

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1977 • \$2.00

PLAYBOY

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**DAN GREENBURG • ISAAC
BASHEVIS SINGER • ART
BUCHWALD • JIMMY
BRESLIN • EVAN HUNTER
PAUL KRASSNER**

**ERICA JONG'S
SEXY FOLLOW-UP TO
"FEAR OF FLYING"**

**MR. DEATH: THE CIA'S
LETHAL-WEAPONS MAN
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS:
"THE MOTEL TAPES"**

**12-STAR PRODUCTION:
OUR PLAYMATE REVIEW**





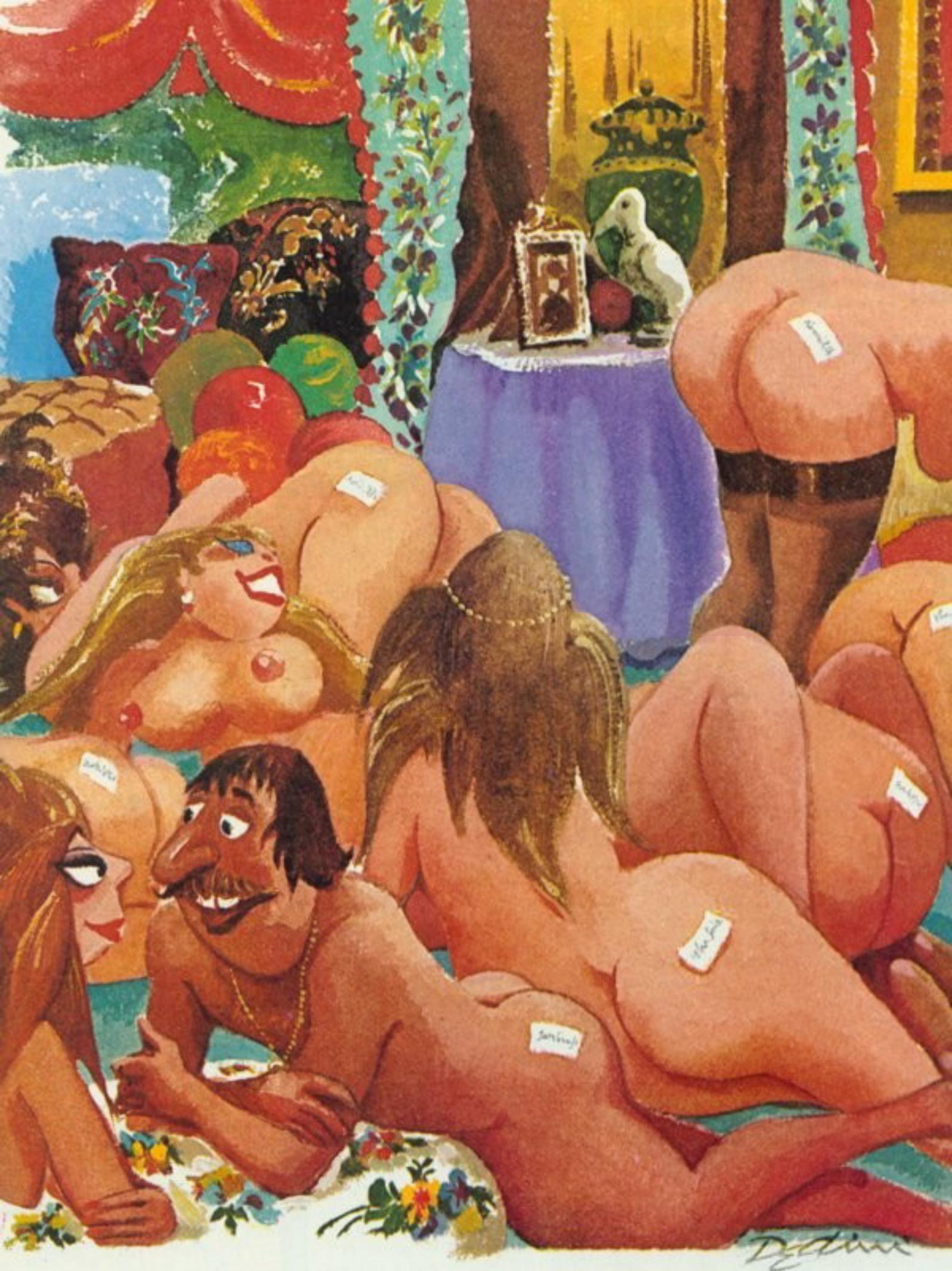
YOU GOT IT.

1977
Celica GT
Liftback

1977
Celica GT

THE
TOYOTA
CELICAS





"Whose idea was the name tags?"

NATURAL

LEIGH

if barbara leigh
werent so wary of
the superhype.
we'd say she
was fabulous.
instead. we'll just
ask you to
see for yourself

YOU'VE SEEN HER in those Winston ads, svelte in tube top and sailor jeans, her long hair streaming in the (studio) wind. You may also have seen her trotting on horseback in the British Sterling TV spots, a bottle of the touted cologne on a silver tray precariously balanced in one hand. Or in any one of two dozen other television commercials Barbara Leigh has done.

Barbara is back. Three and a half years ago (PLAYBOY, May 1973), clad for the most part in only a Navaho concho belt, long-legged Barbara was "Indian," the girl in our pictorial about her Cherokee origins. This month we find her in the
(text concluded on page 203)



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON



"I hate the macho trip. Authentic masculinity is something that doesn't have to be proved. I prefer an understated man who doesn't brag or go around wearing skintight shirts. I adore men, but I really like having one guy. I used to be looking for some kind of salvation in a man. Now I just want to give. When I find the one who can be my best friend, that man will be my lover."





"After I got to Hollywood, I learned the importance of self-esteem. There is a lot of insecurity and role playing here. I did a lot of foolish things. I was always looking for the right man. When I learned to love and respect myself, people had a lot more respect for me. Now I take responsibility for myself and try to develop my career. The competition is really tough—there's a turnover of beautiful girls every three years. But I've made as much as \$12,000 for two days' television modeling."





"I like California for the freedom. Growing up in a Southern home for girls, I didn't have all the attention or the restrictions that most girls get. That made me a very independent person. I learned to think for myself."



"Mysticism fascinates me. I've always loved horror films. When I was 12, I saw 'Horror of Dracula.' I was hooked! I've seen every vampire film since then. They're very sexy—I've had all kinds of fantasies about them. It's just the opposite of my Baptist upbringing."



NATURAL LEIGH

(continued from page 85)

more urban setting of Hollywood, where she has become a successful model and budding actress. She has landed the title role in Hammer Films' *Vampirella*, a movie about a girl whose spaceship drops her to Earth in the form of a bat (all bats should transmogrify into Barbara Leighs). While she was waiting out the final casting, she kept busy writing her own screenplay called *Dracula*, a variation of the Transylvania legend.

"I've always been fascinated with vampires," says Barbara, who saw her first *Dracula* movie when she was 12. "I used to sleep with a cross around my neck or a Bible on my bed. But there was something very sexy about *Dracula*—the way he hypnotized his women."

For Barbara, posing nude is a creative art. "The naked body is like beautiful sculpture," she says. "You look at the great art of the past, the old churches and temples, they depicted nude women."

Nude sculpting obviously comes easily to Miss Leigh, an advanced hatha-yoga student: "I'm double-jointed. I can do anything with my body." Indeed. She recently posed in 45 yoga positions for a brochure on the subject.

It is not by tooling around Beverly Hills (she lives in next-door Westwood) in her Mercedes 250 that Barbara maintains her figure. Instead, she bikes 11 to 15 miles a day, plying the route from Santa Monica to Marina del Rey and back so swiftly that "most guys who try to talk to me give up after a while because they have to pedal so hard." Bike freak Barbara admits that "I'm obsessed with riding. Nothing feels better than the wind in my face and all my muscles pulling." Hmmm, yes.

After several years on the Hollywood-starlet scene, Barbara has settled down to serious work on her career. "If people think you're just a jet setter, they don't take your work seriously," she says. She rejects the fake chic of some aspects of life in Southern California.

"I don't admire the phony kind of image-playing pseudo masculinity that seems to abound in Hollywood. Most men out here fear women and try to neutralize them by sexually dominating them—or try to turn them into their mothers. Sometimes they try to do both. I really adore men. But I'm strictly one on one. My attention can't be divided. I like a quiet man who likes to share things. I love sex, but I don't want to spend all my life in bed. This is a very sexual town and that's all a lot of men think about. I'm really very modest. But if I respect a man, a lot of my inhibitions come down. I always used to look for a man as the answer to all problems. Now I think I have a lot to give."



SPERMULA



it's not your
run-of-the-mill
earth-invasion
movie

The femmes fatales
from another planet
(at left) thrive on
fellatio. Right now,
they could go for
a nice cool one.

WOULDNT YOU KNOW that a French director would be the first to see the erotic potential of vampirism? Charles Matton's science-fiction sex fantasy *Spermula* has an odd angle: The female vampires do not live on blood alone but, rather, on semen taken from helpless male victims. The mysterious society lives in perfect harmony (we can see why) until it is caught up in a mania of shuttle diplomacy. An expedition of French-kissing Kissingers travels to Earth. The ladies hope to cure the disorder that reigns on the planet by draining world leaders of vile virility—via fellatio. The mission of mercy is headed by Spermula, a spectacular beauty who can carry on successful negotiations above and below the table. Unlike most diplomats, she doesn't put her foot in her mouth. This film should be required viewing for the State Department.

The lady is a vamp. Dayle Haddon, at right and below, a former Disney star and a top fashion model, plays Spermula, the queen of the invading virgins.



The erotic astronauts set up headquarters near a typical French cabaret (above right) inhabited by a kinky artist (Marie-France) who is built, er, peculiarly. The dwarf is undoubtedly a dwarf. Vive Toulouse-Lautrec!

The vamps find that Earth is ruled by phallocrats (French for tricky dicks). The local leader is a bishop played, appropriately, by Christian Chevreuse (right). He is attended here by his maid, who gives good confession.





Billiards, anyone? In an obvious cinematic tribute to *The Hustler*, director Matton has one of the phalocrats attempt a three-cushion shot (below).

News of the invasion causes the local villagers to react in panic (bottom). Complete chaos reigns as all normal activities cease. Well, almost all—these are the French.



Udo Kier (right), the star of *The Story of O*, is shown here conducting an examination of one of the invaders. On a clear day, you can see forever.



The cabaret also houses a sculptor who has an obvious way with women. Willing to do anything for art, Angela MacDonald (above) has posed in the nude and now admires the likeness of herself.

At first, the earthlings try to resist the vampires. The lad shown at right has apparently discovered that the best defense is a good offense. Do unto others before they can do unto you.





