

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1976 • \$2.00

# PLAYBOY



GALA  
CHRISTMAS  
ISSUE

**HOW'S THIS FOR  
STARTERS?  
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CAROL OATES  
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**HONEY BRUCE ON  
LIFE WITH LENNY**

**AN INTERVIEW  
WITH O.J. SIMPSON**

**SEX STARS OF 1976**

**THE PLAYBOY  
MUSIC POLL**

**FELLINI'S WILD  
NEW MOVIE ON  
CASANOVA AND  
HIS CONQUESTS**

**AND-YOU  
CAN TAKE IT-  
A QUIZ TO SEE  
IF YOU'RE REALLY  
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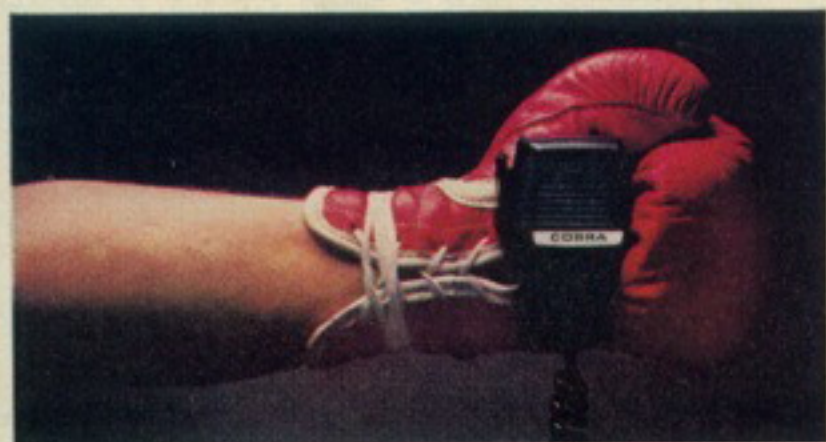
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THE SHAPE OF THINGS THAT WIN



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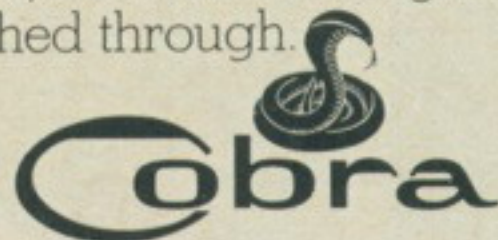
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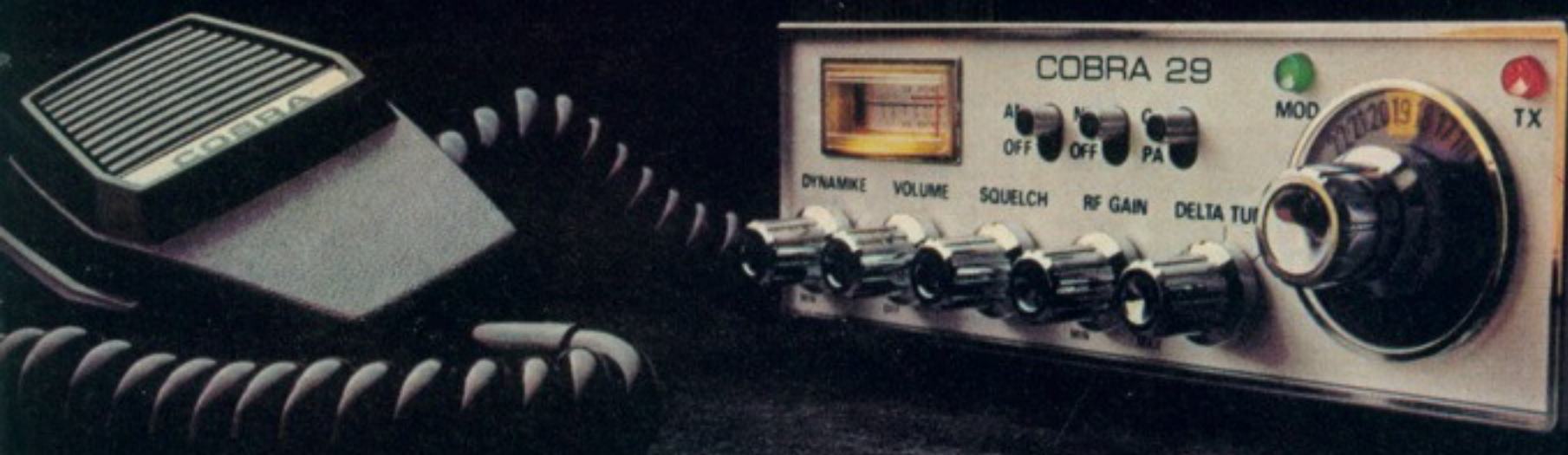


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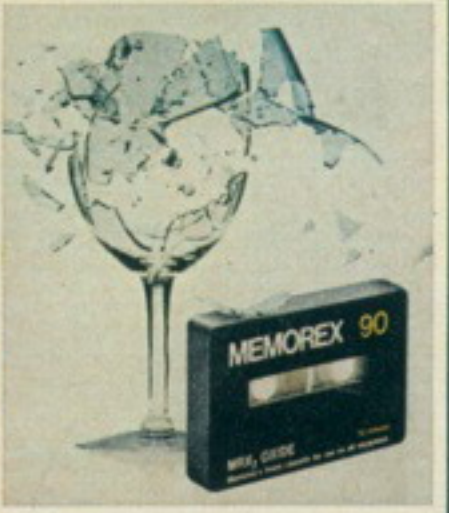


# Is it live, or is it Memorex?

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If you record your own music, Memorex can make all the difference in the world.

**MEMOREX** Recording Tape.  
Is it live, or is it Memorex?







*"With me getting older, the winters getting colder, toy materials and labor costs going up and up, kids becoming more cynical and demanding—believe me, if it weren't for this stop, my dears. . . ."*



# PORTFOLIO: POMPEO POSAR

highlights of a playboy  
lensman's 16-year love affair  
with the ladies

TO FAITHFUL readers of PLAYBOY, the name Pompeo Posar is synonymous with the glamor that comes from 16 years of photographing thousands of gorgeous ladies—often in some of the world's most exotic locales. He holds the record both for Playmate shootings (45) and for PLAYBOY covers (38). His ability to capture the woman he's photographing as a person rather than as a prop is legendary. Born in Trieste, Posar is still very Continental—sensitive, considerate, patient and enthusiastic—and it shows in his work. Here, we present positive evidence of Posar's exceptional picture-taking talent.



*Left: Cyndi Wood caught by Posar in nought but the boa she wore for her June 1974 cover. Above: A spectacular view from Pompeo's head of Susan Kiger—next month's Playmate.*







*Left: Hoboken's claim to fame—besides "On the Waterfront"—is Janet Lupo, whom Posar spotted while photographing the "Bunnies of '75." At first reluctant to pose, she later went on to stardom as Miss November of 1975—the same issue in which the Bunny story appeared. Janet's comment: "Being naked with Pompeo was as natural as undressing for my doctor."*



*Left: Posar created November 1965's striking James Bond cover by placing model Beth Hyatt by a bucket of dry ice back-lit by a strobe and from the front by a floodlight. Below: Eva Maria caused quite a tear in March 1975's pictorial "Ripped Off"; Posar snapped her here relaxing after the shooting—a tug of war with a male model over her nightie. We think you know who lost.*







*Above: The ample dimensions of December 1968 Playmate Cynthia Myers were delightfully captured by Posar in this gatefold test shot. Below: To photograph "The Erotic World of Salvador Dali" (December 1974), Posar stayed at Dali's villa in Spain, depicting on film the surrealistic landscape of Dali's mind.*





*Right: On location for "The Girls of Munich," Posar discovered Anulka Dziubinska in a shopping arcade and convinced her to pose for Playmate test shots. As a result, she became Miss May of 1973, later was cast in the Ken Russell film "Lisztomania." Below: "She doesn't have to be naked to be sexy" was Posar's comment on Donna Michelle, 1963's immensely popular Playmate of the Year.*









*Left: In New Orleans, Posar test-shot a local Bunny, Brandi Peters, as Playmate. Although she never graced our centerfold, her shots were kept on file and she now makes her debut.*



*Left: Posar's famous Cyndi Wood centerfold (February 1973); the dress she almost wore originally appeared in a Fred Astaire/Ginger Rogers movie. Above: While talent-scouting the Caribbean for a "Girls of" feature, Posar spotted fetching Linda Carlsen in a hotel lobby; a beach rendezvous revealed additional charms. Below: Posar's photos of Playboy staffer Kim Komar ran in our August 1975 issue. She describes him as being "appealingly shy and disarmingly stubborn."*







*Above: Posar aptly describes this view of former Playboy Jet Bunny Carole Green as a "grab shot"—one that's meant to keep you coming back for more. He comments that "Photographing Bunnies is demanding, because a single photographer has to produce a lot of material in a short time."*

*"Nothing makes a girl feel better when being photographed than knowing that you're confident of her and think she's beautiful," says Posar. That they are beautiful can be attested to by these pictures of December 1971 Playmate Karen Christy (left) and Playmate prospect Lisé Kaiser.*









Don Madden

*"Is this wise, Melchior?"*



the bizarre excesses of history's  
most notorious swordsman are brilliantly caught  
on film in federico fellini's

# CASANOVA



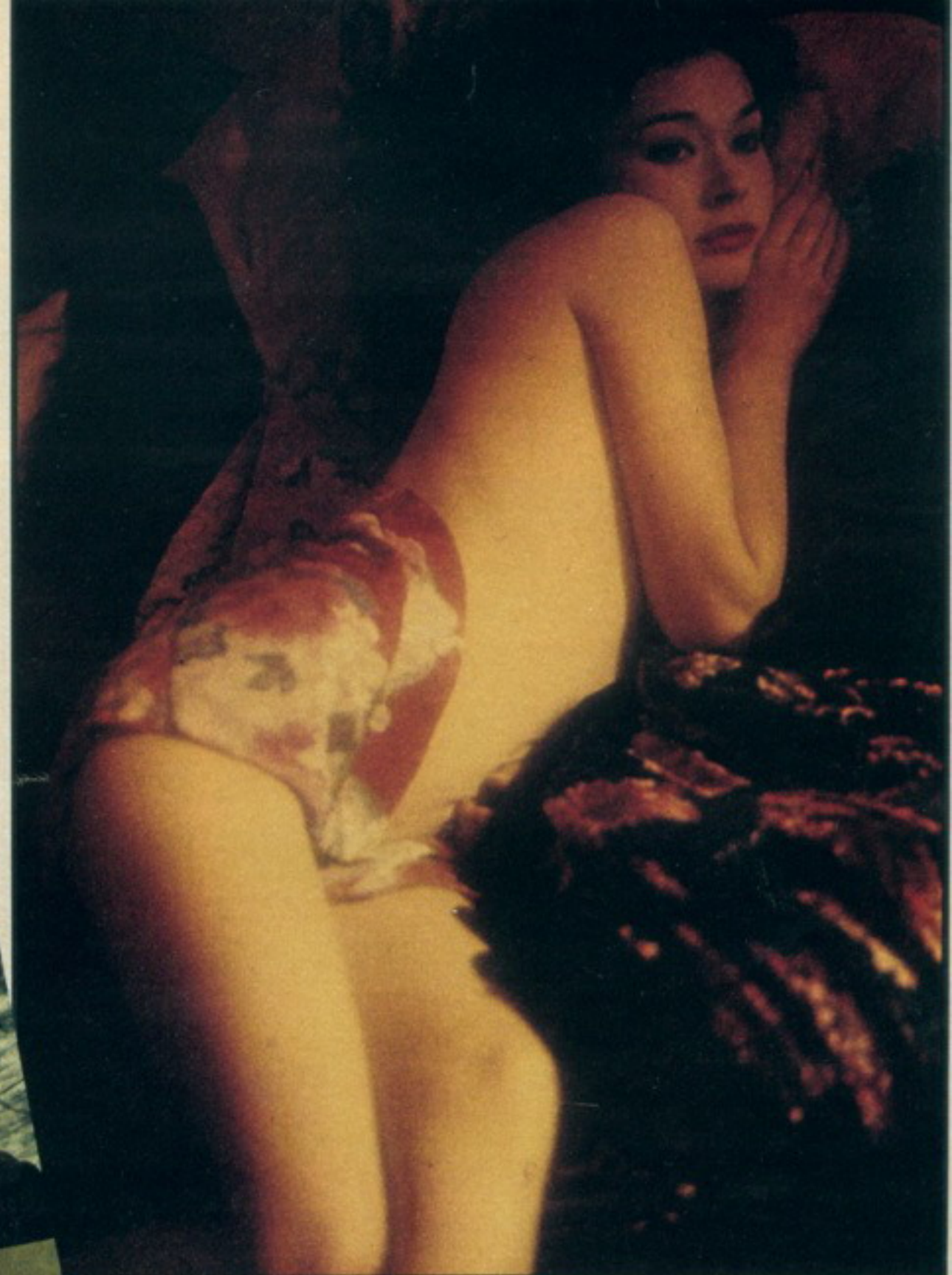
What prompts a director to undertake a project the size of *Fellini's Casanova*—a film that took three years and cost \$10,000,000?

According to the maestro, "I made the film because I signed the contract. I didn't read *Casanova's Memoirs* until after I'd signed. When I did, I was immediately overcome with a sense of giddiness . . . with the mortifying impression that I'd made a false move." It may not have been love at first sight, but by the time Fellini finished filming, he had created a work that was worthy of the master.



Fellini chose Canadian actor Donald Sutherland to play the world's most famous lover (the two are shown at left). His reason was typically Italian: The actor's face was completely alien to the conventional idea that people have of Casanova. Therefore, "He's the only one possible in the world." Sutherland spent up to six hours each morning getting made up. Was it worth it? "I could go on like this for the rest of my life, making *Casanova* with Fellini." With co-stars such as Margareth Clementi (left) and Tina Aumont (right), it's easy to see why.





