SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE

INCLUDING NOTIONS ON INTERSTELLAR LUST, ROBOT LIB, DEATH AFTER DEATH, FUTURE CARS, 1985 BY ANTHONY BURGESS, COSMIC CENSORSHIP, A CHAT WITH LEONARD NIMOY, PREVIEW OF THE 1ST SPACE-AGE MAGAZINE, AND SEX WITH A DOLPHIN
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SPECIAL ISSUE

SCIENCE AND THE FUTURE
INCLUDING NOTIONS ON INTERSTELLAR LUST, ROBOT LIB, DEATH AFTER DEATH, FUTURE CARS, 1985 BY ANTHONY BURGESS, COSMIC CENSORSHIP, A CHAT WITH LEONARD NIMOY, PREVIEW OF THE 1ST SPACE-AGE MAGAZINE, AND SEX WITH A DOLPHIN
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PENTHOUSE 1978, Volume 10, Number 10. Penthouse monthly in the United States and internationally in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 100 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10001. Printed in the U.S.A. by Munsell Printing Co. and distributed in the United States, Canada, U.S. territories possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Co. 21 Henderson Drive West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. UK edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 1 Basinghall Street, West End, London W.C.2. Tel: 01-382-0001, and distributed by Compass Condor Nest & National Magazine Distributors Ltd., Travelers Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 9OE. Entire contents copyright © Penthouse International Ltd. 1978. All rights reserved. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for uncollected material. Payment accompanied by return card. Copyright © 1978 by Penthouse International Ltd. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction, or comments and real people or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions U.S. AFO. $5.00 and over. Canada and elsewhere. $5.00. one year single copies $2.00 in U.S., Canada, and APO 182.50 Overseas and Jan Airmail. Address changes etc. to Penthouse, 155 Ashlyn Blvd. Farmingdale, N.Y. 11738. Penthouse sent form 3697 to Furnessgide address. Advertising Offices, New York Penthouse International Ltd, 100 Third Avenue, New York. Illinois Penthouse International Ltd, 111 East Warren Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601. Tel: 312/853-3502. West Coast Penthouse International Ltd, 1900 Ave of the Arts, Suite 450, Los Angeles, California 90266. U.K., Penthouse Publications Ltd, 03 Upper Buckland St, London W1, 0THU, Tel: 01-283-6931. Penthouse a division of NWW

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Photos by Bob Guccione

Malcolm Brenner

Frank Donegan

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Robert Kaiser

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The man's all legs and knows everything about feet.

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The future, as inscrutable as it is compelling, normally provides the setting for most science fiction, which helps to explain why the one-time fringe-cult genre has become a sophisticated $2 billion-a-year escapist industry. Science fiction in every form—films, music, books, gadgets, and television—has become the subject of unending commercial exploitation. In "Science Fiction Fever" (page 62), free-lance journalist Tom Nolan reports that by the end of next year, the sale of Star Wars memorabilia alone will total $220 million. Nolan also talks with such masters as Isaac Asimov and Ray Bradbury about what constitutes true science fiction and listens to other longtime critics and enthusiasts who trace the history of the art from its pulp origins to its present-day glossy respectability.

Because technology is now advancing at such a breakneck speed, factual science has become as wondrously incredible as the fictional kind. Penthouse contributor Richard Balled interviews Dr. Robert Jastrow, who is director of NASA's Institute for Space Studies and whose predictions about the future illustrate his merger of fact and fantasy. For example, Jastrow feels certain that human life will eventually be supplanted by forms of computerized "silicon intelligence" not unlike Star Wars' R2-D2 or the "Hal" of Stanley Kubrick's 2001. It may seem unlikely to most of us, but Jastrow points out that such computers have increased in capability by a power of ten every seven years since 1960. "Man, on the other hand," he observes, "hasn't changed in a long time."

As to whether such computers will ever feel anything resembling human emotions, that is still speculative at best—a hypothetical but interesting subject explored by Bob Schneider, a free-lance writer and mixed-media artist, in "Robot Life" (page 88). Within thirty years some scientists forecast robots will have replaced a third of the human labor force. Schneider maintains that no matter how efficient present-day robots may seem, they are still drones ("They lack panache" he complains, "They're as versatile as galoshes and as personal as a microwave oven.") But many of the experts whom Schneider interviewed insist that computerized mental men of the future will have developed a quasi-human sensibility. Freed from the social and psychological burdens of having to provide food, shelter, and other 'squishy protoplasmic necessaries,' they could in fact go on to become 'more human than we are, they could even disinherit the animal in us.'

Such conflicting opinions merely stroke the furnaces of scientific inquiry and few of these controversies are as heated as the UFO debate. In "Cosmic Censorship" (page 92), investigative journalist Tony Scaduto contends that since the Cold War scare of the fifties, our government has systematically suppressed evidence verifying the existence of UFOs. This cosmic Watergate is supposedly designed to keep the American public ignorant in order to avoid mass panic. Another reason given is that old familiar standby, "national security." As a result, we've been conned into believing that most UFO reports can be explained away as natural phenomena, hallucinations, or hoaxes. Even Jimmy Carter claimed that he himself had seen a UFO, and he promised to open all government files on the subject to the public. We're still waiting, of course.

In any event, it's time for our elected officials to stop the stonewalling and end what Dr. Allen Hynek, a noted UFO expert, calls our "persistence-it-can't-be-then-it's-an approach."

On a somewhat lighter level, who knows more about UFOs than Leonard Nimoy, the actor who portrayed the pointy-eared,linearminded Mr. Spock on the "Star Trek" television series? In "A Conversation with Leonard Nimoy" (page 190), West Coast regular Robert Kaiser talks with Nimoy about his new career as a writer and a poet. About the "mass tribal celebrations" that "Star Trek" conventions have become, and about the joys and problems of being typecast in such an indelible and enduring way (At one convention, the adoring Trekkies gave Nimoy such a resounding ovation that he intoned, "You're a very emotional group of humans").

Another emotional group of humans is the one whose breathless life-after-death testimonials have spawned a number of books on the subject and a flurry of controversy among believers and nonbelievers. In "Death After Death" (page 116), humorist J. J. Kane satirizes such intimations of immortality. While he's at it, Kane (who describes himself as a free-lance writer with a special interest in death) also poke fun at pop culture, the magazine business, and the plight of all-too-mortal wordsmiths like himself. His object, he tells us, is to make his reader's die laughing.

Anthony Burgess, the distinguished social critic, novelist, and author of Clockwork Orange, exemplifies science fiction writing at its finest. Our fiction selection, "1965," is excerpted from Burgess's long-awaited novel of the same name. Burgess foresees an England one year after George Orwell's vision of 1984: the country is owned by Arabs, labor unions have become barbaric hordes, books like The Carpetbaggers are considered great literature, and in order to survive, intellectual rebels are forced to practice the violence they despise.

When you're in the mood for more whimsical future fantasies, you'll enjoy the close encounter in "Luet in Space" (page 72), produced and photographed by Penthouse staff photographer Earl Miller, with set and wardrobe designed by Sydney Lauman. Our lucky protagonist finds himself marooned on a distant planet, where two alien (but friendly) young things make him welcome indeed. Our other Pets as usual, could easily compete in any Miss Universe pageant on any planet, although we're glad they're on this one!

And since there is no time like the future, this special issue also contains a nine-page sneak preview of Omni—the world's first space age magazine. Omni will combine science fact, fiction, and fantasy, providing a unique insight into the tantalizing world of the future. Omni goes on sale nationally on September 14. Buy it, or people everywhere will hate you.
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Cemented friendship
I never thought that I would be writing to Penthouse until the other day, when an incident happened to me that I would like to share with you. I read Penthouse every month and especially enjoy the "Forum" letters.

I'm a straight male, twenty-one, and enjoy sex with my girl friend very much. Well, the other night, my best friend—whom I call Sam—was out partying around with me. Having nothing else to do, Sam and I decided to go to his house and party for a while. (His mother was out of town.) We got there, fired a few joints and drank some liquor. I was getting pretty fucked up, so instead of driving home, I decided to stay with Sam and sleep it off. I'd done this several times over the years, but this night was different.

We went to bed, listening to the stereo and talking about pussy. Pretty soon I had a tremendous hard-on, and Sam did, too. I slipped my hand into my underwear and found my dick a little, hoping Sam wouldn't notice. To my surprise, he did. He rolled over to me, slipped my underwear down, and started masturbating me. I didn't know what to do, but I was feeling awfully good, and it made me incredibly horny to think that Sam was doing this and not my girl friend.

Then Sam stopped masturbating me and, more to my surprise, proceeded to give me a hell of a blowjob. He took all of my cock into his mouth and rolled his tongue around on the head of my cock. He then started licking my balls and my ass hole. Then he went back to sucking my cock, and I couldn't control it any longer—I shot my load into his mouth, and he swallowed every drop.

I had now lost control of myself. I told him to lie back and relax and then went down on him and gave him head until he came in my mouth and I swallowed it. By then I had another hard-on, Sam saw this, went to the bathroom, and came back with some Vaseline. He proceeded to grease my cock and then got down on all fours. I mounted him from behind, put my cock up his ass, and proceeded to fuck him until I came a second time. It was incredible. I grabbed the Vaseline, greased Sam's cock, and got on all fours. His cock is only about four inches long, but it still hurt like hell, and I couldn't have taken it if it had been any longer. Sam tucked me in the ass until he lost his load again. The warm come felt good up my ass hole.

After we got into bed and smoked another joint, I started touching Sam's cock again and got another hard-on. We got into a sixty-nine position, gave each other a long and slow blow, and both came about the same time. By then we were so worn out that we fell asleep.

I had never been to bed with a man before this, but now occasionally when we have nothing else to do, we get fucked up and sleep together. We're thinking about springing it on our girl friends and trying a foursome—name and address withheld.

Tootsie roll
I'm twenty-six years old and very inexperienced in sexual matters. In the four years that I've been reading your magazine, I've read many articles about those people whom you call "fetishists."

I first discovered myself to be one of those people when my wife and I were sitting in bed after a nice enjoyable fuck. We were both watching television in the nude. Then I noticed a funny look in her eye when I scrambled my balls, and I attained a slight erection from the look she gave me. I knew that in her mind there lurked the idea that I wanted more excitement.

Soon she positioned herself into what became a sixty-nine position, her warm mouth engulfing my now erect penis, her round ass and light, pink pussy in my face. I put my tongue inside her pussy and tasted of her love juices exciting me even more. Her mouth then came off my throbbing cock, and she told me to reach over to her right table and get her vibrator. I did so, and she rewarded me by putting her mouth back on my cock. I inserted the vibrator inside her pussy and turned it on. She then lifted her feet and covered my face with them. Her toes were now on my lips. I smelled and kissed her feet, and soon I was in a state of ecstasy. I began to kiss her toes and soon came to an orgasm that proved to be the most enjoyable of my life.

I assure you that women of all ages will be able to provide you with such intense orgasms. There is nothing quite like having your dick sucked off while you kiss her feet and feel her tits caressing your stomach. Every orgasm I have had since then was as ecstatic as the one I have just described to you. I request that you put more feet into your pinocchials, because I think there are a lot of men like me—S H.

Rear-entry romance
I was just sitting and reading your magazine, and I've decided I would like to tell you...
about the first really exciting sex I ever had

My friend Bob was living in New Orleans with his wife Carol when they invited me down for a long weekend. I cut my classes at the Missouri college I was attending and flew down for Mardi Gras. Bob fixed me up with a date, but at one point, when I was dancing with Carol, I whispered in her ear, "If Bob weren't my friend, I would sure like to f**k you. She seemed embarrassed and laughed nervously, and I dropped the subject.

But the next morning after Bob went to work Carol knocked on the guest room door and came in, bringing me a cup of coffee. She was wearing a cotton housecoat open just enough to reveal her ample cleavage. Even this early in the morning she was quite beautiful.

I began to apologize for my comment the night before, but she stopped me, saying, "I'm flattered that someone besides Bob finds me attractive enough to f**k." Her use of this word both surprised and excited me and judging from the way her nipples expanded under her robe, I could tell that it did the same for her.

I put my hand on her leg and told her that, given the chance, I would f**k her any time. She glanced down at the blanket where my cock was building a tent and chuckled, 'I can tell you mean that.

At this point we both realized there was no turning back. She took off her robe and stood in front of me, naked and beautiful. I had known Carol for years but had never suspected that her body was so incredible. She was slim and dark with full breasts, and her nipples were hard and swollen. Her body felt hard and proud, and the lust in her eyes was so strong it was almost scary. She became more interested in the blanket under her and began kissing and caressing my entire body. After what seemed like hours of ecstasy she began to give me my very first blowjob. I was going crazy as she licked and sucked my rock-hard dick.

When I was sure I was going to come she suddenly moved down and took my come-swollen balls in her mouth. I thought that nothing could be better than this, and I felt the spasm rise from my balls. I'd had fantasies all my life, but I never dreamed she'd do what she did next. She let go of my balls and moved farther down, licking into the crack of my ass and plunging her tongue into my ass hole. I became excited beyond my wildest dreams, and after about thirty seconds I began to shoot semen high into the air.

Carol immediately moved up to my chest and began to lick up the come. After she had swallowed it all, she looked me in the eye and said, "Now you do me. Bobby never eats my ass hole and it's what I love best." She rolled on her back, spread her legs, and pulled her knees up to her chest. Right before my eyes was the most beautiful pussy pink and delicate, and the very first ass hole I had ever seen up close. It was just a tiny wrinkled hole, but from what she said it was the center of her sexual arousal. I began to lick her pussy in long, soft strokes, and she started a soft moaning that increased as I moved downward toward her anus. I licked all around it without touching it until she was practically screaming with passion. Then plunged my tongue deep inside her ass and began licking and sucking her most sensitive part. She began to come immediately one orgasm rolling over the next in a series that seemed endless.

I rolled her over onto her knees and spread her cheeks, then plunged my cock all the way into her ass in one stroke. I began to spurt immediately and she fainted dead away. That was the beginning of the most exciting day of my life up to that time. Our guilt feelings kept us from repeating our adventure, but I count that day as one of my fondest memories.

Young, gay, and glad!

I thought I would write and tell you about a most fantastic part of my life I started jackin' off when I was twelve. I'm now eighteen, and I still love pumping my penis and watching the semen squirting out of its tip. When I was thirteen I taught my best friend, a ten-year-old brother how to bang his balls. We've been masturbating each other ever since.

Before I turned sixteen and got my driver's license, Freddie and I would get together at my house while my parents were at work and beat each other's meat raw. When I did start driving we would skip school and drive us to a secluded spot, and we would do it to each other until it was time to go home.

Just recently we started experimenting with oral sex and fucking each other in the ass. It's great. After I moved into an apartment, Fred and I were going to have the best times of our lives. I wish other men would write and tell of their experiences with their male lovers—Name and address withheld by request.

More than a mistress

I would like to share a recent experience of mine with your readers. Lynn and I are both in our thirties and work for the same company. Last spring I requested a supplemental training course that was to be held in one of the now-famous Sun Bell cities this winter. Even though I had met Lynn only once, I certainly was excited when I found out at the last minute that she too, had been selected to attend the training session.

Lynn is a tall, sandy-haired beauty with long, slender legs, nice pert breasts, and a truly great ass, plus a pixieish look in her eyes. During the daylong training sessions, I secretly admired her from a distance. As erotic thoughts danced through my mind, we managed to get together a few nights but only for relatively harmless activities. Then one night I managed to sit next to her.
and we played the high school game of lookie and did some mutual leg fondling. This was to be our last night together and to my regret, nothing happened. I went back to my room and masturbated wildly in the shower.

The next day about one hour before I was to catch my plane, Lynn called and asked if I wanted to go swimming. I was back in my room and in my suit in near-record time. Lynn appeared at the pool about the same time, wearing a sexy white bikini. After a short swim we walked back to her room. Once there we just stood near each other nervously (we are both married) until I made a bold move. I took her in my arms and kissed her very deeply and lovingly. I felt her crotch rub against mine. My hands played down her back and I massaged her ass one cheek in each hand. She began to moan softly as her crotch ground against my rapidly rising member. We lay down on the bed and kissed and fondled each other for a few minutes. Our swimsuits disappeared and we looked at one another's bodies and fondled each other. We got more and more excited as our mutual fondling got bolder.

Lynn looked at me and asked apologetically if she could give me head, though she claimed she wasn't very good at it. I told her head was always good, but that some instances are better than others. After my comment, Lynn slowly knelt beside me and took my erect throbbing member into her mouth. Her strokes were slow and lovingly topped off with a swirling tongue motion that soon had me in the throes of a powerful orgasm. She looked at me as I was exploding in her mouth and took it all down. I could tell that she had gotten pretty well worked up by now and I wanted to help her out. I laid her back on the bed. Her eyes were glistened with excitement and her cunt was popping wet. I lay next to her on the bed and kissed her left breast. Leasing the nipple to erection with my tongue. I gently massaged her tummy and worked my fingers in ever-widening circles to her inner thighs and cunt. She moaned as I slipped a finger into her hot honey pot. Her body twisted with pleasure as I rubbed two other fingers against her most inner lips. Orgasm was not long in coming; as I vibrated my index finger on her clit Lynn's orgasm was so powerful that she literally lifted off the bed.

Feeling like a heel for cheating on my wife, I hurriedly left to catch my flight. But we traded mutual assurances that we would get together when we got back to town.

We did, and each time we meet it gets better. Lynn loves to give head and I certainly don't discourage her. Our meetings have been marathon love orgies. There are no preliminaries or false fronts. We both like sex. We have a new game of acting out our most intimate fantasies. Clothes disappear and we seem to easily get excited just by snuggling together on the bed. Lynn puts her arms over her head and I settle next to her on the bed. Since our fantasies involve teasing, passive restraint, and almost mind hypnosis, I hold her arms over her head rather securely. She closes her eyes as my narrative fantasy begins. As I talk, my free hand begins to explore her luscious body. After teasing her nipples to a readiness, I lay my hands down her stomach and dance my fingers along her inner thighs and along the outside of her now rapidly moistening cunt. My story begins to get more erotic as a finger enters her honey pot. Lynn's eyes are closed as she almost gets hypnotized and imagines herself taking the passive role in my fantasy. Slowly and gently I work her up to a lecher pitch. I can hear moans and groans and purrs of excitement, and I can feel it by the way her vagina flexes. The tease begins by slowing and/or changing strokes. Sometimes I remove my hand completely as she writhes in pleasure until she begs me to enter again.

Only when the fantasy story and my own desires dictate do I allow her to come. My fantasy story and the induced sexual stimulation begin to match up. I sense that she is on the edge of orgasm and I quicken my strokes at the same time. Lynn comes explosively and her orgasm lasts for several minutes. I always see a very satisfied look on her eye as she tries to relax. She tries to regain her composure which is very difficult since my fingers still tease her dripping cunt.

After she recovers, I get the best head of my life. Her technique improves with practice. She will suck on my member for an hour or more and her orgasms are explosive. I always try to leave enough energy for our favorite position—from behind. We end our orgies completely drained. What Lynn doesn't know is that I will eventually end up in a permanent arrangement with her—Name and address withheld.

Sapphic solution
I'm a twenty-five-year-old dental hygienist, single, and live in my own apartment. About a year ago I broke up with a guy I had been going with for six years. Since then I haven't even been out with a man. I don't seem to get to meet any I'm fairly attractive, but a little on the chubby side. An Irish girl at work Pat and I began discussing this problem. She's in the same boat. Not long ago we went to a bar but didn't have any luck. I was used to getting laid a couple of times a week and since my guy and I broke up, I've been going nuts. I'm horny twenty-four hours a day. About a week ago Pat told me about her solution to our problem and that I was to come over to her apartment that night. I assumed she had found a couple of guys and was going to surprise me.

I went home after work, showered and put on a pair of jeans and a sweater. I arrived at Pat's place, and she was the only one there. She has curly reddish brown hair and was wearing a dungaree skirt and a
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I was really surprised to see that she wore no bra. Her breasts were averaged-sized but very firm and high and the nipples were hard and erect. She handed me a drink and we sat down. I immediately asked her what the surprise was. She said I'd get it later. I hadn't had a chance to eat supper after work and she kept handing me one drink after another. She also was drinking quite heavily. Not long after I arrived I felt drunk. My friend also was getting bombed as I doubt that she had had any time to eat also. When she came back from the bathroom she sat next to me on the chaise. She asked me what I thought about her going braless. I told her I thought she looked good. She then asked me if I ever do it. I said no because I never really have. She suggested I try it.—now She slid her hands up my back, unfastened my bra and took it off.

I began to realize at this point what the solution to our homosexuality was—each other. I had never touched another woman before this way and I had never really thought about it. Since I was drunk and desperate for some sex I didn't refuse. After she took off my bra she told me to stand up so that she could see how I looked braless. Because I was a little chubby my breasts were a little flabby. As I stood up they fell to the sides. She told me to walk over to the other room and then walked facing her as she asked, and I could feel my breasts bouncing loosely under my sweater. This really turned her on. As soon as I sat down she put her hand up under my sweater and felt my breasts. They ached and by now I was in such a state of sexual excitement that I reached over and grabbed her breasts. I was teasing them and going crazy. About a year's sexual tension was being unwound and released.

Simultaneously, we got up and staggered to her bed. We threw our clothes on the floor and crawled into each other's arms. She began by going down on me and I spread my legs as wide as I could. It had been a long time. My nipples were aching and I told her to suck them. She did and they felt better. After our foreplay we got under the covers and went to sleep. I tell much at ease in the morning and hadn't the slightest feeling of guilt.

We've been getting together about twice a week and so far it's been better than I thought it would be. However I'm still looking for a man. Lady-licking is great but there is something lusty about a prick—Name and address withheld.

Unexpected treat
My roommate and I have been reading Penthouse "Forum" for two years and we love it, but we weren't sure how authentic the stories were until about a month ago. First of all, let me tell you my roommate is endowed with ten and one half inches of prite, circumcised meat (I call him Sam). I myself have only nine and a foreskin, but I put every inch of it to good use. One day when we were driving home from a basketball game we eyed two

luminous beauties hitchhiking. From the car we could see their erect nipples backed by thirty-six-and thirty-eight inch chests. We were dazzled! Sam told me to pull over and we picked them up. They introduced themselves as Barbara and Sue and I asked them where they were going.

"Your house!" Sue said. We then knew what was in store for us. We both felt our budgets starting to grow. The rest of the role was quiet. We got to our apartment, entered and stood there as the girls excitedly fried their own legs. We were excited beyond expectation. Sue mouthed, "Just take Sue and Barbara and I want to watch."

Sue and Sam started playing with Sue's nipples. As Barbara unzipped her pants, she was surprised to find a swollen nine-incher. At the other end Sam was feasting upon Sue's nipples as she gently caressed his cock. The action was getting hot and heavy. Sue jumped on Sam and gave him the fuck of his life.

While I was just beginning to ram my rod into Barbara's pussy I could see Sam's ten-incher slowly disappear into Sue's hot, swollen, juicy cunt. Sam moaned with excitement as he reached a violent orgasm at the same time that Sue did. Barbara was pumping and gyrating with such intensity that I couldn't hold back any more and I exploded my come into her tight tight pussy.

We lay there exhausted for an hour and then Sam and I switched to enjoy it once more. After we both climaxed we got dressed and drove the girls home. Sam and I hope we'll run into them again—Name and address withheld.

Mistresses of the house
I am a thirty-two-year-old woman who is married to an army officer stationed in Europe. I do not know why my husband, Hank, allows me to have complete control and power over him, but he does, and I make the most of it. He likes me to give him orders, punish him and humiliate him. I get so turned on by having this power that I spend each day dreaming of what I will do when he gets home that evening. If someone here recognizes us from this letter my husband will be even more humiliated.

He is a very handsome man and has a bigger endowment between his legs than any other man that I have ever seen or heard of has. He could have any woman he wants and control her but he likes it this way and I love it! I love to make him sit, naked in front of me while he slowly strokes his huge cock. I won't let him come. I make him stroke himself for over an hour, and then I command him to stop without coming. One night I was watching him and I began to wonder if he could suck his own cock since it is so long. I ordered him to take his hands off of his dick and undress me. The fool almost went crazy. He thought that I was ready to let him fuck me. I stopped him just as he started to take me. I made him sit on the floor in front of me as I sat in a chair with my legs open wide. I planted my cunt and made him watch as I played with my...
sell until I was very wet.

Then I ordered him to sit on the footstool and put his lips to his cock. He was shocked, but he obeyed and kissed the rounded glans of his cock. When he looked up, I slapped both of his cheeks and shouted at him. "No damn it, take it in your mouth and suck it!" But I can't," he whined. I slapped his face three more times and he obeyed me by taking the glans and about two inches into his mouth.

I pushed his head down about two more inches and ordered, "Suck it! Suck it hard!" He sucked while I watched. I got so horny that I put my hand into my pussy and worked it in and out until I came. Hank sucked his own dick until I saw it start to jerk and spurt, come into his mouth. Keep sucking!" I demanded, "Swallow that come the way I do." As I watched, drops of come escape from his mouth and ran down his cock. I wanted that magnificent dick in my cunt but I held off and made him suck my ass until I came again.

Then I made him get the big rubber dildo and gently fit it into my cunt. He had to lick and suck my toes while I fucked myself with the rubber cock. When I saw that he was hard again, I made him slowly pull the dildo out and hand it to me. I made him bend over while I beats his ass with the dildo. When he was relaxed, I hit him on his cock several times. He loved it. Then I lay back with my legs spread wide and ordered him to fuck me. He put that giant cock in me and came in less than a minute. Of course I whipped him again for coming too quickly but only after I made him keep fucking me until I came.

After whipping his ass and legs, I made him wash my cunt and ass before I allowed him to clean himself and go to sleep.

Several weeks later I ordered Hank to find a sailor, an enlisted man, with a cock as big as his own and bring him home. He protested, but I slapped him and made him do it. He could not find anyone with a cock that big, but he did the best that he could. He brought home a beautiful young man. Jerry twenty years old he had short blond hair, deep blue eyes, and a slim muscular body. After dinner and a few drinks we turned the conversation to sex. That's when Hank told me that Jerry's cock was not so large as his own. Later when we were all undressed, I saw that Jerry had a beautifully shaped cock to match his body. I sucked it until it was hard, and then I measured it. It was just a little over eleven inches long. Not quite so big as Hank's. I lay back on some cushions on the floor and spread my legs wide allowing both men to look into my pussy as I drooled over those two big throbbing penises right in front of me.

Hank took Jerry's cock and put it in my cunt. I ordered him to obey, guiding that beautiful dick into my pussy. As he slowly pushed deeper and deeper I raised my knees higher and higher until I felt his balls on my anus. I made Hank put his face within inches of my pussy so that he could see it being stretched as Jerry's cock gently slid his lubricated dick in and out. At that point I allowed Hank to join in. With him on his back and his huge cock deep inside my pussy I had Jerry reinsert his wonderful prick into my bum. I demanded that both men hold back and not come. I was full of cock, and it was like a dream come true. I had never felt so satisfied before.

I had both men get on their sides, but to buttcock so that their balls were touching. Then I attempted to get both cock heads in my mouth at once. I couldn't do it, I finally gave up and rolled over on my back and had the men kneel on each side of my head while I locked tongues sucking them. Young Jerry couldn't stand it. He shot come into my mouth, all over my face and neck, and all over Hank's cock.

Jerry left then, and I punished Hank for not bringing home a cock as big as his. I tied him down with his ass up in the air. Then I whipped him with the rubber cock until he cried. Then I made him suck it while I greased his anus. I pulled the dildo out of his mouth and shoved it up his big, sexy ass until he screamed. I fucked him like that for half an hour. I punished him further by not letting him come that night.

The next day was Sunday, and Hank was off all day, so I decided to be really mean. I woke him up and told him to stay naked. Then I tied a heavy cord around his cock and led him to the kitchen by pulling on the cord. I warned him that if he complained, I would tie the cord around his balls, which I love—they're big as oranges. I made him cook breakfast and made him drink seven cups of coffee. Then I told him that he was not allowed to piss unless I gave him permission.

I had confided in friends, Jo, about our relationship, so I called her to tell her what I was doing to Hank. She begged me to let her come over and watch; so I agreed. When she arrived and saw us both nude, her eyes almost popped out. She gasped when she saw Hank's cock. She became horny and wanted to take off her clothes. I agreed but got her to spread her cunt for Hank to see. His prick got hard, and with that cock around it the veins stood out and made it look even bigger. Jo begged me to let her suck that huge cock. I agreed but told them both that Hank was not to come.
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ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU.
HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you're considering buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras that don't give you some of the features you really need.

So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscape, still life, portraits and the like, you'll want an aperture-priority camera. It lets you set the lens opening while it sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth of field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth of field is the single most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a shutter-priority camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic cameras. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately-priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual operation. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it actually makes exposure corrections you fail to make.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder? The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 20X.
your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what the lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warns against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder? If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power-assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash? An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual—the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to see your pictures right on the spot.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are easy to position so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the lightest and smallest SLR of its kind, yet with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important? If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder) Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter.

The matchneedle viewfinder just aligns two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.

The electronic viewfinder light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

So you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system? Just about every 35mm SLR has a "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not just today, but five or ten years from today.

There are almost 100 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 15mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world.

And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next? After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 William Dr, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada, Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.
yet. She dropped to her knees and started sucking. After a few minutes I made her stop. Hank was begging me to let him piss, but I said, "No, not yet. Jo and I were really horny by this time. So I got out a double-headed dildo and we fucked each other with it. Then we let Hank watch us sixty-nine until we came. Jo and I made love to each other until late in the evening, when she had to go. Don't misunderstand about my affair with Jo. Hank's cock comes first.

At that point it was throbbing. It was very hard, and he had to piss badly. I finally took the cord off and made him put his cock in me. He was fucking like a wild man when I felt hot liquid spurting into me. At first, I thought that he was coming, but then I realized that he was pissing! It was a strange sensation. After he finished, he came. I got up with all of it streaming down my thighs and I whipped his ass and cock furiously because he had not received my permission to do what he did.

Hank is such a pleasure to dominate because he is so obedient and loves it when I punish him. Sometimes I get his cock really hard. Then I push it down between his legs so that it hurts. I also like to squeeze his balls and make him beg. When his cock is not hard, I sometimes force the head into his anus and make him leave it there for hours. Once he even came in his own ass.

That was the ultimate turn-on.

I love my husband and his cock and I love our mistress-slave relationship. But I am afraid that if I run out of fresh ideas he will get bored with me and look for someone else. I could not stand that — Name and address withheld.

A spanking good time

I'm a twenty-eight-year-old divorcée who had been active in the lib movement—not on a big scale, but I had given men a pretty bad time since my divorce. One day last month, I got a call from my young friend Betty, who asked if she could spend the night with me because she had just had a spat with her husband Bob. I said that she could and that I would pick her up right after work.

When I got to Betty's house, I found Bob and a young man whom he introduced as Larry, drinking beer in the kitchen. They said Betty had already left for my house. I began to give Bob a bad time for upsetting Betty and in a few minutes Larry told me to shut up. I told him to go to hell. Larry stood up—he is tall, about six feet three, slender but very powerfully built. Without a word he just picked me up— I'm only five feet one and 106 pounds—and carried me over to the den couch. He laid me across his lap face down and flapped my skirt up to my waist. I tried to struggle; but he was so big and strong I couldn't move except from my knees down. I realized my panty-covered rear was exposed to Bob and this stranger and I was cussing with embarrassment when Larry began to whack me very hard!

I was crying as much from the humiliation as from the pain! After about six spans the fangs released me and I came up fighting. But he just blocked the blows with those big arms and laughed. I picked up an ashtray and threw it. It missed but Larry just laughed and grabbed me, throwing me roughly across his lap again. Her jerked my skirt up and began to spank me. This time I knew it was useless to struggle and just whimpered as he spanked me even harder. After about the fourth whack I began to get excited. I was actually getting aroused. I don't remember how many more times he spanked me, but when he released me I slid off his lap to the rug and just sat there, rubbing my rear whimpering more than crying. I didn't even bother to pull my skirt down.

In a moment I heard Larry say, "I think she'd like to get laid! I don't know how he and Bob knew I was excited except that I hadn't bothered to pull my skirt down. I did that. But I didn't get up and leave. Well, get up on the couch. Larry said, "I didn't believe you, but I actually got up on the couch. I lay down and put my left arm across my eyes. One of the guys—Larry assumed—slid my skirt up. I knew they were both looking at me from the front now. I felt myself getting even wetter. Then Larry said, 'Well, if you want to get fagged, get those panties off.' I moved my arm and looked over at Bob and asked Larry, 'He's going to leave, isn't he?' He said, 'No.' Bob said, laughing.

I put my arm back across my eyes and with the other hand began to slide my panties off. When I had kicked them off my ankles, I felt someone get on the couch. It was Larry. He had taken off his jeans and saw his huge erection. He pushed my knees back against my chest and entered me easily because I was so wet. He must have stroked only once or twice when I had a giant orgasm. I was moaning for the first time ever during sex. I don't know how long he fucked me. It wasn't long, but I had another orgasm.

Larry must have come, too, because he stood up and left Bob's weight on the end of the couch. Bob told me to lie across his lap. I thought he was going to spank me too. Instead, he pushed his hand between my legs and began to massage my clit with his finger. He would go slowly and then faster and I started to moan again. Bob would stop and say, 'You want to come for Larry and me don't you? If I didn't say yes, he'd stop until I did. When I was just about to come, he put two fingers in me and said, I had too much and had to say anything. I said, 'Stop it.' He stood up and left. He just lay there until Larry helped me up. Bob picked up my panties and spread them for me to step into. I did, and he slid them on, petting me very gently on my pussy and said, 'We won't say anything to Betty.'

I guess they didn't, and neither did I. But I've been back twice to get spanked and fucked. I've got to have both — Name and address withheld.

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Do you?

I am a twenty-two-year-old man who was recently laid off from work. With nothing to do one morning, I thought I'd go buy some new clothes. I wasn't prepared for what happened. I went into a big department store and started looking at some jeans. From behind me a voice said, "Can I help you?" As I turned around, I realized I had brushed against the breast of a very young and pretty saleswoman. She gasped and then a big smile lit up her face. I apologized but she said it was quite all right and we began to talk. Her name was Brenda, and she had just started work. She told me that she worked at the store. I couldn't believe my eyes and ears as she led me to the changing room.

Luckily the store was about empty since it was early. We went into the room and closed the door. Brenda immediately undressed me and when my cock popped up, she began to fondle it with her hands and mouth. I quickly took off her silk bra, revealing two gorgeous breasts and nipples that were already hard. When I started sucking on those luscious nipples, a pink flush crept from her face to her breasts. Next I unhooked her short skirt and dropped it to the floor. As I pulled her panties off, I saw that the crotch of her silky panties were soaked with love juice, and she started moaning as I licked it up. My tongue went deep inside those lovely glistening lips and flicked over her throbbing clit. By now she was shaking so much from excitement that I knew it was time. Standing up, I guided my cock into her. She wrapped her legs tightly around me and braced herself against the wall while I pumped furiously. When I reached down with one hand and fingered her ass hole, we both exploded together.

Brenda continued pumping in a frenzy and she came at least twice more before she let go of my cock. After I pulled it out of her, she kept staring at it.

We then rested for a few minutes and dressed. When we came back into the main store, it was still quiet. Brenda said with a smile, "Will that be all sir?" I got her address and started to leave. When I glanced back, I saw her standing behind the counter with her legs pressed together tightly, slowly rubbing her mound against the table. Needless to say, this was not the end of our relationship — Name and address withheld.

**Golden oldies**

I enjoy the "Forum" section of Penthouse very much. But sometimes I wonder why the women are always in their twenties, with large, firm breasts that stand out straight and a gentle uplift. No one ever writes about older women with ample breasts that no longer stand out firmly but rather cup to make a soft, pleasingly full. I have one of these bodies.

Let me tell you one of my many experiences. The other night my husband and I decided it was what we call "party time." I put on a black halter bra that just covered my nipples. They pushed out at the top with the brownies above the breast showing. Next, I put on a pair of lace panties and then a white blouse which buttoned down the front. We then repaired to a neighborhood bar where there was dancing and a jukebox.

As we entered the bar I unbuckled the top three buttons of my blouse, so that when I turned just right it would "gap" open. Exposing my breasts almost to the nipples. We sat at the bar with my husband on the right so that whoever sat on my left would get a good look at my breasts when my blouse would part.

Several young men came in and as we had anticipated, one of them sat on my left. The others took the nearby stools. They didn't look old enough to drink and the bartender asked for identification. The one next to me was just twenty-one and his friends and he were celebrating his birthday. My husband bought them all a drink and toasted his birthday. I leaned over facing them so that my blouse would gap open. The young men stared at my exposed breasts and then looked me in the eye. I just smiled. They took another look and gulped down their drinks. As they ordered another round, I could feel my nipples hardening.

The jukebox started playing, and the young men started dancing. That is, all except the one sitting next to me. I asked him why he wasn't dancing. He said he didn't dance fast the way the girls liked to. I asked him if he would like to dance with me. As he glanced at my tits, I knew what his answer was. I discreetly led him to the darkest corner of the dance floor where it wouldn't be noticeable that he was dancing with a woman old enough to be his mother. I pulled him to me and put my hand inside my blouse, cupping his bare butt hanging out of my pink bra. The music stopped. I rearranged myself. We took our pleasures back at the bar and ran my hand between his legs feeling his hardness.

He excused himself and with his friends went to the men's room. As I anticipated, he told them what had happened. From then on they all danced with me. It was more like groping than like dancing. After more dancing, I told my husband we had better leave before I started fucking on the dance floor. We left and walked to the side of the building to our car. The young men were right behind us. I turned around facing them. I grabbed my blouse and ripped it open and said, "How do you like these?" My husband unsnapped my bra, took it off, and let my bare tits fall out. Hands and mouths were all over them. I was ready for a gangbang right in the parking lot. My husband, bless him, took control and got me in the car. I wanted to fuck, they wanted to fuck. So my husband said, "Okay, two of you get in the backseat, and we'll take you home with us."

And they told me it would be lonely at the top!"
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By the time my husband got to the other side of the car and into the driver’s seat, I had the rest of my clothes off and was climbing into the back seat. The studs were all over me before we were out of the parking lot. They both fucked me on the way home, where we parked in the carport. My husband opened the back door of the car—now his fly was open, and he was ready. He leaned against the car, pushing his cock into my cunt as the loads the others had shot into me came dripping out. I grabbed the other two by the necks and pulled a mouth to each breast. I reached down, took a cock in each hand, and had a climax almost passing out. I would have fallen to the floor of the carport if they hadn’t all held me up.

The front doorbell was ringing as we entered the house from the back door. My husband opened the door, and there were the other young men. It would take too long to describe in detail all that happened in the next three hours, even if I could remember. My husband is helping me fill in the details, as it is. All I can say is that a woman has never really enjoyed sex to the fullest until she has had one man fucking her a different man fucking each breast: a cock in each hand, and one in her mouth. As the guys continually changed positions, my climaxes were continual for the next three hours, as they took turns fucking me. I don’t know how many times each one fucked me, but it sure was glad there were six of them shooting their loads into me for lubrication. My cunt could not have taken it.

Afterward, as I lay exhausted on the floor, the young men and my husband had coffee and talked. They wanted to come back the next weekend, but my husband explained that we don’t plan these parties ahead of time. When the mood strikes we party otherwise, we are very conventional people. As they were leaving, they said they had learned one thing. When they want real sex they will forget the young girls and pick out the older attractive mature women. They left a phone number where they could be reached, but we will not call. We want variety not repetition.

A fox in the chicken coop
I am a dormitory adviser at a small all male religious college in New York. As such my prime duty is to ensure that no females are on the premises after 11:00 PM. Even though I think that the rule is absurd, it is my job to enforce it.

Anyway, I was doing a floor check at 12:00 AM when I heard the unmistakable sound of a couple engaged in some heavy fucking. I burst into the room and saw a freshman student banging away at a beautiful redhead. They both jumped out of bed and onto the floor when they realized that I was standing there. The girl grabbed the blanket and wrapped it around her luscious body. The student started to mumble that it was all a mistake, that he had intended that she leave by eleven, but that they had forgotten what time it was.

I started to inform the student that he was to be brought up on charges for dormitory suspension when his lady dropped the blanket and struck a pose that made me forget what I was saying. She walked toward me totally unabashed. She then told me that she would give me the best head I had ever received if I would forget the entire incident.

I’m not stupid. I quickly agreed, and she pulled out my long dick and started to massage it with her hand while she enthusiastically licked the head. I got rock hard in seconds, and she switched her target to my balls for a moment. During the next half hour I thought I would burst. She had a way of knowing just when I was ready to come and would grab my cock with her teeth (lightly) just behind the tip holding me off. She finally let me come, and I thought that I had left a quart in her mouth. She swallowed every drop and continued to lick tiny drops off my shaft. I leaned back in total satisfaction.

In the meantime, the student kissed his girl and thanked her. She slapped him and called him a coward for not protesting. To make a long story short, Lisa and I are living together, and that student was suspended by another counselor for smoking pot. I guess he felt the need for some kind of compensation over losing Lisa. Barring the rules can sometimes be beneficial.

J.C. New York, N.Y.

Rules of the road
My boyfriend and I go out of town a lot, and our trips are usually quite long, but very exciting especially at the trip home.

I always sit very close to him, snuggled up under his right shoulder. In fact, I get so close that it’s very easy for him to reach up and play with my breasts. He unbuttons my blouse and moves my bra so that he can feel my nipples becoming hard. While I’m enjoying this, my hands have found its way to the huge bulge in his pants. We’re both breathing heavily as I rub his hardened clitoris, and his hands move all over my breasts. I reach up and kiss his ears and lick the side of his neck. Of course, the oncoming traffic is aware that something is going on in the car. The excitement has gotten so tremendous and finding a side road is impossible, so I take him into my own hands.

I unzip his pants and let his penis spring forth. The drops of his juices showing me his excitement. I lean down in the seat and lick the tip of his penis and as I pull back the skin and run my tongue around and around his tool I can hear and feel the engine of the car racing. His foot is pushing hard on the accelerator as I wrap my soft, warm, moist lips around the head of his ever-so-strong penis. His hands are all over my breasts. I begin slowly taking his instrument deeper and deeper into my mouth sucking wildly and feeling its warmth while I’m sucking up and down and rolling it...
around in my hot mouth. The car must be going ninety as I feel him explode his sweet juices into my mouth — Name and address withheld

Girl jocks
I'm writing to Penthouse concerning the myth I've heard that girl jocks are not so sensual as others. Recently, a girl's basketball state championship was held in my hometown. Some friends and I decided to cruise the hotels in which the teams were staying in hopes of finding pussy.

Cruising through the parking lot of a nearby Holiday Inn, we observed some activity around two doors. Upon closer scrutiny, we spotted several girls running between the adjacent rooms. Only two of us approached in order that the girls wouldn't be scared off. Before long we were in their room, and the other two girls had joined the party. After about thirty minutes of conversation four of the girls followed us outside to the car.

I wanted to get one of them alone, so I took a really cute chick, Penny, aside and suggested that we return to her room. She responded in her husky, sexy voice, "What do we need a room for?" At that point the other three couples began to excite themselves. From that point on, I was in heaven. As we neared, her hand slid up my thigh to my crotch, which at this time was hard with anticipation. Her actions took me by surprise, for it had always taken a lot of coaxing on my part for me even to get a hand in a girl's pants.

Composing ourselves, we went up to her room. As Penny opened the door we heard soft moans coming from the darkened room. Growing impatient because we wanted each other again, we entered the room and quickly undressed each other, fondling each other's genitals with renewed passion. As I caressed Penny's baby soft fits I recognized the other couple. My friend Thomas and Penny's roommate Sandra were involved in their own lovemaking.

