

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1977 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY

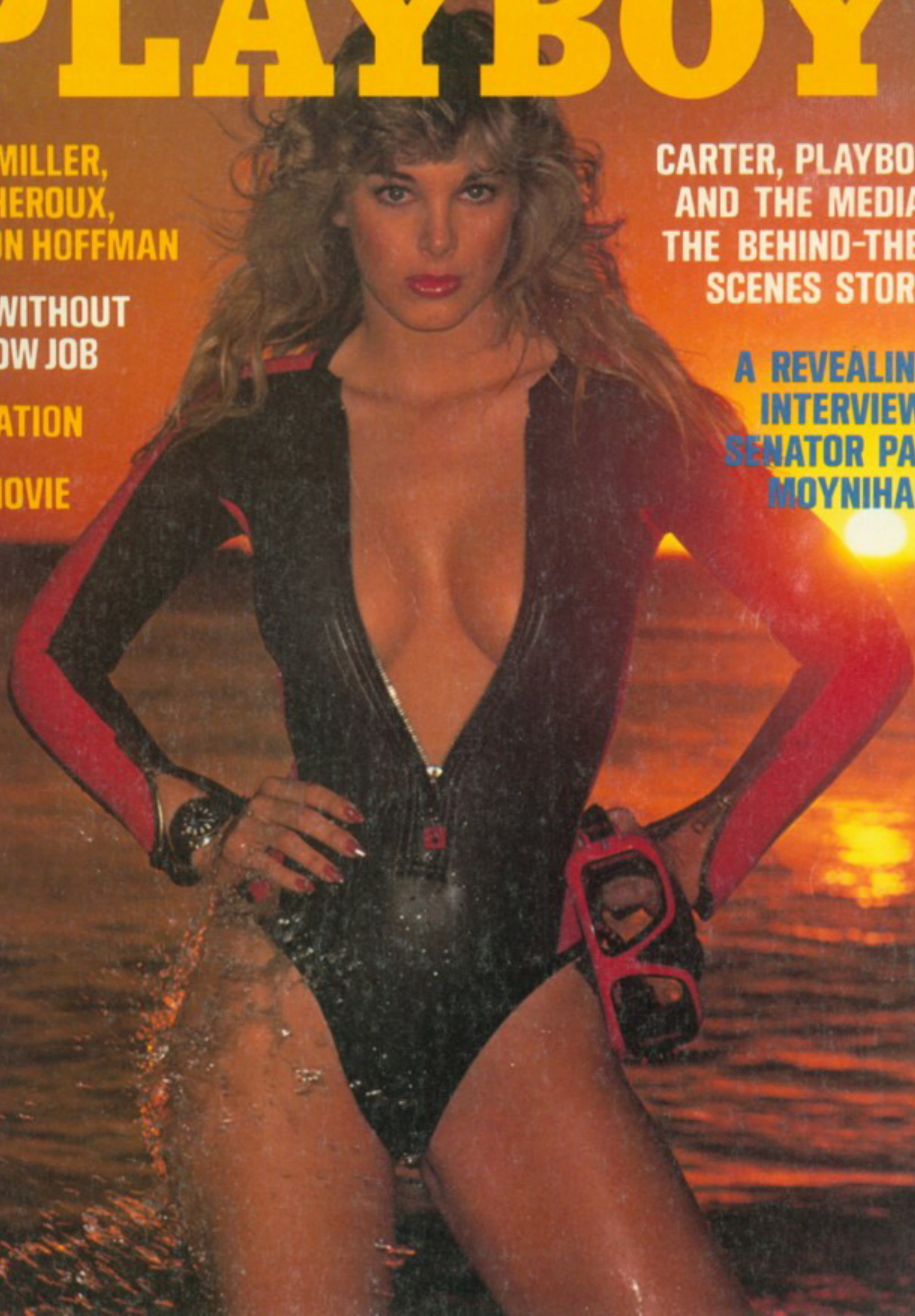
**HENRY MILLER,
PAUL THEROUX,
NICK VON HOFFMAN**

