

★★ PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1979 • \$2.00

*The Good
The Bad and
The Beautiful:
Sex 1978*

STRIKE TEAMS:
CAN THE U.S.
HANDLE THE
TERRORIST
THREAT?

IS THERE
A DIESEL
IN YOUR
FUTURE?

ARTHUR C.
CLARKE'S
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*Playboy Hits
The Jackpot
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PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
THE KING
OF COMEDY,
NEIL SIMON





IT CAN RUN A MILE CHEAPER THAN YOU CAN.

The Rabbit Diesel runs a mile, and burns about 1.3 cents' worth of fuel.

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Obviously, all cars run on some kind of fuel. So do you. But what you save with a Rabbit Diesel, can fuel you with steak.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



STARS COME OUT FOR SECOND ALI-SPINKS MATCH

Large-screen telecasts of heavyweight championship fights are a tradition at Playboy Mansion West, and the second Ali-Spinks go was no exception. Left, actor Clint Eastwood has a warm greeting for July 1978 Playmate Karen Morton. Armchair judges included (below, from left) actor David Janssen, quarterback turned actor Joe Namath, comedian-director Dick Martin and Ronnie Caan.



Left, singer-sports fan Vic Damone arrives for the fight festivities. Below, Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren hugs host Hugh M. Hefner; Shel Silverstein (right) meets Mark (Star Wars) Hamill and Marilou York.



HEF HUDDLES WITH GERMAN PUBLISHER

PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner met recently with PLAYBOY's German Publishing Director, Dr. Manfred Hintze, at Mansion West. The German edition is one of eight foreign editions of PLAYBOY.



MUSIC IN A GOOD CAUSE

Playboy execs Dan Stone and Christie Hefner show Dick (American Bandstand) Clark some of the instruments and records given by Playboy employees to the Les Turner A.L.S. Foundation to assist victims of amyotrophic lateral sclerosis.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



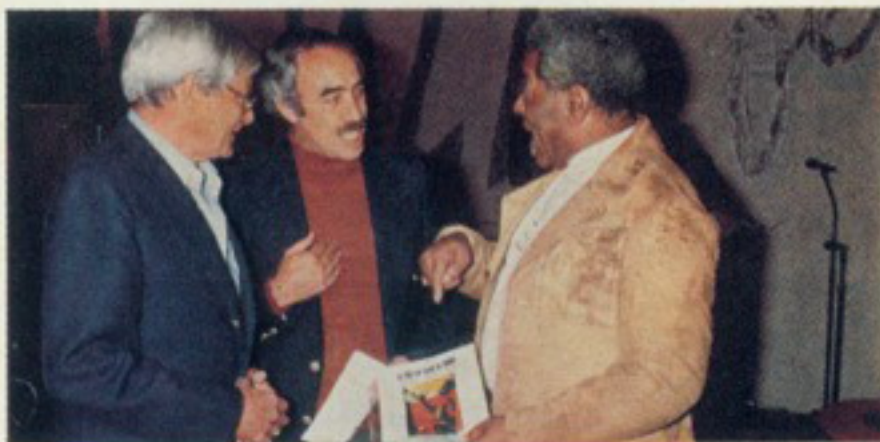
PHILIPPINE FIRST LADY AT CLUB OPENING

Manila, capital of the Philippines, is the site of the newest Playboy Club. Among those on hand for the opening were Playboy executive Dan Stone and Imelda R. Marcos, wife of President Ferdinand Marcos.



VISIONS '78 DANCES AT L.A. CLUB

Visions '78, a disco dance revue, does its stuff above at the theater party for the premiere of *Bully*, starring James Whitmore, at the L.A. Club.



WEST COAST JAZZ

At the Monterey Jazz Festival, to which Playboy contributed, Playboy Executive Vice-President Richard S. Rosenzweig (center, above) chats with festival organizer Jimmy Lyons and jazzman Dizzy Gillespie. At the L.A. Club, Jazz at Five jam sessions are in swing each first and third Tuesday; here's your chance to join Bunny Shannin on drums.



**DATELINE:
PLAYBOY, U.S.A.**

The 1978 edition of the Overseas Press Club magazine, *Dateline*, had a very familiar look. It was published by PLAYBOY using the format of the magazine right down to a *Playboy Advisor* column and a center spread featuring a clothed Barbara Walters.



BLEACHER BUM USES PLAYBOY DODGE

Chicago's Organic Theater's hit production of *Bleacher Bums* features a scene in which one of the "Bums" pretends to be a scout for PLAYBOY—to get the girl, of course.



HOPE PLAYS AT GREAT GORGE

Comedian Bob Hope's one-nighter at Playboy's Great Gorge Resort pulled an S.R.O. audience; above, Hope takes a turn on the golf course along with Bunny Shelly.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

MANSION WEST WELCOMES 600 TO BENEFIT

Six hundred guests showed up at Playboy Mansion West for the Rainbow Women's Group's Hooray for Hollywood dinner dance, which raised \$122,000 for the Amie Karen Center for the Treatment of Children with Cancer at Cedars-Sinai Medical Center. Below, Norm Crosby with Hef, Sondra Theodore.



The Hooray for Hollywood guest list was studded with the stars of hit television shows, including ABC-TV's popular *Soap* cast members (above, from left) Billy Crystal, Robert Guillaume and Cathryn Damon.



Connie Stevens (left) sang for the Rainbow audience, which also included Linda (*Alice*) Lavin and Bonnie (*One Day at a Time*) Franklin (above); actor James Farentino and his actress wife, Michele Lee (right). The Rainbow Women's Group operates a Beverly Hills boutique to aid the center.



HEFNER HAS A PINBALL

In the Mansion West Game House, pinball wizard Hefner applies a deft touch and body English to Bally's new Playboy machine.

CBS CHECKS IN ON CHEERLEADERS

David Dow interviews Hef for *The CBS Evening News* with Walter Cronkite on December's pro-cheerleaders story.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



PLAYMATE UPDATE: PATTI'S ON THE GO

Our 1977 Playmate of the Year, Patti McGuire (right), has been busy lately: dating tennis great Jimmy Connors (in the photo at left, 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren makes it a trio), posing for a Southern Comfort holiday ad (below).



NICKI MAKES SINGING BOW

March 1977 gatefold girl Nicki Thomas made her singing debut in a surprise appearance on Wheeling, West Virginia, radio station WVVA's *Jamboree USA*; that's Nicki with *Jamboree* guest star Tom T. Hall, the country singer, below.



SUSAN GOES TO THE RACES

World-champion auto racer Mario Andretti relaxes with January 1977 Playmate Susan Lynn Kiger before the Toyota Grand Prix race at Watkins Glen, N. Y.

DEBRA JO CHARMS MERV


Here's Debra Jo again (below), this time hugging lucky talk-show host Merv Griffin prior to making a special guest appearance on a segment of his syndicated TV show at Caesars Palace, Las Vegas.



MARCY, ROSANNE MEET NEW MEN

Miss October 1978, Marcy Hanson, has been on the tube a good bit lately; at left, on *The Dating Game*. Meanwhile, in New York, the folks at Dudley-Anderson-Yutzy agency thought it might be fun to introduce *Cosmopolitan's* September Bachelor of the Month, Subaru of America's vice-president/director of advertising and public relations Alan B. Ross, to Miss September, Rosanne Katon. So they did (right).





One man cast a lingering spell of awe and wonder, of magical innocence overcoming evil, of simple courage conquering fear — he gave us the legend that will live forever in our minds.

J.R.R. Tolkien triumphed with the perception that a single dream is more powerful than a thousand realities.

Come to Middle-earth, a world beyond the furthest reaches of your imagination.

J.R.R. Tolkien's

"the LORD of the Rings"


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Screenplay by CHRIS CONKLING and PETER S. BEAGLE • Based on the novels of J. R. R. TOLKIEN

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FATHER KNOWS BEST

photographer ron vogel has been snapping pictures of his daughter ever since she was a baby. at 21, she's still his favorite model



While Ron shot Playmates, three-year-old Lexi (above) tried to mimic their sexy poses.

LONGTIME readers of PLAYBOY will no doubt be familiar with the name Ron Vogel. Between the years 1958 and 1968, Ron shot ten centerfolds for this magazine, five of which are reproduced in miniature on the opposite page. Shortly after he began shooting for PLAYBOY, Ron and his wife, Audry, had a child whom they named Alexis, and what with all the naked ladies posing in Ron's studio day after day, it was only natural that little Alexis would develop a certain affinity for the camera. "Once," Audry recalls, "when Ron was shooting a Playmate, Lexi came into the living room and said, 'You can shoot *me* now, Daddy.' She was three at the time and she had nothing on, just long red curls down her back. She just decided she was going to be shot in the nude, too. She had the cutest little tush." And so it began. Over the years, Ron has, in his own words, "taken hundreds of pictures of Lexi in various states of undress. She has youth and vitality greater than most of the models I've worked with and her coloring is extraordinary, to say the least: she has earthy tones and dark, sort of penetrating eyes." For Lexi, posing for her father was a way of getting his attention. "I was a little ham," she recalls. "I'd try to get my dad's attention away from his models. The models thought it was cute!" Even as she grew older and developed into a woman, Lexi didn't pick up any inhibitions about posing in the raw. "It's always been very casual around here," she says. "We've always been a nudist family, so I never had any problems posing that way for my father." Audry, who

claims to be the only woman in the country who runs a photo agency that deals exclusively in nude photography, concurs. "I've been involved with nudity all my life; nudity is beauty." Even today, the family will occasionally visit a local nude beach, and Lexi, who is an accomplished equestrienne, sometimes rides nude. Which brings us to Lexi's other great passion in life—horses. Since the age of nine, she has been riding and training horses. At the ripe old age of 12, she won first place in the United States national bareback-riding championship competition and, since then, has won more than 200 other horsemanship titles. "I taught riding for years," she tells us. "A lot of my students have won championships. I stopped at 18 and got into retailing for a while, working in a department store, but I decided that just wasn't my cup of tea. Right now, I'm just beachcombing, you might say, but eventually I'd like to race and possibly buy some property and start raising horses." The idea of posing nude with one of her horses appealed to Lexi. "The result is sort of what you might call a Western pictorial," she says. "The horse in the pictures is named Santan. I own four altogether—Brandy, Sierra and Dapper are the names of the others. One's a registered Appaloosa, the three others are registered quarter horses." As for Lexi's other



pastimes, one of her projects for the near future is to organize the many photos her father has taken of her. "You wouldn't believe all the pictures he's taken—boxes and boxes!" she says. "Someday soon, my mom and I are going to put together an album."



After testing for light, Ron shows Lexi a Polaroid, shot in front of the stables (opposite page, bottom). "Posing nude for me throughout the years has made Lexi very free about herself," says Ron. "As a child, she was a very good little actress; a bit of a ham, maybe."

A random sample of Vogel's gatefold shootings done for *PLAYBOY* over the years (from left to right): Lari Laine (May 1958), Carrie Enwright (July 1963), Gale Olson (August 1968), Reagan Wilson (October 1967) and Nancy Scott (March 1964).



Winner of numerous riding championships, Lexi owns three quarter horses and an Appaloosa, all of which she trains and cares for herself. "My goal is to win the Kentucky Derby one day," says Lexi, who plans to attend a local school for jockeys soon.



When he's not working in his Canoga Park, California, studio, Ron likes to come out to the stables and help his daughter care for the horses. "I'll work them out a bit," says Ron, "but when it comes to training, Lexi usually does the final polishing work."

Taking care of four horses can be a chore. "Everyday, I clean out their corrals," says Lexi. "It sounds gross, but it's good exercise shoveling the you-know-what. I feed them and groom them every day and ride them three or four times a week."





Besides modeling, riding and occasionally helping her dad out as a stylist, Lexi likes to spend her spare time partying, dancing, playing the guitar and jamming with her musician friends. "And," she interjects, "I jog every morning, five days a week."



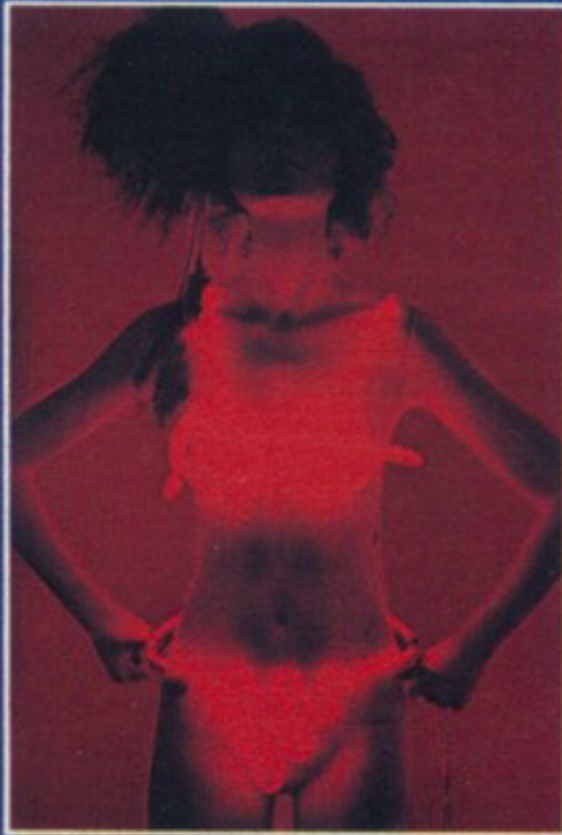
If you haven't guessed yet, Lexi's an animal lover. Besides the boa constrictor she had for seven years ("Her name was Tasha and she never hurt anyone in her whole life"), Lexi has two cats, a cockateel and (left) "a really neat dog named Chester."

Weekends are always spent riding her horses on the beach. "It's a natural high," she says. "It's a free, exhilarating sensation, being on such a powerful animal. It can also be an extremely erotic feeling."



