

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

"Why don't you relax while (Zzip!) Tennessee Williams (Stretch!) spins a tale, skin-flick pioneer Russ Meyer (Peel!) shoots his actress wife, Edy Williams, in the altogether, PLAYBOY plays (Ssnap!) backgammon—and I slip into something (Wheee!) comfortable?"



# PLAYBOY

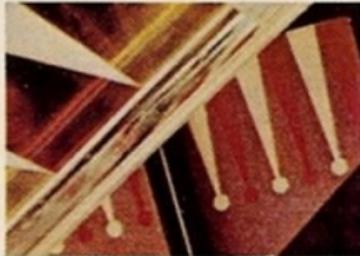
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## THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y college roommate, a physics major, has a theory that natural resonance frequencies occur during sexual intercourse—that the rhythmic vibrations produced when the height of sex is sustained could coincide with a girl's natural resonance frequency and give her violently painful muscle spasms. I'm curious, but I wouldn't want to inflict pain on my girl. How can I test the theory?—R. B., Los Angeles, California.

*The notion that you can ring her chimes is not to be taken literally. Bells resonate; belles do not.*

**I**'m shopping for a watch and would like some help in sorting out terminology. What's a chronometer? Is a shock-proof watch better than a shock-resistant one? And how does waterproof differ from water-resistant?—D. M., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*According to the Watchmakers of Switzerland, a Swiss chronometer is a watch that actually has been examined in Swiss testing labs. It's supposed to be more accurate than an ordinary Swiss watch. (Marine chronometers are something else—see "The Playboy Advisor," December 1972.) The Federal Trade Commission prefers the term shock-resistant to shockproof, presumably because there are some severe shocks that the toughest of watches can't withstand. Water-resistant is likewise the approved terminology and watches labeled waterproof may not be sold in the U. S.*

**A** friend who is a wine connoisseur told me of a rare pear brandy that comes in a bottle containing a whole pear. I've heard of ships in bottles (and in that case I know how it's done), but I've never heard of a pear inside a narrow-necked bottle and have concluded that my friend was putting me on. Was he?—H. S., New Orleans, Louisiana.

*No. Probably the best-known type comes from Switzerland, where empty bottles are tied to the branches of pear trees so that the fully formed bud is actually inside the bottle and grows to the full-sized fruit. The pear brandy itself, of course, is added later.*

**I**'ve been dating a terrific girl for three months now. Unfortunately, she had her heart broken by her last boyfriend and draws the line at having sex with me, claiming that all I'm interested in is her body. I have assured her that I like her in all respects, and I haven't pressured her to go to bed with me, partly because I'm also dating another girl with whom I have complete physical rapport.

I expect to terminate this latter affair when I reach a full emotional and physical understanding with my new girl. Though I've made no pledge of fidelity to her, I fear that if she finds out about my other affair it will ruin our relationship and turn her off on men even more. I don't wish this to happen—nor do I want to go without sex or feel guilty about her state of mind. Any advice?—E. G., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

*It's true that you're not responsible for her past difficulties, neither did you, as you state, pledge to remain faithful. However, inasmuch as your new girl's problem seems to be one of developing trust in you, you may be risking a lot by being less than honest with her. Let her know that you're dating others and, if she questions your actions, explain your behavior to her as simply and honestly as you have to us. Truth is the only road leading to trust and, if it makes for problems, at least they can be dealt with openly.*

**I** am going to Europe this summer and I'd like to get there the most romantic (and hopefully the cheapest) way possible: by tramp steamer. Do they still operate, and how can I find out about them? Also, how do their fares compare with those of a passenger liner or a scheduled airliner?—R. S., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

*The tramp steamer as such is a thing of the past. However, there are cargo ships that carry passengers (vessels that carry more than 12 passengers are cargo-passenger ships; those that carry 12 or less are passenger-carrying freighters or cargo liners). Accommodations differ from ship to ship, but few are as posh as first-class cabins on luxury liners. Schedules and ports of call are subject to change on short notice and medical facilities are likely to be limited. On the other hand, you're not up to your clavicle in tourists, the food is usually first-rate and your trip may be smoother—heavily laden freighters ride lower in the water than passenger liners and thus float better. It's difficult to draw an accurate fare comparison of regularly scheduled passenger liners, cargo-passenger ships and passenger-carrying freighters. Accommodations vary, as do ports of departure and call and length of time at sea. Here's a try: A single outside cabin with private shower and toilet on a freighter from an eastern Canadian port to Glasgow will run \$210. A single outside cabin on the Queen Elizabeth II from New York to Southampton will run \$554 at the height of the season (June 20–July 15). The*

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## THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor  
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

### AMNESTY

Whenever I've participated in a group discussion on amnesty, someone has been sure to say, "To pardon draft dodgers would dishonor the men who died in Vietnam." This simply is not true. Those who died in Southeast Asia were faithfully serving their country, whether or not they believed in its goals in Vietnam. Nothing can take that away from them.

