

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1979 • \$2.00

A FIRST LOOK
AT JOSEPH HELLER'S
FUNNIEST NOVEL
SINCE "CATCH-22"

WHO ARE WE?
THE PLAYBOY
REPORT ON
AMERICAN
MEN

ALEX HALEY:
"MY PROBLEMS
WITH 'ROOTS'"

UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL:
**THE
CHEERLEADERS**
WHO WERE TOO HOT
FOR THE N.F.L.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

HEFNER, FRIENDS UNMASKED

There's a vaguely Darth Vaderish air about Sondra Theodore's dance partner (below), but . . . could it be? Yes, it's Hugh M. Hefner, wearing the space-commander suit from his *Saturday Night Live* appearance, at a Mansion West Halloween party.



Actresses Linda (*Avalanche Express*) Evans (above left) and Ursula Andress—both, coincidentally, ex-wives of and models for actor/photographer John Derek—pose with Hef. Note Ursula's chic sling.



Hef with (above) the Marjoe Gortners (Candy Clark), stars of *When You Comin Back, Red Ryder?*, and (below) film maker Richard Patterson, whose H.M.H. impersonation won the prize for best costume.



Joyce Williams, who came outfitted as a collared cat, talks with actor Burt Young (above); below, Arthur Godfrey and handwriting analyst Evelyn Budd Michaels talk with actor Chuck McCann. At right, the guys sporting those snazzy World War One flying-ace costumes are singer Mel Tormé (left) and actor John Phillip Law.





SONDRA BECOMES A COVER GIRL

Recognize that girl in the second film clip (above)? It's July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore, chosen as cover girl for an issue of *Madison Avenue* magazine, which featured special coverage of the West.

REGGIE JACKSON, EDY WILLIAMS VISIT HEF

Actress Edy Williams (*PLAYBOY*, February) followed up on her streak before the Ali-Spinks fight by taking baseball superstar Reggie Jackson (also, coincidentally, featured in February) of the world champion New York Yankees up to meet Hefner (below).



DAINA, ROSANNE ON FILM, TV

That's January 1976 gatefold girl Daina House at left, in a touching moment with John La Zar from the forthcoming film *Every Girl Should Have One*. At right, September 1978 Playmate Rosanne Katon escorts comic Rip Taylor, one of the celebrity presenters in the First Annual Zany Awards, a madcap show that had its premiere on cable TV on January 14. The award winners included Arnie the Pig, who plays piano, and Lyle Waggoner, who plays the ficus.



GLOBE GIRDLER VISITS CLUB

New Zealander David G. Buckley, hitchhiking the globe, stopped in Chicago and got an honorary Key from Bunnies Susan (left), Carla.



SPANISH PLAYBOY MAKES DEBUT

Spain's top comedy team, Tip and Coll, entertains at the gala Barcelona party honoring the launching of *PLAYBOY*'s Spanish edition (above). Also on hand were Playboy executives and a bevy of British Bunnies.



PINBALL WIZARDS

Rocker Ted Nugent (left) and Stern Electronics liked the artwork for Nugent's October 1978 *Oui* profile so much they put it on a pinball machine. Below, Sonda Theodore autographs a poster taken from the back panel of Bally's Playboy pinball machine for guests at the Amusement and Music Operators Assn. show in Chicago.



ABORTION RIGHTS LEAGUE BACKED

Hefner, Sonda Theodore and actor Ed Asner confer at the National Abortion Rights Action League's first national fund raiser in support of women's right to choose, held at Playboy Mansion West (above).



OLYMPIC GAMES GET A BOOST

Playmates Lisa Sohm and Rosanne Katon flank Olympic swimming gold medalist John Naber (above) in a warm-up for the Athlete's Foot/Playboy Celebrity Road Race to be held in Los Angeles in March. Below, Playmate Marcy Hanson presents award to the winner of one of ten Runs for the Money sponsored by Playboy, San Diego's Ed Mendoza. All of the races will benefit the Olympic Games.



BRANDEIS HONORS CHRISTIE HEFNER

Christie Hefner became a Brandeis University President's Councilor at a dinner in New York's Plaza Hotel. Above, from left: dinner co-chairman Sidney Stern, Ms. Hefner, chairman Dwight Yellen and fellow honoree Ivan Ludington, Jr., vice-president of Ludington News Co., Inc.



PLAYBOY CITES WOMEN EMPLOYEES

Playboy Enterprises President Derick J. Daniels presents Tiffany bowls to three outstanding women employees—(above, from left) Senior Accounting Clerk Cleo Wilson, Office of the Building Manager Carole Rosenberg and PLAYBOY magazine Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese.





THE NEW GENERATION BMW.



THE R65.

Proof that bigger isn't always better.

For some years now, as motorcycles have grown larger, there's been a pressing need for a high-quality cycle in the mid-size market.

With the new R65, BMW fills that need. Because it offers riders the traditional BMW strengths — our unique "balanced performance," our well-known quality construction — in a high-performance, downsized package. It's an excellent way for a rider to move up to a BMW without having to reach so far down into his wallet.

The R65 is a mover. *Cycle World* did the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile in 14.31 at 92.49 mph. It's a fine sports machine, with the low-end torque so essential to true over-the-road performance. And it's a fine touring cycle, with its long-travel suspension and superior rider comfort.

Because the R65 is smaller than our other motorcycles, it is also more compact, lighter, and feels even more nimble — making it ideal for both men and women. And because it is lighter, we have been able to create a suspension system with all the bump-swallowing characteristics our larger machines are so famous for.

The R65 features cast alloy wheels which offer superior strength and low unsprung weight. They also

have a special rim design that provides stability and control in the event of a sudden flat tire.

Naturally, the R65 has shaft drive, quite unique in its class. (We pioneered the shaft-drive concept.) No grease, no adjustments, no noise. And a pleasure to own.

The R65 is constructed with many cast alloy parts for lighter weight, and the horizontally-opposed twin keeps engine weight low. The result is super performance, handling and maneuverability for a motorcycle of 650cc.

Of course, the R65 has also inherited the engineering simplicity of its big brothers. Which means it is easy to maintain, no matter where your travels take you.

Last but not least, the R65 comes with a 12-month unlimited mileage warranty. When BMW makes a motorcycle, it makes a commitment to your riding pleasure.

Go to your nearest BMW dealer and ask to see the new R65. And if there's a crowd around it, don't be surprised.



Bavarian Motor Works



*"It's two francs for three hours of modeling and
I won't charge you for the quickie."*



*although she's der bingle's granddaughter, model denise
isn't about to step into bing's strait-laced shoes*

A DIFFERENT KIND OF CROSBY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON

Denise (in 1959 miniskirt, below) likes to write and sing songs in her spare time. "It's possible I inherited that from my grandfather." Father Dennis is at far right in the middle photo, along with Frank Sinatra and Crosby brothers (from left) Philip, Gary and Lindsay. At bottom, Bing and Dennis.



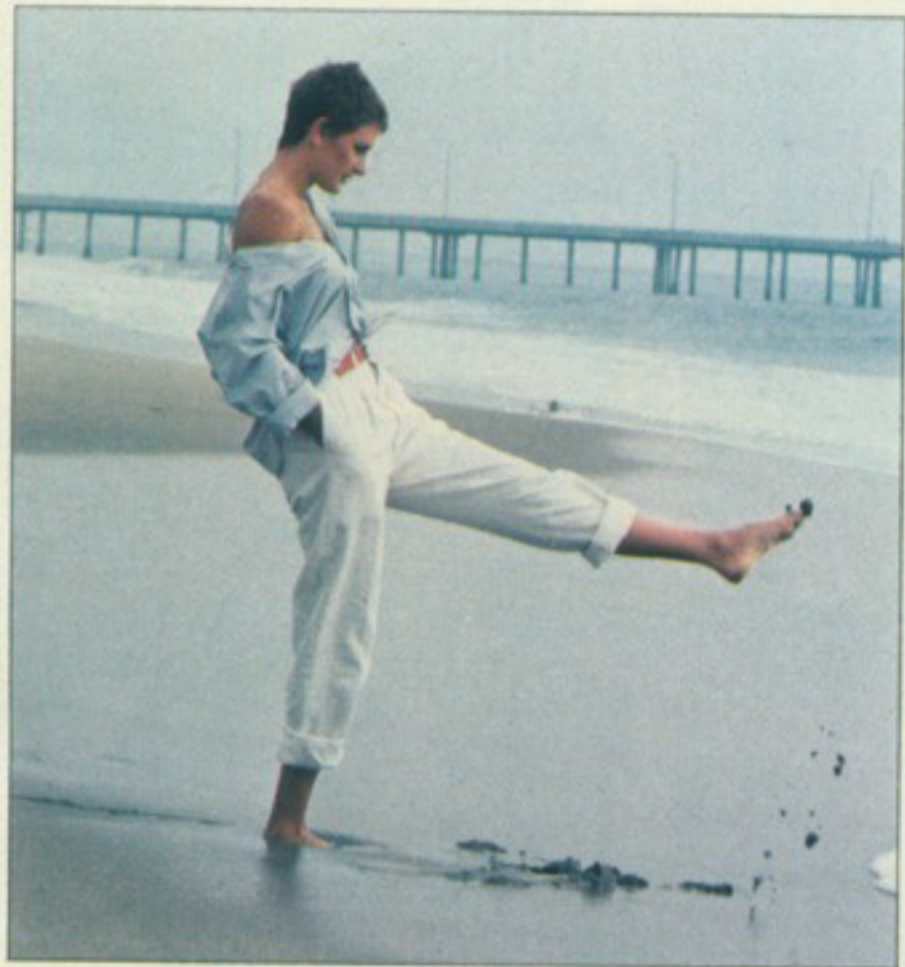
Denise Crosby is not at all what you would expect Bing Crosby's granddaughter to be. She wears her hair butch, sports New Wave clothes, her musical tastes include Devo and Bryan Eno, and she speaks of karma and spiritual cleanliness. Also, she's a whole lot less conservative than Grandpa Bing. "Any kind of sexual suggestion wasn't looked upon highly by my grandfather," she says. "He was very conservative." Would Bing have approved of her posing for *PLAYBOY*? "Since it was all done so artistically," Denise muses, "I feel he probably wouldn't have been too upset." Denise tells us she's

Wild clothes are among Denise's passions and, since the Italian designer Fiorucci creates some of the world's wildest fashions for his international clientele, she had a ball putting some of his creations together for the three shots below.

