

PLAYBOY

KURT VONNEGUT, JR.'S
NEW NOVEL,
"SLAPSTICK"

THE
GIRLS OF
WASHINGTON
(INCLUDING
SUPERSECRETARY
ELIZABETH RAY
AND SUPERSWIMMER
FANNE
FOXÉ)

HUGHES,
NIXON
AND THE
CIA:
THE WATERGATE
CONSPIRACY
WOODWARD
AND
BERNSTEIN
MISSED

college
football
PREDICTIONS
From the
WIZARD OF
PLAYBOY

BE THE
FIRST ON
YOUR BLOCK!
YOUR VERY OWN
RABBIT
T-SHIRT PRESS-ON



Some brag about economy.

Some, performance.

Some, roominess.

But there isn't a car we know of that gives you the combination of economy, performance and roominess that you'll find in the Volkswagen Rabbit.

**39 mpg highway,
25 mpg city.**

These are the highly impressive EPA estimates of what the Rabbit got with standard transmission in the 1976 EPA tests.

(The mileage you get

can vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.)

Fast outside.

The Rabbit propels you from 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds.

At that range, a Datsun B-210 is 60% slower than a Rabbit!

You have to drive it to believe it.

Big inside.

As Road & Track put it: "Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable."

In fact, 87% of the space in the car is devoted to passenger and luggage room. The Rabbit has as much head and leg room as some mid-sized cars.

Open the large Hatchback, put the rear seat down, and you have more luggage space than in the trunk of a Cadillac Fleetwood.

So there you have it:
Economy.
Performance.
Roominess.

All are alive and well, thank you, and residing in the 1976 Volkswagen Rabbit.

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD FOR UNDER \$3500* IS A RABBIT.

Based on Road & Track magazine's consideration of hundreds of 1975 cars.



*Suggested 1976 retail price \$3,499 East Coast P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional.
†Agabian Associates test results. © Volkswagen of America.

"A LESSON IN ARROW-DYNAMICS"

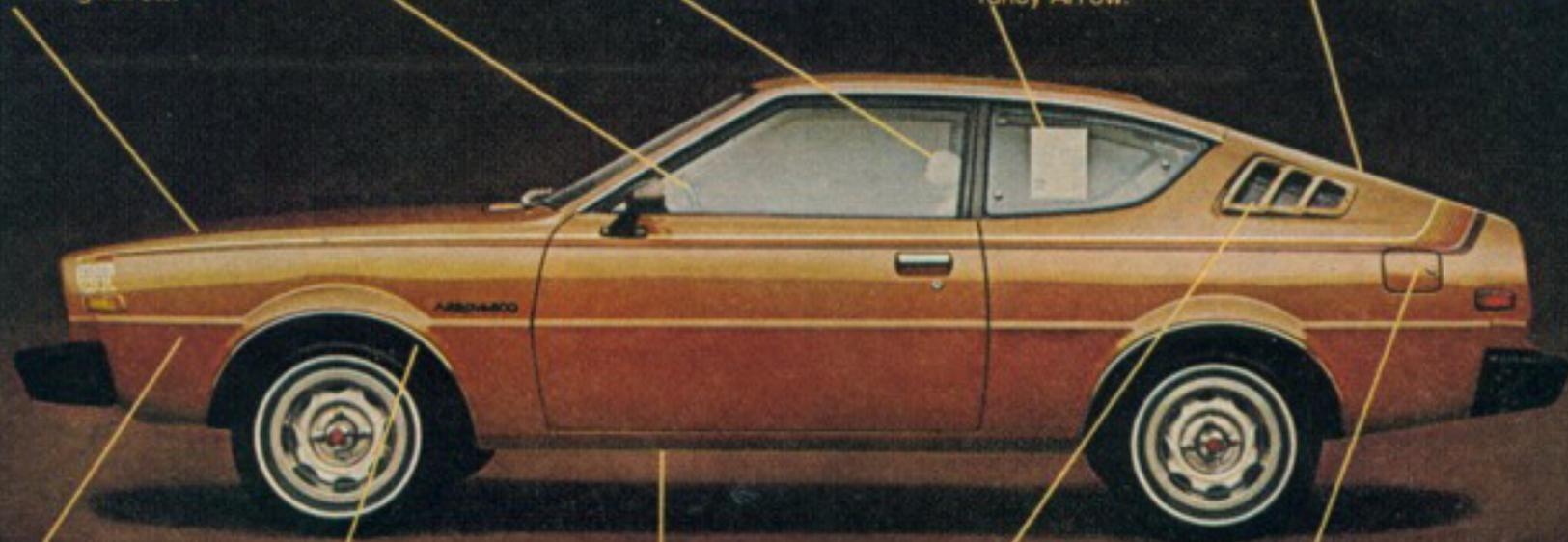
Aerodynamic styling which provides stability in crosswinds, also gives us a very sharp-looking Arrow.

Tilt-steering column and inside hood release.

Standard comfort features like reclining bucket seats and tinted glass.

Arrow prices range from \$3,175-\$3,748. So you can order a straight Arrow or a fancy Arrow.

Arrow comes with a hatchback standard with enough room for over 16 bags of groceries.



The optional Silent-Shaft engine is most likely the quietest and smoothest 4-cylinder around.

Standard power front disc brakes and variable-ratio steering for superb handling.

Like all Chrysler built cars, Arrow is covered by a warranty so strong we call it "The Clincher."

Flow-through ventilation system helps keep the windows from fogging.

Arrow can use leaded or unleaded gas.

NEW PLYMOUTH ARROW has some important points every economy car could learn from. First, Arrow prices start at \$3,175†. And that price includes extras you can't even order on Rabbit, Pinto, and Chevette. But if you want your Arrow packed with even more goodies, order an Arrow GS, priced at only \$3,383†. Or a fancy Arrow GT at \$3,748†.

And Arrow's gas economy is also something to boast about. That's why we put it in those big numbers at the right.

But economy doesn't stop there. Arrow is made to be easily serviced, too.

The oil plug and filter are accessible from above the engine. So, you can change the oil and filter yourself.

And if you've ever listened to the radio in a four-cylinder economy car, you know the engine sometimes gets louder than the radio. Now comes Arrow's available Silent-Shaft four-cylinder engine.

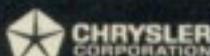
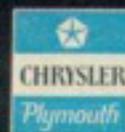
Talk about quiet, it's even quieter and smoother than a six-cylinder engine.

Just because Arrow is a little economy car, doesn't mean it has a little economy warranty. Read Arrow's warranty and you'll see what we mean: For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1976 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, regardless of mileage. You're only responsible for normal maintenance like changing filters and wiper blades. And a warranty this strong just has to be called "The Clincher."

Congratulations. You've just finished "A Lesson In Arrow-Dynamics." Now the test. Put down this book. Take out an Arrow at your Chrysler-Plymouth dealer. You'll get the point we've been trying to make.

E.P.A. ESTIMATES*
39 ^M
24 ^P
 hwy. G city
 1600 cc Arrow GT, 5-speed.

Introducing Plymouth Arrow. What more can a little car give?



†Sticker price, excluding taxes and destination charges. Options on car pictured: wheel rings (\$32), cloth-and-vinyl seats and stripe (\$48). *Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and its optional equipment. Calif. mileage lower.

ELECT THE NEW MISS MURIEL

One of these girls can fulfill your wildest dreams if you help fulfill hers.

Jan Daley

Susan Anton

Margaret Davies

Vote for one of these girls to be the new Miss Muriel and you could win some pretty incredible prizes. Like a new Corvette plus a trip to Europe.

For the past few months you've seen them dancing and singing on Muriel television commercials. Now you can choose your favorite.

To vote, just follow the instructions on the coupon. Or pick up a ballot wherever you buy Muriel® cigars.

If the girl you vote for wins, you'll become eligible to be a winner in the big Miss Muriel Election Sweepstakes.

FIRST PRIZE is a new Corvette plus a week in Europe.

