

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1974 • ONE DOLLAR

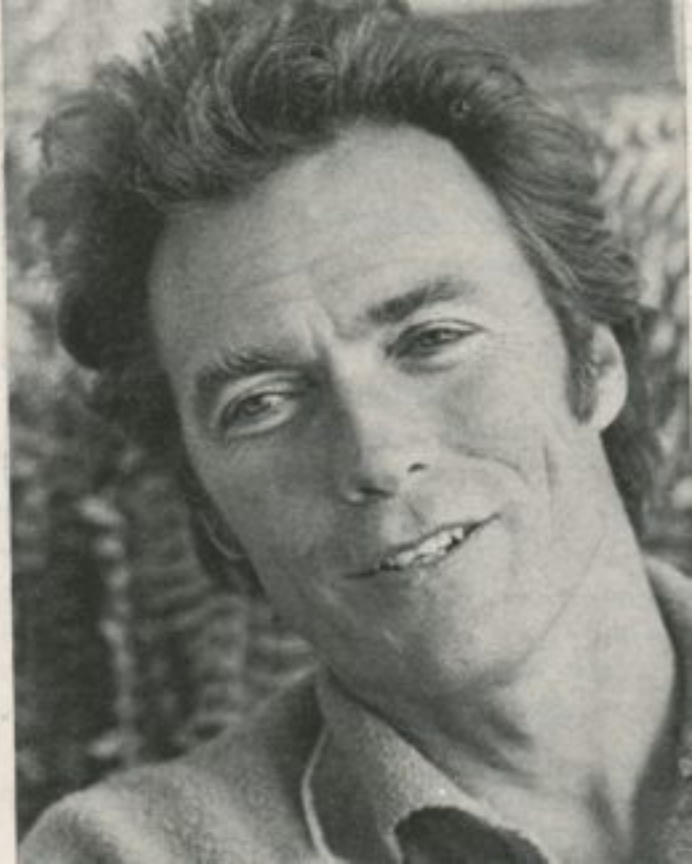
PLAYBOY



**J. K. GALBRAITH'S
GUIDE TO
THE VERY RICH**

**THE GIRLS
OF SKIING**

**CANDICE BERGEN
DISCOVERS CHINA**





СОКОЛ

"Gesundheit!"



*Alexandra
The
Great*

*miss hay provides
a delightful reminder of the days
when hollywood had glamor
photography by mario casilli*



In her latest starring role—in Cinerama's just-released film *How to Seduce a Woman*—actress Alexandra Hay plays the sexy proprietor of an art gallery, a part that she explains was a natural for her. "I've always been a great art lover," she says, "although my tastes in art might well be considered conservative. My favorites are Monet and Dürer and I hate cubism and surrealism." The cultivated Miss Hay's tastes extend to other areas as well—notably, classical music (she plays piano) and opera. "I'm quite an opera singer myself," she claims facetiously. "I can sing the arias from *La Bohème* and *Carmen*—quite rottenly, in fact."







Alexandra's first feature-length film was *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, in which she played a carhop. Even though it was her first real acting experience and her role was a minor one, she managed to impress the likes of Katharine Hepburn and the late Spencer Tracy. "It was marvelous working with Tracy and Hepburn," she recalls. "I think that was the happiest movie I've ever done." The movies have been good to her, yet deep down, Alexandra misses the glamor of the old Hollywood. In a bit of pictorial wish fulfillment, photographer Mario Casilli has captured the rising star as she might have looked during Hollywood's golden age.



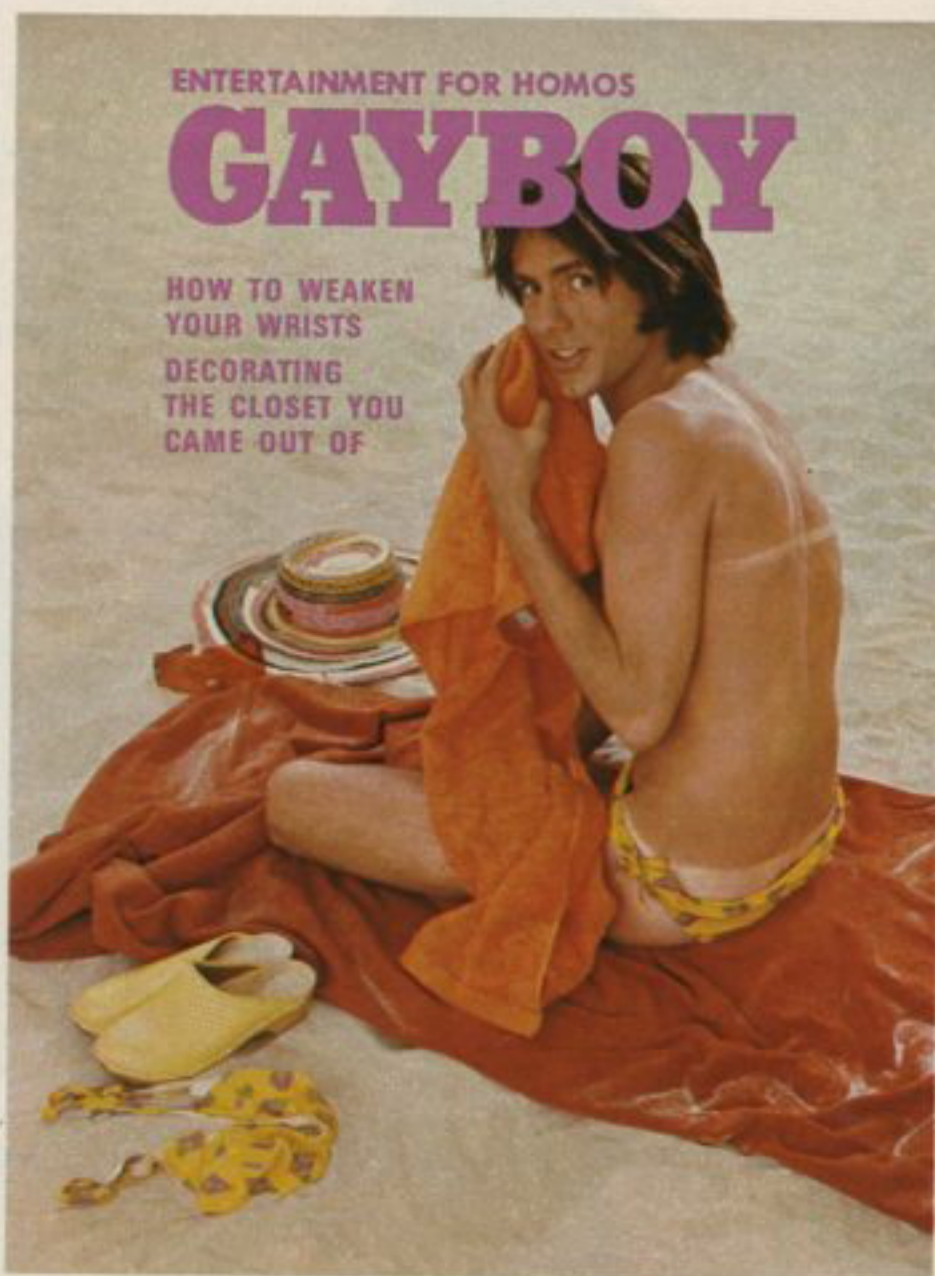
After *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, Alexandra's career accelerated; she's had starring roles in several films, including *The Love Machine* and *How Come Nobody's on Our Side*, to be released soon. But her Big Film, she feels, is yet to come. "I'd really love to do a period movie," she muses. "Perhaps a tragic role with lots of period costumes, a film steeped in elegance and grace." Although certain Hollywood prophets have likened her rise to the early careers of Monroe and Harlow, Alexandra prefers to think of herself as the Bette Davis type. "I'm more of a serious actress than a sex symbol," Miss Hay insists. Well, then, she must be a *very* serious actress.



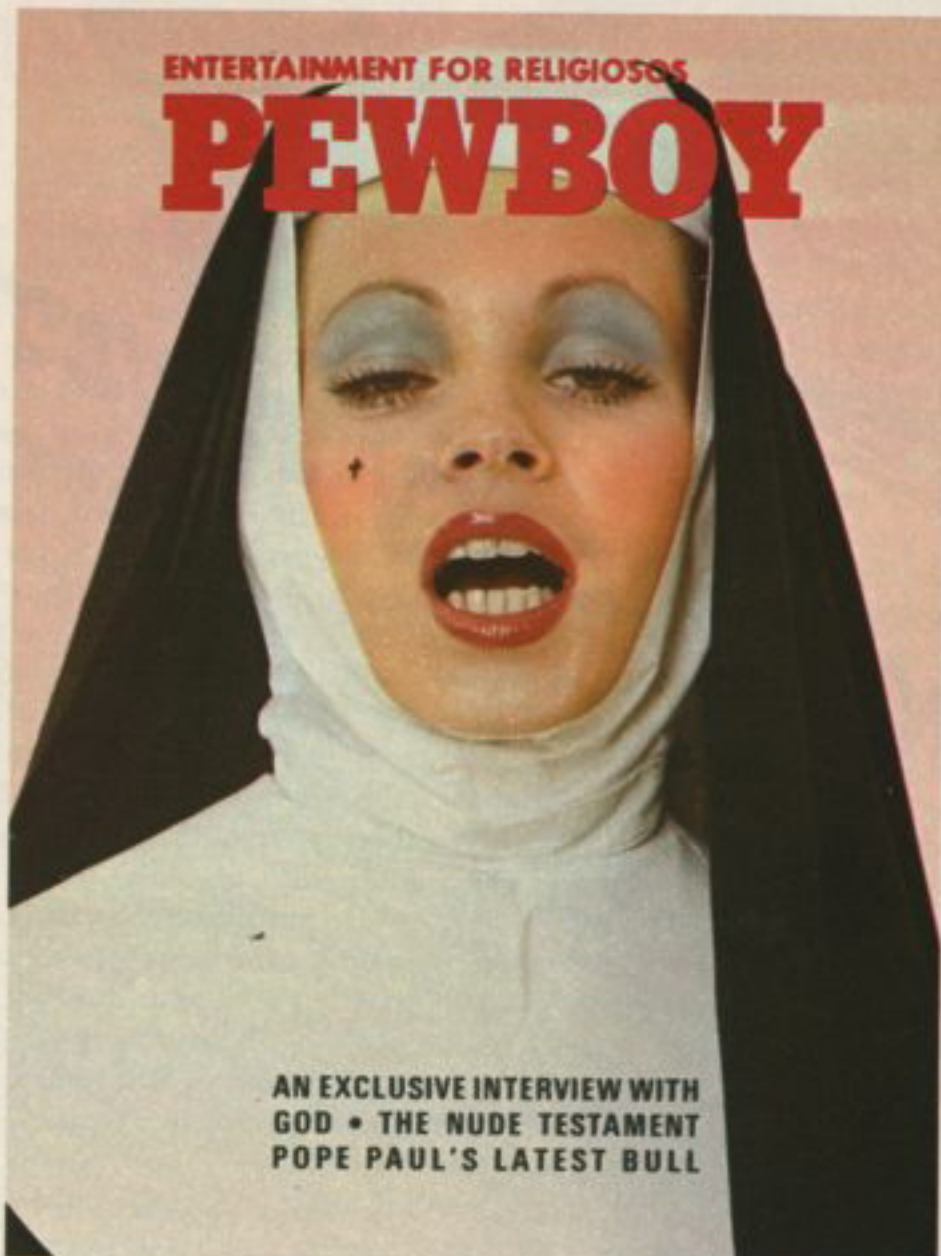
BE OUR GUEST

*seven sure-fire publishing ideas
based on a certain well-known format*

WELL, NO, we really don't mind the fact that PLAYBOY is the most imitated magazine in history. And yes, we're sincerely flattered. But why should only a few dozen publishers get rich by aping us? Why doesn't *everyone* jump onto the band wagon? You guys out there, putting out your specialty magazines, why not get yourselves a centerfold, hire a few sex-crazed photographers, throw in some kinky—what the hell, let's get specific. We don't mean to set ourself up as an expert, but we just thought we'd show you the kinds of publications *we'd* launch if we didn't already have a lot on our mind. So here are suggestions for a wide variety of special-interest magazines that should do dynamite business at the newsstands—or at least give the mailman his jollies. Just be careful where you put those staples, and—this is important—if you're the editor-publisher, remember the pipe and Pepsi.

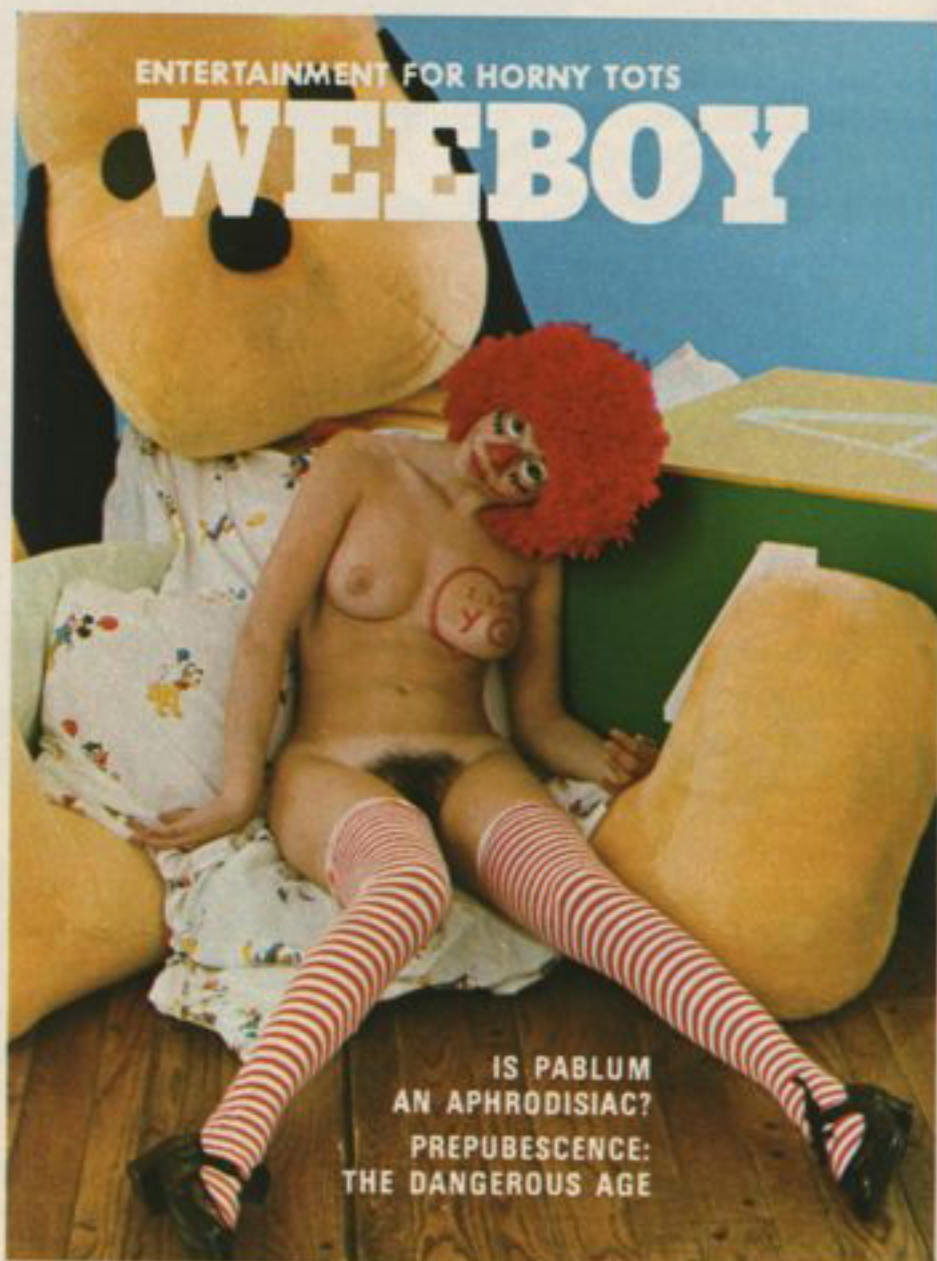


Plus these added features: A History of Sex in Cinema Men's Rooms • Fire Island on \$150 a Day • Chest Hair—Boon or Bane? • Gayboy's Guide to Private Flying • Steam Bath Fashions: Teensy Towels! . . .



AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH
GOD • THE NUDE TESTAMENT
POPE PAUL'S LATEST BULL

Also: Prayers to Undress By • The Girls of the Vatican • Ten New Begetting Techniques • Pewboy Pad: Right-On Rectory • The Nud-est Salome • Pewboy Potables—Bubbly Communion Wines. . . .



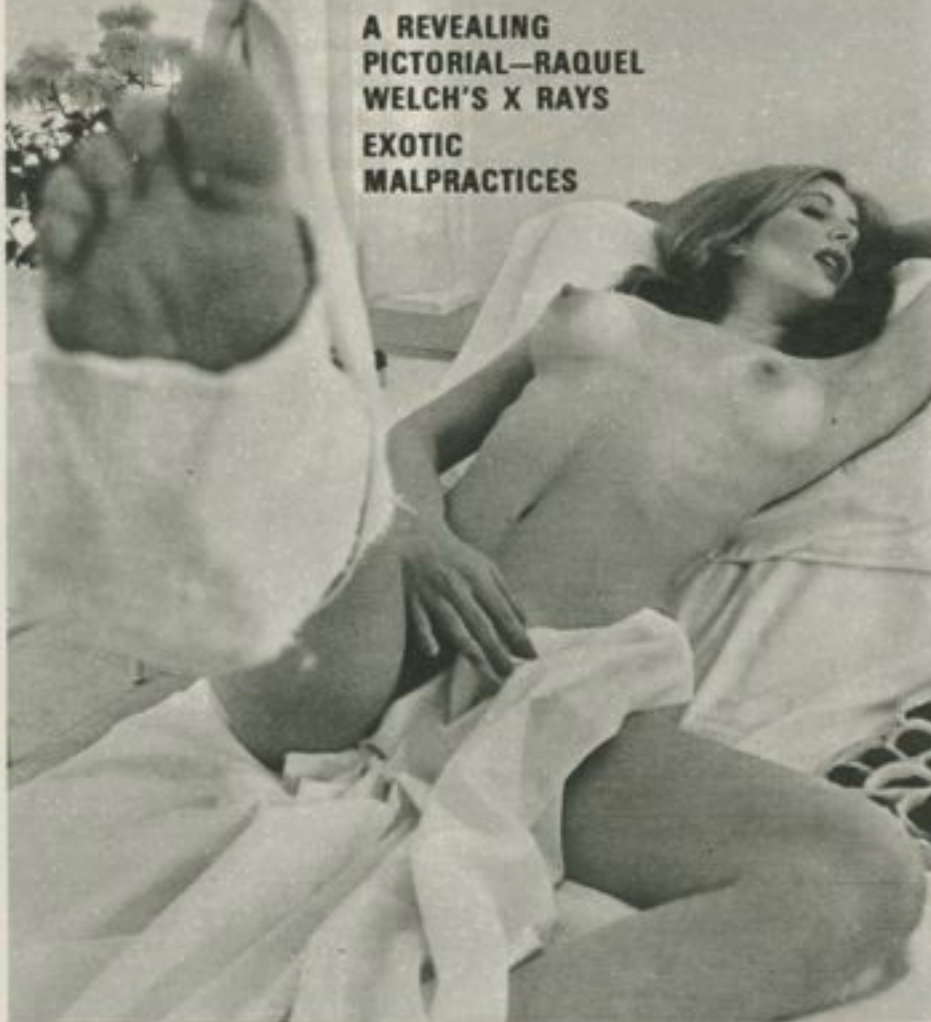
IS PABLUM
AN APHRODISIAC?
PREPUBESCENCE:
THE DANGEROUS AGE

Testing the Hot '74 Prams • Weeboy's Potables: A Vintage Year for Mother's Milk • A Survey of Prebaptismal Sex • Fashion Preview: See-Through Diapers • The New Turn-On: Talcum Powder. . . .

ENTERTAINMENT FOR QUACKS

PILLBOY

A REVEALING
PICTORIAL—RAQUEL
WELCH'S X RAYS
EXOTIC
MALPRACTICES

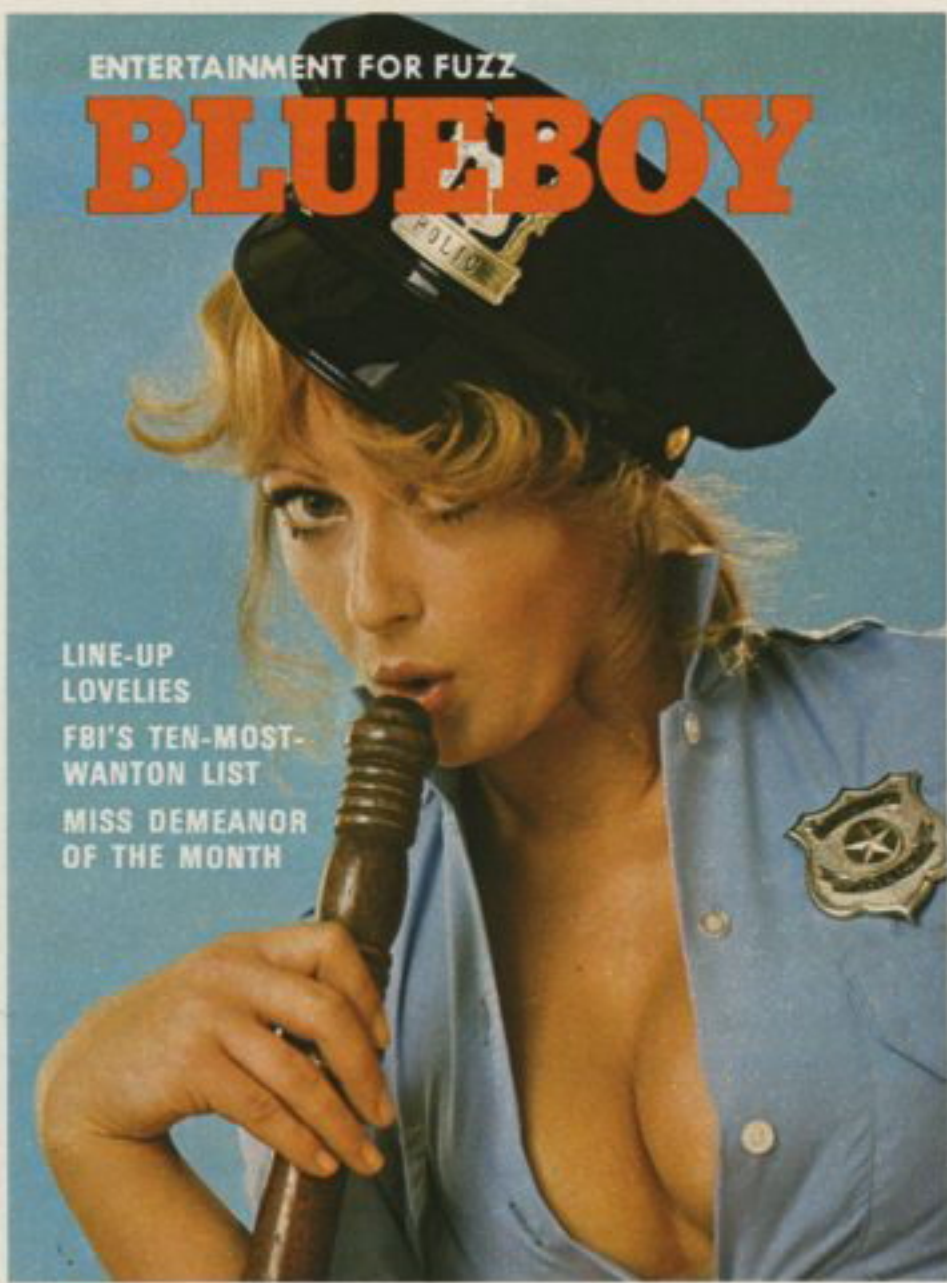


Linda Lovelace on Strep Throat • V.D.—Giving and Getting for the Holiday Season • Fun Physicals: A Pictorial • Twenty Tricks with Tongue Depressors • Pillboy Previews the New Epidemics. . .

ENTERTAINMENT FOR FUZZ

BLUEBOY

LINE-UP
LOVELIES
FBI'S TEN-MOST-
WANTON LIST
MISS DEMEANOR
OF THE MONTH

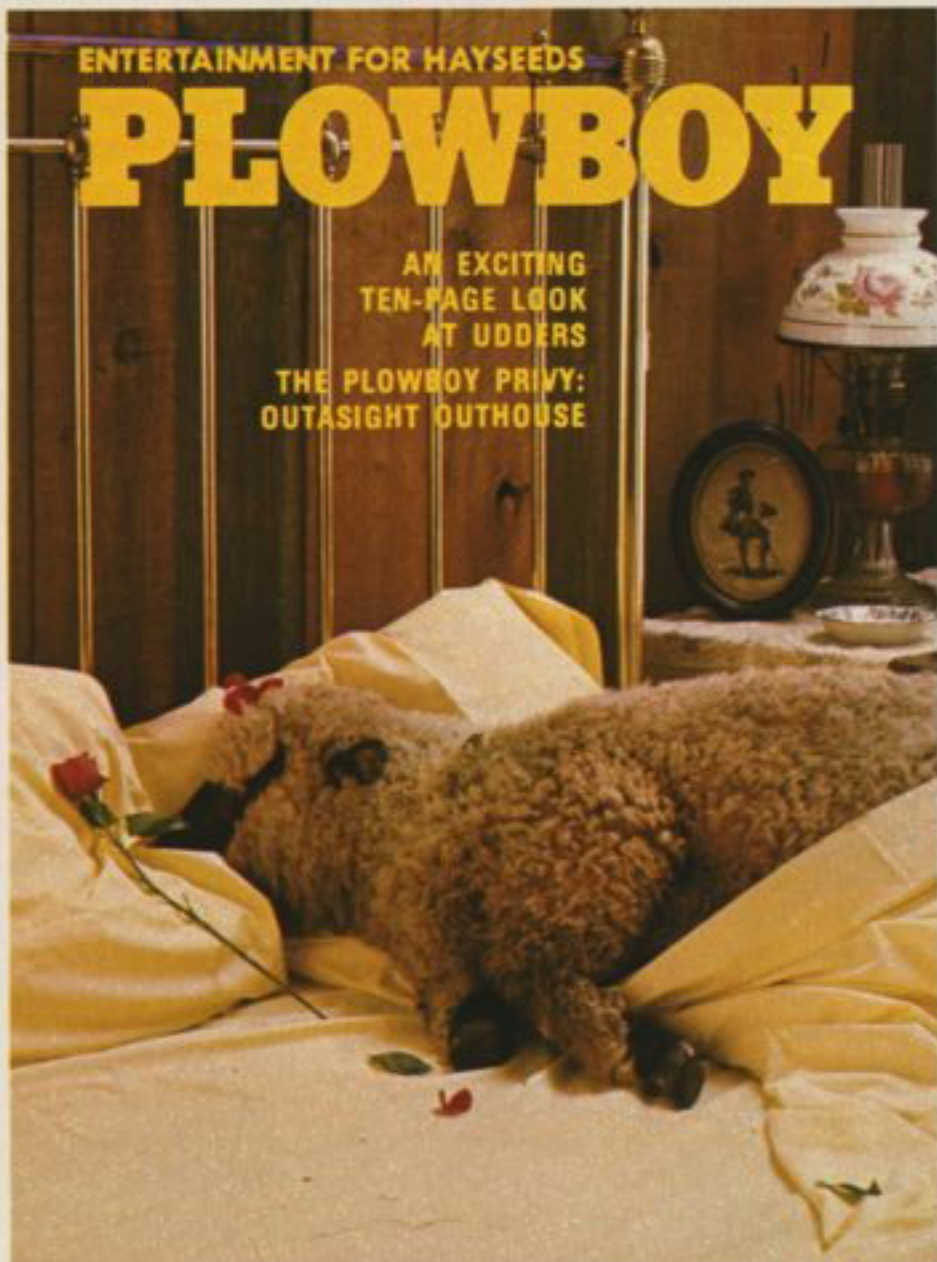


Revealing Post Office Photos • Xmas Gift Giving: Personalized Traffic Tickets • The Whores of Precinct 42 • "My Ten Most Moving Violations," by Sergeant O'Malley • Flat New Footwear. . .