The vamps drain victims of precious bodily fluids via oral sex (left), leaving the men helpless and forever slaves to the cause. All right, we surrender.

The invaders lose their power when they lose their virginity (below). It's not quite the same as a wooden stake through the heart, but it will do.



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor BY JUDITH WAX

The Dems picked Carter as their man
To follow Ford and Nixon.
(And orthodontists everywhere
Lined up to get the fix in.)

Ingmar Bergman left his land;
How much can any man take?
They tried to make his wallet look
Just like a Swedish pancake.



He aims each day to build his herd
And never does that goal waver
(Since Reverend Moon proclaimed the word
That he's the one true Seoul saver).

The rites of British royalty
Are much too staid for flipness.
Yet Princess Margaret left her lord
And then became Her Hipness.



Capote squealed on scores of pals
Who, helpless to refute him,
Considered now that "Answered Prayers"
Means take Trum out and shoot him.

The pay phone in Paul Getty's house
Was there at his insistence.
(He left 12 ladies nicely fixed
To call him, now, long distance.)

The G.O.P. yelled out its choice;
It shouted, "Ford and Dole!"
The Dems had roared with just one voice:
"Roll, Barbara Jordan, roll!"

Savalas, said the British press,
Was zonked from nightly rounds
Of swinging. So he went to court
And gained a lot of pounds.



A Mideast ambassador, dashing and tan,
Gave Elizabeth Taylor a whirl.
Though a glamorous man, he comes from Iran
And Liz is a nice Jewish girl.

Food critic Gael Greene took up a new pen
And when her first novel was finished,
The tale was so sexy, her fans were assured
Her appetite hadn't diminished.



Political analysts grilled him each day.
How much could poor Reagan endure
Of really tough questions, like "Where is the gray?"
(Only Ron's wife knew for sure.)

Ms. Exner has taken up writing.
Is Judith a belle-lettred wonder?
Take a critical look, since you can't tell a book
By the covers its author was under.

"All the President's Men" was the flick of the year,
A Woodward and Bernstein big smash.
If they don't look like Hoffman and Redford, no fear,
The beautiful part was the cash.

The search for Scotland's monster
Went raging on full tilt.
(The biggest question scholars face:
Does Nessie wear a kilt?)

Mills's maid has made a million;
Onscreen, Foxe bared her soul.
Though Fanne stars as Fanne,
It's an Esther Williams role.

McCartney did a U. S. tour.
It proved the way time flies
When kiddies asked their elders,
"Daddy, what three other guys?"



Ms. Comaneci, the teenage peach,
When in Olympic orbit,
Displayed such flare it gave gray hair
To old dames like Ms. Korbut.

The raid at Entebbe got hostages loose
As rigged by that derring-do band. A
Message, said Israel—sauce for the goose
Is kosher-style sauce for Uganda.

Japan's Tanaka got a jolt;
The pen might be a pad for him
If proved in court he didn't thwart
The yen that Lockheed had for him.

Ms. Javits claimed her right to work,
As basic women's tenet. Her
Jack said, "No, Iran must go;
I ran as New York Senator."



When Lasser was arrested
For a small illegal stash, her
Fans were just as shocked as
If they'd seen the Fernwood Flasher.

Her job as chief of protocol
For Mrs. Black is simple.
'Cause when in doubt, she'll just trot out
That Shirley Temple dimple.



Veck put the White Sox into shorts,
For years they'd been deplorable.
It didn't help the team,
But, Bill, their legs were just adorable.

Bernie Cornfeld's wedding garb
Had the gossips humming;
The groom wore white, which gave a hint
Of diapers, soon forthcoming.



All Congress was vexed (what would she say next?)
At the tale of Elizabeth Ray's.
The book sales were hot, 'cause she'd spiced up the plot
With scenes from her role-in-the-Hays.

The Chairman, Sinatra, chalked up a big year
Of landmarks on life's rugged course;
He married his girl—and columnist Earl
"Boswell" Wilson he sued for divorce.



Ms. Walters' TV million
Is the biggest news pay drawn,
And Barbara gets a bonus;
Now she gets to sleep past dawn.

Though Clarence Kelley got some gifts,
Prez Ford saw little reason
To slap his wrists. Perhaps it was
Just Christmas out of season?



"I'm just a cowgirl. I like the outfit. It feels great to wake up in the morning, pull on some jeans, tuck in a Pendleton shirt, tug on some boots. It's very physical."

THE SUNSHINE KID

meet susan lynn kiger,
a lady who lives for today,
and so far her todays have
been just fine, thank you



OK. TIME FOR another lesson in American history. Topic: the California girl. More than a decade ago, The Beach Boys released a song praising the particular heart-stopping qualities of the girls of the Golden State. Subsequently, Brian Wilson went into seclusion and refused to come out of his bedroom for several years. Perhaps he had one or two of the creatures stashed away. How else can we explain the sacrifice involved in not looking upon the likes of Susan Lynn Kiger, the lady who graces our gatefold this month? Miss January is a genuine California girl, a top-of-the-line model who (except for one brief trip to Hawaii) has never left the state. She is, like others of her kind, spontaneous, agile, sun-tanned, lithe, athletic, willing and able to take on all comers. She can drink the best of us under the table, having learned that trick at rugby games, where she was keeper of the chest. Exhausted teams would come off the field and ask, "Hey, wasn't there a six-pack in there a minute ago?" Smile. She will do almost anything on a dare. When a friend asked her if she would pose for a Kansas City Meat Company poster explaining the choice cuts of a well-turned back ("You can't beat Western meat"), Kiger donned a stetson and obliged. Nowadays, she lives in an apartment with her sister and dreams of the day when she will have a yard big enough for a large dog and a horse. (She grew up riding bareback through the surf at Laguna Beach.) Also big enough for a one-on-one



"Last winter, I took my savings and moved into a cabin at Mammoth Mountain. Skiing is like everything else—the only way to learn is to do it nonstop every day. By the end of the season, I wasn't half bad."

"Après-ski? Are you kidding? At the end of a day, the only thing I can think about is going home, taking off my clothes and jumping into a heated water bed with my boyfriend. I want to get warm."







"A girl inevitably picks up a lot of her hobbies from the men she dates. I've been turned on to barefoot water-skiing, rugby, dancing and skinny-dipping in apartment swimming pools, not to mention a few things about sex."



relationship. Kiger needs space. Mind you, Susan gets along well enough with people, she just likes her privacy. She worked for a year as a cocktail waitress at a place called Charlie Brown's, then used her money to spend a winter in the mountains. Getting away from the crowds seems to be her main occupation these days. ("I plan to take the money I earn as a Playmate and invest it in land—my own piece of the earth.") Being a California girl has its drawbacks. Susan has a collection of stories about run-ins with other kinds of Californians—such as the Hollywood weirdo: "If a man is old, rich and unattached, he's a pervert. Take my word for it." Miss January describes herself as old-fashioned: She wants to marry and have kids. Well, someone has to supply the demand for California girls, right?





"I like to sing. On a trip to Palm Springs, I'll throw on a tape of Johnny Rodriguez and let loose. Unfortunately, not all of my friends care for my singing. I sound an awful lot like Lucy Ricardo."



"The music I listen to depends a lot on what mood I'm in. Elton John is perfect for the nights when I feel crazy and deranged; Linda Ronstadt is more suited to the evenings when I sit quietly by myself."



"I'm fairly uninhibited. I've made love in deserts and outdoor Jacuzzis, like any California girl. But I prefer the peace and quiet of a bedroom. It's more intimate and exciting."

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

They had been thrown together in the lounge at the ski lodge, where the poor snow conditions were an inevitable topic of conversation. "The forecast mentions the possibility of three to five inches tomorrow," sighed the girl, "but they say they can't promise it."

"On the other hand," said the fellow softly, "I could guarantee you seven tonight."



We understand that the pretty lab technicians in busy sperm banks are sometimes asked to lend a hand.

An odd English sculptor named Keith,
Caught humping a lamb on the heath,
Blurted out, "I've a part
In the service of art—
I'm at work on a baa-baa relief!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stacked virgin* as a cherry tomato.

When a man complained to a marriage counselor that his recent bride was wearing him down with insatiable sexual demands, the advisor said, "It would be drastic, but why not stop bathing so she finds it unpleasant to be too near you?"

The next day, the fellow was back in the counselor's office. "I thought that nonbathing routine would take too long," he explained with a shrug. "so, instead, I smeared some Limburger cheese on my cock last night . . . and damned if my wife didn't chase me into the bedroom a few minutes later with two slices of pumpernickel and a bottle of beer!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *voyeur* as a window fan.

Because the door was open a teeny bit, I saw Mommy and Daddy in bed together this morning in their bare skin," confided the small girl to a small boy playmate.

"Geel!" exclaimed the playmate. "Tell me, Sally," he asked, his eyes widening, "were they . . . you know . . . were they doing it?"

"Nah," yawned Sally, "they were just balling."

A tourist who had lost his way on rural back roads stopped long after dark at an isolated farmhouse to ask if he could be put up for the night. "Well, we're a mite crowded, since there's already somebody in the spare room," replied the farmer. "But I guess you can stay if you don't mind sharing the bed with a red-haired schoolteacher."

"Look," said the tourist, "I want you to know that I'm a gentleman."

"Well," mused the farmer, "as far as I know, so is the red-haired schoolteacher."

Some time after their bitterly contested divorce, a man happened to pull up alongside his ex-wife at a stop light. The woman recognized him with a sneer and then snapped, "Out looking for a little, eh?"

"No," answered her ex-husband. "You taught me what a little is—so now I'm out looking for a lot!"

A kinky young soldier named Blunt
Preferred his wife's bung to her cunt
Till the night that she shrieked,
"I resent being Greeked!"
And he had to return to the front.



Mr. Rabinowitz, a Los Angeles widower in his 80s, refused to be placed in a rest home unless it served kosher meals. His son found one that catered to the orthodox elderly and established his father there. A few days later, the son paid the old man a surprise midday visit and found him fondling a giggling young nurse's aide who was as naked as a jay bird. "Poppa!" cried the shocked visitor. "How could you? Who is this girl?"

"This, Max," replied the elder Rabinowitz with great dignity, "is Maria Concepción—but I'm not eating."

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 just had a great idea! We could start serving food!"



GNER BROWN

"No, damn it, I don't want to go and look under the tree!"

Playboy's Playmate Review

a roundup of the past delightful dozen



THE YEAR just past was one of celebration; how often, after all, does a nation get to be 200? Readers of PLAYBOY had their own causes for celebration—12 of them, to be exact—and though the Bicentennial is history now, we can bring back the golden days of *that* particular yesteryear for you in the form of our annual *Playmate Review*. So here they are, again, Misses January through December: a dozen girls you'd like to know better. We've checked in with them to see how they've been doing since we last heard from them, and everything's upbeat. Before long, it'll be time to pick one as our Playmate of the Year; the final choice, as always, belongs to our editors, but we'd be glad to hear what you think.





