

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1971 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY



BUTKUS: MR. MEAN  
THE PORNO GIRLS  
YOUR JAZZ AND  
POP POLL BALLOT  
FOUR POEMS BY  
YEVTUSHENKO  
FALL AND WINTER  
FASHION FORECAST

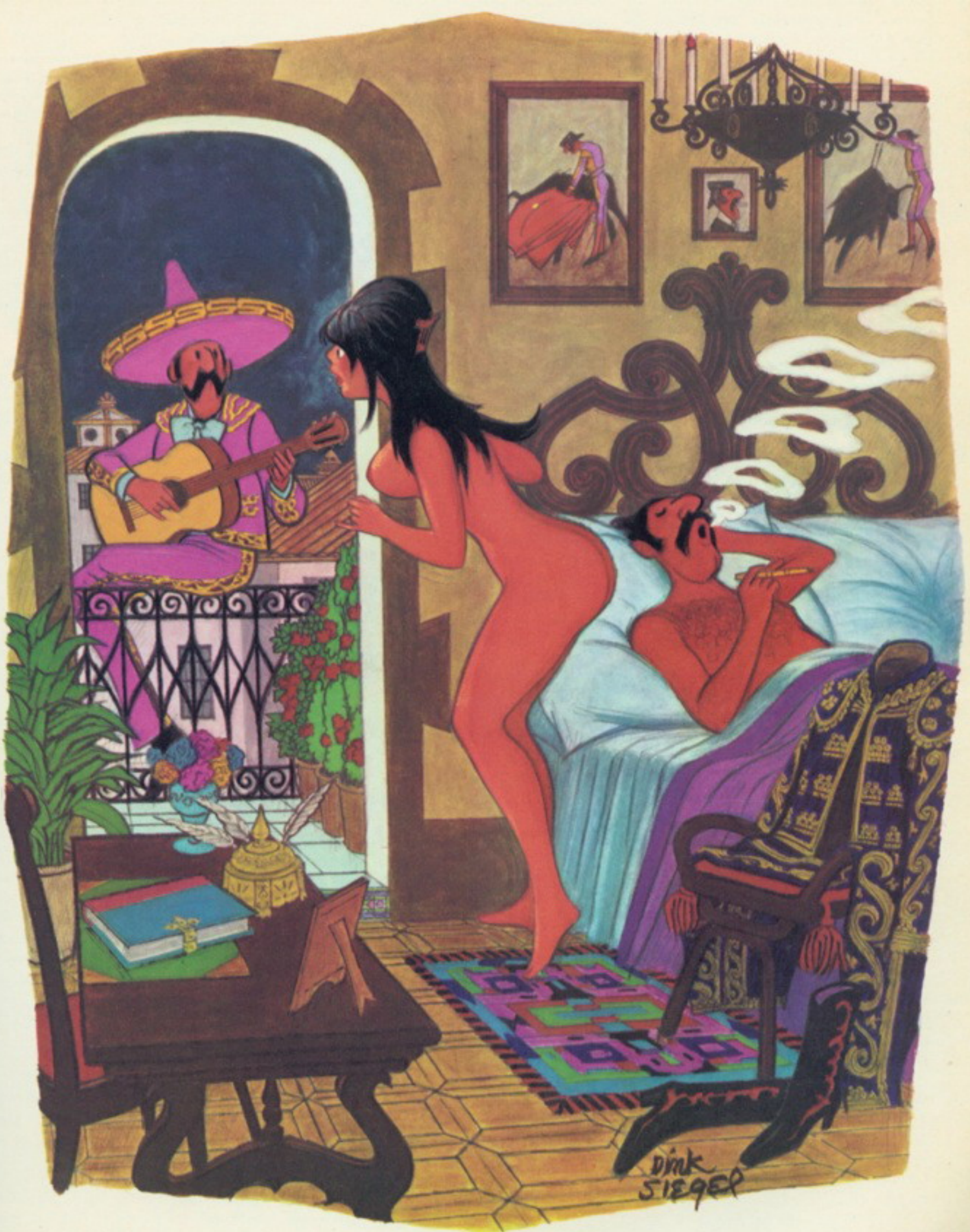


Capri Sport Coupe

CAPRI

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION





*"But Don Carlos! You know it's improper for a lady to come out on the balcony without her dueña."*

Left and below: Marisa poses on the set with star Joel Grey, who plays Cabaret's master of ceremonies.



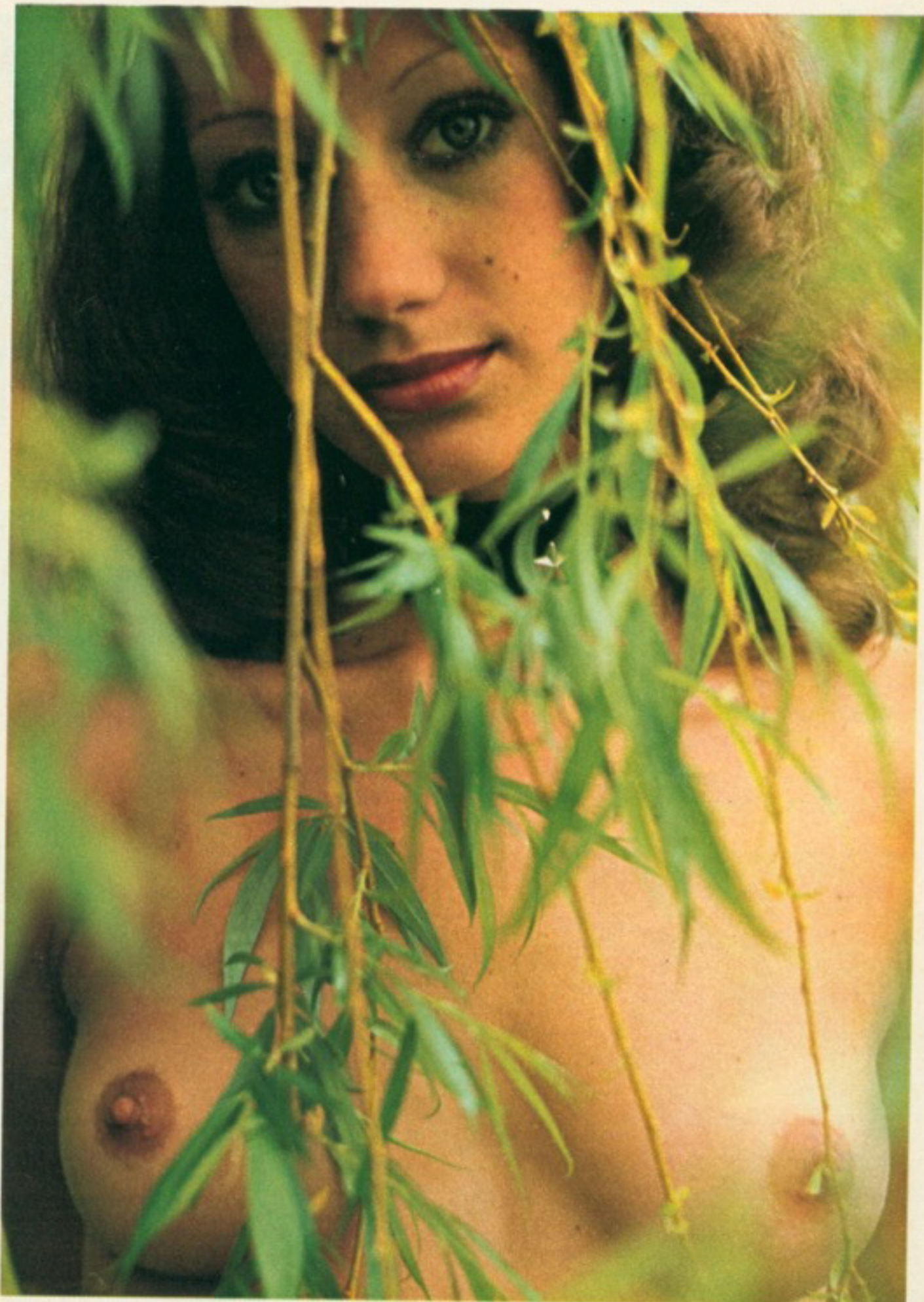
*having made her mark as a high-fashion mannequin, the striking miss berenson brings her face and figure to the cinema*

# Meet Marisa



# Marisa

FOR MANY would-be actresses, the path from audition studio to sound stage is a tough trip all the way. But for Marisa Berenson, *haute couture* mannequin and aspiring film star, the route is being negotiated with ease. She will be appearing around Christmastime in the film version of *Cabaret*, in a featured role she enacts with the *éclat* of a trouper. While it's tempting to trace this self-assurance to her singular success as a model or to what one fashion authority has called "the chic face" that ensured it, Marisa's is a confidence born in the blood; she's a Schiaparelli—of perfume and salon fame—and a Berenson, grandniece of the late art collector and critic Bernard Berenson. Though New York born, Marisa has lived in Europe for most of her 24 years. Educated in London and on the Continent, she speaks four languages—an ability that attractively augments her more obvious assets, which are hardly lost in translation. She began modeling in 1966, but after a trip to the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's ashram in India—and especially after her film debut last summer in Luchino Visconti's *Death in Venice*—Marisa started to find *couture* "static and less rewarding than acting."