Fellini read Casanova's escapades in a rage, tearing out whole pages. "There is nothing in the Memoirs. Only dust raining down upon you. They contain nothing of nature, animals, children, trees and adjectives. Casanova roamed the whole world and it is as if he never left his bed." He was too busy. Shown at left are some of the scenes Fellini left intact: a visit to a Turkish bath with a young prince, a copulatory contest at the palace of Lord Talou, a complicated evening with a worldly nun and a bewildering encounter with Barbarina (Chesty Morgan).







Margareth Clementi (shown here) is half French and half Vietnamese. She plays Maddelena, a nun who has mastered 39 sexual positions. She reports that working with the maestro was marvelous. "I felt I was doing the love scenes with Fellini more than with Sutherland."





Fellini portrays Casanova as something of an erotic robot, devoid of emotion, untouched by the people he touches.

In prison, Casanova recalls his past loves (the bounteous Barbarina, the deliquescent Annamaria), but once free, he moves on to new loves—including a one-night affair with a cellist (second from top). In France, he finds protection in the house of the Marchioness d'Urfe, a wealthy old necromancer. Financed by her money, he engages in one sexual escapade after another. An abbot who has escaped to Paris to marry his young mistress involves Casanova in a *ménage à trois* of the occult. For an encore, Casanova tries some tag-team wrestling with a troupe of agile actresses (seen in the bottom three pictures at far right). Rumors of the wild activity on the Fellini set swept Rome, and an unknown thief stole two reels to see for himself. Fellini substituted work prints for the missing footage, so you won't miss a stroke.



Tina Aumont, the stunning lady shown here, plays Henriette—one of Casanova's more memorable partners. She brings impeccable credentials to the role, being the daughter of Jean-Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez, two movie idols of the Forties. Of Casanova, she says, "This Fellini thing is a deep part of my life right now. But I want more. Acting is not enough to fulfill one's life. You feel fabulous while you're doing it, then even more drained and vulnerable afterward. To work with Fellini, of course, is fantastic. I'm madly in love with him. He likes to be amused, to be amusing. I play the cello for Federico in the film. People are always saying that he's difficult. Just voices. People are disturbed always by genius. No?" By beauty, also.











*"And to think when you asked me back to your place to eat organic, I thought you were some kind of health nut!"*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
PHILLIP DIXON

*Alone, waiting for the train that will take her to points West, Karen indulges in a fleeting fantasy. The romance of the old 20th Century Limited. Scenery out of Thomas Wolfe flickering by. And possibly even a quick, zipless encounter. Shades of Jung and Jong.*

# MAKING TRACKS

playmate karen hafter thinks air travel is for the birds. so when she made the move from new york to california, she kept a low profile









**L**IKE THOUSANDS of girls before her, Bronx-born Karen Hafter decided one summer day to cast her fate to the wind and go out to Hollywood. It was an impulsive decision at best. "Hollywood just seemed like such a strange, exciting place," says Karen. "A new frontier." She'd been working as a cook in a bar and grill in New Paltz, New York, to finance her college education, and the prospect of another term of dull classes and then hunting for a dismal nine-to-five job in Manhattan didn't exactly fill her with unrestrained rapture. So Karen packed up her troubles, plus a change or two of clothes, and caught the first train to Los Angeles. She would have taken a jet, except that she's terrified of flying—and, besides, trains are infinitely more romantic—they give a girl a chance to



*"There is something deeply romantic, even sensuous, about the idea of a train rushing through the night," Karen reflects. "In a way, it's the perfect place for a quick affair."*











*"A man's physical attractiveness used to be the most important thing, but now I'm more concerned with his emotional make-up. Not that I don't like attractive men—it's just not the most crucial aspect anymore."*



think, to dream, perchance even to fantasize. The journey lasted four days. "I felt a mixture of things during the trip," Karen reflects. "Excitement at the prospect of approaching a new life and emptiness because I was leaving home for the first time." Again like thousands of girls before her, Karen Hafter, upon arriving in Tinseltown, took a whirlwind tour of the place and, thereupon, decided that if a girl wants to be seen, Sunset Boulevard is the place to be. So, without much trouble, she landed a waitressing job at David's Potbelly, a restaurant on—you guessed it—Sunset Boulevard, where who should stroll in one day but Anne Randall (our May 1967 Playmate). "She was staring at me from the moment she walked in," says Karen. "Finally, she came over and asked me if I'd be interested in trying out for a PLAYBOY centerfold. If she'd been a man, I would have said no—for obvious reasons." The rest, as they say in showbiz, is history. Looking back, Karen seems a bit awe-struck by her own rapid success: "I never thought I'd be a Playmate, never in my wildest dreams," she says. "I was always a tall, scrawny kid. Everybody was wearing a bra before me. I didn't start to fill out until I was 16." Better late than never.













*The long journey is at an end, and now, 3000 miles of America separate Karen from what had been her home. But somehow, the sun, the beach, the palm trees, the glitter and the prospect of a new life offset those lingering feelings of emptiness.*







*"I like to think I've really gotten it together sexually," says Karen. "In the past, it was a major thing for me and I experimented a lot. But now I feel I've really settled down. I'm not a wild, wild woman anymore."*



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Telling her office co-workers about her month-long vacation, the girl said, "And one of the best things about it was that I finally got to play the female lead in an amateur theatrical production at the resort!"

"Was it a *one-act* play?" catted one of the other stenographers.

"Hell, no!" retorted the young thing. "I must have been laid by the social director half a dozen times before he gave me the part!"

According to a friend in New England, massage-parlor girls in Hartford are popularly referred to as Connecticut Yankers.



Pushing the seaman ahead of him into the captain's quarters, the bosun's mate announced, "Sir, when I came across this man in the hold, he was masturbating with both hands."

"That's terrible!" roared the captain. "Throw him into the brig and charge him with bigamy!"

Call the study of figures statistics  
And the study of language linguistics;  
But it's clear that one errs  
When one loosely avers  
That the study of balling's ballistics.

It was while they were savoring their cognacs after having dined admirably that Dr. Watson said, "You've been torpid of late, Holmes, and you must keep in practice. Tell me, what do you take to be the occupation of that good-looking, prosperous-looking chap over there, whom I happen to know—the one who is sharing a huge platter of giant prawns with that attractive, if somewhat flashy, young woman?"

"He's obviously in taxidermy," was the yawned reply.

"Capital, Holmes; that's right on the mark!" effused the good doctor. "But what was it led you to that incisive deduction?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson," answered the great detective. "The boulder is quite obviously stuffing the bird before he mounts her."

A man had just bought a new suit and was bragging to his wife that the trousers had a 12-inch zipper.

"So what?" chuckled the woman. "Junior opens the door of our three-car garage and all that comes out is his tricycle."

After sitting all night on a deserted road, the disabled car was towed to a service station. Its two handsome male occupants conferred briefly with the mechanic and then went off in search of food, leaving their perky little blonde companion in the waiting room. After a while, the mechanic came in to report. "Well, miss," he announced, "it seems you blew a couple of rods last night."

"Oh, gee," exclaimed the girl, "and they swore they'd never tell a soul!"

Our confectionery correspondent reports that those new edible candy pants are about to be distributed in a male version—with nuts, of course.

Three members of a weekly female bridge quartet were duly impressed when the fourth arrived wearing a gorgeous new mink coat.

"That's a lovely garment, Dottie," purred one woman. "It must have cost you a fortune!"

"But it didn't," said Dottie, "just a single piece of ass."

"You mean," continued the admirer of the coat, "one that you gave your husband?"

"No," smiled the coat wearer, "one that he got from the maid."

"Oh, my God!" groaned the premature ejaculator as his weakness betrayed him once again. "And my date isn't even until next week!"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pubic hair* as nature's dental floss.

Name the elements, Bobby," instructed the teacher.

"There's earth and there's air," began the boy, "and then fire . . . and—er—water . . . and—oh, yes—fucking."

The teacher gasped, then recovered herself. "That fifth thing you named—whatever made you include it?"

"I overheard my mom telling one of her friends," answered Bobby, "that when my pop gets to fucking, he's in his element."

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.





*"Naturally, we assumed we would be battling  
the New York Islanders. . . ."*





# SEX STARS OF 1976

*article* By ARTHUR KNIGHT who is Sylvester Stallone? Check back with us a year from now, if you don't already know the answer. (Or, if you can't wait, see his picture on page 189.) For just about the time that this issue of PLAYBOY hits the stands, Stallone's first starring film, *Rocky*, will be hitting the screens. And once that happens, there's no way for the husky, unhandsome, 30ish Stallone—Sly to his friends—not to become a major star; indeed, almost the *only* new sex star of 1976. He managed to buck successfully a system that has been all too efficient in keeping new stars from emerging.

Stallone made his movie debut—along with Perry King, Henry Winkler and Susan Blakely—in 1974's low-budgeted, independent production *The Lords of Flatbush*. In it, he played the not overly bright Stanley, a member of a Brooklyn high school gang, who thinks he has knocked up his scrawny girlfriend. She insists on a wedding. The film's prize scene is in a jewelry store, where the girlfriend, accompanied by *her* girlfriend, shames Stanley into buying a \$1600 ring he can ill afford.

*The Lords of Flatbush*, taken for distribution by Columbia, enjoyed a modest success and Stallone began to receive a number of equally modest offers—some television work and a minuscule (text continued on page 212)





