

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1973 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY



Sex and the Automobile:  
A Pictorial History

A New Thriller by  
Day of the Jackals  
Frederick Forsyth

Strictly Super:  
Super Miniplane  
Super Sportswear  
Super Shave Gear

# PLAYBOY



What a Waste P. 107



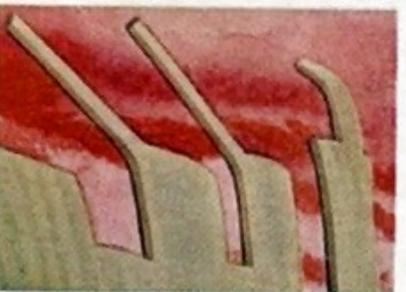
Cars and Sex P. 97



1964 in 1973 P. 146



Brave Lass Barbara P. 149



Foolhardy Sea Battlers P. 135

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## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A free-wheeling young urbanite making the most of his carefree years. At work or play, he's shaping the active, acquisitive life style that he'll enjoy for years to come. And his income more than matches his ambitions. Fact: 55% of all urban men under 35 with \$15,000 or more household income read PLAYBOY—far more than read any other magazine. Want to steer 16,000,000 interested males to your product? Put it in PLAYBOY—where the men are. (Source: *W. R. Simmons Report, 1972.*)



## SEX AND THE AUTOMOBILE

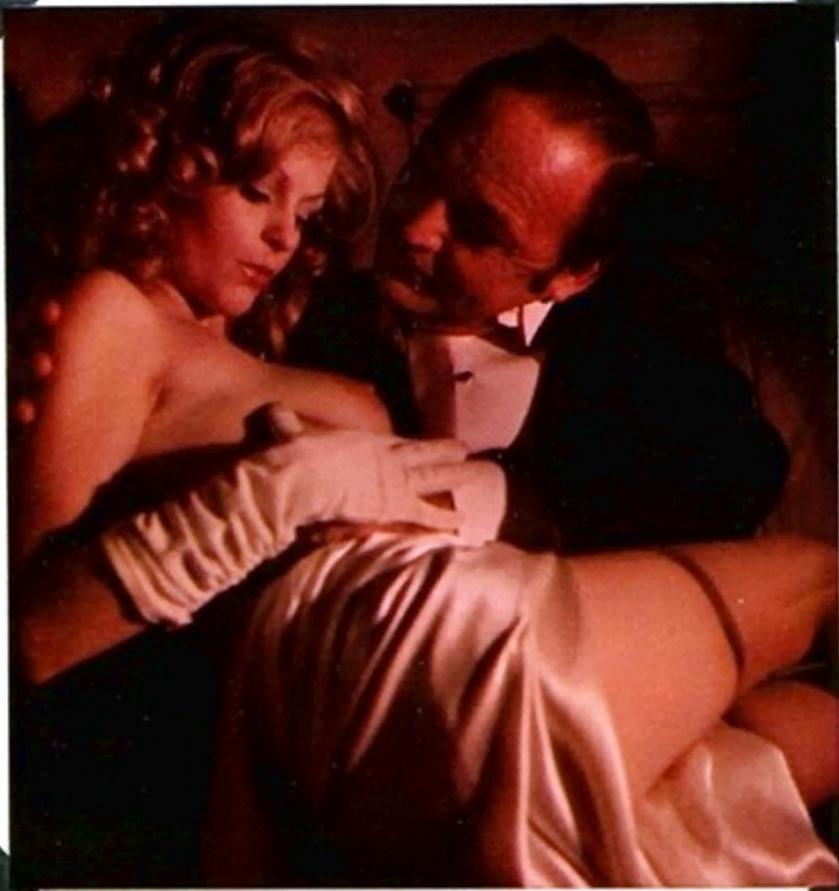
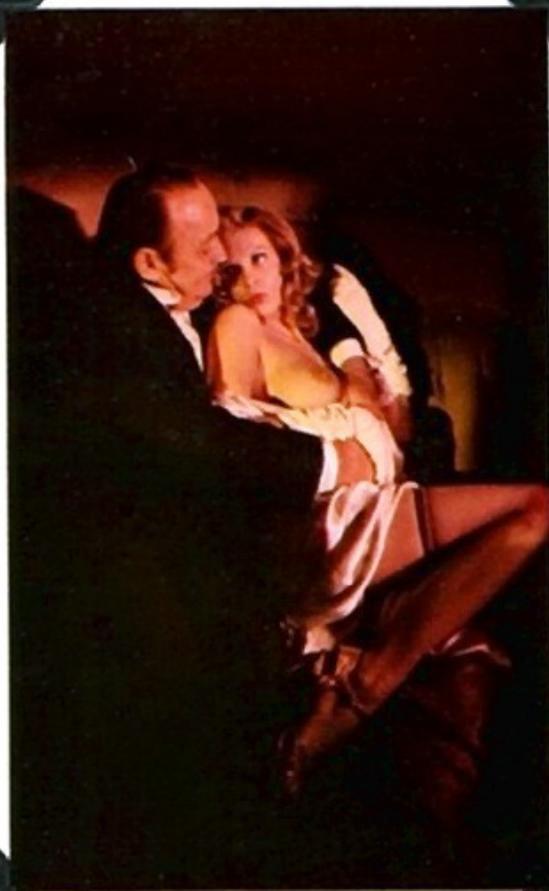
*the first car on the road did more than revolutionize transportation—it created a whole new ball game*



Most people seem to think that the automobile was invented to provide a more efficient means of transportation. Not so. Of prime concern to the creators of the earliest autos was getting sex off the porch swing and onto wheels. This is why the world's first automobile component was the back seat; only then was an engine invented to move it around. This 1909 E. M. F. Touring Car was an early effort, as is evident from its draftiness, cramped quarters and lack of privacy; but at least there was no horse to watch the occupants.