Ray T. Williamson  
Hué, Vietnam

Michael J. Lanspery states that granting amnesty to draft resisters "would constitute an affront to all those men who have ever worn a uniform in any of the nation's Armed Forces" (*The Playboy Forum*, December 1972). His attitude appears harsh and narrow in contrast to that of some of the great men in American history. Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Jackson all either neglected to punish or pardoned Army deserters and even actual rebels against the Government. No attempt was made to penalize draft evaders or deserters after the Civil War, as historian Henry Steel Commager points out. He states:

How gratifying it is to recall that the United States put down the greatest rebellion of the 19th Century without imposing on the guilty any formal punishment. Not one leader of the defeated rebels was executed; not one was brought to trial for treason. There were no mass arrests, no punishment even of those officers of the United States Army and Navy who had taken service in the Confederacy. No Confederate soldier was required to expiate his treason, or his mistake, by doing special service; none was deprived of his property—except property in slaves—or forced into exile by Governmental policy. What other great nation, challenged by rebellion, can show so proud a record?

Those who share Lanspery's views might ask themselves if this nation has declined so much that it is no longer capable of such magnanimity. Those for whom amnesty is being sought today never even took up arms against the U. S. Their only crime has been a decision in good faith that they could not

participate in an immoral war. Surely this kind of integrity is too valuable to our country to be sacrificed in order to gratify petty vindictiveness.

Charles Swanson  
Seattle, Washington

### THE SCARLET-LETTER PRINCIPLE

Vice-President Agnew, insisting that draft evaders and deserters be punished, has proposed that the punishment be of a kind that "attaches public stigma." I don't know what Agnew was thinking of, but the images that come to my mind are the scarlet letter that the Puritans inflicted on adulterers and the yellow Star of David the Nazis forced Jews to wear. I am a veteran of the Korean War and did not have the opportunity to refuse to fight in Vietnam, but whatever the symbol chosen, I would be proud to stand shoulder to shoulder with Vietnam draft resisters by wearing it myself.

George Johnson  
Washington, D. C.

### LOBSTER GOON

The affair of Lieutenant Colonel Anthony Herbert (*Playboy Interview*, July 1972) is fascinating. It is apparent to me, and I would think it would be apparent to everyone else, that (except for a possible exaggeration here and there) Herbert is telling the truth and the Army is covering up. But the U. S. is basically civilian-minded and it takes someone familiar with the military to recognize that what Herbert says rings absolutely true. A civilian is probably unable to believe that the world's largest business, the U. S. Armed Forces, can be so ineptly and corruptly run and still continue to function.

As an Air Force officer, I can't directly substantiate any of Herbert's stories, but for those who find it difficult to conceive of a pizza chopper; would you believe a lobster goon? The gooney bird, or DC-3, is an obsolete but durable military aircraft—one of which is used by an electronic-warfare squadron in Vietnam. This particular plane is occasionally sent to another air base to pick up succulent lobsters so the officers in the squadron can have steak-and-lobster banquets. Such use, of course, is strictly against regulations. On one lobster run, the goon was badly damaged in an accident. Naturally, the U. S. taxpayer picked up

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# LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN TIME

*a pantheon of record breakers who have been overlooked in the past,  
ignored in the present and are destined to be forgotten in the future*



In one of those ironic twists of fate, Amanda Freefall, the woman who made sky-humping the sport it is today, was almost banned from the U. S. team. In her previous 199 jumps, she had successfully—and spectacularly—climaxed with a variety of partners in mid-air. But on her 200th—and record-setting—jump, while engaged in intimate relations with her partner at 15,000 feet, the generous and good-natured Ms. Freefall extended her favors to a hijacker who happened to be drifting down in the vicinity. Since he had just hijacked a 747 several thousand feet above, the parachutist was clearly not accredited with the U. S. sky-humping team, and Ms. Freefall was penalized for illegal procedure. However, officials permitted her to take the jump over, and this time she outdid herself: She managed not one but two climaxes while performing a reverse twist in the tuck position. Tragedy marred the event when the plane's pilot, intent on watching Ms. Freefall's memorable performance, brought the craft to a landing inside a smokestack. But the accident didn't dampen the spirits of Ms. Freefall's fellow sky-humpers, pictured above as they congratulate and fondle her.



Immediately following the benediction on *Sermonette*, Brenda Bareback stunned the nation with her 47th television appearance, thereby establishing a new streaking record. Above, the show's producer and a peace officer deliver hearty congratulations to the new champ. Encouraged by the response to her first appearance on *Let's Make a Deal*, when she whipped off her sheet and dashed in front of the camera, Brenda took up streaking professionally. To date, her credits include *The Newlywed Game*, *Captain Kangaroo* and dozens of other shows—in short, almost twice as many as anyone else in her profession. It was Johnny Carson, however, who gave Brenda her greatest exposure. The genial talk-show host had just begun his golf swing when nubile Brenda streaked across Johnny's desk, clamped her legs around Ed McMahon's substantial neck and had to be removed from the studio by force. In anticipation of a second appearance, the Nielsen ratings for the next evening's show reached 99.6 (every household in the nation, save four, had tuned in), but the only guest that night was Dr. Joyce Brothers, who declined an invitation to streak.



