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WITH MEL BROOKS
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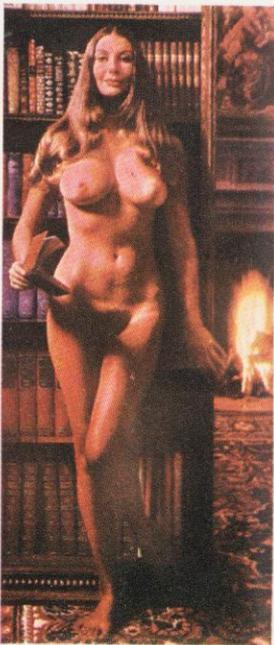
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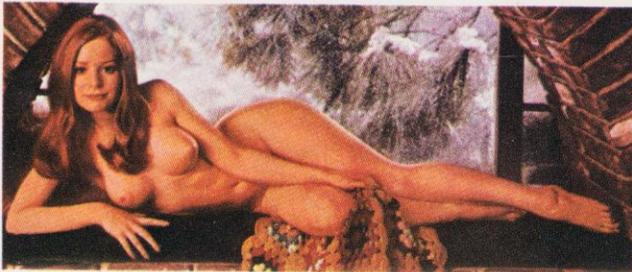
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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

How do you tell someone you're living with to get lost? About a year ago, I met this guy—we liked each other, dated, made love. The only friction came from playing "your place or mine?"—the insecurity of being away from our respective creature comforts for a night (his music, my macramé), the sense of wasting a space by leaving it unoccupied—all seemed to detract from what was going down between us. We tossed a coin; he sublet his apartment and my place became our place. It was a mistake. I feel like my whole life has been invaded. I'm under a constant pressure to relate, to be domestic. There's no time left for my creative pursuits and that's a capital offense. More and more, I find myself taking it out on him. I want to go back to the old arrangement, or maybe to see him out of my life entirely, but the trouble involved is frightening. How can I broach the subject?—Miss P. B., Hartford, Connecticut.

Breaking up is hard to do. That's why you feel so good when it stops. You can drop subtle hints: Walk around the house singing "I shall be released." Short sheet his side of the bed. Leave a U. S. Post Office change-of-address card with his name nailed to the door. Or you can take drastic measures: Ask him to deposit a check for you. On the back of the check, write "This is a holdup" and hope that they aren't too hard on him. However, we're not sure that revenge is in order. It seems to us that the situation is to blame. A sense of invasion often occurs when you subdivide an old territory. In your next incarnation, find a larger apartment. If there's not enough space for you to live alone together, then you won't live together for long. State your case soon and make it clear to your roommate that moving out is not the same as moving on.

Are you ready for this? A girlfriend and I have discovered a unique sexual turn-on—Alka-Seltzer! She inserts one of the white wonders as she starts to get excited. When the juices flow, the tablet effervesces; the heat and tingling sensations that result are something else again. The Alka-Seltzer screw, as it is called, is spreading like wildfire among the swinging set in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. Is there any harm in what we're doing?—W. F. E., Fort Worth, Texas.

We were ready for your question. An oil-and-gas producer in your area has already written us about a dozen letters on this topic. We know that it must be hard to swing in the Lone-Star State—the trees are so far apart—but surely you have better things to do than to write to us. Still, we must answer: According to our

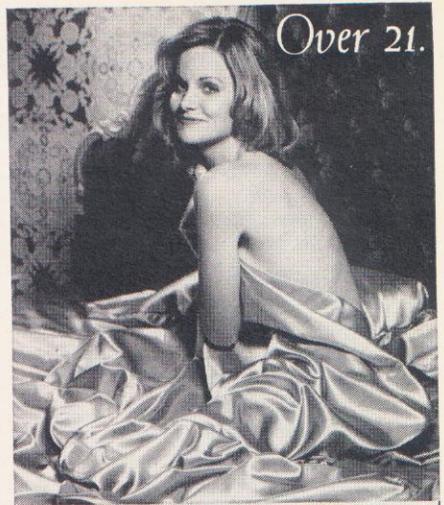
medical expert, the lining of the vagina has a pH that must be maintained to prevent bacterial infection. A prompt and complete douching should restore the proper pH and ensure your girlfriend's health. Also, Alka-Seltzer contains aspirin; aspirin has been known to cause bleeding in the gastrointestinal lining after prolonged contact; the same thing might occur if vaginal contact was less than speedy. Again, this problem could be avoided by douching or, perhaps, by switching to one of those flavored fizzies. Then you would have a taste treat as well.

One night my boyfriend and I were sitting at home, listening to the stereo. Our talk turned to artists who had received gold records and the question came up: Can a gold record be played or is it strictly a plaque?—Miss S. H., San Bernardino, California.

A spokesman for the Record Industry Association of America (the group that awards the 1,000,000-seller discs) told us that a gold record is run off the master of the original hit and that it can be played on a stereo set. He added that he had never heard of anyone doing so. More often, the platters are melted down for money to get through the hard times between an artist's last hit and his first television golden-oldie tape offer. But that's another story.

I was discharged from the U. S. Air Force in 1968. Although the discharge was honorable, there were circumstances involved that I would rather have left unknown, especially to potential employers. From what I hear, there is a code used on the Report of Separation from Active Duty (DD Form 214) that tells all. What can I do to keep this information from falling into the wrong hands? Since my discharge, I've obtained an M.B.A. and would like to put it to good use with a clean start.—D. P., Richmond, Virginia.

The information is already in the wrong hands. The Armed Forces customarily indicated the cause of discharge on Form 214 with one of 530 Separation Program Numbers (SPNs or spin numbers). Supposedly, the numbers allowed the Defense Department to designate unfavorable reasons for some honorable and general discharges in order to "preserve the honor of obtaining an honorable discharge for honorable reasons." Obviously, Catch-22 wasn't enough. The SPN list seems to be a Rorschach of the Pentagon's pet hang-ups. In addition to numbers indicating completion of service, there are numbers for motion sickness, being a



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clutz at close-order drill and bed-wetting. Two SPNs indicate alcoholism, in case you're seeing double. And 42 different numbers (for example, 249-257, 511-514, 559-587) indicate homosexuality. (We suppose they need that many to distinguish whether a soldier slept with a sergeant, his commanding officer, his commanding officer's wife or daughter, whether he enjoyed it, whether he was active or passive, etc.) As of March 22, 1974, the Defense Department no longer puts the SPN on the form given to a discharged Serviceman. The number is still kept on file in the form of a new, condensed code of 126 designations. If you were discharged before that date, you can request a new Form 214 with the SPN deleted and you can obtain a narrative description of the reasons for discharge. On general principles (the individual's right to privacy and obligation to oppose bureaucratic balderdash), you should have the number deleted. For additional information, contact: The American Veterans Committee, 1333 Connecticut Avenue NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. As for potential employers—we wouldn't worry. Personnel policies vary, but businesses are inclined to focus on a job candidate's education level, work experience, maturity, ability to relate and the attitudes he displays during an interview. They may touch on your Service record (i.e., duration, rank achieved, major duties, etc.), but they are more interested in finding out about you, from you. So go to work on it.

The couple in the next room is out to win a prize. So, apparently, are the couples in the room above, the room below and the room across the ventilator shaft. I live in a singles' complex. Every night I listen to a symphony of orgasmic cries. Actually, I'm not sure the noisemakers are couples. I never hear the guys making any noise (for all I know, the two high-pitched voices coming from the room above may be a duet of lesbians or a ménage à trois with two women and a deaf-mute). The one-sided chorus made me realize that my lovers have never been particularly vocal. What gives?—Miss S. W., Chicago, Illinois.

It's hard to say: Our culture raises boys to be strong, silent types, even in their joy. Can you imagine Clint Eastwood crying or Charles Bronson giggling? There is another common reason for silence. Thoreau claimed that the mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation; we won't go that far, but it may be that your lovers don't sound off for fear that their celebration would be premature (don't signal the end, kid; she'll find out soon enough). Whatever the reason, it's easy to raise the bedside decibels. Many couples learn to use noise as a natural, spontaneous cue to where they are in the midst of lovemaking: "If that's a groan, we must be in

Belgium." A lot of people are experimenting with what Alex Comfort calls "bird-song at morning"—i.e., they invent the sound track for their own X-rated feature—shouting obscenities, fantasies, the Dow-Jones stock averages, whatever turns them up. Ask your lovers to try it; it's a great rush to let go, although they may be a little embarrassed at first. If they don't dig it, maybe you can work something out using clothespins and playing cards.

For the past few years, I have noticed that the larger beer companies come out with a "bock" beer in the spring. I really enjoy this beer and would like to know what the story is. A friend of mine says that the breweries make it just before they clean out their tanks. True?—T. G., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Our resident foamhead says that your friend's tale is a bass canard, unless, of course, he is a she, in which case it is a soprano canard. He went on to mumble that bock beer is one of a trio of classic brews (the two others being—you guessed it—Beethoven and Brahms). The name may be a mispronunciation of Einbeck (sometimes spelled Einbock), the city that originally produced the brew; or it may stem from ein Bock, the German word for goat. Frederic Birmingham, in "Falstaff's Complete Beer Book," completes the picture: "Bock beer is usually prepared for consumption in the spring, around Easter-time, which is simply a carrying on of the German custom of brewing beer in either October or March, when temperatures were most favorable. The beer is a special one, rather heavy in flavor, usually darker in color and richer in taste than our regular beers. It is made from both regular barley and caramel malt or burnt malt." Encore!

Can you tell me what the letters on cigar boxes indicate? If they suggest different levels of quality (A, B, C, and so forth), you can't tell from the taste.—B. R., Columbia, Missouri.

Would you believe that they represent the grades the cigars got in cigar school? Actually, the Government classes cigars for the purpose of Federal taxes. The classes correspond to the intended retail price of the cigar, which, as you've discovered, is no sure-fire guarantee of taste. Class A cigars are the least expensive, class G the most expensive.

I have a problem that probably isn't unusual anymore. For about a year, I've been dating a very attractive, very feminine woman. (I'm 36, she's 25.) It has been brought to my attention (by one of her old friends) that she is a bisexual. I've suspected as much for quite a while, so

the disclosure didn't come as a shock. In fact, when I began to suspect her preferences, I tried to draw her out. I took her to porno movies that depicted girl-on-girl and triangle situations. I suggested that we try a threesome with another girl. She refused and said that she wasn't interested, that she'd end up hating all of us. We have a very strong sexual relationship when it's working right, but her weekend trips with girlfriends (for sex or whatever) tend to screw up any continuity to our affair. I feel left out of what must be her strongest emotional and physical attachments. Her friends must think that I'm nuts filling in the open dates. I like her too much to just kiss the whole thing off and, actually, I find it sort of fascinating. She doesn't even admit to being a bisexual! Do you have any suggestions?—J. R., Des Moines, Iowa.