There are also five second prizes — brand new Camaros. And ten third prizes — one week sports vacations for two, to any resort in the Continental U.S.A.

So choose your favorite and vote today. You could end up being the big winner in the new Miss Muriel Election Sweepstakes.

**MURIEL
CORONELLA**



FIVE CIGARS

To pick the girl you'd like to become Miss Muriel send this coupon, or a facsimile, along with either one Muriel cigar band or a plain 3x5-inch piece of paper containing the words "Muriel Election Sweepstakes," to the Post Office Box listed under your candidate's name, below. If your choice wins, you become eligible for all the valuable prizes.

Jan Daley, P.O. Box 148 New York, N.Y. 10046	Susan Anton, P.O. Box 202 New York, N.Y. 10046	Margaret Davies, P.O. Box 363 New York, N.Y. 10046
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Name _____

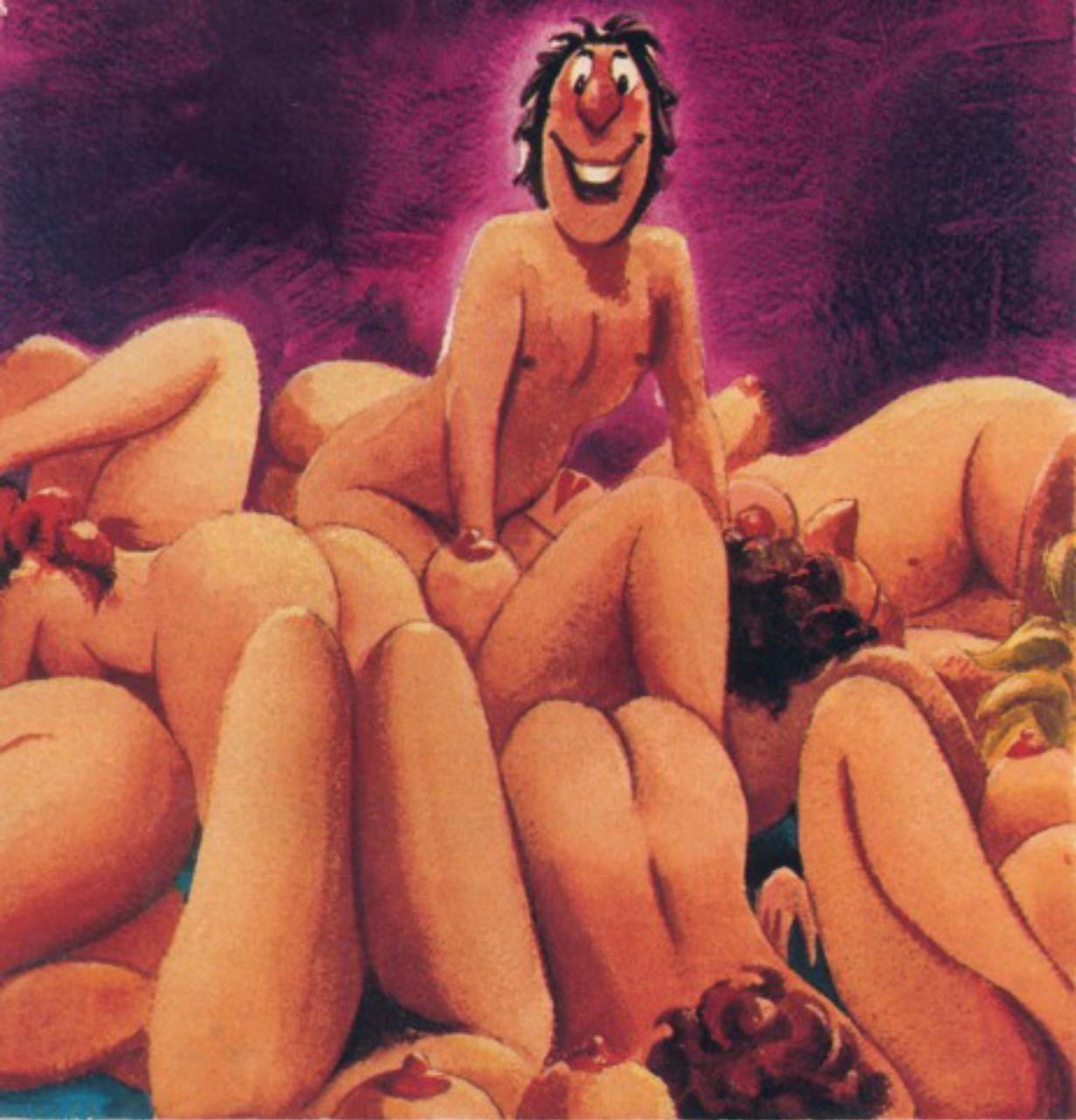
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**Vote for Miss Muriel.
You may win a new Corvette
and a trip to Europe.**

"Muriel" Election Sweepstakes. Official Rules. No purchase required. 1. You've seen them on television. Now pick the girl you'd like to be Miss Muriel. Complete the ballot entry form (or facsimile) and mail it together with either one Muriel cigar band or 3x5 plain piece of paper containing the words, "Muriel Election Sweepstakes," to the Miss Muriel of your choice at her address listed below. If your choice wins, you become eligible for all the valuable prizes. "MURIEL ELECTION SWEEPSTAKES" — Jan Daley — P.O. Box 148, N.Y., N.Y. 10046 or Susan Anton — P.O. Box 202, N.Y., N.Y. 10046 or Margaret Davies — P.O. Box 363, N.Y., N.Y. 10046. 2. Sweepstakes winners will be selected from among all ballot-entry forms and facsimiles received for the winning girl in the "Muriel" election. Random drawings to determine the winners will be held by an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified by mail. Limit one prize per family. 3. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries must be postmarked by October 1, 1976 and received by October 8, 1976. 4. This sweepstakes is open to residents of the U.S.A. except employees of Consolidated Cigar Corporation, its affiliated companies, its advertising, sweepstakes agencies and their families. This offer is subject to all Federal, State and local laws and is VOID in the States of Missouri, Ohio, Wisconsin, Maryland and wherever prohibited and/or restricted by law. No substitution of prizes permitted. Taxes are the responsibility of the prize winner. 5. For a list of winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Muriel Winners' List, P.O. Box 411, New York, N.Y. 10046. (Note: Do not send request with your ballot-entry form.)





Ezdinji

"Was it good for all of you, too?"

A HIGHLY PERSONAL PORTFOLIO BY A WORLD-RENOWNED
PHOTOGRAPHER WITH A TASTE FOR THE BIZARRE

NEWTON'S PHYSIQUES



PEOPLE WHO HAVE had close brushes with death often report that their whole lives pass before them. When that happened to fashion photographer Helmut Newton after suffering a coronary thrombosis, he saw the nude bodies of beautiful women. Upon recovery, he changed his style to focus his lens on the erotic. His work has been called vulgar, exciting, elegant, decadent. A single Newton pictorial in *Vogue* will spark gossip: Whose hand *was* it under that dress? But let the master explain his approach in his own words:

"It is difficult to find new ideas for erotic photography. Most poses are ritual, classic. One hand on the breast. One hand between the legs. The behind in the air. There is nothing surprising, hardly anything to laugh at in such pictures. I try to invent pictures that are different. This photo was shot in the office of the Fashion Editor of *PLAYBOY* in New York. I am fascinated by Venetian blinds. Through slats, the world looks funny. It is night. There are people in the building opposite. Working. Perhaps the watcher is being watched."



"These photographs are part of a series based on a story I read when I was 14: *Fräulein Else*, by Arthur Schnitzler. The heroine was a young girl of 19. In order to save her father from bankruptcy, she agreed to meet a man at a hotel, wearing just a fur coat. Naked underneath."



"The idea of a woman's revealing herself before strangers is an audacious one; the reality is even more disturbing. We photographed the girl on the Champs Elysées, on the Métro and then in a hotel. Witnesses to the event were dazed."