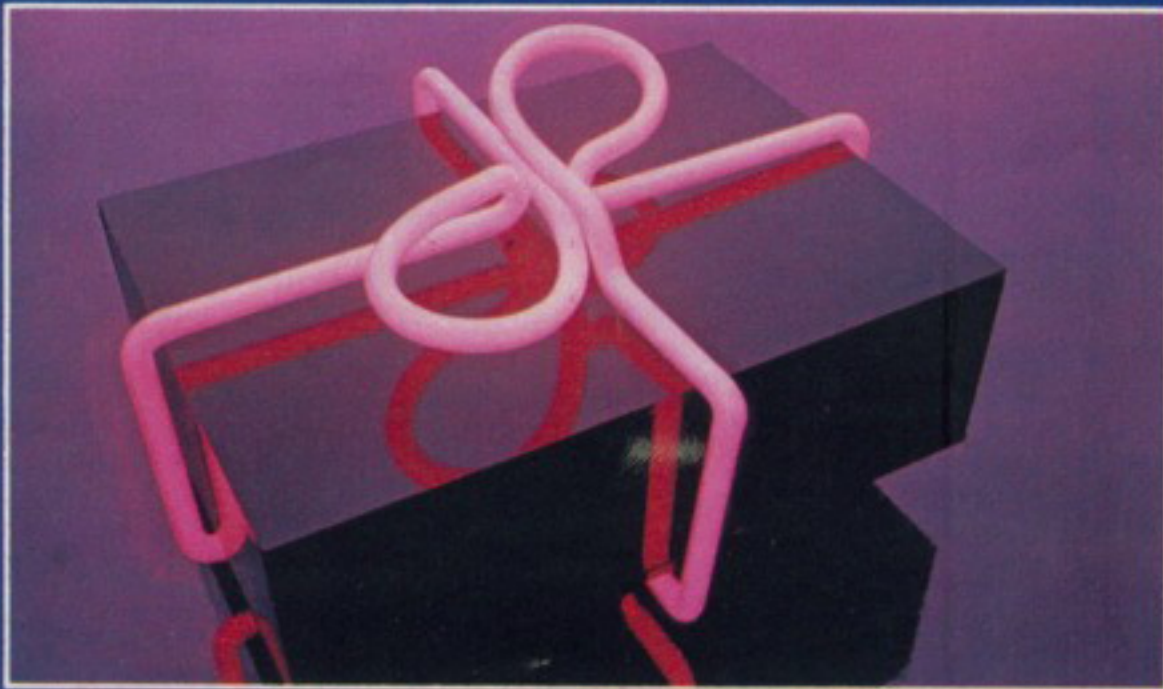


"On our special 'love tour,' you get laid in fourteen countries in eighteen days, room and board included."



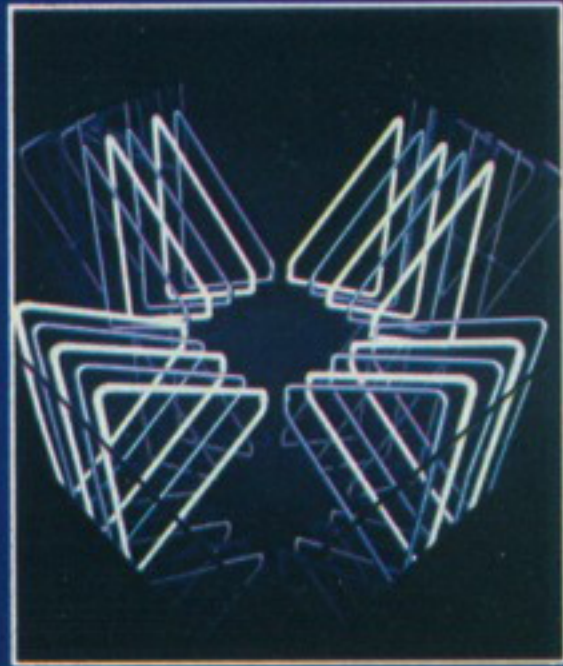
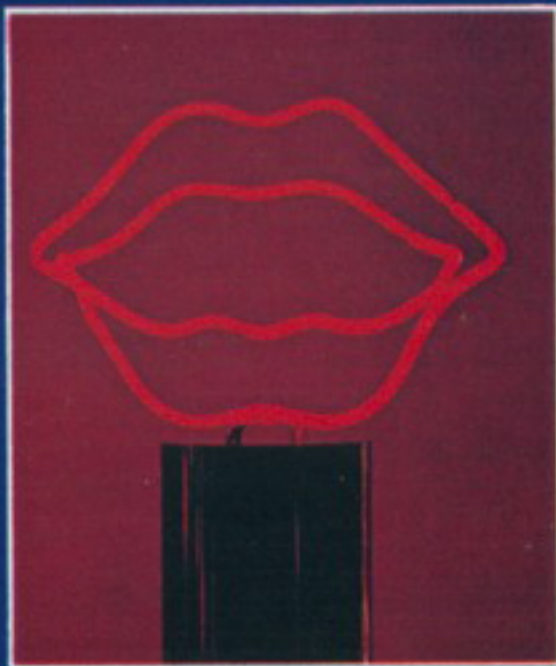
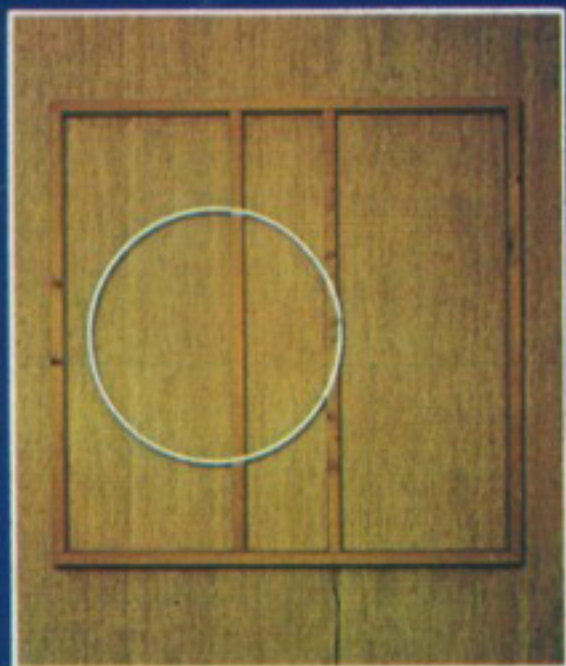
IT'S ALMOST impossible to travel any distance in America without coming in contact with neon. Since the Twenties, signmakers have delighted in twisting thin glass tubing capable of carrying a glowing electrically charged inert gas into millions of shapes and words. EAT AT JOE'S, OPEN ALL NIGHT and the image of a champagne saucer or the outline of a shoe wouldn't be the same if they were printed on paper instead of permanently sculpted in glass.

Although there has been a flickering interest in neon for decades, it wasn't until the mid-Sixties that the medium began to really be taken seriously by the art establishment. A New York gallery, Let There Be Neon, opened in 1972, offering not only glowing sculptures but also architectural and interior-design applications. So let the handsome electrified creations pictured on these pages turn you on to this relatively new way of lighting up your life.



Previous page: A neon circle, by Let There Be Neon, \$200. Top left: Philip Hazard-designed neon swimsuit that's not to be worn in water, also by Let There Be Neon, \$375. Top right: An eight-foot-high standing neon sculpture, by Ron Ferri, \$4000. Above: Jean Skinazi-designed neon gift-box sculpture, by House of Fillmore, about \$200. Below: A neon rainbow, by Let There Be Neon, \$175.





Above left: This Ron Ferri-designed sculpture is comprised of a five-foot natural-wood square containing a 36-inch-diameter neon circle, \$8000. Above center: A pair of neon lips, by Let There Be Neon, \$165. Above right: Another Ron Ferri-designed piece; this one is a 36-inch-square, 18-inch-high cocktail table with a dark Plexiglas base, mirror floor and smoked Plexiglas top, plus brightly lit neon tubes, \$5000. Below: A wooden double bed, outlined in neon, that was originally designed for Wamsutta Mills, by Let There Be Neon, \$1500. It's definitely not recommended for insomniacs.



Our Fair Lady

her name is lee ann michelle and, by george!, we think she's got it



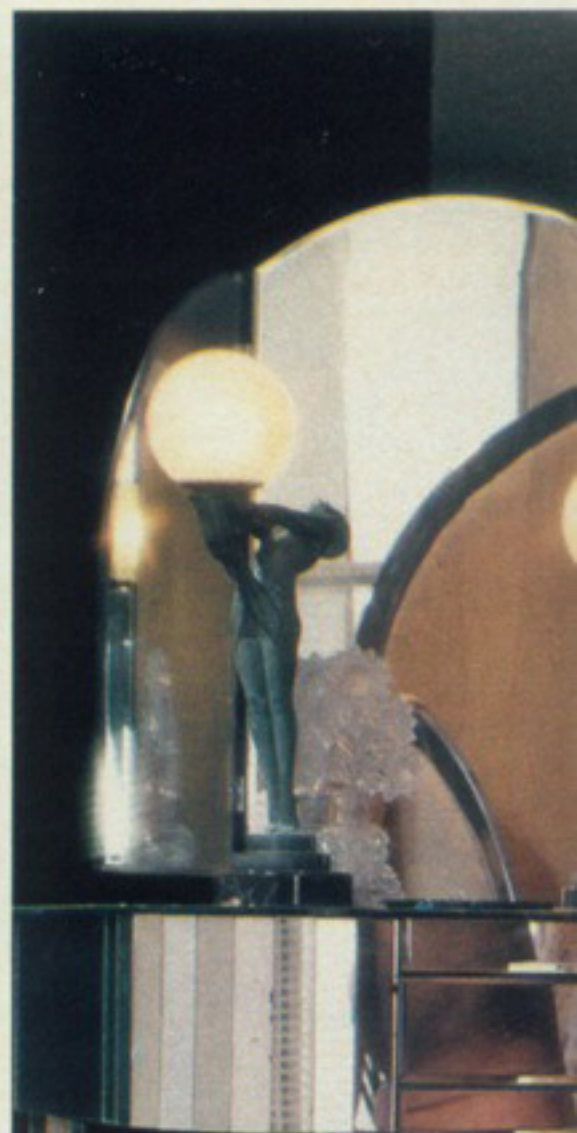
THE FIRST THING that strikes you about Lee Ann Michelle (well, maybe the second or third) is that she'd be perfect for the role of Eliza Doolittle in G. B. Shaw's *Pygmalion*. First of all, she's English, born and raised in Surrey, and her accent has a lilting, lyrical intonation that could charm even the most hardened Anglophobe. And second, she's got a certain versatility of expression—one moment she'll mimic a London street urchin and the next she's as polished and elegant as British royalty. The fitting paradox to all this is that most people who meet her

"I love to take nice long baths with lots and lots of bubbles," says Lee Ann. "When I get out of the tub, I always feel so silky and tingly all over."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



One of Lee Ann's favorite pastimes is playing with her two cats, Mitsy (right) and Mischief. "One of my ambitions," she says, "is to make Mischief into a star. Perhaps he'll be in my film."



"I'm very intuitive," says Lee Ann, "and I love being touched. My whole body is very, very sensitive to touch, especially my hair."

just sort of naturally fall into the Henry Higgins role. "It's a funny thing," she says, smiling impishly, "but when people first meet me, they have this incredible urge to educate me. I don't know why, I don't look innocent." And, indeed, Lee Ann hardly needs to be educated—at the ripe old age of 18, she has already had more than her share of experience. Two years ago, she left school in England to seek her fortune. "I went naïvely looking about for a job," she says, "but no one would hire me, because they said I didn't have any experience. So



"When I was a page-three girl," Lee Ann recalls, "I used to get lots of silly phone calls. Men would call up and ask me what color knickers I had on. Silly things like that."



I took to modeling. Since I looked older than my age at the time, I became a page-three girl for the London papers." (Page-three girls are models who appear topless in London's tabloids, notably on page three of *The Sun*. See "Playboy's Roving Eye," January.) Reactions to Lee Ann's page-three debut were mixed: "None of my girlfriends at school would talk to me. They thought it was disgusting, but all my grandmother's friends thought it was wonderful. Odd, isn't it?" At 17, a calendar shooting for British Leyland Motors took her to Hollywood, where





"What sort of men attract me? Men with strong hands, men with small, tight bums. I always look at a man's eyes to see what he's really saying. Oh, and I love a nice pair of legs on a man, too."



"I've always had a fantasy about being shipwrecked on an island with a bunch of boys I really liked. When I was very young, I fantasized about being a mermaid, but that's an impossible fantasy, isn't it?"



"I look as much on the inside of a man as I do on the outside, unless I am overwhelmed by a man's sex appeal, and then I don't care. I'm not frequently overwhelmed by a man's sex appeal, though."



she was discovered by both PLAYBOY and Motown Productions. The people at Motown were so taken by Lee Ann they've decided to film their next movie, a Paramount release, around her. Naturally, she'll star. "It's called *The Golden Goose*," she tells us, "and it's about an English singer who thinks she's making it on talent but discovers that her voice has been dubbed all along and it's the hype that made her a star. She's been sort of manufactured, you see. It's emotional and funny and very musical." Sounds, as the English put it, like a jolly good show.



One day's London agenda includes a stroll through Trafalgar Square (opposite, top); another, a ride on a double-decker bus.



"I love London's buses," says Lee Ann. "When we shot these photos, though, the conductors kept telling me to sit down."

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lee Ann Michelle

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4 WEIGHT: 107 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3.17.60 BIRTHPLACE: Surrey, England

GOALS: To be a successful actress

TURN-ONS: Kissing + cuddling. Posing for the camera, perfume, fast cars, fairgrounds, swimming in the nude, travelling.

TURN-OFFS: Spiders, being told to look sexy.

FANTASIES: Being Cleopatra's maid, + Henry the Eighth's last wife.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, hockey and soccer.

HEROES: Hans Christian Andersen, because of his enchanting fairy tales. Leonardo da Vinci

FAVORITE DRINKS: Champagne + Natural Spring Water

FAVORITE FOODS: Chicken, Sashimi, Sushi, Yorkshire Pudding + Roast Beef.

HOBBIES: Playing with my pets. Dressing up. Collecting rings from all over the world.



A Poser at 3.

Easy rider at 6.

Sweet 16

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having undulated suggestively into the bedroom on their wedding night, the sexpot bride slipped off her negligee to reveal that she was stark and ripely naked. "Dear," she purred, "what was your manhood planning on doing tonight?"

There was silence, a groan and then more silence. "Darling," the groom finally sighed, "it's already done it."

No, Miss Layton," snapped the professor, "biological balance does not consist of eating natural foods and performing unnatural acts!"



It's been vehemently denied that the next major-theme amusement park will be an adult one—to be called Disneyland.

Scene: the bowels of a huge university library. "You may have stack privileges," giggled the attractive librarian, "but they don't extend to your doing *that!*"

"But you told me to keep my voice down," mumbled the young man from under her skirt.

Whenever the abbot craves fun,
He summons the same willing one:

A hot-pantied sister
Who makes his dong blister!
She is known as his sine qua nun!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *dildo* as a fucksimile.

Perhaps you've heard of the Acapulco hooker who gives such prodigious head that she's known as the gulp of Mexico.

A bayou guide was rowing home one evening when he saw an alligator making off with one of his many children. When he rushed into his shack to tell his wife, she replied apathetically that they could have another child to replace the lost one. When the same thing happened nine months later, his wife had the same reaction. And then the following year he witnessed a third child being carried away in those horrible jaws. He flung himself through the door and blurted out the news.

"That's all right," said his wife. "Come bed-time, we can make another one."

