Sullivan turned his back on the frustrations of six years and returned to the States. There followed a couple of years of minor-league formula racing ("At \$750 a month, plus expenses, I thought it was heaven") and there was more frustration.

In 1980 he contacted an old Kentucky acquaintance, Garvin Brown, a descendant of the Brown-Forman Browns who took native corn and spring water and turned them into a popular libation called Jack Daniel's. Brown agreed to form a team for Danny to run the Can-Am. The first season for the new team was difficult, but began to jell at the end, and Sullivan was named Rookie of the Year. He was second in the champion-ship the following year.

Brown folded the team after that season, but Sullivan was hired by the Paul Newman/Carl Haas Budweiser group for the following year and finished third in the championship. He had worked his way into the top rank of U.S. road racers.

That winter, thanks to Dr. Falkner's personal friendship with Ken Tyrrell, Sullivan was given a tryout in one of Tyrrell's Formula One cars. On the Paul Ricard Track in France, he was the fastest of all the drivers tested. Tyrrell took him to Rio de

Janeiro, site of the season's opening race, to test him again to see if the first performance had been a fluke. Sullivan qualified, coming in a tick slower than team driver Michele Alboreto. At last, the top.

But it was sort of the bottom of the top. The Tyrrell team was one of the few without turbocharged engines, so Sullivan, who nonetheless qualified for all 17 races in the series and finished fifth at Monaco, spent the season racing for finishing honors among the nonturbo cars. Unable to come up with enough money to insure his spot on the Tyrrell team for the following year, he came back to the States. Down again, but not out, he started hustling and before long had landed the ride in Shierson's car.

As prodigious a feat as that 208.7 lap at Michigan may seem, there were eight other cars faster that afternoon, which means Danny will start the race in ninth. If there is a start. The forecast is for rain.



Danny's car screams by at an average speed of 208.7. That means he could traverse the length of a football field in less than a second.



and that's exactly what we're getting this Sunday morning. While we wait for the rain to stop and then for the track to dry, Danny talks about the season that is almost over, the season that had seen him go from face-in-the-crowd to celebrity.

In the first four races, he had a mechanical failure, a sixth-place finish, a crash (Indy), and a 14th, "But the fifth race, at Portland, was a turning point," he says. "That's when I felt it was coming together. I needed to prove I wasn't just a pretty face, that I could race."

In the next race, at the Meadowlands in New Jersey, he finished second behind Andretti—"too far behind," he says—but still ahead of everyone else. But the following weekend, at Cleveland, everybody finished behind him as he scored his first victory. He won again at Pocono in August and got win No. 3 at Sanair, Quebec, three weeks later.

"We raced him hard and he beat us," says Roger Penske, owner of the Rick Mears and Al Unser, Sr., cars. "He won at Sanair on a new track where everybody had just one chance to get sorted out. He's aggressive, he uses his head."

Chris Economaki, editor of National

Speed Sport News, points out Sullivan's versatility.

"His roots are in road racing, but two wins have been on oval tracks [Pocono and Sanair]. That means he's a racer as well as a driver," Economaki says. "There aren't many of those around."

Late in the afternoon CART manages to squeeze in a few laps of racing on the damp Michigan oval before the rain starts up again. Not enough laps to make it an official race, but enough to let Danny know the Lola wasn't going to let him run with the fast cars. The race is completed the next day, and Danny finishes where he started. Ninth.

If the alfalfa fields of western Michigan are a strange place to put a racetrack, the parking lot next to Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas is totally bizarre, but that's where the Indy Car World Series is staging the last race of the season. In the seven weeks since Michigan, Danny has had a DNF (did not finish) at Phoenix and an eighth at Laguna Seca, and no longer qualifies for the championship. But there's still reason to feel good in these strange surroundings. He won two Can-Am races here and that makes him a prerace favorite; Julie has unexpectedly shown up to end the most recent breakup; and then there's the Rumor

The last race of the season is when deals between drivers and teams for the following year are made. Speculation and rumor fly thick and fast with pit-road gossip central. Racers call it the "silly season," and the silly season is in full swing at Las Vegas. The Rumor has Danny leaving Doug Shierson/Domino's for the seat Al Unser, Sr., has had in the Penske team. It is, simply put, one of the top rides in the series and would be far more important to his career than the year of obscurity in Formula One.

"So, what about the Rumor?" I ask him. In the best confirming-without-confirming tone, he says, "It would be hard to leave Doug. He's been good to me. But I have to do what seems best, and Penske would offer the best opportunity to win Indy. That's my immediate goal."

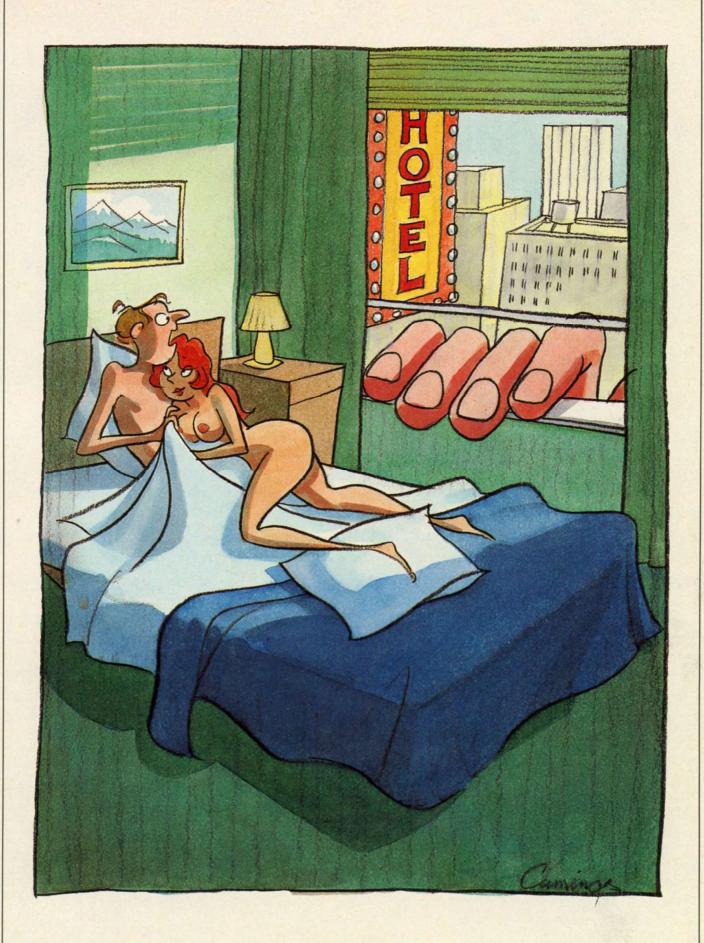
A few minutes later Danny is out on the track to qualify the familiar red, white, and blue Lola for what proves to be the last time. (The Rumor will be verified a few days later.) Fittingly, he finds his way around the five-turn track faster than anybody else to claim his and the team's first Indy car pole position.

Sullivan today has done what he does best—drive a race car—better than anyone else in the place. And he's being courted by one of the best race teams in the sport.

And, if the move to the Penske team does bring him an Indy win, I ask, "What next?"

He looks at me and repeats exactly what he said to Dr. Falkner so long ago.

"I want to be world champion."
This time he's serious.O+



"Is your husband a big man?"



THE PICKUP

"Need a lift?" inquires our rather bored but obviously intrigued lady of leisure, who takes a back seat to no one except her chauffeur. What young man of the streets could resist such a serendipitous invitation? He agrees. They pull away, and his good fortune grows mightily as she makes a full disclosure of her hidden assets.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARL WACHTER











58 PENTHOUSE

As the driver shifts into high gear, while keeping one eye firmly fixed on the rearview mirror, Milady lavishes her opulent bounty on the less fortunate . . . all the while enjoying the rewards of her charity.





The limousine careens through the night as our young hero negotiates the treacherous and forbidden terrain before him.
Then, taking advantage of a long red light, he heads for her silken seat of power. His engine, redhot, well-oiled, and ready to go, accelerates to full speed.





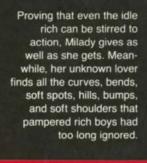




Makeup and hair by Bobby Flint; wardrobe courtesy of Fireworks, Venice, Calif



















But all good trips, however tasty, must end ... and that's when our amorous stranger discovers Milady's biggest kick of all ... right in the end! Olim



MESHULAM RIKLIS

6I want to know what I'm achieving because I enjoy being successful. I don't do it for the money. Progress must continue or your creativity begins to deteriorate. There's no rest, ever.

here is a story about the young Meshulam Riklis back in the fifties that has him lecturing his business associates, and even their wives, on the strategy of corporate buy-outs. The theory was simple: that small asset-rich corporations can be parlayed into bigger and better things. But so infused with the notion was the fledgling financier that he insisted his cohorts continue their lessons even as the group commuted each and every morning to work. It was a "vision," he claims, a destiny that had to be fulfilled-and anyone who

wasn't sufficiently interested was free to go his own way. Those who stayed became millionaires many times over.

Meshulam Riklis. The name is synonymous with money made not the oldfashioned way, but rather with entrepreneurial ballswhat Riklis himself might call chutzpah. An Israeli born in Turkey in 1923, he came to the United States after serving with the British Army in North Africa and Italy, paid his way through Ohio State by giving Hebrew lessons, and settled in Minneapolis, where he put together a small investment group. He had stud-

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID MICHAEL KENNEDY





61 will borrow money, I will pay interest, but no one can have control over my soul.





ied the careers of Eli Black, Royal Little, and Louis Wolson, the early conglomerators, and within several years had acquired stock in his first company, lost control in a proxy fight, and vowed never again to occupy anything other than the No. 1 spot in any future enterprise. In 1957 he founded the Rapid-American Corporation, still holding to his precept that "a minnow can swallow a whale." The firm's growth rate was dizzving. Acquisition followed acquisition. Wall Street remained skeptical, but Riklis, with his immigrant's accent and his less-than-Yale-Club attire. continued using debt to purchase more and more companies. Soon he branched out into such diverse areas as auto parts and variety-store chains, clothing manufacturers, and real estate, eventually buying such giants as Schenley liquors, Playtex, Botany 500, and the Las Vegas Riviera Hotel.

By the early seventies Business Week was able to point to Riklis as one of the country's 15 highest-paid executives, and to tabulate Rapid-American's assets at nearly \$3 billion. Riklis, however, was on hard times. Mismanagement of his McCrory retail chain, a major holding, had threatened Rapid's future in the early sixties, but now the main problem was Riklis's credibility with the banking institutions. Indeed by 1976 Forbes, the voice of the establishment, was ready to write off the brash and unorthodox Israeli once and for all, claiming, "At 53, Meshulam Riklis is a stunning case history of the American Dream gone wrong—a living demonstration that success, absolute overnight success, is a hard thing to handle." And the problem, specifically? Aside from stockholder lawsuits, Securities and Exchange Commission investigations, and the parlaying of credit (such that Rapid's debt stood at over \$1.4 billion) Meshulam Riklis, the man, was having a mid-life crack-up. His 30-year marriage was on the rocks; and worse, while he was out chasing Las Vegas show girls, he delegated Rapid's helm to others.

The day of reckoning had come. Budget slashes, divestitures, and a reorganization of Rapid's debts all followed. Despite prophecies of bankruptcy by the financial press, Riklis not only retained control but made his huge conglomerate private, further insulating himself from the control and oversight of the financial establishment. The sale of Playtex was the price of survival, but no matter, the irrepressible Riklis had done it again—achieving what Wall Street deemed "the impossible."

It was also during this period-in 1973-that Riklis met Pia Zadora. Seventeen years old, and an actress since early childhood, Zadora had been on tour with Rich Little-and while it may not have been love at first sight, Riklis soon realized he had found his future wife. "It was my decision that Pia should continue working," he says, and after a less than scintillating opening at the Riviera (coinciding with the couple's marriage), she took on a manager who had been hired away from Frank Sinatra. Film projects were next on the agenda. First, Butterfly with Stacy Keach, then Fake Out, and finally Harold Robbins's Lonely Lady. Pia's recently recorded record with Jermaine Jackson, "When the Rain Begins to Fall," has gone platinum throughout Western Europe and, along with the video, is scheduled for an early 1985 release in the United States.

For both Riklis and Pia, press barbs alluding to his Svengali-like role in her career were irrelevant. Determination was all, and almost as a confirmation of this faith, neither was the least chagrined at Pia's departure on a European promotional tour only a week and a half after she had given birth to their first child, a daughter named Kady. Indeed, as the proud Riklis said, commenting on the press, "We're going to show them!"

To probe the complexities of Riklis and his empire, *Penthouse* sent Contributing Editor Peter Manso to California and New York. Riklis's first interview in a half-dozen years proved fascinating, anything but dull. Manso reports: "Politics, money, personal values of loyalty, commitment, and grit—all came into play very, very quickly. Riklis is a man of huge energy and intelligence, and his opinions are no less modest. It didn't take very long for the dialogue to get serious."



Penthouse: Maverick, speculator, highstakes gambler: You're widely known for being all of these. You recently bought Fabergé. At this stage in your life, why did you feel that you needed to take another gamble?

Riklis: I wasn't looking to buy Fabergé. I was approached by a broker and I studied all the material—I looked at the company's balance sheets and talked to the managers of my various stores that sell Fabergé products. I was also aware that Fabergé had a lot of unnecessary overhead.

Penthouse: The strategy, though, is to sell off assets even before you've bought the company?

Riklis: Yes. It's like going into a garden and cutting back the vines in order to make things grow. I figure a certain amount of money can always be gotten back at the beginning. I also look at the competition, and with Fabergé I felt that I could license the name. Franchising is a big business and that, more than anything, was the reason I bought the company.

Penthouse: Did you make an immediate offer or bargain on the price?

Riklis: The Fabergé guys were asking \$30 a share, and I agreed. For Riklis a long-term investment must be made with long-term debt.

Penthouse: Once again, your favorite saying: "You can name the price if I can name the terms"?

Riklis: Exactly. If you ask me to give you cash, either I have to borrow it or use my own cash. I prefer to have the time, so I'm willing to pay more. Once you name, your own price, I don't have to try anything else. I know what you want, and then I make sure that I have sufficient time to pay so that I can change the business in such a way that I can double and triple its earnings.

Penthouse: You used not a dime of your own money? You gained control of a multinational corporation, a firm that is virtually a household name, without dipping into your own pocket?

Riklis: There's no such thing as not paying a dime. We're responsible for the loan, and at about 15 percent interest, the \$175 million we paid is going to cost me \$25 million the first year alone. All Fabergé made last year was \$13–14 million, pretax, which means I'm a loser of \$11 million right off the bat. What people don't understand, though, is what I can do with a company: Within the next two years, I guarantee I'll generate \$100 million cash without losing Fabergé's major moneymaking ability.

Penthouse: Even though you know nothing about the cosmetics business?

Riklis: I don't have to know. What I know is management, and that's where it takes the guts.

Penthouse: How big a role does luck play?

Riklis: You have to be lucky, sure. But you make your own luck, maybe 50 percent.

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You have to be strong enough to seize opportunity. Winning \$5 million in the lottery, that's pure luck. In business, luck is when opportunity meets preparation.

Penthouse: Obviously preparation was all you had when you started Rapid-American back in the early 1950s. The basic theory of leveraged buy-out, conglomeration, came out of what?

Riklis: I got the idea in 1951. I was teaching Hebrew school in Columbus, Ohio, while finishing my master's degree in business at Ohio State, and a professor gave me an assignment: Find companies whose stock was selling for less than the cash they had in the till. This was right after the war, remember, and many companies had a lot of accumulated money; but along with management changes, they hadn't yet figured out where to reinvest capital. While doing this term paper, I discovered there was a whole industry whose stock was selling for less than it should have been. It was a revelation:

6

If you have three marbles, you can control seven marbles, and seven marbles can control 100 marbles. My plan was to control as many marbles as possible.



"Riklis, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. Why don't you buy control of one of these companies?"

Penthouse: Meanwhile, though, you didn't have a pot to piss in?

Riklis: Right. I'm making \$3,600 a year. Still, I decided that I was going to devote my life to this idea-that I can control a lot of wealth-because here was the greatest possible bonanza: that a minnow can swallow a whale. In those days you could control a company with maybe only 25 or 30 percent of the stock, and I realized that if I could get control of a company, liquidate it, then buy control of a larger company, I'd start the string going and at the end buy control of a very large company. Controlling a very large company is the point at which you can start to achieve things, because if you have three marbles, you can control seven marbles, and seven marbles can control 100 marbles. My plan was to control as many marbles as possible.

Penthouse: So the mechanism you used was pure leverage?

Riklis: Totally. If I have a dollar and I borrow 100, then double it, I can now pay back the \$100 I borrowed and my original

dollar is now worth \$102.

Penthouse: At this point you'd given up all thought of returning to Israel? The pot of gold was here in the United States? Riklis: Yeah, but in fact, part of my idea had to do with Israel. My scheme was that if I could get American Jews to give me their money instead of turning it over to the UJA [United Jewish Appeal], their investment would not only work out brilliantly, but subsidiaries could be established in Israel. This is Riklis's brilliant scheme for peace in the Middle East! All we need is for America to have total financial interest in Israel, with every company being an American subsidiary; then the United States will make sure that there is peace and tranquility.

Penthouse: This was something you actually put into motion?

Riklis: [Laughs] Oh, yeah. I drove to Washington, and through a family connection I got an appointment with the economic attaché of Israel named Levine. I don't remember many names, but I remember this idiot's because after I spent the morning with him, fighting for my scheme, he told me that I was the idiot.

Penthouse: How much money did you want?

Riklis: I didn't want money, I wanted him to bring me the Jews—the machers, or big shots, who give \$50,000 or \$100,000 to the United Jewish Appeal. What I wanted was to put them together in an investment group. I already had my eyes on Marion Power and Shovel, a roadbuilding company in Ohio, and I said, "Look, it'll take \$2 million, \$3 million, but Marion Power and Shovel could give Israel credit of \$10 million for road-building machinery!" Levine just laughed at me, and I became so bitter that I thought, "You son of a bitch, I'm gonna show you."

Penthouse: How old were you?

Riklis: Twenty-seven or 28. I had moved to Minneapolis and was teaching five days a week again, then I got a job as a securities analyst and within one year I became a salesman and was using the list of all the wealthy Minneapolis Jews who were contributing to the UJA. I would gather them in a cafeteria for lunch and preach to them how a minnow can swallow a whale, how one circle becomes a bigger circle.

Penthouse: You're obsessed?

Riklis: I'm obsessed, and I'm obsessing them. I'm making them messengers of this vision. Each one can imagine himself as a member of the board of a public corporation: Suddenly he comes out of his shell of mediocrity, living in the city of Minneapolis where Jews are not even allowed to go to some country clubs. Right away each one of them became pillars of industry. And it happened! Our group bought about 5,000 or 10,000 shares of Marion Power and Shovel, someone else made the tender offer, and everyone quadrupled their money and they thought I was a genius. Remember, we're little



guys! Some of the people, what did they have, maybe \$3,000?

Penthouse: So word is out?

Riklis: It takes a year, but yeah. The word is out: Riklis is making money for his clients.

Penthouse: The financing is all private—you're not going to banks?

Riklis: Who knew about banks? Banks you go to to borrow \$1,000 to fix your attic. You're talking about an idiot who's just starting in business. But I'm talking and talking, and people are beginning to believe. I'm making \$10,000 teaching in the Hebrew school, plus another \$40–50,000 with investments.

Penthouse: So by 1954 you're already sitting pretty?

Riklis: Oh yeah, I was a big man, except I'd forgotten one very important point—which is the fact that you have to be in control. By 1955 I was making \$120,000, and then I put together a formal group, like an investment company. We put together \$800,000 to buy control of the Gruen Watch Company, and after negotiating with the Gruen family and a group of dissident shareholders, we bought 40 percent of the company and I became a member of the executive board.

Penthouse: You bought the company on margin?

Riklis: Everything was bought on margin. We'd had \$800,000 in cash and borrowed an equivalent amount short-term against the stock.

Penthouse: They could call the loan in whenever they wanted to?

Riklis: Sure, and that's how they were able to throw me out. There was a power struggle. The chairman, who was also the chairman of our group and well-connected, threatened to withdraw his support so the banks could call in the loan. The board meeting was like the Dreyfus trial: Somebody jumps up and says, "I move that Riklis no longer be a member of the executive committee," and before you know it, the two epaulets are torn off, the sword broken, and Riklis is out on his ass. The moral of the story is that I learned that the next time I was going to control things completely. Totally.

Penthouse: Let's go back, though. You had this same will and determination, this chutzpah. as a kid?

Riklis: Sure. In Israel, growing up, I was a zhulek—a smart aleck. But I was also looked upon as having great promise because I was an excellent mathematician. At 12 or 13 I discovered formulas for Pythagorean numbers and was always making money tutoring other students after school. My friends called me Minister of Finance at the age of 13.

Penthouse: So the mathematical wizardry is a gift, something you were born with, and not something you learned in college?

Riklis: Yes, I believe so. I didn't just continue on to college. The war came and I joined the British Army in 1941.

Penthouse: You were a member of Haganah, not Irgun, the more radical Zionist group?

Riklis: Yes. I didn't believe in Jew fighting Jew. But when the day came that the Haganah had to fight the British to allow immigration to Israel, I helped to smuggle Jews in from Italy and Yugoslavia.

Penthouse: How old were you?

Riklis: Nineteen; and if there was any single influence on me, it was a Jewish army chaplain named Dr. Ephraim Aurbach, who I was assigned to drive all over North Africa. He was a scholar, a professor of Jewish Studies in Jerusalem, and while we drove between Benghazi, Tripoli, and Tobruk, he studied the Talmud. He helped teach me the difference between right and wrong, the basics of Jewish morality. Penthouse: Meaning what? That you began to see things from a broader perspective?

Riklis: I was a total greenhorn. Aurbach gave me a conceptual framework. While



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he was studying the Talmud, I'd be figuring, If I had \$10,000, what would I do with it? I lived in a fantasy world during my entire five years in the army. I had these dreams about business but knew nothing about the outside world. Without Aurbach I probably would've gone back and lived an ordinary life.

Penthouse: When did you first enter this larger world that the rabbi told you about? For example, what did you think about your first contact with Americans?