"Offices. Subways. Parks. Hotel rooms. Swimming pools. Gymnasiums. I am always on the lookout for places to take photographs. The erotic is waiting everywhere, if you look for it. These pictures were taken at a health spa in Europe, a place where women go to make themselves beautiful. The techniques they use to make themselves sexy are themselves sexy."



"I like to create erotic climates wherein every object has a sexual connotation. I study what is in front of me. Perhaps I start with a simple dress, then drop one shoulder. In this photograph, the car is a black Citroën DS, the type driven by the managerial class in France. The newspaper on the seat is *Le Monde*, the journal of the intellectual establishment. The man is dressed in a conservative blue pinstripe suit. He is wearing a Cartier wrist watch. The car is parked in the Bois de Boulogne. It is a clandestine meeting; he cannot take the woman home. The risk of discovery makes the sex exciting. Risk is synonymous with sex." For sex and excitement without risk, we recommend *White Women*, a book of Newton's astonishing photographs being published this fall by Stonehill.







*"I said nothing of stamping the grapes, Marie.
I speak of the romance of wine making!"*

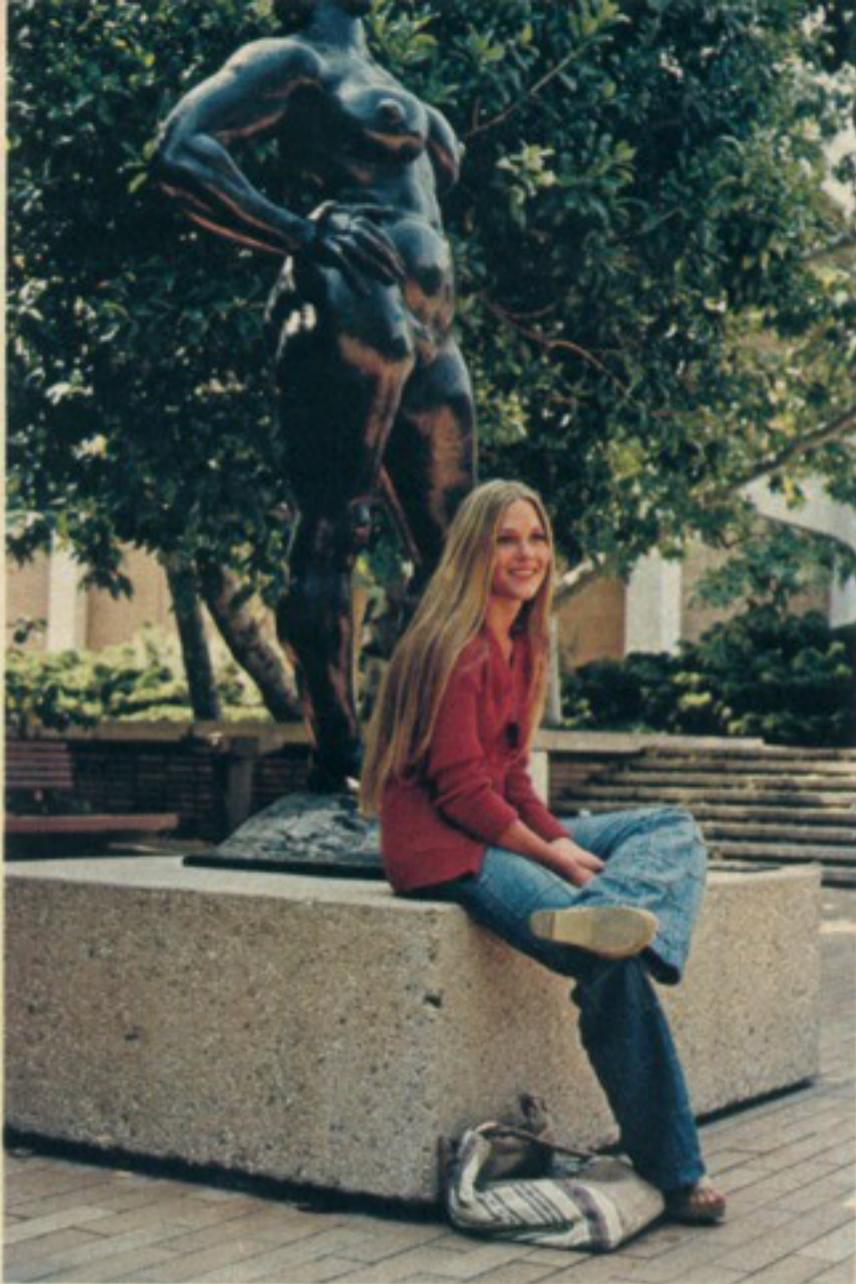


Mike Williams.

"Well, yes, Holmes, I agree it is the perfect disguise, but, after all, that case has been closed for over six weeks now."



"QUITE FRANKLY, I don't really feel like a Playmate at all," says Whitney Kaine. "I mean, I'm not especially concerned with the glamor aspect of it, nor do I think of it as the high point of my career—but it is an interesting detour for me." Whitney's major interest these days is—believe it or not—her schoolwork. She's currently a sophomore at UCLA, majoring in art (with a little anthropology, French, dance and psychology thrown in for good measure), and she takes her education seriously. "If I could, I'd continue going to school for the rest of my life," she says. Nonetheless, her tentative goal is to get a master-of-



fine-arts degree at UCLA and then, perhaps, either teach art in an experimental school or free-lance, although the idea of working as an art therapist intrigues her. In the meantime, when she's not playing tennis (years ago, she was on a tournament circuit) or

Although her course schedule at UCLA is a hectic one, Whitney does occasionally get a chance to catch her breath between classes. She frequently uses those free moments to observe and sketch.

OVERWHELMING UNDERGRAD

an uninhibited portrait of university art student whitney kaine



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON AND GRANT EDWARDS



"I think society is screwed up, the system is screwed up. We're too concerned with achieving. We're not really physical beings anymore. Just human robots."



"I'd describe myself as warm, sensitive and totally uninhibited, sexually speaking," Whitney claims. "I'm willing to try anything. Sex on the beach, at night, really turns me on."





"I consider myself a rebel," says Whitney. "I hate social scenes, fraternities and sororities, ignorance, dishonesty, phoniness and the so-called inherent wisdom of my elders."



practicing the piano (mostly Bach and Mozart), she sketches tirelessly, attempting to create her own style. Her only definite plan for the future is to take a senior year of study in Paris, to be largely funded by her modeling money. Aside from its financial advantages, her Playmate modeling experience has been "refreshing," Whitney says. "Working with the photographers was fascinating to me, because, as an artist, I was really able to appreciate the creative elements of their craft," she says. "In a way, posing for PLAYBOY has given me the chance to express myself in a new medium." And if the medium is, indeed, the message, then we're reading Miss September loud and clear.

"If I'm physically attracted to a man, I won't automatically have sex with him," she says. "I have to talk to him first. If I find I can't relate to him, I'm turned off."



"I don't particularly like the sexual-freedom-movement dictum: doing it whenever, wherever and with whomever you like. Sex is not a game or an ego thing for me. It's a powerful form of expression that should be taken seriously."



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The model interrupted the painter to exclaim, "You're really quite an artist!"

"Tell me what impresses you most," responded the man with obvious satisfaction.

"I like the swift, bold, self-assured strokes with which you work!" cooed the girl.

"If you think this is good," exulted the painter, "just wait until I start your portrait!"

We refuse to believe that a new line of bull sperm for use in animal husbandry will be called Elmer's Goo.



Two members of the face-lift set ran into each other and one gushed, "Darling, it's been ages . . . and you look fabulous! You're so slim and trim! Tell me, what's your secret?"

"I exercise, dear, to the point of treating my body as I treat my house," replied the other woman.

"I don't quite understand the comparison."

"It's this way: I have a cleaning-service man who comes in three times a week."

*As a survey has recently shown,
When a husband is tactlessly prone
To demand wifely thrills,
In the contest of wills
He may finish just holding his own.*

Maybe you've heard about the couple on the stalled elevator who got off between floors.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *I.U.D.* as a womberang.