I mounted Penny from the rear and thrust deep inside her wet cunt while Thomas was going at Sandra missionary style. I had never made love to a girl with another couple nearby and I was surprised at how much I was getting off on the situation. After a few minutes all four of us came together.

After more licking, we left their room at about sunrise so that their coach wouldn't catch us. Meeting the other guys back at the car, Thomas and I related our experiences with the girl basketball players. We weren't surprised to hear similar stories from the two other guys. I hope this letter will lay an old myth to rest. Don't take my word for it, though — go out and try a girl jock for yourself! — F.H., Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Fit to be tied
I am a nineteen-year-old college student in Canada, and I am an avid reader of your very popular magazine. Until recently a lot of stories appearing about "sex in college" seemed quite ludicrous, to say the least. But now I feel that I, as a sex-starved student, should pass on this delightful story to be enjoyed by all of your readers.

I was sitting in my apartment, catching up on some physics assignments when a girl friend of my roommate came by looking for Bob. Her name is Utah. She is a sumptuous five-foot-four-inch blonde with perteiffis and a nice, tight ass. She was wearing white lace-up pants (laced to the fullest) and a tight blue sailor shirt. When she asked where Bob had gone, I replied that Bob had gone "fishing" (a popular pastime).

After a bit of campus small talk and a couple of good stiff drinks, our conversation drifted around to the topic of sex. We started talking about kinky fantasies that were yet to be fulfilled. As time went on, Utah saw the bulge in my crotch. Eventually there was nothing left for me to do but ask her if she would like her dreams to come true. She said yes.

She took my limbs down to the corner of the bed and began cutting and tearing my clothes off. She then ran her erect nipples across my chest and face. She kept teasing me with her wet bush, bringing it close to my mouth — just out of my reach. This teasing got me really hard, and she decided to go down on me. She gently licked the bottom of my cock, proceeding from the shaft to the tip. Occasionally, she

The movie they couldn't wait to talk about: "It's impossible to imagine a more exciting movie...an Oscar contender that stands a good chance of rivalling the cult status of 'Cuckoo's Nest.'"

— Rona Barrett
ABC-TV

Midnight Express
The true story of Billy Hayes.

Coming to Selected Theatres This Fall
CLAMATO... makes the best ‘bloody’ drinks in town.

Going to your favorite restaurant? Just ask for a BLOODY CAESAR (Clamato and vodka)
would suck on my balls. She must have been very practiced at this activity as she stopped each time just before I came. (She did this several times.) After what seemed like hours she placed her hot and moist tongue on my eagerly throbbing cock. She ground her face slowly and in a perfect rhythm. She was driving me wild and I begged her to unite me. She said nothing and continued her merciless gyrations. We came in an ecstatic explosion and as her legs twitched and stiffened, our love juices flowed. She then (to my great misfortune) unzipped only one of my hands and left.

I have seen her many times since, but we have never enjoyed sex again—C.D., Toronto, Canada.

Would Hayle approve?

My wife Joan and I have been married for just over three years, and while we have often discussed mate swapping, we never thought that we would ever get up the nerve to try it. Finally about three months ago our dreams became reality.

We had invited another couple, John and Nancy, over for supper and a night of card playing. After a while everyone was getting tired of playing the same old card games, and I suggested we try playing something different and proceeded to take out an adult card game which another friend had given to me some time ago as a joke. After a little hesitation we all decided we had nothing to lose and began to play. Nancy was the first one to get things going when she was ordered by one of her cards to make out with someone other than her male. At first I thought she would only give me one little kiss, but she really surprised me when she forced her tongue inside my mouth for the next few minutes. This really relieved the tension, and then the fun really began.

On Joan's next turn she flipped over a card that instructed all males to strip. At first John and I just looked at each other but after some egging on by our wives we began to remove our clothes. Both wives glanced over to see what was hanging between our legs. Next it was my turn to draw the card that would really get the game headed toward better things. The card gave me the right to tell everyone else what to do. After a few seconds of thought I ordered John to remove Joan's pants and panties, and then I instructed her to sit on his face. John almost tore her panties off, and her eyes lit up as she descended upon his face. Then I began to undo Nancy's blouse which I removed along with her bra revealing two small but delicious-looking tits.

After a few more rounds, both girls had been completely stripped and the four of us sat around stark naked. John was the next one to get things rolling when he drew a card similar to the one I had earlier. This time he ordered Nancy to deep throat me while my wife sat and watched. At first I thought Nancy would balk at this, but the next thing I knew her head was between my legs, and her mouth was completely engulfing my nine-inch cock.

During the next round I fulfilled my worst fantasy making love to another woman while my wife did the same to the woman's husband. I drew a card that commanded me to do whatever the person opposite me ordered. That was John and I had no idea what his command was going to be. My mouth dropped when he told me to take Nancy into the bedroom and do whatever we wanted to. Almost at once we were both headed for the door and before long we were lying side by side in the bed where my wife and I had so often screwed. Suddenly Nancy flipped over and thrust her hot wet pussy into my face and began to give me a prize-winning blowjob. After what seemed to be ages we both reached orgasm at the same time.

After resting a few moments Nancy began stroking my limp cock. In a few seconds she had it fully erect and was guiding it toward her hole. We then indulged in some of the best fucking I had ever done. Two hours later when we finally exited from the bedroom we found John and Joan lying in the middle of the living room floor smoking cigarettes. Just seeing my wife in the arms of another man without anything on began to make my penis hard again. Noticing this, Nancy dropped to her knees and right in front of John brought me off, draining every last bit of semen from my cock. Afterward we retreated to separate rooms but this time with our own wives. Joan and I then enjoyed some of the best sex together that we have ever had. While we have gotten together with John and Nancy since that night, nothing will ever match that first experience.—S.P., Boston, Mass.

Rubbed down and out

I'm a swimmer at a university in Pennsylvania, and I find the need for many rubdowns to keep my muscles loose. One cold January night I was very tired and sore from two long workouts and needless to say I craved a rubdown. My girl friend had given me rubdowns before but they weren't really worthwhile. Tonight was different, though. At about midnight I went over to her room. I quickly shed my clothes and hopped into bed with her. To my surprise her body was very warm. At first I thought that the reason was that she had a very heavy blanket on but it wasn't. She slowly turned over and kissed me passionately. She was very hot, and we petted for a few minutes. When I suggested that she give me a rubdown, she was very willing.

She straddled my ass with her nice warm pussy and began to work on my shoulders and arms. I could feel all of her hot moisture on both of my cheeks. After a few minutes of very pleasing massage I could tell that she was really into it. My wide shoulders were starting to loosen up but my cock remained rock hard. She was now so hot that her sweet juices were starting to ooze into the crack of my ass. Because the
Caught in the act

I'm twenty years old, and the girl I'm dating and very much in love with (I plan to marry her) has just turned eighteen. My most memorable experience happened one night when Lisa's mother was out of town. Only Lisa, her stepfather, and I were in the house. He was in his bedroom and we were in the den sitting on the sofa with a quilt over us. Lisa and I had been drinking tequila and we were getting pretty loose. I was kissing her very deeply and playing with her beautiful little tits. Needless to say, I was very horny. I had to have her lover's sweet pussy no matter what the consequences.

With her stepfather home, we couldn't head for Lisa's room without a hassle. So we decided to chance being caught in the act, as she was just as horny as I thinking that if her stepfather came out of his room we would hear him. I put her legs over my shoulders and raised her ass high enough to pull her blue jeans down over the well-rounded buttocks. I lifted her jeans right above her knees. I leaned over to taste the sweetness between her legs. I could spread her legs only just enough to squeeze my head in. I parted her lips and pulled at them gently lugging with my teeth. Then I plunged my tongue into her hot sweet cunt retraction only long enough to circle her clit and make her legs clamp down on my head.

All the while Lisa was massaging my dick through her jeans with her foot. After about five minutes, she pulled me up and begged me to ball her. She unzapped my pants and pulled them down. As I had done here. She pushed me back on the sofa and eagerly tongued my balls taking each one into her mouth and sucking them. Then she circled the head of my cock with her tongue and bobbed up and down furiously. I made her stop before I got off and turned her over on her stomach. She rested her head on the arm of the sofa and her beautiful bum stuck up in the air exposing that sweet-smelling pussy that was now dripping delicious cunt juice. I mounted her dog style and slowly pushed my cock to the bottom of her warmth. I pumped slowly at first gradually building up speed while I leaned over to play with her tits. About three or four minutes later, I could feel Lisa building up to an orgasm. As I was about to shoot my load in her I heard the refrigerator door open in the kitchen which alarmed the den. I glanced up and saw Lisa's stepfather looking right at us! I came harder than I ever have remembered coming. As I shot, I instinctively pulled my throbbing pecker out which shot come everywhere! Of course, Lisa had started heading for cover too, and we must have been quite a sight fighting over the quilt. When I looked back up, her stepfather had gone. He had disappeared just as suddenly as he had appeared. Apparently retiring to his room. He has never said a word to either of us about what he saw but I'm positive he saw us balling our brains out if he should read this (he also reads Penthouse) and should realize who is writing this. All I can say is that I hope he enjoyed the experience.

Dirty pool

I'm a lifeguard at a pool in Westchester County and most of the days are bring-out affairs in which my only aim is the acquisition of an extremely dark suntan and a paycheck.

But one day last July I was assigned to close up the pool. There had been one girl I had been noticing all day and she had stationed herself right by my chair—probably to collect some glorious rays—but I had noticed that she kept positioning herself to face the chair and keep her eyes glued on me. The flesh from her luscious breasts quivered as she rested her nipples on the blanket she had brought.

Finally after I had cleared everyone out I noticed that she was maintaining a holding pattern where I had been sitting before. My cock immediately sprang to attention causing considerable pain in my skimpy trunks. It rubbed against my thigh and I was forced to run with a limp making me look like a veteran.

Just as I came up to her she pulled down the bottom of her string bikini revealing the kind of ass that is meant only for one thing—and I don't mean sitting down! I obligingly pulled down my bathing suit but before I could proc her with my rod she leaped into the water crying, "Lifeguard save me!" Taking a racing dive, I struck out after her. Once we had arrived at the three and-one-half-foot section of the pool, she picked up the hose which had been lying on the bottom and thrust it over her pubic mound. She was brought to orgasm within minutes. But unlike most of the mixed-up girls I go out with she continued coming and coming. Realizing that I was about to clog up the filter by launching my own sperm into orbit, I pushed her into the rear and we rocked back and forth as we filmed. The bubbles from the hose rose along my shaft as I grabbed her thirty-eight-cm breasts and squeezed them in absolute ecstasy. I came four times after that night and we finally collapsed exhausted on the deck only to be awakened by the dawning sun. I then saw her since then but I'm anxiously awaiting the return of my favorite fucking friend. —P.J. Yorkers N.Y.

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New Camel Lights

Introducing the solution.

Until now, low tar cigarettes just couldn't deliver that full measure of taste and satisfaction you want. But this low tar filter cigarette, at 9 mg. tar, is different. It's a Camel. With a richer-tasting Camel blend that means satisfaction. The solution is at hand. At last.


9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine avg. per cigarette by FTC method.
Oh, baby!
I have never seen a letter about my particular fetish. So I am providing you with one describing how my wife typically allows me to indulge in my fantasies. I did not tell my wife of my fetish until after we were married but luckily she enjoys acting it out with me and sometimes initiates the action with no prior warning. We do not always employ these "props" but we do use them several times a month for something different in our sex life.

She especially likes to play up to my fantasies when I am taking a bath. She enters wearing one of the schoolgirl outfits that she uses for such occasions. My favorite one consists of a plaid jumper which barely comes to the crotch of her white cotton panties. She has her hair in pigtails. A frilly white blouse does little to conceal the nipples of her firm breasts. A pair of knee-length white socks completes her outfit. She explains that it is to baby sit for me for the night and she finishes bathing me. Before she finishes, I have a throbbing hard on and it all I can do to keep from coming as she dries me off.

She then leads me into the bedroom where I am surprised to see a diaper and two diaper pins on my bed. When I ask my baby-sitter what they are for, she matter-of-factly explains that that's what I am to wear. I quickly explain that it has been many years since I grew such things, but my protests are to no avail. I am forced to lie on the bed and she sprinkles and rubs me with baby powder. Then she expertly pins the twenty-one-by-forty-inch Curity baby diaper on me and sticks a pacifier in my mouth.

Occasionally she puts a pair of Gerber toddler-size waterproof baby pants (and maybe a T-shirt) on me as well. Usually though I am left to continue my activities wearing only a diaper—and I must keep the pacifier in my mouth. Depending on my wife's mood, this may continue for several hours. If we eat during this time I feed myself but must drink all liquids from a baby bottle. Eventually my baby-sitter will approach me, take the pacifier from my mouth and offer me something better to suck on. She has me lie down unbuttons her blouse and lets me nurse her breasts. I begin fondling her through her panties and soon they are wet. When she feels hot enough my diaper is unclipped to reveal my throbbing prick. Straddling me she pulls the crotch of her panties aside and impales herself on me. Despite the fact that I am very excited by now, I usually have no trouble delaying myself until my wife comes several times.

Often my baby-sitter after coming once or twice wears a maternity dress and sits on my lap with the diaper back on me without letting me come. When she does this I can be sure that I'll later perform cunnilingus on her until she comes again. Usually she will be sitting back in a chair with her skirt up around her waist and her panties pulled down to her ankles when she calls for me. Then after she has recovered from her orgasm(s) she leads me to the bedroom or simply lies on the floor and lets me lick her until I come inside her.

Over the years we have developed scores of variations on this theme. My wife sometimes has me wear a pinata and pink rumba panties over my diapers or she makes sure that a diaper and rubber pants are all I have on under my regular clothes when we have company over. Sometimes I am the one to diaper her—in the summer I often have her follow me into our backyard wearing only a long T-shirt with a diaper on underneath. Most of the time, though, I am the baby.

We've tried waiting as part of our game but we've found it doesn't add much and is quite messy as well.—NS Decatur III

First time

Two weeks ago while I was attending a party at a fraternity house at a large western Canadian university I got quite high and met a beautiful young girl who I thought was no more than eighteen. I will call her Holly.

I moved over and began a normal university-level conversation. After talking to her awhile we moved to the kitchen where things were more quiet. Because it was a university fraternity party most rooms were "taken" Gradually the conversation turned to sex. I leaned back against the counter and the next thing I knew she had a part tilt thrust against my chest and was giving me the longest French kiss I had ever experienced. Before I knew what was happening her hands were running all over my body and slowly progressing toward my crotch which was rapidly swelling in intense anticipation of what might come.

Holly then whispered that she wanted to move to someplace more private. When I said that the two rooms were taken she took the cue to make the best of our present situation. She told me to sit on the counter which I did. Then she took down her coveralls and slowly moved her body up between my legs licking every inch of the way up. She then took the head of my cock into her mouth and moved down the length of my shaft. Her mouth was like molten butter as she slowly sucked me to the most intense orgasm of my life. I just about died from the kitchen sink with over 100 people downstairs!

Since my only orgasms before this had come via my hand this kinky situation really made me come in quarts. Being scared that our pleasant situation would be discovered by some other fraternity brother I decided to move across the only private place in the house—a closet adjoining the kitchen leading to the garage. Although I had never been in this situation before I knew just what to do. I slowly began to unbutton her blouse and simultaneously sucked and bit her left nipple while unzipping her pants. In moments we were both naked—Name and address withheld.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 194
Uncle! Uncle!
Being a native Canadian (from Toronto), I can really relate to Walter Stewart's article, 'Say Uncle! The American Colonization of Canada' (June 1978). It is indeed a shame that a Canadian company can't deal with whom it wants where it wants because its American owners say no. It is high time that both the American government and American industry woke up and realized that Canada is a country—and not the fifty-first state.

Canada can place a large amount of the blame on herself. She has not exactly stood up for her rights. A lot of Canadians are becoming aware of the situation and there is an ever-growing mistrust of American dominance in their economy.

It has been said that America will always stand by and support her friend to the north. Actually the United States may have turned into Canada's biggest enemy and weakened her to the point of no return.

My reaction to Walter Stewart's article is 'Uncle, uncle! We give you win! As the saying goes, Walt: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.' So I have taken it on my own to plead our case to the Americans. Take us please. You cannot have our wants but let us be part of America. English Canada tried to join Quebec but they didn't want us. We have nowhere else to turn.

We have immense natural resources good hockey players and the better half of that Studio 54 phenomenon Mark Trudeau. (At least he was still a part of us the last time I heard.) I'm sure he really does wear a fresh rose in his lapel.

Of course there are drawbacks. You would have a new minority to contend with—a 10 percent minority group at that. Just think, Macy's would have to hire a white black, a Spanish American and a Canadian. But those magazines like yours which champion the underdog would have something to make Americans feel guilty about. And we all know that Americans feel guilty.

And I say to every guilt-ridden American put us in your gunl regarding your exploitation of Canada force your government to send in troops and conquer us. For we feel like a dog that is kept in the yard for the children to play with but is never allowed in the house.

Let us in the house. We will not chew the furniture or pee on the rug. Our hair doesn't shed. We might grasp how to sit in a chair read Mark Twain spell colour as color in time we could figure out your electoral system and be given the right to vote. We could even run for the Senate Congress or whatever. Maybe one of us could become president one day. We have log cabins here too.

Hell, we even know who Andy Warhol is. And so we think because we see all your movies here. In fact they are the only movies we do see. Don't misunderstand. We do have our own film industry but we let only the Americans play the lead roles.

I read today that the Canadian government decided to let foreigners (to think that the government would label Americans as foreigners, forgive them) such as Chase Manhattan Citicorp etc. run 15 percent of our banking business. I say Why not 100 percent? What is good enough for America is good enough for me. If America took over we might even be able to compete with you. At least let us compete with you.

Don't you see Americans? You are letting your large corporations take what is the right of every American to have—a piece of Canada. Bite into it we taste good. Some fine fall and think of us as Thanksgiving dinner yours waiting for your arrival.

Spencer Stevenson, Toronto, Canada

'Say Uncle! The American Colonization of Canada' benefits neither the Canadians nor the Americans. It was written by an overzealous Canadian nationalist. Walter Stewart is attempting to turn Canadian (and American) public opinion in the wrong direction. The period from the mid-1960s to the late 1970s produced a very nationalistic Canadia Anti-American sentiment. Ryan's Canadian anti-American sentiment ran high for the Canadian economy was thriving—and so was the Vietnam War. However the Arab oil embargo came along, and so did North America's biggest financial downturn since 1929. Canada soon realized that its economy was not as strong as those of the oil-rich countries. However, the American didn't bother much because after all, their own economy was less reliant on oil.

Why does the world contain so many nations? Today, the United States and Canada share a border that stretches across 5,500 miles (8,850 km) from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Vancouver, British Columbia. The border is the longest undefended border in the world, and it separates two countries: Canada and the United States.

The border is a physical barrier that separates two countries: Canada and the United States. It is a place of entry and exit for people, goods, and services. Border enforcement is the responsibility of both governments, and it is carried out by border agents and officers from both countries.

The border is a place of conflict and cooperation. It is a place where people from different cultures and backgrounds come together to live, work, and travel. It is a place where policies and laws are enforced, and where international agreements are negotiated.

The border is a place of opportunity and challenge. It is a place where businesses can thrive and grow, and where people can find work and earn a living. It is a place where languages are spoken and traditions are celebrated.

The border is a place of history and future. It is a place where stories are told and where new ones are being written. It is a place where memories are made and where new ones are being created.
Ontario and Saskatchewan. The Yukon and Northwest territories would be annexed by Alaska. The annexation would add 17,021,000 (1977 estimate) to the United States population and 2,266,949 square miles to our nation's area. This union would present a more formidable United States to the Soviet Union. Quebec would have the independence for which it incessantly asks.

Duplicating governmental responsibilities would be eliminated thus reducing federal waste and spending per capita. This would result in a stronger and more stable economy. A consolidation of the United States and England would economically benefit both nations produce six new states: humble the Soviets, please Quebec cut government waste, and possibly set the stage for a number of other nations uniting as one. —Lance Ruby Phoenix Ariz.

Greed

I found Robert S. Wieder's article, Yuck! The Great American Hamburger (July 1978) very interesting. As a former employee of one of those fast food burger joints, I never dreamed that anyone could see as close to the truth as Mr. Wieder did in exposing this public-health menace.

The customer never knows just what he'll find when he bites into one of these burgers, hair, saliva, dirt, or sand. And about anything else, the crew people have on their persons when they start their shift. Nor are the meat managers and supervisors without guilt. Frequenting when the freezer containing the frozen patties thaws and the meat starts to change color, rather than calling a sister store or the supply company for fresh meat, the supervisor simply orders the spoiled meat refrozen and sold to the public.

Rolls are delivered every other day from a local bakery. If the manager for whatever reason feels that it will be a heavy day, he will double the order. The rolls are then stored wherever we can find room—under the counter register in back rooms outside the back door. And every bun must be used, even if it's the last bun on a rack laid to waste by birds, rats, or insects.

The "fresh" lettuce and tomato used to make it your way are anything but fresh and the condiments sit for hours without refrigeration.

Mr. Wieder's article was right on the mark. —J. F. Saddle Brook, N. J.

Why does Bob Wieder lament the failure of some of the most prestigious American food chains to produce a good hamburger today? He should realize that we are now consuming high quality, healthy nutritional pap served hot off the infrared heating lamps. Bob did not even mention such well-known chains as Burger Chef, Wendy's, and Taco Bell, which also specialize in good grease.

It is time to rebel and the first step is to leave your table dirty at your local McDonald's for remember, we do it all for you. Once you can break that barrier, you will realize that the great American hamburger is not dead, it just gets served that way. —B. M. Olympia Wash.

Robert S. Wieder's trek through the gas trional mine field we refer to as fast food service was thoroughly impressive except that he neglected the most widely feared hazard of all, White Castle. The only conclusion I could draw was that he lacked the intestinal fortitude to brave its peril —J. S. Westbury, NY.

Varah interview

I enjoyed the Penthouse interview with the Reverend Chad Varah (July 1978). At this point in my life, I have no religious preference and I found it rather refreshing to hear a Christian make sex sound normal without being insensitive to his faith.

But I cannot reconcile myself to Reverend Varah's response to the last question. I don't understand how anyone who recognizes the beauty of the human body could be blind to the gruesomeness of abortion.

It is absurd to say that a fetus is not a living thing because we do not have religious ceremonies over stillbirths. If an abortion shows anything, it is the inhumanity of the way we are capable. If you give a fetus a chance in no time at all it will don a play suit on a tricycle and ride into the sunset. —D.M. Pittsburgh, Pa.

From your interview with Rev. Chad Varah, I conclude that he is an enigmatic person who embraces religion and the Christian Bible on one hand and speaks out against holy works on the other. I loathe all tyranny, but do believe that moral breakdown of a country can lead to things worse than tyranny. When a society becomes so callous and tolerant that it allows sexual perversions to go to such extremes without calling a halt to such activities we are then heading down the road to Sodom and Gomorrah.

It is one thing to enjoy the pleasures of sex, but strictly another to engage in so-called sex acts that are forbidden in the Bible. We have a priest who would condone prostitution merely because it is lawful in some places, takes a strange attitude. The Bible absolutely forbids frolic that is intercourse between unmarried persons. So how can this man of God condone such acts? This man has some strange ideas and they don't seem to me to be commensurate with the ideals implicit in his church post. —A. M. Ocean Shores Wash.

I was very much impressed by your fine interview with the Reverend Chad Varah. About six months ago I tried to kill myself because of an unsuccessful relationship with a young lady. Fortunately my suicide attempt was no more successful than the relationship. Since then I have been gaining so much insight through articles such as the Varah interview that I have begun to
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SHARP'S RT-3388:
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understand God in a totally new way. I really agree completely with Father Varah when he says that the traditional church in this country has stopped growing with the times.

The earliest experience I had with church was when I was a child and my mother would send me to Sunday school. I couldn't stand the stuffy windowless classrooms, the fat crayons, or the little brown suit I was made to wear. I don't think that fellowship can be restricted to one day a week around any select group of people. I feel that it is very important to my freedom as an individual to learn from all sources open to me.

Let's all try to show a little more love and understanding. Let's be more open to others and learn from life and from God. I hope that you all can see where I'm coming from. Thank you Penthouse, not only for the excellent Varah interview but also for the countless other articles and knowledge you bring us —Scott Moore Santa Rosa, Calif

War without end

We would appreciate it very much if you would pass this information along to your readers. CCCO, An Agency for Military and Draft Counseling, has developed the "Guide for the AWOL GI," a pamphlet intended to help military service members with very practical information concerning AWOL charges. Despite five years of volunteerism, it is clear that plenty is wrong with the military and this pamphlet is badly needed by many of your readers. Witness, in particular, that the AWOL rate is highest in the history of the navy —that one out of every five marines is AWOL, and that there is a 40 percent drop-out rate among service members before they complete their initial enlistment.

"Guide for the AWOL GI" is available for twenty-five cents (to cover postage and handling) from CCCO, 2016 Walnut Street Suite 300 Philadelphia, Pa 19103 —Jon Landau Philadelphia, Pa

I have just read the June 1978 Penthouse and I would like to say that I really enjoy your magazine and always read the "Vietnam Veterans Advisor." As a vet, I would like to thank the staff at Penthouse for being so frank about the Vietnam vets. In the June column the subject was straight from the hip. It was so refreshing to read a positive article about us vets instead of one about a vet who goes off the deep end. It seems that almost everywhere I look these days I read or hear about another vet in trouble.

How about the rest of us who served and are now trying to become vital functioning members of society again? I know that I speak for many other Vietnam veterans in saying that I would like to thank you for taking a stand and speaking out for us —Bob Green Fresno, Calif

I would much rather be writing to your Forum section about my sexual fantasies come to life than to Feedback. Perhaps no one can appreciate more than I how much sexual freedom really means. I am an inmate of the Texas Department of Corrections doing two twenty-five-year sentences for aggravated robbery, and needless to say, my sexual life consists of vague memories, self-stimulation, and of course, fantasy. I am, however, fortunate to have a fiancée who brings me much love and peace through her letters.

My main intention in writing to Feedback is to compliment you on the "Vietnam Veterans Advisor" of March 1978 and to thank you for bringing to light the inability of more than a half-million U.S. Vietnam vets to find employment.

I was in Vietnam from 1968 to 1969 and received two Bronze Stars for valor and became an infantry platoon sergeant during the ten months of combat. Once you’ve been subjected to combat, you realize that the annoyances of any other occupation pale beside the enormity of the soldier’s day-to-day struggle for survival. A soldier’s readjustment is tenuous at best when he returns to civilian life. This is understood and the vet was met with tolerance and understanding by the people at home after Korea and World War II. But in 1974 he blended back into a semblance of normal life. The reason why Vietnam vets have their present struggle is obvious: we embody a collective guilt feeling America suffers from because of its involvement in a malicious war of attrition that the bulk of American society wants to forget —and rightly so, but not at the expense of those who saw it as their duty to obey the U.S. government.

I fore one, see no change either in the system that caused us to be unemployed, or in society's attitudes toward the dictatorial government agencies that run the people rather than carrying out their wishes. Vets seem to have become more and more disillusioned about the chances they have in this money-oriented system and see no hope of changing it.

We had been made too afraid of our patriotism the evader and resister have been given amnesty and lauded. I hearten people to read this letter, if it is not the way you would expect about why a Vietnam vet turns to drugs and robbery? He was taught violence and...
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Photographed at 21st Century Fitness Center—NYC
in attitude could be affected.

A federally funded program for unemployed vets, such as the CCC camps of the thirties, could do much for both the vet and the environment. Vocational trades could be learned while this VCC performed valuable services in land reclamation, tree planting, fire fighting and other ecological services. Only the limit of one's imagination limits the value such an organization could have for both the vet and society.

Although I realize that my ideas are far fetched and impractical, I hope that they may spur others to contribute suggestions I'd like to close by adding that the Vietnam vet is as much a product of this society as pollution is. Couldn't he at least command the same attention?—Norman MacDonald, Texas Department of Corrections

Thus spoke Tosches

Congratulations to Nick Tosches for "Thus Spake Rhoda" (Scenes, July 1978). He has discovered during his travels throughout the world and parts of Arkansas what we Arkansans have known all along. Yes, Arkansas is a world in and of itself. With clean water, fresh air, and some of the sharpest young politicians around, plus a unique type of inhabitant—Arkansas should deserve special mention. When Tosches has more time to spend here, I'm sure that he'll also discover there's more to this state than foot soldiers with capped teeth.—Tommy Mumert, Mountain View, Ark

MOANS & GROANS

I would like to comment on your "Pet of the Year" contest (June 1978). I suggest that this competition encourages the very worst aspects of voyeurism and sexist objectification of women by men. I find it absolutely pointless to try to elevate one of the three contestants to a dominant position. I fear that your contest encourages only the competitive side of feminine nature and detracts from the nonpossessive sharing aspects of women. I maintain my anarchist-pacifist privilege and abstain. Keep on truckin' but don't do so in a less sexist way—Name and address withheld.

While we respect your "anarchist-pacifist privilege" of abstaining from our "Pet of the Year" contest, the fact is that most of our readers enjoy voting for the Pet of their choice without in any way elevating her to a dominant position. Your comments about "feminine nature and the sharing aspects of women" are we feel more sexist than the contest you criticize. Composition is a healthy part of human nature—both male and female.

I was recently resting quite comfortably on the old water closet with the latest issue of Penthouse. I am a typical, therefore normal male, which is exemplified by the fact that I didn't refuse to pay two dollars and eight cents for your magazine.

No, I'm not about to analyze why I would pay greatly inflated prices for a periodical I know why, and it ain't the pictures. It is the written word. The advice letters and the personal experiences are the reasons Penthouse sells, because of interest in sex, not because of its social and political commentary. The public reads many regular features about sex before skimming through the social and political articles. But wait, I'm going to do better than criticize, I'm going to offer constructive ideas! I suggest you publish three specialized magazines, Penthouse I, Penthouse II, and Penthouse III. Penthouse I would feature sex and Penthouse II, would feature only left-of-center, politically oriented articles. Penthouse III could be about two pages long issued once a year and long enough to feature your annual coverage of right-of-center, politically motivated articles. Then you might see which of the three publications sells the best and nets the greatest advertising buck.—P.J. Midlothian Va

The overwhelming success of Penthouse magazine and the fact that our circulation continues to improve indicate very strongly that people enjoy our combination of pictures and articles. Obviously, neither Penthouse I, Penthouse II, nor Penthouse III would sell as well as Penthouse sells right now. Thus your idea is obviously not constructive at all—either for us or for our readers.

In the wilds, an animal's roar lets everyone know he's there. What man needed was a civilized way to roar. Now he has it: Musk by English Leather.® Earthy, Primitive. Fiercely masculine. Let it provoke your instincts. And there's a complete line of grooming gear. So you can roar with Musk soap, roar with deodorant, and roar with After Shave or Cologne.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

17 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine, as per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77

"B & H, I like your style"
Are there any voyeur wives out there who enjoy watching their husbands make love to other women? That I'd like to hear about!

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

You have said that a tenth of your mail deals with men who enjoy watching other men make love to their wives. I wonder if you ever get letters from these wives and hear their viewpoints.

For years my husband has been trying to make me dress in sexy clothes. My dresses always had to be shorter than the current style. My stockings had to be black and very sheer; my shoes had to be very high, dress tops had to be cut low to show a lot of cleavage, all my bras and panties had to be black and lace. Panty hose were forbidden and see-through clothes were a must. To be honest, when I dressed and went out with him I felt like a caged girl on display. Wherever we went, men always turned and looked. And he (I'll call him Jack) loved every moment of this coy femme-fatale performance.

Other men were always around the house, and we gave frequent parties. I first noticed the trend one evening more than two years ago when a friend who was over made a pass at me while my husband was out of the room. He had kissed me several times and he had his hand inside my blouse feeling my breasts, as Jack returned. Jack saw what was happening — and stopped back out of the doorway and watched. Things went no further. After the friend left, Jack mentioned that he had seen what had happened and was not furious but pleased. He told me it was a compliment to me — that our guest admired my beauty so much that he couldn't help himself.

A month later we gave a pool party. I had gone into the house to get more ice from the freezer when one of the guests followed me inside and started to get overly friendly. As he was kissing me, I noticed my husband watching through a side window. I allowed the man to pull my bikini top down and caress and suck my breast. I was again at the house. We were all drinking and having a ball, and Jack suddenly announced that we were out of Scotch and that he would dash to the store and get a bottle. I knew this was a lie but said nothing. He left in the car, but he evidently stepped down the block and walked back. My friend had begun to get fresh already and I suggested that we go to the bedroom. We were both more comfortable when we got there. We sat on the edge of the bed and kissed and caressed each other for about five minutes until I excused myself “to go to the bathroom.” Instead, I went out the patio door, walked to the corner of the house and peaked around. There in the shadows was Jack looking through the bedroom window. Seeing this, I was determined to force his hand.

I went back to the bedroom and allowed the man to remove my slip, staring for some time as he progressed from there. Soon the bra was gone, and he stuck my breasts for a long time. Next the panties went, and he was getting out of control. I thought surely Jack would come running in by then. My friend knelt down between my legs

fully expected Jack to come charging in, but he continued to watch. I wanted to see just how far he would allow me to go before he stopped us. My friend then lowered the bottom of the suit and began to caress my vagina and slowly inserted his finger deep inside me. I opened my legs wide and allowed him full freedom to do whatever he wanted. He lowered his trunk, but before he could penetrate me, someone started yelling for the ice. My husband never mentioned the incident.

During the following week I began to notice footprints in the flower beds just outside our bedroom window, and upon checking I found dirt on Jack's shoes. I realized that he had been watching me from outside the window.

One night the same man who had made a pass at me before

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to Xaviera Hollander Panthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.
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TASTE IS WHY

90 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Distilled and Bottled by The James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Ky.

and started kissing and sucking me I begged him to continue and never stop—he was driving me crazy and I realized that I wouldn’t be able to control myself much longer. He got up and was ready to have intercourse, but I wasn’t planning on going that far and had to stall for more time. Since I couldn’t dissuade him, I took hold of his penis and slowly began to kiss it and run my tongue around it. He became really excited and put his hand on my head to force his penis into my mouth. I tried to pull away, but he held my head and began to pump back and forth. Suddenly, he erupted and shot a huge load of semen all over me. I used this as an excuse to go to the bathroom and clean up. I stalled for a long time, until I heard Jack’s car come back. Again no mention was ever made of this incident.

During the Christmas season, my husband has a special game that we play when we give a party. He puts a bunch of mistletoe above the entrance to the rec room and makes a special punch bowl that he calls the “Bowl of Courage.” It’s straight boozé, and after a few dips into it you get all kinds of courage. As a couple meet under the mistletoe, they have to kiss, but the trick is not to be the one to break the kiss. Anything goes, and the one who breaks away must chug a cup of punch. We had seven couples over that night, and by mid-evening I had already broken away from two men.

All the crowd watches, and they cheer the winner, boo the loser, and chant as you drink another cup. I was feeling no pain and a stranger who had come with another couple caught me under the mistletoe. He began kissing me very passionately, so I teased him by running my tongue in and out of his mouth. Everyone was cheering to see who would stop. He put his hand inside my low-cut cocktail dress and was feeling my breast. The crowd was going wild, and I saw my husband clapping and yelling for him to keep going. In an effort to make him pull away, I reached down and pulled his zipper down. The crowd roared as he bent me slightly backward and caught the hem of my dress and started pulling it up. I almost pulled away, but I saw the glaze in Jack’s eye and realized I had to keep going. My dress continued up until it was around my waist, fully exposing my stocking tops and panties. We sat there, broken, and I didn’t know what to do to try to stop him. His hand pulled my panties all the way down to my feet, fully exposing my vagina to everyone there.

Suddenly there wasn’t as much cheering, and I realized things had gotten out of hand. I tried to pull away, but he had a really tight grip on me. Before I finally got free, he managed to get his finger in me. Immediately after that, all of the other wives went home, as did four of the men. My husband and three of the other men stayed around. Jack kissed me, told me I was wonderful, and that he loved every minute of “your act.” I was furious and decided to show him once and for all.

I deliberately positioned myself under
To beat the other turntables, we gave our arm a little extra muscle.

The new Sanyo TP1030 may look like other direct drive turntables.

But it plays like no other you can buy. Because of a great arm with a little muscle of its own.

The arm. The TP1030’s low mass tonearm says “precision” from its rugged, light-alloy headshell to the micrometer-adjustable stylus force gauge. We counterbalanced it laterally, as well as vertically. The counterweight is heavier, and located closer to the pivot to reduce rotational inertia. The arm, with its anti-skating mechanism, rides in a bearing assembly that’s virtually frictionless to provide superior tracking response.

The muscle. Most automatic turntables use a complicated linkage of gears, cams, and levers that “steal” power from the platter in order to operate the tonearm mechanism. While this arrangement works, it’s far from ideal. So we gave the TP1030 a separate little DC motor and precision gear train just to operate the tonearm. No linkages to add friction or mass to the tonearm assembly. No slurring of sound when you reject a record as the shock load of the arm mechanism hits the drive motor. Instead, the tonearm is picked up, positioned, and set down more gently than you’ve ever seen.

The rest. The TP1030’s platter motor is special, too. It’s an IC-controlled, direct drive servomotor that turns in incredible 0.03% wow & flutter and -70dB rumble specs. And, of course, the TP1030 offers electronic speed change with a built-in strobe and independently adjustable pitch on 33 and 45 rpm. Plus, programmable operation lets you choose automatic play of a single record, or automatic continuous repeat. Add other nice touches like complete LED status indication, a built-in stylus examination mirror, a base of real wood, and dust cover, and you might think this sophisticated turntable is out of your reach.

The price. Surprise! The cost of this superb high fidelity component is just $170 . . . which makes it the real value winner in deluxe turntables today.

See the TP1030 and also what’s new in Sanyo receivers and cassette tape decks at a nearby Sanyo audio component dealer.

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If you like those specs but prefer a multiple play turntable, then think about Quanta's 550-S.

Of course, both the 500 and the 550-S have a few things in common with our other Quanta turntables. Great value as well as great beauty. So come take a look at the entire Quanta line at your nearest Quanta dealer.

We give you a lot to choose from because we want you to like us for more than our good looks.

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Beauty and the best.

I asked a couple of friends of mine both psychologists what they thought of this wife watching phenomenon. The more conservative psychologist suggested that men who like watching their spouses in intercourse with other men actually want to reduce their wives' desire for sex objects. "These husbands," commented the psychologist, "want to think of their wives as nothing more than a good piece of ass. Seeing them have sex with another man confirms this idea for them.

The other psychologist disagreed with my more conservative friend. "Such men simply need to reassure themselves that their wives are attractive," he said. "Many voyeurs actually want to have sex with their wives after watching them in intercourse with another man. It's as though they want to say, 'Look, aren't I the better lover?'

I don't know which theory to believe. Let's
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For our free complete Car Sound Catalog write "For The Travelin' Man", Dept PH, Sparkomatic Corporation, Milford, PA 18337.
I LOVE MY WIFE

Your May letter of the month came from a man who enjoyed seeing his wife fucking other men, and it prompted me to write and present a similar situation but from a different perspective.

I love my wife, and I know my wife loves me. Every day of our marriage is better than the last. We both enjoy fucking each other and others. Fucking for each of us is a physical pleasure that is only enhanced when fucking a different or outside party. To deny each other this pleasure in the name of love is really not a very healthy attitude to have and would say little for our mutual love.

We believe love encourages a person to be natural and to grow as a human being. (I might mention that this belief of ours applies to all aspects of life and not just to fucking.)

I want to tell you and your readers that my wife and I arrived at this attitude through good communication. We married in our late twenties and had a very intense one-to-one relationship for over a year. In time, though, being human, we each began to find again that other people are sexually appealing. We always talked about this to each other, it came out in the form of a game in which we would each try and pick our partner. We thought the other found attractive. Gradually, we came to understand what we each found to be appealing. We also used to fantasize about fucking this or that person as we fucked each other. We both agreed that should our fantasies become reality, we would proceed together as a team, rather than separately. In this way our sexual growth could occur without jealousy.

Our first experience came with my wife's girl friend, a vacationing teacher from another state. She stayed with us for two months. She had been in a lot of our fantasies, and my wife fully knew how much she attracted me. She was tall and big breasted with large muscular legs and a shapely ass—physically just like my wife.

One evening our conversation got around to massage and it wasn't long before the three of us broke out our oils, spread out a large sheet in front of the fireplace and took off our clothes. I got to go first. The two ladies massaged me from head to toe with an unusual amount of oil, and a gradual buildup of spicy conversation had my cock semi-hard by the time I melted over on my back. A lot more oil and a lot less time was spent on my chest and legs. Both women were trying to entice my throbbing cock to a full erection without touching it. When it came the women joked and laughed, staked claims to various parts of the cock and balls, and gradually began to put the oil on. Eventually their mouths replaced their hands, it was heaven.

Before the evening was out, we had run the full gamut of sexual experiences one man can have with two women. My wife had sucked her first pussy with and without my cock in it. I got to fuck one and eat the other at one time, switch their positions and do it again. Needless to say, it was great and our new intimate friend moved out of the guest room and in with us for the rest of her visit. After she left, our sex life went from great to magnificent for several weeks.

For the next six months, via our massage routine, we discovered several women open to having three-ways but no men—at least, not among our friends. Fortunately, we live in a city full of gay and mixed bars. We went to a few looking to find a male to bring home but all we found were gay men. We decided to go to a regular place that had dancing split up there and see what happened. Any male in a mixed bar that approached my wife would be suspected as bisexual and a potential swinger.

I was really nervous, but I hung in there asking males that fit my wife's taste tall, slender, and young. Every time I got a turn, I painted positively, stating that I had a partner with me who was also available. I got turned down twice, but the third time my newfound male friend asked to be introduced. The place was so packed that I had not seen my wife since we arrived. When I finally found her she was talking to a man, and when I introduced Dale she introduced Michael. After a brief get-acquainted conversation, we left for our place. Dale sat in the back while my wife stroked the bulge in his pants, and Michael stroked the one in mine.

As soon as we arrived home, we lit the fireplace, fixed some drinks and quickly moved the conversation to the subject of oil massages. Everyone was receptive so we spread out the sheet on the floor and quickly disposed of the subject. I was really nervous, but also very excited—had this never happened in sex with a male before? My wife, who was absolutely ecstatic at the prospect of three men was the first to be massaged and in a way the last. Our two male friends were actually trying to massage her I decided to break the ice. With lots of oil and lots of compliments about her body coming from me, I gradually worked the cheeks of her ass farther and farther apart exposing the pink button of her ass hole. Finally I pressed my mouth to it and began kissing and sucking it. Dale and Michael got an idea. She cooed at my activity, arched her back, raising her hips up off the sheet, a definite open invitation. After a minute or two, when I raised my head up for some air, I saw her sucking Dale's cock and Michael pouring and rubbing oil on Dale's body.

I was shivering with excitement when I got up to get the Vaseline. My cock was dripping from my own juices. I coaxed my
SOME say that this is an age of science and that science is out of control. Not so on either count. Science is not out of control for science consists merely of the laws of nature and the community that seeks to find them out. People like my friend Professor van de Kamp, for instance. His life work has consisted of mapping the nearby stars and looking for wiggly ones that might have planets, he thinks he's found a planet going around another star. Generations of Swarthmore students benefited from his relaxed and playful teaching of astronomy. Now retired, he still likes to play Gershwin and show his Chaplin films. A typical scientist if his findings ever become useful. He'll be surprised, he does not expect to visit his planet personally.