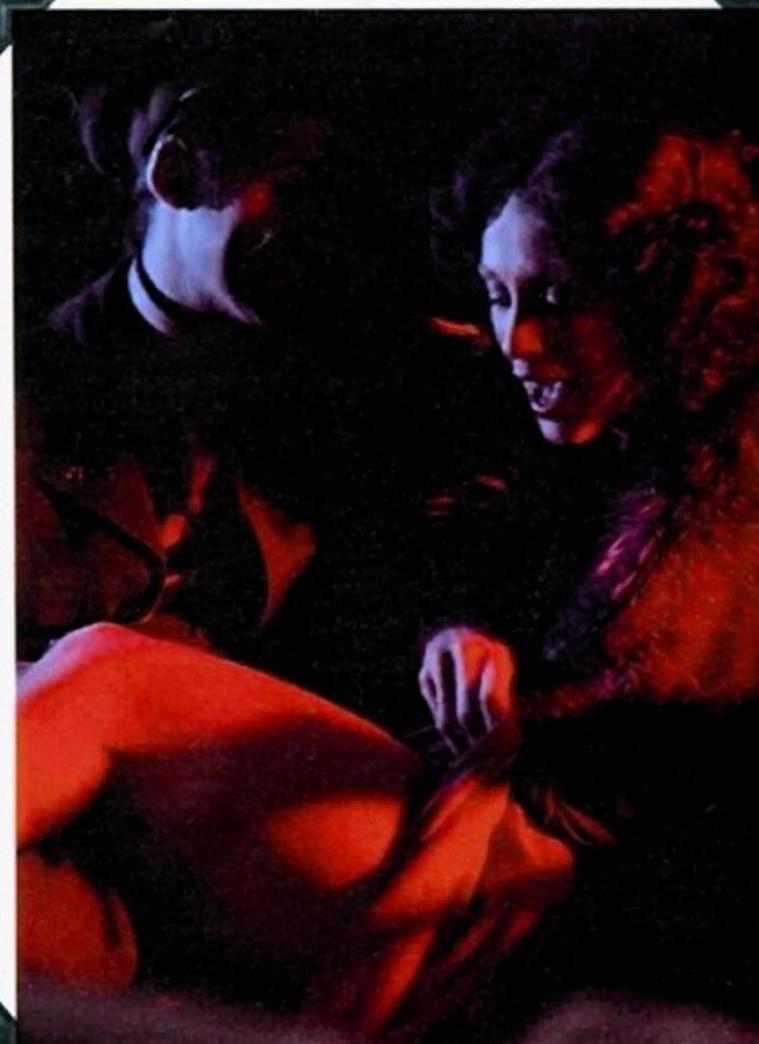
Just driving a 1928 Phantom Rolls-Royce was such a pleasure that a gentleman dallying in the rear with his "niece" (below) often felt an irresistible urge to take the wheel himself. Ordering the chauffeur to switch places (opposite), the gentleman toiled about contentedly—until he heard odd noises from the back seat. Rolls-Royce would learn about this; after all, the clock was supposed to be the loudest sound.







During World War Two, many a British lass sought refuge from the blitz in the rear of a London cab (this page)—preferably in custody of a GI bearing nylons. Both driver and lass kept their meters running and split the difference when the all-clear sounded. Back in America (opposite), the postwar baby boom got off to a brisk start at drive-in theaters across the land, particularly on triple-feature nights.

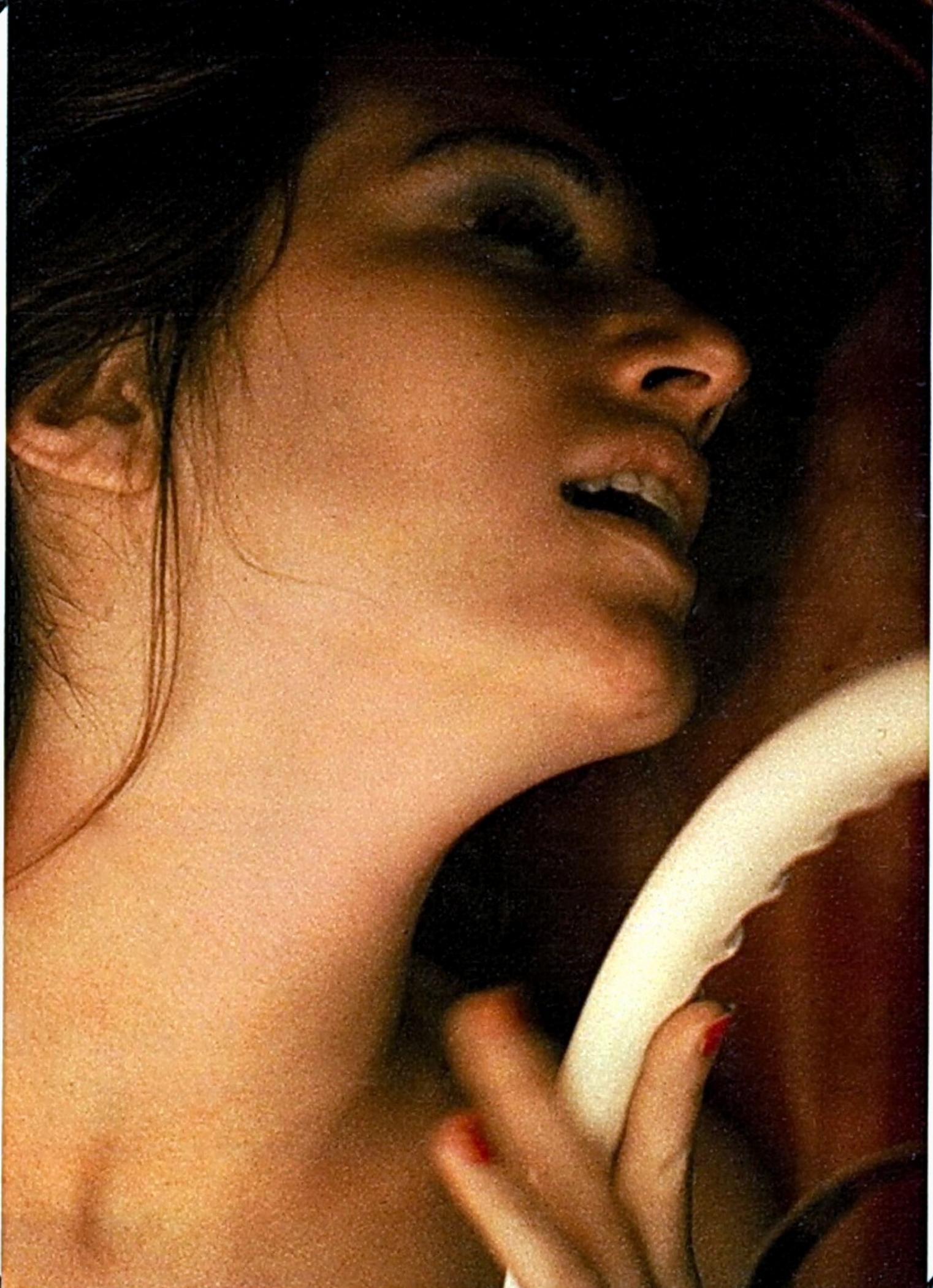






The '54 Corvette was obviously made to be parked on Blueberry Hill. Indeed, many a bobby-soxer lost both her sox and her blueberry to the sounds of rock 'n' roll on the car radio. Two problems of the Fifties: 'Vettes, like early 'Birds, seemed to run out of gas around ten P.M. and American males found later in life that only the touch of a steering wheel against the lumbar region could arouse them sexually.