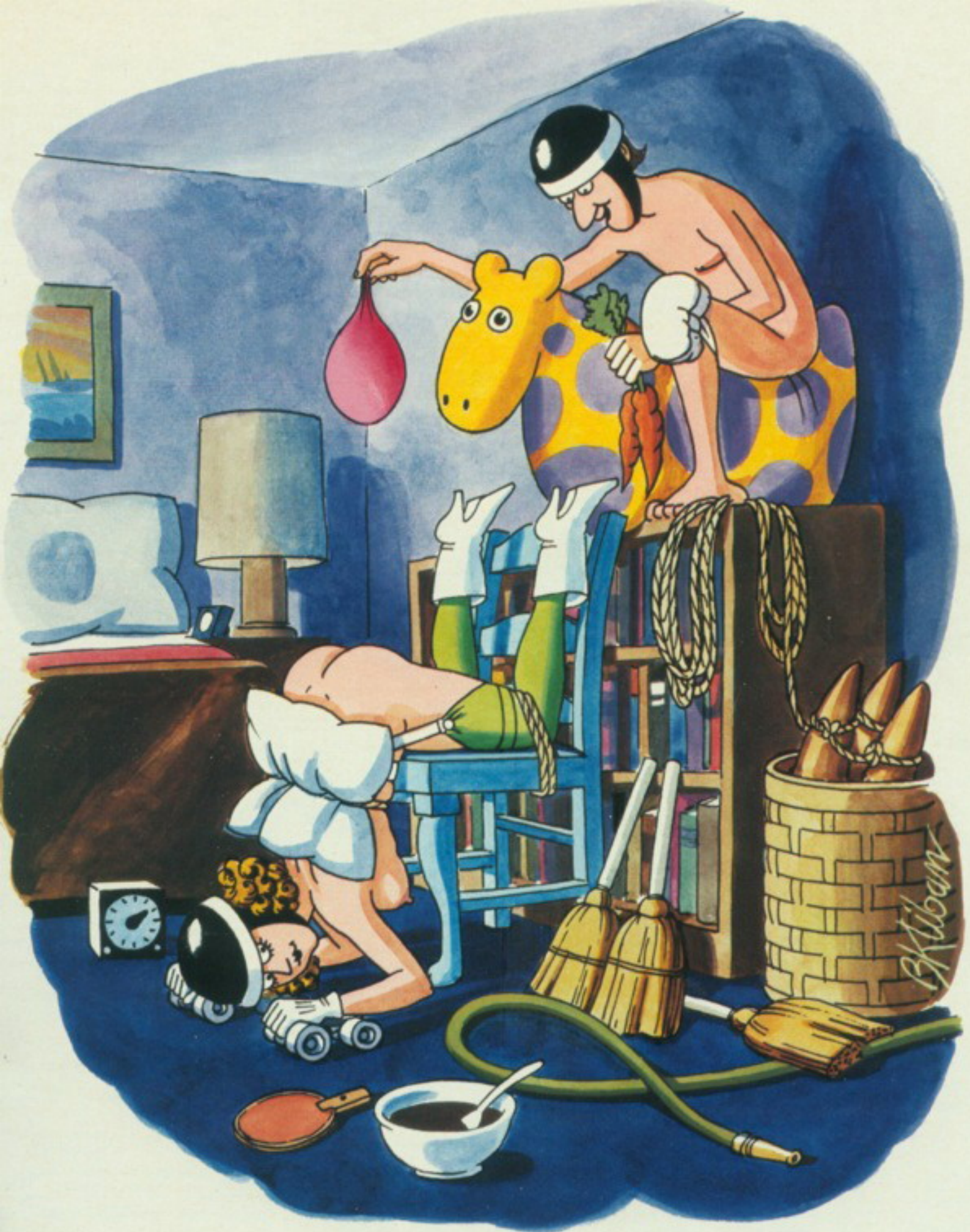


After she's had her fill of modeling for *Paris Vogue* and various designers here and abroad, Denise would one day like to get into movies. "If and when I make the break into films," she says, "I'd like to be able to capture the classic elegance of Dietrich and Garbo, but in an updated, contemporary way."

"not into commercialism, fame or fortune; I'm into art. I like innovators, artists who've been rebellious, people who've set their own style, like Andy Warhol and a lot of the New Wave groups—Talking Heads and Devo, for example." Coupling Denise's interest in punk rock with her grandpa's classic *White Christmas*, some overzealous copywriter came up with the item that she was going to cut a punk version of the holiday platter: "Tain't so, say Denise and her personal manager, Joel Weinberg, seen cavorting with her on a secluded strip of Venice Beach, below. Says Joel of Denise: "She's very special in many ways." Hear! Hear!







"Ready?"



THERE'S NO trench coat, no dingy office with a bare bulb hanging over an ashtray full of chain-smoked Camels. Yet if Denise McConnell ever screamed "Freeze!" it would be a hardened criminal, indeed, who wouldn't stop dead in his tracks. Although it may be hard to believe, this soft-spoken, doe-eyed lovely is a licensed private investigator, a true-life counterpart to the best of Charlie's Angels.

Surprisingly, just as in the fantasy TV series, being a beautiful sleuth has its advantages. We suspect that most of Denise's subjects end up following her. A canny ploy when effective and one that sets her technique apart from the



crude tactics of, say, Mike Hammer. Says she: "It's a real advantage being a female in this business. If I want to talk to someone, especially a man, it's not hard to get his attention."

Denise was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, to a U.S. Air Force officer and a Puerto Rico-born mother. She started in the private-eye business as a secretary, found it extremely boring and decided the streets were where the action was. After a bit of training, she

"I'm loyal, real loyal to my boyfriend. I look around, sure, but I couldn't cope with infidelity. There would be too much guilt built up inside me."



PRIVATE EYEFUL

playmate denise mc connell's a private investigator with a big advantage. after all, what guy would hide from her?



"I love to ride motorcycles. I use a dirt bike, but I'd have a chopper if I could handle it. It would be a colorful one. Like a real pretty metal-flake."



"I'm very realistic. No fantasies. That's just the way I was brought up; don't overreach yourself and never spend money that you don't have." Denise earns her money as a private eye (below).



found she had a Holmesian knack for tracking down the bad guys and she is now a partner in an agency specializing in missing-persons, child-custody and divorce cases. She lives in Norman, Oklahoma, a college town that Denise finds satisfyingly tranquil except on football days. "I like that about Oklahoma; you can always find a place that's quiet. In a large city, with all the noise, I can't get to sleep at night." The

"If someone approaches me the wrong way, I immediately dislike him. I want to be respected, not toyed with simply because I'm pretty."



"My parents didn't tell me much about sex. It was kind of hush-hush. I didn't even like it the first time. Now, of course, I enjoy it."





fact that the gumshoe racket can get a bit exciting for someone who likes quiet is lost on Denise. "There really isn't that much to it. The people are different, but each case is pretty much the same; you follow somebody, you dig up information, you question people. It can get scary at times, but I don't think about that." Won't PLAYBOY, uh, blow her cover? "No, I often use disguises. Sunglasses and a wig and I'm

"I don't think women should compete with guys. I certainly don't. That's not me at all. I'm feminine and I like feminine things."



"People think just because I'm soft-spoken that I don't have a temper. I do keep things bottled inside me, but when I blow, I really blow."

On the job (below), Denise talks with boss Paula Bolin, senior partner of the two-woman agency Paula Bolin Investigations Incorporated. Sorry, guys, no job openings now.



a different person." With that, Denise took a long, hard pull on her Coca-Cola. It was time to go to work. She ran her handkerchief around the glass to remove the fingerprints, felt for the bulge under her left arm and quietly stole away into the night. The stake-out could last until morning. Somewhere, a dog howled in the fog.

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

Above, Paula's mother, Mrs. Edna Bettis, 63, takes Denise for a spin. Later (top right), Denise repairs to the quiet of the Bettis' tree house.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Denise McConnell

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 104 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 12-23-58 BIRTHPLACE: Wiesbaden, Germany

GOALS: To be more outgoing; I'm much too shy.

TURN-ONS: Anything green, the outdoors, direct-ness in people.

TURN-OFFS: Shonies, dishonesty, people who don't come through after a promise.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Star Wars, The Sting, all Woody Allen movies.