The guys who send rockets into space are not considered scientists by the real scientists. They're technologists. But like your local druggist, who doesn't mind being mistaken for a doctor, they like to be called scientists and benefit from the blar in the public mind. And they are out of control.

But we all use scientific principles, whether or not we realize it. We use the laws of gravitation every waking moment of our lives, and the only technological difference between walking and calculating an orbit is that you can't do the latter by feel. Yet

Now, technology sounds like an umbrella of something for there to be a Massachusetts Institute of. But it's not a single thing or a connected whole. If we call it simply tech knowledge, we'd see it for what it is: a bag of tricks. Some of the tricks are codified into principles and some are related to formal science, some aren't. But technologists benefit from their self-importance. You can fry an egg without a chef's hat—this hat only makes it seem official. The word technology does the same magic something seem an impressive secret. In the darker sense technology is whatever you're not supposed to understand

"Looks like you got a problem," draws the mechanic. "Your skreek was about to go, and that would have bent your top-hose ratchets around the transmission coil. It's a lucky thing I caught it in time." The question is not whether he's lying but whether you'll ever get to Disney World with the kids screaming: You lose. Pay fast and go.

And to all too great an extent, the rest of technology is like that. Technically—complicated evidence to sift and hard alternatives to compare—is eternal.

More and more, political issues are technical. The foremost of the techno-political issues are, of course, the atomic questions which must finally be "opened" to the public. The Red scares and trials of the late forties and early fifties nearly silenced opposition to atomic development and it now appears quite likely that the rest of humanity's tenure on earth will be preoccupied with dodging the plutonium we've created since then. Both the great rockets and the atom bomb in their silos and the atom garbage which will accostus maliciously for the conceivable future.

So we face the politics of disarmament and arms control with their calculus of surprise and regret measured in millions of lives. We face the advocates of nuclear power who say the plants won't blow up and nobody can steal bomb parts. We face the politics of nuclear-waste disposal and reprocessing (and the United States has volunteered to take in other nations' atomic laundry). We face the politics of atomic terrorism—where will the atomic bombs fall in private hands appear first? We face the politics of atomic and chemical pollution with their fiction of "safe levels"—meaning roughly the amounts of death, disease, and birth defect considered acceptable. (The New Jersey legislator recently quoted as saying: "There's no reason we can't have both jobs and cancer" may have been more candid than was his intent.)

We face the politics of NASA and space colonies and microwave energy from satellites. We face the politics of free ways of the new mathematics of television violence, of television cables, of the next economic solutions; of dam building and of endangered species, of women's rights and Gay Lib (are certain things hereditary?), of supertankers, the ozone layer, recombinant DNA, psycho-control, computers the poisoning of the seas, smartness pills, whatever.

There are many spokesmen, well-funded, to speak upon these issues—but only with their facts. And the technical words they use are like those of the auto mechanic. Doesn't "counterforce" sound like tending off a bully rather than preparing a thermonuclear surprise attack? Doesn't "energy development nowadays sound better than "atomic power"? and doesn't "the nuclear disposal problem" sound like something just waiting for the simple solution that we haven't thought of yet? (Compare the death problem.)

Though these issues become increasingly technical, their interconnection is deep and ever unpredictable. We didn't expect power from space but now the space program may give us low-cost electricity in vast quantities. We didn't think the evolutionary process was swift, now insects seem to be evolving faster than chemists can invent new insecticides. The moving continents (noted only recently) might provide a trap-door beneath the tinker edge for atomic and chemical wastes...
But most people are afraid of technicality. Where does that put us as the new questions and alternatives trash across our world? We need people more willing to ask questions and we need people more willing to answer them. We need a new kind of person: the Explorer, who can fairly translate theories and alternatives to whoever needs the translation. But everybody is so sheeplike.

This is due in part to the educational system. Unfortunately, things are not set up to teach as much as possible to as many as possible. Rather our system of scientific education is set up for the encouraging of the low and the disappointment and anesthesia of the many. High-school science is a joke but also one in which many students see no point. The introductory courses at our colleges are set up to "get rid of the riffraff" to drum out those who are not well organized fanatical and obedient.

"Teaching the beginners is both reward and punishment to young professors on the rise who try to show how rigorous even uncouth they can be in their teaching. To the few who succeed, the science course is an exhilarating experience; to the many who fail, it is a searing disappointment from which to turn away in pain and self-anger. And so we have a nation where a few understand a lot and the rest a very little of technology and science.

The time may be ripe for a change. There are people everywhere who want to understand things. There are more good Explorers than ever before. There are even new media—display systems under computerized control—that promise explainable worlds in full color and without intrusive supervision, and these innovations you will be able to enjoy on your home computer within a couple of years.

But the principles of presentation even on computer screens are the same as they always were in magazines and movies. Make it clear make it simple give it punch and color and make the words come alive. This is the more technocrats will never understand.

**SCENES**

**THE NEON TURN-ON**

Where in the house do you put a sign that says "Blowjobs" or a two-foot neon cock that lights up in shades of lavender and purple? It is not a question you're going to find answered in the current House and Garden. But neon freaks and otherwise normal people who have longed to come out of the closet with their erotic fantasies can now see them spelled out in gold, blue, or green neon and hung in bedroom den, or wherever their heart (or prick) desires. Whatever short message you want to give to the world if it can be made of neon. Gabor Kadar can probably make it for you.
sign for her husband—"George Jones Superstar" or "George Jones Great Fuck"—she is getting something for him that is absolutely totally unique." An absolutely totally unique sign from Kadar ranges in price from $50 to $140. Since neon doesn't burn out and there is no maintenance it can last for as long as you do if you handle it with normal care. That's a bargain. "If anything goes wrong," he says, "I'll send it back. We'll take care of it."

Only rarely has Kadar been unseated. "We make a particular sign requested by a client. If you can think it up we can probably make it," he says. "As long as it is in the nature of neon." One of his most popular signs reads "Love Me or Fuck Me"—either phrase can be lighted independently, depending on the client's mood. Another proclaims "I Want It Now!" with a checklist against what it is that's wanted.

Then there is the woman who wouldn't give her request to Kadar's secretary but would talk only to him personally. Kadar picked up his phone: "I want 'Suck My Cock' the woman said, inside a pair of big red lips."

"Very well," Kadar said and wrote out the order.

"When can it be ready?"

"In about three weeks."

Each week the woman would call to check the progress of her sign, and she would talk only to him personally. Kadar finally said she was ready and Kadar told her she could pick it up. Her voice dropped: She suddenly sounded unsure.

"Tell me, Gabor," she said, "does it look classy?"

"Madam," he told her, "there's no way a sign can read 'Suck My Cock and look classy.'"

But while Kadar has a sense of humor about his erotic pieces he also has a genuine passion for the art of neon sculpture. "Basically no other medium can do what neon does," he says. "You can control light. You can make light go left, go right, go up and down, and you can use several colors in the same piece."

"Color is achieved in neon by using different gases and also by using different coatings inside the tube. It isn't a subtle spectrum—neon comes in red, blue, green, and orange—but Kadar does some interesting work with it. He has done an entire wall of 'rainbow' and a total stage environment—back and side walls of neon—for Elton John. He has even made a neon ceiling for a Beverly Hills gynecologist. It is to keep the patient distracted," Kadar says. "While the doctor is looking one way she is looking another." His clients for business signs have included the Beatles Chicago, the Vanes, Ella Fitzgerald, Smokey Robinson and Johnny Carson.

Modestly Kadar bemoans the lack of qualified people in the field. "It's dying art," he says. "But then there are a lot of openings—neon is coming back in a very strong way. Some people are tremendous artists," he says. "I'm not Nor am I a fantastic glassblower or a designer or a salesman or a promoter. However, I'm able to do a little bit of all those things and I think that is more important than being very good at only one." He talks seriously about opening a school for neon glassblowing if enough interest develops. Meanwhile, he is willing to give help or advice to anyone who cares to contact him.

What got him started in putting a glow into tubing? While still in high school he wanted to buy his girl friend a small sign with her name in neon. He discovered that it wasn't that simple. He had to find a glassblower who would draw a sketch for him and hunt down a transformer so that the sign would light. "It was a hassle," he says. "And it looked like a Mickey Mouse but there finally was her name—Shirley. In neon it turned me on."

Shortly afterwards, he met Bill Lynch and apprenticed himself to the craftsman. He spent two years in the glass factory, learning the trade and then went on to teach himself the art of glassblowing. He finally opened his own shop and began to make signs.

The movies are telling us something too. Not necessarily by way of the national grosses—you won't learn about anything much except money from watching—say how much Capricorn One makes versus Jaws. But you will learn from the movies themselves—the obscure ones as well as the famous ones—the fascinating semi-films like Logan's Run or the unexpected, thoughtful beauties like (the uncut version of) The Men Who Fell to Earth. The fact that almost anything can now show up in a science-fiction film may be the best indication not only of how successful but also of how important the genre is today.

One by one, the good old genres that for decades gave way to the mass of movies have dropped out of currency and have just about died out right (the Western) or been preserved in self-parody (the private-eye picture) or under layers of domestic nostalgia. Either of the latter reworkings.

Films

Watching the Skies

That pint-sized prophet of our age, the kid who's seen Close Encounters half a dozen times and Star Wars maybe another half-dozen times again is telling us something. I had dinner with one the other night, an exceptionally bright twelve-year-old who has probably gone to every science-fiction movie released since he grew old enough to bully his father into taking him to them. He suffers total recall of each of them down to the smallest plot incongruity. At the drop of a hat he will give you a capsule review complete with technical credits and estimated box-office potential. You'd think they were teaching the show-biz paper Variety now as seventh-grade English. My friend is exceptional. But his kind—his spiritual brothers and sisters—must live on every block in America—and they are telling us something.

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tends to be as long on science as it is on fiction. It depends on the—often elegant—structures used to explain the existence of snowflakes, all at some time in a different physical or moral universe. The movies usually simplify this perhaps without much real loss into relatively straightforward adventures or dramas of escape. All it takes is the other piece and the puzzle—or at least that final bit of circuitry is worked to become the future once again. That time and place may be fully developed and self-contained as in Star Wars. It may be easily understood by us, having existed for the first time, and in that case it will take tremendous intellectual effort to meet it. Or we may enter it bodily as Charlton Heston did in Planet of the Apes and Woody Allen in September or any of those bright-eyed astronomers of the 1960s B-movies who kept wrecking their spacecrafts in charming formable planets ruled by noble mini-kingdoms full of beyond-mere-extraterrestrial alienology and beer and brooding.

In the long run how you reach your destination (which may be all there is of the "destination") doesn’t make much difference. The aim of most great fic-
tional journeys of adventure is to get you back to where you came from. The aim of all that film science-fiction journeys of adventure is to show you, whatever the time-space warp that you never left home to encounter a new world in the same old science-fiction. But that’s another world to make any sense of at all. It must maintain a perspective on our own. So while the adventure may start in hope or extreme interior it continues will inevitably become a form of sci-fi
nailing. That is where it begins to count. And that’s why science-fiction films from Metropolis (1927) to Forbidden Planet (1956) to Logan’s Run (1976) have indirectly said so much more about our lives in the decade than has the usual scien-
tific "topical" problem pictures. It takes only a science-fiction plot to take us to where our thoughts a location and a name.

I don’t mean to make these movies all sound alike. The genre is wonderfully tolerant. In fact, you can take almost any kind of story stick in a few earth days and a spacecraft and you’ve got a sci-
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And what women! Freed from the constraints of contemporary sexual politics, science-fiction writers no longer have to show their heroines battling for their rights or learning to handle newfound freedom, the women can simply take the initial victories for granted and go on from there.

The heroine of Vonda N. McIntyre's *Dreamsnake* (Houghton-Mifflin $9.95) is a highly accomplished "healer" on a planet where survival skills are paramount! There are deserts to cross, fierce storms to avoid, and diseases to overcome, but the woman called Snake is a match for them all. She ministers to the sick with the help of genetically altered serpents whose venom yields vaccines and medications to fit particular illnesses. She is gentle with her patients, loving but firm with her serpents, fiercely combative with the men who stand in her way, open-minded about everything else. Uncompressed, she carries around no ideological baggage about sexual oppressors. This well-crafted novel tells how she acquires a family worthy of her—a brave and sensitive adopted daughter and a man tough enough and passionate enough to be her mate. McIntyre leaves just enough loose ends in the plot to suggest that she has a sequel in mind. For one, look forward to watching Snake in action again, if only to see whether domesticity cramps her style.

*The Two of Them* (Berkley/Putnam $8.95) by Joanna Russ is about a woman who travels to a distant planet to learn that all men—including her lover and mentor—are The Enemy. The planet called Ka'abah has a culture based on some unexplained reason on the social order depicted in the Arabian Nights stories. Irene Wasklewicz, who has been recruited into a kind of cosmic CIA called the Trans Temporal Authority (or The Gang for short), blows her cover and her cool when she decides to rescue the daughter of a local official from a fate worse than death: the cassetted tightly restricted existence of a wife and mother in a male-dominated society. Irene kidnaps the girl and when Ernst, her badass and future agent, tries to interfere, she dispatches him. Irene is a whiz at physical combat and at dicingling computers and is apparently good in bed when she needs to be. But her Impulsive behavior on Ka'abah seems like a throwback to another era of "woman's fiction." She judges allcreation in terms of what feels right to her. Of course, Russ has stacked the cards to make Ka'abah an outrageous parody of a sexist society. But in a science-fiction context—perhaps with its implicit message that the universe is larger and more varied than anything we may have dreamed—Irene comes across as a narrow-minded pong.

*Millennial Women* (Delacorte Press $8.95) is an anthology of shorter science fiction by women writers edited by Virginia Kidd. By far the most interesting of the six stories is a short novel by Ursula Le Guin entitled "The Eye of the Heron." As usual, Le Guin's theme is the search for the ideal society and as usual, she displays an awareness that this search cannot be successful until relationships between men and women are restructured. Like Russ, she likes to play with the STACKED deck. She imagines a distant world that has been settled by two groups, one group has set up a virtual replica of a competitive male-dominated earth society and the other is a pacifist, non-sexist anarchy based on the principles of Gandhi and Martin Luther King. But Le Guin is never satisfied with easy victories. In the inevitable confrontation between the two societies, the anarchists do rather well but it is Luz, the daughter of the other group's "boss" who teaches them that resistance itself can be self-defeating. Le Guin's point cannot be reduced to a simple slogan, she knows that truth—about society, about men and women—is not discoverable in the abstract. Ideas that ignore circumstances are ultimately as confining as prison bars.

At first glance, Jacqueline Lichtenberg's *Into Zear, Forever* (Doubleday $7.95) does not appear to say anything about the relationships between men and women. She has invented a future world in which a mutated human race has split into two subspecies: the Simes and the Gens. Like junkers, the Simes must have pervers of a vital force called selyn. The only source of selyn is the body of a Gen, Gens make selyn which they don't need, Simes need selyn, but they cannot make it. When a Sime is in "need" he or she goes hunting for a Gen. Unfortunately the act of drawing selyn from a Gen's body usually means death for the Gen. Since Gens can't breed fast enough to keep Simes supplied, selyn survivalist both races obviously depends on some sort of cooperation.

Lichtenberg explores the tense situation with such an obsessive...
SOUNDS

TDMDTODV'S MUSIC TODAY

When the aliens sound their musical greeting in Close Encounters of the Third Kind, they are conforming to a widespread popular notion of what the music of the future will be like. It's difficult to pinpoint just where this notion came from, although the sound tracks to earlier science-fiction films, the pronouncements of certain electronic composers and the performances of space-rock groups like Pink Floyd must have had something to do with it.

In any case it is usually imagined that the music of the future will be electronically generated and that it will somehow be more than music. Like the aliens' greeting in Close Encounters, it will do what people through the centuries have depended on—meditation or drugs to do it all that consciousness.

If further evidence is needed of how widespread these ideas are consider the advertising for two recent albums of electronic music. "It's an album that contains no hit singles" boasts the ad copy for German Composer Michael Hoenig's Departure from the Northern Wasteland (Warner Brothers). "It does have what the best records of the future will have—an effect on the listener that goes beyond music. It's so hypnotic so relaxing that listeners are sure to leave their bodies for the forty-five minutes it's on their turntables. No kidding!"

The producers of Pythagoron (Pythagoron Inc., PO Box 2123 Grand Central Station New York N.Y. 10017) claim that their product "is not just music but sound controlled with electronic precision to alter your awareness to get you high. Developed through years of research into the resonant interaction of sound and brainwave patterns Pythagoron sound is unique in concept and production.

Once on the turntable, the record turns out to be somewhat more prosaic. It includes a heartbeat sound that swells and recedes, vanishes and reappears, along with various electronic tones that resonate together and then spread apart in long washes of sound. It may be scientific and if you put it on in a dark room and lie down, it might get you high; stranger things have happened. But you have to want it to get you high. It isn't going to change your perceptions in the blink of an eye.

Departure from the Northern Wasteland is related to the German school of synthesizer rock. Hoenig is a charter member having played with Agitation Free and Tangerine Dream and like most of the music in this idiom, his Departure is dazzling but derivative. It's easy enough to discern the sources of Tangerine Dream's concoctions which usually recreate conventional orchestral sounds and stay close to a nineteenth-century romantic idiom. Departure is more seductive but people who listen to contemporary concert music will recognize the influence of a group of younger American composers among them Philip Glass, Steve Reich, Terry Riley and La Monte Young. Like Hoenig they use repeating phrases overlapping rhythm patterns and a clear tonal center to establish a trance-like state. Perhaps the most

eye for detail that anyone who picks up the book may experience.

Not that male writers of science fiction have entirely forsaken the female form. The heroine of John Boyd's The Pollinators of Eden (Penguin, 8.95) is a beautiful, brilliant, but frigid scientist named Freda Janet Caron. This is the story of how a planet of sentient plants and a young graduate student named Hal Polino straighten her out. As one might guess from the brief synopsis, Boyd is having fun with pomposity of various types from the sexual to the scientific. Among the objects of his satire are science fiction itself and pornography. Warning: if descriptions of sexual encounters between consuming flora and fauna offend you don't read this book.

The Jewei-Hinged Jaw (Berkley/Windhover, 8.95) by Samuel R. Delany is subtitled "Essays on Science Fiction." I mention that here because Delany is one of the best science-fiction writers around and whatever he has to say about his craft and his fellow writers is worth reading. But for me the most interesting parts of his book are the autobiographical passages. In many of his science-fiction stories Delany speculates about how sex in future societies will differ from our own. He writes sensitively and provocatively about male and female roles; about family structures; about the interplay between genetics and culture. According to his testimony in this book Delany grew up in black Harlem, attended a private school on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, and enthusiastically participates in gay father's group with his own child. Unlike the maudlinings of writers who prattle on about themselves, everything Delany says of a personal nature deepens our appreciation of his science fiction and of all fiction that takes the future seriously—Gerald Jonas

Michael Hoenig
accessible of all their works is Philip Glass's North Star (Virgin) an album that contains short pieces but still manages bewitching effects.

Glass isn't surprised to hear elements of his music in progressive rock from Europe. He has been performing there since the late sixties. So has Terry Riley whose Columbia Masterworks album A Rainbow in Curved Air was perhaps the single most important influence on the space rock of the sixties. And so since the early seventies at least has Steve Reich. But unlike Riley and Reich Glass goes out of his way to interact with pop musicians. When he performed at London's Royal College of Art in 1970 the students in the audience included David Bowie and Brian Eno now leaders of English progressive rock. Eno is currently in New York producing rock records and Glass is frequently seen in his company.

In June Glass and his futuristic ensemble of amplified saxophones keyboards and voices gave a sold-out concert at Carnegie Hall. His music from the operæ "Einstein on the Beach" which includes a remarkable "spaceship" sequence that seems to lift listeners out of their seats was greeted with thunderous applause. "I remember reading a letter of Mozart's, 'Glass said not long after the concert. 'And he commented that in every coffee shop people were singing along from the Marriage of Figaro. There was a time when we didn't have this tremendous distance between the popular audience and the audience for concert music. There was a time when composers like Liszt and Berlioz made their living playing. I think we're approaching that stage again.'"

In an interview with Synapse the international electronic music magazine Michael Hoening expressed even more clearly what this new kind of music may mean for the future. "I think the clear tonal center and basic pulse are just coming back," he said. "And more and more people are saying that this is going to be a very heavy new energy. It's going to be a new form of music—meta-musik with an up-to-now-unknown universality—and it's just the very very beginning." Another musician who is playing tomorrow's music today is the jazz composer and bandleader known as Sun Ra. Together with his ensemble—which has been known variously as the Intergalactic Cosmic Arkestra, the Myth Science Arkestra and the Saturn Research Arkestra over the past twenty years—Sun Ra gives performances that might well be the work of extraterrestrial beings. The Arkestra composed of ten or twelve horn players and another dozen percussionists heaves and sighs making squawks and bleeps and giggles and snorts like a sauceful of frolicking space creatures. Sun Ra coaxes the sound of rocket exhausts out of his synthesizer. Two small female dancers who seem to be identical twins prance across the stage in glinting tules moving like mechanical dolls to the Arkestra's complex rhythms. Then on cue the entire band begins to sing. 'If you find Earth boring just the same old same thing come on and sign up with Outer Spaceways Incorporated.' Sometimes Sun Ra will lecture the audience 'You're just running a God-forbidden planet here. This is an example to all the rest of the planets don't ever get out off from the rest of the universe or you'll end up like planet Earth.' Sometimes the entire band marches through the audience playing and singing up and down the aisles of a theater and even between the rows of seats. 'It's When the Saints Go Marching In' and '2001' at the same time.'

"Ra doesn't talk much about his past, but apparently he was born in Birmingham around 1915 and played with several well-known swing bands before forming the first edition of his Arkestra in 1965. He is a mercurial engaging conversationalist though talking to him can be eerie. A few years ago Ra was talking to the writer back-stage after a performance describing his visit to the Great Pyramid. 'I visited the king's chamber,' he recalled, 'and since that was Ra's chamber and the number of Ra is nine I said the name Ra nine times. And all the lights in the pyramid went out—' At that moment as if right on cue all the lights in the theater went out. They came back up a moment later and it turned out that a stagehand had flicked them on and off to try to persuade everybody to go home. But the coincidence did give one pause.' Sun Ra can claim more credit for getting to the music of the future first then any other jazzman can. In 1960 he made a remarkable album called The Magic City (Impulse) that introduced synthesizer solos free-floating rhythms and thunderous full-band improvisations into the music. The stage shows he began mounting during the late sixties furnished a model for later groups like the Mothers of Invention and Parliament/Funkadelic. But he could never be pinned down, his music was always changing. His latest album Live at Montreux (Inner City), a marvelous two-record set of concert performances finds him still forging ahead."

"You might say I'm in tune with nature,' Sun Ra says by way of explanation and his rhythms are what is happening with changes in the stars' positions, the weather, everything I can hear everywhere in the cosmos so I just play it. And there's nothing static about the cosmos. Everything is up in the cosmos; everything is out in space and the earth is itself is sitting out here suspended with no strings attached to it. So the music if it's going to be real music must also be suspended. In that case the people's minds and their physical mental and spiritual feelings will be lifted up because the music will be in keeping with the cosmos.'" Sun Ra's music is more unpredictable amoral than the cool lucid constructions of Philip Glass and Michael Hoening. But the future will need both kinds of music and Sun Ra probably speaks for all musical futurists when he says, 'You have to have an intuitive plan unknown things—uncharted paths for people. It's all a wilderness, and you've got to have pioneers to go out there and discover and achieve.' —Robert Palmer
“Low tar Real tastes strong enough to satisfy... cool enough to refresh.”

The strong tasting low tar menthol.

Only 8mg tar.

Everyone knows that Star Wars was a powerful movie, but nobody realized just how strong the Force was. The same source of power and inspiration that protected Princess Leia, Luke Skywalker, and their friends from the evil stormtroopers of Darth Vader also compelled millions to see the film, which became the biggest box-office attraction in history. But today, the Force seems to be with all forms of science fiction. Interest in "SF," as it is called by enthusiasts, has followed the immense rise of Star Wars popularity and has propelled what was, a decade and a half years ago, into the cultural reality of today.

One year after Star Wars was released, box-office grosses totaled $220 million. (Close Encounters of the Third Kind, which opened six months after Star Wars, had earned nearly $111 million commercially.) And the trend continues: according to estimates of all box-office figures, NBC television networks are increasing science-fiction programming dramatically. NBC alone plans to show four new programs this fall.

When science-fiction films are not watching if they're reading? This year, they've spent $68 million on books, compared with only $5.6 million ten years ago. The thirteenth annual Nebula
Awards ceremony of the Science Fiction Writers of America, which was held earlier this year at the Sir Francis Drake Hotel in San Francisco, offered many instances of the contrasts and paradoxes rampant in a literary genre now thrust into the spotlight of mass-market attention after decades of relative indifference. There was former SFWA president and master of ceremonies Robert Silverberg on a three-year sabbatical from writing, mulling over a six-figure offer to return to the typewriter while an afternoon panel on science fiction magazines bandied about the less-than-spectacular but quite standard rates of four to eight cents a word. There was the smell of marijuana emanating from a table of young writers and fans during the get-acquainted cocktail party while members of the older contingent reclined in horror at being offered the deviled eggs. There was Harlan Ellison who has publicly disavowed that he ever was a science fiction writer, making a surprise appearance in order to accept with obvious pleasure the Nebula for best short story. And most significant of all after a weekend punctuated by bad puns and blunt requests (Please—no questions about Star Wars) there was Gary Kurtz, producer of Star Wars, being presented with a specially designed non-Nebula Award recognizing the merit of that phenomenally successful film.

Love it or hate it, the science-fiction community could not ignore the space opera that along with Close Encounters has rocketed this quirky cranky mind-blowing thing called science fiction into the twentieth century of big bucks, mass media, and the madness of crowds.

And the Force will continue to be with science-fiction audiences. Shooting for Star Wars II is expected to begin next February and if all goes well, the first sequel to Star Wars will be released by Christmas of 1979. All in all, there are ten Star Wars sequels being planned by Star Wars Corporation, one of four such organizations that director George Lucas has established to deal with his galactic $60 million share of the film’s gross. All kinds of commercial—and cultural—borders are being broken by Star Wars mania. Witness the sale of Star Wars memorabilia—record albums, lunch boxes, light-beam toys and bubble gum—which is expected to total $200 million by the end of next year. John Williams’ musical scores for Star Wars and Close Encounters were featured in a special pops concert by the Los Angeles Philharmonic in which a baseball stadium was transformed by a giant laser display into the world’s biggest jukebox. A Martian Fourth of July Jeff Fishman of Los Angeles received a Star Wars Darth Vader mask procedure complete with cosmic disco and robot hula. Many fans have seen the film dozens of times, a woman and son in Oklahoma hold the unofficial record at more than 200 viewings. Another woman bought a tree in Israel and dedicated it to Darth Vader. The range of sociological appreciation can be measured by the fact that while Star Wars was the subject of an even dozen learned papers delivered at the recent national convention of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture the film has also inspired a crudely drawn eighty-page Tholian bible.

Some admirers travel across the country and around the world for a chance to glimpse the film’s heroes in the flesh. Mark Hamill Star Wars: Luke Skywalker says they’re transfixed. Some of them have been so touched by what they see as this beautiful revelation that they probably project themselves into that lyrical existence. It’s so attractive to them they use it as a symbol of everything they want in life. All that unfulfilled fantasy and adventure I understand it completely. Mark himself a science-fiction film buff is also aware of a Star Wars backlash. There are ads in some science fiction fan magazines that promise Absolutely nothing to do with Star Wars in this issue! I totally sympathize. But I don’t into the genre are referred to as mundane. There are mundane media mundane television—and mundane people. It was hoped that the alien world would finally catch the science fiction bug. And 2001 didn’t do the trick either. There were a couple of spillover re-releases; then the science fiction film world went back to producing B and C movies. It just never happened on a societal scale—until now.

Besides the announced sequels to Star Wars and Close Encounters, film projects currently in the works include Superman, a two-part film produced by young Ilya Salkind and Pierre Spengler budgeted at $40 million to $50 million; this will be directed by Howard Zimmerman, the most spectacular movie to take place on earth that has ever been made. I can’t look for the acting but I’ve seen the effects and they’re absolutely staggering. Marion Brando plays Superman’s father who killed off in the first few panels of the original strip returns from the grave to fight the battles in Star Trek. Gene Roddenberry’s television brainchild which grew from Wagon Train in outer space to the object of worldwide fascination is at last coming to the big screen. The series original cast has been reassembled and an undisclosed but sizable budget will make the film visually competitive with other biggies when it’s released by Paramount in the summer of 1979. Dino De Laurentiis’ Flash Gordon directed by Nicholas Roeg on a budget of some $25 million is also set for release in 1979. Other films in various stages of completion are Star Crash, an Italian space western; Lone Sloane, an animated feature drawn by Philippe Druillet; the Heavy Metal artist, and Space Probe, a Disney film $5 million in production. Robert Towne Chinatown’s author is writing a Tarzan screenplay for Warners, while producer Ed Pressman is preparing a $15 million version of Clive Cussler’s Barbossa.

Television has taken the science fiction—science fantasy craze as seriously as have the moviemakers. Among the futuristic shows one can expect to see this season or the next are a Buck Rogers’ series, an animated Flash Gordon special and miniseries based on Aldous Huxley’s Brave New World and Ray Bradbury’s Martian Chronicles. Doc Strange and Mandrake the Magician will be weekly regulars along with lovable Mork and Mindy from the planet Ork—a cosmic sitcom from the makers of Happy Days. The project causing the most excitement though is Battlestar Galactica, a Universal production for ABC which science-fiction enthusiasts hope will predict television what Star Wars did for movies. Indeed, the creative force behind the series is John Dykstra, George Lucas’s special-effects chief for Star Wars. Originally commissioned as three television movies that would run throughout the summer Galactica starring Lorne Greene was packed up as a series before a pilot was even made. At that stage more than $10 million had been spent—more than $1 million an hour—

Several years before science discovered the possibility of black holes in space science-fiction writer Joe Haldeman had invented the idea.

[Image]
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me to teach myself. Then came World War Two, and everything gradually changed. I'd gotten my start. However, I must admit, the most exciting time for me personally was those early years with Campbell.

Others have less rosy memories. For some the golden age had a rather dark side. Ray Bradbury whose fiction has sold more than 17 million books for Bantam alone says, "It was lonely—and paranoid. I suppose because people made fun of me, I remember going to New York in 1951, when Martian Chronicles and The Illustrated Man had just been published. I went to a party at someone's house one night. There were all these writers and the whole troupe of the New York City Ballet. When they found out what I did for a living—my God, the hilarity! They called me Buck Rogers Flash Gordon. Well, I've remembered all those names. And when I bumped into those people nowadays I show them the nose and break it off. "I'm not a good Christian about this. They had no imagination. And they couldn't see it coming, and what a shame: to miss out on the fun of watching a thing come to birth!"

One factor contributing to the creation of a solid science fiction readership was the post-World War Two technology. The atom bomb, television, and Spaceman made rocket ships less of a loony prospect and more a subject for serious speculation. A second factor was the ready availability of science fiction in inexpensive paperback form. Tan Ballantine, founder of Ballantine Books, was the first to publish science fiction regularly in mass market paperback editions, effectively launching the modern science-fiction market. All the other publishers thought I was crazy," Ballantine remembers, but the books sold for me in a really remarkable way. I had very good advice then from Fred Pohl. I also had the cream of the cream to pick from. Theodore Sturgeon, Arthur C. Clarke, Fred Pohl, and C.M. Kornbluth. We did several Bradbury originals. Fahrenheit 451, The October Country. Fred Pohl did a marvelous anthology of short stories for us in succeeding volumes. Star Science Fiction. And we'd sell several hundred thousand a title. Not only was it a surprise, but also other publishers would try it and not be able to do it. I don't know why. I think they were not in sympathy with the writers or the books. They were thinking about bug-eyed monsters and spaceship operators. I thought there was a young, thoughtful audience for science fiction, and I was publishing for that audience.

That audience has grown at a steady rate of from 4 to 5 percent with each succeeding year. So that now Fred Pohl estimates 8 million people in the United States regularly and willfully read science fiction. Worldwide, probably three or four times that number, the Soviet Union, Western Europe, and Japan have considerable science-fiction audiences. Then there's a much larger number who read The An
dromeda Strain and The $6,000,000 Man, without knowing that they're reading science fiction."

One thousand new paperback titles are published each year—reprints of hardcovers, reissues of older books, and paperback originals. Joe Books science-fiction editor Adele Leone Hull says, "There's a commitment with publishers now—a feeling that science fiction is really booming—that encourages you to make certain science-fiction books into lead titles increase their distribution and let them break out of the science-fiction category. When it works—as it did with Frank Herbert's Dune—books have a chance to sell a million copies in ten years. Most mass market books don't have any backlist appeal at all—they make it big and in nine days they're gone—but a science-fiction book that works can go on and on and on.

Nancy Norman science-fiction editor for Avon Books says that sales received a boost five or six years ago, "when publishers decided that it wasn't really a specialist market but was a lot wider than they'd thought. Many publishers began doing more books and printing more copies of them. An average sort of printing nowadays is from 60,000 to 75,000 copies; a few years ago it would have been 40,000. At the same time, sales haven't been hurt by the increase in titles; the more books on the market, the better the sales. Science-fiction readers are unique in being very aggressive; they look for new books. They cluster together at their conventions, talking about their favorite titles, meeting the authors. It's a very involved kind of community, which doesn't seem to happen anywhere else."

What do these dedicated followers choose to read? Everything under—and around and beyond—the sun, a surging array of writing encompassing a wide range of political, social, and sexual options. A bookstore browser hunting through the rack space labeled science fiction (a rack space growing very large each year) would be confronted with a kaleidoscope of a cornucopia of speculative writing, Ray Bradbury's evocative tales which somehow create a nostalgia for small-town America even as they describe the plans of Mars J.C. Ballard's bleak bizarre visions of ominous day-after-tomorrow futures. Isaac Asimov's clever oddly sexless gents to Art Deco planets. John Norman's S&M-directed fantasies. The feminist ideology of Joanna Russ's The Female Man. The swashbuckling space operas of E.E. "Doc" Smith. The sly intellectual games of Philip J. Farmer. And of course George Lucas's and Stephen Spielberg's novelizations of Star Wars and Close Encounters.

Right-wing left-wing literated sexist mindless diversions demanding fiction sword and sorcery or hard science—the shelves go on and on offering something for almost every taste. Some writers are touchy about being included in the category however diverse it..."
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may be Kurt Vonnegut, most of whose books have at least a couple of rocket ships and alien beings, has gone to some length to dissociate himself from the science-fiction crowd. Harlan Ellison’s public declarations have been noted. Even those stamped for all time as science-fiction masters are a bit uncomfortably associated with the label. Ray Bradbury says, “We all want to be treated as individuals as human beings who write idea stories. That’s a much better way of putting it isn’t it?”

One reason for being cagey about the whole thing is the disregard in which science fiction has been held by much of the outside world since the days of the pulps. Even as everyone begins to discover the genre, the question persists: But is it literature?

Simply asking can touch a raw nerve with some. A slightly testy Jerry Pournelle, coauthor of Larry Niven’s pejoratively best-selling *The Mote in God’s Eye*, asks, “Who’s got the most influence on the world? People who write books that get a big stir for a little while and then vanish? That’s the world of real literature right? Then there’s poor old science fiction. That junky old rocket ship shit, which comes out and stays in print forever. How many generations of people have read Robert Heinlein—Robert Heinlein, who has yet to publish a book that hasn’t sold over a million copies? When you consider that he’s written about twenty-five or thirty books. That’s really quite a lot of books, isn’t it? Would you say that he might be the most influential writer in the U S A? It’s certainly a defendable proposition.

Heinlein said it many years ago. “We’re in the entertainment business. That does not mean you cannot write stories that change the world. It is my goal to influence as many people as I possibly can by getting them to plunk down money for my books.”

“I’m not so convinced that we aren’t the mainstream already anyway,” concludes Pournelle.

Dan Wakefield, a mainstream novelist who enjoys reading science fiction, agrees that the genre has been unfairly stigmatized. “I avoided it for years because I assumed everything was many-legged monsters with different-colored eyes and things. But then I read the Foundation trilogy by Isaac Asimov. There’s this incredibly great character called the Mule, and once he took over—well, I wasn’t worried about whether there were spaceships or anything. I was too involved with the Mule. It’s like any terrific story: It’s the plot that matters, not the trappings. The person who I think is really great is Ursula K. Le Guin. She’s as good as anybody writing anything, and the fact that she writes in this area doesn’t prevent her from being a first-class fiction writer.”

Bob Silverberg is often referred to as one of the finest writers in all science fiction. He admits to giving some thought as to whether the genre produces literature. We all have that occasional doubt, and it’s uncomfortable. To me, it’s a branch of literature, a fantastic branch and I see no point in diminishing it, even though I worry about it quietly. When Spenser wrote *The Faerie Queene* and when Shakespeare wrote *A Midsummer Night’s Dream* they were creating literature although it took place in remote, fantastic worlds so I don’t think we’re disqualified by the fact that what we’re writing doesn’t necessarily take place in the here and now.

With some 2,000 science-fiction courses being taught at approximately 600 colleges and university students around the country, it would seem that Academia is agreeing with Silverberg. Dave Samuelson, Science-fiction critic and an instructor at Cal State Long Beach, explains why approval lags so long: “Whether something is labeled literature or not is partially a political decision. A decision based on taste which has to do with socioeconomic class. The aristocratic or elite taste of previous ages has defined what is literature for our own time.

There was a thirty-to-fifty year period in which the academic elite was totally opposed to anything that smacked of the ingredients of science fiction—unless, like the novels of Huxley or Orwell. It said practically unequivocally that science and technology were bad for you. If you ask me to produce a Shakespeare from this genre, well it can’t be done. But at the same time there are grounds on which some of our great mainstream writers, especially in the second half of the century—people like Joyce Carol Oates—are failures. Joyce can’t tell a story! He’s not interested in doing that. He’s interested in how individual characters perceive their environment and relate to each other on the small scale—little bits of things—and that’s the taste of a small minority.”

H. Bruce Franklin remarks compliment Samuelson: “The Academy complains that people no longer read literature. People are reading literature, it’s just different literature from what the Academy and the critical establishment would care to have them read.”

When there is a work that’s clearly thought of as a masterpiece, the literary establishment wants to define it out of the science-fiction field. Eugene Zamiatin’s *We* and all the books influenced by it—*Brave New World* 1984. Anthony Burgess’s novels, the whole anti-Utopian modern tradition. The leading playwright in the Soviet Union for quite a while, Vladimir Mayakovsky, was a great science-fiction writer if the works are good. The establishment says they’re not science fiction!

Not only is science fiction literature, but it is also one of the most important forms of literature of our epoch. Even the works that are not necessarily great on artistic grounds—the films, the television shows—deal with important areas of human experience. It’s the one genre able to relate the developments of science and technology and our sense of the future with...
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SPACE: the final full-frontal frontier... the last hurrah... to go where no man has ever gone before; the forbidden and yet insidiously alluring planet of NYMPHON in the second quadrant of PHI DELTA PUBIS, hard by the luminescent moons of GLUTEON MAXIMUS. It was here that I said goodbye to an intrepid friend, a great lady whose heaving decks and smoldering afterburners had served me well—the Yenta Prize peripatetic mistress of the cosmic seas. I beamed down—down into the swirling choking vapors that envelop NYMPHON down to the very floor of this curious planet where, unused to the dense, jellylike atmosphere, I passed out.

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER
WARDROBE AND SET DESIGNED BY SIDNEY LAURAN
I was unconscious for some time—I don't know how long. But when I next opened my eyes, I saw a flurry of breasts and hands... I saw bright cobalt eyes that bore into my brain and scarlet-red mouths that oohed and aahed as my benevolent captors set about examining me in earnest. I responded by making a few quick observations of my own. They brandish whips—for example, but wear smiles; they have hairless but elegantly plumed skulls, and when aroused sexually, they give off the faint odor of apple blossoms. Otherwise they are perfect, humanoid facsimiles and deserve our uncompromising respect. And although the possibilities of verbal communication may be remote, one seems to sense exactly what these charming creatures have in mind anyway.
Nymphon was well named,
and my eager captors,
companion lost little time
living up to its otherworldly
reputation. At first, they
merely prodded and pinched,
testing my reactions,
lingering different parts of my body,
probing the nether regions,
feeling it, weighing it in the
moist palms of their hands,
passing it playfully from one
to the other and punctuating
each movement with little
pulses of appreciation.
Emboldened by their close encounter with my alien but very responsive member, they fell upon me with silken whips — with eyes ablaze and mouths aFig. Was I biting off more than I could chew? Had I come to the end however sweet, of some voluptuous dream? Was I trekking up the wrong star?
Inevitably, each proved to be more delicious than the other I had them both, again and again, jointly and separately. And the more orgasms I sustained, the stronger I became.
It was uncanny, as if sex were the very life force of this improbable world, as if, by geometric progression, each sexual encounter suffused new dimensions of power into my system: Ahhh NYPHON, forbidden but insidiously alluring, third planet in the second quadrant of PHI DELTA PUBIS, hard by the distended moons of GLUTON MAXIMUS, how much I shall miss thee. How vivid the dream. No joy is forever, no pleasure supreme — just keep on trekkin'.
As the sun finally sets on the British Empire.

FICTION BY ANTHONY BURGESS

It was the week before Christmas. Worley Monday, mild and muzzy, and the museums of West London were swarming with those bearing no God but Allah.

"La sala, na-sala, la sala, na-sala," Bv Valea moaned to the outfit through the mural of shoppers passing past the looming Dodsworth. The island supermarket, the former pub that was now a travel agency specializing in tours to Mexico before it was known as Al-Burj-bush, turned the corner of Topuddle Road onto Martly Street, and arrived at High Rise. This was where he lived, but, he thought quaintly, his heart aching, you would hardly suppose so, with that gaggle of aggressive youths blocking the way. In Koma, gangs they were called, those terror of the streets, kum na being the Swahili placate that meant "beast" and, by extension, "teen-age." Normally, they would, at this hour, be terrorizing their school campus, but there was a teachers' strike on. This was why Bv Valea was not bunched at his own canteen today. His daughter's, Bev, was home and unattended. His wife, Evi, was at the hospital. He had to unlock the kitchen and give Bev a meal. Thirteen years old, physically precocious, and was otherwise young for her age. The national health doctors blamed iron deficiency, a substance prescribed for the raising of children whose side effects had been unforeseen. "Nobody's fault," Dr. Zalbuk had said, "medicine must progress, man." Bv Valea murmured insistently at the seven junior youths, but he had no muscles resounding. He knew the missed shaking of orphans. He didn't know any of them, they didn't know him. They were always dangerous, this more dangerous because they were weak - more than they intended, positively well-led, some of them. That was the trouble when the State didn't encourage learning, learning became an antiscalar thing. Bv Valea said, "If you don't know, gentlemen, I live here. I was on the second step of the stone stairway. They wouldn't let him get any higher. And," he added, "I'm in a bit of a hurry.