In the Sixties, most kids were putting flowers in their hair and spilling for the Coast—and getting there was *all* the fun. Psychedelic VW Microbuses, fitted with heavy-duty springs, could be seen bouncing along the nation's highways. (Curiously, the vehicles continued bouncing when stopped at traffic lights as well.) And statements like "We came all the way from N.Y. to L.A." took on heavy new meaning.







*"You're right, Mr. Williams—it looks just like Italy."*

THE VARGAS GIRL





attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

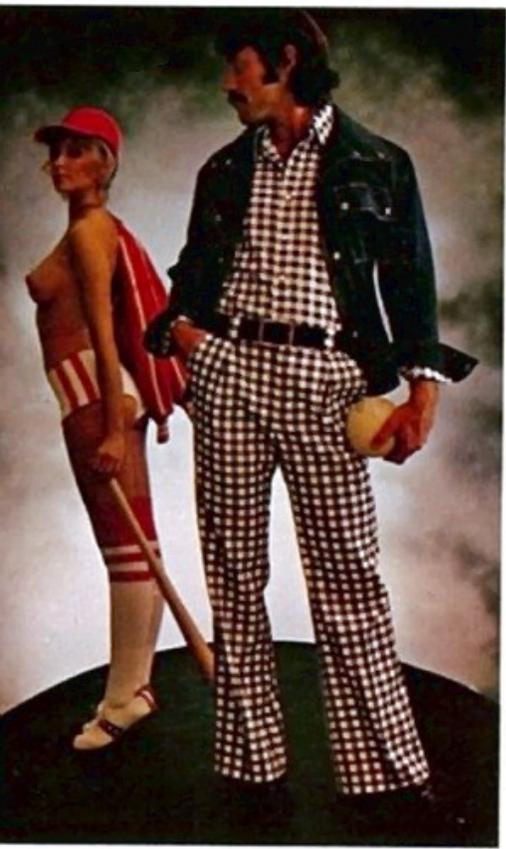
# THIS SPORTING LIFE

IT'S SPRING, a young man's fancy has turned to thoughts of sport (among other things) and outdoor fun and games have become the order of the day.

Left: This well-tailored railbird has the winning combination to rein in a high-spirited filly. He's wearing a plaid cotton madras suit with peaked lapels, \$75, along with a matching shirt, \$12, both by RFD; and slip-ons with saddle-bit-style hardware, by Nunn Bush for Brass Boot, \$42.

Below: There's no question here as to who'll play ball when the lead-off man has on a brushed-cotton jacket, \$42.50, worn with a gingham-check, Avril-cotton half-sleeve shirt, \$15, and matching slacks, \$22.50, all by Hathaway Otherwear.

Right: Diana's beau is right on target in a bulls-eye Trevira and cotton ring-neck pullover, by Forum Sportswear, \$20; bird-print nylon shirt, by Europe Craft, \$20; gabardine slacks, by Jaeger, \$30; and lace-up two-tone shoes, by Verde, \$35.



*casual clothes for the man  
about town who knows the  
importance of a sound body*



Left: Polished leather may be a biker's best friend; for out-of-the-saddle action, however, it's hard to fault this sateen blouson suit, by Michel Faret for Barney Sampson, \$85; worn with a rib-knit pull-over, by Forum Sportswear, \$13; and tie-dye-patterned shoes, by Nunn Bush for Brass Boot, \$50. Below: Of course, drifting through the wild blue yonder is a kick, but this comfortably clad sky king prefers his pleasures more down to earth. He's wearing a cotton blouson suit with piped trim, by Jupiter of Paris, \$55; along with patent-leather slip-ons, from Brass Boot, \$30. Right: Our tennis buff scores game, set and match without the need to raise a racket, having donned a plaid, acrylic and wool sports jacket, \$110, and an open-knit cotton half-sleeve pullover, \$22.50, both by Larry Kane for Raffles Wear; plus pleated flannel slacks, by Paul Ressler, \$15; and patent-leather tasseled slip-ons, from Brass Boot, \$46.





# ALL THE RIGHT MOVES

*the important thing in anulka's life is  
not where she's been but where she's going*

**I**T'S NOT FOR EVERYONE. We all like to talk about being free, but it's a long way there and usually a quick look is all we get. Anulka Dziubinska seems to have found her own answer: mobility. For Anulka, it's not a matter of finding freedom; the looking for it is what counts—and what keeps you free.

Born and raised near the Irish Sea in Preston, Lancashire, she says of her childhood, "I was brought up to enjoy life rather than to fear death. And the best way I've found to enjoy life is to learn. People, cultures, languages, places—the best education is traveling." Since she was 15 she has traveled most of the Western world, living at times in London, Madrid, Bilbao and Hamburg, stopping off for lengthy stays in Italy, France and the United States. She also spent some time in Munich, where Pompeo Posar first photographed her for *PLAYBOY's The Girls of Munich* (August 1972).

And along the way she's done more than just modeling. In Preston she was a dental nurse, but the routine was too restrictive for her. From there she went to London, where even her lively job as a Playboy Bunny proved wanting in the face of her wanderlust; her thoughts kept drifting off to places she'd never seen.

Finally, a friend's trade provided a solution to her problem. He made jewelry. With a few tools and a display board, Anulka was able to take her work wherever she went, provide for herself in a creative way and, most important, learn. "Lots of people ask me what I do. That's not so difficult to understand. This is the world I live in and I'm finding out what's in it." And what has she found? "It's beautiful. I guess I believe in good karma. People mean a great deal to me and when I run into someone who isn't nice, it really upsets me. But when this happens, someone always comes along who is beautiful and full of energy, who makes things right. Of course, I don't think the world is all beauty. For example, being a girl means that there are a lot of things I can't do that I'd like to do, places I'd like to see that aren't safe. It's not a women's lib problem. If a woman wants to be liberated, she can liberate herself. I do agree with their stand on most of the issues, but I'm pleased to see they have quieted down. The hysteria makes me sick. But there's still a point to be made. I'd like to go to Africa, for example, but I



Anulka has herself a fashion field day in the Global Village Shop under the arches of London's Charing Cross Station. "Kathy Buday, the owner, went to Afghanistan and brought back loads of absolutely beautiful material, which she's turned into clothes that I really dig."