A bisexual is not always a trisexual. Your girlfriend has made it clear that she prefers one-on-one relationships (apparently several at a time) to the group-sex scene. We're not even sure that she is bisexual—her weekend trips may be innocent or they may disguise totally heterosexual meetings with male friends. It seems that your fantasy is based more on jealousy of her other lovers than on curiosity: If you can't stand them, don't join them.

Whenever some time goes by without sexual intercourse, I masturbate. I've heard that masturbation can increase the size of the clitoris. Is this true? Also, I would like to know the size of the largest recorded clitoris.—Miss F. A., Redondo Beach, California.

Masturbation does not increase the size of either the male or the female genitals. Although no records are kept, one of the largest clitorises known to man belonged to a John Dillinger. It was 19 inches long and is currently on display in the Smithsonian Institution. Ask the guard for the exact location. Contrary to popular belief, Dillinger (nee Joanna) was not a man. The rampant chauvinists of the FBI were loath to allow a woman on the ten-most-wanted list and so perpetrated the rumor that Dillinger was a man. If you think this answer is tongue in cheek, you're wrong: That's not our tongue.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.





Ian R. Landi

"He was pretty good, but I wish she'd asked me before she divorced her first husband."

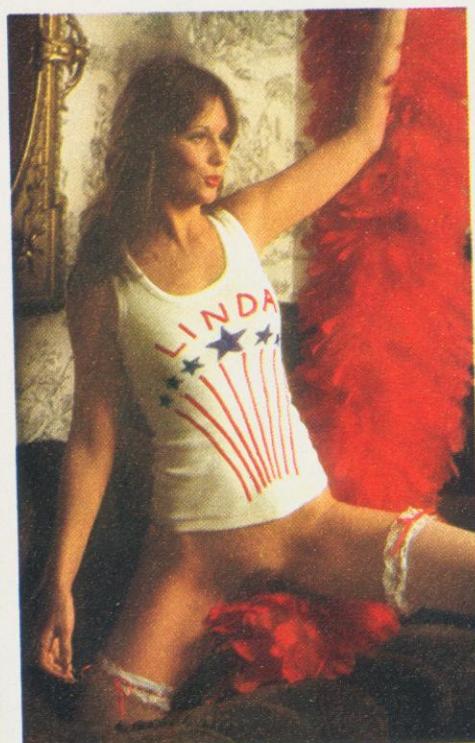




in her latest film, the star of "deep throat" goes down in history as the nominee with the best pubic image

Linda Lovelace for President!

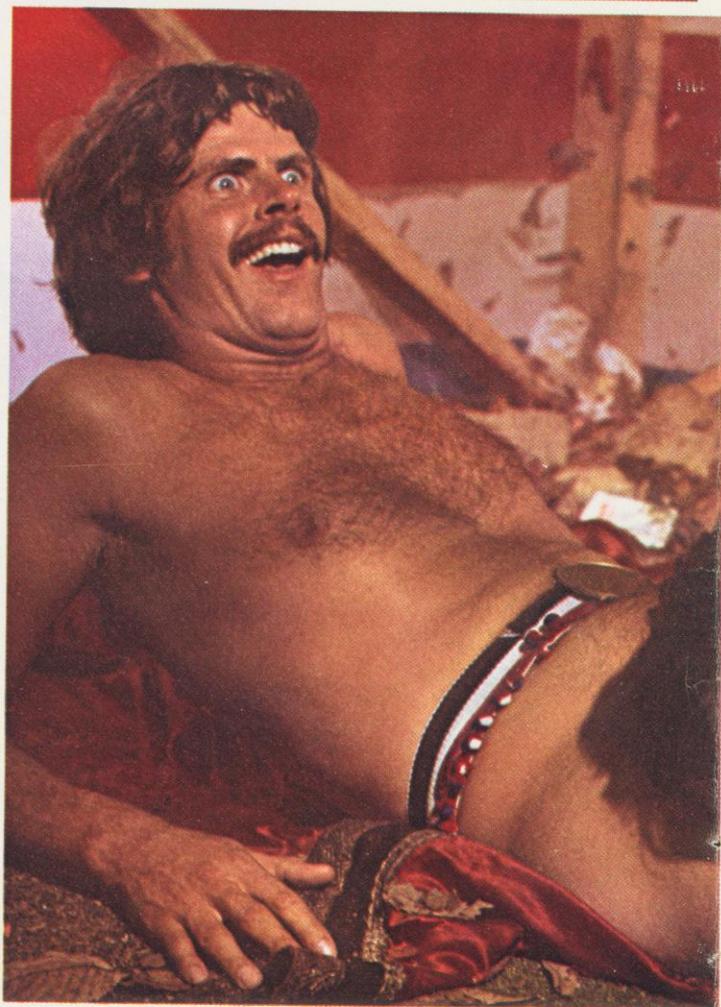
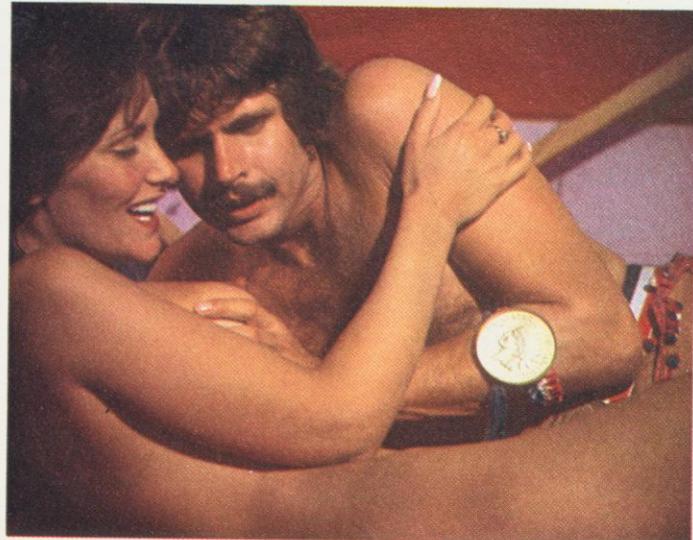
THE IDEA sounds a bit wacky at first, but after you think about it awhile—sleep on it, as it were—it has a certain bizarre logic. A third-party convention, attended by delegates from every conceivable antiestablishment political faction in the country, is deadlocked over its choice of a Presidential candidate. What one person could possibly appeal to a conglomeration that includes in its ranks vegetarians, Nazis, gays, Indians, Legionnaires, women's liberationists,



Could Linda be serious about running for office? "When I look at what's going on in politics, I think I could do as good a job, if not better. At least I'm honest."



"After all, if I were President, I could straighten out the world!" Linda laughs, partly at herself. "If you don't get that one, just use your imagination."

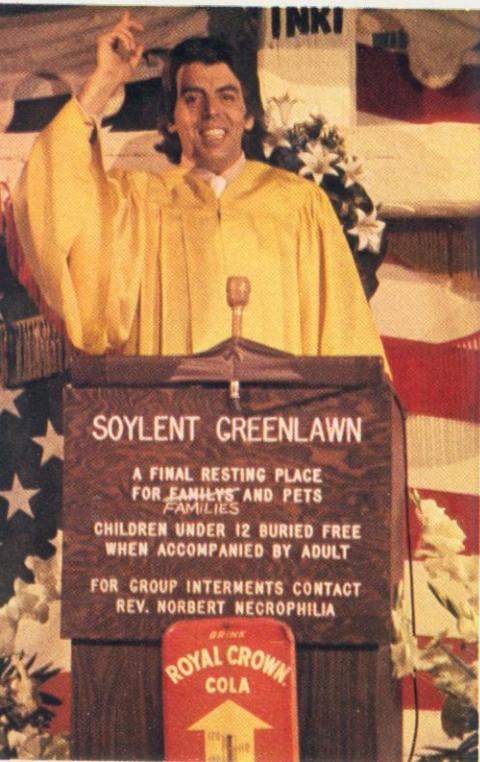


On the campaign trail in *Linda Lovelace for President*, our heroine meets a hero—swim champion Huck Phlegm, bedecked in medals and played by Skip Burton. Top and above: Overcome by passion, they duck beneath a bunting-draped bandstand for a quick one, while the mayor of the hamlet of Louise drones on (sample line: "I will never pull out of Louise") until both guests of honor can come.

Later on in the film, Linda finds herself in an Ozark glade beneath a waterfall (below). There she meets Tarboone of the Owls, who, like Huck, quickly rises to the occasion.



proponents of group marriage, the A.M.A. and the Suicide for Fun Committee? Why, Linda Lovelace, of course. To know her, especially in the Biblical sense, is to love her. The knowledge imparted by her latest picture, *Linda Lovelace for President*, is considerably less carnal than that dished up by *Deep Throat*, the film that made her famous. Linda doesn't actually perform her well-known sword-swallowing act onscreen this time, but, she observes, that shouldn't be necessary—"because people will fantasize about it, get off on it in their imaginations." Since the film was scheduled to be released within a week of this issue's hitting the newsstands, it's anyone's guess now whether *Linda Lovelace for President* will fare better than the R-rated *Deep Throat II*, which also left a lot to the imagination. But Linda—with

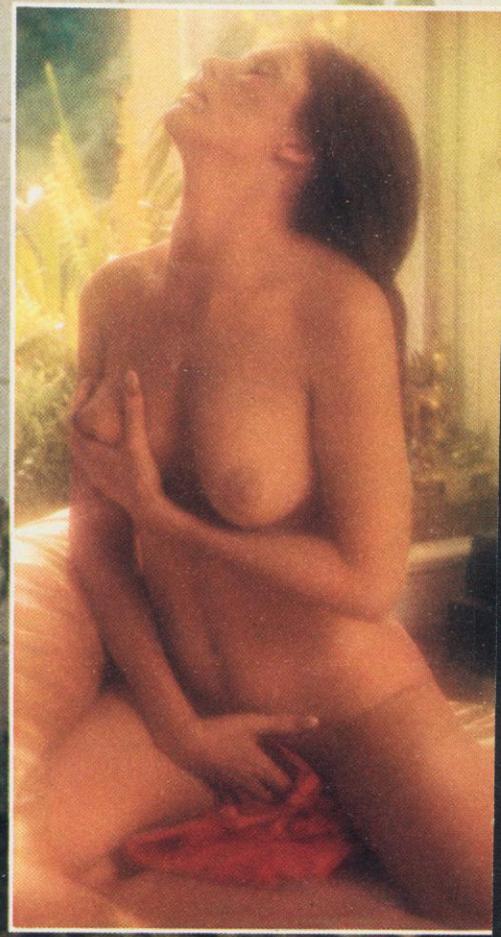


The Right Reverend Dr. Oral Sacrifice (Vaughn Meader), preaching on the topic "How to Have Your Cake and Eat It, Too," unexpectedly puts that and other themes into action as he, too, succumbs to Linda's charms at a revival meeting (above).