"Rescue lente," smiled a coca-colored youth in a sweat shirt that showed a huge-faced tycoon's painted Shakespeare with the legend WALL POWER. Then they had their prayer. The Latin-speaking youth went through his pockets, among Latin, "Isadore has got him, let's go in. It was a good terrier voice, unforced, resonant. He said not much in Bev's pocket - an Interbank credit card, a nearly empty packet of Highman Mild disposable lighter three pound notes, five digits (or tenpenny pieces). Bev pocketed all except the lighter. That he flicked and fared at Bev's eyewore, as it teared the ocular tissue. Then he yawned, and his body turned, "A right tiger," he said. "We eat?" Then he seized the Bev's hair and let his companions loose it with their fists. They all kicked Bev from too hard, gracefully balletically. It could have been worse. They went off in a hurried. When Bev got outside the railway, he saw an explanation of the language. The twin boy lay unconscious near the elevator door, reeled, embraced, not too bloody. He had been a multiple posterior assault, a sevenfold injury Poor kid. The Irwins lived on the tent floor and, naturally, the elevator was not working. Bev rang
The Arabs owned Al-Dorchesters, Al-Klaridges, Al-Browns, various Al-Hiltons, and Al-Idayinns.
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bev was out of the apartment before her complaints grew loud.

he stumbled downstairs sobbing. the Irwin boy still unconscious lay waiting for an ambulance. Mr. Withers was probably back at lunch. bev ran to Chirchill High Street. He saw no taxis. He saw a bus. he boarded it and then remembered he had no money for his fare. to hell, the shock of the sight of the burning sky his own distress were not these payment enough? They proved to be as the bus crawled on the black conductor said "you look pretty sick man. okay, you pay nother time."

and then he was there, trying to push through the police. for the police were not present on strike. shouting. my wife, my wife..."

"the sky was puce, damson gamboge primrose daffodil, smoke, fingers of destruction going up like thin black angels, and the heat was a huge, shuddering bully. A few windows were square eyes empty of all but flame set at length, oddly collapsing. There were a couple of collapsing doctors in stained surgical coats. Beds and stretchers were being loaded onto floats borrowed from the nearby brewery. "my wife," cried bev, "mrs. Jones. Ellen, ward 4c. "the doctors shook their heads as if they were physically painful. "you," cried bev to an old woman, gray hair burned off, slackly naked under a blanket "you know me, you know my wife."

"don't let them get away with it," breathed a known voice.

"oh, my God. Ellen, Elke. * bev knelt to the stretcher that awaited loading. His wife and not his wife. There were parts of the body reluctant to be combusted, but they were mostly bone. he was on his knees beside her then desperately sobbing lying across her seeking to embrace, picking up a handful of scorched skin and under it, cooked meal. She could not feel anything now. But that had been her voice. The last thing she said had not been "love, i love look after Bev. Goods, what a waste we will meet." it had been. "don't eat them."

"my dear poor beloved," he sobbed.

North Sea Oil had been mortgaged to the Arabs for a government loan when the International Monetary Fund had closed its cashboxes to Britain for the last time, and the loan had been called in and the mortgage foreclosed, and the crescent moon bawes waved from the chily dericks. The Arabs were in Britain to stay. They owned Al-Dorchesters, Al-Klaridges, Al-Browns, various Al-Hiltons and Al-Idayinns with soft drinks in the bars and no bacon for breakfast. They owned things that people did not even know they owned, including distilleries and breweries.

Like good Muslims, the British millers who produced what Britain called flour—a fine white dust with carcinogens but little nutritive content—struck at sunset not at dawn. At dawn on Christmas Eve there was no bread. for the bakers locked the doors on their flour stocks and also went on strike.

The confessional workers were on strike. too. Housewives, who were not yet unionized, grew angry when they found no loaves or cakes around and noted in the High Streets. The Wages Board responded at three in the afternoon by promising favorable consideration to the millers' demands for triple-time pay for night work and the strikes were ended halt an hour before the Christmas holidays were due to start for regular day workers so that all could toast the festive season in the boss's time. There was still no bread for Christmas.

B O Ev shoulders straight, chest out, legs like water reported for duty as usual at eight in the morning at Pen's Chocolate Works. There were pickets waiting for him. There were policemen, chewing their straps. The police, though reluctantly, grabbed a man who threw a small stone at bev even though he had mislaid.

"whose side are you bloody rozzers on?"

"i went the short out."

"you know the law as well as what i do," said the sergeant unhappily. * van from thames television drew up. bev waited. his act would have no validity unless it was available for the world to witness. This was the new way. It's Really Real when it's Seen

CONTINUED ON PAGE 162
FOLLOW THIS BRIGHT NEW STAR INTO THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY!
SEE OMNI PREVIEW ISSUE AND SPECIAL CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFER BEGINNING ON PAGE 127
—and I remember when I thought the whole fucking thing was a mask.
Mechanical men are here, demanding equal employment.

BY BOB SCHNEIDER

In the mid-1950s robot researchers at Johns Hopkins University developed a peripatetic little machine that they called Ferdinand. He looked like a garbage can on wheels, and he was constantly on the lookout for electrical outlets to feed his ravenous batteries. To those who knew Ferdinand well, it was not surprising to find him trundling through the physical-engineering lab at Hopkins, in quest of a fast-food fix.

It is said that one fateful night in 1956, an anxious young watchman, his head full of terrifying science-fiction scenarios, came upon this perambulating piece of primitive technology while Ferdinand was calmly searching out a midnight snack of watts and volts. The watchman ordered the robot to halt; the monomaniacal machine rolled on. The man plugged the tin can full of lead, rupturing the battery pack, killing "Ferdinand instantly.
Ferdinand was no Einstein. The greatest robot of his time, he was less sentient than an earthworm. He could move, but only on a level surface. Unable to back up, Ferd would frequently run himself into a corner and get stuck, draining his juice until someone rescued him. He was deat to human commands and blind to the existence of everyone and everything except wall sockets.

Robot research has progressed considerabily since the days of the Model T Ford. There are robots at work on assembly lines in Detroit, robot-computers that play chess, draw pictures and balance checkbooks, robotic devices that direct traffic, mow lawns, deliver mail, and explore the surface of the moon.

But most roboticists agree that it will be a long time before anything like C-3PO will be serving coffee and making small talk at the local greasy spoon. Dr. Tom Binford, leader of the robotics group at Stanford University describes today's typical robot industrial variety in this way: "Imagine a blind man with one arm tied behind his back. The man himself has less brainpower than a trained monkey. That should give you a good picture of what today's industrial robots are like."

In a strict sense, the devices that are called robots today are not much more than highly sophisticated machines. As Robert Malone, author of *The Robot Book*, puts it, "If a machine is really going to be considered a robot, it must be able to change its behavior in relation to its environment." Dr. Leonard Felton of the Jet Propulsion Labs amplifies: "A robot is a sensitive machine. It should have sensors to provide control and feedback to the robot—thats how the robot sees the world."

So the creation of truly humanoid robots requires advanced technology in at least three areas—sensors brain and effectors. A robot worthy of the name has to sense what's going on around it, figure out what to do, and then be able to do it. Most researchers agree that really sophisticated robots will not be perfected for at least twenty or thirty years.

But by the year 2001, say roboticists may well be capable of building a machine that could, for example, play Ping-Pong. It would have binocular stereo vision enabling it to see in depth and interpret precisely the position, spin and speed of the oncoming ball. All these data would be fed to on-board computer which would analyze the facts and order the correct response (within a few billionths of a second). Equipped with the proper effectors, the robot would move laterally backward or forward to a precisely computed spot. The paddle and the arm would be articulated to allow the robot to hit the ball with the correct spin, the robot would be equipped with sensors capable of regulating the pressure exerted for slams and soft returns. It might come in two models: the cheaper version capable of playing at three programmed levels of competition—beginner, intermediate and Chinese, and the luxury model, capable of playing up to the level of the competition and equipped with voice-generating mechanism that would announce the score. Although very adept at its one game, the particular robot would be a terrible conversationalist and a deadweight on a volleyball court.

The point is that the robots of the near future will be specialists—their sensors, brains, and effectors designed to do only one job. The Ping-Pong robot, for instance, wouldn't be able to recognize faces or hear or frol up the stairs or open a door. In other words, as an all-around athlete and survival machine the robot of the next twenty or thirty years will be far less sophisticated and versatile than its creator, the adaptive superape—man.

The year of Ferdinand's genesis (and demise)—1956—was a big year for robots. The star of one of the year's hit movies, *Forbidden Planet*, was one Robby the Robot, a space age alchemist that could think fast on his mechanical feet and had a penchant for cracking wise. Until R2D2 and C-3PO came along, Robby reigned as the most famous real-world robot.

Nineteen fifty-six was also the year that Joseph F. Engelberger, visionary capitalist and father of the industrial robot, founded a company called Unimation, Inc. Armed with the patent applications of George Devol, Engelberger decided that he could make money by manufacturing automated industrial workers. Sixteen years and $12 million later he showed his first proto. Today industrial robots are a growth industry. Unimation now grosses between $30 million and $40 million a year, and Engelberger predicts a potential yearly gross of $120 billion. Clearly, there is a cauldron of platinum at the end of the robotics rainbow.

*Metropolis*, Fritz Lang's classic cinematic vision of technology gone berserk, pictures the workers of the future as slaves shackled to unceasing and unerring machines. The technological revolution currently at hand promises a far more benign fate for tomorrow's factory workers. Dr. Charles Rosen, a robotics pioneer for more than fifteen years and the head of artificial-intelligence research at Stanford Research Institute foresees that the factory will be positively revolutionized by the introduction of industrial robots. "You'll find the factory a new place to work in. All the tedious jobs kick around from the beginning of the Industrial Revolution can be eliminated. People can be more skilled and more satisfied in what they're doing. They'll be more in control."

Robot is Czecho for work. Today robots do spot and arc welding and work where
Of all the gins distilled in America, only Burnett's uses an imported Coffey still. The same kind of still that's used in Britain. That's how we keep our taste so British, and our price so American.
COSMIC CENSORSHIP

Rather than openly searching for the truth about extraterrestrial life, our government is determined to keep the facts from the public and to humiliate and discredit UFO witnesses.

BY TONY SCADUTO

There's no question that UFOs are a very real phenomenon. Any attempt to explain why they are so natural objects of our imagination is just nonsense. They seem to be primarily of some way, and that suggests a purpose. If H. Allen Hynek, astronomer, is correct,

like the films of the UFO are seen as a way to keep the public from the facts and to keep them from being humiliated and discredited UFO witnesses.

BY TONY SCADUTO

Since the film highly inhabitants, the reality suggests that they UFOs have been seen everywhere, from sports stadiums to airports, from power stations to missile sites, and at great distances far from earth. They have buzzed military jets, commercial airliners, missiles, and even the moon's orbit and the waves. UFO sightings have been reported in the summer of 1962. They were soon usually
and confirmed on radar flying in restricted air space above Washington, D.C. Jet interceptors chased them and in turn were chased by them in a harrowing aerial game of tag.

Reports of UFO encounters have been made not only by ordinary people but also by trained pilots, scientists, and engineers. The most credible reports agree on several points. UFOs seen in daylight are metallic objects, often oval-shaped with a dome on top. They can fly at amazing speeds. They can stop on a dime, accelerate from a standstill to enormous velocity in an instant, execute sudden right-angle turns at high speed, and hover indefinitely with no visible mechanism for overcoming the earth's gravity. They do not have wings, propellers, or jet engines. At night, when they're often seen as brilliant balls of light, they can 'turn off' at will and seem to disappear becoming invisible to the eye and yet still appearing on radar scopes. Their behavior defies every known scientific principle.

In the face of the evidence and the belief of a growing number of scientists that UFOs are a very real phenomenon and should be investigated, our government says that they do not exist. And it holds that what does not exist is so dangerous to the American psyche that it should not be discussed publicly—a Pentagon regulation promulgated in 1963 when the CIA decided that UFOs were a serious threat to national security states that 'any person' who discloses the contents of an official UFO report is subject to prosecution and imprisonment for ten years. That regulation is still in effect.

As far as we know nobody has ever been prosecuted for discussing UFO reports. But the existence of that legal weapon of intimidation is just one piece of evidence for what Dr. J. Allen Hynek, who was UFO consultant for the air force for almost twenty years and now heads the Center for UFO Studies in Evanston Ill, calls a cosmic Watergate.

'My opinion is that certain parts of the government do know more than what they've told the public,' Dr. Hynek says.

Even Jimmy Carter when he was running for the presidency in 1976, said that he thought the government was being too secretive with UFO files. He once saw a 'shiny and saucer-shaped' UFO Carter told reporters. And he promised, 'If I become president I'll make every piece of information the country has about UFOs available to the public and to the scientists.' Nothing of the sort has happened, of course. No matter what candidate Carter promised, President Carter has stopped talking about his sightings. The White House staff is reluctant to answer questions about it except to claim that Carter has ordered the National Space and Aeronautics Administration to be 'open and candid' with the public about UFOs.

NASA, however, says that it has nothing to be candid about. 'We're not hiding anything,' says Robert Frosch, director of the space agency. "We don't take UFOs seriously," says Harold Brown Carter's defense secretary. The air force, despite its regulation ordering military personnel to report UFOs and to keep them secret from the public, claims that it stopped investigating them in 1969 and that it discourages ordinary citizens from reporting UFO sightings to air force bases. The CIA maintains that it lost interest in 1953, which was the year a CIA-sponsored panel of scientists looked into the UFO phenomenon and issued a report that followed CIA dogma—UFOs should be debunked because the period 'flaps' over them could be used to clog military and intelligence communications channels and leave us vulnerable to Soviet sneak attack.

UFO investigators are certain that the air force and government intelligence agencies—including the CIA—continue to investigate UFOs. There is some evidence proving that the CIA is still involved in UFO research. But in responding to requests for UFO documents under the Freedom of Information Act, the CIA has permitted a few things to be disclosed. Among them are reports that show its operatives were investigating UFOs long after 1953 and were warning people who made sightings not to discuss them publicly. And Henry Rothblatt, a New York City criminal lawyer who is suing the CIA on behalf of a private UFO research organization, says that he has documented evidence that the CIA collects and stores facts about UFOs, which appears to be contrary to their public position—that UFOs are not worth investigating.

'Ve further believe,' Rothblatt adds, 'that we have documented evidence proving the CIA has an ongoing investigation and has covered it up.'

You have to wonder how badly the CIA was spooked when several of its agents were taunted by a UFO back in 1959. Lt. Col. Robert Freund heard some of the details directly from the intelligence agents involved. At the time Freund was head of Project Blue Book, the air force's unit that was created to collect UFO reports and investigate the most promising of them.

According to a memo that Freund wrote at the time and is still in Blue Book files, two naval-intelligence agents were sent to interview a woman who lived in Maine and claimed to be in contact with the occupants of a UFO. She made a contact for the agents, falling into a trance and writing what the UFO commander was telling her telepathically. Getting intelligent answers to very technical questions the agents were asking her. During her trance the woman wrote that the UFO commander wished to contact one of the questioners directly and one of the intelligence agents went into a trance and also began writing out messages.

Freund said in a recent interview: 'After
they got back to Washington they told the CIA about it and a controlled experiment was set up at CIA headquarters. There were six witnesses in the room. This fellow who went into a trance in Maine attempted another contact and was again successful. The men who were there were who a lot better trained for that sort of thing. Asked him certain kinds of questions and they were getting answers about where the UFO people were from and why they were exploring our planet. And at some point the intelligence fellows said, 'Hey wait we need something that's a little more concrete in the way of proof.' So the answer came in: 'You want proof? Go to the window and take a look out and you'll see proof.'

'Cause those fellows CIA and naval-intelligence agents went to the window and looked out. And they saw a spacecraft hovering outside. It really shocked them up.

At the same time that the agents saw the UFO—which sped away in a few moments—radar at Washington National Airport was completely blocked out in the direction of the sighting according to Blue Book records. That bizarre incident should have been investigated further, Friend says. He was the details of that investigation are hidden in CIA files. Only Friend's unofficial memo survives as a record.

The charge of suppression made by UFO investigators is rather compelling because very credible and highly trained men have begun to talk about their experiences and about the fact that evidence of those experiences vanishes into some federal agency's top-secret files. Gordon Cooper says the film that he knew was taken of a UFO landing near the astronauts' training base in California has disappeared somewhere within official vaults. Astronaut James A. McDivitt who saw and filmed a metallic, cylindrical-shaped object while he was aboard Gemini IV in June 1965, says that the pictures released by NASA "were not anything like what I had seen." In interviews McDivitt makes it clear that what NASA showed him and released to the public were not the photos he took, the actual photos have been squirreled away.

And Mrs. Betty Hill relates a more recent incident. Mrs. Hill is the woman whose report that both she and her husband were abducted by human-like men in a UFO is believed by some of the most cynical investigators because independent evidence substantiates her claim. Late last year her home was broken into, and files of her continuing UFO investigations were stolen. Police told her that the burglar alarm protecting her home had been "burned out and short-circuited by sophisticated professional equipment." Only her UFO files were missing.

If there is a suppression of hard evidence, as attorney Rothblatt charges, a charge to which Colonel Friend also subscribes—a "cosmic Watergate" in Dr. Hynek's words—the reasons for it can be pieced together. Enough documents have been declassified to make it clear that the suppression was orchestrated by the CIA and other intelligence agencies in 1952 during the Cold War scare. And it is being continued by those agencies by NASA and in spite of his promise by President Carter.

The rash of sightings that followed the first flying saucer sighting in 1947 was secretly investigated by the Air Force—mostly because its own pilots, radar operators and even rocket experts and physicians involved in our atom bomb project were also sighting saucer disks that were not aircraft and did not behave in any normal aerodynamic manner. These military and scientific witnesses could not be ignored. In a near panic, our intelligence agencies first demanded the answer to one question: were the Russians testing some new weapon? The spooks decided that it wasn't possible. But they wanted to know what these damn things were. So the commanding general of what was then the army air forces asked for a full report on these strange objects from Lt. Gen. Nathan F. Twining, whose command included the technical division of Air Force intelligence.

In a dispatch dated September 23, 1947 Twining recommended that a secret Air Force agency be set up to conduct a full investigation of the UFOs. His reasons: "The phenomenon is something real and not imaginary or fictitious" and "the reported operating characteristics lend belief to the possibility that some of the objects are controlled either manually automatically or remotely."

Project Sign was set up to investigate UFOs. Sign later became Grudge and then finally Project Blue Book. But instead of investigating and informing the public of its findings, the Air Force turned its UFO agency into a massive public-relations machine whose aim was to keep the public believing that all reported UFOs could be explained as natural phenomena hallucinations or hoaxes. It became standard practice to warn military personnel who had sighted UFOs that, as several Blue Book reports put it: "any information concerning the objects was SECRET." The secrecy stamp guaranteed that the best evidence concerning unidentified flying objects from military and scientific witnesses would not be released publicly.

The American public was confronted with periodic news stories about UFO sightings during the 1950s and 1960s. And the CIA and other intelligence agencies, studying those secret reports, worried over them. At a meeting of intelligence officials in the spring of 1952, the head of what then was named Blue Book was told that it was the considered opinion of intelligence analysts that UFOs could be extraterrestrial. They ordered Blue Book to collect more information—so sufficient value for scientists to analyze—so that it all classified.
A month after that meeting the intelligence agencies were badly shaken up by a 'squadron' of UFOs that flew into restricted air space above the White House, Pentagon and CIA headquarters. The flyby began a little before midnight on July 19, 1952 when a group of UFOs appeared on radar. The objects moved at about 100 m.p.h., at first and then zoomed off at what radar experts called 'fantastic speeds up to 7,000 m.p.h.' beyond man's technology. F-86 jets were sent up to intercept the objects and were vectored to the targets position by radar operators. When the jets neared the objects vanished. Simultaneously on the ground— including radar operators and military officials who had gone out to look—saw strange lights making erratic maneuvers. The UFOs "flap" lasted about five hours.

The following weekend Washington area radar picked up another group of UFOs at 10:30 P.M. Jet fighters were again scrambled in order to intercept the objects and again the UFOs disappeared—only to show up in sightings over Virginia. The lone jet lighter available to Langley air base was ordered to intercept. The pilot saw bright rotating lights with alternating colors. As he approached them, the objects vanished "like somebody turned off a light bulb." But they were still there, though invisible. The pilot was able to get a radar lock on one of the UFOs for a few minutes, but he broke contact because he was running low on fuel.

The UFOs reappeared over Washington, and jets were once more scrambled. This time the objects didn't go dark. Each time the pilots got close enough for good visual observation, the UFOs sped off at unbelievable speeds. And then they would return to play tag, chasing the jets on a collision course and veering away. The tag game ended when the jets ran low on fuel and had to return to base.

Over the next five days the phones at the Pentagon and nearby air force bases were completely tied up with calls about the UFOs. And intelligence agencies began to worry that communications at the country's military centers could be jammed by curious and frightened citizens. The decision was made to try to eliminate all reports about UFOs and to tranquilize the public. The CIA took on the job of slamming the lid into place, a policy of secrecy that continues to this day.

The device used by the CIA was its sponsoring of a "scientific panel" whose results it dictated. It has become known as the Robertson panel after its CIA-appointed chairman, Dr. H. P. Robertson, who is an expert in mathematics, cosmology, and relativity, and was a CIA-classified employee. On the panel were four other scientists: three of them connected with the defense establishment, all with CIA clearance.

The Robertson panel met over a period of five days for a total of only twelve hours. It watched several brief films of UFOs caught in flight, read and discussed a few UFO sighting reports, and spent much of its time listening to lectures by members of the CIA and other intelligence agencies who briefed the panel about the dangers of UFO flaps and suggested solutions to the problem.

And the panel came up with a report that was precisely what the CIA wanted. UFOs were not a direct threat to national security, it said, but the reports about these phenomena do, in these parlous times, result in a threat to the orderly functioning of the body politic. UFO reports could clog military and intelligence channels and could make the public easy prey to possible enemy psychological warfare. By cultivating a morbid national psychology in which self-righteous propaganda could induce hysterical behavior and harmful distrust of duly constituted authority. The UFO reports, not the UFOs themselves, were the problem.

The Robertson panel's classified report was designed to influence all levels of government up to the president, to set official policy. It recommended that Project Blue Book in effect lie to the public about the reality of UFOs. It suggested surveillance over two private UFO investigation groups as potential threats to national security. And it suggested a public-education program that would train us not to believe in UFOs and would debunk them.

Evidence that the CIA dictated the findings and the recommendations of the panel can be seen in the minutes of its meetings, which surprisingly were declassified and released years later in still another government attempt to con the public. The CIA scientists didn't even write their final report until intelligence agencies approved the rough draft.

Dr. Hynek, who at that time was himself skeptical about UFOs, was an associate panel member but was invited only to select meetings. He says today that the scientists met under the guise of a symposium to review the physical nature of UFOs, but "the true purpose was to defuse a potentially explosive situation from the standpoint of national security." A few months after the Robertson panel report had been circulated through the government, the air force issued its directive threatening prosecution and imprisonment of anybody discussing official UFO reports publicly.

Although the CIA set the policy of secrecy and suppression back in 1952, the UFOs didn't get the message. Over the following decade the sightings reports, and publicity refused to diminish. Finally in 1966 after a series of sensational sightings and a great deal of media pressure, Congress for the first time held an open hearing on UFOs. Dr. Hynek warned the committee that maintaining the official line that all UFOs were natural phenomena or hoaxes "may turn out to be a roadblock in the pursuit of research endeavors" and he proposed that a civilian panel of scientists be established to investigate the UFO phenomenon. The congressmen practically ordered the Pentagon to do so, and the result was what has come to be known as the Condon Report.

Dr. Edward U. Condon, an internationally known physicist and former head of the Bureau of Standards with the proper political credentials was chosen to head a $500,000 "scientific" study of UFOs. He quickly made his aims clear: "We must give the public a better understanding of ordinary phenomena which if recognized at once would reduce the number of UFO reports." He said even before the project got under way and the project coordinator wrote in a memo that "the trick would be to convince the public that the committee's work was a totally objective study" while at the same time stressing the "psychology of people who report UFOs so that the scientific community would quietly get the message" that those people were crackpots.

After two years of study Condon concluded that UFOs don't really exist and that the government and scientists shouldn't waste time investigating the objects. The media and the scientific establishment accepted these conclusions and the intelligence agencies once more were grateful that the subject has been "defused."

Yet the text of the 900-page report disputes Dr. Condon's findings. A full 30 per cent of all the cases the committee studied, including several astronaut sightings, can't be explained by any known phenomenon and are called "unidentified" in the report. And a number of cases that project investigators claimed had been caused by 'natural phenomena' turn out to be absolute distortions. The most laughable example is a group of UFOs that had been sighted by the crew of a commercial airliner and confirmed by radar by a jet interceptor. The Condon Report after staining for and finally dismissing several rational hypotheses for a UFO seen by experienced fliers and on radar, still refused to concede that it could not be identified. The report attributes the sighting to what can only be called a mirage. It said: "This unusual sighting should therefore be assigned to the category of some almost certainly natural phenomenon which is so rare that it apparently has
never been reported before or since.

Once more the scientific establishment gave military and intelligence agencies precisely what they wanted. The air force ended Project Blue Book and said that it was no longer interested in collecting UFO information while it continued to require military personnel to report all sightings on special forms and to obey the regulation commanding secrecy. On the surface, the government was out of the UFO business, but it continues to amass and suppress UFO reports.

One of the more striking things about the years from the first saucer sighting in 1947 to the termination of Project Blue Book in 1969 is that throughout the period the scientific establishment helped the government in its efforts to denigrate the UFO reports and suppress the evidence contained within those reports. From the very first public reports physicists and astronomers leaped forward with logical scientific explanations of phenomena they didn’t personally investigate and test, and with rather unscientific remarks about the mental and emotional condition of anyone who dared report a sighting. The entire subject of UFOs and of the people who reported them was held up to ridicule in some cases by scientists who were paid consultants to military and intelligence agencies. Ridicule was such a terribly effective weapon in stifling UFO reports from observers whose evidence would be most highly valued if even scientists who had seen objects they couldn’t rationally explain

wouldn’t publicly state that the UFO phenomenon was a legitimate line of scientific inquiry although some of them believed it was.

(That’s one of the reasons why I set up the Center for UFO Studies.) Hynek says, “to give people a place to report their sightings, be guaranteed anonymity if they want it, and not fear ridicule.” Because he and his professional staff are seeking patterns of characteristic UFO behavior that might eventually help explain the objects, Hynek welcomes calls to the center. (Dial 312-491-1666. A computer bank at the center contains more than 50,000 UFO reports, and they come in weekly.)

Some scientists continue to fear at the thought of UFO research but the persistence of the sightings and the mounting evidence that they are in some way real has caused a large number of scientists to abandon what Hynek calls the “it-can’t-be—therefore-it’s-not” approach.” A survey of 2,611 members of the American Astronomical Society—astronomers who are generally more cautious than most other scientists—shows that 53 percent of those who responded believe that UFOs “certainly” or “probably” deserve further scientific research. Only 20 percent were completely negative and most of those surveyed were older astronomers, sixty and above.

The debunkers among scientists have always asked why astronomers aren’t discussing these things. The debunkers have also said that if astronomers saw truly identifiable objects in the skies, UFOs would be more believable. Well, 4 percent of the astronomers who are probably the most capable among us of finding rational explanations for unusual flying objects reported that they had seen UFOs which they could not explain scientifically no matter how hard they tried.

But the fear of ridicule persists. Almost all the astronomers who responded to the survey said that they wanted to remain anonymous.

It wasn’t difficult for the Intelligence agencies to promote taking scientific cheap shots at those who reported UFO sightings because a small number of such witnesses were indeed cranks, hoaxers, publicists, and lunatics. The worst of the lot because they were so good at getting publicity were those “contactees” who claimed that they had been taken aboard alien spacecraft and flown to the outer limits of space. Among UFO investigators contactee became a word of denunciation.

Despite the crazies and the ridicule, there are close to fifty contactees cases that are difficult to dismiss out of hand. The dozens of cases of that kind that we have come across have consistent similarities that can’t be easily explained away,” says Dr. Hynek, who first coined the phrase “close encounters of the third kind” as a special category of UFO experience. “For instance, in the typical case you have a short conscious memory of an encounter that there ensues a period of amnesia, and then when we put the contactee under regressive hypnosis out comes a similar story in every case—it always involves some sort of medical examination. Now what the hell is going on? Is it a sort of an image as Jung would say that is planted in our collective unconscious, and everybody comes up with the same story under hypnosis? Or did it really happen?”

Betty Hill is today more certain than ever that she had an experience with occupants of a spacecraft, and many scientists involved in UFO research think her story is credible because of independent evidence.

Betty and her husband, Barney who has since died, were driving through the White Mountains of New Hampshire in September 1961 when a bright ball of light swooped down from the skies and followed their car. They remembered stopping to watch it through binoculars. And then somehow, they were back on the main road en route to their home city. Later they realized about two hours and from twenty to thirty miles of driving were missing from their memory. That realization troubled them for a couple of years, during which they didn’t seek publicity and discussed the experience only with relatives and close friends. After two years of nightmares, they...
I want a lover who dominates me, not with force, but with gentle persuasion.

VERONIQUE
I was educated in England, but I’m a Parisian by birth, choice and temperament,” claims Veronique de Valdene. “Some of you may think the French are overexcitable, but that is the kind of passion you find at the heart of France. We believe being ‘polite’ is very often less civilized than freely expressing your feelings.” She adds, “I’d never leave Paris—not permanently, not for any great length of time!” Given the same geographic proximity we could say the same about Veronique. With her honey-colored hair and pouting lips, this magnificently molded example of French architecture could put pay to the Arc de Triomphe as France’s premier tourist attraction. “It is imposing, but I suppose I have more curves,” she says. When not out enchanting the waifs, Veronique is busy running a little lingerie boutique on the Right Bank. “I discovered that I love to sew and create little things of my own—especially lingerie. At first, I made things only for myself and close friends. Gradually, it grew into a business.”
But commercial success is not an end in itself, or so Veronique suggests. “A woman must expand her vision—her interests. She must never stop growing. She must taste life from every aspect, experience everything but surrender nothing of herself.”
When you're touching and making each other happy in bed, it's a universal communication.

"I'm an independent woman in many ways, but that doesn't mean that I can't enjoy what you Americans call my 'feminine mystique', does it? I can't imagine not having lacy, sexy underthings to tempt a man with. And why would any woman object to a man who holds open a door for her or sends her flowers or tells her romantic, unimportant things while they're strolling along the river or the moonlight? And that doesn't mean I can't also be interesting in other ways!" Veronique prides herself on being as well informed as she is well endowed. "Every week," she tells us, "I regularly read not only Paris-Match and Metro but also Newsweek and Time."
How does she feel about American men? Are they as interesting sexually as Frenchmen? "Well, I guess I do like a little variety," she admits, scarcely blushing. "I usually feel more comfortable when I'm with a fellow countryman, but the most important thing in a lover is not where he's from—it's that I must feel cherished. When I make love with a man," she volunteers, "I want him to dominate me, not with force, but with gentle persuasion—you know, as in that American song. To tell the truth, it doesn't really matter at all to me if he's from another culture, because when we're touching and exploring and making each other happy in bed, it's a universal communication, isn't it?"
Whether we are looking at Veronique or just hearing her, it is apparent that in every way—charm, beauty, and the promise of endless romantic possibilities—she definitely has Paris matched.
MISS VERONIQUE DE VALDENE: PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH
our individual lives and our lives as a society.

As the twentieth century draws to a close, science is catching up with fiction. What once existed only in the imagination of certain seers and their readers is now the subject of congressional appropriations debates. Bob Silverberg puts it this way: "We've been invaded by the twenty-first century. A lot of ways we are leading a science-fiction existence. In the forties and fifties even though there were lots of technological changes, they came at a regular pace. Now there's some new wonder every year or two. I think the changes are going to come faster and faster and a lot of people are turning to science fiction as a conditioner against future shock." Starlog's Zimmerman says: "The blending of science fiction and science fact is so much greater today than anyone is aware of, that we would probably have instant trauma if we were all made public at once. Scientists are working on canceling gravity. Laser technology is at a point that stagers the imagination: returning holograms into three-dimensional objects with weight and substance. These are projects in the works right now."

Isaac Asimov who is as adept at writing science texts as he is at fiction epics, is as adamant as anyone else about the need for science fiction. "What science fiction does is to force people to think in terms of change. You must work out solutions, not to what now exists, but to what is going to exist by the time you can get the solution started. And the only practice for that is reading science fiction! Reading and writing science fiction is essential to the survival of civilization."

Even the projections of the best minds in the genre need to be revised with the passage of time. Asimov's own I, Robot (1950) posted laws of robotics that would govern conduct of artificial intelligence. Michael Rogers, a novelist who has written science fiction stories and who does a science column for Rolling Stone, came across a paper at a computer fair suggesting that Asimov's laws needed drastic and immediate amendment. One of the new ones this guy suggested was: "No robot will be given full access to the means of self-reproduction. That's extremely ominous! Something else he said was: "We must begin to wonder what it will be like when artificial-intelligence machines become smarter than we are. How will we be able to tell?" His only answer was: "When a machine begins to appear insane."

Something else he said was: "We must begin to wonder what it will be like when artificial-intelligence machines become smarter than we are. How will we be able to tell?" His only answer was: "When a machine begins to appear insane."

"It's time for another great leap of imagination. Rogers guesses because it's beginning to look as if everything that's been written about artificial intelligence so far will all indeed happen."

Joe Haldeman, whose book MindBridge set a record for the science-fiction field when it was published for $100,000, has had the idea of using black holes as a sort of shortcut to interstellar travel. "I made up the idea of using black holes as a sort of shortcut to interstellar travel. To satisfy a plot requirement. Then a couple of years later some astrophysicist at Yeshiva University came up with the startling news that that could actually happen.

Haldeman like many science-fiction writers has some science background. A member of the L-5 Society a group dedicated to the establishment of floating habitats in space he sees space utilization as the only hope for survival of the human race. "There are so many ways we could destroy life on this planet. Any number of poisons. A new ice age. Increase in carbon dioxide in the air which would puncture the ozone layer. The technology liquid-metal fast breeder reactors. DNA manipulation. I think it's important that we get a large breeding stock off the surface of this planet and get it somewhere where the people who are on this planet can't destroy it. For whatever illogical reasons. But who's going to foot the bill? To a senator from Wisconsin, whose main preoccupation is dairy products, this doesn't seem terribly important."

Janet Morris summarizes the feelings of many science-fiction partisans when she says: "The science fiction of today is in Scientific American. In five years anyone who wants to write relevant contemporary fiction is going to have to deal with scientific concepts. It's really true already."

Rather than becoming outdated as the present catches up with some of its past musings, science fiction may well be poised at the brink of a new golden age in which this fiction of the future will be the past. The present is an important part of everybody's today.

Chances are that no science-fiction minds will agree on the future in the future anymore than they do now. And for every doomsayer there will be an equally eloquent prophet of joy like that enthusiastic citizen of the galaxy Ray Bradbury who exclaims: "We're all lucky to be alive in this time to be part of landing on the moon, the most important series of dates in the entire history of mankind. How much more important can anything be than the day we left earth and began to move out into outer space—and when we stopped being caterpillars and became butterflies? We're going to go off and colonize the moon, we're going to colonize Mars. We're going to write science fictions about that. Then we're going to build starships—Jesus Christ how exciting! Our encounters with other worlds will be endless because the universe is endless."

This can go on for the next million years!"
ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

Current group in space circles has it that the shuttle rocket—this one Conways shows up piggybacking on a Space Shuttle—will be the first of a new generation of space vehicles. As the space shuttle was advertised as the cheap reusable rocket that would ferry people and supplies to space, the new space program is seen as the second generation of space vehicles: the shuttle is a reusable vehicle that can be launched and landed multiple times, replacing the single-use rockets of the past.

The shuttle is expected to be a significant improvement over the space shuttle. It will be able to carry larger payloads and will be able to make multiple flights, allowing for more frequent and efficient space launches. The shuttle is also expected to be more cost-effective in the long run, as it will be able to reuse parts and components.

Some have criticized the shuttle program, arguing that it is too expensive and will not provide the same benefits as the space shuttle. Others see it as a crucial step in advancing space exploration and research.

The shuttle program is expected to be a major step forward in space exploration and will be a significant achievement for the US space program.

BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

CONTRIBUTING EDITION OF NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN'S "TECHNOCRATS"

The shuttle program is expected to be a major step forward in space exploration and will be a significant achievement for the US space program. It will allow for more frequent and efficient space launches, as well as the reuse of parts and components. The shuttle is expected to be more cost-effective in the long run, and will be a crucial step in advancing space exploration and research.

The shuttle program is expected to be a major step forward in space exploration and will be a significant achievement for the US space program.
When I first received the assignment, my initial response was distinctly ambivalent. Well not ambivalent, perhaps as much as ambiguous. On second thought, I guess you might say I was of two minds on the matter.

On the one hand, there could be no denying that the assignment was in journalistic parlance, a plum of some proportions. Successfully executed, it was almost certain to generate my way, if not the top, then at least to a cover story, an outright byline, and a lucrative book contract, replete with generous advances and royalty points. Maybe even a TV docudrama or—who knows?—a major motion-picture deal.

I squirmed self-consciously in the tiny writer’s chair positioned directly beneath his lowering desk, unable to work up even a tentative reply.

Believe me, it’s so safe it’s really fool-proof,” he went on. “We send you in for some mock surgery, then shoot you up with some drug that simulates the death stage you drift off for a couple of hours. Come back none the worse, and you’re ten grand to the good. For starters, just for starters.

It’s so safe? I finally managed, why don’t you get a name to do it?”

“Look,” he sighed, “idly twirling the massive, gray syringes that further obscured an already strangely nondescript face, “I happen to think you’re a damned good writer. I also happen to think you deserve a break, you’re too good to waste your time writing limericks and smut copy which is what you’ve been doing. It’s face it. I also happen to think you’ll do a helluva story.

He paused.”

I waited.

Besides,” he conceded, “I also happen to think we won’t get any heavy for the kind of money we’re talking. Mailer won’t do it for less than a million. Armstrong’s too tied up to die, and Salinger’s politely informed us that he passed away some time ago.

Even our own feature writers want a book deal in advance, where there simply ain’t the time. You are a short, our man. ‘I’ll have to think it over,’ I told him.

‘Think it over,’ he said. ‘I’ve already commissioned a cover and set aside ten pages of the March issue. I want a yes or no by tomorrow.’ He paused. ‘Let me amend that. I want a yes by 10:00 a.m.’

Ensnared in a corner booth at the Shaker of Huddles, a local Anglo-Irish bar favored by would-be writers and hopelessly hung-over, I gave further thought to Mail’s proposal. Fikler for his part was undoubtedly right. The demographics were impressive: death was clearly in. No fewer than three popular papers to the press of Thanatos had already infiltrated the best-seller list. (I’m Dead. You’re Dead had been number one for weeks) Several movies were in the can, and MNT Productions was working on a script. Nevertheless, no professional seecker has yet undergone the death experience and lived to tell the tale. If I wasn’t the first someone else, and quite possibly better, surely would be. It was a consideration I couldn’t help considering.

Still I had my reservations. I didn’t want to end up another casualty of the publishing wars, too many passable writers and
perfectly noble trees had already gone that route. I couldn’t help thinking about the journalist who’d swapped lives with a barmaid, who later refused to trade back or the proposed author of The Lighter Side of Chronic Depression, who remains to this day locked away in some obscure asylum wondering who killed Svine in the kitchen. Besides, I may not have been too beautiful to live. I thought myself, at twenty-nine, a shade too young to die.

Then again I didn’t want to waste the rest of my life writing filler items and smut copy which, as Mel had pointed out was what I’d been doing—let it face it. Nor was I likely to be presented with so plunmik an opportunity again. Even if worse came to—well, or for that matter, usual to—could I count at least on collecting a two-grand kill fee?

But I think what finally clinched it for me was the dozen Tegu” Surprises I’d downed while mulling over Mel’s offer. When I realized I couldn’t even begin to pay the tab, I resolved at once to secure success or die trying. Oh, if that’s what it came to—even dying.

I arrived at Mel’s office at precisely 10:00 A.M. and accompanied by the most vicious hangover I’d had in days. My mind felt mined with poison-tipped puns that threatened to spring into my eyes at the slightest provocation, a thousand tiny screaming demons in my forebrain urged them on. Mel immediately sensing my condition addressed me in the most booming voice he could muster.

“Take your usual seat,” he said, “I’ll be with you in a sec.”

With a palm pressed against my tebrile forehead, I scrunched down into the tiny writer’s chair and waited while Mel shuffled through an enormous folder of neatly typed data.

“It’s all here,” he fairly shouted, slapping the folder for emphasis. “Had the breeze in research running crazy over this one.” He chuckled dispassionately and put the folder aside. “We’ve got it all arranged with a certain Dr Alswell. Ostensibly he’ll be performing some minor surgery—removing your liver—but what he’ll really be doing is administering a simulated death. So don’t think of it as losing a liver so much as gaining an afterlife.”

He gave his head a giddy shake, twirled his sideburns and continued.

“Now, according to our research which is pretty damned exhaustive, if I do say so myself, and I do, right off the bat you’ll have a single advantage over your run-of-the-mill departed in that you won’t really be dead. And unlike your beloved-to-be-deaders, you’ll enjoy the security of knowing you’re not really dead which should come in handy when you hear yourself being pronounced same, which, again according to our research, you should hear quite clearly.

“Like most of us, you’ve probably always thought that death is just like life—i.e., that it happens only to other people—so there may be some mild initial shock at first. But if you recover soon enough, at which point you should hear a loud ringing—well, maybe not ringing so much as your basic loud buzzing sensation—which means it’s time for an exhilarating ride through a long dark tunnel or void. Actually it isn’t a tunnel or void so much as a cave, well, through enclosed tunnel, vacuum sewer valley, or cylinder, depending on your terminology.

“Upon exiting the tunnel or void, you’ll find yourself out of your body. This is not cause for alarm however as a new body awaits you. And also again according to our research, what a body! A light, somewhat amorphous approximation of your old one but equipped with all kinds of new improved features including greater vision, hearing, and maneuverability. You and your new body take an immediate test run floating up to the ceiling where you’ll watch while the docs try to revive your old supposedly lifeless one.

Death was very definitely "in." But no professional scrivener had as yet undergone the death experience and lived to type the tale.

Lonely? Not to worry at this point you should be moving along to a kind of lobby vestibule anteroom, or loyer where you’ll run into the spirits of several former relatives colleagues and friends. You shoot the breeze with them a spell, before being introduced to a gent most folks call the Being of Light. Who, by, all our accounts, is something of a fun guy. He asks you a few questions you’ll understand without his actually asking—understand?—then screens a kind of instant replay of your life, with me I told an emphasis on the highlights which should make for some interesting not to say downright steamy viewing if I know you and you get my drift.

After that you’ll rap a while about cosmic mystic esoteric entities, and the like in an unspoken language that allows for perfect unimpeded communication. He then leads you to some kind of border or limit separating you from the next life. Well, not a border or limit exactly so much as a door wall, fence, railing barrier barricade balus trade, portal threshold gateway turning point, cordon, Rubicon, line of demarcation or circumvention, again depending on your terminology. By this time you’re so high on death, suffused with such an overpowering sense of je ne do mort that you’d follow him anywhere, particularly across the border or limit into the afterlife.

But by now the drug is wearing off, and you start your short voyage homeward, bidding adieu to the Being of Light exchanging farewells with your former relatives colleagues and friends, shooting back through the tunnel or void, and re-assuming your old body. You wake up relaxed refreshed we sigh you out I personally buy you a drink and that as they say is essentially that. He learned forward and winked. In fact, it sounds so good that we just might have to dock you for some vacation time.”

“I don’t work here,” I reminded him.

“There’s just one little thing. Some people who’ve been through this have had a tough time trying to describe it later. But you’re a pro so there shouldn’t be any problems there. Any questions?”

“Just one.”

“What’s that?”

“What if something goes wrong?”

He paused as if to give the matter some thought.