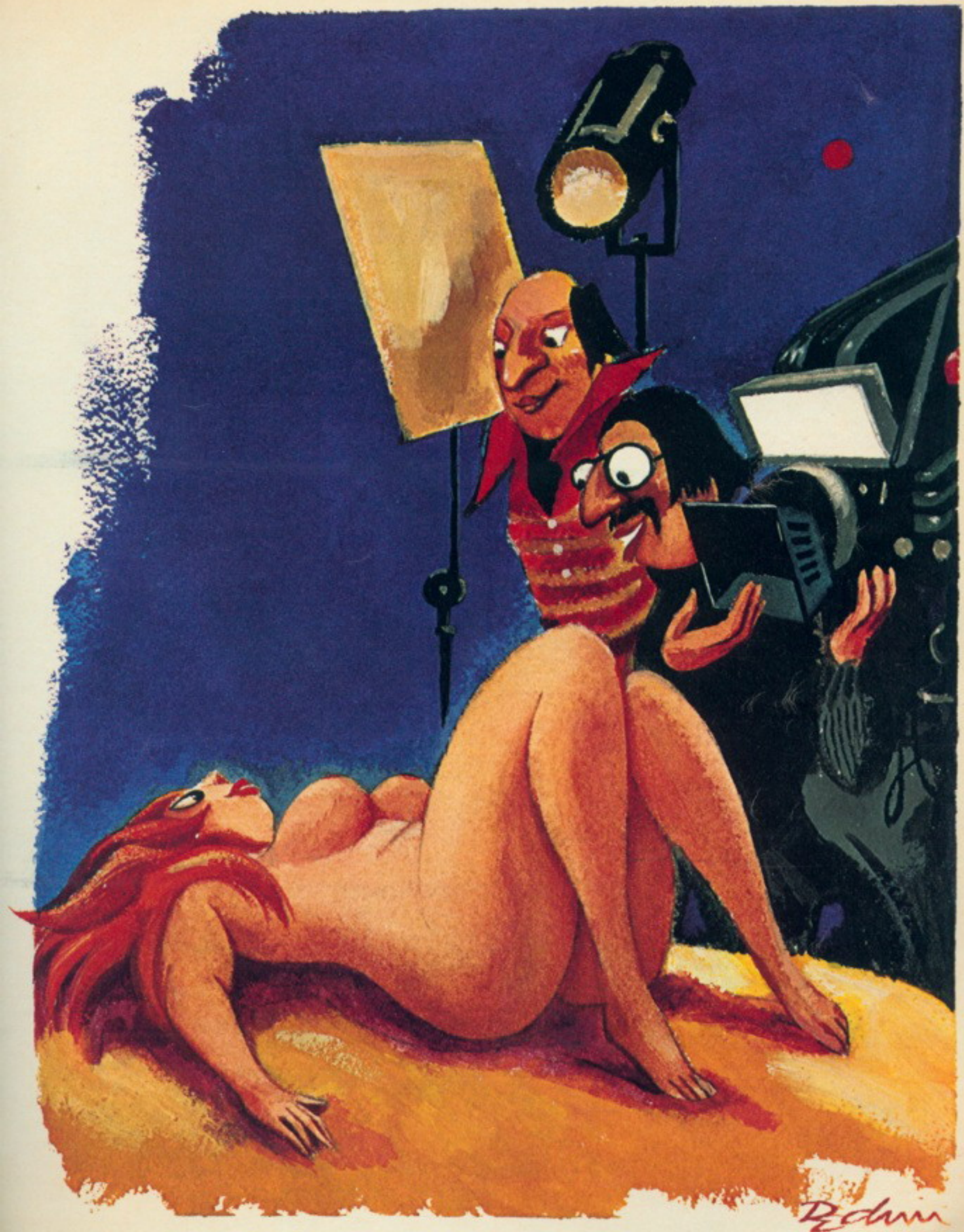
# Marisa

"*Cabaret* is a strong film," says Marisa, "and quite tragic. Even though the dialog is comical, there's an undercurrent of fear and decadence in it that mounts to a terrifying degree." Under the direction of Bob Fosse, she plays Natalia Landauer, a rich Jewish girl hypnotized by the gay enticements of Berlin café society just before the rise of the Nazis. The filming, she feels, was "a crash course in the technical aspects of drama" that has added immeasurably to her experience and poise as an actress. If a blend of beauty, intelligence and self-possession can propel anyone to screen stardom—as it sent Marisa straight to the top in fashion—there seems little doubt that Miss Berenson is destined to fulfill her great expectations.









*"OK—now think X rating."*



Rowland B. Wilson

"All right, so who's der wise guy?!"



# ON A CLAIRE DAY...

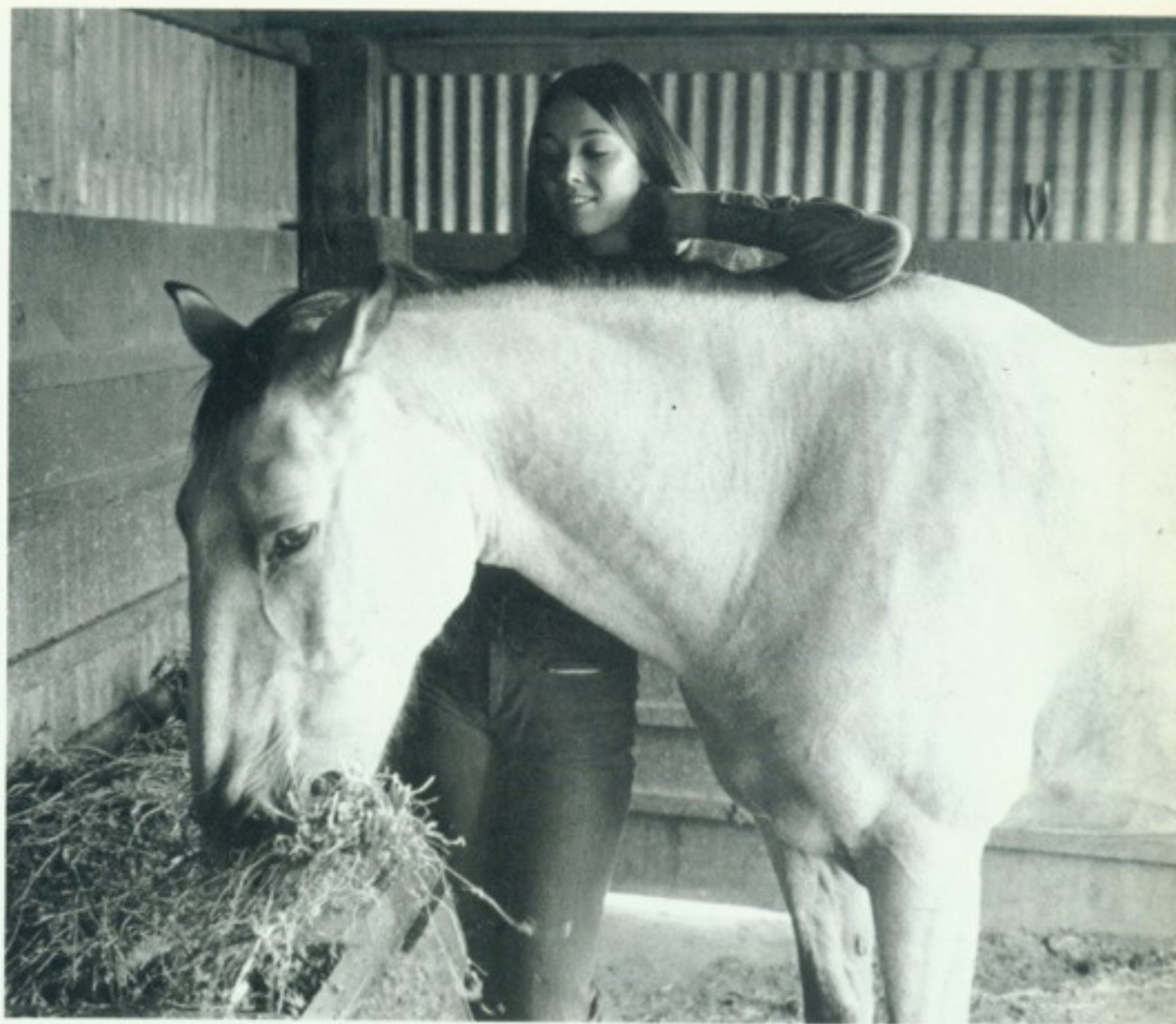
*... there's apt to be some  
sun worshiping, horseback  
riding or making plans for the  
new land in miss rambeau's life*

FOR MORE THAN A YEAR, after a brief stay at the University of Arizona in 1969, Claire Rambeau was into a Los Angeles modeling career. During that time, she often left the city for a few days and drove to her father's north-central-Arizona home in Sedona, where she spent many hours exploring—either on foot or on horseback—the vast, craggy Red Rock country in search of seclusion as well as scenery. Although enjoying some professional success, 20-year-old Claire was becoming increasingly disenchanted with her working environment. "I became more and more dependent on my Arizona trips as a means of clearing my head in order to face the coming week." Finally, last spring, she left Los Angeles for good. "I was really fed up. So many people I met in the business could talk about nothing but their multi-million-dollar deals that were being finalized. Then, when I'd run into them again a month later, they'd be talking about the same deal and it was still imminent." She decided to use what money she'd saved to travel





Opposite page above: Claire is staying in her father's Sedona, Arizona, home until she leaves for London and fashion-design school. "This area is so beautiful that when I'm here, I want to spend most of my time enjoying some type of outdoor activity." Here she's pictured at two of them: first taking a secluded and refreshing garden-hose "shower" and then—in cowgirl clothes—beginning a day of horseback riding. Opposite page below: Claire demonstrates her riding ability as she gives her horse more rein. "When I was a small girl, I had a horse of my own. It was my job to feed and water him every day, so I've known and loved horses all my life." At right and below: After a ride through Arizona's rugged Red Rock country, Claire leads her horse to the stable and rewards him with an extra-large pile of hay before returning to the house to relax and freshen up for a drive to Los Angeles.



and flew to the one place in the world she most wanted to see: London. "My former roommate in L. A. is a stewardess who's been all over the world. She continually talked about London, so I just had to go." Claire wasn't disappointed. "I fell in love with it. There's a kind of formal air about the city. I don't mean that people are stuffy—they're conscious of tradition in a way I found charming." But Claire enjoyed the open air of the countryside outside London almost as much. Off by herself, she spent long introspective afternoons thinking about her future. Shortly, everything began to fall into place. "I decided that I wanted to live in London, and since I'd always had a great interest in fashions, I visited some commercial-art schools to ask about their fashion-design courses. I haven't made up my mind which school I'll attend, but I'm definitely going to enroll." After reaching this decision, Claire reassessed her past career. "I no longer think with regret of the year I spent modeling," she says. "After all, it did increase my awareness of good design." Early last summer, she left London and returned to Arizona so she could prepare for the move this fall. "I'm looking over design books and fashion magazines right now." Whatever school Claire attends, it seems only fitting and proper that London—having lost its famous bridge to Arizona—should get such a delightful attraction in return.





Claire's final lazy days in Arizona were interrupted by an invitation from a group of friends in Los Angeles to visit one last time for a going-away party. "I was hesitant to accept at first; not because I didn't appreciate their thoughtfulness, but I had already said my goodbyes—which was very difficult for me to do—and I hated the idea of having to go through it all over again." She was convincingly persuaded, however,

and drove to L. A. to be guest of honor at a royal send-off held in a friend's apartment.

"I knew that I'd done the right thing by saying I'd come.

The party was great and the evening left me with a completely changed feeling about L. A. Instead of the sour attitude I had had because of my unpleasant business experiences,

I realized what good friendships I'd made." After the party, Claire spent a few days with her former roommate. "Since

she's a stewardess—and regularly flies overseas—we'll be able to see each other in London. It's kind of ironic, since she's the one who gave me the idea to see London in

the first place and has often said she hoped to live there."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An eager miss purred to her airline-pilot escort, "When was the last time you had sex?" "Nineteen fifty-five," he replied.

"That's a long time ago," she gulped in amazement.

"I wouldn't say so," he said, looking at his watch. "It's only twenty-one thirty now."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *puberty* as a hair-raising experience.

Good gracious," said the sweet young thing to the aging roué, "seventy isn't old for a *millionaire!*"



Two men were sitting at a bar when one suddenly produced from his pockets a tiny piano, a mouse and a butterfly. The mouse began to play the piano and the butterfly launched into a rousing aria, much to the surprise of the second fellow. "That's a great act you've got there!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you book it on the Johnny Carson show?"

"Carson won't touch it," complained the owner sourly. "You see, the butterfly isn't really singing; the mouse is a ventriloquist."

A taxi-driver acquaintance tells of a harrowing experience he once had when he swerved to avoid a child and almost fell off the couch.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virgin* as rookie nookie.

You've probably heard about the new anti-Communist league that wants to replace all plastic toilet seats with wooden ones. It's called the Birch John Society.

The handsome American found he was unsuccessful with the beautiful London dollies until he took a course in elocution. His faultless English accent immediately netted him a stunning bird; but as he climbed into bed with her, he confessed, "I actually come from the other side."

"This I've got to see," she grinned.

After six weeks away on business in a strange city, the married exec entered a local brothel, produced a \$100 bill and asked for the worst screw in the house. "But, sir," the madam answered, "one hundred dollars will buy you our best."

"No, I want the worst available," demanded the businessman.

"I can't let you do this," the woman pleaded. "You're entitled to the top of the line."

"Listen, lady," the man insisted, "I'm not horny, just homesick."

As the viking warship stealthily slipped up to the unsuspecting Saxon seaside village, Brodar, the chieftain, rose and addressed his followers. "Now, men," he bellowed, "our plan is to burn the village——"

"Hooray!" roared the warriors.