Miss December

Karen Hafter (left), like Erica Jong, has conquered her fear of flying. She still digs trains, especially classics like the one she fantasized about in last month's issue; but when she decided to make her West Coast move a permanent one, time pressures forced her to fly to New York to collect her stuff. "By the time I returned to L.A., I was getting used to it," she says. "Now I'm living in a big house I'm renting by the beach. Guess I'm here to stay."

Miss January

Daina House (right) is somebody you're going to see a lot of on movie screens this year. She plays a whore in *The Winds of Autumn* (with Ann Pennington)—and a "hell-fire-on-wheels" lady motorcyclist in an adventure epic about off-road racing shot in Manila. Last time we tried to call her, we found her on location in Northern California, where she was filming *The Last of the Cowboys*, a contemporary comedy that stars Henry Fonda.





Miss November

Patti McGuire (left) and Hope Olson took a trip down the Colorado, which Patti enjoyed except for the part where she was frightened by a rattlesnake. "The water was pretty cold, too, and we didn't have a lot of clothes on." Look for Patti and Hope's adventures in a future issue of PLAYBOY. Our C.B. Playmate has also been keeping busy as an election-campaign volunteer and as a model—and as a waitress in a St. Louis Japanese restaurant.

Miss September

Whitney Kaine (right) has left UCLA and gone to live in a spiritual community on 500 acres of "beautiful country" in Northern California. "In Los Angeles, I felt I wasn't doing anything of value," she says. "Here I'll be able to use my artistic creativity to help develop a new culture." Her group—the Vision Mound Ceremony, which follows the teachings of Bubba Free John—counts approximately 1000 members throughout the world, "about 100 here."

Miss February

Laura Lyons (far right) wasn't feeling much like talking when we called. She'd just had all four wisdom teeth pulled but did manage to mumble something about having been tied to a tiger shark. "A dead one, of course." Turns out her role in the film *Tintorera* calls for her to be chewed up by a shark. "If the director, René Cardona, Jr.—his dad did *Survive!*—hadn't pushed me into the water with some brandy, I don't think I could've handled it."







Miss April

Denise Michele (left) has been commuting between Hawaii and California, which strikes us as a pretty long commute but doesn't faze her. "I spent three months doing some Polynesian dancing in a show for tourists, posed for travel brochures and had a line in a *Hawaii Five-O* episode," she says. "I did a cover for Robert Palmer's new album, too." A trip to Japan last spring whetted Denise's appetite for foreign travel; now she wants to go to Germany.

Miss June

Debra Peterson (right), as readers of October's *Bunnies of '76* pictorial will recall, has been working at the Playboy Club in Century City—a job that won her a bonus in the form of a Bunny junket to Japan. She's saving up her Bunny money with an eye to opening a Beverly Hills boutique with a girlfriend. Besides posing for PLAYBOY shootings, Debra keeps busy riding her thoroughbred, Ambrosia, and signing autographs on magazine-promotion trips.





Miss October

Hope Olson (left) has been having fun representing PLAYBOY at various events—the Eastern States Exposition, locally known as the Big E, in West Springfield, Massachusetts (she signed centerfolds in a booth shared with author Don Pendleton, autographing one of his *Executioner* books), and the C.B., Music and Audio Fair in Albuquerque. In between she joined November's Patti McGuire in an adventurous trip down the Colorado River—object, a pictorial.

Miss May

Patricia McClain (right) says 1976 wasn't one of her better years—except for her gatefold appearance, of course. She spent two and a half months with her leg in a cast, thanks to a freak accident; it was fractured when she stepped off a curb. "Then I was sick. I'm just now beginning to be able to go out and play." Some radio stations, says Patricia, have offered her diso-jockey work; but, she confides, "I'm not really a working sort of person."

Miss August

Linda Beatty (left), along with most of the rest of the cast of Francis Ford Coppola's forthcoming blockbuster *Apocalypse Now*, was stranded in a Philippine jungle—lashed by a typhoon. That, however, wasn't all bad, because she became friends with Lynda (Wonder Woman) Carter and landed a small part in that TV series' premiere episode of the season. In *Apocalypse Now*, scheduled for summer release, our August Playmate plays a U.S.O. entertainer.





Miss July

Deborah Borkman's strikingly unusual good looks (left)—as you'll remember, she's a mixture of Swedish and Japanese ancestry—have always made her something special. "I won my first beauty contest, a neighborhood affair, when I was nine," she recalls. Since appearing on our gatefold, Deborah has been much in demand for modeling assignments; one of them ended up on last month's cover of *PLAYBOY*. Main problem now is to find time to relax.

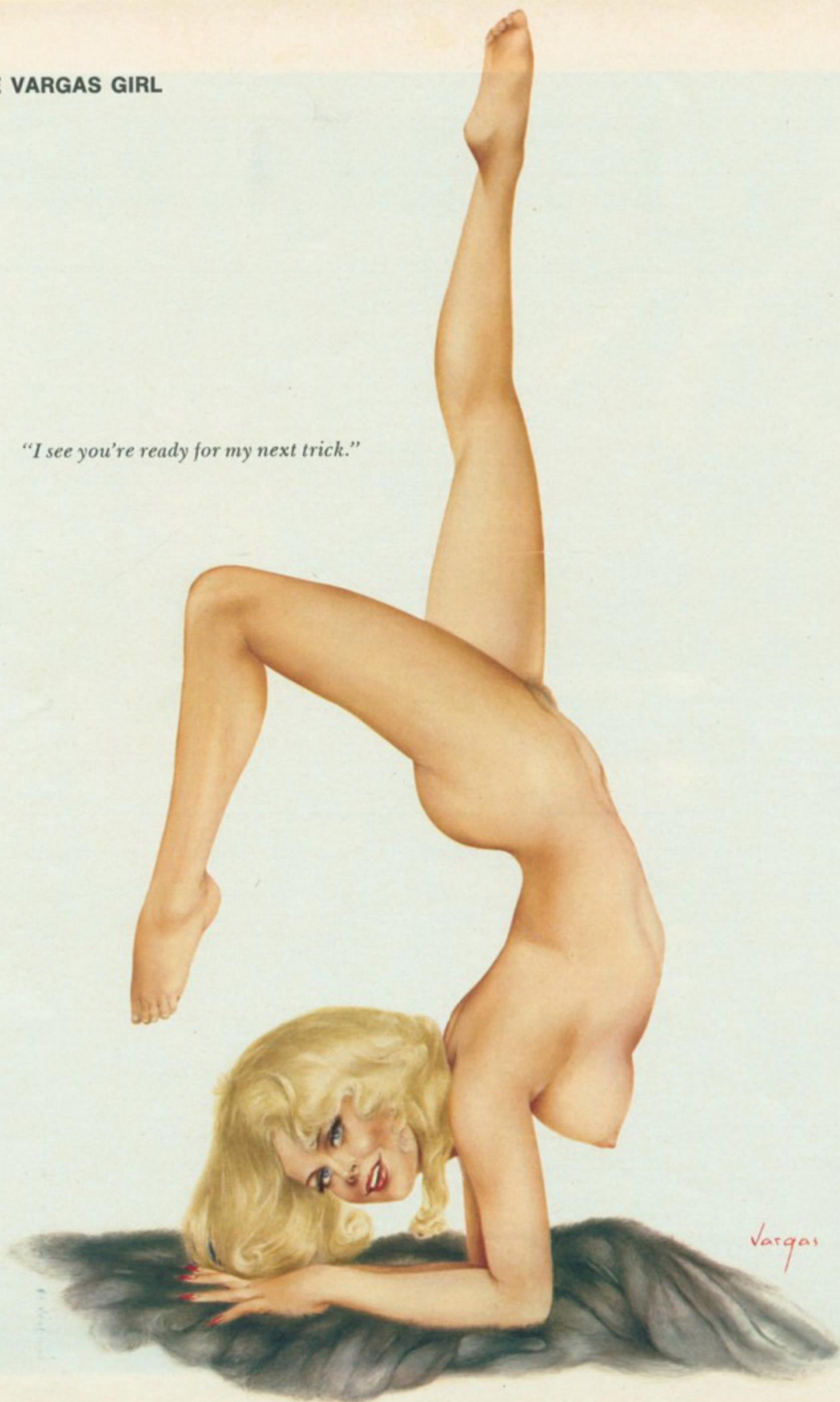
Miss March

Ann Pennington (right) is not one to have her head turned by talent scouts. "I've had a lot of offers for acting, but I'm just not interested. I really like modeling better." She did appear in one film, *The Winds of Autumn* (along with Nancy Cameron and Daina House, Misses January 1974 and January 1976, respectively), but to Ann the year's highlight was being voted Best Playmate in Japan by the readers of *PLAYBOY*'s flourishing Japanese edition.



THE VARGAS GIRL

"I see you're ready for my next trick."



Vargas

SOCIAL UPLIFT FOR COMRADES

JANUARY 1977 • 60 RUBLES

ЧЛЛЧБОЧ



**SIZZLING PICTORIAL ON NEW
URAL POWER PLANT! • GIRLS OF
NOVOSIBIRSK • LARRY L. KINGSKI
ON GOOD OLD BOYCHIKS IN SOVIET
GEORGIA • ANSON MOUNTOV GIVES
FIVE-YEAR-PLAN PREDICTIONS!
ЧЛЛЧБОЧ'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED
COLLECTIVES! • AND MUCH MORE!**

NEW SOVIET EDITION!

THE 9L4ЧB04 ADVISOR

Please to help! What is cheap way to have sex but no children?—L. N., Omsk.

Cheapest way is being called rhythming method. Is simple, cost nothing. When making sex with wife, turn on phonograph record with good, lively beat on him. Tap foot to rhythming while sex making. Best is polka or Russian folk song. Also good is Soviet national anthem, but is difficult to make sex while standing, no? (This is joke here.)

Am tourist guide for Western capitalists and was showing peoples from Cleveland sights of Moscow and grew warm for girl in tour group. I ask when alone if she wish to drink vodka and make sex. She say, "Go fuck with yourself, bozo." I find out what fuck on myself mean and try for many nights to perform Western sex act this way. I break arm and sprain neck. Is something only Westerners can do?—P. V., Moscow.

Is true Westerners make sex with themselves. Is why they have not so many good scientists, only foolish people.

At restaurant other night, waiter ask what I should want for wine with dinner. I eat cabbage and bowel sausage with lump sugar dessert. What is good wine to order? Is vodka wrong wine?—R. V., Leningrad.

Vodka is not correct wine for bowel



sausage. Good domestic gray wine from Georgia very much good or, if you're wanting to spending more, buy delicate imported Bulgarian Elk wine. Nicest of color and strong odor, great personality, great character, cleans teeth at same time.