ENTERTAINMENT FOR HAYSEEDS

PLOWBOY

AN EXCITING
TEN-PAGE LOOK
AT UDDERS
THE PLOWBOY PRIVY:
OUTSIGHT outhouse

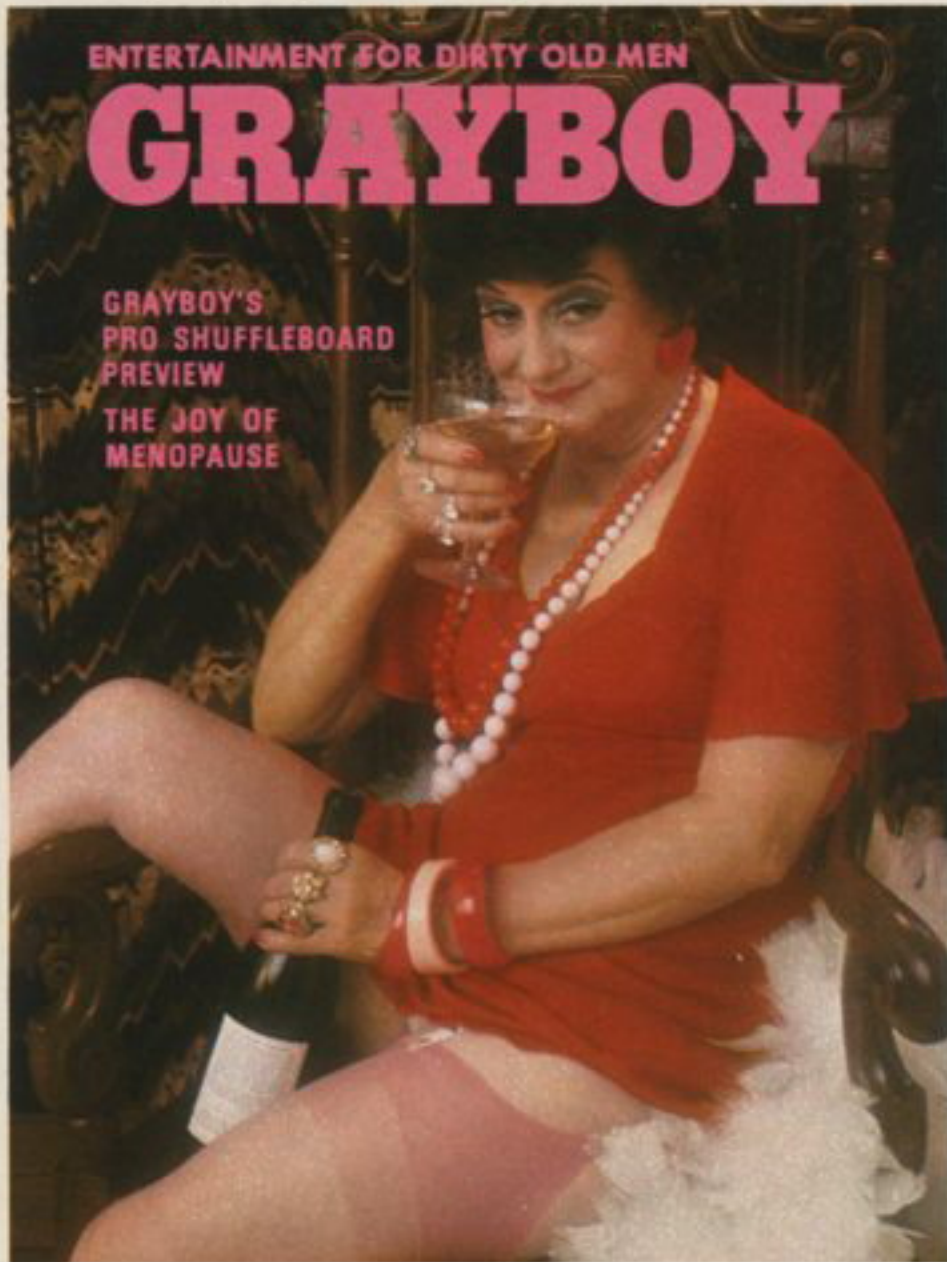


Should Horticulture Be Legalized? • The Calves of Iowa • Making Hay with Your Plowmate • Ten Fun Things to Do with a Corncob 4-H Foreplay • A Look at the Hot New '74 Threshers • And More. . .

ENTERTAINMENT FOR DIRTY OLD MEN

GRAYBOY

GRAYBOY'S
PRO SHUFFLEBOARD
PREVIEW
THE JOY OF
MENOPAUSE



On the Town in St. Petersburg • Little Granny Fanny • Gourmet Guide to Food You Can Chew • A Swinging Grayboy Pad: All Ramps • Grayboy Tests the '74 Hearses • The Girls of Leisure Village.



february's francine parks works at a discothèque, helps out at a travel agency, goes to college, takes acting lessons and models; then on tuesday...

CATCH HER ACT—IF YOU CAN CATCH HER

DURING THE DAYS of Watergate, we heard a lot about some guys who used to work for the President and typified the "Orange County mentality." Roughly translated, that means you consider blue shirts with suits a little flashy and you think the weight of one's say in government should be directly proportional to the size of his avocado ranch. Well, just to set the record straight, there are some very *good* things about Orange County, too, and, as evidence, we offer 23-year-old Francine Parks. She grew up there with absolutely no visible ill effects and takes the liberated view that a lady should make her own way in the world. She also believes that if she can make it someplace near the ocean's edge, life will be just that much better; and so far, she's on course. Francine has recently rented an apartment in one of Southern California's rapidly developing areas, Marina del Rey, the world's largest man-made small-boat harbor, scooped

Below: Enjoying a typically lovely Marina del Rey day, Francine and friends Dave Laffoon and Randy and Janella Vasquez head out for a brisk afternoon sail.



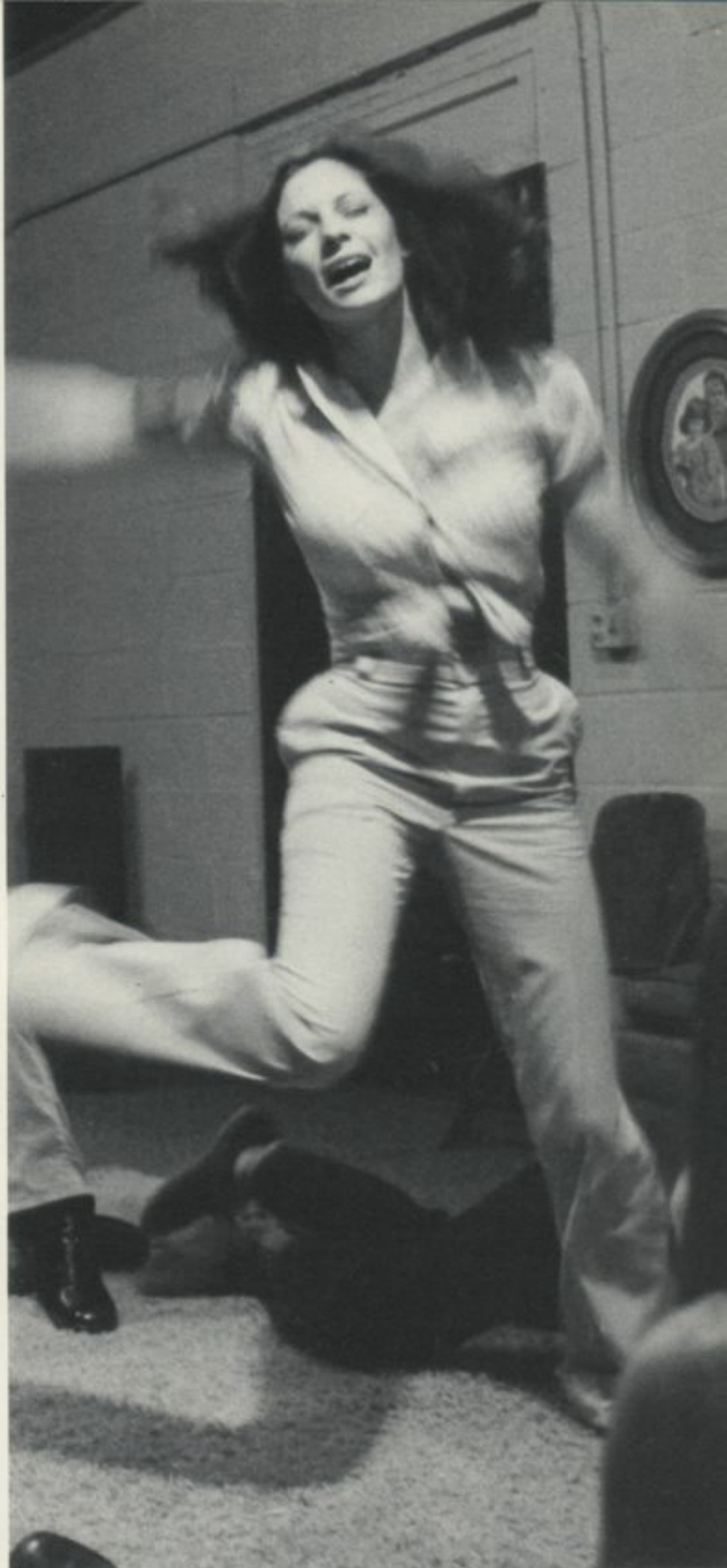


Above: Francine chats with her personal representative (and brother-in-law), David Mirisch (on phone), his partner Mark Landia (left) and a Mirisch client, Bob Fuller. Then she heads for work at Leisure World Travel, where (right) she helps a client plan a motor trip through California.





First Francine listens intently to instructions from her drama coach, Eric Morris, then she takes part in two sensory-awareness warm-ups: with fellow student Bill Haake (below) and in a let-it-all-hang-out exercise, Abandonment (right).



out of Santa Monica Bay. Restaurants, shops and cleanly modern apartment complexes have replaced the bugs and mallards that used to fill Marina's waters, and Francine both lives there and works at Tiffanys, one of its most popular *discos*. "As a place to live, it has everything I crave. I water-ski, sail, play a little tennis, and I can enjoy my greatest passion—dancing—at Tiffanys." Although she works there only part time, there are very few empty spaces in Francine's weekday schedule, which also includes classes at Santa Monica College, a second part-time job as a trip consultant for Leisure World Travel, assignments from Playboy Models and, most importantly for her future, a weekly class with drama coach Eric Morris. "The classes are absolutely stimulating. We do a lot of encounter-group kinds of exercises. There's one where he asks you to do something in front of the whole class that would normally make you feel embarrassed, or stupid, in order to get rid of inhibitions. It's called Reluctancy." We have an idea that that exercise might be tough for Francine, because if there's one thing she isn't in her enthusiastic confrontation with life, it's reluctant.

Francine gets together again with her favorite friends, Dave Laffoon and the Vasquezes, at the Promenade, one of Marina del Rey's popular restaurants, for a lunch that lasts several toasts into the afternoon. Afterward, they walk to Francine's apartment nearby, where, a few hours later, on her balcony overlooking the harbor, she serves hors d'oeuvres that more than suffice for supper.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A salesman was testifying in divorce proceedings against his wife. "Please describe," said his attorney, "the incident that first caused you to entertain suspicions as to your wife's fidelity."

"My job keeps me on the road from Monday through Friday," replied the man, "so, naturally, I try to make up for lost time when I'm home. One Sunday morning, we were making love on our squeaky bedsprings, when the old bitch in the apartment next door pounded on the flimsy wall and shouted, 'Can't you stop that racket—at least on weekends?'"



During a sudden and abnormally sharp cold snap in Southern California this winter, a starlet whose charms were obvious even beneath her unaccustomed wrappings asked to see a senior member of the UCLA physics department. "Professor," she asked rather nervously, "I wonder if you could tell me—er—well—that is—I mean, the exact temperature at which silicone freezes?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *foreplay* as Operation Head Start.

Did I understand you to say," inquired the elderly chief judge as the beauty-pageant contestants paraded by, "that you'll automatically vote for the girl who doesn't appear to have a chance?"

"That's not quite it," explained the distinctly younger member of the panel. "What I said was that I invariably vote for the sleeper."

As a C. P. A.'s mistress complains,
"When he's soused, his virility wanes,
So I get, when he drinks,
A male asset that shrinks,
And no cervical capital gains."

The number of push-ups a fellow can do largely depends, according to one gymnastics expert, on just what it is he's pushing.

I suppose I should have suspected he was a sky-jacker," remarked the stewardess, "when he asked me for a sandwich and coffee—to go."

When the medical man came home to find his basement flooding, he immediately called the new plumber in town. The latter arrived, found and fixed the trouble in five minutes and presented a bill on the spot for \$100.

"Why, that's outrageous!" exclaimed the doctor. "It works out to over a thousand dollars an hour! I'm a transplant surgeon and I don't make that kind of money."

"Yes, I know," deadpanned the plumber. "Neither did I when I was a transplant surgeon."

A shapely little teenage blonde bounced into the local card shop. "Do you have any, like, real special valentines?" she asked.

"Here's one from our private line," smirked the salesman as he slipped it out from under the counter. "It's inscribed 'To the Boy Who Got My Cherry!'"

"Wow!" burbled the girl. "I'll take the box."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *impotent actor* as a boneless ham.

Perhaps you've heard about the man who broke his nose in amorous circumstances. He was making love to his wife doggy style and she suddenly ran under the bed.

Without warning, the defendant in the indecent-exposure case jumped up during cross-examination, pulled down his trousers and shorts and began masturbating.

"Isn't that illegal?" gasped a shocked young spectator to her law-clerk escort.

"It certainly is," answered the fledgling attorney. "Why, he's getting fingerprints all over Exhibit A!"

My, but you look different!" clucked the office chatterbox to one of her co-workers. "Your hair is extra curly and you have a sort of wide-eyed look. What did you use—special curlers and some dramatic new eye make-up?"

"No," said the object of her chatter. "My vibrator shorted out this morning."

Our literary scouts report that bookstores will soon be stocking a volume called *The Unsensuous Census Taker*. It's about a guy who comes once every ten years.



The prim American girl was swept off her feet by the handsome Parisian and they were married in a matter of days. As she undressed on their wedding night, she remembered the stories she'd heard about Frenchmen and their bizarre sexual habits. She turned around nervously, but there, much to her relief, was her husband on his knees praying.

"Oh, Maurice," she cried, "you *are* a sweet person. I'd been thinking— But no, you'd never do such a thing to me!"

There was an odd gleam in Maurice's eye as he looked up. "Please be quiet, *chérie*," he whispered hoarsely. "Don't you see I'm saying grace?"

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.



"Frankly, being all things to all men has always been a snap for me."

humor
By ffolkes
ffractured
ffiction

a shelf of literary classics taken lightly



"It's old 'One for All and All for One.'"



"And stop calling me Moby Dick!"