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Saturday Night Live, Mork & Mindy, Monty Python

FAVORITE FOODS: Gyros, Lobster, chocolate ice cream

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Willie Nelson, Charlie Daniels, Rolling Stones, Marshall Tucker Band.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: George Carlin, Woody Allen, Steve Martin

IDEAL EVENING: Any time I can go off alone with my boyfriend; nobody else, just us.

age 3



Any time, Dad!

age 5



new Xmas dollhouse

age 19



Caught eating again!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

His curvaceous date had worn a plunging strapless evening gown to the club dance, and after they exchanged a lingering goodnight kiss in the hallway, the fellow stepped back to survey her, smiled and said, "I'll never understand what kept it up."

"What puzzles me," rejoined the girl, returning both his appraising glance and his smile, "is what's keeping it down."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *copulation* as sex between consenting police officers.



"I wouldn't mind having a test-tube baby," a promiscuous girl is reported to have said recently, "provided it was at least an eight-inch test tube."

*His lordship is frenziedly plumbing
A barmaid whose pussy is humming!
Since he pleased her twat
With the first wad he shot,
She'll rejoice in the lord's second coming!*

Word has reached us about a new chain of funeral parlors that have crematories right on the premises. They've registered the trade name Wake & Bake.

Speaking of suitability for the job . . . we understand a TV station in Minneapolis just hired a frigid weatherwoman.

Because the long line for the kissing booth at the church bazaar seemed to be moving rather slowly, the minister strolled over, quickly sized up the situation and drew aside the striking young lady in charge of the activity. "Just accept our male parishioners' money and kiss them, Miss Worthington," he counseled. "The Lord's coffers fill much too slowly when you take the time to fake an orgasm."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *erection* as a beaver cleaver.

Harry, that new inflatable sex doll has to be tested," said the head of the porno-goods firm.

"Check, J.B.," sang out Harry. "I'll get right on it."

The teenaged couple in the theater paid little if any attention to the movie on the screen. The boy would fondle the girl's breasts, and then she'd knead his crotch area until he shuddered, and then he'd fiddle around under her skirt until she moaned audibly . . . and then they'd begin the cycle all over again. Finally, a woman got up to speak to the manager, who was watching from the rear of the house. "What do you plan to do about those youngsters?" she demanded.

"Look, lady, we're changing pictures tomorrow," he replied, "but I'm thinking of holding those kids over for another week."

*Said Crystal, who hails from Poughkeepsie:
"I ball guys on top when I'm tipsy."
Then we peeked in the tent
Where her binge time is spent,
And we found Crystal balls on a gypsy!*

It was love at first sight between the handsome libertine and the appealing young prostitute. He swept her off her back!

You know, I'd sure like to get into your pants," maundered a drunken patron to the provocative tavern waitress.

"No dice, mister," the girl shot back. "There's one asshole there already."

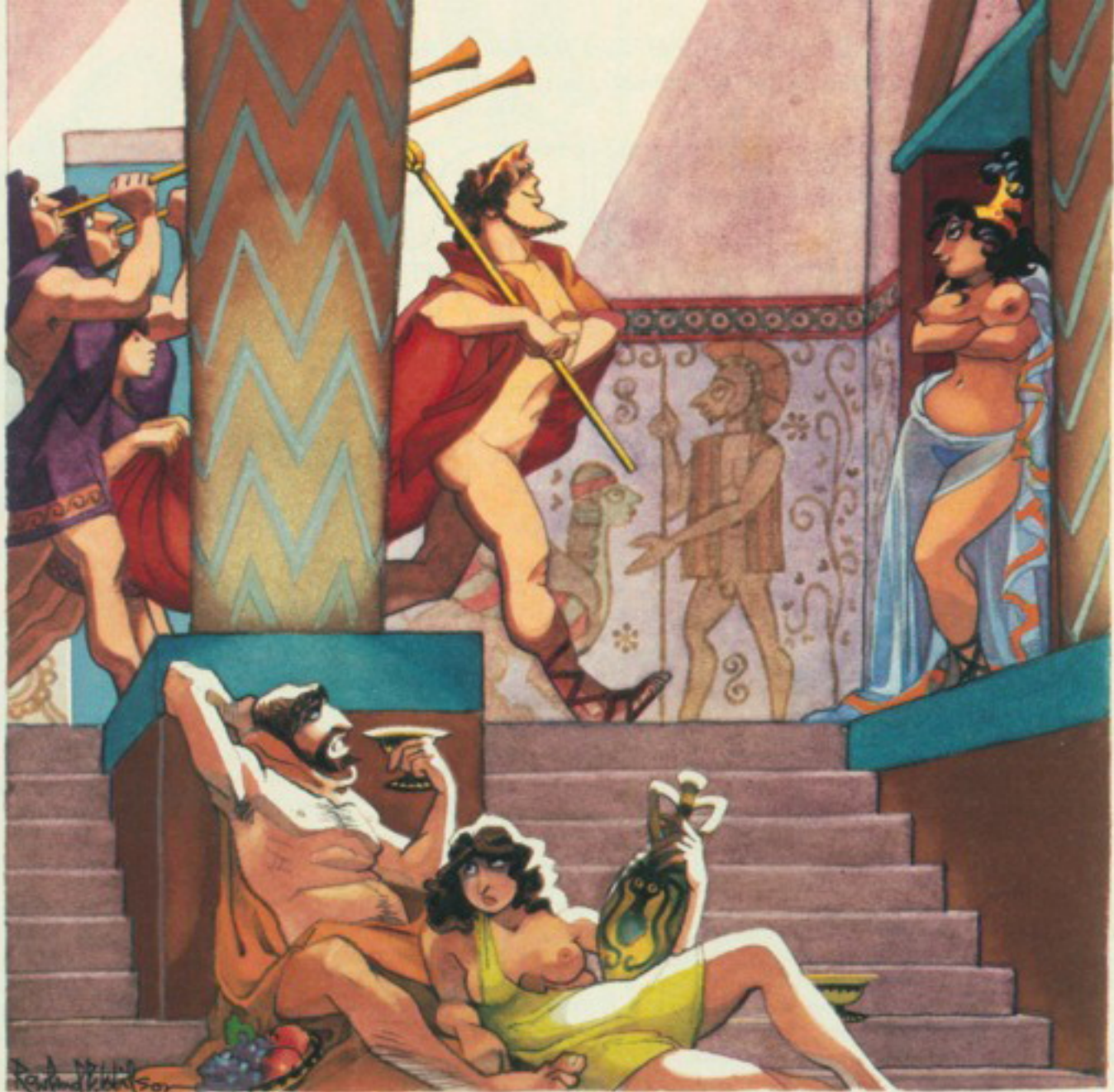


It was on a snowy winter day that this charming young nobleman had me to his ancestral manor house near Cambridge," the girl recounted breathlessly to her best friend, "where he made us mulled wine and then gently undressed me and gave me exquisite head on a tigerskin rug in front of a blazing fire."

"Oh, wow!" reacted the friend. "I suppose that was the high point of your trip."

"It was," sighed the girl nostalgically. "There's nothing quite like a toasted English muffin."

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.



"I should've been king—but Mom always liked Oedipus best!"

WHAT DO YOU SAY TO A NAKED CHEER



LEADER? GOODBYE!

when we unwrapped pro football's side-line beauties last christmas, we thought it was the essence of good cheer. the n.f.l. disagreed



pictorial essay by

WALTER L. LOWE and
DAN SHERIDAN

"WE WERE a group of girls who really gave our all for the team. You'd think no problem would be so big that the management couldn't sit down and talk it out. But we ran into a wall of silence. We felt like we were waging a war."

What Jill Fleming, ex-San Diego Chargette, was talking about wasn't so much a war as a shoot-out. And her part-time employers, the National Football League's Chargers, fired the first salvo last September when they dismissed the entire 20-member troupe of Chargette cheerleaders because they learned that one girl had posed nude for the lavish 12-page December *PLAYBOY* pictorial in which we uncovered the cheerleaders of pro football. Even before that issue exploded on the newsstands, five more N.F.L. teams had gone for leather and nearly 50 of America's most visible female football fans had bitten the dust. They died, so to speak, with their boots on . . . and admittedly little else.

We foresaw that our pictorial (*Pro Football's Main Attractions*) would arouse controversy when we began putting it together last summer. A few N.F.L. teams were immediately resistant to the idea of their cheerleaders' appearing in *PLAYBOY*, and some threatened to fire those girls who cooperated with us. On the other hand, the cheerleaders who did pose for us felt they were well within their rights to do so on their



The Great Cheerleader Controversy began even before our December 1978 issue (above), featuring the undraped cheerleaders of the N.F.L. Our uncoverage the public loved, but several N.F.L. clubs didn't. Among the first casualties in the pompon purges was San Diego Chargette Elizabeth Caleca (left), who has the last "word" in this series of photos.

Media 'Uncoverage' Amazes Playboy

By MARICE DOLL
Denver Post Staff Writer

Executives at Playboy magazine refuse to release the names of the Bronco Pony Express cheerleaders who they claim posed both nude and semi-nude for a 10-page pictorial on National Football League beauties.

"Our posture is we don't want to put any more pressure on the girls," said

cheerleaders would pose for Playboy — a violation of their contracts.

OFFICIALS ARE TAKING the stand, according to Jim Saccomano, assistant public relations official with the Broncos, that some photographs were taken while the girls were performing on the football field during a game.

Playboy photographer Nicholas De-Sciose of Denver affirmed that many "action on the field shots" we taken, but

that also he shot two girls for "glamour shots" separately.

When a list of girls' names was published by the Rocky Mountain News who allegedly posed were read to him, De-Sciose said, "Two of them are right. One of them isn't with the team this year. But no individual girl knows the name of the other girls."

The Playboy photo layout will appear in its December issue scheduled to be on the newsstands Nov. 2.