WHEN THE BIG MONEY'S IN PACKAGING, NOT IN PERSONALITIES, ATTAINING STARDOM CAN BE A CHANCY PROPOSITION

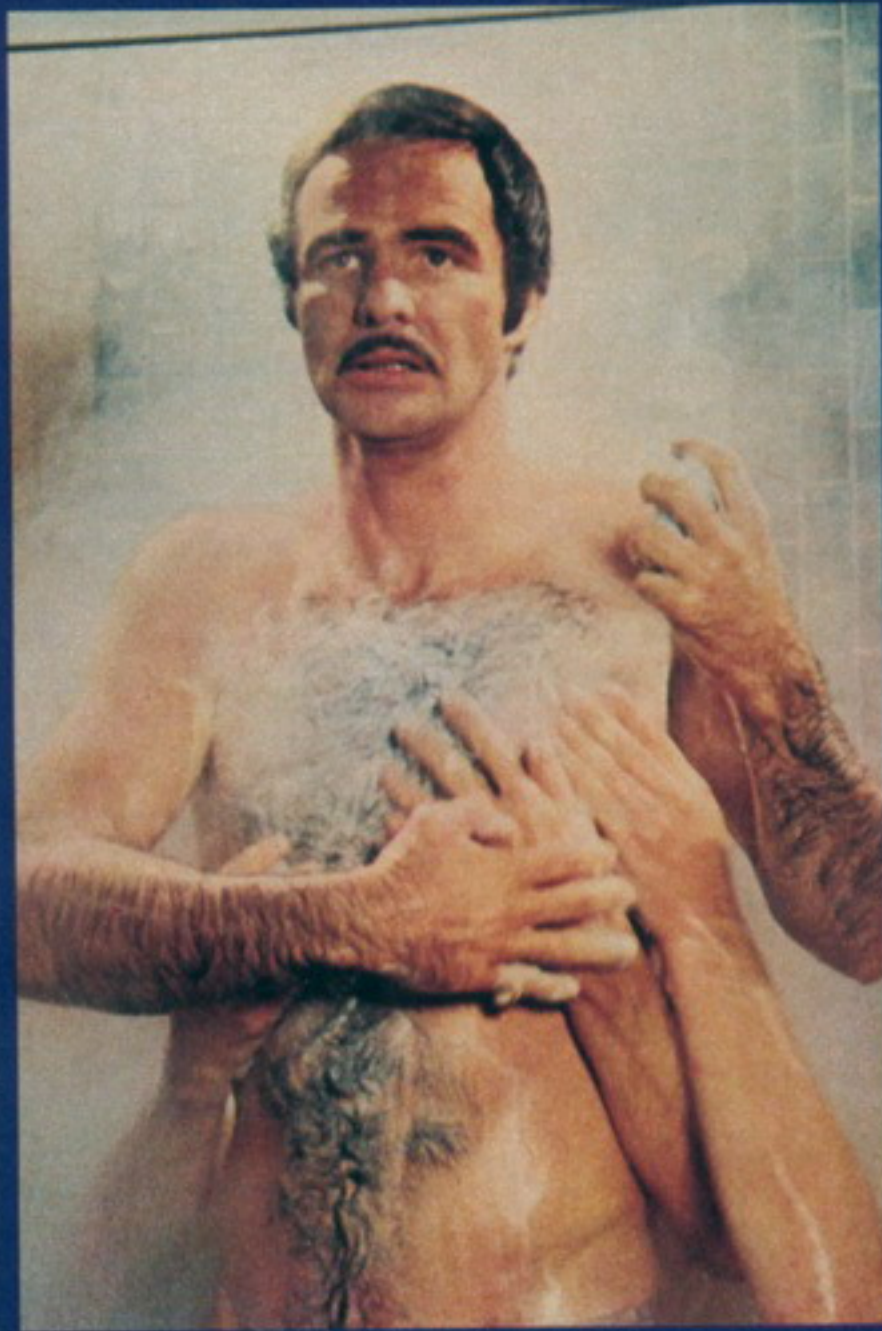
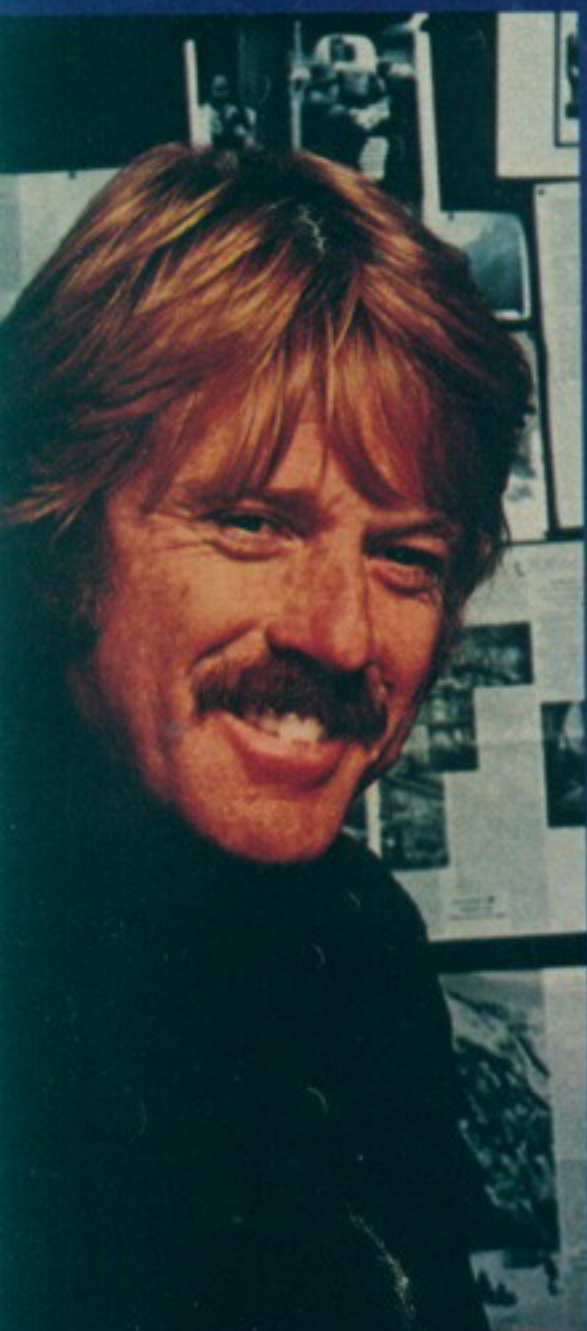
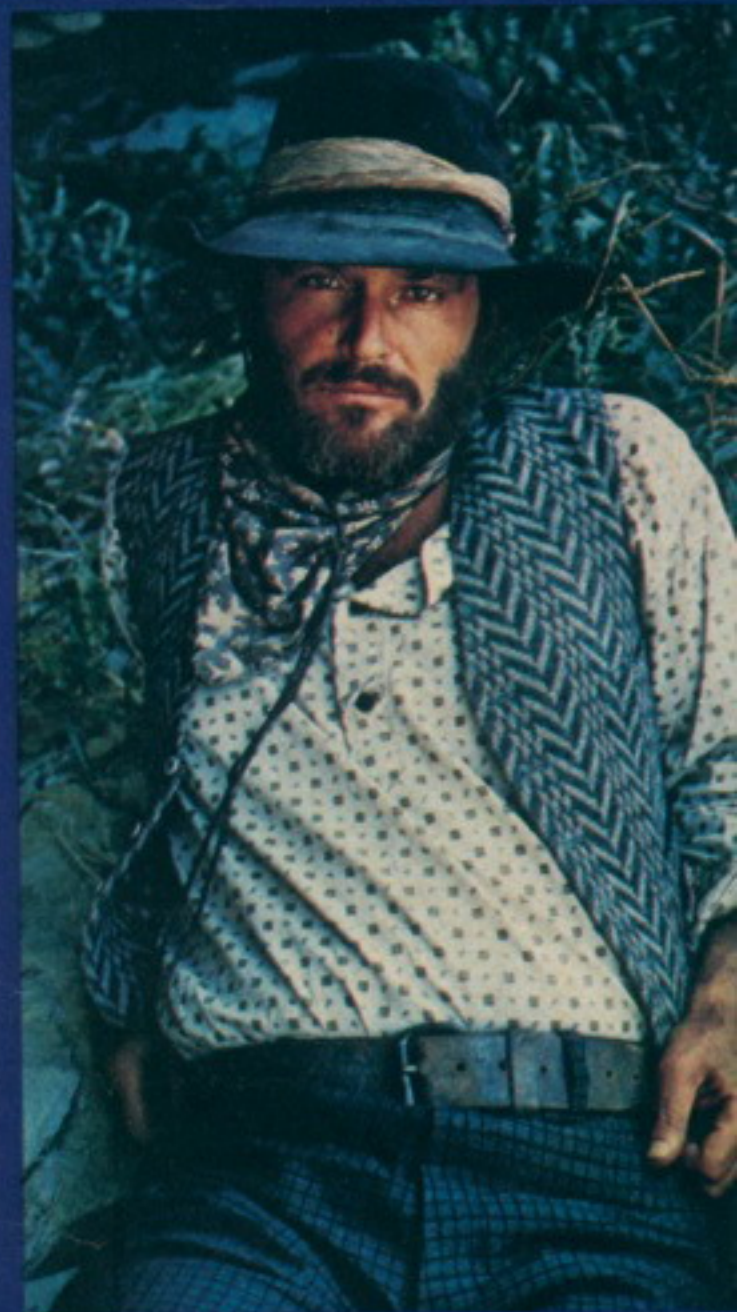
**SURPRISES:** Few would have predicted a year ago that these three would surface as ranking sex stars of 1976. But David Bowie (above), the switch-hitting, rock-idol subject of September's *Playboy Interview*, scored as the oddly androgynous Man Who Fell to Earth, while British actress Sarah Miles and American composer-singer-actor Kris Kristofferson (right) sizzled in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea*.



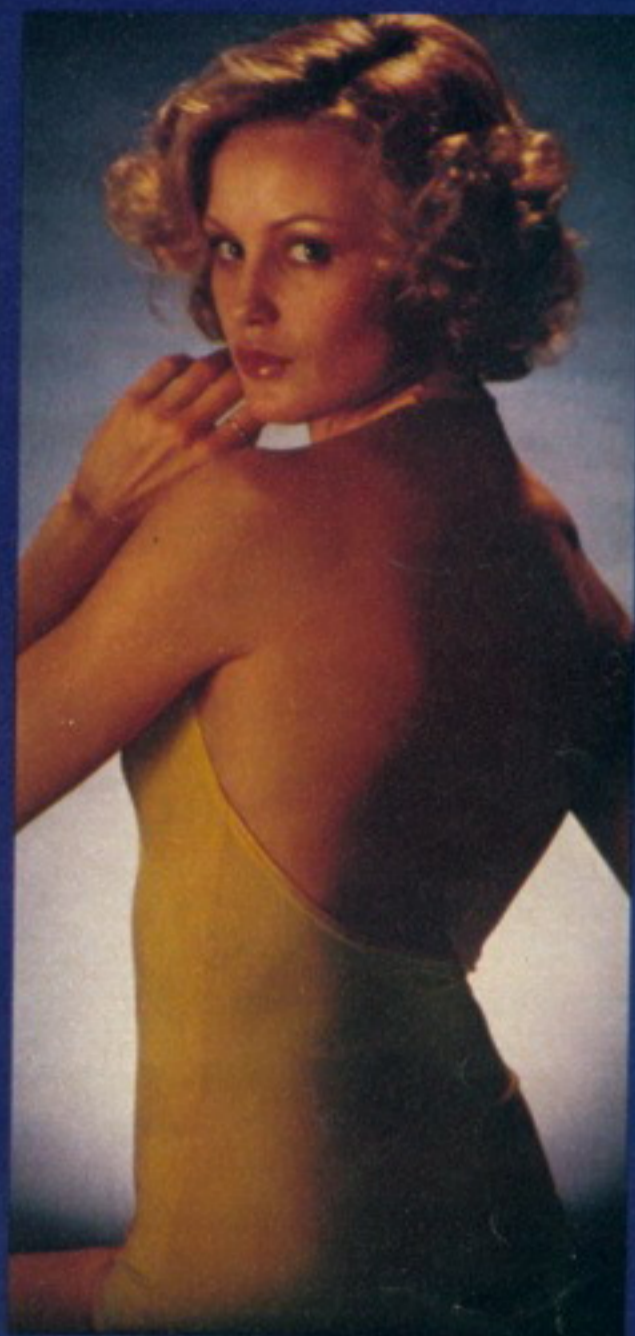




**MARKETABLE:** The nearest things the movie industry has to sure box-office bets: Clint Eastwood (left, in *The Outlaw Josey Wales*), coming soon in *The Enforcer*; Jack Nicholson (right, in *The Missouri Breaks*), who's now on view in *The Last Tycoon*; James Caan (below right), of *Harry and Walter Go to New York*, due next in the World War Two spectacle *A Bridge Too Far*; Burt Reynolds (below center, getting several helping hands in *Silent Movie*), who is following Gator with *Nickelodeon* and *Smokey and the Bandit*; and Robert Redford (below left), superstar of *All the President's Men*, who's also in *A Bridge Too Far*.



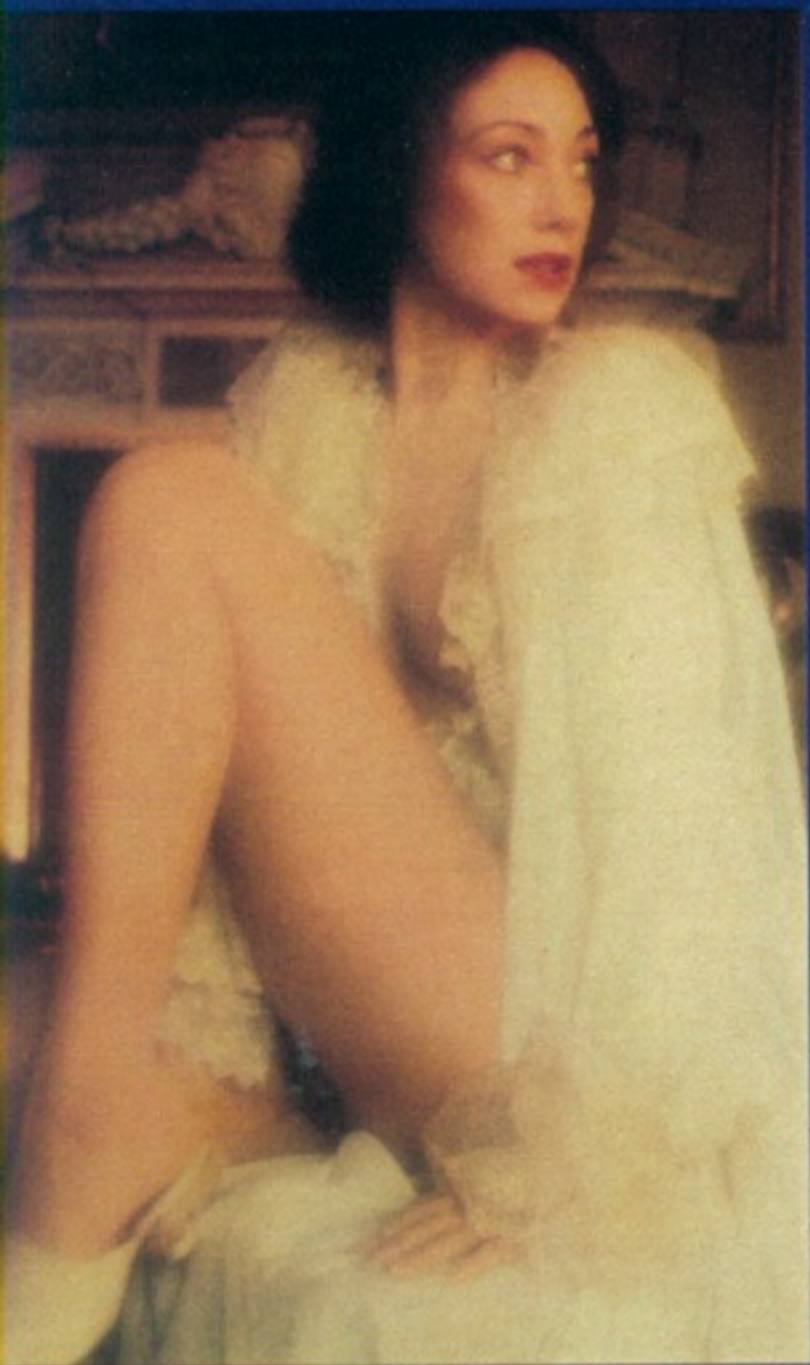




**NEW MODELS:** If they weren't making it as actresses, as they have been, these four could—and have—cut the mustard as models. Victoria Principal (above), last seen in *Vigilante Force* and *I Will, I Will... for Now*, won't anymore; she has retired to become an agent. But both still and movie cameramen clamor for Jessica Lange (top right), of *King Kong*; Margaux Hemingway (bottom right), of *Lipstick*; and ex-Playboy Bunny Lauren Hutton (below), of *Gator*, *Welcome to L.A.* and the upcoming *Viva Knievel!*, in which she appears with the redoubtable Evel.