"Kill all the men——"

"Hooray!"

"And rape all the women!"

"Hooray!"

"And men. . . ."

"Yes, noble Brodar!"

"For God's sake, get it *right* this time!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *the pill* as accidental-life insurance.

Doctor!" squealed the lovely patient lying on her stomach. "You've got the thermometer in the wrong place!"

"It is not the wrong place," the doctor informed her. "And it's not the thermometer."

The young tourist was attempting to sneak a quart of tequila back from Mexico when a border guard stopped him and asked what was in the bottle. "Holy water from the shrine of the Virgin Mary," replied the fellow.

The official opened the bottle, took a sip and exclaimed, "This is tequila!"

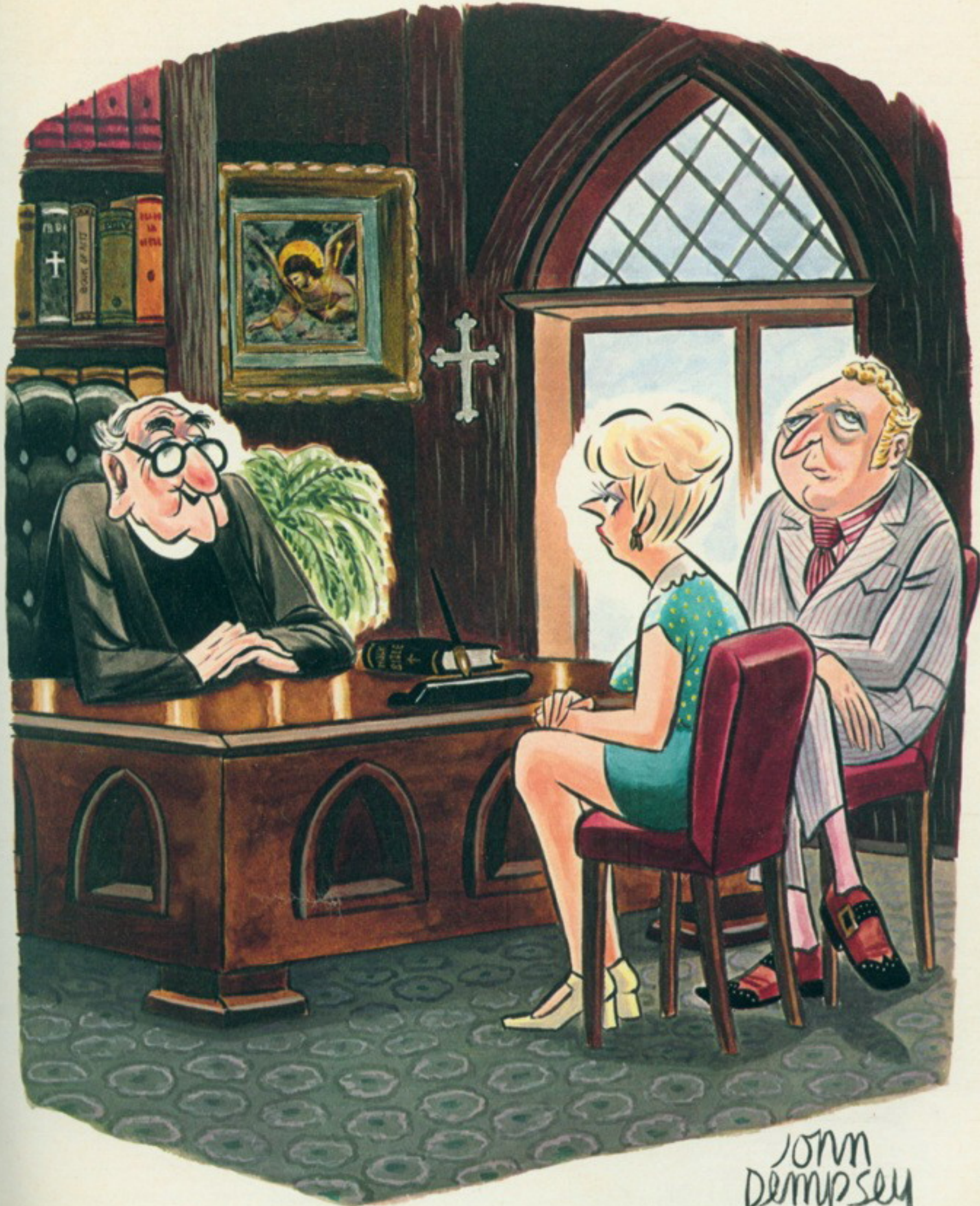
"My heavens!" gasped the fellow. "Another miracle!"

We know a bachelor who, when filling out the blank, "Length at present address," on a computer-dating card, wrote, "Seven inches."



Finding her husband in bed with a long-haired lovely, the wife furiously picked up an ashtray, ready to launch it at him. "She's just a poor hitchhiker I picked up on the highway," the man tried to explain. "She was hungry, so I brought her home and fed her. Then I saw her sandals were worn out, so I gave her that old pair you haven't worn in at least twelve years. Then I noticed her shirt was torn, so I gave her an old blouse you haven't looked at since 1969. And her jeans were all patched, so I gave her an old pair of slacks you never wear. But as she was leaving, she asked me, 'Is there anything else your wife doesn't use?'"

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.



JOHN  
DEMUPSEY

*"If he wants to play this sixty-nine you mentioned, my dear,  
play it. What's the harm in a little game?"*

*that beautiful creature  
starring in today's super-  
explicit commercial sex  
scene might be Betty Coed,  
a Communist—or the  
housewife next door*

# THE PORNO GIRLS

THE HOUSE LIGHTS were just coming up after the screening of a Walt Disney movie in a Los Angeles theater, and Susannah Fields, a 19-year-old bride whose hobbies include sewing and baking bread, picked up her purse and started to leave. Suddenly she was accosted by a shout from the balcony: "Say," called the male voice, "weren't you the girl in *Sexual Freedom in Denmark*?"

"It happens all the time," admits Susannah, who was, indeed, one of the girls in *S. F. D.*, a quintessential compilation of stag-reel footage shown under the banner of sex education. "I'll walk down Sunset Boulevard and some guy will stop me and say, 'Haven't I seen you in the movies?' I just look him right in the eye and say, 'Well, it depends on what kind of movies you've been watching lately.'"

Susannah Fields is just one of six stage names used by this breezy high school dropout, who in many ways is typical of the new breed of attractive young women who are appearing in a kind of film that used to be shown, in silent, scratchy black and white, at lodge smokers and in the darkened basements of private homes. Today, the same kinds of sexual intimacies are depicted in sound and living color—with an occasional soupçon of plot line—in downtown and neighborhood moviehouses across the nation.

The daughter of a Mormon bishop, Susannah ran away from home at the age of 17 to make her way in the world, but, as she describes it, "Every time I got a legitimate job, my family was able to trace me." So she answered an underground-paper ad and started modeling for short films—"You know, the kind where you lick lollipops and show your breasts." As the movies became more graphic, Susannah went along, and for the past six months has been making hard-core pornographic features—some

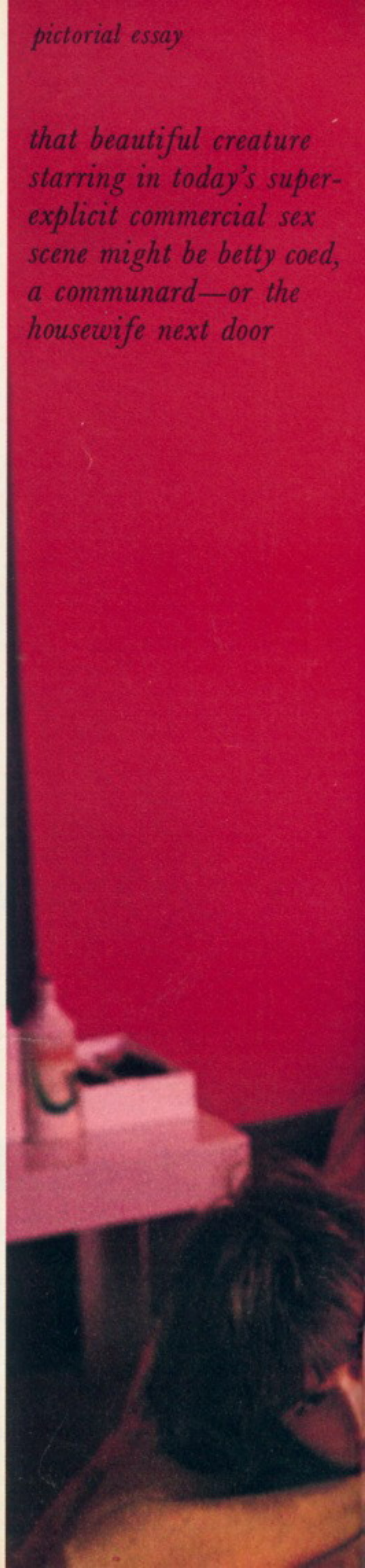
15 of them, to the best of her recollection.

"At first I was really embarrassed about doing it," she recalls. "But it's really a lot nicer than working a straight job. The people in the business become like your family, and since with them you already have your sex hang-ups out of the way, you can relax and be yourself." Her husband, a rock-'n'-roll musician, thinks her career is "pretty funny," but raises no objections. Susannah's father, however, believes she models wigs.

San Franciscan Mary Rexroth's father is under no illusions about what she's doing on the screen. He's the well-known poet-philosopher Kenneth Rexroth and when Mary became one of the first porn-movie queens to achieve star billing under her own name, the news predictably made headlines. "Most people won't use their own names, because they come from uptight families," she says with a shrug. "I don't. My dad was in burlesque once, and at that time, burlesque performers had a similar position in society—they were somehow set apart. So he understands. And my mother went to see one of my films and her reaction was, 'Sex can really get boring, can't it?'"

As Mary, in a simple dress, thick-lensed glasses and tousled hair, talked in the upstairs dining room of a Chinatown restaurant filled with tourists and family groups, there was little to distinguish her from a typical college English-lit student. Except, that is, for a rather spectacular cleavage. Her table companions were a *PLAYBOY* staffer and Kerry Price, a 21-year-old brunette newly retired from the San Francisco porn-pix industry. Kerry explained that she'd come to San Francisco nine months before, after two years at the University of Wisconsin, where the increasingly radicalized political scene was becoming too heavy for her to take. "I'd been here

New York City's Jayme Collins moonlights, with her husband, as a "model" in pornographic films; she has also been an unclad attendant in one of the city's proliferating massage parlors, Aphrodite Studios (right). In many of the newer establishments, customers get rub-downs quite unlike the style one used to receive at the local Y or health club. Although they operate openly, the studios sometimes find themselves in brushes with the law, particularly if some zealous undercover agent encourages the action to go beyond the usual limits.





only about two weeks when a guy I'd known at Wisconsin told me he'd answered an ad in the *Berkeley Barb* and had made an appointment for us to perform as a couple in a sex film. I said, 'You're crazy!' I had visions of some dirty old man with a camera. Then I thought, oh, what the hell, and we went and had Polaroid pictures taken with our clothes off. That was all. The whole thing seemed unreal."

A few days passed; then a director called to ask Kerry if she'd work solo. Hesitatingly, she agreed; but before the scheduled shooting, she took advantage of a theater pass, compliments of the director, and went to see a pair of sexpic movies. Her reaction: "*Me? Doing that?*" Not only did she skip the filming date, she temporarily stopped answering her phone. "Then, two months later, one of the film makers called again. By that time, I felt ashamed of chickening out, that I might be missing a mind-blowing experience. So I made my first dirty movie—*Just Plain Bill*, it was called."