"Miss Armbruster," said young Eddie during class, "what does it mean when it says 'Robin Hood tore his leather'?"

"'Tore his leather'? I don't quite understand the question," said Miss Armbruster.

"Let me read you the whole passage," continued Eddie. "What it says here is this: 'Robin Hood tore his leather jerkin off.'"

An oilman had filed for divorce from his adulterous wife. "On what grounds?" asked the judge.

"Breach of contract," replied the complainant.

"Come, now," said the judge, "you don't own your wife as if she were a piece of property."

"Maybe not," said the man, "but I damn sure have exclusive drilling rights!"

Sex is one of the few businesses in which a man doesn't mind starting at the top and working his way down.

The egotistical young swinger was the bane of his family, because all he ever did was date girl after girl, claiming that none of them proved attractive enough to excite his matrimonial interest. One day, his grandmother took him aside and said, "You'll never get to marry, Tom, if you keep on being so vain and so fussy. Surface appearances are sometimes deceiving. You should try to see the beauty inside every girl you meet and take out."

"I do better than that, Grandma," said Tom with a smile. "I try to *put* the beauty inside every girl I meet and take out!"

*Gripes a live-sex-show star, "It's perverse
To the point where I mutter and curse!
Does the public expect
I can always erect
When my co-star insists we rehearse?"*

"What's the matter?" inquired the bartender of an obviously troubled customer.

"It's a terrible thing," grumbled the forlorn drinker in reply, "for a man to be arrested for indecent exposure and then released for insufficient evidence."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *42D bra cups* as tanks for the mammaries.

When the side-show human pretzel learned to his dismay that his bride was sexually distant, he turned to oral self-abuse. One night, though, he shed his reserve and bluntly asked his wife for a blow job. "Why don't you do it yourself?" she sneered.

"I'm sorry, dear," the contortionist replied, "but tonight I have a headache."

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.



"Alice, you're corrupting the morals of a juvenile delinquent!"

COULD IT JUST BE that Washington, our drab, monumental political capital, is the true unsung girl capital of America? Even more than L.A., the Big Apple or swinging Atlanta?

David Chan, our peripatetic PLAYBOY Staff Photographer who has photographed the girls of Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles and New York, was amazed: Last winter, he received calls at his hotel from more than 900 ladies of greater Washington who wanted to pose for our pictorial. "I've never seen anything like it," says Chan. "I've photographed the girls of many cities, but I've never had such a variety of really beautiful girls who wanted to be in the magazine. In other cities, the women might be actresses or (text continued on page 175)

THE GIRLS OF WASHINGTON

monuments, memorials, capitol and white house—if you think those are the visual delights of d.c., you're either blind or crazy

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN



Opening things up with typically Washingtonian flair is Smokey Gray, an effervescent Virginian who's in TV and radio commercials.



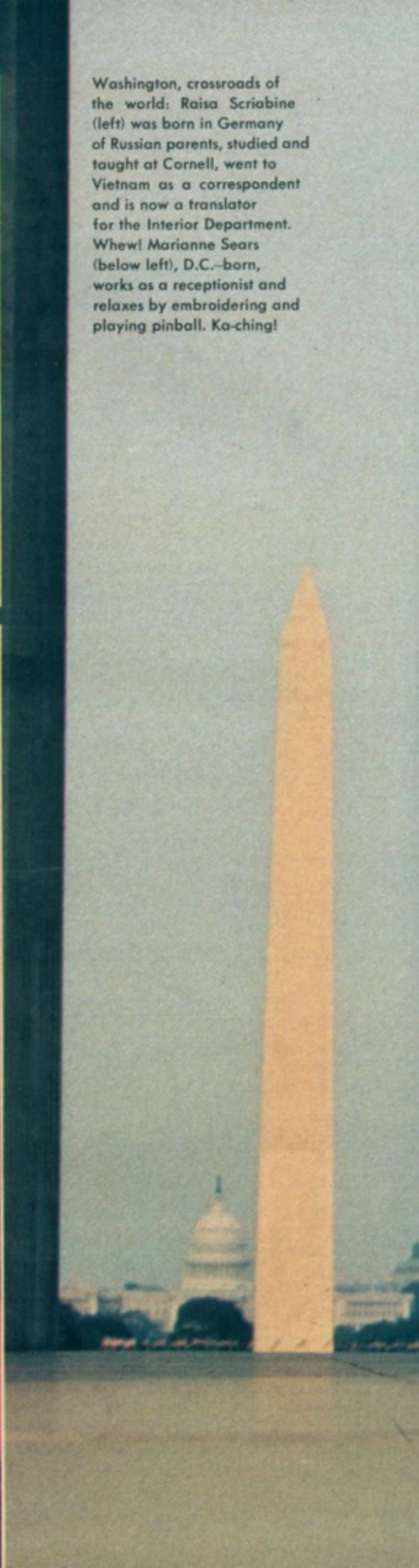
Mavis Jane Cusick (inset) was born in Germany and schooled in Italy, Turkey and Brazil, graduating from high school in Virginia. She's multilingual, as you might expect.



Here are three local products who have found their own niches in the professional and social mosaic that is Washington. Candace Kruse (top) is a barmaid with the expertise to handle obnoxious customers. Karen Mae Fields (above), who's the daughter of an international financial consultant, is a hostess in a restaurant; she likes strange plants almost as much as she dislikes plastic people. She told us that she's looking for a guy "with a nice rear end and a crazy personality." Our bather, Adele dePolo, works in a French café and relaxes by growing vegetables in her yard. She loves D.C. and it obviously agrees with her.



Washington, crossroads of the world: Raisa Scriabine (left) was born in Germany of Russian parents, studied and taught at Cornell, went to Vietnam as a correspondent and is now a translator for the Interior Department. Whew! Marianne Sears (below left), D.C.-born, works as a receptionist and relaxes by embroidering and playing pinball. Ka-ching!





Danna Lee Hill (top left) is a Hollywood native (go East, young lady) who works as a marketing rep and writes poetry, too. An independent sort who likes her men the same way, she gets off on doing offbeat things. Washington-born Robin Sue Hayes (above left) supports her six-year-old daughter by tending bar (she doesn't let that stop her from having a good time). As for Kathleen Hobbs, shown adding a warm touch to the cold stone of the Lincoln Memorial: The daughter of a retired IRS official, she studied theater in college but wound up directing a marketing corporation. As you see, she has no reverence for politics.

Ethiopia was the birthplace of exotic Tiffany Wilson (below), an actress and model who likes meeting interesting people at Washington's fabled embassy parties but adds that "Almost anything and everything I do, I find interesting." We believe it.





Debbie Shanko (top left), who works as a cocktail waitress and salesgirl, likes to broadcast a positive attitude (and why not?). Rhonda Koch (top right), who's half Japanese, is a hard-working dental hygienist (if you don't know how important teeth are to Washington, you haven't been following politics this year). Valerie Jean Ashley (above), an 18-year-old Maryland product, is a sometime student and part-time model who likes to travel and hopes she never gets stuck in an office job. The odds are against it, Val.



Carolyn Grubbs (left), who's looking for a job as a flight attendant, likes to flout convention—and to attract men. That she clearly does.