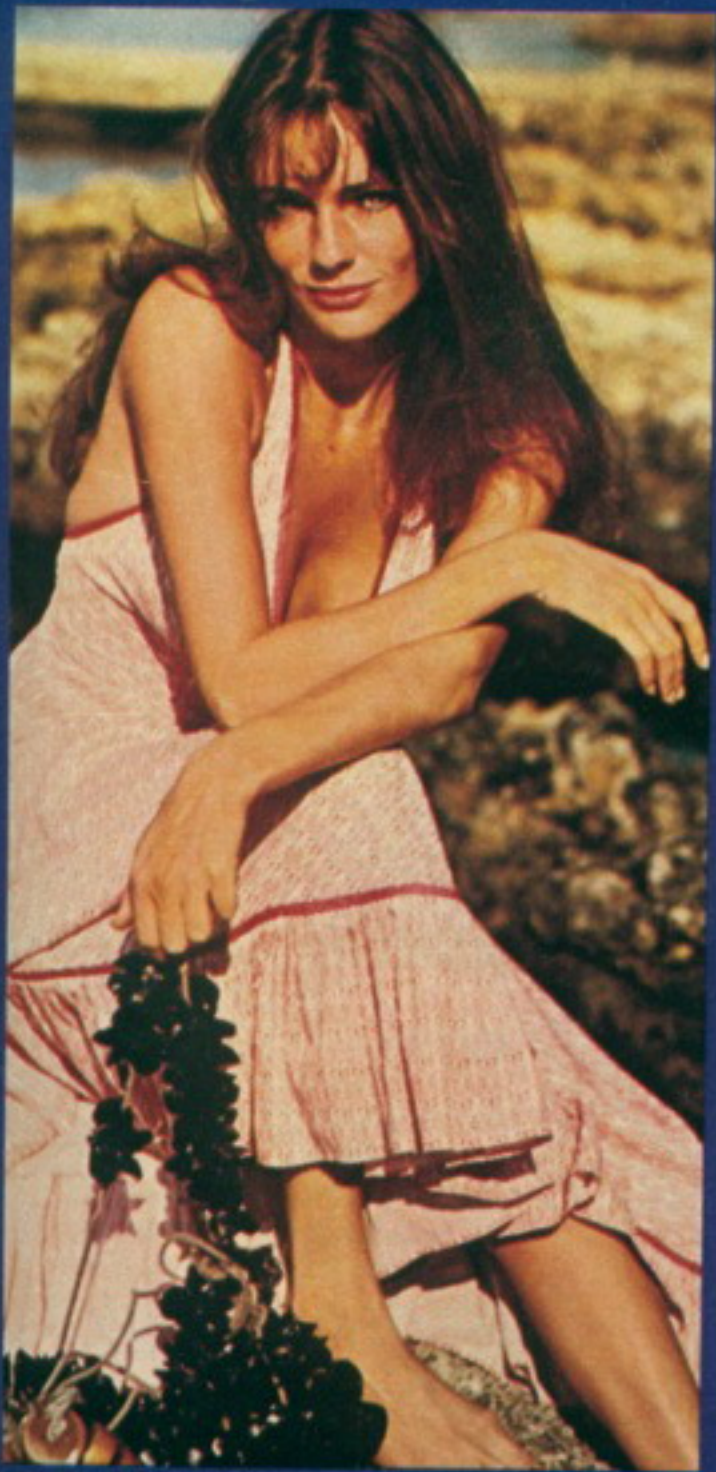




**PERIOD PIECES:** Costume dramas attracted many actors and actresses during the past twelvemonth. Chief among them was Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, a film realization of a Thackeray novel starring Marisa Berenson (above left) and Ryan O'Neal (with a bevy of brothel beauties, above right). Another classic—this one by Henry (Tom Jones) Fielding—will arrive onscreen soon. It's Tony Richardson's interpretation of *Joseph Andrews*, with Ann-Margret (right) in 18th Century décolletage. And the first pirate thriller in years, *Swashbuckler*, brought us French-Canadian actress Geneviève Bujold (menacing Beau Bridges, at left).







**BUSY BODIES:** Do these people ever relax? We saw Karen Black (right) in *Burnt Offerings*, *Crime and Passion* and *Family Plot* this year. Raquel Welch filmed *Mother, Jugs & Speed* and was cast in a *Prince and the Pauper* remake but made more news with her revue (below right). One night in Baltimore, Raquel's top fell down, revealing her spectacular superstructure. Alas, no photographer recorded the event. Robert De Niro (below left), compelling in Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver*, did 1900 for Bernardo Bertolucci, *The Last Tycoon* for Elia Kazan and a musical—*New York, New York*—again for Scorsese. Jacqueline Bisset (left) starred in *End of the Game*, *Le Magnifique*, *St. Ives*, *The Sunday Woman* and is due in *The Deep* and *The Greek Tycoon*.







**FOREIGN LEGION:** Faces (and figures) from afar continue to catch the moviegoing public's fancy. Clockwise from top left: Italy's Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato, who swept critics along with them in Lina Wertmuller's *Swept Away*... (Giannini also impressed in Wertmuller's *Seven Beauties* and in Dino Risi's *How Funny Can Sex Be?*, while Melato scored in Fernando Arrabal's *Guernica*); England's Charlotte Rampling, who showed up in *Foxtrot* and *Caravan to Vaccares* and is due this month in *Orca*; France's Dominique Sanda, who won the Best Actress prize at Cannes for *The Inheritance*, also stars in *1900* and *Damnation Alley*; the British-born Fiona Lewis, who deserves better material than 1975's *Lisztomania* and 1976's *Drum* and may get it in *Tintorera*; Viennese actress Romy Schneider, one of the leading stars of the French cinema, who was visible this year in *The Old Gun* and is now shooting *Mado*; and Isabelle Adjani, Oscar nominee for her role in *The Story of Adèle H.* (shown here in a scene from *The Tenant*), who has just finished *Barocco*.







**HARD & SOFT CORPS:** Cooling their acts are former porno stars Harry Reems and Marilyn Chambers (above) and French soft-core queen Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel (below). Both Reems and Chambers ran afoul of the law, he for appearing in *Deep Throat*, she for dancing nude at an L.A. theater while waiting to begin a non-X movie. Kristel, meanwhile, made two nonsexy films: *René la Canne* and *La Femme Fidèle*.

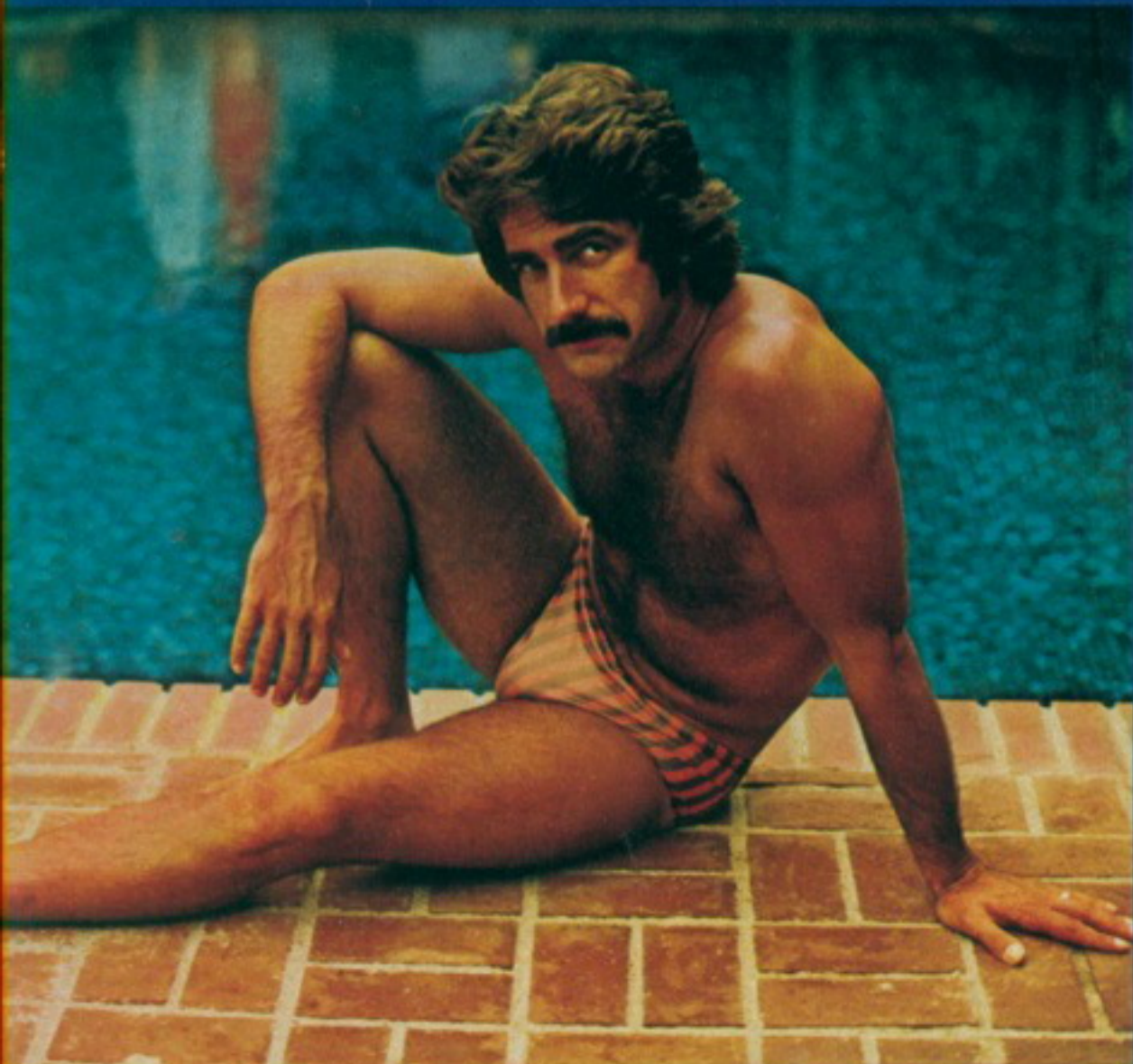




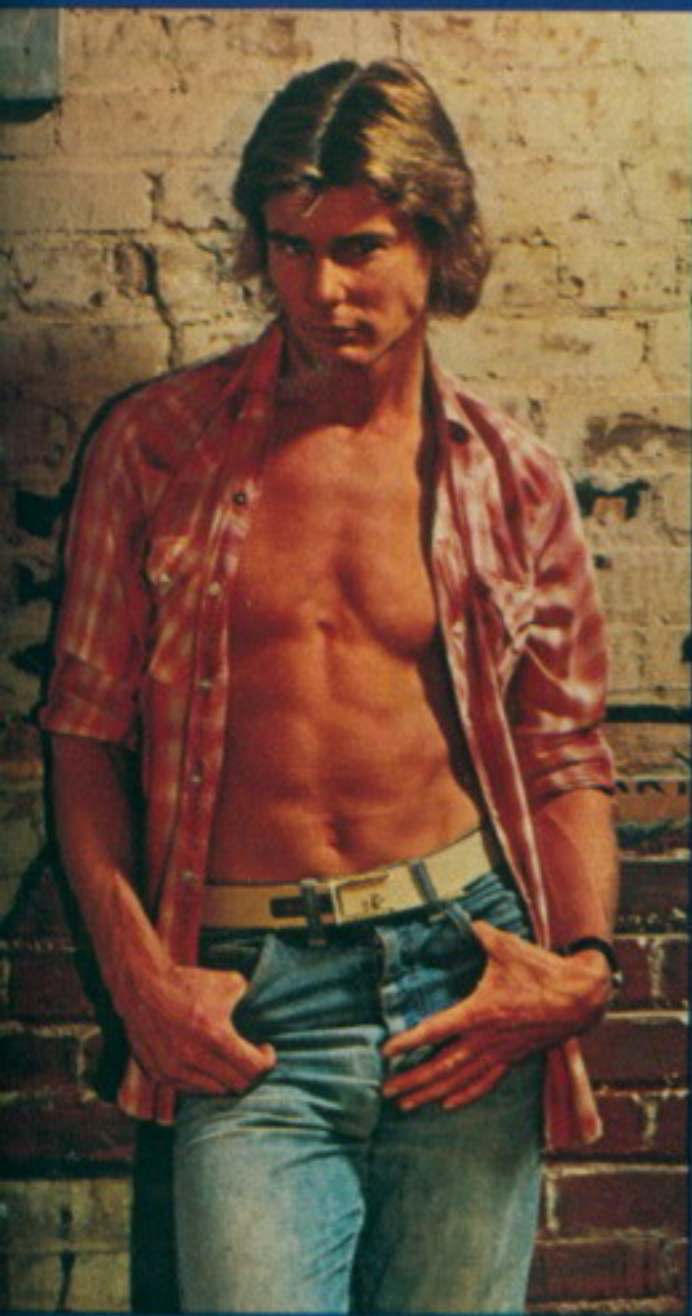


**DARING DUOS:** Runners-up to Miles and Kristofferson in the field of torrid twosomes might be Perry King and Stefania Cassini in *Andy Warhol's Bad* (left) and Pam Grier and Ken Norton in *Drum* (right). Pam's also starred in *Night of the High Tide* and the biography of auto racer Wendell Scott, but Ken has been busier meeting the formidable Muhammad Ali in the ring.

**TV OR NOT TV:** The transition from the picture tube to the big screen has been a smooth one for Sam Elliott (below left), star of *Lifeguard*, once a member of Fox's TV stable, who became a semiregular on *Mission: Impossible*, and Hee Haw's Misty Rowe (below right), who portrayed Marilyn Monroe in *Goodbye, Norma Jean*.







**YOUNG BLOOD:** Good things are expected from Barbara Carrera, a fetching ex-model unsettlingly cast as a monster in *Embryo* (right); Sylvester Stallone (below right), seen earlier in *The Lords of Flatbush* and *Cannonball* but tagged for sex stardom in *Rocky*, a prize-fight saga; singer Lonette McKee (below), who plays the foxy Sister in *Sparkle*, the tale of a trio much like the Supremes; former boy evangelist Marjoe Gortner (shown with his girlfriend, January 1975 Playmate Lynnda Kimball, below left), now a hot showbiz item with plum roles in *Bobbie Jo and the Outlaw*, H. G. Wells's *The Food of the Gods*, *Snowbird* and *Viva Knievel!*; and Jan-Michael Vincent (left), who was thoroughly exposed during 1976 in *Baby Blue Marine*, *Vigilante Force* and *Shadow of the Hawk* and shortly will appear with Dominique Sanda in *Damnation Alley*.







**IT'S ALL RELATIVE:** Good genes will tell, or so it seems when one looks at today's bumper crop of second-generation stars. Jayne Mansfield's daughter, Jayne Marie (above), has a role in *The Great Balloon Race*; Jean-Pierre Aumont's offspring Tina (below right) appears in *Fellini's Casanova* and *A Matter of Time*; and Taryn Power (below left), Tyrone's girl, plays opposite Dennis Hopper in *Tracks*.





**FOUR FROM PLAYBOY:** Making the leap from centerfold to silver screen are Lillian Müller, reigning Playmate of the Year (right), who's starred in two German films (*Rosemarie's Daughter* and *Women's Clinic*) as well as in *Casanova and Company*, being filmed in Italy with Tony Curtis, Britt Ekland and Ursula Andress; Miss June 1975, Azizi Johari (below), top-billed in *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie*; 1970 Playmate of the Year Claudia Jennings (below left), seen most recently in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* and *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase*; and 1971 Playmate of the Year Sharon Clark Weber (left), who made her movie debut in *Lifeguard*. Also appearing in recent releases were Playmates Laura Misch (in *The Great Balloon Race*), Connie Kreski (in *The Black Bird*) and Daina House (in *Crash*).