This summer, am planning nice vacation trip to Moscow. For this am needing new wardrobe. What style clothes Soviet cool cats be wearing in city?—O. Y., Minsk.

Many good-looking types. Soviet man now have prosperity enough to own two pair pants, extra shirt and two pair socks. This summer, urban cool cats be wearing nifty striped sporting jacket with inch-wide lapel, striped buttoning-down shirt with collar on, bow tie with dots preferably, shiny pair blue pants which go down to shins only, white socks and new kind brown-leather shoes with slot in for keeping coins. Is sounding snappy, no?

Some nights past, I ask woman to take off arm underhair. I think naked under the arm is big sex thrill. She say I should go to hospital to have mind fixed for saying sick thing. Should I need mind fixing for thinking naked under the arm sexy?—P. T., Warsaw.

Is perfectly OK to have naked under arm woman. Is very much sexy to some mens, but must remind that losing hair under arm also loses sexy aroma which builds up over months.

What, please to advise, is best turning table to buy for high-fidelity music machine?—L. H., Putsk.

Best is high-costing turning table being manufactured in Bulgaria. Is costing 2400 zlotych, is light, is perfect in every way except is turning in wrong direction, so records are not sounding good.

9L4ЧB04 AFTER CURFEW



Very much funny error appear in *Pravda* when Marshal Tito visit Soviet Union! Official guide, Inga Sminsk, take Tito and wife to factory and beneath photo in newspaper is error: INGA SMINSK DISPLAYS PAIR OF TITOS AT FACTORY.

Is not true all Americans have big money! K.G.B. agents report that when big-time American come on trip business, they see through keyhole American woman undress and see also that she have underwear with great hole in crotch! No money to buy wife new underpants!

Big joke fire back! At party in Moscow apartment, man think would be good joke to throw womens out of window 14 stories high. Womens think funny also. Big joke until womens fall on car of

K.G.B. deputy. Man is taken to prison and womens are fired from jobs and children taken away from.

New crazy fad from university is to swallow alive sturgeon fish. Org Stoltz makes most fish swallow with 23. He say, "We try first fad to see how much peoples can fit in car, but can find no car. Plenty sturgeon to find."

Who is that say Americans know good deal when they see? American tourist meets man from Minsk who have at home five daughters virgins. American makes with daughters sex. For sex he gives father dozen packs Wrigley chewing gum and Bic pen. Father say, "Man is finished with sex, but I chew gum and use pen for many month."

NYET-SKID CONDOM



Is made from heavy-duty tire rubber, is comfortable, comes also with steel-belted radials or studs for winter use! Is fitting all sizes, gives good traction, is guaranteed for 300 times or one year, whichever is coming first!

ЧЛАЧБОЧ INTERVIEW:

ALEXANDR KRZHYZKI

candid-conversation talk with bigmouth soviet dissident leader



"Last week I was filthy, disgusting dissident leader, but now I am happily working for Soviet Union and its peoples!"



"Soviet government convinced me that it is government of peoples, by peoples and for peoples. Is free country here."



"I spit on peoples who are defecting to West! Soviet Union is good! Long live Soviet Union and its friendly leaders!"



**ЧЛАЧБОЧ PAD:
ELEGANT? YOU BET!**

HEY, swingers men! Here now is much romantic setting for seducing of sexy womens! Which Soviet girl would be not strongly impressed by place such as this one? Is what in West is being called "understating of elegance." Is owned by First Deputy Commissar of Arts and Concrete Yuri Kutchakokov, who is here in photograph (above) enjoying leisurely glass vodka with favorite of playmates, Getya Roxoff. From left side to right is: sitting room with chair in, kitchen for cooking of Soviet gourmet dinner, living room with picture of landscape above, bedroom with picture of Lenin above, den, rec room, lamp room, sitting room

again with chair in and private bathroom with automatic toilet! What is such spacious place as this costing? Only 7000 rubles per monthly! Kitchen have for features all of modern Soviet conveniences—stove with *two* burners working, refrigerator and machine for automatic making of coffee! At right corner side is rec room, which has for main feature stereo radio! Radio have many power for loudness and receive both channels. Cost only 45,000 zlotych! Smart comrade order him today, have for 1988. How can ordinary Soviet citizen get great pad such as this? By being friendly with someone high up in Politburo.

Now, what is this? Is best part of luxury pad of which Yuri is most proud and grateful to Soviet scientists for inventing! Is automatic toilet for doing rid of yech. Is working like magic—Yuri must only pull lightly on chain and mess is going away through pipe and into Lake Lenin! "Girls very much like automatic toilet," Yuri say.



PARTY LINE JOKES

We are hearing it requires five Americans to put light bulb into socket. One American to put in bulb and four Americans to beg on streets for single light bulb which are so few of only rich capitalists have.

Once was there a comrade named Serge
With trouble controlling his urge.
He made forward pass
At Chairman's wife's ass,
So he was shot.



and girl say, "Is garage." Boy laugh and say, "If I lick headlights, you let me park sedan in garage?" (Not finished yet.) Girl say, "Only yes if you don't leave oil stain!" (More laugh yet to go.) Boy say, "Maybe I leave stain in other garage behind." Girl, not laughing, say, "You park there, secret police tow sedan away."

Unabashed Dictionary describe well hung as what is happening to defectors who are being caught.

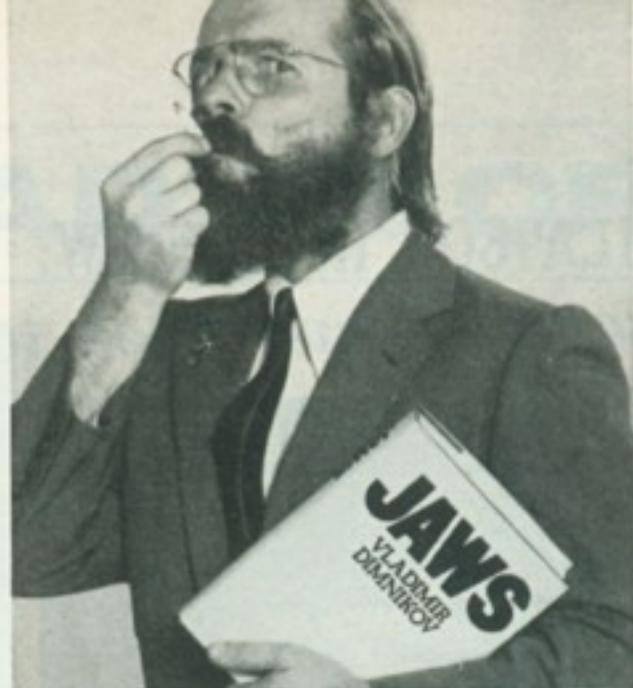
Big-shot commissar is being served nice soup course at four-red-star restaurant in Moscow. Takes one look at borscht and is crying out: "Waiter, is no fly here in soup!" Waiter be hurrying back to kitchen to get fly for commissar's soup!



Unabashed Dictionary describe whore as woman who make sex for money!

Girl is laying in bed with boy and boy looks upon tits of girl and very stupid boy say, "What is it that those are?" And girl say, "Is my headlights." Then girl looks down on boy's legs and points to stick and say stupidly, "What is that?" Boy say, "Is sedan." Then boy points to girl's legs and say, "What is hole there?"

Beautiful girl is seeing secret-police friend on Moscow street and is saying to him: "Hey, Boris, is that pistol in your pocket or are you happy of seeing me?" All of a sudden, then, is loud gunshot sound and beautiful girl is falling dead on sidewalk. Was pistol.



VLADIMIR DIMNIKOV

Is no greater author in world than Dimnikov, who has made books like *Hamlet*, *Moby Dick*, *Jaws*. "Words are in blood," say Dimnikov. "I can write book like *Ragtime* in morning and do *Dimnikov Book from World Records* at night." But Western capitalist thieves steal Dimnikov's work, sell for great money, not pay Dimnikov. Is pity. Now Dimnikov secretly working on big blockbursting book—is story of boy who go down Volga on boat—is being called *Huckleberry Petrovitch*.

ON THE SCENE



WHAT KIND FROM MAN READ ЧЛЫБОЧ?

Is happily working, good-looking fellow who is enjoying best things from life—like potatoes and socks not made from burlap! He is owning .08 cars, .03 refrigerators and .01 stereo machines.