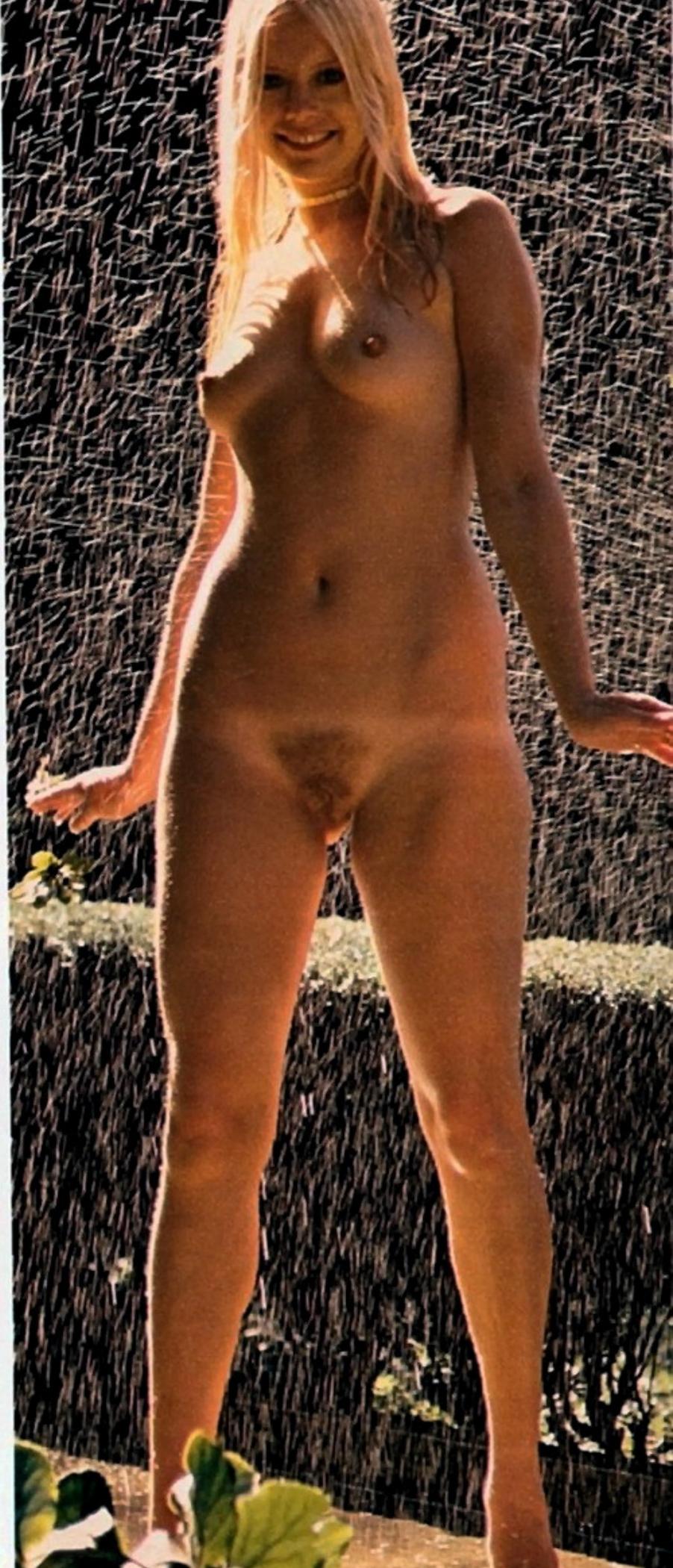


don't feel I could go alone, because I'm a girl. On the other hand, I think I might not be too eager to walk the streets of Chicago alone. It probably is safer in the African jungle, from all I hear about crime in America."

But traveling is only part of Anulka's life style. Though she hesitates to talk about it, her most recent ambition is to become an actress, a profession that can provide an outlet for her creative energy and at the same time keep her mobile. Her experience on the stage already runs from Shakespeare in school to a small bit with France's touring Grand Magic Circus at the Roundhouse in London. By working onstage as much as possible, Anulka feels she'll get enough background to break into movies. "I'm going to spend some time with my family in Preston, but I hope to wend my way to Rome eventually. That seems to be the best place in Europe for film. And who knows? Some crazy director may be looking for a slightly different heroine." If he picks Anulka, he's crazy like a fox.



Acting hopeful Anulka gets together with London talent agent David Japp to discuss the potentials—for him and her—of a new script he hopes will make it to the screen.