“Well, then we’ll run the Farrhawcott piece,” he said.

“Tell the patient he can stop laughing now,” Nurse said Dr. Enswall turning off the tank. “He’s dead.”

That’s the trouble with laughing gas, I thought, a half hour later you’re serious again. I remember thinking that thought as clearly as I might have had I still been among the living which technically I no longer was. As stupid however, I had more important things than thoughts on my mind—Dr. Enswall’s words chief among them.

“You got to him too late,” he explained with an audible shrug. Thirty minutes earlier he’s home safe patients one doctors zip. Get him when we did and he’s out by your proverbial mile. This is one game I’m afraid won’t be going into extra innings.”

The surgeon’s words were ably replaced by a loud persistent ringing not unlike that of an agitated telephone which in turn gave way to the nurse’s voice.

“It’s for you, Doctor A Mr. Peller.”

“Yes?”

It was Dr. Enswall’s voice.

“Yes. Dr. Alswell was scheduled to perform patient’s operation. No. Dr. Alswell did not perform patient’s operation as scheduled. After patient’s condition deteriorated rapidly, Dr. Alswell was unable to perform operation.”

I heard a faint but frantic cracking sound, similar to that of an excited voice being filtered through a poor connection.

“No. Dr. Enswall resumed, with some impatience. I don’t know why Dr. Alswell failed to inform you of his cardiovascular history. Maybe he simply didn’t have the heart. In any case—and here his voice grew stern—while I sincerely regret the loss of patient, I’m afraid that this does not constitute a valid excuse for nonpayment. No I can’t arrange a discount.”
So that was it, was it? thought I, with some apprehension. Dr Alswell had apparently expired without having approved his replacement—to whom I had already taken a vague dislike—of the particulars of my case. It such were indeed the case, it meant that I was not only in fact and all actuality literally and dismayingly dead but also probably minus a liver into the bargain. While I had long ago resigned myself to such a loss, I expected it to result from several added decades of tequila abuse, not some ill-briefed surgeon’s spontaneous caprice.

I would have reflected further on this disturbing turn of events but my attention was suddenly drawn to the long, dark tunnel or void through which I found myself being propelled. Actually, it wasn’t a tunnel or void so much as a cave. well, though, enclosure, funnel vacuum sewer, valley or cylinder, depending on my terminology. As for the new body to which Mel had referred, it wasn’t an amorphous approximation of my former one nor was it on the ceiling. Instead, it was tiny quite moribund, equipped with what seemed a thousand eyes and attached firmly to the wall. It also appeared to be the source of the renewed buzzing I’d been hearing.

As for my former shell, I could make it out quite clearly it somewhat fragmentedly lying in informal state precisely as I’d left it though I didn’t witness any strenuous attempts on Dr Alswell’s part to restore it to life. Oh, the nurse delivered a few casual thumps to the dead man’s chest but the surgeon summarily dismissed her with a warning against reading so many “bleeding-heart first aid manuals.” Despite my contrary interests on this point, I had to agree. I’d never looked so peaceful in my life.

But, even as Mel had predicted, my mild initial shock soon gave way to a growing fascination with my newly acquired powers. From my literal fly-on-the-wall perspective, I found I could see quite distinctly through ordinary fabric a talent I immediately applied at the expense of the nurse who, provocatively bent over my dead body was dutifully unplugging my life-support system. My verbal abilities had likewise been altered and I soon found myself misusing words I never even knew I hadn’t known before. My perceptions took on an icy edge of almost hypnagogic nebulousness.

My auditory abilities had been similarly augmented. The buzzing gradually faded and I discerned the unmistakable opening strains of the music of the spheres. I concentrated for a time in contemplative silence before deciding that while it was okay for listening you couldn’t really dance to it. Giving it an eighty-five, I continued on my way.

I soon found myself stationed in some sort of dimly lit vestibule, anteroom, foyer. I don’t know how long I might have stood there, alone and unfurnished. But it wasn’t quite a while. It was certainly some time. I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 172
In the world of fashion, the future seems to be now. For the discerning male, dressing ahead of one’s time is simple: choose only the best of contemporary clothing.

Swift Clean Decisive. Virtually genderless. The clothes to come combine a heroic gesture with boldness of line, an eschewal of color, and an audacious mix of fabrics. It’s a vigorous fashion hybrid that juxtaposes wool and nylon, toughness and sophistication, the rough and the smooth. This is the philosophy of the new breed of industrial fashion designers. Whatever the input may be, the output is the same: clothes that narrow the gap between fantasy and reality.

(left) The union of fashion and technology for a highly refined, advanced society comes through in this pewter-colored thermal suit that fastens easily over the body in a single piece (about $150). Zip-fronted and of polyester-cotton nylon, it is accessorized by the clear-plastic tube belt filled with ball bearings (about $16) and black wool-orlon cowl-neck sweater (about $45). By David Leong, 249 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, N.Y. 10001; (212) 594-3199.

(right) The silhouette of the future is charged with fantasy and surprise. Silver-metallic lamé suit with stand-up collar (about $150) worn over gold-metallic-painted cap-sleeve top with gold-metallic stretch stretch skirt pants ($175). The silver-metallic pleated jersey cap-sleeve dress ($175) is worn with white body suit ($150) and pull-on black-terry Berber pants ($60). Both outfits by Larry Le Gaspé, 743 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021; (212) 744-6965. Pair of silver cuffs ($200) and belt buckle ($200) by Richard Erker for La Gaspe.

Fashion by Ed Emmerling/Photographs by Earl Miller
The line between fashion and function is drawn with this ensemble, which includes snap-front, water-repellent reversible cotton-flannel wool-blend overcoat (about $30), matching reversible shell-coat (about $170), zip-front and multi-pocketed cotton-flannel water-repellent jacket (about $170), and multi-pocketed cotton-blend pegged-bottom pants (about $114) by GLEN PATRICK MAGARY, 115 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. (212) 682-0624. The other—a one-piece devotee's jacket of heavy natural-colored industrial linen with waffle-weave patterned slacks of lightweight cotton-flannel (about $150), with triple pleated all-wool pegged-bottom pants (about $90) and a silk and mohair mesh sweater (575) by BRIAN SCOTT CARR, 317 Seventh Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10014. (212) 242-7159. Hand-carved and polished water-buffalo horn neck piece ($45) by Susan Sung. Everything is available at Camouflage Clothing, 141 Eighth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10011. (212) 741-9118 (above). The heroic silhouette is larger than life—almost. The snap-front quilted-cotton sweat-shirt coat with cotton slacks ($190) by REGINA KRAVITZ for REGGIE KRAYON CLOTHES, INC.. 7 West Twenty-second Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. (212) 691-0280. Cotton-tweed hooded pullover top (about $350) and quilted Dacron nylon pants ($45) by David Lawrence. Reversible top: quilted cotton-polyester-nylon ski-parka top ($150), cotton-polyester multi-pocketed pants ($125), and black wool-collared plaid sweater top (576) by RONALD KOLDSNER, 60 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10018. (212) 727-1780. Sterling silver belt buckle ($200) by Patrico Von Musulin, New York City.
THE EVELYN RAINBIRD PHILOSOPHY

Today, the attitudes about making love are so different than they used to be. More people are willing and even anxious to experiment to find ways to add to their pleasure. There are less and less inhibitions and no more taboos. The world of our sensuality is so much freer.

When Evelyn Rainbird entered the business of selling sexual products through the mail just a few years ago, we had one goal: to be the one company in this area that you could trust. And so we set up the strictest standards, and have adhered adamantly to them ever since. We refuse to sell shoddy products. Everything we sell must be worthy of our name and your confidence. We value you our customer. Should you ever have a problem, it will always be attended to immediately.

We will never offer you anything we don't believe is well made and of excellent value. [Any product we do consider selling is tested. And tested. And many are rejected.] We believe that in the quality of life we all seek, few things can equal the importance of a beautiful, exciting and sexually fulfilled life. Thus, it makes sense to us that our demand for quality in this area is absolutely correct and necessary.

NEW CATALOG

At Evelyn Rainbird, we understand you. And now we hope you understand us as well.

NEW PRODUCTS

The catalog is so beautiful and provocative that we anticipate it being a collectors item in itself. We guarantee the quality of every product we offer and assure you that it represents an excellent value.

To receive your catalog, see the coupon on page 99.

NEW PRODUCTS

There's been an explosion and it's called "SEX." And everyday manufacturers are coming up with terrific new ways for all of us to explore our own sexuality. When we come across a new product we think you should know about, we'll tell you about it right here. These are a few that are causing quite a stir.

The Giant: A giant condom for big thinkers. A terrific fun gift (Oh if only there were a man who could fill it) (TEX C) $5.95

The Explorer: The 5 attachments will make sure you grow very attached to this powerful vibrator (1514) $8.95
**Men's Lingerie.** Body power for men (MS45). Orie (the look of leather) bikini with metal side clips. Black, red or white S-M-L $8.95 (M268). Black oire bikini with zip front pouch S-M-L $8.95

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**LINGERIE**

We'll also be showing you the latest in sensual fashion. How's this for a beginning? PX01 White nylon negligee set tied at neckline. Long sleeves edged in Maribou. Matching princess gown 32-34-36 $39.00

PX01

GX04 Elegant G-string in teal satin trimmed in very rose petal lace shirred on the sides. S-M-L $5.00

GX04

GX13 Sheer naughty but nice beige free-flowing frothy caftan edged in 3" rose petal lace and satin ribbon. One size $25.00

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**OLD FAVORITES**

Have you been missing out on fun? We'll make sure you catch up by telling you about some of the most popular sexual aids around. For example:

**The Soft Machine** Turn this vibrator on and say "ahhhhh." Softer and more pliable than any other (SVI) $12.95

**Compal-A-Pillow.** Allows greater mobility and deeper penetration. Ohhh! Comes with removable satin cover and 2 year guarantee (S400) $7.95

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**NEW BOOKS**

**The Sex Atlas.** The most complete encyclopedia of human sexuality we've ever seen! It will make your own sexuality so much easier to understand (BK37) $25.00

**Encyclopedia Sexualis.** Frankly this is one of the sexiest books you could ever imagine. Make sure you have a big supply of air because this one is going to cause a lot of heavy breathing (BK38) $9.95

**Masturbation—The art of self enjoyment.** Reveals the full depth of this world of inner pleasure (BK04) $8.95

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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

'I've read about your intended Evelyn Rainbird Ltd. Newsletter and I think it's a good idea. Frankly I'm tired of being ripped off and I think having a newsletter that talks about new things without a lot of hard sell is something we all could use. While I'm complimenting you let me also say that you're one company I've found who really stands (or lays) behind the products you sell. Now let me go back to bed. Joyce M Chicago.'

Readers. We welcome your comments too. Let us know what kind of articles you would like to see in this newsletter. And tell us what's on your mind; tell us what you've been doing—we're interested.
Robert Jastrow

Humans are a finished chapter in evolution: our story is written. We are on our way to being living fossils.

In 1956 the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) appointed Dr. Robert Jastrow director of the Institute for Space Studies. They undoubtedly knew that they were getting a brilliant scientist who could think about space exploration and analyze the results of each completed project. Well, they got that and more. They found in Jastrow a man who not only had a feel for describing to the taxpayers how their money was being spent and why it was worth spending but who could also make a lot of citizens eager to contribute in his speculations about space, time, and man's position in the universe. When you read his book Not Clear Prove, you get the comfortable feeling that you now know practically as much as he does. You may not be any happier about man's lot, but you feel well educated. Jastrow's first book, Red Giants and White Dwarfs, explained how man came into existence. In his most recent work Until the Sun Dies, he considers the latest information about the origins of the universe and goes on to speculate about the future and what will become of the human race.

Supplementary to his books, Jastrow has written many newspaper and magazine articles on related subjects. He was born September 7, 1925, in New York City. He won numerous academic prizes and was a superb scholar, starting out as a premed student, then switching to biophysics and again to theoretical physics. He graduated from Columbia College, at the age of eighteen. By nineteen he had his master's degree, and at twenty-two he was a Ph.D. He spent a year at the University of Leiden in the Netherlands as a postdoctoral fellow and subsequently became a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Later he did research at the University of California at Berkeley and taught at Yale.

By 1966 Jastrow had abandoned nuclear physics and been swept up by the romance of the space sciences. He joined Project Vanguard, the government program for launching the first American satellite. By 1968 he was meeting deadlines, particularly when he told the Russians, during a visit to Moscow that they were wrong in calculating that the Sputnik rocket must have fallen on North America. He could prove that it had fallen in Outer Mongolia. After his return from Moscow he was named the head of NASA's theoretical division, which conducts basic research in astronomy and planetary science. When a year had passed, the government allowed him to set up the Institute for Space Studies at Columbia University, where it has remained and expanded.

In 1953 he led an impassioned defence of the Apollo project against critics who questioned the wisdom of spending $2 billion to put men on the moon. Since the period of his involvement in lunar exploration, he has been engaged in the Mars and Venus probes and—typically controversial—in opposing the majority view of his colleagues that there is no life on Mars. Jastrow was married once and is now divorced. He lives in a comfortably cluttered apartinent in Manhattan overlooking the Hudson River. The living room windows have no draperies. The grand piano must be played standing up, since the bench is used to hold a hi-fi. An attractive rust-red rug covers the floor but doesn't take up too much space. It has been allowed to run five inches up the wall. Hanging from a nail on one wall is a medallion from the Explorer's Club, an African necklace given him by astronaut Scott Carpenter and a medallion from the Dutch Trust Club. A desk, typewriter and the cabinet dominate the bedroom. The bed seems an afterthought and is under constant threat of burial by a literary avalanche from the hundreds of books that bulge out from the floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. It is obviously the home of a man who works, as he maintains, between eighteen and twenty-four hours a day.

This exclusive Penthouse interview was conducted in Dr. Jastrow's apartment and in his hectic office at Columbia, by frequent contributor Richard Ballard. The interview concerns on the future, particularly as pertains to Jastrow's pet theory that computers—or "the silicon intelligence"—may very well supplant man as the next form of life.
Penthouse: What aspect of space science intrigues you the most?

Jastrow: My main interest is in the possibility of human existence in the cosmos and the fact that the earth has been such a recent arrival in the family of stars and planets in the cosmos. It seems unlikely that we are unique and alone in the universe, favored by a creator who chooses to have life on this planet but on no other. It is much more likely that we are the new kids on the block and that the real life of the cosmos, the real physical reality, is outside the solar system and advanced far beyond our present understanding.

Penthouse: Why should life be so advanced elsewhere?

Jastrow: The universe was created 20 billion years ago in a shattering explosion. That is not an "iffy" question; it is a hard proven fact, like the structure of the DNA helix. Our earth came into being less than 5 billion years ago, out of the gases of space. Life on earth is 4 billion years old or thereabouts, and man, of course, is only a few million years old. This means that the very planet itself came into existence when much of the rest of the universe was already 15 billion years old. And that means that the planets around us in other solar systems are, on the average, about 7 or 8 billion years older than we are.

So it is these two numbers, 5 billion years for the age of the earth and 20 billion years for the age of the universe, that are the striking facts to come out of astronomy. They tell us that we are not, as we like to think at the summit of creation. We are down near the bottom somewhere.

Penthouse: You have written about what the next form of life on earth will be like. What are your latest conclusions?

Jastrow: The history of life, as contained in the fossil record, reveals a progression from simple to complex, starting from the threshold of life about 4 billion years ago. One billion years ago the highest forms of life were worms and jellyfish. But we are not circular like the jellyfish; so obviously we are in a line of descent from the worm. And worms, of course, had no brains to speak of. In a billion years, according to the fossil record, man evolved out of the worm.

Now, this gives us a perspective on our place in the cosmos relative to societies that may be a billion years older than we are. We may appear to them as the worm appears to us. You must notice that it took only 1 billion years to get from the worm to the man but 3 billion years to get from the threshold of life to the worm. So we're actually very close to the worm.

It is also revealed in the fossil record that at every stage in the evolution of intelligent life, the highest form present became the fossil out of which a new, higher form developed. In the case of man, we evolved out of the Savannah ape in a line that split off 4 or 5 million years ago, from an animal in the tree that looked something like genus Australopithecus, the "ape-man." Now Australopithecus leveled off in brain size and became extinct about a million years ago. But Homo, our ancestor, kept increasing in brainpower until about a quarter of a million years ago, when it began leveling off, and in the last 100,000 years the human brain has not changed in size. The body of man has changed hardly at all for a million years.

So we are in a finished chapter in evolution. Our story is written. We are on the way to being living fossils. But the history of life indicates that man is likely to be the rootstock out of which a higher form will evolve. It will not be a more intelligent man — man is Homo sapiens — but rather a new form, something beyond man. The question now is whether this new form, which might be called Homo intergalacticus, will be a biological entity having puny limbs and a big head to accommodate the progression of intelligence.

Will the brain of man continue to be housed in four hollow shells of bone, fed by blind vessels, from a model developed by the fishes 300 million years ago? Or will it be something different?

I say that computers, as we call them, are a newly emerging form of life. One made out of silicon rather than carbon. Silicon is chemically similar to carbon but it can enter into a sort of metal structure in which it is relatively invulnerable to damage. It is essentially immortal, and can be extended to an arbitrarily large brain size. Such new forms of life will have neither human emotions nor any of the other trappings we associate with human life.

Penthouse: You use the term "life" to describe what we usually think of as lifeless creatures. One might call them "computers with delusions of grandeur." How can you say they are a form of life?

Jastrow: They are new forms of life. They react to stimuli, they think, they reason, they learn by experience. They don't, however, procreate by sexual union or die — unless we want them to die. We take care of their reproduction for them. We also take care of their food needs, which are electrical. They are evolving at a dynamite speed. They have increased in capabilities by a power of ten every seven years since the dawn of the computer age. In 1950 man, on the other hand, has not changed for a long time.

By the end of the twentieth century the curves of human and computer growth will intersect, and by that time, I am confident, quasi-human intelligences will be with us. They will be similar in mentality to a freshly minted Ph.D. very strong, very narrow, with no human wisdom, but very powerful in brute reasoning strength. They will be working in combination with our managers who will be providing the human intuition. Silicon entities will be controlling and regulating the complex affairs of our twenty-first century society. The probability is that this will happen virtually within our own lifetime.

What happens in the third century or the fourth? There are 6 billion years left before the sun dies, and over that long period I doubt whether biological intelligence will continue to be the seat of intelligence for the highest forms of life on this planet. Nor do I think that those advanced beings on other planets who are older than we are if they exist are housed in shells of bone on a fish model of carbon chemistry. Silicon, think, is the answer.

Penthouse: What are the powers of mobility like in these silicon beings?

Jastrow: Mobility is only an attribute of life as we know it. I envision these entities as immortal beings freed from the prison of life on a planet like the earth. We mortals cannot escape earth except to nearby places like the moon and Mars, because our life span will never be more than 100 or 200 years. At most, and it takes 100,000 years or perhaps 1 million years to get from the earth to some other habitable place. But a silicon intelligence in the memory bank of a central store on a spaceship could live forever. To such an intelligence a million years would be like a day.

Penthouse: Would these silicon entities dig their own minerals, refine them, make their own spare parts, and repair themselves?

Jastrow: Yes, just as Hail, the computer in the film "2001: A Space Odyssey," was able to control all his sense organs and all the mechanical devices of the ship. The space ship in that film was alive. The human beings were mere adjuncts, though they did win out in the end.

Mobility is not in the brain but in the sense organs and the organs for manipulations that they control. Silicon entities need not be biological or derived from the model that again we got from the apes of the Savannah. They can be made of metal and plastic.

Penthouse: Who will be as we know them, as we are, who, like the dodo?

Jastrow: It may be that a symbiotic union will exist between humans and new forces of life: between biological and nonbiological intelligence — and it may now exist on other planets. We might continue to serve the needs of the silicon brain while it serves ours.

Penthouse: Do you think that the computer beings will triumph in the end?

Jastrow: Yes. Not "triumph" in the sense of a war but triumph in the same sense that the mammals triumphed over the dinosaurs. It will be the next stage of perfection...
INTRODUCING

OMNI

A MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE, SCIENCE FICTION AND THE FUTURE

... THE FIRST MAGAZINE OF THE 21st CENTURY
FEATURES

SOME OF US MAY NEVER DIE

In October of 1976, Luna, the 19-year-old daughter of science writer Robert Anton Wilson, was brutally beaten and killed in a grocery store robbery. Haunted by the loss of their child, the Wilsons took the only action they could. He immediately had the child's brain set in cryogenic suspension, frozen in liquid nitrogen. From this frozen brain a part of Luna's identity may someday be recovered or from the cells of her brain stem, a new body cloned.

Possible immortality is not the only promise of such freezing. For example, near absolute zero, where all molecular motion ceases, resistance to electricity suddenly disappears, allowing it to flow virtually forever with no loss of energy.

WHY IS THIS MAN?

For hundreds of years, pilgrims have flocked to a town in Italy to view a mysterious piece of cloth known as the Turin Shroud. The shroud displays an enigmatic face, photogenic image of a man some believe to be Jesus Christ.

This fall, after a summer on public display, the shroud is to be minutely tested by an international team of scientists looking for clues to its origins.

The Turin Shroud, UFOs, the Bermuda Triangle, strange explosions in the atmosphere, spontaneous combustion, out-of-body experiences—whatever events challenge the imagination, Omni will be there to report the facts and comment on science's expanding efforts to explain the unexplainable.

AN INSIDE LOOK

Armed with a mind-bending array of supertechnology, physicians can now literally peak inside the body to see what's wrong. Computer-enhanced X-rays (below), fiber optic video systems contained in a hyperdemic needle, sound holograms, nuclear scanners— you'll see it all in Omni.

MESSAGE

We send a variety of messages into space those days. Some, like the message at left, are reasoned statements of what we are, what we let, and what we're doing. Others like the television shows on Omnimilky Way, tell us of our distant relatives, that for all their faults, they have so far reached some 400 stars. They are not so distant after all. And if the aliens are already here?...Omni will tell you of a new test, based on the properties of the Earth, to determine whether or not your neighbor is an extraterrestrial. And if it is, you can even locate where he's from.

EXPLORATIONS

You can now take a trip into space, a real no-drugs trip into real space. The cost is an even $3 million, the trip lasts some 20 minutes (or shorter), and the visibility is permanently lowered NASA hatches. (Read about it in Omni.)

If you want to go with friends, a better way would be NASA's newest baby, the Space Shuttle. Developed by Rockwell International. As early as 1982, the Shuttle could carry hundreds of passengers into orbit each year. It's the tickets that cost considerably more than $1 million. You'll find out about that in Issue 2. While you wait for your boarding card, Omni will tell you where to go and what to see on this bizarre and wonderful planet, third from the sun. Omni will be your guide to ancient meteor craters, exploding volcanoes, and beaches that actually sink under your feet. Archaeological digs, the secret places where animals mate, museums, laboratories, even the hideaways where scientists go to relax. Exploration is science adventure and Omni will tell you where the action is.
IDEAS AND IMAGES

VISIONS

"The Creator of the universe comes through the microscope clearly and strongly. Everything made by human hands looks terrible under magnification." — Romain Rolland

"Stanislaw Wyspiański should know. Alas, he remains the world's foremost photographer from examinations of the structure of matter to myriad distant views of distant galaxies. Omni will take you on visual voyages far beyond the world's you know and understand."

FUTURE DRUGS

"I finally learned how to come into possession of an encyclopedia. I already own one now—the whole thing contained in three glass vials. Bought them in a science psycho-shop. Books are no longer read but eaten, not made of paper but of some informational substance, fully digestible, sugar-coated. I also did a little browsing in a psychom supermarket. Self-service. Arranged on the shelves are beautifully packaged low-calorie aspirin-like globes—credibility beans?—abstract extract in antique gallon jugs and tins, argumunches, puntards and dyscstasy chips."

Stanislav Lem in The Futurological Congress

FICTION

"He was sleek and he was lumpy, he was totally amphi-eyed and Alltahr the adventurer was what he really was. However, he was known on the planet Gru as Alltahr Storyteller. Not because he did that better—better even than storytelling at which he was a marvel. His people called him―they couldn't spell his name―Alltahr Storyteller, and that it was truly."

Thus begins Theodore Sturgeon's short story "Time Warp," a mind-bending tale of time travel, exploding planets, and the marvelous Alltahr who can make anyone invisible. You can find out what happens in the October Omni. Also in early issues of Omni you will find stories by established masters such as Isaac Asimov, Ben Bova, and Harlan Ellison, as well as offerings by new writers who will chart the future of this exciting genre.

ROBOTS

1) A robot may not injure a human being, or through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.
2) A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.
3) A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First or Second Law.

Isaac Asimov, I, Robot

INTERVIEW

"I think it's possible to go into space on a much smaller scale—a cost on the order of $40,000 per person, which in terms of real wages is comparable to passage on the Mayflower. Otherwise, space is a luxury only governments can afford."

So speaks the eminent physical futurologist Freeman J. Dyson, subject of one Omni interview. Each month Omni will present, probe, and challenge the ideas and opinions of the most important minds in science and science fiction. Rare close encounters with such notable thinkers as Alvin Toffler, Isaac Asimov, Jacques Cousteau, Thor Heyerdahl, and Jane Goodall will be the rule rather than the exception in Omni.

WINGS

Before he had conceptualized time man viewed the flight of birds with awe and envy. Too heavy and unstreamlined to escape his earthly prison, mankind would pass before such imaginative men as Leonardo would develop the mind, the artistry, and the intellectual sophistication to anticipate the heavenly journey. Another five centuries would pass before man's knowledge could catch up to his aspirations. Omni's coverage of man's escape from terra firma will begin with the inspired drawings of Leonardo, recaptures that epochal day at Kitty Hawk, encapsulates the evolution wrought by the propeller, and traces the development of powered flight through rocketry and beyond. In words and pictures, Omni will detail our flight against nature and gravity and then take us to the ultimate frontiers of time and space for the most incredible journey of all.
ENVIRONMENT
For the first time in history mankind is in possession of data and knowledge about the whole earth: resources, ecosystems, population, environments. How we put this vital knowledge to work may well determine whether or not we will survive. Each month Omni will present the important environmental issues—stop mining, nuclear waste storage, air and water pollution, global strategies and alternatives, new technologies and new energies. It will provide a forum for all those concerned with the environment, conservationists and industrialists alike.

UFO UPDATE
On a dark hillside in Texas, technicians monitor a battery of instruments hoping to catch and record UFO sightings. Data specialists across the country analyze computerized images of alleged UFO photographs seeking evidence of authenticity. A Chicago firm prints out pattern analyses of UFO sightings, searching for a signal behind the noise of thousands of annual reports. After three decades of aimless theorizing, UFO proponents have finally accepted the rules of science. Will they succeed? Each month Omni will report on the controversial world of believers and nonbelievers, chronicle important highlights of the UFO phenomenon, evaluate the evidence. Final proof? You be the judge.

THE ARTS
We are in the midst of an incredible media explosion wherein science plays the principal role. Omni will keep you informed on all science-related and science fiction films, books, television, music, and any other medium that is likely to illuminate and influence your future.

Movies such as Superman, Flash Gordon, The Lord of the Rings, Star Trek, Batman, and Meteor will be coming your way soon. They promise the ultimate in adventure, special effects, and the kind of expertise that only science and science fiction can generate.

With Star Wars and Close Encounters of the Third Kind dramatically underscoring a new age in media recognition of science fiction, television has real UFO time-mounting such special productions as The Martian Chronicles, Brave New World, an all new version of Buck Rogers, as well as Battlestar Galactica, Project UFO, Quark, The Incredible Hulk and Space Force.

As barometers of human endeavor, media and art tell us that the future is now—your future and ours—and that's what Omni is all about.

SPACE
A dark image of the earth against a backdrop of stars. TheClose Encounters of the Third Kind

LIFE SCIENCES
In the October issue of Omni, Dr. Bernard Dixon, editor of the prestigious British weekly New Scientist, will tell you of a species only recently endangered—the smallpox virus. Virtually extinct in nature, the smallpox virus may now be eradicated in the laboratory as well. According to Dr. Dixon, the total elimination of this deadly virus may not be such a good idea.

Each month in Omni Dr. Dixon will report on the latest developments in the life sciences. His column, Life Sciences, will explore the most wondrous of man's endeavors—the study of life itself.

CONTINUUM
Did you know that:

- We can now equip mice with human chromosomes?
- We can make machines that see heat, think, learn, and speak?
- Nearly 15 percent of all Americans will their brains to science?
- Power lines affect climate, agriculture, and human health?
- Over 200 satellites now in orbit are "nuclear bombs"?
- Homeowners rights to solar power are not protected by law?
- A pocket of sea creatures has been found a mile deep in the ocean where life as we know it should be unable to survive?
- The unicorn, traditionally a mythological beast, may have existed after all?
- Computer crime will comprise more than 20 percent of the totalinker in the next few years?

Continuum, Omni's unique data bank of scientific anomalies and curiosities, will bring you answers to these and similarly fascinating questions each month. A potpourri of late-breaking developments, compelling facts, fallacies, and profiles, Continuum encapsulates the editorial spirit and vitality of Omni.
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— Charles F. Kettering

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INTERVIEW
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

Penthouse: Are concepts like ethics, morals, and spirituality irrelevant to these silicon beings?
Jastrow: No, not at all. I think that such intelligent beings may be capable of aesthetic perceptions far beyond our imagining. The only thing is, that their aesthetics will not be human. These beings will not have a large baggage of emotions. You see, our musical and verbal perceptions were bred into us for their survival values back in the time when we were evolving out of the Savannah apes. Forms of life in the African savannah environment developed selected traits for survival that have nothing to do with the needs of today or with those of a billion years in the future.

Penthouse: What would be the purpose of the existence of these computer beings?
Jastrow: That's a big question. I don't know what the "kicks" of these computer beings will be. No human emotions will be involved, but there may be other emotions. I think that they may find their pleasure in aesthetic perceptions akin to our delight in music and art and design, and also find it in the larger search for order and harmony in the universe. Their understanding of the harmony of the cosmos and the nature of physical reality may transcend ours. Their curiosity to discover may be what drives them.

Penthouse: If there are life-forms in the cosmos that are older and more advanced than ours, why have they never made contact with us?
Jastrow: I suspect that these other forms of life are around, but they don't drop in on us every minute. They come down every now and then to see how the garden is growing. We must get to a certain point before they find us interesting. It's almost like dealing with children before you invite them into your adult community. They must be able to talk with you. I don't know whether we have reached that threshold.

In the book of Ezekiel in the Bible, you can read a description of what sounds like the landing and taking off of a spaceship. Ezekiel speaks of seeing creatures with wheels with enormous rims and of "eyes all the way around" the rims. He describes the noise of their wings "like a storm," when they moved. It's all there in the first few pages.
I would say that they come down every million years or so. In any event, we have been sending out a million-watt level of television broadcasts for the last twenty years, which by now will have revealed to fifty or a hundred stars that there is intelligent life on this planet. And unless they are indifferent because we are so juvenile, as it were, they should have their replies on the way—and these replies should be converging on us at about the end of the century.

Penthouse: You have said that the day will come when through the use of silicon ma-

Mortals cannot escape earth, because our life span will never be more than 200 years, and it takes perhaps a million years to get to some habitable place.

what happens to man when he is living in an environment free of competition and struggle?
Jastrow: Yes. Consider the people who moved out from the Asian mainland and eventually colonized Tahiti. They found a natural paradise with few natural enemies. You might expect that under such ideal conditions they would be free to create art and music and all manner of worthwhile things. But when the Europeans found the Tahitians, they found a society dominated by promiscuity, infanticide, ritual cannibalism and drugs. The Tahitians had not created anything. Instead, they had lost many of the skills their ancestors had brought with them to this new land. They went into written and pottery making, for example. Apparently with no pressure to create, man generally does not create.

Penthouse: Then it's better for the artist to starve in his garret?
Jastrow: Well, perhaps not exactly. I'm saying that this has been the pattern, as revealed in the leveling-off in human brain size that took place 100,000 years ago. Man learned to make his way on this planet in a much easier fashion than before.

So, if we developed in the future to a point where we become leisure beings, it is possible that in such a society the person who is dissatisfied—who questions, who upsets the equilibrium of what is for all material purposes a perfect world—will find himself undergoing societal or perhaps political pressure not to rock the boat.

Penthouse: He'll be told to love his world or leave it?

Jastrow: Yes. That will be the case more or less. So you might find that while music and the arts could be revolutionary or even evolutionary might be frowned upon or suppressed. In short, if you are living in paradise you can't try to change it—you may be ordered out of the garden.

Penthouse: And will it be at that point that the silicon brains take over?

Jastrow: Yes, because the silicon intelligence has nothing to do with this history of human evolution we've been talking about. It's capabilities, from our point of view, are unlimited. No natural forces are required to keep it honed to a sharp edge.

Now I do not know what forces will go to work to find out the full capability of a silicon intelligence. Will they lie fair in the future? Who can tell what the silicon intelligence will do? It might curl up and be satisfied with itself and stop progressing. And it might not.

Penthouse: What do you think of the possibility of an all-out nuclear war wiping out the human race before the silicon brains could take over?

Jastrow: I do not believe there is a possibility of total nuclear annihilation. It would be necessary to eliminate every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth. Even if we did succeed in eliminating every form of life on the land, we would only set evolution back 350 million years, to the time that the fishes left the water. That's the blink of an eye on this time scale. When you consider that we have never wiped out a billion years to go before the water will be formed, the land and vaporized out of the earth. Even if we wiped out all human beings, the baboons and the raccoons would inherit our niche within 20 million years. Again, this is just the blink of an eye.

And if as is likely we do eventually dominate the human population with such an overwhelming catastrophe, I think that the 10 percent who might possibly survive—those radiation-resistant mutants—would remember that holocaust for a long time and would not make that mistake again.

Penthouse: Would it then follow that this surviving 10 percent might, as a result of their radiation-resistant qualities and because of the enormous changes to their survival on a nuclear-blasted and polluted planet, make another evolutionary leap?

Jastrow: Indeed. But they would never make the mistake of unleashing nuclear energy in that fashion again.

Penthouse: Perhaps by that time we could be packing up and going off to live on Mars. What's ahead for us in that area of space exploration?

Jastrow: I think that by the first decade of the next century we'll have a small as
CAN THIS BE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD?

JANE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE
According to Editor Publisher Bob Guccione, who took these pictures and who has been photographing Jane Hargrave since she was eighteen (Penthouse July 1973), the twenty-one-year-old 1976 U.K. Pet of the Year is "easily one of the most erotically beautiful women I have ever met—and one of the most interesting. Her physical beauty is classically English elegant and aloof, and yet her mind and her manner are ablaze with sensuality." Jane's appeal is direct and unerring. She is the living incarnation of one of the most popular of all male sexual fantasies, that inevitable amalgam of lady and whore—the perfect woman.
Bob rates Jano as one of his few all-time favorite models.

"I like the way she moves, the angles and shapes her body makes, the intelligent use of erotic attitudes and expression, her willingness to do anything I ask, however bizarre, because she trusts my judgment, her incredible ability to remain ladylike even while making explicit love in front of a camera as she did in Gore Vidal's *Caligula* (Penthouse's soon-to-be-released, $16 million tour de force of life under the Roman Caesars)."
Jane had no misgivings about her brief but unforgettable role in Gore Vidal's Caligula. "It was something I never dreamed I could do, but I was playing a part. I was a young noblewoman in the court of Caligula. I was a promiscuous bitch in a strange, sex-charged world doing what any other promiscuous bitch would do. But I was still acting and still very conscious of my responsibility to the whole film. I enjoyed it immensely, but that was because I felt it was good and because I had played an essential creative part in something very grand and very important."
I'm a promiscuous bitch in a sex-charged world, doing what any other bitch would do.
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You were fine, grinned Fairclough. "But God help you."

"You were on the chilly Dad."

Bessie approached Bev in a frank, amorousness that he had to fight off. Poor kid, she was going to be a hell of a problem. He decided to cool her down by telling her what the situation was. It wouldn't spoil her Christmas, she'd have forgotten it all by tomorrow morning.

"Listen carefully, Bessie. I love you,"

he said.

"Yes darling, I'm listening. Put your hand there.

"No I will not. Listen bad times are coming. I'm going to be out of a job. There's going to be no money coming in at all from the National Insurance. They'll probably throw us out of this flat because I won't be able to pay the rent. The bad times are coming because it's my stupidity that's making me jobless—that's what they're telling you."

"Why won't you put your hand there?" Bessie asked. "Because you're my daughter, and there are certain things not permitted between father and daughter."

Who'll tell me? Put your hand there. Your teachers and the other kids whose parents will have told them all about it. But you have to understand why I'm doing it. Bessie! No man has to be crucified. Jesus didn't have to be. But there are some things that a man can't submit to and I can't submit to what the unions mean. Do you understand?

What's croaky whatever it was? Why won't you put your hand there?

Because you're my daughter and there are certain things not permitted between father and daughter. I want you to understand what I'm telling you. Bessie. Your poor dying mother said: Don't let them get away with it. And although it must seem mad to you, that's why I'm telling you. Bessie.

Your poor dying mother said: Don't let them get away with it. And although it must seem mad to you, that's why I'm telling you. Bessie. Your poor dying mother said: Don't let them get away with it. And although it must seem mad to you, that's why I'm telling you. Bessie.

No. And if I think you're mean. Why won't you put your—"

The new year came in with bitter weather. Bessie was snug in a girl's home in St. Albans. Where she traveled daily to school in what her father, having already seen some of her companions, ironically called a virginal. Bev slept where he could—Salvation Army hostels in rail- way terminals, and on one occasion in Westminster Abbey. He grew pretty witched dirty and bearded. He had expected to be able to spend much of the day in the reading rooms of public libraries, but there were not many public libraries around these days, and such as still existed were full of old, snoring men.

"The workers don't need libraries," said a kuma boy. "They need clubs.

To club the bastards' growled another. A small gang of them had stopped Bev with an evident view to bashing and shouting. Bev told no fear and the boys must have sensed it. He leaned against a torn wall poster of Bill the Symbolic Worker, right hand in pocket clutching a flick knife. He smiled and said: "Turn facies reem, et manem morta raptum."

They'd surrounded him on that examining smiling breathing on him.

"You know Greek too many?"

"Me phronti ton hapanta mika logon Sophistes," said Bev. "From the Oedipus Colonnus."

"Meaning?"

"It is best not to be born."

From some of the boys came a deep exhalation as from some satisfying inhalation. The Kumina leader black, with a thick profile, pulled out a pack of Savoy Finns and said: "You want a canik?"

"Thanks, but I had to give it up."

"You out of a job? Union mashiki? You antistate?"

"Yes yes yes."

There were seven of these kuma boys, not altogether black. The leader said: "Ali."

For across the street an unwise man was walking along purposefully, a man with a place to go to. Ali and Tod said the leader. The two named walked over and tripped the man, expertly booted him in the left side then asked him as he lay they came back with thirty two pound notes. Right said the leader. "You come, Tod. The rest at Soapy's around eleven okay."

"Okay Tus."

So Tus and Tod a yellowish friar-looking boy who danced up and down with the cold, took Bev to the unemployed canton of Westminster Bridge. Here they fed him with ham sandwiches, sausage rolls, macaronis and tomato soup in a cup. The woman behind the counter said they had to show their certificates of unemployment before they could be permitted to take advantage of the low subsized prices but the boys merely snarled. Tus said to Bev while he wolfed his food. "You ever heard of Mizusako?"

"Japanese? Inventor of a violin method?"

"That's very good. But you to couple letters way off. Violence is more like it. Method yes a method."

Tod said earnestly. "The trouble he said
AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE HAS QUIETED DOWN

THE SLOW GLOW.

They have so little
time for each other.
Yet when they’re
together, time stops.
And they turn to Cointreau.
With its hint of orange,
Cointreau glows—slowly
turning opalescent on the
rocks, brilliantly clear
straight up. Give it as a gift,
share it. The Slow Glow
of Cointreau.
is separating culture from morality because culture's developed by societies and that makes it preach social values. I mean, he means books don't preach values. They preach being good.

Books shouldn't strictly preach anything said munching Bev "Knowledge and beauty—they're outside ethics. Who is this Mizusako?"

"He's in jail somewhere in the States," said Tuss, smoking very vacuously. "He went on the rounds of the campuses preaching clean, short, dirty, disinterested—shit, shit, shit!"

"Disinterestedness?"

"On a mouthful but yes, that it. Free learning, free action. He talked of a UU "You You?"

"An underground university paid for by robbery which has to mean violence. Teaching useless things. Latin, Greek History. We got lousy education, right?"

"Right!"

"Lousy because it's Labor. Lousy because it levels. No clever boys wanted. There's certain things it won't allow because it says they're no good to the workers. Now it follows that the things they won't allow must be the only things worth knowing. You get that?"

"There's a sort of logic in it."

"We go to school, we lot, till we sixteen. That the law. Okay we go and we don't listen to the crap they call sociology and Worker's English. We sit at the back and read Latin."

"We're not in jobs and we never will be. We're not sheep, we don't follow the ram's bell. We face a life of crime and violence Culture and anarchy. I wish I could get them to fit. Read Virgil and then rip some guy up. I don't like—what is the word?"

"Inconsistency" said Tod "You can't avoid it. Said Bev though uneasily if you're human. You're committed to crime if you're against the Workers State. My MP told me that."

"Crime of two kinds" worried Tuss. "Robbing Robin Hood style like you saw tonight. The acte gratuit."

"Who told you about acte gratuit?"

"A guy called Hartwell, said Tuss. He called us someplace, I forget where. A great man for the gin. He told us about Comus—a French Aligene guy a footballer you may have heard of him. This guy killed a girl and then he knows he's a human being. He's done a thing there's no reason for doing. and he sees that that's what makes him free. Only human beings can do the acte gratuit. Everything else, and that means the great fucking big universe and all the stars it all has to follow like laws. But men have to show they're free by doing things like killing and chopping."

"What do we do on gratuit? Tod said "It can't be. If we're antistate we have to be properly antistate. That means knocking against the law because it's a State thing. Like Latin and Greek are antistate things. So violence and Shakespeare and Plato go together. They have to. And literature teaches revenge. When I read Don Qui-

---

The Irwin boy lay unconscious, near naked, bruised, not too bloody. It had been a multiple pederastic assault, a sevenfold entry.

---

we came in. We get sort of friendly, that's the trouble. Don't slash hard enough. Let them get their own vino he said with sudden viciousness."

"The only things of importance. Bev said still with uneasiness, "are subversive Art is subversive. Philosophy too. The State killed Socrates."

"Yeah I know." frowned Tuss. "On this we owe a book to Aristotle."

"O Kraton." translated Bev back to Acta."apheimenos elektrou"

Again again. urged Tuss. Grabbing Bev's worn greatest label. Christ those are the real words. That are really the poor guy talking. Bev who still owned a stylo wrote it down in Roman transliteration on Tuss's cigarette paper. Tuss devoured the words then he said "I get a shiver when I read the words in English. Right down the backbone. Now it'll be a shiver all over. I had to bash up those Greeks that ran the stinking restaurant in Camberwell. Because of that. Then I found the guy that ran it was called Socrates Mockery I said and I put the boot in proper."

Bev shivered inwardly when the image of the ravished and tom Irwin boy came back to him. He'd suffered and died because he wasn't a character in literature? Or perhaps he wanted it. An extreme Christniquer? Who knew anything of the dark heart of man? Aren't you afraid of getting caught?" he asked "Of being put away?"

"No. Tuss shook his head, many times slowly. 'Not scared.' It's the final test. to see if you can live like alone inside your skull. That's one reason for stocking it up. to see if it can feed off itself. That's real freedom, being alone in a cell, and there's all your brain to travel in. like a country But nobody gets caught. The guards keep out of our way."