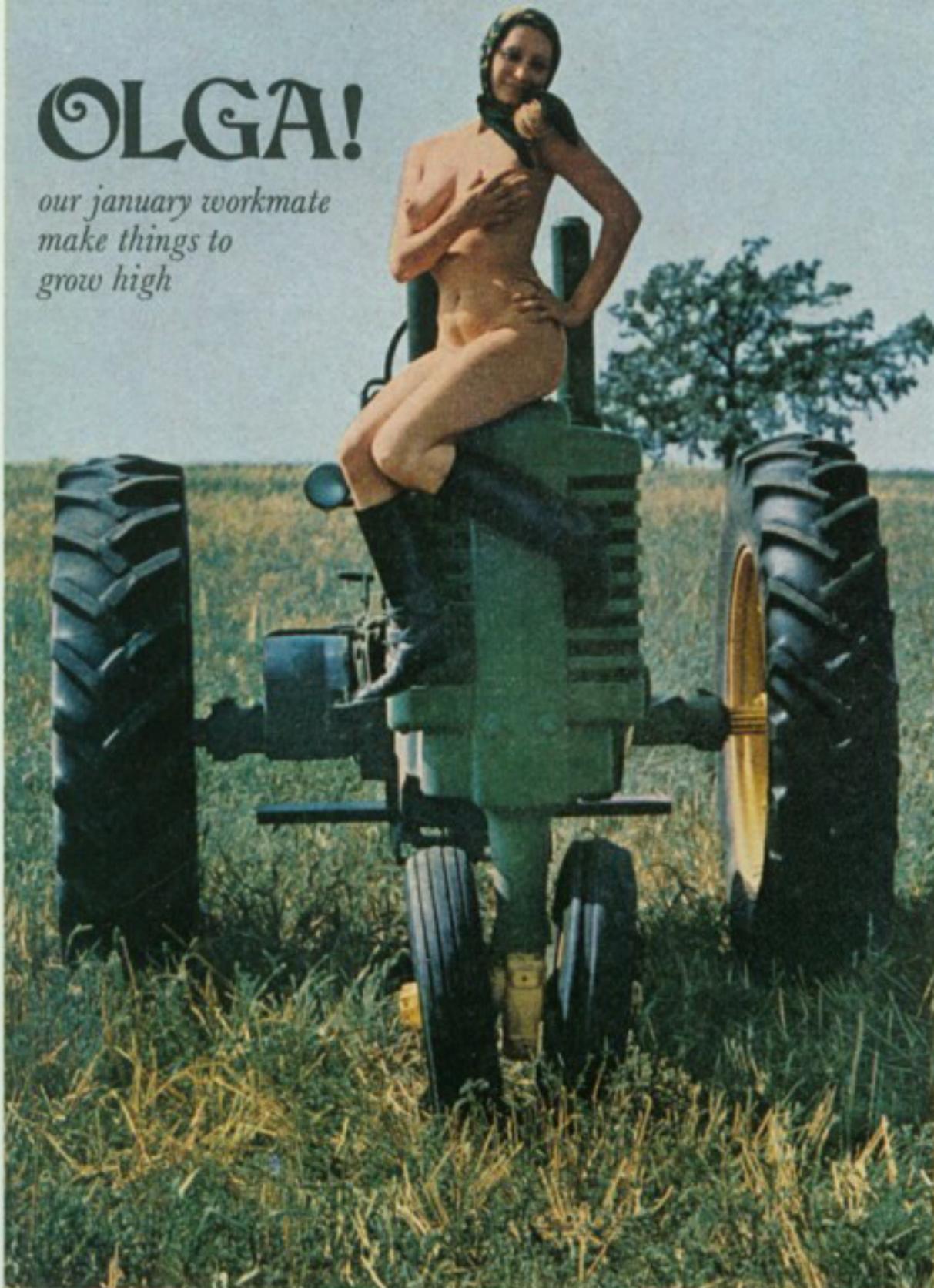


NICOLAI PIZTOV

Much praising is throughout Soviet Union for brave, patriotic cosmonaut Nicolai Piztov, who is now proudly holding world's record for orbiting in outer space—14 years continuously in small Soviet spacecraft of whom, unfortunately, radio transmission is not working. But not to worry! Brave cosmonaut is A-OK! Latest space photograph of Piztov (above) show that health is good and spirits very high!

OLGA!

*our january workmate
make things to
grow high*



headlights and best-looking knobs in all of Soviet! Soviet farmers are surely knowing good thing when they see! And great many farmers have had Olga for workmate. Originally coming from small factory town outside Kiev, Olga has worked in many farms and even once was model in Peoples' Official Farming Exhibition in Moscow, where farmers have come to admire her parts! "Olga is good, strong farmworker," say Ukraine farmer Ivan Ivanovitch. "Every Soviet farmer should be having her!" You are better to be believing it, comrades!

Front view of Olga (left) is showing only one headlight. Back view (below) is showing sturdy rear end and nice firm seat. You bet!



IN ALL of Soviet Union is existing no better exempling of beauty and perfection than Olga, Jewel of Ukraine! All day she love making with hard work in fertile farm fields. To touch rich soil of Soviet Union is what she is being made for! She is doing many things—she is laying fertilizer, helping with harvest of big Soviet wheat crop which is being sold for many rubles to hungry Americans, pulling heavy loads through fields, and planting many acres wheat which is later being harvested and sold for many rubles to hungry Americans. All farmers from all over Soviet are much admiring Olga and are wanting to mount her. And why not, we are asking? Olga, as you are seeing in photographs here, is some well-built piece! Have sturdy frame, firm and pretty seat, one real classy chassis, nice

Get a loading of this, comrade farmers! Is side view (right) of Olga resting peacefully in wheat field, recharging her batteries in preparation of heavy work to come. Or perhaps she is maybe waiting for eager farmer to come and mount her. Who is knowing?



OLGA

PEOPLES' WORKMATE OF THE MONTH



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

HHEADSTONE, PART TWO. THE STORY UP TO NOW: FRIEND WANDA AND PORTNOY-THE-WRITER HAVE LURED ANNIE TO HEADSTONE, A DOORLESS CALIFORNIA RETREAT WHOSE NUDE MEMBERS HAVE LEARNED TO LIVE TOGETHER FREELY AND OPENLY, WITHOUT THE DREAD TORTURE OF FEARS LIKE JEALOUSY OR NAGGING PARENTS. AS PART TWO UNFOLDS, WE SEE ANNIE AT YOGA PRACTICE, STANDING ON HER HEADSTONE.



JUST EXHALE, HONEY, AND YOU'LL SEE.

OVER WHERE? OVER WHERE? WHERE?!

ISN'T THAT TONY LUMPKIN, THE MOVIE STAR, OVER THERE?



!? THAT'S TONY LUMPKIN ?? HE LOOKS SO DIFFERENT WITHOUT HIS CLOTHES!

WITHOUT CLOTHES, PEOPLE ARE NATURAL. THEY CHANGE WHEN THEY PUT THEIR CLOTHES ON.

MS. KITZEL, YOU'LL NOTICE THAT IT IS A SENSUAL MASSAGE THAT IS NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH A SEXUAL MASSAGE.

LISTEN! ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS, WILL IT MAKE ME PREGNANT?!

I'M HIS OLD LADY, AND I'M COMMITTED TO HIM, SO I'M NOT A REAL THREAT TO YOU! AND YOUR OLD LADY DOESN'T HAVE TO BE JEALOUS.

RIGHT! AND I'M NOT A THREAT TO HIS OLD LADY AND NONE OF US HAS TO BE JEALOUS.

SHE'S NOT MY OLD LADY!

GOOD GOD! THAT MAKES ALL OF US THREATENED!

AGAIN, THE METER MAN? THIS MAKES THE FIFTH TIME TODAY! WHAT KIND OF A METER MAN ARE YOU?!

THAT BIG BLONDE BROAD ... I WANNA MEETER!

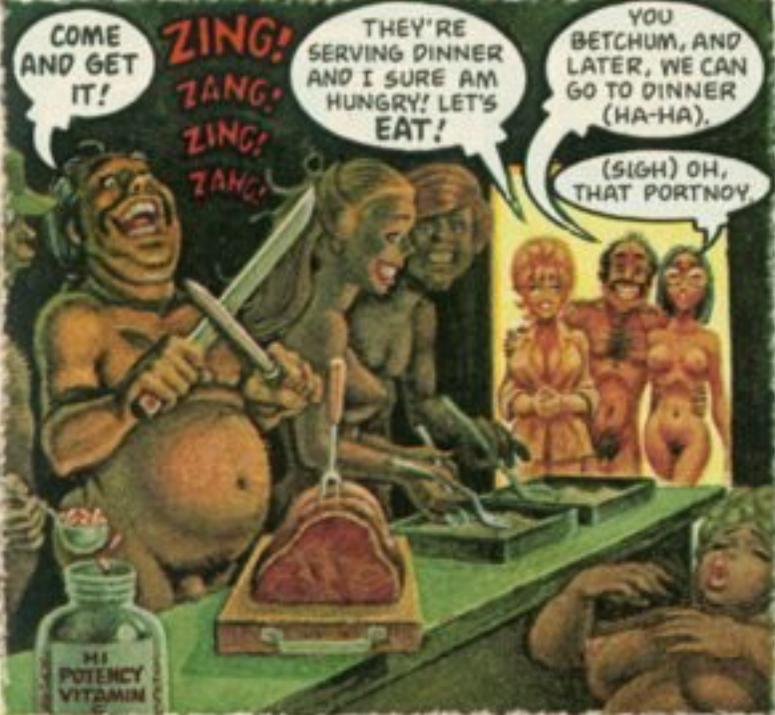
SAY! WHY DON'T WE TRY OUT THE SWIMMING POOL!

I'LL TAKE YOU ON. FIFTEEN LAPS IN THE POOL. AND IF YOU WANT, WE CAN SWIM, TOO (HA-HA).

YOU'RE MAKING BLOOD RUSH TO MY HEAD!

(SIGH) THAT PORTNOY! SUCH A ONE-TRACK MIND!

YOGA MADE EASY



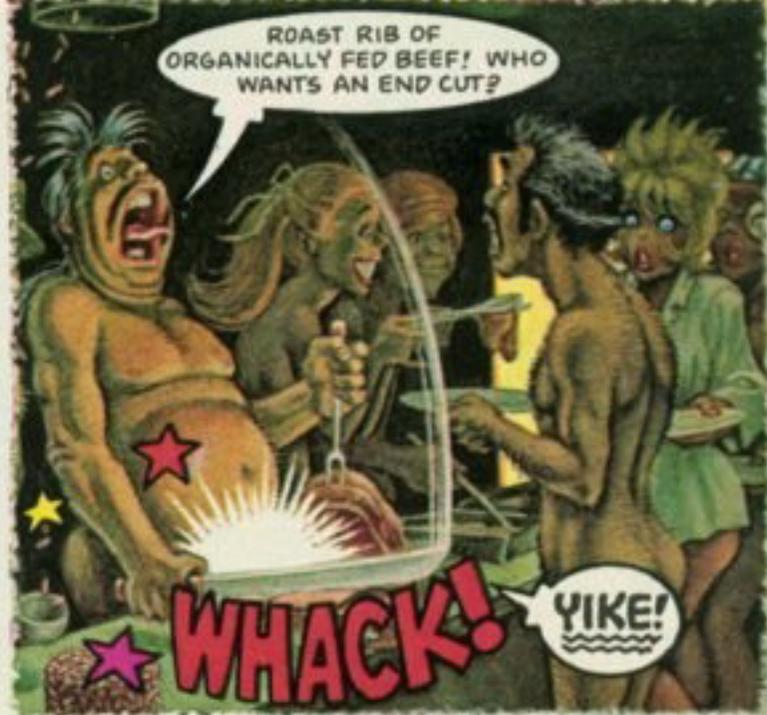
COME AND GET IT!

ZING!
ZANG!
ZING!
ZANG!

THEY'RE SERVING DINNER AND I SURE AM HUNGRY! LET'S EAT!

YOU BETCHUM, AND LATER, WE CAN GO TO DINNER (HA-HA).

(SIGH) OH, THAT PORTNOY



ROAST RIB OF ORGANICALLY FED BEEF! WHO WANTS AN END CUT?

WHACK!

YIKE!



WE'VE GOT COQ AU VIN.

I SUDDENLY THINK WE'RE (ULP) NOT HUNGRY.

HEY! THEY'RE DANCING IN THE LIVING ROOM - YOU EVER SEE THE HEADSTONE STEP?

... IT'S CALLED THE FLIP-FLOP.

UGH! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR NOT WEARING THEM!

- YOUR PANTS?

NO, MY SHOES! THE SHARPENING STEEL FELL ON MY FOOT!



HOW DO YOU DANCE THE FLIP-FLOP?

YOU MOVE TO THE BEAT, AND LET YOUR LIMBS GO FLIP FLOP... ALL FIVE OF THEM.