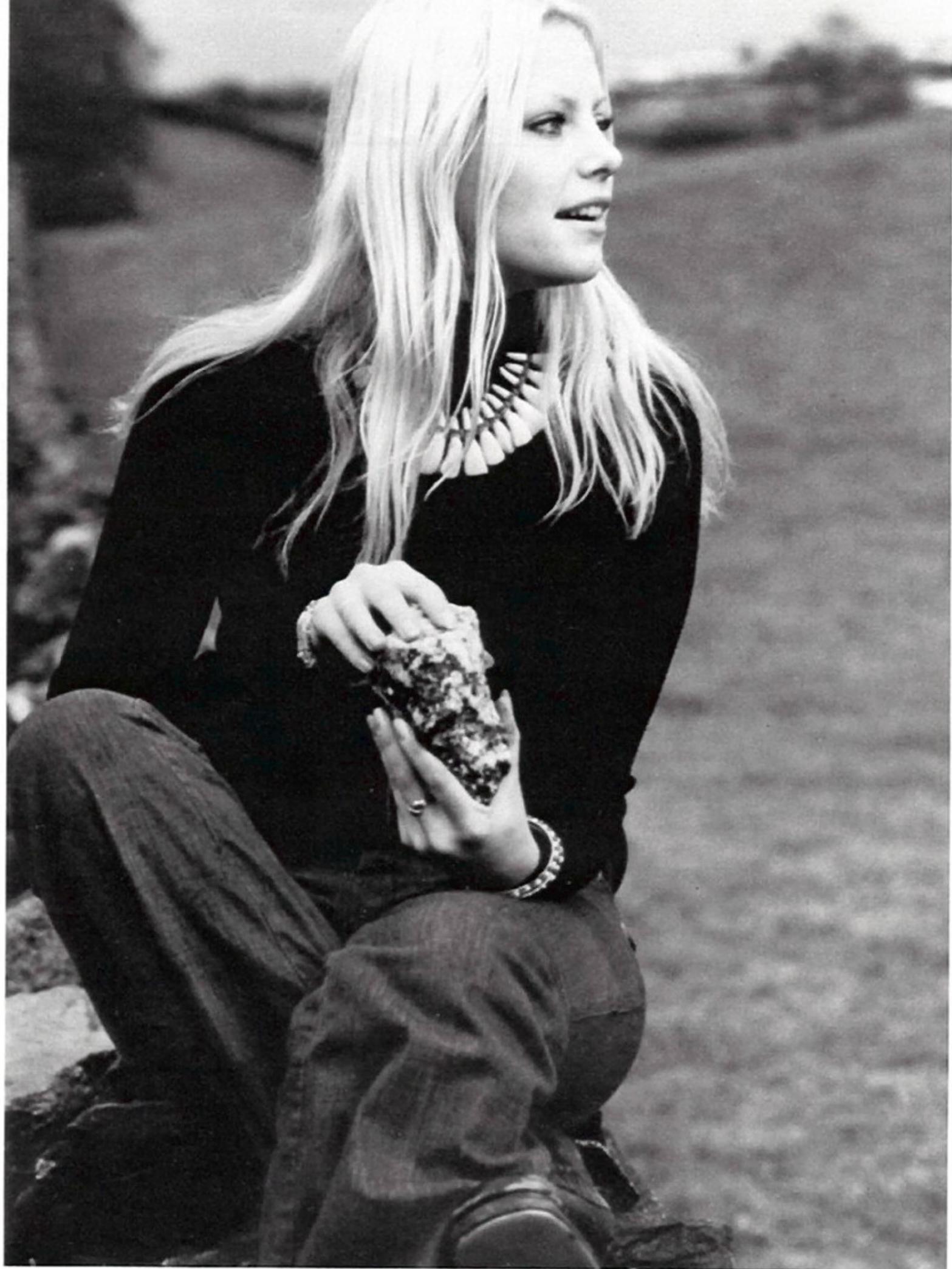


Anulka gets in the spirit of Portobello Road. "There's a big open-air market filled with a lot of antiques and a lot of junk. The trick is to know the difference."



With her longtime friend Derek Branch, a local actor, Anulka enjoys a slice of London's Fanfare for Europe celebration as they watch some ancient vehicles take off for Brussels in an antique-car rally. "London is still one of the most interesting places I know," Anulka says. "It's not like the States, where everything has to be brand-new every year. They have a real sense of history here. Even in a car race."





to herself as she listened to the voice at the other end of the line. Finally, she hung up and turned dreamily to the girl at the next desk. "My boyfriend's boss must have walked into his office," she murmured. "Just before saying goodbye, he thanked me for letting his firm have a shot at my prime location."

**W**e're inclined not to trust Red China for one very simple reason: Any country that has over 750,000,000 people and maintains that ping-pong is its favorite sport will lie about other things, too.



**E**very time the U.S. Cavalry major rode through the camp of the recently subjected Indian tribe, he'd deliberately wave to the old chief. And the latter would reply by giving him the finger, in the usual vertical manner, and then turning his hand so that the same digit stuck out horizontally. After a few weeks of this, the major's curiosity got the better of him, so he rode over after one such exchange and said, "Look, Chief, I know what it means when you give me the finger straight up, but what the hell does it mean when you also give it to me sideways?"

"It means," grunted the chief, "that I don't like your horse, either!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *13-year-old girl* as a meager beaver.

**I**n these two test tubes," declared the biologist to his rapt professional audience, "are the synthesized ingredients for the creation of human life! Solution A is a balanced amalgam of the constituent chemicals of the female ovum, while solution B is an organically valid infusion of male spermatozoa. Mix them in this aseptic, environmentally controlled container and the new human being will begin to take

our local lovers' lane. The kids refer to it as Firestone Drive."

"I suppose the name bears some relationship to 'hot rocks,'" grinned the visitor.

"Not really," Harry said. "It's called that because it's where the rubber meets the road."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *street-walker* as a pussyfooter.

**P**erhaps you've heard of the guru who refused Novocain while having a tooth pulled because he wanted to transcend dental medication.

**M**y husband must have been quite a bedroom operator before we married," confided the woman to her best friend. "Whenever there's a thunderstorm at night and lightning flashes, he bolts upright in bed and shouts, 'I'll buy the negatives!'"

**W**hen the subject of reincarnation came up at a party, the guests took turns expressing their ideas on how they would like to come back. One fellow said that he'd like to be reincarnated as a whale. "Whale?" asked someone. "Why in heaven's name a whale?"

"Just think how much I'd be in demand," he rejoined, "if I were able to breathe through the top of my head."



**A** man vacationing at a nudist camp for the first time was surprised to see a large sign at the edge of the woods that read: BEWARE OF HOMOSEXUALS! A little way into the woods, he came across another sign, and then another, and then a whole series of them, each slightly smaller and lower than the last, but all with the same wording: BEWARE OF HOMOSEXUALS!

Finally, he came upon a very small sign and he had to bend way over to make it out.



## "INDIAN"

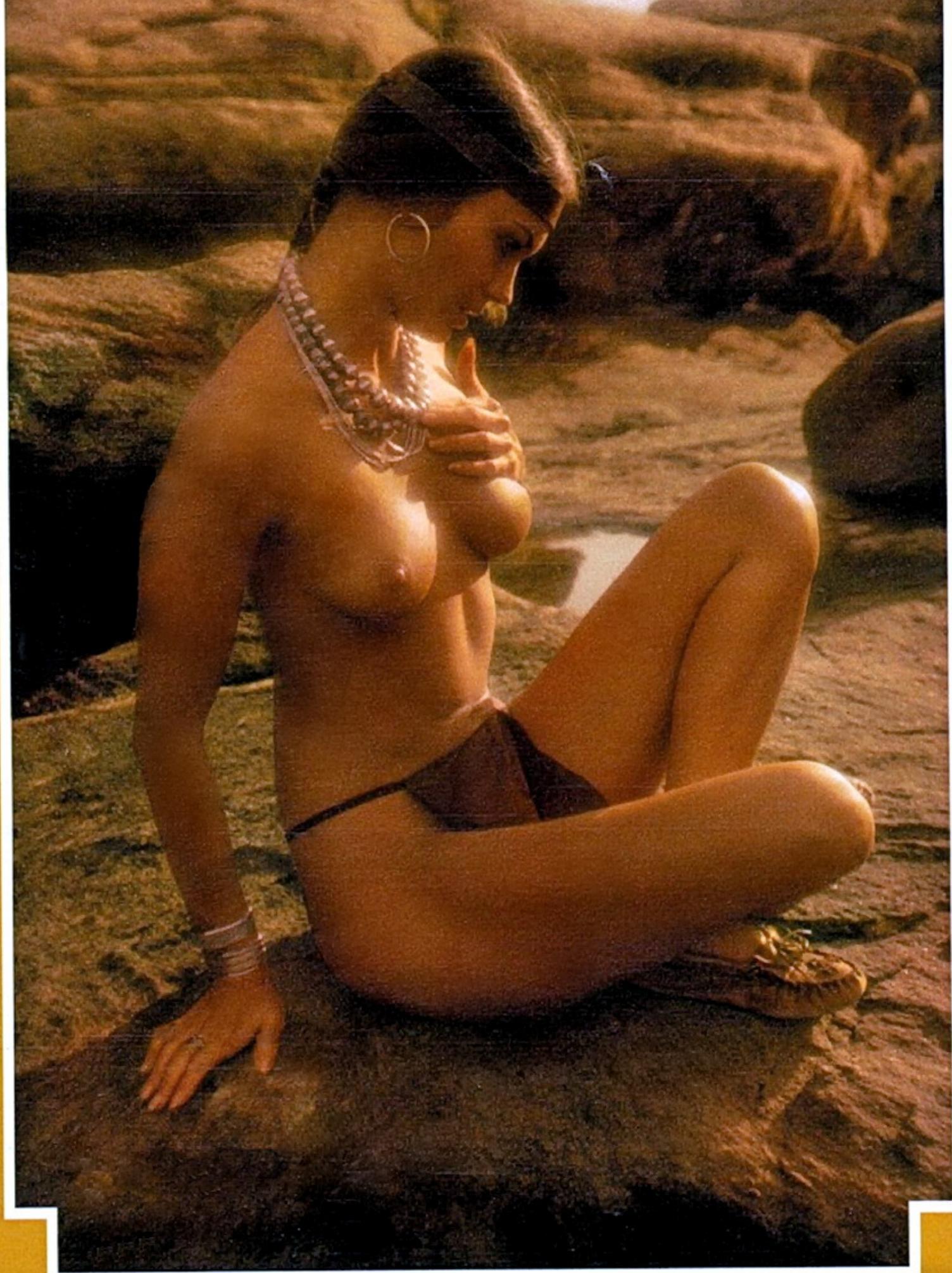
*barbara leigh's cherokee ancestors lived off the land—a clue, no doubt, to her ability to survive in the hollywood jungle*