After appearing in several pictures, Kerry says she "feels more secure, in that I've learned a lot about myself. But I quit the business, because I was getting ripped off. I had to make it with guys I wouldn't look twice at, let alone go to bed with. The final straw was the time I was supposed to do three fuck scenes in one day, and on a filthy bed at that. The least they could have done was provide clean sheets, right?"

Like most of her blue-movie contemporaries, Kerry comes from a relatively conservative background. Her father, a Midwestern educator, telephoned her in San Francisco shortly after her screen debut. "Did you find a job yet?" he asked with paternal concern.

"Yes," replied Kerry, "I'm making some films."

Unexpectedly, her father caught on immediately: "What kind of films? Pornographic?" Kerry's blurted confession led to a period of markedly cool parent-child relations.

British-born Maggie Matson, a Berkeley sex-film star, is the product of a strict Catholic (text continued on page 148) 139



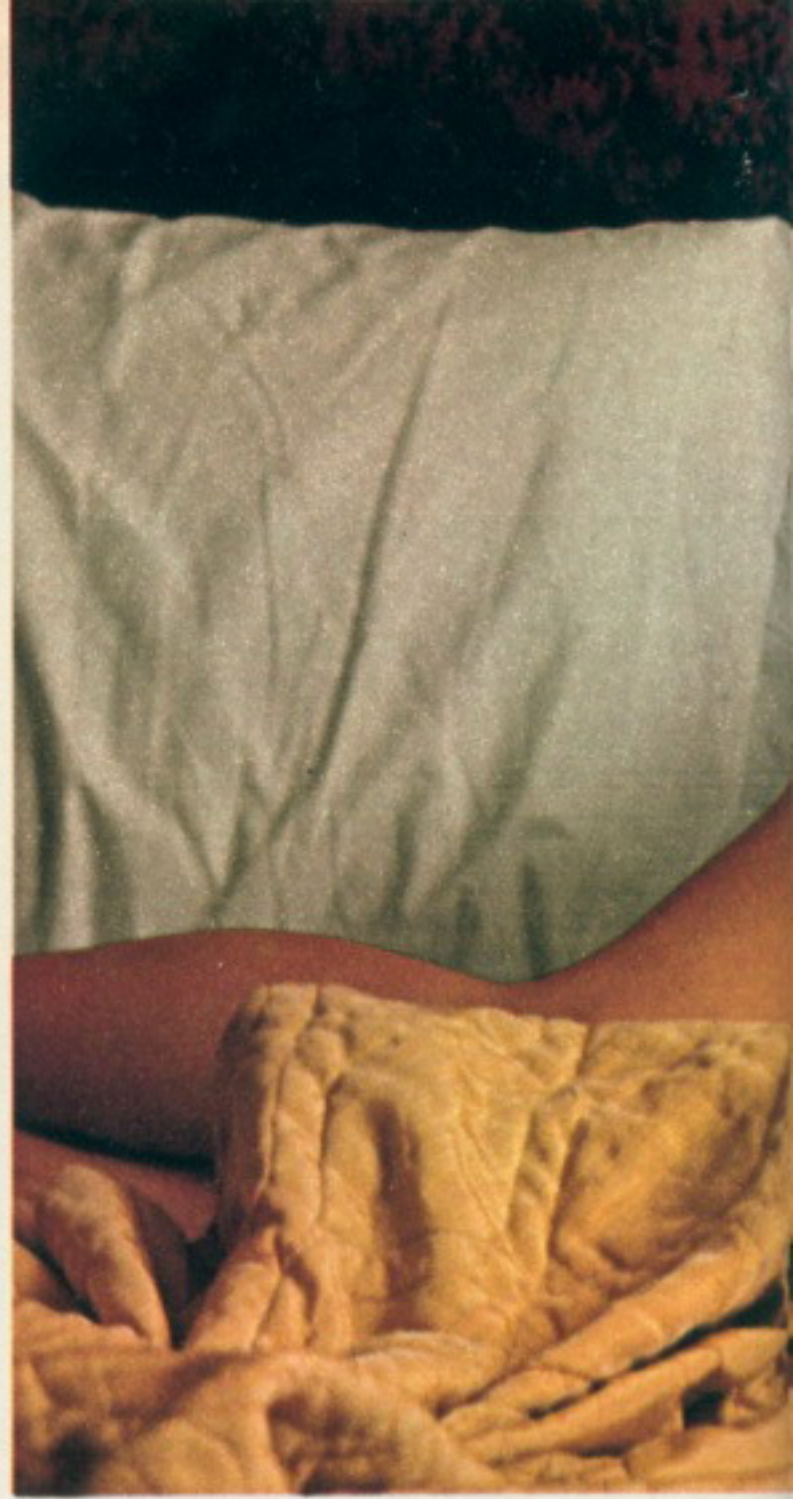
A rising new sex star from Los Angeles is 24-year-old Maria Arnold (above), who plays the female lead in *Cozy Cool*, Leo Productions' spoof of gangster dramas. Maria's late father was a vaudeville comedian and she's nursed acting ambitions since childhood. In Denmark, Karin Anderson (right), 18, makes porno films and stills—but she fastidiously insists on appearing only with another girl or with Erik Sorenson (in middle of photo at center right), the man she lives with. Directing the action, at center right, is Bent Naesby, a prolific film maker whose movies are heavily plotted—at least for the genre. This movie is tentatively titled *A Day in the Country*.



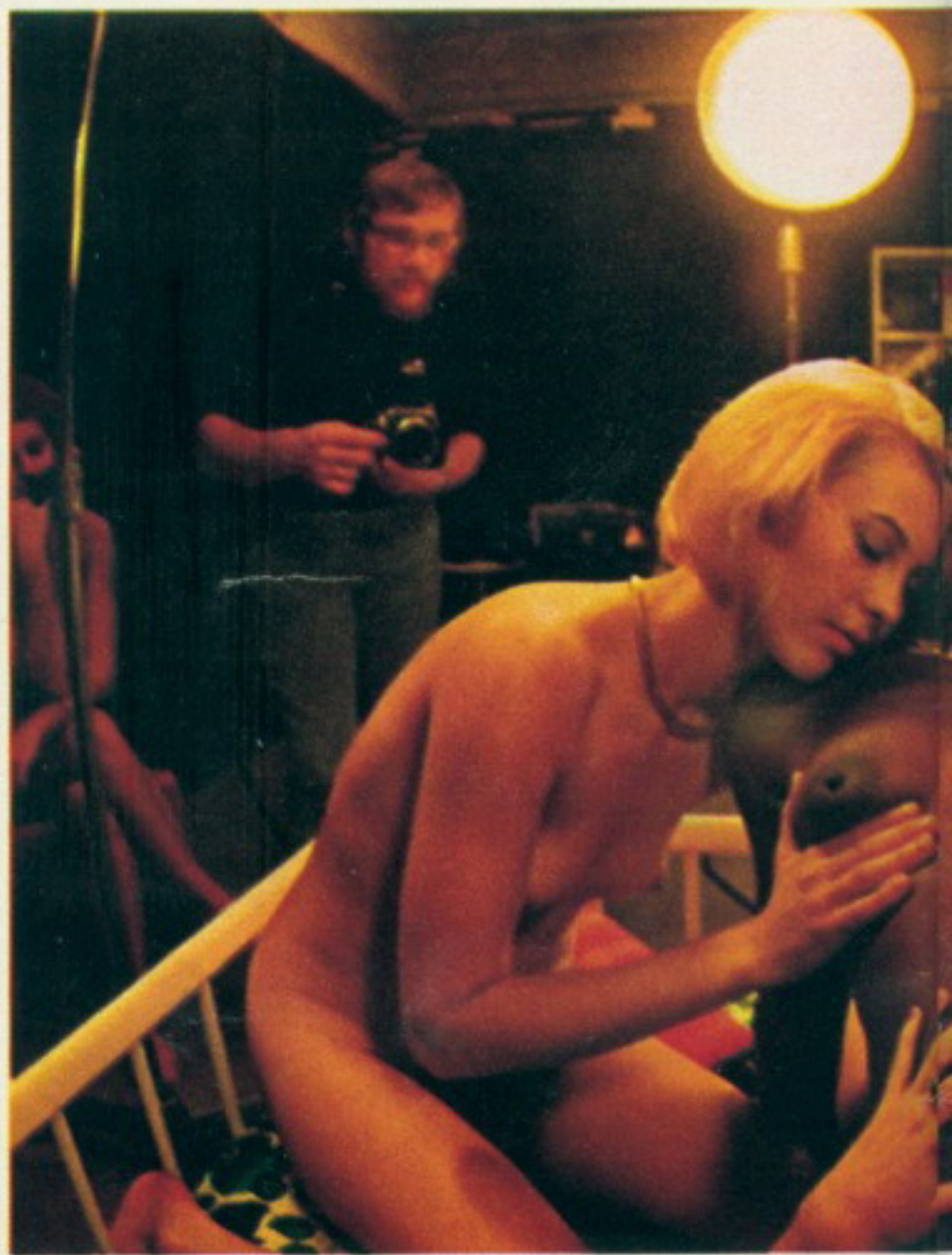


One of the first American girls to achieve star billing in a hard-core film was San Francisco's Mary Rexroth (above), daughter of poet Kenneth Rexroth. Describing her role in *Intersection*, directed by Jann Burner, Mary says, "Jann and I regarded it as a religious rite of initiation, using sexual fantasies as the vehicle." In London, Amanda Muir (below) appears in 8mm movies and in magazines that cloak "how-to" photos in an aura of psychotherapy, with M.D.s prominently listed on the mastheads to further claims of solving readers' sex problems.





Helene Mikkelsen (above), seen at a popular Copenhagen sight-seeing stop, the Royal Palace, has herself been a tourist attraction of another sort. "If you buy those souvenir pencils that show the intimate parts of the female body when you hold them up to the light—well, those parts are mine." Susannah Fields (below) is one of six stage names utilized by this Californian; in *The Undergraduate*, she's billed as Cindy Hopkins.



To illustrate a book aimed at fans of Lesbian erotica, Lisbeth Tagge and Marvo Alleyne pose for one of Copenhagen's leading sex photographers, Jens Theander (above right). Lisbeth is Danish, Marvo a West Indian who often works in Denmark.



Laura Cannon (above), a product of an upper-middle-class Evanston, Illinois, background who unabashedly lists her occupation as "sex star," appears in New York-made stag films and sexploitation movies; she has also played in summer stock and as Cordelia in an off-Broadway production of *King Lear*. At 23, Miss Cannon steadfastly refuses to speculate about her motivations: "I find self-analysis a complete waste of time."



Lisbeth Westergaard (right), a 20-year-old Danish housewife, makes a secondary career out of appearing in pornographic stills and movies. "My husband fully approves of my work," says Lisbeth, who describes her marriage as "free and casual."







Carla Lockhart (far left) and Cherie Porter (left) commute to San Francisco for stag-film dates from their homes in Lodi, California. Though both Carla and Cherie claim to dig men, many of their fellow female performers frankly admit to a bisexual orientation, and girl-meets-girl film scenarios are common.



Shooting *The Undergraduate* (above), producer-director John Flanders, at right, urges his performers to give their all under the banner of sex education.