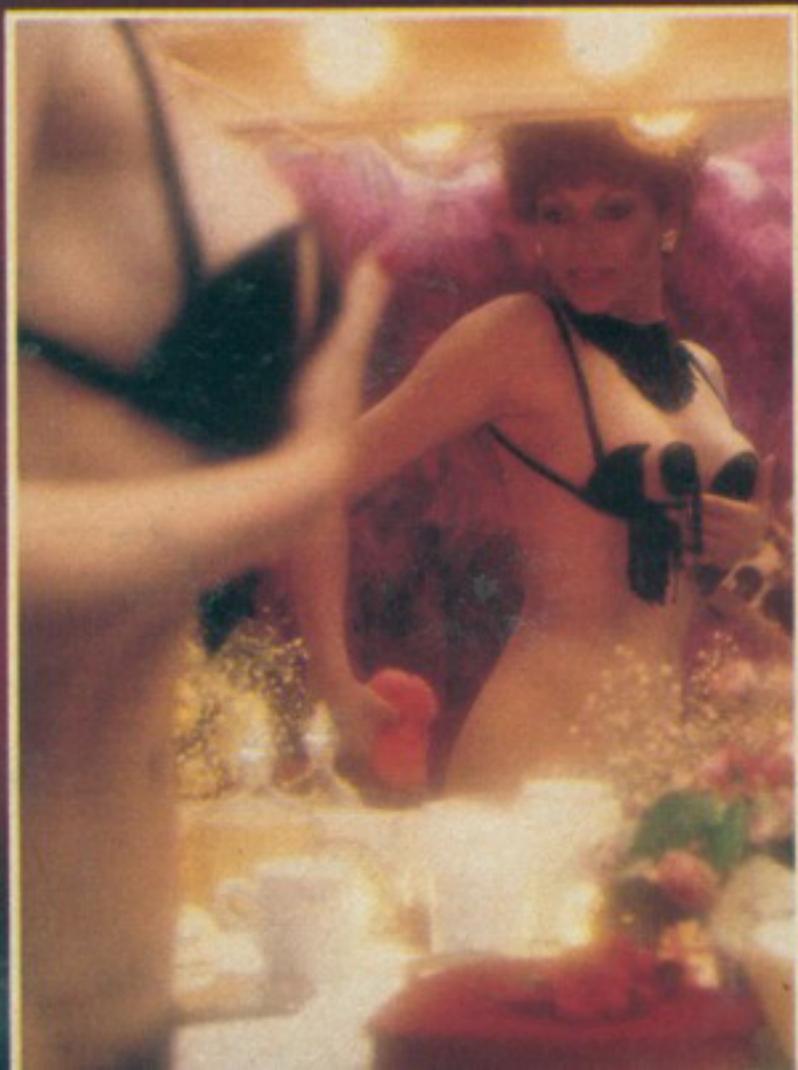


Another émigrée in Washington is Trina Dow (above), who was born in England 22 years ago; she manages a boutique and goes riding or skiing to get away from it. Cynthia Thrower, shown at the Jefferson Memorial (below), has lived in Europe but was born in Milwaukee; she's a high-spirited actress/model who studied math at the University of Virginia (that adds up to a winning combination).



AND NOW... D.C.'S DYNAMIC DUO!

Fill a town with wily women and powerful men and it's a good bet that the two will get together. Representative Wayne Hays, long one of the most influential—and crustiest—members of the House, also has been among the most openly hedonistic. In Marshall Frady's August 1973 *PLAYBOY* article *Chairman Skinflint*, Hays claims his greatest ambition is "to be 91 years old and shot at by a jealous husband." His admission, last May, that he'd been making it with Elizabeth Ray, after first trying to deny it—and her charge that she was on his payroll to give him sex—rocked the House like nothing else had since October 1974. That was when Annabella Battistella, the Argentine bombshell known as Fanne Foxe, jumped from the car of a soused and bleeding Representative Wilbur Mills into the Washington Tidal Basin. The tides washed Fanne into celebrityhood—and Mills into a public storm that has left him a chastened, sobered-up shadow of his former self. The score stands: Women of Washington, two; House of Representatives, nothing.



Fanne Foxe didn't get Wilbur Mills. But she has capitalized on the affair, with movies, a club act and a book (the PR hype: "She had the ways, he had the means . . . and together they made the front pages").



Elizabeth Ray, who got her destiny (among other things) all tangled up with Wayne Hays's, had already posed for us (she said she was "staff director for a U. S. Congressman")—and begun her Dell book, *The Washington Fringe Benefit*—before she made her story public. A native of North Carolina, a former stewardess, a former beauty queen and a sometime actress, Ray has visited Hollywood, in search of a film career (she was giving Hays an Academy Award performance every week, she says). Chances are a return ticket to California is now in her future. Hays would probably recommend her for the female lead in any new cinema version of the story of Samson.





*"Could we do it once in the missionary position—
just for old times' sake?"*



SEX AND THE POLITICIAN

bedfellows — strange, capital and otherwise

humor By

Interlandi



"Darling, I thought you were going to filibuster today."



"I think it's marvelous the way you can relax right in the middle of a crisis."



*"Quorum call! I'll finish up
in here for you, Congressman!"*



*"Well, you folks certainly know
how to handle a guest speaker!"*



"Ah . . . er . . . you must be the incumbent, right?"



*"She's the hardest-working lobbyist
in the business."*

POLLING
PLACE



"Don't tell me she's not electioneering!"



"Thanks for the vote of confidence, dear, but I'll just have a martini and call it a day."



*"It's not what you think, dear—
she's a bribe!"*



"Now, if we can keep this from the FBI and the CIA, we've got a good thing going."



"Untying her wrists from the bedposts, he rolled her over and tore away what remained of her panties. Once again, he thrust his swollen member into her now-eager flesh. 'Don't stop,' she moaned. 'Please, don't stop!'"



"Ouch! ... Don't do that. ... Not now ... the children'll hear. ... My back hurts. ... No, I can't! ..."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

You think you've seen everything in horse-race games? Well, guess again. They're At the Post (available from Gerry King Associates, 1499 Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago, Illinois 60654, for \$26.50, postpaid) comes with eight races on four LPs—plus play money, betting slips and racing programs. But here's the rub: The records can be replayed and the finish of each event will be different. You've got to hear it to believe it—the trick being in the way the platters are grooved. And with over 190 different finishes, there's no way railbirds can cheat.



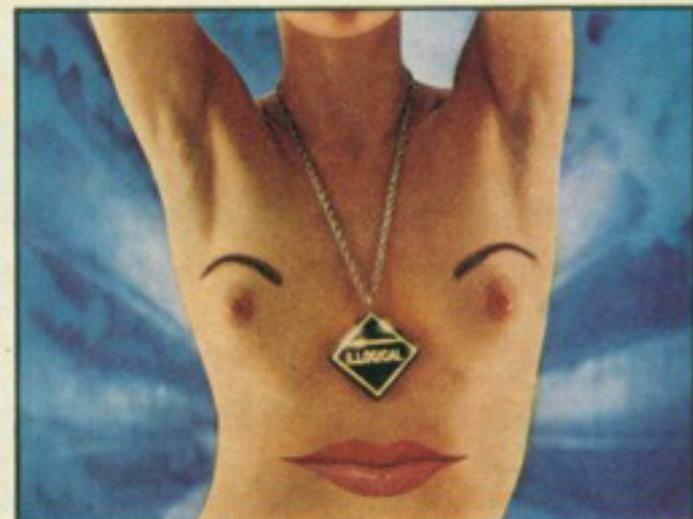
STASH HITS!

No, songs about drugs and sex didn't come in with L.B.J. The Thirties and Forties were alive with the merely risqué and the blatantly direct, from such ditties as *Reefer Man* and *Dope Head Blues* to *You Stole My Cherry*. Now Stash Records (245 E. 25th Street, New York, New York 10010) has collected some of those jazz classics and for six dollars each you can add five LPs—*Reefer Songs*, *Copulatin' Blues*, *Tea Pad Songs, Volumes 1 and 2*, and the latest, *Pot, Spoon, Pipe and Jug*—to your hip collection. Most are vintage Harlem with Leadbelly, Slim and Slam and Cab Calloway—all kickin' the gong around.



MEDIASCENE IS THE MESSAGE

If you're into *The Shadow*, Marvel Comics, pulps, pin-ups, adventure flicks, crime, sci-fi, fantasy or God knows what, subscribe to a bimonthly publication called *Mediascene* (\$7.50 to Supergraphics, Box 445, Wyomissing, Pennsylvania 19610). The publisher, editor and chief illustrator is a triple threat named Jim Steranko, who describes his labor of love as "the magazine of popular entertainment." How can you go wrong?