Riklis: After two years. Aurbach left and I was assigned to an English chaplain. Our units joined the Americans on the fight to Cassino, Anzio, and Rome, and that was really the first time I met Americans. There was still heavy action at that point, and the rabbi and I organized a seder five miles from Cassino. It was kibbutz galuyot, the congregation of the Diaspora-Polish Jews, Czech Jews, American Jews, South African Jews, English Jews, all the Jews that were in the Israeli units. The rabbi and I put up a ten-foot sign: "On this spot on the night of such and such will be held a Jewish seder for Passover." Then catastrophe struck. The British ordered matzos from

Tunis and they were maybe half an inch thick, totally different from any matzos you ever saw. And hard, like biscuits.

Brilliant Riklis says to the rabbi, "Listen, why don't you call the American chaplain?" And sure enough, the American chaplain says, "Of course. Not only that. I have Jewish boys as the quartermasters here, so send your guys and we'll give them anything you want for the seder." I got a truck and drove all night, maybe 250, 300 miles, and what do I see? Manischewitz matzos! Boxes of Manischewitz! They also gave me Hershey chocolate bars, plus canned food, peaches, pineapples. That was my first real contact with Americans, and while I didn't figure they were all Jewish, I figured the control was Jewish, and anything I wanted I could get. We then joined the troops at the Anzio beachhead, and brought all the canned fruit and chocolate. I should've gotten a medal for it. My chaplain got the medal, the son of a gun! Penthouse: It seems strange that, given your commitment to Israel, you then went to America.

Riklis: That happened almost by accident. I'd already decided to go to the London School of Economics, but in 1946 and 1947 the winter was so bad in England that friends had advised my wife and I to leave our baby daughter behind. I wouldn't do this, though, so immediately I applied to schools in the United States. We arrived in New York with \$3,000, then the money ran out and I needed a job. It was a very difficult, very lonely period, and, as I say, by the time we got to Ohio State I knew I wanted to be in business. Penthouse: To make a fortune?

Riklis: I wanted to be in business—I knew I would make money.

Penthouse: The attraction was what, then—power?

Riklis: I wanted to be the head man. To use my creativity. I'm not concerned with money. I make money because it's fun. *Penthouse:* Do you remember making your first million?

Riklis: I think I was making more than a million in 1957–1958, and year by year I've never made less, so how can I remember when I said one day, "I'm a millionaire"?

Penthouse: In 1956, you say, you were on your ass—kicked out of Gruen Watch, having to start all over again. How did you do it?

Riklis: I began with a group of six people, all Jewish, and all from the original group. We took \$325,000 that we'd salvaged from the Gruen episode and went and bought control of the Rapid Electrotype Company, a little company in Cincinnati. Again, we bought that company on margin. One of the guys took his savings of \$75,000, I borrowed on my house, we all scrambled. By September 1955, we had control of the company and I was chairman and chief executive. Then within a short period of time I put my brand of pressure on the management, and we

began to improve our earnings.

Penthouse: What then?

Riklis: Within three months we had 40 percent of Smith-Corona. I went to the board and convinced them to buy another company for \$2.3 million cash. In the meantime, while the honeymoon is going on with Smith-Corona, Rapid issues new bonds and I bought controlling interest of another company, American Colortype. By then we'd borrowed heavily from banks, and when—as later happened-the shit hit the fan with Smith-Corona, I sold out for a million-dollar profit. In the middle of 1957 we merged Rapid Electrotype and American Colortype into what became Rapid-American, liquidated American Colortype, and generated about \$10 million in cash to invest in yet another company.

Penthouse: Was there resistance in the banking community to your methods?

Riklis: My ideas were new and unusual, but since my financial presentations were good and our basic companies had liquid assets, not all the banks thought I was crazy. I don't take foolish risks.

Penthouse: But supposedly you're the master of taking chances.

Riklis: I'm dedicated to only one thing: Rapid-American. Some of the other guys in our group may have been buying too much on margin, thinking that everything's going to go through the roof—but remember, even if the trend is upward, there are always moments when business goes down.

Penthouse: Which, indeed, it did for you and Rapid-American in the mid-sixties. What brought about that crisis—Rapid-American being nearly bankrupt?

Riklis: Nineteen sixty-three was the first screwup, although it wasn't as bad as the later difficulties in 1973. The problem was me. I wasn't devoting my time to management on a day-to-day basis.

Penthouse: How come?

Riklis: Between 1960 and 1963, who the hell knows? It probably was a combination of bringing in outside management and not supervising it closely enough. The financial community did not quite accept me as an operator, so I resorted to hiring people who I thought were good.

Penthouse: And later, by the early 1970s, having survived your first crisis, you were still delegating authority to people who couldn't cut the mustard? Where were you? What were you doing?

Riklis: Again, not minding the store.

Penthouse: Are you talking about a socalled mid-life crisis? Your press coverage at the time implies that you were screwing your brains out.

Riklis: That's partially correct, although why it was happening, psychologically, I don't know. I've always analyzed myself many times, but I'm not sure I want to talk about it in this interview. But yes, partly it was mid-life crisis.

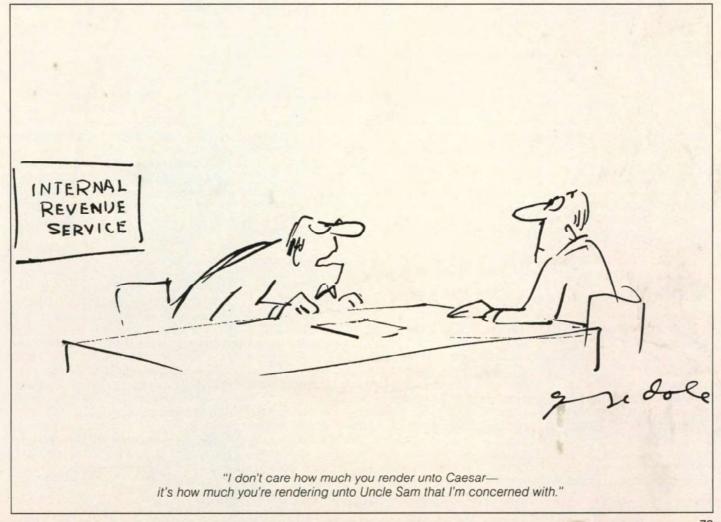
Penthouse: At the time you were already separated from your first wife?

Riklis: Not exactly. We were going to a psychiatrist together.... Look, it was more than a mid-life crisis. I was cracking up, no question about it. I hated myself, and my running around, I think, was a manifestation of my cracking up. I was not doing my children any good, nor my wife, and at the same time I didn't like the kind of life I was leading. Businesswise, my two lieutenants told me that I ought to just sit on the crown and they would run things, then they both fucked up. Rapid-American was a total disaster: In 1974 we owed \$650 million to the banks and had \$1.1 billion of long-term debt, plus, of course, the accounts payable.

Penthouse: How scary was it?

Riklis: Very. I got to the point where sometimes I felt suicide might be the better solution, especially after the suicide of Eli Black, one of the men whose careers I'd followed. He was a rabbi who started with the control of American Seal Cap Corporation, then 15 years later bought control of United Brands. When interest rates went to record levels, I think he thought the country was going to the dogs and couldn't take the pressure; so in 1976 he jumped from the 42nd floor of the Pan American Building. Because of that, more than once I thought about jumping, too.

Penthouse: What stopped you?



Riklis: I wouldn't let the goyim enjoy it, and by "goyim" I do not necessarily mean gentiles. What I'm talking about is that mythical "establishment." I wasn't about to let Forbes or Business Week have the pleasure of seeing me fail. Also, I thought it would be immoral to do that to my family, leaving them with the memory of my suicide plus all the problems I myself couldn't face.

Penthouse: Looking over the clips from Forbes, for example, we find this so-called establishment criticizing your methods throughout the 1970s. In 1976, for example: "On charm, nerve and a fast head for figures, he soon built a major conglomerate. And then he let it all run down. At 53, Meshulam Riklis is a stunning case of the American Dream gone wrong-a living demonstration that success, absolute overnight success, is a hard thing to handle." That's from Forbes and it's fairly representative. For Wall Street, you were in over your head: You bought companies only to write them off in order to solve your financial problems.

Riklis: So what? Every business has its ups and downs. They hate you when you are up and they hate you when you are down. I wonder how many presently praised and accepted leveraged buyouts will end up in distress?

Penthouse: Isn't there a pattern, here? Forbes obviously doesn't like you. Why? Riklis: Maybe they're jealous of my success. One thing that can't be said, though, is that Riklis cheated anybody. All the articles say is, "Riklis is better at buying companies than running them." In 1979 they predicted we were doomed, and look where we are today.

Penthouse: Still, was it bias or just short-

sightedness on their part?

Riklis: There's a definite bias, okay? Forbes specifically made it a point to write negative articles about me-to schtup Riklis. Why? I don't know, but it doesn't bother me.

Penthouse: I'm not asking whether it bothers you. Since Forbes isn't the only financial magazine that's been critical, I'm asking if it's indicative of an establishment gang-bang. Doesn't Wall Street have real animosity toward you?

Riklis: Yes, some of it exists, but not because somebody has it in for Riklis because he's Jewish or because he doesn't speak the King's English. Basically, it's because the establishment was against anyone who's an originator. Yet today the most prestigious banking firms, some of which went through their own brand of failures and takeovers, have as their most lucrative departments the mergers, acquisitions, and leveraged buy-outs. In 1973 I made a speech which predicted what was going to happen—namely, that the goyim were going to find out how to do it from the Jews, go into the acquisition business themselves. And indeed, what's happened in the past two or three years? They've gone into acquisitions with a vengeance, only when I began doing

it, it was unusual. Riklis was ahead of the times, and anybody who's ahead of the times becomes a target for the financial magazine writers, who are nothing but mediocrities themselves.

Penthouse: Weren't there also allegations of stockholder suits, as well as SEC investigations into alleged dealer kickbacks with Schenley, another of Rapid's companies?

Riklis: Am I still here? Am I involved with lawsuits? Today I have no pending shareholder lawsuits. But let's understand what we mean by such lawsuits. All these enterprising establishment govim today have the same lawsuits-at Getty, at Carter Hawley Hale, at Ford, at every one of them. They originate with shareholders, obviously, but they really are pushed by what I call second-story lawyers, who watch for any little opportunity to sue.

Penthouse: Let's talk about your wife. Pia. for a moment. The two of you met in the midst of your troubles, in 1973. Did she

You think that because I have a private 727 jet plane I live differently? Nonsense!



have a sense of what you were going through?

Riklis: None whatsoever, I think. Or maybe she did, but never said a word.

Penthouse: She was only a kid then, right? Riklis: She was 17. I was already separated, living by myself, but we really didn't start a romance until a year later. She was raised a Catholic. I don't think she believes those fairy tales now, but back then she was Catholic and not the easiest person in the world to be with. Then when we got together, I wanted to marry her but was not quite ready until 1977, when I thought I was safe and secure financially. Interestingly enough, Pia had a more stabilizing effect on me after we got married than before. I had to devote most of my time to the company, and it involved an unbelievable amount of strategy and patience and balls.

Penthouse: What effect, if any, did the marriage have on Wall Street? Weren't people muttering, "Oh God, Riklis has finally lost his mind"?

Riklis: I wouldn't be a bit surprised, because certainly all the people in my company—as well as the banks I do business with, members of my golf club, every-

body-if they didn't say so out loud, that's what they were thinking: This is the end of Riklis, now we know he's nuts. I didn't care what they thought. In fact, I enjoyed it. I knew everyone would eventually come to grips with the fact that she was making me happy. I give credit to my parents and children for accepting my happiness. Now my life is Pia, and there's a new stability for me.

Penthouse: Fine. But your determination to get Rapid-American out of trouble also goes back to your being the underdog. too, doesn't it?

Riklis: In both 1963 and 1973, when I was down and people were kicking me-Jew or gentile, it didn't make any difference-I had the desire, the need, to get back up because I wasn't going to give them the pleasure of seeing me down. And that I attribute to Aurbach, because in a way he'd given me an identity. I was inspired by the idea that as Jews we have got to perform at a certain high ethical level. I believe in true, healthy competition. If you beat me, good for you. And that's the way I run my business. And it's the way I tried to tell everybody to run their business.

Penthouse: How has your identity as a Jew affected your success? You've been quoted as saying that it was not a bed of roses for Jews to be successful.

Riklis: It's not easy for a Jew to achieve the position that I have from scratch, not easy at all. Even today, if I were to try to do a piece of business I would have to pay more, give better terms.

Penthouse: You're talking about the oldboy network?

Riklis: The old-boy network, no. For 30 years I've been arguing with one of my associates who thinks there's a collusion among the banks, the Yale Club, the Harvard Club. But that's all baloney. Look at Mobil and Du Pont-none of them is Jewish and they fight amongst themselves like cats and dogs.

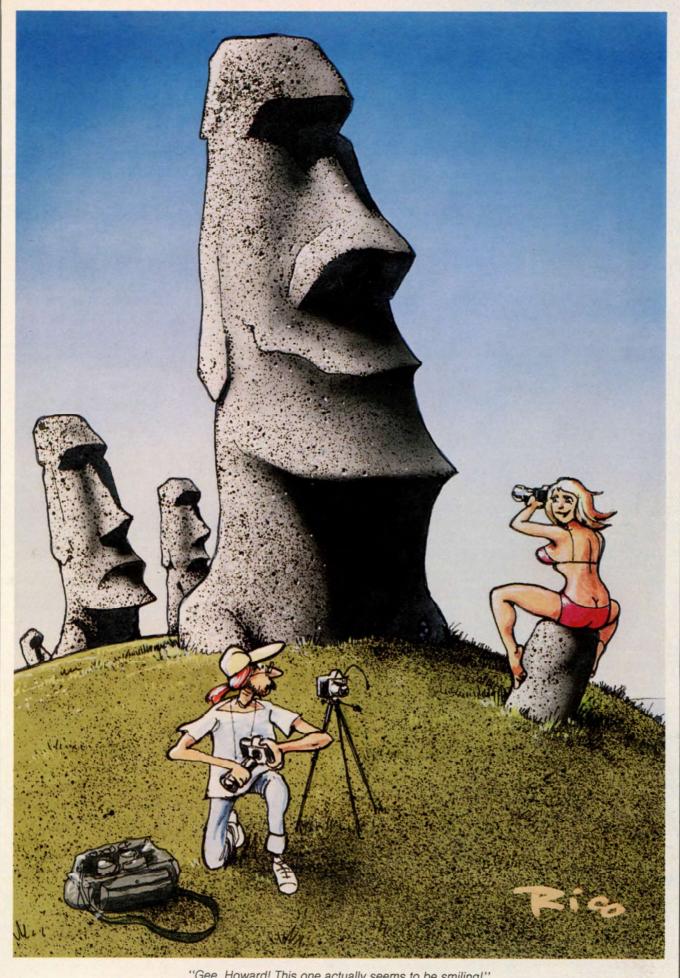
Penthouse: Would it have helped if you'd gone to Harvard Business School?

Riklis: It would have done me a lot of good to go to Harvard, but I don't think it would've changed anything from getting a master's degree at Ohio State. As far as achievement goes, I like to say, "The formula for success is you have to be stupid, crazy, naive, and lazy."

Penthouse: A joke?

Riklis: It's all a joke. Stupid, because you have to believe in what you achieve, even though everybody says it's unreal. Crazy, in order to keep on going even though a lot of people try to dissuade you. Naive, in that you cannot have it all for yourself, that you'll have to share with other people-which means you'll have to find others to participate with you in some of the rewards. And you have to be lazy in order to find people to work for you, instead of doing all the work yourself. What it means is you cannot succeed as an individual. You've got to be the leader of a group.

Penthouse: What about the perception that not only are Jews good at making



"Gee, Howard! This one actually seems to be smiling!"

money, but they control the press as well as the world's money?

Riklis: It's ridiculous to say that Jews control the banks and the press. Plus, the idea of Jews being good at making money is also silly. Jews are good at anything—they're good doctors, good teachers, good lawyers. Remember, probably 30 percent of Nobel laureates are Jewish, and the Jewish population of the world is what, half a percent?

Penthouse: Where does the stereotype come from, though?

Riklis: Maybe most people sense that the storekeeper in their neighborhood is a Jew, and the storekeeper in any area represents the wealth of that particular city. I would venture to say that Jews are among the wealthiest groups, true. But I think it's important to realize how this has come about-namely, that given thousands of years of anti-Semitism, Jews have had to live on education and brain power in order to survive. They've had no choice. They couldn't own land, couldn't build homes, nor could they practice as legal counsel before the courts. Medicine and business were the only avenues open to them. It's only in America in the last 200 years that Jews have not had to worry about survival.

Penthouse: So the Jewish emphasis on the making of money has been a form of self-preservation?

Riklis: Not money, education. Making money is a by-product. What does the Jewish mother want her child to be? "My son, the doctor." Why? It's what we call yiches—class. Now, the fact that some Jews didn't have the ability to compete with others as lawyers or doctors meant that they went into business, the other trade where Jews were accepted.

Penthouse: Which, in fact, has always been regarded as second-string, culturally, to the others.

Riklis: Absolutely. I am sure if my mother had her wishes, she would've preferred that I be a teacher or a professor. As it is, one of my cousins is the musical director of the Israel Philharmonic in Tel Aviv. His brother, my other cousin, is one of the top atomic scientists of Israel. As a matter of fact, when I visit Israel they say, "Meshulam Riklis, cousin of Shalom Riklis." I'm "the cousin" there like I'm "Pia Zadora's husband" here.

Penthouse: You're certainly more than that to the business world. According to The Wall Street Journal, "Riklis controls 60 percent of a \$2.5 billion conglomerate." Likewise, Business Week claims that you are among the 15 highest-paid executives in the country. Do you know what you're worth?

Riklis: I'm sure Business Week has not made that claim for at least ten years. As to my worth, it is substantial.

Penthouse: What do you regard as substantial? A quarter of a billion dollars? Riklis: Possibly.

Penthouse: Possibly? Forbes claims you're worth "at least \$150 million."

Riklis: Okay. It's probably more than that. Penthouse: The famous quote from F. Scott Fitzgerald: "The rich are different than you and I." A reasonably accurate statement, no?

Riklis: Are we any different? Do we eat differently, make love differently? No way. You think that because I have a private jet, I live differently? Nonsense.

Penthouse: Come on. The story was that you said you bought a 727 because Pia was pregnant and you sought to indulge her, like, God forbid she should have to travel in a lowly Gulfstream. Certainly this makes you a little "different."

Riklis: I bought a 727 because I wanted it. But when somebody asked why, I said as a joke, "Didn't you hear? My wife is pregnant and we'll need a nursery on the airplane!" Why not say that? Make them talk about it.

Penthouse: One of your priorities seems to be your wife's career, a subject of considerable media speculation. Would it be

6

I saw in some of the early opposition to Pia the same thing as the way people treated me when I was an upstart. That got Pia and me closer with the desire to show them all.



fair to say that your financial commitment to Pia's projects is ultimately not a business venture?

Riklis: Is it a venture that I would go into if Pia was not my wife? No. Is it a venture that I'm doing because I love her and want to promote her career? Yes. Could I make more money in other ways? The answer is probably yes, too. But it is my money, to do with as I please. As for Pia, it's a venture that I believe can make money. In fact we believe that when she makes it to superstardom, she will make a hell of a lot of money. For example, she just finished a record with Jermaine Jackson that's very successful, No. 1 in Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium. It's sold over two million records. So as far as our investment in Pia, I think it will pay off.

Penthouse: Pia's films really haven't paid off. Isn't it just flaunting money?

Riklis: Okay, not many people put \$5 or \$7 million into their wives' films. But I don't know if that's flaunting it, because as a matter of fact *Butterfly*, her first film, did make money. She's just gotten a gold videocassette for the film. On *Lonely Lady* we lost a million dollars. But the amount of the loss isn't as great as others would

like to think.

Penthouse: But how much of your involvement in her career is self-serving? Riklis: I saw in some of the early opposition to Pia, the way she was treated, the same thing as the way people treated me when I was an upstart. That got Pia and me closer with the desire to show them all. And I want her to succeed. I want her to be able to stand up and say, "I did it my way."

Penthouse: So it's a form of self-vindication, then?

Riklis: I'm not looking for vindication.

Penthouse: Now that you have a new

baby, are you a more secure man?
Riklis: Of course—because Pia and I are more secure. She's done that by making me happy, and I hope I do the same. But I haven't mellowed. I haven't lost my energy or dedication, nor have I changed my basic way of doing business. I will

Penthouse: Which, underneath it all, is part and parcel to your saying, "Those sons of bitches, I've shown them."

borrow money, I will pay interest, but no

one can have control over my soul.

Riklis: It's the feeling that you're a Rocky, which is the essence of America. So, ironically enough, today it's me who's establishment. I also know that when I get to the top of the hill, it doesn't mean that some of the other guys with the fat bellies and big muscles are not going to want to push me right down, so I've still got to watch myself. So I am embattled: But it's also true that now that my life has changed with Pia, I don't have to feel so embattled.

Penthouse: But if you've mellowed, have you relinquished what's made you famous—your desire to achieve?

Riklis: I have enormous responsibilities, and I will continue to devote myself to Rapid-American. But it's also true that I don't have the same driving force I used to. I've achieved almost everything I wanted.

Penthouse: Then why continue in the rough-and-tumble of acquisitions when there isn't some final dollar figure you're striving for?

Riklis: Because you do not stop. You must move forward. You owe it to the people around you; you owe it to your family, your employees, and your customers. Progress must continue or your creativity begins to deteriorate. There's no rest, ever. Penthouse: Willpower, luck, intelligence, nerve—you've spoken of all these but never once used the word "want."

