

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**A SIZZLING
PICTORIAL:
SEX IN THE
GREAT
OUTDOORS**



**PLAYBOY'S
PRO FOOTBALL
PREVIEW**

**ISRAEL'S SECRET
TEAM OF
EXECUTIONERS**

**A PERSONAL
ACCOUNT OF
THREE-WAY SEX**

ROBERT ALTMAN INTERVIEW

Pioneer has conquered the one big problem of high-priced turntables.

The high price.

The best way to judge the new Pioneer PL-510 turntable is to pretend it costs about \$100 more. Then see for yourself if it's worth that kind of money.

First, note the precision-machined look and feel of the PL-510.

The massive, die-cast, aluminum alloy platter gives an immediate impression of quality. The strobe marks on the rim tell you that you don't have to worry about perfect accuracy of speed at either 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ or 45 RPM.

The S-shaped tone arm is made like a scientific instrument and seems to have practically no mass when you lift it off the arm rest. The controls are a sensuous delight to touch and are functionally grouped for one-handed operation.

But the most expensive feature of the PL-510 is hidden under the platter. Direct drive. With a brushless DC servo-controlled motor. The same as in the costliest turntables.

That's why the rumble level is down to -60 dB by the super-stringent JIS standard. And that's why the wow and flutter remain below 0.03%. You can't get performance like that with idler drive or even belt drive. The PL-510 is truly the inaudible component a



turntable should be.

Vibrations are damped out by the PL-510's double-floating suspension. The base floats on rubber insulators inside the four feet. And the turntable chassis floats on springs suspended from the top panel of the base. Stylus hopping and tone arm skittering become virtually impossible.

But if all this won't persuade you to buy a high-priced turntable, even without the high price, Pioneer has three other new models for even less.

The PL-117D for under \$175*. The PL-115D for under \$125*. And the amazing PL-112D for under \$100*.

None of these has a rumble level above -50 dB (JIS). None of them has more wow and flutter than 0.07%.

So it seems that Pioneer has also conquered the one big problem of low-priced turntables.

The low performance.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

PIONEER

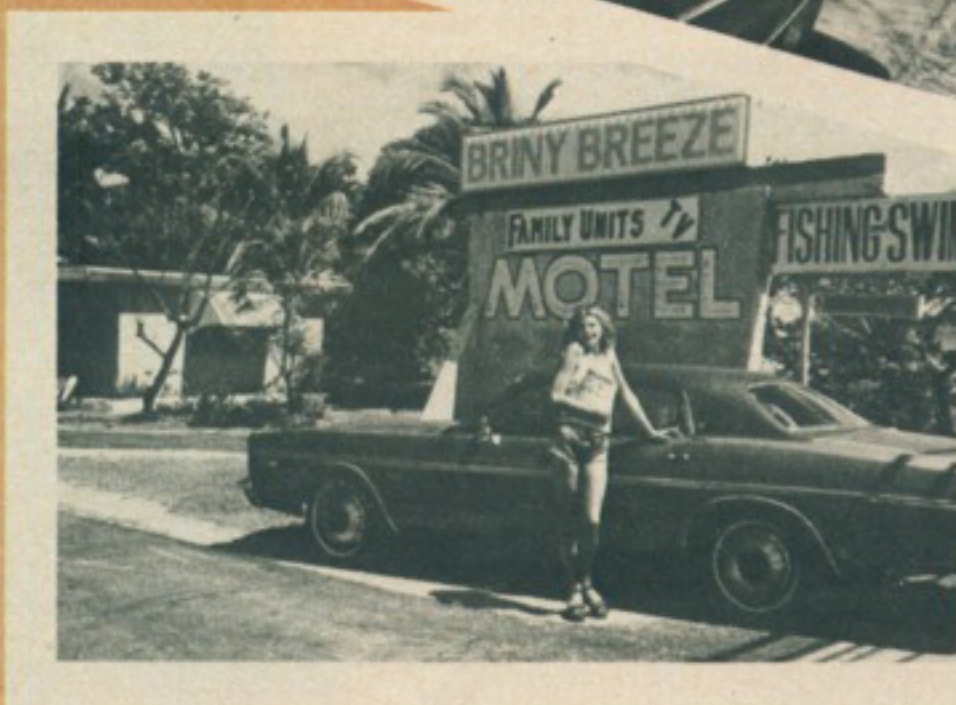
Anyone can hear the difference.



200 MOTELS, OR, HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

*photographer helmut newton
fantasizes in the tradition of "lolita"*

THE RADIO is playing a song by the Amazing Rhythm Aces. Something about a *Low Rent Rendezvous*. Your young friend is bored. She is unimpressed by the literary shrines of Key West, Florida. Who cares if Papa passed out here? You try again to convince her of the importance of your travels. You are writing a novel. "Why the camera?" Historical research. Nixon had his tape recorder. You have your Polaroid. You are searching for America. You don't have far to look. You find America in the first motel you check into. Family units. TV. A complete line of bait. (Yes, even that kind.) You study your companion. She could pass for the girl who stars in the X-rated version of *Alice in Wonderland*, Kristine De Bell. Lewis Carroll liked little girls, too.





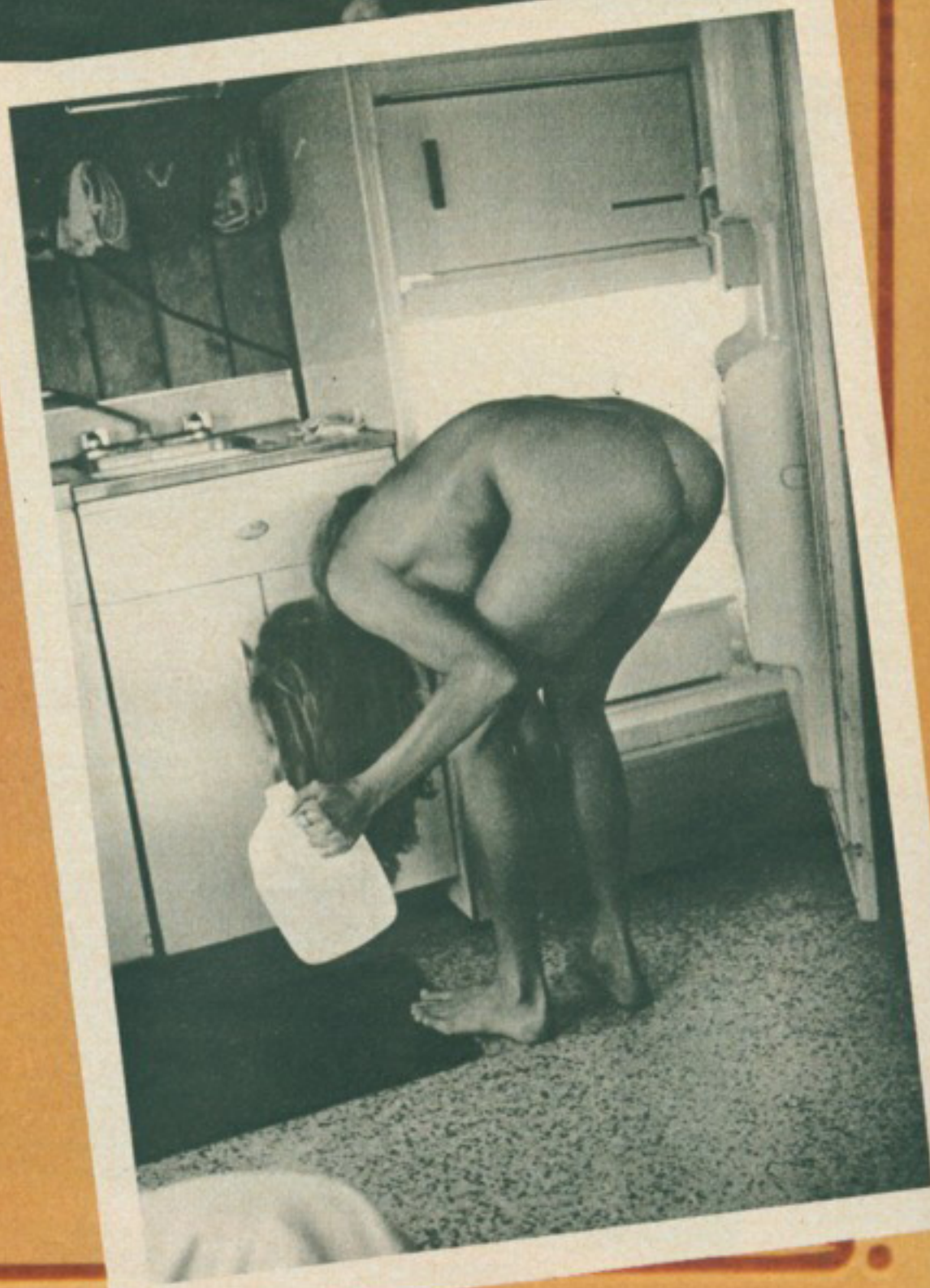
You suspect that the manager suspects. You continue to look for America and check into another motel, a few blocks down the road. The car is too hot for travel. The seat cover is mildly adhesive, dryly passionate. It clings to the thighs of your companion like a high school kiss. You invent a new alias. You cannot keep names straight. What is this motel called? The Come Right Inn? The Forbidden View Court? No. As a rule, you avoid a motel that calls itself court. The word makes you a bit nervous.