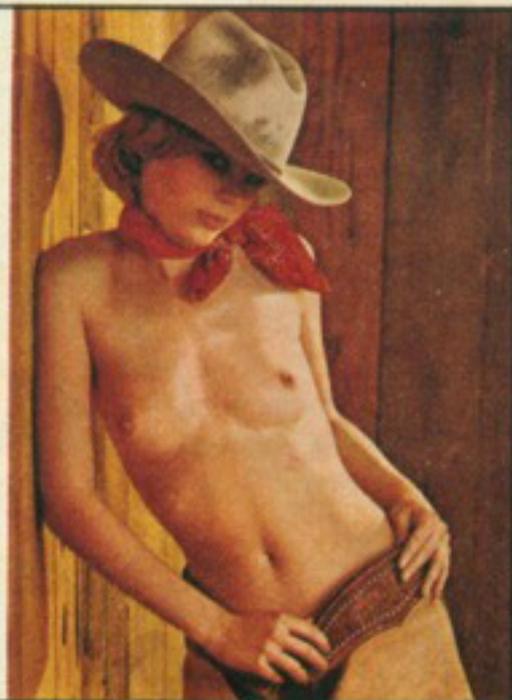


BE A FLASHER

So you wanna see your name in lights? Your phone number? Flash your boss a message—like GET FUCKED, CLOWN? Two boys from Brooklyn, Gerald Rich and John Gergely, will sell you a blinking-light pendant (powered by AAA batteries, not included) with any message you choose, up to 20 letters, engraved on transparent acrylic. The gadget comes on a silver-plated chain and costs \$15, from R-G Products Co., 163 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11225. Blink!

SWEAT SHOP

Any old dude can wear a work shirt without working and painter's pants without knowing which end of the brush to hold, but it takes somebody with real *élan* to sport a pre-sweated stained cowboy hat. Ace Reid (he's the famous Cowpoke cartoonist of Kerrville, Texas) sells perspiration-laced models for a mere \$26.50, postpaid, sent to him at Box 868. Ace claims they're just the thing to wear with \$40 pre-faded jeans and a pair of beat-up Tony Lamas. Lotsa luck at the Dew Drop Inn.



SURE AS SHOOTIN'

It resembles something designed for the K.G.B., but what's pictured here is The Annihilator, a Freon-powered BB submachine gun that's guaranteed to turn the most uptight adult into a vintage Jimmy Cagney with one burst from its wicked-looking muzzle. Available from Larc International, P. O. Box 340007, Coral Gables, Florida 33134, for \$31, postpaid (plus a signed note stating you're over 18), it's a great way to cut uppity beer cans down to size.



PARADISE LOST

Night, and you and blue Hawaii. . . Black and blue, that is; for over at the Outrigger East Hotel (2381 Kuhio Avenue in Honolulu), you'll find the Coward Collection, possibly the world's finest assemblage of torture instruments. The owner of this grisly show is Arne Coward, a Norwegian gentleman who has devoted his life to *objets* truly bizarre. Here a 13-foot torture rack, there a shrunken head; everywhere you look, the weird, the ghoulish, the bizarre—and all for a mere two-dollar admission fee. Children under 12—\$1.50.

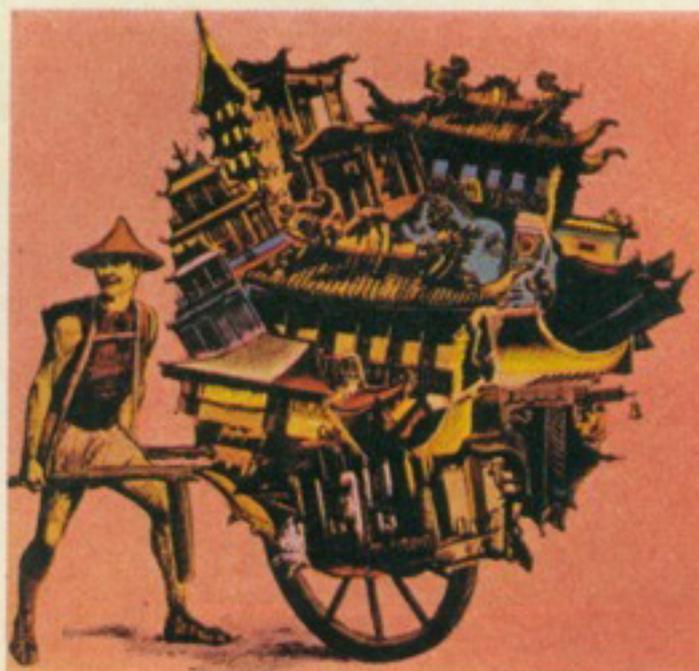
GREAT SHAKES

Nervous nomads in search of the perfect place to live may wish to avail themselves of a curious Government service that few know about: For \$15, the National Geophysical and Solar-Terrestrial Data Center in Boulder, Colorado, will provide a computer print-out that lists the earthquake activity since 1638 in any U. S. geographical region. Info includes the date and time of each quake, plus more. California, here we don't come.



CHOP TALK

One Ming Dynasty dining room to go, please. Really, folks—no kidding. You can now order a prefabricated Chinese restaurant. Chao Kwan Designs—1406 Guardian House, 32 Oi Kwan Road, Happy Valley, Hong Kong—will build you such an establishment, on any of several "themes," for about \$70 per square foot. They'll stock it with everything from uniforms to fortune cookies, then hand you the key. But will you be hungry for another eatery 20 minutes later?





"Would you like to know what her hobbies really are?"



"There are some things you can't learn from books, Miss Bigelow."

HABITAT

ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY

As children, we all had our sandboxes to romp around in; and even as adults, we still have that same desire to cuddle up, goof off or let loose in our own special little corner of the world. Pictured below is what surely must be the ultimate in grown-up playpens; the Kroehler Company calls it Intimates and it couldn't have picked a more appropriate name. Intimates consists of nine supercomfortable padded units (corner, armless and ottoman) that can be mixed and matched to fit any wall space; they can be used as a divider between rooms or for

individual or tête-à-tête seating. Our preference is to box the units into one big, cushy pit and then invite, oh, say, half a dozen close friends and neighbors over to climb aboard the tufted acrylic velvet. (Intimates, incidentally, can really take a beating; the fabric is guaranteed for two years and tailoring details include baseball stitching on back pillows.) The size of the assembled crawl space is about eight feet square and the cost is around \$2000. Cheap, when you consider that Intimates isn't really just a piece of furniture—it's more like a whole new way of life.