*"You can afford  
to go 'Ho, ho, ho';  
yours is a pillow!"*



*Vargas*

**THE VARGAS GIRL**



**YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS...**

*... and he's a dirty old man*



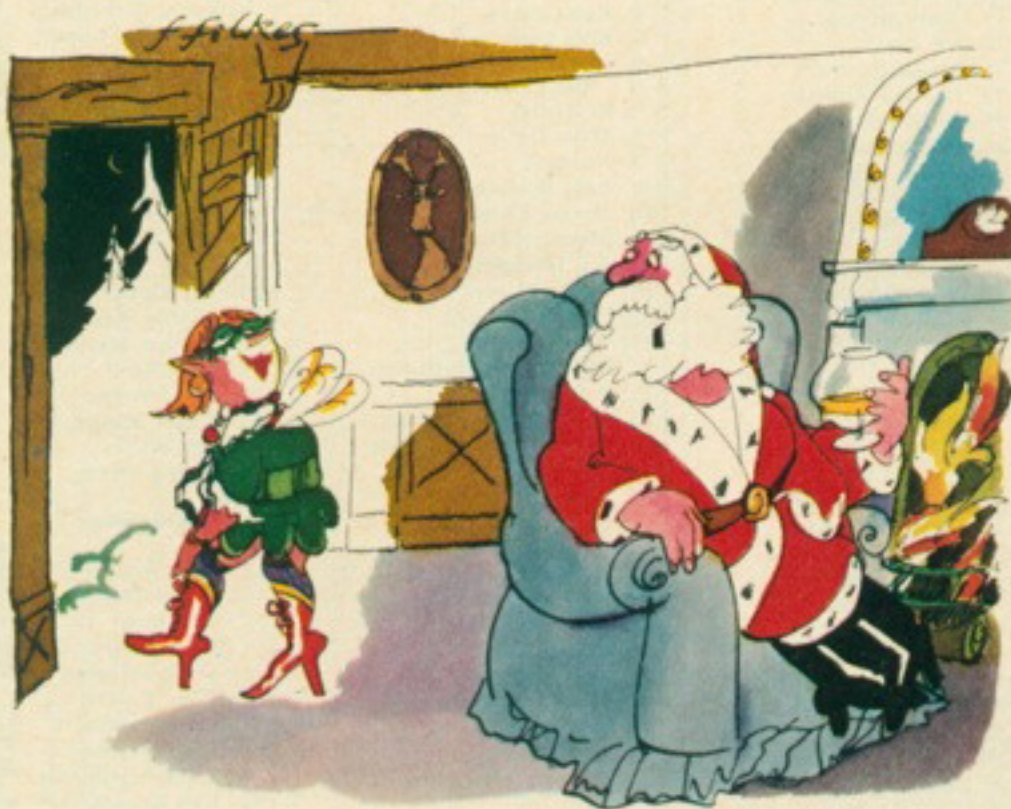
*Buck Brown*

*"Ho, ho, ho! Wanna see the North Pole?"*



*Decline*

*"Remember, it's a busy night for me—you can't expect a lot of foreplay."*



*J. Folkes*

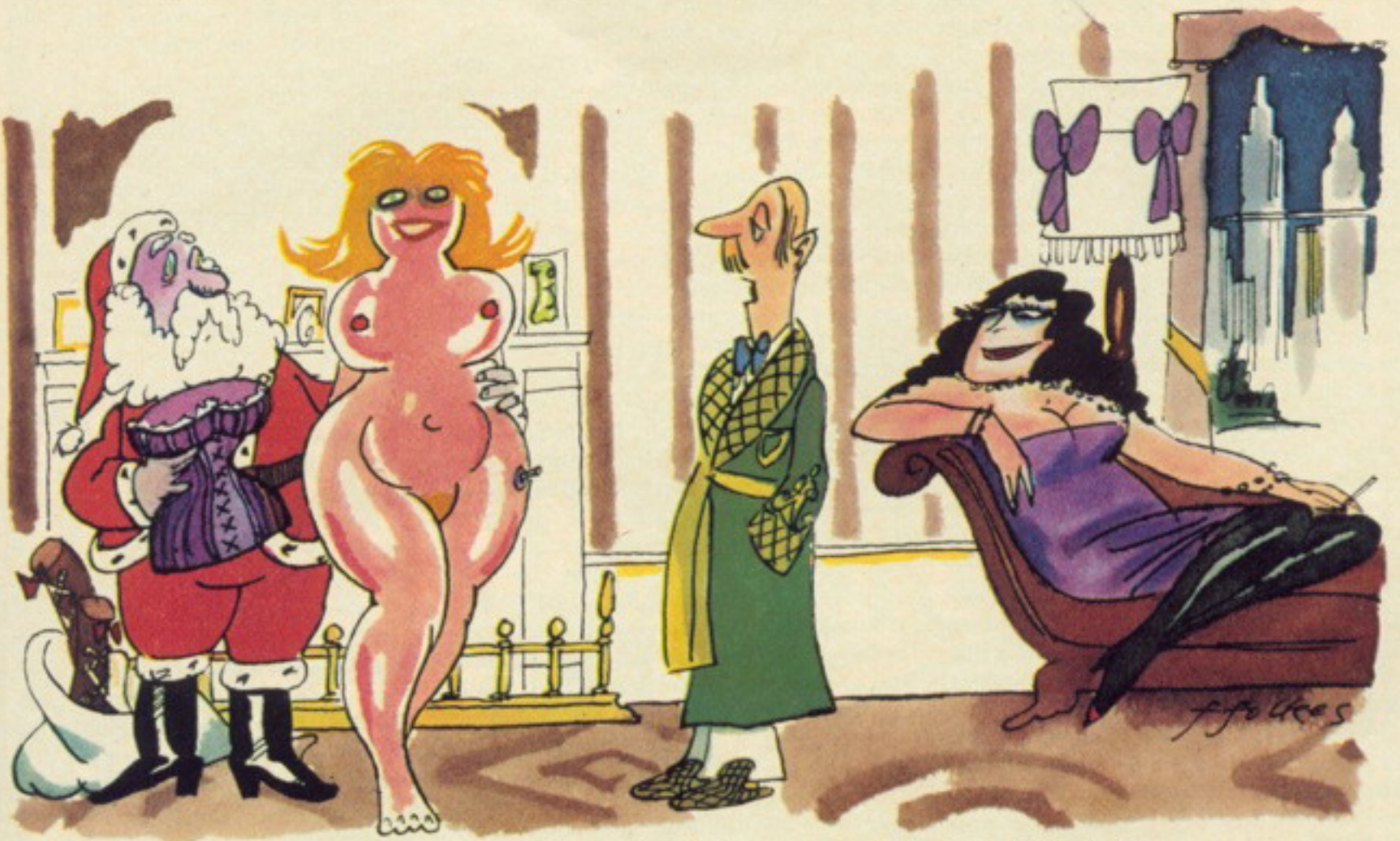
*"Jonathan, aren't we perhaps a shade too elfin tonight?"*



*Estrope*

*"Golly, here's a really cute one! It says, 'Dear Santa...'"*





*"No, that's for my wife. Mine is the corset and the lace-up boots."*



*"There goes another cherished childhood illusion!"*



*"Now, Dancer, now, Prancer, on,  
Cupid and Comet!"*





# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

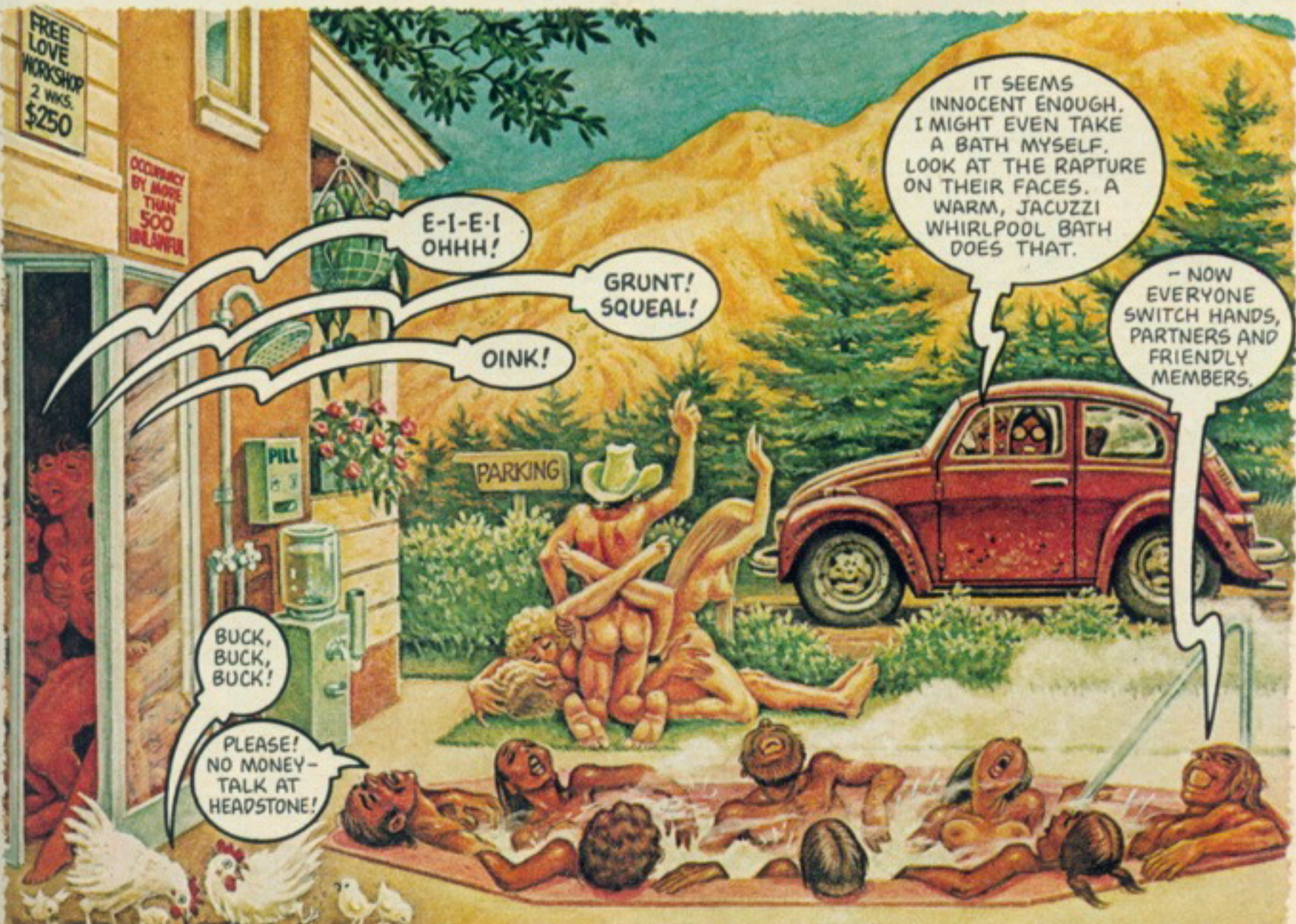
**P**ORTNOY, IN SEARCH OF MATERIAL FOR HIS NEXT BOOK, TREATS ANNIE AND WANDA TO A WEEKEND AT HEADSTONE, THE MUCH-TALKED-ABOUT RETREAT OUTSIDE LOS ANGELES. HEADSTONE, WHERE THE VENTURESOME GO TO LEARN A NEW, OPEN LIFESTYLE, WHERE MEDITATION AND HEALTH FOOD IS THE ORDER OF THE DAY AND WHERE DOPE AND WHISKEY AND OTHER SINFUL THINGS ARE STRICTLY FORBIDDEN—ESPECIALLY DURING THE ORGIES.



MORE NUDITY! WHAT ARE YOU GETTING ME INTO THIS TIME, WANDA? JUST BECAUSE PORTNOY IS PAYING FOR OUR WEEK-END —

ANNIE, BABY:— HEADSTONE HAS A FANTASTIC REPUTATION FOR TURNING YOUR HEAD AROUND AND MAKING YOU INTO A BEAUTIFUL NEW HUMAN BEING, AND LOOK AT WHAT A BEAUTIFUL RETREAT IT IS, SECLUDED AND PEACEFUL, FRIENDLY MEMBERS RELAXING IN THE WHIRLPOOL BATH, SOUNDS OF BARNYARD ANIMALS, LIKE OLD MACDONALD'S FARM —

WHUFF!  
GRUNT!  
SQUEAL!



IT SEEMS INNOCENT ENOUGH. I MIGHT EVEN TAKE A BATH MYSELF. LOOK AT THE RAPTURE ON THEIR FACES. A WARM, JACUZZI WHIRLPOOL BATH DOES THAT.

— NOW EVERYONE SWITCH HANDS, PARTNERS AND FRIENDLY MEMBERS.

E-I-E-I  
OHhh!

GRUNT!  
SQUEAL!

OINK!

BUCK,  
BUCK,  
BUCK!

PLEASE!  
NO MONEY—  
TALK AT  
HEADSTONE!

FREE  
LOVE  
WORKSHOP  
2 WKS  
\$250

OCCUPANCY  
BY MORE  
THAN  
500  
UNLAWFUL

PARKING

PILL





I UNDERSTAND THAT NUDITY IS OPTIONAL HERE. ALSO, IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO LEAVE ALL OUR STUFF IN THE CAR.

ANNIE!

WHOOOPS! I LOCKED THE CHICKEN FAT IN THE CAR AND I CAN'T FIND MY KEY.

DID YOU SEARCH YOUR POCKETS?

POCKETS? WHO'S GOT POCKETS?



ANNIE, BABES!

PORTNOY, PLEASE! I'M NOT EXACTLY ALONE WITH YOU!

UMM!

KISS!

MWAH!

KISS!



AH, YES! WANDA! WANDA, BABES! I DIDN'T MEAN TO IGNORE YOU!

PORTNOY!

MWAH!

MWAH!

KISS!



AH, YOU'RE SHOCKED. I KEEP FORGETTING HOW IT IS IN THE OUTSIDE WORLD. AT HEADSTONE, WE'RE VERY NATURAL. WE DON'T GET UPTIGHT AT OPEN HUGGING AND KISSING AND AFFECTION, AND MAINLY, THERE'S NO JEALOUSY. YOU'RE ONLY JEALOUS IF YOU FEEL THREATENED. HERE, THERE'S A SPIRIT OF SHARING, AND NOBODY IS THREATENED.