Leading literary critics and other distinguished pederasts gather for an autograph session with teenaged publishing phenomenon Betsy Throb. A highly regarded masseuse by the time she was eight years old, Ms. Throb turned to literary pursuits shortly after puberty. In the three short years since that time, she has set a world's record for pornographic output: 156 filthy novels—or one book a week. Asked for the secret of her prolific success, Ms. Throb shyly admits, "I lean over the keyboard and type with my lush, jutting, melon-firm breasts." She also says the major influences on her writing career were James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence and an obscene telephone caller whom she refuses to identify. When she is not busy at the typewriter, Ms. Throb's main hobbies are tennis, swimming and getting molested. Above, the young author holds a copy of her latest, record-setting oeuvre, entitled *The Big Bite*, which tells the story of an eager nymphet who makes a career of being nipped repeatedly in the bud. Selected as an alternate by the Smut-of-the-Month Club, the book is scheduled to go on sale shortly at bus-station rest rooms and prestigious butcher shops across the land.



Alexander wept when he had no more worlds to conquer, but San Francisco's Pornophlix film crew is merely sulking. With the final take of *The Sophisticates*, the team has completed a record 840 hard-core features without once—unbelievable as it may sound—having to resort to themes of redeeming social value. The question now is: What of the future? Having exhausted the possibilities listed in the *Kama Sutra*, *Every Position You Ever Wanted to Try*, *How to Breed Poultry* and the *U.S. Veterinary Guide*, the film crew admits it has left no known orifice unpenetrated—and that, in itself, sets a new world's record. But Veronica Beaverlips, the young actress who has starred in a majority of the productions, insists that new permutations will be found. Incidentally, Ms. Beaverlips studied drama under Stanislavsky for two years in New York. ("Sometimes we'd switch, and I'd study over him," she adds.) Other artists on the film team point out that while a new creative breakthrough—one that will maintain their subterranean standards of raunch—is being sought, the company will remain financially stable due to a profitable spin-off of raincoat franchises at participating theaters.



Mention the name Sally Sweetparts to any gathering of swinging singles and the response is likely to be a reverential hush. It's now official: Ms. Sweetparts, whose presence has been thoroughly felt in singles bars from coast to coast, has received—and happily accepted—more indelicate propositions than any woman in history. In a recent interview, Ms. Sweetparts admitted she preferred the indirect approach (“when a fella walks over to my table, leans down and asks me to his apartment to see his etchings”) to the more direct approach (“when a fella walks over to my table, leans down and starts tugging off my undies”). Her successful bar tour culminated in St. Petersburg’s Maxwell’s Prune, which is widely regarded as the chic spa for swinging senior citizens. When the above picture was taken, Ms. Sweetparts had just said “I don’t ordinarily come to a place like this” for the 1400th consecutive evening, a feat that elicited loud huzzahs from the other patrons. To celebrate her astonishing victory, Ms. Sweetparts agreed to leave with several of the gentlemen, all of whom are now being treated for advanced exhaustion in an intensive-care unit.



Moaning was merely a fraternity pastime until educator/sportswoman Abigail Freebish arrived on the scene. Miss Freebish (shown in the foreground) first exposed her ample buttocks to a group of explorer scouts from a passing car. But when she was later informed that the sight of her posterior had rendered all of the scouts hopelessly sterile, she decided that younger ladies would be better suited to the sport. Thus was born the domination of the sport by Miss Freebish's Finishing School, whose pupils have amassed a total of 1855 flash exposures—a record unmatched by any institution. Girls in the lower forms learn the essentials of the sport by engaging in junior-varsity hockey matches against local boys' schools: When the final whistle blows, the girls drop both hockey sticks and uniforms to the field with lightning rapidity. The team's cheekiest maneuvers, however, are reserved for Parents' Day. In the upper forms, the girls on the varsity hockey squad compete in elimination matches leading to the European play-offs. Above, this year's varsity runs through a few precision practice drills before leaving for Rome, where it hopes to perform before the Pontiff.