No. This motel is called the Bewitched Fishermen—for the dangling anglers who compare the sizes of their catches, wondering why they have to throw back those that are too small. Your companion reclines on the Magic Fingers vibrating bed and hums a tune. Later she seeks refuge in a cool, dark corner, barely illuminated by two reading lamps. There is nothing to read. She longs for a *True Romance* magazine. A *Seventeen*. A *Silver Screen*. A *National Enquirer*. Just what is Cher doing these days? Or Donny Osmond?



The click of the shutter attracts her attention, but only for a moment. She does not wonder what you see in her. She knows. She cools herself in front of the air conditioner. What was the name of that first motel? She is hungry. She plays with the louvred windows. Named for the museum in France. If she gets the angle right, she can get an all-over tan without leaving the room. She will not leave the room. Her clothes, in case you were wondering, are down at the coin-operated laundromat. They have been there for the past three days. Being cleaned. Sounds of traffic filter through the windows with the sunlight. Guests pause on their way to other rooms. Yes, she is old enough to be your daughter.







"Hello, there—you were asleep, so I took the liberty of screwing you!"



"When I gave your husband the go-ahead to have sex after his heart attack, I didn't expect..."



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF LINDA BEATTY

*our august playmate prizes her privacy—
but there are some things
she's willing to share with the world*



NEWCOMERS to Los Angeles soon learn that, in the City of Angels, everybody is somebody, or claims to be. One afternoon, Linda Beatty stopped for a sandwich in a deli on Pico Boulevard. A balding man in beat-up blue jeans started clearing her table, sweeping the crumbs into his hand, then putting them into his mouth. "Whaddaya want? Whaddaya want?" Linda asked to see a menu. "Menu, schmenu." Obviously, the guy was out for a big tip. Finally, a waitress came to Linda's rescue. "Don't let him bother you. That's Mel Brooks." "Sure," replied Linda, "and I'm Cinderella." But it *was* Mel Brooks. Someone has to be Mel Brooks, right? Either that or the group of writers who arrived and began to hold a conference at Linda's table were pretending to be writers working for an ersatz Mel Brooks. "He tried to hustle me for a date, not for himself but for one of his writers. Apparently they needed all the help they

"The greatest luxury in my life is solitude. My phone is disconnected. I come and go as I please. Freedom, to me, is choosing the time I want to be with others."



"I was an artist before I became a model. I still go to museums and movies to study beautiful images. I just saw 'Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman.' I admired the heroine. She chose her own men and her own experiences. In a way, she was an artist, too."



"That film had a very sensuous quality: It made me want to be there, to be doing the same things in the same places. Since it dealt with sex in Bali and Bangkok, it was sort of a travelog for the body; I would like to see a film that could do the same thing for the other 99 percent of life."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



"The days I have to myself I spend on myself: reading, exercising and meditating. On Sundays, I lie in bed, drinking orange juice and champagne, watching old flicks on TV."

could get." It was not the first time that Linda had failed to recognize a favorite celebrity. On a cross-country flight, a white-haired man in the seat next to her introduced himself as Bucky. "I thought he was a lettuce farmer, but it turned out that he was Buckminster Fuller. I had read all of his books, but I had never seen his picture. We spent the whole flight talking about domes and energy." We've all had the same problem; we see a movie but don't know what the director looks like. "Fuller looks like his ideas—basic, alive. He's very convincing." Linda has never stopped reading. She graduated from a small-town high school in western Kentucky when she was 16 and went on to attend the University of Kentucky and New College in Sarasota, Florida, on art scholarships. When she learned she could make a living and support her artistic endeavors as a high-fashion model, she dropped out of college. Now that she lives in L.A., people sometimes mistake her for a celebrity. "When my agent sent some of my photographs to the casting director of Francis Ford Coppola's *Apocalypse Now*, and a few days later I received a message congratulating me for landing one of the few female roles, I called up and said, 'I'm sorry, but you must have the wrong person.' But they really wanted me." Linda plays, of all things, a Playmate who entertains the troops at a U.S.O. show emceed by Wolfman Jack. Art follows life. If you ever bump into Linda and she tells you she's a Playmate, believe her.



"What are my reasons for becoming a Playmate? Oh, I suppose I want to show my body to the world. To say, 'Hello out there. Enjoy!'"



"I have no desire to live exclusively for one person. That would be unhealthy. Right now, I'm dating several people who are into different things—a photographer, a schoolteacher, a mail-room assistant. Working out our differences teaches me about myself. Variety isn't the spice of life—it is life."

MISS AUGUST PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

With a few drinks under her belt, the amazon in the tavern was expounding on the women's liberation movement and about how she could get along very nicely without the male sex. After he had listened to her harangue for a while, the quiet sipper a few barstools down suddenly interrupted. "OK, Miss Smartass," he rumbled, "if your vibrator can do anything a man can do, let's see it pay for the next round of drinks!"

Upon being asked by his father if he knew about the birds and the bees, the pubescent boy exploded. "Look, Pop," he exclaimed, "for me there was no Santa Claus at six, no Easter bunny at seven, no tooth fairy at eight and no stork at ten—and now if you're saying that grownups don't really screw, I've had it!"



A novice streetwalker in a small city, still enthusiastic about her profession, was advised by a veteran colleague to pay attention to prospects' feet, since there was a relationship between their size and that of the basic masculine endowment. A few nights later, she spotted a strapping farm youth wearing a formidable pair of clodhoppers, sashayed up and soon had him in a nearby hotel.

Twenty minutes later, as they parted, the girl hesitated in the doorway and then pulled some bills out of her cleavage. "Here, hayseed," she said, "here's your money back. For God's sake, go buy yourself a pair of shoes that fit!"

While in Brisbane, he happened to blunder
On the reason girls there are fecunder:

*They've stock genitalia,
But girls in Australia,
Every day of their lives, are down under!*

You know, Harry made love to me through an entire TV program last night," the housewife told her neighbor and confidante. "The only trouble is, it was *The Bicentennial Minute*."

Conceivably, you've heard about the nun who was two monks behind in her period.

Year after year, the college coach had turned out losing teams, to the point where there were campus demonstrations demanding his removal. One perky little cheerleader remained fiercely loyal to the man, however. "I don't understand you, Cindy," said a friend one day. "How can you defend that futile incompetent?"

Cindy bristled; but then she smiled. "You see, Marge," she answered brightly, "coach Anderson isn't only hung in effigy!"

Although the famous president of the giant corporation kept importuning his stunning secretary, she kept insisting that she loved her husband and consequently just couldn't and wouldn't be unfaithful to him. And then one day, she came back unexpectedly early from lunch, walked into her boss's office—and found him masturbating.

"Mr. Travis!" she gulped. "What are you doing?"

Travis smiled weakly. "My dear," he muttered, "it's sometimes very lonely here at the top."

In Milan, a young dyke named Orsini
Served her lesbian friend a martini,

*Then suggestively said,
"Let's have pasta in bed!"*

Which, of course, meant some cunnilinguini.

Following a well-meaning visiting friend's suggestion, an underendowed fellow took to sleeping standing up in a specially rigged harness with a weight attached to his manhood. Some months later, the friend came through town again. "Tell me," he said to the standing sleeper, "how much your dong has lengthened."

"It's really hardly changed," was the reply, "but it does keep perfect time!"