HI, PORTNOY.

HEADSTONE



SUE! ZELDA! HI, BABES!

MWAH!

UMM!

SEE HOW IT IS HERE? WE'RE NOT AFRAID TO LET OUR EMOTIONS HANG OUT.

YOU BETCHUM, PORTNOY!

HI, EVERYBODY.

MEET ANNIE AND WANDA.



THIS MUST BE ANNIE AND WANDA. I'M MEL. WELCOME TO HEADSTONE. LET ME SHOW YOU AROUND.

KISS!

KISS!

KISS!

MWAH!





PORTNOY'S BEEN TELLING US ABOUT THE SPIRIT OF SHARING AND AFFECTION. IT SURE SOUNDS COOL.

WE HAVE SEMINARS ON SENSUALITY AND BIOENERGETICS.

IN THERE, WE'RE HAVING A GROUP GRUNT.

JEEPERS!

GRUNT! OMIGOD! AARGH! -HI THERE.

IT'S A--  
-OY VAY--  
-PLEASURE TO--  
-WOWEE--  
-MEET YOU!

SOMEBODY PLEASE PASS THE MITCHUM.



LET'S GO TO THE MEADOW, ANNIE. WE'LL DISCUSS SELF-ACTUALIZATION THROUGH ROLFING.

BUT SHE HASN'T HAD GROUP GRUNT YET!

I INVITED ANNIE HERE AND I'M TAKING HER ROLFING!



LEAPIN' LIZARDS! I THOUGHT NOBODY GETS UPTIGHT AT HEADSTONE!

PORTNOY! WHERE'S YOUR SPIRIT OF SHARING?

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SHARE A FAST PUNCH IN THE FACE WITH MY FIST!!

TONIGHT  
BIG TUPPERWARE PARTY

HEY, LOOK WHAT YOU DID!

OINK!

FIRE

YOU SPOILED THE WORKSHOP!

YOU UNRAVELED THE WHOLE ORGY!

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINING AGAIN.

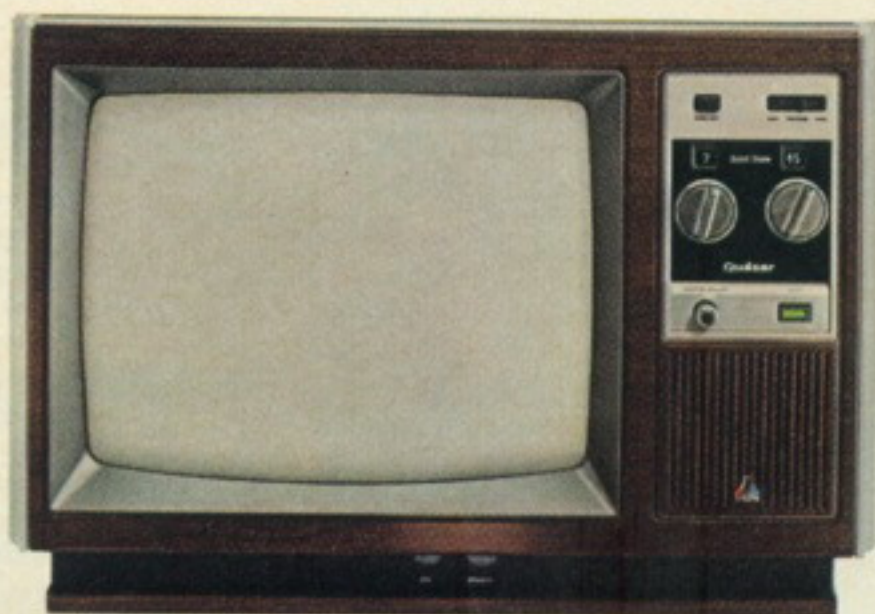
IS THIS S/M OR CRACK THE WHIP, OR WHAT?

I THINK IT'S OUR BOBSLED TEAM.

TO BE CONTINUED.



**There are two ways to buy your next TV. Trust the facts. Or trust your luck.**



When it comes to buying a color TV, the last thing to trust is your luck. Which is why it pays to depend on Quasar.

**We challenge any other TV maker to make this statement.**

In the first 8 months, our records show that during the warranty period, 97% of the new Quasar® 13" and 15" diagonal sets with the Service Miser™ Chassis, required no repairs. And we challenge any other television maker to match that.

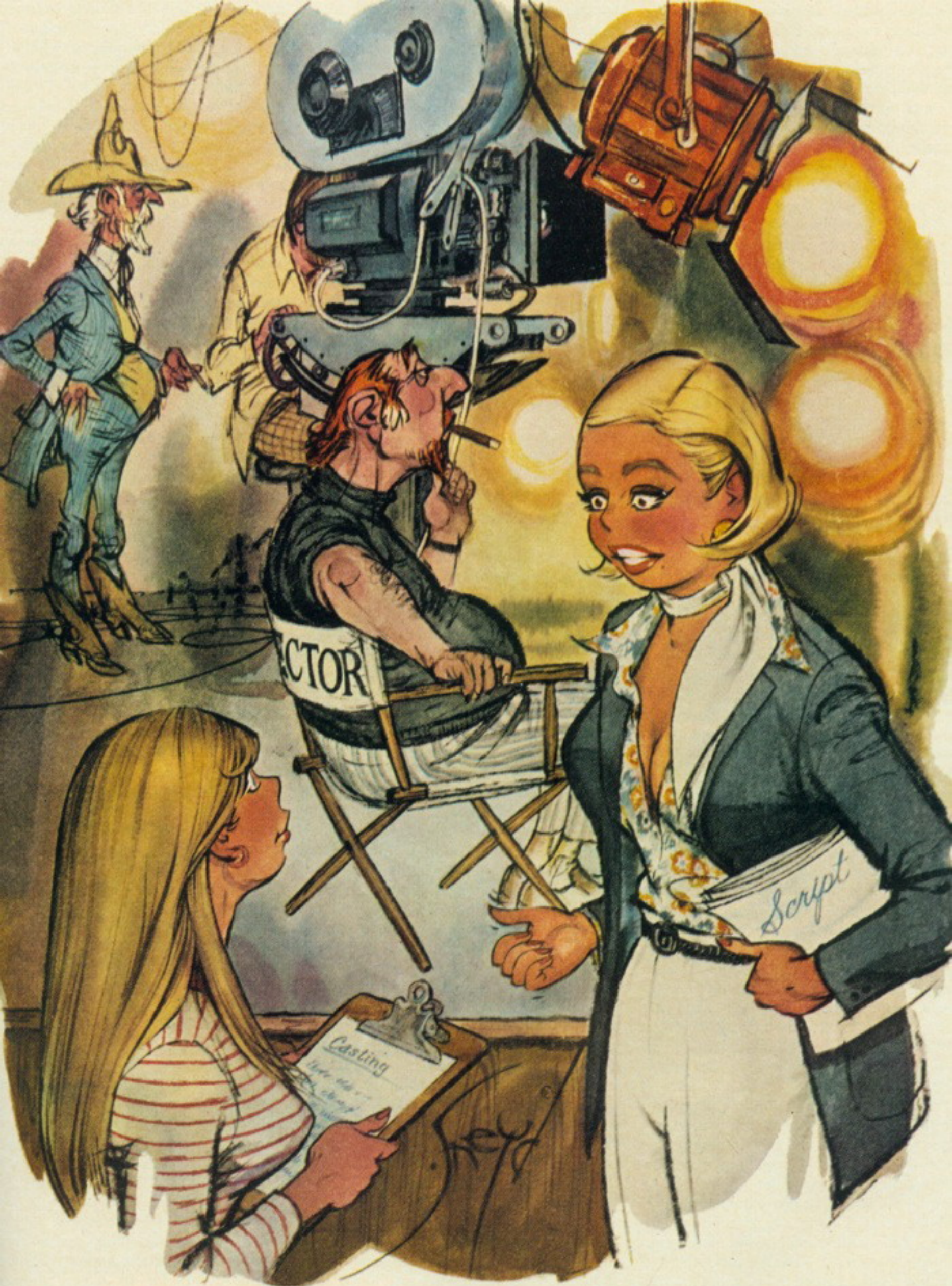
Ask your Quasar dealer for his facts. Then ask him to show you a Quasar.

That way, when you buy your next TV, you'll finally have a choice. You can trust the facts. Or trust your luck.

*you can depend on*  
**Quasar**

Quasar Electronics Company 9401 W. Grand Ave., Franklin Park, IL 60131





*"He offered me a big, juicy part once—but it wasn't in a movie."*



satire By ROBERT CAROLA

# WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

HERON

ILLITERIT

UPSTAIRS

A  
CHAMP:GNE

HOWITZER

GRAFFITI

QUARANTIN

E

GULLIVER

EXP\*RG\*TED

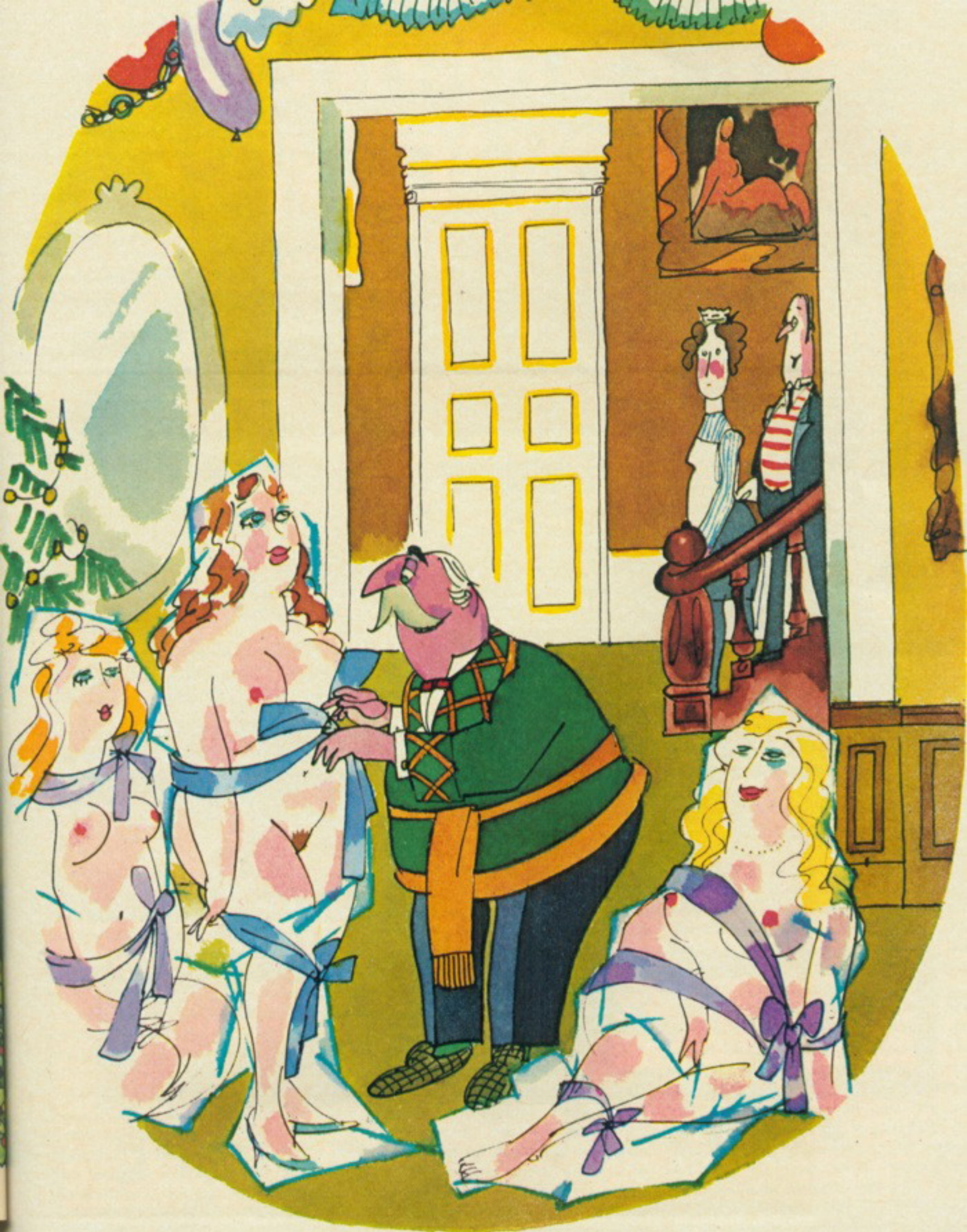
COMMB





*“Of course it’s pot . . . how else do you expect reindeer to fly?”*





*"J.B.'s just a child at heart. All he really enjoys is unwrapping the gifts."*



# What you don't hear is as impressive as what you do.

Up to now the most you could expect from a medium-priced cassette deck was rather medium performance. But now there's the RS-630US. The medium-priced cassette deck with high-priced performance.

We started by going to work on the sounds you don't want to hear with any cassette deck. When we finished, we ended up with virtually inaudible wow and flutter (0.09% WRMS). Negligible distortion. Transistorized switching that reduces signal loss. And a S/N ratio where there's practically no room for noise (-63dB with Dolby\* and CrO<sub>2</sub> tape).

That's what you won't hear. What you will hear is a frequency response of 30Hz to 16kHz (CrO<sub>2</sub> tape). That means cymbals, brass and strings will sound crisp, smooth and natural. The reasons: A super alloy tape head formed under intense heat and pressure. As well as high-grade premium transistors.

You can also forget tape hiss. Because we use a two-stage direct-coupled equalizer as well as Dolby.\* So that soft musical passages will remain quiet.

The RS-630US also has highly accurate peak-check meters that let you set the recording levels without the fear of overload distortion. So you get highly accurate recordings. With excellent dynamic range.

There are also dual output level controls. A CrO<sub>2</sub> tape selector switch. A lockable pause control. And Auto-Stop at the end of the tape in both record and playback modes.