**ASPEN WITHOUT
THE SNOW JOB**

**ON LOCATION
AT A
PORN MOVIE**

**CARTER, PLAYBOY
AND THE MEDIA:
THE BEHIND-THE-
SCENES STORY**

**A REVEALING
INTERVIEW:
SENATOR PAT
MOYNIHAN**







film makers suddenly can't get enough of that legendary lech. now tony curtis plays you-know-who, with a cast of international beauties, including our own lillian müller

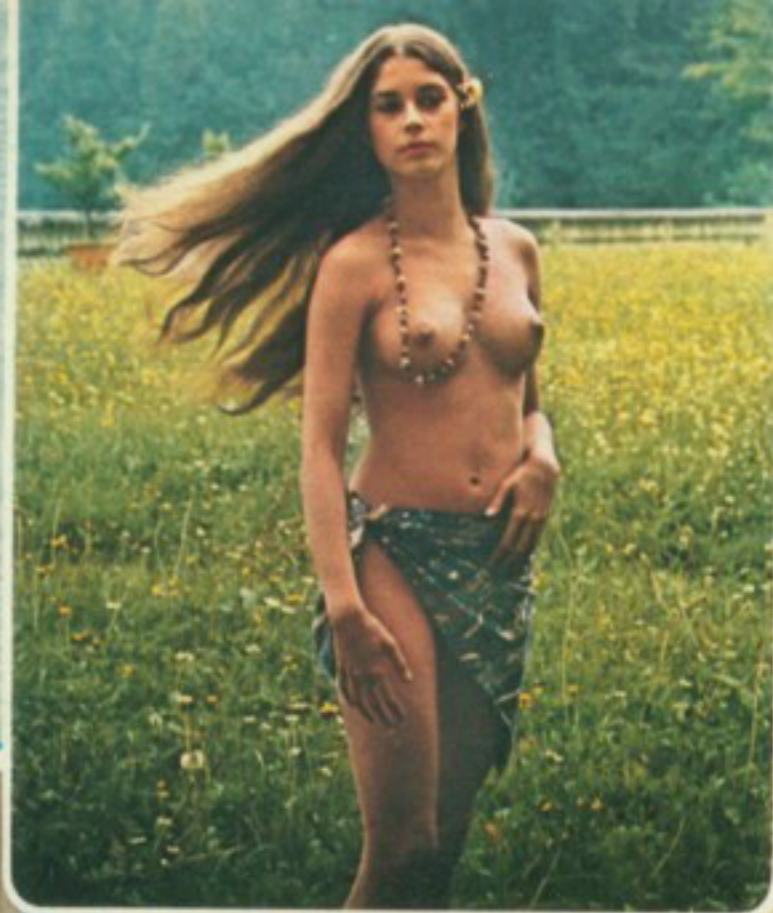
COMEBACK FOR CASANOVA



GIACOMO CASANOVA is the man of the year, as far as sex in cinema goes. With the possible exception of Howard Hughes, no other figure has so captured the imagination of current film makers. No fewer than two full-length feature films detail the life and times of Europe's most famous cocksman. The first—*Fellini's Casanova*—was presented in our December issue. The second—*Casanova and Company*—is presented on these pages. As you can see, it offers a slightly different bent to the

Casanova and Company shows more beautiful women—and more of them—than any production this side of *Charlie's Angels*. The film is a showcase for Marisa Berenson (top), Katja Cristine, Britt Ekland, Carla Romanelli (middle) and Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller (right).





story. It seems that Casanova (played by Tony Curtis) escapes from prison, only to find that his most famous talent has—well, er—atrophyed from disuse. Fortunately for the ladies of Venice, there comes on the scene a look-alike for Casanova, the pickpocket and petty thief Giacomino, also played by Curtis. (The actor steadfastly refused to allow stunt men to stand in for either role. We can see why.) The two work out a trade—Casanova teaches

Before an oil contract with the caliph of Shiraz can be signed, Casanova (or his double) must service the calipha (Miss Berenson), shown below receiving a 10,000-mile back rub from a lovely attendant (Jean Bell). Curtis rises to the occasion (bottom left).