"Christ, woman," exclaimed the man, "if you think I'm gonna work all day and then screw all night just to feed that damn alligator, you're crazy!"

Word has reached us of a dissatisfied transplant patient who demanded that the surgeon replace his brand-new penis. It seems that it rejected his hand.

My girlfriend is a sex-experimentation freak," the drinker told his neighborhood bartender, "and her selection of positions goes from the supine to the ridiculous."

As a Valentine message, young Bonnet,
Having failed at composing a sonnet,
Drew his girlfriend a card
That the censors have barred—
Both a heart and a hard-on are on it!

The couple went wearily but happily to bed after their golden-wedding-anniversary party. After a while, the woman said, "Tell me, dear, now that we've come this far together—have you ever cheated on me?"

"I can't lie to you, darling," replied her husband. "Yes, I did—just once."

"Well," sighed the woman wistfully, "we sure could use that *once* right now."

How could our fourteen-year-old son's birthday party have been raided by the cops?" extrapolated the man.

"You know our Herman is precocious," said his wife, shrugging, "and when he said he planned to have someone there to do tricks, he didn't mean a clown or a magician."



Emerging from a spur-of-the-moment visit to the museum, one of the office girls giggled, "Didn't that old Greek marble statue have a tremendous penis?"

"Yeah, it certainly did," responded her co-worker, "and wasn't it cold?"

In the early days with my wife," confided one bar drinker to another, "it was fist fucking at the drive-in, blow jobs in the bathroom, quickies in the choir loft, cornholing in the kitchen. But now," he went on morosely, "the romance has gone out of our marriage."

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 can't see how they get much fun out of it, doing it so slow."



THE GIRLS OF LAS VEGAS

*for the beauties who bloom in that neon-and-baize
oasis, it's a hectic night's journey into day*

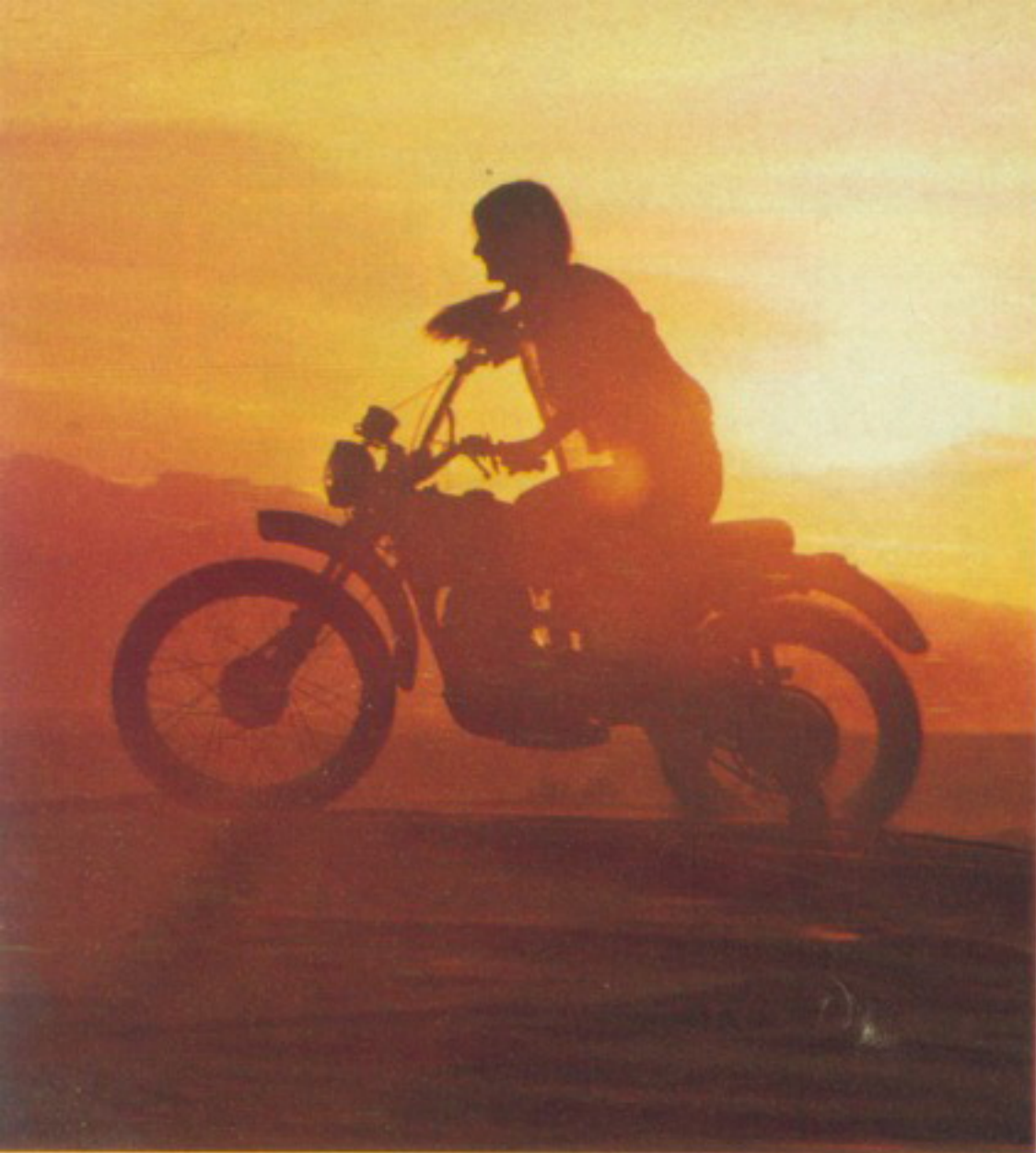
Text by **JOHN SACK**

MIDNIGHT. The witching hour. When the gates of the churches creak and the tombstones topple over. When the full moon scowls like a one-eyed cat and bad girls who aren't in bed turn into chambermaids at the Holiday Inn. And their cars into summer squashes.

But not the girls of Las Vegas. At midnight, the Strip is so radiant in its 10,000,000 watts that a girl could study the fine print of the help-wanted ads. For here, God has created desert—the sands, the dunes and the native animals, such as the pink flamingos—out of pink neon bulbs, and the midnight hour is as incandescent as midday anywhere else. As everyone else has a good-night

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER





Life among the Las Vegas footlights attracts many young women, such as dancer Angelique Pettyjohn, pictured on the preceding page. But sometime car hiker, caddie and dirt biker Susan Smith (above) prefers dawn's early light on the outskirts of town to the neon glow of the Strip. Vegas is but a dice throw away from Lake Mead National Recreation Area and Susan says she thrives in the outdoors. There she is, above right, amid crested waves of desert sand. By the way, there's plenty of that around. Nevada happens to be our driest state.



Just a double axel away from the scorching desert, cool heads, tails, etc., prevail at the Hacienda Hotel's Ice Fantasy Show. Tammy Feuer (above), one of the Hacienda skaters who has hopes of becoming an actress or a dancer, shows an ostrich-plumed derriere. When Tammy's not doing pirouettes around the rink, she heads to jazz-dance class or a disco. At home (left), Tammy catches up on her R & R.



Christine DeSimone (below and right), who has been a professional dancer since she was 15, now performs at the Casino de Paris in The Dunes Hotel. She used to cheer for the Pittsburgh Steelers as a Steelerette.



cognac, it is coffee break for the girls of Las Vegas.

12:01 A.M. Or thereabouts in a hollow corridor at the Circus Circus, Terry Cavaretta, a trim-built girl in a silver-spangled bikini, takes the hands of her sisters, saying a cheerleader's cheer for the 6000th time. "We'll do an act without a fall! We're all for one and one for all!"

"God be with us," her older sister says. "Sticky," Terry comments, looking down at her sweating palms.

And they climb to the flying trapeze in the clerestory over the five-line slot machines. On the chain ladder, Terry now and then pauses, her arm high, her back arched, her knee as high as a drum majorette's, the posture of pinups on battleship ladders in World War Two. She swings to the roof, almost, on her trapeze, and then, letting go, she goes into a triple somersault and—*ohhh, ohhh*—falls on her back on the safety net.

The drum rolls. And jumping up and



Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noon-day sun. Ella Lynn Kallish (right), a trouper at The Dunes Hotel, goes out in it, too; only to catch 40 winks at midday, though. By midnight, she'll be onstage for the second show.



Norma Jean Fregeau (left) is a real homebody. She likes to cook, sew—and even plays the piano. At work as a pit clerk at the Hotel Sahara's baccarat table (below), Norma checks on your limit when Lady Luck takes a powder. It's a high-tension job; the wrong word from Norma can put you right out of the game, so to relax on her days off, she points her car west and takes a drive along the ocean.



This charming discovery below left, appropriately named Brandy Ray, works as a cocktail waitress. At home, she's a gourmet cook, but the attentive will also spot her in local television commercials. Brigitte Corvaisier (below right) was born in France. She's presently a bank teller but sets her sights on a career in travel. For fun, Brigitte assembles models; she's putting together the *Star Wars* series now.



smiling a Doublemint smile to indicate that she isn't dead, she climbs back to her silver-sequined sisters. "I did something funny," Terry whispers.

"You had one leg high. And one leg broke," a sister says, "and you broke with it."

"Really?" Terry says. She seizes the bar again and she says cheese. And floats through the air with the greatest of ease. While wearing her silver B.V.D.s. And does three somersaults, if you please!

I'm in love with the girl on the flying trapeze!

12:30 A.M. "Oh, God forbid," says Tammy Feuer, a blonde, an absolute doll, a girl whose laugh is a waterfall in the Sierras. In bare breasts but in feathers of some orange ostrich and (as if enough weren't enough) in ice skates, too, she has just discerned that a skate blade is looser than a sandal's sole as the curtain ascends on the ice show at the Hacienda Hotel. The audience applauds. The orchestra plays *Let Us Entertain You*. "Oh, God," Tammy laughs, and starts skating on in figure eights. To fall on an un-ice-proofed ass in front of 600 people!

She doesn't. And, skating off, she clumps upstairs to her dressing room to fetch (from the lip pencils, eye pencils, eye-liner pencils, etc.) a six-inch screwdriver. Her leg in the lotus posture, her hand as adept as the village smith's, she screws herself together again, and she laughs as she picks up *Pencil Puzzles*.

- (1) Most everyone enjoys a good pumpkin.
- (2) Most everyone pumpkins every day.
- (3) Generally—

Tammy laughs. "Go and guess what pumpkin is," she says to the girl at the photo-plastered mirror near her. The photos, incidentally, are of naked men.

"I already guessed. It's talk," the girl replies.

Tammy laughs again. And everyone down for the South American number! In bare breasts but a hat of paper grapes, apples and oranges and in her ice-evaporating smile, she is skating on just after laughing. "Aaagh! The screws are all loose again!"

1:00 A.M. It's mad, mad, mad on the stage of the one-o'clock spectacle at the Dunes. The big red curtain is down and the panting stagehands are dragging away the other columns of Karnak, the Pyramids of Giza, the Sphinx and the other antiquities from the Egyptian number. Ella Kallish, six feet tall, three feet (and one inch) topless and 142 in intelligence quotient—Ella has, well, button-holed another performer to try to terminate one of the more exorbitant of the lifestyles of Las Vegas. For months,



You might say Rhoda Barton (above) is doggedly determined; she raises pedigreed Huskies. Young and tall and tan and lovely Darlene Madison (below) deals 21 at the Golden Nugget. She works in the production department at the *Las Vegas Review-Journal*, makes television commercials and somehow finds time to paint, too, which may be why she's resting here.





Sallie Lancaster (above, flashing a smile), obviously favors the wet look so popular in T-shirt contests and car washes. If Sallie looks familiar, it may be that you've seen her as a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club. Lea Renalt (below) showers herself with memories. A professional model, Lea's got plenty of photos to ponder. At right, Eva Maria Courtoi reveals an itty-bitsy, teeny-weeny tan line. A real fitness freak, Eva manages a health club. Her real goal, though, she confessed to us, is to dance with a punk-rock group.



she has taken taxis to the stores, laundromats, *discothèques* and The Dunes and has spent \$4000 doing it.

"I hear you're selling an Opel," Ella says.

"Yeah——"

"First," Ella continues, "let me explain my financial situation. Since when I do, no one's interested anymore. I can pay fifty dollars weekly."

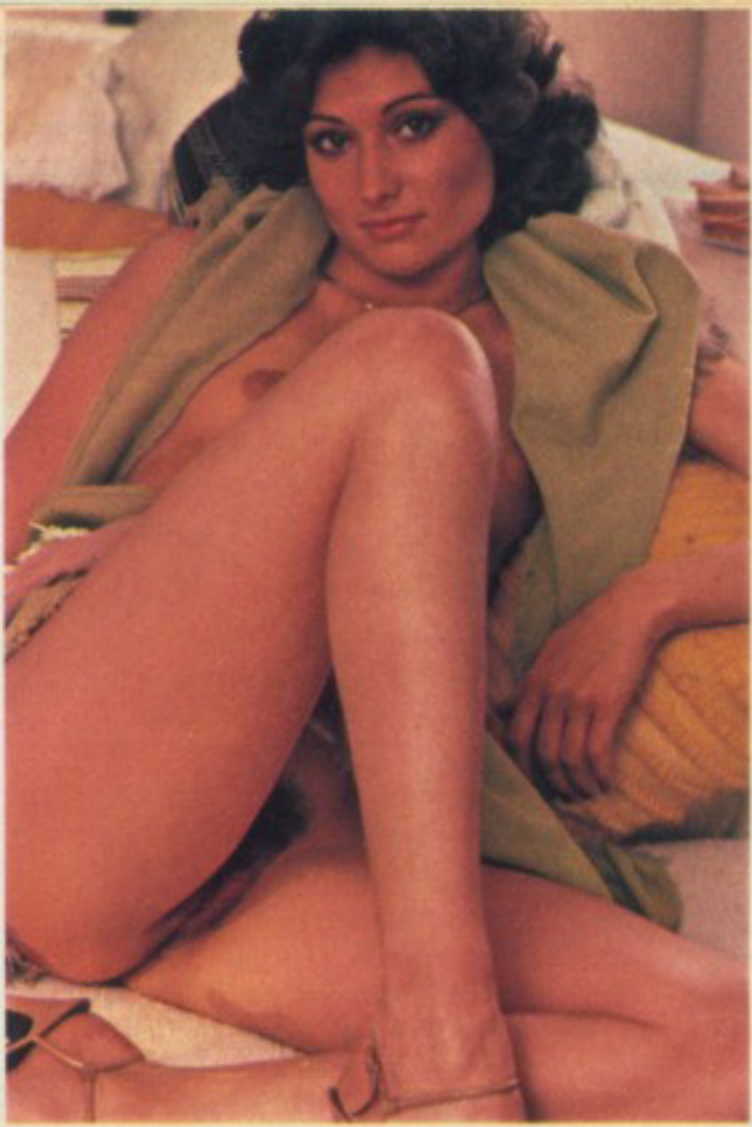
"OK, I'll give you the lowball from the *Blue Book*."