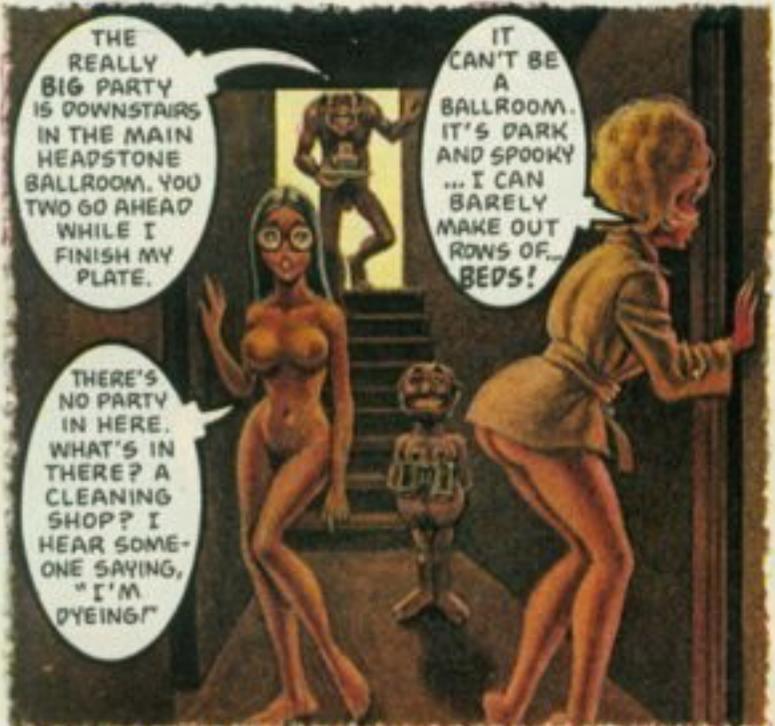
... IT'S EASY. BUT THE LONGER YOU DANCE, THE HARDER IT GETS (HA-HA).

(SIGH) HE NEVER STOPS.

FLIP!

FLOPPITY FLOP!

FLIP!



THE REALLY BIG PARTY IS DOWNSTAIRS IN THE MAIN HEADSTONE BALLROOM. YOU TWO GO AHEAD WHILE I FINISH MY PLATE.

THERE'S NO PARTY IN HERE. WHAT'S IN THERE? A CLEANING SHOP? I HEAR SOMEONE SAYING, "I'M DYING!"

IT CAN'T BE A BALLROOM. IT'S DARK AND SPOOKY ... I CAN BARELY MAKE OUT ROWS OF BEDS!



AAAH!

OOOH! OH! OH!

JEEPERS! LISTEN TO THOSE CRIES OF PAIN! ...WHAT'S A PLACE LIKE HEADSTONE DOING WITH A HOSPITAL WARD!?

DO I HEAR A DOCTOR READING HIS MALPRACTICE BILLS?



ENOUGH HEADSTONE! I JUST WANT TO GET BACK TO MY OWN PRIVATE APARTMENT, WHERE I CAN RELAX WITH MY CLOTHES ON WITHOUT BEING ASHAMED!

EVERYBODY'S GETTING DRESSED TO LEAVE. NOTICE HOW THESE SWINGERS CHANGE INTO ENTIRELY DIFFERENT PEOPLE WHEN THEY'RE DRESSED.

BACK TO THE CITY, QUICKLY, KATO. I'VE GOT TO PERFORM A HEART TRANSPLANT.

TOMORROW I'LL HAVE AN INSPIRING SERMON FOR THE FLOCK.

-FROM THE "BOOK OF GENITALS"?

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK. I'M TAKING MY KINDERGARTEN CLASS TO THE AQUARIUM.

YOU NEVER TOLD ME WHAT YOU DO, HOT LIPS.

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, MISS GROONCH.

ATTENTION ALL CARS. CLOSE IN!

YOU WILL MARRY ME, YES?... AND YOU WILL, AND YOU WILL, TOO.

I NEVER RUN OUT OF GAS.

PROMISE TO SEE MORE OF ME IN THE CITY.

WHAT'S LEFT TO SEE?



-EVERY-ONE INTO THE PATROL CARS! YOU PREVERTS ARE ALL GOING DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE.

I'M A STRANGER HERE. I WAS JUST HITCHHIKING THROUGH, OFFICER.

INTO THE CAR! YOU'RE ALL GOING DOWN!



WE'RE ALL GOING DOWN. YOU HEARD HIM, BABES (SMIRK SMIRK).

PORTNOY! STOP! LEAPIN' LIZARDS!

(SIGH) WELL, THERE'S ONE PERSON WHO'S THE SAME, WITH OR WITHOUT CLOTHES. PORTNOY...ONCE AND ALWAYS A LETCH.

END



"Here in Beverly Hills, we've got more celebrities than we actually need. We felt the decent thing would be to bus a few of them to the more deprived areas of Los Angeles."



"Charlene! You promised to wait until we got slip covers!"



*"But if I love you in December as I loved you in May,
we'll both freeze our tails off."*



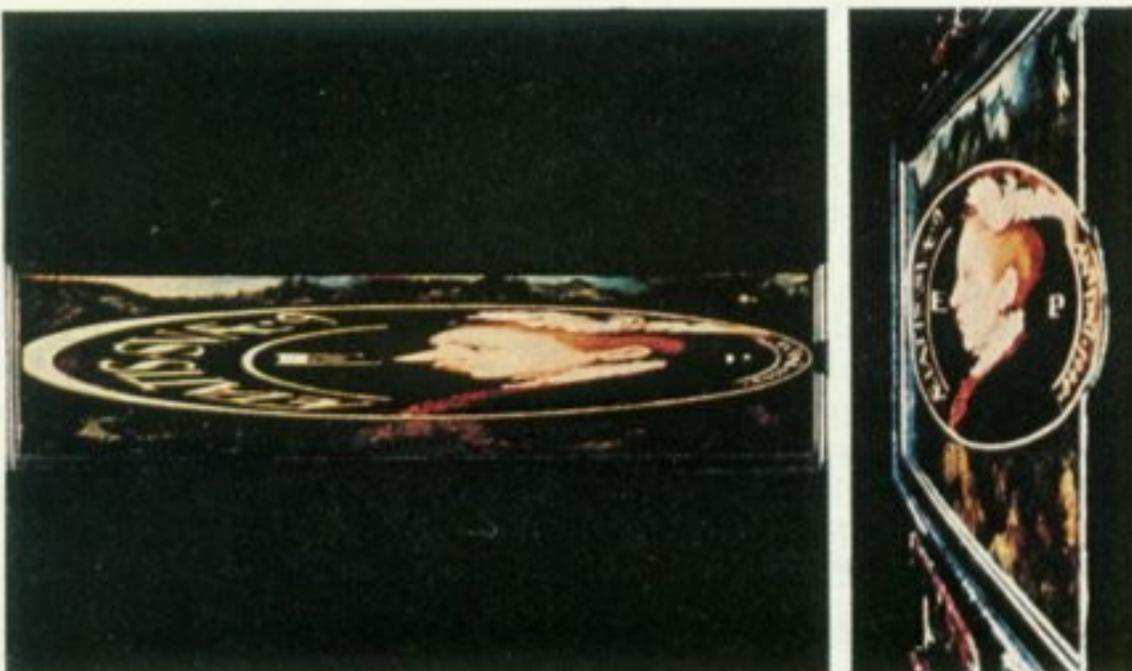
*"We've finally paid up on this \$300,000 baby,
and now they come up with one that can do the same job
for \$79.95."*



"So you're a coke dealer . . . bottling or merchandising?"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



NOW YOU DON'T SEE IT, NOW YOU DO

For all you lovers of fine—and unusual—art, SCM Corporation is sponsoring a curious traveling exhibition that's worth a look. The subject is anamorphosis—art that can be viewed correctly from only one perspective, often by use of a gadget, such as a mirror or reflecting cone. The current show is at the Brooklyn Museum, with follow-ups planned for other major cities. (Write to SCM's PR agent, Ruder & Finn, 110 East 59th Street, New York City 10022, for further information.) And, by the way, some of the exhibits—which date back to the 15th Century—are pornographic. Need we say more?

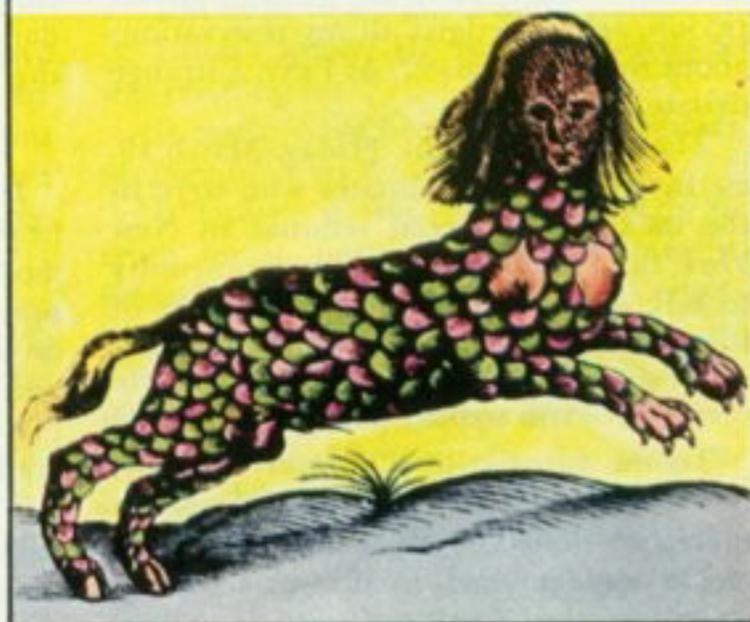


NUT CRACKERS

The expression lady-killer takes on a whole new meaning when applied to readers of *Fighting Woman News*, a monthly newsletter devoted to girl talk on the subjects of martial arts, self-defense and combative sports. Valerie Eads, who specializes in kendo, publishes *FWN* out of 9 East 48th Street in Manhattan; subscription rate is \$6 a year—and for an additional \$2, you can get Val's inspirational poster: YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH I WILL FEAR NO EVIL FOR I AM THE MEANEST BITCH IN THE VALLEY. Anything you say, Val.

FAIRY STORY

One of England's most eminent folklorists, Katharine Briggs, has just written a book on fairies—and, no, we're not talking about the kind who summer on Fire Island. *An Encyclopedia of Fairies, Hobgoblins, Brownies, Bogies, and Other Supernatural Creatures* will be published next month by Pantheon for \$12.95. In it, you'll meet some mighty weird beings, including the Lamia (below), a hermaphrodite spirit who devours men. Gulp!