I have wonderful news, your Majesty!" exclaimed the grand vizier as he entered the sultan's bedchamber. "For your seventy-fifth birthday, your cousin, the caliph, has sent you a pair of exquisite seventeen-year-old virgins!"

"Ah, yes," mused the sultan. "Well, with this disturbing new central air conditioning, I suppose I can always use them as ear muffs."



While examining the young man's lip infection, the doctor asked, "Have you done anything unusual lately, like, say, learning to smoke a pipe or trying a different shaving cream or maybe sucking on a lot of oranges?"

"There was one thing, doctor," answered the patient. "I had a birthday last week and my father took me to a bordello, where he paid an attractive girl to give me some practical experience in the facts of life."

"That explains it," said the medical man. "Tell me, didn't your father warn you never to lick a gift whore in the mouse?"

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.



"What a day! First my cake wouldn't rise, and now this. . ."

THE OLYMPICS OF 2004

wait till you see what hormones
and genetic breeding have in
store for athletes of the future

humor

By WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

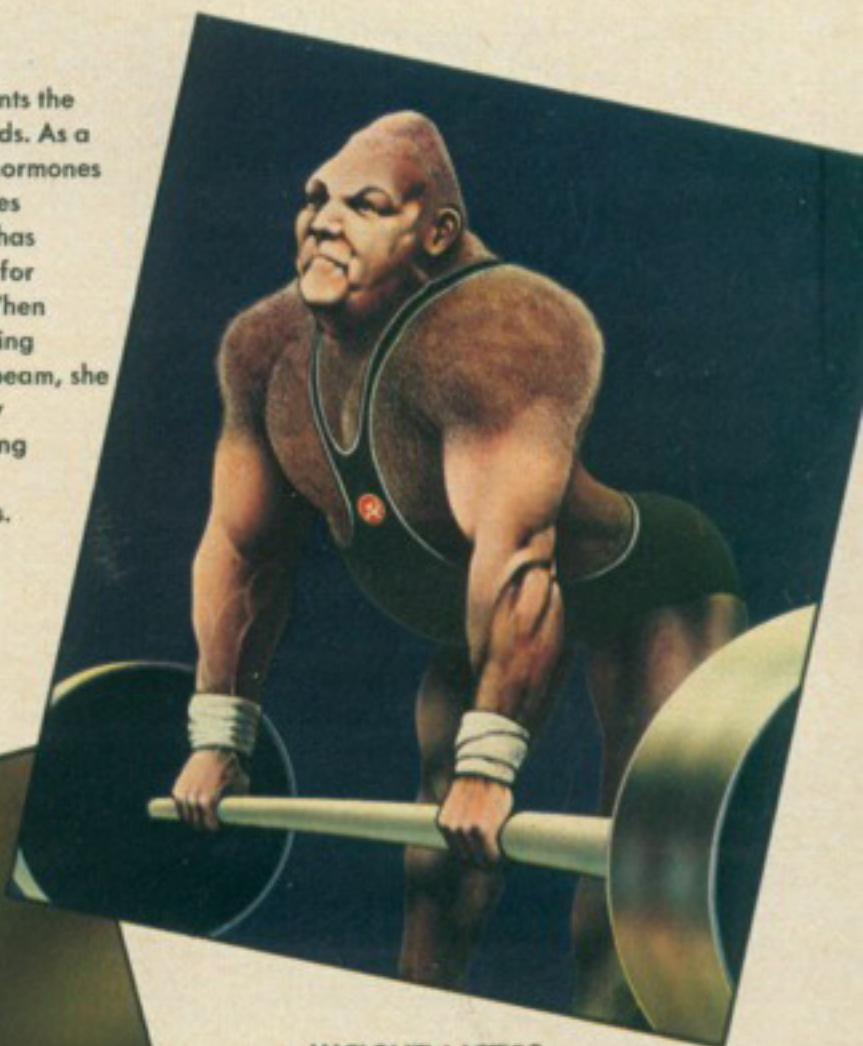
ADVANCES in medicine and genetics progressed so rapidly toward the end of the 20th Century that a new classification was needed for the world's highly bred athletes. It's 2004 and the TV networks have decided to carry the Olympics as part of the *Wild Kingdom of Sports*, with Jim McKay and Marlin Perkins. Olympic dorms have been transformed into cages with signs reading PLEASE DO NOT FEED THE ATHLETES. On these two pages are candid shots of the Olympic anomalies in their special events.



SPRINTER This runner's event is the 440 high furlongs, and he was the big winner in 1998 at Aqueduct. He earned his berth on the Olympic squad by working part time pulling a milk wagon and is rewarded after each sprint with a sugar cube. He bridled at the fact that his teammates refused to walk behind him during the Olympic Parade.

GYMNAST

Left: This female gymnast represents the Galápagos Islands. As a result of taking hormones for years, her eyes revolve and she has acquired a taste for used fly strips. When she is not practicing on the balance beam, she amuses her party guests by changing her skin color to match the drapes.



WEIGHT LIFTER

Above: The Soviets have long bred their weight lifters in captivity, and this gentleman is the current champ. In Omsk, he lifted the bleachers along with the bar bell for a new record. On a recent tour of the U.S., he had to be coaxed down off the Empire State Building.

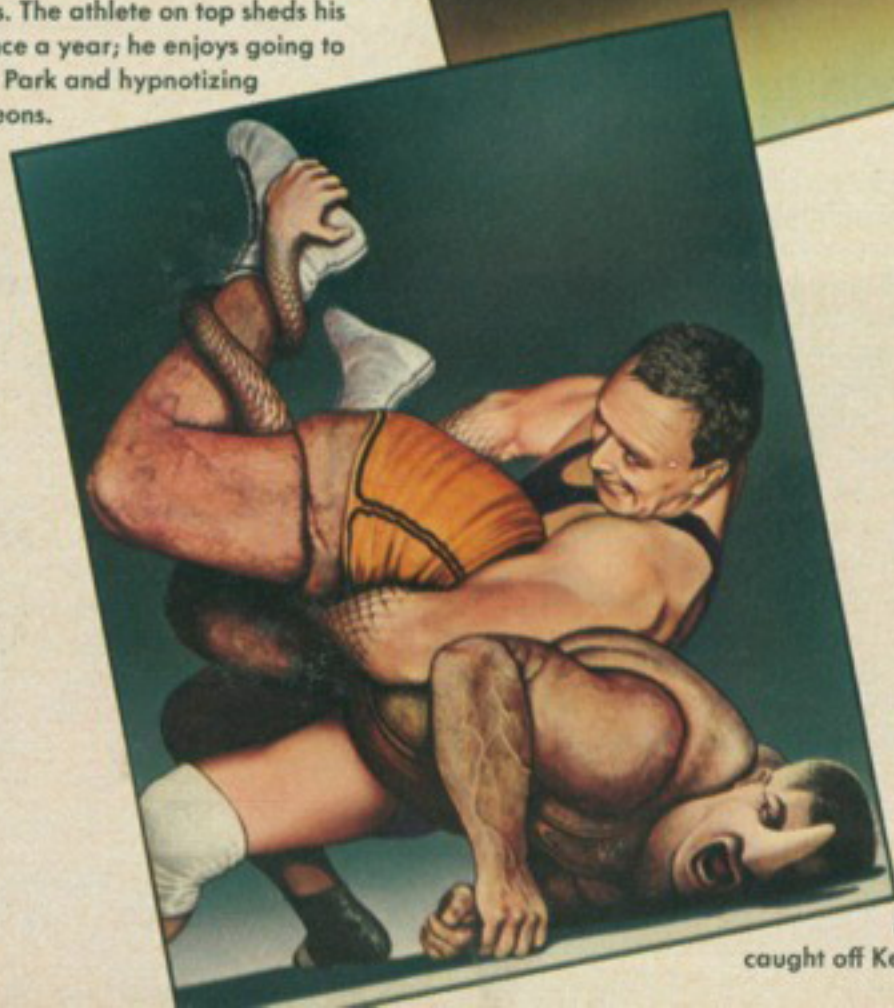
BROAD JUMPER

Right: The broad jumper, who performs best after a rainstorm, was nearly disqualified for loitering around the Olympic Torch catching bugs on her tongue. She relaxes by soaking in a Jacuzzi with only her eyes showing.



WRESTLERS

Below: These two wrestlers took different hormones for their event. The one on the bottom reads Ionesco and gores referees. The athlete on top sheds his arms once a year; he enjoys going to Central Park and hypnotizing the pigeons.



