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"PRETTY BABY" 1978's NAUGHTIEST FILM

BOB DYLAN INTERVIEW

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**SEX GADGETS:
THE GOOD,
THE BAD AND
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Preview Issue of
"Food & Wine"
A New Magazine

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



BARBI, DIDI SWEETEN "SUGAR TIME!" SHOW

Starring in *Sugar Time!*, the ABC-TV series that made such a hit in the summer that the network ordered seven additional episodes, are PLAYBOY's own Barbi Benton (right) and Didi Carr (center), who has sung in a number of Playboy Clubs. The show has Barbi, Didi and Marianne Black (left) playing members of an up-and-coming female rock trio. Of the sexy Miss Benton (who also had her own syndicated TV special, *Barbi Doll for Christmas*), one newspaper wrote, "When Farrah vacated Videoland, Barbi was the right girl in the right place at the right time."



CHICAGO'S BUNNY BEARS

Four Bunnies who served as Honey Bears for Chicago's N.F.L. team (from left): Debby Burkhart, Patti Allison, Barbara Wood and Claudia Mendron. Toward season's end, Patti and Barbara stood up for cheerleaders' rights—and got cut from the squad.



PLAYMATES HAVE A (BASKET) BALL

Moving right along to basketball, two 1977 Playmates had their turn in the spotlight. December's Ashley Cox gets pointers from San Antonio star George Gervin at half time of a Spurs-Kansas City Kings tilt (left); November's Rita Lee prepares to throw up the tip-off ball for Detroit Piston Bob Lanier and New Jersey Net George Johnson in N.B.A. opening game (below).



**"GOOD MORNING AMERICA"
TURNS INTO "ALL IN THE FAMILY"**

Sandy Hill of ABC-TV's *Good Morning America* asks questions of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and his daughter, Christie, Special Assistant to the Chairman of Playboy Enterprises, Inc. Their first TV interview together was telecast in two parts on successive days.



**PLAYMATE UPDATE:
#1's #1**

Best-selling author Robert J. (*Looking Out for #1*) Ringer and October 1974's Playmate, Ester Cordet (above), met at a Mansion West get-together, wed last November. At left, Ester in a pose from Playmate shooting.

JAMES CAAN RELAXES AT PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

Watch out, Waylon! That's ole Jimmy Caan (below) singin' and strummin' for the other guests (including Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire) at Playboy Mansion West, where he's been living since his marital split. Caan, most recently seen in *Another Man, Another Chance*, is due next in the May release *Comes a Horseman*.



**FIRST WOMEN PILOTS
WEAR RABBIT PATCHES**

Five of the first ten women to complete undergraduate pilot training in Air Force history (above) wear the Rabbitlike emblem of the Tipper Flight at Williams Air Force Base, Arizona. Below, First Lieutenant Victoria K. Crawford climbs aboard a T-38.





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"PRETTY BABY"

an advance look at the movie all the fuss is about—the one that's going to make 12-year-old Brooke Shields a star in her film debut as a nymphet hooker

FAST AND FOOT-LOOSE LADIES in controversial movies are pretty much the norm for Louis Malle, the 44-year-old French master who has been setting off furors about sex since 1958, though he has also scored high points with such serious films as *Lacombe, Lucien*, which was nominated for an Oscar in 1974. After he launched his career earlier in the Fifties as Jacques Cousteau's co-director on *The Silent World*, Malle's first *cause célèbre* in cinema was *The Lovers*, a landmark erotic film with Jeanne Moreau as a kind of latter-day Lady Chatterley, which provoked loud protests from bluestockings but established some new frontiers for the battle against censorship. As recently

as 1971, Malle made waves again with *Murmur of the Heart*, a brilliant and exhilarating comedy about a wayward, wealthy family so sophisticated that the mother (played by Lea Massari) sleeps with her teen-aged son and has a good laugh about it later, as if incest were just another privilege of the rich. (Malle merely smiles at the apocryphal story that when his mother—the heiress to a sugar fortune before she married Malle's father and begat seven privileged children—first saw the film, she observed with relish that it certainly brought back the good old days.)

Since he has seldom hesitated to tackle delicate subjects on the screen while discreetly sharing his

Though measurably taller, Keith Carradine (right), playing photographer E. J. Bellocq, bears a striking resemblance to Toulouse-Lautrec, whose paintings and lithographs did for the demi-mondaines of 19th Century Paris what Bellocq's photographs did for the good-time gals of New Orleans, circa 1916. Susan Sarandon (below), as the whore Hattie, mother of nymphet Violet (Brooke Shields), catches Bellocq's roving eye—which subsequently moves on to her Pretty Baby.



Storyville, celebrated for its low-down blues and all that jazz, was a red-light district second to none until do-gooder groups became incensed by the painted ladies' brazen solicitation of the sailors who were supposed to spend their strength winning World War One. Its lush, lurid world is re-created here in Maureen Lambray's special photos, which complement *Pretty Baby's* stylish cinematography by Sven Nykvist, Ingmar Bergman's favorite cameraman.





When Bellocq decides to take Violet away from all this by making her his child bride, the brothel belles take a day off to celebrate at a wedding picnic. Stripped to their unmentionables (below), they signal the crew of a passing barge to join the festivities. Above: Gussie (Cheryl Markowitz) offers free wine and woman to the sailor she's landed.



private life with a string of celebrated leading ladies, it seems just right that Malle's first film made in America should be *Pretty Baby*. Loosely based on fact, the screenplay by Hollywood production designer Polly Platt (Peter Bogdanovich's ex-wife) is set in the notorious Storyville section of New Orleans circa 1916, with Keith Carradine cast as photographer E. J. Bellocq, a compulsive voyeur and shutterbug who haunted the district's bordellos, creating a gallery of harlots that Malle compares to the work of Toulouse-Lautrec. "In the film," says Malle, "he meets Violet, the 12-year-old daughter of a prostitute, raised in the brothels. To get her out of this hell, Bellocq decides to marry her."

The real or potential problem with *Pretty Baby* is one of timing. Malle readily acknowledges that getting into hot water appears to be his forte. Perhaps he's the kind of guy who would unwittingly take Anita Bryant to a gay bar on their first date; most assuredly, he's the kind who would cross the Atlantic to



Above: an impassive Gussie entertains an energetic client (Bill Holliday), in the sort of encounter that director Louis Malle calls "a crash course" in sex education for young Violet, who observes all. One of *Baby's* busiest bodies, Cheryl operated a Houston hair salon before being spotted by film scouts at a Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans, appropriately costumed as—a streetwalker.

make a breakthrough American movie about a child prostitute at the very moment that the media, state legislatures and even U. S. Congressional leaders were raising a furor about the sexual abuse of children. Malle, with Paramount Pictures behind him, stands ready to defend the film industry's argument that legislation in that area is more likely to cripple freedom of expression in general than to kill off child pornography or rid the streets of teeny-bopper prostitutes.

"If this hysteria becomes law, a great many recent movies will be banned—including my last three pictures before *Pretty Baby*, all of which deal with very young people having to face the world of adults for the first time," says Malle. "It's this passage, this moment of transition, that excites me creatively. The boy in *Murmur of the Heart* was only 14 years old; the boy who seduced the heroine of *Lacombe, Lucien* was 16. The girl I used in *Black Moon*—Cathryn Harrison, Rex's granddaughter—was just 15 and had a defloration scene with a snake. . . . I don't even know the age of the snake, but I doubt if *that* would pass.

"I guess I should be used to this," Malle continues. "*The Lovers* came over here in 1959 and the case went all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court. Recently, I met an exhibitor in Cleveland who had been convicted because of it; yet you look at that film today and it's like go-to-church-on-Sunday, it's *nothing*.

"My God, this strange impulse of man's being sexually aroused by children has been part of every civilization. That's a fact, I'm sorry to say, a sociological fact—and it's going on today, in New York City, in the so-called Minnesota Strip on Eighth Avenue, which is nothing but kids whoring. Let me make clear that I'm a film maker, not a social worker. My cinema is not rhetorical and I don't send messages. Yet it's pure hypocrisy to pretend this is a modern phenomenon. Children have always been manipulated and exploited. You can trace it way back to China and the Greek classical culture, where a certain type of companionship between mature men and very young boys was considered normal, practically traditional.