"I don't think I'm really changing my image," says Linda. "I'd still be me, whether I did *Deep Throat* or *Gone With the Wind*."

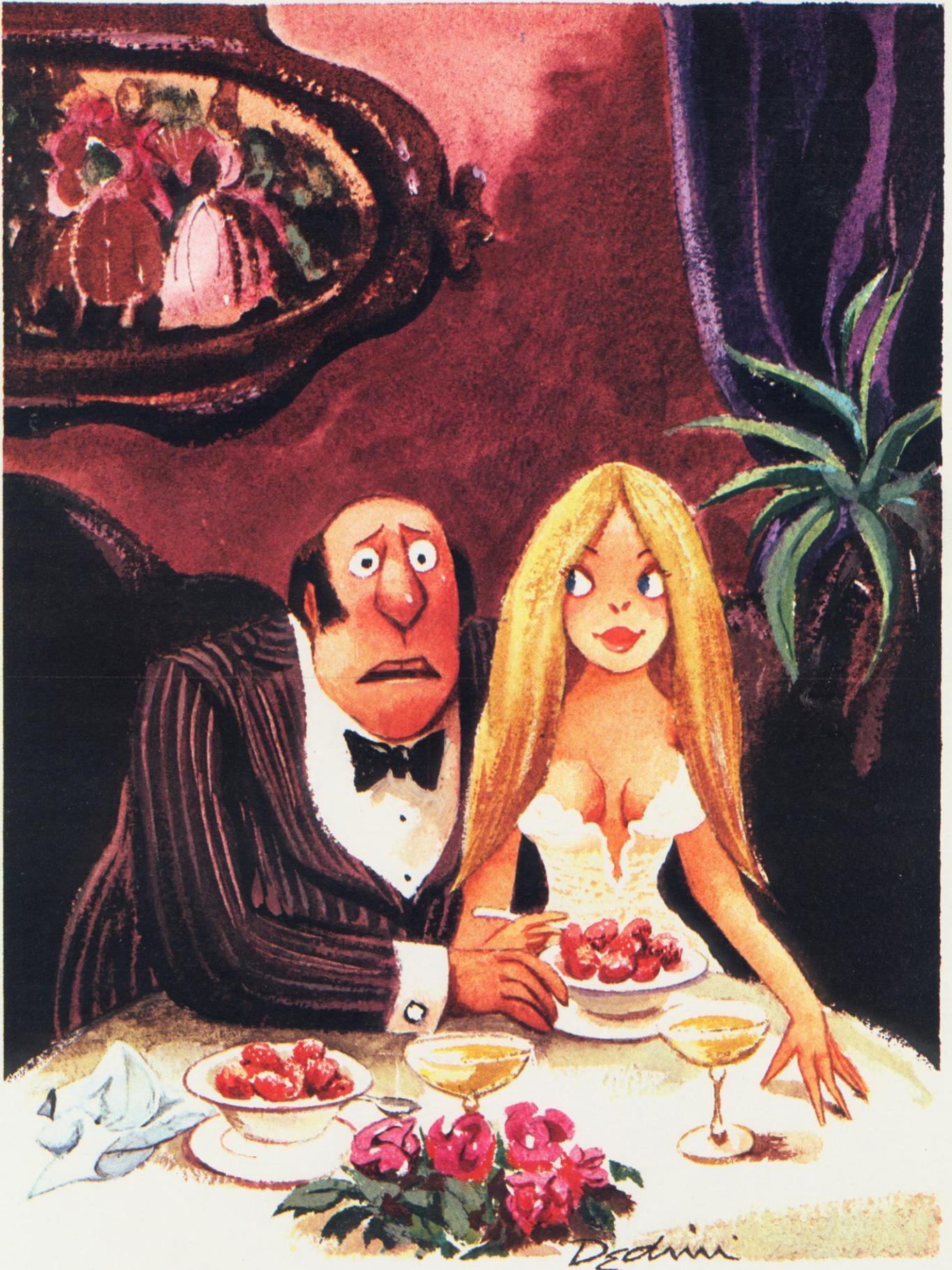


"Actually," Linda reflects in a moment of self-analysis, "I'm a pushover. I want to believe everyone. If I get hurt—well, I get hurt. It's an experience. I love people, that's all."



others who worked on the film—sees no comparison. "I expected *Deep Throat II* to bomb," she says frankly. "It was a disaster, amateurish, haphazardly thrown together. I haven't seen it myself, and I have no desire to." *L. L. for President* has a lot more going for it in the way of production values; a budget in excess of \$600,000, compared with the original *Throat's* \$25,000, for one thing. "And *Deep Throat* was shot in eight days with a crew of eight or ten," Linda remarks. "This movie was shot in four weeks with a crew of 40 or 50." It also boasts a cast whose names are familiar to fans of rock, television and improvisational theater as well as motion pictures—among them, (text concluded on page 166)





"My wife doesn't understand my deep desire to rob the cradle."



DELTA LADY

FRESH OUT of high school in Tulsa, Oklahoma, 18-year-old ex-cheerleader Laura Misch was confronted with that same question that has plagued most new high school graduates: What now? Wandering into a neighborhood drugstore, she happened to pick up a slick paperback entitled *Playboy Bunnies*. She leafed through it. She pictured herself with rabbit ears and a Bunny tail. She had an idea! "I dashed off a letter, enclosed a Polaroid of myself and sent it to the New



*meet laura misch,
a new orleans lovely
who's taken the crescent
city to her heart.
lucky new orleans*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Basically a down-to-earth girl, Laura doesn't believe in the supernatural. "When people ask me what my sign is," she says, "I tell them Exxon. Astrology's a waste of time."

Although she has chosen New Orleans as her home town, Laura is getting restless. "I don't even like to stay in one job for too long," she says. "I get itchy feet."





A longtime movie buff, Laura recently landed her first acting role, a part in Dino De Laurentiis' film *Mandingo*.

During the shooting of *Mandingo*, Laura picked up as many pointers as she could about the movie business. "Everybody was surprisingly attentive," she says. "They let me play with the cameras and showed me how to zoom in and out." At left, she chats with producer Ralph Serpe.



At left, make-up man Gerald O'Dell puts on the finishing touches for Laura's bordello scene (above)—in which she has her working clothes adjusted by her personal slave girl. The lace cap, incidentally, is also worn by Laura on our cover.

Orleans Bunny Mother, since she was the closest to Tulsa,"

Laura recalls. "The next thing I knew, I was in New Orleans with a new job."

Within a few weeks, she'd fallen madly in love with the place. Even today, two years later, she will wax rhapsodic about the delights of the old

French city. "Except for the humidity," she says, "I adore everything about New Orleans. I'll never leave." This creates a conflict in her life,

for she also wants to be a movie star ("Who doesn't?")

and most stars have to emigrate to Hollywood sooner or later. No longer a Bunny since the temporary closing of the New Orleans Club some months ago, Laura has just finished an on-location shooting as an extra in Dino De

Laurentiis' new film, *Mandingo*, starring James Mason and Susan George. In the movie, which is about life on a slave-breeding plantation in the pre-Civil War South, Laura plays one of the girls in a Mississippi delta whorehouse.

This is how she describes her big scene: "A door opens and through the doorway you see me standing there, clutching my underwear. Then I blow a sensuous kiss to a satisfied customer." Since it was her first scene in a movie, and she appeared seminude, to boot, Laura admits to having had a certain initial apprehension.

"I thought it would be awful with all those people watching me," she says. "But they were good about it and kept their eyes on my face." If you say so, Laura.



Relaxing after a rigorous day on the set, Laura ponders her acting: Today a delta whore, tomorrow Camille. Who knows?

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One frigid morning, a man turned up at his office much the worse for wear. "I didn't sleep a wink," he told a co-worker. "I was up almost all night trying to keep my wife's begonia covered against the freezing cold."

"I should be so lucky," sighed the other man. "On these icy nights, my wife wears two pairs of panties and woolen long johns under flannel pajamas, so I can't even get at her begonia to try to keep it warm."



We've heard about an operatic soprano and her symphony-harpist boyfriend who have developed a high degree of artistic empathy, she humming his parts while he fingers her passages.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *safe-cracker* as a Georgia girl on the pill.

And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: "There is both good news and bad news. The good news is that plagues shall smite your Egyptian oppressors. The Nile shall be turned to blood, and frogs and locusts shall cover the fields, and gnats and flies shall infest the Pharaoh's people, and their cattle shall die and rot in the pastures, and hail and darkness shall visit punishment upon the land of Egypt! Then will I lead the children of Israel forth, parting the waters of the Red Sea so that they may cross, and thereafter strewing the desert with manna so that they may eat."

And Moses said, "O Lord, that's wonderful! But tell me, what's the bad news?"

And the Lord God replied, "It will be up to you, Moses, to write the environmental-impact statement."

Betty Sue's masturbational style
Is distinguished by Frenchified guile:

*She uses a wiener—
It's safer and cleaner—
She's become a confirmed Frankophile!*

Did you and Eddie go the limit?" the teenybopper eagerly asked as her big sister was slipping into bed after a date.

"Well," replied the older girl with a sigh, "at least we went Eddie's."

A Y.M.C.A. resident complained that he had been subjected to objectionably aggressive overtures by a man in an upstairs lounge the previous night.

"Why didn't you rush out of the room?" asked the manager.

"I simply couldn't," answered the chap. "My skirt was too tight."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fellatio foreplay* as a taste of things to come.

The finicky client was explaining his preferences to the madam. "The girl I want must have certain definite characteristics," he said. "She must be a five-foot, six-inch redhead with green eyes, a small bust with large nipples, full hips, nicely muscled legs, a silky and perfectly triangular pubic patch, freshly shaven armpits and no body scars. Besides," he went on, "she must be passionate but submissive, as well as uninhibited but basically genteel. Do you have such a girl here?"