"*I got wheels!*" Ella yells, pulling off the clothes of Cleopatra, pulling on the clothes of Pocahontas and whooping onto a wigwam-congested stage for the Indian number. "Heyaya! Heyaya! Heya heya heya!" the men in their loincloths sing.

In the audience are 200 gentlemen of Japan (lucky little stiff: To them it's five in the afternoon) and Rhoda Barton, a cocktail waitress with a 40-inch bust. "It shocks me," Rhoda whispers. "It's nasty to walk around with your titties out."

1:30 A.M. In the casinos, in the dim light of (text continued on page 140)





Carol Nicholson (left), who hails from north of the border, has kept herself on ice for several years: She's a professional skater. Following a five-year stint with the Ice Capades, this lovely Canadian has performed in a number of Las Vegas ice shows—at the moment, the Hacienda's Ice Fantasy extravaganza, in which she's the center skater in the photo above. Off hours, Carol camps out in the mountains.



chandeliers: in the pallor of middle earth, a Mexican in an apricot-colored suit is pressing—raising—the bet by \$500, \$500, \$500 at the Sahara's baccarat table. As the six of diamonds comes from the red-plastic shoe, he learns that he has lost \$4500. "You can't count very good," the Mexican shouts. In his white-patent-leather pumps (and his white matching bobby socks) he looks like the Godfather.

"No, you owe forty-five hundred dollars," the dealer murmurs.

"You better not get smart," the Mexican shouts.

"I'm not getting——"

"I ain't signing nothing for forty-five!"

Norma Fregeau, the pit clerk, an exotically colored girl who sits in an ill-lit corner with a couple of dozen pigeon-holes and staplers, sharpeners and paper clips like a clerk in some melancholy novel by Dickens, is placing a call on a five-button telephone. "Give me a run-down on"—and she names the Mexican. "He's out," she reports to the dealer a minute later.

"What?"

"He's out," Norma repeats, and she slices her index finger across her gold-chokered throat. She looks coolly out of her corner at that maraca-mouth from Mexico. "Turkey," she whispers.

2:00 A.M. At this dark hour, Darlene Madison is looking quite like a harpist as she deals 21 at the Golden Nugget. The cards fly off her finger tips like sixteenth notes. One quick fingernail neatens them and she sweeps them up one minute later as if she were doing glissandi in Debussy's *Sonata for Flute, Viola and Harp*. And, plink! She slides a pile of ten-dollar chips to an old, old man in a red-plaid shirt. "Oh, thank you," the old man says. "I'll give you a smooch for it."

"Now don't be a fool and be losing it," Darlene says.

She's serious. Her brother lost all his money once (and \$400 of hers, besides) in 21 in Las Vegas. She remembers him. She remembers how she and Sonny had looked for lizards in their childhood, saying, "Now, don't touch their tails!" She had translated for him, too:

"I wanna wassa gassa."

"What?" their mother would say.

"He wants a glass of water, Mom."

And 20 years later, he had come to her, crying, "I got a gambling problem, sis."

"So that's where the money's gone to."

"I'm moving out to Chicago."

And now, the old, old man in the red-plaid shirt is in the red himself at the Golden Nugget. In its rose-colored glow, he is chewing his lower lip as he tries to recapture the pile of ten-dollar after-dinner mints. "Aww," he whines to Darlene. "Why dincha gimme a three, instead?"

"Dear Lord," Darlene, a Catholic, is saying in her most secret self, "help him to stand up and walk away from here, amen." She shuffles the cards with the fingers of a Segovia.

2:30 A.M. At the green table, Brigitte Corvaisier is looking down at an eight of spades as she draws a seven of hearts, saying, "All right!" She wears denim cut-offs and a T-shirt of Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Donald Duck. She is barefoot, too.

On the back of the cards themselves are red, yellow, black and white pictures of Mickey Mouse. As she does every night after work (as reverently as others do transcendental meditation), she is playing solitaire in her kitchen, a half hour from the Strip at Sunrise Mountain. "I want to play rummy with you," her little sister says.

"No," Brigitte answers softly. "I want to play solitaire."

"Whatever," her little sister says.

She understands. On the one hand, there's the serenity of two-o'clock solitaire. On the other, there are the discos—the too-loud tunes, the too many men, the ones blowing smoke up someone's nose as they try to maneuver her to their pads. Her sister remembers how Brigitte said, "I wouldn't want to trade solitaire for all that hustle and bustle, would you?"

The light of the chandelier falls on the tablecloth as Brigitte, a bank teller by day, is drawing a six of spades, saying, "All riight!"

3:00 A.M. But everyone else in Vegas is on the oak floor of its inmost disco, the Jubilation. Terry, the girl on the flying trapeze, is dancing to *Stayin' Alive*. Ella, the girl with the taxi habit, is telling an import-export man, "I'm for dancing. I'm not for romancing." Norma, the pit clerk, is telling friends, "I'm going to be in *PLAYBOY*." A girl whose exotic origins are France, Italy and Spain, her fantasy is to be shown in the centerfold at a *plaza de toros* somewhere with a bull, certifiably tame, and no other clothes but her red muleta.

"You understand about the stars in the P," a salesman says to Norma. He refers to the little stars on the cover of *PLAYBOY*, one to 11 for the Eastern, Western, et al., editions.

"No, what about them?" Norma asks.

"They're there on account of Hefner. One for every time that he balls the Playmate."

"I don't believe it!"

"You better believe it," the salesman says.

"But I haven't even met him," Norma protests.

Cynthia Parker is in her 15th minute

of nonstop stepping but—too broke for the Jubilation—is one mile east, jogging along the rubber-coated track at the University of Nevada. Jogging at three o'clock in the morning, everyone! In the starlight, like a camel crossing the desert ("The sun's anvil," says Omar Sharif in *Lawrence of Arabia*). Clop, clop, clop, Cindy is dressed in blue nylon shorts, and at her blue-and-white-striped feet a German shepherd is nipping now as Cindy says, "Hey, puppy, stay in your lane!" And clop for another quarter mile.

3:30 A.M. On coming home from the Jubilation, Sallie Lancaster hears the sound of a man upstairs. "Is that you, Sallie?"

"Hi, Daddy," Sallie says. And, washing up, she goes to the copper-colored stove and is cooking herself a supper of bacon, cheese, catsup, scrambled eggs and a Pepsi as her father, 60, a dentist, comes in in blue-striped pajamas.

"Sallie, what do you think they'll say in *PLAYBOY*?"

"I don't know, Daddy. Why?"

"'Cause what do you think they can say? I'm normal. You're normal. We are just normal people."

"I'll drink to it, Daddy."

"So what's there to say about us, Sallie? You wake up, you brush your teeth—and you brush the damn enamel off—you work every day and you come home."

"Sometimes I come home," Sallie says. She smiles an imp's little smile, the tip of her tongue in her immaculate teeth.

"So you shack up, sometimes, too. And that's normal, too," her father says.

"Oh, Daddy. I do more than you do."

"Do you do it backward upside down?"

"I might not be as knowledgeable as you, because——"

"You don't do it backward upside down?"

"Because you're older than I am, and——"

"Backward upside down. Ah, I had fun that way," her father says. "Now I don't even do it. Except every year at Thanksgiving."

And they talk, talk, talk. By the clock on the copper-colored oven, it is bedtime even in Honolulu.

4:00 A.M. Extra! Extra! Someone has fallen asleep in Las Vegas, Nevada! It happened, inadvertently, of course, to Tammy, the screw-loose girl at the ice show, as she watched the *Late, Late, Late Show* on channel five, *An American in Paris*. At her home, Tammy had changed to rubber thongs, sat on the spinach-colored carpet, turned on a Zenith and listened to her boyfriend say of

(concluded on page 112)

"Grabbing up her clothes, she is running out of the park with all of her 40 inches out."

Gene Kelly. "Wow! He can really dance, can't he?"

"He's fabulous!" Tammy laughed.

"I got rhythm! I got music! I got my gal! Who can ask for anything. . . ." Snore, for Tammy (who danced at her jazz-dance class at four o'clock in the afternoon, ate at six o'clock, skated on thin ice at eight o'clock, auditioned as a \$400 dancer at ten o'clock, skated again at 12 o'clock, went to a disco show at two o'clock) is fast asleep at four o'clock on the spinach-colored carpet. One down in Las Vegas.

4:30 A.M. But everyone else is up. Remember Rhoda? The girl with the 40-inch bust and the flapper's face? The one who didn't think it was decorous to walk around with your titties out? As high as the Hilton at half past four, she has regressed to baby talk and has succumbed to the munchies, too. "I wanna nanner split and a Cockie-Cola," Rhoda announces at Dairy Queen. "Aw," she says to a gentleman with her. "You got more whoop cream than I do." Her index finger fillips a little of his whipped cream off and Rhoda continues, "We gotta *chair*, man," or, in translation, "We gotta *share*, man. Do you want my cherry?"

"Yeah," the man says.

"You gotta catch it. Oh," she continues as he opens his mouth and closes his eyes, "you look like a panting dog. Catch!" It ricochets off his nose and Rhoda says, "Oh, I lost my little cherry!"

The two skiddoo from the Dairy Queen. A ball in a pinball machine, the car that they're in caroms through the lights of Vegas to Sunset Park. It is now closed, but the two climb over the Cyclone fence to the manual merry-go-round as Rhoda says, "I wanna go on the hippie potamus!" After that, Rhoda does cartwheels to the monkey bar, the slide and the swing and, as she swings higher, higher and *higher*, says, "Oh! oh! I'm getting nauseous!" And falling off and taking off her yellow top (DON'T TOUCH THE KNOBS, THEY'RE ADJUSTED, the letters say) and her white pants, she and her date make love in the dark in Sunset Park.

"There's the Big Dipper," Rhoda whispers. It's 30 minutes later, and she is supine on the star-shadowed grass.

"Where is it?"

"There. Right there," Rhoda whispers. *Chi chi chi chi—*

"God! What's going on?" Rhoda cries.

Chi chi chi chi—

"God! They've turned the sprinklers on us," Rhoda cries. "And there are the rangers there!" And grabbing up her clothes and her red-and-green-flowered purse, she is running out of the park with all of her 40 inches out. And everything else.

5:00 A.M. Ella, the taxi addict, the girl with the six-foot body and the 142 intelligence quotient, is depressed with the Jubilation. She scribbles on a cocktail napkin, "The painted smiles on plastered faces, like the blank pictures on white walls." All night long, Ella has been assailed by the unabashed men in open-buttoned shirts. "Wow, I'm in love with you." "Oh, you're wearing white. It will go with my car." "Do you do cocaine, baby?" "Do you want to go, uh, somewhere else?" "It will be cool, baby."

"As cool as the other side of your pillow," Ella has answered that one. And scribbling this on another cocktail napkin, she has finished her Coke and slipped out of the Jubilation.

"Hey, Ella," the doorman says. "You come alone and you go home alone. How come?"

"It's how I like it," Ella says.

A taxi takes her to her bedroom/living room. In her refrigerator, there is a \$70 bottle of Taittinger 1971 ("I'm sorry. They're out of '66," an admirer with a pink carnation told her), but it's half frozen over, like a frozen daiquiri. "Well, I've got me a champagne frappé," says Ella, and she pours some into a plastic glass. She sits down, extricates (like an infant at a difficult birth) the cocktail napkins out of her tight white pants, types the bons mots onto paper, places them in a file folder and, as she finishes her iced champagne, takes one of her own poems out for the hundredth time.

Dad makes me unhappy.

I try to talk to him

but he is so busy being sad, he doesn't hear.

Instead, I sit and stare at him

and I see age eating deeper and deeper,

gnawing at his insides,

doubling him in half.

I cannot tell him I love him.

He would not listen.

It's almost day, and she sweeps the hairpins off her cool-pillowed bed.

5:30 A.M. "But Daddy," says Sallie, the

girl who does or doesn't do it backward upside down. "I don't really love him. You would be happier, wouldn't you, if I marry someone who's down to earth who I really love?"

"Well, honey," her dentist daddy says in their kitchen at this ungodly hour. "I can't—I can't—I can't say who you should marry. I just think if you don't hurry up, people will say, Who's that girl with the old, old man in that camper in Yellowstone Park?"

Sallie laughs, and her tongue in her teeth is a jujube. "Daddy, I'll hurry up," Sallie says.

And *tick tock* goes the clock on the copper-colored oven. God, has anyone in this city slept tonight? Yes, Betty Bryant, a hostess at Caesars Palace, has been asleep since nine in her four-poster colonial bed. To stay up all hours is not her habit anymore. A few years ago, she had two bottles of Cabernet every night, pot, phenobarbital, codeine, cocaine, 150 milligrams of Serax and one hard pack of Nat Sherman's Cigarettes. She worked as a madam and for recreation was a real witch, honest to God. "*Okka wakokka*," or something like it, Betty would say, and someone a mile away would drop over dead. She was suicidal herself. And one day, she washed with Tone and brushed with Aim and gargled with Listerine and told herself, "It's a new day, and it's a new life."

By half past five today (as every day), she has been awake with the sparrows, has fed 300 sparrows, has walked her German shepherd, has fed her cat and has watered her 40 pothoses, philodendrons and ferns, telling them, "Grow for me! Get beautiful!" She has eaten her seven-grain cereal in a silver-rimmed bowl to fortify her for 16 hours of tennis, racquetball, training dogs, riding horses, breaking horses and driving her four-wheeler up to Red Rock Canyon. Right now, she is stretching her arms, hands and finger tips to the white horizon in the *surya namaskara asanas* of yoga to greet the morning sun.

6:00 A.M. Myself, if I must be up at the dawn's early light, it better be to be going to bed, thank you, and I am driving to my air-conditioned and drape-darkened room as the sun overpowers the lights of the Sands, The Dunes, the Sahara and the Flamingo Hilton hotels. So good night, or good morning, girls of Silver Dollar City. I love you all. Do not believe, reader, that the young women of Vegas are hookers and hard-nosed opportunists—no, they're as warm, fresh and miraculous as anyone else in America. Appreciate them. But just don't telephone them until one o'clock.