"*Pretty Baby* just came together as it is because I'd always loved New Orleans jazz. . . . Ten years ago, I wanted to do a biography of Jelly Roll Morton, the jazz pianist. I ended up with a script by Jack Gelber that nobody wanted to do. Then I became interested in the Bellocq photos, which were published by the Museum of Modern Art. So little is known about Bellocq. He died in obscurity, totally unknown. There were stories about his being a misshapen dwarf. The love story between him and the girl is invented, of course. But Bellocq himself was real and Violet was (continued on page 218)



Young Violet's virginity is auctioned off to bordello patrons while Hattie and her intended spouse (Don Hood, above, rear) look on; one overzealous cherry picker earns a kick for trying to sneak an advance peek at the prize. The winning bid? \$400.



Snatched from the primrose path by Bellocq, the nonshrinking Violet moves in with him to learn the simple joys of courtship and card games—a fate better than hustling her life away for Madam Nell (below), played by night-club chanteuse Frances Faye.





Sarandon, Carradine and Shields share the spotlight in a loaded early scene—when Bellocq visits the whorehouse to photograph Hattie and is uneasy at having the precocious Violet close at hand while her red-hot momma powders her breasts and leans back to see what develops.

Abed with one of her regular Johns, a pistol-packing gambler known as Highpockets (Gerrit Graham), Hattie dreams her favorite dream of getting away from whoredom. When Hattie's dream comes true, Highpockets loses her—and *Pretty Baby* dissolves into a Pollyanna finale.



"PRETTY BABY"

(continued from page 104)

"Violet was real. She told how her virginity was sold at auction when she was 12 years old."

real. We got her from the Al Rose book called *Storyville*. . . . There was an interview, only a few pages long, with a respectable old woman, a grandmother living in a middle-class neighborhood. We didn't even change her name, Violet. She's dead now, but Violet recalled being a 'trick baby'—the daughter of a whore. She told how she was raised and started to work when she was about eight, doing what they call 'French,' how her virginity was sold at auction when she was 12 years old. She also described something I had to put in the film, which she called a mother-daughter act. It's on the screen, with Brooke and Susan, though you don't actually see anything."

While he was nursing *Pretty Baby* through the final stages of editing and scoring last fall, Malle commuted between a Manhattan lab and a country house in Westchester. It was then that he began to feel heat from the press, first in an inflammatory *New York* magazine cover story about 12-year-old Brooke

Shields, the nymphetish prodigy cast as Violet. A top child model who was discovered by photographer Francesco Scavullo and became the Ivory Snow baby before she was a year old, Brooke from the neck up is a match for Ava Gardner in her prime, though the rest of her looks like any healthy elementary school girl (Malle first captured Brooke's elusive seductiveness in pictures for the *Film Directors' Erotic Fantasies* portfolio in our January issue).

New York's free-lancer Joan Goodman—an Englishwoman with a stiletto up her sleeve, according to reports from the wounded—visited *Pretty Baby* on location in New Orleans and returned to pigeonhole the movie as "*Lolita*, only in period costume and much more explicit." There was also some hand wringing in print about Brooke as the newest and brightest of Hollywood's "corrupted innocents" in the Jodie Foster-Tatum O'Neal tradition. All of Goodman's revelations were punctuated with sighs as if it

hurt a lot to tell the world that Brooke had posed in the nude and would probably be doing a *Penthouse* spread (wrong) with the approval of her inexorably ambitious divorced mother, Teri Shields, manager of Brooke Shields & Co., Inc.

Public reaction was swift, with at least one child-welfare group threatening to take Teri's million-dollar baby out of her custody entirely. While Paramount publicity hawks flew in circles, Brooke and Teri went on a TV talk show to counter-attack, insisting they had been misquoted and generally maligned and citing, for example, Goodman's alleged quote from Teri about Brooke's inconveniently having her first menstrual period while the film was being shot. "I don't even have periods yet," testified Brooke, who ought to know.

Malle's response was more vehement. "To me, it's a trashy article written for a trashy magazine. It's also full of lies, and I wrote a letter of insult to Joan Goodman to tell her my opinion. Disgusting. But I'd like to say, in defense of Brooke Shields—who is made out to be some kind of freak—that it's absolutely not so. Brooke has been very well educated by Teri. She's got the best possible manners, and for an inexperienced actress, she learns very fast. She's not one of these stage kids who behave like mechanical dolls."

As Brooke's leading man, Keith Carradine found himself done up to resemble a Chekhovian cradle snatcher in a role that Paramount's top brass had considered perfect for Jack Nicholson.

"I think it would have been a disaster," says Malle. "Though Jack is a very fine actor, he's too contemporary, too heavy. I was interested in Robert De Niro for the Bellocq part at one point. To me, he's the best American actor today, but he was busy. Finally, Keith is perfect, yet everyone was horrified when I cast him. They thought he was too young, too good-looking. But we have romanticized Bellocq, and Keith has that shy, tender quality, a kind of softness. . . ."

Carradine nevertheless found some of his intimate scenes with Brooke pretty hard to face. "Difficult," he recalls now, "or at least delicate. But after seeing *Murmur of the Heart*, I had implicit faith in Louis' taste and judgment. Besides, I was very moved by the script. And no matter what you've heard, Brooke is a relatively innocent, normal little 12-year-old girl. Our scenes might have been easier, in a sense, if she had been more precocious that way. It took a bit of patience."

According to Teri, her daughter's crush on Keith ended abruptly when she was required to kiss him on camera. "Brooke found that distasteful. She said she'd wanted to look back, when she's 25, on her first kiss with a boy her own age. I



"No, young man, it's not measles. It looks like a case of a pulsating shower head!"

told her this was just acting and didn't count."

Pretty Baby's bawdier instances of sex and nudity are left to the grown-up whores who work for Madam Nell (Frances Faye) in a brothel that often humps with joy and funky Jelly Roll music. Top girl in the line-up is Violet's mother, played by Susan Sarandon, whose big Bette Davis eyes and obvious talent have kept her in the Hollywood limelight since she made her debut as the doomed runaway daughter in *Joe*. Susan struck pay dirt again with her role as the sinned-against wife in *The Other Side of Midnight* and has no reason at all to worry about competition from a mini-sex symbol. "The fact is," she observes matter-of-factly, "Brooke has been in the business a lot longer than I have. She also knows she's going to be a star, and at moments she can manipulate people and situations much more cleverly than her mother does. Brooke is terrific, just incredible, though you have to wonder what she'll be like by the time she's 30."

Malle insists that he never had any doubt about casting Susan as Hattie. His hang-up was finding the right Violet. "It's unimportant that mother and daughter don't look alike. But at first I felt Brooke was too extraordinarily beautiful for the part. There's something disturbing about her . . . with this face of a woman, the body of a child. But Susan's is the difficult role in the movie. She's a horrible character. She's a monster, abandoning the girl. She's completely self-centered; she's also childish, born in a whorehouse herself and obsessed with the idea of escaping. She doesn't know what or where she is . . . she's a mess, yet she is very touching."

This may be the spot for a footnote to acknowledge Malle and Sarandon as an offscreen couple whose togetherness started way down yonder in New Orleans and has been routinely fed into the gossip mills as a hot item ever since. Mention it to them and they look exquisitely bored—or perhaps just baffled that anyone in the civilized world still thinks it's news when a gifted director and his fetching star become fast friends for a while. Susan remains married to, and amiably separated from, actor Chris Sarandon (who played Margaux Hemingway's rapist in *Lipstick* and Al Pacino's gay "wife" in *Dog Day Afternoon*). Malle, once married and divorced, has two children from subsequent liaisons, nonchalantly identified in his official Paramount bio as "born out of wedlock to two different women."

Such statements elicit a heavenward glance accompanied by a perfect Gallic shrug from Malle. "They make my life sound more swinging than it actually is. We all get along very well. The mothers come and go with the children, they stay

at my house in France—near Toulouse, where the Concorde is made. The truth is so simple. I decided that marriage was not really my trip. When I was married, I didn't have children. It was only when I stopped being married that I started having children."

