**ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN** 

**APRIL 1974 · ONE DOLLAR** 



"FOURPLAY"-ZERO MOSTEL AND PAT PAULSEN IN WILD SEX SCENES YOU WON'T BE SEEING ON THE SCREEN

LIFE AND DEATH IN ISRAEL AND EGYPT

JANE FONDA AND TOM HAYDEN INTERVIEWED



Of all the sports cars available to you, this is the one-the ultimate cat.

Because it offers what the others can't offer: the Jaguar V-12 engine.

And that changes the discussion from what a sports car can do to how well it can do it.

That's what the Jaguar E-type V-12 is all about. How well it glides from zero to fifty. How well it accelerates out of a pack and into the clear. Even how well it behaves in downtown traffic at quitting time before a holiday weekend.

In a word, the Jaguar V-12 is smooth. It's smooth going up the scale from zero and it's smooth going from cruising speed to passing speed. It's even smooth waiting for the light to change.

Because, from an engineering viewpoint, the Jaguar V-12 is in perfect balance. Since its 5.3 litres of capacity are divided by twelve—not eight or six—the forces are spread more evenly over the crankshaft by delivering smaller but more frequent pulses of power.

What is the effect like? Well, it's something like a turbine. And it's something like an express elevator. But it's not exactly like anything else. That's why you have to drive a Jaguar E-type V-12 before you decide on anybody else's sports car.

Since it is a Jaguar, it has independent front and rear suspension with "anti-dive" control. Power-assisted rack and pinion steering. Power-assisted disc brakes on all four wheels-ventilated in the front. A four-speed manual is standard, an automatic is optional.

So see the Jaguar E-type V-12. It's the only production V-12 sports car in town. And that makes it second to none.

For your dealer's name and for information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, N. J. 07605



Brawny-That's the word for these Lee doubleknit jeans and matching shirt-jac. The cut hails from the West. In every detail. Right down to the stylish flare. And comfort comes from the new non-glitter, snag-resistant doubleknit of 100% Dacron\* polyester. The shirt-jac about \$25, jeans about \$15. From The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.



## Many speakers trap deep, rich sound inside. Zenith Allegro<sup>®</sup> gives it a way out.

Have you ever listened to stereo and felt that you weren't hearing all the sound of the original performance? That's because a lot of systems, including many with air-suspension speakers and sealed cabinets, do an incomplete job of projecting bass sound.

Zenith Allegro\* is different. It features a uniquely designed tunedport speaker system. It lets more sound out so you hear more of the deep, rich bass.

This tuned port is coupled with a specially built Zenith woofer and horn-type tweeter. Together they give you extraordinary efficiency in sound



reproduction. Such efficiency, in fact, that a 60-watt Allegro system equals the sound per-

formance of a 120-watt system with comparable size airsuspension speakers.

Besides the exciting bluewhite Bon Vivant, shown here, you can choose from a whole line of wood-toned Allegro sound systems with such features as 8-track tape and 4-channel adaptability.

Listen to Zenith Allegro. You'll hear the deep, rich sound you may have been missing.

> THE BON VIVANT (Model E586X)



The surprising sound of Zenith.









SHE MADE AN IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE, back in December 1963: sort of a PLAYBOY triple play, showing up on the special double cover, in the centerfold and in an editorial compilation of top Playmates for the magazine's first decade. Donna Michelle went on to become Playmate of the Year, a model, an actress (in TV, American and French films) and one of the readers' all-time favorite gatefold girls. It's been a little over ten years since her Playmate appearance, yet she still gets fan mail. Now living on a ranch in Northern California, Donna's carving out a new career on the other side of the shutter. "I got interested in cameras when I posed for PLAYBOY," Donna told us. "I asked Pompeo Posar [the staffer who shot her Playmate pictures and the photo above] a lot of questions, and I started collecting lenses. Finally, photography got to be too expensive to maintain just as a hobby, and I began shooting professionally." Lately, she's been focusing on women; we took a look at some, and thought you'd like to see them—and her—too.







"My next project," says Donna, "will be to compile a book of girl pictures, like the ones I'm taking of Diane Kozlow, above. I have the title picked out. I'd like to call it A Taste for Beauty." Surprisingly enough, Donna has only recently begun to photograph nudes; her early professional assignments were of the bread-and-butter variety (pictures of china, cookware, garden tools and hi-fi components, portraits for actors' portfolios, camping-equipment brochures, stills for television documentaries—"a little bit of everything. The one thing I haven't done, I guess, is cover a bar mitzvah.").