**H**ER closest friends call her "Indian." So it follows that beautiful Barbara Leigh would own an Appaloosa horse named Cherokee—and a Maltese puppy named Quannah, the latter her tribute to Quanah Parker, an Indian hero who knew Cochise and Teddy Roosevelt and was the last chief of the Comanche tribe. Barbara's own Indian origins go back to her grandmother, a full-blooded Cherokee. Born in Georgia, Barbara grew up in a broken home, married and divorced when just out of her teens, moved to Hollywood and began attracting attention—which she always has found easy to do. Seeing Barbara on a Swiss ski slope with director Roger Vadim, taking bike lessons from Steve McQueen, holidaying in Mexico with MGM prexy and longtime friend James Aubrey or tooling around Beverly Hills in the Mercedes said to be a gift from Elvis might well create grand illusions. But professionally, it's been uphill all the way. Her screen career started a few years ago with *The Student Nurses*, from which she graduated to playing Rock Hudson's wife in *Pretty Maids All in a Row*, thence to a phone-booth tryst with Steve McQueen in Sam Peckinpah's *Junior Bonner*. At home in Westwood, Barbara insists she's "a semirecluse" who does needlepoint, writes poetry and prepares for her next role, a deaf-mute murderess in *Terminal Island*. Instant stardom is only in the fan magazines.



*"We hiked for hours, or climbed mountains to find privacy—and I nearly froze to death,"*  
Backers of her two-week Western junket in a Winnebago camper with photographer Charles Bush.





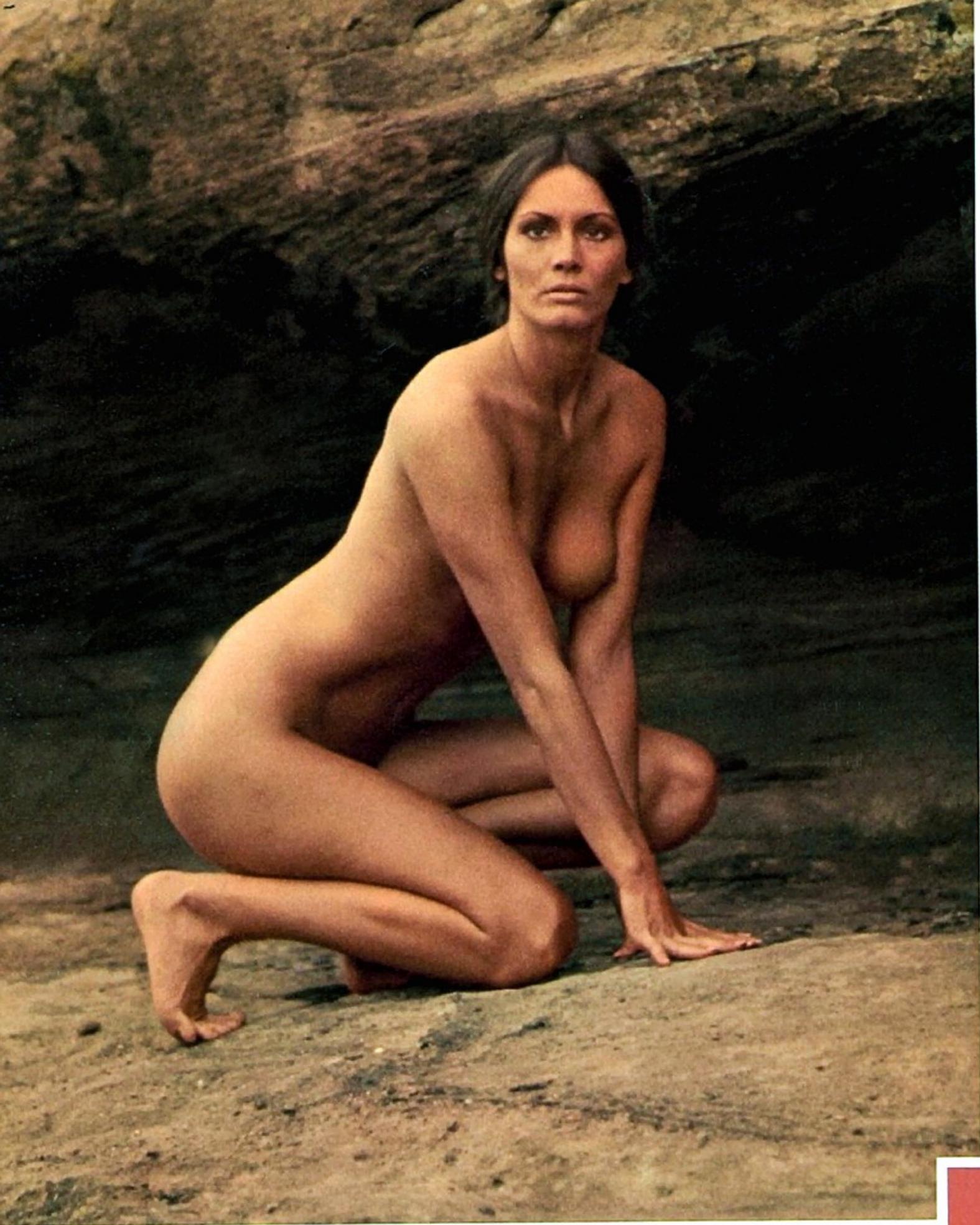
*"Indian maiden. . . All alone, it seems, like a fantasy . . . a sweet, . . ."* *For more information, contact Barbara, who adds*