"Of course we do," the madam assured the man, "but, just to be on the safe side, why don't you come back on Friday for a preliminary fitting?"

When they get around to doing a nudie series on TV, we presume that the tryout episode will be referred to as a *bush pilot*.

I recently had," said the aging lecher holding forth at the bar, "what may have been the worst piece of ass in my life."

"Just how would you describe it?" asked a fellow drinker.

"Magnificent!"



As punishment for an attempted invasion of his harem, a sultan had the culprit buried in the palace courtyard with only his head above ground. Then a ferocious bull was admitted and goaded until, sighting the head, it charged. The bull missed the first time but passed so close on its second charge that the desperate victim managed to snap at the animal's huge organ.

"No, no!" screamed the sultan from his throne-room window. "Fight fair! Fight fair!"

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.



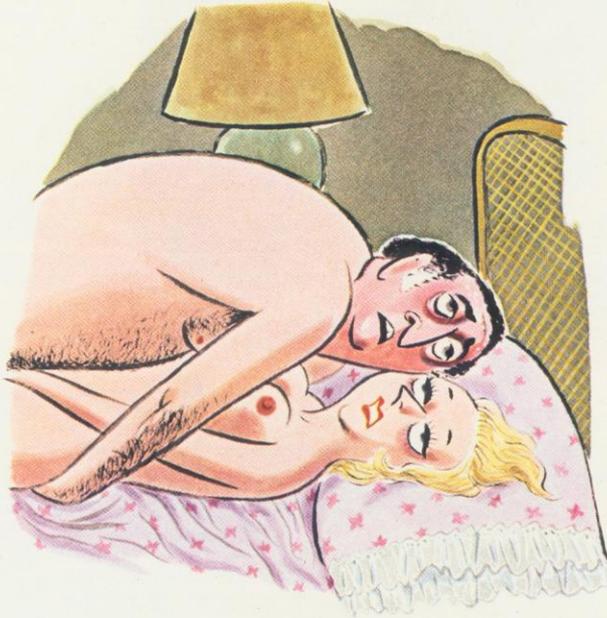
Sokol

"But I thought the captain was supposed to go down with the ship."

THE CHEATERS

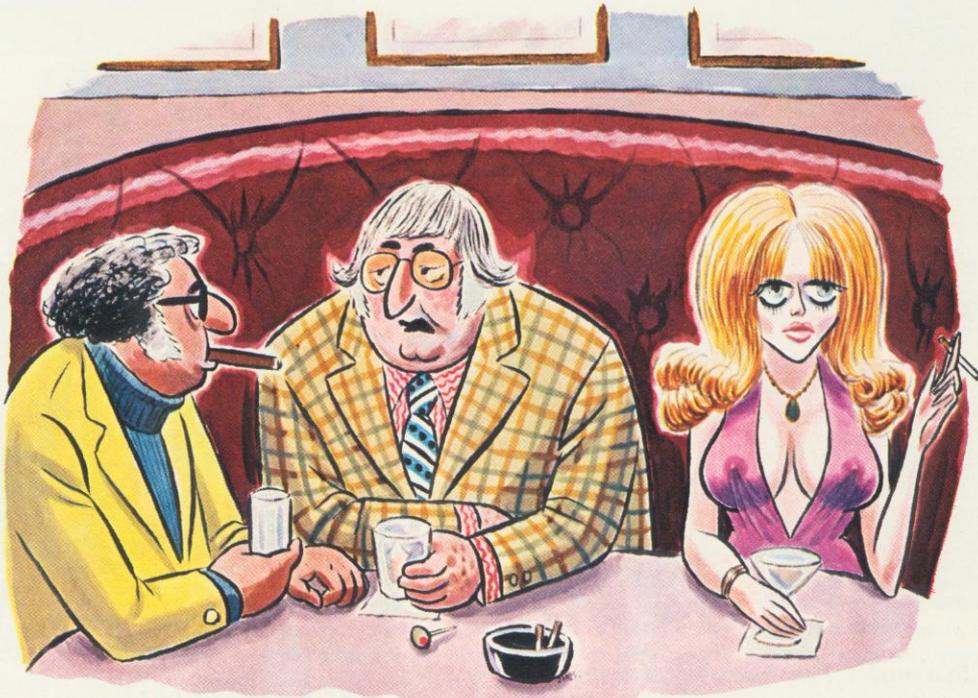
by John
Dempsey

if all the misunderstood spouses were laid end to end, they'd love it!

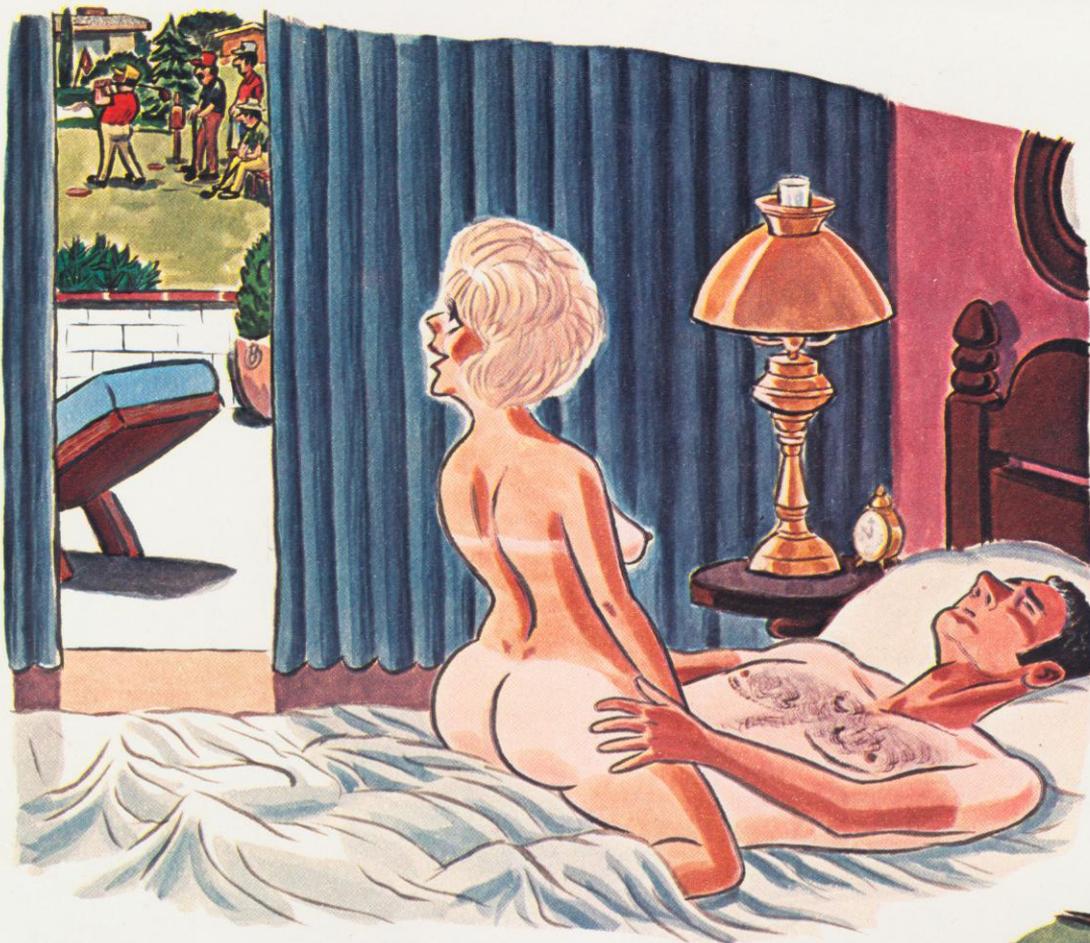


"Relax, darling. You're not the first man to commit adultery and you won't be the last."

"Maria and I have decided to have another child. So tomorrow night I'll be staying home."



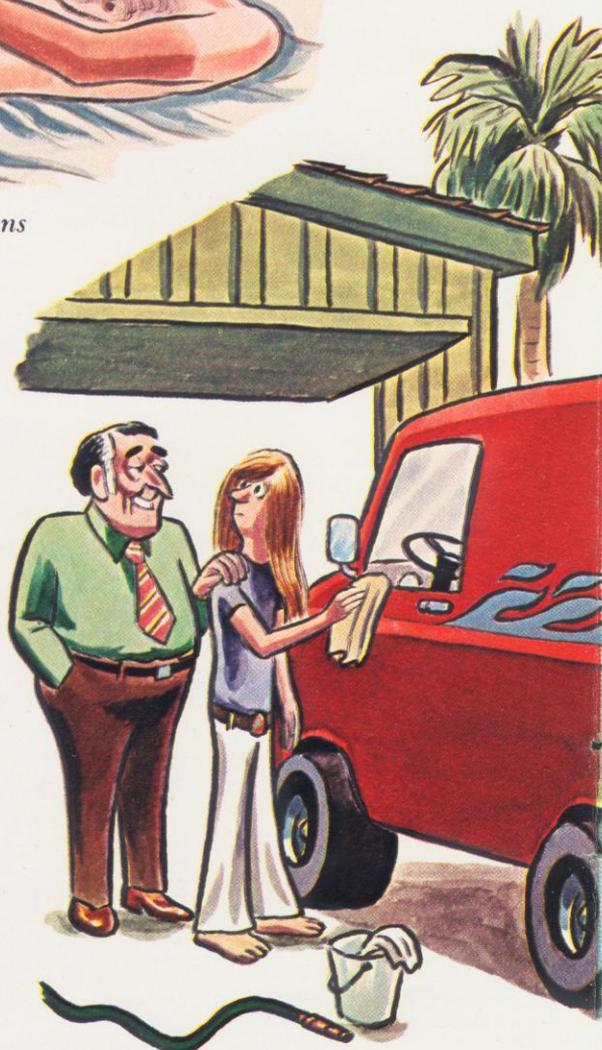
"My marriage is on the rocks. Now I'm trying to save my sex drive."



"Gerald's swing is much better. Your lessons are certainly helping him."