The press wrote dozens of articles on the controversy. Some N.F.L. clubs were angry long before they knew what they were angry about (see above).



LYNITA SHILLING (above and below), one of the first San Diego Chargettes given the boot, admits now that she "had no idea it would turn out like this." But if Lynita is seeing her future in that viewer on Malibu Pier (above right), it probably looks bright. There's a very good possibility she'll soon be working for a local modeling agency, and Lynita, 21, hopes that will lead eventually to a shot at television.



own time. After all, the clubs generally paid them \$15 or less per game for a "job" that—including rehearsals—demanded anywhere from four to eight hours a week.

Of course, the N.F.L. teams didn't see it that way. Long before the December issue was out, we were getting calls from clubs demanding to know just which women had posed—and what, if anything, they were wearing. The tone of most calls was close to frantic. Although we refused to give out names, some of them became known, and the dismissals began.

Not only was the San Diego Chargers' cheering squad disbanded but Baltimore Colts cheerleader Andrea Mann was cashiered, Honey Bear Jackie Rohrs lost her job with the Chicago Bears, New England Patriots cheerleader Karen Ita Siders was bounced (although the Patriots claimed she had been dismissed earlier) and the already problem-plagued 24-member Angels cheering troupe of the New Orleans Saints was banished from the Superdome. Denver Broncos cheerleader LouAnn Ridenoure didn't even bother reporting for work with the Pony Express after management learned she had posed partly nude.

Meanwhile, the press was having a wonderful time with the story, a fact that so unnerved the N.F.L. owners that when they met with commissioner Pete Rozelle in Chicago, they hammered out a statement on what had come to be known as the Great American Cheerleader Controversy.

The owners—particularly the ones who had fired cheerleaders—had taken a beating in the newspapers. While not all of the dozens of editorials and columns written about the controversy lauded the cheerleaders, almost every one chided the N.F.L. owners for their sudden fit of morality, pointing out that before PLAYBOY entered the picture, clubs had been fiercely competing to outfit the most, ah, photogenic cheerleading squads.

Los Angeles Times columnist Jack Smith summed up the over-all press view of the firings this way: "The most wonderful aspect of all this is the solemn hypocrisy that the girls were hired in the first place to lead cheers or inspire the team. They were



Before **LIZ CALECA** (see pages 142 and 143) became a Chargette, she was an active nudist. In fact, she was voted Miss Nude California 1977. Liz returned to the pageant in San Bernardino last summer to crown the 1978 queen (in the line-up above, she's standing at far right). After the San Diego Chargers canned Liz for doing what obviously comes naturally to her, she moved to Los Angeles, where she's landed a film role and looks forward to a career as an actress and model. Liz, who describes herself as "domestic," bakes, sews and (as you can see at right) takes every opportunity to disrobe. Ah, domesticity!



Caleca garnered more clippings (one is shown below) than any other cheerleader. Above, she views a photo of herself that ran in most major newspapers.

PIRED NUDIST FEELS BITTER

Ousted Chargettes Appeal To Fans

Does City Want Us? Ask Cheerleaders

They may be cheerleaders without a team, but the recent San Diego Chargers did have their share of fans and they believe the city of San Diego has a lot to gain from them.

In the wake of their dismissal following discussions that four of the 10 cheerleaders had joined the nude club — the Playboy magazine photographer, the Chargers announced yesterday they are taking their case to the public.

Who we need to know is there has been word in the circles of a group of cheerleaders.

Chargers cheerleader, Brenda Rose, with a happy smile, "I would like to see the public reaction to the sudden news of our dismissal."

But Rose, who posed in a bikini for the magazine's cover, has personal or professional feelings for the public reaction to the sudden news of our dismissal.



'Girls Stabbed Me In Back,' Says Model

By LIZ CALECA

The Chargers who did this to me with the "Chargettes" in San Diego, how they were treated when they were dismissed, engaged, but then they had to go to the public in the nude for the magazine.

In fact, I'm a model, I'm not really Miss Nude California, and I'm not really a cheerleader. I'm not really a cheerleader. I'm not really a cheerleader. I'm not really a cheerleader.

I was stabbed in the back by about every Chargette on the squad. I was stabbed during an interview yesterday at her dismissal.

I expected this to happen, but they came up with this stuff about how they had to get out of the club for the sake of the Chargettes. You know, a Chargette has to be clean and pure.

Well, they're just a bunch of kids and they're when they grow up a little they will be so upset about nudity. But, she smiled. "I'm not ashamed. I'm actually very wholesome and domestic."

Chargers, who posed along with four other Chargettes for Playboy's December personal on National Foot.



hired to entertain us male fans on television, and nothing else."

Ironically, before the dust had died down, the girls weren't even entertaining us fans on television. Interviewed by *The Washington Star* on Thanksgiving Day, ABC's *Monday Night Football* director Chet Forte piously vowed he wouldn't put any more scantily clad N.F.L. cheerleaders on camera. That pronouncement caused syndicated columnist Carl T. Rowan to bestow upon Forte the title Turkey of the Year, pointing out: "If the ABC brass had not figured out how to exploit televised sex, the network would have gone out of business years ago. There isn't a cheerleader in 26 N.F.L. cities who parades the stadium showing more cleavage, or more bosoms hugged by wet clothing, than do ABC's *Charlie's Angels*."

But it wasn't just the press who found the cheerleader issue worthy of thousands of words. The fans also had much to say about the situation. It seemed that once the story broke, everyone who'd ever watched a pro-football game had an opinion: Housewives called talk shows to say they had never liked their husbands' ogling the cheerleaders, anyway; feminists said the firings added one sexist insult to another; and, of course, those fans who like their half times spicy expressed outrage.

Some people saw even deeper meaning to what happened. "PLAYBOY defiled the temple," said Princeton University sociologist Bruce Finnie when we asked his opinion of the N.F.L.'s response. Football, said Finnie, is a veritable religion.

"Sure. Why do we play it on Sunday? Why do we sing the national anthem before it? Why do we treat it with such reverence? Why is it getting immunity from laws that nothing else gets? Why are Pete Rozelle and other high priests interviewed as though their words were Holy Writ?"

Dr. Finnie, who has taught a course in Sport and Society at Princeton, said many people feel that a basic purity, a basic set of noble motives, was threatened when the cheerleaders-cum-temple virgins were shown



We wish we could reprint all the newspaper cartoons satirizing the cheerleader controversy, but the *Rocky Mountain News's* Dan Gibson gave us a good laugh with this one (above).



An NFL penalty in Playboy territory

Offsides for false modesty

THE FANTASIES of our sex are among the more institutionalized of our national religions, and yesterday there arrived the climax of the schism between the National Football League, a temple of false girls, and *Playboy*, a shrine of dogged paganism.

The quartet of former NFL cheerleaders, who had been unlocked for display

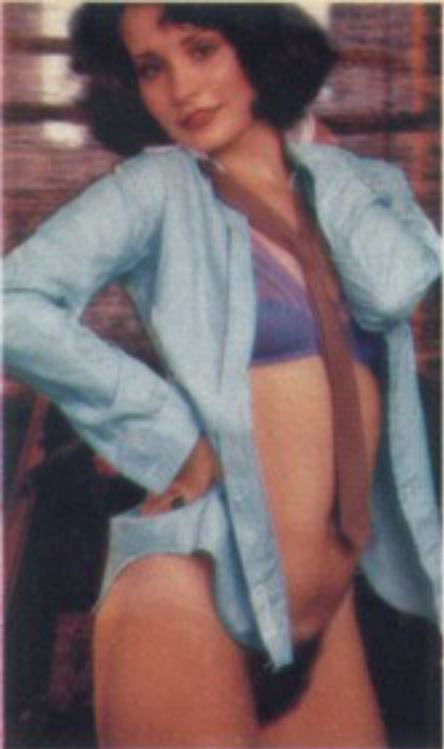


By
Murray
Kempton



Before **KAREN ITA SIDERS** (opposite page, right and below) was released from the New England Patriots' cheerleading squad, she'd distinguished herself as one of its most "expressive" dancers. "I danced differently from the other girls. More hip movement." Her moves were first displayed on the football field at Annapolis High in Maryland (above). Karen, 20, a make-up artist for a Boston modeling agency, has found new popularity in Beantown. The *Boston Herald American* profiled her, she has appeared on several talk shows and a local radio station took her out for a night on the town.





Maryland postal worker **ANDREA MANN** (above and below) had been a Baltimore Colts cheerleader (above, middle and right) for six months when she was fired for her *PLAYBOY* appearance. The *Baltimore News American* editorialized on Mann's firing: "We fail to see the rationale. If you set up sex as a standard for entertainment in the stadium, why swing the ax for extension of the product off the field? It's a double standard."



as real women with a direct—not coy—sexual appeal.

Whatever the truth of Finnie's hypothesis, the N.F.L. owners, in their meeting with Rozelle, decreed that each club would be responsible for the dress code and conduct of its cheerleaders. Some clubs are investigating the legality of requiring cheerleaders to sign a contract forbidding nude modeling for magazines. Previously, the cheerleaders' contracts required only that they remain covered before the television cameras, a rule that had been broken—to the delight of male viewers—several times by well-endowed young women popping out of their skimpy outfits.

As ultimate evidence that pro football, like Charles Colson, had been born again without lust in its heart, the Washington Redskins restitched the costumes of the Redskinettes to cover their navels and other distracting bodily regions.