SWIMMER

Above: The new breed of Olympic swimmer sports fashionable gills and is trained by old Jacques Cousteau at Marineland. A tragic note: The free-style champion was recently caught off Key West and is now mounted for display at Abercrombie & Fitch.

SEX IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER

if you're going to do some heavy breathing, why not take in some fresh air?

The battle of the bedroom has been won, the territory secured. Now the sexual revolution moves to another front, the American wilderness. Make love on the edge of time, high above the Colorado River along the north rim of the Grand Canyon. Or . . .



... discover the stillness of the desert in Death Valley, California. The world is reduced to simple elements. Sky and sand. Man and Woman. The desert yields its secret: It is not still but in motion. The wind shapes the sand into curves, one grain at a time. You caress her body, one cell at a time. In the arid, ageless landscape, she is an oasis. Henry David Thoreau once observed, "The finest workers in stone are not copper or steel tools but the gentle touches of air and water, working at their leisure, with a liberal allowance of time."

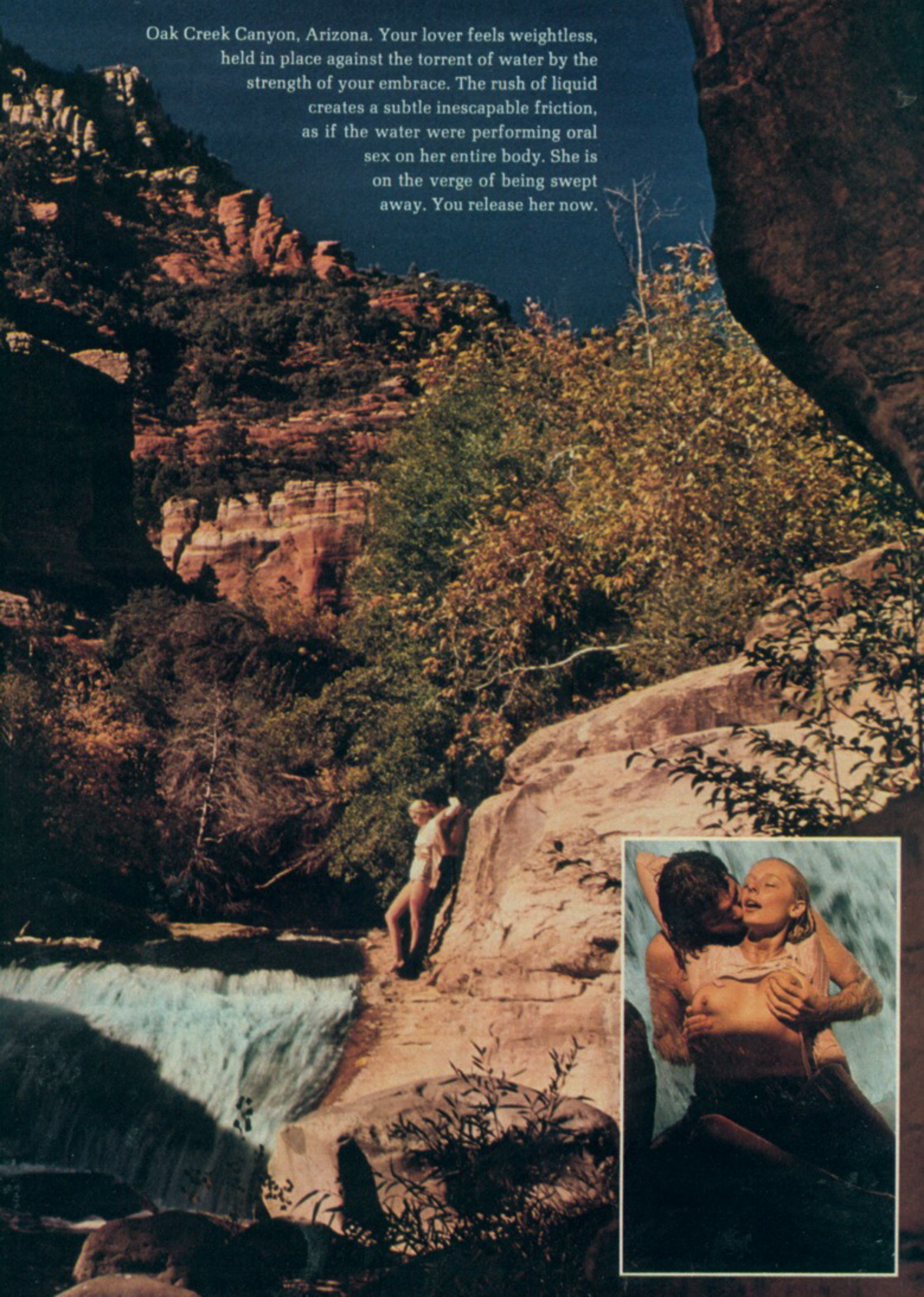
Here you have all the time in the world. Unconfined, her cries reach out toward the horizon. The moment evaporates.



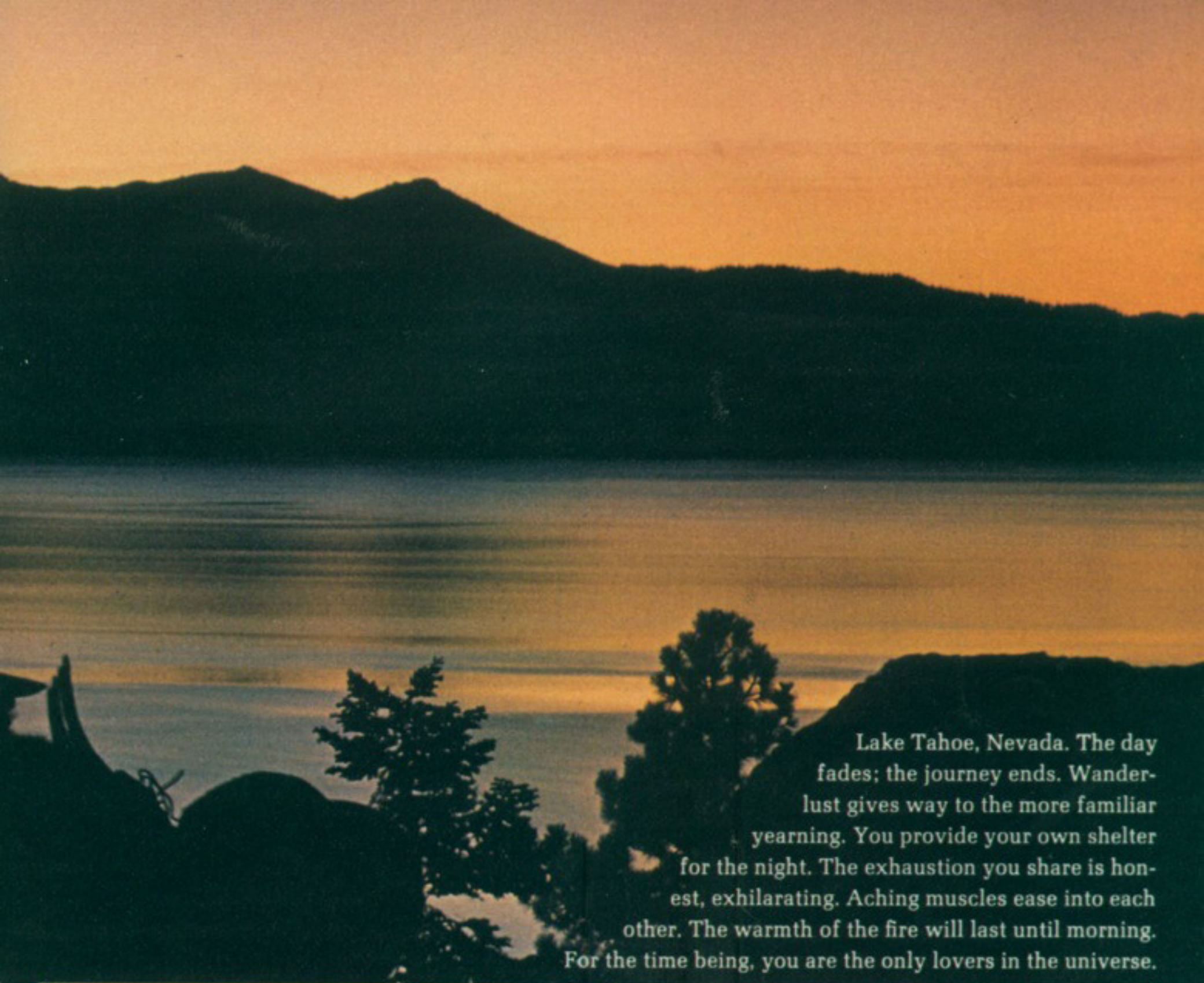




Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona. Your lover feels weightless,
held in place against the torrent of water by the
strength of your embrace. The rush of liquid
creates a subtle inescapable friction,
as if the water were performing oral
sex on her entire body. She is
on the verge of being swept
away. You release her now.