## **SORCERER'S APPRENTICE**

*playmate bonnie large  
floats through the  
air, gets sawed  
in half and hangs  
out with a robot—  
but it's all just  
part of her job*



**B**ONNIE HAS this weird boyfriend named Ralph whose idea of a good time is to hang around shopping centers, where he likes to greet customers—"Good evening, ma'am, that's a lovely dress you're wearing"—then shake hands, answer questions and do a commercial for some product or other. And when he talks, you *listen*: Ralph is an eight-and-a-half-foot robot. He and Bonnie Large, a slender but well-organized five feet, five and a half, both work for Hill-Daves Productions in Sherman Oaks, California. The company—sometimes with the assistance of name entertainers and vaudeville acts—puts on shows to entertain businessmen and help them market their wares. Bonnie's dates with Ralph—who speaks and moves with the help of a concealed accomplice who operates the remote-control buttons and the microphone—are but a small part of what she does for Hill-Daves. She handles their secretarial chores and makes occasional out-of-town trips to help set up shows. And she performs, too—as a dancer, a model and a "straight girl" for magician Chuck Jones. In their act, Bonnie floats through space—not with the greatest of ease, perhaps, but convincingly—and in another routine, she gets sawed in half. After getting herself back together, Bonnie hops into her Beetle for the 45-minute drive back to her apartment in Alhambra. "It's

Bonnie confers with boss Terry Hill (right) before a show in Ventura for a savings-and-loan company. Hard work isn't new for Miss March; she graduated high school a year early, after an intensive summer-study program.



nothing fancy," she says, but it's distinguished by the numerous antiques Bonnie has collected at local thrift shops and "swap-ins"; among them are a four-poster bed and a pre-1900 Singer sewing machine. A confirmed animal lover who once worked as a veterinarian's assistant, Bonnie also keeps a variety of pets: two great Danes, three cats and a gopher snake who stays safely locked in his tank. Because her job is as demanding as it is exhilarating, Bonnie has had to shelve plans to take night courses in shorthand and industrial drawing this year. She'd like to do more modeling, though. In 1969 she was a finalist in the competition for the court of the Rose Queen but was disqualified when the officials learned that she was too young. "I'd been told that they made exceptions," she says, "but they didn't make one in my case." Now Bonnie hopes that her Playmate appearance will inspire some modeling offers. We'd bet on that—but, of course, we're a little biased.

Born in California just 20 years ago, Bonnie Large is the product of a half-dozen ethnic strains: German, Irish, French, Scottish, Welsh and Seminole. And she combines a variety of talents in her work for Hill-Daves Productions, an outfit that provides entertainment for auto shows and other business ventures. Bonnie helps organize the shows (right), then goes onstage, where, among other things, she takes to the air (far right) at the command of magician Chuck Jones. She also chaperones a transparent robot named Ralph, who handles promotional assignments at supermarkets. "Children love him," says Bonnie—and the picture proves it.





MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





At The Magic Castle, a private magicians' club in Hollywood—you enter and leave through secret panels—Bonnie learns card tricks from "The Senator," a veteran prestidigitator. Later, she breaks up over her date, Bob McGaughey, obviously a card himself.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A tourist was propositioned in London one night. When he replied that his funds were low, the streetwalker suggested an 'arf-a-quad stand-up in a nearby darkened doorway. The man agreed with some misgivings, and then froze after a brief period of inconvenient activity. "Wot's the matter, dearie?" asked the tart. "It's just too much!" fumed the traveler. "Not only am I involved in this ridiculous position but you have the brazen indecency to keep nodding at people passing by!"

"Ow, but that's yer fault, mister," she sniffed. "Yer've tucked in a bit o' me scarf."



It's so cold in Duluth in the winter," a friend from Minnesota told us recently, "that the exhibitionists just describe themselves."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Georgia athlete* as a Cracker jock.

*A seismology coed named Schlichter  
Had a boyfriend named Victor, who licked her  
With an ardor unslaked  
Till she quivered and quaked  
On a scale that surpassed that of Richter.*

When the girl answered the phone, it was obvious from the outset that the call was an obscene one; but after the first few words, the masculine voice at the other end sank to a whisper. "You'll have to speak up," she yelled. "I can hardly hear you."

"I can't," came the barely audible reply. "My mommy just came into the room."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *clitoris* as a haired trigger.

The young man who had offered the girl a ride home after work proved to be as entertaining as he was handsome. Upon arriving at her door, she invited him up for a drink, one thing led to another and they spent a wonderful night together. But when the girl woke up, her companion had already dressed and left, and she realized that she knew little about him except his first name. Determined not to lose touch with such a charmer, she ransacked her memory and finally recalled that he had said that he worked on a game-bird farm in the suburbs. So she checked the Yellow Pages, telephoned the place and gave his first name and described him.

"Yeah," said the man on the phone, "that's Pete Morrell, lady. He's a pheasant plucker."

"He sure is!" agreed the girl. "And he has a pleasant smile and personality, too."

What a weekend!" the exhausted house guest exclaimed. "Mixed doubles without a letup, and then someone had to go and suggest tennis!"

And, of course, you've heard about the desperate fellow with the frigid wife who bought a water bed and filled it with antifreeze.

Sex education has its own special problems," an instructor in the field points out. "One of my students has become pregnant—and I don't know whether to flunk her or give her extra credit."