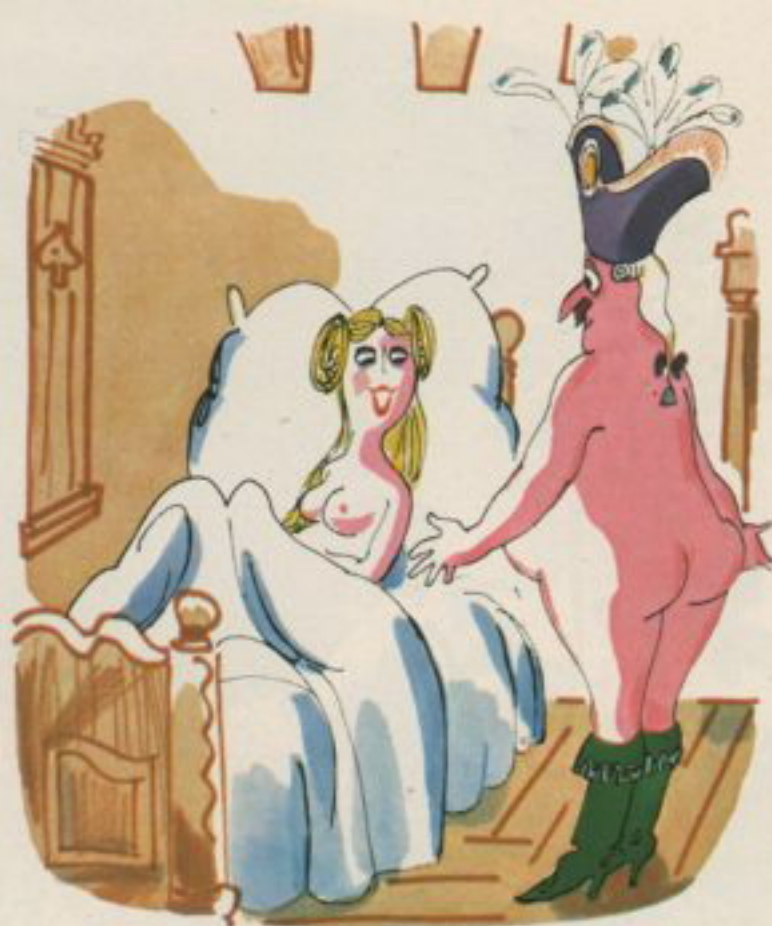
"The wild called."



"Excuse me, but I'm trying to lay a brick."



"Say, Karamazov, how many damned brothers have you got?"



"Why, Baron Munchausen, you weren't exaggerating even a tiny bit!"



"Write out 'Lolita is a bad girl' fifty times, then report to my study."



"No, the Great Gatsby's my brother. I'm Dagwood Gatsby."



"Sure's better than whittling, eh, Huck?"



"Please, Camille, that's been your dying request for over eleven months now."



"So, Mitty, this is your secret life!"



"Thank God, the last of the Mohicans."



the girls of **SKIING**

*on the slopes or in a
lodge, these are the
lovelies who take the
chill out of winter*



Beauty-contest participant and cocktail waitress Sandy Taft (left) mirrors the care-free skiing life at Mt. Snow, Vermont's Snow Lake Lodge. Opting for a helicopter ride to a summit opposite Park City, Utah, Lynnda Wills (above) demonstrates one way to beat the lift lines—while taking advantage of a warm-for-winter day.



Left: Coors firmly in hand, Buttermilk's Marlon Ellis takes five at Little Nell's Après-Ski Bar. Above: Mammoth's Kerrie Gorman samples the outdoor Jacuzzi near the Sierra Park Villas. Below: Gail Richter can ski only two weeks a year. But she vacations in Colorado, where she parallels from dawn to dusk.





Readers will recognize that the young lady pictured above, combining sun-bathing with skiing at the Park City ski area in Utah, is November 1972 Playmate Lenna Sjööblom. Top right: Twenty-five-year-old Carol Stewart pauses by a candy stand at Snowmass. Right: Texan Sharyn Scott relaxes in her Aspen digs.

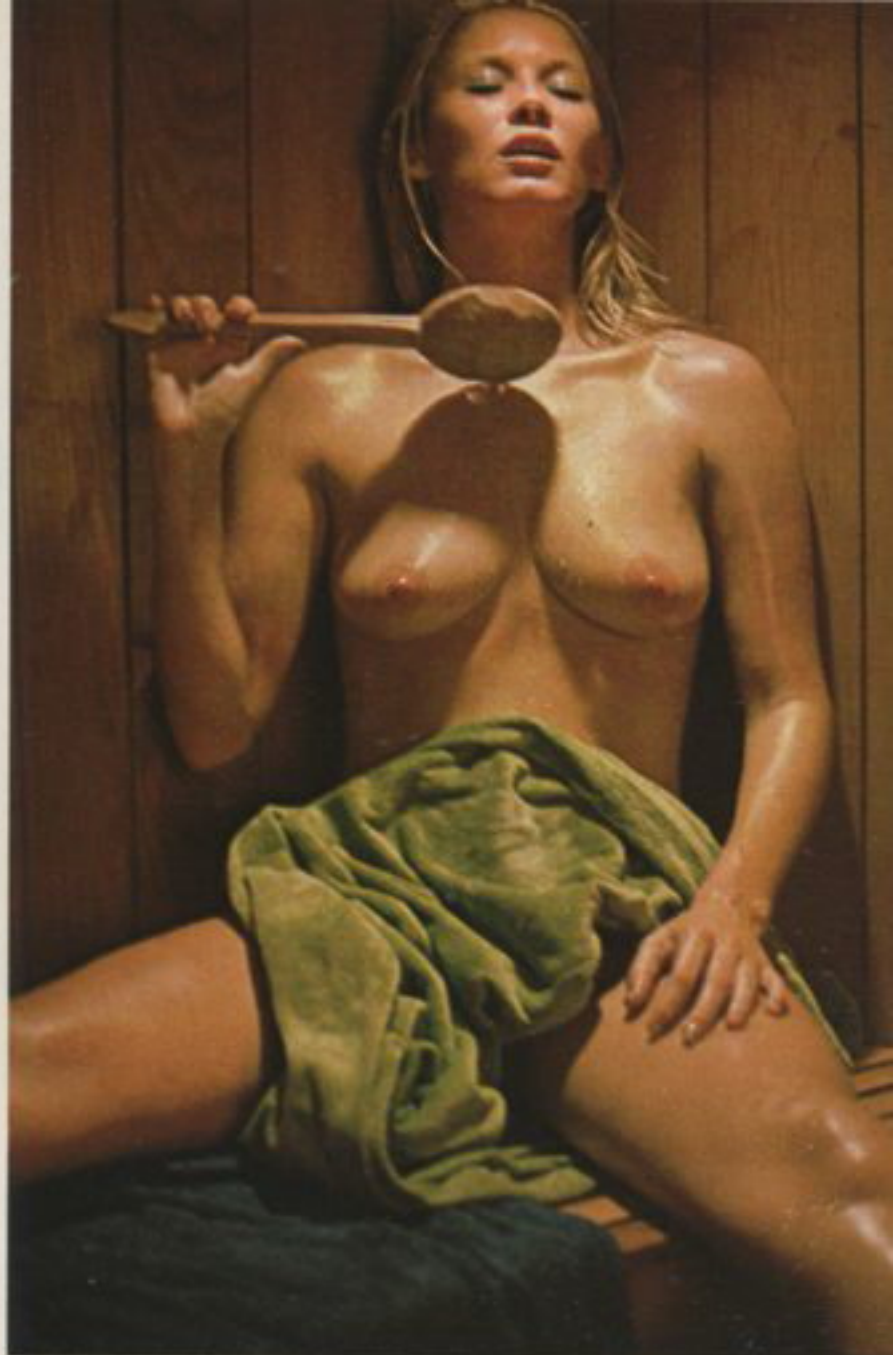




Lloie Schwartz (top left), who works at a ski-cap shop in Reno, takes her leisure-time breaks doing what comes most naturally: skiing. Left: Jacqueline Billings, a former Peace Corps volunteer, now models to support her Vail habit. Above: After a hard day's schuss, Ann Pennington relaxes in her condominium overlooking Aspen.



Hawaiian-born Hedy Chew (above) passes the Mt. Snow base lodge as she sets out for the slopes. Hollywood native Garrie Walls (right) caps a day at Aspen with a sauna. Chicago Bunny Eileen Byrne (below) spends her winter days off skiing at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva.





Patricia Louzan (above left), a first-grade teacher from a Boston suburb, revels in the powder on Mt. Snow. Not long ago, Playmate-Bunny Danielle de Vabre (above right) forsook Canada's Laurentians and her native Montreal to work as a ski instructor for several months at Colorado's Steamboat Springs. In contrast, 21-year-old Barbara Makris (below) doesn't have to travel so far from her Cherry Hill, New Jersey, home to reach the slopes of the Playboy Club-Hotel at nearby Great Gorge.





Above: Sally Andersen does modeling to finance a Colorado apartment. Right: Bebe Buell skis in Vermont. Vail's Debbie Chenoweth (below) also sky-dives.





"The only thing 'open' about our marriage is your big mouth."

STRUNG OUT ON BLAST

*making it on the down side
of urban progress*



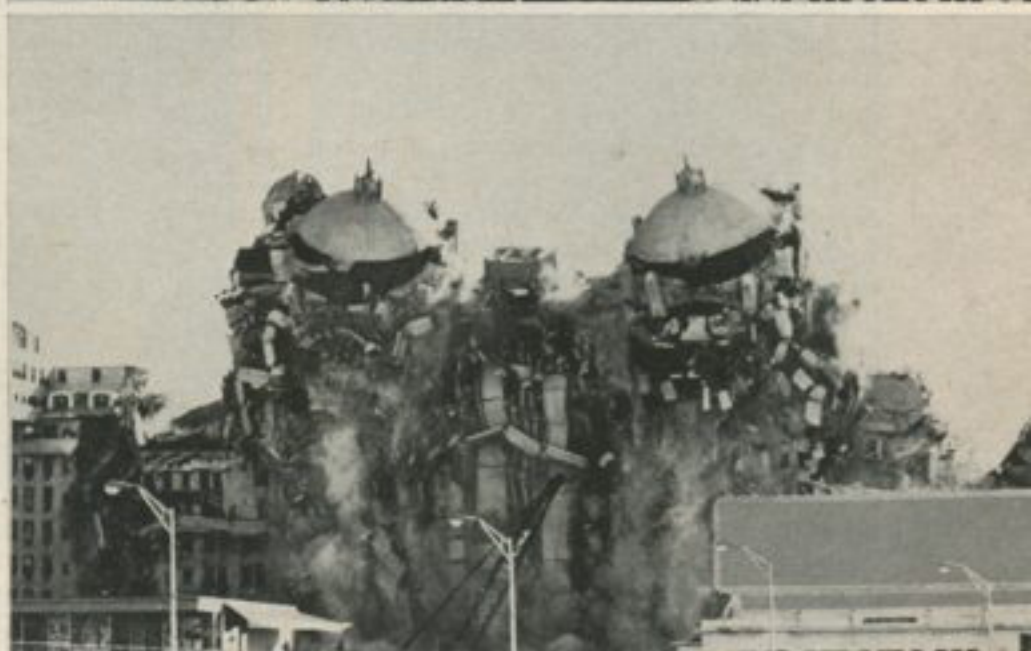
article By RICHARD RHODES

Dynamite: the big red-paper-wrapped sticks lying in their box ominous and yet exhilarating, fuel for fantasies of some ultimate Fourth of July, giant firecrackers packed with brown paste that looks like plastic wood—is plastic wood, but the binder that holds the sawdust is nitroglycerin. Wicked, lethal stuff, the weapon of choice of skyjackers and left-of-far-left radicals and terrorists and underworld hit men; but today two clean-cut, fresh-faced young guys in white hard hats, Mark and Doug Loizeaux, are handling it. They pull sticks out of the box and slash them with a razor blade and prime them with blasting caps, fine orange and yellow wires running out the end, and load them in holes drilled into concrete columns that support Kansas City's moribund State Hotel. And after they've loaded the dynamite, my God, they ram it into place with a sawed-off hoe handle, as if it were so much packing, and then ram some stemming turf on top to plug the hole and move on. The owners of the hotel put a contract out on it. Tomorrow morning, Sunday, Mark and Doug and their dad, Jack Loizeaux, are going to blow the place up.

They make a formidable team, though none of them looks the part of beefy demolition. Jack, 57, is slim and handsome, with trim gray hair and a small mustache; Mark, compact, poised, self-assured as someone must be who took over the business temporarily at the age of 19, when his dad broke his back in a car accident; Doug, tall and bearded, the younger son but already dropping buildings and bridges on his own. The Loizeauxs are a family outfit, and even Freddie Loizeaux, wife and mother, former head of the Maryland P. T. A., is a licensed blaster and travels with her husband to handle public relations with officials nervous at the thought of what will happen to them if the explosives break loose.

The box of dynamite sits in a pile of plaster rubble in what used to be the lobby of the hotel next to a battered blue Samsonite suitcase full of time-delay blasting caps and the Loizeaux boys move systematically from one column to the next, loading the holes spaced evenly around each column. Each hole gets the smallest possible charge of dynamite, a pound or a pound and a half; one of the qualities that have made the Loizeauxs the best demolition men in the world is their fanaticism about using the least possible amount of explosives to get the job done. They'd take down

Nashville's Andrew Jackson Hotel (opposite), the Traymore in Atlantic City (top) and Kansas City's Plaza star in *Edifice Wrecks*.



the Empire State Building with Black Cats and ladyfingers if they could figure out a way to do it, but as it is they've brought down 22-story buildings with no more than a couple of hundred pounds of dynamite—which is why, in 18 years of work, Controlled Demolition Inc., the family firm, has never had an accident or an injury. Occasionally, very occasionally, a building won't fall on the first shot, a consequence of the Loizeauxs' refusing to overload it with explosives, and then Jack has to go in and set more charges and try again. But such undercalculations have become increasingly rare as Controlled Demolition has refined its techniques. The days when it had to go to Lloyd's of London for insurance are now far behind it.

The State Hotel isn't anything special to look at, ten stories of brick, the decayed repository of tens of thousands of Kansas City weekends and Kansas City weeks, but its physical roots go back to the 19th Century, hand-laid masonry columns down in the basement six feet square supporting a welter of columns upstairs, some of them structural steel, some of them poured concrete embedded with heavy reinforcing rods, some of them poured concrete wrapped with bands of steel like giant springs, an array right out of Rube Goldberg, every support different from the last one and every support requiring its own unique arrangement of explosives if it's to be turned, as the Loizeauxs intend turning it, into instant gravel. The concrete and masonry supports get dynamite charges. The structural-steel H beams running ten stories up the front of the hotel inside its brick facing get something special from the technology of the space age: linear shaped charges. When the stages of the Saturn 5 separated from one another in all those moon shots, linear shaped charges wrapped around the inside of the rocket's skin separated them. A linear shaped charge is an explosive device that looks like a segment of a copper picture frame, an extruded V-shaped copper tube filled with plastic explosive. When the explosive goes off, it turns to a gas and expands at 27,000 feet per second, which is fast enough to generate pressures of 3,000,000 pounds per square inch. The shape of the copper tube forms the expanding gas into a jet and the jet makes a cut as thin as a sheet of paper along the line where the charge is attached, an instantaneous cut cleaner than the work of an acetylene torch straight through three inches of structural steel.