Riklis: Whether you call it a need or a desire to achieve doesn't matter. What does matter is continuing to have the scorecard. I want to know what I'm achieving because I enjoy being successful. I don't do it for the money. When does it stop? At 65? Seventy? Eighty? When you're 80 you're supposed to lie down and say, "Guys, good-bye"? Then it's time to lie down and let the birds eat you? I won't say that, not at 65, not at 80. I don't think I'll ever say it.OH



ANDI

61 like to have men around me, but I don't want to live with one. 9

THREE'S COMPANY

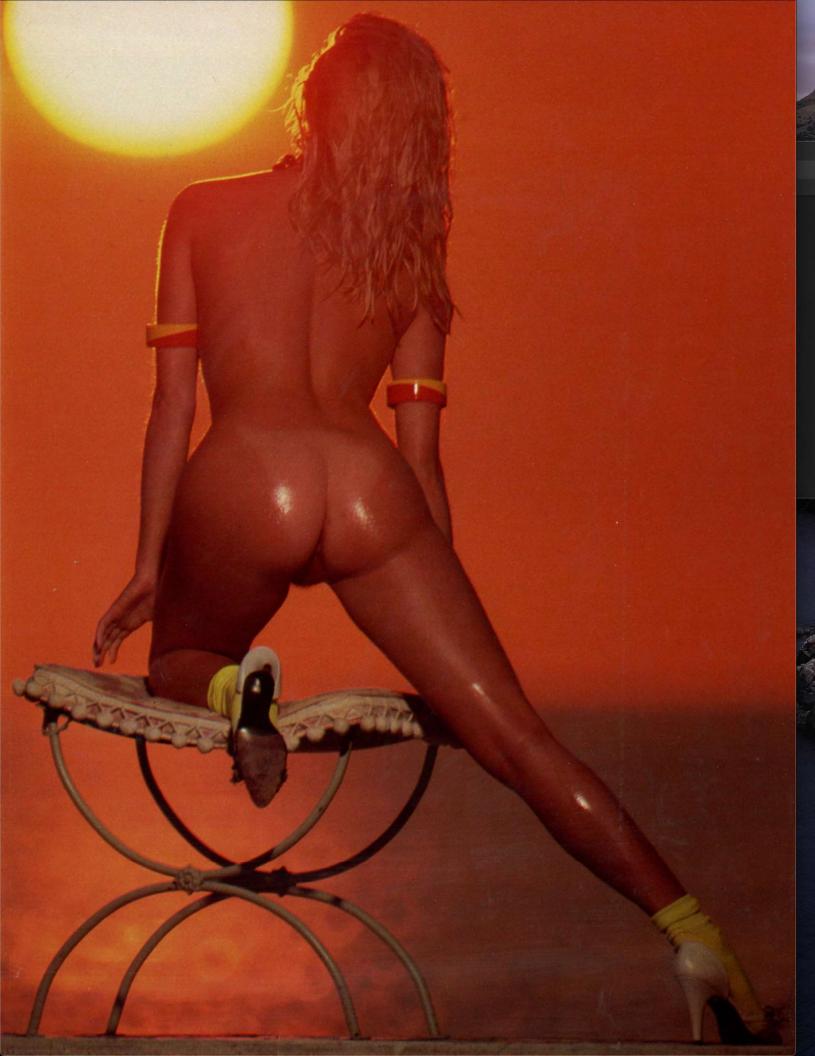
Although green-eyed Andi Leigh is descended from one of Atlanta's first families, this popular 33-22-33 dancer/actress has a cherished, antisocial fantasy. "I want to crash a local snobby charity ball, then ride down a long glass elevator, slowly stripping down to nothing, while all those stuffy matrons have fainting spells." True, she'd have to take the next train out of town, but this sexy little breath of fresh air would have little problem becoming gone with the wind.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER





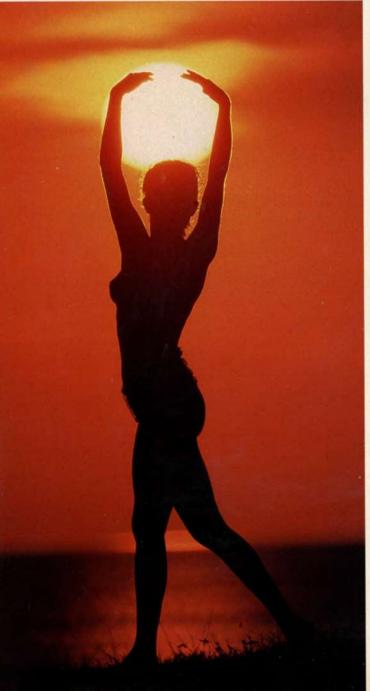
"The South is a pleasant place to grow up in, but it's so repressed and hypocritical! Guys who proposition me at work on Saturday nights are the same ones you see in church on Sunday morning."



This ambitious young actress intends to give her regards to Broadway in person. "As a dancer, I make a fair amount of money and save most of it. If I go out and a guy gets drunk and tries to give me things, I say no. I like people too much to take advantage...."

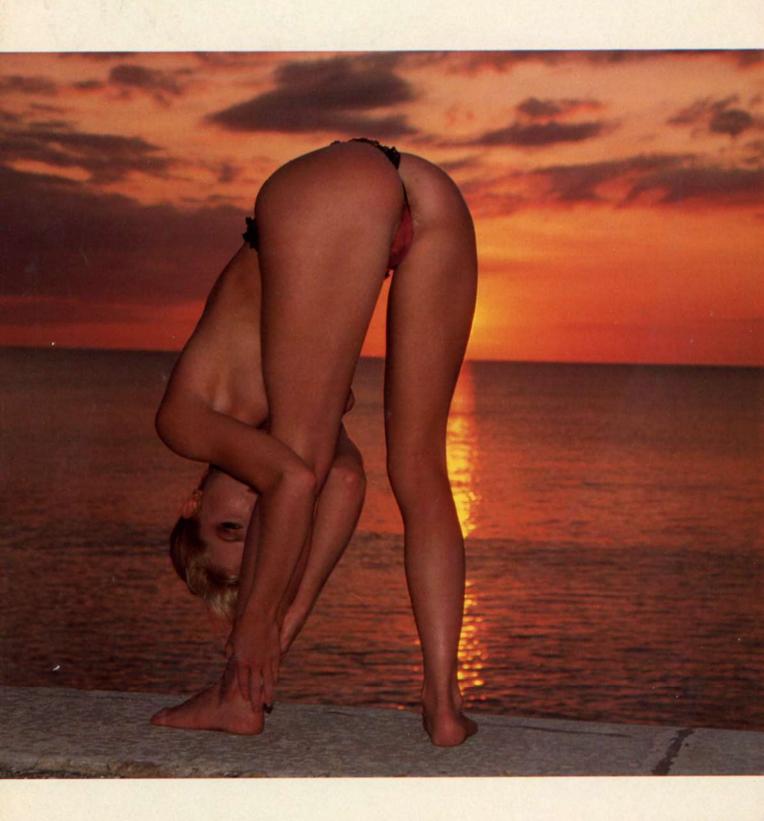






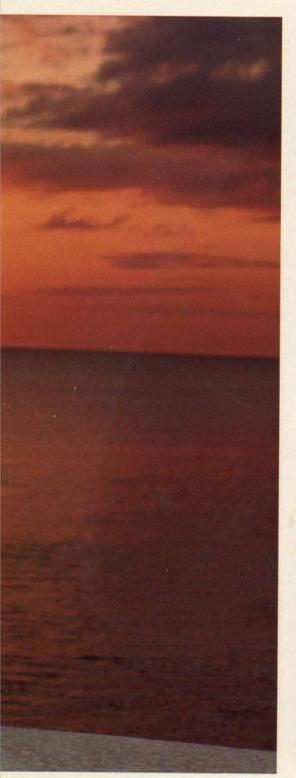






Twenty-year-old
Andi likes to be surrounded by men
but doesn't want to
live with one.

"Right now I share an apartment with my closest girlfriend and her boyfriend."



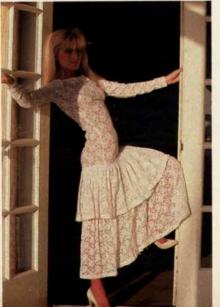








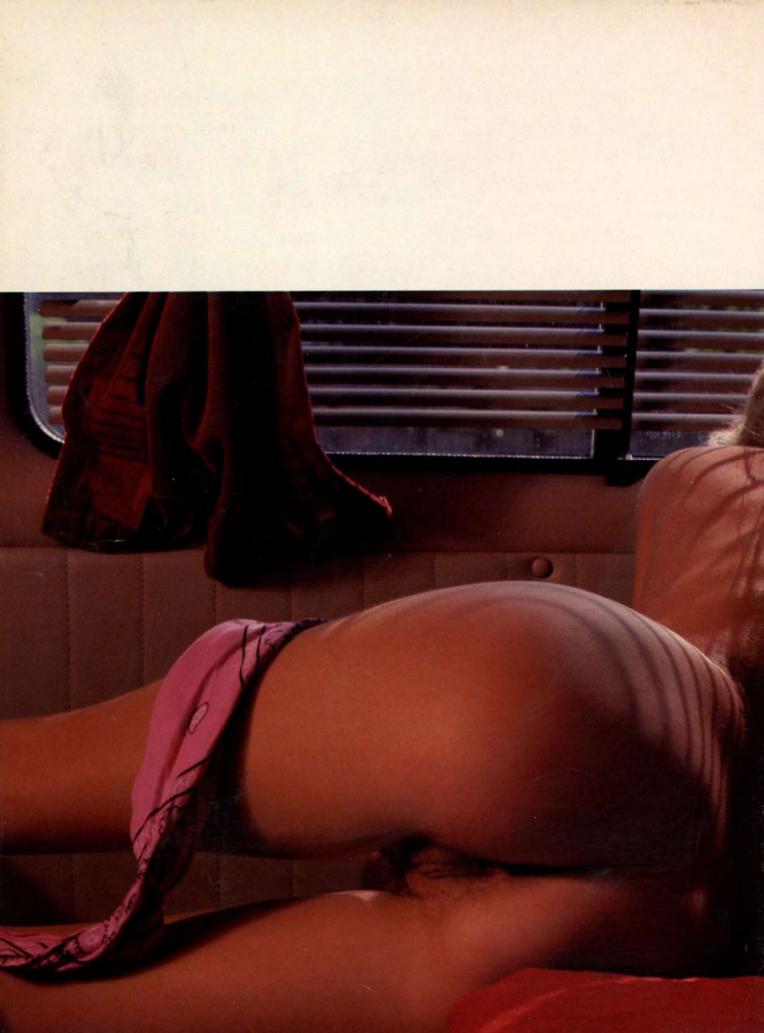






It's an offbeat, "three's company" setup: She's got two good buddies to talk to but no possessive man to answer to.

Sometimes, when she hears her friends making love at night, she wonders if she's missing something. "But when they fight," she grins, "I know I'm not!"





"I will miss my parents and my sister if I leave, though, because we're all very close."













"But my
Manx kitten,
Sandy,
can come
along to
keep me
company."
Like Andi,
Sandy likes
being petted
and pampered, then
left to run
wild.







THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The annual pause for Memorial Day ceremonies is an appropriate time for taking stock of issues concerning veterans, particularly those issues affecting the funding of veterans' health-care benefits.

This year, along with the wrangling over the size of the federal budget and deficit, there is a bitter battle going on over the 15-year Veterans Administration policy goal of providing virtually unlimited, no-charge medical care for all veterans—regardless of income or cause of illness. This, according to the Reagan administration, has produced an explosion in VA health-care costs. Subsequently, it claimed, the growth in the aging veteran population during the next 15 years will create severe pressure for further health-care

expansion, dashing any hopes for improvement.

The government would, instead, limit growth in the VA health system by revising eligibility rules so that scarce resources would be devoted to caring for disabled veterans, veterans who lack the resources to finance their own medical care, and other special groups of veterans. However sound this proposal seems on the surface, its financial viability will depend on whether the aging veteran population will need to turn to the VA health system for its health care. Obviously, some-

one must figure out what the optimum size for the VA health system will be and must be sure that taxpayers, both veteran and nonveteran alike, understand what it will cost.

During the Vietnam War, many severely wounded and disabled veterans received health care of a kind that threatened to become a national scandal—due to limited growth in the VA health system. Furthermore, the VA health system has played catch-up ball for the last 15 years in order to provide care even for those veterans with service-related disabilities. It must be noted that this situation has never been fully acknowledged by any presidential administration since 1970. Improvement of the VA health system since that time has largely been due to the efforts of a few dedicated members of Congress, who have won for the system's personnel the

funds and facilities they desperately need.

The Reagan administration's desire to streamline the VA health-care system and, more appropriately, to provide higher-quality care for disabled and poor veterans at a lower cost to taxpayers is laudable but impossible. For instance, closing VA hospitals as a cost-cutting measure (which is often proposed) does not lend itself to the geographical distribution of veterans in the United States. More importantly, the VA system constitutes the armed services' medical backup support system. This latter fact is one that the nation can ignore only at its own peril. Undeniably, today's military medical system can barely meet the needs of our approximately two million active-duty personnel. And if another Vietnam

should occur in the Middle East or Central America, there is no plausible way that American casualties would be ad-

equately cared for.

After all, if we cannot cut defense spending because of the actions of our enemies, as the President and Defense Secretary Weinberger have asserted, neither can we refuse care to any of our service people drawn into subsequent conflicts. Nor can we simply turn the treatment of veteranpatients over to the private medical sector. This is a popular delusion—a delusion because the private sector is so

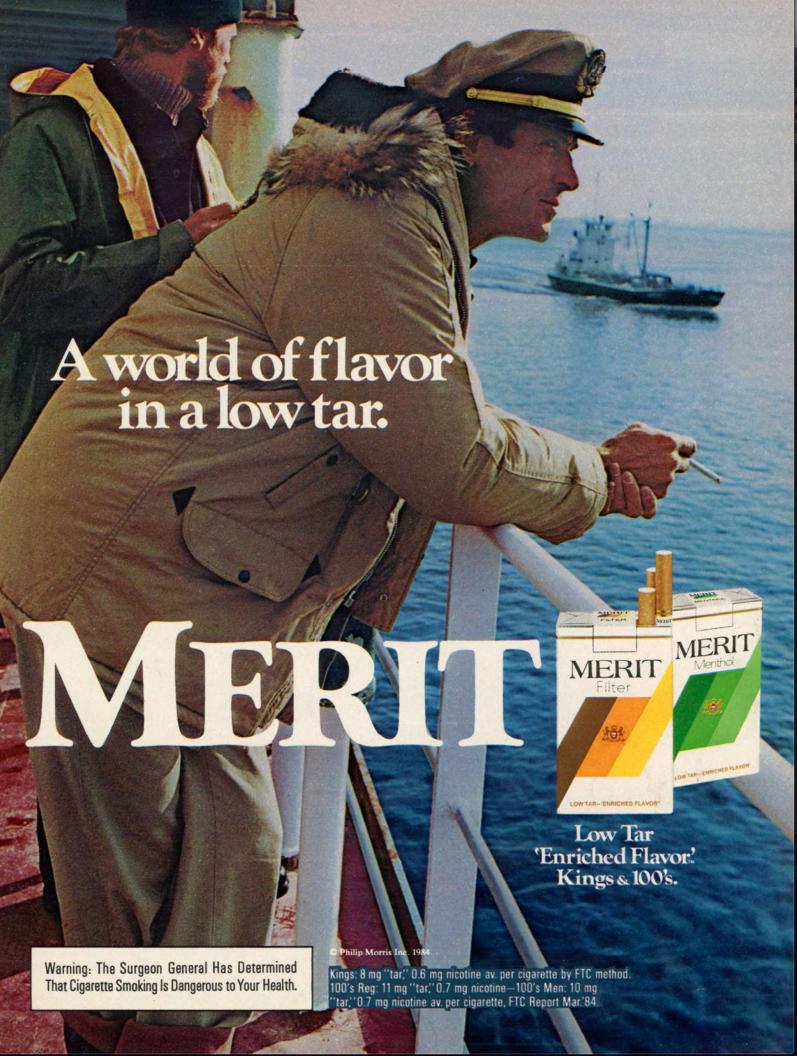
much more expensive than the VA medical system and not necessarily better equipped to deal effectively with veterans' problems.

This situation may be likened to that of a community that convinces itself it cannot afford a fire department on the grounds that everyone has agreed not to play with matches. Unfortunately accidents, or events like the invasion of Grenada, do occur. Thus we believe that before the VA health system is sacrificed on the grounds of fiscal responsibility, the American public must be made completely aware of the hazards involved. The dangers are great. We must not run unwarranted risks with the lives and well-being of those the nation will call upon to maintain peace and preserve the national security.—William R. Corson Otens



Before the VA
health system is sacrificed on
the grounds of fiscal
responsibility, the American public
must be made
aware of the hazards involved.







The time is long overdue to be rid of the myth that if one believes in equality between the sexes, one is against erotic literature. Being a feminist means you are against sexism, not against sex.9

ADVISE & DISSENT

BY KAREN DeCROW

The author is an attorney in practice in Syracuse, New York. From 1974 to 1977 she was the National President of the National Organization for Women (NOW). She has been writing and lecturing on feminism for 15 years. Her most recent book, Women Who Marry Houses: Panic and Protest in Agoraphobia (McGraw-Hill), coauthored with Dr. Robert Seidenberg, deals with "one of the painful outcomes of self-censorship resulting from gender-role stereotypes."

STRANGE **BEDFELLOWS**

Last summer I attended a garden party. A visitor from another state made her way to my umbrella-shaded table. "Karen, I have been wanting to talk to you," she told me with gusto. "We want to draft a pornography law to distribute everywhere in the country-just like the one they had in Minneapolis. We want your help.

"You want me to help with a dangerous law like that?" I inquired. "I'm opposed to it.

She nearly fell into the punch bowl.

A novel alliance has developed during the past few years. Although neither side likes to acknowledge it. the Far Right whose agenda includes an attack on Darwin, the prohibition of a woman's right to choose abortion, cutting government funding for textbooks that portray women in nontraditional roles, and the repeal of federal statutes against spouse and child abuse—and some feminists have agreed on a draconian plan to ban sexually explicit materials. Strange bedfellows, indeed.

The Minneapolis city ordinance my acquaintance referred to, approved by the city council but vetoed by Mayor Don Fraser, defines pornography as discrimination that "adversely affects the health, welfare, peace, and safety of the community." Incredibly, this was to be included in a law prohibiting discrimination on the basis of race, sex, religion, age. and national origin!

And, the proposed law continues, "the formation of private clubs or associations for purposes of trafficking in pornography is illegal and shall be considered a conspiracy to violate the civil rights of women.

In a bizarre and subtle way, the Minneapolis ordinance itself presupposes that women have no dimension beyond the physical. For example, let's look at the section defining the "coercion [of women] into pornographic performances. The proposed law states that a jury could find that a woman was coerced into pornographic acts, even if she knew that the purpose of these acts was to make pornography; even if no physical force, threats, or weapons were used in the making of pornography; or even if she was paid or otherwise compensated. Therefore, the supporters of this law seem to be saying, a woman is not free or competent to decide on her own to do certain kinds of work.

Furthermore, the Minneapolis ordinance also states, it doesn't legally matter if the woman signed a contract or otherwise made statements affirming her willingness to cooperate in the production of pornography. In other words, a woman cannot make a contract. Under English common law, women, children, and idiots were prohibited from entering into contracts, as they were assumed not to have the capacity to consent. Are our new censors attempting, under the guise of feminism, to reinforce our culture's age-old tradition

of paternalism-of treating women like infants?

Reactionary campaigns have eliminated the sale of pornography in some cities in Georgia. Ohio, and Florida. The real question should be whether the status of women has been improved in those cities: Have more women received tenure in the colleges and universities? Are there more women judges? Are women in the factories getting the same jobs as men, and the same pay for doing them? Are women in the law firms becoming partners? Are women playing first-chair in the symphony orchestras?

A frequent telephone conversation runs as follows: "Have you heard the latest lyrics from 'Vicious Stud and the Bloody Devils'? I was driving in my car, and I almost had an accident, the song is so hideous."

I inquire: "Why didn't you turn it off?"

"Turn it off! I want it taken off the air. Can't you do something about it? I thought you were a friend of women?"

As The New York Times pointed out in a November 1984 editorial, "No group trying to change society can support inroads into free expression."

The fear that is invoked in many women by sexually explicit material (and perhaps by sex) is understandable, because for most of our history, women have had to trade sex for food. We have been barred in most societies, in most centuries, from earning a living, and even where the barriers have been lifted—as for example, in the United States in the eighties—women still earn 62 cents to a man's dollar. Only ten percent of us earn more than \$20,000 a year.

Therefore, it has been necessary for women to use men as tools of survival, rather than as means of pleasure. As they say, if you give it away, you can't sell it: Women have not had the *luxury* of enjoying sensuality and sex. Even Erica Jong, who celebrated "zipless" sex, said last year that women should "live by the motto, 'I'm not going to give sex away until I'm taken care of ' It's really not incumbent on men to be good providers in an age of 'free' sex."

The sexual revolution of the late sixties freed many women and men for pleasure by separating sex from procreation, but its advocates overlooked the crucial fact that one cannot be truly free until one is independent, emotionally and financially, and that women cannot reshape centuries of conditioning until they are permitted, encouraged—and even forced—to reshape the economics of their lives.

The First Amendment is under attack generally, and it is no surprise that Far Right political groups are leading the war. It is a surprise that some feminists who join them do so under the guise of "helping women." In 48 of the 50 states, school boards have banned books. However, in the Island Trees case the U.S. Supreme Court held that students and parents have the right to bring school boards to trial for re-

moving books from school libraries. Justice Brennan wrote: "Local school boards may not remove books from school library shelves simply because they dislike the ideas contained in those books."

Passages have been cut from Shakespeare, Hemingway, and Hawthorne. The Wizard of Oz and Slaughterhouse-Five have been taken from the libraries. The American Heritage Dictionary has been challenged in Wisconsin, Alaska, Missouri, and Indiana. And attempts have been made to ban Mark Twain's Huckleberry Finn, one of the greatest American novels, in several communities—including, ironically, at the Mark Twain Intermediate School in Fairfax, Virginia.

D. H. Lawrence has been attacked as a writer, and his books have been banned. The assault has come from those who believe that a "woman's place is in the home," and from feminist scholars. All are misguided and inaccurate.

In addition to contributing scenes of passion and beauty to our literature, Lawrence was not antifemale. He said: "... that she bear children is not a woman's significance. But that she bear herself, that is her supreme and risky fate." He wrote in Sons and Lovers: "She could easily sacrifice herself. But dare she assert herself?"

Recently, a television interviewer gave Lena Horne a compliment. He told her that for a moment, although she is 67 years old, he had thought of her as sexy. Of course people, even those less talented and exquisite than Horne, do not yield their attractiveness and sensuality after age 22—a verity little recognized by the media. Perhaps an unspoken reason why so many women are protesting sexually explicit materials is that a wider base for sexuality is not afforded. Maybe we need an affirmative action program to end the cult of youth, so that those over 30, 40, 50, 60, and 70 will be portrayed as sexually attractive and sexually active.

Some justify the purge of bookshops on the grounds that pornography causes violence. But Dr. Martha Kirkpatrick, associate clinical professor in the Department of Psychiatry at the University of California at Los Angeles, concluded, after studying pornography and its effects, that "the evidence from all sources is dramatically clear: Pornography does not, per se, encourage sexual violence. We may not like that data; it may seem illogical. Rather than ignoring or working to discredit the data, let us try to understand what it could mean."