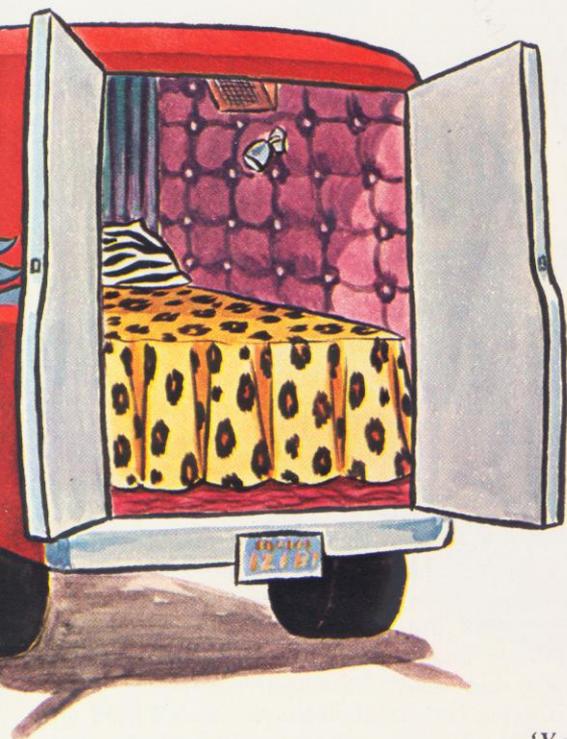
"Let's go to a motel. I just don't feel right about doing it in my best friend's house."



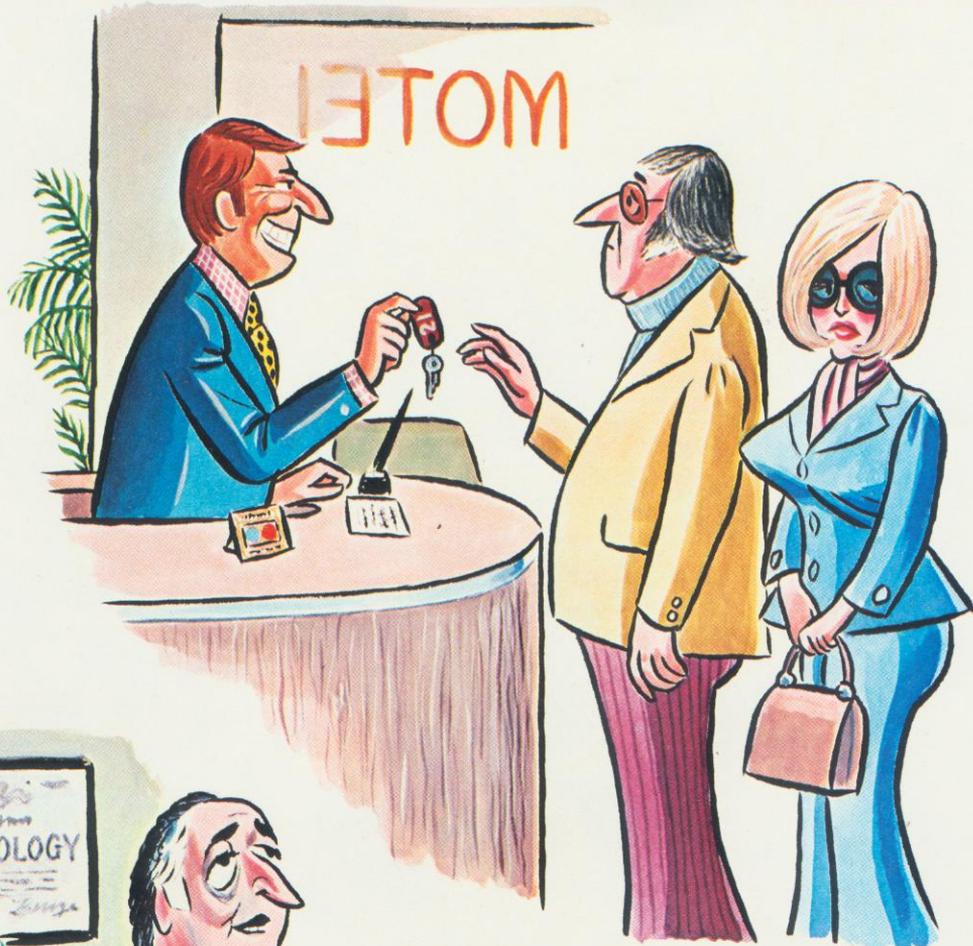
"Uh, son, could I borrow your van tonight?"



"I don't care if I run into anyone I know."



"What would my wife say if she found out? She'd say, 'You no-good, lousy, cheating little bastard,' that's what she'd say."



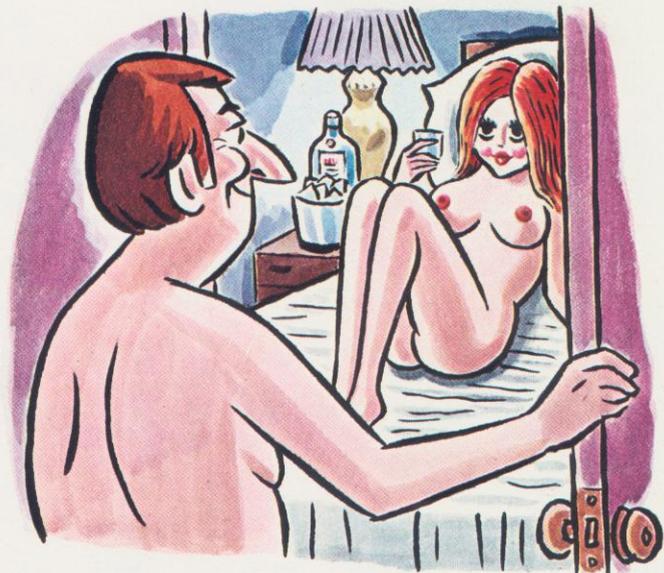
*"Here's your key,
and have a beautiful affair, sir."*



"Ever since that day, when I just happened to look up at your face. . . ."



"OK, then—you'll tell Jerry you're going to visit your sister and I'll tell Kathy I have to be away on business, so we'll meet Friday at. . ."



"Is it really worth all the risks, the scheming and lying, the emotional involvement, the expense. . .?"



mon dieu! show us the clod who said that service is a dying art

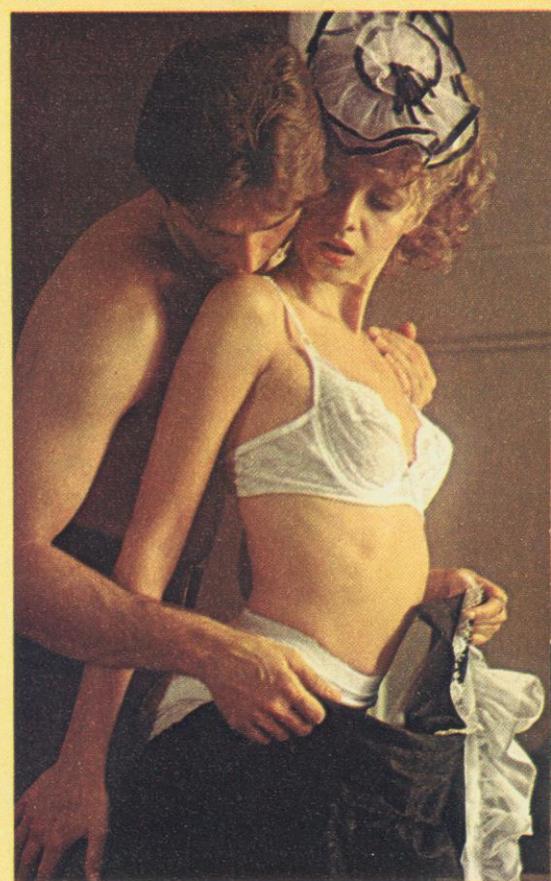
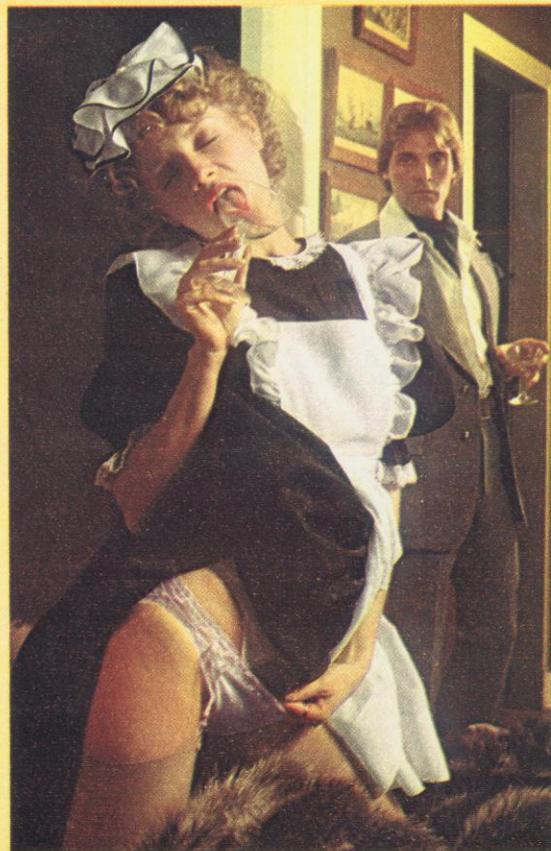
The French Maid

Frenchmen have always managed to derive great pleasure from their maids. *Pourquoi?* Perhaps it is because the dainty little *filles* look so arrestingly chaste and innocent in their high-cut Victorian uniforms. Perhaps it is because they seem so maddeningly angelic, so divinely shy. Perhaps it is because most Frenchmen are horny all the time. Our French maid, above, undaunted by the fact that she is now serving in an American home, wraps with the arriving party guests while throwing *monsieur The Look*. *Monsieur* catches it. *Monsieur* is not French, but he's no dumbbell, either.