Lake Tahoe, Nevada. The day fades; the journey ends. Wanderlust gives way to the more familiar yearning. You provide your own shelter for the night. The exhaustion you share is honest, exhilarating. Aching muscles ease into each other. The warmth of the fire will last until morning. For the time being, you are the only lovers in the universe.





Expedition. A mile or so away, a highway cuts through the redwood forest north of Eureka, California. You have left your car on the road. You have left your clothes somewhere else. You need go no farther. The ancient trees reach toward the sun; the sun reaches toward the earth. Caught between, you have gone Eden one better.



THE VARGAS GIRL



*"I could describe
it better if my
arms were longer."*

Vargas

PLAYBOY PAD: ON THE BEACH

*this plush playpen by the sea rises organically
from the water's edge like a giant dune*



The rough texture of William Morgan's Florida beach house helps protect it from corrosive winds. Above: The sea is always on display from the living room. Below: The landward side of the house features built-in car space.



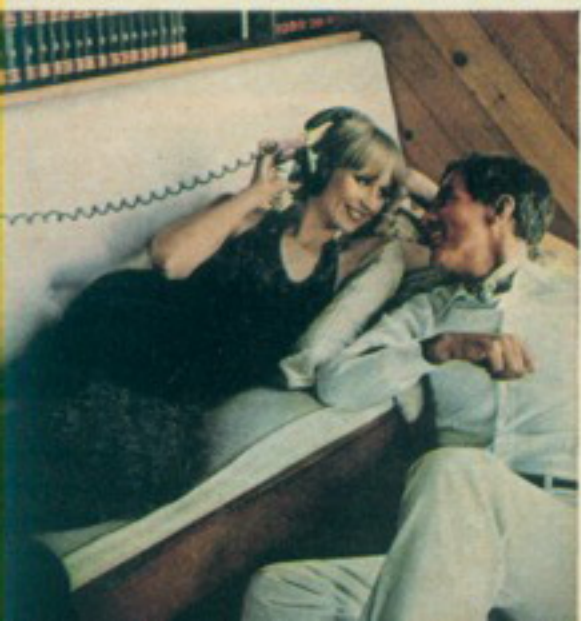
IT'S NO ACCIDENT that William Morgan lives in a wildly original, highly functional and inescapably beautiful house. None of that was left to chance; he designed it himself. Not that we recommend that course of action indiscriminately: Morgan happens to be a much-honored architect—Harvard grad, former Fulbright scholar—who also teaches in a university and serves as a consultant to an urban-planning firm. It wasn't an easy task; the house spent two years on the drawing board, and Morgan admits that he almost turned the job over to someone else. After trying ten different approaches, however, he came up with this multilevel edifice that blends admirably into its rugged setting on the Florida coast, just minutes from Morgan's office in downtown Jacksonville, and does an equally fine job of catering to his many interests, which include sailing, surfing, hunting and fishing—and giving parties ("Impromptu festivities seem to take place



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL MARIS



Above: The dining area and living room—partitioned but not blocked off—and the stairway to the sea.



The kitchen (above left) features the latest gadgets and includes a refrigerator paneled in wood and Morgan-designed aluminum table and chairs. Left: The hi-fi is built into a cozy spot by the fireplace in the living room (above), which manages to look sunlit even when it's not, thanks to Morgan's use of blond wood panels and warm carpeting. He designed both of the light cubes that you see.

all the time," says a **PLAYBOY** staffer who spent several days as Morgan's guest). The shape of the house was determined by its site, a long sand dune sloping down to the sea; to Morgan, this suggested a descending staircase with platforms on either side. The roof is tilted at a 45-degree angle to protect against gale-force winds (which also inspired the diagonally laid siding and the predominant use of rough wood). The part of the house that you enter from the land side—which is one of four levels—contains the kitchen, dining and

living-room areas and is remarkably open, thanks to its no-wall design, its sliding doors that open onto the sea and the overhead expanse afforded by the 30-foot-high ceiling, which gives the visitor a sense of being in something akin to a cathedral (and provides nice acoustics for Morgan's classical records). Bedrooms and study areas are located on the balcony above and also on the lower levels, where boats and other maritime accouterments are stored (the idea comes from the ancient Roman *(concluded on page 149)*)



The view from the upstairs bedroom, which is cantilevered over the living and dining areas.



Above: A couple relaxes in a bedroom. The furnishings enhance the house's dazzling geometrics; wood paneling is used inside and out. Right: The lower levels of the building, on its seaward side, open onto a terraced oasis leading to the water. They are also used to store a pair of Hobie Cats, a few surfboards and other water gear. Getting into the swim involves little more than rolling out of bed.



ON THE BEACH

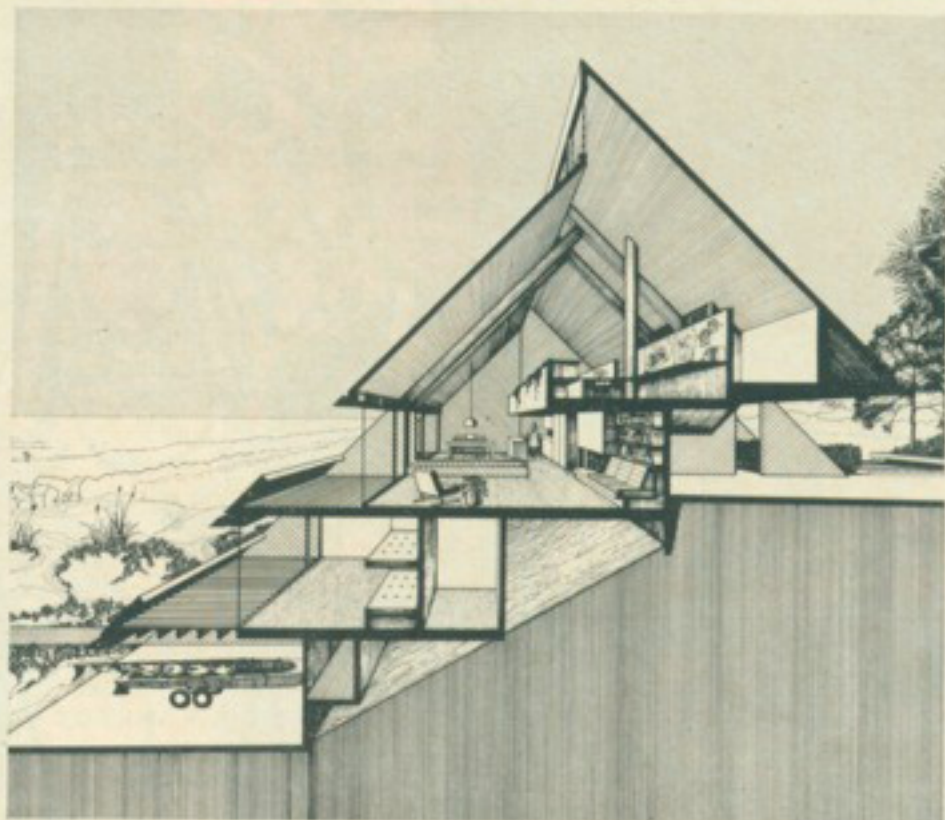
(continued from page 133)

city of Herculaneum, which had upper and lower levels relating to urban and maritime activities, respectively). The key to the house, in fact, is the way it interacts with its marine setting—not fighting it but not giving in to it, either. Of course, there's no denying the ocean. You can feel its presence when you're driving up to the house. It dominates your sensibility when you're in the living room. And the capriciousness of the weather there suggests a flexibility of lifestyle that is, in fact, provided for by the house. For instance, Morgan and his guests can dine in any

"Nothing ever seems to be complicated."