Sexuality for women has been distorted and suppressed. How ironic that women themselves would want to add to this. The time is long overdue to be rid of the myth that if one believes in equality between the sexes, one is against erotic literature.





It all seemed to start with the presidential conventions of 1984....

THE SECOND CIVIL WAR

FICTION BY BENJAMIN STEIN November 25, 1998

You should have seen the looks on their faces. The goddamnedest thing was that you couldn't tell them apart. When they were just standing there against the wall of that schoolhouse outside Webster Groves, you really couldn't tell which side anybody was on.

Here's what happened. Last night, while we were getting ready for our next assault against the Old States lines just north of here, the one that's supposed to break this thing wide open and finally let us go home, well, just when we're resting for the big push, suddenly our M-48s start going up like firecrackers.

Sappers from the Old States lines just got right through our pickets and our sentries and put plastic charges onto ten of our tanks that we can't afford to lose.

The sappers made the mistake of trying to take out one more M-48 in another unit, and that's when a squad of our armored police caught them. The APs brought them right to General Barron Thomas's headquarters in some old county hall near here that's been about bombed to shit, and that's when good old Barron had the idea of shooting the sappers and two of the sentries, who had fallen asleep on duty, right next to them.

He even delayed our attack for a day so we could all get into an old drive-in theater and watch the firing squad do its work. My crew was going to be picked to shoot the poor bastards, but, thank God, the Phoenix AirCav just begged that it have the "privilege" of firing-squad duty, so I generously let them have it. There's been too goddamned much shooting of our boys by this army, and I don't want any part of it.

Anyway, when they put the sappers and the sentries up there against where the screen was, I was right down in front. The boys all looked the same. That's the thing I've been trying to say. They just looked like scared young kids who are tired and should be going back to their mothers. Maybe they are. After the pounding the cities have been taking behind the lines in the last two years, those boys probably don't have mothers left anymore here on earth anyway.

Then, after the firing squad shot those boys, General Thomas left their bodies on the posts up there for everybody to get a good idea of how soldiers who don't have the right "team spirit" get treated.

Jesus Christ. "Team spirit." As if there was some kind of fucking game going on. There are four million dead so far, and Barron Thomas is talking about team spirit.

At the beginning, back in 1995 and 1996, you could talk like that. Everybody down here on the El Dorado side thought it was going to be a picnic. We had all the good farmland, all the oil and gas, all the good weather. President Kent told us we were going up against a bunch of welfare mothers from those Old States. That seems pretty funny now. I guess I ought to tell that to those two boys who are still hanging up there in front of the drive-in movie screen.

There's even a few old movie posters still stuck around that drive-in. I think I even saw one for *The Godfather*.

December 1, 1998

After that last "big push," there are a lot of new faces around here. I don't know how I lived through that last attack down near Exposition Park. Three-fourths of the men in my unit are dead now, and I feel like something went wrong that I'm not with them. Snow has been falling for three days since the attack, and I'm just as glad. It's wet snow, but it covers up all those bodies in all those alleys and all those streets.

This was supposed to be a piece of cake. All the best Old States troops were supposed to be either in Virginia or in San Jose. Fuck that. The men who were waiting for us in south-central St. Louis were as tough as steel. Ghetto kids from Chicago, farm boys from Minnesota, smart guys from Madison laying down tank traps. The Old States have a shitload of those new Belgian antitank rockets, too, and they don't miss.

We were damned lucky to be able to

keep even half a mile of that advance. We were originally supposed to go 400 miles, all the way to Lake Michigan. I guess Jeff and Michael, the radio man and turret chief of my M-60, have gone a lot farther than that. That's the way all of our attacks have been going for a good long time now.

I hear that our boys are making some progress rolling up that Old States pocket in New Orleans, but I don't even know what to believe anymore. We have our lines and they have their lines, and they're behind our lines and we're behind their lines, and I don't really think anyone knows what to believe any longer. I guess the safest thing is to say you believe everything and to believe nothing.

I'm keeping this diary so you boys can at least have some idea of just what the truth was from one soldier's perspective. I've been in some of our El Dorado classrooms, and I don't think you hear too much of the truth any longer. I have to do this



We all got into an old drive-in theater to watch the firing squad do its work. Afterward, General Thomas left the bodies on the posts as a warning.



sort of on the run, and I have to keep it hush-hush, because keeping this kind of diary is considered treason. President Kent keeps his own diary with his "previews" on Porta-vision. But if I'm going to die here in the snow, a long way from California, I want you boys to have some idea of how it happened and why.

The problem is that I myself can't remember exactly how it started. The war's been going on now for three years, and I've been cold so long and scared so long that it seems as if it's always been like this

As near as I can explain it, it goes something like this. I first got a hint that something was going on back in 1984, when I wasn't much older than you boys are now. It was the faces at the two conventions that showed me what was up. There were the Republicans in Dallas (our new capital) and they looked so satisfied and happy and they said everything was great. They were making money and they had their traditional values back, and everything they did was blessed by God, and things were going their way in Texas and Florida and California and on Wall Street.

Then there were those faces in San Francisco, at the Democratic convention. They were angry women, angry black people, angry gay people, angry unemployed people. There were a lot of angry professors from Harvard, too. Those faces at the Democratic convention said that things had never been worse. The old cities up north were rotting away, and the factories were closing down because all the steel was getting made in Korea, and the women said they needed some kind of law to protect their rights and be equal. (Women are being drafted now and sent to fight on the Miami Beach salient right now, so I guess they got their wish.) Anyway, back then, there was just a lot of angry talk in San Francisco about how the rich were squeezing the poor, and somebody named Falwell was taking away their rights.

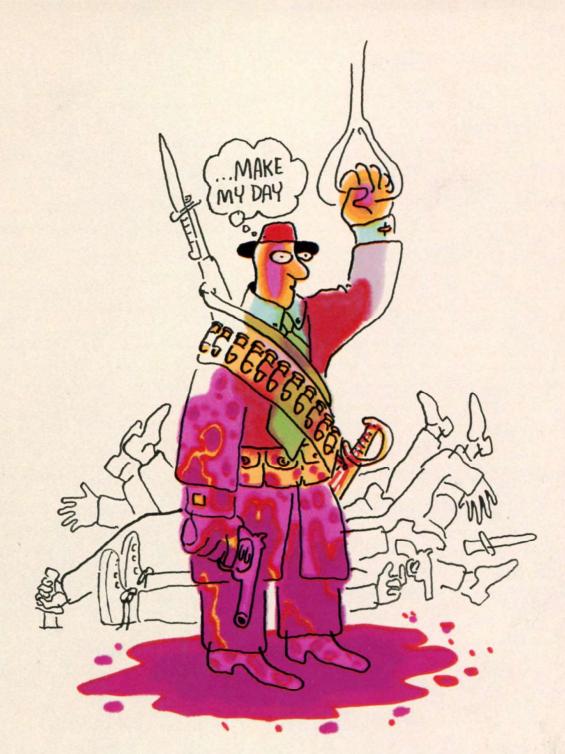
The thing was, there had always been a lot of angry talk in this country. I remember a teacher in sixth grade, Mr. Dodd, telling me 25 years ago that people arguing about things was what made us Americans. But I think it used to be that whenever Americans argued about things they always ended up saying, "Well, at least we're all Americans." But back in 1984, I could see that wasn't happening anymore. This Falwell guy stood up and he said that if the Democrats didn't agree with him, they weren't really Americans any longer. This Jackson fellow on the Democratic side said just about the same thing, or at least that's how it seemed to me. All of a sudden, Americans were saying that if the other man disagreed with them about prayer or budget deficits or abortion, why, they were not part of the same country any longer. Maybe it had been going on even before that. Anyway, that's how I saw it starting. It was like there had been this glue of tolerance that had been holding America together, and the glue was the belief that we were all in this thing together, that we were all Americans. Then the glue started to get squeezed out, and that was when America split apart.

December 24, 1998

Christmas Eve. I got your letter here at the hospital in Galveston. I wish I could send you some kind of word about when I'll be back, but I'm not wounded that badly, just really in my elbow, and they'll probably send me back to the front in a week or two. The way they work it now-adays, I'll probably be rotated to the Army that's trying to roll up the Miami Beach pocket. They try to do little favors like that for us—letting us get our nuts shot off in a warm climate every so often.

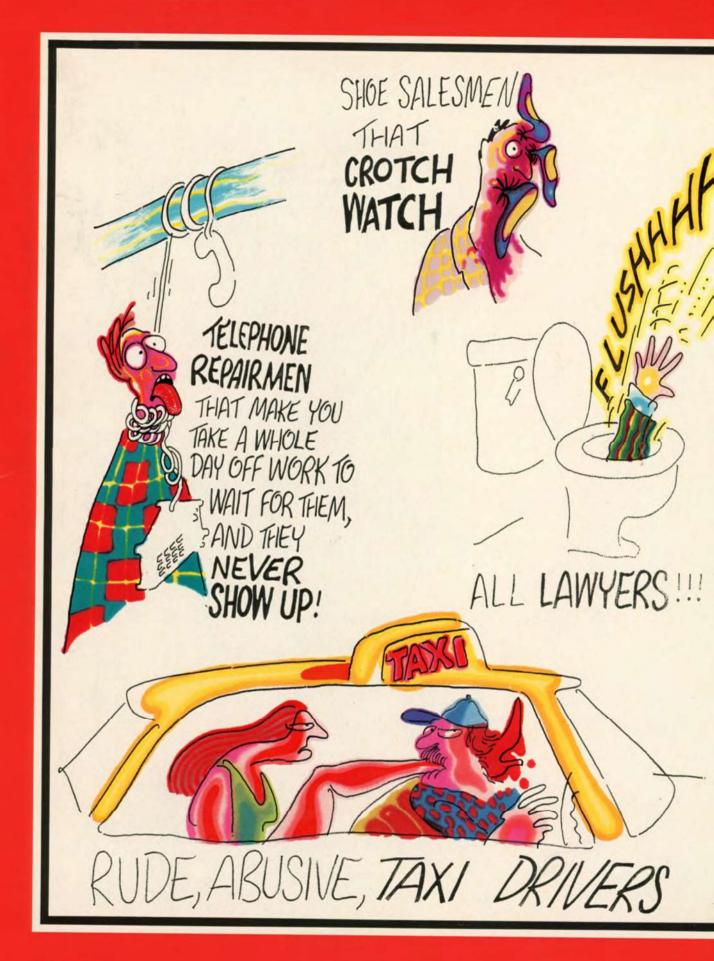
The night after I wrote the last pages of this diary we got hit hard by a night attack by General Runyon's Ninth Chicago Shock Battalion. It wasn't a full-scale thing, but it was scary enough. They still have a few gunships, and they came in blasting at us with those things at three in the morning, and believe me, it's

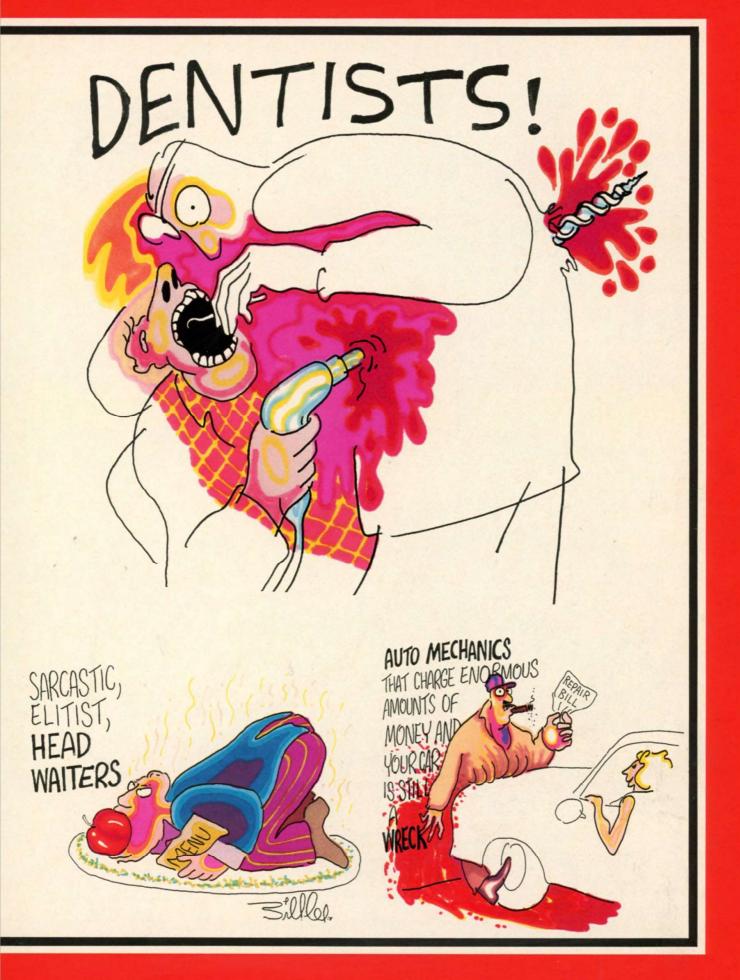
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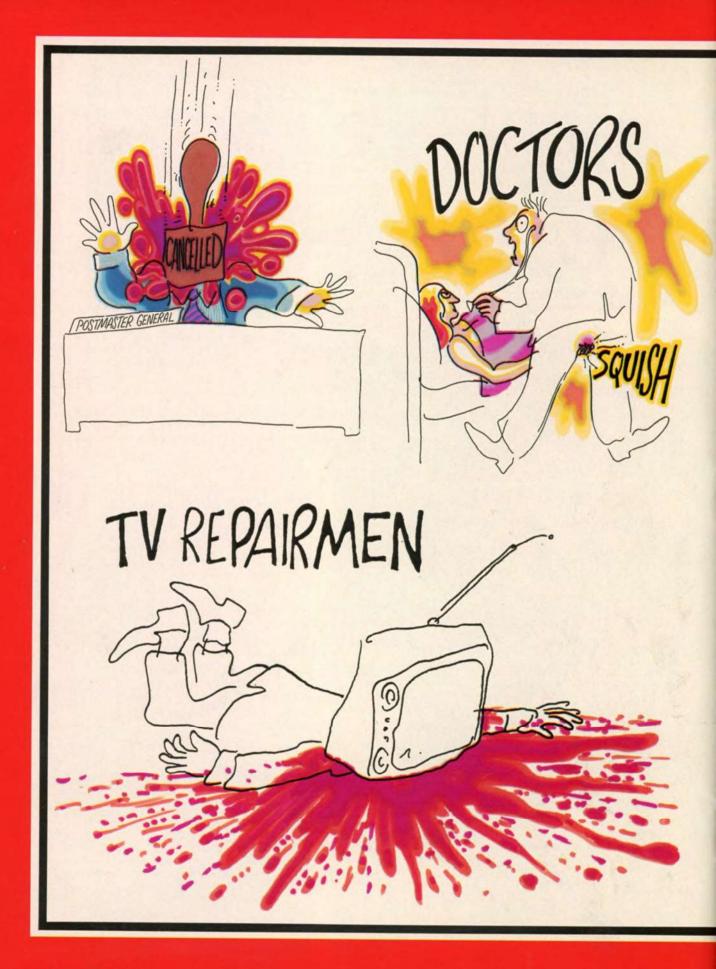


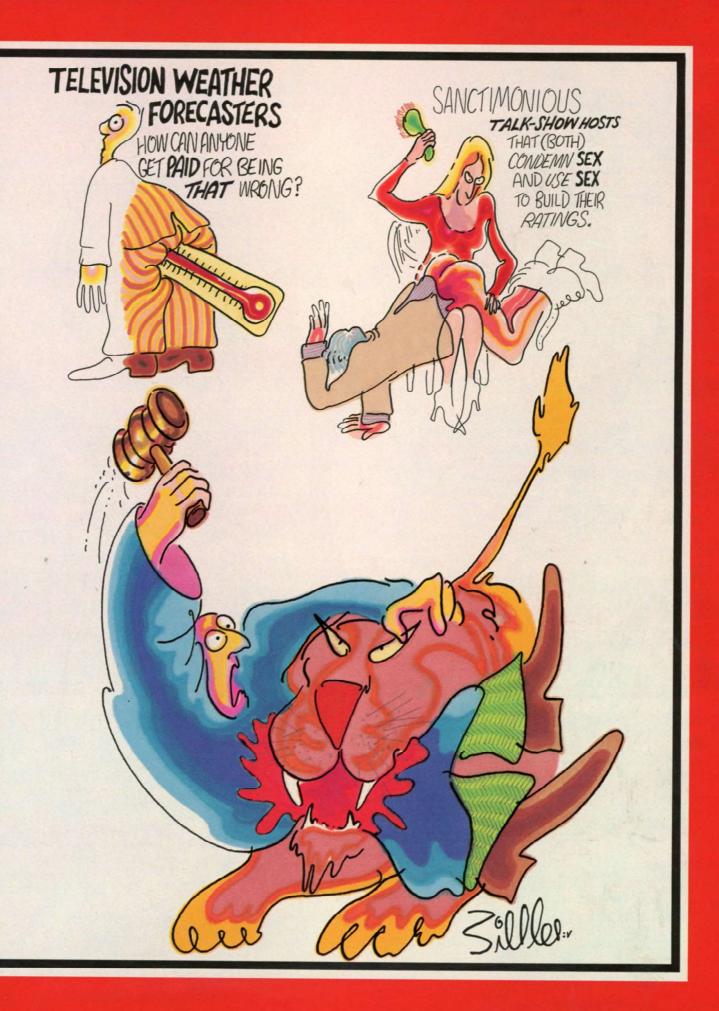
VIGILANTE JUSTICE FOR THE AMERICAN CONSUMER

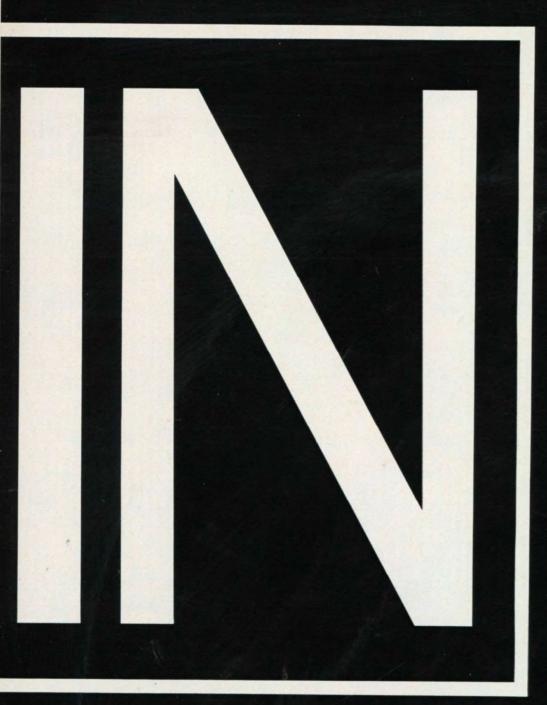
SATIRE BY BILL LEE











On March 19th, SPIN magazine hit the newsstand to give Rolling Stone the competition everyone but Rolling Stone hoped it would get.

SPIN is a fresh, intelligent alternative to a mostly tired, complacent music press. It is an upbeat magazine without the politics and in love with rock'n'roll and all its kindred spirits. It will get beneath the surface of stories, cover what's new and most exciting and echo nothing and no one. Because SPIN gets turned on, so will you.

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A confession: SPIN is imperfect. It's rough edged, restless, insatiably curious. A little aggressive, a little cocky. Youthfully uncompromising but maturely flexible.
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PSYCHOGRAPHICSELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

CAN YOU HANDLE SUCCESS?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

or many people, succeeding in their endeavors turns out to have been the easy part. Living with their success is what's really hard for those individuals. Indeed, coping with success is often much more psychologically difficult than coping with failure.

Recent psychological research indicates that a full 40 percent of all high-achievers feel guilty about succeeding. No matter how hard they've worked, they suspect they haven't earned the rewards that have come to them. They feel like frauds—impostors who've reached the top of the heap by accident.

This psychograph is designed to give you a good indication of whether you can accept success as the legitimate reward for your talent and ambition, or whether any success you achieve will leave you feeling like a fraud.

In its most extreme manifestations this impostor phenomenon can be deadly. Feelings of fraudulence and unworthiness can impel enormously successful people to commit acts of reckless self-destruction. Such guilt feelings drive even a world-famous actor like John Belushi to dope himself into oblivion. They can exert the constant psychological pressure that causes a Wall Street lawyer at the top of his profession to step out the window of his 20th-floor office.

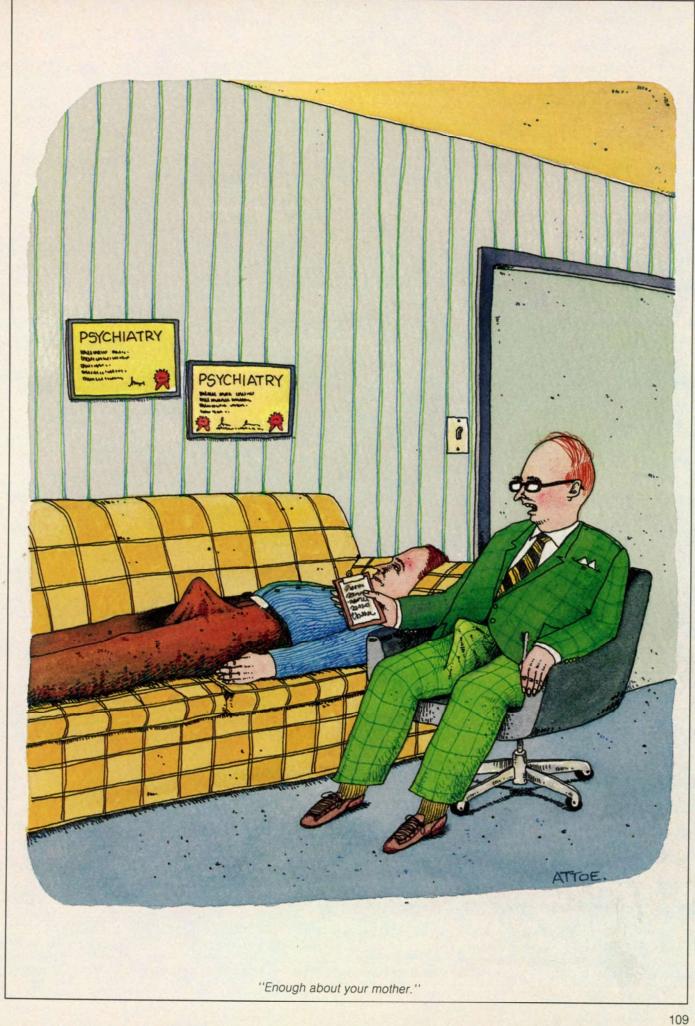
Of course, most people who harbor doubts about their success don't react so extravagantly. Yet even in small doses, the impostor syndrome can lead to a lot of insecurity and unhappiness. People who suffer from it are self-convicted frauds who subconsciously worry that their "fakery" will be unmasked. Continued success may eventually convince some of these people that they are truly talented and deserving. But for others, increased success is like throwing gasoline on a fire. The more these unfortunate people achieve, the more they have to feel guilty about.