Giacomino the secrets of the art of lovemaking—including his trademark, the "kiss on the navel." Giacomino subsequently develops the talent (for one thing, he aims a bit lower) and manages to keep Casanova's reputation alive among the ladies of high Venetian society. The crowning achievement of his career involves subtle negotiations with the calipha of Shiraz (those Arabs drive hard bargains). As a result, Casanova is pardoned for his crimes, passionate and otherwise.

Casanova was never known to come up short of friends. Olivia Pascal (far left) plays one of the convent girls who give the famous lover shelter for the night. Miss Eklund (right) plays the cunning Confessa Trivulzi. Marisa Mell (below) is Casanova's mistress, Francesca.



We can see it now. Brass plaques all over Italy: CASANOVA SLEPT HERE. And here. And here. At left, the great impostor and pick-pocket Giacomino makes it with the confessa. At right, the real thing beds down with his true love, Francesca. Double your fun.





Lillian Müller has had little leisure time since she last appeared in *PLAYBOY*. For the past few months, she has been working in Europe, actively pursuing her ambition to be as well received as Brigitte Bardot and Ursula Andress—her two favorite actresses. At long last, readers who seconded our choice of Lillian as Playmate of the Year now have a chance to see *their* favorite lady in action. *Casanova and Company* is Lillian's first comedy and the first of her films to be released in America. Early reports indicate that she was more than a match for the world's greatest lover. We hardly expected less. So check the show times and give your eyes a break.



Upon his escape from prison, Casanova seeks refuge in a convent inhabited by Lillian, Jenny Arasse and Miss Pascal (left). Rendered impotent by years of confinement, the famed lover is unable to live up to his legend. Maybe it was the saltpeter. Undaunted, the girls carry on.





Lillian reports that part of the thrill of being in a film about Casanova was the chance to dress in elegant 17th Century costumes. Photographer Phillip Dixon discovered an even greater joy—watching Lillian take off her elegant 17th Century costumes.



The lovely Lillian, as Angela, is taken in by Casanova's sleep-in double—the pickpocket Giacomino (left). In self-defense, she removes all of her clothes, leaving no pockets to be picked. Not to be outwitted, the petty thief finds another use for his magic fingers.





TOP SHAPE

*playmate nicki thomas
works hard at keeping fit.
nice work, nicki*

By all accounts, 1976 was the year of the body. Working out became as popular as making out. Across the country, citizens of both sexes embarked on the quest to get in shape or, if they were there already, to keep in shape. *Pumping Iron*, a book about weight lifters, became a best seller. The movie *Stay Hungry* made Arnold Schwarzenegger's name a household word (well, almost). Our gatefold girl for March wonders why it took so long. Nicki Thomas has been taking care of her body for years. (You can see that for yourself.) Three days a week, and sometimes on weekends, too, you'll find her working out at a Chicago-area health club. On her free days, she trucks on down to the local Y to work out on the gymnastics equipment—rings, uneven bars, etc. The exercises keep her in shape for the gymnastics and the gymnastics keep her in shape for the exercises. Or something like that. How did Nicki get interested in exercise? She was never a 90-pound weakling. "I just have this thing about fat people. Your body is a gift and it's criminal to let it go to waste, to treat it with indifference. Every pound of extra weight is a buffer between you and the world. It cuts down your feeling and makes you harder to find. Like driving a car that's out of tune, living in a body that's out of shape wastes energy." The only break in



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR

"Sex is more an emotion than a physical event. You start off feeling good and you end up feeling better. It really doesn't matter what happens, as long as you're with the right person."



"Fitness is important to sex. If lovers aren't in good shape, they tend to settle for what's comfortable, instead of what's possible. They get lazy. They lose their sense of adventure. They get trapped in a rut."



"I like to put my body into impossible positions, to stretch and flex my muscles. Each position is like a letter of the alphabet. When my boyfriend and I make love, we write words with our bodies. We make sculptures."