Though he's a man accustomed to doing his own thing in exactly his own way, Malle could scarcely hope to launch *Pretty Baby* without the risk of criticism, idle rumors and random flak. Soon after shooting began, stories out of New Orleans hinted at dissension between Malle, the European perfectionist, and his resentful, overworked American crew. Professional conflicts were exacerbated by personal tragedy when Swedish cinematographer Sven Nykvist, Malle's chief ally, was forced to leave the location for two weeks after his teenaged son was killed in a traffic accident in Europe.

"Contrary to published reports, our troubles had nothing to do with my being French," says Malle, "or my crew's

being American, Swiss or Spanish. My methods are no different from the methods of 15 or 20 of the best American directors. I work in confusion and disorder; I keep contradicting myself all the time, making changes. That's my essential privilege as an artist."

Hurt feelings and harsh words are forgotten, in any case, now that everyone has seen and loved a highly promising rough cut of *Pretty Baby*. After the good word leaked, Paramount's top executives were wearing money-in-the-bank smiles. Meanwhile, Brooke Shields was with her mother in Santa Cruz, California, starring in a brand-new movie, Rudy Durand's *Tilt*. According to a late flash from Teri, Brooke plays a teenaged pinball champion who is finally beaten by Charles Durning: "He's the only one Brooke tilts to, because she's never tilted in her life."

Move over, Tatum. Make way, Jodie. Brooke is here, and from the look of things, she could be a *Wunderkind* to beat all. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON



"I'll say it was crowded! I got laid twice and I never even left the bar!"



"We've traced the problem all the way back to your T square."



"God, the things you see when you haven't got a club!"



THE DEVIL IN MISS SMITH

who knows what dreams fill a young girl's heart? we do!

CHIRSTINA SMITH's smile is a little devilish. It says, "Show me," even though she's not from Missouri. She's all woman, but she's also tough. Resilient. Willful. She's a maverick. "I was a terrible kid," she admits with a husky laugh. "I resented all authority figures. I was a tomboy, and a pretty rough one, at that."

She speaks fondly of the days when she played football, wrestled and climbed trees.

"I still think I'm one of the best tree climbers around, and I still love to wrestle. Particularly with a man. But I've given up football. I'm not, uh, lean all over, like I used to be." No sirree.

Christina grew up in California, then, at 16, moved to Salina, Kansas, for her last year of high school. When she left California, she was still a skinny tomboy, but Mother Nature took over in Salina.

"To the kids I grew up with in



"I want to be the most beautiful woman in the world, which to me means being the most beautiful person I can be. And that's not just outside. I can't do much about the way I look. I mean inside."

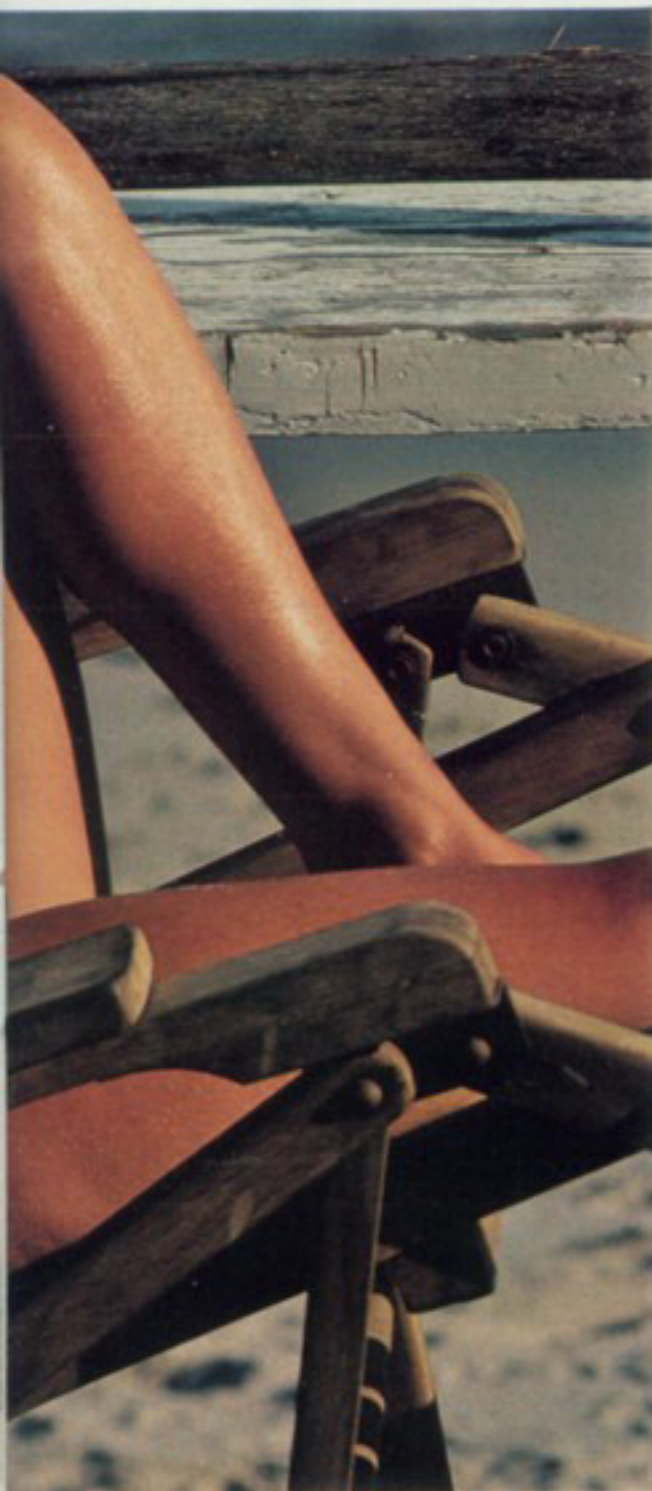


PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



"I'm a water person. I love it. For me, water has always been home. When I was a kid, I was like a fish. I could almost breathe under water. I'm a fanatic about the beach. All my life, when I've needed to relax, I've gone to the beach. The ocean talks to me. I know this sounds crazy, but the ocean listens when I talk to it and it answers me. If I can't get to the beach, the next-best thing is the shower. Sitting under the stream of water and letting it hit me in that right spot—it's something I do when I'm alone."





"I don't like the idea of being tied down, and I mean that literally. One time, two friends, as a joke, pinned me down and tried to undress me. I just couldn't stand it. I really panicked."



"Ordinarily, I'm very practical, but I get emotionally involved with movies. At the end of 'A Star Is Born,' I just cried and cried; I couldn't stop after I'd left the theater."



Orange County, I was just Tina, the grubby kid who wore baggy pants and sloppy T-shirts. But when I got to Salina, well, I was 'a California girl,' and I got a lot of attention. I started wearing real short miniskirts and my body filled out. When I came back to California at 18, I visited my old neighborhood. All of a sudden, I was being hit on by the same guys who had never paid any attention to me before. By then, I wasn't the slightest bit interested in them." So much for the shortsightedness of





the boys in Orange County's class of '75. Now Christina gets more attention than she needs, but not more than she can handle. When we met her in the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel, she was surrounded by three men, all offering business cards. Later, she thumbed through them.

"Hmmm. A photographer. He offered to do my portfolio for nothing. A real-estate man wants me to model on the front lawns of his properties. And here's one from the president of a *disco*. Wow."

We asked if she weren't just the slightest bit scared, being approached by strange men. "I kind of like it. I have this fantasy of seeing a man, say in a movie theater, and going to a hotel room with him and making love in total anonymity. No names, no words, and then just parting, with no questions asked."

Back in the real world, she's been living with "a wonderful, strong, cheerful man," and she's busy round the clock with modeling appointments. At 20, Tina has come a long, long way from Salina.



"My best relationships aren't with men to whom I'm drawn sexually. If the attraction is sexual, once it's satisfied, I lose interest."



"I like the idea of making love to two men at the same time. I think I would really enjoy that. The thought of being fondled by two men is very stimulating. But, basically, I guess I prefer just one man. Even with two, I probably would concentrate my attention on one man at a time."

MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: CHRISTINA SMITH

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: LIBRA

BIRTH DATE: 10-4-57 BIRTHPLACE: MIAMI, FLORIDA

GOALS: TO FIND MYSELF A DECENT MAN AND TO BECOME A SUCCESSFUL MODEL. I WOULD ESPECIALLY LIKE TO DO MODELING FOR TELEVISION COMMERCIALS.

TURN-ONS: MEW, WOMEN, JAZZ, JACUZZIS AND DANCING TO JAZZ MUSIC.

TURN-OFFS: HUSBANDS, OUTSPOKEN PEOPLE, SNOBS AND "HIGH CLASS" PEOPLE.

FAVORITE BOOKS: SIDDHARTHA, GRAPES OF WRATH, MARTIAN CHRONICLES AND AUDREY ROSE.

FAVORITE MOVIES: THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PETER, TOMMY!, STAR WARS, SILENT MOVIE AND A STAR IS BORN.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: TOM SCOTT!, CHASE, GROVER WASHINGTON, AND ROGER DALTRY IN THE MOVIE TOMMY.

FAVORITE SPORTS: WATER AND SNOW SKIING, SWIMMING, HORSEBACK RIDING, VOLLEYBALL AND TENNIS.



Age 1, ALREADY PLAYMATE MATERIAL.



Age 4, DINO THE DINOSAUR AND ME.



Age 16, A TOAST TO SWEET SIXTEEN.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An aging colonel, retired from the army of an ex-colonial power, was reminiscing in his club. "It was deuced rough dealing with those local insurrections in the old days, y' know," he drawled. "Why, many's the night I slept with nothing between me and the ground but a thin native girl."

"Say, there, baby," panted the office stud to the brand-new typist, "do you happen to know the difference between a Big Mac and a blow job?" "Wh-wh-what?" spluttered the young thing. "OK, then," grinned the fellow, "how about lunch tomorrow?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *coitus interruptus* as a pulled muscle.



It was on a dude ranch out West that one of the hands rode in and dismounted to watch a female guest frolicking in the little lake. He sat down and it wasn't long before the frolicker strode out of the water—naked and unashamed—and sat down next to him to have a cigarette. Before long, nature took its course, and then, when they were relaxing after it was over, the girl asked contentedly, "What is it you do on the ranch, Tex?"

"Before you came along, honey," replied Tex, also contentedly, "I suppose you might say I was a cowpoke."

A Victorian maiden named Newell
Had a box she'd embroidered in crewel
And maintained on display;
To a viewer she'd say,
"It contains, sir, a clittering jewel!"

If a threesome sexual arrangement is a *ménage à trois*, then a foursome one might logically be a *kumquad*.

When the Army recruits had lined up for their first short-arm inspection, the grizzled old sergeant explained the skinning-back technique to be used and told them to practice it until the medical officer arrived. Prowling through the ranks, he noticed that one young man had let his organ down. "Hey, you, there," roared the noncom, "why aren't you practicing with the rest?"

"But, Sergeant," quaked the recruit, "I'm done already."

Haven't you ever known what it is like to be at peace with your Maker?" asked the clergyman who was counseling the wayward girl.

"Sure, Reverend," she answered. "Every once in a while, the guy and I take a nap afterward."

A transparent male seer named McCall
Can't foresee any offspring at all;
For though he's omniscient,
His sperm count's deficient,
As revealed by his own crystal ball.

My teacher is giving me a hard time," the eighth grader told his father.

"Handle her this way, Tommy," the man advised. "Brush your teeth and comb your hair, keep your shirttail tucked in, do all your homework, pay strict attention in class and say, 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am.' If you act that way, it should bring her around."

"I don't think it will, Pop," rejoined the boy. "She hissed at me during recess today that she's now five weeks overdue."

And then there was the rather homely one-night-stand girl named Dee. Her dates' collective motto seemed to be: Hump Dee, Dump Dee.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *obscene phone call* as aural sex.



There had been a freak industrial accident. The young worker spilled luminous paint onto his lap and the liquid proceeded to seep through to his manhood. "I washed the stuff off just as soon as I could, doc," he explained to the company physician some weeks later, "but ever since, my penis has kept glowing in the dark! Whatever can I do about my love life?"

"That's quite simple," responded the medical man. "Find yourself a girl who likes to fuck with a night light on."

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



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"I say just for tonight let's turn the thermostat up."

STUDIO 5



WARNING
DO NOT
ENTER
WHEN LIGHT
IS ON



Int'l Landi

"I blew the test, but I got the part. I blew the director, too."



SEX ON WHEELS

GENTLEMEN. START YOUR ENGINES

IT'S ALMOST a cliché that we American males are in love with our automobiles. They have come to be extensions of ourselves, or at least of what we aspire to be. They have carved a long-lasting niche in our psyches, so perhaps it was inevitable that they should have made their marks on our libidos as well. It was apparent from the start that more than anything else, they were bedrooms on wheels, conjugal coupes, seduction sedans—with everything, to go. Of course, they have varied wildly in size and style over the years. In recent

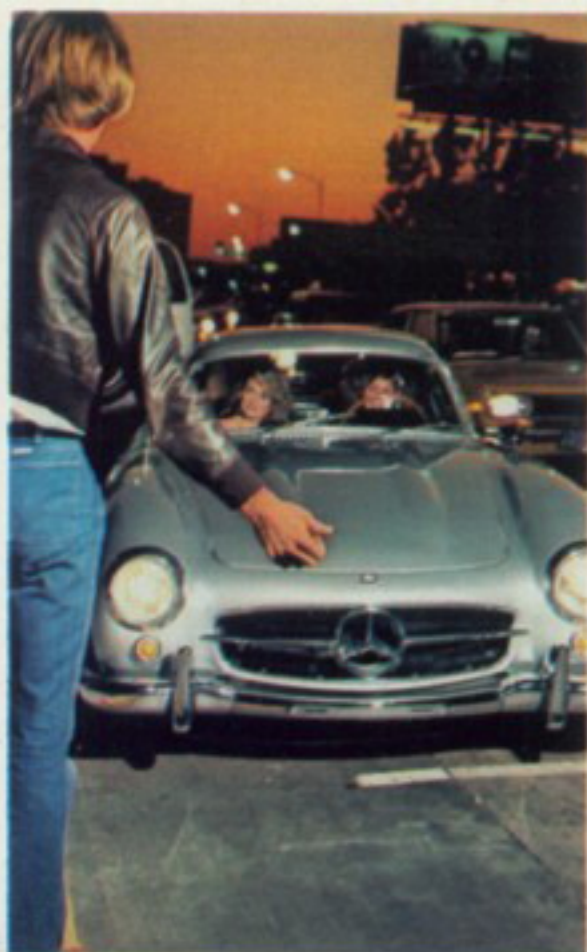
memory, they were great rolling behemoths, acres of sheet metal broken only by the occasional gaudy flash of chrome. Victims of the energy crunch, those imposing vehicles turned out to be dinosaurs in a jet age. Like the ancient reptiles, in the end, they were just too big and too dumb. Reluctantly, we agreed to their passing, but across the land a cry went up: "Can you *do it* in a small car?" We found reassurance in our progenitors of the Twenties and Thirties, who certainly *did*, and in the Europeans, who have *never* been fazed by their machines' diminutive dimensions.



Ingenuity is the key to enjoying oneself in a car with limited space. Women, as you might suspect, have it easier, their bodies being more supple, more . . . well, you get the idea. Our lady in the Ferrari has pulled off the road for a moment's relaxation before going on. First, she tries the cross-car position, head resting against

the side door, foot casually draped over the console. A good short-term position. But for longer rest stops, she opts for an open-door policy, comfortably stretched, half in, half out, oblivious to the sounds of screeching tires and crumpling metal, serene in the knowledge that the Highway Patrol will be along to clean up the mess.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON



Here's a new challenge: the hitchhiker, the mysterious, sexy stranger whose outstretched thumb is an invitation to the primal dance. The problem of where to put him is easily solved. To best savor the proximity of three throbbing bodies, they pull off onto the shoulder.

Alas, the cockpit is too small for so great an opportunity. The Mercedes 300 SL's gullwings spring open and the trio makes for the hood. The girls have yet to ask the stranger where he is going. No matter; they're far more concerned with his staying power.