Research in this field is relatively recent and the psychological profession is only beginning to fully understand how these feelings of being an impostor originate and how they can be combated. Dr. Pauline Clance, who with Dr. Suzanne Imes wrote the initial scholarly paper on this subject (it appeared in the journal *Psychotherapy: Theory, Research and Practice*), feels the impostor phenomenon often develops in children who don't think they're as smart as their brothers and sisters. Some psychoanalysts suspect these feelings—in men at least—may spring from hidden rivalries with one's father.

But no matter what the cause, feeling like a fake can really take a lot of the fun out of your life, and, ultimately, may turn your success into failure. However, simply knowing you are prone to this impostor syndrome may help you deal with negative feelings when success comes your way. If you answer the following questions honestly and accurately, you should get some idea of how well you'd be able to cope with the psychological baggage that often accompanies achievement.

- With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree:
 - (a) I'm a true workaholic. I'll always take on more work, even if it means giving up my nights and weekends.
 - (b) I do the work I'm required to do and sometimes even a little more, but I'm not compulsive about it. For me, there's more to life than working.
 - (c) I do as little work as I can get away with.
- Do you find that you never seem to have enough time to accomplish all the tasks that need doing?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
- 3. Do you think success makes people forget their roots?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) no

- 4. Do you feel you've lost touch with your roots—with the background you were brought up in?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
- With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
 - (a) There's nothing wrong with rising above your background. It's a lot more important to think about the future than about the past.
 - (b) No matter how successful you become, it's important never to forget where you came from.
- 6. Are you better educated than your parents?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
- 7. How does your financial status compare with that of your parents?
 - (a) I'm much better off than they are.
 - (b) I'd say I'm in roughly the same economic bracket as they are.
 - (c) They are much better off.
 - (d) I'm a student, so I can't make any comparisons.
 - (e) I'm still at the beginning of my career, so it's too early to make comparisons.
- Choose the statement that most closely reflects your beliefs:
 - (a) Except in fields like modeling or acting, physical appearance plays little or no part in whether you succeed.
 - (b) A good physical appearance helps you succeed. I don't think that's the way it should be, however.
 - (c) Sure, good looks can help you succeed. You have to use every advantage you can if you want to survive in this world.
- 9. Do you think luck plays a large part in success?
 - (a) Yes; it's the primary ingredient in success.



6Coping with success is often more psychologically difficult than coping with failure.

PSYCHOGRAPH

- (b) Luck can give you opportunities for success, but it's hard work that turns those opportunities into reality.
- (c) Luck has very little to do with success.
- 10. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I have a hard time telling whether I'm doing something correctly or incorrectly. I can't seem to predict whether what I'm working on will turn out well or not."
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
- 11. How would you describe your confidence level?
 - (a) I'm very confident about my ability to succeed in virtually all areas of my life.
 - (b) I'm not particularly confident about my career abilities; yet in other areas, such as social relationships, I feel quite confident.
 - (c) In general, I don't have much selfconfidence at all.
- 12. Do you feel that your parents considered you an intelligent child?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) I think they figured I was about average.
 - (c) No, I think they considered me below average.
- 13. Do you have at least one brother or sister who, as a child, was considered brighter than you?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
- 14. Have you often had to use flattery and brownnosing to get things you want?
 - (a) Yes, and I hate it.
 - (b) Yes, and it's fine by me. The world is full of assholes, and if flattery is what it takes to manipulate them, I'll do it.
 - (c) no
- 15. Do you think most people in your field of endeavor are more talented than you are?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) Some are, some aren't.
 - (c) no
- 16 When you're undertaking a new task,110 PENTHOUSE

- do you worry a lot about whether or not you'll be successful?
- (a) yes
- (b) sometimes
- (c) not usually
- Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I'm not as talented or smart as I appear to be."
 - (a) agree
 - (b) disagree
- 18. Do you usually have to work harder than other people to successfully complete tasks that have been assigned to you?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) no
- 19. Do you feel that having a pleasant personality has been a major factor in helping you succeed?
 - (a) yes, very much
 - (b) somewhat
 - (c) I don't think so.
- 20. Are you afraid that eventually you will fuck up badly in public and people will then realize that they've always overrated you?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no

SCORING

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 125 points; the lowest, 20.

- 1. a-8, b-3, c-1
- 2. a-5. b-1
- 3. a-4, b-2, c-1
- 4. a-6. b-1
- 5. a-1. b-4
- 6. a-5, b-1
- 7. a-7. b-3. c-1. d-2. e-2
- 8. a-1, b-7, c-1
- 9. a-7. b-2. c-1
- 10. a-5. b-1
- 11. a-1, b-5, c-3
- 12. a-1. b-3. c-8
- 13. a-8, b-1
- 14. a-7. b-1. c-1
- 15. a-6, b-3, c-1 16. a-5, b-2, c-1
- 17. a-8. b-1
- 18. a-5. b-3. c-1

19. a-8, b-4, c-1 20. a-7, b-1

If you scored 60 points or more:

Although the highest possible score on this psychograph is 125, any score of 60 or more suggests that you might have substantial trouble accepting success. Whenever you achieve something, you are likely to begin feeling immediately that you don't deserve it. It is important that you come to understand that your impostor feelings, while real, are hardly logical. Your answers indicate that you are a conscientious, hardworking person. If that's true, then you deserve any success that comes to you; you are not a fraud.

45 to 59 points:

In a person like you, the initial taste of success may prompt feelings that you are an impostor who hasn't earned the rewards coming your way. That's a very natural feeling. Most people experience such doubts when they first have to deal with the sense of exposure and unfamiliarity that often accompanies success. With continued success, however, you should expect that these feelings will dwindle as your normal competence and confidence reassert themselves.

31 to 44 points:

You probably have an extremely well-balanced view of success. You recognize that success often comes from a combination of luck (such as being in the right place at the right time, or knowing the right person) and skill. If you should receive credit for an achievement you haven't really earned, you can accept it without feeling like a guilty impostor. You know that, in the long run, it will be your own talent and hard work that sustain you.

20 to 30 points:

You may have the absolute best attitude for coping with success. You'll accept anything good that comes your way, whether you earned it or not, and be happy to have it. The problem is that many people with this attitude lack the nervous energy and conscientiousness that are often key ingredients in success.

Interestingly, one subgroup that would probably land in this scoring category is made up of people who are truly impostors. Those using guile and fraudulent means to attain their objectives rarely feel guilty about anything they do.O+

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HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 25

Ms. Steinem incarnates once more
Athena, virgin goddess of war—
Who viewed men as beasts,
To be given no peace;
And whose virtue was a terrible bore.



CIVIL WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

something you don't want to know about.
The Old States have this thing about night attacks. The very first time they hit the El Dorado Army near Manassas, that

the El Dorado Army near Manassas, that was a night attack, too. I don't know why, but they love nighttime, and I hate it.

My unit got separated from the rest of the armored division, and before I could do a thing about it, we were completely surrounded by some very tough-looking Chicago faces. I was taken prisoner and marched to somewhere north of St. Louis by the time it was dark on the first day of the attack.

I'm not going to tell you what it's like to be captured by soldiers from the Old States. I came out pretty well. A lot of the time, they just don't take prisoners. The main thing was that I was put in a group of other prisoners who were guarded by some pretty nice old guys from the Chicago police. We were in a big camp near Cairo, which was El Dorado territory not long ago, and I got some kind of oatmeal every day, so I'm all right. I talked to a lot of the guards, and I've learned some things about how this war started.

The real breakdown started to come in the early 1990s. The President has this policy of government keeping its hands off the system. So the southern states and the western states kept getting richer and the old industrial states kept getting poorer. I don't know why, but once it started happening, the government just said, Well, that's the way it is. We're keep-

ing our hands off.

Then OPEC, which everybody thought was pretty much dead, suddenly got a big break. All in one year, there was the second Mexican Revolution, the nuclear accident in the North Sea fields, and the Communist takeover of Indonesia. All of a sudden, oil was in short supply again. OPEC had been waiting for this. The price of a barrel went to \$100—old U.S. dollars, not those worthless things we get now—and gasoline was \$6 a gallon.

Up north, in the Old States, people were really suffering. The steel companies went under. The car companies did, too. General Motors went bankrupt on New Year's Day in 1993. But things were booming in the Southwest. They had all the oil and natural gas. Oklahoma and Texas and Louisiana were selling oil to the New England states at even higher prices than

OPEC was charging.

People were cold in Roxbury and they were pretty angry at those people down in Shreveport and Houston who were lighting cigars with \$100 bills. There were a lot of people down in Texas and in Los Angeles (not from our part of Los Angeles, but from Beverly Hills), who were mad at those people in New York and Pittsburgh, too. The people in Beverly Hills didn't see why the rest of the country couldn't be rich like they were. One time

I was working on a woman's television in Malibu, and I heard her telling her friends how she would just as soon all those angry people in Pennsylvania would just go start another country somewhere and stop complaining about prices so much.

It got worse and worse when the riots started in New York City. There were riots in Los Angeles, too. It wasn't exactly a sectional thing, because there were a lot of people who felt left behind in L.A., and in Dallas, too.

Then those treks started, with the factory workers from the Monongahela Valley leaving in big packs and heading for the gas fields. The people in Oklahoma didn't want those newcomers taking all the jobs, so the Oklahoma National Guard closed the borders on the interstates all along the north. There was one convoy that crossed the border—or tried to—near Fayetteville, Oklahoma. About 500 people from Gary, Indiana. The National Guard opened fire and 40 of them were



After the mob burned down the Supreme Court, the President and half of Congress flew down to Dallas. The President said that was the real America.



killed. I know that doesn't seem like a whole helluva lot when you think that 40,000 people were killed in the Battle of Baltimore last year, but at the time it was considered the most amazing thing that ever happened. It was almost like the Confederates firing on Fort Sumter in the first Civil War. It was just something that nobody could believe.

Then nothing major happened until December of 1995. There were a lot of little riots in Pittsburgh and Oakland, and a lot of people reading each other out of America, but the big break came when the Dallas Cowboys and the Washington Redskins played in RFK Stadium in Washington in 1995. There was some bad, bad feeling when Dallas won. It was like this was the last straw for the people who were freezing their asses off and getting lectured to and didn't have jobs—to see the Cowboys win, with all the rich people from Dallas up there in fur coats and private planes.

There was shooting at the stadium, and the D.C. police just got out of the crowd's way. The mob went up the street in Washington toward the Supreme Court. President Kent saw it on TV and told the Army

to open fire, but they wouldn't. There were a lot of brothers in the Army and on the street. That was before brothers routinely killed each other, the way they do now.

So the mob burned down the Supreme Court building, and the President took a helicopter to Andrews Air Force Base and flew down to Dallas. There was a regular parade of airplanes that day and that night, and before you knew it, half of the Congress and a lot of the top brass were down in Dallas, and President Kent said that was the real America.

It was really confused for a few months after that, with some people staying on the Old States side and others moving to El Dorado (that was what President Kent wanted to call us, because we were "The Promised Land," and a lot of rich people in Texas had this idea that they were Spanish noblemen in some secret way).

The armed forces had a lot of fighting on the bases and in the barracks, until finally the Joint Chiefs just said that the soldiers could go home and join their families. The soldiers who stayed on duty were mostly loyal to the President, but by then there were so many Old States soldiers at home, just itching to get revenge for Fayetteville, that the Old States had no trouble at all starting up an army, and they had plenty of tanks from the National Guard bases and plenty of airplanes from there as well.

The Congress that was left in Washington formed the National Salvation Committee and chose old Ted McDonnell, the senator from Massachusetts, to run the Old States until they saw what the future might be. Everybody says that the real power is in the hands of a few senators and some congressmen and a lot of hotheads from Cambridge, Massachusetts, who always wanted a chance to run things their own way anyway.

Down in El Dorado, the President was in charge, and he had most of his pals from Washington still with him, but it's no secret that his "golf club cabinet" (all his rich pals from Texas and Louisiana) really

run things.

After about six months, the lines were pretty much settled. The country had split along a bearing running roughly eastsoutheast from the Atlantic south of Philadelphia, below Baltimore and Washington, down through Virginia and West Virginia, then right through the middle of Kentucky. Then it jumps north up through Illinois, just above Decatur, and then it takes in eastern lowa and most of Wisconsin and Minnesota east and north of that line, so that Madison and Minneapolis are Old States, but Eau Claire and most of the west of Minnesota are El Dorado. There never were clear lines in Indiana and Ohio, and now they're even more confused. The Old States call themselves Green America

A few parts of the rest of the country wanted to be part of the Old States—parts of Miami Beach, parts of Charleston, New Orleans, south-central L.A., and

most of all, the San Francisco-Oakland area. They were way behind El Dorado lines—we had everything that wasn't the Old States-but they just felt more attuned to the Old States view of doing things.

There was a lot of fighting and arguing about who belonged where when the country split up, but I don't really think anyone expected war in any real sense. After all, we all still thought of ourselves as linked somehow.

But then in the summer of 1996, President Kent said that he wanted a combination of the Army and volunteers to take back Washington. A real strange combination of regular Army soldiers and college boys in convertibles drove up to northern Virginia and asked McDonnell to surrender.

He didn't. Instead, he sent out his own soldiers with tanks and APCs and helicopter gunships, and it was a slaughter. Our boys fought back, and that was when we learned it was going to be a long war, and we weren't going up against a bunch of welfare mothers after all.

McDonnell had this totally wired, clever black general, Boisfeuillet Jones, and he knocked our Army all the way back to North Carolina. It really looked as if the whole Atlantic seaboard was going to be gone until a woman general, Susan Calhoun, took over the Army near Durham and held the lines. We were down to using bayonets until the First Texas Rangers and the Phoenix AirCav arrived, and we were finally able to clobber them with F-14s from the Eisenhower in Charleston

We managed to make some headway and get back to lines just north of Richmond, but it's been pretty much bogged down ever since.

I have to stop writing now because we're all about to have a visit from General Smythe from the General El Dorado HQ in Dallas, and they don't like to see anybody writing.

December 25, 1998

I hope you boys are having a good Christmas. I know that your mother would want you to think of her and pray for her. It's not your fault that you were at school. down in that shelter, when the bombs fell on Van Nuys. Your mother would have wanted you safe no matter what, anyway.

We had real pressed turkey today at lunch. Then a group of cheerleaders from South Galveston High School came here and sang carols and also sang about how shining and bright our El Dorado future is. It's a new song, and I hear President Kent composed it himself.

To pick up from yesterday: After that disaster in Virginia we started to pull ourselves together fast. The Army of the West hit the Old States pocket in Portland, Oregon, with carpet bombing. Then tanks

rolled in and that pocket was gone forever. I doubt if there's anybody living in Portland to this day.

We hit the San Francisco-Oakland pocket like dynamite, but they held on. That fight's been going on for three years, and I don't know if we'll ever be able to dislodge them. I think they're getting secret resupply from the new government in Mexico, and we're trying a naval blockade, and it's not working too well.

We rolled up Charleston and we shrank the Miami pocket down really small, but New Orleans is just impossible. They can get supplies from Mexico and the city has all these swamps, so the hell with it.

Anyway, there is some guerrilla fighting behind the lines-I saw that two weeks ago-but twentieth-century men don't make good guerrillas. When the first uprising against the Old States happened on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake Bay, the Committee of National Salvation ordered 100 men from Rehoboth Beach, Delaware, hanged on television. When there was a little brouhaha in San Diego, President Kent had the Navy line up 50 civilians from National City and shoot them. That sort of takes the starch out of people who are thinking about guerrilla wars. It might be all right for people in Afghanistan, but Americans aren't really made for it. We like living too much.

Not only that, but we have these "train-



ing camps" for people who just happen to wonder if President Kent is running the country right. There are little spies everywhere, especially in the Army, and sometimes people just disappear and then you hear they're in "training camps" in Idaho or Wyoming, digging coal or loading ammunition.

I think there are quite a few people behind the lines on both sides who don't really feel right about what's happening. But they keep quiet about it. Nobody wants to get sent to Pocatello and never come back. Most of all, nobody wants to get shot.

When things broke up, our family got split right down the middle. Your mother and I, and you two, of course, were all in Van Nuys. We didn't really even think about what was happening too much. But your cousin Laura, who you never metbut she was a smart one-got caught in Washington when that first mob burned down half of the city. We still don't know what's happened to her. She was working at the Library of Congress, and that's gone, too. Your uncle Duncan McLean, who was an economics teacher at Harvard, is one of the big pooh-bahs now in the Old States. Your grandmother and grandfather from San Jose are on our side, but Mom's sister is running some kind of war program out of Berkeley. It's like that all over the country.

People don't even think it's strange any longer when they hear about a pilot who was ordered to drop a load of napalm on an Old States position and wound up frying his brother. The war's like that.

The reason I know about all this, like I wrote before, is that I was captured a few weeks ago, so I could hear about the war from both sides. The reason I know there's still at least a little behind-the-lines work is that after I'd been in that Old States camp for ten days, some farm boys from near Alton broke into the camp, shot their way out again, and took about 20 of us with them. That was a scary night. Both sides for sure shoot people from the other side behind their lines.

I got fouled up in the dark, and I am damned sure I would have gotten captured and shot if I hadn't been hidden by this woman on a wasted farm in western Missouri. I staved hidden there for a week. I can tell you that woman saved my life. She hadn't eaten a decent meal in two years, and I gave her my watch so she could sell it and buy something to eat. I wanted to take her with me over the lines near Arkansas, but she said she belonged in the Old States because her husband had been killed fighting in New Orleans. He was one of those Green America paratroopers. They're tough cookies, but even they go down when they get hit by shrapnel, and we're bombing that city every day.

I have to go now. We're all supposed to turn out to see some old videotapes of President Kent's last speech. I really wish I could see a tape of "I Love Lucy." That's

the only thing that makes me laugh any longer.

January 1, 1999

I saw on the Porta-vision preview last night that we had taken Charlottesville, Virginia, after a big fight. I might even have believed it except that the man next to me here in the hospital was just airevacked from Newport News, and he says our lines aren't even close to Charlottesville. When I hear things like that I just nod my head. It's not really safe to talk too much about whether you don't believe President Kent.

Along those lines, I got questioned by a squad of counterintelligence agents from the Phoenix AirCav last night. They wanted to know what I had learned about life in the Old States while I was running around back there. The Phoenix AirCav is the most gung ho of all the troops. President Kent's chosen them to be right out front in every attack, right in front of



The war has a momentum of its own that's almost impossible to stop until one side is beaten. Both sides are Americans, so they'll never give up.



the reviewing stands in Dallas, and mostly right behind everybody else, looking down their throats.

I thought maybe somebody had found this diary for you boys, but it looks as if they were just nosy. Plus, since I was this hotshot TV technician before the war, they're thinking of transferring me to President Kent's staff to make sure his TV shows are even better than they are now. I wouldn't fight it. It's no fun wondering if an Old States night patrol is going to cut your throat when you're sleeping.

When the war first started, there was a lot of worry about whether someone was going to use atomic weapons. Frankly, I think it could happen any day. President Kent is just crazy enough and the Committee of National Salvation up north is just crazy enough, too. If one side or the other is losing really badly, I could see it happening. But in the meantime, apparently there's some kind of secret agreement about how we'll never use the Bomb and they'll never use it unless we use it first. But we've got a secret deal to use everything we've got if the Russians get into this thing. So far, they've stayed out. I guess the Europeans rearmed enough to keep the Russians at bay, and anyway, the Russians have enough problems now that they can't buy our grain anymore.

Boys, I lie in this bed and I think what I've been thinking for the last three years: When the hell is this thing going to end? What the hell is it about, anyway?

If we were fighting for a free country, that's gone now for sure. If we were fighting for "traditional values," that's a joke. Life behind the lines nowadays is just a nonstop party. The girls know that they may get blown up by Old States F-111s any night. The boys know they're getting shipped off to war and most likely they'll come back in a body bag. It's live-it-up-right-now time for everybody.

One problem we've solved for good is unemployment. There are so many dead in Campbell and Oak Park and Plaquemines Parish and Milwaukee, and we need so much production of tanks and armored personnel carriers and helicopters, that I think anyone who can lift a finger can get a job anytime he wants.

What's it about? It's about intolerance and anger and how once you start a war, it has a momentum of its own that's almost impossible to stop until one side is beaten. Both sides are Americans, so they'll never give up.

I just wish I could be a fly on the wall up there in Calgary, watching to see what the hell they say at those peace conferences. They've been going on for two years, but I don't think they'll ever get anywhere. As long as the people who run things are getting off on power, playing games and moving pins around on a map, they'll never want to go back to anything as dull as rebuilding a nation again. The only problem is that each time you move one of those pins, 5,000 boys die.

January 12, 1999

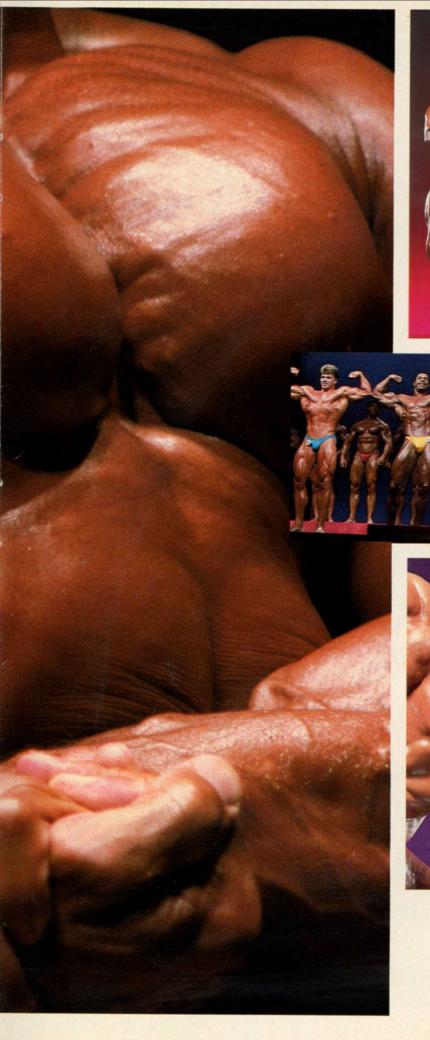
Wrong again. They didn't send me to Dallas or to Florida. I'm back in the lines at Webster Groves, with a new tank—an M-60 we bought back from Egypt—and a new crew. New faces everywhere I look. We're supposed to go at dawn tomorrow against the Eleventh St. Paul Mechanized Infantry, so I'll probably be replaced by a new face myself.