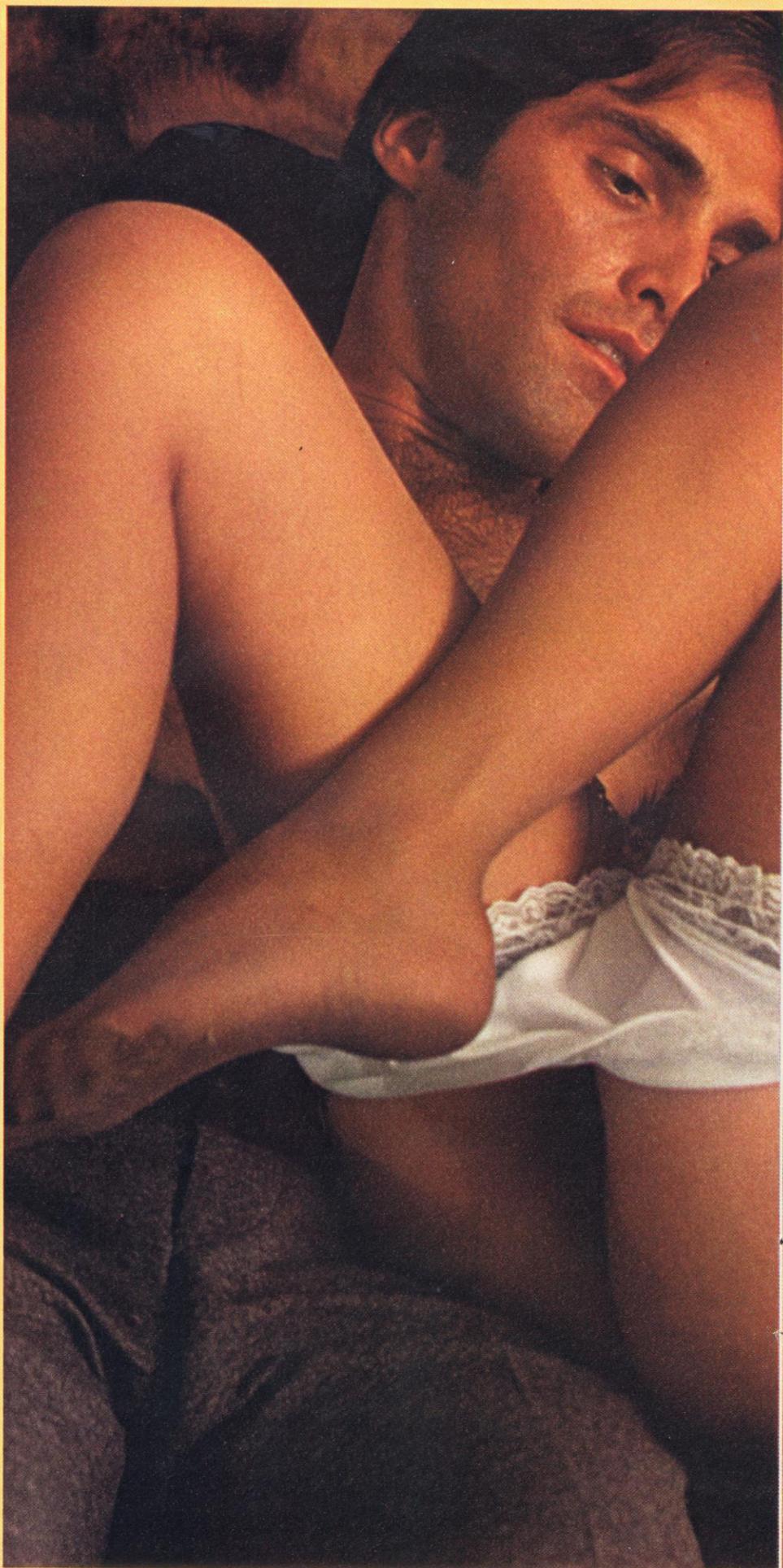
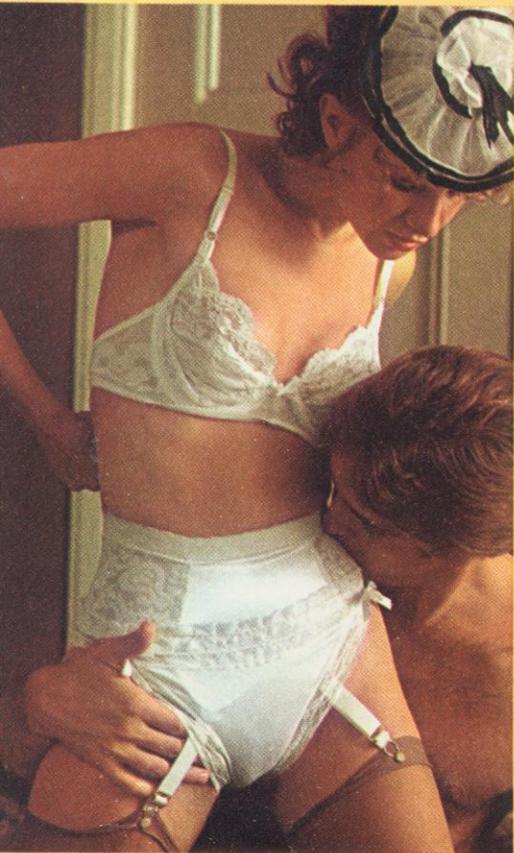




As the party starts to warm up, so does our French maid, who finds it difficult to remember her station. Monsieur can sense this. Wandering about the manse, below, he finds her and decides to get on at her station.



While Frenchmen have an affinity for women in uniform, American men prefer them out of uniform. Accustomed to the best service, this chap likes his dishes served on a silver platter. First, the canapés.





Now that he's had his fill of the hors d'oeuvres and all unnecessary accouterments have been removed, monsieur sets his sights on the entree: *coq au vin*, but the *vin* comes later. Neither one is complaining about the service, least of all the maid, whose wish is monsieur's command. Note how he waits on her hand and foot. And thigh and knee and. . .

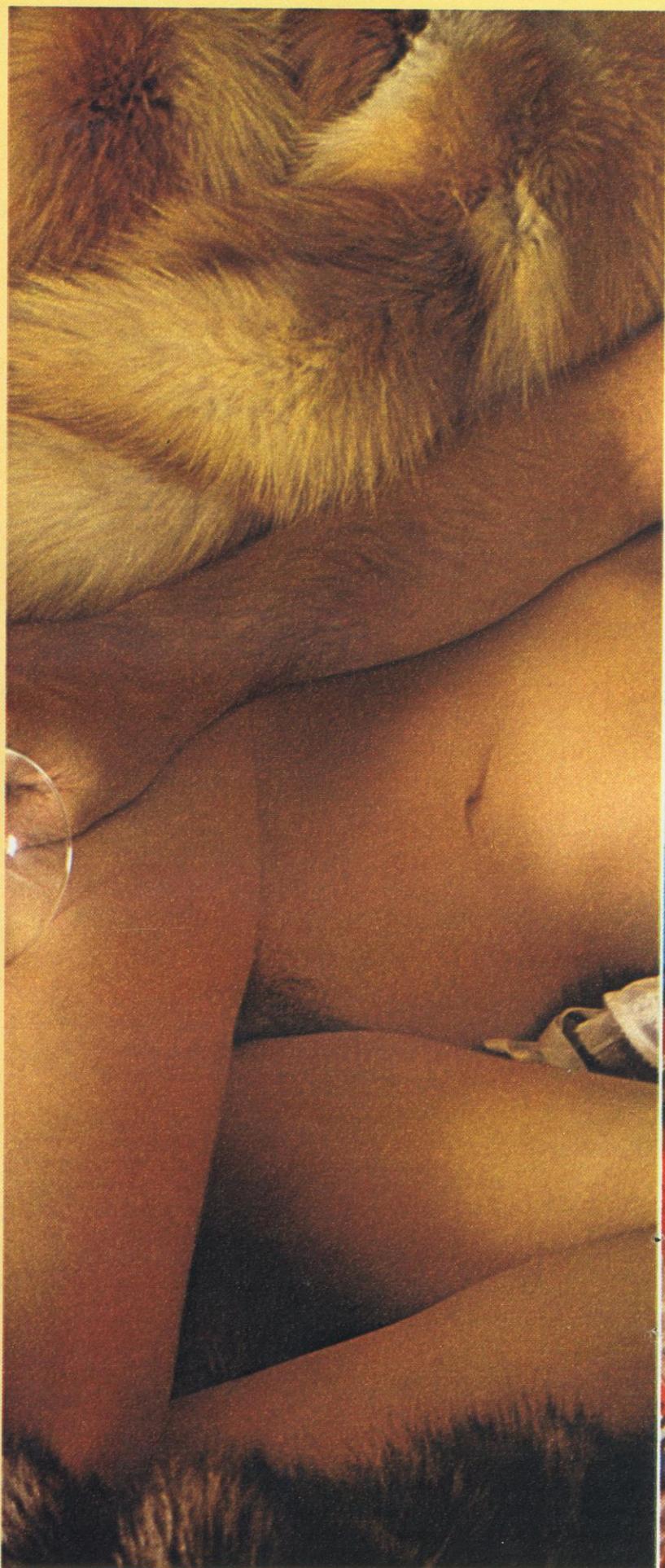




"Would monsieur care for an aperitif?" she inquires, as she remembers her place. Monsieur plays butler and pours the champagne for both of them. He is very handy that way, the monsieur. "Would monsieur like me to make the bed?" she asks shyly. No, monsieur would like her to make the monsieur.



His wildest fantasies fulfilled for the time being, monsieur cuddles up beside the little French maid. Deep in his heart he knows they soon must part company. Deep in his heart he knows she is only a maid. But deep somewhere else he also knows that it is time to put away the champagne and have dessert.