This small pickup, aptly named the Chevy LUV, has endless advantages. Enlisting a friend as chauffeur for a leisurely drive on the freeway, the couple nestles on the flatbed. They gain speed. The sun glints on the baked enamel, warming the entwined lovers. True bliss.

Off in the distance, another road may beckon, a quieter road; less traffic, more privacy. But for now, it's romance in a goldfish bowl. A bus filled with commuters passes. They crane their necks to get a better look. Our lovers just wave, and smile, and keep on trucking.



Our *Fräulein* in the Volks could singlehandedly make working at the car wash a status job. Prodded by the sensuous sudsing and the *shlup, shlup* of the mop rollers, their passions are aroused. Soon their frenzy grows too wild for the tiny buckets in the front and they emerge to the pitter-patter of the warm rain from the spray nozzles. Their glistening bodies showroom clean, they pause briefly in anticipation of the rinse.



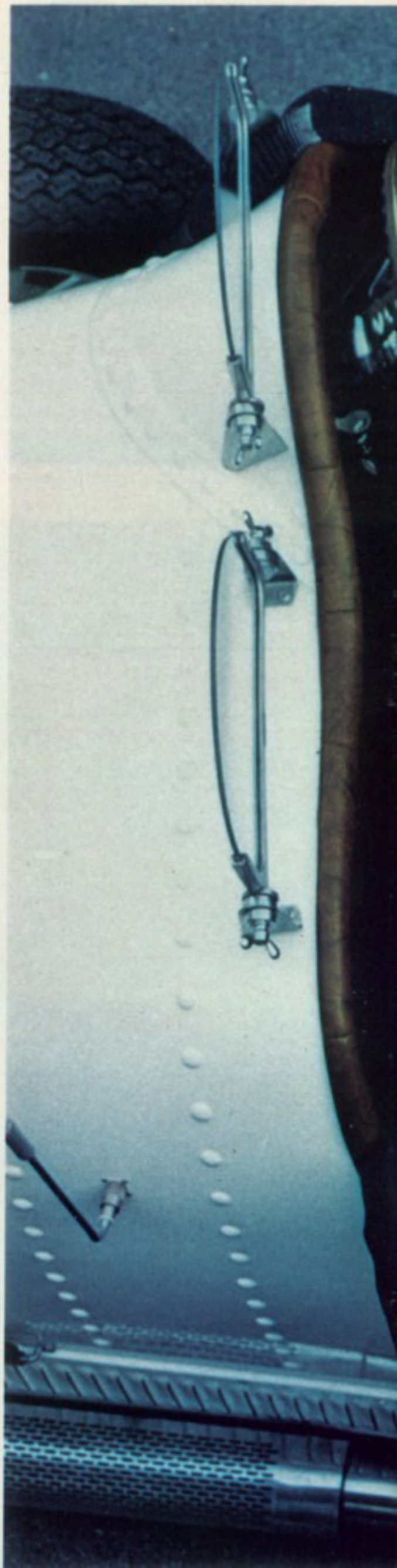
Besides, aren't we the same people who produced the pop-up toaster? Didn't we perfect the electric toothbrush? Of course, we can do it in small cars! Where there's a wheel, there's a way! Our first attempts, though, were disastrous. Newspaper accounts told of couples locked in pretzellike embraces who had to be freed by snickering firemen with hacksaws. Emergency rooms quickly filled with lovers complaining of nasty gashes from rearview mirrors and ugly abrasions from shift levers. Masseuses kneaded the knotted muscles of a frustrated populace and chiropractors had their biggest payday since the introduction of the twist. It was

The rinse comes! Their bodies bathed in the hot torrent, they can only whisper breathlessly in each other's ears of the ecstasy of the moment and the whereabouts of the claim check, which soon must also be surrendered. They inch forward on the moving track. Next, the arid winds of the drying machine caress their bodies. Moisture evaporates in the denouement of Beetle-love. The car is clean. And the attendants weep softly.



awful. It was painful. It was exasperating. But we never gave up. Those not imbued with Yankee ingenuity may be returning to living rooms and theater balconies, but real auto lovers have gone at the problem with a vengeance, inventing new positions, developing more and more complex acts, scaling new heights of sensual pleasure. They have grown to cherish the closeness. The heady aroma of superheated vinyl is in their nostrils and they love it. About the only thing lacking up till now has been a Motorist's Make-Out Manual, but we think we've done more than our bit toward filling that gap. Gentlemen, race your engines.

To some, this replica Bugatti conjures up visions of goggled sportsmen, gloved hands in the ten-to-two position, scarves, like windsocks, streaming behind them, as, flat-out, they test the mettle and metal of man and machine. Ah, but to others, the Bugatti presents another kind of challenge. Witness these *aficionados* of a different sort who have discovered to their delight that a machine at rest tends to keep bodies in motion. Testing.







"It's an obscene phone call, darling, and I'm afraid it's for you."



"It's the kind of trade you get in a twenty-four-hour-a-day joint."

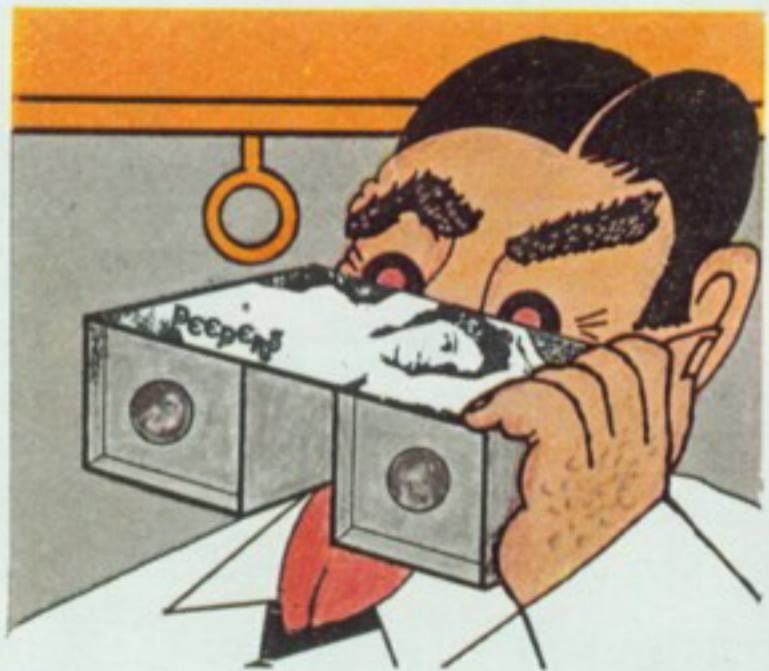
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SEA NOTE

Concha Consciousness is something you find only by listening, claims the Consciousness Group, Inc. (10 Banta Place, Hackensack, New Jersey 07601), a small company that's marketing twin conch shells mounted to an adjustable plastic headband, all for just \$11, postpaid. Wear them at home to meditate, relax, daydream or tune out the world and watch your troubles wash away. Wear them on the street, however, and your troubles will only have begun.