But if the hotel is nothing much to look at, in another sense it's very special indeed, because its east side, ten stories high, rises only the width of an alley, 12 feet, away from a 22-story hotel next door, a hotel still in service and filled with weekend guests. The Loizeauxs have taken down larger buildings than the State, but they've never before taken

down one so tight. The least mistake and they're likely to tear up the neighboring hotel and destroy their perfect record and bring on monumental lawsuits and maybe kill somebody, and don't think they don't know it. Jack Loizeaux is a praying man who nevertheless believes the Lord helps those who help themselves, but this weekend he's praying whenever he can find the time. He's already handled three other jobs in Kansas City, a smokestack and an old packing house and a hotel, but a few months before the State job another outfit tried to take down a building a block away and botched it. They blew it up three times before the last of it fell and they broke half the windows in the central city. Jack has to sell the city fathers all over again on the virtues of explosive demolition, and the only way he knows how to do that is to put his own reputation on the line by taking on the worst job in town. The State is the worst job in the country, and if he's not actually sweating, he's certainly checking and rechecking the building and his plans, and so are his two sons, and the night before the blast he will find himself wide awake at three in the morning with diagrams and delay patterns dancing before his eyes.

Loizeaux first handled explosives back in 1938, when he was a junior at the University of Georgia in Athens. He owned a bicycle then, and an Airedale, and a cabin in the woods. He was a forestry student. The Oconee River was washing out the forestry-department nursery and the school decided to straighten the channel to bypass the nursery area. Jack worked the surveying transit and then helped the DuPont engineer load dynamite into the holes the students drilled. "When it came time to shoot," says Loizeaux, "he said, 'How would you like to shoot it?' Wow. I was just a kid. I pressed that plunger and we threw *hundreds of thousands* of tons of loam and mud and it just went skyward and when it was all over and the mud settled, the old lazy river came straight as an arrow for about 200 yards. It just fascinated me. The tremendous power that was at my finger tips. I couldn't sleep for a week." He remembers an earlier experience with explosives that may have impressed him even more: He remembers his father blasting holes in his orchard where fruit trees would be planted. Then the father had power; now the power was his.

But Loizeaux didn't go directly from college into demolition. World War Two intervened, and after the war, the memory of tremendous power perhaps quiescent, he started a tree service out of Towson, Maryland, specializing in big contracts from cities, 20,000 trees at a time. Those were the years when the American elm died off in the East from Dutch elm disease. Loizeaux had all the work he could handle, and to get the job

done he innovated. "When we had dead elms and dead sycamores, we'd cut them off low and drill holes and blast and split them and then we'd take a Navy winch truck and pull out the pieces, so we had no disposal problem." Thus began his practical experience with explosives. And notice: Felling a tree means figuring out how to put it exactly where you want it, using ropes and gravity to lay it in the slot, a skill that Loizeaux would later turn to good account.

Builders, hearing about a tree specialist around Baltimore who used explosives, would come over and ask Loizeaux if he'd take on a stubborn rock or a recalcitrant footing and for 100 bucks or so he'd do it. He began to like the money he was earning from those extra jobs and he began to learn about blasting. He hung around DuPont, studied engineering at night school, read his way through the blasting library, took chemists and engineers to lunch. The specialists at DuPont came to think of him as an expert, and one day they had a problem that matched his talents. "DuPont called me and said a colonel at Aberdeen Proving Ground thought he'd be cute and there were three smokestacks to come down and he shot one and he's broken windows for many miles, so he's in hot water. So I went out there. He'd taken three cases—50-pound cases, 150 pounds of explosives—and he'd had his men scaffold the stack and his engineers had lowered the cases into the stack at different elevations. Well"—this from Loizeaux deadpan—"he blew it. So I went out there with six pounds of explosives for each stack and I dumped the other two."

Loizeaux has a film showing the most outstanding of his many shots over the years, and prominent among its scenes are the ballets he and his sons perform with smokestacks. Loizeaux knows where to drop them, like trees. He leans them east, west, north, south and points between. Or he telescopes them into themselves so that they disappear before your eyes, leaving behind as they fall, suspended in the air, a ghostly column of soot. The colonel at Aberdeen can only have been chagrined. But for Loizeaux, a chimney was just another kind of tree.

In the early Fifties, Loizeaux shot nothing but stacks. Then he was called to Chile to blast out a deepwater port, one of the few foreign assignments he has accepted, not wanting to spread himself too thin, and when that job was done he was in business. He's been blowing stacks, bridges and buildings ever since, until today he has as much business as he can handle, and he's brought in his two sons, both licensed blasters and competent demolition experts in their own right, to help him keep up with demand.

Like many other self-made men, Loizeaux has looked hard for something beyond himself that might explain his

(continued on page 196)

STRUNG OUT ON BLAST

(continued from page 142)

success, and the search has made him an amateur mystic, in his case a Christian who usually manages to testify to his faith whenever he speaks in public, testimony that can have remarkable results at college graduations and in chamber-of-commerce halls, coming as it does from a man whose power over inert matter fascinates and awes most people who meet him. Loizeaux, whose chosen work is reducing the American past to pieces of rubble conveniently sized for loading into dump trucks, has made more than one audience weep for its lost innocence. Ask him how he does what he does and he will say that "one who knows the Lord has an advantage over others, or should have. I just say Lord, take care, take charge." He also does his homework, however.

The Loizeauxs serve as explosives consultants to wreckers. When the Vince Bahm Wrecking Company of Topeka got the contract for the State Hotel, Bahm called in Controlled Demolition, and Jack went to Kansas City and figured out what Bahm would have to do to get the building ready. Following Loizeaux's plan, Bahm weakened the masonry columns with a jackhammer, knocked out part of a load-bearing brick wall in the back of the hotel with a wrecking ball, cleared out the partitions in the basement and on the first floor and partly cut some of the structural-steel beams. He would do as much for any demolition, but then he went on to add the special Loizeaux touch. He ran seven-eighth-inch steel cable from the columns in the front of the building to the columns in the back and then pulled them as tight as their 50,000 or 60,000 pounds of tensile strength would allow. Several floors above the first were cabled together, ready to pull the walls inward when their supports were cut. Rest beams, their points of rest severed, thus became cantilever beams, pulled over like trees. Bahm also drilled the holes that would hold the dynamite that the Loizeaux boys would later load.

Eighty-five percent of a building, Loizeaux says, is empty space, air. The rest, the shell, is steel and cement and brick and plaster and wood. Those materials were raised into the air against the pull of gravity, and sitting there now, they retain as potential all the energy that went into their raising. Loizeaux puts small, selectively placed charges in the basement of a building, and having cabled the building together upstairs, times them to go off in a pattern and lets gravity do the work. The energy of the building's raising, released when the supports are kicked out, also brings it down, an elegant economy. Having tremendous power at his finger tips, Loizeaux uses as little of it as he possibly can. Seismographs

placed in nearby buildings show less disturbance than when a bus goes by.

Knowing dynamites—densities, velocities, dynamites that shatter, dynamites that gently heave—is part of Loizeaux's secret, but his delay patterns are the key to his extraordinary ability to put a building wherever the wrecker wants it. Knock out the supports on one side before you knock out the supports on the other and you tip the building over in the direction of the earlier explosions. Cable a building together, knock out first the middle and then one end and then the other and the building will fold up like the flaps on an ice-cream carton. It sounds easy. It isn't. Loizeaux also has to consider how fast each part of the building will fall. End A has to fall a certain distance before end B can fall on top of it. Falling objects, unhindered, travel at 32 feet per second, but falling sections of multistory buildings are hindered by walls and floors and lag behind. Loizeaux must also take that delay into account. He learned by doing. There's no book on the subject, though someday he may write one. In the meantime, he's passed his arcane skills on to his sons. They grew up in the business. Every big job the Loizeauxs have done in the past 18 years has been filmed; they study the films as carefully as the coaches of the N.F.L. study the films of their past games, and they've saved the diagrams of delay patterns as well, cataloged them by type, and with every job they take them out for review.

Mark, who is 25, put the Loizeaux skills to good use in 1972 on a project heavy with unintentional ironies. Back in the mid-Fifties, at the height of its efforts to solve the problem of housing the nation's poor, the Federal Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) built a \$36,000,000 high-rise housing project in St. Louis called Pruitt-Igoe. Architect Minoru Yamasaki, who later designed the World Trade Center in New York, designed Pruitt-Igoe, 33 11-story high-rises that at one time housed 12,000 people—not in comfort and security, as HUD intended, but in violence and squalor. Fighting costs, Yamasaki designed elevators that stopped only at every third floor; residents then walked down galleries and stairs to their apartments. Yamasaki envisioned the galleries as places where children could play, but they became, instead, places where muggers and junkies and drunks could skulk, no man's lands. Population densities in Pruitt-Igoe were far too high for either comfort or safety. And because most of the residents were on welfare and could pay little or no rent, the project went so deeply into debt that it began draining funds from the entire St. Louis public-housing program, blocking any

development of alternatives. Finally, in desperation, the housing authority decided Pruitt-Igoe needed surgery and proposed to demolish some of the high-rises and scale the others down to manageable size. That was where Controlled Demolition came in. Mark's job was to peel off one wing of a building and leave an adjoining wing intact. It was a demonstration project to prove what the Loizeauxs have been proving for nearly two decades, that explosives do the job faster and safer than jackhammers and wrecking balls. But there was symbolism, too, in the assignment: Radicals had been blowing up Government buildings in the name of a new and better world; at Pruitt-Igoe, a member of a conservative family from Maryland was blowing up a Government building that had become an embarrassment to the liberals of America. The building came down without a hitch, and rumor has it that the residents of Pruitt-Igoe cheered. So did Mark Loizeaux: with relief that it had fallen where it was supposed to.

* * *

Sunday morning in Kansas City, unseasonably cool, the air crisp, the sky blue, a west wind having blown the smog away. Across the street from the State Hotel at the Muehlebach, downtown Kansas City's finest, the manager greeted guests at an Implosion Party he was sponsoring. The Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor, meeting that weekend in reunion, were just waking up. Notices in the elevators had warned them of the demolition so that none would be jolted out of bed imagining the Japs had descended again from the western sky.

I went early, my two young children in tow, a lifelong pyromaniac eager to see the benevolent destruction. Whatever our recent pacifism in the United States of America, who among us doesn't like explosives? At the boys' home where I grew up, on the Fourth of July we would finish our chores and eat supper and wait impatiently for near darkness to troop up to the superintendent's house on the hill. There, milling in the back yard, we would gleefully fire off a crateful of fireworks, taking out our hostilities on the thickening blue air. Once someone accidentally or deliberately dropped a Roman candle and all 40 of us danced the Independence jig while flashing colored balls of fire rocketed through the grass. If my children are any measure, the next generation of Americans will be just as gone on fireworks as we; last summer they took out a stump behind the house with nothing more than Black Cats and persistence, little Loizeauxs at practice. Like a giant piece of punk it smoldered for two weeks, turning slowly to fine gray ash and leaving a hole where its root system had been, deep into the ground.

The first floor of the State Hotel was



"My wife and I have an understanding: If I don't make out with you, then she gets to try."

boarded up when we arrived, halves of old steam boilers wired around the columns to contain any debris from the shaped charges attached there. Tons of sand hauled in from the Kansas River bottom covered the sidewalks, protecting gas mains and electrical vaults beneath. The glass windows of the Muehlebach's first-floor offices were protected by two semis parked in the street. Wires from the dozens of charges loaded inside the hotel snaked out to a cable and the cable ran southwest across the intersection of 12th and Baltimore to a green park where a crowd had gathered to watch. Jim Redyke, one of Controlled Demolition's new men and soon to become its Western representative, connected the cable to a box the size of a storage battery that contained six flashlight cells and a condenser and two buttons, one red, one green. Both buttons would have to be pushed at once to trigger the charges. Doug Loizeaux was up on a nearby building with a Canon Scoopic 16 set to record the blast and it was ten to eight in the morning and the entire project was waiting for enough light. Vince Bahm had piled bales of straw against the wall of the

hotel across the alley from the State and now sat on a high-loader ready to clean up the streets. Jack Loizeaux roamed near the building, worrying.

Police cars blocked off the streets around the hotel and a traffic-control officer parked alongside the green ordered the crowd back. The light came up and Doug called in to Redyke that he was ready. The last few stragglers moved off the street into the crowd and the police pulled back their cars and then only one man stood next to the building. Jack Loizeaux, with his radio in his hand. The siren on the traffic-control car whooped once and stopped and then a minute passed and it whooped twice and stopped and then in the silence Loizeaux's voice crackled over Redyke's radio, *Thirty seconds and counting*, and silence and then, *Fifteen, fourteen, thirteen*, into the countdown now just like a moon shot and the police loud-speaker picked it up and boomed it out to the crowd, *nine, eight, seven, six, five*—Loizeaux running away from the building now toward the detonator, still counting—*four, three, two, one, fire!*, and Redyke mashed the two buttons with the heels of his hands

and instantly the shaped charges went off, muffled sharp raps of sonic boom as the jets cut the H beams at 27,000 feet per second—*boom, boom, boom*—and then the dynamite delays went off in sequence—four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—and the sound merged into one rolling roar and the building began to come apart as if every brick had been pried loose from its neighbor, light and space showing between bricks and stone window frames and keystones and facings, the center of the wall falling first and then the west end and then, as a cloud of dust rolled up from the foundation like a tsunami surf, the east end fell away from the alley and the rubble disappeared in the dust.

The dust rolled toward the green and enveloped the cheering crowd and Loizeaux disappeared in the direction of the rubble and it was five minutes before the dust cleared to reveal a pile of bricks and twisted beams and shattered blocks of concrete less than one story high where before a ten-story hotel had been, and when it saw that pile, the crowd was awed again into silence, the latent image of the solid hotel, built in 1923 and a fixture of the corner for 50 years, a memory out of childhood, still imprinted on everyone's eyes.