"I don't know the word Police?"

"Pig" in Swahili. "Chanzimi—that's Arabic. That's worse. They don't want blood on their uniforms. O Kraton he began to read "to ask—"

"Pay the debt. Therefore. Do not neglect it," said Bev. "That's how it goes."

"Give me in Greek. Give me in real. I want the past in front of me like it was all really there."

"I can't remember the rest," said Bev. "Sorry. You're right about the past. We owe no debt to the present or the future. Keep the past alive. Pay the debt. Somebody has to do it."

It was the following night that Bev frozen came to an abandoned factory off Hammersmith Broadway. in the factory yard railled and gaited off from the street ragged men sat round a fire. A reek of charred meat flooded Bev's mouth with saliva. The gate was open.

No room, no room. said a scholarly looking man in a stained and ancient British waistcoat and muddy Wellingtons. But his eye was kindly. Bev, without invitation, sat on an old oil drum.

"Antistate?" he said. "All?"

They looked at him warily. "Your vocation?" asked the scholarly looking man. Bev told him. The man nodded. "My name is Reynolds." he said. "I am fifty-nine. I had been willing to keep my mouth shut for a month or so longer. I would have retired in the normal way and received my State pension. Comprehensive School Willingen. Senior teacher of literature."

"Look, prot we've heard all this," whined a budge-eyed man with a perfectly round head shorn and shaven, as if against ringworm.

"You cannot hear it too often. Wilfred. Besides I'm addressing My Jones here. The set books laid down for the advanced level of the State Leaving Certificate examination were as follows. Poetry, the lyrics of a boy called Jed Foot, member of a singing group called The Come Quacks that sang them a volume of songs by somebody American. I think I called Rod something. Drama, a play called The Mousetrap by the late Dame Agatha Christie—that apparently running in the West End forty years after it's premiere. Fiction a novel called The Carpetbaggers—or to be exact. A Shorter the Carpetbaggers—by Harold Robbins and some nonsense about the errors of social climbing by Sir John Braine.
I ask you literature? I resigned "He looked round the circle as if for applause."

"Most courageous," said Bev. "Might I have a little of that meat there? I'm starving."

"Let him nick his own," snarled a black man.

Charity charity, said Reynolds. He will do his share of nicking tomorrow if he joins our band. Here sir this is chuck steak and hard to masticate but nourishing. I think a roasted onion rests somewhere among the blue blak orchards."

"Don't let them get away with it," Bev's wife's voice cranked out of the fire. "What do we do? Bev asked.

We wait," said Reynolds. "We wait for one of history's little surprises. I propose turning in gentlemen." To Bev he said: "This factory closed down when it couldn't meet the 79 wage demands. The government didn't find it worthwhile to take it over. It was a mattress factory. We found plenty of moldering mattresses in the warehouse. If you sleep here you will feel very much like the filling of a sandwich."

"Sharply to the black," you said something about knocking off some blankets."

"Not easy man."

"You must take our situation more seriously."

"Have you any particular specialty sir?"

In thieving?

"No, we don't like that word. We prefer euphemisms like nicking, knocking off, finding scrapping. Were you ever in the army?"

I was born," said Bev. "at the beginning of the Long Peace."

"I see. The army gave me," he added, "a service was a wholesome attitude toward property."

"Well, we'll see," said Reynolds. "Come, let me find you a place to sleep." He produced a candle and lighted it at the fire.

The empty hull of the factory was cavernous and rusty. It rang hollow and for lon. Reynolds lighted a smoking oil lamp with his end of candle. He showed Bev how to sleep — on a mattress with two other mattresses laid over him laterally. Bev felt warm but dirty. "Does one wash?" he asked.

"Surely successful nicking depends on a decent appearance."

For retail winning yes. For wholesale filth does no harm. When a meat truck is unloading you present a dirty shoulder and receive a side of beef, then you take it into the store or shop in question and leave the back way. Sometimes there are problems. We can give it you, the easy way to morrow if you wish. A beard does no harm. A catch in cold water. But decent dress is essential for the knocking off of supermarket goods. We have here what we call the C. and A. Wilford's little pleasantries — the Coat and At. Kep is clean and ready in plastic. No shortage of plastic plastic everywhere free and indestructible like God."

One by one two by two the cheerless cavern filled with sleepers. Snoring chores groans odd muttered or screamed words. No life thought Bev before he too dropped off. No life for anyone.

Wild Turkey Lore:

Wild Turkeys are masters of camouflage and evasion. A large flock of birds will lie quietly within yards of a man passing through the forest, and never be seen.

The Wild Turkey is truly a native bird, unique to America. And it is the unique symbol of the finest native whiskey in America — Wild Turkey.
noxious fumes make human labor risky or impossible and in places that are very hot or very cold. Robotic drones are now at work in all kinds of environments that would be unbearable for flesh-and-blood proles.

In fact several robotists believe that the day when human blue-collar workers are entirely replaced by solid-state slaves is not very far off. "With the spectrum of technology available now, it would be possible to eliminate most of the blue-collar jobs today performed by humans within the next twenty or thirty years," Engelberger maintains. "But he adds "because of the social, political, and economic factors involved, a more reasonable time is likely to be a hundred years." These three factors can be reduced to two words: Big Labor. The unions know that robots will be replacing their people on the assembly lines as well as in the foundries—and they don't like it. They're already fighting a holding action. As of now, a robot can only replace a worker who retires or dies.

Tom Bintford believes that 30 percent of the human labor force could be replaced by intelligent, sensitive automata within thirty years. And Robert Malone forecasts totally robotized factories that will need practically no human supervision. Fully autonomous robots will oversee production and robot managers and foremen will direct blue collar robots to best meet preprogrammed quotas. A single human could probably manage several factories at the same time.

Present-day industrial robots are drones. They are equipped with rudimentary machine intelligence, but they lack panache. They're as versatile as galoshes and as witty as a microwave oven. What America wants, needs, and will be turned on by is a robot in the home—an interactive, mechanical Jeeves with a built-in Cuisinart able to greet guests at the door mix a mean margarita, pick up after the dog, answer the phone and be a mobile fire- and burglar alarm unit.

It is no wonder that the home robot is the Brooklyn Bridge of the computer age. Lurking behind every digital clock is a con man willing to sell you a hunk of tin with a soul built in. But caveat emptor: the home robot is as close to being reality as Idi Amin is to being a humanitarian. For now, that is.

The major stumbling block is money. Professor Ed Fredkin of M.I.T. maintains that "even if we stuck only to the capabilities that are reasonable extensions of our present state of knowledge we can make an amazingly useful household robot. All that is required to build a working prototype of an affordable household robot, says Fredkin, is a few billion dollars and ten or fifteen years of intensive research and development—something similar to the financial support and human commitment that resulted in that one great step for mankind a few years back.

But the total support, both public and private, for robotics last year amounted to little more than $5 million. The army spends that much on cost overruns for mosquito repellent.

With the necessary backing, however, the home robot could be on the scene in a relatively short time. 'The robot I have in mind,' says Fredkin, 'would be an anthropomorphic machine with two arms, two legs, and a pair of eyes and ears. It would stand less than five feet tall, be capable of simple, connected speech and have a verbal-recognition capability of a thousand words or so. Eighty-eight motors and hundreds of small computers would go into it.'

Within the first ten years of production the typical household robot would be capable of performing the following tasks: vacuuming, dusting, cleaning, picking up washing and drying. It could even hang clothes on a line move objects, change towels and linens, do simple painting, wax furniture, feed the pets, answer the phone, and wake people up.

Fredkin's predictions are partly based on the assumption that computer technology will continue to advance at its present rate. Each year computers are getting faster, smaller and cheaper. Within twenty or thirty years computers that today take up half a
When their work is done, even the leaves turn to red.

JOHNNIE WALKER RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE
room and cost in the millions will fit on a

But the price tag for the complete home robot will be high—more than that of a new car. Even so, Fredkin predicts that in the first twenty years of production 35 million robots will be sold for a gross of approximately $500 billion. After that he sees yearly sales averaging between $60 billion and $70 billion. The household robot business alone, not counting industrial robots, should be bigger than the auto industry.

The home-robot boom will be a capitalist's fantasy come true. The only humans put out of work will be homemakers. They will not complain.

Millions of jobs will open up in factories where the home robots are assembled. Luxurious robot showrooms will open all over the country with saucy salesmen dressed in computer technology demonstrating the desirability of domestic androids. Insurance salesmen will drool at the prospects of insuring robots against temperamental transistors and buggy programs. Two new money-eating sharks will enter the slow-slate seas of the future: the dollar-devouring used-robot salesman and the equally carnivorous robot repairman.

Madison Avenue hucksters will promote robot sales with sex, status, and status—anything that will get you into hock in order to be the first one on your quadrant to own your own robot. The time-tested capitalist strategy of planned obsolescence will assure an annual turnover in the showrooms.

Specialized models will lead to two and three robot families. Recreational robots will play Ping-Pong, throw Frisbees even hustle their owners at pool. Tom Binford, a weekend gourmet, looks forward to the time that he can create a French-chef robot with synthetic snout and sensitive palate for testing bearnaise sauce.

For all the sophisticated circuitry and performance of the projected home robot, though it will be nothing more than a highly programmed machine not much brighter than an extremely retarded human. Robotics is artificial evolution; it will not be complete until we produce synthetic intelligence that thinks or seems to think, as well as humans do. All the other problems are mechanical and soluble.

Today's state-of-the-art robotic arm, for instance, has six articulations from elbow to wrist. Although that's a far cry from the thirty-seven that a human arm has, it's enough for many jobs and refinements will come in time. Robot eyesight is improving, too. Right now Binford is working on stereo vision, which will enable robots to see in depth and scan moving objects. That coupled with infrared cameras and the ability to judge distance to within millimeters will result in a machine vision that in some ways is superior to human vision.

The biggest breakthrough though would be synthetic consciousness. "When people first started attempting artificial intelligence fifteen or twenty years ago," says Dr. Charles Rosen, "everyone would have agreed that a machine with a little bit of simple vision or one that could understand human speech would show some real intelligence. Now these things are beginning to happen and people are asking questions about even more advanced intelligence. What are associative thought patterns and creativity going up one more level to a kind of abstraction human beings excel at. There are very difficult problems. They haven't been tackled successfully yet but I don't think they're impossible. As far as I can make out from what I've seen there's no end in view to what you'll be able to do when you talk in terms of hundreds or thousands of years."

Dan Hillis, an artificial-intelligence researcher at M.I.T. puts it more succinctly: "Though there's no science that tells me it's true, I personally suspect that a sentient being can be made out of transistors, as well as out of protoplasm.

What will the future be like when man and synthetically conscious machine live side by side? The sentient machine will have certain advantages over man. It will be able to correlate data in nanoseconds (billionths of a second) and will therefore be quicker on the celestial trigger than fallible flesh and bloods are. But it will probably lack man's limber bioplasmic shell. Intelligence and agility will be the rule for robots of the future.

Richard Brautigan, in his poem "Cybernetic Forest" foresees a future in which "man is watched over" by machines of love and grace. The nanny-robot would be the ideal governess for future toddlers. Its built-in defense capabilities would ensure that no harm befalls its wards. The perfect pedagogue it would teach children everything from space history to calculus. When the kids tire of their algorithmic exercises, the robot could regale them with hoary legends of the early days of space exploration.

An adult version of the future world's nanny-robot will be the robotic bodyguard. Science-fiction writer Philip K. Dick suggests that with the development of advanced associative artificial-intelligence systems, truly thinking computers will be able to analyze information at a much faster speed than humans can. The robot think tanks will provide us with accurate predictions about present and future problems, helping us to avoid messes like oil crises and depreciating dollars. Robot prophets and cybernetic religions are also a possibility. On the personal level, each human would have a robotic escort and advisor. As your bodyguard, it would protect you not only from criminals but also from natural disasters and acts of God. Imagine a constant companion who would "live" solely to warn you of your chances of getting flattened by a speeding car.
technical tone with the fifties science-fiction title Build Your Own Working Robot, sees robots as, among other things, the superjocks of the future. "What we're going to wind up doing is building machines that bridge the gap between living and nonliving things. I'd love to see a bunch of these robots playing football. The beautiful thing about the machines I'm talking about—self-motivating, goal-seeking robots—is that they won't always operate at optimum efficiency. They might go out on the gridiron and feel collectively sluggish one day if their goal setting motivation isn't high enough." The Dallas Cowboy Androids will have off-games just like their human counterparts. Even in the future the cliché 'on any given day will hold true.

There is a dark side to the athletic android as well. The jock robot might be turned into a gladiator for a cybernetic version of bread and circuses. The nasty brutish approach to sentient robots could result in a military robot. Robotic infantry would make nuclear war more plausible since robots will be able to fight in tactically nuked hot zones.

Philip K. Dick also foresaw that robots will be used as space explorers. The long journey through the galaxy will neither bore nor age them. Once they reach a target planet, they would be impervious to conditions hostile to humans. The robots could then build the domes and artificial atmospheres necessary for supporting carboniferous life. Robert Malone sees robots as our representatives to other galactic life forms. We could send these representatives out in seedships to seek out other life forms. Because of the possibility of memory banking, these robots could be storehouses of vast eclectic knowledge that would represent the range of human scientific and aesthetic activity.

Some robofanatics are pleased to think of their machines' descendents as the next stage in human evolution. You can even see robots as our children—Homo machina" says Dan Hillis. Some people see that as a bad thing—that we'll be replaced. I prefer to see it as an extension of ourselves as our children, only much better than we are in many ways. They won't have to worry about groveling for food or any of these other squishy protoplasmic problems. They can in fact go on and be even more human than we are: they could disinherit the animal in us. And for our part we could help by putting into them the best and most human qualities we have.

At the end of Unimation's robot promo film—Robots Work for People Who Think—the narrator intones: "Robots don't think for us: they only do what we want them to do and anything within their reach is in our control. What are they going to do now? That's up to you: it's up to all of us.

The cliché of the seventies is that the future is now. That's not quite true of robots, but they are coming. The robotic future is going to be very strange, and it is going to be happening very soon.
Since when do you drink Jim Beam?

"Since I found its best dividend is taste."

Dr. William R. Clarke, Banker.
The car emerged from the umbrella of the palm tree and I lay the gleaming expanse of the main dolphin pool and beyond the beauty of Fraxolata Bay pelicans riding thermals above. I pulled the car under the shade of the bleachers and as I got out I noticed one of the dolphins—at a distance I couldn’t tell which—lifting its head to stare curiously at me. Then I spotted Hank coming my way.

"Well how-dee! Ain’t seen you for the god-damnedest long time! Where you been hiding yourself, Max?"

"He’s just as well, with those porpoises actin’ up," muttered Hank popsitting the tab. He tossed it on the floor which was littered with tabs. My eye wandered to a cardboard box overflowing with cans. Then I noticed a movement in the sunlight outside. Because of the glare I could not see well, but it seemed as if that same dolphin was alternately peering into the dark recesses of the hut and splashing water on the dock as if trying to attract someone’s attention.

BY MALCOLM BRENNER
A caterpillar tour train arrived. Perhaps half a dozen tourists got out and arranged themselves in a lump on the bleachers.

One of the dolphins tossed a shred of seaweed onto the dock. The tourists pointed and aimed their tiny cameras as if that were something unusual. Beau his back to the door, didn't notice. I felt vaguely uneasy. The shiftless, run-down atmosphere was infectious. There seemed to be a nimbus of lethargy hovering over the park, although the sun was melting butter.

"What's the matter with them, Beau?"

His gaze passed over the pool above the spectators and into blue space. "I think they know, friend."

"That the park is closing down?"

"They sure know somethin's goin' on," he continued. "All of 'em been actin' real strange, lately. Distant. I guess you'd say 'Course, not havin' any crowds to play up to doesn't help 'em, me neither. It's plumb discouragin'. Twan't like this last summer, not this bad. It's been downhill for some while now ... just gotten steeper, lately."

"What's goin' to happen to the dolphins when this place shuts down, Beau?"

"I'm thinkin' about various ways to dispose of 'em, Beau said. "Got an offer from a place in Jamaica to take three."

"The problem with that bein', Could we get a porpoise to work for a coon?"

Both men roared Southern humor, I sadly reflected. Then I remembered that Hank was from Atlantic City.

"Then there's a place in Loozyana that's made an offer on a couple o' the others but it's too early to tell. Max Everythin's up in the air. He consulted his watch, got up, and chugalluged the dregs of his beer. He strapped on the mike and grabbed a bucket of fish from the sink. He stepped from the hut and was lost in lens flare.

"GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN, AN' WELCOME TO THE FLORIDA FUNLAND PORPOISE SPECTACULAR!"

Under Beau the dolphins performed in a competent but unexciting manner, not slouching so much as they had under Hank, perhaps. I watched the show from inside the hut, which afforded a rather limited view and afterward strolled onto the dock to check out that curious dolphin. A pimply junior-high-school student in an Ed "Big Daddy" Roth T-shirt was bending over the water, snapping his fingers and calling in a nasal voice, "Here Rosco! C'mere Rosco! Aw, come on, you dumb fish!"

The dolphins were ignoring him, since he was an unfamiliar object. As I stepped beside him he asked, "Hey, mister how do ya get these dumb things to let you pet 'em?"

It flattered me to be mistaken for somebody who knew something about dolphins, so I forgave the punk his crudeness. "For starters it helps if you call them by name."

"You mean they got names?"

"Sure do don't you? Now look, it's really easy to tell them apart. You just have to look at them closely. That one with the healed-up scar on her snout, hanging at the back of the pen, that's Trixy. She's a female."

"How can yuh tell?"

"There are ways. Now that one with the protruding brown snout, that's Gator. The pink chin belongs to Bumbo. It's healing up, too, but you can see he's got no scratches on him whatsoever, whereas that scratched-up old mama in the pen with Trixy, that's obviously Ruby. And that mean son-o-a ..."

"Wait a minute Ruby?"

Ruby! I had photographed her months ago for my mid-semester paper on the subject of "ESP with a Porpoise." She lifted her head and gave me an impious stare. She was apparently miffed at having been ignored so long. I was struck dumb. How could I not have recognized her before? She was the dolphin peering at me as I pulled in splashing and throwing seaweed. None of the males had greeted me that effusively!

So Beau had headed my advice! No more runs with the Riverboat for old Ruby! No more long hours in that lonely little pen! Just a soft life in the main pool with the boys for a change? A grin spread from ear to ear at the thought, not to mention a certain sense of relief.

"Roo-bee? C'mere, Ruby! C'mere ya big dumb fish! Is she a girl, too?"

"Yes."

"I still don't see how you can tell."

"Experience. Now look, punk, get lost, will you? This dolphin and I gotta have a talk." He left fast, staring over his shoulder. I waded up to my knees, hand extended toward the dolphin, which lay on her side, staring at me, righting herself occasionally to breathe. "Ruby! Good to see you here, old fish! Come on over for a stroking ... I kept eye contact with her, as if my gaze alone could entreat her to move within my grasp, but Ruby would not come near me.

After the Riverboat returned (sans dolphin), I rushed to Beau, who was sitting fish for the next show. "Why didn't you tell me you'd moved Ruby up here?"

"Huh? Oh, well, I guess it just kinda slipped my mind. Max been up here couple o' weeks now."

"I bet she's nowhere near as homy!"

"Yeah, they went at it for a couple o' days straight when I first put her in with the males."

"You're not sending her out with the Riverboat again?"

"I shouldn't hope so. It's a pain in the ass movin' her."

"Was she threatening to take off again?"

He sliced the last fish. With the blade of the knife, he pushed the pieces off the chopping board into the bucket where they fell with a wet sound -- becoming indistinguishable from all the other pieces of fish. In life, so in death, dead mackerel's eyes always looked so surprised. They seemed to be asking:

"Why me?"

Wellll that another things the Riverboat's gonna stop runnin' soon. I couldn't face the change might be good for her."

"Would it be all right to go in with her?"

"Just a thing."

"Dunno how she'll behave with another animal around, but you can go ahead."

Ruby still wouldn't come near me. I decided to be patient. I waded out to the deep end and floated. She swam over to me, staring and submerged. There was no sign of her until I felt something soft pushing against my foot, and her head broke water in front of me, a gleam in her eyes. Ruby was masochist on the waffled rubber soles of my sneakers.

You must understand that, up until this moment, all one responses to Ruby's advances had been predicated on the realization (or rationalization, if you will) that she was sexually isolated from her own species. I had placed myself in the category of "surrogate male dolphin" and let her rub off, and that was okay with me as long as no one else was watching. Now however, I found her repeating the same behavior in a pool with no less than six other dolphins, five of which wore of the opposite sex, a situation that should provide an opportunity for every sexual experience a female dolphin can think of. Beau had said as much.

Yet she still wanted me. WHY?

We floundered around in the water that dolphin and I, and no less was I floundering inside. The carefully justified rationale I had built for justifying my unasked-for role as Ruby's animated scratching post was crumbling like sugar cubes, not just because of her continued masturbation but
because of the vibes she was giving off. When I stretched out my hands to embrace and stroke her, she outmaneuvered me without ever breaking contact with my foot. She would not let me touch her anywhere except at the critical point. The fact that I was wearing sneakers, rather than wading in barefoot, seemed to make no difference to her, she thrust and rubbed with the same abandon she had displayed when rubbing on my toes. She so far outstripped me in the water that I was literally at her mercy. This fact was becoming more apparent with each passing second. Her eyes were cold and distant and there was none of the erotic seductive behavior she had employed last time.

I felt like a puppet; I felt manipulated, toyed with, as if I were something to gratify herself on—anything!

She took off when I tried to stroke her with my hand, only to return to my feet. She seemed to insist that I play a totally passive role, and I found that intolerable. Obviously, I had broken some unwritten rule of dolphin conduct, but how the hell could I be held responsible? I tucked my knees against my chest and floated in the embryonic position. She circled slowly, whining. That position put my face underwater, and Ruby knew that I, like her, had to come up for air. But she had no intentions of waiting. She thrust her snout vigorously in back of my legs, trying to force them down, and when that failed to budge them, she nudged me in the ribs, first ticklishly and then so hard that I nearly lost my breath.

I straightened out, gasping and shocked. Ruby pushed me to the wire fence that separated one pon from the next. I wrapped my fingers in the wire mesh and dug in with my toes, hanging to the fence with my head out of water and all my extremities either occupied or covered. Enough of this let-me-rub-my-cunt-on-your-sneaker-or-I'll-drown-you bullshit. I just wanted her to settle down and be a good dolphin like Rosco. Now what would she do?

Ruby hovered close and surveyed me, I could feel her highest "sonar" frequencies running up the back of my neck, making the hair bristle, and if I ducked, I could hear her clicking and whistling simultaneously—to Trixy, staying out of the game? To me, uselessly? To herself? It didn't matter, did it? I thought I had her licked. From now on I was in charge of the situation.

I had underestimated her again. She worked her snout into the gap between my back and the fence and began to wiggle me. Tightened my grip, determined to cling. She shoved harder, splashing, battering at my exposed ribs. I let go with one hand to push her away, which was a mistake, since there was nothing I could do and she redoubled her efforts. Dammit! that hurt! Abruptly I let go and tried to deliver a slap right across her blowhole that would tell her. No! I don't want any part of this! But the water absorbed the impact of my blow and it only raised a splash. She surfaced in front of me, undaunted, and resumed her masturbatory so much for that little experiment.

There was no eroticism here, only bestial lust. It seemed, lust heedless of its partner's pleasure or pain. Lust centered solely on its own extinction at any price I felt used. I felt raped—as much as a man can ever feel raped. As we spun slowly in the water, I began to consider seriously whether Ruby's time in solitary might not have been too much for her. Whether she might not have gone off the deep end, lost all her marbles? Or was she simply confused? Or was it who was confused?

The idea that she might be enjoying this, whatever her motives, didn't occur to me,

ments for me. Dolphins, living in a fluid environment, naturally do not share our prejudices against elimination and excrement. When dolphins swim in formation, those behind probably taste the diluted excrement (a sherry liquid) of those forward and it seems no more disgusting to them than kissing in the pool does to us. It had even been suggested in a paper published by Borealis in the Journal of Existential Mammalogy that the taste of dolphin excrement might serve as an infraspecies form of nonverbal communication: a way for the dolphins to monitor each other's emotions or state of health. For all I knew, pressing on one's lover might be considered the height of dolphin eroticism.

But it sure as hell didn't seem that way at the time.

I don't remember feeling either pleased or disgusted just surprised, and I let go of Ruby! She returned to what she'd been doing. I wondered what the offspring of a dolphin and a Sears Jeep would look like. I would have given my camera and both sneakers to know what was on Ruby's mind at that moment, but there was not a trace—not the faintest glimmer—of contact. Only her intense and exploitative lust. I retreated to the shallows and squatted with my feet tucked under me neck-deep, trying to figure the situation out. She went to the other side of the pool and sulked. Trixy avoided both of us, as she had all through the massage session. I didn't grok any of it! I was nowhere near grocking. "Loooseeeep-loool" Ruby made a plaintive call—in the air, for the benefit of my ears—and then, "Loooseeep-looo" A rising-falling slash call with a lisp in the middle, like Von Verlag's description of the alleged "distress call"! Under the circumstances that was understandable. Perhaps "Loooseeep-looo" What would happen if I imitated the sound, as I'd done so successfully before?

"Loooseeep-looo" Acutely aware of how lousy I sounded. Like trying to whistle a bird's song. But she immediately swam over and raced by me, half a meter away, rolling out of reach when I tried to touch her. Again, she approached; again we missed each other."Loooseeep-loo," "owrrr" Like a groan at the end. Of disgust? Don't be so mauldinly anthropomorphic, Zargoth! At this point, everything—logic, reason, marine biology, science—had failed me, and there was nothing to fall back on but a feeling in my guts. It was not good.

While we stood deadlocked, Beau came over. "I'm gonna let Trixy out and put Bimbo in here. Max Trixy's gon' in with Satan." He unlatched the side gate and gestured Trixy through with a wave of his hand and closed it. He opened the gate to the main pool, and in swam the boisterous boy-dolphin Bimbo.

Instantly the situation changed! Ruby ceased her mournful whistling, swam right
up to me, and laid her head in my lap! I was flabbergasted, even though I should have been used to such abrupt mood swings by now. I stroked her head for a few seconds before she rolled, presenting me with her genital slit. The vulva was flushed and hot-pink. She was monomaniacal. I felt dismal and disgusted. "Go on, get away from me, you bloody dolphin Move!" I said, shoving at her flukes, splashing water in her face, and generally making it known she wasn't wanted. Reluctantly, she swam to the far side of the pan.

Bimbo decided to have some fun with me. I saw him turn toward me, picking up speed, and knew that he was trying to throw a scare in me, knew also that he would not injure me, canceled my involuntary reflex to enrage, and at the last possible second, twenty-five centimeters from a dead-on shot into my solar plexus, he veered abruptly and shot off on a tangent, as I hoped he would, and I felt only a siren slipstream over my skin: an echo of the power that had missed me.

Then they both swam up, begging to be touched. Now that Bimbo's in here why doesn't she make it with him? I thought ruefully. Suddenly there was violent splashing as Ruby smashed him with her flukes. The message was unequivocally, "Get lost, and he got it and departed.

And she lunged on me! I put up my arm to ward her off, but she slid over it, painfully battering my face with her snout, forcing me backward, underwater with her 200 kilos on top of me! I managed to shove her off or rolled out from under her or something. I didn't deter her! She lunged again, battering me harder this time. Having a 200 kilo dolphin trying to bowl you over is no joke, especially one as angry as Ruby seemed to be. It was no longer lovelocking, however selfish. There could be no illusion, it was rage.

Her bony snout slammed into my temple and the impact hurt, goddamn it, "God-damnit, baby!" I had all I could do to lift my arm and shove her off, and I slapped her on the flank hard as I could. Smack! She retreated to the center of the pool, eyeing me beately.

What I did next sounds a little crazy, but it was trying to exercise a scientific point of view. I knew that there must be reasons for Ruby's behavior that, to her dolphin mind, seemed perfectly logical. Even if incomprehensible to me, the reasons must be perfectly clear to her. Therefore, the breakdown in communication was my fault and had been since I arrived that day. Was this violence frustrated love play or violence of another sort? I felt as if I had to give her one more chance. I didn't feel as if the experience was over.

I got up and waded into the deep. She sidled up to me, and I felt her bump against my feet before she fell on me. I made no attempt to defend myself. I did not move. Ruby shoved me down. I caught my breath as the water closed over my mouth, and I felt my ears pop. Everything went murky as she pushed me into the mud bottom of the pool, raising a cloud of sediment. In a rather detached way I wondered if she meant to hold me until my air ran out. She did but didn't keep me from getting to the surface. Gasping I headed for the shallows, but as my feet touched bottom, she thrust herself on top of me again. As I wasn't under, conflicting emotions swirled across my brain—fear, anger, pain, rejection, confusion most of all. Then I was thinking, Why am I putting up with all this shit from a goddamn dolphin?

"Get off!" I roared, surprised at my own explosion, slamming her rubbery flesh wherever I could, standing up to my full height. She slid off me, splashing on the rocks of the shallows, cutting herself, and

dragged myself out of the pool and sat for a long while with my head in my hands.

When I looked up again, the tour train was discharging its nine sweaty passengers on the far side of the pool and Ruby was lying placidly at my feet, waiting for me to open my eyes.

Beau was just around the corner. He was trying to fix the jumping hoop, tapering a new loop of rope to replace the old frayed one that Bimbo had broken. He looked up as I came around. "What the hell happened to you?"

"What?"

"That!" He pressed a finger against my temple, producing a dull ache. "Hit yer head on something?"

"Other way round. Ruby did it."

"What? You're kiddin'! You must'a gotten her playin' rough with you!" he said with a grin I thought most inappropriate.

"There didn't seem to be very much play going on!"

"Well, sometimes, friend, they'll get rough, you know and you gotta be ready for it. How do you think I got all these scars? Shootin' narcotics? Nope. Them dolphins done this to me! They don't seem to un-

understand we aren't as tough as they are even if we are smarter."

"She pushed me to the bottom and me there. What does that mean?"

"Mean?" He seemed puzzled. "Why, it don't mean shit so far as I know. Max! You sure are a great looker for meanings. I expect you find 'em under any rock! Quit askin' me what it means when they do this or that! I dunno! Like I said, ask her if you gotta ask anybody! It's just her way of playin' with ya... She done it to me, sometimes!"

I grew rale. Beau, I know you find my questions sometimes peevish and annoying, but you must understand I am trying to carry on legitimate scientific research against the most overwhelming odds! I readily admit I don't know the first damn thing about those crazy creatures, but I'm willing to swear on a stack of Bibles that Ruby was not playing when she did this to me! She was too fucking violent for play!

"Well all right, friend, you can believe anything you want to, but that don't mean it's so, and it don't mean you gotta go pestin' me about it! You talk about your important work? I got fifteen mouths to feed, seven dolphins, and eight humans self included, and lately we ain't been eatin' half so good nor so regularly as these here goddamn fish with business bern, what it is. So if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to my own work!" Crushed I turned to go. "Do take a look at yourself in a mirror, though. That's a nasty bruise she gave you."

The skin was black and blue, but it wasn't broken. Ruby was nothing if not judicious. She never hurt anyone more than she had to to get her message across. I watched him go, and then I went back to see that silly dolphin. Truxy was with her but only Ruby swam up to me and hovered below the catwalk, easily within reach. I extended my hand toward her. She backed off.

I collapsed inside. Now that the adrenaline was wearing off, my temper began to throbb and all my pain and puzzlement flared to the surface.

In that moment Ruby lifted her head, and I noticed the fire was gone from her eyes. She approached, took my hand in her jaws, and on so gently mouthed it, looking into my eyes. "I'm sorry," she seemed to say.

I found my anthropomorphism ludicrous, but there it was, "All right, Ruby, it's all right." I stroked her gums and scratched her tongue. She rolled away from me and went to the far end of the pen by trixy. I sat down took off my sodden sneakers and cangled my toes in the water, hoping that she would return, but it was Truxy that came over. She opened her mouth in order to bite my foot. I pulled back. She waited. I put my foot back in, and she began to squawk.

When it started to hurt, I kicked her with the other foot and left. I felt for that trick before, and a dolphin that can't come up with a new trick is dull indeed.
PSYCHOGRAPHIC SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

FUTURE QUAKE:
ARE YOU READY FOR WHAT'S AHEAD?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Thirty-five questions which tell if you're apt to adapt
PSYCHOGRAPH

There are two things about the future that you can always predict: (1) it is headed this way and (2) it's bound to contain surprises. Nowadays the future seems to be arriving faster than ever before and the surprises it may have in store (such as nuclear war and global atmosphere pollution) seem more disconcerting than problems of the past.

All of this affects different people in different ways. Some people revel in the uncertainty and change that the future brings with it; others freak out. If you tell one person that we'll be even more mobile in the future than we are today he may make plans to buy a summer house on the planet Jupiter. If you tell the same thing to another person he may merely feel more disoriented and rootless than he already does. If you mention that the pace of scientific discovery will continue unabated and that the flow of new information will grow faster than ever the first person may go out and buy himself a computer. The second may conclude glumly: "Jeezus that means tomorrow I'll be comparatively dumber than I am today."

This quiz may give you an idea of how well you'll deal with future shock. The questions are designed to measure how adaptable and creative you are in the face of stress and uncertainty. A high score on this psychograph does not necessarily mean that you will be happy in (or with) the future; but it suggests that you are likely to land on your feet when the future starts dealing out some of those shocking surprises.

Researchers are still not certain whether certain types of change are more disorienting to humans than other types are, and they're not positive how fast the rate of change must be before it starts to affect us. But they do know that change and psychic well-being (or the lack of it) are closely linked. "Both change and mental-health problems are pervasive in the contemporary world," says Robert H. Lauer, a sociologist at Southern Illinois University and one of the foremost investigators of future shock. According to Lauer, his research has suggested that the crucial variables are rate and kind of change rather than change per se. It has also suggested that social change is somewhat more important than change-in-life circumstances for generating high stress levels.

Current research also indicates that certain types of people cope with stress and change better than others do. And it's from this body of data that the following questions were drawn. Psychologists psychiatrists and sociologists in their efforts to pin down the "contingent personality," have devised all sorts of investigative projects. Researchers from the Menninger Clinic simply went and asked people, "Who's the most mentally healthy person you've ever known?" From the answers, they distilled traits that are common to people who adapt and adjust to the type of shocks that the future may bring. Psychologists from the University of Manchester in England have studied R.A.F. servicemen stationed on desert islands in order to find out what kind of man adjusts best to radical changes in his environment. Social scientists at the University of Stockholm are charting the behavior of a group of Swedes through their entire lives in order to learn who does and who does not cope well with change.

Back in our own country Dr. Frederick Lifeld has studied the lives of 2,200 Chicagoans in the most large-scale attempt to date to pin down successful "staying styles." Lifeld, who is a psychiatrist at the University of California Medical School at Davis, told us: "There are four or five coping styles. Some people for example try to avoid problems and are resigned to change, others seem to provoke ongoing conflicts in their lives. But the people who seem to cope best with change are those who consistently take actions that they hope will lead to optimistic results. If there's any single relationship that stands out, it's that the more optimistic the view one takes of the future, the lower the level of stress is likely to be."

It's research like this that has yielded the healthy list of questions in this psychograph. If you answer them honestly, you should get an idea of how healthy your prognosis for the future is.

1. When difficulties arise in personal relationships (and when you know your side of the issue is the correct one) are you more likely to (a) look for a compromise or (b) hold out until your terms are met?

2. Do you (a) like to talk things out or (b) prefer to keep problems to yourself?

3. Sit back and compare your life with the lives of other people you know. Does it (a) bother you that other people's lives are more exciting, dynamic, financially secure than your own or (b) seem as though your own life isn't all that bad, even if it doesn't always compare favorably with the lives of others?

4. Do you often get discouraged about life in general? (a) yes (b) no

5. We often hear people say such things as, "I'm so busy that I don't even have time to think." Would you say that this statement characterizes your life? (a) yes (b) no

6. Do you (a) tend to wait for time to remedy difficulties, or (b) prefer to force a solution through your own actions?

7. Would you (a) say that you are basically a curious person or (b) be more likely to agree with the old adage, "Curiosity killed the cat?"

8. Do open-ended projects frustrate you? In other words, are you more likely to prefer tasks that have definable ends and produce immediate results? (a) yes (b) no

9. Do you try to avoid difficulties by looking at the bright side of things? (a) yes (b) no

10. Would you say that financially you are (a) as well off as you expected to be at your age or (b) worse off than you expected to be?

11. Do you worry quite a bit about the skyrocketing cost of living? (a) yes (b) no

12. Do you feel that you must be successful in everything you do? (a) yes (b) no

13. Do you (a) generally finish what you start, or (b) find that your life seems to...
be characterized by a series of false
starts?

14 If you lose a favorite possession do you
15 When things go awry in your daily life
(a) are you usually able to pinpoint
(b) do the causes of your difficulties
16 Does it bother you if someone calls you
nonconformist? (a) yes (b) no
17 Do you like gambling? (a) yes (b) no
18 When you disagree with someone do
you feel compelled to voice your dis-
sent? (a) yes (b) no
19 Do you often find that the goals you set
for yourself tend to be unachievable?
(a) yes (b) no
20 Do people seem to seek you out for
companionship? (a) yes (b) no
21 Would the idea of going into a com-
pletely different line of work bother you?
(a) yes (b) no
22 Do you (a) enjoy making decisions or
(b) dislike having to make decisions?
23 If you were traveling in a foreign country
would you be more likely to (a) eat
whatever the local people eat or
(b) seek out food similar to what you eat
at home (for example ketchup on your
fried eggs)?
24 Do you dislike having overnight guests
because your routine is disrupted?
(a) yes (b) no
25 Over the years have your hobbies and
interests (a) changed and evolved or
(b) remained relatively constant?
26 Would you say that you're a self-
confident person? (a) yes (b) no
27 Do you think others see you as a self-
confident person? (a) yes (b) no
28 Do you feel that you are a person who
gets things done? (a) yes (b) no
29 Do you think that other people view you
as someone who "gets things done?'
(a) yes (b) no
30 Do you derive pleasure from (a) a wide
variety of interests or (b) a small
number of specialized interests?
31 Do you (a) tend to think of people as
individuals or (b) tend to peg them as
members of specific ethnic racial reli-
gious social or economic groups
whose behavior is relatively predicta-
ble?
32 Would you say that most of the mistakes
you've made in your life have been
(a) major or (b) minor?
33 If given the choice, would you prefer to
watch and/or play (a) team sports like
basketball football and hockey or
(b) individualized sports like tennis
boxing and skiing?
34 Would you say that you are primarily an
(a) introvert or (b) extrovert?
35 Which of the following statements
comes closer to summing up your view
of life? (a) I feel responsible for what
happens in my life. I blame myself for
the foul-ups and applaud myself for the
successes (b) Our lives are in the
hands of fate which alone decides
whether we'll have good lives or bad
ones

INTERPRETING YOUR ANSWERS
The following answers are those most
likely to be chosen by the man who is
flexible adaptable and best suited to
deal with whatever the future has in
store for him

1 a 6 b 11 b
2 a 7 a 12 b
3 b 8 b 13 a
4 b 9 b 14 b
5 b 10 a 15 a
16 b 23 a 30 a
17 b 24 b 31 a
18 b 25 a 32 b
19 b 26 a 33 a
20 a 27 a 34 b
21 b 28 a 35 a
22 a 29 a

Give yourself three points for each of your
answers that agrees with those on the
above list

If you scored between 75 and 105 points
you are probably highly flexible and should
adapt well to whatever the future holds.
You know how to roll with the punches.
You are a survivor In normal times this
is a salutary attitude You work well
with the people around you and adjust
easily to changing times However there
are periods in history when people like
you can cause a lot of trouble If all those
Germans hadn't been so flexible so willing
to adapt in the 1930s a man like Hitler
might never have gotten a foothold If the
future should develop in a similar pattern
your own willingness to compromise and
to bend in the face of an ill political wind
could place you squarely in the camp of
the bad guys.

If you scored 36 to 72 points you fall in
the normal range You have your flexible
days and your inflexible days You'll com-
promise on some things but won't budge
on things that are important to you.
Chances are that you'll muddle through
the future like the rest of us but if things be-
come too distasteful you'll stand up and
complain vociferously That's not a bad
way to be.

If you scored below 36 points you may
have a tough time in dealing with the
changes that the future has in store for
you Your apparent lack of flexibility could
make you a prime target for future
shock Nevertheless men with your brittle
independent frame of mind are usually
the people who make life interesting for
the rest of us I might not want you on my
basketball team but you might make a hell
of an artist writer musician or scientist.
People like Beethoven and Einstein weren't
the most flexible guys either and they
probably would have scored horribly on
this questionnaire So you're in good
company Oh
It will be nigh impossible to assess the food situation in China. Can you imagine 800 million people who get hungry within an hour or two after each meal?
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CENSORSHIP

were sent to a Boston psychoanalyst who was experienced in breaking amnesia blocks through hypnosis. He hypnotized them separately and did not tell either of them what the other had recalled under hypnosis. Their memories turned out to be basically the same up to a point.

The UFO seemed to take control of their car forcing it from the main highway onto a minor road. Men who were not precisely human although similar in appearance to humans, abducted them and fed them into a disk-shaped craft. Betty and Barney were taken to separate rooms where each was placed on an examination table and examined thoroughly by unusual medical devices. Both had pieces of skin scraped from their arms. After a time they were returned to their car and told that they would forget everything. They didn't regain awareness of their surroundings until they had driven for many miles.

Because they had been separated in the craft, the tapes of Betty's recollections under hypnosis differed from her husband's. Betty said she had talked to the man she believed was the leader. She asked questions about where he and his craft were from. He showed her a map of a group of stars.

And there were curved lines going from one dot to another. Betty said under hypnosis: "And there was one big circle and it had a lot of lines coming out from it, a lot of lines going to another circle quite close but not as big. And these were heavy lines."

And he said that the heavy lines were trade routes. And other lines were places they went occasionally. And he said the broken lines were expeditions.

Under hypnosis suggestion Betty Hill drew a star map, with two large circles representing what the crew leader implied was their home base. And heavy lines between them smaller circles with lighter broken lines going to them and eighteen dots that represented background stars.

The Hills story leaked out to a local newspaper made national headlines and appeared in full in a book by John Fuller, Interrupted Journey, published in 1968. The star map was reproduced, and astronomers examined it and dismissed it as meaningless. That seemed to be the end of that contactee story.

Then in 1970, secret radar reports of Pease Air Force Base in New Hampshire became available. They disclosed that on the night the Hills said they had had their close encounter radar had picked up a UFO landing and later departure at enormous speed in the area where the hills had said they had been abducted.

And out in Oak Harbor, Ohio, a third-grade schoolteacher named Marjorie Fish began to work with Mrs. Hill's star map searching through astronomical catalogs to find something that would fit the pattern. She failed. It wasn't until 1972, six years after she had begun that Miss Fish was able to match up Betty Hill's drawing with a known group of stars.

It took that long because until an updated version of the Catalogue of Nearby Stars was published that year, one of the minor background stars on the Hill map had never been listed in any catalogue, and two others had been in the wrong position.

The map that Betty Hill claimed to have been shown and had drawn under posthypnotic suggestion could not have been executed by anyone at the time she drew it. And one of the lines that the leader had said was an expedition route extended to our own solar system.

No astronomer on Earth could have known at the time the map was drawn by Mrs. Hill that the triangle of background stars existed in its present geometric position. Dr. Hynek says, "What makes it even more interesting is that within roughly fifty light-years of our sun there are about one thousand stars. Only forty-eight stars out of that thousand are believed capable of supporting life on a planet like Earth, you are left with forty-eight viable stars out of the thousand."