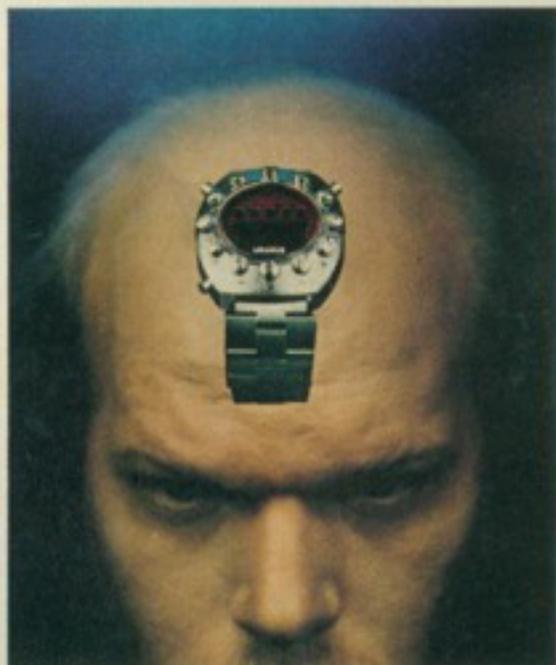
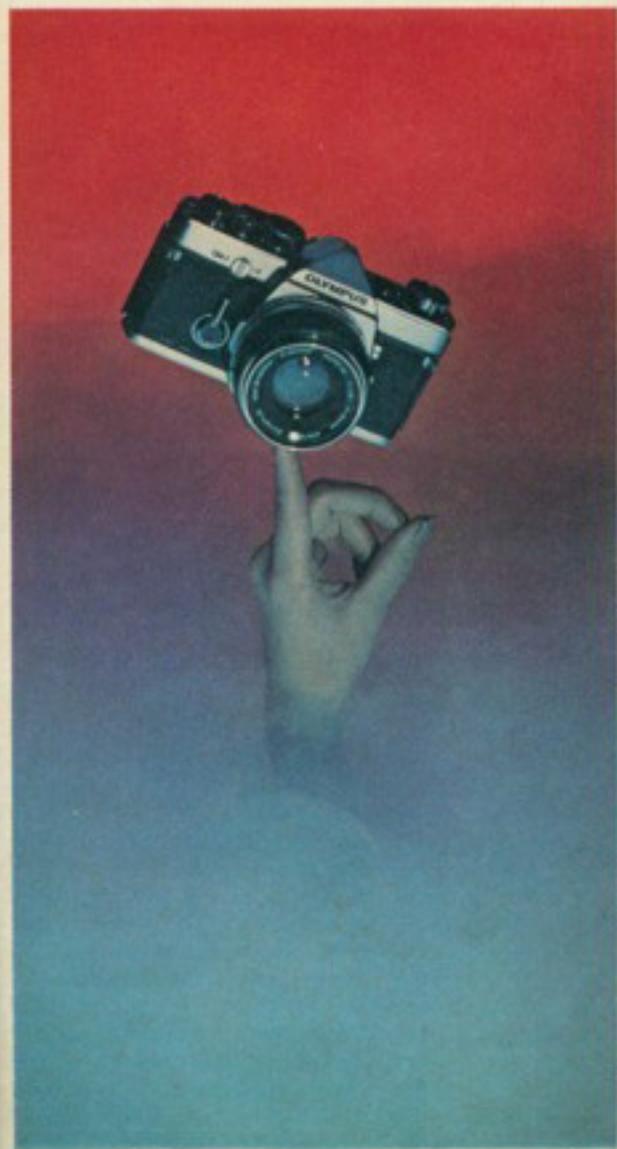
Night and Day

Right: This battery-powered infrared viewer called Find-R-Scope probes the dark to reveal—well, you tell us; it can be hand held or mounted on a tripod if you're a little nervous, by FJW Industries, \$345.



Snap Decision

Below: The Olympus OM-2, from Olympus Optical, is said to be the smallest, lightest automatic-electronic-shutter 35mm SLR camera in the world; the chrome-bodied model, \$499.95, features a choice of either fully automatic or manual exposure control, weighs just 24.3 ounces and measures about 5" x 3" x 3". The 50mm, f/1.8 Zuiko Auto-S lens shown with the OM-2 costs \$100.



Solar Power!

Left: Uranus Electronics' Solar-Cell Calculator wrist watch is powered by the sun and incandescent light; digital read-out includes hours, minutes, seconds, month and date—and it also houses a minicomputer-calculator that's equal to sophisticated desk models in scope of function—all for just \$800.

French Cutup

Below: As you probably know, the Cuisinart food processor is that revolutionary French kitchen helper that grates, blends, slices, chops and shreds—all in jiffy-quick time. Now comes a new model that features a superquiet motor and a handsome cast-aluminum base, by Cuisinart, \$225. Vive la France!

Off the Record

Below: The sound of music has never been clearer than after your LPs, 45s or even 78s have been bathed in a Spin & Clean record washer that removes grease, dirt and static, by Fidelitone, \$19.95.



Babylon Revisited

Sources close to Oscar winner François Reichenbach report that the French film maker's soon-to-be-released documentary, an unstaged, no-holes-barred, X-rated view of American sexual mores, will concentrate heavily on the kinkier side of our national sex life. Reichenbach's ubiquitous cameras have thus far probed gay bars in Manhattan, porno-film sets in L.A. (notably, an Alan Colberg production starring John Holmes) and the daily curriculum of a Los Angeles striptease school. Tentatively titled "Life Around the Clock," the project is already being touted by Hollywood insiders as the sexiest documentary of all time. And we thought Gay Talese had the best racket.



JOEL SUSSMAN



Arnold Talks!

Stripped, he looks like The Hulk but with perfect symmetry. Arnold Schwarzenegger's muscles have made him number one in the masochistic sport of body building. He is tops among the maniacs who destroy muscles to make them bigger; he's also one of the first bodybuilders to come out of his mirror-filled closet. Arnold can really talk. In fact, it looks as if Mr. Protein has a future in movies. He has an acting role in "Stay Hungry"—word is, he's damned good—and will be featured in "Pumping Iron," a film conceived by George Butler, who took the photos for the book of the same name. But, movies or no movies, Arnold will never be lost in the crowd. He just has to take off his shirt to make an impression.

GEORGE BUTLER

In Search of Nielsen Ratings and Other Ancient Mysteries

Hey, trekkies! Remember that TV special that beamed your way a few seasons back? "In Search of Ancient Astronauts" drew a 34 share of the Nielsen ratings and a record number of calls and letters to Earth station NBC. So now you can expect a weekly half-hour series this fall, called "In Search of...." The producers have recruited our favorite astronaut, Leonard Nimoy, late of the starship Enterprise, to help them solve the riddles of antiquity. Nimoy should have no trouble puzzling them out, having just finished the lead onstage in "Sherlock Holmes." Spock would undoubtedly approve. After all, it's only logical.

FRANCOIS REICHENBACH

You Can Take It with You, If You're a Vampire

When we first saw the title, we weren't sure whether "Interview with the Vampire" was a Watergate book or one of the "True Confessions of the Occult" pulp thrillers that are so popular. It is neither. Anne Rice's first novel is a delightful history of a Southern gentleman who happens to be a vampire. So far, the book has netted close to \$1,000,000 in paperback and movie rights. After the IRS takes its drink of blood, the author is going to indulge a lifelong fantasy: to see the world—by daylight.