But while the N.F.L. was busy shoring up its public image and a no-longer-amused America turned to more pressing issues, the lives of the fired women had been irrevocably changed. For some, the publicity was a blessing in disguise. Others wished they had never been pro cheerleaders in the first place, feeling betrayed by the football clubs to which they had once devoted so much of their time. The name of Elizabeth Caleca, the Chargette who provoked the Chargers to disband their cheerleading squad, leaped into the headlines; her phone rang off the hook for nearly two weeks. "At first," she says, "there were newspapers, radio reporters, television people. After that, the obscene phone calls started."

Some of the latter callers referred indelicately to Liz's lifestyle. A nudist for three years, she had been voted Miss Nude California 1977, a fact that, oddly enough, didn't seem to bother the Chargers until she was photographed—not surprisingly, in the nude—for *PLAYBOY*.

Since the purge, Liz has moved to Los Angeles in search of a career in films. So far, she's landed appearances on several television talk shows, including Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show, as well as a role in her first film, a United American Pictures production called *Skin Deep*, which she expects will have an R rating. According to Liz, the plot is roughly based on her life. "It's a love story set in an environment of social nudity. Cheerleader meets surfer, they explore the meaning of life."

Liz says that although her father wasn't (text concluded on page 172)



Former Honey Bear **JACKIE ROHRS** (above) has only affection for the Chicago Bears (as you can see at right), even though they released her over her appearance in **PLAYBOY**. And why not? Her life has improved since then. "I've gotten so many offers for modeling I can't believe it," she says. "And I've even received two proposals of marriage." Jackie recently signed with Renaissance Talent Ltd. in New York City.



Above, Jackie (center), Liz Caleca and L.A. Rams cheerleader Julie Jourdan (who also appeared in our December pictorial) are interviewed by Tomorrow show host Tom Snyder. Below, Bear fans rib the club, which lost seven straight games after Jackie was cashiered.



THE HONEYBEARS
DO FOLDOUTS
THE BEARS
JUST FOLD



Former New Orleans Angel Bunny Hover (above) appears at a PLAYBOY press conference (below) in New York with (from left) Lynita Shilling, Jackie Rohrs and Andrea Mann to introduce the December issue.



BUNNY HOVER was the card girl at the Muhammad Ali–Leon Spinks fight in the Superdome. As you can see above, she added a new dimension to the simple act of stepping through the ropes. Bunny, 28, is a full-time legal secretary and a serious dance student. After the cheerleader flap died down, she found her modeling talents in demand, even while the other booted Angels were trying to find work as a troupe. "I became a cheerleader for the exposure," says Bunny, "and I suppose I got more than I bargained for." Now that she has a little free time on her hands (no more cheerleading practice), she's devoting it to dance classes and hoping for a career in radio broadcasting.



Bye-bye, Angels

Saturday, October 7, 1978



Angels wave to Saints fans for last time
Saints kick dancers out

By BOB MARSHALL. New Orleans Saints fans, who were drawn to the stadium to see the Saints kick out the cheerleaders, were disappointed to see the cheerleaders waving to the fans for the last time.



“You gotta admit they’re a hard team to be a fan for,” says ex-Chargette Jill Fleming.”

enthusiastic about her posing for *PLAYBOY*, her parents have supported her throughout her arduous transition from stadium side lines to silver screen. She particularly credits her mother with being “tremendously understanding.”

“You gotta admit they’re a hard team to be a fan for,” says Jill Fleming. Jill, who was one of five Chargettes *PLAYBOY* photographed, didn’t appear in the pictorial, but nonetheless suffered through several days of people’s asking if she was one of the “nasty five.” “It would have been nicer and easier if this hadn’t happened,” she says, “but no one can ever make me ashamed.”

Lynita Shilling, one of the Chargettes who did appear nude in the December pictorial, says that when she posed for *PLAYBOY* “I had no idea it would turn out like this. But I’ll tell you one thing. I wasn’t sure *PLAYBOY* was a class magazine before this happened, but from my first shooting through everything that’s happened since, I’m convinced it’s the best, most beautiful magazine around.”

Shilling, Andrea Mann, Jacquelyn Rohrs, Karen Ita Siders and Bunny Hover (whose *PLAYBOY* appearance may have contributed to the disbanding of the New Orleans Angels) were popular guests on radio and television talk shows across the country when the controversy peaked. As a result, all five girls have probably received more media exposure

than they ever would have in the boom-boom line. For Shilling, it has been a mixed blessing (“My fiancé has been kind of negative about the whole thing,” she says). Rohrs and Hover believe the exposure has boosted their careers. But for Andrea Mann, the hurt of her dismissal by the Baltimore Colts lingers.

“I got a call from management, saying, ‘We don’t want your kind of girl,’” she says. “They told me sex has nothing to do with Colt cheerleaders, that the cheerleaders have a wholesome image—and that anyone who’d pose for *PLAYBOY* wasn’t wholesome.”

That treatment was a tremendous disappointment to Andrea, a postal worker and a lifelong Colt fan. “I hadn’t sneaked around behind the team’s back,” she says. “I had been told I could pose for *PLAYBOY*. But afterward, the Colts said they didn’t realize the pictorial would involve nudity. Do you believe that?”

Jackie Rohrs, who markets her own line of cosmetics (Jacquelyn K Creations), was delighted to find that her dismissal and the subsequent publicity gave an unexpected boost to her business.

“I was worried about the effect all this might have on my company,” she says, “since all my clients knew me as a very straight lady in a suit with a briefcase.”

“But when I came back from a short trip after the December issue came out, my answering service had messages from

33 people across the country inquiring about my products. My business partner was going crazy.”

Rohrs—who has a wonderful sense of humor about her own ambition (“Hey, listen,” she says, “I’ve come a long way: I was Miss Garbage Disposal Bag at a trade show a couple of years ago”)—admits there have been a few sad moments. “My eight-year-old daughter, Machaelie Ann, cried when I was fired. She was like a mascot at our practices. I had made her a little Honey Cub outfit with the number eight on the back. But she held up under the pressure of the publicity pretty well. At school, a little boy teased her with, ‘I saw your mommy in *PLAYBOY* nude,’ and my daughter responded, ‘Well, your mommy wasn’t asked to be in *PLAYBOY*.’”

The cheerleader controversy has also been good, more or less, for former New England Patriots cheerleader Karen Ita Siders (who used only her middle name in the December pictorial). “My parents took it kind of negatively,” she says. “I was told to leave the house, and they wouldn’t talk to me for three weeks. On the other hand, the experience has given me a lot of confidence and the courage to be myself, to follow my own convictions.”

Karen, 20, a make-up artist for a Boston modeling agency, has been a regular model for a well-known Boston artist and sculptor. “I’ve gotten a lot of opportunities from this fiasco,” she says. “I’ve posed for *PLAYBOY* again [for which we’re sure the viewers of these pages are most grateful], I’ve done the *Evening Magazine* [a local talk show] and a couple of other programs.” Shortly after the December issue appeared, a local radio station had a banquet for her (she was driven to the ceremony in a limousine), at which her fans let her know *they* didn’t think she had been naughty.

Ex-Angel Bunny Hover hasn’t had much time to worry about her disaffiliation with the Saints. For one thing, she’s a full-time legal secretary. For another, she’s a serious dance student who’s got, as the song says, “offers comin’ over the phone.” Bunny (whom you may remember as the card girl for the Muhammad Ali-Leon Spinks title match last fall) received a request for her cheerleading services from a table-tennis team in Iceland, and a New Orleans radio station has asked her to be its “traffic Angel in the sky”—a rush-hour helicopter traffic-flow reporter.

In addition, Bunny has been busy with her fellow ex-Angels, who have been trying to find work as a troupe elsewhere. “It’s been hard to keep the group together,” she says. “We’ve taken our show into a few local discos, but it’s hard to find an employer for a 24-girl dance troupe.”

Maybe what we need is another Radio City Music Hall.



“Say, what’s that catchy little tune you’re humming?”



*"When you get too old to hunt, you teach a course
in how to read buffalo shit."*

humor by
f folkes

MORE DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

*another helping
of hapless maidens and
fates worse than death*



"Heavens, no, the Holy War was last year."



*"He said it may be an unnatural act,
but it was perfectly natural for him."*



"Guess what we're having for dessert!"



"But, Sir George, I fail to see how taking off my clothes can help the balloon rise."



*"That's what I hate nowadays.
There's no dalliance."*



*"Oh, and there's another thing.
We do it upside down."*



"Then the police arrived and re-enacted the crime."



"Now they sight a rescue ship!"



"I was one of the people you can fool all of the time."



"So I said to myself, if a girl's not safe in a nunnery, where is she going to be safe?"



*"Unfortunately, he made me laugh
until I was helpless."*



"I was held incommunicado seventeen times."



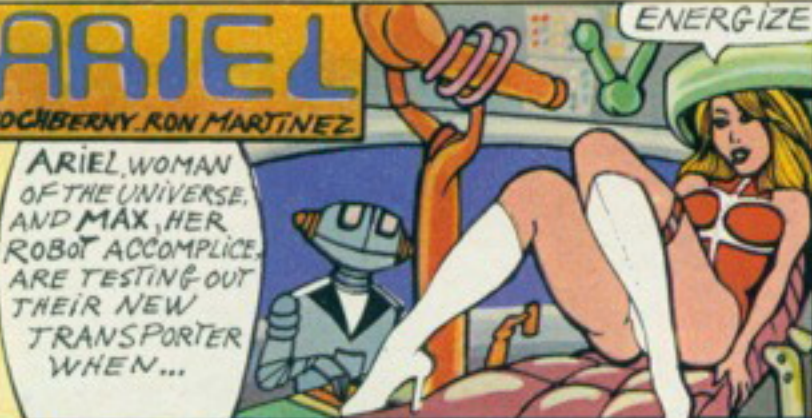
PLAYBOY



ARIEL

ROCHBERNY RON MARTINEZ

ARIEL, WOMAN OF THE UNIVERSE, AND MAX, HER ROBOT ACCOMPLICE, ARE TESTING OUT THEIR NEW TRANSPORTER WHEN...