Now the lines that Betty Hill connected on her map connect only those stars that belong to the subset of forty-eight potentially life-supporting stars rather than any others in the universe. That's a really strange coincidence, because Betty Hill knew nothing about astronomy. There was no reason at all why she should have connected those particular stars. Her map is amazing because of those lines. Why should those lines connect only the stars that are viable in terms of supporting life and not any of the others in the universe?"

Among serious UFO investigators, particularly nuclear physicist Stanton Friedman, there exists a strongly held belief that UFOs are extraterrestrial spacecraft. Dr. Hynek agrees that it is possible, but he resists that sort of speculation. The people who are the greatest detractors of the UFO phenomenon, he says, "fail to see it as a phenomenon. They take the equation that UFOs equal little green men from outer space and they sneer. The question is not whether UFOs are visitors from outer space. The question is: What are UFOs? Let's investigate that first, then go on to consider where they may be coming from."

Our government and most of the governments of the world publicly deny that UFOs are worth studying even while they secretly study them. Now however it appears possible that the U.N. General Assembly may sponsor such a scientific study. Last year after a delegate who had seen a UFO requested that the United Nations investigate the phenomenon which has refused to die in more than a quarter-century the General Assembly contracted for a presentation of the evidence. It is scheduled to be given in mid-October.
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The Great Whisky Made Like Great Wine.
DEATH
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

was beginning to wish I'd brought a good book along when I finally perceived a small throng of hooded spirits milling about in the distance. Staring intently into their midst, I spied a face that looked vaguely familiar. The body on which it sat—a grossly overweight one—separated from the rest and headed slowly, deliberately in my direction. As it did so my own body was again transformed: this time into a realistically imperfect replica of the old one. For this and some other reason I felt oddly grateful.

It was only when the hooded spirit had waddled within a few yards of me that I was able to determine who it was. Al Grossman, late publisher of Scrooge magazine and the last person in line I wanted to run into. I promised Al a slum piece some years back, had drawn a paltry advance which I'd promptly invested in drink and drugs that turned in a few rough pages then had stalled him off until he finally fell fatal victim to an (unrelated) gastrointestinal attack. To my credit I'd felt little remorse at his passing.

You he grunted.
"Al!" I greeted feigning concern, "how is death being treated you?"
His face assumed the familiar martyred man beloved by prosperous schlock magazine publishers.
Where's that piece you owe me?
Al: I gave you that piece six years ago.
Or most of it anyway.
He reached deep into the folds of his robe produced a slim tattered manuscript I recognized at once, and began reading the lead paragraph:
When I first received the assignment, my initial response was decidedly ambivalent. Well not ambivalent perhaps, too much as ambiguous. On second thought I guess you might say I was of two minds on the matter.
He looked at me accusingly.
"Now you tell me, what kind of lead is that?"
"It's a stream of self-consciousness I offered in my defense "It's the lead I always use.
He returned to the text.
And this "Take me," she said, with a serious smile. "What the hell is a serious smile?"
"It's oxymoron.
"Well, in the future," he snapped, "I want more emphasis on the Ox and far less on the moronic.
"As there is no future "I felt compelled to point out "At least not as far as you're concerned.
Listen mister, he leveled, "you're pretty darned lucky to be working for me at all.
Same old Arrogant Ali," I sighed. "You think if nothing else your death would at least have taught you a little humility.
Don't talk to me about humility," he ruffled "I'm humble. Humble is a you."
So saying he lumbered off.

My initial relief was swiftly displaced by renewed anxiety as several other hooded spirits approached me. Among them were my crooked tax accountant, an ex-girlfriend, and my bony old Uncle Louie, who'd succumbed to a rare case of terminal foodsome some years before. I was torn between attempting a getaway and staying put the better to find out exactly what gave. As escape seemed out of the question I decided to opt for the latter.
"It's like this," Uncle Louie volunteered, "without my asking. We're supposed to ease your transition into the afterlife if that's you're really dead. A lot of them it turns out aren't if you're one of them, then I don't know what we're supposed to do."

"I have a pretty good job," he said.
"You mean you still have to work for a living?"
"Well only for a time of course eventually you retire. You can even retire early if you want. Of course you pay for it in reduced amenities."
"Then what?"
"Most of us move into a little sort of retirement village— you know?—where it's pleasant. And then of course we pass away generally quietly in our sleep or homes."

You die."
"Well only for a time of course eventually you're retired. If you're lucky, I knew one guy he had a great job. Then he died. Then he came up here and got a great job. Then he died again. Now he's got a job that's only fair it can happen."
And that goes on forever—dying and getting jobs. I mean?"
"Pretty much forever" he nodded.

The afterlife, as Uncle Louie described it was not quite that I'd envisioned. I was about to press him for further information, particularly re the availability of unemployment-insurance benefits when a small, elderly man with trembling hands and a frankly demented stare—some sort of courier or messenger evidently—unceremoniously interrupted.
"This the new fish?" he asked.
"Journalist," I corrected.
"B.L. wants a word with you."
That would be the Being of Light. Uncle Louie explained: "He pulls a lot of strings up here."
"He added, 'Better go,' he advised.

I was about to give thought to several possible courses of action when I was abruptly transported from the dimly lit lobby to a bright white space dominated by a brilliantly luminous spectator. Standing slightly to the right of center a meter or so in height the Being of Light proved an impressive sight. It was an appraisal he apparently shared, as he quite obviously enjoyed the transcending effect he had on me by refusing for several lengthy self-echoing moments even to acknowledge my presence. Though I'd been in countless similar circumstances with any number of executive editors. I found this
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situation even more unsettling than sitting in Mel's tiny writer's chair, anxiously awaiting The Word.

As he seemed perfectly content to radiate indecency, I took it upon myself to break the silence.

"I'm from the press," I announced, clearing my throat and the air, "and I was wondering if you wouldn't mind telling me what it's all about."

I waited with no excess of breath for his perfect, unimpeachable reply.

"If I ask the questions around here," he finally spoke with some irritation, "besides." He shrugged. "I'd be lying if I answered that."

"You mean...?"

"Look," he said, "I know my job and I think I'm pretty damned good at it. But this is just one small sector, and what goes on outside it I honestly couldn't tell you. I'm well aware that you have a story to do, but they're very strict about that. It's a goddamn goddamn world."

He sighed. "But it's questions you want. I'd be more than happy to oblige."

He proceeded to rattle off a series of questions I understood without his actually asking, though the only ones I could later recall were these: Can analysis be worthwhile? Is the theater really dead? Who killed Sloane in the kitchen?

"But enough of this," he said, "Care to join me in the screening room?"

Sensing my ready assent, he led me across the bright white space to a dark, cramped room with threadbare carpeting, a small screen, several rows of uncomfortable seats, and not nearly enough ashtrays. He located a reel of film and began threading it through a projector.

"This is only a rough cut," he remarked, "but at least it's in Sensurround. It's about time someone exhibited a little sense around here."

I looked wistfully at my watch.

"I don't get paid by the laugh," he said. "If that's what's worrying you. Take a seat," he added sharply.

Dousing the overhead lights and lowering his own luminosity a bit, he screened a poorly focused, frenetically edited exercise in cinema verité apparently assembled from my life. Rather than stressing the highlights (admittedly few in number) as Mel had prefigured, its uncredited auteur had gone out of his way to place a marked (I might even say unduly) emphasis on scenes of failure, frustration and humiliation; one moment I was peering down a flight of stairs landing flat on my five-year-old face; the next I was standing before a crowd of jeering peers, my pants around my eight-year-old ankles. The film continued in this fashion, the final reel not running at all. I experienced a strong desire to follow suit.

"That's only Part I," of course, the Being of Light informed me. "It gets better." He paused. "Well, not very actually. In fact it gets downright repetitious. Unless we can sell it directly to TV I'm afraid we might have to shove it completely. The audience for it just isn't there. Or wouldn't be, soon enough."

Do you do much TV up here?" he asked, in a search of subject-changing small talk.

"There was more than a hint of pride in the affirmative nod that followed.

"What next?" I wondered.

"What say we skip the rest," he said, "as though reading my mind and move right on to the blooper reel?"

That suggestion arrived as something of a surprise. It seemed to me that what we'd just witnessed constituted a pretty fair blooper reel in its own right and I said as much to the Being of Light.

"You think that was something?" he asked. "That was nothing," he said.

To illustrate his point he ran a granary soundless black and white loop that featured most of my major erotic failures and many of the minor ones as well. While I ate through it in silent chagrin the Being of Light found it much to his liking, snickering softly whenever one of my more flagrant faux pas tickled before us. He was reading a crude hand-lettered flash card—"Coming Too Soon in a Theater Near Your—with the film suddenly and violently snapped.

"Damn," he said, "Inspecting the damage. That's the third time this week he complained, with a rustling shake of the head. "You'd think they could put a man in the afterlife they could spring for a new projector."

By the time we ventured again into the sobering glare of the bright white space his anger had dimmed to dull depression and we walked the length of the unchanging lightscape in uneasy silence. It was only after we'd traveled some distance that he deigned to speak to me.

"I want you to know it was nothing personal back there.

"That's okay," I replied.

"It was apparently the wrong thing to say."

"That's not what I meant," he said, "sulkily.

"I was only..."

"Oh...

You don't suppose...?"

"Not at all," he muttered, trailing off.

Feeling ill equipped to cope with the complex emotional shifts of a Being of Light—particularly one who'd seen so many movies—I walked a few feet behind my enigmatic host whom I'd yet to get a solid make. He certainly wasn't living up to his fun guy rep that seemed for sure if anything his approach seemed workmanlike to the point of indifference. His style was evasive in the extreme. Was he afraid of telling more than he knew? If so it bored me for my piece. We continued walking until we reached the border or limit of which Mel had spoken.

"If you look straight ahead," he said, suddenly brightening, "you'll notice that we're gradually approaching a sort of bor-
I felt mean, ever found remembered guess wanted mean,” decided received where turn.”

What fusion yond threshold, der magazine. botched, Rubicon, line of demarcation or circumval -

ation depending on your terminology. Beyond it lies the afterlife proper.

As he spoke, I felt mixed emotions confusion ranking among the most prominent. What with my mock operation having been botched, I wondered whether I wouldn’t be

following him beyond the “point of no return” after all. No sooner had that question coagulated in my mind, however, than the Being of Light turned and granted me a long, hard look.

“Not on your life,” he hissed.

Without further warning, I found myself hurtling backward at a breathless pace out of the bright, white space through the dimly lit lobby and into the tunnel or void, where I received a rude surprise: hurtling just as rapidly in the opposite direction was Mel “Happy” Feller, executive editor of Joke magazine.

“Gastrointestinal attack,” he shouted.

“Is the assignment still alive?”

“Better check with the new editor.”

“Who’s taking over?” I wanted to know.

But too late. . . by the time my words had formed, he’d already faded into the distance. Within moments, and much to Dr. Enswell’s annoyance, I was lying alive and awake in my hospital bed, requesting nitrous oxide.

It was at this point that I decided to scrap my usual lead and plunge straight into the story:

“It wasn’t so much as you might imagine, this being-dead business, I mean. It began, ‘but somehow much different from that. The overall feeling was so bizarre that it was really unreal. One moment you’re alive somewhere, the next dead somewhere else. You go through a sort of tunnel or void. I guess you might call it (as a thesaurus may come in handy here), and people you used to know in the past, well, you meet them again, though they haven’t changed all that much. You body alters drastically at least twice, especially the first time. Did I mention the Being of Light? Imagine, if you will, something you’ve never seen before and couldn’t envision even in your wildest flights of fancy, only he’s all lit up to boot, like an Xmas tree—to put it mildly.

“Uh, looks fine,” said Mel’s replacement, idly twirling his massive gray sideburns and simultaneously scanning my copy. “Great, great. I’ll get back to you on it as soon as I, uh, can.”

He helped me out of the tiny writer’s chair and showed me the door. It looked quite the same as I remembered it.

I looked forward to the March edition of Joke magazine with ill-concealed anticipation. If anything, it proved even more revealing than I’d had any right to hope. I mean, never for a moment had I ever once suspected that Farrah wore a wig Oh—“

THESE OLD BOTTLES go back to the days when Jack Daniel made them to observe special occasions.

One was for winning the Gold Medal at the 1904 World’s Fair. And another, in 1896, on the 100th anniversary of Tennessee statehood. He even had his nephew make a special bottle for his favorite hotel, the Maxwell House, in Nashville.

But when it came to whiskey, Mr. Jack insisted on charcoal mellowing every drop. He was too good a whiskey man to change that, no matter what the occasion.
tronomic observatory on the far side of the
moon one that will see out to the edge of
space and back to the moment of creation.
I think that will be followed in ten years or
so by the establishment of a small colo-
yony on Mars. men and women with hopeful
births born on Mars who will be unable to
come back to the earth because they will not
be able to survive the pull of earth's gravity.
They will become an offshoot of Homo sapiens.
But they won't be a very large colony, be-
because the conditions are very demanding
on Mars and few people would want to
leave this familiar environment for that terri-
ibly harsh climate. I do not think that any
part of the solar system will become heavily
populated. Unlike the planets the stars and the
life around those stars are worth contacting
And that will happen—but not to us. not to
tissue-bred beings.

Penthouse. Is there no possibility of having
generation after generation, all born in a
spacecraft traveling to some other solar
system?

Jastrow: That's the "space ark" idea. I think
it's a possibility but not a good one. Be-
cause it is just not in the human psyche to
step aboard a craft from which you will never
ever emerge alive sustained only by the
knowledge that your descendants a thousand
years hence may or may not reach some other inhabitable solar system.

Penthouse. What about Dr. Gerard K.
O'Neill's proposal of building gigantic
space colonies metal worlds that contain
earth and growing things man-made
planets to which thousands might emi-
grate?

Jastrow: Well. I think that O'Neil is doing
a lot of valuable, pioneering work in driving
home the meaning of the Copernican revo-
lation namely that the earth is just a small
speck in space

But I disagree with him in his judgment of
human nature. I think it is contrary to man's
psychic experience to live or want to live in a
hollow steel tube in which the horizon curves up
and down and I don't think anyone will ever
follow O'Neil into these steel cylinders.
And I'm confident that the Congress and
the people will never support such a ven-
ture in the foreseeable future.

Penthouse. We have talked of the possi-
blity of other inhabited planets. But science
has even suggested that there may be
another universe an "anti-universe" involv-
ing antimatter. Could you explain?

Jastrow: Antimatter is a kind of matter that
no one would imagine exists. Scientists as-
sumed the existence of this antimatter after
discovering, in 1932, that there are antielec-
trons or positrons in cosmic rays. This is a
form of matter, a particle like the electron
but with the opposite sign of electric
charge, just as a photographic negative is
the opposite of its print, thus the prefix
anti. Later we found antiprotons, and with
antiprotons and antielectrons you can
make "anti-atoms" and collections of
anti-atoms are antimatter. There are very
few such antiparticles in our universe but
since we have found small numbers of an-
timatter particles we can deduce that in
principle a whole universe could exist near
ours in which every hydrogen atom of that
universe is an anti-atom— with a positive
electron circling around a negative pro-
ton—that is the direct opposite of our hy-
drogen atom.

Now of course if there were beings of
antimatter out there somewhere they could
not "join" with us. If you met one and shook
hands with him you would both disappear
in a blinding flash of blue energy since
matter and antimatter annihilate one another on contact. We'll probably never
meet those individuals but according to
the laws of nature they could exist some-
where.

Penthouse. How do we know from what
point the universe began expanding?

Jastrow: There is no such point. The uni-
verse though infinitely compressed at the
moment of creation is nonetheless always
infinite in extent. There is a double "in-
tinity" in there which always throws my students. One infinity is hard enough to grasp—two
is too much. The best I can do is to say that
the universe is infinitely compressed, which sounds as though it's packed into
one point, but it is not packed into one
point because it is also infinite in extent.

Penthouse. Is this packing in the same
sense that occurring in so-called black holes?

Jastrow: Well if the outward-moving
galaxies would slow down and come to a
halt and then collapse again—all under the
inward pull of their own gravity—the uni-
verse would bear some resemblance to a
black hole. Because a black hole is some-
thing that holds everything within itself by its
fantastic gravity. The force of gravity is too
weak as far as we can tell to make the
universe collapse. So far as we know the
universe will expand forever. Even if that
were not true it would be a poor analogy to
relate the original universe a black hole in
space, because a black hole is a star that
has collapsed on itself and is squeezed
down to a point it exists in a definite place
in space and has a center. But the universe
has no center no matter how far you travel
you will never reach the "edge" of the uni-
verse. No matter where you are and in what
direction you look everything is the same.
"You're right, Mr. Filmore, you do have the most impressive case of crabs I've ever seen."
wife to change positions with me on my back she squatted over my cock her back to me and slowly lowered her ass until it completely engulfed my cock. She lay back on top of my chest and had Michael move between her legs so she could get him into her cunt. Dale knelt by us and leaned over our faces making his cock available to us. I continued massaging my wife’s tits, still nervous about getting it on with a man. My wife reached over with her hand and peeled back the foreskin of Dale’s shaft revealing a shiny magenta head. Then Dale leaned forward and my wife slapped the mushroom head into her mouth sucking it as a baby sucks tit. I watched her suck and stroke Dale’s cock. She could do nothing more than twitch her hips—they were so locked between Michael and myself—and I could feel Michael’s cock inside her and his easy strokes. Gradually the pleasure was overwhelming her causing her to breathe harder. Her heavier breathing coupled with the physical pleasure Michael and I provided her caused my wife to stop sucking Dale’s cock until she climaxed. Once she did her breathing returned to normal, and she returned to nurse Dale’s cock.

I knew my wife was experiencing more pleasure than she ever had in her life. The good feeling that I had for her along with my own pleasure brought me to the point where I could hold back no longer and I came deep inside her ass. I lay there after wards feeling her body rock as Michael slowly built up the force of his own climax. After Michael came I was able to get up and clean myself off.

When I returned from the bathroom my wife still going full bore was on her side doing her best to help Michael get it up again. Dale lay full length behind her kissing the back of her neck. I knelt by her legs spreading them apart and massaged her very wet cunt. I could see Dale’s cock hard and riving between her thighs. I moved my own wet hand between her legs and took his cock in my hand and stroked it. Dale rolled my wife over on top of him. Her legs outside of his. I took a deep breath and lowered my mouth to Dale’s cock, letting my lips encircle its shiny surface. I could feel the extraordinary smoothness of the skin. (I had never thought about this before.) I sucked that cock exactly as I like mine sucked nibbling kissing, tonguing the length and discovering my ability for deep-throating. When Dale began to twitch, I stopped and moved up to suck my wife’s cunt. I sucked her for a few moments. I then brought Dale’s cock up with one long suck and pressed it into her cunt in the forefront I watched his cock moving in and out of the soft folds of her cunt I kissed, sucked, and fondled them both as they moved together—her clit was popped out and made itself very available to me. When Dale came—and it was easy to see even apart from the sounds he made. I pulled his cock out and licked it clean. So it went through the night and right into the dawn of the next day.

From this and past experiences, my wife and I believe we have returned to that initial sexual thrill we first had when we met. Be they male or female, anyone we bring home is mutually shared so no more jealousy. What’s more—we’ve been able to grow enough so that our individual needs are also met. For example, in our city there is a bathhouse for couples and when my wife gets horny (which happens before and after her period) we go there and she can experience as many men as she desires in succession. At one time she would not do this, because she had the feeling of shame ingrained in her of being "used by so many men. Now she feels it just takes that many men to satisfy her physically. In turn she feels really relaxed after experiences with women and looks forward to a woman "for a bit of sensuality unattainable with a man", as she puts it.

Together we have learned that the only limits in relationships are those one’s mind imposes out of personal choice, not those given by society that go unexperienced. —R.H. How refreshing to read a letter from such a liberated husband! Many married men go for threesways only if the three-way involves two women. Nothing wrong there—but why should the wife always be the one to share her man with another woman? Threesways can swing both ways, and there’s no reason to put all the weight on one side of the bed.

Share and share alike.

THE HORNY SAMARITAN

About three years ago, I met this really nice-looking girl. I met her the wrong way—through a lot of guys. These guys told me she was really a great girl to be with and I soon found out why.

I ran across a friend of mine one night while I was not drunk and, after a while he said, “Put over to this phone booth for a second.” So I did and he made a call. He told me to drive around for another ten minutes or so and then go to this street about a half mile from where we were. After driving a while, we pulled onto this street and there stood this girl (I’ll call her Robin) in a pair of jeans and a button-down top. I peeled over and my friend Alan got out and let Robin sit between us. I started driving around after about five minutes. I looked over and saw Alan unzipping his pants. The next thing I knew Robin was jerking him off. After she had played him for quite a while, he put his hand behind her head, and she went down on him for almost five minutes.

Alan asked if I could drive for a while. We switched positions and almost as soon as I got situated she was in my pants and giving me my first head job. It was great! I came in a hurry and she swallowed it and went down for more.

This went on for weeks until we wound up one night in a motel—Robin, me, and
One of the world's foremost authorities on beauty and skin care, Edouard Hayoun, has perfected a unique, nonsurgical answer to the physically and psychologically destructive nature of common acne. This remedy, featured editorially in Viva magazine, has an unerring history of success with all of the many men, women, and children Hayoun has personally treated over more than two and one-half decades.

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Six of the world's top automotive designers envision the cars of 2001!

There was a time when automotive design was demonstrably important to the consumer. A client would approach Rolls-Royce, Hispano-Suiza, or the Duesenberg brothers to purchase only the rolling chassis. He would then arrange for one of the great coachbuilders—James Young, Vanden Plas, Brewer, Murphy, Hibbard, and Deur—Le Baron, Park Ward, Ficus et Falaschi—to clothe it in custom bodywork that suited his individual taste. The very rich might order two bodies for the same chassis—a dual-cowl phaeton with wider doors perhaps, for summers in Newport and a formal limousine for winters in New York. The coach builders made special warehousing arrangements for these good customers and supervised their cars semiannual personally changing.

Car design was an art in those days; an achievement to be celebrated. Despite what you see on the streets today, great car design is not dead. It is just in hiding. Good designers are still around, but their best work often dies on the studio bulletin board thanks to a combination of government regulation and corporate timidity.

To call attention once again to quality design we asked a half dozen of the most influential designers in Europe and America to show us the kinds of cars we could be driving. In order to give their imaginations full reign, we asked them to create vehicles that would meet the safety economy environmental and human needs of the year 2001, not the petty tasks of 1979.

Car makers are no longer free to cater to the public’s every whim. Which may be all to the good. When technology becomes more important than advertising copy, fuel economy more important than horsepower, and substance more important than the marketing man’s “high perceived value,” can a return to good taste be far behind? These pages prove that good taste is alive, even if it is still an underground movement.

By Wade Hoyt

Curtis Brubaker, left General Motors in 1969 to set up his own design studio and fabrication shop in Los Angeles called The Brubaker Group. Curt’s designs have run the gamut from the original Lear jet to the Hawk prototype used in the TV version of Arthur Hailey’s Wheels. Here we see Brubaker’s vision of a turn-of-the-century van which can be raised up to 10 inches by an inflatable bellows between body and chassis; providing cargo volume to match today’s body vans. When inflated, the bellows provide additional insulation from road noise and vibration. When lowered, the body nestsles against the platform chassis to provide excellent aerodynamics. Improved fuel economy and sports car styling. The sliding hatchback can be removed entirely to provide a pickup truck configuration. It is powered by a hybrid system, which uses a tiny alcohol-burning turbine to drive a generator that powers electric motors at each rear wheel. The pneumatic suspension can “kneel” to permit easy loading of heavy objects via the rear garage.
owners

"Mr. President", Dick Mis included Goertz's famous 500 and 597 models, as well as the Datsun 240/260, the best-selling sports car of all time. Goertz's off-road vehicle of the future—the Jeepster II—will be lighter, more fuel efficient, more durable, and easier to repair than present Jeeps. It will be powered by a turbocharged four-cylinder diesel engine and feature four-wheel drive with fully independent suspension. The integral rollover bar provides an anchoring point for the removable roof panel and rear window. The windshield can fold flat onto the hood. Even the plastic doors and wheel items can be removed (the latter for fitting narrow highway tires that give better fuel economy). The rear roof can be an option, and the backseats can be positioned to face forward or backward for versatile fun truckin' into the future.

As director of General Motors' design staff from 1968 to 1977, Bill Mitchell has put his distinctive stamp on over 100 million vehicles, from Chevrolets to Amtrak locomotives. His talents in personal travel run more to sports cars and fast motorcycles. One of his best-kept designs is the stylish GM Motor Home, a front-wheel-drive, air-suspension vehicle that looks 10 years ahead of the typical motor home's corrugated aluminum box on a pork chassis. Mitchell's motor home of the future will have the fuel economy of today's automobile thanks to the use of such lightweight materials as honeycomb aluminum, vinyl, and thinner glass. Aerodynamic aids include the pointed nose, aerodynamic wheel lips, smooth belly pans, and an absence of the usual roof rack and external air conditioning. Photosensitive glass will darken in sunlight to cut the air-conditioning load. Flush mounted solar-electric panels and lightweight batteries may replace the gas-guzzling generator. A small gas turbine between the rear wheels will power this mobile pad and provide the final touch in economy—it will run on almost any combustible fuel. Even your last bottle of Chivas Regal could be the sybarite Mitchell

William Towns is an independent designer best known for his Lotus and Aston Martin designs, this wedge-shaped look. Aston Martin Lagonda has been the sensation of British auto shows since it was first shown in London two years ago. Despite a price tag of $100,000, it has a considerable waiting list for Lagondas, and the less expensive version is only slowly delivered, with some frustration. To the DeLorean and Bathurst owners of William Ettrick, an English national landmark, Bill Towns' design of a turn-of-the-century grand tourer is eagerly awaited. Towns has been adopted by the Phantom Six, another fast-back, top-down British sports car. Further claims that in wet weather the rear part of the car acts as a bicycle wheel are not borne out, but Towns does make a point of saying that the car offers better steering and handling. Other features are Towns' dream of a 1000-mile-per-hour, two-turbocharged, four-cylinder, 500-horspower car, a 250-horsepower, V8 engine for transcontinental supersonic travel at 1200 miles per hour and an aluminum body structure. In a structural space-frame frame.
could feel her "bear down" each time I slid my finger into her vagina, and she would gasp softly. Finally I stopped this and started licking her again, but this time closer and closer to her pussy. She was getting really hot, moaning and shivering with delight. At last I swirled my tongue around inside her giving her everything I had. When she came she was thrusting upwards almost uncontrollably. I was in heaven, and Audrey was totally spent.

Our love life is fantastic, but I've seen her only a few times in the past four months. She apparently can't accept me as her lover. This may be due to her strict religious upbringing. How can I help her rid herself of these guilt feelings? I will always love her and have a very real need for her. Please help—Sam

If you've been watching a lot of daytime television lately you just might think that love conquers all. In your case, it seems to be battling in a losing war. True, the girl's strict religious upbringing could be a fault but is that any reason for her not to see you? She screws with you yes, but how about just seeing you? Does she see other men or is Audrey a "colibate," like the Robin in the preceding letter?

If you haven't done so already you should try to express your emotional needs verbally to Audrey. And above all find out where her head and heart are. Her apparent standoffish attitude may turn out to have nothing at all to do with a religiously inflicted guilt.

LOOKING OUT FOR MS. GOODBAR

I've been a bartender for the last seven years and have had many unusual sexual experiences with various young ladies. However, a few months ago I had an experience that has made me apprehensive about all these illicit sexual affairs.

A young redhead named Jill came in one night and the only other customer at the bar was a girl I had been dating. So I divided my time between Jill and Lois. After a while Jill asked me if Lois was my girl friend and when I said no, she asked me if I thought she was pretty. She was fairly attractive with a nice body—no Ann-Margret but nice—and I said she was very attractive. Jill then asked me if I would like to go to her house after work for some coffee. After I said yes, I told Lois I had to go right home after work and that she might as well leave, which she did.

When we got to Jill's house, we went right to the bedroom and stripped. There was no coffee. We were fondling each other and talking when she asked me if she could do one of her "tricks" on me. She went to the kitchen and brought back some whipped cream and proceeded to apply it to my cock. I couldn't believe it—what a turn-on! She started to lick it off very slowly and then increased the action as she got closer to the head. Just when I was about to come she turned around and sat on my face. She started riding me again and I started licking her as anxiously as she was sucking me. Just before we both came I turned around and decided it was time to fuck. So I jumped on top of her and she slapped in. As I did this, I put my hands under the pillows to get some leverage—and found a knife.

Needless to say, I lost my hard-on and my concentration. Jill started laughing and said she kept the knife there for protection because she lived alone. It made sense, but I wasn't about to stay around and fall asleep or something.

I've run into some weird girls in my time, but this really made me think that I should be a little more careful about the girls I fool around with. Since this experience I haven't made or accepted advances. Am I being unnecessarily gun-shy or should I continue in my old ways?—Luke

Having lived most of my adult life as a single woman in an urban setting, I can sympathize with Jill's need to protect herself. But a knife under the pillow seems a little on the wild side. Generally speaking, you're pretty safe if you go to the other person's apartment for sex rather than to your own pad. When you're their guest there's no chance of real robbery (unless you're the one who's into a little pillaging) or getting stuck with someone who just needs a place to sleep for the night (as in Looking for Mr. Goodbar) or murder (not to be morbid, but it's unlikely that any stranger would kill you in your own apartment)

As a bartender you're in an ideal position for picking up women. You can get to know them gradually—right after hours—and once you've checked out their behavior around the bar you can make your decision. After all, you don't have to know after your first hero. Such quick sex can be a thrill. I know but if it's safety you're looking for look again and again and again before you make that first plunge. It could be your last.

FOUR ON ONE

As is normal for most males... I'm ready for sex anytime anywhere. My best friend and I usually go out drinking or pay night and this night was no exception—except that my wife joined us. I'm fairly married, and so is my friend. In the past Josh and I have talked about threeway sex but have never been able to find any interested women. We had also talked about the idea to my wife, Carol, and she said she would be interested, too. If it was with the right person.

So this one night we decided to invite Carol to go with Josh since we had already decided to see if we could get Josh in bed with us. As the night progressed we started feeling a little high and Josh started to dance with Carol. Finally, the bars closed and we decided to go back to our house for a few more drinks. After we had settled into the den, we decided to watch...
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I am writing because of your recent response concerning anal intercourse and anal stimulation. I feel the need to offer some more complete solutions to the initial pain problem so frequently discussed. Most people can accommodate a well-lubricated index finger—their own or their partner's—so that is where they might begin. Albolene Cream is excellent for this purpose but sometimes requires several applications over a period of time. Drinking alcoholic beverages or smoking a joint will also help the person to relax the sphincter muscles. I recommend self-stimulation until the person can handle the sensation and is a little stretched out. Next use two very well greased fingers and concentrate being relaxed and enjoying the turn on. The next step would be to employ a small, flexible vibrator in self-manipulation.

The woman needs to be able to control the amount of penetration and the rate of the thrusts. I have also found that I can't take anal stimulation two days in a row. Perhaps others should try this only when they really want to and when there is no soreness in the anal area. Anal intercourse is a long-range goal, and it is well worth the effort! The male should enter slowly and only as far as his partner finds enjoyable relaxation is vital here, and practice is its own reward. My husband especially enjoys it when I use a flexible vibrator anally when we are screwing—it's a double pleasure for us both... R J B

How nice to have you readers aiding other less knowledgeable readers! The only advice I can add regarding the joys of anal sex is some hints on positions. Positioning your body just right is very important when it comes to losing your virginity analy. It is also very important if the penis happens to be a particularly large one. In such cases I recommend that the man lie on his back so that the woman can sit right down on his penis. This way she's the one in control and if things should become too painful she can easily (if you'll pardon the pun) rectify the situation. Also if the woman finds the experience too painful to begin with remember it gets better with practice.

AN UNDERCOVER MAN
I'm a twenty-year-old man and I have always been quite open-minded. I've also lived away from home since age sixteen. My girl friend, Monica, thinks I have a problem because I don't herman collected underwear from women that had sex with me; I never thought I was insane for keeping my memories, but Monica seems to think it's horrible. I do have a nice collection—1,999—only one more pair until I hit the 2,000 mark. Please let me know if this is wrong... Gary

What's your girl friend complaining about? As long as you don't take your collection to bed with you, what concern's it if hers? On the other hand, I do wonder about a twenty-year-old guy who says he's slept with close to two-thousand women. Either he's a satyr or you're into buying women's underwear. Also why were all those women so eager to give up their panties? I prefer reusing mine.

Regarding underwear fashions I must tell you a funny story about something that...
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happened to me shortly before I had to leave Canada a few years ago. Before I moved, I put an ad in the paper saying: "Xaviera Hollander leaving country. Selling everything. Furniture, car, clothes, etc. etc. etc." Then I gave my telephone number. Well, you can imagine how my phone began to ring. Naturally I met a lot of interesting people. I must have met more than a dozen couples who begged me to sell them my lingerie and underwear. To top it all off, I was usually requested to sign them with a black felt tip pen. The funniest incident involved early morning phone calls: "Miss Hollander?" they would say. "Can I please buy some bras, panties and underwear from you?"—any piece of underwear at all?" "Yes," I would reply. "Are they clean or somewhat soiled? If not, could you please wear something for me today so I can sniff it out once I buy it from you?"

Then there were the phone calls requesting rubber items, such as kitchen gloves, aprons and boots. It so happened that I had a pair of muddy old rubber boots. Well, you should have heard the excitement over the phone when I told one man about these, "I'll be right over," he told me. "But please make sure you don't clean them or polish them up in any way, because I want to lick them clean."

Do you still think you're doing something wrong? I doubt it. Just get the figures right share and share alike.

I have been happily married to a very beautiful woman for twelve years. Marie has the kind of face and figure (37-25-35) that will turn any man on. Her cone-shaped tits are mostly firm and have no sign of sag; her stomach is trim and flat, her ass is firm, and her legs are long and well shaped.

For the past seven years, Marie has been putting out to other men on the average of two to four nights a week, often in front of me. She has two to four lesbian encounters and at least one good gang bang per month. Away from home, my wife has a reputation as a very easy piece of ass. Yet around here she is considered sweet and innocent a respectable housewife even if she is somewhat of a pricking tease.

Marie is proud to be a woman, proud of what she has to offer a man or another woman. She dresses to show, not to hide, what she has to offer, she dresses to be feminine and attractive at home or in public. We believe 'clean and neat' is sexy and that makeup and perfume are as important as garments are.

Marie doesn't need a bra, but she always wears one. They are mostly red or black, some cut so low that her nipples protrude over the top. She usually selects a color that will show through her blouse and show her tits. Her skirts and dresses are mid-thigh to show off her legs, yet allow her to wear a garter belt and stockings.

I'm a photographer and have adorned the walls of our living room and bedroom with framed 11 x 14 color pictures of Marie wearing only panties or a bra. The pictures are posed to emphasize her legs and tits and the seductive expression on her face. I have often seen the men visiting our home get a hard-on while stealing glances at these pictures.

As I write this letter, I see Marie sitting across the room, from time to time giving me a glimpse up her skirt. I see those beautiful legs, the dark band at the top of her stockings, the black straps of her garter belt, the contrast of the tight, pink bikini panties against the creamy flesh of her smooth, firm thighs. I think of the hundreds of men Marie has taken between these lovely legs. There is a feeling of pride about my wife putting out.

We love each other, and sex is something we seek in others. —B.F.J.
For four years in the late sixties, Leonard Nimoy, Boston born and bred, played the role on a television series called "Star Trek" of a half-human from outer space: Mr. Spock. As Spock Nimoy didn't have (or couldn't show) his emotions. His logical approach to the many crises of the starship Enterprise turned out to be the perfect foil for the oh-so-human impulses of fellow actor Bill Shatner's character, Captain Kirk.

Shatner was supposed to be the star of the show but Nimoy's character quickly became more popular. Television fans, particularly women, took a special fancy to this alienated fellow from the planet Vulcan and showered him with tons of mail. Women said they wanted to mother him, love him, show him how to feel. Even off-screen, Nimoy enjoyed the tensions of this unique Vulcan-human relationship.

In one personal appearance, a young woman asked him how old he was. He replied with a very straight face, "What did you have in mind?" When the laughter over that response died down, he added, "The question obviously reflects your need to judge the possible relationship between myself and other human beings, possibly even yourself. This represents an illogical human compulsion on your part, based on certain insecurities and a fascination with linear time. It would be better if you humans could rid yourselves of this fixation."

When "Star Trek" was canceled (despite wounded ones from thousands of "Trekkies"), Nimoy moved into a role on the television series "Mission: Impossible," but he finally left the security of a steady job so that he could branch out and grow. "I'd been in a cave at Paramount for five years, he says. "I wanted to explore and find out what was outside that cave."

He took a course in photography at U.C.L.A. He started writing poetry. In 1971 he took on some challenging, un-Spock-like roles on the stage. He was Tevye in "Fiddler on the Roof." He was Goldman in "The Man in the Glass Booth." And the next year he published a book of poems, "You and I," which he figured might sell from 2,000 to 3,000 copies. It sold 300,000. He has since published three other books of poetry—and an autobiography called "I Am Not Spock."

His happy identification with Spock goes on. And now he, along with all the old members of the crew of the starship Enterprise, has just completed a full-length feature movie called, predictably enough, "Star Trek." Paramount has
scheduled this picture (which had a $15 million budget) for release sometime in 1979.

Nimoy and his wife, Sandy, a former actress, live in an attractive flower-filled home close to U.C.L.A. West Coast freelance writer Robert Kaiser interviewed Nimoy there. The subject: science fiction

**Penthouse** Did Star Wars deserve its tremendous box-office success?

**Nimoy** Sure!

**Penthouse** It didn't bother you that it had no social significance?

**Nimoy** No. You could say the same thing about the circus nor social significance. But it's fun. There's a need in our society today for some sheer fun. People are saying, 'Let's just have some fun.' If Star Wars met that need, then it deserved the great response it got. It was an idea whose time had come. It's also an extremely well-made film. You can kiss and cheer and boo and have a good time. It's just an experience of total involvement created by a great bunch of talented people working hard and achieving their goals.

**Penthouse** So now it's time for a 'Star Trek' movie.

**Nimoy** It doesn't seem like we work a bit backwards. Usually a picture is made because somebody has written a good script. But here a studio says to itself, 'Science fiction is now highly successful. It's commercial. It's desirable to have a good science fiction feature on the market.' 'Star Trek' is a terrifying recognizable and suc-

s...
of the appellation. And it shouldn't be denigrating.

**Penthouse**: Are you a star attraction at these rallies?

**Nimoy**: I'm afraid so. The last convention I attended was at a hotel in New York. I gave a little talk, and then started wandering around this hotel, poking my head into this or that. Pretty soon the word got out that Spock was on the loose, and people started jamming up the halls to get close to me and choking up the elevators.

The security people were talking about having to call the fire department.

**Penthouse**: Did you think you'd be attacked?

**Nimoy**: Absolutely not. The people who come to see me—call them Trekkies* if you want—are far more civilized than the security people paid to protect me. The security people tend to agrandize themselves for days about their responsibility. They imagine all sorts of terrible things that will happen if they don't take precautions. So they plan various devious and circuitous routes to get me in and out of the auditorium—through a kitchen maybe. A Robert Kennedy. They say, 'Take a freight elevator, climb in an unmarked car at the back door—don't tell anybody except your girlfriend'—who tells her girlfriend, of course, who tells her boyfriend and soon you've got sixteen followers who are all security. You security people create hysteria. It's easy enough in a crowd situation to create an atmosphere of mutual respect and communication. But these security people do just the opposite. They project their own vibes. "This is a tense situation!"

**Penthouse**: And the crowd just comes to these spirited Trekkie rallies to have fun?

**Nimoy**: That's right. And they're just yelling "Stay back!" At the slightest sign of anything not working right, the security people get hysterical. Strange.

I did a trip to Oakland about a year and a half ago. I walked in and found the kids as usual, taking lots of pictures—lots of little flashbulbs going off. Well, there was a phalanx of security people, arm in arm, cordoning off the stage. I started talking to the audience, they were very responsive and everything was going off beautifully.

Suddenly I became aware of a couple of young security men. The type who probably work on the stage sets and are looking for the same atmosphere when it isn't the same atmosphere. People who come to see me aren't going to fill the aisles and storm the stage.

Well, these security guys tried to stop the kids from taking flash pictures. They decided that no one could use a flash. It was just an arbitrary decision on their part—it didn't make any difference to me if the kids used flash or not. But these security guys were starting to yell at the people. And it was disturbing to me because I was making a speech. And they were shouting...

Stop the flashes! Get that flash Charley! Get it away from that kid right there! Finally I stopped and said, "Hey it's okay! Let 'em do their flashes." And this security guy turned right to me and said, "Mistuh Nimoy, there's enough light in here. They don't have to use flashes." "Wait a minute! This is a rally!" I don't believe this. I'm in a confrontation with a security guard.

**Penthouse**: You don't travel with an entourage bodyguard?

**Nimoy**: I'm not Muhammad Ali. I'm me. I try to keep it low key. I just try to talk to people as people. I try to reveal some of the behind-the-scenes stuff they seem so interested in.

But I have also developed a technique that makes it fun. Sometimes I play my Mr. Spock role. I come onstage and get a tremendous ovation, and so I have to tell the crowd severely. You are a very emotional group of humans. They love that.

* At DeAnza College near San Francisco not long ago a voice from the audience sang out: "Mr. Nimoy, I'm picking up a vibration. There's something on your mind. Something you're not telling us. Something very intense. Something very close to your heart. I'd like you to feel free to tell us about that." I said, "You obviously have ESP." He said, "Maybe you do." I said, "Well, in that case why don't you tell me?" The place went crazy.

**Penthouse**: Don't you ever get tired of being Spock?

**Nimoy**: Not a bit. A few years ago I wrote a
kind of autobiography called An
Spock—which made people think I im-
dissolved the Spock character. Too bad
they didn't bother to read it. Even press
people assumed from the title that I was
trying desperately to rid myself of the
Spock image. The same people probably
assumed that Gone with the Wind was
about a hurricane. There is no reason for
me to hate the Spock character
Penthouse: You weren't worried about
being typecast?
Nimoy: I don't agree with the popular idea
about typecasting. I believe that every
actor who is successful is typecast to some
degree. An actor who is not 'typeable' is
nowhere.

Penthouse: Has the 'Star Trek' television
series been dubbed into other languages?
Nimoy: About forty
Penthouse: And the reruns go on and on?
Nimoy: Right.
Penthouse: We assume they're still paying
you handsomely.
Nimoy: No. It's amazing how that concept
still prevails. When we signed on with
Paramount, we signed the standard
Screen Actors Guild contract. We got paid
so much for making the episode—then so
much—a dwindling amount—for each rerun.
But no more after the fifth rerun. We got
our last checks about eight years ago.
Penthouse: So who makes the money now?
Nimoy: Well, theoretically Paramount. But I
doubt you could get anybody over there
now to admit there was any 'profit.'
Penthouse: What's made 'Star Trek' such a
success?
Nimoy: One percent inspiration and
ninety-nine percent perspiration. That was
our genius!
Penthouse: Well, you could have worked
harder and still gone unappreciated.
Nimoy: True. And in the case of science-
fiction, it's never been very well appreci-
cated until very recently. Oh, the form has
existed for a long time. There has always
been a place for it.
Penthouse: Of course, everyone remembers
that old science-fiction character,
Flash Gordon.
Nimoy: Sure, and I remember owning a
Buck Rogers ray gun when I was a kid. But
we never expected too much out of sci-
ence fiction. And when we grew up, we
never expected to find a great novel in that
particular guise.
Penthouse: So why do you think the genre
grew?
Nimoy: Science fiction started to get much,
much better. Writers were presenting more
interesting ideas and their stories were of
the multi-level kind we used on 'Star Trek.'
Penthouse: Multi-level?
Nimoy: I mean, a kid of ten could watch a
'Star Trek' episode and enjoy it for the
gadgets and the rockets and the
aliens—the obvious plot. Six or eight years
later maybe a high-school graduate or
college student that same kid could watch
a rerun of the same episode and catch the
social implications of what we were talking
about things he wasn't aware of before.