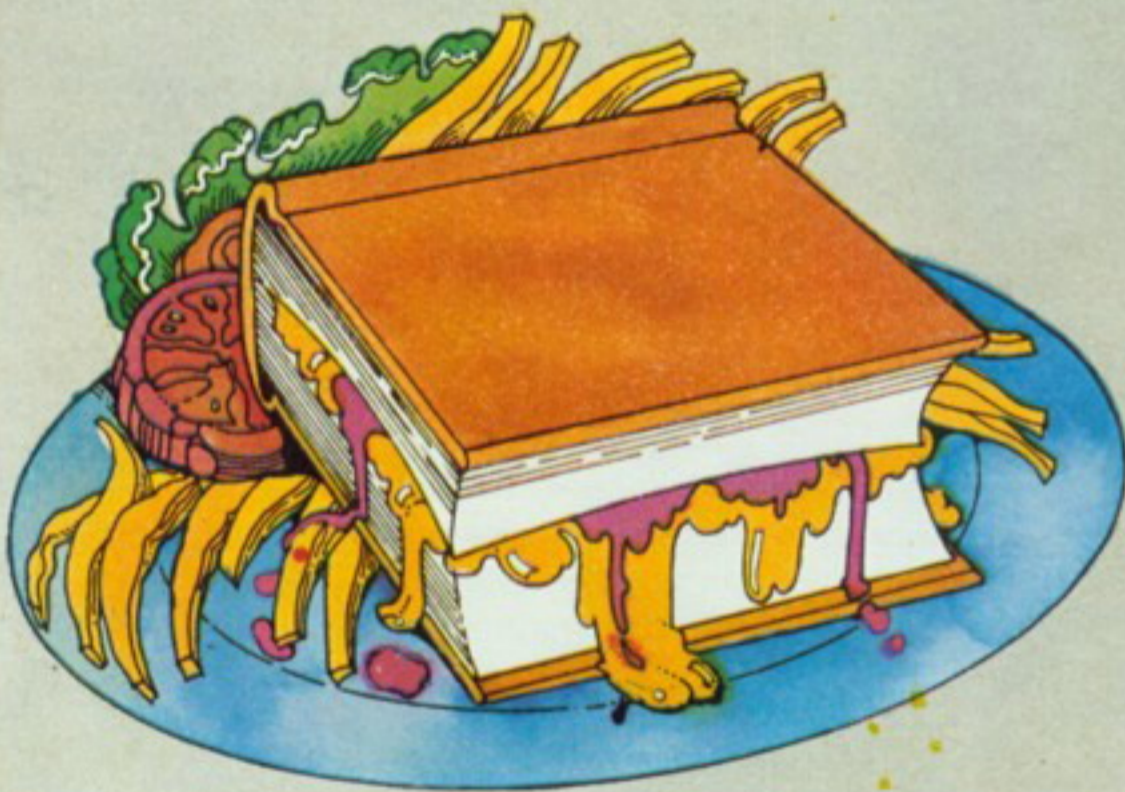


PEEP SHOW

Jeepers, creepers! Peepers is just what avid people watchers have been looking for: It's a silver-foiled cardboard binocular that's embellished with etching-type illustrations. Since Peepers is only 3X power, you may not want to take it to the track, but for café sitting, a night at the opera or for checking out the action at a rock concert, one will do just fine. Order yours for \$10 from Peepers, P.O. Box 6690, Stanford, California 94305. We have a feeling we're being watched.

JUNK DEALERS

Junk-food junkies, rejoice: For five dollars, Gloria Pitzer, at Box 152, St. Clair, Michigan 48079, will provide you with her *Secret Restaurant Recipes Book*, a soft-cover guide that tells you how to duplicate a pot full of nationally known noshes (the names have been slightly changed) from Big Match sauce to Walled Off Historia cheesecake. Or, if you'd simply like to learn all about what junk food is doing to your body, there's *The Complete Junk Food Book*, by Michael S. Lasky, a \$7.95 volume that's available at most bookstores. Read it on your way to the fat farm.



BULLET HEADED

Historians still claim that if General Custer hadn't left his Gatling gun behind, he'd never have been massacred. So that doesn't happen to you, Thunder Valley Machine Co., P.O. Box 192, Clinton, Ohio 44216, is selling a full-sized working reproduction of a Model 1875 gun for \$6473.50. Five bucks mailed to the company will get you more info and an 8½" x 11" glossy photo of the gun. It'll look great framed next to your bowling trophies.





INDIA INKLING

Those interested in exotic travel will wish to take off on a Naturalist's Safari to Rajasthan, India, that Hanns Ebensten Travel, 55 West 42nd Street, New York, New York 10036, is offering this coming November 5 to 25. Highlights of the \$1985 junket (plus air fare) include a visit to the Pushkar Camel Fair and stays at such posh lodgings as Tiger Haven, a famous wildlife preserve where the owner's pet leopard, Harriet, is reported to be a great favorite with the guests. Or vice versa.



COOKIE NOOKY

Another sexual barrier has crumbled with the opening of The Erotic Baker, a shop at 73 West 83rd Street, New York, New York 10024, that specializes in naughty naked cookies, rump cakes, breast loaves and other hot stuff fresh from its ovens. If you'd like to sample The Erotic Baker's wares, \$5.20 will reward you with three nude 7" sugar or gingerbread folk—one male, one female and a unisex backside view—to bite.

GOOD SKATE

Now that somebody's motorized virtually everything from pogo sticks to toothbrushes, it only figures that the hot-doggers who run Motoboard International, 592 Weddell Drive, Suite 10, Sunnyvale, California 94086, would get into the act with a high-flying skate board that's powered by a quiet 1.25-hp motor. You just hop aboard, push-start and take off; the board will hit over 25 mph, runs 30 minutes on a full tank and features a hand-held throttle that stops the machine when you bail out or dismount. The price for one is \$285, post-paid, and, no, that figure doesn't include a hospitalization or collision-insurance policy.

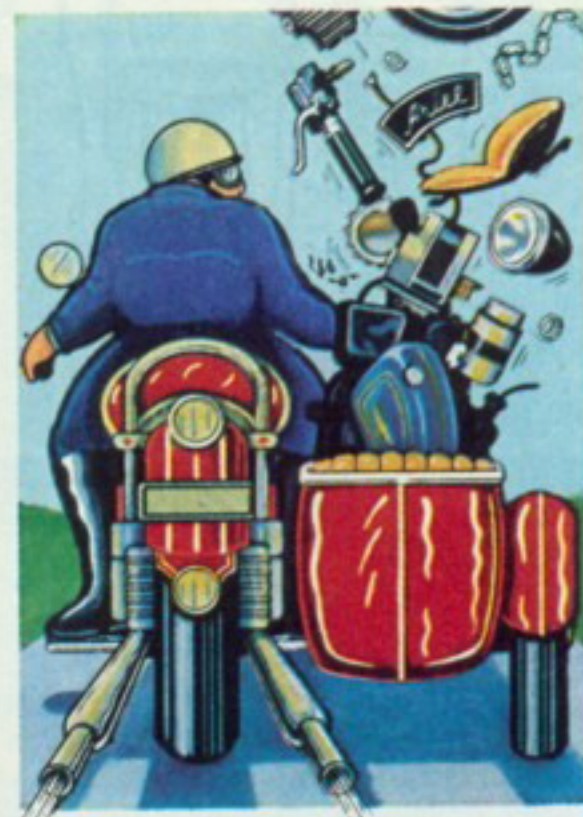


HIP TO FASHION

We suspect that leg men and breast men will convert when they get their first look at a well-shaped derriere that's been squeezed into a pair of Chic Cheek denim jeans available in sizes three to thirteen from Riccardo's Ménage de Trois, P.O. Box 11477, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$50. What makes Chic Cheeks so special is their clear-plastic back pockets, which give an excellent view of the wearer's tail end. Of course, if the little lady you're following doesn't want you to see what she's made of, she can always stick a pair of hankies, a wallet or whatever back there, but that wouldn't be too hip, now, would it?

CALL OF THE ROAD

There's a rumor going round that a chap we know, Buzz Walneck, is something of a motorcycle nut, since over the years he's owned 92 machines. Now Buzz has got his two-wheeled act together and formed Walneck's Vintage Motorcycle Sales, P.O. Box 489, Westmont, Illinois 60559, a company that specializes in hard-to-find old cycle parts (especially those for 1940 to 1955 British machines). And, of course, he also has a few finished bikes on hand, including an ancient Panther with sidecar for \$1850 and a Royal Enfield for \$1250. Two dollars will get you his latest parts catalog. Hit the bricks!