Mette Lovstrand (right) has been a hostess at Denmark's celebrated sex fairs, an exotic dancer at a live-show club and a model for sexually explicit still photographs. She's also a law student at the University of Copenhagen and part owner of a children's dress shop, in which she works two days a week.



Jaqueline Martin (below) poses for erotic photos to help finance her education; she's enrolled as a first-year dental student in the San Francisco area.



Helen Lang (left) is retiring from New York's hard-core sex-show scene to become a go-go dancer. "Screwing under the lights just didn't turn me on," she explains. "But I'm glad I did it; it helped me lose some ridiculous inhibitions I once had."



Graffiti Productions, a Los Angeles firm specializing in hard-core fare—from stag reels to full-length features—set out to create a blue-movie parody with *Flesh Gordon*, a camp take-off on the venerable comic strip and subsequent movie serial. Along the way, however, producers William Osco and Howard Ziehm claim they had a change of heart; by excising explicit scenes such as the one below, with Jason Williams as *Flesh* and Nora Wiaternik as *Queen Amoura*, they hope to earn at least an R and perhaps a GP rating, releasing the film by December.



At 23, Emily Smith (below) is a member in good standing of San Francisco's casually liberated legion of erotic models. She and her steady boyfriend of the past two years work together in blue movies, are pooling their savings to buy a farm in Northern California.



upbringing. "At one time I thought seriously of becoming a nun," she says. Lucinda Housman, who now lives in the Haight-Ashbury district and has appeared in five hard-core flicks, has an I. Q. estimated at 150 but dropped out of college in New York City because, she says, she couldn't tolerate her parents' conservatism; her father is a retired police captain and her mother a former private detective.

Although some observers feel that the new generation of porn stars is motivated partly by a desire to scandalize its elders, many young performers express serious concern that their parents might discover, and be hurt by, their activities. Even in supposedly sexually liberated Denmark, where the porn revolution began a couple of years ago, pretty Mette Lovstrand—although she's been an exotic dancer in a live-sex club—will pose only for nude stills destined for the German market, which she feels sure her parents and friends will never see. And a popular San Francisco porn-film actress goes by the pseudonym Grenda (the name of the nymphomaniac she played in Leo Productions' *Straight Banana*), because, she says, "I wouldn't want to put my family through hell over something so trivial." Such reservations aside, most of the young stars of what they themselves describe as "fuck-and-suck films" are refreshingly candid about their work. Obviously products of a new morality, these girls—and their husbands and boyfriends, who are frequently their co-stars—see nothing wrong in uninhibited sexual expression. One budding starlet matter-of-factly lists her hobbies as "fucking and horseback riding." If you like to do it, they reason, why not do it in front of a camera? And if you're going to do it in front of a camera, why not get paid for it?

Anna Feurstenberg, who wrote, directed and appeared in portions of the soft-core Lesbian film *Andromeda*, points out another fringe benefit. "It makes unbeatable *salon* chatter," she says. "You can really score points with the hip and pseudo hip at a cocktail party by casually dropping a remark like, 'Oh, yes, I was in a porno film last month.'"

Talking about it in public can lead to problems, however, as Grenda discovered when she agreed to discuss her career on a local TV talk show. In her straight life, Grenda is a student nurse—and who should catch the program and recognize her but her school's nursing supervisor. Called on the carpet the next morning, the underground actress was politely but firmly advised that the school couldn't control her private life, but could she please exercise a bit more discretion?

Like Grenda, many pornography stars, all basically free-lancers, pursue other careers. Bavarian-born Nora Wiernik of Los Angeles illustrates children's

books. Lucinda Housman leads an encounter group. Mary Rexroth, like her father, is a poet; her first slim volume, *The Coffee Should Be Warm Now*, has been published by Twowindows Press. In Copenhagen, 23-year-old Lisbeth Olsen works four days a week in a home for the aged; Helene Mikkelsen, who speaks six languages fluently, is an interpreter and tour guide; and Mette Lovstrand is a law student and part owner of a children's dress shop.

On the freewheeling California scene, however, making porn films is often the participants' principal means of support. Since the going wage is only about \$35 for appearing in a short subject to \$150 for the rarer feature-length movie, and the work is far from steady, this choice of career is hardly among the most remunerative. Why, then, do they do it? The actors—or models, as they're still called in an industry not yet free of its underground, silent, plotless ancestry—answer with surprising unanimity. They have rejected what they see as the middle-class, materialistic trap of nine to five. "I just couldn't stand to work in an office," comes the reply, with few variations.

The style of living is unconventional but not unpredictable: Many share a home with one or more roommates, sometimes in urban or rural communes. It's not uncommon for a girl to hitchhike to San Francisco every month or so from an agrarian commune back in the hills to recoup her finances with a film gig. Jill Julian, who appears in the recently released *Wine God Bodies* and a dozen or so other sex flicks, describes her household on the fringe of Haight-Ashbury as "a semicomune with seven people and 29 animals." Another actress, familiar to scores of stag-film fans from more than 100 reels shot over the past three years, is both housewife and mother whose husband is also an occasional porn performer. "That's how we add to our welfare income," she explains ingenuously.

Some of the girls will admit to other motivations. "Anybody who says she's doing it just for the bread is hedging a bit," says Mary Rexroth. "I must really like being watched or I wouldn't keep making films. When you're in these movies, you're suddenly a sex goddess, so you don't have to use sex as an ego trip anymore. You can just relax and enjoy it." Laureen Pierre, a bubbly former nude dancer who claims she's been fired from every club on San Francisco's Broadway for agitation among her fellow entertainers for better working conditions, has made only one blue movie—but recalls, "The excitement of having the *nerve* to do what I was doing turned me on." Gary James, a male performer currently much in demand in California, says, "I make the films because I'm basically lazy—and I like sex." Some girls fantasize that they're making

love to the camera—or to the cameraman. Jill Julian acknowledges, "In a way, it excites me that other people are seeing me. I guess it gives me some kind of pride in my body." Male stag stars or directors are often more cynical. Says one, "Chicks do it because it's a chance to ball and get paid for it."

Many performers with serious acting ambitions see the flourishing hard-core film industry—believe it or not—as a way of getting valuable screen experience while the established studios are going through tough times. A similar thesis is espoused by the scores of cinema students who shoot sex footage as a means of getting otherwise unattainable behind-the-camera training. One San Francisco housewife, working under the name Maurinie Fellini, put herself through college by filming some 100 20-minute epics—and doing the sound on 100 more. "I applied for jobs at TV stations and regular motion-picture studios," she says, "but they weren't hiring women. Working in the underground was the only way I could really get my hands on a camera." Now graduated from school with a minor in film, she's trying to raise funds to produce a legitimate feature film.

New York's Jacquelyn Glenn, who acts as an agent for hard-core performers but limits her own work to nudie skin flicks—"I don't want them to be able to pin anything on me when I'm sixty"—finds that her willingness to strip onscreen is much in demand. "Everybody else I know in acting is starving; I'm not. But I do wish they'd give me a line to say with my clothes on." In Los Angeles, Nora Wiernik is beginning to get lines in R-rated films—enough, she feels, to enable her to refuse the kind of stag-reel roles she made while breaking into the business. Hollywood's Maria Arnold—star of the newly released *Cozy Cool*, a blue parody of gangster films—figures this is a stage of development in her dramatic career. "The way I see it," she says, "it's better than balling the producers off-camera. That's something I *won't* do."

In every conversation with these young actors, a kind of in-group moral code surfaces. Professional hookers and hard-core drug users, for example, are shunned, and few actors will engage in anal sex, bestiality or homosexual scenes between males. Female homosexuality, however, is not censured. Dr. William Simon, who spent three years at the Institute for Sex Research in Bloomington, Indiana, and is now program supervisor of sociology and anthropology at the Institute for Juvenile Research in Chicago, theorizes, "All occupations develop their own morality codes. These kids are in the underbelly of the hip culture and what they are doing is an affirmation of the casualness

(continued on page 248)

# THE PORNO GIRLS

(continued from page 148)

with which they believe one should deal with one's body."

Unlike the prostitute and the stripper, who Simon says are not really sexual persons, "These kids are sexual first and professional second. They have no conception of themselves as adults in adult careers, no sense of delaying gratification for future success. They think, 'Gee, it's a fast \$100 and very little sweat for me.'" Besides, says Simon, for the first time, sex-film participants have as models "very respectable actresses doing almost, but not quite, the same things, in R-rated movies. No prior generation of porno performers has had that example." Today's girls, he says, can rationalize that they're merely doing what a Hollywood superstar does—only a little more and with greater honesty. As such, they have "a fantastic basis for a moral put-down." Simon feels that the whole porn-film revolution is set in a rich ideological context wherein the actors have "a wonderful sense of detachment, in that they're faking out the squares." Mary Rexroth concurs. "There's a definite sense, in a subtly political kind of way, of 'us-against-them' in the industry," she says.

Whatever motivates sex-film stars, there's no problem in recruiting actors. Want ads glut the pages of such underground newspapers as the *Berkeley Barb* and *Los Angeles Free Press*. Neighborhood bulletin boards blossom with flip notices such as SEX-CRAZED HIPPIES NEEDED FOR FUCK FILMS or posters such as the relatively tasteful INTERESTED IN FILM ACTING? JOIN SAN FRANCISCO'S MOST PROM-

ISING YOUNG FILM MAKERS IN EXPLORING THE NEW EROTIC FILM GENRE TO EXPRESS THE NEW WAY OF LIFE; HIP, LIBERATED, LOVING. Some of the lures are more lurid: PREGNANT AND LACTATING CHICKS NEEDED NOW FOR EROTIC FILMWORK. GOOD BREAD. WORK THE SAME DAY YOU APPLY. Quite a change, reports longtime skin-flick director Warren St. Thomas, who recalls the days in the early Sixties when "even the strippers refused to appear bare-breasted."

Steve Howe, production manager for Leo, reports, "We have hundreds of girls coming in, asking for work, but we use maybe five to ten percent of them. For one thing, there's a star syndrome building up; now we use some performers over and over again." Lowell Pickett, who heads Leo Productions, believes the girls are fascinated with the movie mystique. "There are a lot more girls who will make films with us than will pose for stills," he claims. Brothers Art and Jim Mitchell's Cinema 7 files are also filled with the names of eager applicants. "No longer," says Jim, "can we have people drop in off the street, pop onto a mattress and shoot. Six months ago, it would have been enough to have somebody come in and fuck before the camera. Now we're making 90-minute stag movies with sound and a story line; we have to have reliable people with proven ability."

Does becoming a stag star affect one's sexual responses? "Everybody asks that," Kerry Price complains. "I can't knock anybody for his curiosity about it, but answering all these questions—'What's it like?' 'Does it turn you on?'—gets to be

boring, like a soft-shoe routine." It's in this area, however—the effect of performing pornography on an individual's private sexual adjustment—that the greatest diversities of opinion emerge.

Oakland's Gregg and Bobbi, married sex stars who sometimes make as many as six or seven films a week, always working together, claim their careers have had little or no effect. "Our sex life has always been pretty good," says Bobbi. Emily Smith and her boyfriend, who have been making films together for two years, in San Francisco and Los Angeles, feel it has helped increase their mutual satisfaction. "We've learned a lot of new positions," Emily reports enthusiastically. Grenda's pragmatic analysis: "I may have a sore twat after working a lot, but otherwise my career doesn't affect a private relationship."