One steel beam had broken free of the building and fallen the wrong way; leaning across the street, it had nicked a cement-block screen in front of the Muehlebach and whomped one of the semis, folding it up like a bent beer can. But the State Hotel had fallen into its own foundation and the hotel across the alley was untouched, only its lowest fire escape slightly twisted. Loizeaux was already kicking himself about the beam that fell across the street, vowing to cable higher up next time. Vince Bahm was wheeling the high-loader through the streets around the rubble, pushing it into the foundation, and the sweeping machines were hosing down the streets to wash away the thick layer of dust that now covered streets and crowd alike. And then the crowd rushed off to hotels and coffee shops to put the world back together with drink and food.

The Loizeauxs went, too, and Doug and Mark talked about their work. Their father is obsessive about safety and so are they, but for once they mentioned the other side of demolition, the side that draws the unwanted crowds, the secret kick of concentrating all your skill and hope and reputation, too, on one shot of juice traveling through a wire. Mark: "It's all worth it, because when that thing's down you look up there and you say, oh, man, we did that. It's like winning the Grand Prix or bagging your elephant."

Doug: "The feeling of success. It's definitely a rush. Strung out on blast."

PAUL McCARTNEY
bass

BUDDY RICH
drums

KEITH EMERSON
organ

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

MILES DAVIS
second trumpet

ERIC CLAPTON
guitar

IAN ANDERSON
flute

J. J. JOHNSON
first trombone

PETE FOUNTAIN
clarinet

CANNONBALL
ADDERLEY
first alto sax

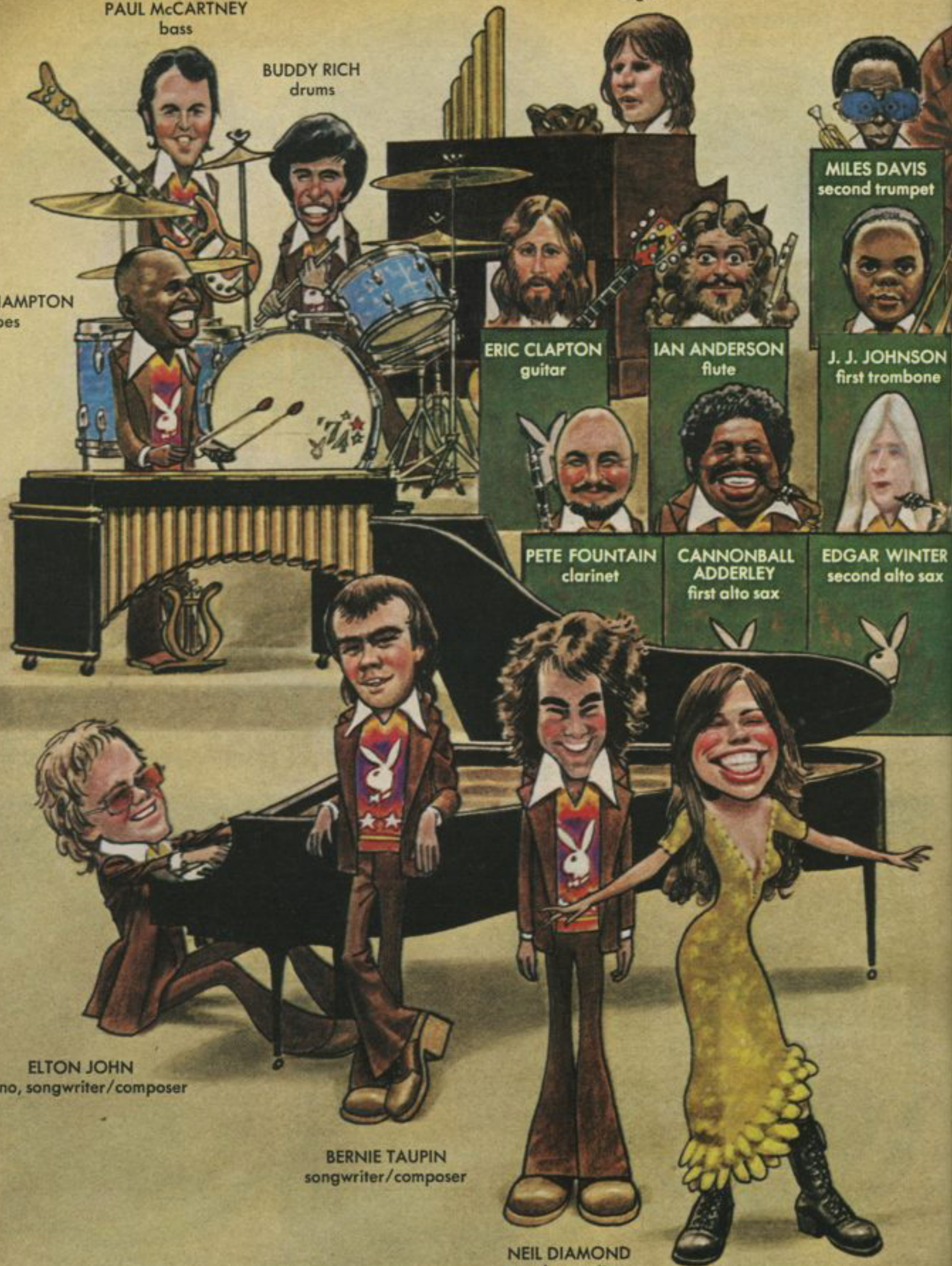
EDGAR WINTER
second alto sax

ELTON JOHN
piano, songwriter/composer

BERNIE TAUPIN
songwriter/composer

NEIL DIAMOND
male vocalist

CARLY SIMON
female vocalist



CHICAGO
instrumental combo



AL HIRT
third trumpet

HERB ALPERT
fourth trumpet

SI ZENTNER
second trombone

SLIDE HAMPTON
third trombone

MAYNARD
FERGUSON
fourth trombone

STAN GETZ
first tenor sax

BOOTS
RANDOLPH
second tenor sax

GERRY MULLIGAN
baritone sax

DOC SEVERINSEN
leader, first trumpet

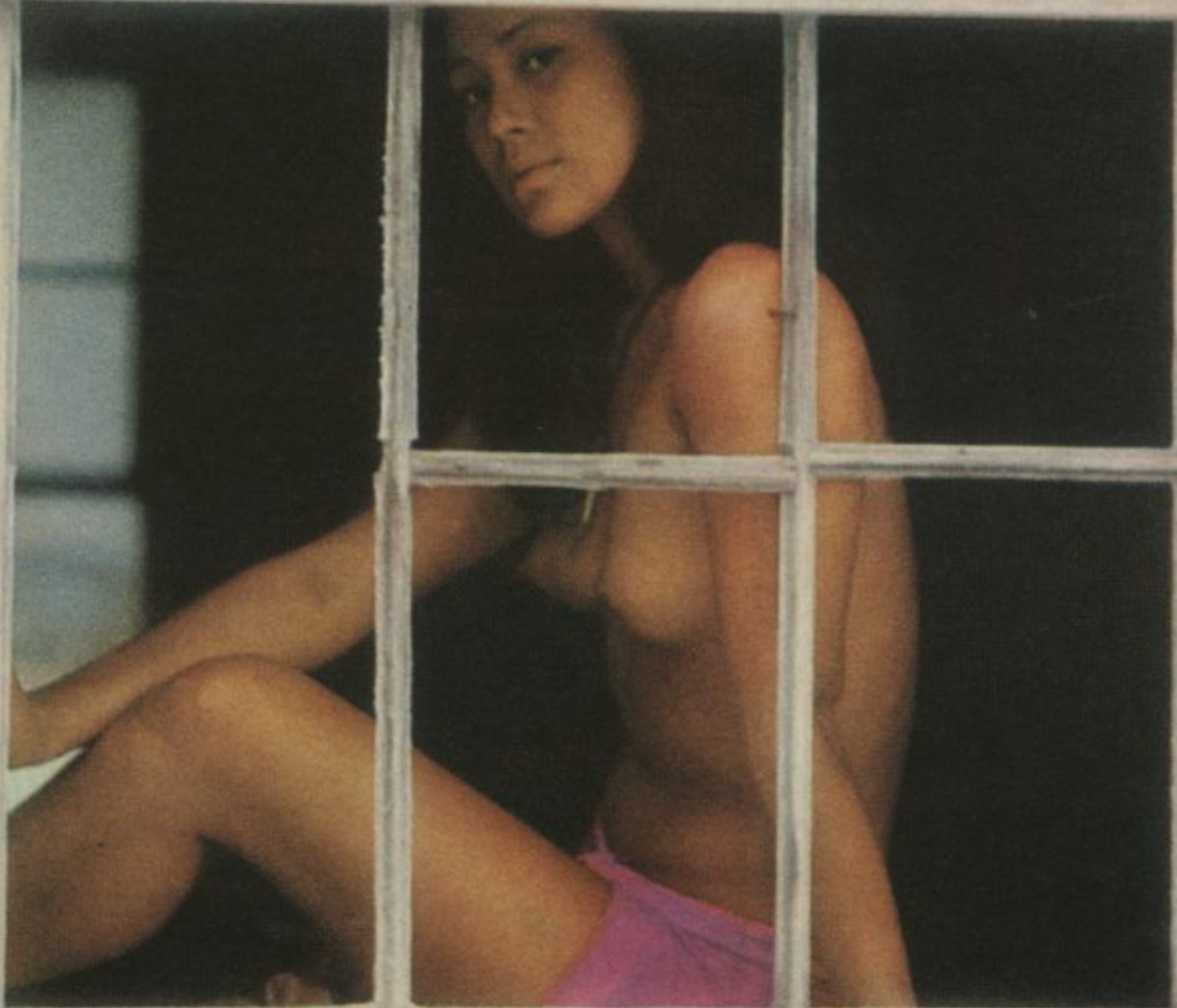
ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
vocal group

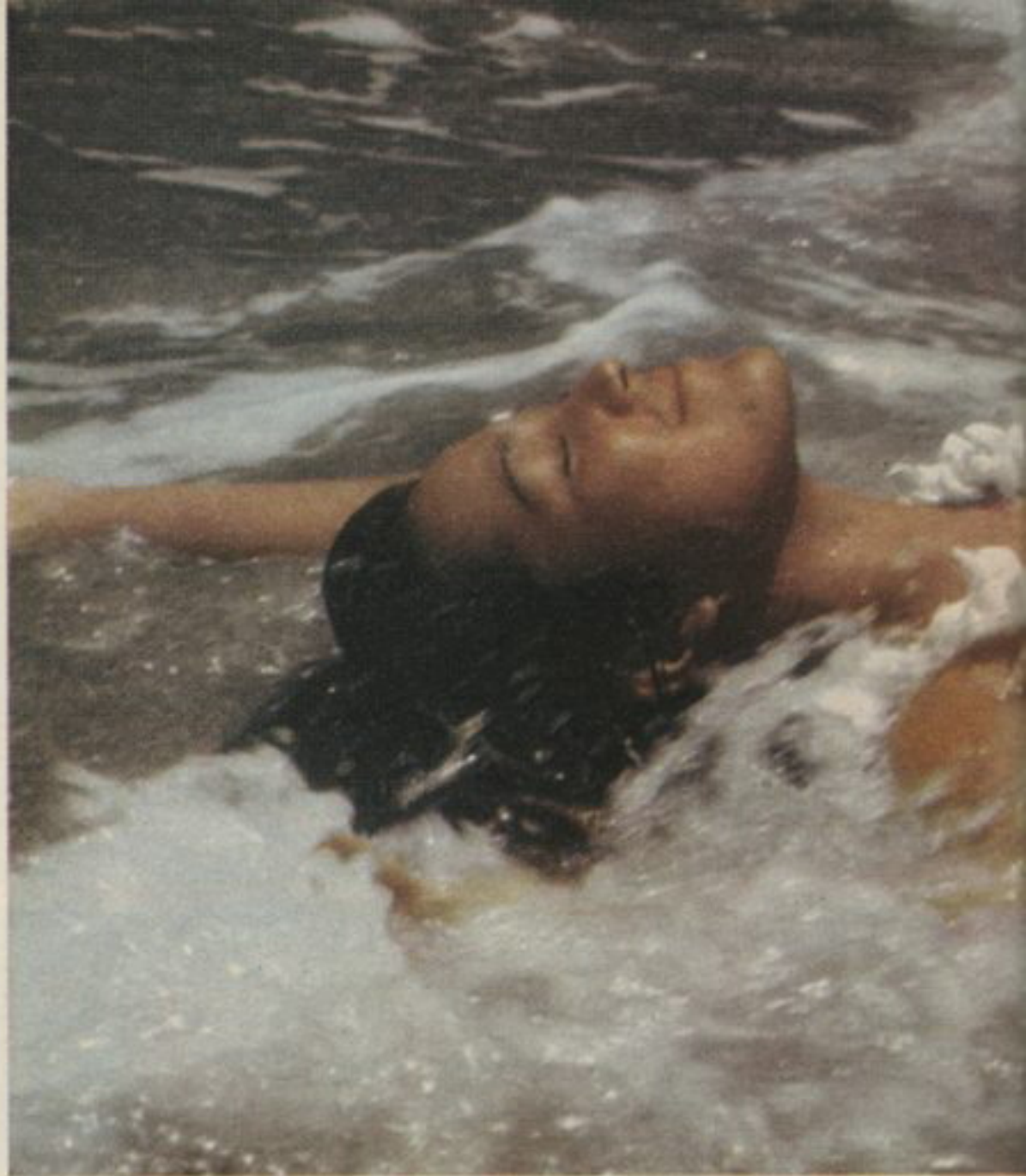
THE 1974 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND

"BUTTERFLY" GIRL

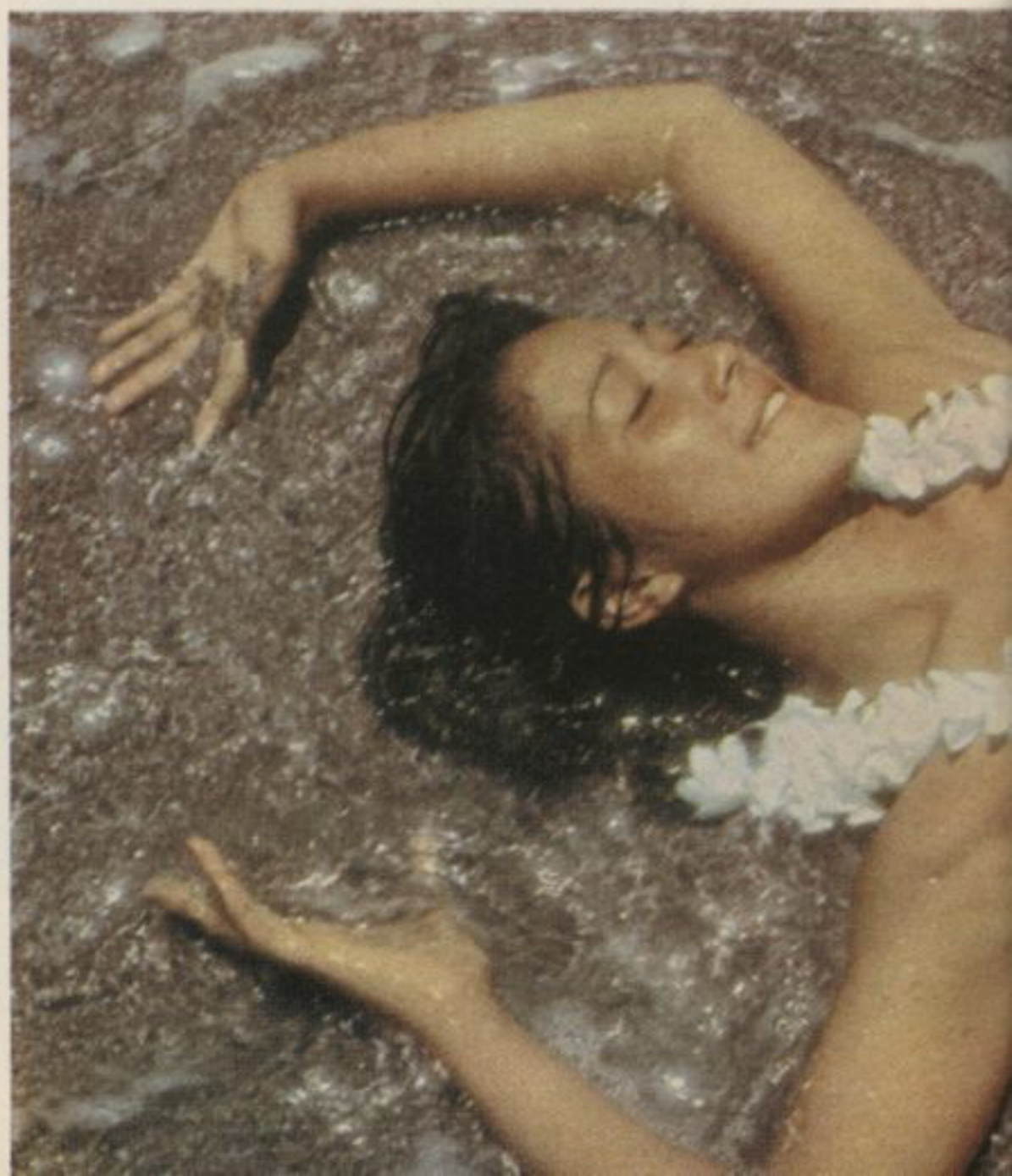
*ratna assan—not
exactly a household name,
but her performance
opposite steve mc queen in
"papillon" should make
the face and figure familiar*

SHE'S JUST turned 19, but she's been a family breadwinner for a dozen-odd years. She was brought up as a typical California teenager—high school cheerleader, drive-in-movie fan—but her dates in those teen years were showbiz figures (*My Three Sons*' Barry Livingston and *Maya*'s Sajid Khan). And she's just completed her first motion picture; but instead of a bit part, she landed the only major female role—opposite no less a personage than Steve McQueen. Her name is Ratna Assan and she comes from a long



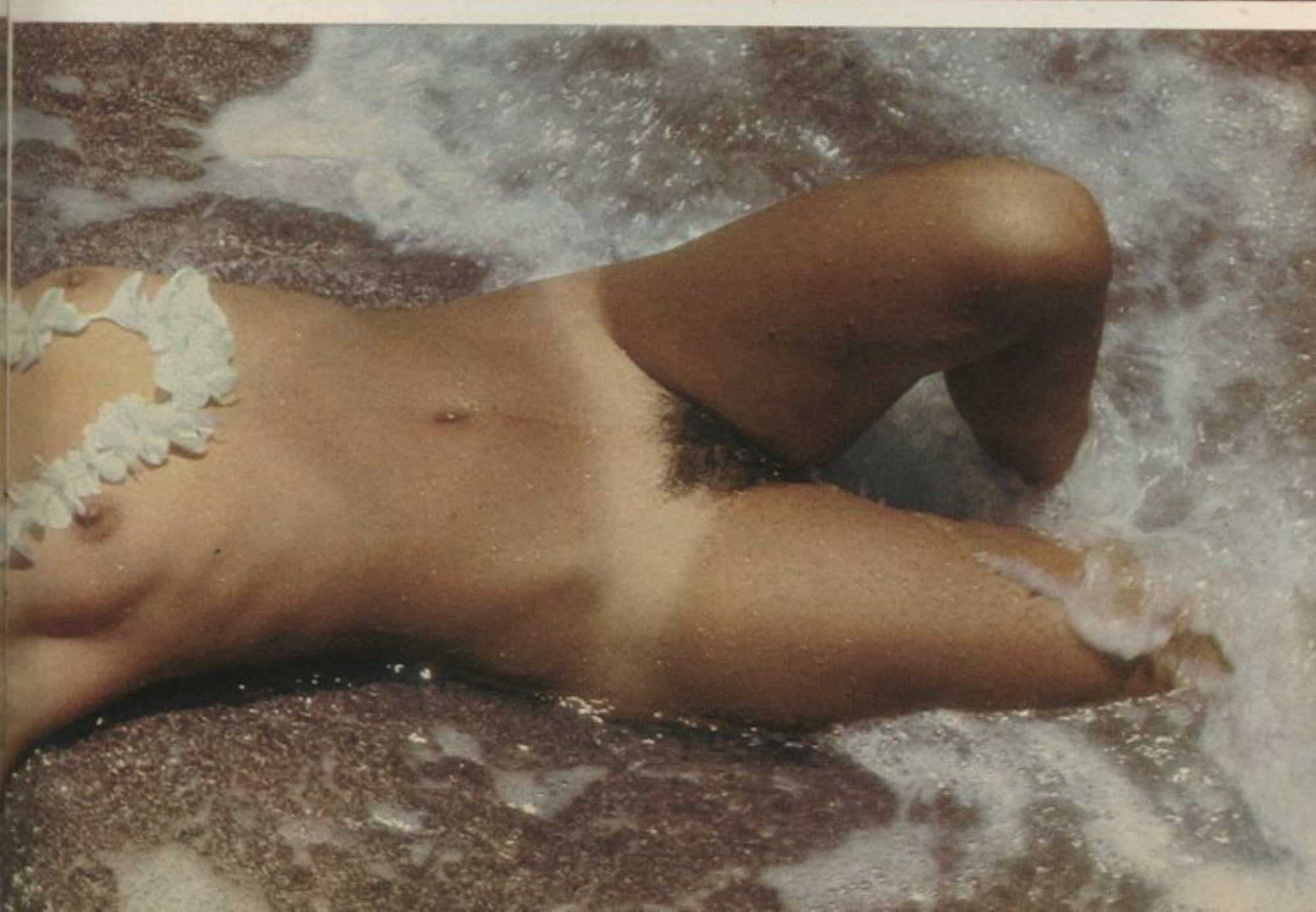


line of entertainers—musicians, dancers, clowns—in both of her parents' families in their native Indonesia. Ratna herself was born in Torrance, California, December 16, 1954. Her mother, Devi Dja, had been under contract to MGM in the Forties and appeared in several of the Bing Crosby-Bob Hope classics, among them *Road to Bali*, *Road to Morocco* and *Road to Singapore*. She's also a choreographer and dance teacher, and it was she who set Ratna to studying dancing, singing and acting three hours per day from the age of three and a half. By the time she was seven, Ratna was performing professionally, doing intricate Javanese dances and singing native songs in clubs, theaters, even the Hollywood Bowl. That turned out to be (concluded on page 176)



"This scene is from the first evening Steve and I spend together. It's all done in pantomime."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



"BUTTERFLY" GIRL

(continued from page 152)

a boon to her folks, because her mother had become ill and her father, who wasn't then fluent in English, was having trouble finding a job. So it was partly up to Ratna—dancing, playing kid roles in TV series from *Destry* to *Bonanza*, even mowing neighbors' lawns—to help support the family, which more often than not included several foster children.

Things are looking up now for the family and for Ratna, who in *Papillon*, the screen version of Henri Charrière's autobiographical best seller about his escapes from French penal colonies, plays the part of Zoraima, the chieftain's daughter who nurses Charrière (McQueen) back to health in a remote Colombian Indian village.

"I was really surprised to get the part," Ratna told us. "Up to then, the biggest role I'd ever played was as Yul Brynner's youngest wife in the TV series *Anna and the King*. I'd first interviewed for *Papillon* in September of 1972, and although they had asked me to go back several times, I hadn't heard anything definite until about the middle of May 1973, when I got a phone call: 'You're leaving tomorrow for Jamaica.' That's where the village sequences were shot, near Ocho Rios."

Ratna's role called for her to wear nothing much but a loincloth and a string of beads. "That's the way the tribe in Colombia really dresses; very primitively, with the men and women wearing identical clothing and hair styles. You couldn't tell the difference between them if they

weren't bare-chested." The first day, working with an all-male crew, she was a little embarrassed. "But," she says, "it was harder on the men, really. They'd been on location for three months doing the prison scenes, and there they worked with nothing but men. All of a sudden, here were a bunch of half-naked women running around the set. It was quite a contrast."

Zoraima and Papillon develop a romantic relationship in the book, but it's only intimated onscreen. "We don't even kiss," Ratna reports. Everything, in fact, is intimated: The entire sequence is played without dialog, to a musical accompaniment designed to create a special mood.

"That's where Steve was a particular help," Ratna says. "He helped me develop different techniques, showed me how to express myself through facial movements, eye contact. He was really great."

Since her return from Jamaica, Ratna has kept busy making promotional appearances. Her hobbies, which include karate and the care and feeding of her own personal menagerie, make her a popular interview subject. "I got out of practice with my karate while I was gone," reports this brown-belt holder, "so right now I'm pretty bruised up. Good thing I'm not wearing that *Papillon* costume." The animals? "Well, I have three hens, four roosters, seven cats, two dogs, and I've just bought a stud, Amber Surf. He's half Arabian and half quarter horse."

What next? Bookings for her new night-club song-and-dance act, more films, she hopes, and if they ever remake the *Road* movies, Ratna's ready.



"Come back tomorrow, Miss Smith. I'm sure I can find someone whose work I'm dissatisfied with by then."

RESTA

**ALL YOU
CAN EAT.
\$3.00**

**ALL YOU
CAN EAT.
\$20.00**

RESTA



THE INSULT THAT MADE A NORMAL MAN OUT OF MICK!



- A. TEE SHIRTS:** The fashion rage. Be the "first kid on your block."
- B. POSTERS:** The perfect cover-up for a hole in your wall.
- C. PATCHES:** Ideal for them or you. 3 in. sq.
- D. BUTTONS:** 2 in. sq. with a safety fastener 'n everything.
- E. GOLD LEAF-PIN:** The new American olive branch.
- F. STAMPS:** Stick 'em on your letters and let the Postal Service carry the message.
- G. BUMPER STICKERS:** Just the thing for that Studebaker Coupe of yours.

NORML National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws
1237 22nd STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20037

You bet! I wanna' give Mr. NORML a hand in his fight against the forces of evil and injustice and make a new man outa' myself at the same time!

- ☐ I enclose \$15.00 membership fee. (Students and Military \$10.00)
- ☐ I'm not a joiner but I still wanna' help out with a contribution 'cause I believe in what you're doing.
- ☐ I'm a doer and I'd like to work for marijuana reform in my area. Let me know what I can do to help.

Send along the following NORML goodies; All the proceeds from the sale of these items goes toward furthering the fight.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| LIBERATE MARIJUANA STAMPS
—sheets @ \$1.00 each | TEE SHIRTS
—shirts @ \$3.00 each
Specify S M L XL | MARIJUANA PENALTY POSTERS
—posters @ \$1.25 each |
| BUMPER STICKERS
—stickers @ 25¢ each | LIBERATE MARIJUANA BUTTONS
—buttons @ 50¢ each | GOLD MARIJUANA LEAF PINS
—pins @ \$1.00 each |
| CLOTH PATCHES
—patches @ \$1.00 each | LIBERATE MARIJUANA POSTERS
—posters @ \$1.25 each | |

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ Zip _____

Please Print

Let Us PROVE We Can Make YOU A NEW MAN!

ARE you "bummed-out" by the tactics of bullies who kick sand in the face of your constitutional rights? Do you get to feeling like a "97 pound weakling" when you see your friends arrested and jailed for possession... when you know that the LAWS AGAINST MARIJUANA ARE A CRIME? Do you get agitated by the thousands of needless "busts" which make criminals of well over 200,000 people every year? PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOURSELF! Do you seethe in frustration in the mistaken belief that all you can do is incur legal fees and think of yourself as a "scrawny-runt" when the same thing happens to you?

Dynamic Leverage From Unused Muscles Brings Results... FAST!

Alone, you can complain to your local newspaper, your congressman or yourself... with the same results—Zilch! Alone, you can insure that repressive social legislation stays on the books for

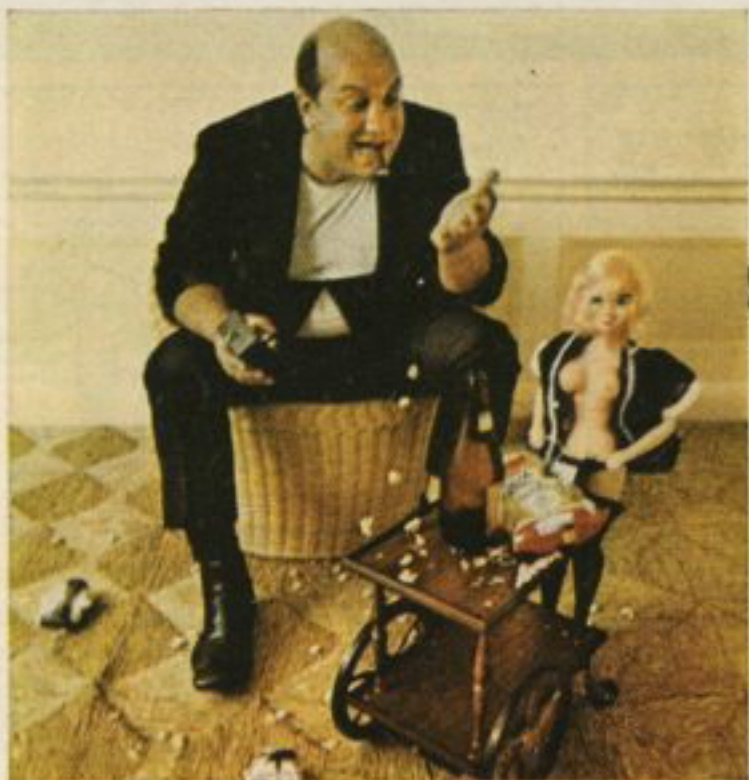
future use... AGAINST YOU! Alone, you are powerless. But, through NORML you'll discover powers you never knew you had.