"I shot Diane again at the Playboy Mansion West [opposite] and Lois Mitchell [left and above] near Santa Barbara. Lugging that stuffed leopard over the rocks was something! That's Linda Harding below, holding a feather from an owl that lives on my ranch."





"Here's Linda framed by a burned-out redwood trunk at the ranch. Country living is new to me, but I love it. Of course, I've made some citygirl mistakes, like planting a whole acre in vegetables last summer. I had cherry tomatoes running out my ears—wasted all kinds of gasoline driving around trying to give them away to friends." Above center and opposite, Donna photographs Marisa Del Rio: "When you're enthusiastic about a subject, and tell her so, she begins to reflect that feeling. It's a nice gift to offer someone—the realization that she's beautiful."





















Kathleen Joyce, in starting position, comes on strong as a freaky Circe who challenges male opponents to strip her naked in 60 seconds flatwinner take all. Orbach, beating the clock with seconds to spare, looks forward to the big payoff.









Opposite page: Called in from Germany, England, China, Russia and France, an international assembly of sex symbols meets in emergency session at U.S. President Zero Mostel's bedside prior to his command performance on TV (his daughter's been kidnaped and for ransom he has to ball the First Lady on network video). Freely confessing that the sight of pubic hair makes him bilious, the Commander in Chief hits the sack for the sake of national security, begging his handmaidens to be gentle: "Remember . . . President Buchanan slept in this bed." Meanwhile, apprehensive First Lady Estelle Parsons (right), about to make television history, awaits her cue, unaware that her daughter (Robin Leslie, below, substituting for Fourplay's Laurie Heineman) and a burly mafioso (Joseph Palmieri) are busy discovering common interests-vino and pasta, for instanceas they disport in a tubful of spaghetti, ablivious of the crisis at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.







"You're supposed to be laying cable."



the sun never sets on london's marlene morrow, and the moon doesn't know what it's missing

## THIS YEAR'S MODEL



Marlene, about to embark on another hectic workday (above), asks a bobby for directions. "I'm a Pisces," she says, "which means I'm a terribly disorganized person."

Most of our playmates have never modeled professionally before our photographers shoot them, so the expertise is usually on the other side of the camera. But getting our April Playmate, Marlene (as in Dietrich) Morrow, to sit still in relaxed poses was a picnic, since Marlene has been a professional model for the past two years in London. "Posing is almost instinctive to me at this point," she says. "If someone tells me to look sexy with a string of pearls, I know exactly how to do it." And how! Although most of Marlene's modeling has been done clothed, you don't have to be an Einstein to tell she's equally at home unclothed. Especially with a string







of pearls. But we don't have to tell you that—you can see. What we do have to tell you is that Marlene is also a very interesting person. Born in Billings, Montana, she moved to Osaka, Japan, where her father was a baseball player on a Japanese team. From there, the family moved to L.A., where Marlene grew up. "Believe it or not," she says, "up until the time I was 13 I wanted to be a missionary." She gave up that idea and settled on the notion of being a housewife with a load of kids. But that's been postponed indefinitely, now that her career is spiraling upward. She loves modeling, and especially the travel involved,



but in the back of her mind is the idea that one day she might like to try her hand at acting. "In a way," she says, "to be a good model you have to be a good actress. Sometimes you'll get a horrible suit to model and you have to make like it's divine. That requires acting." But for now, Marlene is satisfied with her life in London—visiting pubs and going out with Englishmen, whom she finds vastly different from American men. But does she plan to make London her home? "Someday," she says, "I'd like to buy a trailer and just travel around the world for a whole year. Is that crazy?" Is Sadat Jewish?



Marlene and a colleague (left) look over a composite at her model agency. After a busy morning, she lunches at Drones, one of London's most popular watering holes (owned and operated by David Niven's son), where she chats with Jeremy Lloyd, a TV/screen writer.





"I try not to make any plans for the future," she says. "I like to play things by ear." Setting up interviews for modeling jobs, however, requires some planning, and here, while busily preparing herself for another night on the town, Marlene discusses tomorrow's schedule with her agent.



Having learned how to play backgammon on her last visit to the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles, Marlene makes all the right moves in London's elegant Clermont Club. "My philosophy," she says, "is to enjoy life as much as I can. I also like to dance, go to pubs and take in the London theater. But I make a point never to do the same thing twice in a row—well, almost never."



## PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An exhaustive research effort is being made," said the speaker at the medical convention, "to develop a replacement for the somewhat inconvenient daily contraceptive pill. We already have a morning-after one, and perhaps some laboratory will soon come up with a pill to be taken only once a month."