ENERGIZE!

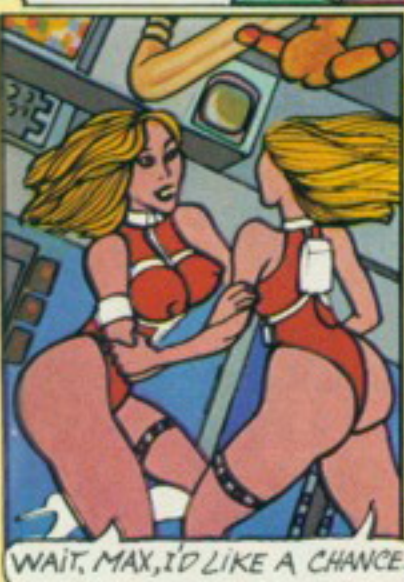


ZONK

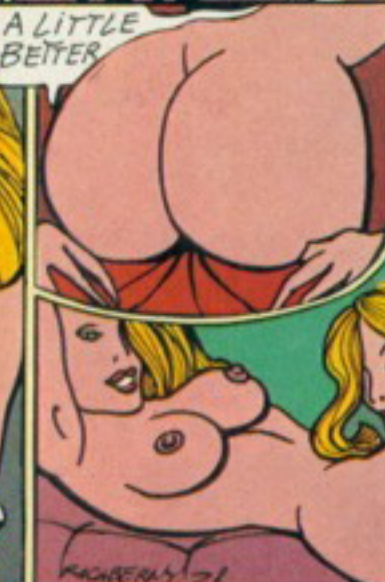


JUMPIN' GEMINI! WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOKS LIKE THIS TRANSPORTER WANTED TO SEE MORE OF YOU. I'LL FIX IT RIGHT UP...



TO GET TO KNOW MYSELF...



A LITTLE BETTER



IN THE BIBLICAL SENSE?

IN EVERY SENSE

WAIT, MAX, I'D LIKE A CHANCE.

5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S



AND NOW, M'DEAR, LET US BEGIN WITH A PASSIONATE LITTLE KISS UPON THOSE RUBY RED LIPS.



ENACT YOUR PERVERTED FETISHES ELSEWHERE, SIR! I AM NOT THAT KIND OF PLAYTHING!

FACTS OF LIFE

CONSIDER THE TORTOISE. IN SOME CULTURES IT IS HE, AND NOT THE RABBIT, THAT IS THE SYMBOL OF VIRILITY.

FIRST THE TURTLE RAPIDLY PURSUES HIS MATE...

NONE OF THAT SLOW-AND-STEADY CRAPOLA FOR ME!

HE NIPS HER FORELEGS AND RAMS HER WITH HIS HEAD TO GET HER ATTENTION

NEXT TIME YOU GIVE ME HEAD, OK, TOOTS?

THESE SEXUAL PRELIMINARIES SOMETIMES CAUSE SERIOUS WOUNDS

UNNERVED, THE FEMALE DUCKS HER HEAD INTO HER SHELL, LEAVING HER TAIL END EXPOSED

HEH, HEH

ART SPIEGELMAN
STONE MILLER

MAMMY!

THE MALE WORKS UP A FEVERISH PASSION, SCREECHING LOUDLY, THOUGH HE HAS NO VOCAL CORDS.

YAWN

THE FEMALE, BORED, SOMETIMES CHEWS HER FOOD OR FORGETFULLY WALKS AWAY, PULLING HER MATE ALONG WITH HER.

IN CAPTIVITY MALE TURTLES HAVE UNDIMINISHED SEX DRIVES AND HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO MATE WITH ANY OBJECT THAT REMINDS THEM OF THEIR FEMALES

WHAT'S A NICE BROAD LIKE YOU DOING IN A TERRARIUM LIKE THIS?

ROSIE the RIVETER



IN: "RUBBER SHORTAGE"

ROSIE IS JITTERBUGGING AT THE USO WHEN HER FAVORITE SECOND LOOIE POPS AN INDECENT PROPOSAL!

COME ACROSS, GLOSS! WE COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER!

LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS, FLYBOY! BE-SIDES, A BONUS BABY WOULD SCRATCH MY SERVICE ON THE SWING SHIFT!



I'VE GOT PROTECTION THAT BOUNCES THOSE BUNDLES BACK TO HEAVEN!

ARE YOU KIDDING BROTHER? YOU CAN'T EVEN GET TIRES! ALL THE PATRIOTIC LATEX IS IN LIFEBOATS, BUB!

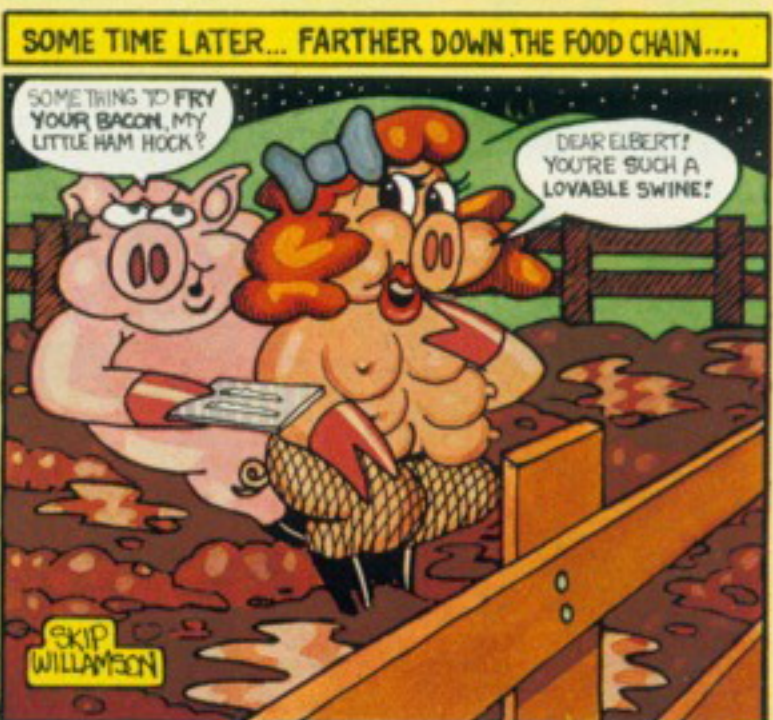
BUT MY RUBBER IS A RETREAD, ROSIE. IT'S BEEN VULCANIZED!

IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR OUR BOYS IN UNIFORM!

HUBBA, HUBBA.

DOWN ON THE FARM

HOMESPUN EUPHORIA & AGRICULTURAL HI-JINX



ED HEAD



LUCKY WORM!



HE CAN SCOOT AROUND WHERE-
EVER HE PLEAS-
ES. BUT ME? I'M
STUCK ON THIS
STINKING
CORNER!



BUT US BUSINESS-
MEN HAVE OUR
RESPONSIBILITIES....
HEY, TOOTS-
SPARE 3 BUCKS
FOR A MANICURE?



THINGS WEREN'T
ALWAYS LIKE THIS.
I REMEMBER THE
EARLY SIXTIES...
THEN I GOT TO
SEE THINGS....

...MINI-
SKIRTS,
Y'KNOW!



SLOW PICKIN'S
TODAY- MAYBE
IF I *SING*...

OHH...
I AIN'T
GOT NO-
BODEE..

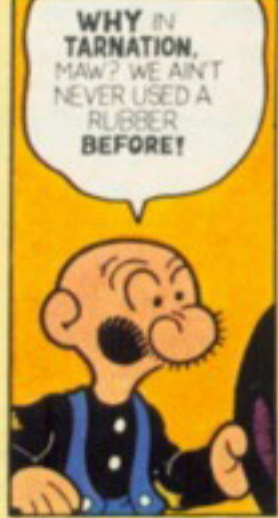
art spiegelman

SCRUFFY SMITH



I'M GITTIN'
THAT FEELIN' IN
MY BONE AGIN,
MAW!

OH, GOODY, PAW!
I BOUGHT YE
A BRAND-NEW
MAIL-ORDER
RUBBER JUST
FER THY
OCCASION!



WHY IN
TARNATION,
MAW? WE AIN'T
NEVER USED A
RUBBER
BEFORE!



I KNOW, PAW-
BUT I LOST MY
THIMBLE!

Crust

SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



KINDA SLOW,
MIDNITE

HERE COMES
SOMEBODY,
SUZY!



CHEEZE IT! IT'S
OFFICER O'FITS!

NO
SWEAT



MIGHTY CUTE LITTLE
PUSSY YOU GOT THERE, MISS

AL FARNUM
YOU BETTER
BELIEVE
IT!

The Adventures of HERBERT HIPPO

The comic strip that doesn't own a television BY MARK ALAN STAMATY



I USE
"ACID-EZE."
WHAT
BRAND
DO YOU
USE?

I PREFER
"BELLY-AIDS."
TWO TABLETS
GIVE ME
FAST
RELIEF.
I SHOULD
TRY THEM.



HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT
THE SCULPTOR WHO'S RUN-
NING FOR CONGRESS?