On the darker side, New York's Helen Lang has quit the hard-core film world because, as she puts it, "As the month went by, it turned me off, until finally I couldn't come anymore." A similar dilemma was reported by Denmark's Lisbeth Olsen, who used to work in a live show with her then husband. "I became terribly frigid," she says. "Couldn't abide to have my husband touch me for weeks."

Understandably, single girls in this milieu occasionally encounter disapproval from their dates. Several report horrified reactions and offers to "save you from all this." But, as Kerry Price puts it, "I can't imagine going with a guy who doesn't think it's groovy. If a fellow's head isn't in a certain place about sex, I just don't further the relationship."

The real question, of course, is how the public—and the elected or appointed guardians of its morals—feels about the open depiction of sex. There are indications that even in traditionally liberated San Francisco, the authorities are attempting to push the pendulum back to the right of center. All 25 of the city's sex-moviehouses face the threat of refusal to be granted licenses under a strict new theater code; and the proprietor of one of the wildest of the live shows, the New Follies, has announced he's throwing in the G string to return to old-fashioned burlesque after having been busted by the vice squad 11 times in two months. "The uptights are getting desperate," says Arlene Elster, a longtime associate of Pickett's in the film business and proprietress of the Sutter Cinema, where the surroundings are deliberately understated to attract a sophisticated clientele.

Although Arlene has expressed a determination to carry on a legal fight against every attempt at suppression, film maker Alex De Renzy—whose trail-blazing *Pornography in Denmark*, in a very real sense, started it all—claims he's giving up. "It's really a hassle," he says. "I got busted 17 times in six months. We always



"I think it's about time these guys got a three-day pass, Sergeant!"

won, but I'm tired of being in court, defending myself as if I were some kind of a gangster carrying a pistol or something." De Renzy, who maintains he'd rather be known now as a documentary producer than a sex-film magnate, is currently exploring what he hopes will be greener pastures. His latest film, *Weed*, is a study of the marijuana trade filmed on location in Mexico, Nepal and South-east Asia.

Miss Elster, Pickett, the Mitchell brothers and other Bay Area sex-film merchants, however, are hanging in, convinced that their cause will win. "There's been a change in public attitude," says Pickett. "More and more people are supporting our movies. The sexploitation audience is dying off; Hollywood is hitting the sexploiters from the right and we're getting them from the left." Audiences now include women, who it was once thought weren't interested in visual erotica; Pickett believes one reason for this change is that the new genre of hardcore cinema shows women having fun. "The old-time stag movie exploited women," he says. "We show them saying yes and saying no, in active and passive roles, and enjoying themselves—coming to climax."

Jim Mitchell also sees a broader base of box-office appeal for his films. "Hardcore sex has been around for a couple of years, and the public can see that people don't grow warts or get raped

on the streets as a result of watching it. Now we don't get just middle-aged men coming to our theater [the O'Farrell]. We have the place filled with couples. Last week we grossed a record \$12,000—pretty good for a 200-seat theater." Mitchell's theory of public support seems to be borne out by the facts; when San Francisco's Board of Permit Appeals attempted to deny the O'Farrell a theater permit, attorney Michael Kennedy presented petitions bearing 382 signatures from neighbors of the moviehouse, stating that the establishment posed no threat to the morality of the district.

The moviemakers and exhibitors may feel their audiences have shed the dirty-old-man image, but their stars retain that mental stereotype. Jacquelyn Glenn visualizes her audience as "a bunch of potential sex deviates who are afraid to go out on the streets, so they hide in theaters." Helen Lang recoils: "They're terrible, gross men jacking off in the theater. The management should rent overcoats at the door." Even the usually philosophical Miss Rexroth hoots, "I'd crack up if I thought about the audience—guys sitting with newspapers on their laps for 15 minutes. But I suppose the films do help some people—a kind of happiness comes across." Grenda's diagnosis is that her fans are "middle-class married businessmen who are jealous of the youth scene."

Perhaps one reason the performers and the exhibitors differ so widely on this subject is that, almost without exception, the stars never go to see their own pictures. "It's emasculating, in a funny way, to have to pay five dollars to see people have sex," says young director Jann Burner. Miss Price agrees: "If I had five dollars, I'd spend it on a good movie." Still another participant expressed surprise: "Who would want to pay to watch me ball? That's like paying to get into a good restaurant to watch somebody else eat a hearty meal."

It's anybody's guess whether the porno wave has really crested and a return to puritanism is waiting in the wings, as some observers of the San Francisco scene fear—and others cheer. De Renzy thinks there will be a decline in clinically explicit films in which the camera hovers four inches away from plunging organs and pulsating orifices. "My own objective always was to make a horny movie," he says. "But who gets turned on by floodlights on somebody's asshole?" He is convinced that sex will continue to be big box office—but for Hollywood, not for the porn trade. "Big film companies may advertise a production as a murder mystery, but a lot of the zing in it will be provided by more sex," he predicts. "It will be as tasteful as the public requires it to be—no more, no less." Which, of course, is the way it's always been.