STRIP TEACH



*in which a would-be
pedagog finds a new career
at vegas' palomino club*

Vegas tourists tend to break out and boogie in a way that would make the neighbors back home blush. Of course, all they'll ever know is what you tell them on your postcard. For instance, you may forget to mention the night you horsed around at the Palomino Club, a popular, bottomless burlesque establishment that features a nightly amateur striptease contest. The runway is open to all comers and has drawn graying matrons as well as Teri Tomas, the young student teacher whose victorious promenade we record on these pages. The competition begins with solo performances, everybody stripping down from street clothes to birthday suits. Then all contestants return and do it again together, and the winner is selected by audience applause. Resident applause-o-meter and creator of the contest is onetime burlesque comedian Bob Mitchell, who acts as m.c. and generally encourages Palomino Club audiences to feel their oats. The audience, by the way, usually includes as many women as men. The contestants—who come from all over the world—are, however, 100 percent woman. The winner receives a cash prize and gets to put her clothes back on, but every entrant can leave the runway firm in the conviction that for a few minutes, however fleetingly, every eye in the room was glued to her.



The spotlight and the drumbeat coax women from all walks of life onto the Palomino stage. That's student teacher Teri Tomas, left, before her striptease debut. As you can see in the photo above, Teri (far left) is starting to shed her inhibitions.



Compared with some of her rivals, Teri may be off to a slow start (above), but her jeans finally slip to the stage. And, in the end, our teach emerges victorious: Bob Mitchell pronounces her the Palomino's top filly of the evening (below).





Most Palomino winners ride high on five minutes of exhibitionism, then zip up and go home. Not so for Teri Tomas. The school bell no longer tolls for her. She's chosen a new line, that of professional stripper. Following an apprenticeship at the Palomino, Teri has taken her show on the road. Judging from the pictures on this page, she caught on fast. Clockwise, from left: Teri shakes a tail feather (oops, forgot the feather), romps down the runway, does a few leg stretches and pauses for a briefly close encounter with patrons.



THE YEAR IN SEX

it was quite a twelvemonth—
with everything from the
beautiful people taking it off
in discos to the pro-football
brass blowing its cool
over our uncoverage of
those rousing cheerleaders

EVERY TIME we get to thinking the sexual revolution has been won, something happens to make us conscious that there are people out there who don't even know the battle has started. How else can one interpret what happened in 1978, a year in which everybody, but everybody, in the jet set vied to appear in the most outrageous costume, or lack of same, in the latest chic discos; in which nude sun-bathing became virtually commonplace; in which eternal starlet Edy Williams stripped not only at the Cannes Film Festival but in the middle of a boxing ring (as a prelude to the Muhammad Ali-Leon Spinks fight that proved rather more interesting than the title bout itself); and in which live sex clubs put orgies within every man's reach? It was also a year in which the powers that be in the National Football League, after having titillated the public with rump-wiggling, bosom-bouncing displays of femininity, reacted in holier-than-thou horror when a few of the ladies, inaccurately known as cheerleaders, actually took off some of their clothes for *PLAYBOY*. The performance smacked of the hypocritical, particularly in the case of the first cheerleader fired for her pose: a young lady who had held the title of Miss Nude California and was first runner-up for Miss Nude U.S.A. long before she caught the recruiting eye of the San Diego Chargers. By the time the dust clears, there may be no pro-football "cheerleading" squads left, which would be too bad: Maybe somebody should hire Edy as a sort of traveling one-woman half-time entertainment squad. For the most part, though, sex in '78 was fun—which is exactly as it should be. Read on, and enjoy.

"What differentiates discomania from most of its predecessors," wrote Albert Goldman in *Esquire*, "is its overt tendency to spill over into orgy." Below, New York's Studio 54, where the Beautiful People get it on.



Everybody, but everybody, shows up at Studio 54—from masked partygoers to *PLAYBOY* cover girl Dolly Parton. Below, model Sterling St. Jacques makes the disco scene with Bianca Jagger (at Studio 54, left) and Liza Minnelli (on the occasion of sister Lorna Luft's birthday party at another disco, New York, New York, right).

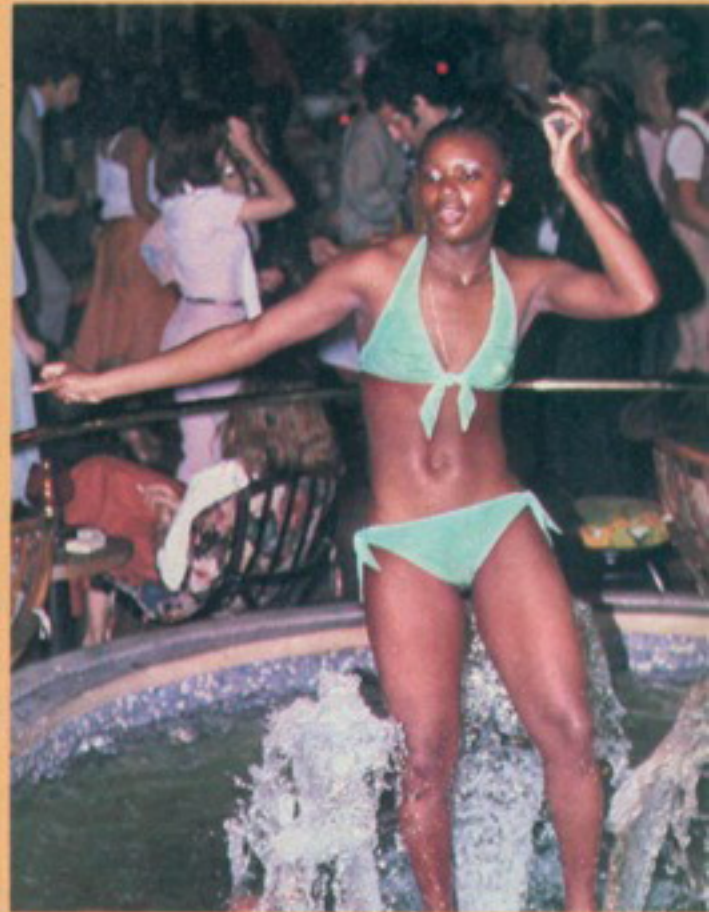




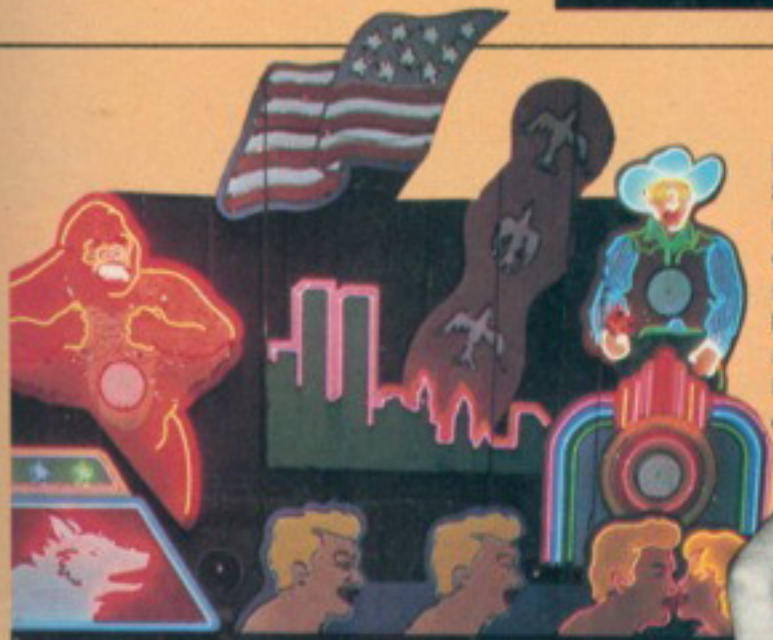
Reigning queen of disco singing is amazing Grace Jones (left, at a Studio 54 shindig); coming up fast in Europe is Sweden's blonde bombshell Madleen Kane (below).



Proving they can be as far out as 54's B.P.s, partygoers cavort at Hurrah, a two-year-old Manhattan disco now devoted to rock 'n' roll (above).



Guests at La Valbonne, a private disco in London, sometimes choose a novel way of cooling it: joining the bikinied miss in the pool (above). In Miami, the action is at Le Dome in the Cricket Club (below).



Making its bid to rival Studio 54, Xenon has neon decor, colorful clientele. Below, left to right, dancer/model Danger of Le Clique; silver-plated porn star Marc Stevens; an unencumbered dancer.



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO....

We're seeing a lot more of actress Edy Williams offscreen than on these days; in what has become an annual ritual at the Cannes Film Festival, she stripped for lucky cameramen (below).



FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

Uncle Sam got into the go-go biz (left, top and bottom) when an owner of the Lone Star Beef House, Washington, went to prison: He'd bought the topless bar with embezzled Federal funds. Presidential aide Hamilton Jordan (below left) had nothing but troubles in '78: He was accused of spitting a gooey drink at a woman in a singles bar and of making racy remarks to a diplomat's wife, and his own wife filed for divorce. And the revelation that Jennifer Lee Wesner had been a topless model (below right) may possibly have helped her place last in Pennsylvania's Democratic gubernatorial primary.



A House subcommittee released files tracing the Unification Church, headed by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon (above) to a Korean sex cult that baptized via intercourse; curvy Kellie Everts (right) became a Stripper for Christ.

WINNERS AND LOSERS



As for Marilyn (*Behind the Green Door*) Chambers (above left), she went straight, both onstage in a Vegas production of *Last of the Red Hot Lovers* and onscreen in the R-rated motion picture *Rabid*.

Carol Connors, *Deep Throat*'s nurse, returned to hard-core with *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*—and worked out (above) religiously enough to set a California-state women's weight-lifting record.

Anita Bryant's supporters repealed a batch of gay-rights ordinances, but a student poll paired her with Hitler as the persons having most damaged the world.

Kris Kristofferson, every woman's favorite Rhodes scholar, was named Most Watchable Male and cited for "sensitivity" by a group called Man Watchers, Inc.



San Diego Chagette Elizabeth Caleca (above) already held two nudist titles, but when she posed for *PLAYBOY*'s December issue, the Chargers sacked their rally squad.



The President's sister, evangelist Ruth Carter Stapleton (below), helped Larry (*Hustler*) Flynt (right) be born again; he needed all the help he could get after being busted for pornography, paralyzed by a would-be assassin's bullet and even having his billboards defaced (bottom).



For those who
THINK PINK
CRIME
CONTRIBUTOR
HUSTLER Magazine

PEELING'S APPEALING



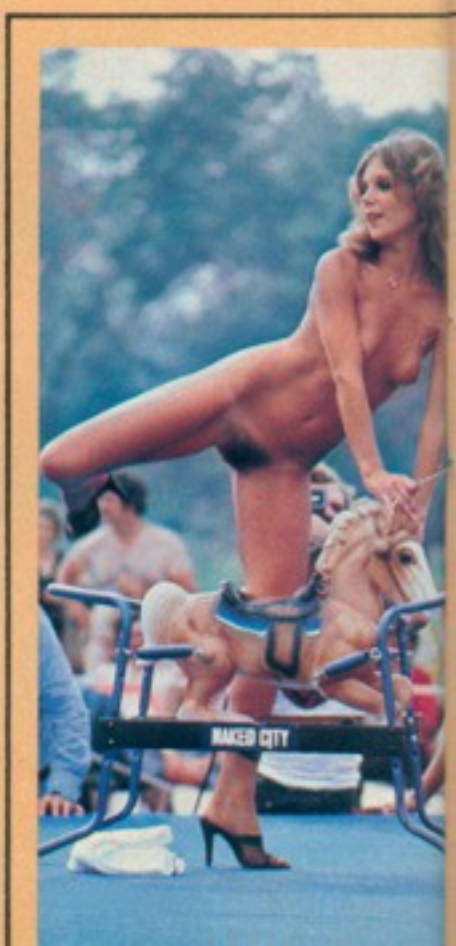
Skirmishing with local politicians have been the partisans of Black's Beach, San Diego (left), no longer officially nude, and members of a rock group, The Stranglers, who finally got permission from the Greater London Council to perform in Battersea Park—where they let it all hang out (above).

Men go topless in public, why not women? That rationale got some Berkeley girls' bare-bosomed float yanked from a civic parade. Above, they protest poisoned pot, too.



Without incident, campus cops made students observing a Nude Sunbathing Day at the University of California at Riverside (above) get dressed.

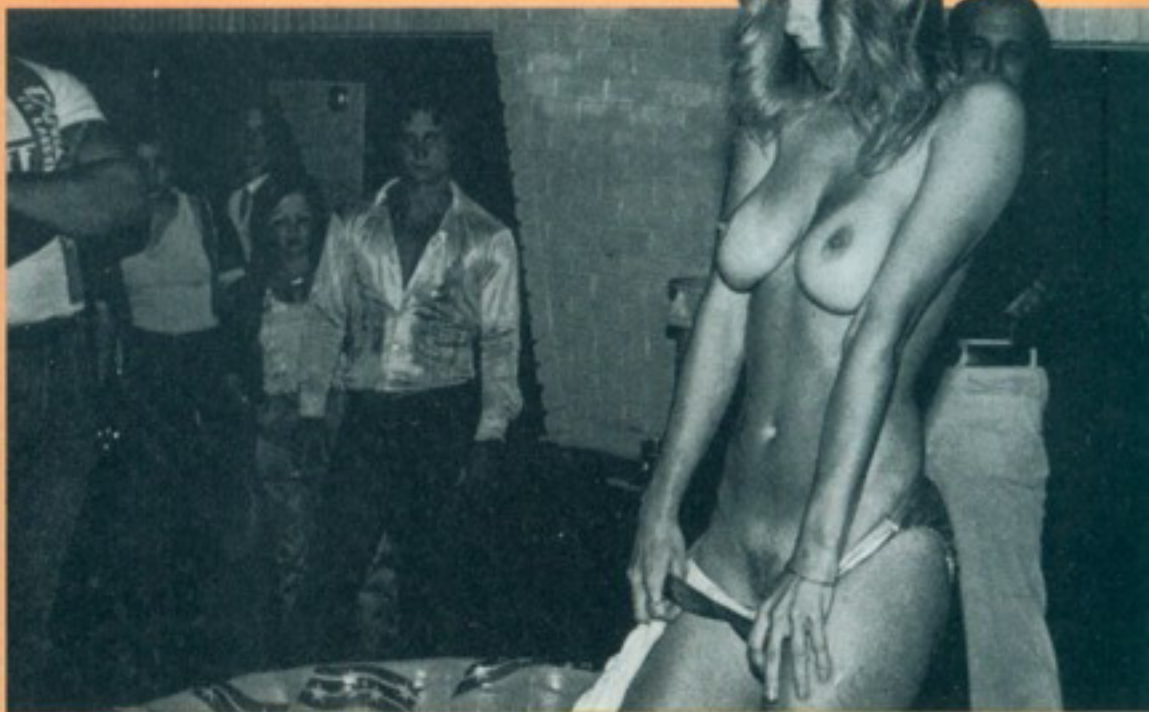
As usual, guests arrive at San Francisco's gala annual Hooker's Ball (below) unencumbered by bulky costumes.