THE VARGAS GIRL

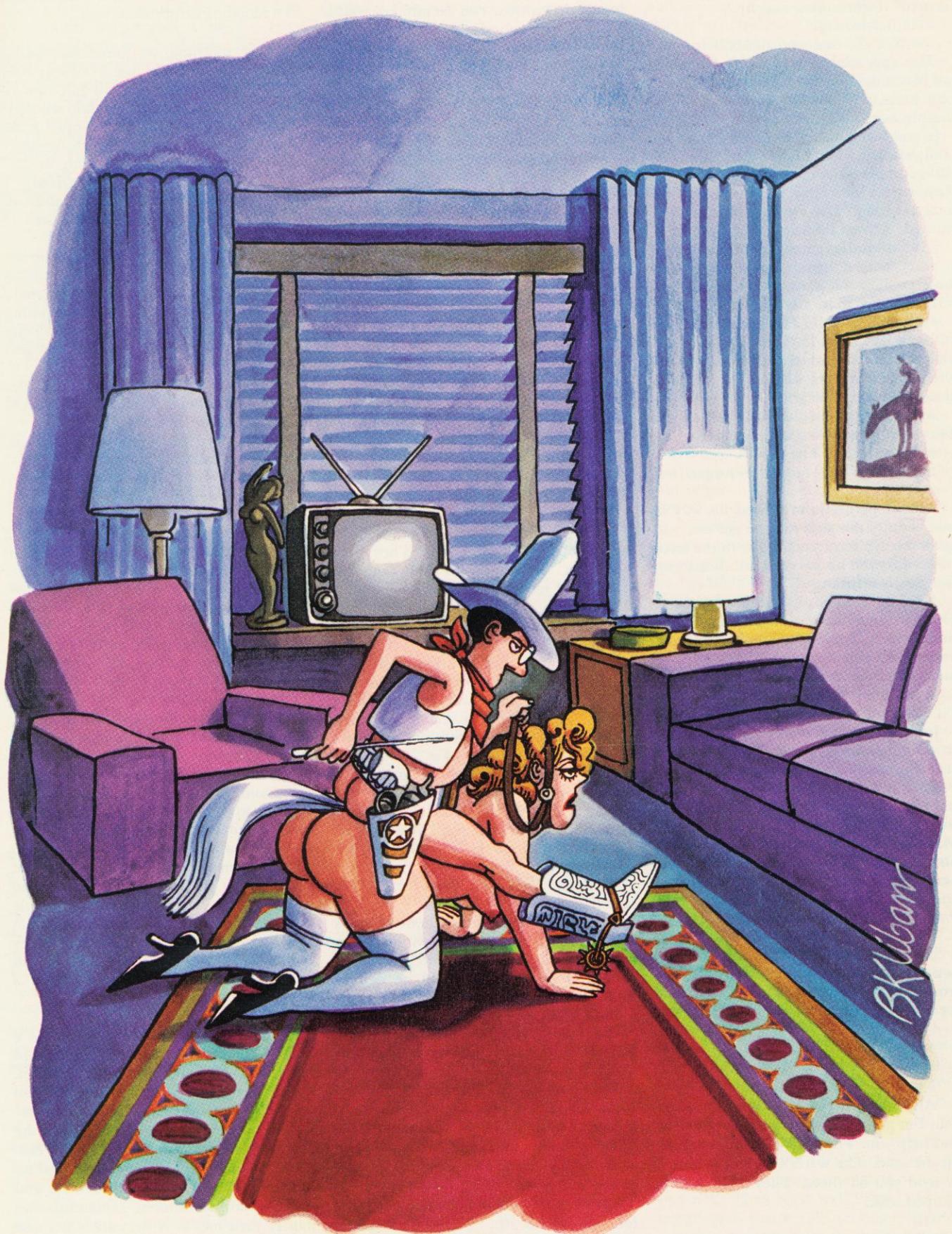


*"So that's what you meant
when you said you had
your own little Sheikdom."*

Vargas



"We hear you rub people the wrong way."



"How come you never take me anywhere?"

Linda Lovelace

(continued from page 82)

comics Joey Forman, Joe E. Ross and Louis Quinn, impressionist Vaughn (*The First Family*) Meader, ex-Monkee Micky Dolenz, Marty (*I'm Dickens . . . He's Fenster*) Ingels, The Committee's Gary Goodrow and Morgan Upton, Chuck McCann, who played the title role in the critically acclaimed film *The Projectionist*, and Skip Burton—whose wife, incidentally, is actress Karen Black.

"Working with all those people was a lot of fun, even though the hours were sometimes pretty crazy," Linda recalls. "I remember one night, working till three A.M. and having to get up again at seven to start the next day's shooting. But the whole thing was fascinating, and I learned a lot about film making." She might, she admitted, even consider directing someday.

At that, the switch from sex goddess to movie director would not be as drastic as the changes in Linda's personal life since her *Deep Throat* performance as a fellatrix who makes house calls. Some of the changes are detailed in her second book, *The Intimate Diary of Linda Lovelace*, published in paperback late last fall by Pinnacle Books. *Diary* is, as the title suggests, partly an account of Linda's experiences—sexual and otherwise—with various people, some of them unnamed but easily identifiable celebrities. It is also a denunciation of her ex-husband, Chuck Traynor, who played a sort of porn Svengali to the early Linda's Trilby, and a tribute to her present business partner, David Winters (upon whose idea *Linda Lovelace for President* is based). And it contains a selection of letters to Linda Lovelace, answered in the style of a sexually irrepressible Ann Landers—a

lady with whom Linda once jousting verbally on a television talk show. Ann is well known for her one-liners, but she would be hard pressed to top Linda's advice to an easily excitable male: "A stiff cock is nothing to be ashamed of."

"This new book is better than the first one was," says Linda, asserting that *Inside Linda Lovelace* contained more of Chuck's ideas than her own. "To me, sex is beautiful; to him, it was crude, a bad trip. I think he's really a hater of sex. I was supposed to be sexually liberated and free, and yet here he was, a man telling me what to do, trying to interject his thoughts through me. Now I really am free, being my own person. Like wearing my hair the way it really is, long and straight, instead of in all those tight curls he liked."

What's next for Linda? "I'm reading a script for a film called *Kate*, about a family who set up a roadside inn along the Osage Trail in Kansas in 1872. It's based on a true incident, and playing the character Kate will be very demanding. She's a self-proclaimed healer, a seductress—and a murderess. The role would give me a chance to develop greater dimensions as an actress and I hope to be working on it by the time this is published." Eventually, she intends to develop that night-club act she started to work on some time ago. "Right now, I'm busy studying—jazz, tap and ballet dancing, acting and singing."

Still, with all her activities, Linda finds time to enjoy life. Like the stars of more conventional films, she's often besieged by autograph hunters: "People come up to me even in small towns in Kansas, where we went to shoot some scenes of *Linda Lovelace for President*. But I don't mind. It will bother me when they stop asking."



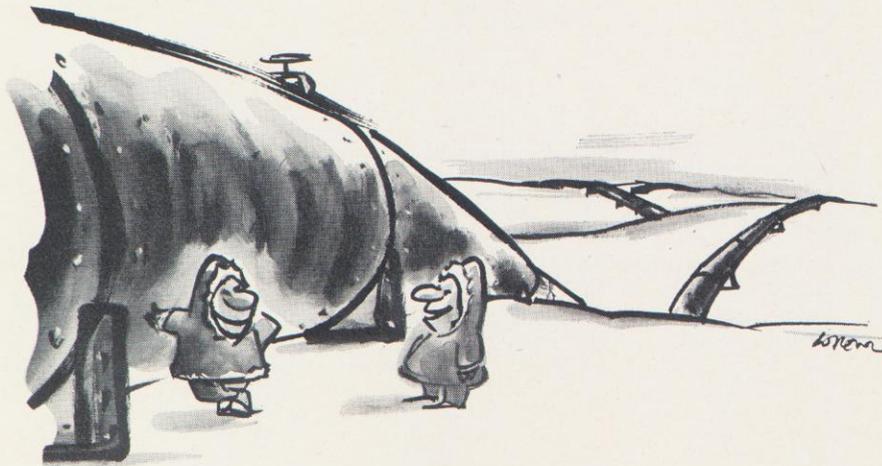
THE BIG SQUEEZE

(continued from page 92)

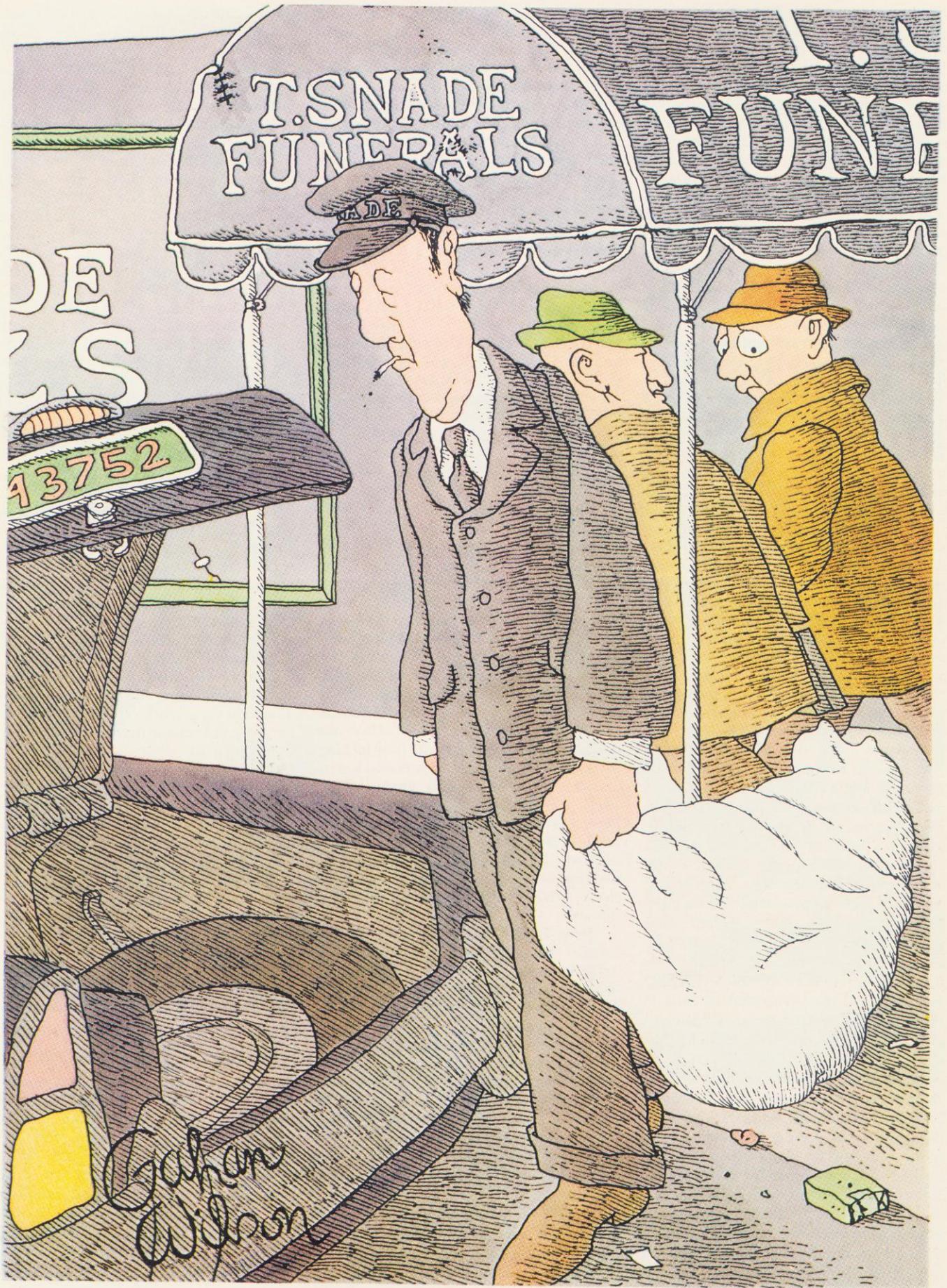
automobile, code-named the H Special (the Vega is the H body in the G.M. line-up; if you are an automobile biggie, you don't refer to specific brands, you talk about A bodies, B bodies, C bodies, and so on). The H Special, as conceived in 1971, would have the kind of sporty appearance and performance to compete with such imports as the Datsun 240Z (now the 260Z), the Alfa Romeo Giulia, the BMW 2002, etc., and would most likely replace the aging Camaro in the Chevrolet line-up. While the original plans called for the H Special to be propelled by a turbo-charged or fuel-injected version of the Vega aluminum four-cylinder engine, the car was soon altered to carry the notorious Wankel rotary power plant—a unit for which G.M. had unloaded perhaps \$100,000,000 in behalf of licensing and development. The basic shape of the H Special was developed by a small team of Chevrolet stylists led by Henry Haga, who is now chief stylist for G.M.'s German Opel subsidiary. From there it was passed to the Italian studio of Pinin Farina for further refinement (the first time in recent history that G.M. has consulted outsiders of any kind in matters of styling). Farina's car returned to the U. S. with the basic lines of the present Monza, except that its rotary engine needed no hood bulge, its headlights were round and the door handles were concealed in the louvered window posts (a position deemed too costly by Chevrolet production experts). Its name plates identified the car as a Lynx, although the name was never seriously considered for the consumer version.