"With my wife," sighed a man in the first row, "a monthly pill would be overmedication."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines ménage à trois as one plus one making one.

t's fantastic!" exclaimed the beautiful young car enthusiast. "My date tonight had this 1932 Duesenberg dual-cowl phaeton with an eightcylinder supercharged engine and a body by Le Baron——"

"Groovy!" giggled her roommate.

"But there's one hitch."

"What's that?"

"He's the original owner."

Two fitness buffs were discussing their respective activities. "Different things happen," said one of the men. "For example, while I was jogging through the park very early yesterday morning, I suddenly lost both my sweat pants and my shorts."

"Were they exceptionally loose?" asked his friend.

"No-but the girl I was jogging with turned out to be."

## n Flanders, a porn queen of note

Announced to the press (and we quote): "Going down is my bag,

So-excuse me the gag-

I'll soon have some Flems in my throat."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines groupie as a bandbox.

**D**octor," said the pretty blonde, "I have this compulsion to go to bed with every man I meet. Is there a name for whatever it is I've got?"

Is there a name for whatever it is I've got?" "Yes, Miss Jones, there is," replied the medical man as he picked her up and carried her over to the couch. "It's called good news!" Maybe you've heard about the new breakfast cereal called Queerios. You simply add milk and they eat each other.

A little girl went into a candy store to buy a chocolate Easter bunny. Just before it was wrapped, she asked to examine it and then told the clerk firmly that she wanted a *boy* chocolate bunny. "Look, little girl," the clerk told her, "there's no real difference."

"there's no real difference." "But there is," insisted the youngster, "there's that much more candy."

"m accustomed," said aging Miss Tudor To the burglar who'd finally screwed her, "To carrots and candles And john-plunger handles— So you, sir, are just an intruder!"

The minister, who had just joined the golf club, turned up at the first tee looking like any other Saturday-morning player in his sport shirt and slacks. He had difficulty in finding a partner, though, until he was finally approached by a man who suggested that they play a round together for two dollars a hole. The clergyman agreed but soon regretted his decision as he began to lose every hole. Upon seeing the minister change back into clerical garb at the end of the game, the man muttered apologetically, "I'm sorry, Reverend, but I wouldn't have taken your money if I had known you were a preacher. You see, I'm the club pro."

"That's quite all right," said the minister benignly. "To prove there are no hard feelings, you bring your parents around sometime and I'll be glad to marry them."



**D**uring the spring get-together at Fort Lauderdale, a college student was arrested for indecent exposure in a field near the beach. "I plead not guilty, your Honor," he told the court. "I went there only to get relieved."

"I'm inclined to accept your explanation," rejoined the judge, "since there must be some allowances made for emergencies."

"That's all well and good, your Honor," interjected the arresting officer, "but what about the young lady who relieved him?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, 111. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Harry! I was just thinking about you!"



marilyn chambers, who found fame through porno films and ivory snow, wants to dance her way into america's heart.honest!





MARILYN CHAMBERS had just previewed part of her new stage show (left) at a New Jersey theater, and visions of topflight bookings were dancing in the head of her manager, Chuck Traynor. "She's only twenty-one," he told us in breathless *non sequitur*, "and she really explodes onstage." They were due back in Hollywood a few days later to see about some proposed movie roles. Which was the kind of action Miss Chambers had in mind when she left her staid New England home town and gravitated to New York. But while she modeled, studied acting and even played bit parts in a film or two, her career was going nowhere. Then she moved to San Francisco, where she answered a newspaper ad placed by the Mitchell brothers, stalwarts of the porno-movie industry. Marilyn wanted a nonballing role but settled for a nonspeaking one; the movie, *Behind the Green Door*, cast her as a beautiful abductee, submitting—and responding—to all kinds of bizarre sexual stimuli. But while it made the rounds, her past came back to haunt her: It was revealed that Marilyn Chambers, porno star, was the sweet young mother on the Ivory Snow box in your supermarket. Procter & Gamble, which makes Ivory Snow, was mad; but in the long run, the incident sold a lot of soap and gave Marilyn a boost, too. She followed *Green Door* with another porno hit, *The Resurrection of Eve*. And then Traynor—a sort of Svengali to female porno stars—entered her life. Now it looks like Marilyn, thanks to her sex-movie detour, may actually become the aboveground star she always wanted to be. Some may well regret that; but you can bet *she* isn't looking back.

Since her pompon-shaking days as a high school cheerleader, Marilyn has come a long way—obviously. And now a stage career? Bad news, porn lovers.



"First time I made love in front of the camera, I was pretty nervous. But I got off on the fantasy."