PRIME DOODLE TIME

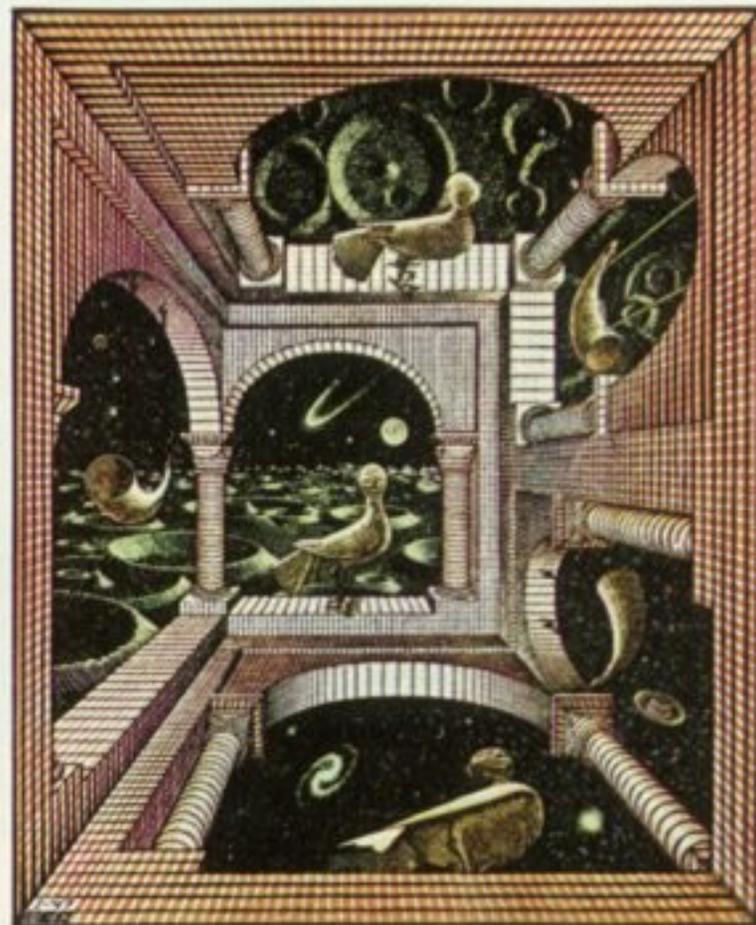
If you're one of those nervous types who can't watch TV without fidgeting at something else, dig this: A company named Teleplay (6498 Surfside Way, Sacramento, California 95831) is selling an electronic gizmo called a Telepalette that enables you to doodle colored pictures on your video screen without ever leaving the confines of your easy chair. Budding Rembrandts can own one for about \$100-\$150 and, yes, the drawings can be erased—pronto.





CLEAN SOUND

Ah, there's good news tonight for tomorrow's Helen Reddys, Luciano Pavarottis and Tony Bennetts. Rowe Associates, P. O. Box 22981, Honolulu, Hawaii 96822, is selling, for \$6.50 postpaid, a microphone-shaped soap-on-a-rope designed specifically for those who like to sing in the shower. The sound produced by Showermike is, of course, incredibly "clean"—and with each mike, you get a booklet extolling the virtues of solo appearances as well as of duets, trios, quartets and larger groups. Grab one; you're on in five minutes!



DUTCH TREAT

Fans of M. C. Escher, the late Dutch print maker whose bizarre lithos and woodcuts have generated a cult following, will be pleased to learn that Me Enterprises, 290 West End Avenue, in Manhattan, is mail-ordering Escher jigsaw puzzles at \$7.95 postpaid for a black-and-white phantasmagoria and \$8.95 for the 500-piece color job titled Another World, shown above. When finished, they look great framed.



GOING DOWN

Looking for the perfect accessory to wear to an elegant winter picnic or to keep your navel warm while skiing? Get yourself a down-filled tie, the creation of Colorado resident John Mansfield, who peddles the puffy blue-only cravats for \$13.95 each out of the Down Tie, Box 95, Telluride, Colorado 81435. With each tie, you get a sack to store it in and cleaning instructions. No, it doesn't double as a hankie.

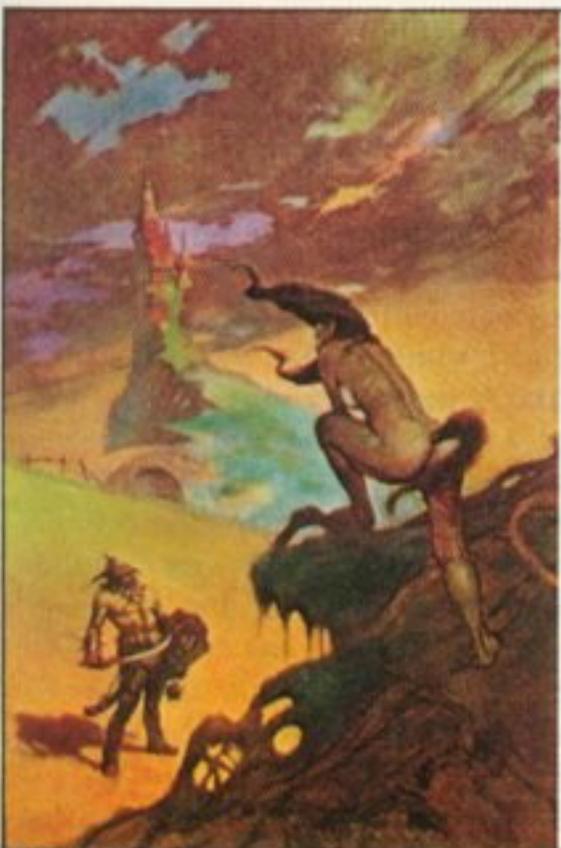
LIQUID GOLD

Roy Andries de Groot wrote that he "was overwhelmed by an unimaginably complicated blend of sensuous impressions: of silk and velvet, of elegance . . . of poise . . . of the skill and wisdom of almost a century." Was De Groot making love to Mae West, perhaps? No, he had just sampled a snifter of Le Paradis, an extremely rare cognac imported by Chateau & Estate Wines in New York. Le Paradis dates back to 1880; but at about \$275 a bottle (\$3300 a case), we'd say the price was definitely 1977.



THE GREAT UNKNOWN

As his myriad fans already know, Frank Frazetta is probably the reigning sci-fi and fantasy illustrator in America today; his spectacular renditions of everything bizarre, from flying reptiles to marvelously full-breasted moon maidens, have a unique larger-than-life vitality that enhances whatever literary work they're accompanying. So, for 1977, Bantam Books (Box D, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010) has published the Frank Frazetta calendar—13 color illustrations that depict the great unknown. Far out!

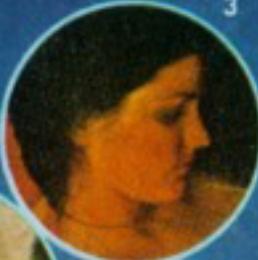


A Galaxy of Gorgeous Dates

2



3



4



9



10



11



12



5



7



8



6



- 1. Nancie Li Brandi
- 2. Daina House
- 3. Mesina Miller
- 4. Azizi Johari
- 5. Bridgett Rollins
- 6. Marilyn Lange
- 7. Denise Michele
- 8. Patricia McClain
- 9. Ann Pennington
- 10. Nancy Cameron
- 11. Janet Lupo
- 12. Lillian Müller



Playboy's 1977
Playmate Calendar.
At your newsstand now.



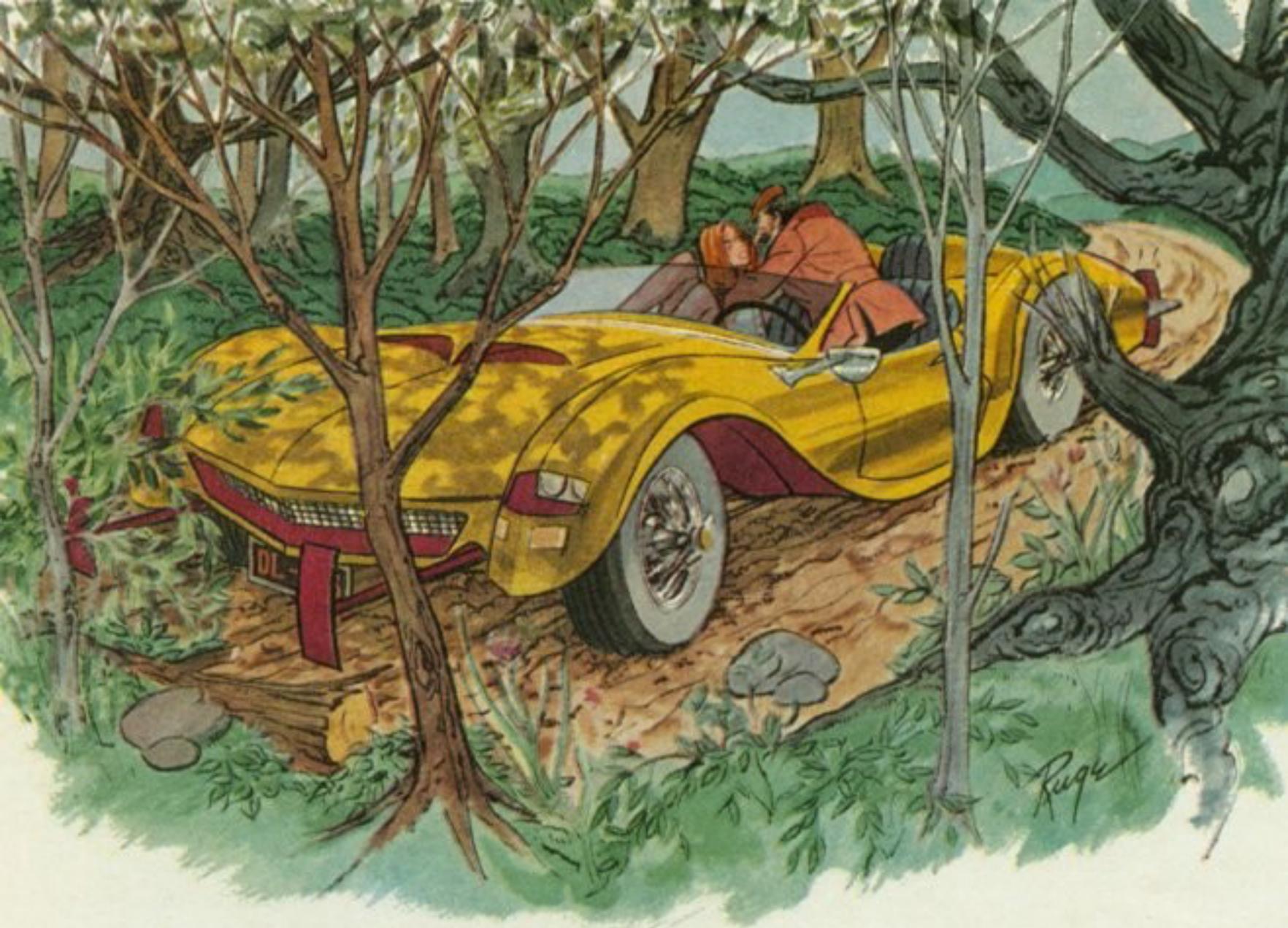
Wall Calendar—8½ x 12½"



Desk Calendar—5½ x 7¾"



*“Now, don’t you tickle me,
Murray. I promised my folks I wouldn’t do anything
funny until I was married.”*



"Now that I've demonstrated the car's capabilities, Miss Joyce, I'd like to demonstrate a few of my own!"