The sea is also a rough neighbor and its abrasive side is reflected in piles up to 35 feet high on which the house rests and the rugged materials used throughout. Natural cedar forms the exterior walls, the roof shingles and the panels of the main interior walls. The ceilings are Idaho white pine. Morgan appreciates the beauty of wood in its natural state; he has managed to use it in unexpected places: on the refrigerator door, for instance.

The interior is sparsely furnished and simply decorated, with the accent on the geometrics implicit in the construction. Morgan designed the aluminum tables and chairs and the light fixtures. There are no frills—"There's no way he could



If anybody ever had a great idea for a house on a hill, this is it. Our cutaway view shows the wide expanse under the roof, the sliding windows opening onto the seaward side and the boat-storage space below, with bedrooms on the terrace in between. Another bedroom and a study are supported by the balcony that hangs over the living and dining areas.

of several places—on the balconies that are reached through the sliding doors, on the terraced oasis between the house and the sea, or, when the weather's inclement or the meal requires more complicated facilities, in the dining area adjacent to the kitchen. There's also the option of enjoying the semicomunal life of the third terrace—there are no walls separating the kitchen, dining and living-room areas—or the privacy afforded by the other rooms. As a result, a lot of spontaneity is possible—and, as a guest of Morgan's put it after an impromptu beach party at which the host served quail (of his own shooting) and a neighbor brought a salmon that he'd caught:

have used a lot of electronic gimmicks," opines our colleague, "because salt air is so unkind to metal transistors"—though the kitchen does boast a few of the latest laborsaving devices. Storage and seating are built in at various points. All of which serves to flesh out Morgan's opposition to the tendency among many architects to employ "too much technology and not enough humanity." Morgan's house, like the constructions of ancient Rome, achieves maximum serviceability with a minimum of science. But, as we said before, that's just what you might expect from a master builder when he starts building for his personal needs.



By ffolkes

AMERICA

seen through fforeign eyes



"Even if we don't discover America, we've found each other."



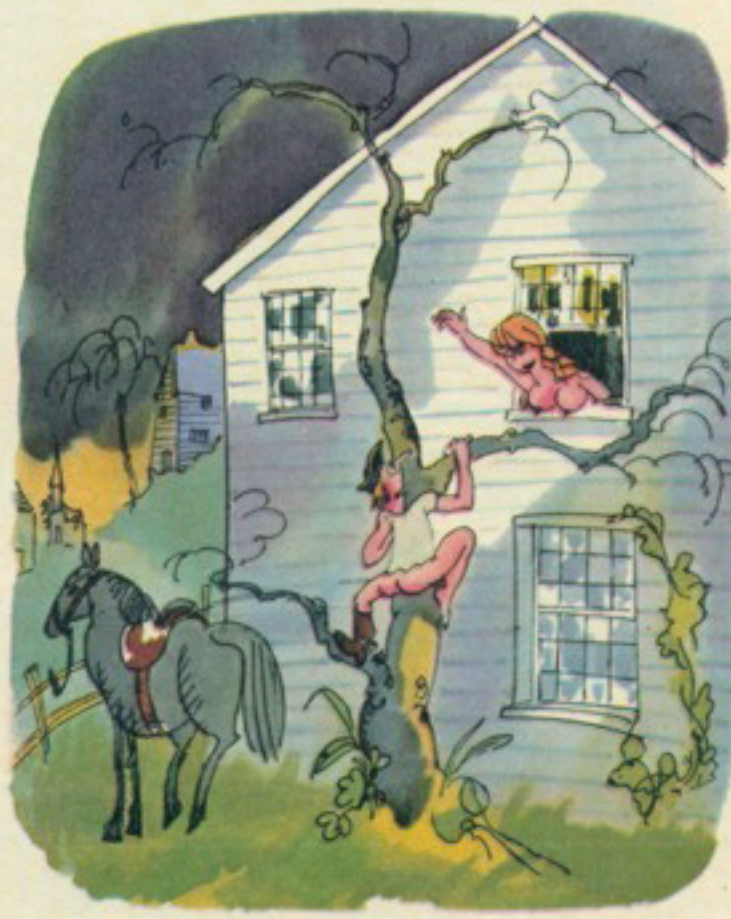
"Tabatha, you were never like this in the Old World!"



"How about mentioning me?"



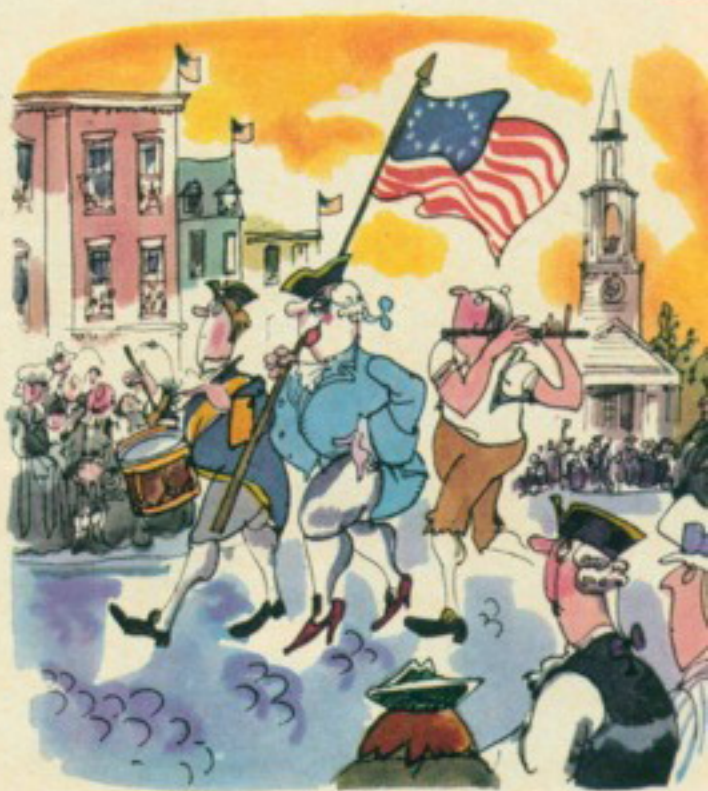
*"I can tell you one thing:
It wasn't any tea party."*



*"Now, what was it I was saying?
Oh, yes, the redcoats are coming!"*



"So that's why we're crossing the Delaware!"



"Say, what kind of a democracy are we building here?"



"We are tempted, but think we'd be better-advised to have General Washington on the one-dollar bill."



"Remember the Alamo?"



"Gee, I guess all men are created equal, but some are more equal than others."



"Go West, young man!"



"Tell me honestly, Brigham, is there anyone else?"



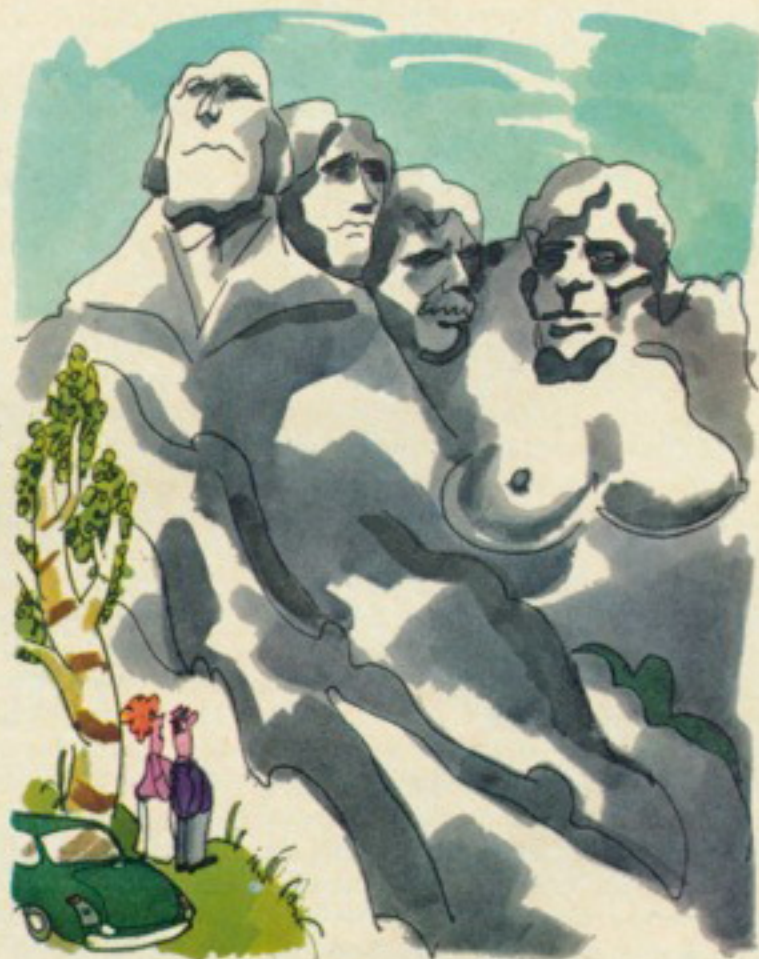
"This was virgin territory a couple of weeks ago."