I don't know. Maybe this war would end if we just refused to fight anymore. Maybe that's crazy. After all, I've seen the Portavision tapes of what the D.C. Dragoons did to our women and children in the Shenandoah Valley. Maybe we just can't ever stop once we've started this thing. I just know that snow has been falling for a week now, and if you didn't know there was a war on, you might think that this rolling Missouri countryside is a white, peaceful stretch of God's country.

Note: This manuscript was found in the hull of a destroyed M-60 tank of the Fifth Los Angeles Armored Battalion after a surprise attack by the Pittsburgh Air-Mobile Cavalry. Through the Red Cross, it was taken to Geneva and published there in fall 1999.O+

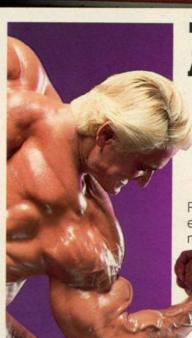












TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE WEIGH OUT

Pushing bodies beyond the edge, the pure pride of muscle fiber striving for

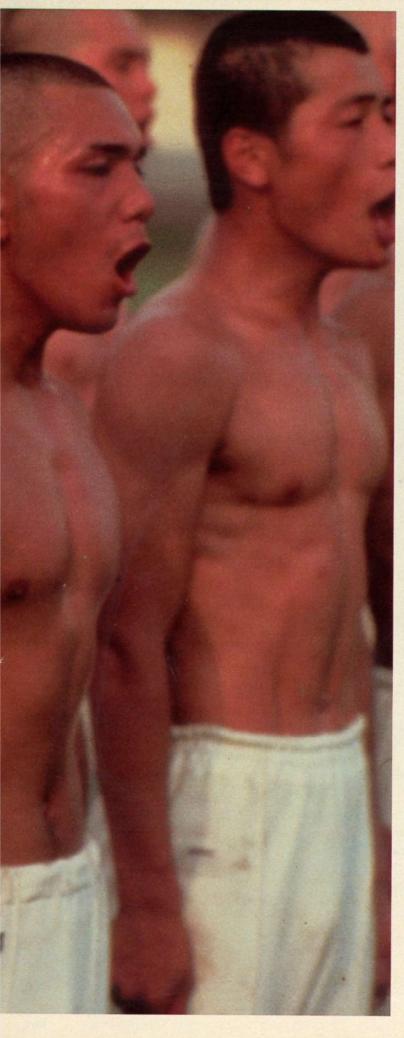
power. From a \$25 million ice-skating rink in the desert to the treacherous trails of a motocross race to a new view of neobarbarian youth fads.

NEWLOOK AT NEWSSTANDS NOW.













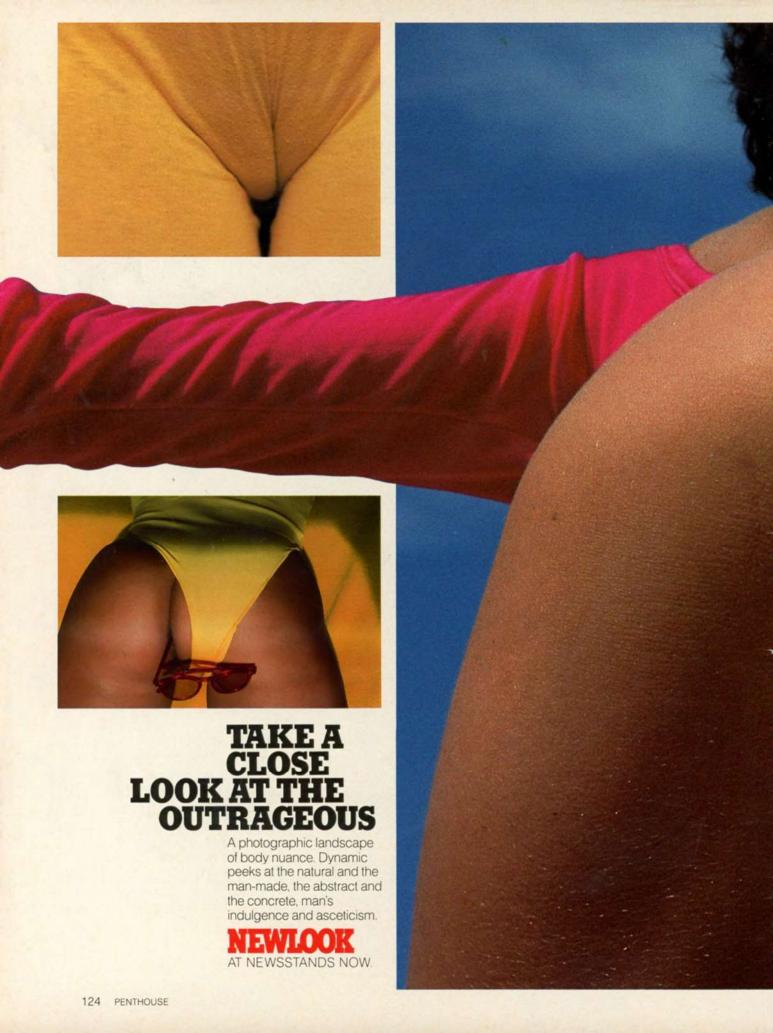


TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE OUTSPOKEN

Fanatics of discipline, masters of the art of power, these Japanese samurai adhere to their terrifying law—victory or death. Take a terrifying look at the awesome and the incredible. Experience the almighty power of silence.

NEWLOOK

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW.







TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE OUTCASTS

Nature's most misunderstood creatures. Rude boy bikers. The seemingly cruel yet crucial laws of nature determining sanction and survival. A look at the most heinous crimes and those who commit them.

NEWLOOK

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW.

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TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT THE OUTSTANDING

An invitation to linger with images of passion—the female form as the embodiment of nirvana. This Indian goddess reveals her heritage.

AT NEWSSTANDS NOW.





MINE **OUSE**













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DEATHBUSTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

bach, executive director of the Aging Research Council, a privately run fund-raising organization. "Reagan wants to encourage the private sector to supplement the money," she says. "It's out there, but it isn't enough." She and another fundraiser, Dr. Robert Morin, a gerontologist and president of the 750-member American Longevity Association in Beverly Hills, California, grumble that their private contributions, totaling less than \$1 million a year, are paltry compared to donations to the American Heart Association, which totaled \$129 million in 1983.

Several scientists have charged that if the government or private sector wanted to do something about aging, they could. "Determination of biological causes of aging could be achieved this decade," Dr. Bernard Strehler, of the National Institute of Health, said in 1966. "The enormous power of American science might uncover the secrets of aging within a decade if sufficient energy were devoted to the task," adds Dr. Alex Comfort (of Joy of Sex fame), director of London's University College Medical Research Council and author of A Good Age.

But the National Institute on Aging has little use for theorists who contend that life expectancy can be lengthened through any one procedure, and that it will be discovered and perfected any day now. Research programs funded by the NIA concentrate on illnesses of the elderly and how manipulation of bodily systems (such as the immune system) can prevent disease. As an NIA spokesperson says, "We're working to extend the productive years, to keep people healthier longer."

The drug industry's role in pursuing life-extending drugs has been almost non-existent in recent years. "Huge vested interests hold their power by servicing rather than eliminating [those] problems," says Dr. Everone. According to Everone, the medical director of the pharmaceutical firm Sandoz Corporation told him in 1977 that the company is "not interested in controlling aging but in compensating for deficiencies associated with senility." Repeated calls to Sandoz were not returned.

Merck Sharp & Dohme and Hoffmann-La Roche, Inc., two of the nation's largest pharmaceutical companies, are studying possible drugs to treat Alzheimer's disease, a cause of senility. Hoffmann-La Roche "is in the very early clinical stage" of testing Aniracetam, a drug that may help patients think more clearly, according to a company spokesperson. "But we're worried about overpromising anything, so we haven't issued any press releases." Merck says it could be ten years before anything conclusive comes out of its labs, where work on Alzheimer's began in 1983.

Sandoz markets Hydergine, which, according to Pearson and Shaw, "slows aging." Others in the field alternately see it as helping senile people think somewhat clearer, or as having no effect at all. Outside the United States, where doses of up to 12 milligrams a day are used (the Food and Drug Administration recommends only three milligrams), Hydergine is the fifth most frequently prescribed drug in the world.

The experience of Dr. Donner Denckla, a Harvard-trained research scientist, illustrates the halfhearted commitment of drug companies to life extension. In the 1970s he was working for Hoffmann-La Roche, researching what has been called a "death hormone" he uncovered. Denckla found that if the pituitary gland was removed from the brain of a lab animal and several hormones were then injected into the creature, aging was retarded in 20 of the bodily systems tested. Denckla contended that as we get old



"Aging research," says an expert, "hasn't even started yet. Everything in this article will be obsolete in ten years."



the brain tells the pituitary to make an unknown "death" hormone; without the pituitary, the hormone can't be secreted. Hoffmann-La Roche, however, was not interested in pursuing further research.

Denckla confides that "I just want to mind my own business now." Reached in Washington, D.C., he talks of being turned down by other leading pharmaceutical houses and fending off an offer by some wealthy Saudi Arabians ("I couldn't be sure they weren't terrorists").

Probably the strangest notion to come out of the life-extension movement is that you can just think death away. "Most people want something to pop in their mouth, but the power's been with us all the time," preaches A. Stuart Otto, who runs the Affiliated Christian Emortalists (ACE) out of a post office box near San Diego.

In 1968, Otto hit upon the idea that if "Jesus Christ came to teach man how to overcome physical death," then ordinary people can learn it, too. "A fundamental principle of this," explains Otto, "is the Principle of Center Outflow. Christ's spirit is within us. You can get his energy by drawing that presence outward."

The key to Center Outflow is meditation. If you want to wish death away, says Otto, you've got to meditate an hour a day. But that's not all members of ACE have to do to attain perpetual youth. The church's Master Thought binder lists various phrases that are to be memorized every week. "The Voice of Life" phone number (a recorded message) is to be dialed weekly. There are monthly "prayer requests," an annual dinner, seminars, progress reports, and the "continuous recitation of affirmations"; to live longer, "speaking the affirmation aloud has greater effect, and of course the more feeling one puts into it, the better.

If that sounds like an ordeal, consider the problems Otto himself has faced. Other churches want their flocks to prepare for the hereafter instead of avoid itso he had to become an independent pastor. By 1978 he had 500 subscribers to his Immortality Newsletter, enough for him to form the Committee for the Elimination of Death. But the name turned off so many people that he soon changed it to the more optimistic Committee for Extended Lifespan, and then turned the directorship over to a man "who wanted to make money from it." Six months later, after the group grossed \$10,000, Otto took back the reins.

Along the way, the committee lost most of its following. "More than ten but less than 100" members pay "nominal," unspecified dues. "Nine out of ten people aren't willing to put this first in their lives," says Otto. "If your uncle comes to visit from Chicago and you can't do your disciplines for two days, it isn't enough. To make sure you're committed, you have to write to me three or four times before I'll even send anything encouraging about joining."

Attacking death by thinking the right thoughts? When it comes right down to it, the 40,000 centenarians alive in the United States today who never had a drop of Hydergine, a shot of an enzyme inhibitor, or a capsule of BHT would probably say, "Why not?" The Chinese religion of Taoism teaches that men should meditate instead of ejaculate during sex so that their life forces will not become depleted.

It all depends on whether you want to live as you choose or live to live longer. There are those who believe you can do both, and those who say it doesn't matter. Life-extensionists today are going on educated guesswork. "We'll know ten times more about aging in the year 2000," says Sandy Shaw. Marott Sinex is even more modest. "Aging research," he says, "hasn't even started yet. This article will be obsolete in ten years." O

Editor's note: In a forthcoming issue, Penthouse will publish an extensive report on superoxide dismutase, a protein that may be an antidote to aging, and the politics of science that stall additional needed research.

QUEENS OF THE X-RATED CINEMA



VICKI

ong, leggy, languorous

Vicki Vickers gives good reason to believe that among Arizona's most wondrous sights, there are treasures even more enduring than the Grand Canyon. This 20-year-old beauty from Phoenix credits her Cherokee Indian ancestry for her own restless sense of adventure. "I'll try anything at least once," Vicki blushes, her temperament being the very foundation of her success. "In what other job," Vicki asks, "can you make so much money and come as many times in a day as you want?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. STEPHEN HICKS



Vicki even brings her work home at night. "Sometimes when I get back I'm so turned on, thinking about some wild

scene we shot or some guy's cock, that I'll find myself daydreaming and begin playing with myself."











Our Miss Vickers, however, has always had sex on her mind. "I remember when my college classmate got a vibrator as a gift and we'd use it on each other and make up wild sex stories until we came." In fact, Vicki reveals, "I still get off making it with another beautiful woman, although I love screwing men."











As for settling down, Vicki says:
"Right now there are a lot of men I want to make love to." But the right man would have to respect what Vicki does for a living.







While Vicki loves her work, her fantasies, and her lovers, she takes time to consider the future. "Eventually I want to go back to school and get my psychology degree. I really care about people and want to help them. . . ." We're feeling better already! O

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

the same thing with my hands. She was smelling our hands to see if we had been playing around.

When she came to me, she whispered to leave and come back in about 15 minutes, when Tina would be in bed.

I left and returned half an hour later. Vivian was waiting for me. She told me Tina was in bed and asked me if I would accompany her to where her younger daughter was staying. She was being raised by an aunt and uncle who were childless.

We started to walk and I suggested a shortcut through a park nearby. I used to play in the park during the day and knew it pretty well. When we had walked approximately 300 feet, she started scratching her ass cheek. She said she was bitten, so I offered to scratch it for her, jokingly. She took my hand and placed it there and said, "Please!" While our pace slowed down, she started to scratch her crotch. She said she had another itch and asked me if I wanted to relieve it. We stopped, and I was busy with both hands, one in the back and one in the front. She, in the meantime, put both her arms around my neck and asked me if I was ready for my graduation gift. I started to get nervous and shaky. I said,

"Yes, yes."

Well, Xaviera, I got an education that month. We explored every possible position we could think of. I took a month to complete the work on the window. Around the end of the month I let it slip that her daughter and I were planning to marry after she finished high school. Well, she became very indignant. Now she tells me I can't marry her daughter. Well, I just guit going around and her daughter has been calling my home to ask for me. She is very despondent, so I told my mother to tell her to ask her mother what's wrong. I'm sort of ashamed of what has been going on and I want to discontinue our relationship. But Tina has been very insistent that I go back. I don't want her to know what her mother and I have been doing all along.

How should I handle it?-N. R.

What a male chauvinist you are. "Wham bam, thank you ma'am. You have completed my education, now I want to marry your daughter!"

How insensitive can you get? Does it not occur to you that the lady you have been making love to regularly might be slightly hurt if you suddenly tell her you want to leave her for someone else? Did it not cross your mind that it is cruel and insulting to tell a woman that you have found a replacement for her who is younger and more desirable? The fact is

that after graduating from high school and having had your cherry popped, you believe that your education, formal and otherwise, is complete.

I would say that regardless of your age, you are far too immature and inexperienced to marry. If you treat the daughter like you treated her mother, your marriage will be on the rocks in about five weeks' time.

COMING ALONG

I am a 23-year-old female. I have been living with my boyfriend for one year and have known him for two. I lived with a guy two and a half years before I met Mitchell. Mitchell really changed my attitude about sex, allowing me to enjoy myself like never before.

When we went on our first date, he was all over me. I wouldn't let him screw me, so he said, "Just let me eat your pussy." I protested, but before I knew it, he was down between my legs sniffing my pussy through my panty hose. From where I was standing there was a mirror in front of me, and I could see his huge muscular arms wrapped around me, making it impossible for me to move. Then in seconds his arms had my panty hose down, and his hot, wet tongue was caressing my pussy. My head was spinning, but I managed to control myself and said, "I'm not that kind of girl." He begged me to let him keep my moistened panties, and to get him to stop, I agreed.

Over the months, things worked his way. I couldn't hold back from his passion.

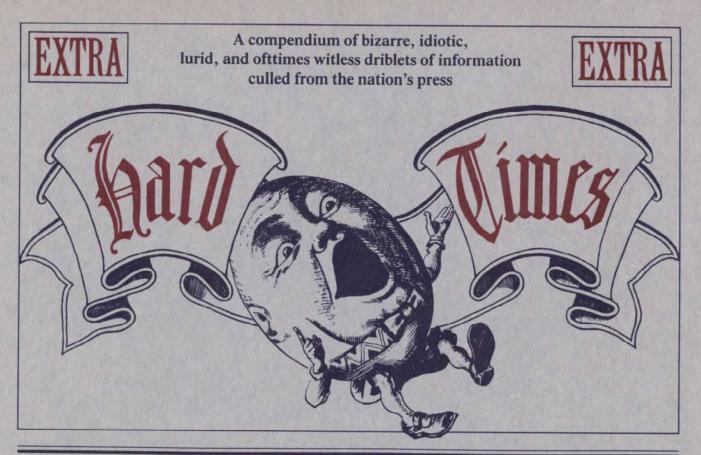
Recently he's been asking why I don't come very much. The only way I can get any come out of me is if he penetrates me, and then I still don't come very much. The orgasms feel great. I just don't seem to come very much. Why is this, and what can I do to come more?—P. R.

For a sex buff, your boyfriend is not very well-informed. In the simplest terms, a man's orgasm consists of a series of involuntary muscular contractions, causing the ejaculation of seminal fluid from his penis. This fluid is commonly referred to as "come."

The act of ejaculation or having an orgasm is also called "coming," and is used for women's orgasms as well. A woman's orgasm, however, is different from a man's. With mounting sexual excitement, a woman's vagina secretes a special lubricating fluid. This fluid slightly resembles sperm in appearance, but secretion of it will happen before orgasm or without orgasm.

A girlfriend of mine in Amsterdam tells me that sometimes when she orgasms, she produces a quantity of liquid. The first time it happened to her she thought she had pissed in the bed. Finally she discovered that she was actually ejaculating. But—and it's a big but—this seems to be very rare. In the cases where a woman does not lubricate sufficiently, there are various products on the market



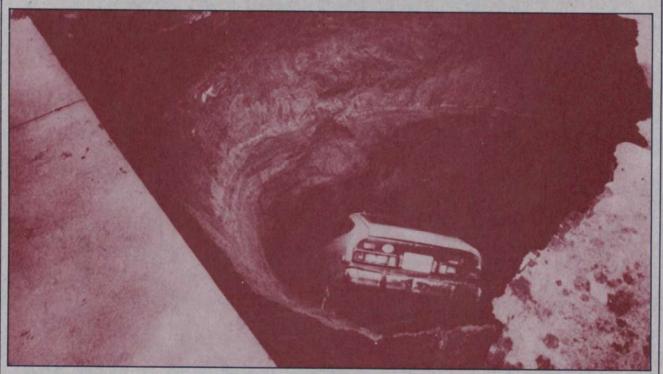


O HARD TIMES, INC.

ALLTHE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT

VOL. 4, NO. 4

THAT'S SOME PARKING SPACE!



Melvin Harris, a fireman in Augusta, Georgia, peers into a 30foot-deep hole that swallowed the car of a newspaper carrier while he was delivering morning papers. City officials said the collapse apparently occurred when a leaky storm sewer washed by comparison.—Editor

away the soil beneath the parking lot. (The Milwaukee Journal—submitted by Hector Cubero, Green Bay, Wis.)
We've seen some New York City potholes that make this one pale by comparison.—Editor

CAN YOU DO THIS?

Stefan Sjostrand, a Swedish light welterweight boxer, stretches | ville Press-submitted by Paul Davis, Henderson, Ky.) and exercises in preparation for last year's Olympics: (Evans- | Looks like he can really get off on himself!-Editor



Split Decision

Hasbro Industries Inc. says it used "poor judgment" in marketing this new doll as a schizophrenic adversary of its G.I. Joe soldier doll. After complaints from several mental health associations, Hasbro apologized and offered to make amends by donating money to mental health research. "This is just to show we're concerned about mental illness and certainly did not mean any harm," said a Hasbro vice-president and general counsel. The plastic doll is described on the back of its box as an "extreme paranoid schizophrenic [who] grows into various multiple personalities to such an extent that the original personality becomes buried and forgotten." (The New York Times) If this is the kind of thing "mental health" associations worry about, it's a wonder we're not all in the loony bin!-Editor



Callof the Wild

A company called "RAM" has a new telephone beeper that vibrates when the client gets a call, in case the beepee is in a situation where a beep would be a no-no. One wag suggested that the beeper can keep one abreast of one's calls and "be your best friend, too." (The Detroit News-submitted by Remigius J. Zak, Sterling Heights, Mich.)

Is that a phone beeper in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?-Editor

A GATOR HIS TANK

When Jeff Gray warmed up | his car one morning, he thought the strange noises coming from under the hood indicated engine trouble. Instead he discovered that a fivefoot alligator had taken refuge near the radiator. "It didn't scare me. I've seen them in the wild before," he said. Gray

told his wife to run and get the camera so he could record the event. "I also told her to kill it if it started at me while I was taking its picture," he said. (The Houston Chronicle -submitted by Eliot Swainson, Houston, Tex.)