That's why the show is being watched
rewatched today. There are new ele-
ments to be discovered as the viewer
changes.

Penthouse: And early science fiction
wasn't multi-level in the sense?
Nimoy: Many of the stories and movies
were simply designed to frighten an audi-
ence. But there were exceptions The Day
The Earth Stood Still was a good one. It
lacked us. It made us examine ourselves
in that movie aliens were coming from
another planet and looking at us. So we had
to look at ourselves.
Penthouse: And 'Star Trek' wasn't de-
signed to frighten?
Nimoy: No. 'Star Trek' wasn't 'doomslay'
science fiction. It was upbeat.
Penthouse: What was the message of 'Star
Trek'?
Nimoy: You must be the only one who
doesn't know. But the plot line is this: we're
in the twenty second century and all the
planetary governments have united to form
this United Space Fleet—not a United
States Fleet but a federation of planets in
United Nations of outer space, working
successfully for peace. Of course there
are some bad guys out there, but this
group of good guys is working to avoid
self-annihilation.
Penthouse: What was the attraction of that
idea for your viewers?
Nimoy: Well, nowadays we live in a sci-
ence-fiction age. We are now living the
stories that were dreamed by science-fiction
readers not more than twenty thirty forty
years ago. Stop to consider, we have had
human beings standing on the moon
twenty years ago and that is nothing but sci-
ence fiction. I mean, in the summer of 1969
I went out in my own backyard and then
looked up and said 'There are men walking
up there on the moon.' I had seen them
on television, but it wasn't the same thing as
actually looking up there and realizing
there were men on the moon. Wow! Incredi-
able.

In fact, there are some wonderful stories
about some people's need to reject this
type of experience. I heard people say that
these guys stepping out onto the moon
looked too much like the old Buck Rogers
serials. It looked too much like a film set to
be real. But of course, despite these people
the future is here and we're going ahead.
I think the acceleration into space
will now be exponential. I mean when was it—sixty years ago?—that the Wright
brothers were just getting a few feet off
the ground with a paper airplane? And now we
think nothing of air speeds faster than
sound of enormous aircraft carrying sev-
eral hundred people.

We're beginning to see why we have
spouts in development. In World War II, the
military strategists said 'Wouldn't it be
great if we could fly over armies and drop
tings on their heads.' And they did. Well
that was a tremendous push forward and
we found the people and money to do it.
Then the Second World War—more
sores. Unfortunately both of these were

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Loanshark
I thought that some of your readers with a little spare money to lend might be interested in the loan arrangement I have made with my spendthrift sister-in-law. A couple of months ago Cathy, who is married to my brother, had gotten herself deep in debt by overuse of her credit cards. Since she didn't want her husband to find out, she asked me if I would lend her the money to clear up her account, but I thought that she would have a hard enough time paying back the loan and badly needed to learn a lesson in money management. So I made her agree to pay interest on the loan by being my sex slave on a once-a-week basis.

Every Thursday night after my wife has left for class at a nearby evening college, Cathy arrives at my house. As soon as she is inside the front door I tell her to strip down completely and crawl on all fours to the top of the second floor stairs, where I am waiting to be her master for the evening. The sight of her thirty-eight-inch melons swaying back and forth as she crawls ignites both my cock and my plan of action.

When she gets to the top of the stairs, she has to crawl on her belly to the foot of my bed, where I make her kiss and suck each one of my toes. While she sucks them I snap the first of many five-by-seven pictures which will record the night's action and be my ultimate insurance that the loan will be paid in full.

With the preliminaries out of the way I place Cathy on all fours on my bed and then push her head down to a pillow and tie her hands over her head to the bedpost I am now ready to work on her pleadingly plump ass, with its tight little hole. Using pink lipsticks, I paint her rear tunnel entrance pink and then, using bright red lipsticks, write in big letters on her quivering cheeks, "Fuck My Ass." As soon as I have recorded the scene with my camera, I mount her quickly from behind, showing my straining eight-inch rod as far as it will go up Cathy's chocolate tunnel. The pink lipsticks paint job is the only lubricant she gets, as she needs to feel some pain in order to understand the evil of being literally up to her ass in debt! As soon as my cock has had a mind-bending explosion in her hole, I untie Cathy's hands from the bedpost and flip her over and tie her spread eagled across the bed.

The second phase of Cathy's slave duty begins when I coat the inside of her humid honeypot with something hot and tingling like mouthwash or horseshit. Next I tape plastic bags full of ice cubes to her well-rounded tits. The alternating hot and cold sensations flowing from her pussy and boobs to her brain make her as cock-hungry as a nympho doing a life sentence. Feeling that the best way to satisfy her hunger is to stick my cock right down her throat, I straddle her upper torso. While I hold her head immobile with my hands, I fuck her mouth until my semen is oozing out the corners of her mouth. As soon as she has swallowed my come it is time for the final phase of Cathy's slave treatment.

Out of my dresser comes a vibrator, with which I slowly tantalize Cathy's touching her almost everywhere except on her quivering clit. After a few minutes of the vibrator treatment Cathy's hips are bucking wildly as if she were a bitch in heat. At the same time she starts to scream at the top of her lungs for me to fuck her cunt as hard as I can. But since I have decided that she won't get my prick in her pussy until she has repaid her loan, I ignore her pleas for a good hard fucking. Instead, when I think she cannot stand any more tension I quickly jerk off all over her face and then untie her and send her home.

By the way as a result of our sessions Cathy is repaying her loan faster than I had expected! —A.B. Boston, Mass.

Get your pop rocks off
My seven-year-old nephew turned me on to some new candy not long ago. It's called "Pop Rocks," and it comes in Kool-Aid-colored envelopes. It's a coarse powder in several flavors.

The instant the powder touches your mouth the candy starts cracking like fireworks on the Fourth of July. This new find has literally gotten many of my friends off! Knowing me to be an aficionado of oral sex, a friend jokingly suggested another use for the novel candy. Always willing to try anything new I decided to try it on my next date who is a sexy songwriter and bears a strong resemblance to John Holmes from the worst down.

We were at my apartment, and I had just given his delicious body a tongue bath, omitting to touch his gorgeous prick. Excused myself for a minute and returned to my unsuspecting lover with a mouthful of grape pop rocks. I took his cock into my mouth and my saliva started the pop rocks working. I thought that he would come unglued! The pop rocks gave him an un-produced-of-sensations. My mouth was acting as a vibrating bed of pleasure for him.

I suggested pop rocks as an imaginative way to please your female or male lovers alike.

My boyfriend is going to try using them on me tonight, and I'm hoping my orgasm will be like bombsites bursting in air. I think most of the buyers of pop rocks in this city are adults—turned on to them by word of mouth. No pun intended! —M.B. Salinas, Calif.

Saturday night favor
I'd like to relate an experience you're readers might be interested in. My three buddies and I get together regularly for camping trips with Frank, Larry Paul, and I go away most weekends to hunt and fish in the mountains. One Saturday night not having much luck with the fish we sat around a big camp fire, all getting stoned on some dynamic Colombian. Our usual poker game pro-
Experts Say...

**You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnosis!**

*If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It or Not — It's True!!!*

By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research, R.I., and they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go so far as to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words, "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below we've copied the original Silvermen ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnosis, it might be worth your while to read it.

*(Reprinted By Permission)*

**GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU**

When you begin to use S/A Hypnotism, you will have one of the most powerful forces known to man working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better — much better. Many will be immediately attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super natural powers. All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

That's right. We are giving you a tool that will make you more attractive to girls. And we know that this will work.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree to practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

**DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT**

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "hoo-hoo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this.

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself a chance."

This principle works — and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn S/A Hypnotism. There are no complicated lessons to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called: *The Easy Way To Get Girls, Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use S/A Hypnotism.

And now, you too, can learn to use S/A Hypnotism to meet, date and even seduce beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree to practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power S/A Hypnotism will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

**MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING**

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go one step further and give you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is.

Try out the principle of S/A Hypnotism for a month. Then, if it hasn't met, dated and even slept with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund and more.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)
- Plus:
  - 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
  - 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
  - 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
  - 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again, S/A Hypnotism works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of those successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a reliable, no-nonsense method of getting girls, a method that will work anywhere, anytime — you may want to give S/A Hypnotism a try.

You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Silverman Research, Dept P-1098
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls, Through S/A Hypnotism.*

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund and more.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name ___________________________________________
Address __________________________________________
City ______________________________________________
State ____________________________________________ Zip ______________

© 1976 Silverman Research
needed for a while until someone suggested that we make it a game of strip poker. All of our heads were three miles up anyway so it was agreed that the player would take off an article of clothing, each time he lost. Frank was never a good player anyway, and he was the first to go—he was naked and tanned body was there for all of us to see. Larry had stripped. He suggested that the others join them au naturel. Being both stoned and horny and not knowing what to expect, we agreed. Frank mentioned to Larry how well hung he was and we all had to agree. I didn't have a tape measure but it was the biggest, fattest, and thickest cock I'd ever seen. Having been in the air force for four years I'd seen and compared a few guys before. I think everyone secretly does.

Larry jokingly asked Frank if he'd like to suck on it for a while and leaned back invitingly in the moonlight. Frank hesitated and then crawled over and started fondling the large cock, pulling back the foreskin to expose an enormous head. He stroked Larry slowly back and forth and both his and Larry's cocks began to enlarge and expand until both were jutting straight out, Larry's having a slight upward curve to it. Then Frank reached down and pulled the huge knot into his mouth, rolling his tongue around it and bringing moans of ecstasy from Larry Paul and I could only watch as Frank took as much of Larry into his mouth as he could with his hand bobbing up and down on the thick shaft. By now he had moved around so that his cock dangled above Larry's head. Immediately Larry gobbled the member into his mouth; his hands caressing the hanging sac and fondling the swollen balls. It wasn't long before both of them were jerking and crying out as you could see the cocks of both muscular men jerking wildly. Frank's face contorted as his lips gripped tightly around the glans, and he was soon gulping down Larry's hot sperm. Frank wasn't long in coming himself.

By this time, you'd have to be a mongoloid not to get turned on, and Paul and I were busy fondling each other's cock. Paul said to me in a husky voice to get on my knees, and I was strangely excited by the thought. As I crouched on all fours, I felt the hot and sweaty shaft of his penis slowly climb my leg, until the huge head was right against my ass. He pushed slowly against my puckered anus. Luckily, he had lubricated himself, but it was still slow and painful while he made his entrance into me, all the time stroking my rock-hard joint for all it was worth. Soon he was pumping in and out with vigorous abandon, his meaty balls slapping my hairy ass with a sound that seemed to carry forever.

I was beside myself with joy now knowing what women felt like when I had entered their dark caverns in the past. I reached behind to feel the huge, thick pole enter me and grabbed a handful of his balls, squeezing them tightly. I felt his strokes come quicker, and as my rectum seemed to tighten, I felt a load of hot come explode. 

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**Ad:**

**Penthouse Enterprises Inc., PO Box 1751, Dept F 196, New York, N.Y. 10022**

Order: a U.S. catalog or send $35 plus $2.00 per issue for a New York, N.Y. residents add $1.50 per issue by check or money order.

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**Ad:**

**Penthouse Enterprises Inc., PO Box 1905, Dept F 196, New York, N.Y. 10022**

Order: a U.S. catalog or send $35 plus $2.00 per issue for a New York, N.Y. residents add $1.50 per issue by check or money order.
I found it at the movies. I would like to tell you about an incident that happened to me last weekend. I ran into a fairly good-looking black guy who likes blondes. I went to see an X-rated movie. While I was watching the movies a nice-looking blonde sat down next to me. On the screen in front of us the couple was in a sixty-nine position. The man had his tongue on the girl's pussy while she got almost all of his nine inches down her throat. While this was going on, the girl next to me was getting turned on. She was squirming in her chair, reached over and rubbed between her legs. She was sucking wet down there, so I started to massage her cunt. Then she opened her legs and started to unzip my pants. My dick was hard, as ten and a half inches. She started jerking it, and soon I was finger-fucking her.

On the screen the lady and man assumed a doggy-style position. His cock was all the way in her, and her head was going back and forth. About this time my girl reached a climax, I could feel her juices. A few seconds later I shot my load, it got on her hand. She took it and licked it off. I asked her if she wanted to go to my apartment and she accepted.

When we got there, we went straight to the bedroom, where we got into a wild sixty-nine. After about fifteen minutes of foreplay she mounted my dick and while I sucked her tits, she rode up and down. I shot my come into her and she screamed, "Fuck me with this big, black dick. Fuck me!" Soon she reached her climax, and then I rolled her over and ate her pussy out. Like it was my first. Soon my dick was rock hard again, and she wanted it in the ass. I then slipped it up her tight hole. Did I pump away at that ass! She was loving every stroke. I put in her hand. She was screaming with pleasure, and we reached a climax together. After I pulled out we fell asleep. The next morning she was gone but left her number. We're going to have more nights like that to come. — Name and address withheld.

It's the real thing. I have a cousin whom I'll call A. My story starts back a few years ago. I was getting very interested in sex and pictures of nude girls. (We were both in our mid-teens.) I was really into masturbating while looking at a picture of a beautiful cunt. A friend showed me pictures of a couple performing all kinds of sex acts, including oral sex. I was really fascinated seeing a tongue disappear inside a juicy cunt or ass hole.

That's when I got this idea instead of

Finally
There's a Condom
Women Can Get
Excited About.

Excita, One of the best exciting forms of male contraception a woman ever experienced.

Excita's specially ribbed surface adds to a woman's pleasure, by transmitting gentle, stimulating sensations to heighten her sexual enjoyment. And it's lubricated with Sensital so that the ribs gently massage and coress her.

Excita's also a new source of pleasure for you too. Its specially flared shape offers more freedom of movement inside the contraceptive for a greater, more natural sensation.

And that's something you'll both find very stimulating.


Here's Something Else
She's Sure to Get Excited About.

An elegant 18kt, gold-filled 18-inch neck chain in today's most fashionable style by Eva Saint Denise, attractively gift boxed.

For each neck chain ordered send $9.95 (check or money order) and one package free from Excita to Excita, Schmid Products Co., Route 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424

NAME

ADDRESS

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Offer expires December 31, 1978 and is good in U.S. and Puerto Rico except where prohibited. Licensed to make or test. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

197
PICKING UP GIRLS MADE EASY!

Pick up girls anywhere! In bars, buses, trains, even on the street! It's easier than you ever dreamed possible. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS will show you more than 100 sure-fire techniques, including: • How to make a shy girl work for you! • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • Why girls get horny! • 50 great opening lines! • World's greatest pick-up technique! How to get a woman to pick you up! • How to succeed in single bars. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains two dozen interviews with 25 beautiful girls. They tell you exactly what it takes to pick them up! HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only $9.95 plus $1 postage and handling. It makes picking up girls as easy as tying your shoes.

HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL

Here's a book that can turn you into such an exciting lover, women will sense your powers the instant you walk into a room. The book is called HOW TO MAKE LOVE TO A SINGLE GIRL, and it contains over 150 photos—each one just as clear and exciting as the photograph at right. They show you—step by step—exactly how to turn on a single woman. You will learn: • How to get a woman to "let herself go"! • Magic caresses! • Stimulating a woman! • The building of sexual power • Special sexual motions! • Dozens of exotic positions! • How to take off her clothes! • Pick-up motions! • The magic of Warm Baths! Most girls think you have to be good-looking or rich to attract lots of women. Not true!! HOW TO MAKE LOVE A SINGLE GIRL costs only $12.95 plus $1 postage and handling. It'll help you become the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with!

The Man's Book

It's hard to imagine a more valuable book (or better gift) than "The Man's Book!" As the book cover shows you, it contains just about everything today's man could want to know about anything.

To order, send check or money order to Penthouse Book Society, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022. Add $1.00 for first class mail. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. N.Y. residents add appropriate sales tax. Published by Avon Books. Copyright 1967, 1971 by James Wagonwood.

Generous spirits
My wife, Rina, and I have been married five years now, and we have a great sex life.
Reading magazines like Forum and Penthouse gave us ideas about how to make it even better, however. Recently we decided that it would be a big turn-on if one of us had sex with someone else while the other was present. My wife told me that at the office there was a couple of guys who wanted that they had the time for her. One guy was her boss, the other is a technical rep. Dave We decided on the latter.

I work midnights, so on my day off Dave and Rina want us to come home and get our place quite loaded. It was summer and pretty hot out, and all the windows were open. I affording an excellent view of the sex. Dina questioned Dave about fantasies, group sex lesbianism and the like. I seemed to me that he didn't want to commit himself. He then pulled her gently onto the couch and began stroking her hair. I watched as he unbuckled her blouse and laid her down on the couch. His mouth was on hers and he slowly licked his way down to her nipples, which looked hard and wrinkled.

The two of them were in a frenzy. His pubescent area was grinding into her cunt even though she had pants on and he was still fully clothed. Then my wife just put her arms around him and held tight, and about one minute later he got up. Kissed her goodnight and left. I continued to watch my wife and found myself pulling my cock out. I masturbated to the sight of my beautiful wife getting ready for bed and I came twice. Then I went to her and we fucked our brains out. She later told me that her visitor had gotten so horny that he came right in his pants while he was lying on top of her. He had felt so ashamed that he left.

Then one day a few weeks later we were playing strip poker with some friends. Before the game we were all on our waterbed, this other guy, Bob and I on our backs, his wife grinding her cock into her wet cunt and my wife placing her first uncut cock into her sopping cunt. Then Bob's wife reached over and started playing with his nipples and he in turn reached down and felt my cock deep inside her. She locked down and Rina's fingers were moving expertly over this girl's cock. Seeing all this drove me wild and Rina knew it. So she switched places with her counterpart, and we fucked until I came three times. She told me that she lost count at nine.

Another time my wife made it with another male admirer, then came home and turned me on by telling me every detail. They had done it in his parked car. The first thing he did was to put his arms around her kiss and touch her bush and clit with his hand. When he arched her back and pulled her dress over her head, he moved his face down to her cunt and licked away like a kitten lapping at its first saucer of milk. He plunged his middle finger deep inside her, and Rina cupped her breasts and was squeezing her nipples and moaning like hell. After a while he had to come up for air and told her he was awfully hot. She then unzipped his fly and helped him slide his pants down, where she found a cock that could stand its spacing.
If you take a look at last month's Penthouse you'll see that the left honor grinsnas preduced out in the desert a fate brought about by forcing his devotion with some kind of money and with an ultimatum hanging over his head...

Well, you'll be pleased to hear that he has come up with something...

This had better be good news... or it's back to buzzard bait for you!

Love your... honor baby—do it like that all over?

Your prairie appetites to me... I'd like to throw you over my shoulder and carry you off to some cave in the mountains...

This great cultural contribution to 20th Century art by Frederic Mullally and Ron Embleton
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

I CAN SEE THROUGH THE CARD!

THE CARD, HOSTESS! LOOK AT THE CARD!

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

YES, HOSTESS.

THE LENSES PENETRATE, HOSTESS.

ONLY LINEN AND PLASTIC FABRICS!

SPARE ME THE BORING DETAILS!

CONCENTRATE ON THE CARDS!

THE DYE IS USED TO NUMBER THE CARDS AND DENOTE BUT REMAIN VISIBLE. I CAN ACHIEVE THE SAME EFFECT WITH CONTACT LENSES!

YOU REALIZE THAT IN THE WRONG HANDS THIS COULD PROVE DISASTROUSLY USEFUL!
OF COURSE, ROBUSTRESS—
BUT IN THE
WESTERN WORLD
ANYTHING
DONE IN THE
NAME OF
BUSINESS
AND
THE ACCUMULATION
OF WEALTH IS
CONSIDERED
HIGHLY
RESPECTABLE!

OOGH, GRIDDY—
WHAT BIG...
YOU'VE GOT!

LENNEE SEE—
LOOKS LIKE...
LENNEE SEE!

YOU'RE ON THE
UP AGAIN,
HOMER BABY!

WANDA BRIEFS HER FUGG
FORCE COMMANDOS...!

I DO THINK YOU'RE
BRAKE, BOOTIL-
APPEARING IN
PENTHOUSE IN
THAT GET-UP!

THE END
JUSTIFIES THE MEANS,
FURBPLACE!

...BUT I WAN'T
ALL THOSE OHIOO
BANKS DUSTED
BY MIDNIGHT!

NOW YOU'VE ALL BEEN
FITTED WITH YOUR COUNTER
LENSIES!...

YOU LOOK GREAT
MEN!!! YOU'D PASS
UNNOTICED AT A
PRESIDENTIAL
GARDEN PARTY!!

WE MUST LOOK
AS INNOCENT
AS POSSIBLE...

THIS SURE IS NELL
AN'T GONNA DO
MUCH FOR MY
IMAGE!

...SO KEEP YOUR EYES TO
THE GROUND WHEN YOU LEAVE HERE
—AND DON'T GET Stored-KNAPPED!
MY HUSBAND, WHO OWNS SEVERAL CASINOS BACK IN LIL' OL' SHRELLANY, PENN., SAYS TO M.E., "OL' GIRL, AS SAYS..."

"A GLY, YOU BIOT DOWN TO 365 AND LEARN YOURSELF?"

ONLY TROUBLE IS—
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PLAY THE GAME. DOES IT MATTER?

WOMEN OF THE WORLD...AI, DAY OF TOTAL CONQUEST COMES EERIE CLOSES!

IT ISN'T A QUESTION OF EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN—THEY ARE SUPERIOR. IF MAN HAD ANY SENSE HE'D ACKNOWLEDGE IT INSTEAD OF STRUGGLING AND SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE SUBSERVIENT ROLE!

SIMULTANEOUSLY, ALL OVER THE CITY, THE DARKNESS ARE CLEANED OUT BY WANDA AND THE PUGS COMMANDOS...

YOU NEVER CAN TELL THESE DAYS......

...SHE'S SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE EUGENIE CAMELIERI!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO BE THE DAY THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT ALL OVER THE CITY!

HEY, THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE PHONE—GIVE HER NAMED VON KREUZER!

BUST CLEANED OUT... IT'S LIKE SOMEONE CRACKED A POKER BOX!

I'M GONNA KILL MYSELF!

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

SHE SAYS—DO WE WANNA GET OUR MONEY BACK?
Okay—so things have turned out quite well.

...but that's no reason for complacency!

Tomorrow at dawn we're taking to the wide open spaces for a training exercise.

No exceptions—sacred and corded.

Your minds are going to be needle-sharp and your bodies like whipcord.

Physical exercise! It's enough to make you beg out to the bassists.

Sadomasochism is no fun when it's not on your own terms.

I'm gonna look for a new comic strip.

I mean—what the hell is an Albanian caller done in the wild west?

Come on, you bunch of cluckers! I'll be making camp soon!
AS NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE CAN "BIT" A STRANGE LUMINOUS OBJECT CROSSES THE HEAVENS AT A SPEED GREATER THAN ANYTHING YOU EVER SAW IN STAR WARS.............

I DON'T CARE WHAT THEY SAY -- THERE IS NO REAL EVIDENCE THAT UFOS EXIST!

THAT LOOKS LIKE A FRIED EGGO!

YEAH-YEAH! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING FASTER THAN SOUND!

BUT THE POINT I'M TRYING TO MAKE IS THAT JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A FRIED EGGO FLY IN THAT FAST... IT DOESN'T MEAN IT CAN'T!!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF THAT!

HEY, WHAT'S THAT?

EVERYONE BACK IN THEIR OWN SLEEPING BAGS!

NOW SETTLE DOWN, MEN, WE'VE GOT AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!

WHY DON'T YOU GET OFF THE PAGE? WE'RE HAVING TO GET ON WITH THE STORY!

ALL LIFE FORMS DE-ACTIVATED NOW IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

VEHICLES SEEN TO BE COMPOSED OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE MATERIAL......

...NO VISIBLE SIGNS OF SELF PROPULSION.......

CLOSING IN ON SURVEY OBJECT AD....

SUBJECT APPEARS TO BE BEHAVING IN A TOTALLY UNPREDICTABLE AND ILLOGICAL MANNER......

...CANNOT RELATE THE USE OF SUCH PRIMITIVE APPLIANCES TO MOBILITY REQUIREMENTS OF THIS PLANET!

SCANNING NOW..... FOCUSING ON PRINCIPAL......
Inside the alien craft, a perfect 3-dimensional image of our scullent and sleeping heroine appears on a scanner. You won't see in your homes for a long time to come.

For 3 years of Earth time, we have monitored the bizarre behavior of this unique exception to an otherwise undistinguished breed of terrestrial beings...

The time has come for a closer encounter—in our laboratories! Inform the wise ones!

As you wish. Let's face it—The Bermuda Triangle has been a crushing bore!

Lemme see!

Lemme feel!

Lemme touch!

And while you're about it—the libido section of Junior's brain could do with some adjustment!

He's a real clone off the old block!

Soft music, fellers... celestial choirs... and try to see it this way—our loss will be your gain, against the disaster now threatening the cosmos!
she said, "I was about half as big as mine."

With her left hand she jerked his foreskin back and forth and her right hand went to her bush and found my little friend. She then asked him if he’d ever watched a girl masturbate and he eyes got as big as two silver dollars. He uttered a quick negative grunt and then I guessed that he didn’t want his come all over his new car so he slowed down and just played a little more and then drove her back home. In the next two days we fucked at least twenty times with her relating the story 50 percent of the time which drove us both over the brink of ecstasy. When we were in bed we discussed the idea of her giving him the fuck of his life. I have a feeling he’ll go along with the idea. — J.B. New Orleans, La

Rub-a-dub-dub

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon and my girlfriend and I decided to take a bath, a common practice. But on this particular afternoon I was feeling especially erotic and decided to change our regular bath into a candlelight fantasy. I opened the blinds and filled up the huge slope-back claw-footed tub with scented oils and bubble bath, and set up a table with a sponge soap pot, and wine. My girlfriend entered the bathroom and was obviously amazed at my romantic setting. Dropping her bathrobe she slipped into the tub, her six-shining tee gold in the soft candlelight.

We played a game of backgammon while we enjoyed a few tokes and some wine. When I won she tossed a sponge full of water on me. I playfully splashed her back and the next thing I knew, was soap ing her lovingly from head to toe. We began gently bypassing her genital area, teasing her to a point of ecstasy! Then, as ran my hand softly up the inside of her thigh, she quivered and arched her pelvis up out of the water. I responded by squeezing warm water from the sponge between her legs and then running the tip of my tongue first between her legs and then around her nipples. I felt her nipples cliterite.

I was about to spread her lips when suddenly she swung both legs over the side of the tub. I started nibbling at her toes and worked my way up the inside of her leg, back to her pussy. By this time she had worked her way right out of the water and had her hands on one side of the tub arch ing her pelvis across the other side. I thrust my throbbing cock into her soft, wet pussy using long, drawn-out strokes until I was at the peak of an orgasm. Suddenly she jumped off the tub onto me, wrapping her luscious legs around my waist and knocking me backward onto the toilet seat. I never realized how strong I was. I stood up and was actually holding her in my arms, pumping her up and down on my swollen cock until we both collapsed on the floor in a terrific orgasm. Wow! After a brief rest we moved into a sixty-nine and experimented.
with different positions around the toilet. After exhausting our needs doggy style, we curled up in each other’s arms on the soft brown rug and finished our wine. Later we both slipped into the tub for a quick wash. Men try surprising your lady friends this way some day. It will work miracles for your love affair or marriage — Name and address withheld.

The great pretender

Lately my boyfriend Steve has been bringing home a magazine. He started me reading the “Forum” section and the more I read the more turned on I got. This finally led us to trying some different methods of making love that I never thought I’d experience. I was reading away one night when I had an idea. I jumped out of bed, left the room and came back wearing a short halter dress, low-riding panties and high heels. I told him that we were going to pretend and that he was to play along.

First I asked him how much he had paid for me and my time. He answered me and we fell right into our playing role. He told me he was the type of customer who enjoyed some slightly kinky things. I was delighted that he had taken our play so seriously. I was so turned on by it that I agreed to my customer’s whim. Steve lifted my dress up and forcefully tore my panties off. I assured him I felt no pain and asked him to continue. My time was his. He kissed my thighs gently and then worked his way toward my dripping slit. I played evasive in order to entice him more.

Steve grabbed me and threw me on the bed and called me his little whore. He said all he wanted was my hot pussy to put his tongue into. He fed his hands to the bedpost and my feet to the headboard. He removed the rest of his clothes and proceeded to lick and tantalize my clit. His beautiful cock had grown to an enormous eight inches and it was aching. He said he’d paid enough money for me that I’d have to suck him before he felt satisfied. So he lifted his hips up into the air and placed his cock in my mouth. I sucked and licked his anxious head and tasted a few drops of love on my tongue. I knew my little fantasy was working when he told me he couldn’t stand it any more and sat back to slip his love muscle into my hot, dripping pussy. He threatened me, saying that I had better satisfy him or he would not give in to my pleas.

I began to resist him, crying out that I wouldn’t let him fuck me at all. It was such a turn-on for him that he began to thrust hard into my cunt while he starred at me with wild intentions.

All the while I was thrashing to get loose. Soon I felt him ready to let loose. I began to rotate my hips and it finally built up and brought us both to a roaring climax. I knew it had been good when I felt him collapse on top of me. We both came so violently that neither of us could breathe. So, satisfied and happy we fell asleep in each other’s arms but not until he told me that he felt very good and that I could play his

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where any old time.

I wouldn’t trade my Steve in for anything, but now there’s an extra to add to our sex lives. I think a lot came from Penthouse. Thanks to you and to my stud—V.P., Omaha, Nebr.

Muscle madness
Wrestling has always been a turn-on for me. Back when I was ten, a friend and I would strip down to our briefs and proceed to grunt and groan. It wasn’t too many bouts before I began getting erections from just thinking about applying a hold or being punished. Often I would apply a hold so that my cock was up against bare skin. I masturbate in private after a bout, because I didn’t have guys enough to do something hot with my buddy! Was I naive, because, as I recall, my friend would bump me from time to time during a match, but since I didn’t react, neither did he.

A few years later I moved away from my wrestling buddy. I still wrestle other guys from time to time—sometimes even in the dark, where I’d allow myself to get trapped in a leg scissors. I’d nudge the guy’s ass or balls with my nose, and the musky scent would drive me wild. Since he couldn’t see what I was doing, I’d reach my cock and masturbate inside my briefs. They were sweat stained, so he was no wiser about the sperm stains.

Still, I had no luck fulfilling what was becoming sexual wrestling matches in my fantasies until one weekend when a friend stayed over with me. I’d always been attracted to Gordon, because he had a super body I had fantasized about wrestling him many times, but when I saw him shaving in the nude I couldn’t resist taking him down. I knew Gordon was an athlete, but I never knew he could wrestle. With his strong hands and arms he broke my full Nelson. In doing so he made me fall to my knees. Gordon quickly dropped to the floor, wrapping his legs around my stomach in a brutating front body scissors.

He did a wrestler’s bridge with his neck, which caused his abdominal muscles to ripple God was his body beautiful! The sweat dripping off his body and the muscles in his thighs bulging as he applied pressure was driving me crazy with excitement. I could see that his cock was getting hard. It immediately went completely erect. He quickly looked at me and before we both could think my cock was between his firm buns and my hands were stroking him. We both came at the same time in one glorious muscular spasm. For the next several hours we wrestled and made love. We forgot which was which, but it brought new meaning to the saying 'Wrestlers know the best holds'.

I’m now much older married and have three kids. Sometimes when I’m having a little trouble getting it on with the old lady I just remember Gordon’s glorious thighs and rippling abdominal muscles, and I go wild. What my wife doesn’t know won’t hurt her! She thinks I’ve discovered the fountain of youth—Name and address withheld.
Learning fast
I'm an eighteen year old guy slim and said to be good-looking. I was always popular in school, but for some reason I had never made it with anyone although I had always been strongly attracted to both exceptionally beautiful girls and handsome, stud-type guys. Well, one day that all changed.

I was in the music department of a store checking out the albums. When I felt as if someone were staring at me, I looked up, and about fifteen feet away was the greatest looking guy. He was about twenty-four years old and very well dressed. The next thing I knew, he was standing right next to me, I took a quick nervous glance at him and could tell that he was a real stud. His blond hair was perfectly styled, and his earring was unbuttoned halfway down, exposing his downy-haired chest. He pulled an album from the rack and asked me if I had heard it before. I said I hadn't. He then asked me if I would like to listen to it with him and his girlfriend. As I stammered for words, I noticed that he was staring at my crotch, and he himself had a huge bulge in his very tight pants. Without even thinking I said, "Sure, why not?" He paid for the album and said, "Great. Let's go." There was no way to turn him down.

On the way to his apartment, he explained that his name was Dave and that his girlfriend's favorite fantasy was to watch him make it with another guy. He said it was something that he had always fantasized about, but he had never felt comfortable enough to ask if it was okay. Although I was very nervous, I agreed and told him that it was also my fantasy.

At his place, his girl Trish greeted us in a T-shirt and a pair of shorts so tight that her crack was plainly visible. She was very pretty with blonde hair and a great body. Between looking at her gorgeous body and Dave's bulging crotch, I was really getting horny and my crotch was also bulging and throbbing.

We sat down and talked while we looked at some terrific pictures. Then Trish put one hand on my crotch and one on Dave's, and said, "I think you're a little cramped. Why don't you go in the bedroom and relax and get to know each other?"

We did, and Trish sat down in a lounge chair with a vibrator in hand. I was very nervous and didn't really know what to do. But Dave very calmly said, "Let's just get things started. We both stripped and jumped on the bed. Dave had a firm body and an eight inch cock which was hard and throbbing. He lay down on his back and told me to straddle his stomach and suck him while he licked and sucked my straining cock and balls. I shot off within seconds all over his chest, and he came immediately afterwards, filling my mouth with a huge waad of his cum. He then licked and tongued each other from head to toe and were both hard within seconds.

This time he made me sit on his chest while he sucked me off and ran his fingers up my ass. I came as I never had before, grinding my pulsating cock in his mouth. I then rolled off, exhausted. He began massaging and licking my aching prick, and in no
time I was hard and ready I rolled over on him and we tongued each other while we ground our cocks against each other. We both exploded and then licked each other clean, and then we heard Trish moan as she furiously jerked her vibrator in and out of her beautiful, dripping cunt. She nearly passed out but when she quit coming, she jumped into bed with us. We’d been jerking each other off while we watched her so she finished us both off, slumping down every drop of come.

After a rest, we decided to try something different. Trish got on all fours, and I shoved my prick into her tight little ass. Dave then put his cock up my ass. It took a little time and patience to get our rhythm right, but when we did it was out of this world! We all came in a mind-shattering explosion and then dropped in exhaustion.

I’m looking forward to more experiences with Trish and Dave but none could ever top the first. —Name and address withheld

Healthy instincts
It is quite reassuring as well as a great turn-on to read more and more letters from other women readers of Penthouse. Because I’ve felt in the past somewhat unusual as a devoted fan of a "men’s" magazine it’s gratifying to know that I am hardly alone in using Penthouse to enhance and develop my erotic life.

For the last eight years your pictorials, stories, and letters have been an integral part of my expanding sexual experience. When I first discovered sex at fifteen I also discovered Penthouse and began to enrich both my fantasies and my real life sensuality through your pages. All the various features of your magazine have helped me realize that the world of sex is full of infinite possibilities and that I need not feel ashamed for wanting to try to live out my most outrageous sexual fantasies, many of which have been inspired by your bold, arousing photos, daring articles, and revealing letters.

In high school I was into looking at and touching my own body well before I had sex with boys. I often modeled myself after the women in your layouts and through exploring myself and masturbating frequently gained a great deal of confidence about my sexuality. I found that when I began petting and making love with my boy friends, my own self-assurance about my attractiveness and my needs made the boys both more at ease and more excited with my naked body. Your pictorials of women together made me feel more at ease with my otherwise unnatural attraction to the pretty and physically budding girls. I went to school with a realized that I didn’t have to feel guilty about getting turned on in the showers when I watched my classmates soap up their ripe young bodies, the water streaming down over their firm breasts, through the freshly sprouting pubic hair, and down their glistening thighs. Sometimes I’d get so aroused in the drying room by the sight of so many taut nipples and

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pink bouncing buttocks that I'd have to masturbate in the bathroom before going to my next class.

The summer after graduation I shared my Penthouse collection and my secret desires with my best friend. We spent several evenings getting high and turned on as we savored the magazines together, and for the rest of the summer we experimented with different ways of satisfying each other. From the first time I touched her soft breasts, felt her nipples hardening between my fingers, tasted the bitter-sweet juices of her vagina, and felt the delightful sensations of being probed by her hands and tongue, my appetite for all the varieties of sex was tantalized beyond all conventional limits.

Since those earlier years I have often used your magazine as a taking-off point for my own experiments. When I saw or read about other people acting out delicious fantasies, it becomes so much easier for me to pursue their fulfillment. Your "Bawdy Bathers" pictorial in 1974 inspired me to invite two of my boyfriends over for a midnight swim. As I walked to the edge of the pool to join them, I slowly peeled off my swimsuit before slithering into the water. They followed my lead, and after some awkward fumbling about what they became very adept at sharing my eager body. Being ministered to by two aroused males had long been a dream, but now I really did have two stiff pricks to enjoy. I felt like Superwoman as I gave head to one while the other plowed into my cunt from behind. Even the previously imaginary scenario of being fucked simultaneously with a cock in my vagina and another in my ass became finally and undeniably real.

As recently as last winter I had still not been involved in a genuine threeway with a man and another woman. It was a long-standing fantasy of mine, fueled and fired by the descriptions I'd read and the layouts I'd relished in your magazine, but the right combination just hadn't come along. Then I met a man with whom sex was so good that I could talk to him about anything, and he would do anything to please me. I knew that I could, without fear, share him with my favorite girl friend lover and that as a threesome we would all take each other to new realms of pleasure.

One Saturday morning I woke up deciding that this was the day I'd propose bringing another woman into our lovemaking. Greg was still asleep, his soft, thick penis shining invitingly across his lower stomach. I gently held his balls in one hand and ever so tenderly slipped my finger into my mouth. He moaned in his sleep as his cock slowly hardened in response to the licking and sucking I was administering. By the time Greg opened his eyes, he had a full throbbing erection, glistening with saliva and come, sliding in and out of my wet mouth and throat.

I slipped away to the living room for a moment and brought back two issues of Penthouse from last year. They featured two of my favorite mixed-threesome pictorials.
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Look at those while I lade you." I grinned, "and think about how exciting it would be to have another woman with us." I straddled Greg's hips and positioned myself above his stiff penis. Guiding it to my nether lips and slowly impaled myself down its thick, rigid length. "Oh... we could be doing that," I breathed, pointing to one of the pages. Greg groaned as I wriggled my hips, churning my cunt against his big prick. "What, um...mm..." Profuse! "two more breasts to feel and suck, another tongue... warm cunt... um, lick and... plunge into lips... mmmh..."

Greg turned the pages clumsily as I bounced up and down on his cock. I was nearing a climax but had to be sure I had him with me. "Two women," I whispered, "their lips and tongues and fingers... oh God... all over you. Oh, your cock, uh, your ass, aaahhh! Greg was there, too. "Oh, Christ... yes," he panted, thrusting upward, crashing into me with sudden fury. "Aah! Yes, too... anything, shit, soon just... good, mmrnn..." I let myself go, lost in the orgasm, swirling on his spiraling prick, his warm semen flowing into me, my desires and fantasies becoming his.

We rested in each other's arms for a few minutes, savoring the afterglow in our warm bodies, and then I got up and called my friend and lover (whom I'll call) Toni. I asked her if she was up for a new sexual adventure, and she said she'd be right over. By the time the doorbell rang, Greg and I were incredibly high with anticipation. He wanted to answer the door with his gorges penis sticking out proudly in front of him. I stood next to him literally dripping with excitement.

Toni is a woman of mixed race, a ripe twenty-one years of age. Her skin is a creamy milk-chocolate color, her hair a warm brown worn in a seminatural that flows down around her soft beautiful face. She has the type of phenomenal figure that inspires envy in other women and arouses animal lust in every man who sees her. She's of medium height with long slim legs, a high firm fanny, tiny waist, and large, round, fleshy breasts that are so firm they never need support. Toni always dresses to show off her body: dangerously tight pants, skimpy tank tops and T-shirts or flimsy revealing blouses, and occasional slyly dresses that beg to be ripped off.

She stood before us in tight white shorts that highlighted the smooth coffee tone of her silky legs and creased sharply into her crotch. Her clinging T-shirt accentuated the size of her chest, the dark shadows of her nipples taunting us through the yellow cotton. She gaped at Greg's hard prick but coolly stepped forward, grasping his hard-on as if she were shaking hands and said, "This is a big surprise!" She turned to me, kissed me fully on the mouth with her soft lips and probing tongue and told me, "You know I'm always ready for something new lover." Stroking Greg's dick with one hand, she slid the other over my breasts and down my belly, dipping her fingers into my steaming vagina. Then, licking her now

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It's 1980, and President Carter refuses to take his low standing in the polls lying down. In this outrageously funny political satire by Alexander Cockburn and James Ridgeway, Carter's men launch a masquerade scheme to have the president stand tough against antinuclear radicals. Bert Lance, Ham Jordan, Jody Powell, Pat Caddell, and all the other good old boys follow such traditional behavior patterns that what is presented here as satire is likely happening now behind closed doors in Washington.

In Part I of this two-part series on America's farm crisis we learned that more than 1,000 farms a week are going bankrupt. Last winter thousands of farmers traveled to Washington in an attempt to show the politicians why the independent farmer is necessary to American life. David Harris was with them and recounts their repeated efforts to gain justice and their betrayal by the government. Harris's dramatic report of the sellout of the American farmer classifies why Carter is considered the Benedict Arnold of agriculture.

Smuggling Marijuana is one of the biggest businesses around—as big, in fact, as the entire American tobacco industry. Americans spend about $12 billion a year on Colombian weed alone. Ed Ragen, in an intensive, six-month investigation of Colombian smugglers, learned firsthand how these operations are conducted and why so few smugglers are ever caught or prosecuted. As one U.S. Customs official admits: "The ones we do patch should be arrested for stupidity not for trafficking."

In the summer of 1973, Charles Herman, a young American free-lance writer who lived in Chile, disappeared two days after a military coup overthrew Salvador Allende's government. When the American ambassador did nothing to help, Herman's father flew to Chile to try to save him. Thomas Hauser's account of this nightmarish journey, the father's discovery of his son's terrible death and the likelihood of American State Department complicity in the murder are presented in this compelling excerpt from the forthcoming book, The Execution of Charles Herman, An American Sacrifice, to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

As yet another election-day disaster approaches, political analyst Jeff Greenfield confirms the awful truth that defeated voters suspected politicians always do exactly the opposite of what they promise. Elected politicians, Greenfield says, immediately run for reelection by appealing to opposing and ignoring campaign pledges. The way to beat the system once you know this, is simple—vote for the candidate who offers the opposite of what you want. A cynical but persuasive argument for voting in reverse, in our November "Adviser and Dissent."
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