*Far from savage, Princess Barbara abhors violence and dreams of making a film with David Lean, yet found rowdy director Sam Peckinpah "a very sexy man."*



*"I don't play games," insists Barbara, a free spirit who would give her Navaho concho belt*



*"Everything we did," says Barbara, "was based on my own fancies about Indianness. Traveling, we met Indians—but the old ones don't talk much nor refer to the past. They are very sad people."*



To psych herself up for a trip deep into her own Indian heritage, Beckham

# BEDE- AS IN SPEEDY

*if god had meant man to fly,  
he might have put  
him in one of these little buggers*

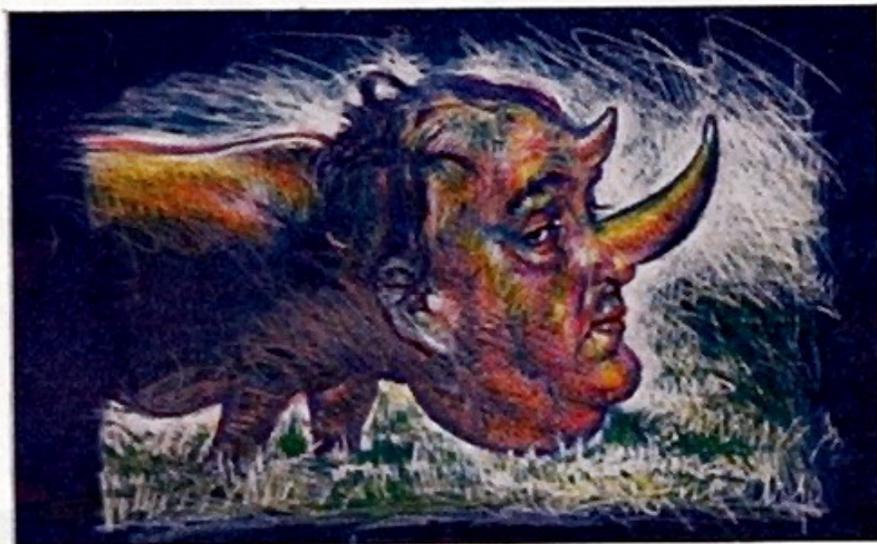


# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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

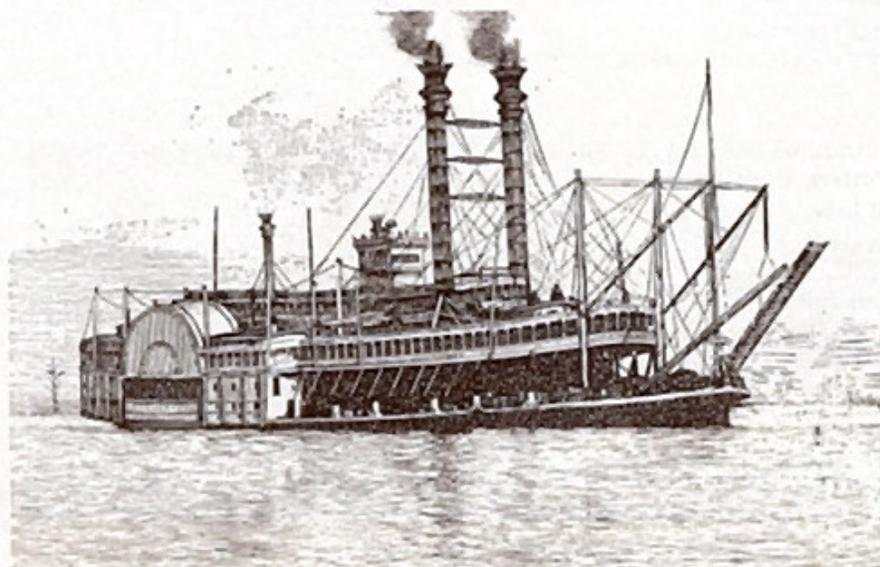
## THE FILM'S THE THING

The closest thing yet to a national repertory company commences this fall with the premiere of The American Film Theater. Each month, 500 selected moviehouses around the country will show—for two days only—one of eight cinematic treatments of great plays, filmed by name directors and starring top-rank actors and actresses. Series tickets to the eight evening shows will cost about \$30 (matinees slightly less) and can be obtained from American Express offices, department stores or the theaters themselves, among other outlets. *Rhinoceros* with Zero Mostel, *The Iceman Cometh*, *Lost in the Stars* and *Luther* are among the coming attractions. Maybe movies really *are* better than ever.



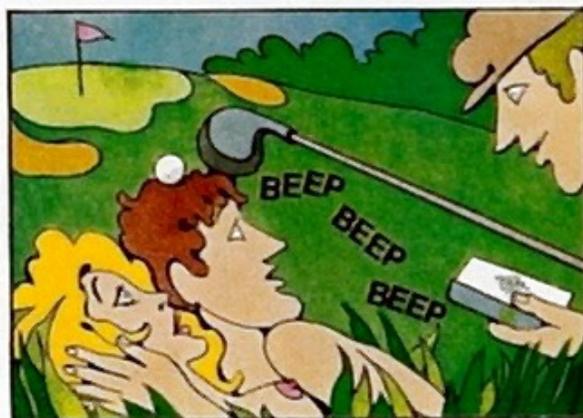
## DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI TO OBLIVION

Unless Big Government intervenes before November first, the river boat *Delta Queen*, last of our nation's overnight-passenger steam-driven paddle-wheelers, seems destined to be deep-sixed at the end of her current season. (Although the *Queen* is never out of sight of shore, a safety-at-sea law makes demands that her wooden superstructure can't meet.) Junkets available range from overnights, at \$41 up, to a 19-day, \$1292 round trip from Cincinnati to New Orleans. Reservations can be made through travel agents or Greene Line Steamers, 322 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati. And why not also write to your Congressman, asking him to help save the grandest grandame afloat?



## PUB REFLECTIONS

If you don't mind giving some advertising space in your home to India Pale Ale or Guinness Stout, you can now get veddy handsome facsimiles of the ornate pub mirrors once used by English breweries and distilleries to plug their wares. Prices range from a 21½" x 24½" Whitbread's (\$120) to a 42" x 56" Martin's (\$480). They're available from that California bastion of Victorian bric-a-brac, the Golden Movement Emporium in Santa Monica at 2919 Main Street. What'll it be, luv?