It was shocking!" huffed the very proper gentleman to the back-country filling-station operator. "Why, a few miles down the road, I saw a boy in a ditch committing sodomy with a rabbit!"

"Boys will be boys, I reckon," grinned the local.

"And then a little bit farther on, I saw an ancient fellow—he must have been at least eighty—lying in a haystack masturbating!"

"Well, now, buddy, you wouldn't expect a man that old to catch a rabbit, would you?"

*In rest rooms, a guy named Elias  
Wreaks havoc; the wherefore and why is  
Inaccurate aim,  
And he places the blame  
On a rabbi who cut on the bias.*



Close your eyes and relax," said the psychiatrist to the pretty patient on the couch. "and I'll try an experiment." He took a leather key case from his pocket, flipped it open and shook the keys. "What did that sound remind you of?" he asked.

"Sex," she whispered.

He closed the key case and touched it to the girl's upturned palm. Her body stiffened. "And that?" asked the psychiatrist.

"Sex," the girl managed to say as she swallowed nervously.

"Now open your eyes," instructed the doctor, "and tell me why what I did was sexually evocative to you."

Hesitantly, her eyelids flickered open. She took in the key case in the psychiatrist's hand and blushed scarlet. "Well—er—to begin with," she stammered, "I thought that first sound was your zipper opening. . . ."

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



*russ meyer casts  
his wife as star of  
his next film—and  
photographs her  
exclusively for us*

**all  
about  
edy**



*"I've had a lot of publicity as a sex symbol," says Edy, "but 'Foxy' will be my first picture with such frank nudity. It's my biggest role ever; I'll be on the screen 89 of the film's 90 minutes."*



**m**OVIEMAKER Russ Meyer, whose *Blacksnake* is just out, is shooting his 24th film: *Foxy*, a sequel to the skin-flick classic *Vixen*. *Foxy* will star Meyer's wife, Edy Williams—whom he met at 20th Century-Fox while directing her in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. "What I do best is parody," says Meyer, "and *Foxy* will be an irreverent put-on, in the style of *All in the Family*." Edy, as *Foxy*, will play "a sexy record-company executive who gets mixed up with a number of men in outrageous situations. They'll be involved with oceanography, boxing, World War One aircraft, wrestling, cross-country motorcycling and voyeurism." Meyer has such a good thing going, he figures, that he has incorporated a sneak preview of *Foxy* (starring Edy skinny-skiing) right into *Blacksnake*—something of a milestone in Hollywood promo annals. "This will be my first frontal-nudity film," says Meyer. "There will be plenty of sex, but it will be done in an R fashion—which yesteryear was X." Edy chimes in, "We're making *Foxy* R-rated because the only people *really* interested in sex are under 18. Why lock them out? We're going to give people their money's worth." The photos here hint at what's in store.





"So many of the sexy movies being made are too earthy and realistic," says Edy. "'Foxy' will have glamor and fantasy. The character I play is larger than life, a sort of female Clint Eastwood." Dirty Foxy?





"Russ took this photo in our backyard," Edy told us. "He has a great mind, sort of erotic and classy at the same time. He's a genius, but people don't know it yet. And he's fun to live with, too."

THE VARGAS GIRL

*"Actually, I don't think most of it is rushing to my head. . . ."*



Vargas

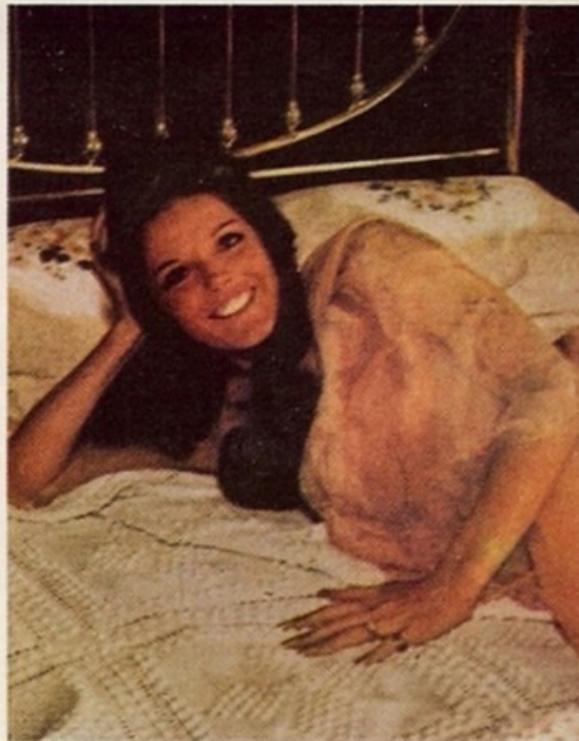
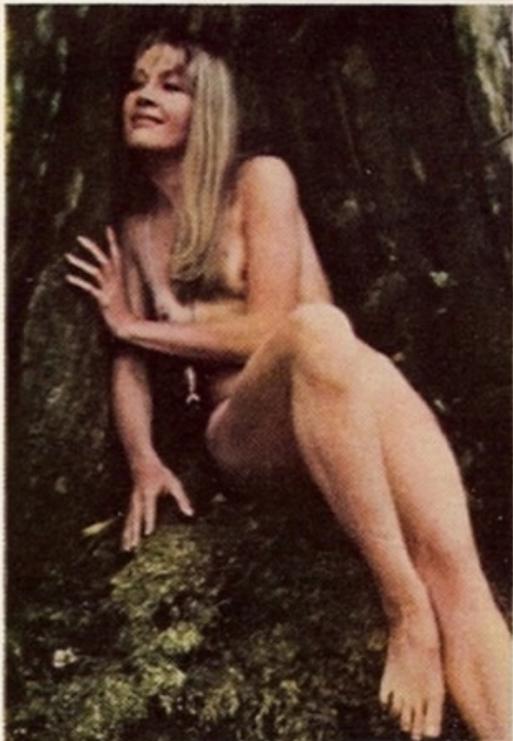
# "EVIL" DOINGS