Marilyn still seems more like Ivory Snow's young mom than the porn star who did such naughty things in "Green Door"; but it's her duality that's the turn-on. "I can sing, I can dance, I can act," Marilyn points out. "My new show gives me a chance to expose my talents." Seems only fair, since she's already exposed everything else.



"Lord Crumley says he has an excellent position for me."

Vargas


"There, now, aren't you glad you called a repair person?"



"Suck, Mary Beth, suck! Blow is just a figure of speech!"

# The denim boot is here.

Acme's got 'em. In both Acme<sup>®</sup>Western boots and Dingo<sup>®</sup> boots, the boots for everyone. Both are denim on top and tough blue suede cowhide on the foot. They go with all your denims. They go

with everything. And since Acme is the world's biggest bootmaker, we can make our new denims with everything a boot should have. At a price that'll leave you with some cash in your jeans.

dingo more boot for less bucks.



For the store near you, write: Acme Bool Co., Inc., Dept. WH34, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.



"And what would you like, miss?"



"Why don't you think of <u>new</u> material? 'I came, I saw, I conquered!' is the same nasty joke you used with your friends right after you met <u>me</u>!"



# IF YOUR DATE SAYS GOODNIGHT WITH A HANDSHAKE,

# **BETTER JOIN THE CLUB.**

Win her with flowers—the colorful ones on this sport knit. The pattern is ours alone. 100% Arnel® triacetate knit. About \$13.50. Career Club Shirt Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10001 © 1974.



Where-To-Buy-It? Use REACTS Card-Page 59.



"Not bad, child, not bad, but you'll never catch a prince like that—stick these apples down the front of your gown and I'll give the wand another wave."

# **PLAYBOY POTPOURRI** people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



# BALL MACHINE

"There once was a man from Racine/Who invented a screwing machine. . . ." Well, we don't know where the inventor is from, but yes, Virginia, there now really is such a machine and, boy, does it work. And at variable speeds no less, just like the real McCoy. All the lady need do is plug the gizmo in, so to speak, turn it on and man the controls—all for \$61 postpaid sent to The Pink Pussy Cat Boutique, P. O. Box 421, Rego Park, New York. Damn the energy crisis, Hortense, full speed ahead!



# CHECKING KITES

The next time some wise guy tells you to go fly a kite, why not do it—in style. For \$19.95 postpaid, you can order from Synestructics, Inc., Chatsworth, California 91311, a SuperTetraKite that's 51/2 feet on edge, has 16 sails and looks about as uncomplicated as a DNA molecule. Invented by Alexander Graham Bell, the STK works on the principle of the tetrahedron. Only you can't call long distance on it.

### SWAP SHOP

Never mind Roald Dahl's fictional musings on the subject elsewhere in this issue; we're telling you wife swapping is passé. Why stop with a mate when you can switch your whole lifestyle—or at least the house you live it in? Temporarily, anyway. House swapping, as a gimmick for reducing vacation expenses, is being systematized by such organizations as Vacation Exchange Club, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York City. For a fee of \$12, they'll list your digs and send you a brochure describing the pads (ranging from studios to villas) available around the globe, from El Salvador to Hong Kong. Specific arrangements are up to you. Happy house hunting!



# HOVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS

James Bond would have loved this: a twin-engine inflatable hovercraft called the Skima 2 that collapses into the rear of a compact car, assembles in minutes and can hit speeds upwards of 30 mph carrying two over land, sea, swamp, sand or ice. Pindair Limited, the English manufacturer, located in Teddington, Middlesex, has tested the machine at 10,000 feet in the Himalayas, says it gets 20 miles to a gallon, weighs only 200 pounds, doesn't damage terrain and is no noisier than a power mower. A steal at \$3000.





## UGLY!

"I've been told my stuff predates underground comix, but I don't believe it," demurs 64-year-old cartoonist Basil Wolverton, the winner of Al Capp's Lena the Hyena ugliest-monster contest in 1947. His latest work, the 36-page "GJDRKZLXCBWQ" Comics, is available for 65¢ postpaid from Glenn Bray, Box 4482, Sylmar, California 91342. And if you think the title is weird....

# DIAMOND COLLECTION

If you yearn for the good old days of the Boys of Summer, or want to know what diamond greats of the past looked like, George Brace at 2638 N. Drake, Chicago, is the man to see. Brace has photographed every major-league baseball player since 1929 and he boasts the world's largest collection of baseball negativeswhich includes those of hundreds of players who swung prior to 1929, plus many team portraits. Eight-by-ten positives in black and white are \$1.50 each: post-1960 color prints are \$3.50. There may be a million shots in Brace's files, but as you can see there's only one Cap Anson.