## WHERE'S MY BEEPING BALL?

For all you duffers who can't keep out of the rough, Huntington Leisure Products in Huntington, New York, is marketing golf balls that sound as though they might have been custom-made for James Bond—or Spiro Agnew. Each sphere comes with a tiny transmitter imbedded in it and when you're within nine feet of one, a small pocket receiver sounds off. Two balls and the receiver cost \$31 post-paid. That's the way the ball bounces.

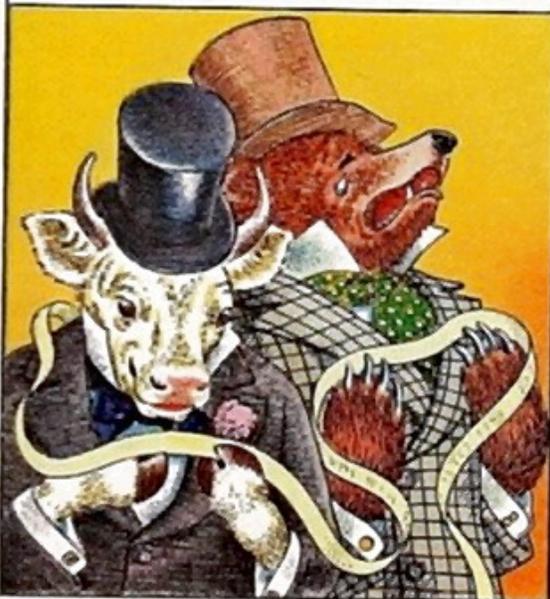


### UP FROM SURFDOM

It's like sailing . . . well, not exactly. You see, it's really like surfing. (But then again, you might say it's a kind of water-skiing.) Actually, it's windsurfing, the latest way to stay out of the water. You stand on the board, then haul up the sail; any kind of breeze will set the polyethylene craft in motion. Where to buy? Windsurfing International (1808 Stanford Avenue, Santa Monica), for \$365. Now anyone who knows which way the wind blows can hang ten on a mild zephyr.

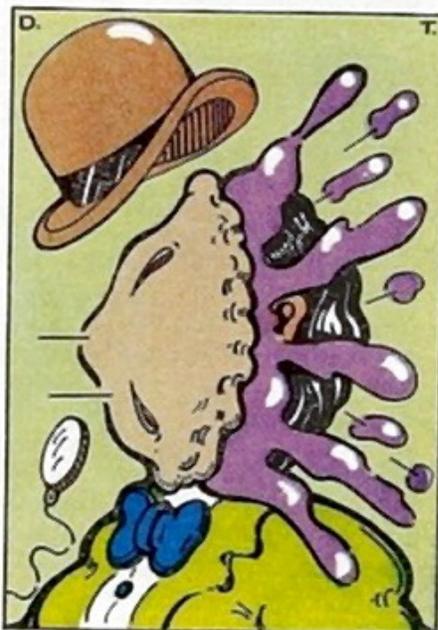
### VINTAGE STOCK

Quite often, not even your stockbroker will know for sure whether or not there's any value in that musty stock certificate you inherited. Stock Market Information Service at 235 Dorchester Boulevard East in Montreal, Quebec, probably will, however, and for a fee of ten dollars per company, it will attempt to determine the worth of stocks or securities issued anywhere after 1850. They've already earned their customers over a quarter of a million—so it seems well worth your sawbuck.



### DRAGON FIRE

When President Nixon visited Peking, he toasted his hosts with Mou-Tai Chiew, a super-rare 106-proof liquor distilled from millet and wheat and judged "second best among all the wines and spirits in the world" at the Panama International Exhibition back in 1915. Now booze buffs will be happy to learn that the International Corporation of America in Arlington, Virginia, is bringing in a limited supply of Mou-Tai to be sold nationwide for \$10 to \$15 per pint-size bottle. The Chinese modestly claim Mou-Tai is terrific before, during and after a meal and, best of all, they say it doesn't cause a hangover. Darned clever, those Chinese.

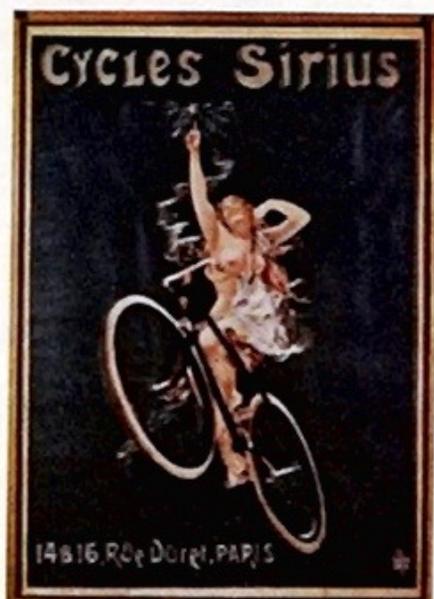


### CUSTARD'S LAST STAND

Shades of Mack Sennett's classic comedies: The British village of Coxheath, in Kent, will be the scene, June second, of the World Custard Pie Championship with teams from England, Canada and the Continent competing. If you'd like to enter the annual flinging, the deadline is May first, with requests sent to M. Fitzgerald, 18 Springett Way, Coxheath, Maidstone, Kent. Points are given for, among other things, direct hits, originality and dress—which can be either Victorian 1897 or avant-garde 1974. Don't fire until you see the whites of their pies! Splat!

### RE CYCLE ART

We won't even begin to speculate why the sidesaddling nymph at right is looking so ecstatic. Let's just assume it's because she and her two-wheeler are a part of the forthcoming edition of *100 Years of Bicycle Posters*, a commemoration of bicycle advertising art soon to be published by Darien House for \$7.95. Among the 50 full-color and 46 black-and-white plates from 14 countries is the work of a number of artists—such as Toulouse-Lautrec and Vuillard—whom most wouldn't associate with cycles. And for the serious student, there'll be historical footnotes detailing the changes in design. So get pedaling.



## READER SERVICE

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.

After Six Formalwear .. 79	Harley-Davidson .....	171
American Tourister .....	Motorcycles .....	26-27
Langston .....	Honda Auto .....	199
Audi Auto .....	Jarvis Slacks .....	36-39
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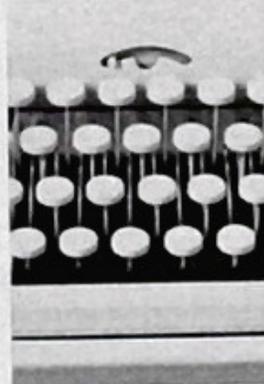
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