So if you've been looking for a cassette deck with outstanding performance, audition the RS-630US. It only sounds expensive.

\*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.  
Cabinetry is simulated wood.

## Technics

by Panasonic





# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



## TUBE JOB!

The owners of such home video-tape machines as the Sony Betamax now have an additional treat in store for them. A firm called Home Cinema Service (119 Ann Street, Hartford, Connecticut) is offering a mixed bag of Russ Meyer and Radley Metzger color classics—including *Vixen* (above), *Cherry*, *Harry & Raquel*, *Her*, *She and Him*, *The Lickerish Quartet*, *The Libertine* and a kinky black-and-white diversion, *Faster Pussycat, Kill, Kill*—priced at just \$299.95 each. So that's why they call it the boob tube!



## A DOG'S LIFE

Is your dog a grouch? Overattached? A sex maniac? Does it attack old folks? Snarl at minority groups? Interrupt your lovemaking? Dr. Michael Fox (yes, *the* Michael Fox, who's regularly on *The Tonight Show*) has all the answers to your canine's hang-ups in the form of a \$5.95 LP record titled *Dogtalk* that's available from Life-Lite Concepts, P. O. Box 2070, Teaneck, New Jersey. Subjects covered include smells, emotional language, discipline and personality problems. Woof!

## BREWHAHA IN THE MAKING

Now that everybody's into serious beer-can collecting, two suds-loving artists in Brooklyn, Wisconsin, Jerry Cratsenberg and Robert Cavey, have come up with a crazy, 31-page minibook called the *Official Collector's Manual to Flatcans*. In it, you'll find such shapes as the Oooh-La-La and the Old Pucker—plus ridiculous mounting instructions. It's yours for just \$2.49 sent to the Tin Man Studios, Box 237, Brooklyn 53521. Step on it!

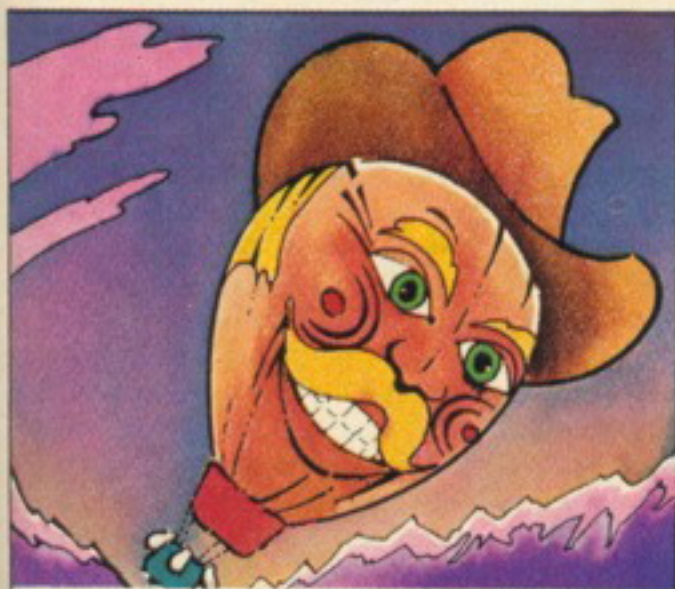


## ON GUARD!

The liquor industry loves to produce good-looking mementos to remember its products by—whiskey ashtrays, Pilsner glasses and now, for all you well-heeled tipplers who think you have everything, your very own five-foot-tall, 25-pound Galliano Carabinieri that's available for \$225 sent to Gold Standard Premiums, P. O. Box 14756, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. If that's a bit too dear, the same outfit also offers a 22-inch-high ceramic Carabinieri lamp for \$20, a colorful seven-foot-diameter three-ply vinyl Carabinieri café umbrella for \$31.95 (with four-inch fringe, no less) and a chef's apron in the official Italian colors emblazoned with eight prize-winning Galliano recipes for \$3.95. It's enough to drive you to drink.







### FULL OF HOT AIR

Almost 200 years ago, the Montgolfier brothers escaped terra firma in their hot-air balloon; today, you can do the same—if you've got the guts—by signing up for a stay at The Balloon Ranch, America's only ballooning resort, located in San Luis Valley, Star Route 41, Del Norte, Colorado. Accommodation prices vary, depending on the length of your stay—not including the time you spend in the sky. And for all you chickens, there's also rafting, horses and bikes.



### THE ICEMAN COMETH

Some masochists love to be flogged; others—if they belong to a qualified scuba club—can enter the annual Ice Floe Race that's to be held this March 19 and 20 on the Otonabee River near Peterborough, Ontario. What happens is this: Scuba teams garbed in wet suits and accessories attempt to paddle or push a 15' x 20' ice chunk two miles downstream to an awaiting bonfire. (The Kawartha Tourist Association, P. O. Box 802, Peterborough, has the details.) We'll be on shore—standing guard over the hot buttered rum.

### T, AS IN TAIL

Nevada, as everybody knows, has pockets of legalized prostitution where a guy can relax and enjoy some very tender, loving care. The next best thing to visiting one of these establishments, of course, is to sport a bit of memorabilia; Beverly Harrell's famed Cottontail Ranch in Goldfield, for example, peddles quite a number of nifty items—besides the obvious. Bev's T-shirts, in light blue, yellow, azalea and beige (include your size), go for \$11.95, post-paid, sent to Harrell's Las Vegas mail-order address at Suite B, 5300 Paradise Road 89119. So get one on!



### ALL SHOOK UP

Fraidy cats of the world, grab this: A guy named Richard Owens, who runs Owens & Company at 150 Green Street, San Francisco, California 94111, is marketing a hand-cast solid-brass Bicentennial (there's a word we can do without) San Francisco Earthquake Handle measuring 10" x 4" x 2" that comes inscribed with the succinct advice, HOLD UNTIL QUAKE STOPS. If you don't have a door that's worthy of it, the handle can also be used as a conversation piece, paperweight, doorstop, mini-bar bell or lethal weapon. At \$45, including shipping, ours will be kept safely locked up *inside* the house.



### ANNIE'S OLD MAN

As all PLAYBOY readers know, Harvey Kurtzman is the mild-mannered genius (he loves to be called a genius) who's responsible for our own *Little Annie Fanny*, plus a whole slew of other creations. If you'd like to see for yourself, Glenn Bray, P. O. Box 4482, Sylmar, California 91342, is offering for \$4.95 *The Illustrated Harvey Kurtzman Index*, 120 pages of rare and unpublished art on the great man himself. And if that's not enough, Krupp Comic Works (P. O. Box 7, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968) has just reissued for a buck some vintage Kurtzman in comic-book form. Harv, you sell out cheap.







*"Is that how you get off, Marian? Making it with the Sunday Times crossword puzzle?"*





Smilby

*"Not a creature was stirring...."*

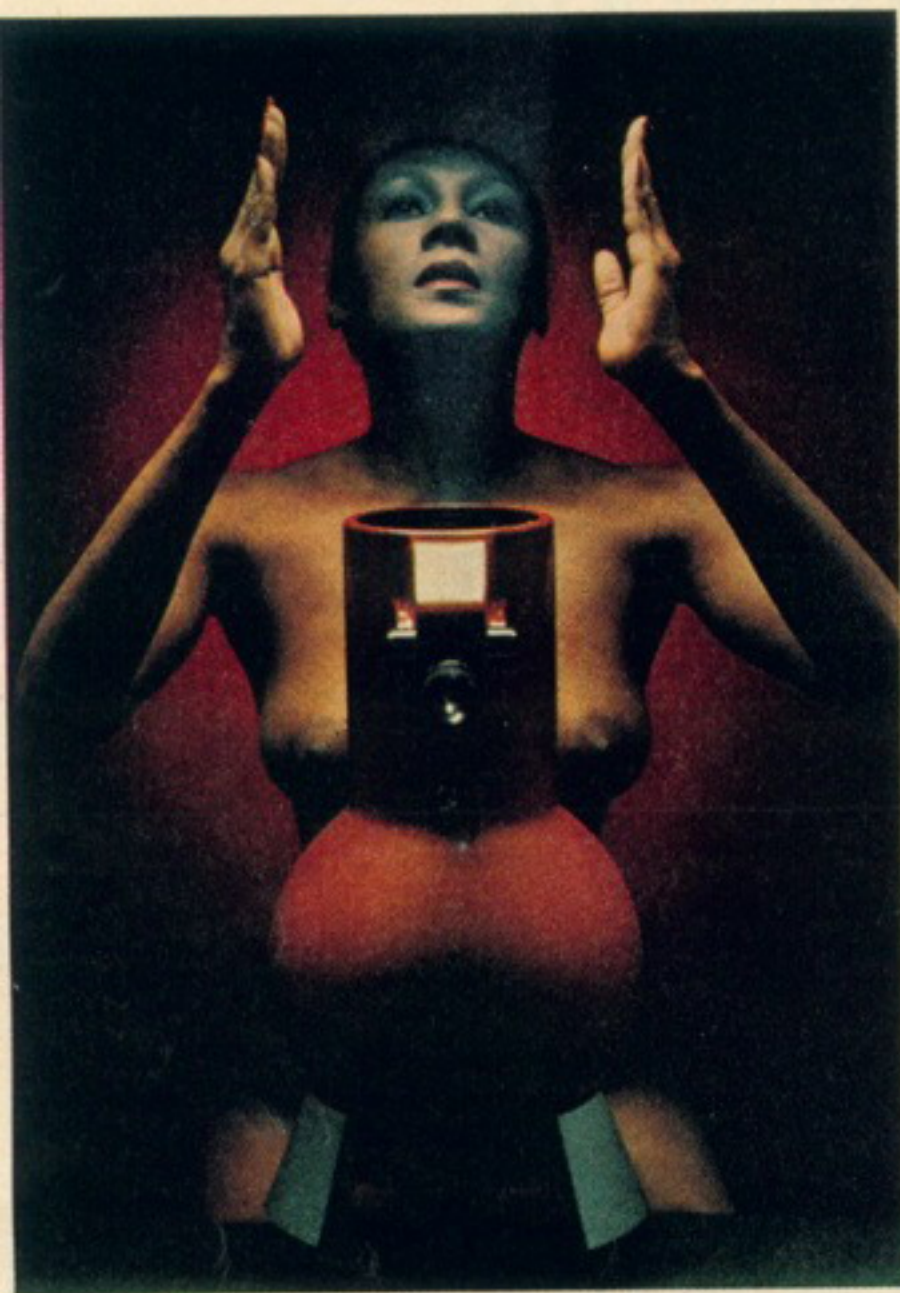




JOHN  
Dempsey

*'We're going to exchange our presents out here, Miss Worthington.'*





## Track Time

Below: The Cavallino desk clock, by Heuer, is a battery-operated timepiece housed in a helmet case that's a replica of those worn by world-champion drivers. Four models are available—one carries the name of Formula 1 world racing champion Niki Lauda—and there are Clay Regazzoni and Jackie Ickx models, plus an untitled one with sleek chrome trim, \$49.95, including a one-year guarantee.



## Presto! Change-o!

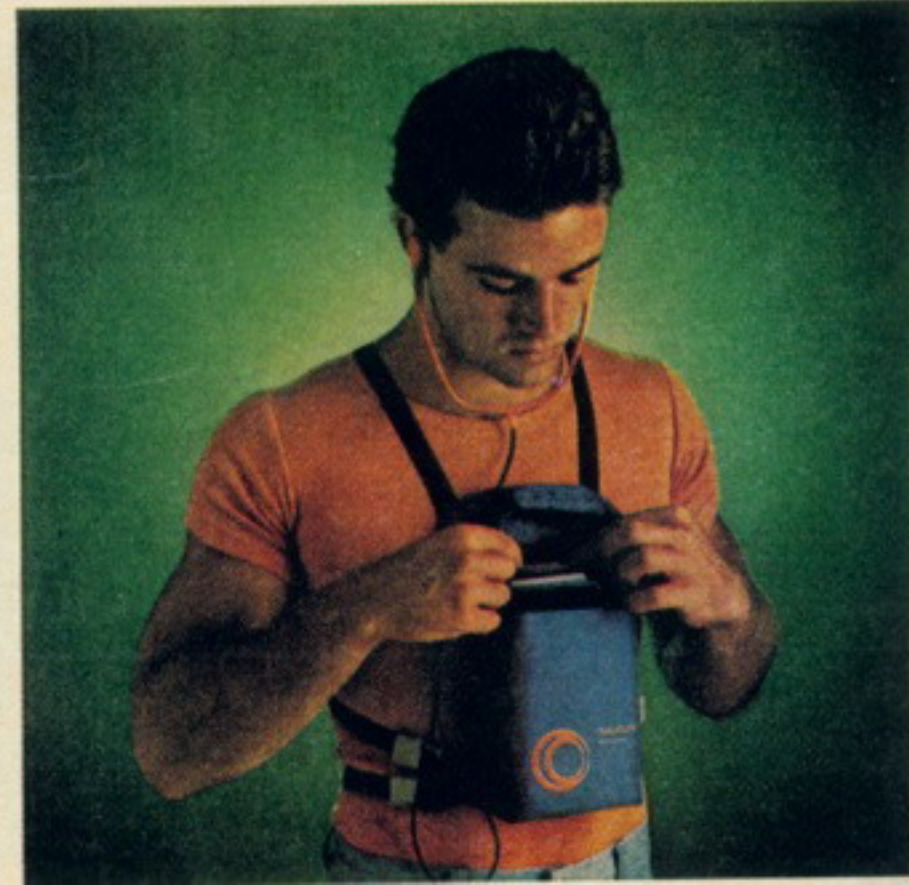
Above: The Accutrac 4000 automatic direct-drive turntable, by Audio Dynamics, is a wondrous machine that features electronic track selection and a computerized memory bank. You operate the Accutrac 4000 from your easy chair, selecting track after track as the mood strikes you via a cordless transmitter or utilizing the 24-selection memory bank. The price: \$499.95, including dust cover.

## Here's Looking at You

Left: A 4¼" Newtonian portable field reflector telescope of high-impact plastic that weighs only ten pounds and measures 17" high, features a breakthrough in telescopic design that enables the sky watcher to see more stars in a single view than with most other models—and it can be used on your lap, mounted to a tripod, set on the hood of an automobile, etc., by Edmund Scientific, \$149.95.