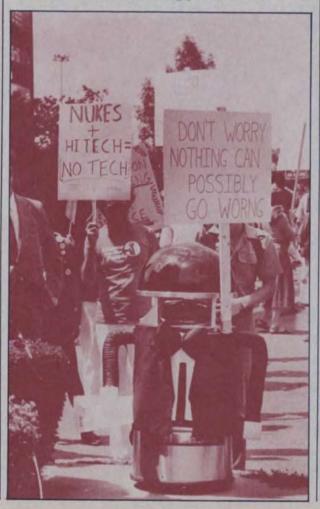
Woman's work is never done. -Editor

Crime of the Month

Four armed men, escaping the scene of a crime where they'd already done everything wrong, raced onto a military base and were captured by the U.S. Air Force. This was the final fumble in a robbery that was doomed from the start. The robbers had apparently invaded the wrong house, demanding \$40,000 cash and a cache of drugs from a pair of bewildered senior citizens who operate a mango grove. They ripped an electric can opener out of the wall, thinking it was a newfangled telephone. Holding a gun to one victim's neck, they demanded his car keys, which they had already taken. Then they couldn't figure out which key on the key ring was the one for the car. One bandit, trying to prove to the victims that his gun was loaded, pulled back the clip and the bullets fell on the floor. Regarding their final mishap, which led to their capture, robbery detective Robert Malec said, "The driver was a little confused. He was en route to the turnpike and apparently the guard shack looked like a tollbooth." (Akron Beacon Journal-submitted by Todd Widla, Barberton, Ohio)

Future Protest

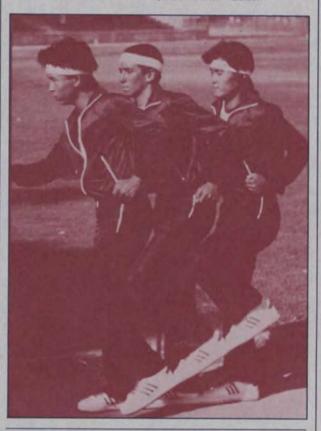
A tuxedo-jacketed "robot" carrying a sign, presumably poking fun at computers, led marchers in a protest outside a Cambridge, Massachusetts, conference on battlefield intelligence and robotics. The demonstrators were protesting public funds used for defense projects in the computer sciences, which take money away from nonmilitary programs. (The Florida Times-Union-submitted by Anthony J. White, Lawtey, Fla.) And tear gas won't work on these guys, either.-Editor



JOGGING BREAKTHROUGH

les joggers to stay in step with each other-they're all wearing the same pair of shoes! The footwear is the creation of art- run with it!-Editor.

It's easy for these Los Ange- | ist Phil Garner, (National Enquirer-submitted by A. Aleek Jones, Napanoch, N.Y.) When you have a good idea,



CAGE AUX FOLLES

David Garrett, 23, of Santa Ana, California, was welded into a cage and left there by his friends in a bachelor-party prank. He endured an hour chained in the cage along a highway before a motorist finally flagged down police to free him. "People stopped and took pictures, but no one offered to help," Garrett said. "I guess they didn't want to spoil the fun for the guys." The "guys" were 12 buddies who helped celebrate Garrett's upcoming marriage. (The Capital Times-submitted by Kraig Kowalke, Middleton, Wis.; and Honolulu Star Bulletin-submitted by John Sims, Honolulu, Hawaii) Is this what they call "men's liberation"?-Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to Penthouse to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL













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ME-1-85

Women porn-makers have pioneered a new format that's heavy on music, short on plot and dialogue—and drenched with sex.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

BOARDROOM BOREDOM

Tower of Power (CalVista)
I stayed with this tape for one reason: Annette Haven. One of the most achingly beautiful bodies in porn, she lodges in Tower of Power like a diamond in a turd. Annette, you are so sexy you could make a Greek statue come; you ought to marry me. But even you can't dredge up sewer sludge like this and make it shine.

The plot revolves around one of those corporateboardroom dramas that smut directors love, because power puts everyone in heat, or so the theory goes. A whole stable of porn veterans prove in this film why they should be let out to pasture. Harry Reems, still crazy after all those leers, stumbles through in a pirate outfit. Tired acting, tired sex, tired production: Tower of Power should be sent to the nearest insomniacs' convention as a sleeping aid. No, no, Annette-keep on fucking for film and fishing out those perfect tits of yours, but stay away from bombs like Tower of Power.

Tower of Power 1

PENTHOUSE PICK

Inside Little Oral Annie (Video X Pic) With a name like Little Oral Annie, you've got a reputation to uphold. This woman does it by doing a swan dive into a gutter and coming up with a film so drenched in raunch that it's as much a test of your gag reflex as your horniness. Which is not to say Little Oral Annie is a bad videotape-it's just not one to take home to mother. Or any other female you have to respect in the morning.



Horny high-stepping with hot ladies in The Dancers.

Sleaze, 100 percent impure. There is no plot to speak

of. Little Oral Annie is a slice of lowlife, with the star tripping through a series of seemingly random randy encounters with studs and sluts of every stripe. The tape lives and dies on the strength of the star, and Annie pulls her load admirably. She fucks as if she's never heard of raised consciousness, female encounter groups, or the New Woman. Annie's got huge tits, a pretty, trampy face, and a body that's bawdy. Her real claim to fame is, as her name implies, a state-of-the-tart blowiob.

Little Oral Annie approaching a stiff prick is like a kid going for the candy store window. She approaches cocksucking with an enthusiasm some women reserve for charge cards. After an encounter with Bobby Astyr's ten-inch schlong—a prick almost as big as he is—
I found myself saying, "Wow! Now that's a blowjob."

The other studs are equally well matched with Annie, especially a new German actor named Klaus Multia, who can gush sperm the way

the Ewings gush oil. The actresses are also good; most of them, like Cara Lott and Taija Rae, are of the same slutty stripe as Annie. Wait till your woman's away, turn off the lights and lock the doors, slap Little Oral Annie into the Betamax, and return to the days when men were men and women were worth every penny you paid for them.

Inside Little Oral Annie 111

CLICHE OF THE MONTH Throat . . . 12 Years After (VCA)

"The cheaper the punk, the gaudier the patter," sneered Bogart in *The Maltese Falcon*. In adult video, the cheaper the film, the gaudier the packaging. The stupidity and dishonesty of smut packaging are legend, of course, but only one part of it wins the title for this month's cliché, and that is . . . the titles themselves.

Gerard Damiano did a bit of a two-step when he called this film *Throat* . . . 12 Years After. It's a pretty good film because almost everything Damiano does is good, but it has nothing to do with Deep

Throat, his monster smash that started the porn revolution and is still selling well in videotape. This cavalier attitude toward truth in packaging is evident in another tape reviewed this month, Talk Dirty to Me, Part III. Just as this new Throat has nothing to do with Deep Throat, this latest Talk Dirty film has nothing to do with the first two.

Damiano can call his film anything he wants to, of course. But I reserve the right to bitch about it when he starts playing fast and loose with his viewers' expectations. A good videotape, a bad title.

Throat . . . 12 Years After 11

CALIFORNIA GIRLS

Talk Dirty to Me, Part III (Dreamland)

I first saw the third installment of the Talk Dirty series as a film, but it works equally well on the tube. The title is a bit misleading; what this is is an X-rated imitation of Bruce Jay Friedman's hit film of last summer, Splash.

The mermaid who appears to John Leslie is Tracy Lords, without a doubt the hottest newcomer in smut. She is a premier representative for the New Wave of adult video



Throat: not Deep, but good.

150 PENTHOUSE

actresses-all out of California, all sexier than hell, all serenely unconcerned with the moral outrage surrounding their business. You get the idea that Tracy really likes what she does, and her enthusiasm transfers itself to your crotch. Her body is one you can only dream about: young, tight, with huge areolas that harden and highlight her amazing tits. Her face is both young and sultry, and exudes attitude. This girl can pout with two sets of lips.

The rest of the cast is good. too. John Leslie revives his stud-standing with a great performance, and Ginger Lynn and Colleen Brennan are more of those sexually healthy California girls who are testing zippers the country over. The plot is a throwaway, but who cares? With sex this great, a story would only get in the way. Talk Dirty to Me, Part III

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Sweet Savage (Solid Gold) "Pink flesh fascinates me-it looks like a warm fawn.' —Black Fox, an Indian brave in Sweet Savage

Pink flesh fascinates us. too, but not because it looks like a warm fawn. Ann Perry's Sweet Savage is a lousy Western, and it's lousy porn, but you put the two together and you have an entertaining videotape. Where else but in the vile, vile West could you get to see Carol Connorsof Deep Throat fame, and still in as fine shape as everdress up like a horse-opera barmaid and warble "Camptown Races" and "Red River Valley"?

Adult video is nothing if not an equal opportunity



Talk Dirty: bogus plot, great sex.

employer. You see enough native American cock in this porn Western to last you a lifetime-but there's also some native American pussy: "BethAnna," a woman cut of the same sexy cloth as Hyapatia Lee, plays the lead. and someone called Shadowlyn Neva, identified as Miss Nude America in the credits, puts in a brief but busty appearance. "Discouraging words" sums up the screenwriter's approach to dialogue, but the budget and production values of Sweet Savage are amazingly high. If you fantasize about life on the old jism trail, check this one out. Sweet Savage 11

FOR YOUR ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

The Dancers (VCX) The Dancers wears its age well. When it first came out. I reviewed it as a film and was impressed by its sensitivity and softness. It is the ideal couples' tape, with an even-paced, gauzy sensuality throughout.

Some of the film's sexual slant must have come from Marga Aulbach, who produced it and has since gone on to become one of the premier women directors in smut. She smoothed out the raw edges of director Sam Weston (a.k.a. Anthony Spinelli), and The Dancers is better for it

The "dancers" of the title are Jackie and the Dreams, a traveling troupe of male strippers brought to a backwater burg by their manager. John Leslie. The horny highsteppers proceed to take on the town's hottest ladies, played by such smut luminaries as Georgina Spelvin and Anna Turner, Seeing The Dancers on tape made me nostalgic for the orgasms it provided me with years ago.

This tape is not for men who are after explicit, hardcore "in-and-out" for 60 seconds every minute and 60 minutes every hour. But there's not many of them left, anyway-they've wanked their way into an early grave. The Dancers 1111

COUPLES' TAPE

Femme 1, Femme 2: Urban Heat (Femme) It's an idea whose time has come: porn made by women. Candida Royalle, an exporn starlet, teamed with director Lauren Niemi and a company of (for the most part) female technicians to produce the Femme series. It's to their credit that they not | Urban Heat 110+

only put their stamp on video. but they've also pioneered a new format for smut that is probably the direction it will go for years to come.

Femme's approach to smut is to marry it to MTV: Each tape is a series of vignettes. heavy on the music, short on plot and dialogue—and drenched with sex. There are almost no come shots in the series, and as a crusader against that messy cliché of porn, I didn't miss them at all. But just because the Femme tapes were made by women for men and women doesn't mean they are soft. These gals can really raunch out.

There is a gallery scene in the first Femme tape that typifies the approach. Two men and one woman stalk each other in a contemporary art gallery; slowly the scene slips into fantasy. A horny, humpy threesome soon develops. The woman, Carol Cross, never looked betterand that's another quality of the Femme team: They know how to work with women, and make them look good.

The Femme series is sizzling stuff, and I hope it gets the kind of support it deserves. If nothing else, it's good to wave in the face of the next procensorship right-wing feminist you meet. Femme 1, Femme 2:

RATING KEY

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

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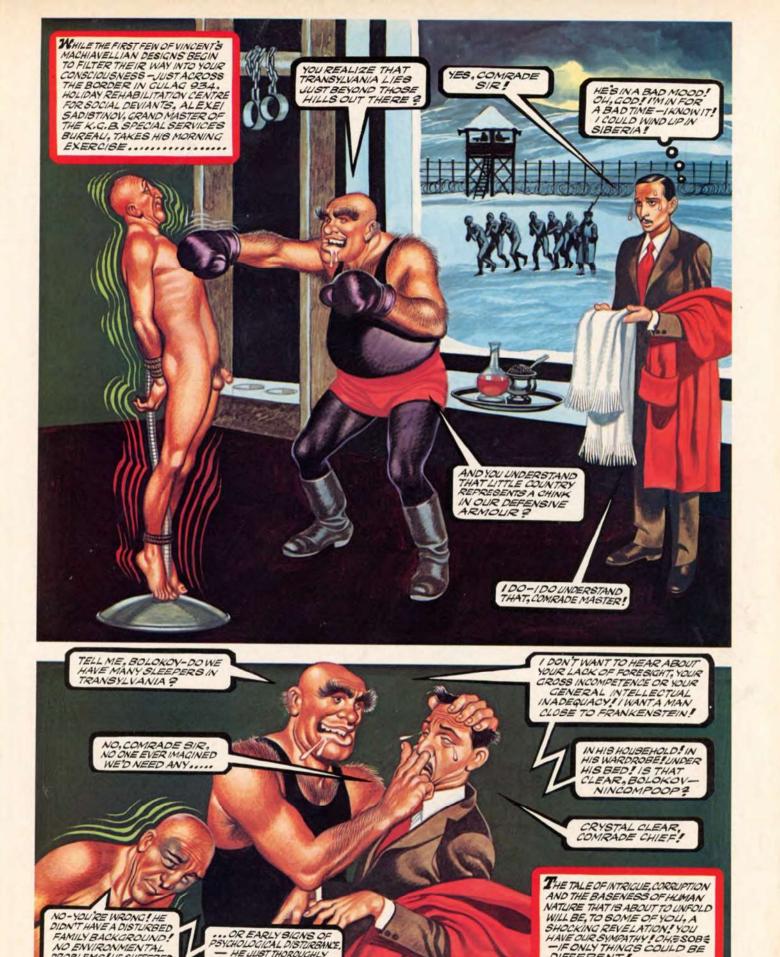












NO ENVIRONMENTAL

PROBLEMS! HE SUFFERED

NO SOCIAL DEPRIVATION ...

HE JUST THOROUGHLY

ENUOYS HURTING PEOPLE!

DIFFERENT!

Mixed-Up Drinks: Results of Competition No. 4

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

Last December we announced our search for more outrageous drink names, along the lines of the Phillips Screwdriver (vodka, orange juice, and milk of magnesia), the Joan Collins (gin, lemon juice, club soda, and wrinkle-remover lotion), and the Tequila Mocking-bird (Cuervo Gold and birdseed).



We called for original entries and promised eight cases of liquor as the grand prizes. The brands are: Aalborg Akvavit, Austin Nichols Wild Turkey Bourbon, Jim Beam Kentucky Straight Bourbon, Renfield Importers' Gordon's Gin, Kamora Coffee Liqueur, Kamora Coffee Liqueur (caffeine-free), Rums of Puerto Rico (assorted selections), and Monte Alban Mezcal Tequila.

Our eight winning entries are listed below, in randomly determined order. Should any of the entrants not meet eligibility requirements or fail to supply proof of age, names will be selected from the runners-up list, starting from the top, until all prizes have been awarded.

GRAND-PRIZE WINNERS

- 1. Shirley Temple of Doom. Ginger ale, grenadine, and nuclear waste.
 - —Joel Bell, Durham, N.C.
- 2. Piña Colonic. Rum, pineapple juice,

and coconut milk, served from an enema bag.

-Arnie Danoff, Los Angeles, Calif.

Truth and Justice. Sodium pentathol on the rocks.

—Thomas Travers, Old Orchard Beach, Maine

- 4. Xaviera Wallbanger. Vodka, orange juice, and Galliano, garnished with a \$100 bill.
 - -Doug Sandahl, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Bloody Awful. Vodka and ketchup.
 —Vernon Gorter, Tucson, Ariz.
- Pap Smear. Pabst beer and Smirnoff vodka.
 - -Michael Hendricks, Denver, Colo.
- Shit or Go Blind. Prune juice and wood alcohol.
 - -T. Hohl, Las Vegas, Nev.
- 8. Juice for Jesus. Manischewitz wine and holy water.
 - -Norm Litwak, Van Nuys, Calif.

RUNNERS-UP

Irish Republican Coffee. Old Bushmill's, caffeine, and gasoline, served in a bottle with a flaming rag wick.

Bermuda Triangle. Rum, seawater, and vanishing cream.

Lost Weekend. A Tab chased with two quarts of Jack Daniel's.

-Patricia J. Veber, Mount Pleasant, S.C.

Alexander Gram Bell. Brandy, cream, cocaine, and Bell's scotch.

Perfect Screw, Missionary Style. Sweet and dry vermouth, vodka, orange juice, and Christian Brothers brandy.

A Quick Peel in the Back Seat With Bubbles. Nestle's chocolate, banana liqueur, a Gold Cadillac (Galliano, crème de cacao, and heavy cream), and champagne.

-Gary Hensarling, Dallas, Tex.

Cocoa Vin. Nestlé's and Chablis.

—Larry Hodges, Mitchelvile, Md.

'57 Chevy. Heinz steak sauce and Chivas Regal.

-G. H., Dallas, Tex.

Don Ho. Miniature bottle of champagne.

-Bernard G. Hengge, Miami, Fla.

Chappaquiddick. Vodka and tomato juice served under water.

Hamlet. Gin and lime juice with prosciutto garnish.

-Stacey Youdin, Grants, N. Mex.

Mexican Standoff. Tequila, prune juice, and Kaopectate.

-E. O. Gutierrez, Kenner, La.

Absinthe of Malice. Pernod mixed with bitters

Ryes and Shine. Old Overholt, Pikesville, and white lightnin'.

-Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Supply Cider. Applejack served (like the economy) on the rocks.

-Herb Martinson, Wheaton, Md.

Jack Off. Jack Daniel's and insect repellent.

-Marty Banks, Minden, La.

Sterile Grandfather. Old Granddad and Dry Sack.

-Name withheld, Stockton, Calif.

Stiff Dick. George Dickel whiskey and starch.

-Floyd Smith, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Tired Bloody Mary. Geritol and tomato juice.

—Carl Kaminski, Chicago, III.

Eli Whitney. Gin and cotton candy.

—Larry Sievers, Omaha, Nebr.

Hickory Daiquiri Duck. Aged Kentucky bourbon, rum, strawberries, crushed ice, and Cold Duck.

-Howard Wallace, Pullman, Wash.

Spanish Fly. Sangria and jet fuel.

-D. O'Carroll, Los Angeles, Calif.



GAMES

TKO. Tequila, Kahlúa, and Ouzo, (You'll be unable to continue after the second round.)

-Robert Zinchuk, Scarborough, Maine

Vanessa Williams. Hot chocolate and cherry liqueur.

—J. P. Lynden, Wash.

Southern California Cockteaser. Southern Comfort, Perrier, and Wild Turkey, mixed together and served in a dribble glass.

—Nick Vucurevic, La Mesa, Calif.

Pussy Gobbler. Wild Turkey garnished with cattail.

—Beck O'Banion, Norfolk, Nebr.

Papal Bull. Communion wine and Schlitz malt liquor.

-Arnie Danoff, Los Angeles, Calif.

Greek Massage. Ouzo and olive oil.

—Thomas and Julie McMasters. Lake Elsinore, Calif.

Boilerfaker. Whiskey with a near-beer

Ann Margarita, Tequila, Triple Sec. and lime juice, served in triple-D cups.

—David Litwak, Van Nuys, Calif.

Lumberjack. Old Forester whiskey and Yukon Jack.

Hops Scotch. Beer and scotch.

Michael Hendricks, Denver, Colo.

Angela Davis. Vodka and Kahlúa. —Ted Mattos, San Jose, Calif.

The Russians are Coming. Vodka. Kahlúa, and Spanish fly.

-Bill Sledd, Roanoke, Va.

Helen Keller Killer Cooler. Invisible ink, arsenic, and sparkling wine.

—Al Tannenbaum and Jeff Cornwell. Indianapolis, Ind.

Niagara Falls. New York State sparkling wine, Canadian beer, honey, and moonshine.

Robert LaPlante, Burlington, Conn. | Gorter's Bloody Awful recipe.

BAR EXAM

- 1. Vodka, orange juice, and
- 2. Ron Rico and Ex-Lax.
- 3. Jim Beam, scotch, and 7-Up. with no ice.
- 4. Crown Royal and Drano.
- 5. Lamp oil and mescal tequila.
- 6. Ginger ale, grenadine, and india ink.
- 7. Hazelnut liqueur, one crushed Saltine, and sugar.
- 8. Crown Royal, vodka, orange juice, and 7-Up.
- 9. Whiskey, sweet vermouth, and heavy water (or uranium-235).
- 10. Prune juice and powdered orange-drink mix.

Bum's Rush. Muscatel and amvl nitraté

R. Beckman, Los Angeles, Calif.

Toasted Allmond Brothers. Kahlúa, Amaretto, and Christian Brothers brandy.

-Paul Iski, Trenton, N.J.

Jap Slap. Sake and Skin Bracer. —John Barnes, Dallas, Tex.

Angostura-Lura-Lura. Bitters and Irish whiskey.

-Gary Tutt, Duncanville, Tex.



Tokyo Rosé, Sake and Mateus,

-Steve Morgan, Austin, Tex.

Little Dickens (or 'Tini Tim). A martini with an olive 'r twist

-Fred Biebesheimer, Medford, Mass.

Peppermint Paddy. Schnapps and rice wine.

—Don Wright, New York, N.Y.

Gin and Bear It. Beefeater's and Grizzly beer.

-Ron Whitney, Decatur, Mich.

Boy George. George Dickel. Mount Gay Rum, and Hawaiian Fruit Punch.

-Portia Beckee, Livingston, Mont.

Palindrome. Crown Royal and Royal Crown.

—J. Evans, New York, N.Y.

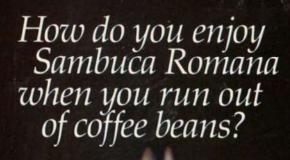
Blood Clot. Vodka, tomato juice, and

—Raymond Malcuit, West Islip, N.Y.

The idea in the competition was originality and humor. New but unfunny drink recipes didn't make it-nor did real drinks with silly names, such as Screaming Orgasm, Rusty Screw, Test-Tube Baby, Slippery Nipple, Death Wish, and Vulcan Mind Press.

Among the most frequently submitted drink names were those that were self-descriptive, often with ingredients so disgusting we would rather let you come up with them yourselves: Pee Shooter, Molson Golden Shower, Sloe Gin Whizz, Cum Shot, Gin Rummy, Dry Screw, Montezuma's Revenge, Agent Orange Blossom, Harley Wallbanger.

In other cases the list of ingredients suggests the name. To honor some of the cleverest nonwinning entries, we've concocted the Bar Exam shown above. using ten of these. (Since many of these were submitted by multiple entrants, we are unable to give individual credit. But you and your friends know who you are.) What should each drink be called? Can you supply the best names for five or more? Ot (Answers on page 165.)





Con Mosca 1 oz. Sambuca Romana 3 roasted coffee beans Float coffee beans on top



Chocolate Chip Sambuca I oz. Sambuca Romana ¼ cup chocolate chip ice cream Blend and serve or freeze until serving.









1 oz. Sambuca Romana ¾ cup hot coffee Top with sweetened whipped cream. Dust with grated nutmeg.

The traditional way to drink Sambuca is Con Mosca. But if you're out of coffee beans, try one of these other drinks. And then write for our original Sambuca Romana recipe book. Sambuca Romana 84 Pf.