"San Francisco's OK to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."



"This is Mr. Henry Ford, who has just invented the back-seat romance."



"Well, it doesn't look like natural erosion to me!"



"I understand the ad read, 'Kinky, voluptuous, sex-hungry chick seeks funky, far-out, incredibly hung, superhorny Episcopalian.'"



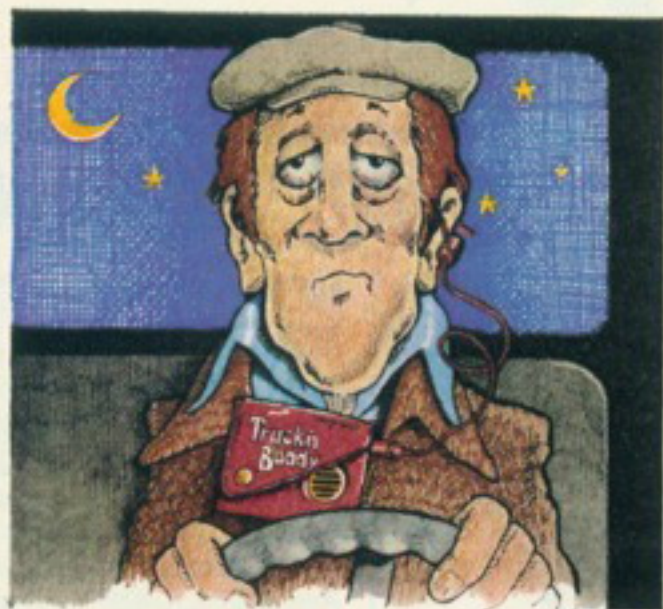
"I'm trying to keep her mind off smoking right after a meal."



*"You also have a perverted sense of
humor, Marquis de Sade!"*

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



KEEP ON TRUCKIN'

Six days on the road and you're gonna make it home tonight? Just be sure to pack your Truck 'n Buddy, a portable antisnooze alarm that connects your head to a battery power packet on your belt. Should you nod off, your Truck 'n Buddy will sound off, hopefully in time to get you back on the straight and narrow. At \$24.95 from H.E.W. Systems, 1275 Bloomfield Avenue, Fairfield, New Jersey 07006, it's a cheap way to detour that big truck stop in the sky. For sure, good buddies.



MIND BLOWING!

Are you bored with the basic ins and outs of ordinary sex-play? Is taking out the garbage more fun? Despair no more, oh, jaded one. A fellow named Rolf Milonas has written the book for you—*Fantasex: A Book of Erotic Games for the Adult Couple* (\$3.95, Grosset & Dunlap)—that's guaranteed to put some pizzazz in your whoopee. It's basically a do-it-yourself manual, with hints from the author on how to make your own personal fantasies come to life. Using your imagination, you can make love to a nun, a prostitute or a branch librarian, while your partner makes love to a blind genius, a politician, a hired hit man or a delivery boy. Players can enjoy the benefits of infidelity without suffering the consequences. You say you've always dreamed of making love to a book? No problem. It's softcover.



SWIZZLE SHTICK

If some no-good sheepman's been picking up your manhattans and guzzling them every time you head for the john, here's a neat little way to preserve the sanctity of your drink: a genuine barbed-wire swizzle stick from the number-one cattle state. You can get them in sets of eight, hand-crafted and chrome-plated, for \$8.95—\$29.95 for the gold-plated ones—from Texas Parties, P. O. Box 792, Carrollton, Texas 75006. It's one way to make a stir that won't be forgotten, if you get our point, pardner.

KNOW THE ENEMY

C.B. radios may have given drivers a neat way to out-fox highway patrolmen, but what can a workingman do to get by the IRS? Here's something that may help: Books for Businessmen (744 Broad Street, Newark, New Jersey 07102) is peddling for \$4.45 postpaid the *IRS Tax Audit Guide*—long considered confidential—which tells those nasty Revenue people what to look for in reading your tax return. And for those of you who want to know what other branches of Big G may have your name somewhere in their files, there's *Where's What—Sources of Information for Federal Investigators*, which is available from Warner Books, Dept. PAA, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, for \$4.95 postpaid. Remember when Uncle Sam used to be considered a good guy?



THE WILD BREW YONDER

Old beer cans never die, they just turn into model airplanes. At least that's what will happen to your mound of empties if you send \$5.95 to TW Modelcraft, P. O. Box 8127, Anaheim, California 92802, for a beer-can biplane kit that includes wheels, landing gear, wing braces and complete instructions. Jeez, Louie, when you're out of Schlitz, you're out of half a wing.



SWEAT SMELL OF EXCESS

They're called Locker Room and Jac-Aroma room odorizers and some folks say they leave an area smelling like a moldy sweat sock. Others suggest that the products' main ingredient, butyl nitrite, will leave the inside of your head in a mighty woolly condition. Just \$6.95 sent to The Pink Pussy Cat Boutique, P. O. Box 10, Rego Park, New York 11374, will get you a half-ounce vial of either. Vile is right.



SNAP DECISIONS

A few years ago, that old daguerreotype of your crazy Uncle Festus, the town cooper, was worth a few snickers. Today, who knows? The collecting of antique photos, daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes and other related styles of photography has graduated from kid stuff to connoisseurship. So, for a look at some of the current action, send \$2 to Graphic Antiquity, P. O. Drawer 1234, Arlington Heights, Illinois 60006. You'll get back a 52-page catalog crammed with such 19th Century photographia as a full-length view of a skeleton (\$10) and a rare ambrotype of some scruffy-looking early California forty-niners (\$2500). It's a gold mine.



HENRY MORGAN RIDES AGAIN

In the movie *Morgan the Pirate*, the pirates of Tortuga were represented as just another bunch of rum-drinking yo-ho-hoers. The real pirates weren't quite that jolly—as this set of figures (available from Monarch Miniatures, P. O. Box 4195, Long Island City, New York 11104) attests. You can get an unpainted pewter pirate raping a woman for \$11.95 (minus base), a pirate tearing a woman's dress for \$9.95, etc. Whatever happened to pillaging?

HAPPY EASTER

According to Erich von Däniken, the first inhabitants of Easter Island may have arrived by spaceship. Your arrival will be more conventional but just as exciting when you sign up for Project Easter Island, one of the first organized tourist programs to this incredibly remote 45-square-mile mystery in the mid-Pacific. Sponsored by the Society for the Preservation of Archaeological Monuments (P. O. Box 5564, University Station, Seattle, Washington 98105), the tours, which start at about \$1800, feature 15 days of lectures and explorations among the famous *moai* statues, invested, so they say, with supernatural powers. Say no *moai*!





Buckle Brown

"I still don't do windows."



Sahan Wilson

"As my late husband, here, used to say. . . ."



COCHRANE

*"I finally came to terms with my hostility. I kicked
my shrink in the balls."*



*"Relax, George, two hundred years from today
it won't matter where you slept."*



*"Goodness—forgive the way
I look, Mr. Krausmeyer, but I was expecting
your regular delivery boy."*

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT, MEN WITH MEN, MEN WITH WOMEN, WOMEN WITH WOMEN. WE MEAN, OF COURSE, **TENNIS**. EVEN OUR HEROINE IS DOING IT, HAVING GONE OFF TO THE LEM LAVERTON TENNIS CAMP, FOLLOWING THE POWERFUL LURE OF THE COURTS, WHICH, PUT SIMPLY BY AUSTRALIA'S GREAT SINGLES CHAMP, LEM LAVERTON, IS, "IF A COBBER GOES DRONGO, THEN IT'S FAIR DINKUM TO HAVE A GO, ELSE THE JUMBUCK WILL BUNG ON YOUR BONZER FOR SURE."