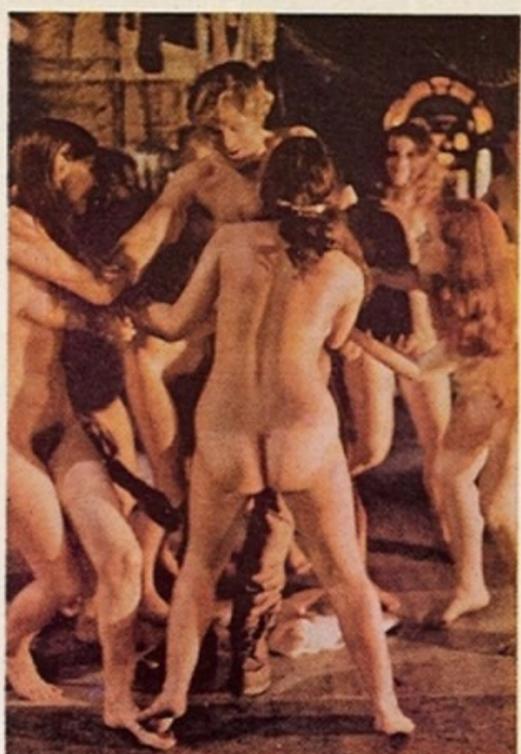
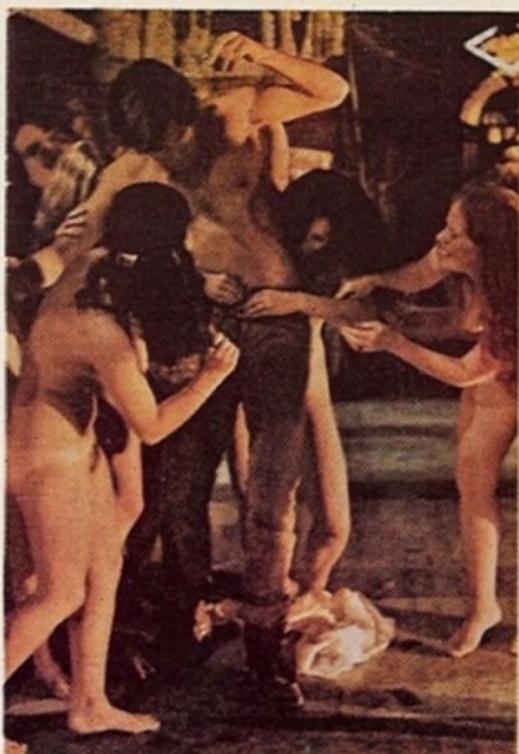
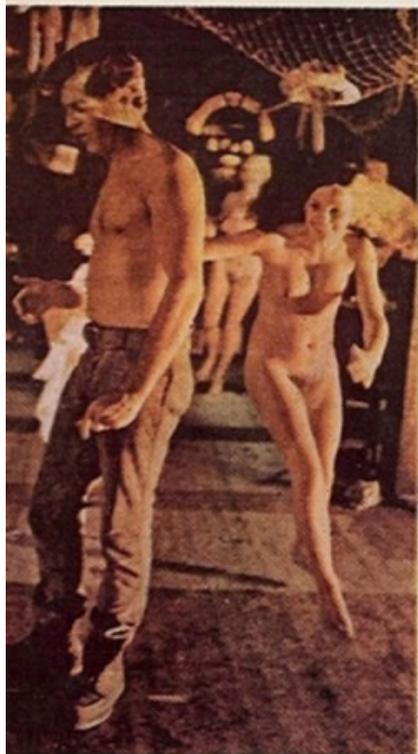
robert culp finds his real-life dream girl  
in a horror film's steamy nightmare scene