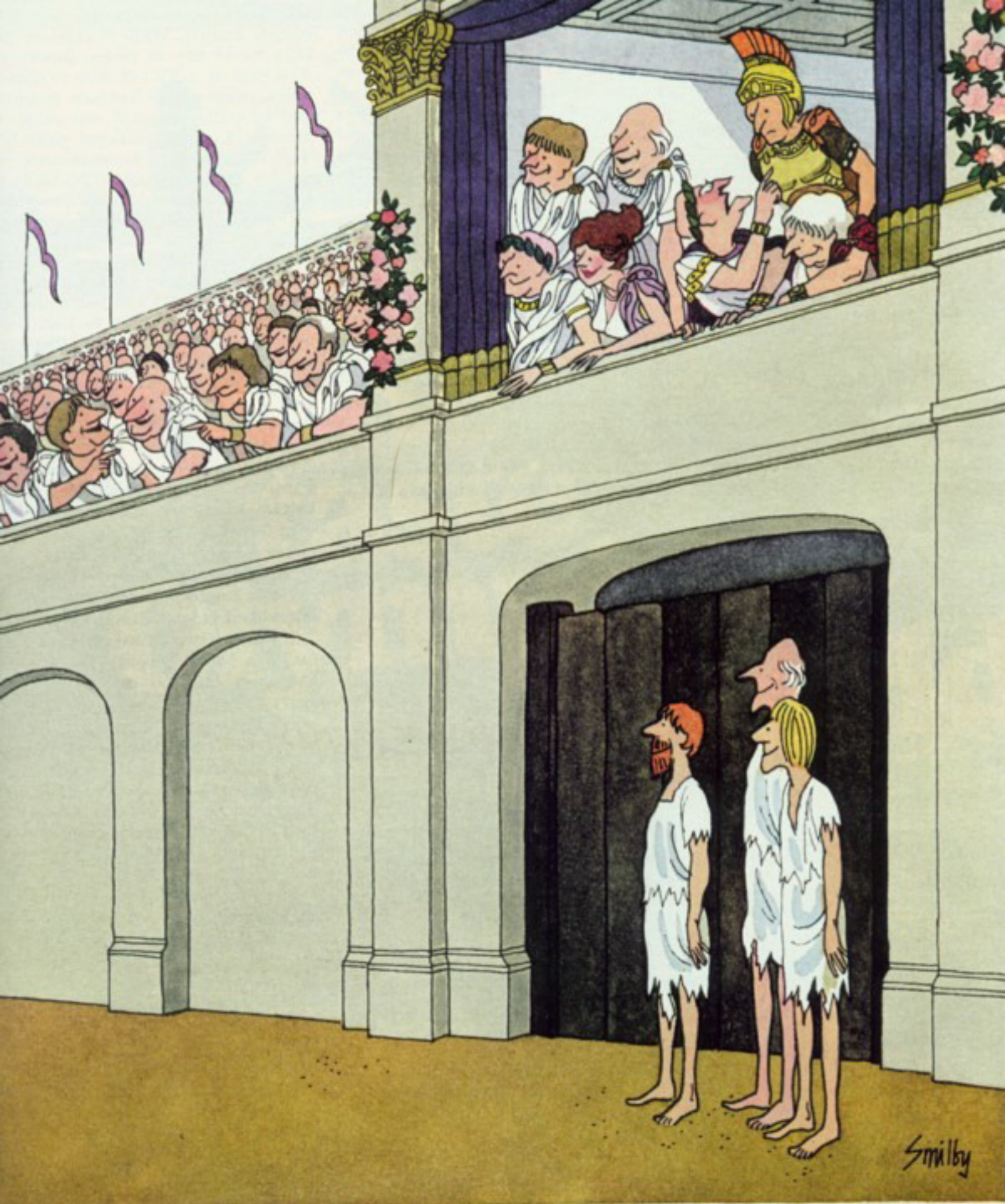


Modell

"Oh, don't turn it off. Everybody'll hear the vibrator."



"The worst part of living for over 900 years is that I haven't been able to get it up for over 800 years."



"Next time, don't release the male and female lions at the same time."



"That's them, officer!"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE ONLY WAY TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOUR FELLOW MOTORIST WAS BY BLOWING YOUR HORN OR BY ROLLING DOWN YOUR WINDOW AND SCREAMING. NOW THERE'S C.B... CITIZEN'S-BAND RADIO. AND OUR HEROINE IS ABOUT TO ENJOY A DEMONSTRATION OF C.B. AT WORK, COURTESY OF ANNIE'S GOOD BUDDY, WANDA, FOR SURE, FOR SURE!

JUST WHERE IS THIS VAN OF YOURS, WANDA...? I DON'T LIKE THIS SPOOKY NEIGHBORHOOD—

HOW'D YA LIKE?G SHIL'K MY ZNIZ-

TERRIBLE, OBSCENE THINGS.

SEE WHAT I MEAN? A MAN EXPOSING HIMSELF! NOW WHAT'LL WE DO ?

A LITTLE PSYCHOLOGY... A LITTLE REASONING IS ALL—

KAIL!
KAIL!

SEE HOW SIMPLE? SOON AS REASONING RELAXES HIM AND LETS HIM SEE US AS FELLOW HUMAN BEINGS...WE KICK HIS NUTS!!

SO WE'LL PICK UP OUR STUFF AND CHANGE EN ROUTE IN THE VAN!

WANDA! LOOK AT THE TIME! IN ONE HOUR, WE'VE GOT TO BE CHANGED AND AT THE PARTY OUT ON THE SHORE!

PORN SHOP

ANYONE BUYING THE CRABBE IS ALSO A FRUIT

A KITCHEN, A BATH, A BED... ALL THE COMFORTS, ONLY, WHY ARE YOU TALKING INTO YOUR ASHTRAY?!

I HAVE A 40-CHANNEL SUPERSIONIC C.B.-RADIO RIG. AND SINCE C.B.S GET RIPPED OFF SO MUCH, I'VE DISGUISED MY TRANSCIVER AS AN ARMREST AND MY MICROPHONE AS AN ASHTRAY. ...YOU JUST HAVE TO REMEMBER! FLICK ASHES INTO THE "SPEEDOMETER"!

FEELINGS—

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT C.B. RADIO. WHAT'S IT FOR?

WHAT'S IT FOR? GOOD GRIEF! ...WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? FOR ONE, YOU GET INFORMATION! LISTEN, I'LL SHOW YOU—

—BREAKER, BREAKER! OOPYDDOPY ON THE RINGYDINGY ...10-40, COME ON.

YOU GOT BEEBLYBOBBLY LAMALAMA KA 43-10ZIP! WHAT'S YOUR OBBLEDOBBLE RIKRAK, FOR SURE?

SEE? WITH CB, YOU FIND OUT ABOUT ALL THAT STUFF.



JEEPERS! YOU MEAN THERE ARE OTHER DRIVERS OUT THERE WITH C.B. RADIOS WHO CAN HEAR YOU?

PLENTY! ...HERE! LISTEN TO THIS—

—BREAKER, BREAK! THIS IS BABYCAKES! ANY GOOD-BUDDIES CARE TO MODULATE WITH A LONELY EAGER BEAVER?

10-4, BABY-CAKES! THIS IS MOTOR MOUTH!

MAD DOG HERE, CHOKIN' MY CHICKEN!

YOU BROKE IT, YOU FIX IT! COME IN, BABYCAKES. THIS IS BETTY CROCKER!

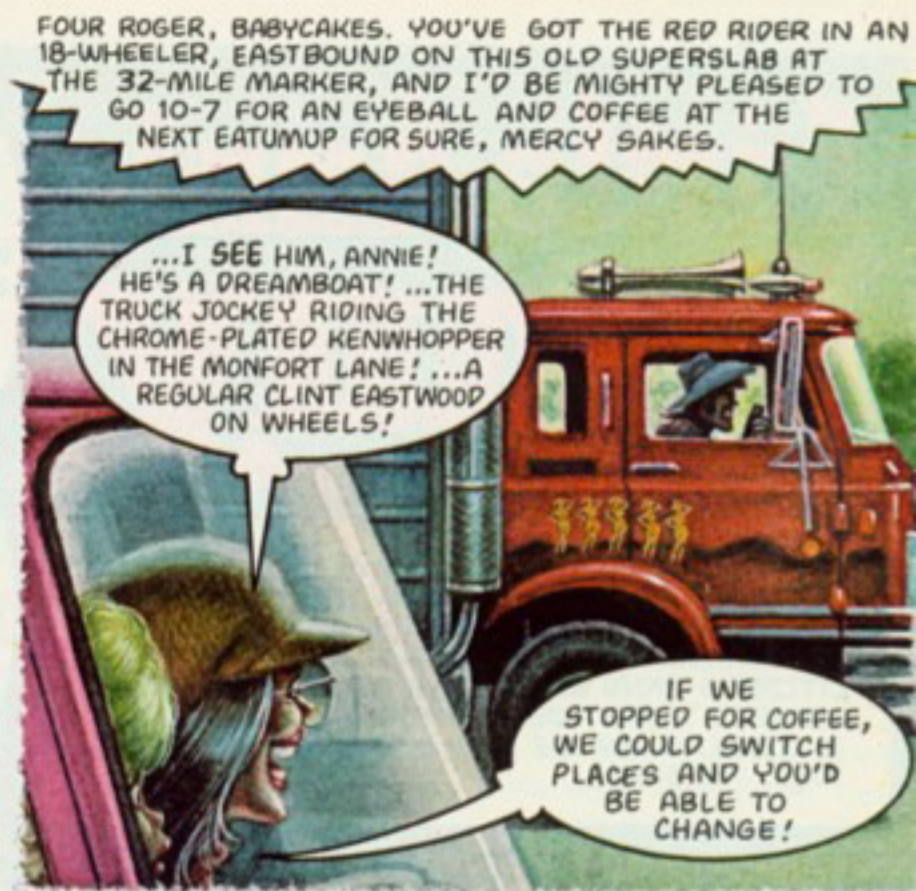
THIS IS GEFILTE FISH—

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GRAB MY HANDLE?