SÁMBÝCA ROMANÁ

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

was without a man around the house.

Before long, I noticed that she was becoming more and more casual around me, talking freely about her private thoughts and fantasies. Before long, I was leaving her house every night with a terrific hard-on. As soon as I arrived at my dorm, I would go to the bathroom, lock the door, and relieve my throbbing penis, fantasizing about having sex with my mother's friend. At first, I rejected any ideas of actually having sex with her, but these initial reservations soon wore away after several nights of her casual teasing.

One Tuesday, I went over to her house dressed in a T-shirt and shorts. It was about 10 A.M. and she was still wearing her feeble excuse for a nightie. The garment, which hugged her tightly, was made of black lace, making apparent her firm, supple body underneath. She smiled and told me to make myself comfortable while she took a shower. She patted me on the ass as she left swaying, the nightie clinging to her like a glove.

I stood there for a moment and heard the bathroom door shut. My penis was at full mast, begging to be relieved. I sat down on one of her large, overstuffed chairs and waited for the sound of the shower. The instant I heard the water running, my shorts dropped to my ankles and I groped my rod, pumping it with abandoned ecstasy.

During my interlude, I thought I heard light footsteps in the hallway, but I was too absorbed in pleasure to really care. I climaxed, breathing a sigh of relief as I sank back into the chair. I took a wad of tissue paper and wiped the sperm from my penis. I tossed it into the wastebasket in the corner of the room and pulled my shorts up, satisfied for the moment.

I looked at a magazine for about 15 minutes until she finished showering. Barefoot, she entered the living room, wearing a pair of tight cutoff jeans and a T-shirt with no bra. She sat down on the sofa to my left, looking at me in a strange, seductive sort of way. I smiled at her in return.

"What do you have planned for today?" I asked, innocently.

She smiled, her lips glistening, and with a gleam in her eye said, "Let's get drunk."

I was a bit surprised, but she was serious. Immediately she disappeared into the kitchen and returned with two icecold six-packs. She plopped one in my lap and took the other with her to the sofa. We began to drink. She sat silently, still looking at me with that strange look—only this time she was smiling.

Soon, we were both finishing our second beer, and I, having a very low tolerance for booze, was getting quite a buzz.

My mother's friend was getting a bit tipsy, too. Suddenly, she patted the cushion next to her. "Come sit with me. I might need some help sitting up pretty soon."

I obliged, walking over to the sofa, and sat next to her. As we started our third beer, I was relaxed enough to start telling her dirty jokes. I told her story after story, and she laughed at every one. By now, I was getting quite horny again, an erection becoming clearly apparent through my shorts.

After a while, she paused to look down at my bulging crotch, and giggled, "It looks like something's trying to get out of your shorts!"

I was slightly embarrassed until I noticed her nipples budding under her T-shirt. She set her beer can aside and reached out to stroke my bulge.

"Why, it looks like it needs a little tender loving care," she teased, "not the banging you gave it when I was in the shower."

She said that she had seen me relieve my prick. I told her I couldn't help it, with all of her teasing. I was only human.

"Don't worry," she purred, "I'll make everything all right."

She then instructed me to stand before her and strip. I felt my body tingle as I removed my shirt, folding it neatly and laying it on the sofa. Then I bent over and removed my shoes, placing them in the corner. She eyed me thoroughly as I pulled down my shorts and folded them.

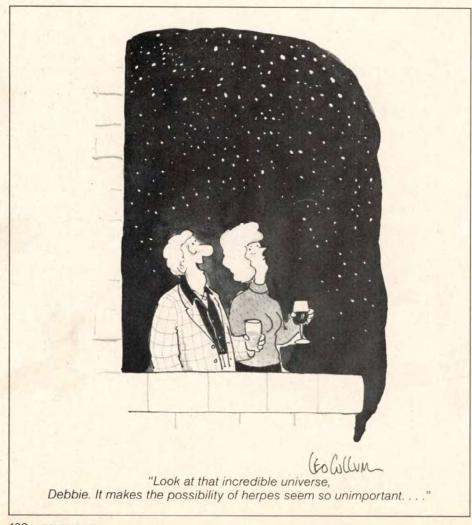
I stood there: my tan, naked body facing her, my penis jutting out toward her. She stood up and took my left nipple in her mouth. Her fingers explored the muscles in my shoulders as she sucked vigorously. I stood there, pleading with her to suck my penis. With careful slowness, she pulled her head back from my nipple and ran her mouth down to my groin. Her lips formed a perfect circle as she closed them around my rod. With her hands now clamped on my buttocks, she worked over the head of my penis with her lips and tongue. Then she slowly moved in. She sucked lightly as her teeth gently bit at my organ. Her tongue slid up and down the bottom of my shaft as she worked her way farther along. When she had finally taken in all of my seven inches, she shoved her entire face against my thighs and sucked powerfully. I let out a stifled cry, as her mouth and its soothing hot saliva hurtled my dick toward orgasm.

"I'm coming. Oh, shit, I'm coming!" I

I squirted my jism down her throat. She sucked and sucked until I was clean. She stood up and went to the kitchen, returning with a napkin. She daintily wiped off the mixture of saliva and sperm that had dribbled down her chin. When she had finished, she tossed the napkin aside and threw her arms up.

"Now strip me," she said casually.

This was the moment I had been waiting for. I smiled and dropped to my knees. I reached up and unsnapped her cutoffs, opened the zipper, and slowly brought



them down her thighs, past her legs, and her feet. She stepped out of them, while I stood up and placed my hands on her waist. I carefully brought her T-shirt up past her breasts and over her head.

After placing her carefully folded clothes aside, I gazed at her, naked except for a pair of sheer beige panties. I looked at her breasts. They were large and firm. Her nipples were about a quarter-inch in diameter, and a half-inch long. I took her in my arms; our mouths locked together in frenzied tongue play. I reached down and squeezed her firm ass as she ground her hips into mine.

After what seemed an eternity, she pulled back and whispered, "Eat me."

I obeyed, again dropping to my knees to remove her panties, which were thoroughly soaked as I tossed them aside. I clamped my hands on her buttocks and buried my face deep into her lovely bush.

She moaned and squeezed her nipples as my mouth bored into her. Her buttocks tensed up a couple of times, and then she came—her juices drenching my face and dripping onto the carpet. I eased her back onto the sofa for an hour of straight fucking. She often wrapped her legs around me, trying to pull me as close to her as possible. When I tired, she would roll on top of me and thrust her hips against my shaft, always gazing deeply into my eyes.

We separated long enough for me to carry her to the bedroom. The rest of the day and into the night, we lay under the covers, kissing, cuddling, fondling each other, and screwing a couple more times. I pulled a *Penthouse* out of her bedstand drawer, and looked through it while she gave me a blowjob before we went to sleep.

sieep.

I thought all the fun was over for the time being, but I was wrong! Expecting to wake up at seven in the morning to go to my classes, I felt my companion's light touch wake me up at six instead.

"It's time for your bath, dear," she said. "Rise and shine."

Still groggy, I was taken by the hand and led into the bathroom, where she filled the tub with warm water and sat me down into it. The water felt good, as she cupped her hands and drenched my body with the soothing liquid. Then she soaped a washcloth and stood me up.

She rubbed the soapy washcloth over my entire body. My senses came to life, and so did my penis. By the time I was fully soaped over, I had another terrific hard-on. She then rinsed me with a warm shower. Her light feminine touch was beautiful.

When I was clean, she turned me toward her and toweled me dry.

"Now," she said, raising an eyebrow, "You can't go to class with a bulge like that in your pants!" She positioned herself behind me and reached around my waist, groping my penis in her right hand. As her left hand caressed one of my nipples, the other hand masturbated me to a quick, shuddering orgasm. She wiped me clean with the washcloth and dressed me in some clothes I had left at her house previously.

She prepared me a delicious breakfast, and with a kiss on the cheek and a pat on the ass, she sent me off to college with a smile on my face.

Since then, our relationship has flour-ished—to say the least. I've just about moved into her house. I use my dorm room only occasionally, and my morale has improved infinitely. We are developing a sort of husband-and-wife relationship. We constantly experiment with sex and always get a charge out of reading your "Forum" section.—Name and address withheld

STROKE OF LUCK

I've been a subscriber of *Penthouse* for seven years, and every month the first section I turn to after the Pet of the Month spread is "Forum."

I'm 33, five foot nine, weigh 140 pounds, and, according to most "Forum" letters, below average in endowment. It's been about five months since I split with my last steady, and I've been keeping pretty much to myself.

Last Friday night, after several beers at home, I was in the mood for some female companionship. I had been lucky before at a nearby lounge, so I thought I'd start there. After a few beers, one

"Maybe I'll dance later," and several "No's." I moved on.

The second place was so crowded that in order to get to the bar, you had to rub your way through tits and asses. Problem was, they were all on the guys that were there.

At the third place, the crowd was average, the drinks were quick, and the music okay. After an hour, I found out that most of the girls preferred dancing with each other and didn't care to help out a lonely guy. With enough time to catch some of the last set at the lounge where I started, I staggered off.

As soon as I entered the bar, I noticed an attractive older woman with platinum-blond hair sitting by herself. As I started walking toward her table, she got up and greeted me with, "How about doing your good deed for the day and dance with me?"

With the group doing a reasonable "Sweet Home Alabama," I couldn't refuse. The song ended quickly and was followed by a slow tune. We stayed on the floor and ground it out. She told me her name, but with her chest rubbing against me and with the night's beer already consumed, I'm embarrassed to say I didn't retain it.

After a quick hug, we went back to her table. She claimed she had just gotten into town, rented one of the last vacant rooms, and was very tired. Just when I

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was expecting to hear, "Thanks for the dance," she asked me to join her in her room. She didn't have to ask twice.

When the door there closed, we embraced. I asked her to forgive me and tell me her name again. She simply replied. "Just call me 'Hon."

Hon leaned back against the mirror with her eyes closed, slipped her hands under her nightie, and started rubbing her large, firm tits. Then she lowered her left hand to her moist cunt.

After she spread her lips to reveal a tasty treat of a clit, my cock was harder than a Russian roll call. Hon slid one, then two fingers deeply into her pussy and slowly worked her thumb up to her long beautiful button, moaning louder and gasping quicker with each thrust.

Just as the juices started dripping down her crack to the towel, she threw off her top, slid off the desk, and landed in my lap. After inserting my full dick up her tight box, she changed quickly from slow, long, steady strokes to fast, short, rotating moves

After a climax that must have lasted five minutes. Hon passed out. But her passing out kept me from emptying my load deep inside her.

I picked her up and placed her on the bed. Being the neat, kind guy that I am, decided to lick up the sticky mess between her legs. I was getting the last of it when she started waking up. When I told her she had passed out before I had a chance to come, she rolled me on my back and gave me the best blowiob I'd had in a long time.

Other than what I have just shared with you, all I know about this dynamite woman is that she is 45 and in my town this time each year. Hon, if you're reading this, I'm looking for you.-Name and address withheld

LETTING LOOSE

I was looking out my window one day, when I saw the bronzed lean body of a tall blond guy who was doing construction on the street in front of my apartment. He had removed his shirt because of the heat, and his upper body glistened in the sunlight. As I watched his muscles ripple, I felt the first ripples of delight run through my own body. He was really turning me on. I decided to do something about it, so I changed into a pair of short-shorts and a tank top, and descended the stairs with a glass of iced tea. He greeted me with a sparkling smile and a pair of the bluest eyes I had ever seen. After talking awhile, we made a date for later that week.

Over drinks, my hunk informed me that he was in a prison work-release center and had to return there every night, and had only one day a week to play. I decided that I wanted him to come over the first possible day he could, after he told me he had been in prison for two years. This would be the first time he had gotten laid since he was sent away.

It was hard to keep our hands off each

other when he arrived two days later. The anticipation had been almost unbearable. As he kissed me, my juices started running down my slit, and the tops of my thighs were wet.

We made it to the bedroom just in time to rip off our clothes. Before he plunged into me, he told me that he would probably come real fast the first time, since it had been so long. At the sight of his cock, I almost fainted. It wasn't the longest one I had ever seen, but boy, was it ever the fattest. The head of his beautiful organ was just like a mushroom, and it extended over the shaft by at least half an inch all the way around. Better than any dildo on the market. As good as his prick looked, it felt even better. Because of the circumference of his fantastic penis, and the shape of the head, he made me feel things I never knew were possible. He pumped hard and fast and I felt the ridge of his cock head rub against my insides. and the sides of his shaft filled my hole completely and fully. The sheets were sopping wet with our combined sweat and my outpouring of love juices. I thought I was going to die, or at least faint. I tried to hold back, but I couldn't, and I came with a force and intensity that made me scream inside and out.

As soon as I started to subside, I looked into his eyes, and there was a frenzied expression in them. He yelled that this was it, that he was going to explodeand then he did. He erupted deep inside of me. I could feel him aushing hard. His cock was alive. It expanded and contracted with each volcanic eruption. Another enormous shuddering overtook my body, and my vagina closed in on him as waves and waves of ecstasy washed over me. After what seemed like an eternity, he collapsed on top of me and we both started laughing like crazy. Our steamy once-a-week rendezvous continued for quite a while, until I started dating someone else, but I will never forget my pentup prisoner who let loose with me.-Name and address withheld Ota

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting Forum Magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send \$3.00 to Forum Magazine, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Our Pet of the Month Andi Leigh, who appears on page 77, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera and Nikkor 500 and 80-200 zoom lenses. Carl Wachter photographed the love set, on page 56, with a Nikon F2 Photomic camera. a 43-86 Nikkor zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Hot Shot Vicki Vickers, who appears on page 133, was photographed by J. Stephen Hicks with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, and Harrison filters.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

that can be used to make things run more smoothly

For oral sex, everything has been used, from strawberry jam to chocolate mousse, but these tend to leave traces on the sheets. Good old-fashioned saliva is still one of the easiest lubricants to come by.

SENSITIVE ISSUE

I'm a 55-year-old executive, happily married to a lovely lady. Sometimes I stray a little. I met a fascinating lady I would like to ask your advice about.

The initial part of our lovemaking is not unusual. We do a lot of hugging and deep French kissing. We'll alternate my sucking her pussy and her sucking my cock, then we'll fuck for a while.

Now it gets strange. She sucks and plays with my tits. Twice I've had an orgasm just from this. Next she will then tongue-fuck my ass for a while, then finger-fuck me with two or three fingers, and finally with a vibrator. That ends the session. We kiss some more, talk for a while, and then I leave.

Is she a closet bisexual? Frustrated that she's not a man? How common is this desire in women? I've never experienced anything this intense before.—A. C.

We love to file things neatly away by giving them names: heterosexual, homosexual, bisexual, gay, lesbian. All these words have very precise meanings in our minds for something that is not precise at all: our sexual desire. Our tastes not only vary as much as our physical appearance, but also change according to our moods.

am bisexual, and sometimes when I am making love to a man, I give him a trip around the world. While I am caressing his ass hole with my fingers and tongue, it sometimes reminds me of a tight pussy. I feel I would like to fuck it.

Now I don't think that I am a closet anything. When I am with a man, I am certainly not frustrated that he isn't a woman with a cunt. I'm too busy adoring and enjoying his fantastic maleness

As far as nipples are concerned, a man's nipples become erect in just the same way as a woman's. But most heterosexual men don't seem very interested in them as erogenous zones. Maybe they think there is something homosexual about having sensitive tits.

My present boyfriend used to be one of these men, but as I love to suck and caress a man's nipples, he went along with it. Now he tells me that, like you, he finds it a tremendous turn-on.

GOOD THINGS IN SMALL PACKAGES My girlfriend and I were in my room when we became very passionate. Running her hands down my hips, she began to unzip my jeans and massage me through my underwear. Then she stopped.

What's the matter?" she asked. "Doesn't this get you hard?" Which is where the trouble starts. I was hard.

When she removed my skivvies, she began to giggle. "What, what?!" I yelled, having no idea what the joke was. "It looks like a penis, only smaller," she said.

Embarrassed, to say the least, I quickly pulled on my clothes and asked what a penis in its erect state was supposed to look like. "Well," she said, "I've read that a penis is supposed to be seven inches long and you seem smaller."

It all boils down to this: Is there a way to enlarge my penis?-N. P.

Every month I receive a number of letters from men who think their cocks are too small. Yet again, let me say that the average American penis is six inches long.

Your girlfriend has read about enormous pricks, but she obviously has very little experience, because seven inches is definitely on the large side.

There is no satisfactory way to greatly increase the size of your cock. Some of the devices that are advertised could actually be harmful. However, like any other part of the body, the penis responds to physical training. Find yourself a more sympathetic girlfriend, and give your dick some healthy exercise. Always remember the old saying. "It's not the gun, but the gunner that hits the mark."Ot-

BAR EXAM ANSWERS

- 1. Screw the Russians
- Rum Runner 2.
- 3. Beam Me Up, Scotty
- Royal Flush
- Glow Worm
- 6. Shirley Temple Black
- 7. Nutcracker Suite
- 8. Royal Screwup
- Manhattan Project
- 10. Prune Tang

CREDITS

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COMING IN PENTHOUSE THE JUNE PENTHOUSE



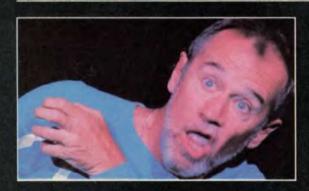
THE PENTAGON'S GREATEST RIP-OFFS

For several years, Larry Linderman's annual "Twenty Worst College Football Teams" has been a *Penthouse* editorial favorite, earning him the respect and admiration of most of our readers while at the same time engendering fear and loathing in those unworthy enough to make the list. Next month, Larry takes on an even more formidable adversary. You don't have to be a football fan to appreciate "The Pentagon's 20 Greatest Rip-Offs," you just have to pay taxes and care about our national security. As he writes: "Despite its unlimited checkbook—or, most likely, because of it—the Pentagon lately has been fielding some of the lousiest weapons ever built." The bureaucrats and generals know how they're throwing our money away—isn't it time we all found out?



GIRL BODYBUILDERS

Move over, men of steel! "Pumping iron" is no longer exclusively a man's activity. Next month you'll find strong and sexy female counterparts, who build their bodies to maximum potential and look decidely bold, but not a bit butch! In a sensational photo essay by writer Peter Manso and photographer Charles Nesbitt, you can witness these women in action. As their new film *Pumping Iron II: The Women* makes clear, muscle in the eighties is as much a turn-on as the mini was in the sixties.



GEORGE CARLIN

Notwithstanding the bumps and bruises he has suffered from his frequent collisions with the powers-that-be, George Carlin has demonstrated for more than two decades that when he walks out onstage he is the boss. Whether taking on the networks, "who interrupt every 12 minutes for a commercial to sell tires that blow out at 50 miles an hour and wipe out your family," or the FCC, who censored his famous list of four-letter words, George Carlin has remained true to the rebel tradition of Lenny Bruce. In an intimate profile of the comedian, Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein sketches a portrait of a man unwilling to compromise—even during the times his career was threatened. All in all, it is a rare look at one of the greatest comedians of our time.



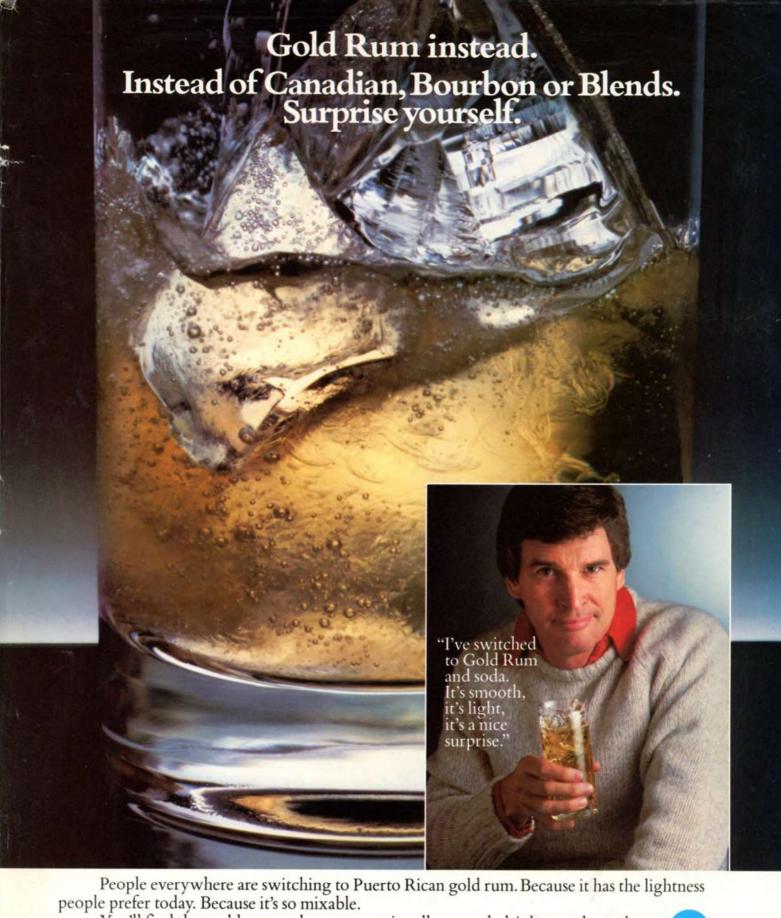
JUKES

Once considered trite and commonplace—readily found in every local soda shop and roadside diner—the jukebox has now become one of today's most sought-after collectibles. In a stunning pictorial, San Francisco photographer Kaz Tsuruta presents an array of history's most superlative jukes, culling from the best years (late thirties to forties), when their design was the richest and their influence on America's everyday life was at its peak.



TROUBLE IN PARADISE

People in the United States have long had a notion that Sweden was some kind of ideal society—a progressive earthly Eden, an enlightened land of sexual freedom and moral leadership. But, reports novelist and journalist Sally Helgesen, an extended visit there last year convinced her that "certain aspects of Swedish life now evoke aspects of life behind the Berlin Wall—although Sweden, being a democracy, uses the power of persuasion to enforce policies believed to serve the interests of the state." In this compelling "Advise & Dissent." Helgesen depicts a lethargic and fearful country dominated by a social-worker bureaucracy, in which individuals are increasingly "deprived of the incentive and energy that enable living societies to adapt and survive."



You'll find that gold rum makes an exceptionally smooth drink—on the rocks, with soda or ginger ale, or with your favorite mixer.

If you're still drinking Canadian, bourbon or blended whiskey, it's because you haven't tasted Puerto Rican gold rum. THE GOLD RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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New Lights & 100's.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