**T**HE BEST THING about *A Name for Evil*, a recently released film starring Robert Culp and Samantha Eggar, is its scenery—breath-taking mountain country and amply exposed anatomies. The screenplay is so convoluted that it's unlikely to advance the careers of either Culp or Miss Eggar, who plays his screen wife, but it has already done something for a movie newcomer, co-star Sheila Sullivan: She's since become Mrs. Culp. In the film, Miss Sullivan plays Luanna, a rural nymphet who meets architect John Blake (Culp) at a village square dance *cum* orgy—which may or may not have been a dream. For reasons not made entirely clear, Blake doesn't score with his wife in the sack; the screen synopsis implies he's impotent, while the movie itself hints that the problem is his ball-breaking spouse. Blake and Luanna, however, make it famously, both in a woody dell and underwater at the foot of a cascade—amazingly, without benefit of snorkels. Miss Sullivan's performance,

The scene above doesn't appear onscreen in Robert Culp's new film, *A Name for Evil*—but the decrepit old house in the background does. There are, however, nude encounter sessions aplenty in the movie, between Culp and both his sexually incompatible screen spouse, Samantha Eggar (above and below right), and his real-life new bride, Sheila Sullivan (below left), whom he met on location.





In a striking dream/nightmare—or was it?—sequence, Culp (as the film's architect hero, John Blake) leaps onto a mysterious white mare, said to be the property of his ghostly great-great-grandfather, and rides straight into a lively hoedown at the local tavern. Suddenly, everybody strips (above and below) and John, with a little help from his new friends, finds himself in the middle of an orgy, where he meets Luanna (Sheila Sullivan). The two pair off for a carefree tumble in a woodland glade—and, later, beneath a waterfall (opposite).



her first in a movie, is considerably more prepossessing than her showbiz debut some years ago—as an usherette at Carnegie Hall. Later, however, she landed some plum Broadway roles—in *Golden Boy* and *Play It Again, Sam*, among others—before heading for Hollywood. Her second film, already out, is *Hickey and Boggs*, with Culp and his old *I Spy* sidekick, Bill Cosby; that, at least, had a better plot. This one is a ghost story about a man who, to quote the production notes, “flees the commercial coral reef by taking his wife to settle in an isolated, broken-down Southern mansion left to him by a great-great-grandfather.” For his Southern mansion of the 1800s, producer Reed Sherman picked what looks like an abandoned Pacific Northwest tourist lodge, circa 1915, in the mountains of British Columbia. It was built before World War One as an escape sanctuary for Kaiser Wilhelm, who never got to use it. It's supposed to be haunted not by the Kaiser but by Blake's ancestor, whose evil presence induces Blake to kill his wife. Or does he? Frankly, we're not sure. But, like we said, you'll enjoy the scenery.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WILLOUGHBY



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## ROBING THE RICH

The Bible's Joseph had a coat of many colors—which is why actress Marrian Walters and her producer-director husband, Michael Ferrall, named their original open-sided creation The Josef Robe. Available in a multitude of his-and-hers two-color combinations and height-scaled sizes at \$55 for cotton terry and \$65 for velour, Josefs can be worn hooded or caped and even used as blankets or beach pup tents to change under. Currently, the robes are so popular with prestige stores (Abercrombie & Fitch, Dunhill, Marshall Field, Cardinali in Beverly Hills, etc.) that the Ferralls can barely keep up with the demand. Their company's motto: "Try to Get Your Man (or Woman) Out of This Habit!" Sure thing.

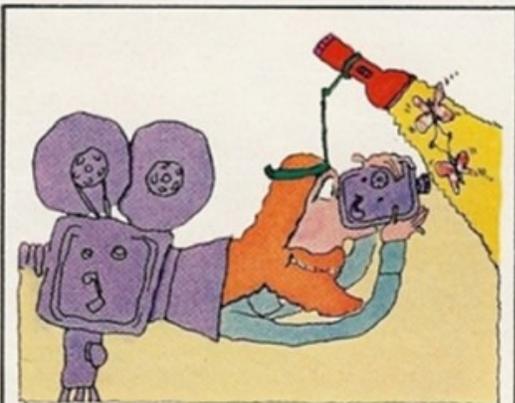
## BUG MEETS BUG

In his *Book of Automobiles*, the late Ken W. Purdy called the Type 35 Bugatti "the most beautiful racing automobile ever built." And it went like hell, too, winning 1045 races in 1925 and 1926. But Type 35s are scarcer than vintage Duesies—and just about as expensive. Those drawbacks also occurred to 30-year-old car nut Ralph Walneck, who'd dreamed of owning a Bug ever since he was 13. So Walneck formed Ye Olde Classic Cars and began manufacturing an ersatz Type 35 fiberglass body with all the trimmings that—*ach, du Lieber!*—bolts to a standard VW chassis. Called the Targlia Mark V, it sells in kit form for \$795 F.O.B. the factory, shipped ready for a spray gun. Or, if your fancy is better tickled by vintage Porsches, Walneck's also just introduced a Spyder 550/RSK kit that's a look-alike for the bathtub-bodied models that ate up Grand Prix circuits in the mid-Fifties. Same price; same address: 7923 Janes Avenue, Woodridge, Illinois 60515. They may not go like the real McCoy, but only you and your mechanic will know for sure.