AT LAST!
someone I
CAN TALK TO
ABOUT THE
THINGS THAT
INTEREST ME!

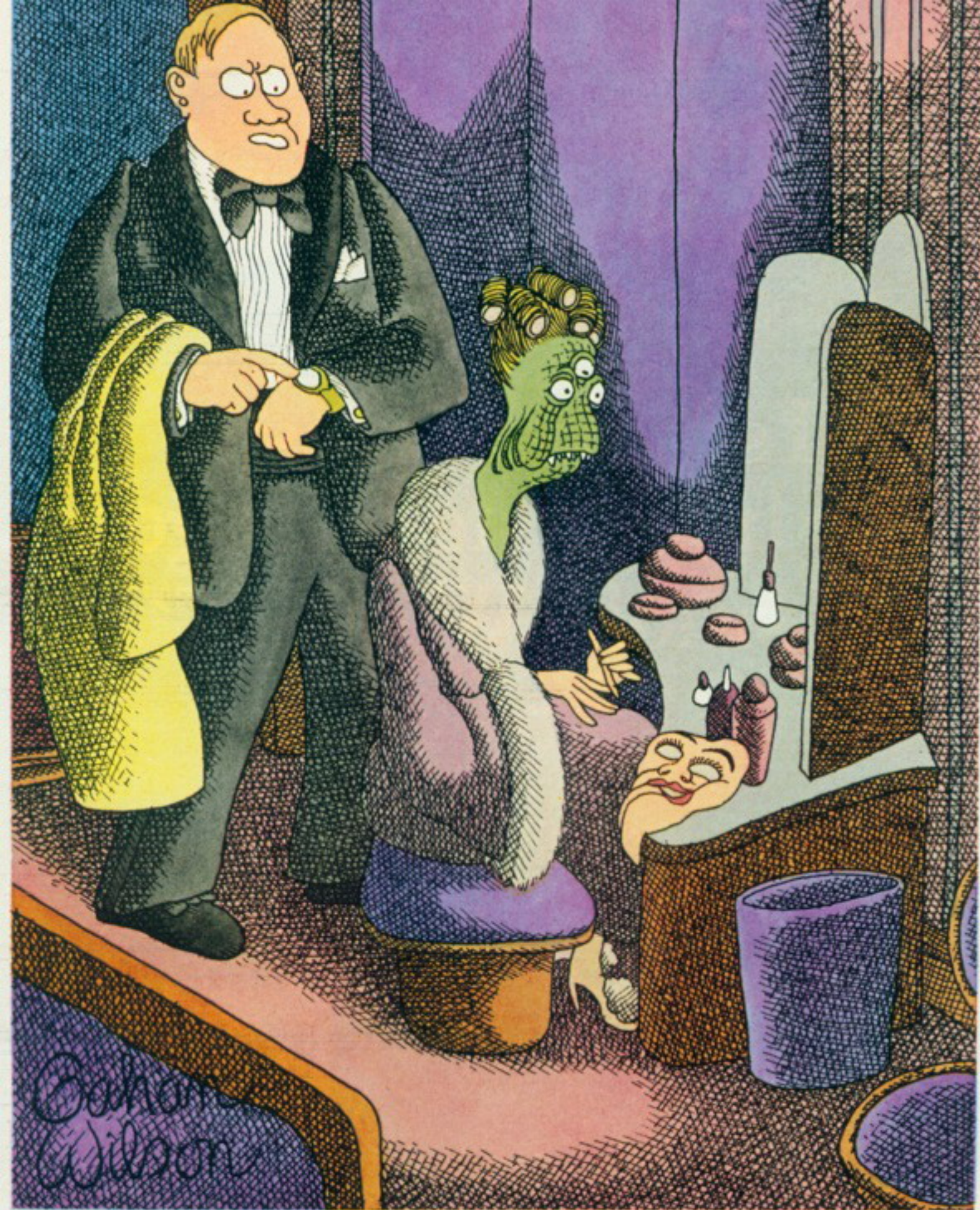


Yes, I HAVE. I
THINK HE'S THE MOST
REFRESHING FIGURE
ON THE CURRENT
POLITICAL HORIZON.
I FIND HIS VIEWS ON
ECONOMIC AFFAIRS
UTTERLY FASCINATING.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?



I HEAR HE'S GOT BIG FEET.
I LIKE THEM BIG! I'D LIKE
TO TEAR OFF HIS SOCKS AND
PRESS HIS HOT TOES
INTO MY--

Yes...uh...I JUST HEARD
SOME INTERESTING NEWS
ABOUT STOMACH ANTACIDS.



"You mean to say you haven't even put your face on yet?"

Erikson



"Tell me, doctor, when was the last time you had a checkup?"

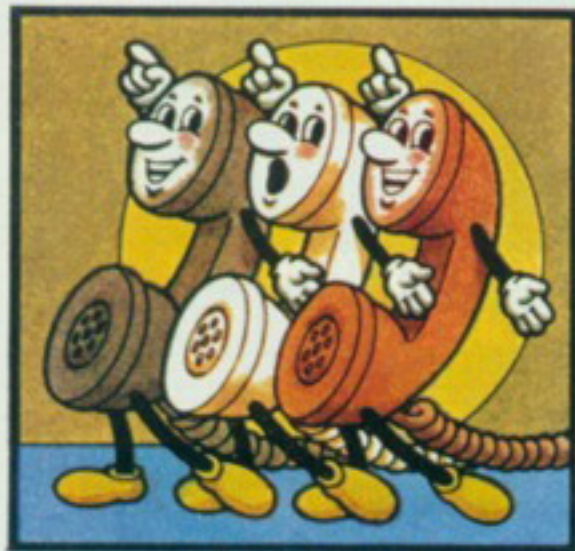
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



WASP NEST

To most of us, the letters WASP stand for white Anglo-Saxon Protestant; but to the few who subscribe to *WASP*, a four-page newsletter published every month or so out of Box 443, Hohokus, New Jersey 07423, they stand for Women & Strength Periodical. *WASP* is for people who dig muscular chicks posing in bathing suits. And by muscular we're talking about 110-pound ladies who can lift their own weight. A year's subscription is \$12; don't buy unless you're a hard-core muscle freak.



HUNG UP ON PHONES

There are plenty of telephone-answering-machine cassettes around with voices on them mimicking Humphrey Bogart and John Wayne, but if you'd like a customized message for your machine done by people who are professionals in radio and TV commercial work, write to R-W Productions, P.O. Box 640, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017. They'll send you back a detailed questionnaire and information about prices, which begin at \$75 and escalate.

TALK OF THE TOWNS

You'll find Mobil's new *City Vacation & Business Guide* in most bookstores and, for \$4.95, it's a mighty inexpensive way to discover what to do and see in 53 major American cities, ranging from Albuquerque to Washington, D.C. Specific subjects include recommended restaurants and hotels, plus maps, info on convention facilities and a section on references, including emergency phone numbers. No, we're not talking about *that* kind of number, fella.



MY BUDDY

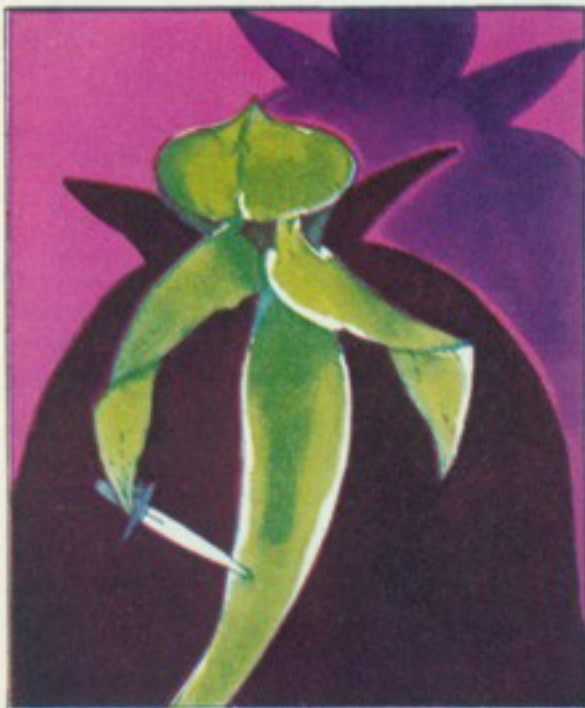
Last September, we mentioned the Frank Sinatra Society in *Potpourri*. Now fans of the late Buddy Holly are clamoring for equal time and we're happy to oblige: You can join the Buddy Holly Memorial Society by sending \$7 to Bill Griggs, President, 75 Belcher Road, Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109. You'll receive a quarterly newsletter chock-full of interviews, a trading post and other info—plus a complete list of Holly's recordings.





TIMELY SECRET

From the front, the Cyclock is just a good-looking polished-wood timepiece for your mantel. But look more closely and—*voilà!*—the back opens to reveal a marvelous secret compartment that's ideal for stashing anything small and worth hiding. Order a Cyclock in walnut or mahogany for \$75, zebrawood (as shown) for \$81 or teak for \$85, all postpaid, from Geoffrey Beetem Designs, P.O. Box 412, Athens, Ohio 45701. Sneaky you.