I DON'T BELIEVE MY RADIO SAID THAT!

I HAVE A COLLECT CALL FROM WINNETKA! WILL YOU ACCEPT?

宝贝. BABYCAKES!



FOUR ROGER, BABYCAKES. YOU'VE GOT THE RED RIDER IN AN 18-WHEELER, EASTBOUND ON THIS OLD SUPERSLAB AT THE 32-MILE MARKER, AND I'D BE MIGHTY PLEASSED TO GO 10-7 FOR AN EYEBALL AND COFFEE AT THE NEXT EATUMUP FOR SURE, MERCY SAKES.

...I SEE HIM, ANNIE! HE'S A DREAMBOAT! ...THE TRUCK JOCKEY RIDING THE CHROME-PLATED KENWHOPPER IN THE MONFORT LANE! ...A REGULAR CLINT EASTWOOD ON WHEELS!

IF WE STOPPED FOR COFFEE, WE COULD SWITCH PLACES AND YOU'D BE ABLE TO CHANGE!



THERE HE IS, WANDA. IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR DREAMBOAT HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A SHRIMPBOAT.

THAT'S ONE JOCKEY THAT SHOULD BE RIDING SEATTLE SLEW! ...PUT THE HAMMER DOWN AND LET'S MAKE TRACKS!



JEEPERS! WHAT IF HE FOLLOWS US?

BREAK! BREAK 1-9! THIS IS THE BOGULOOSA BADASS CALLING BABYCAKES! YOU GOT YOUR EARS ON, HONEY?

WHAT DOES HE KNOW? WE'RE JUST TWO LADIES TALKING INTO AN ASH-TRAY.

BOGULOOSA BADASS! THAT'S MY LOVER'S HANDLE!



THIS IS BABYCAKES! ...BOGULOOSA, HONEY, WHEN I THINK OF YOUR 10-102—IT JUST 10-106'S ME!

I'D ADMIRE TO 10-106 YOU, RIGHT NOW, BABY-CAKES!



CAN YOU FEEL MY 10-115? ...COME ON.

OH, I FEEL IT! ...AND, OH, GOD! I DIDN'T TAKE MY PILL!

COME ON, SWEET THING, AND GIVE ME MORE 10-200!

OH, DEFINATORY! YOUR 10-102 FEELS SOOO GOOOD! PUT THE HAMMER DOWNN!

BOGULOOSA! THIS IS APPLE PIE! I FEEL IT, TOO!

IT'S A C.B.-RADIO ORGY!



OH, BABY, BABY... I'M 10-106ING! ...DON'T STOP!

—BUT THAT'S A STOP SIGN AHEAD!

DON'T STOP!



Happiness Is a Warm Gun

BIANCA JAGGER has beauty, money and high-powered social connections. Still, she is unfulfilled. What she has always wanted most of all is to be a serious movie actress. So now it comes: a featured part in "Skin Color," co-starring Dennis Hopper and Veruschka, in which Bianca plays the owner of a couple of Mob-connected night clubs. Coming soon to a theater near you.



TERRY O'NEILL



PAUL SLADE

Bringing It All Back Home

TED NUGENT, the punk's punk, was photographed by Chris von Wangenheim for a "Crowdaddy" story, "Dying Young in America: Concerts in the Combat Zone." This is one of the unused photos—and shows just how far an inspired subject can go with an editorial premise.





Björn Again

Wimbledon champ BJORN BORG and his fiancée, tennis player MARIANA SIMIONESCU, play World Team Tennis in Cleveland. They also play house. You'd never catch Jimmy Connors pouring in the Tide, but Borg's style is much less exalted. We're tempted to make a couple of bad Cleveland jokes; instead, we'll ask the important question: Is he washing his balls?

"The Exorcist," Part 36D

"I'm against doing anything unnatural to the body," says LINDA BLAIR, the erstwhile sorcerer's apprentice, who is now all grown up, with a very natural body. Which caused our Photo Editor to rush in, waving this photo. He'd seen Blair on "Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes"—one of those TV events that producers call "jigglers," for obvious reasons. Linda likes to stay loose. "I don't take the pill," she confesses. "I pray a lot."



HOLZ/MICHELSON



Keeping Up with Jones

Model and *disco* singer GRACE JONES believes in heavy visuals. Which is good, seeing that she is one herself. Voted *Billboard's* Most Promising New Disco Artist of 1977, she has just launched a concert tour with a boxing motif—prompting one rock phrase-maker to call her a "Muhammad Ali in drag." But it's all ho-hum stuff to Jones, who in previous productions has entered stage center swinging on a vine, riding a motorcycle and being carried on a litter. Here, Jones demonstrates her post-Ali boxing technique: Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee, flash like a firefly.

NEXT MONTH:



WEEKS



MUSIC



CRAZY



CYCLES

"INSIDE SIRHAN"—A FORMER CELLMATE OF THE CONVICTED ASSASSIN OF **ROBERT KENNEDY** DESCRIBES SIRHAN'S RECREATION OF THE CRIME, PLANS FOR A DARING ESCAPE AND HIS INTERNATIONAL PLOT—BY **JAMES MC KINLEY**

"NINE AND A HALF WEEKS"—A SADOMASOCHISTIC RELATIONSHIP THAT MAKES *STORY OF O* READ LIKE *LITTLE BOPEEP*—BY **ELIZABETH MC NEILL**

DAVID FROST TALKS ABOUT *TWTWTW*, THE ETHICS OF ELECTRONIC JOURNALISM AND WHAT HE REALLY THINKS OF **RICHARD NIXON** IN A REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"KALKI"—THE END OF THE END-OF-THE-WORLD STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF *BURR* AND *MYRA BRECKINRIDGE*—**GORE VIDAL**

"SAY, HAS SHE GOT A SISTER?" YOU BET SHE HAS. PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF SOME VERY SEXY SIBLINGS

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '78"—OUR ANNUAL AUTHORITATIVE WRAP-UP OF THE YEAR IN MUSIC, INCLUDING POLL WINNERS, NEW MEMBERS OF THE PLAYBOY MUSIC HALL OF FAME AND A LOOK AT THE WAY PUNK ROCK IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

"SKY DIVING"—TUNE IN TO *PLAYBOY'S* THIRD TRY AT DOING AWAY WITH OUR NOTHING-TO-FEAR-BUT-FEAR-ITSELF CONTRIBUTOR **CRAIG VETTER**

"THE BACHELOR KITCHEN"—EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS NEEDED, WHETHER YOU KNEW IT OR NOT, TO TAKE THE HASSLE OUT OF *HAUTE CUISINE*—BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

"STREET CHIC"—THE LATEST IN FREEWHEELING MOTORCYCLES AND FOOT-LOOSE FASHIONS

"THE FILLIES OF CRAZY HORSE"—A LOVING LOOK AT SOME OF THE *INCROYABLE* LADIES WHO PERFORM AT ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS NIGHT CLUBS IN PARIS

"DIET SEX"—SOME WILDLY EROTIC VARIATIONS ON THE CURRENT CROP OF FAD SCHEMES FOR RAPID WEIGHT REDUCTION