By the summer of 1973, several realities were becoming clear to Chevrolet: The rotary engine's lusty appetite for gasoline would prevent it from early mass-production usage, meaning conventional power plants would have to be used in the H Special. Moreover, it could not be produced on the same assembly lines with the Vega, although the two cars shared a vast number of common chassis pieces. Two alternate engines were chosen, one bad, one good; the lumpy, anemic, troublesome Vega four-banger and a 262-cubic-inch version of the famous Chevrolet "small-block" V8, first introduced in 1955 as a 265-incher and generally acknowledged in its 283-, 327- and 350-cubic-inch configurations as the greatest mass-produced engine in automotive history.

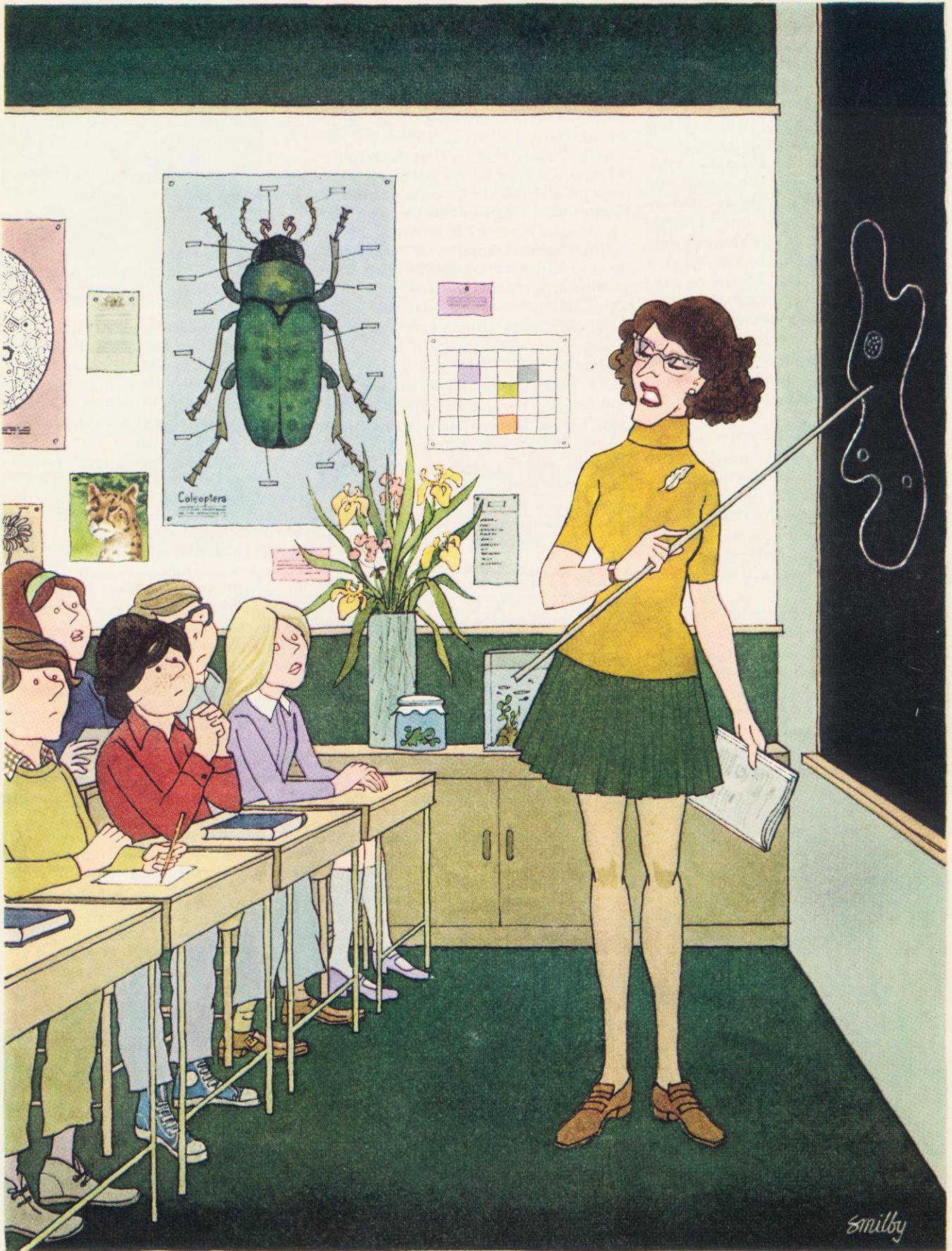
Chevrolet wanted to call the car the Chaparelle, in keeping with its long association with Texas race-car designer, builder and driver Jim Hall—whose Chaparral racers had been such a big attraction in the major sports-car races of the Sixties. But negotiations with Hall over royalties for use of the Chaparral name—even with it spelled differently—broke down and Chevrolet discarded the



"You look quite distinguished with a pipe."



"Talk about your cut-rate operations..."



"We're still at the amoeba-splitting stage of our sex-education course, Randolph. I think discussion of the problems of premature ejaculation can wait."



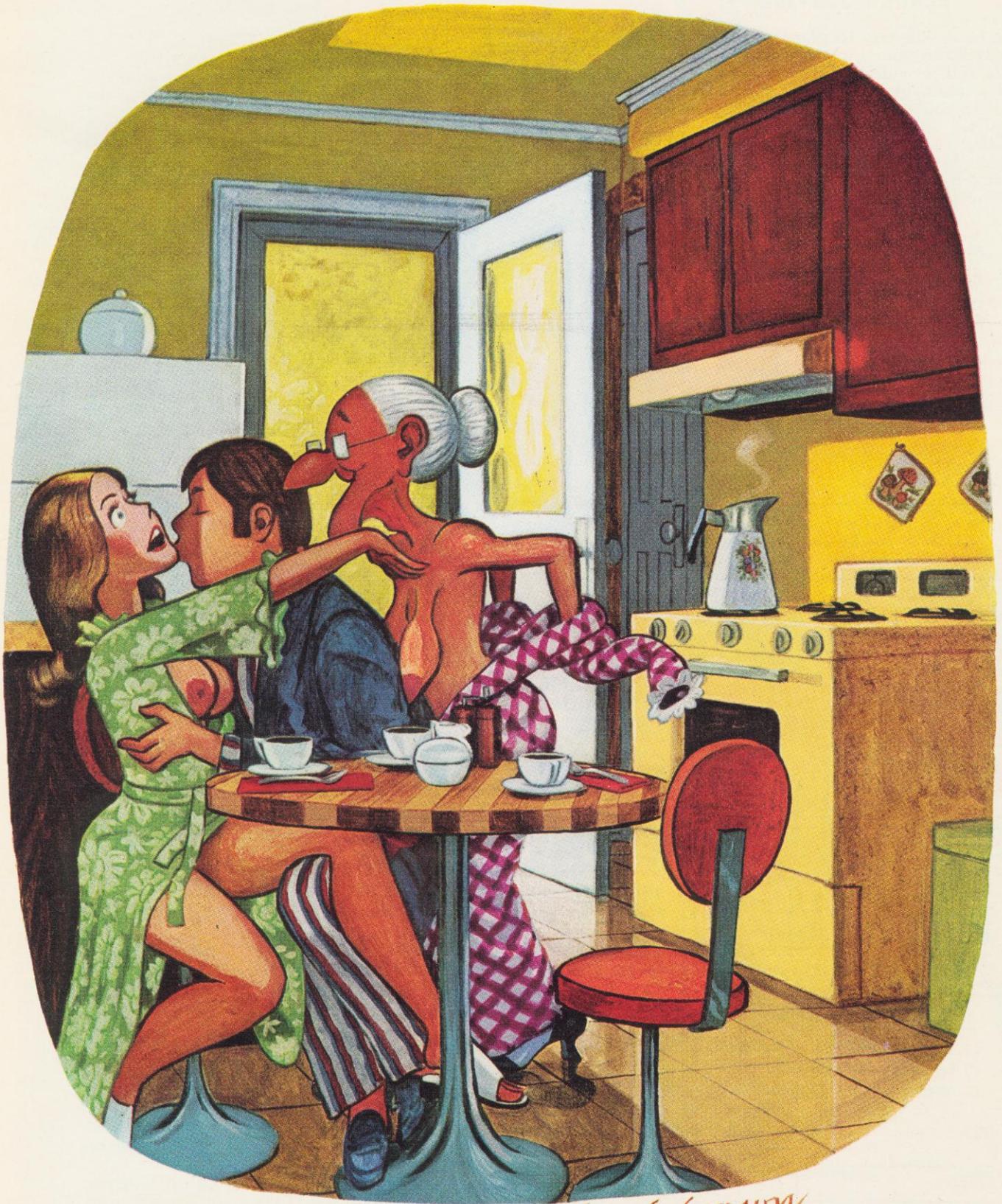
"I can't stand these guys who eat and run!"



"I like it, Maria, but I don't think it's the Vatican."



"Oh that's Penelope Rutledge, our recording secretary."



BUCK BROWN

*"I appreciate your showing me how to make a good cup of coffee.
But, thank you, that's all the help I need."*

PLAYBOY

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