"Some people base their notions of right and wrong on what works—on what gives the woman pleasure. I don't think in those terms. At the end of the evening, it's enough to know that I've tried something worth trying."



Nicki's training schedule came last summer, during the Montreal Olympics. Like everyone else, she was in front of her television set, absorbing every second of the gymnastics events. "Nadia was perfect. Precision is breath-taking, no matter what the sport. Anything that is done well becomes erotic and very sexy. But it's for her own benefit. Nadia could do her routine in a room all by herself and God would give her a ten." Nicki keeps busy: She plays guitar and violin with the same enthusiasm with which she pursues more physical activities. "I like to get lost in playing. The rhythm is almost hypnotic. You become what you're doing. I try to do things that teach me about myself. I like to make progress. People should have at least one thing in life that lets them measure their progress." Nicki is willing to undertake anything on the spur of the moment: She recently began to draw—out of curiosity to see if she knew enough about a friend to get a portrait right.






"My goals are fairly simple: a good man, a good life, no hassles. I want to keep growing, to keep meeting challenges. One man's ceiling is another man's floor, right? If you keep the right attitude, you can do anything."

"I had never drawn before, but I could see what I was doing that was accurate and what I was doing that wasn't. I kept at it until I got it right, and now I'm hooked." Her latest activity actually began on a dare. "One of my friends happens to be a police officer. He's always kidding me about how much I notice about people. Somewhere along the line, it occurred to me, do I know enough about my friends to be able to go down to a precinct station and describe one of them to a police artist well enough for him to be arrested?" An interesting idea. What was the crime her friend committed for which he should get arrested? "How about cheating at pool? My boyfriend and I gamble on everything. We'll go bowling and then play to see who pays for the shoes, who pays for the games. But I have to watch him every second. When we play pool, he'll say, 'Take this shot, take this shot.' Of course, it will be an impossible shot and, if I miss, it will leave him in a position where he can clean the table. Sometimes, though, I'll start laughing and then make the shot, just to see what he'll do." That's what friends are for, right?

It's obvious that Miss Thomas is in her prime. Everything she does, she does extremely well. We would give her a ten for just standing in a room alone. And so, no doubt, would you.



A black and white photograph of a woman with curly hair, wearing a floral crown and a small, ruffled bra. She is sitting up in a bed with an ornate headboard, looking down at a small object she is holding in her hands. The lighting is soft, highlighting her skin. The background shows the decorative headboard and some pillows.

"I liked posing for these pictures. For the first time in my life, I know what it looks like to be me."

MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman didn't want to embarrass her husband by discussing his impotence, so she went secretly to their old family doctor, who gave her a prescription for drops to be slipped into her husband's bedtime glass of milk. The pharmacist who filled the prescription goofed, however, and listed the dosage on the label as 30 drops instead of the correct three. The woman was waiting for the doctor when he arrived at his office the following day. "Well, Mrs. Brown," he said, "what brings you here again so soon? Didn't the drops work?"

"That's not the trouble," she replied. "What I need now is an antidote so they can close the coffin."

Perhaps a plainclothes cop who entraps street-walkers into solicitation should be referred to as an *agent profuckateur*.



When Mr. Goldfarb returned home from an extended business trip abroad, his wife greeted him with the news that their only son was engaged. "That's nice," beamed Goldfarb, "and to a college girl, I'm hoping."

"Max," said his wife, raising her apron to her eyes, "our Seymour is engaged to . . . to . . . to another man."

"Oy, vay!" exclaimed Goldfarb.

"But there's at least something to be thankful for," said Mrs. Goldfarb, lowering her apron and forcing a smile.

"What could that be, already?"

"Seymour's fiancé is a doctor."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *porno Western* as a movie in which all the good guys are hung.

*Though excited, her brother protested,
"If we're caught, we can both be arrested!"*

But she yanked down his shorts,

Say judicial reports,

And exclaimed, "I insist!"—and incested.

No sooner had the minister's climax subsided than the Sunday-school teacher slid out from under him, jumped to her feet and started dancing naked around the room. "I know you're happy," panted the clergyman, "but somebody might see you through the window. You know, if this were to leak out, I'd be ruined."