DO YOU REALIZE WHAT POLLUTION IS DOING TO THE WORLD? IT'S RUINING THE GRASS COURTS!

I'LL TELL YOU HOW TO ACHIEVE DETENTE! ...LET BREZHNEV AND FORD PLAY A FEW SETS!

INFLATION IS RUINING THE COUNTRY! -WHAT I HAD TO PAY FOR **TENNIS RACKETS!**

I PREFER TO PLAY ON GRASS, ESPECIALLY COLOMBIA RED.

I'VE BEEN INTO THE RACKETS ALL MY LIFE.

A HEAVY BREAKFAST SIMPLY CHOKES MY OVERHAND SMASH!

LAST NIGHT, I DREAMED I HAD THE PERFECT SERVE.

GOOD SERVE, WAITER, ONLY PUT SOME MORE BOURBON INTO MY "TIE BREAKER."

WHAT A FANTASTIC PAIR YOU HAVE, MISS FANNY! SUCH FIRMNESS AND BOUNCE!...MAY I FONDLE THEM?

(SIGH) AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT EATING, SLEEPING AND DRINKING TENNIS, MISTER LOB, BUT I DON'T THINK IT WOULD BE VERY POLITE TO FONDLE MY CHEST.

...CHEST? ...IT'S YOUR AUTOGRAPHED GRAPHITE YAMAGUCHI RACKETS I WANT TO FONDLE, NOT YOUR CHEST!

DUMMY! YOU BOUGHT SNOW-SHOES!

NERD

TO THE COURTS!...ON THE DOUBLE...**YO!**

HUP, TWO! HUP, TWO!

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

CHUNG!
KERCHUNG!
CHUNG!

RIGHT SHOULDER RACKETS!

HE'S HURT BAD!

WHERE WERE YOU HIT, MAN?

ANYONE HAVE A FRESH CAN OF BALLS?!

MEDIC!

THIS RACKET, TENNIS, M-1, IS YOUR BEST FRIEND! TREAT IT AS SUCH-

JINK-IES! I'VE GOTTEN SEPARATED FROM MY UNIT!

HEY, DID YOU ENLIST OR WERE YOU DRAFTED?

REQUEST PERMISSION TO GO TOITY, SARGE!

PERMISSION DENIED.





NEXT MONTH:



D.C. GIRLS



VONNEGUT'S SLAPSTICK



CARNY PEOPLE



NEWTON PORTFOLIO

"SLAPSTICK OR LONESOME NO MORE!"—A BIG CHUNK OF THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS* AND *SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE*—**KURT VONNEGUT, JR.**

"THE NEVADA WHITE HOUSE"—EXCLUSIVE: THE SECRET HISTORY OF OUR GOVERNMENT FOR THE PAST 20 YEARS, STARRING HOWARD HUGHES, RICHARD NIXON AND THE CIA—BY **LARRY DUBOIS** AND **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"THE GIRLS OF WASHINGTON"—YOU WON'T FIND THEM ON YOUR GUIDED-TOUR ITINERARY, BUT THEY'RE CAPITAL ATTRACTIONS. ELEVEN PAGES OF 'EM, INCLUDING THE FEMMES FATALES OF POLITICS, **FANNE FOXE** AND CONGRESSMAN WAYNE HAYS'S HEADLINE-MAKING SUPERSECRETARY, **ELIZABETH RAY**

"CARNY PEOPLE"—SHAKE HANDS WITH CHARLIE LUCK, THE FAT LADY, TOMMY TUNA AND THE REST OF THE MADCAP GANG OF RIP-OFF ARTISTS—BY **HARRY CREWS**

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—OUR GRID HANDICAPPER HAS FIVE TIMES BEEN THE NATION'S TOP FOOTBALL PROPHET. WATCH HIM TRY AGAIN—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"WILL CARL DIVORCE MYRNA?"—OR WILL PHOEBE'S DAUGHTER WED THE ILLEGITIMATE SON OF MACK TRUCK? TUNE IN TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW, AND TOMORROW. A SOAP-OPERA QUIZ—BY **JOHN BLUMENTHAL**

DAVID BOWIE TALKS ABOUT HIS LATEST IMAGE, THE CRAZINESS OF THE MUSIC BIZ AND THE JOYS OF SEXUAL SWITCH-HITTING IN A FAR-OUT **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"NEWTON'S PHYSIQUES"—SIR ISAAC WOULD BE ASTONISHED AT WHAT HELMUT DOES WITH WOMEN. BUT THEN, SIR ISAAC NEVER HAD A CAMERA. WILD PHOTOS—BY **HELMUT NEWTON**

"STUDENTS AS CONSUMERS"—THE LATEST COLLEGE MOTTO IS "SUE THE BASTARDS!"—BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

"PATENTED SEX"—INGENIOUS DEVICES REGISTERED WITH THE U.S. PATENT OFFICE, FROM A BALL-BREAKING ERECTOR SET TO A PAIR OF STIRRUPS TO KEEP YOU IN THE SADDLE

"BACK TO CAMPUS"—THE NEW MOOD AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS IS REFLECTED IN THEIR CLOTHES—BY **DAVID PLATT**

THE MAN WHO CONTROLS CORPORATIONS OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO CONTROL HIS OWN CAR.

Even as you read this, somewhere in America — perhaps rounding a tight curve or passing a long truck on a high-speed expressway — there is a man who controls thousands of people and millions of dollars struggling to maintain control of his own automobile.

Could it be that, in their headlong race to supply the utmost in luxury, the luxury car makers of the world have forgotten that eventually a car must be driven?

At the Bavarian Motor Works we have a wholly different approach to building luxury sedans.

While conventional luxury sedans may reach their performance peak sitting in the driveway, a BMW is designed for long trips on high-speed expressways and twisting mountain roads.

YOU DRIVE A BMW. IT DOES NOT DRIVE YOU.

Road holding — driver control — is largely the function of a car's suspension system.

And, to be a bit blunt, BMW gives you a superior suspension system. Instead of the "solid-rear-axle" systems found in all domestic — and many foreign — sedans, the BMW suspension is fully independent on all four wheels.

And, this combined with a multi-jointed rear axle, allows

The 700 Ft. Slalom Test designed by Road & Track magazine to measure lane-changing capabilities. The BMW 530i ran the course at a remarkable 51.6 mph.



each wheel to adapt itself independently to every driving and road condition. Smoothly and precisely.

MORE POWER TO THE POWERFUL.

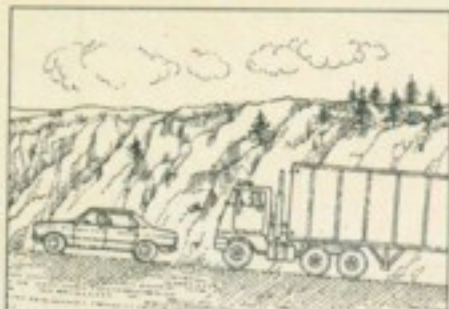
To the owner of a BMW, sluggish response need never be a concern.

Beneath the hood of the BMW 3.0Si, is a singularly responsive 3-liter, fuel-injected engine. Patented triple-hemispheric, swirl-action combustion chambers develop remarkable power from relatively small displacement. With a smoothness and a precision that will spoil you for any other car.

THE INTERIOR: A VICTORY OF THE FUNCTIONAL OVER THE FRIVOLOUS.

While inside, the BMW features as long a list of luxury items as one could sanely require of an automobile, its luxury is purposefully engineered to help prevent driver fatigue.

All seats have an orthopedically molded shape. Individual seats are



40-60 mph, 4.8 seconds. "It is better than many sportier cars and something completely unexpected in a luxury sedan," say the editors of Motor Trend magazine of the BMW.

adjustable forward and back — with variable-angle seat back and cushion supports.

All instruments are clearly visible; all controls are readily accessible. Intelligent restraint? Yes.

Yet no less a connoisseur of opulent motorcars than the automotive writer for Town & Country magazine was quoted after having driven a BMW as saying, "I came away with new parameters to measure other cars by."

If you'd care to judge for yourself, we suggest you phone your BMW dealer and arrange a thorough test drive.



The ultimate driving machine.

Bavarian Motor Works, Munich, Germany.

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For the name of your nearest dealer, or for further information, you may call us anytime, toll-free, at 800-243-6006 (Conn. 1-800-882-6500).