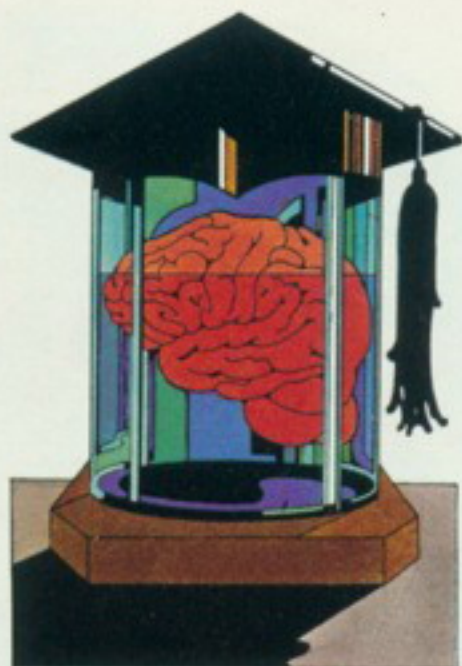


CREEPY CREEPERS

Some people dig dangerous animals, others choose poisonous snakes, but James and Patricia Ann Pietropaolo of Peter Paul's Nurseries, Canandaigua, New York 14424, have their own interest—carnivorous plants. In fact, they like hungry vegetation so much they've written a book, *The World of Carnivorous Plants*, available from them for \$6.30, postpaid. Or write for their plant price list. They love to ship their, heh, heh, friends by mail.

HAVE YOU GOT BRAINS!

Remember *Donovan's Brain*, the famous horror flick in which the brain of the evil Mr. Donovan lived on after he died to wickedly control the deeds of other men? Well, the Carolina Biological Supply Company, 2700 York Road, Burlington, North Carolina 27215, is selling—yes, you guessed it—a real human brain with most of the cranial nerves intact, mounted in a clear-acrylic museum jar with a removable screw top. The brain can be all yours for only \$148.50, plus postage. Order one, and the next time you get into a nasty argument with your wife or girlfriend and she asks you if you've lost your mind, tell her no, you haven't, and prove it.



TV PITCHMAN

The average television set in America is turned on six and a half hours each day and how many times during that period have you wanted to pitch a brick right through the screen, putting Howard Cosell, Jerry Brown or Gloria Steinem permanently out of his or her misery? Throwing a brick at a TV screen, unfortunately, can be rather costly. But not when the brick is the featherweight foam replica that Creative Solutions, P.O. Box 656, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, California 92007, is selling for \$4.95, postpaid. You just wing it and wing it again, with no harm done. Fire when ready, Gridley.

CLEAN UP YOUR ACT

Hindus regard the mouth as the gateway to the body and, until early in this century, a curious ritual called tongue cleaning was practiced by most civilized and primitive societies. Now oral hygienists are re-discovering the importance of tongue cleaning; not only does it freshen the breath but there's also evidence that the practice helps eliminate cavity-causing bacteria. B. P. Products, P.O. Box 255, Madison Heights, Michigan 48071, sells the metal tongue cleaner pictured at right for \$1.50, postpaid, or you can order two plastic-strip tongue cleaners from Sakool, P.O. Box 512, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44222, for just \$1, postpaid. Say "Ah."





BUCK BROWN

*"Gosh, ma'am, when y' look out over this big land
and think of the great country it's gonna be someday, it makes
everything else seem kinda insignificant, don't it?"*



Interlandi

"You want equality? Next time we'll do it on your desk!"

NEW NOTIONS FOR YOUR CAR

We don't know what kind of car moves you—a hot-shot Ferrari 308GTS, perhaps, or a sporty new Spirit or Omni—but we do know that your motoring pleasure will be increased if you supplement your four-wheel selection with one or more of these automotive products. They range from an inexpensive rear-window defroster/demister that plugs into your cigarette lighter to a sophisticated push-button mobile phone with a memory unit that recalls the last number dialed.



Left, top: The On-Board computer, by Prince, provides readout data on miles to go, miles per gallon, etc., \$449. Left: The Pulsar II Mobile Telephone system with push-button dialing, by Motorola, about \$3000. Above, top: Model 101 page system warns if your vehicle is tampered with, by Page Alert Systems, \$189.50. Above: Travel-in-Time 2 electronic quartz clock tells hours, minutes, date and driving time, by SparkOMatic, \$34.95.



Above: Rear-window defroster that plugs into car's lighter, \$11.95, and a car vacuum with tool compartment, \$19.95, both from Dynamic Classics. Right: Koss HV/IA stereophones with hear-through feature, \$54.95; and, for great sound, Car-Fi 4000B equalizer, \$59.95, and 6100 80-watt amplifier, \$130.

Below the Belt

Actress **CARRIE FISHER** poses with her hefty advance for the *Star Wars* sequel, while rock star **ROD STEWART** demonstrates for reporters the revolutionary technique he's developed for learning to play soccer. The patent is pending.



LYNN GOLDSMITH © 1978



RON GALELLA © 1978



Strawberry Cheesecake

Actress/model **KATHRINE BAUMANN** was caught between assignments noshing in the shower, which, as far as we can ascertain, is not dangerous. But it *is* sexy. Strawberry fields forever!



Say Something, Galatea!

Led Zeppelin's lead singer, **ROBERT PLANT** (right), did a little cosmetic work on Zep's road manager, giving him brand-new breasts (dinner rolls and cherries) but botching the rest of the job. What do you do when there are no attractive groupies around? Make your own, of course.

RICHARD E. AARON

Are We Not Men?

DEVO is a group of refugees from Akron (in the galaxy Ohio) who play and sing what could be called petrochemical rock; you know, the we've-seen-the-future-and-we-don't-think-much-of-it kind. The gentleman in the middle is shown here performing a little bit of self-Devotion. You may find the music vastly amusing, but after seeing this photo, you may not want to shake his hand.



LYNN GOLDSMITH © 1978

Name That Tuna

Did the Divine Diva, BETTE MIDLER, clean up her act, now that movie stardom is on the horizon? No way. Her movie *The Rose* is scheduled to open later this year, but the live act is intact. Midler's recent European tour included a triumphant gig at the Palace Theater in Paris, where, dressed to the nines in glitter and fish net, she did her famous Charlie the Tuna imitation.



J. L. ATLAN / SYGMA



Actress Clicks

MELANIE MAYRON, like her character in *Girl Friends*, takes pictures, with books upcoming on canines and ladies' rooms. No, her work isn't going to the dogs or in the toilet.



LYNN GOLDSMITH © 1978

Gotta Sing, Gotta Dance

When FRANK ZAPPA hosted *Saturday Night Live* last fall, there was one rehearsal highlight that all those Mothers fans didn't get to see—Frank singing to his date. But then, neither did she.

More Nudes Are Good Nudes

Before he decided to become an artist, Hilo Chen was an architecture student in Taiwan. It shows in his latest series of paintings. Just look at the attention to detail, the grasp of color in the black bathtubs, the fascination with fixtures. Ah, such architecture! Chen, one of New York's most promising photo realists, achieved



recognition in the early Seventies for his lifelike re-creations of sun bathers at Jones Beach ("Beach Series") and household nudes ("Bedroom Series"). These are from the "Bathroom Series." Today the john; tomorrow the world.





NEXT MONTH:



CHICAGO SEX



BURGER COURT



LOTUS LAND



FOREIGN BEAUTIES

"THE BURGER COURT: SUPREME MISFITS?"—YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE RID OF RICHARD NIXON, BUT WHEN HE CLONED THE HIGH COURT IN HIS IMAGE, HE MOVED US ONE STEP CLOSER TO A POLICE STATE—BY **ROBERT SHERRILL**

"GOOD AS GOLD"—IN OUR SECOND EXCERPT FROM THE FUNNY NEW NOVEL, OUR HERO LEARNS, TO HIS DISTRESS, ABOUT THE COMPLICATIONS OF JUGGLING A WIFE AND THREE MISTRESSES IN MEXICO—BY **JOSEPH HELLER**

"SEX IN AMERICA: CHICAGO"—IN A TOWN WHERE THE NEIGHBORHOOD HAS ALWAYS BEEN EVERYTHING, TERRITORY IS STILL IMPORTANT, BUT ORAL SEX IS GIVING IT A GOOD RUN FOR THE MONEY. PART TWO OF A SURVEY OF THE SEXUAL CLIMATE OF U. S. CITIES—BY **WALTER L. LOWE**

"FOREIGN SEX STARS"—A PHOTOGRAPHIC TRIBUTE TO AN INTERNATIONAL ARRAY OF UP-AND-COMING QUEENS OF THE CINEMA ABROAD, WITH TEXT BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

"AN UNFUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE TOP"—**GEORGE KIRBY** WAS ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING COMICS. SO WHY DID IT ALL COME APART?—BY **JOEL DREYFUSS**

"CAPTAINS OUTRAGEOUS!"—THE FRENETIC SAGA OF ANTI-GUA RACE WEEK, THE GREATEST ANNUAL BINGE IN SAILING TODAY—BY **REG POTTERTON**

"AESTHETIC TRUCKIN'"—ON THE JOYS OF BEING A FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE DILETTANTE—BY **DAN GERBER**

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '79"—EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT THE SUBJECT, INCLUDING A SPECIAL SALUTE TO 25 YEARS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL AND THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS OF *PLAYBOY'S* ANNUAL MUSIC POLL

"TOUCHING BASE WITH BUCKY"—THE NEW YORK YANKEES' **BUCKY DENT** HAS A CLASS ACT ON AND OFF THE DIAMOND. A LOOK AT HIS LIFESTYLE

"LOTUS LAND"—IN AN AGE OF CONGLOMERATES, **COLIN CHAPMAN** STANDS ALONE AS A CREATOR OF EXQUISITE VEHICLES FOR ROAD AND RACE COURSE—BY **BROCK YATES**