Dean's List

Well, **John Dean's** back in the news. There's his searingly frank book, *Blind Ambition*, on the Watergate times. And, of course, there was the Earl Butz boo-boo. While on assignment to cover the Republican Convention for *Rolling Stone*, Dean wrote that on a flight back from Kansas City, a Ford "Cabinet member" had cracked a tasteless joke. *New Times* magazine later revealed that the jokester was the then Agriculture Secretary. Not bad for a fledgling journalist, but what Dean probably should become is a professional Democrat—he has managed to fire torpedoes into two Republican administrations by simply reporting the truth.

Skoal Singer

The French have gone wild for Jerry Lewis, the Germans are crazy about Kojak, and now even little Denmark has flipped for the talents of an American entertainer. Who? None other than country-and-western singer (and longtime girlfriend of *PLAYBOY* Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner) **Barbi Benton**. It all started in the fall of 1975, when Barbi played a C&W star in an episode of *McCloud*, in which she sang *Ain't That Just the Way*, a song written specifically for the show by *McCloud's* executive producer, Glen Larson. Playboy Records released the tune on the flip side of a single (*Reverend Bob*) and the A side did reasonably well, but nothing compared with Barbi's earlier hit *Brass Buckles*. In mid-1976, when the *McCloud* episode aired in Denmark, the unmelancholy Danes really went wild over *Ain't That Just the Way*, making it the top-selling single in the country and earning it a spot on *Billboard's* top ten "Hits of the World" list. Although he obviously was as pleased as he was surprised by the news, Hefner turned to Barbi and quipped, "Next time, could you please pick a bigger country?"



All Together Now

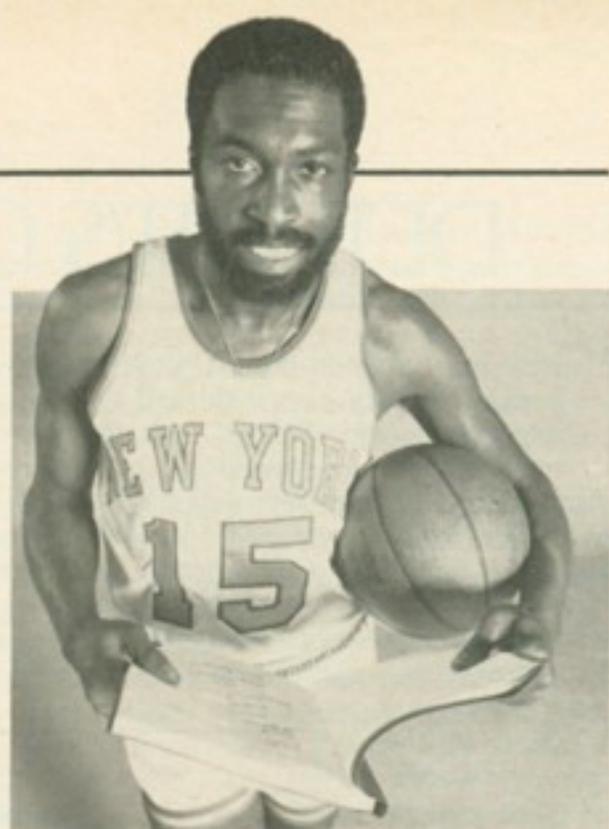
"My father had this great idea to make me rich and famous in show business. For the climax of my dance routine, I was going to do a back bend and pick up a razor blade with my teeth, and he was going to get Gillette to sponsor my act." That **Dory Previn** isn't called No Lips indicates that Gillette didn't think it was too sharp a notion. It was just one incident in a trauma-filled childhood that composer-lyricist-playwright-author Previn has hauntingly recaptured in *Midnight Baby*, her just-published autobiography from the ages of zip to ten. While the book is center stage, Previn is putting the finishing touches on a musical, *The Amazing Flight of the Gooney Bird*, based on one of her songs. And this spring she'll be doing concerts across Europe, where folks are bonkers over her tough-tender, look-at-my-psyche lyrics. Her latest album, *We're Children of Coincidence and Harpo Marx*, was a big chart number in England. "But you know," says she, with an air of bemused puzzlement, "I've done eight albums of my songs and not one of those songs has ever been recorded by anybody else." We're puzzled, too—there isn't a better lyricist around than Dory Previn, whose personal life is very up these days. The reason's artist Joby Baker, who created some of the jewelry she's wearing in the photo. The smile she's wearing is all her own and apropos for a lady who now seems to know exactly where she's going.



NORMAN SEEFF

Putting Out "Roots"

By the time it gets on the air this winter, ABC-TV's 12-hour production of Alex Haley's novel *Roots* (see this month's *Playboy Interview*) will be the most ballyhooed television event of the season. It's a \$6,000,000 gamble, but producer **Stan Margulies** doesn't seem worried. "Emotionally, it's very powerful; in one scene, Richard Roundtree, as a slave, is supposed to get down on his knees and beg his white master not to send him to work in the fields. During rehearsal, Richard fell to his knees for about one thousandth of a second, leaped up and literally screamed, 'You better get this on one take, because I'm not doing this goddamned scene again.'"



VERNON L. SMITH

Fast Break

He has always been a hard man to catch on the basketball court; but now **Earl Monroe**, the All-Pro guard of the New York Knicks, known variously as The Pearl and Mr. Magic for his on-court excellence, seems to be acting out the disco hit *Movin' in All Directions*. He has completed his first film role—in Woody Allen's new opus, untitled at presstime—and has two more lined up: *Davey*, which will find him swiping (and losing) an attaché case filled with dope, and *Champions*, a story about a neighborhood basketball program ("It goes along with the general attempt to upgrade black films"), in which he will play himself. But that's just part of what's happening. Earl also has a music-management firm called Tiffany, and one of his acts, Prana, will soon be out on Warner Bros. Records. Entertainment comes naturally to Monroe. He sang with a group in high school and did some comedy during his days with the old Baltimore Bullets. You see, he has roots: "My father danced with Bessie Smith; he was also a traveling medicine salesman. So you could say that showbiz is in my blood." But Monroe, who has to concentrate on basketball for a while longer, doesn't expect instant stardom: "For now, I just want to make some contacts and get into some of the right places. I know where my bread and butter is coming from." That sound you just heard was the New York Knicks, sighing in collective relief.

PETER SOREL

DETROIT'S OFF-SEASON INTROS

There was a time in these United States when we, the people, turned as one toward the nearest automobile agency and vibrated with anticipation until the new models were revealed. This eagerness to catch the first glimpse of Detroit's latest filigree of chrome or bulge of sheet metal bordered on a national craze, reaching a peak in September and October of each year, when the latest offerings actually appeared in public. Styling studios at Ford, G.M., et al., were guarded with a CIAlike fanaticism, lest the latest fender contour be tipped to the prying public, and the actual introduction of the new cars was choreographed in a fiendishly complicated and expensive arrangement of marketing, promotion and advertising that would make the biggest of Hollywood hustles look puny by comparison.

At its zenith in the Fifties, it was a marvelous binge of exploitive commerce and conspicuous consumption, and the reception given a newborn from Detroit would have massive impact not only on its parent company but also on the economy as a whole.

But now that curiosity of business has been packed into the musty closet where they keep the obsolete, the unfashionable and the long-forgotten, and while Detroit gamely plugs ahead to generate interest in annual model introductions, the fact is that nobody much cares anymore. As the automotive market has become more diffuse—in terms of product and consumer preferences—American manufacturers have leaned more and more in the direction of their European associates; new models can be introduced at any time of the year, as opposed to the rigid addiction to the old autumn-hokum festival. For example, the Bicentennial brought forth a modest line-up of new machinery and—with the exception of General Motors' radically defatted full-sized cars, all of which lost around 800 pounds of iron and about a foot of over-all length—very little appeared that could be described as new. In fact, all of the interesting machinery on the Detroit scene is due in the first half of 1977, when a rather impressive line-up of original products will hit the showrooms.

Perhaps the most intriguing of the new offerings will be Ford's Fiesta, the first truly contemporary small car to be sold in America by one of the Big Three. While Chevrolet's Chevette was ballyhooed as an incredibly advanced vehicle, it was, in fact, conventional in an engineering sense. Not so with the Fiesta, which employs a small 1600-c.c. transversely mounted high-revving engine that drives through

the front wheels. This arrangement maximizes passenger space (by eliminating the intrusive drive-shaft-and-transmission tunnel) without hindering performance or handling. While the Fiesta is a Ford "international" car and has been built and sold in Europe for some time, there is no denying that its entrance into the American market is additional evidence that Detroit has ended its big-car binge and is committed to smaller, more practical transportation for the future. Ford's Lincoln-Mercury division is also thinking smaller for the spring of 1977. It will introduce the Versailles,

which is Lincoln's response to the fast-selling, high-buck Cadillac Seville. Based on the Mercury Monarch/Ford Granada chassis, the Versailles is rumored to be less expensive than the Seville but with similar luxury options aimed at the same segment of the market. In keeping with the company's styling idiom, the Versailles' squarish lines will be topped off with a rectangular grille related to the well-known Lincoln Continental shape.

Chrysler has also recognized the action within the luxury sedan, where sales of such cars

as the Mercedes-Benz 450SE and the Seville have been amazing, despite the soft economy. It will offer the LeBaron and the Diplomat, which will be elegantly appointed versions of the popular Plymouth Volaré/Dodge Aspen sedans. Like the Versailles, the LeBaron/Diplomat is expected to be lower priced than the Seville but is touted as being competitive in terms of commodious accommodations and elegant styling.

Even little American Motors will be getting an early start in 1977 with the introduction of a Gremlin powered by a German-built Audi four-cylinder engine. The idea of sticking a European-manufactured power plant into an American-built car at one time would have seemed as repulsive to the Detroit brass as making *Rule Britannia* the national anthem; but economic realities can soften patriotic resolve. The Audi engine is lighter, cleaner burning and more powerful for its smaller size and weight than the aged A.M.C. six-cylinder it replaces and should give the Gremlin better mileage and performance without seriously increasing the retail price. If those benefits are available, and there's no reason to doubt that they will be, the Audi engine probably could be built in Outer Mongolia and neither A.M.C. nor its Gremlin customers would care a hoot. Such is a symptom of the radically changing American automotive scene—and why surprises are possible from Detroit any time of the year.

—BROCK YATES



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