Nude sun bathers showed up in swarms along California's Russian River this past summer, causing irate neighbors such as Alice Hinton (right) to complain, "It's like Sodom and Gomorrah in Sonoma County." She tried, unsuccessfully, to drive nudists off with a megaphone; later the county board voted fines for adults who buff it.



Impromptu strips took place at the Third Seal Beach Bikini Contest (below) and a wet-T-shirt competition at Ft. Lauderdale's Candy Store disco (right).



Celebrating a \$5,000,000 inheritance, a blonde streaked National Airlines Flight 51, nonstop Miami-L.A., inspiring cartoonist Jack Jordan to pen the illustration above for the *Chicago Sun-Times*; Edy Williams (yes, again) enlivened the Ali-Spinks bout.



Undeterred by amateur streakers, established nudist complexes keep doing their thing. At left, an entrant in the Lady Godiva contest at Naked City, Indiana; above, a specialty act at Ponderosa Sun Club's Nudes-A-Poppin' festival; at right, Ponderosa winners identifying themselves as Pixie Lou McGillicuddy and Jack Spencer.

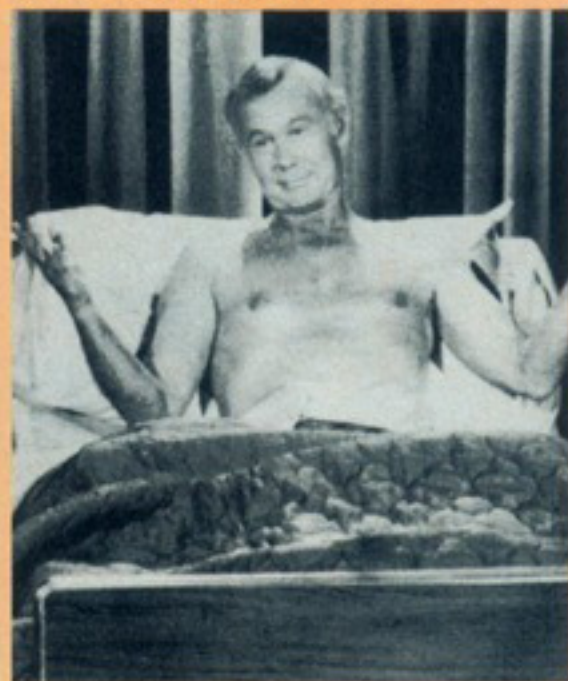
SIZZLING SHOWBIZ



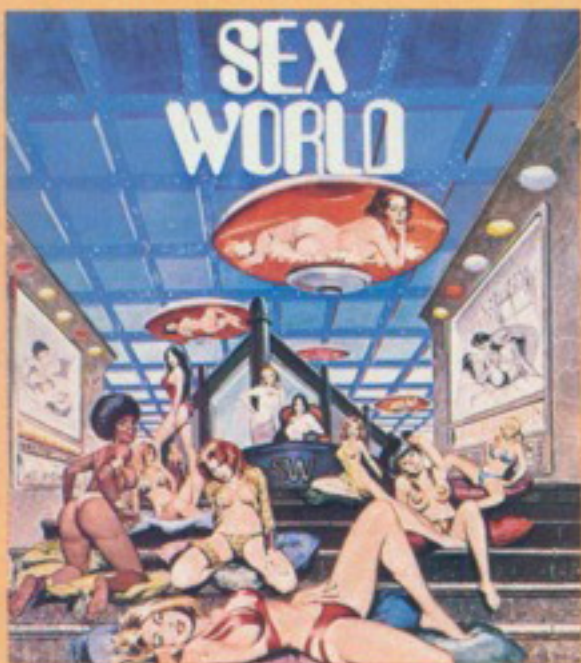
Touted sex films include *Take Off* (above), a *Picture of Dorian Gray* rip-off wherein the hero ages only in hard-core home movies, and *Sex World*, the poster for which (below) was deemed too racy for L.A.-area buses.



Video vagaries: Bette Midler depantses Dustin Hoffman on her Emmy-winning special *Ol' Red Hair Is Back* (left); Johnny Carson delivers his nightly monolog from bed (below).



In a case with far-reaching ramifications, a San Francisco judge dismissed a suit for \$11,000,000 claiming that the rape of Linda Blair in NBC-TV's 1974 movie *Born Innocent* (left) had inspired a real rape.



Gail Palmer (below), one of *PLAYBOY*'s 1977 *Girls of the Big Ten*, now directs porn films starring, among others, Carol Connors (bottom). For more on Connors, see page 149.



Fionnula Flanagan (above) plays Molly Bloom in the nude onstage in James Joyce's *Women*.



Live and lively: *Rip Off*, a nude spectacle in the form of a musical revue that has packed 'em in in London and Paris (above); *Sweet Eros* (far left), a one-acter from Chicago's *Late Night Erotica* production; and France's "Marilyn Monroe of the Third Sex," the transsexual entertainer who calls him/herself Marie-France (left).



LOVE'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

Someone find out what kind of vitamins rock star Rod Stewart takes. Scarcely had his former live-in lover, Britt Ekland, gone to court for a slice of his financial pie when he was linked with a slew of other lovely ladies. From the top, left to right, Rod with Britt, November 1974 Playmate Bebe Buell, October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson, actor George Hamilton's ex-wife Alana (just to make things nice and neat, George has been dating Britt, who used to be his girlfriend before Alana came along. Are you still with us?), Gong Show hostess Siv Aberg.



Another hot rocker, Mick Jagger, has also been busy with (take it from the top) wife Bianca, from whom he's splitting; Linda Ronstadt, on tour; Jerry Hall, his newest Big Deal; and Marsha Hunt, who claims she has a seven-year-old girl by Mick.



Michelle Phillips really gets around (top to bottom): First she married John Phillips, her Mamas and Papas cofounder; then wed, briefly, actor Dennis Hopper. Next she was main lady to stars Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty before settling down in '78 to marry radio executive Robert Burch.



ARTISTS' LICENSE



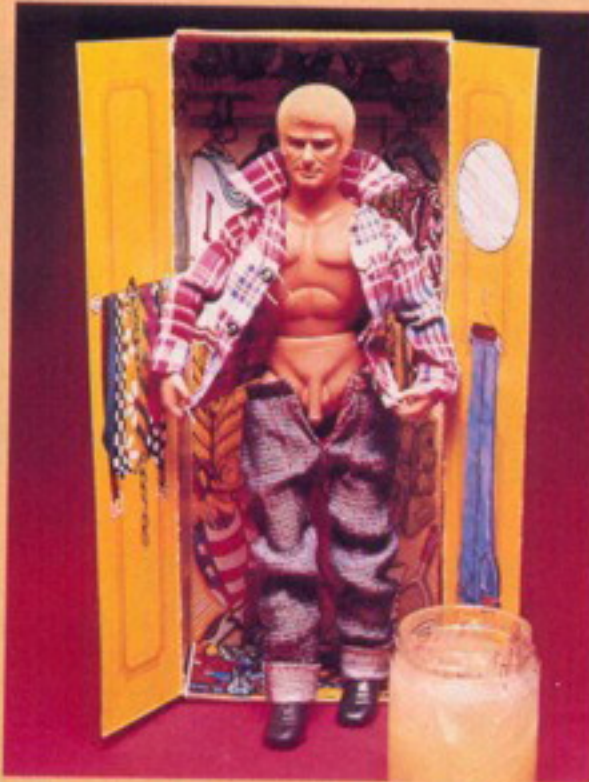
Yank its chain and the gold-dipped cock pendant at left (made in Italy for Stéfano) erects; below, Salvador Dali works reproduced in Bradley Smith's lavish *Erotic Art of the Masters*.



Above, sculpture by Sally Roberts, one of the entries in *The Dirty Dozen* exhibit of erotic art by 12 women staged at the David Stuart Galleries in Los Angeles.



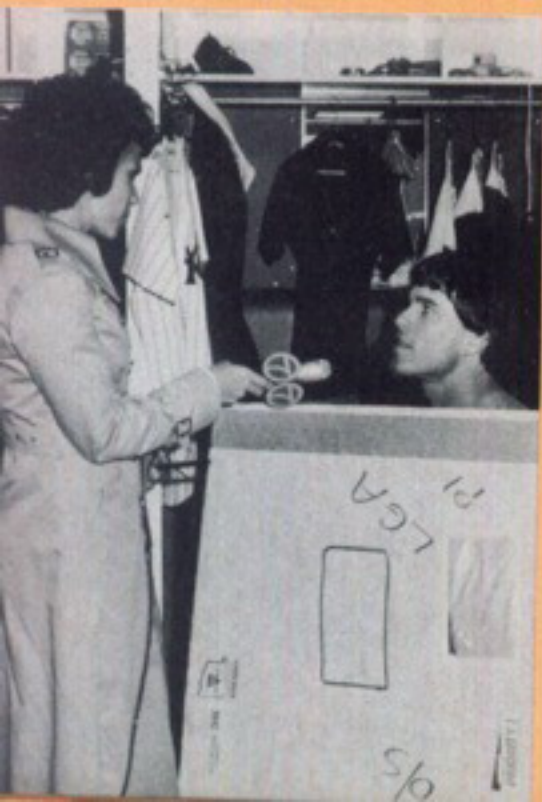
Above, three of Andy Warhol's *Torsos*; causing traffic jams on Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills; statuary (below) with added realism, via paint accents, at a mansion redecorated by Saudi Sheik Mohammed S.A. al-Fassi.



Commercial art triumphs of the year, sexual liberation division, were scored by the creators of Gay Bob, the doll that comes packaged in a closet (above), and of Hot Dice, the craps paraphernalia with such labels as WET CUNT (right).



Edible erotic art comes from various parts of the country, notably New York's Erotic Baker (above) and Chicago's Prudent Products' "Masturbaker" (inset).



MEDIA MADNESS

In September, TV reporter Anna Bond became the first woman allowed in the New York Yankees' dressing room; center fielder Gary Thomasson takes cover behind some convenient cardboard.



Publishing milestones: *Dallas Nude* bared the Texas metropolis; *Male Chauvinist* made its debut; and Al Goldstein, freed of obscenity charges at last, observed *Screw's* tenth anniversary and brought out *Death* and, in L.A., *Screw West*.



JOIN THE CLUB

On the frontier of the sexual revolution: New York's Midnight Interlude, with its health-club theme (below), and, for S/M enthusiasts, the live whips-and-chains show at The Empire Room (right).



Most popular of Manhattan's live-sex palaces is Plato's Retreat, scene of all the varied action taking place below. Despite frequent crackdowns for alleged violations of various municipal codes, Plato's continues to flourish as the place to get it on without guilt. (PLAYBOY uncovered Plato's in its May 1978 feature *The Public-Sex Breakthrough*.)



Once, or several times, upon a mattress in San Francisco: group gropes at the Sutro Bath House, labeled by one openmouthed visiting journalist "a smorgasbord of cock."



Left, some of the action at Night Moves, another sex club in New York City, where the evening's activities begin with a sexual Gong Show (see PLAYBOY's May 1978 issue).



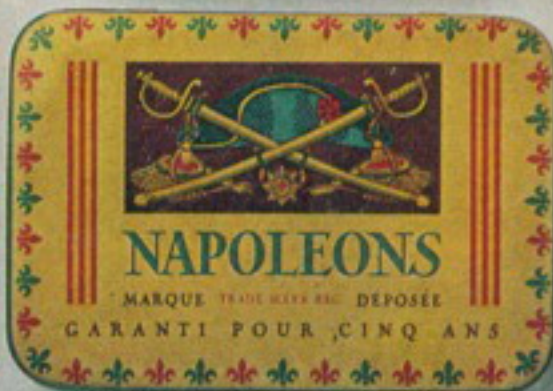
REMEMBER YOUR RUBBERS

playboy brings back some boom companions of another era

CONDOMS are making a comeback. Nowadays, you can buy contraceptives that glow in the dark or that boast radial-ply treads for increased traction in those slippery curves. But for all the progress, something is missing. What you see here is a collection of condom tins from the Thirties and Forties sent to us by medical student Joel Silidker. Our forefathers took pride in their civic responsibility. No cheap one-shot containers for them. Condom tins were durable (they had to be, since you never knew when you were going to need one). A condom tin was a work of art. The choice of brand was a personal statement. Peacocks (right), in an astute promotional move, presented buyers with the measure of a man.



CLEO-TEX



Condom tins ranged from the informative to the affectionate. Texide (opposite page) used the lid for a lesson in the harvesting of rubber. The 3 Merry Widows tin (right) immortalized Agnes, Mabel and Beckie.

Crush-proof tins added a touch of class to back-seat romances. For one thing, they did not emboss your wallet with a telltale ring. Family-size containers are shown far left and right.



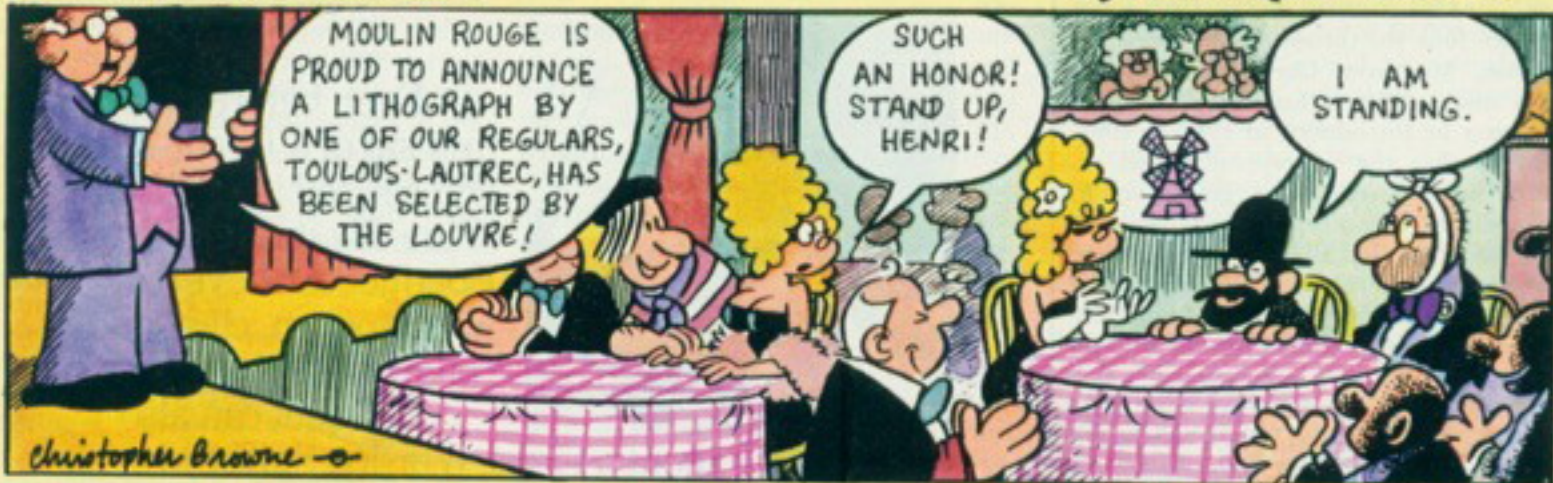
If nothing else, condom tins were a conversation piece. You could show your date the Pyramids of Egypt (opposite page), then invite her to see one of the other wonders of the world. The good old days weren't bad.