## DON'T FORGET TO WRITE

For those of you rugged individualists who are into long hiking trips with few creature comforts and plenty of adventure, a California firm called Mountain Travel (1398 Solano Avenue, Albany) is escorting serious campers in good physical condition on a \$1560, 29-day excursion into the Hunza region of northern Pakistan—a Shangri-La that's been pretty much shut off from the outside world for years. Legend says that the people of Hunza have no crime, can make babies at the age of 100 and live to be 140. Just like in the movies.



#### CLOTHES CANVASES

Everything that's beautiful and hip doesn't necessarily come from California. Take your ordinary run-of-the-mill incredible handpainted clothing; some of the best comes from George Stovall, who works out of 726 25th Avenue North, St. Petersburg, Florida. Stovall specializes in custom duding up denim jackets and heavy cotton shirts and he prefers knowing something about a customer before putting brush to cloth. Furthermore, he guarantees his work against wash fade and his prices are reasonable, ranging from \$20 to \$150. But if you've got a charcoal-gray personality, forget it.



## NEW HIGH

In the Sixties, a group called the Drifters sang about the virtues of a city space few people think about: rooftops. Now, an urban-design group in Manhattan called Haus-Rucker-Inc. at 491 Broadway is taking those lyrics to heart by instigating a Rooftop Oasis Project that eventually will pave the way for a more imaginative use of all those miles of wasted overhead space. So long, tar beach!



"We've reached a wage agreement with the new gardener. He'll work for nothing."



"You're new here!"



"The opportunity to be fair and just is rewarding—but what I especially like is taking the law into my own hands."





"Listen, lady, there's nothin' I can do. This vibrator is completely worn out!"

# NEXT MONTH:



SHEER DELIGHTS







GOOD GATSBY

THE OCCULT

ANTELOPE CAGE

"ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN"—THE STORY BEHIND WATER-GATE, BY THE GUYS WHO BROKE IT. IN THE FIRST OF TWO PARTS, WE MEET "DEEP THROAT," THE TALKATIVE WHITE HOUSE INSIDER—BY CARL BERNSTEIN AND BOB WOODWARD

HANK AARON, STARTING HIS 20TH SEASON IN BASEBALL, TALKS ABOUT RACISM IN AND OUT OF THE GAME, LIFE ON THE ROAD AND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BATTLE BABE RUTH'S GHOST IN A TIMELY PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"THE ANTELOPE CAGE"-MEET HARRY TOWNS: COCAINE SNIFFER, CHILD MOLESTER, SEXUAL STUNT MAN, YOUR ALL-ROUND AVERAGE GUY-FICTION BY BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

"THE OCCULT"-PLAYBOY PICTORIALLY STRIPS VOODOO, THE BLACK MASS, THE WITCHES' SABBATH AND OTHER ESOTERICA DOWN TO THEIR (VERY) BARE ESSENTIALS

"THE GOOD\_BUT NOT GREAT\_GATSBY" - A MASTER HU-MORIST TAKES OFF ON FITZGERALD-BY PETER DE VRIES

"SUPERSWINDLE"—HOW GOOD OLD JOHN Q. GOT BILKED OUT OF \$400,000,000 UNDER THE STUFFY NOSES OF HIS SO-CALLED WATCHDOGS—BY RAYMOND L. DIRKS AND LEONARD GROSS

"WHAT'S WRONG WITH ADULTERY"-IT MIGHT BE A GAS IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE RIGMAROLE INVOLVED. A WISTFUL LOOK AT DALLIANCE-BY L. RUST HILLS

"CRISIS: THE MAGAZINE OF ACCELERATING ENTROPY"-LEARN HOW TO COPE WITH THE GRAVITY SHORTAGE, THE WIT CRUNCH AND OTHER UNNATURAL DISASTERS

"A HISTORY OF SEX, PART II" - COME TO BEAUTIFUL SODOM AND GOMORRAH, CRUISE ON NOAH'S ARK, LEARN THE SHALLOW DARK SECRETS OF OUR PAST-BY ARNOLD ROTH

"MR. MOYACHKI"-FAILURE TO COMMUNICATE CAN PUT A MAN IN AN ASYLUM. A DISQUIETING STORY-BY JERRY SOHL

"SHEER DELIGHTS" - A REVEALING SURVEY OF THE LATEST (AND THE LEAST) IN LADIES' UNDERWEAR

"WHORES"-STRANGE AND WONDERFUL THINGS HAPPEN WHEN AN OFFICE ACQUIRES ITS VERY OWN RESIDENT HOOKERS IN THIS IRONIC TALE-BY ROBERT CHATAIN