## PEEKABOO, IT SEES YOU

Although you probably didn't know it, the world's most expensive commercial camera went into orbit on July 23, 1972, when the Earth Resources Technology Satellite was placed in space. To get more info on how to order pics of your favorite 13,225-square-mile area, write: EROS Data Center, Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57198. Smile, you're on candid satellite.



## AMATEUR AUTEURS

Since its inception in 1967, the American Film Institute has assisted more than 150 amateur film makers through grants and fellowships. Now Time-Life is getting into the act and distributing (for rent or sale) 16mm A. F. I. productions. Subjects range from Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart* to a father and son scavenging in New York's dumps. For a complete list, contact Time-Life Films, Non-Theatrical Dept., 43 W. 16th St., N. Y. C. 10011. Lights out. . .



### CASSIDY AND KID STUFF

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid may have gone down shooting, but their alter egos—Paul Newman and Robert Redford—are soon to team up again, this time as two Thirties con men in the forthcoming Universal flick *The Sting*. Richard Boone co-stars, *Cassidy's* George Roy Hill directs and the locale is that toddlin' town Chicago. *Chicago!?* Mayor Daley, they're picking on Chicago again!



### OHM-MADE MUSIC

Purists may howl, but the Electric Symphony Orchestra is a *fait accompli*. Under the baton of Daniell Revenaugh, 38, whose credits range from conducting London's Royal Philharmonic to cavorting with Frank Zappa, the 36-member ensemble, playing electrified instruments, made its debut last fall in Berkeley. The program included Vivaldi and Moussorgsky, not Berry and Zappa; but an electronic console—which took ten hours to set up—gave the group some *sound*. Future gigs? Anyplace from parking lots to the Grand Canyon.

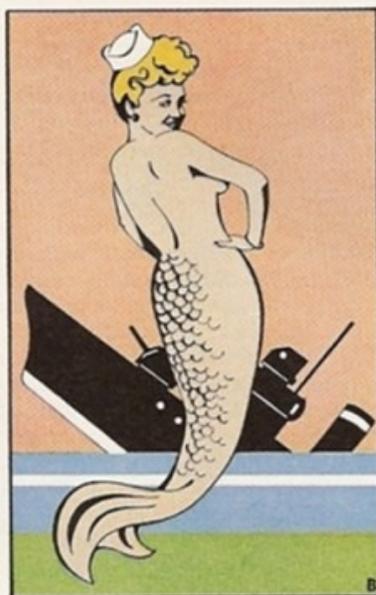
### LAND OF THE FALLING BALL

Anyone who has visited Japan will never forget the sights and sounds of a *pachinko* parlor; rows and rows of vertical pinball machines that pay off in small steel balls, which the players cash in for cigarettes. Recognizing a good thing when it saw and heard one, a Manhattan firm, Eur-Asian Imports, cornered the market on reconditioned machines and now Bloomingdale's adult-game department is selling them faster than you can say *pachinko*. Measuring 32" x 21" x 4", they cost \$75 each, plus postage. Pray ball!



### SEA HUNT

For all of you who fantasized through episode after episode of underwater burbling with Lloyd Bridges on the small screen a decade or so ago, here's your chance to make it all come true. Bay Travel in Corona Del Mar, California, is currently offering a scuba-diving adventure among the Caroline Islands (Truk, Palau, Ponape and other exotic, sun-baked rocks) that gives amateur aquanauts the chance to explore a fleet of sunken Japanese ships deep-sixed during World War Two. Air fare from Los Angeles begins at \$515.56, depending on your itinerary, and hotel costs start at \$425. It's much more than your basic coral-and-clamshell number. Going down.



### BOOMING MARKET

Back in the 18th Century, European nobility knew when it was lunch-time by the boom of their noon cannons—that being the sundial-type gizmo shown below. Not surprisingly, as pocket watches came into vogue, the demand for noon cannons declined. Now well-cushioned nostalgia freaks can order a gold-plated working model of the original for \$495 from R. Berke George, 2022 Avenida Chico, Newport Beach, California 92660. Just remember not to wear it on your wrist.



# PLAYBOY

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Write to Playboy Reader Service for answers to your shopping questions. We will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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We will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, stereo, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write. 3-73

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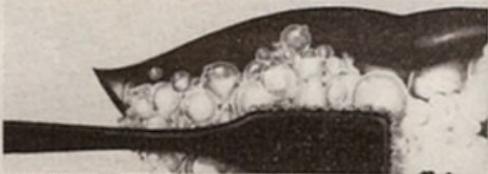
CIRCUS DAYS



MODERN GAMES



LINDA LOVELACE



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