Playboy FUNNIES

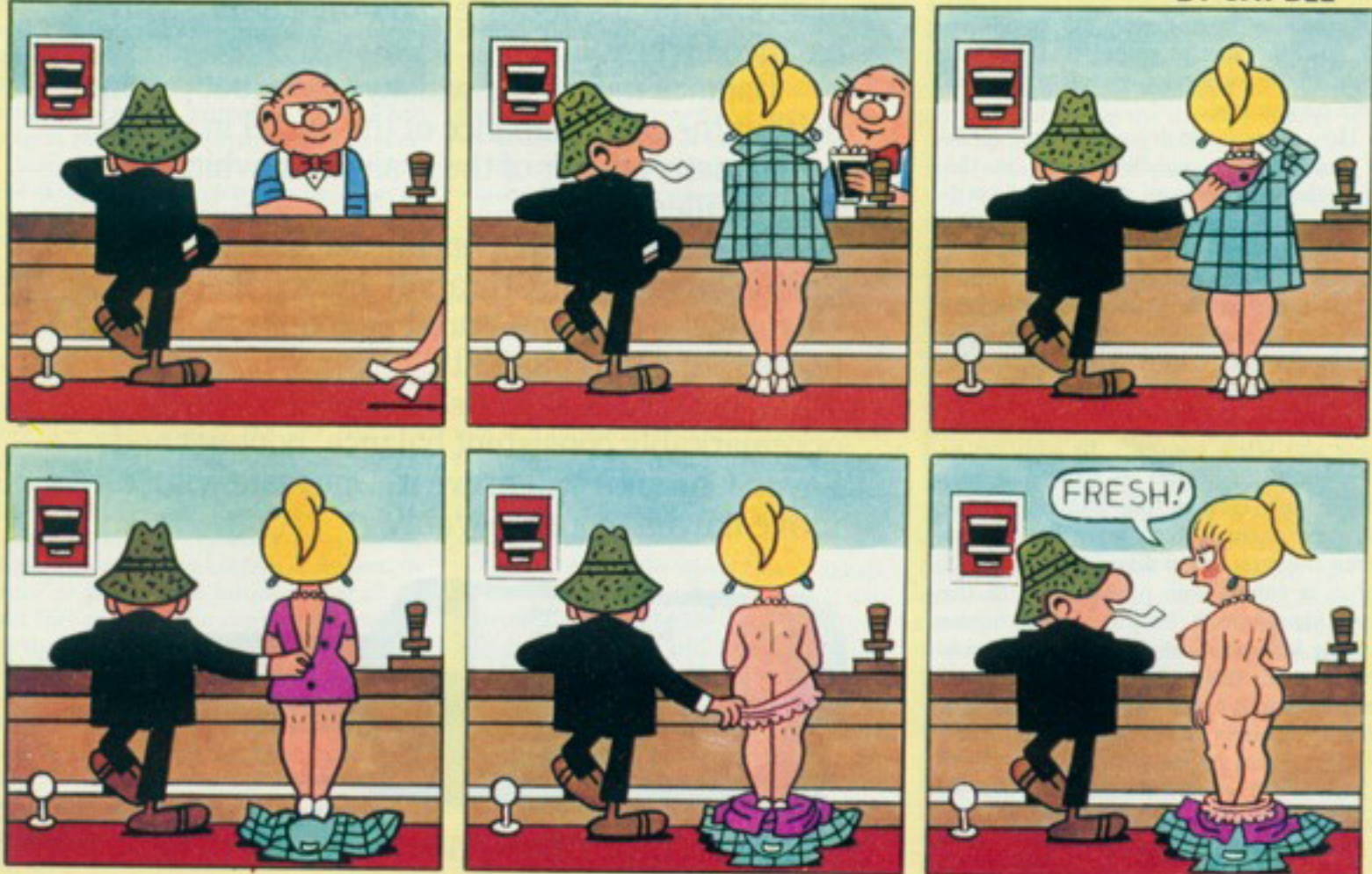
Born Toulous

by Christopher Browne



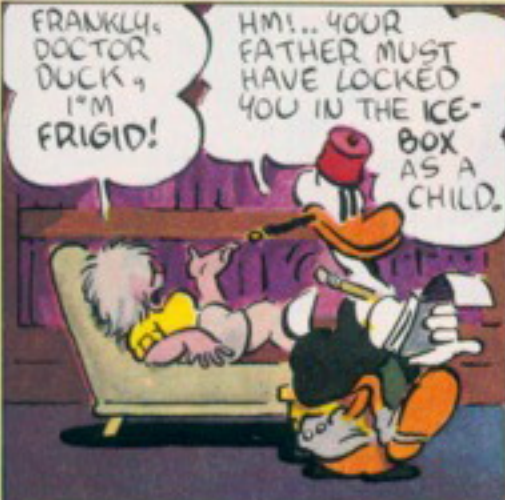
RANDY HATT

BY JAY DEE



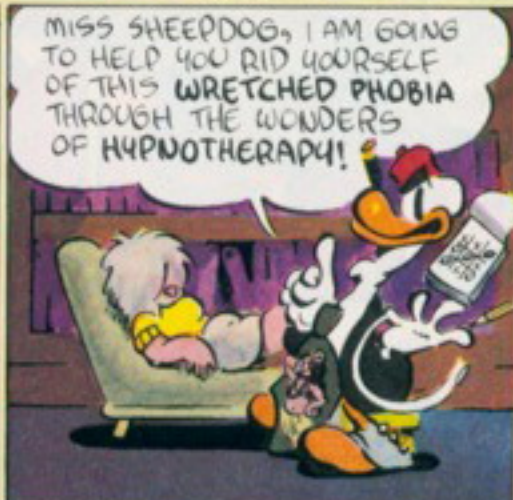
DIRTY DUCK

BY BOBBY LONDON



FRANKLY, DOCTOR DUCK, I'M FRIGID!

HM!... YOUR FATHER MUST HAVE LOCKED YOU IN THE ICE-BOX AS A CHILD.



MISS SHEEPDOG, I AM GOING TO HELP YOU RID YOURSELF OF THIS WRETCHED PHOBIA THROUGH THE WONDERS OF HYPNOTHERAPY!



WHEN I COUNT TO THREE, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN A TOTALLY HELPLESS STUPOR!...ONE...TWO....



...EITHER SHE HAS A WEAK MIND OR MY WATCH IS FAST!

BOOM!



TWIT TWIT TWIT

NOW, THEN: IF YOU CAN HEAR WHAT I'M SAYING, TAKE OFF ALL YOUR CLOTHES!



YES, MASTER!

VERY GOOD! NOW JUMP UP AND DOWN, SHAKE YOUR BOOBIES AND YELL, "I LOVE SEX!"



I LOVE SEX!

EXCELLENT! NOW WE DO IT DOGGIE STYLE!



WOOF! WOOF!

YOU'RE GETTING BETTER ALREADY. HAVE 12 ORGASMS, GET DRESSED...



PANT-PANT-PANT!

..AND WHEN YOU AWAKE, YOU WILL BE VERY HORNY AND REMEMBER ZUCH!

SNIP!



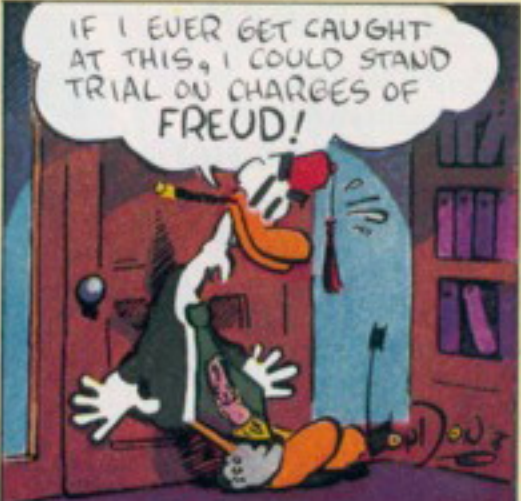
WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENED?! ...I FEEL SO STRANGE!

POST-HYPNOTIC LET DOWN, PERHAPS.



WHY, I FEEL LIKE GOING RIGHT HOME AND SCREWING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF MY BOYFRIEND! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?!

YOU ALREADY DID!



IF I EVER GET CAUGHT AT THIS, I COULD STAND TRIAL ON CHARGES OF FREUD!

EDHEAD



EXCUSE ME, KIND SIR - COULD YOU SPARE 75 CENTS FOR A CUP OF ESPRESSO?

YOU **PARASITE!** WHY DON'T YOU GET A JOB?



WELL, I ONCE DID SOME DISPLAY WORK IN A HABERDASHER'S WINDOW...

...BUT AS I SEE IT, I'M PROVIDING A VERY VALUABLE PUBLIC SERVICE ...



FOR A MERE 75 CENTS, I LEAVE PEOPLE ALONE!



KEEP THE CHANGE, HEAD... KEEP THE CHANGE!



THE KRAUTZENBUMMER KIDS



TOTAL MAMA

KNOK
KNOK



WELCOME, CAPTAIN!

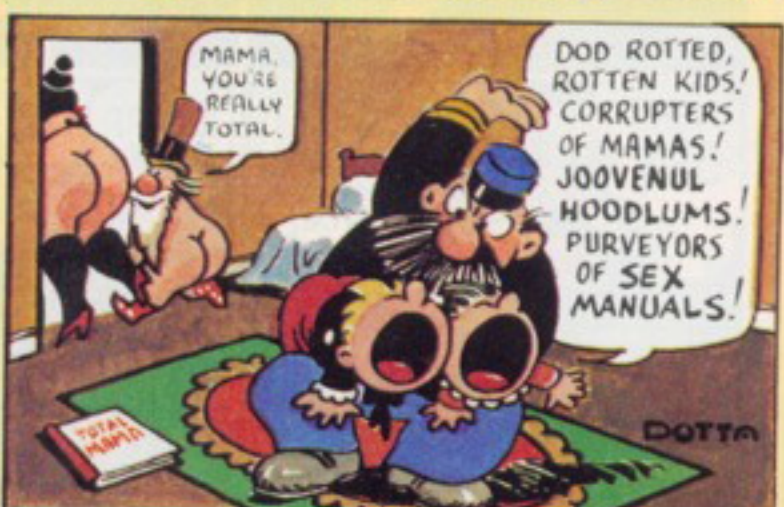
ACH HIMMEL!

OOPS!



MAMA!

UND DER INSPECTOR!



MAMA, YOU'RE REALLY TOTAL.

DOD ROTTED, ROTTEN KIDS! CORRUPTORS OF MAMAS! JOOVENUL HOODLUMS! PURVEYORS OF SEX MANUALS!

DOTTA

REG'LAR RABBIT

REG, HOW 'BOUT YOU AN' ME HAVIN' A ROLL IN THE HAY?



DIGGITY DAWG...
AH NEVAH THOUGHT YOU'D SAY THAT, GINGER SUE!



WHUT'S YER PLEASURE, POPPYSEED OR SESAME?



AH WUZ IN MIND OF SOME HOT CROSSED BUNS!

THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES

by
Randy Jones
Eugene Allen Schwimmer

THIS MONTH:
"THEIR 5-YEAR MISSION..."

I'VE BEEN
WONDERING



MEN



"Well . . . he should have thought of that before it set."



Toshiba LSI and LSI chip enlarged approx. 20 times

World's first digital synthesizer receiver.

You are looking at the world's first receiver with a digital Phased-lock Loop (PLL) frequency synthesizer for both FM and AM. The SA-7150 delivers tuning accuracy that approaches theoretical limits not possible with pointer and tuning meters.

This is of enormous importance if music is important to you. Accurate tuning of the precise broadcast frequency means the lowest possible distortion, the greatest possible

fidelity and the widest possible dynamic range.

Toshiba has the resources and technical expertise to originate as well as manufacture the many ultra-sophisticated parts and circuits such as LSI's in the synthesizer section that assure the purity of the original signal. The SA-7150 is decidedly not your average receiver. But then, Toshiba isn't your average company. Now in its second century

of "progress through innovation", Toshiba today makes thousands of products—from technologically advanced electronics to state of the art audio equipment.

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- Feather touch push-buttons pre-set up to 6 FM and 6 AM stations
 - Accurate LED digital display for FM and AM
 - Five LED signal level indicators
 - Dolby* FM
 - 150 watts RMS/channel with under 0.05% THD (20-20,000Hz)
 - Wide/narrow IF bandwidth selection
 - Toshiba-built MOS-FETs in front end
 - Air check level calibration
 - Mammoth power supply (15,000 uF x 4)
 - Peak reading power meters
 - Selectable cartridge impedance
- *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

**The Toshiba SA-7150 stereo receiver.
Not your average receiver.
But then, Toshiba isn't your average company.**

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



STRAPPED FOR LAUGHS

A true connoisseur of locker-room comedy will go to any lengths to milk a belly laugh from his audience. Wearing a lamp shade is passé and stink powder and rubber vomit are a yawn (though it's rumored that England's Prince Charles has been spotted in a local gag shop stocking up on whoopee cushions). But now comes an item that's so gross it's guaranteed to produce a round of braying from all but the most jaded wag. Just \$9.95 sent to the Magical Mystery Tour, Ltd., a store at 6010 W. Dempster, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053, will bring you a personalized (first name only) Super Joc apron that's shaped like a giant jockstrap complete with the legend THE HOST WITH THE MOST across the crotch. Just step into it and wait for the laughs. Fun . . . huh . . . huh . . . huh . . .

WE LOVE A MYSTERY

The expression the dead of winter takes on new meaning when you subscribe to a handsome 100-plus-page magazine called *The Armchair Detective* that's published quarterly by The Mysterious Press, 129 West 56th Street, New York, New York 10019, for \$16 annually. Recent articles include "The English Detective Novel Between the Wars: 1919-1939," a piece on detective dramas and a roundup of current whodunit titles. It's bloody good fun.



MY FUNKY VALENTINE

For this February 14th—and all year round, if you're really a romantic—you can find everything your heart desires on the shelves of a curious Manhattan shop called Only Hearts at 281 Columbus Avenue. Co-owners Jonathan and Helena Stuart stock—as you may have guessed—only objects that are heart-shaped; potholders, jewelry, planters, etc., plus a variety of contemporary and antique valentines that would melt the heart of Lucrezia Borgia. Love conquers all.