## Music on the Move

Below: For sportsmen seeking music wherever they go, there's Stereopack, a portable three-and-one-half-pound cassette player housed in a padded-nylon pack that straps snugly to a skier, hiker or cyclist's chest, thus ensuring easy accessibility to the controls, maximum comfort, freedom of movement and balance control. (The unit's 9" x 5½" x 2¾".) By Astraltune, \$185, with earphones.





VERNON L. SMITH



## Whoosh!

Ah, youth! The lad pictured here is **Jeff Tornberg**, a 24-year-old boy wonder who skyrocketed from carpenter to West Coast president and executive vice-president of the Robert Stigwood Organization (the company that brought you *Tommy*) in what seemed like minutes.

Now Tornberg is the head of his own entertainment packaging company—Jeff Tornberg Associates in Manhattan—and his latest project included raising \$1,500,000 for the production of Andy Warhol's forthcoming flick *Bad*, the story of a Queens housewife (Carroll Baker) who runs an electrolysis business as a front for a ring of hit girls.

And how do showbiz biggies react to Tornberg's one-man youthquake? "The old-timers—the ones with 30 or 40 years in the business—are terrific," he comments. "They want to let somebody else know what they've learned. That's why we're not back in vaudeville. It's the 28-year-old vice-presidents who throw up roadblocks."

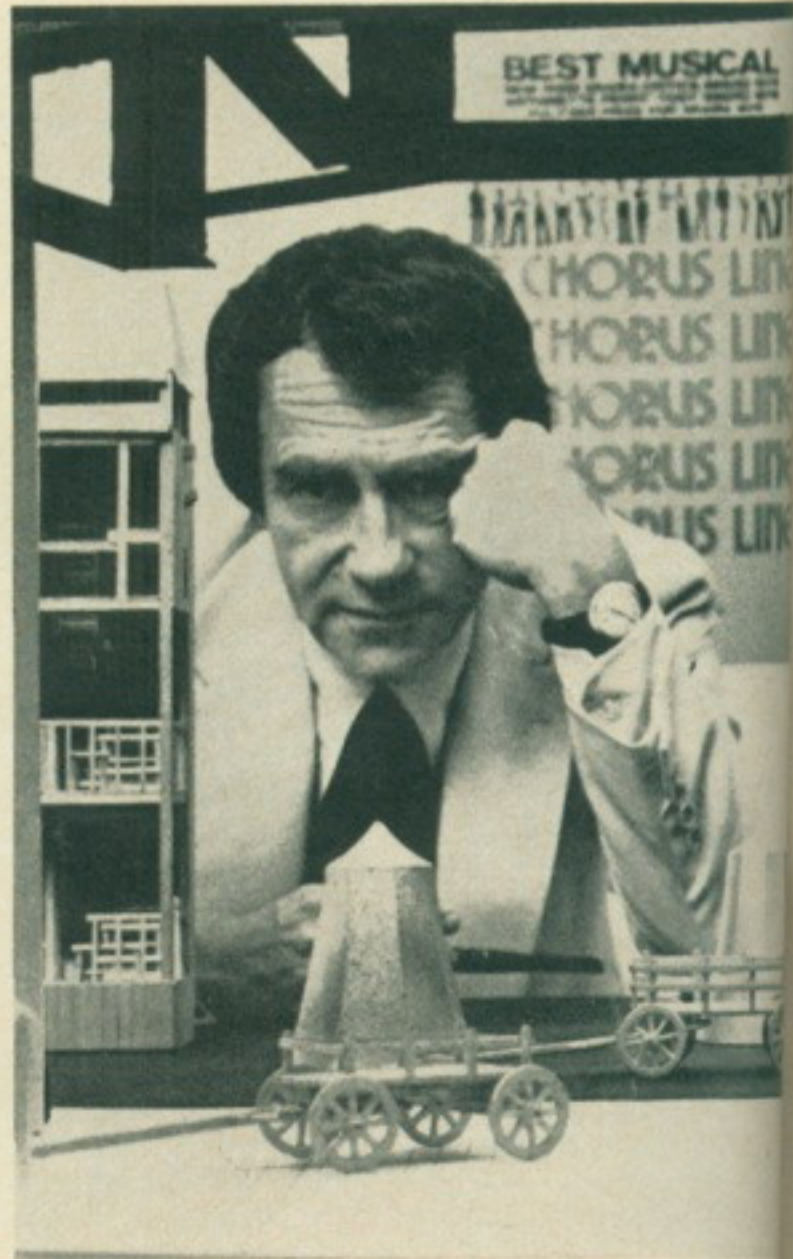
With *Bad* about to be released and a Salvador Dali film next on the books, it's a sure bet that Jeff Tornberg isn't about to grow up to be a 28-year-old vice-president.

P. MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN



## Fare Enough

"We've always done what we liked, and this time we wanted sophisticated elegance," says restaurateur **Jerry Orzoff** (right) as he and partner **Rich Melman** survey their latest venture, the reborn Pump Room in Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel. Once a famous hangout (especially booth one, if you had the clout) for starlets and gossip columnists, the Pump Room had drifted into semiobscurity until it was given a subtle but substantial face lift by the enterprising duo, and now the crowds are back. The Pump Room is quite a departure in style for the pair, whose first restaurant, R. J. Grunts (named after a friend of Orzoff's who did just that when she dined), has been packed with the hip and the hungry since it opened five years ago. In addition, their Lettuce Entertain You Enterprises entertains Chicagoans at such places as Jonathan Livingston Seafood, Lawrence of Oregon, Fritz, That's It! and The Great Gritzbe's Flying Food Show. And what's in the future? "We're going to try a fast-food operation next," says Melman. Watch out, McDonald's!



TOM ZUK





## Shooting Stars

You can't tell a book by its cover, but a record album is another story, especially if the jacket photographs were taken by **Norman Seeff**. *Hot Shots*, a collection of Seeff's portraits of rock stars, established him as a distinct talent. "My approach is real, not plastic. I like to relax, establish trust—when people relax, they're inspired." Seeff's favorite tactic: killing a bottle of Chivas Regal before a session. Whatever, he has an uncanny knack for cutting through the public image and capturing people such as Ike and Tina Turner, James Taylor and Art Garfunkel as they really are. His subjects tend to return and hang out at the studio, to watch him work and to share a "human experience of knowing people." Make you wish you had been there? Well, for the past seven years, Seeff has had film crews recording the sessions. He is now editing his home movies into a portrait of the process of self-discovery. You may have caught an early cut of his unique film documentary on the *Lily Tomlin People TV* special early this fall. If not, keep your eyes open.

## The Play's the Thing

One thing about **Joseph Papp**: He's never dull. When Papp took over the theaters in New York's Lincoln Center in 1973, he announced he'd devote the Beaumont Theater there to works by new playwrights. The following year, he switched in midseason to classics with guest stars. This past August, Papp abruptly announced that the 1976-1977 season at the Beaumont would begin not in the fall, as its 16,000 subscribers expected, but in February. Why all the upheaval? "You've got to constantly re-evaluate, or you'll get in a rut," Papp asserts. "You must have the audacity and courage to change regardless of what anybody says." Some people have said plenty; but, observes Papp, "some people will complain about anything. At a funeral the other day, I heard a lady complaining about her seat: She had a poor view of the coffin."

His respite at the Beaumont will scarcely give Papp a vacation; he still has productions (including the hit musical *Chorus Line*) on Broadway, at the Public Theater off-Broadway and at Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater. He will, however, have more time to make plans: for an American classical theater company, for a better economic deal for playwrights and for Federal support of the arts.

Through his New York Shakespeare Festival, Papp has inaugurated Playwrights on Payroll, an ingenious scheme to keep dramatists from starving in garrets. The idea is to pay playwrights a salary, thus making them eligible for Social Security, unemployment compensation, medical coverage—"the simplest benefits that any workingman gets. We're not asking for extra privileges, just the same privileges. After all, the arts are as important as garbage collection." There goes Papp, being controversial again.

## Breezin' to the Top

**George Benson** defies categories. He is a Playboy Music Poll-winning jazz guitarist who doesn't smoke reefer or party all night. "I don't do drugs; why would anybody want me at a party?" He is too happy to play the blues, and with reason. His album *Breezin'* sailed to the top of three separate charts (R&B, pop and jazz) and sold over 1,000,000 copies (*This Masquerade*, a single from the album, also shot up to number one on the charts, and that cut features Benson as a singer, a not-inconsiderable talent that's been overlooked by the jazz purists who dig him as an instrumentalist). Which should be evidence enough to prove that he is more than a jazz guitarist. The effects of success? "I've become a father figure. When people find you have that number-one thing, they look to you to solve their problems. You have to be a wizard." On guitar, the chart-busting Mr. Benson is.

BILL FRANTZ





**NEXT MONTH:**

**PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

**ERICA JONG** OFFERS THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF *FEAR OF FLYING'S* ISADORA: **"THE ROLLS-ROYCE LOVE AFFAIR"**

**MIKE MCGRADY**, THE MAN WHO CONCEIVED OF *NAKED* CAME *THE STRANGER*, BEGINS A THREE-PART SERIES ON CONVERSATIONS—SAD, FUNNY, SEXY—"OVERHEARD" IN ONE ROOM, ONE YEAR: **"THE MOTEL TAPES"**

**JIMMY BRESLIN** TAKES YOU TO A BAR IN QUEENS THAT HAS HAD A DRAMATIC CHANGE OF CLIENTELE: **"MC GUIRE'S"**

**DICK TUCK**, THE GUY WHO KNOWS ALL THE TRICKS, VERIFIES EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS SUSPECTED ABOUT THIS COUNTRY'S POLITICIANS IN **"FUN AND GAMES, CAMPAIGN '76"**

**ART BUCHWALD**, OUR TOURING PRO, SERVES UP, IN WORDS AND PICTURES, **"AN ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO SUPERB TENNIS"**

**EVAN HUNTER** REFLECTS ON THE DEATH OF A CAT, A MARRIAGE AND AN AFFAIR IN A POIGNANT STORY, **"SEBASTIAN THE CAT"**

**PAUL KRASSNER**, EX-PUBLISHER OF *THE REALIST*, PIONEER YIPPIE AND CHARTER MEMBER OF THE IT'S-ALL-A-CONSPIRACY CLUB, EXPOSES **"THE PARTS LEFT OUT OF THE PATTY HEARST TRIAL"**

**DAN GREENBURG** CONTINUES IN HIS CHOSEN ROLE OF *PLAYBOY* REPORTER/GUINEA PIG. THIS TIME, HE EXPERIENCES **"EST"**

**ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER** DRAWS AN UNFORGETTABLE WORD PICTURE OF AN ABSENT-MINDED FRIEND IN **"MENDEL I THOUGHT"**

**JOHN BLUMENTHAL** COMPILES A BATCH OF HISTORY'S MOST RESOUNDING PUT-DOWNS, DELIVERED BY THE LIKES OF CALVIN COOLIDGE, DOROTHY PARKER AND MARK TWAIN: **"GREAT COMEBACK LINES"**

**JUDITH WAX** REMINDS US OF ALL THE WACKY THINGS THAT HAPPENED DURING THE PAST 12 MONTHS: **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**

**PLUS:** **"TOUCH ME, FEEL ME . . . SPANK ME,"** ASTONISHING INTERVIEWS WITH WOMEN BY **ROSEMARIE SANTINI**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY'S** FURTHER MISS-ADVENTURES; ONETIME WALT DISNEY STAR **DAYLE HADDON** IN A WEIRD, COMIC—AND SENSUOUS—FRENCH FILM, **"SPERM-ULA"**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; A SNEAK PREVIEW OF THE NEW SOVIET EDITION OF *PLAYBOY*, THE MAGAZINE OF "SOCIAL UPLIFT FOR COMRADES," **"PLAYBOV"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** EXCLUSIVE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEWS WITH **DANIEL MOYNIHAN**, **WARREN BEATTY**, **ALEX HALEY** AND **BARBARA WALTERS**; LEADING EXPERTS ON FLYING SAUCERS, PRO AND CON, PARTICIPATE IN A DEFINITIVE DISCUSSION OF THE CONTROVERSY IN AN ILLUSTRATED **"PLAYBOY PANEL: UFOS"**; **LAURENCE GONZALES** AND **LARRY DUBOIS** REVEAL HOW THE WATERGATE PROBE WAS FOCUSED ON NIXON TO PROTECT THE TRUE CULPRITS, IN **"THE PUPPET AND THE PUPPETMASTERS, PART II"**; THE TRAGICOMIC STORY OF **"A PARTY IN MIAMI BEACH,"** BY **ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER**; **"TORTURE,"** BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WILDLY ACCLAIMED BEST SELLER *RAGTIME*, **E. L. DOCTOROW**; AN EXPOSE OF CORRUPTION IN THE COMMODITIES MARKET BY **ASA BABER**; INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM DISSECTED BY **DAVID B. (THE WRATH OF GOD) TINNIN**; **"SILVERSMITH WISHES,"** A HUMOROUS SCI-FI YARN BY **ROBERT SHECKLEY**; **"DRACULA COUNTRY,"** EVERYTHING YOU WERE ALWAYS AFRAID TO LEARN ABOUT THE HOME OF THE VAMPIRES, BY **GAHAN WILSON**; **"THE FIRECRACKER VS. THE BOMB,"** THOUGHTS FROM **HENRY MILLER**; A REPORT ON CHILE'S GULAGLIKE PRISON SYSTEM BY **TAD SZULC**; **RAQUEL WELCH**, PROFILED BY **O'CONNELL DRISCOLL**; A HIDDEN SIDE OF THE ELUSIVE **THOMAS PYNCHON**, UNVEILED BY **JULES SIEGEL**; PLUS AN EYE-FILLING PROCESSION OF INIMITABLE *PLAYBOY* PICTORIALS, E.G., THE GIRLS OF THE NEW SOUTH; FAMED MOVIE DIRECTORS PHOTOGRAPHING THEIR FAVORITE SEXUAL FANTASIES.