Try Mr. NORML's Method Of Dynamic Leverage!

NORML is a non-profit organization of concerned people who, every day, are actively involved IN THE COURTS and with the LAWMAKERS in the fight to DECRIMINALIZE MARIJUANA. We know we'll succeed; the laws MUST BE CHANGED! But it's still a long uphill battle. And NO KIDDIN' folks... we really need your help. So fill out and mail the handy coupon today and as a member we'll send you a subscription to our newsletter, "The Leaflet", literature which analyzes the Pot Laws state by state, and a full size, full color, Marijuana Penalty poster, suitable for framing. Do it today! NORMLize yourself and we guarantee you'll be a NEW MAN!

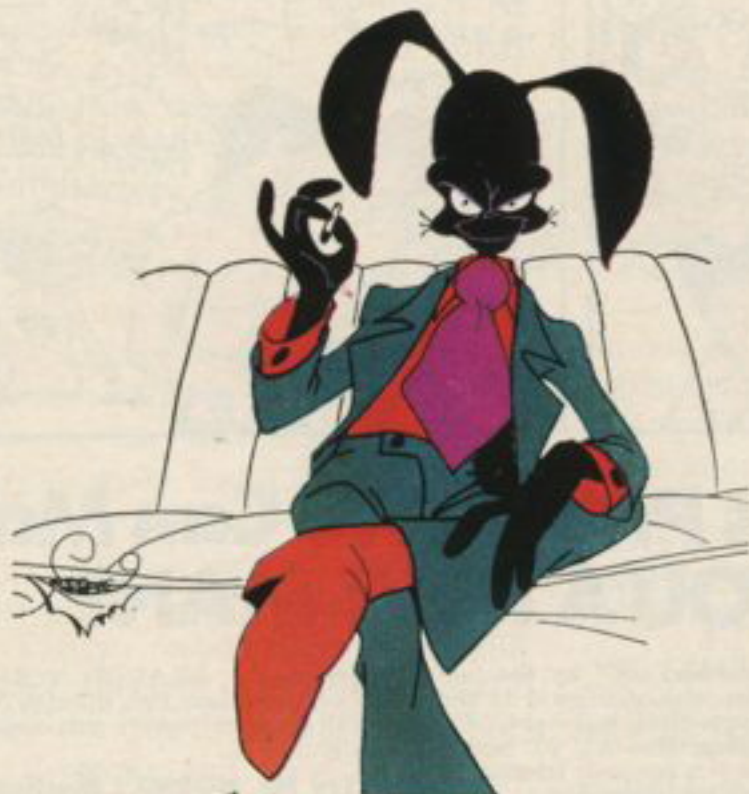
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



MINIMAID

She's just what all you rec-room chauvinists need—a 32-inch-high, battery-powered blonde barmaid-with-cart who'll fetch your booze from distances up to 40 feet via a push-button remote-control box and not talk back. The pliable little lady costs \$150 and, if you'll excuse the expression, her parts are warranted against mechanical failure. Order from The Game Room, P. O. Box 1816, Washington, D.C. Geez, Lester, is your kid sister stacked!



BLACK COMEDY

Sure, Mickey Mouse and Bugs Bunny were just cute cartoon animals, but somehow you knew they also were Caucasian middle-class creatures. Now Ralph (Fritz the Cat, Heavy Traffic) Bakshi and Albert (The Godfather) Ruddy have combined their talents to produce a no-jive, feature-length, semianimated film called *Coon Skin*—a funny, violent history of blacks in America as seen through honkie eyes. Th-th-that's all, white folks!

DOWNHILL ROCKER

In the movies, there's always some wild, James Bond-type music playing as our hero schusses down the mountain to save a blonde in distress. But in real life, even with all the snow bunnies around, it's often kind of lonely up there on top of Old Smoky. So, if you like to take some sound along, the Garcia Corporation (329 Alfred Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey) is marketing, for \$95, a kit that includes a carrying pouch for your own radio or tape deck, goggles with earphone band and a conventional headband for soundless skiing. And when music isn't in the offing, you can always listen to the news. On second thought, scratch that.



WALL BALL

Open a wallpaper-sample book and in no time at all, you're goofy from looking at all those solids and stripes going every which way. So you just pay your money and take your chance, right? Well, a lady named Marsha DeAnne of Designs by DeAnne (222 North Washtenaw Street, Chicago) has a better idea. She creates personalized wallpaper by researching whatever you choose—from erotica to law (as seen below) to a history of yourself; she then designs a photo montage that tells the story and transfers it to paper, all for a fee commensurate with the finished product. Look! Up on the wall! It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's you—all over!





NOEL CELEBRATION

In his prolific life, the late Sir Noel Coward was author of more than 50 plays and revues, and come this February 28, his final two plays will be showcased when *Coward in Two Keys* opens on Broadway. Starring in the production are Anne Baxter, Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn. *Hume Cronyn*? You mean that rat Captain Muncie didn't really catch his at the end of *Brute Force*?



LITTLE ONES OUT OF BIG ONES

A few years ago, G. Gordon Liddy types would have *swallowed* secret documents when the going got rough; but now, of course, they feed them into the maw of a machine with the Watergate Seal of Approval—the Shredmaster paper shredder. For smalltime operators, the \$280 desktop model will undoubtedly suffice, but if you're truly into something big, spend about \$3900 and get the Conveyor 400. It's the answer to a paranoiac's prayers.

RACK PIPE

Everybody's smoking something weird these days. But for the ultimate in bizarre puffing, settle back in your easy chair and light up a deer's antler. It seems a guy named Bob Bane has formed a company called Creative Antler (P.O. Box 257, Hunter, New York) and is selling all manner of exotic horn pipes as well as ones made from the fossilized teeth of whales and walruses. Twenty dollars will get you a pleasant but unpretentious white-tailed deer's tip; \$500, on the other hand, brings a truly munificent moose rack with a four-foot-long stem. Pass the black shag, Watson, this case calls for a three-point pipe.



AD VENTURE

If you think wine prices are sky-high, you will probably pass out upon learning there's an antique dealer who is asking \$3500 for an empty bottle of Coke. But the bottle is no ordinary one—and neither is the place of exhibition—The Great Mid-Atlantic Advertising Show, to be held this February 23 and 24 in the Gaithersburg, Maryland, fairgrounds. The wares of over 100 dealers specializing in advertising memorabilia will be on display and you can browse through thousands of items such as Piel Beer trays, Tareyton counter cards, Dutch Master Cigar tins, Frank Siddalls soap boxes and Dr. Sweet's root-beer mugs . . . all priced between 35 cents and \$3500. And now a word from our sponsor. . .

TRAPPED BEAVER

You might want to get one as a joke. You might want one as a kinky item for your cocktail table—or as a flowerpot. Then again, in these permissive times, you really might want to put your mate under lock and key. A California blacksmith named Beau Hickory (337 Bellevue Avenue, Daly City) has resurrected the techniques of his medieval forebears and is forging chastity belts. Hickory, who also makes breastplates, swords, helmets and other armor, plus such contemporary items as cutlery and body jewelry (the nonlocking kind), charges about \$90 to \$125 for belts. After all, they're custom fitted.





Smilby

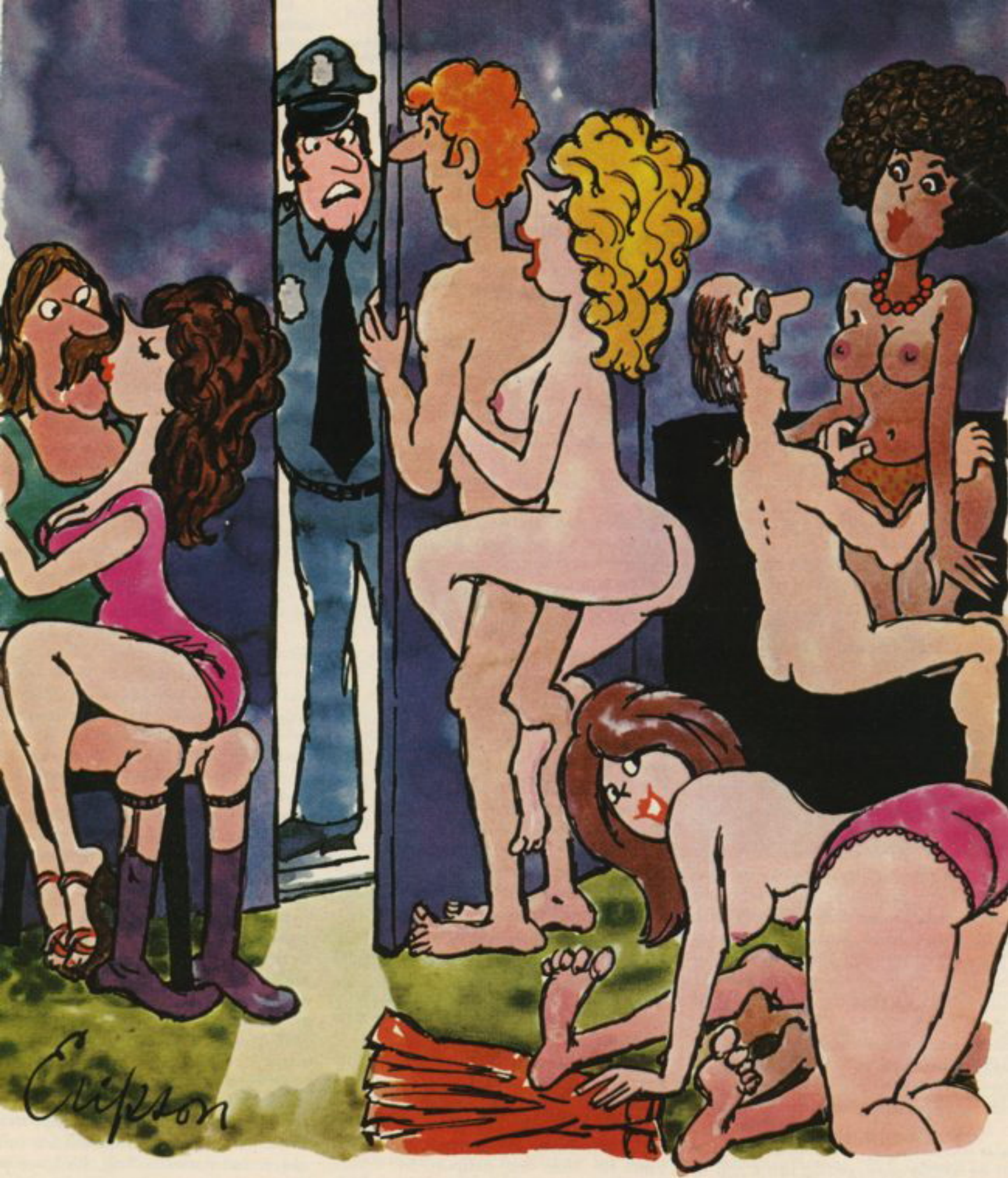
"We'll have to find some other way of meeting, Leroy; my husband is getting suspicious."



*"This kind of stuff will get you in trouble, Gutenberg.
Why don't you print a book or something?"*



"Poor Bradford, I hear he has a hundred-dollar-a-night habit."



"If you jurors don't reach a decision pretty soon, you're going to get locked up for the night!"

NEXT MONTH:



CHEYENNE'S CHEYENNE



PRETTYMAN PLAN



GOLDEN MADONNA



CROSS-COUNTRY SKI

"THE PRETTYMAN PLAN"—A REVOLUTIONARY NEW SCHEME FOR ENDING POVERTY, CORRUPTION AND VIOLENCE IN THE STREETS. UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S FICTION—BY **GERALD GREEN**

"THE 300 NEEDLES OF DR. LAU"—ACUPUNCTURE PROVES A STICKY WICKET FOR NEVADA DOCTORS, AS STATE LEGISLATORS OUTFLANK THEM—BY **CHARLES FOX**

GROUCHO MARX—MOVIE STAR, QUIZ-SHOW EMCEE AND FORMER FEMALE IMPERSONATOR—REMINISCES ABOUT HIS 83 LIVELY YEARS IN A WISECRACK-A-MINUTE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE BOMB?"—REMEMBER THE BACK-YARD-SHELTER BOOM? AFTER YOU READ THIS, YOU'LL BE SCARED SHITLESS ALL OVER AGAIN—BY **E. L. DOCTOROW**

"ZARDOZ"—ONCE MORE OUT OF BONDAGE, **SEAN CONNERY** MAKES A SEX-AND-SYMBOL-FILLED PHANTASMAGORIA OF A FILM WITH CO-STAR **CHARLOTTE RAMPLING**

"CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING"—GOING ABOUT FROM POINT A TO POINT B ON THOSE SKINNY STAVES IS THE LATEST RAGE, AND HERE'S ALL THE GEAR YOU NEED TO DO IT

"LITTLE ENIS PURSUES HIS MUSE"—A RAUNCHY, BITTER-SWEET MEMOIR ABOUT A PINT-SIZED, KENTUCKY-DISTILLED APOSTLE OF ELVIS THE PELVIS—BY **ED MCCLANAHAN**

"CHEYENNE SHOOTS HERSELF"—THE CELEBRATED MODEL SNAPS HER OWN SHUTTER FOR A *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL

"THEY CALL IT THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS"—A TRIBUTE TO THE METROPOLIS AT THE MISSISSIPPI'S MOUTH, WITH A GUIDE TO WHERE THE ACTION IS—BY **REG POTTERTON**

"THE GOLDEN MADONNA"—ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO HIS AUNT DIDN'T TURN OUT QUITE THE WAY HE'D EXPECTED. A PERVERSELY INTRIGUING TALE—BY **JOYCE CAROL OATES**

"SIMONETTA"—SIGNORINA STEFANELLI, AL PACINO'S UNLUCKY BRIDE IN *THE GODFATHER*, COMES BACK TO LIFE IN AN EXCLUSIVE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME: PART VIII"—THE STRANGE STORY OF HOW THE U.S. NAVY RECRUITED THE MOB TO WATCH THE WATERFRONT, AND HOW THE SYNDICATE BUILT LAS VEGAS—BY **RICHARD HAMMER**