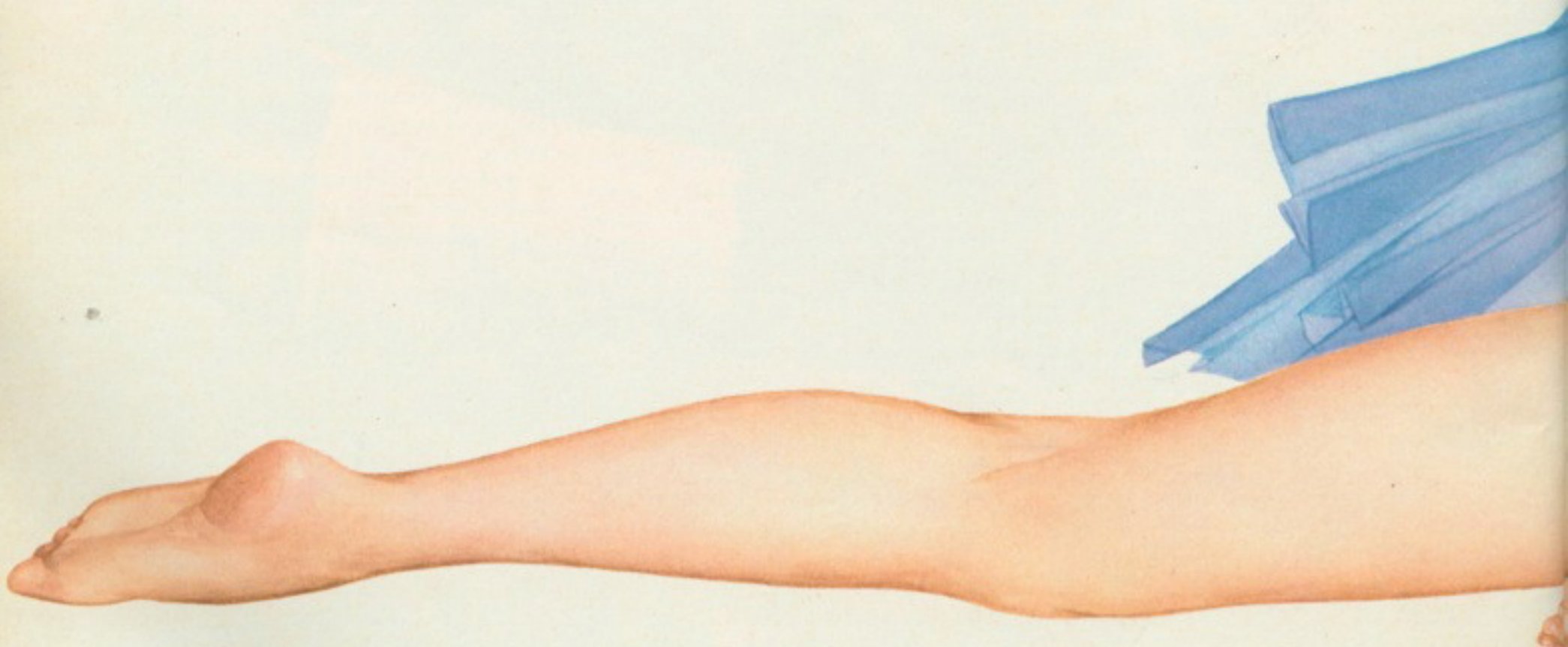


*"Let's humor them. There's enough international tension as it is."*



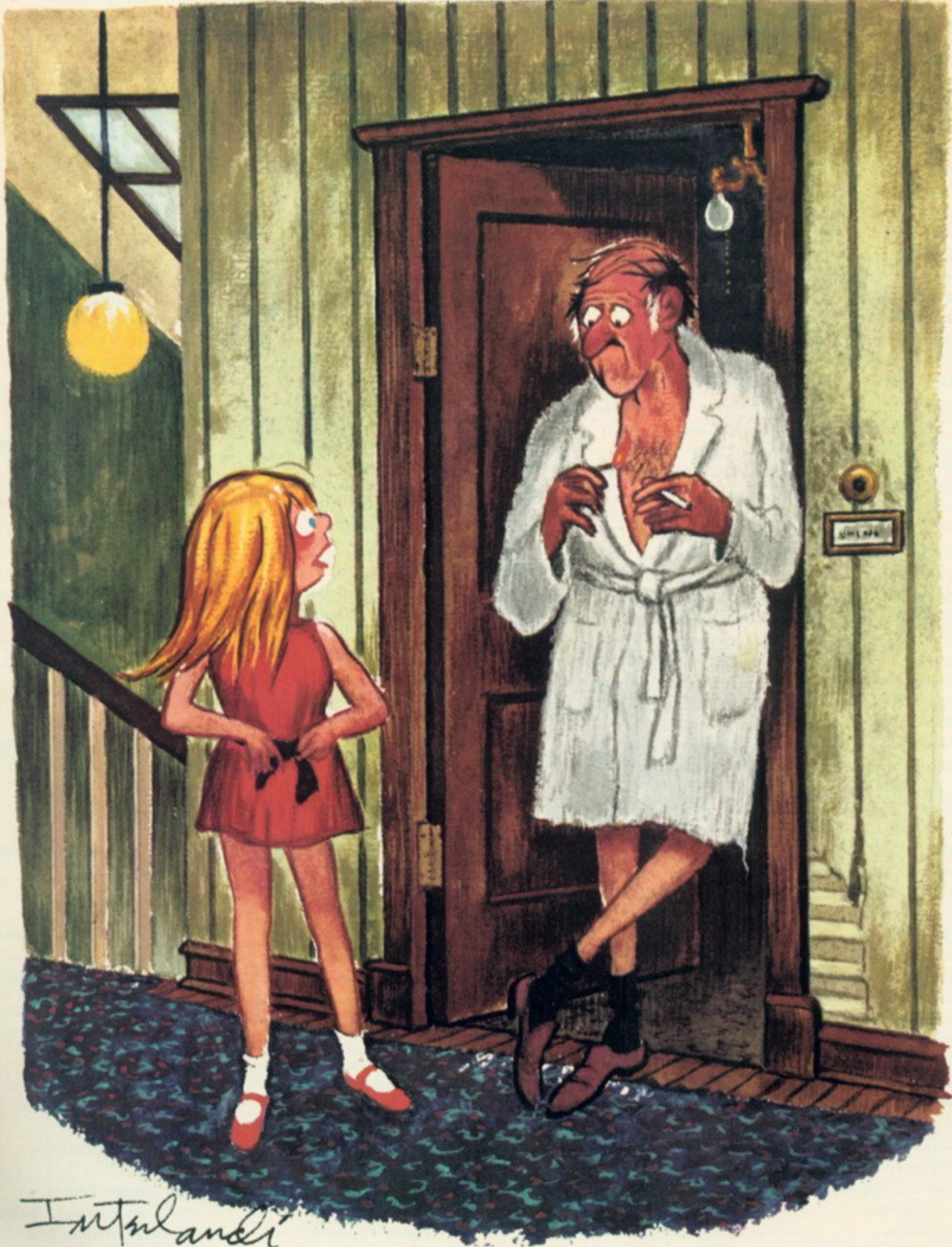
# VARGAS GIRL

*"Now, that's the  
kind of group therapy  
I really like."*





Vargas



*Intalanci*

*"You call that being molested?"*

# EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

*in which our single-minded cartoonist  
proves a three-letter man*

By CHANCE





SEX



\$SEX

SEX



SEX

WOMEN'S  
LIB



CHAVE



*"I thought you cowboys only died with your boots on."*



*"Boy, how warped can you get?"*



*Intinlandi*



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

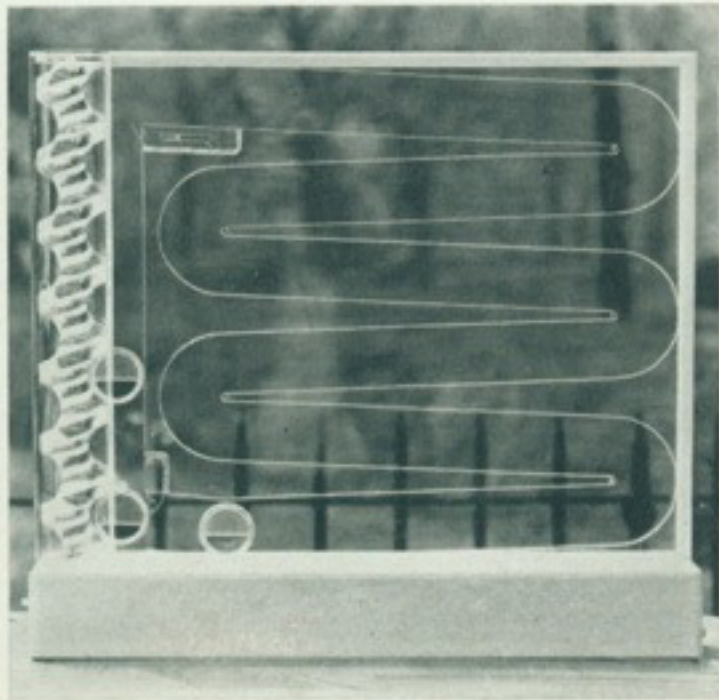
## GARDEN OF HEDON



"Let's see, I got the banana-flavored hygiene deodorant, the mood-stimulating music and some new sheets with over 100 sexual positions pictured on 'em. What's left on my shopping list? Ah, yes, French ticklers." It's all in a day's work at The Garden, Montreal and North America's first sex super-market. According to Ivor Sargent, president of Luv-Makers, Ltd., The Garden's aptly named marketing division, the store is "designed to appeal to anyone who holds a healthy attitude toward sex." Though pornography and "specialized fetish items" are avoided, herbal remedies, intersex boudoirwear, sex-ed material and virility-prolonging agents are offered in a "natural, discreet manner." But of course.

## DRUMMING UP NEW BUSINESS

Together or apart, the Beatles are newsmakers. So there was predictably high interest in a work of art recently offered for sale by Zarach, a London furniture store, when people discovered that its creator was none other than Ringo Starr. Zarach calls the piece a kinetic sculpture and, thanks to mass production, prices it at only £60—\$144. It consists of a clear Perspex rectangular box with mercury-filled discs inside that wind down a zigzag course, then spiral upward to repeat an interminable trip (with the help of a small motor in the opaque-lit base). If his subsequent pieces are as well designed as this one, some critics are saying that Ringo, to paraphrase some lyrics he once sang, is going to be a big Starr in the world of kinetic art.



## THE WABASH CANNON [CENSORED]

When a Buffalo, New York, piano-roll company, Q-R-S, releases a roll of *Hair*, be assured this is the dawning of the age of rock-on-roll. But lest your Pianola harmonizing degenerate into a salty song-fest, Q-R-S has thoughtfully included CENSORED stickers to affix over objectionable lyrics. Yet, given their warning "This is an X-rated roll," one wonders how the blushing Q-R-S execs let Q-158, *Last Night on the Back Porch*, get by.

## I'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT'S-HIS-NAME

Suffering an identity crisis? Place your order pronto with Beverly Hills haberdasher Eric Ross for a hand-loomed Scottish sweater in four colors (choice of 38) with your very own name knitted in; \$40.





## STRIP TEAS

Although the Aphrodaisy Tea Company people disclaim "inferred medicinal" (or inspirational) value for their packaged ginseng, damiana, saw palmetto and muira-puama blends, they don't say the contents of their \$19, 200-cup wood-boxed gift set will impede experiencing erotic exhilarations after a cup or two. Bottoms up!



## POWER GLIDE

Ever since dauntless pioneers first dove off cliffs and barn roofs in search of powerless flight, the sport of gliding has experienced its own wind shifts of popularity. Now, Caproni Vizzola, jet manufacturers since the Thirties, and distributors AviAmerica are pleasing gliding and power pilot alike with a combination jet/sailplane that cruises over eight miles high, at speeds exceeding 200 mph. For a price tag hovering around \$30,000, AviAmerica will throw in free lessons and you can cast your fate to the wind.



## MIGHTY KANDINSKY AT THE BAT

Baseball-card and art collectors, unite—with Artball! Designed by artist Don Celender, these new trading cards look just like the bubble-gum variety, but the faces of the star players are those of artists, such as Picasso, and on the reverse side is a work of their art instead of R.B.I.s. The complete set of 100 cards is available in five boxes of 20 cards at four dollars a box—including gum—from galleries and museums around the country.

## HIGH-RISING SIMON

All those high-rise-apartment-dwelling Americans who spend their lives coping with the annoyances of paper-thin walls, negligent landlords, astronomical rents and anonymity we're sure will find solace in Neil Simon's newest comedy, *The Prisoner of Second Avenue*, scheduled to open November 11 in New York. Directed by Mike Nichols, the play will star Peter Falk, Lee Grant and Lillian Roth.



## HI-YO SILVER!

No, they're not just stringing you along: The Gorham Company is offering a gift-boxed sterling-silver yo-yo (ten dollars) for people who—its ads claim—"enjoy the ups and downs of life." If, however, you're searching for some stability in this topsy-turvy world, we recommend a bar of pure silver from J. D. Browne, San Francisco. Cast by the Foreign Commerce Bank in Zurich, the 999-percent-pure fine silver bars weigh from 3.21 ounces (\$13.20 postpaid) to over 32 ounces. Owning one, we imagine, gives the buoying assurance that you can take it with you.





*"Obviously a case of mistaken identity.  
Whoever oppressed you for four hundred years would  
have to be a lot older than I am."*

# PIZZA

BY  
WOODMAN



WOODMAN



*"Say, they're a pretty oddly matched pair."*

Crispin



*"Here's a quarter. Buy yourself some marshmallows."*



*"When are you going to tell him you're in the Cosa Nostra?"*

# Introducing the Toyota Celica ST.

(Some economy car.)

A tachometer and radial tires aren't usual on an economy car. A dash, console and shift knob, all of woodgrain, aren't very common either. Nor are hood vents and rally stripes.

But they're all on the new Toyota Celica ST. And they're all standard.

Economy cars don't usually do a standing  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in 17.5 seconds. But the Celica can.

With power that comes from a single overhead cam engine that's red-lined at 6200 rpm. And a transmission that's fully synchromeshed through all four forward gears.

The Celica has what it takes to stop, too. Front disc brakes. Also standard.

Inside, the Celica comes with an electric rear window defogger, fully-reclining bucket seats, vinyl upholstery, padded dash, wall-to-wall carpeting, an electric clock. Even an AM radio is standard.

Of course, there are a few

options. But very few. Air conditioning, stereo tape deck and AM/FM radio.

Then how can we call it an economy car?

It gets great gas mileage. About 25 mpg. It has a surprisingly small price. \$2598<sup>†</sup>. And for the most obvious reason of all. It's a Toyota.

Some economy car.

**TOYOTA**  
*We're quality oriented*







*"How the hell come I never get any of this pornography we keep hearing about?"*

# Don't spend \$1000 until you hear \$760.\*

For \$1,000 you could put together one fine sound system.

You'd want to start with a really powerful solid-state stereo receiver. One with maybe 200 watts of peak music power (for the "purist," 75 watts I.H.F. at less than 1% distortion). One with a tuning meter, field effect transistors, and plenty of slide and pushbutton controls.

One like that Sylvania CR280 over on the right.

Then you'd need a turntable. With a good changer. Say a Dual 1215. And a Pickering magnetic cartridge with a diamond stylus. Plus anti-skate and cueing controls.

Just like the Sylvania T250 in the picture.

Speakers would be next. You'd want big ones. Air-suspension types. Because they sound as good as standard speakers two sizes larger. And you'd want at least three in each cabinet—a 12" bass woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

The same as those Sylvania AS125's over there.

You'd probably want to top it all off with a 4-track stereo cassette tape record/playback deck.

Like that Sylvania CT160.

Put together a system like that, and it'll sound great.

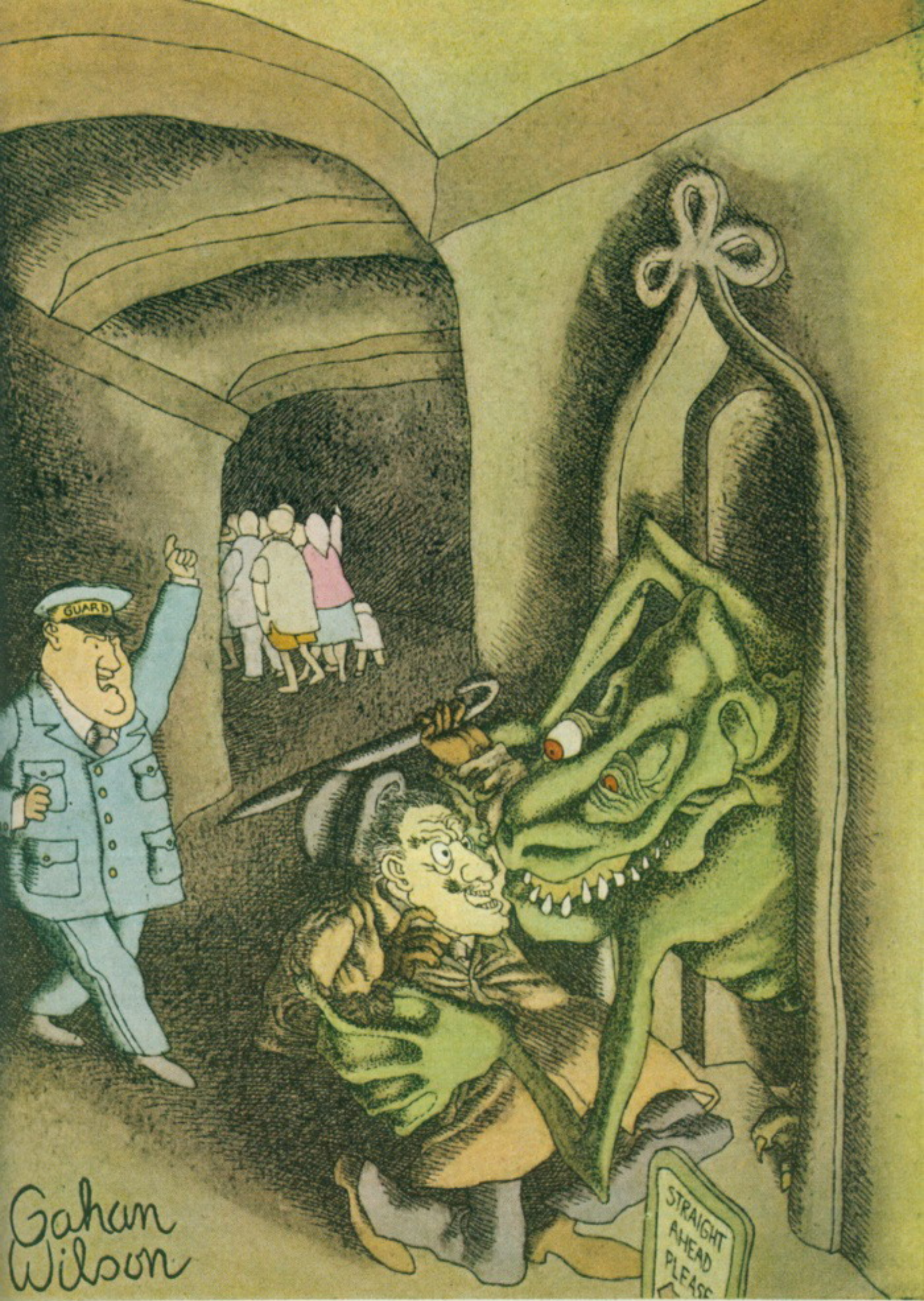
Just like that Sylvania system.