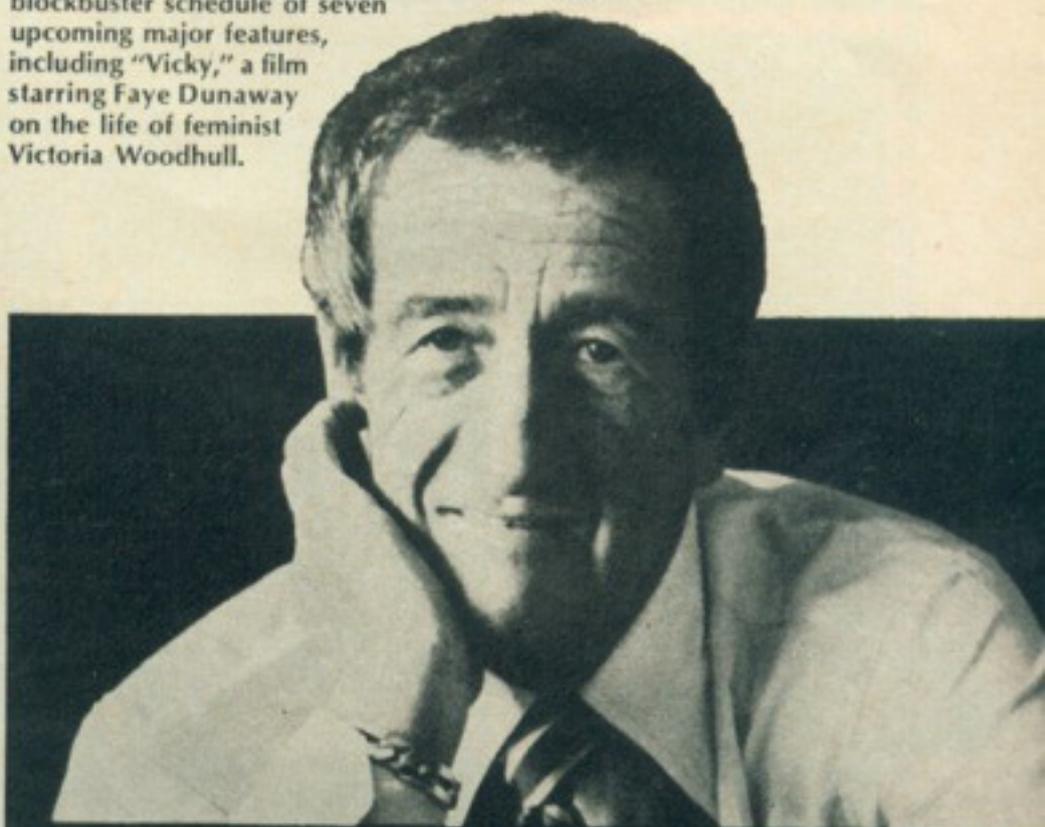
NIKOLA DRAKULICH



JEFF COHEN

The Sweet Smell of Success

Has success gone to George Barrie's head? We doubt it. Barrie, the sales genius who turned a small cosmetics firm into multimillion-dollar Fabergé, has been off and running with his five-year-old brain child, Brut Productions, which exploded on the scene three years ago with the award-winning "A Touch of Class." Brut has just announced a blockbuster schedule of seven upcoming major features, including "Vicky," a film starring Faye Dunaway on the life of feminist Victoria Woodhull.



Best Booter

A man's name, said Faulkner, will generally tell you what he's about, if you can read it right—and George Best is proof of that. He was Europe's number-one soccer player—and bon vivant—during a stormy 11-year career with the Manchester United club. He retired two years ago, but Elton John—part owner of the Aztecs, L.A.'s entry in the North American Soccer League—persuaded him to go to Southern California and launch a new career. The question now: Is Los Angeles ready for the Best?

SCORPION BITTEN

Secret roads. I guess everybody who's really cuckoo about fast cars and driving has a stretch of highway where he can couple his fantasies to the available horsepower and haul ass in direct violation of the laws of decency and good sense.

My own secret road runs through a wooded state park, skimming the edge of a deep river gorge. The road contains a fine variety of corners, ranging from tight, downhill switchbacks to open, flat-out kinks through the forest. Swooping through the blurred tunnel of pines and other softwoods, blitzing through the wisps of ground fog, generates lunatic transformations in me. When you're behind the wheel of the right vehicle, the run becomes a tactile feast—which is what skilled, serious, fast driving is all about.

I recall a recent run on a dim, misty morning with mean gray clouds clinging to the treetops. My secret road was glazed with a thin coating of moisture and smudged wads of fog billowed out of the ravines that slashed into the main gorge. The car was a Lancia Scorpion, a stubby G.T. coupe newly arrived from Italy, the nirvana of fantasy drivers. There is a quality about Italian cars, be they mite-sized Fiats or fierce Ferraris, that creates a special appeal for people who love to drive. Whereas American cars are designed primarily for passenger comfort, Italian automobiles make the driver *numero uno*, placing emphasis on his ability to operate the controls with maximum efficiency. This endows cars of this nationality with great driving enjoyment, regardless of their power or speed. My Lancia was not a fire breather. The double-overhead-cam, four-cylinder, 1756-c.c. engine—mounted transversely amidships—is a modified Fiat 131 mill. Its effluviants purified by a catalytic

muffler, it generates a modest 81 hp. (The European version, sold as the Monte Carlo, carries a 115-hp, two-liter engine unencumbered by U. S. emission controls.) But operating through a five-speed transmission, it will propel the 2370-pound, steel-bodied coupe a tad past 100 mph—which is more than enough performance when coupled to a supple independent suspension and powerful, four-wheel disk brakes.

The car stuck to the glistening pavement better than most conventional sedans cling to dry macadam. The small steering wheel, perfectly positioned for classic, arms-out driving, required only gentle corrections to keep the Scorpion on course.

The car was equipped with 165x13 steel-belted radial tires, which are a mite on the narrow side for a high-performance sporting vehicle. Wisely, Lancia had announced that the 3000 models planned for export to the American market would carry wider-profile 185x13 radials. Not only will this improve cornering but the cosmetics of the car will be enhanced. And, after all, if one is going to pay up to \$11,000 for a car of this type, one expects it to look at least as fast as it is.

The Scorpion is a compact machine, really (90.5-inch wheelbase, 156-inch over-all length), with all the right stuff—overhead cams, disk brakes, five speeds, mid-engine, etc.—boxed into a contemporary, slippery body and capable of transporting two human beings down the road, secret or otherwise, in smooth, quiet, leather-bound comfort.

I wailed along through the morning, toying with the silky gearbox for the boyish pleasure of hearing the engine—operating mere inches behind my back—sing its 5900-rpm song. It was a simple moment of hedonism—in harmony with a good automobile on a good stretch of highway. May you find the same pleasure on your secret road. —BROCK YATES

The Scorpion's body, turned out by the Pininfarina Coach Works, is an eye-catcher, conveying solidity and grace. The roof can be stowed in the roll bar.



NEXT MONTH:



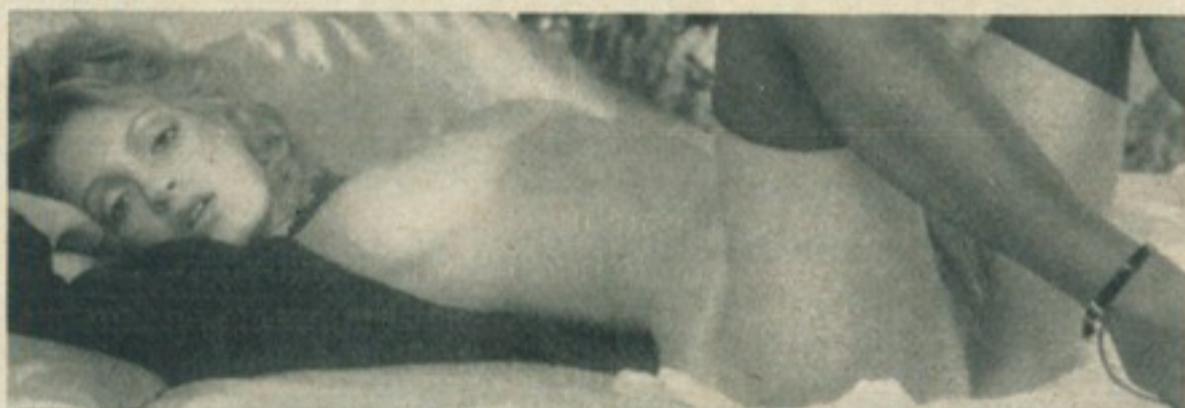
BRIC-A-BRAC MAN



FAST STARTER



CAMPUS MOOD



'76 BUNNIES

"BLUE SKIES, NO CANDY"—A STEAMY HUNK OF THE EAGERLY AWAITED EROTIC NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *SEX AND THE COLLEGE GIRL*, **GAEL GREENE**

"MEMPHIS BLUES"—THE VIGILANTES BUSHWHACKED HARRY REEMS AND BLEW AWAY THE FIRST AMENDMENT. A CHILLING REPORT OF THE GREAT COURTROOM SMUT VENDETTA YOUR TAXES HAVE FINANCED—BY **RICHARD RHODES**

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"ROOTS"—IN HIS SEARCH FOR HIS PAST, A DISTINGUISHED BLACK AUTHOR UNEARTHS THE RAPE OF A SLAVE ANCESTOR BY HER WHITE MASTER. PART OF THE COMING BLOCKBUSTER BY LONGTIME PLAYBOY CONTRIBUTOR **ALEX HALEY**

"THE MOOD ON CAMPUS"—WHAT'S NEW AT THE U, INCLUDING THE LONG-AWAITED RETURN OF PLAYBOY'S ACTION CHART, RATING THE 25 BEST (AND WORST) SCHOOLS FOR SCORING

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"FAST STARTER"—TIPPI HEDREN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER MELANIE GRIFFITH HAS CRAMMED A LOT OF LIFE INTO HER 19 YEARS. A PHOTOGRAPHIC APPRECIATION

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