MAN TO MANHOLE

If you walk with your head down, you've probably noticed the unusual patterns that anonymous designers have chosen to emblazon upon manhole covers. If you don't, then you can still stay one step ahead of the art crowd by sending \$22.50 to Black Chip Graphics, P.O. Box 17511, Denver, Colorado 80217, for a 27" x 27" rubbing of an unusual design that's been silk-screened on canvas. If someone asks, tell him Manhole Ray did it.



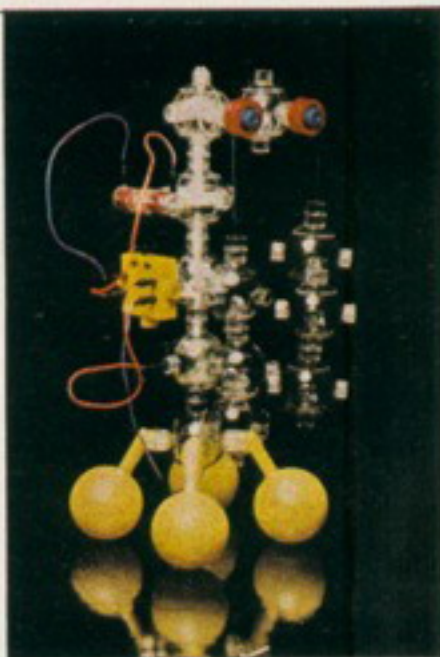


GUYS AND DOLLS

At left are Jim Devereux and his four-foot-high cloth clone. Devereux, who's co-owner of The Grand Gesture, a gift shop at 21793 Ventura Boulevard, Woodland Hills, California 91364, creates these look-alike dolls for \$125 each, postpaid, provided you send him at least two color photos, one fullface, the other a profile. (For \$125, your doll will be wearing a loincloth or a bikini; fancy threads will cost you more.) Or you can pay \$800 and get a life-sized replica. We hear friends of Paul Williams' bought him a full-sized doll for the price of a four-footer.

TOYING WITH TOMORROW

Capsela land and water motorized models consist of snap-together parts and clear-plastic capsules in which you can actually see the battery-powered gears going round. Although kids will love them, an imaginative adult can construct some really incredible moving objects, such as the elevator pictured here. Order Capsela's 700-series kit from Play-Jour, Inc., 1271 Avenue of the Americas, Suite 3530, New York, New York 10020, for \$35, postpaid, and start snapping.



NEEDLEPORN

With everyone from Rosey Grier to your Aunt Sadie stitching needlepoint, it was only a matter of time until somebody came up with a naughty pattern that you might find too hot to hang in your living room but just the right touch for the boudoir. The complete kit that Chaise Lounge Needlepoint, P.O. Box 7203, Louisville, Kentucky 40207, will send you for \$37, postpaid, is copied from an Oriental pillow book. Start working, and when someone asks how you're coming along on it, just tell him you're in the pink.



BLUES IN THE ROUND

Those old piano blues from the Twenties originally played by such artists as Little Brother and Stump Johnson are available on three separate Maggie LPs that were produced in England and are now available from Rounder Records, P.O. Box 474, Somerville, Massachusetts 02144, for \$6 each, postpaid. Volume One is a re-issue of Paramount label recordings, Volume Two showcases Brunswick and Volume Three features Vocalion. The cover designs are by PLAYBOY cartoonist Smilby, who's a real blues buff.



SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT

Remember the photo of Linda Kellum and the other ex-Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders we ran in our December 1978 feature *Pro Football's Main Attractions*? This same picture, shot by crack L.A. photographer Army Freytag, is now available as a 22" x 28" color poster from Scoreboard Posters, 517 A Wilshire Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90401, for just \$5.70, postpaid. Pin it up and eat your heart out.







“Multiple? Are you kidding? It wasn’t even fractional!”



*"I understand the Americans are spraying
some noxious chemical on the money they've been
paying us for our marijuana!"*

On a Clear Day....

Ordinarily, an attractive woman walking her dog would get a modicum of pedestrian reaction, but 1977 Playmate of the Year PATTI MCGUIRE out with bowser stopped traffic in polyurethane pants with nonfogging vents.



KERRY MORRIS

The Last Battalion

Actress GLORIA SWANSON's film career spanned six decades, and while the fans were busy corralling eight-by-ten glossies of her, she was busy rounding up shoes. Swanson currently has 400 pairs in stock. Git along, little doggies.



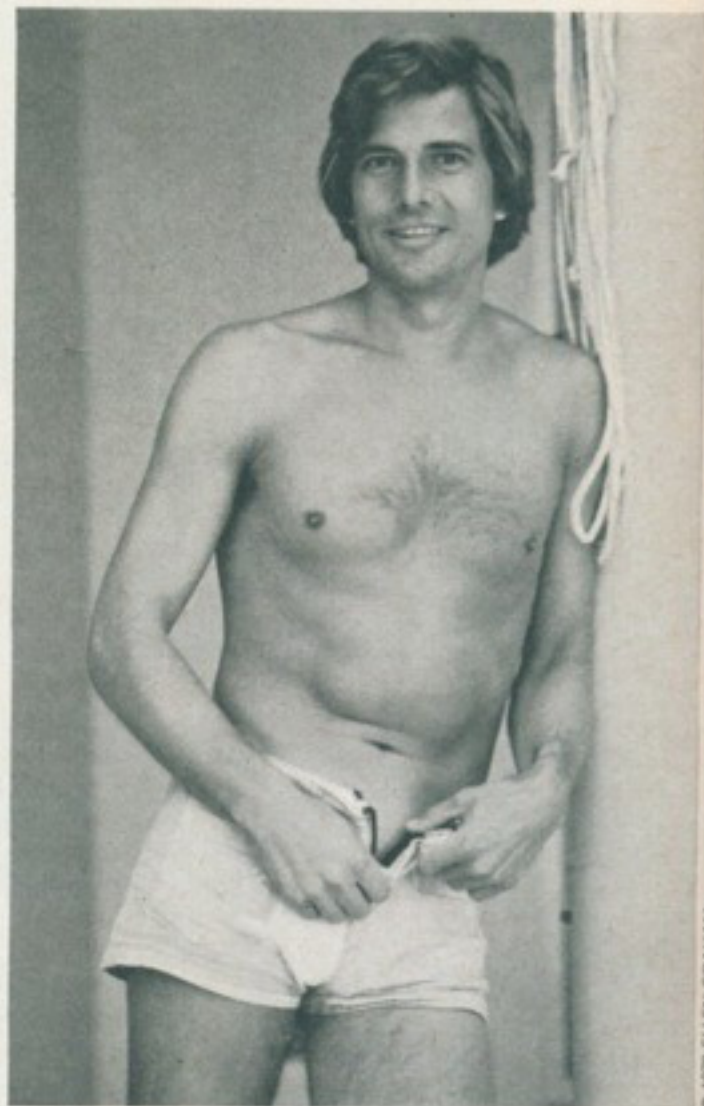
© 1978 ELLEN GRAHAM



© 1978 ELLEN GRAHAM

Sisterhood

We don't claim it ranks with kicking open the door to King Tut's tomb, but we've uncovered this decidedly uncharacteristic shot of Oscar-winning sisters JOAN FONTAINE and OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND in cozy togetherness. It was taken three years ago during a brief lull in the ongoing battle of the siblings. The public is now girding itself for a two-pronged literary assault, as both Fontaine and De Havilland will have "authorized" autobiographies in the bookstores this year. You pays your money and you takes your choice.



© 1978 ELLEN GRAHAM

Cylons, Please!

Watch out, Farrah and Cheryl. You've got competition from the outer reaches of the galaxy. DIRK BENEDICT, who plays Starbuck on the hit TV show "Battlestar Galactica," is now also starring on a Pro Arts poster, which should provide equal time to the ladies who may not know art but who definitely know what they like. Where does an alien go to register?

Three Outs

When you've got it, flaunt it. And even if you don't, what the hell, flaunt it anyway. From top to bottom: Charlie's Angel CHERYL LADD, the recently reconstituted CHER, escorted by Steve Rubell of Studio 54 (left) and David Geffen of Warner Records (right), and ALI MAC GRAW dancing with Larry Spangler. If this is a trend, we're for it. If this is liberation, we're for it. Whatever it is that's going on, we're for it.



BOB MICHELSON



SONIA MOSKOWITZ



© 1978 RON GALELLA



ROGER RESSMEYER / SYGMA

A Rumor of War

Direct from secret paramilitary maneuvers in the Berkshires to the Bread and Roses Festival in Berkeley last fall came JONI MITCHELL fashionable in military drag. Is this the beginning of a major rock offensive against disco? *Quién sabe?* But after a major break from the concert scene, Mitchell looks ready to make the long march.



PHILIPPE LEDRU / SYGMA

Mercy, Bocuse!

Who's breaking up the great chefs of Europe? It's that irrepressible fresser MEL BROOKS checking out the three-star kitchen of master chef PAUL BOCUSE (left), who's discovered that the only way to turn Brooks off is to stick a spoon in his mouth. Brooks dropped in while he was in Europe for a "High Anxiety" premiere.

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

More Disco Decadence

Ever since "Roving Eye" showed you the inside of Studio 54 last September, you've probably been thinking that only the rich and famous get to act strange and take off their clothes in public. Wrong. Everybody's doing it, as these pictures show. What you see here is Le Clique—a theatrical traveling disco—and some of its helpless victims. If you're lucky, the wild ones of Le Clique will visit a disco near you or produce a party just for you!





NEXT MONTH:



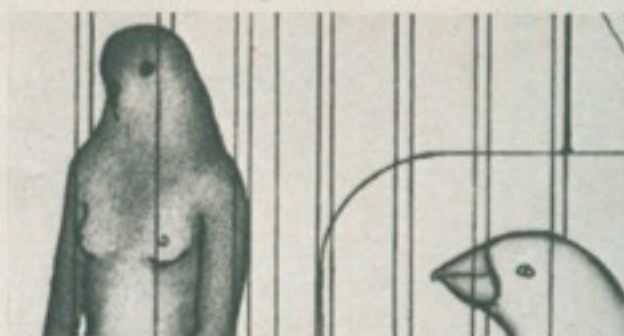
GOLD MINE



RACERS PSYCHOANALYZED



CHEERLEADERS REVISITED



ROOSTING BIRDS

"GOOD AS GOLD"—FIRST OF TWO INSTALLMENTS OF A FUNNY, FUNNY NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *CATCH-22* AND *SOMETHING HAPPENED*—**JOSEPH HELLER**

"THE PLAYBOY REPORT ON AMERICAN MEN"—SO THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY'S THINKING (AND DOING) OUT THERE! RESULTS OF A HARRIS POLL COMMISSIONED BY *PLAYBOY*

"THE PSYCHE AND THE STARTING GRID"—AS YOU MAY HAVE SUSPECTED, PROFESSIONAL RACE DRIVERS ARE NOT EXACTLY EVERYMAN. SOME OF THEM ARE, IN FACT, SINGULAR, TO SAY THE LEAST. HERE'S WHY—BY **KEITH JOHNSGARD** AND **CHARLES FOX**. PLUS: A REVEALING INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF THE BEST OF THEM, **MARIO ANDRETTI**—BY **PETER MANSON**

"THERE ARE TIMES I WISH IT HADN'T HAPPENED"—A WARMLY PERSONAL ACCOUNT OF THE HIGH PRICE FAME HAS EXACTED FROM THE AUTHOR OF *ROOTS*—**ALEX HALEY**

"PRO CHEERLEADERS REVISITED"—ONCE WORD GOT OUT THAT THEY'D BEEN PHOTOGRAPHED FOR *PLAYBOY*, THE STRANGEST THINGS STARTED HAPPENING TO N.F.L. CHEERLEADERS—LIKE BEING FIRED. WORDS AND PICTURES ON THOSE LOVELIES

"LIFE INSIDE THE CONGRESSIONAL COOKIE JAR"—BIZARRE EXAMPLES OF HIGH-PRESSURE LOBBYING, INCLUDING THE TALE OF THE NIGHT HE MET THE "AWL COMPANY" PRESIDENT, BY THE CONTROVERSIAL EX-SENATOR FROM SOUTH DAKOTA—**JAMES ABOUREZK**

"ALL THE BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST"—EVER THINK YOU'D LIKE A REPLAY WITH A WOMAN FROM YOUR PAST? DON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT TILL YOU READ THIS IRONIC HORROR STORY BY **HARLAN ELLISON**

"COMEDY CLUBS"—OUR DEATH-DEFYING CONTRIBUTOR SPENT FIVE WEEKS LISTENING TO AMATEUR COMICS AND FIVE MINUTES BEING ONE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE COMPLETE SHOE WARDROBE"—TO HELP YOUR FEET DO THEIR STUFF, A SOLE-STIRRING OVERVIEW—BY **DAVID PLATT**



THE FIRST ZX.

DATSUN'S LEGENDARY
Z CAR REBORN AS THE
NEW 280-ZX.

Behold! Our new ZX—this is not transportation... this is a love affair. This is a car you never let near the car wash. This is a car you tip the parking attendant so you can park it yourself... a car that turns heads as quickly as corners. This is a car you write a new license plate for. This is the sensuous new ZX... so thrilling... you'll take the long way home.

The new ZX is a sports car with moves you've never seen. They come from a furious fuel-injected six-cylinder engine; fully independent suspension; power disc brakes all around; a sensitive power-steering system that keeps you in touch with the road (standard on the 2+2 Coupe); and burly radials at all four corners. The performance runs torrid... the quality runs deep. We've fitted doors to frame, buckets to body, carpets to floor with nary a tolerance for error. A superb example of perfection from the worldwide company whose name stands for quality. Nissan Motor Company, Ltd. Buy or lease one at your Datsun dealer.

At its price, the performance, quality and luxury of the new ZX make it a fuel-injected value. It is... AWESOME!

A CREATURE OF COMFORT.

280-ZX STANDARD LUXURY FEATURES. 4-Wheel Power Disc Brakes — Power Steering* — Remote Hatch Opener —
Remote Control Electric Outside Mirrors* — Power Windows* — Quartz Sweepand Clock — Ceiling-mounted Swivel Light —
Cut Pile Carpeting — Reclining Bucket Seats with Adjustable Lumbar Support (Driver's only) — Aircraft-style Backlit Instrument
Panel Gauges — Air Conditioning (Optional on 2 Seater) — AM/FM 4-Speaker Stereo* — Automatic Electric Radio Antenna
Rear Window Wiper* — Computerized Check-out System* — Automatic Electric Radio Antenna

*Standard on Luxury Package.

NOBODY DEMANDS MORE
DATSUN
WE ARE DRIVEN