But it'll cost about \$240 more.

\*Based on manufacturer's suggested list pricing for components described.

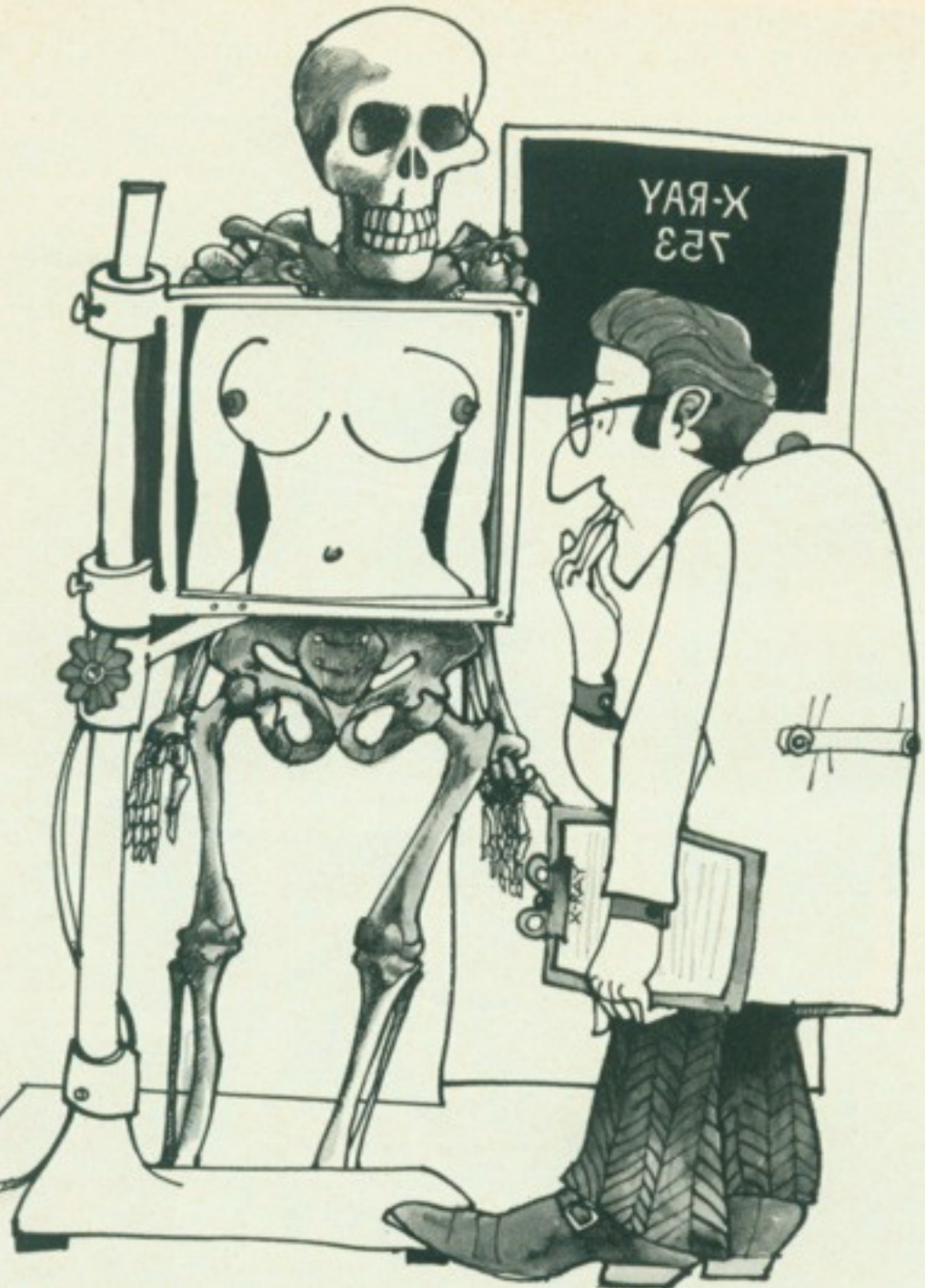


**GTE SYLVANIA**



*"Sir! The Moorne Castle Monster is under the strict protection of the National Historical Trust!"*

SHAWNEK 71



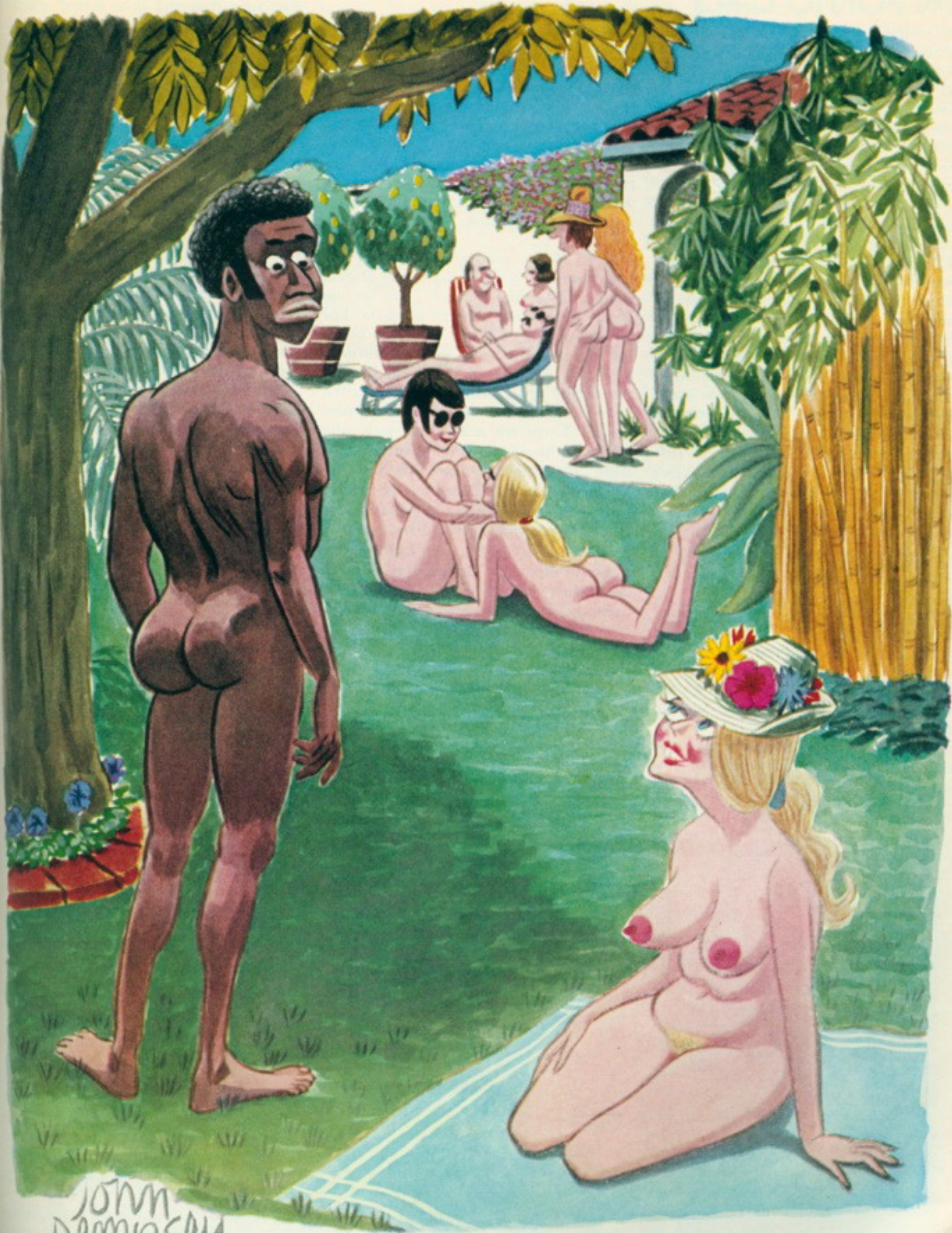


*Interalandi'*

"You'd better get going or you'd better get going."



*"Well, what do you think a good-looking girl like me is doing in a godsforsaken dump like this? . . . I'm a hooker!"*



JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"But I didn't say, 'Oh, boy.' I said, 'Oboy!'"*



Buck Brown

"Oh, drat! My glasses are fogging."



## NEXT MONTH:



CINEMA SEX



DROWNED MAN



FLORENCE THANKSGIVING



SLEEPING BEAUTIES

**"SEX IN CINEMA—1971"**—A REVEALING 14-PAGE PICTORIAL, WITH TEXT, ON THE MOST LIBERATED FILMS OF A NO-HOLDS-BARRER YEAR—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT** AND **HOLLIS ALPERT**

**"THANKSGIVING IN FLORENCE"**—AMID THE TRAFFIC, SOUVENIR STATUES AND ARCHITECTURAL DECAY, AN AMERICAN CONNECTS WITH MICHELANGELO—BY **JOHN CLELLON HOLMES**

**"REPORT ON THE THREATENED CITY"**—IN THIS THRILLER, THE ALIENS, WARNING EARTHLINGS OF IMPENDING DISASTER, ARE BAFFLED BY THEIR REACTION—BY **DORIS LESSING**

**"PROSPECTS FOR ETERNAL YOUTH"**—BY SLOWING DOWN THE AGING PROCESS AND INCREASING LONGEVITY, MAN MOVES A FEW STEPS CLOSER TO IMMORTALITY—BY **ALEX COMFORT**

**"RETIRING PERSONALITIES"**—AN EYE-OPENING PICTORIAL THAT PROVIDES A KEY TO SLEEPING BEAUTIES' PSYCHES

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**"THE HANDSOMEST DROWNED MAN IN THE WORLD"**—SWEEPED IN BY THE TIDE, HE SEEMED GODLIKE TO THE VILLAGERS IN THIS FANTASY-FABLE—BY **GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ**

**"LET THE GAMES BEGIN!"**—COLD-WEATHER GARB FOR THE WINTER SPORTSMAN—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**