"But I may be ruined," the girl panted back, "if it *doesn't* leak out!"

It was one of those Olympic Village romances—a male distance runner wooed and won a female sprinter. "Darling," he whispered on their wedding night, "your pace or mine?"

Since the accommodations in the small farmhouse were cramped, there was no place for the visiting 15-year-old to sleep except in the same bed with his grandfather. At one point during the night, the old man suddenly sat bolt upright in bed and shouted, "I wish I had a woman!"

This naturally woke the youth, who remained quiet for a few moments before he said, "Grandpa, I don't know exactly what you have in mind—but what you have in your hand there happens to be *mine!*"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *highway quickie* as braking and entering.

*For her Hamlet in drag, actress Clubb
Learned her lines while immersed in the tub.*

Using Method a bit,

She would finger her clit

As she memorized, "Ah, there's the rub!"

A socialite from an old established family sued her husband for divorce, charging infidelity. The man admitted in court that he had been unfaithful over an extended period with a teen-aged typist who worked for him. "But how could you," asked the judge, "betray a woman of your wife's breeding and position with a cheap little office slut?"

"Let me put it this way," replied the defendant. "Does your Honor fully appreciate the difference between dignified acquiescence and enthusiastic cooperation?"

Orthopedists have reported the appearance of a new occupational disease endemic to massage parlors. It's called penis elbow.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vaginal jelly* as the hole schmear.

As soon as his secretary had left his office, the president of the firm called in the sales manager, shut the door and chuckled, "Here's one for the book, Fred. When Miss Bauman and I were discussing the quality of the detergent we put out, she up and told me that she douches with the stuff!"

"Thank God, boss!" gulped Fred. "With those flecks of foam on your chin, I thought maybe you had rabies!"

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.



"Oh, yes, my wife is enjoying sex even more now—at home, across the street, down the block, all over town. . . ."

photography by
RICHARD FEGLEY

CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN

that is, if they're the
right clothes on
the right woman

Sometimes a wisp of clothing
serves to dramatize a girl's
natural assets. This lady is
up for grabs in a pair of
panty hose that not only accen-
tuates the positive—it makes
it delightfully available.



Right: There are two outstanding reasons why that old black magic of milady's plunging neckline has us in its spell. Perhaps she'd be willing to lift our spirits even higher by showing us a third? Below: It's unlikely that there'll be a split decision as to the effect of a garter belt and stockings on the male libido—especially when backed up by a fur coat, high heels and satin sheets. Opposite page: Now you see it, now you don't—or do you?—through the peekaboob (sorry, we couldn't resist) mesh of her antique ball gown.



FUR COAT FROM N. J. ROSENTHAL FURS
WATCH AND EARRINGS FROM SIDNEY GARBER







Left: Ah, just a mere slip of a girl. And she has nothing on her mind but thou. Can you dig it? We definitely can.

Right: The lady provides an intriguing study in contrasts—gossamer-thin chiffon dress, shiny leather boots. She's all dressed up with no place to go. At least not yet. But given the givens, that's bound to change.

Below: The pause that refreshes—especially when one is lounging in a pair of evening pajamas near an electric breeze. Will someone please switch that blasted machine to high?



MIRA DEMOSS EVENING PAJAMAS FROM HENRI BENDEL





Above: What's a nice girl like her doing all hot and bothered in a foxy bathing suit like this? Anything she wants to, anything she wants to. Right: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? You can bet your bottom dollar you are, but you're getting short shrift from that knockabout safari jacket and jazzy leg warmers. Leg warmers? We thought those were ear muffs. Opposite page: Talk about a brief encounter! No, the elastic in those dropped drawers didn't give out—but our will power has.

BATHING SUIT BY NORMA KAMALI
LEG WARMERS FROM HOT SOX, INC.







"You, too, Brutus."



DUCK BROWN

"Ah, this is your captain again. You can loosen your seat belts now, as we anticipate no further turbulence."

TRIG

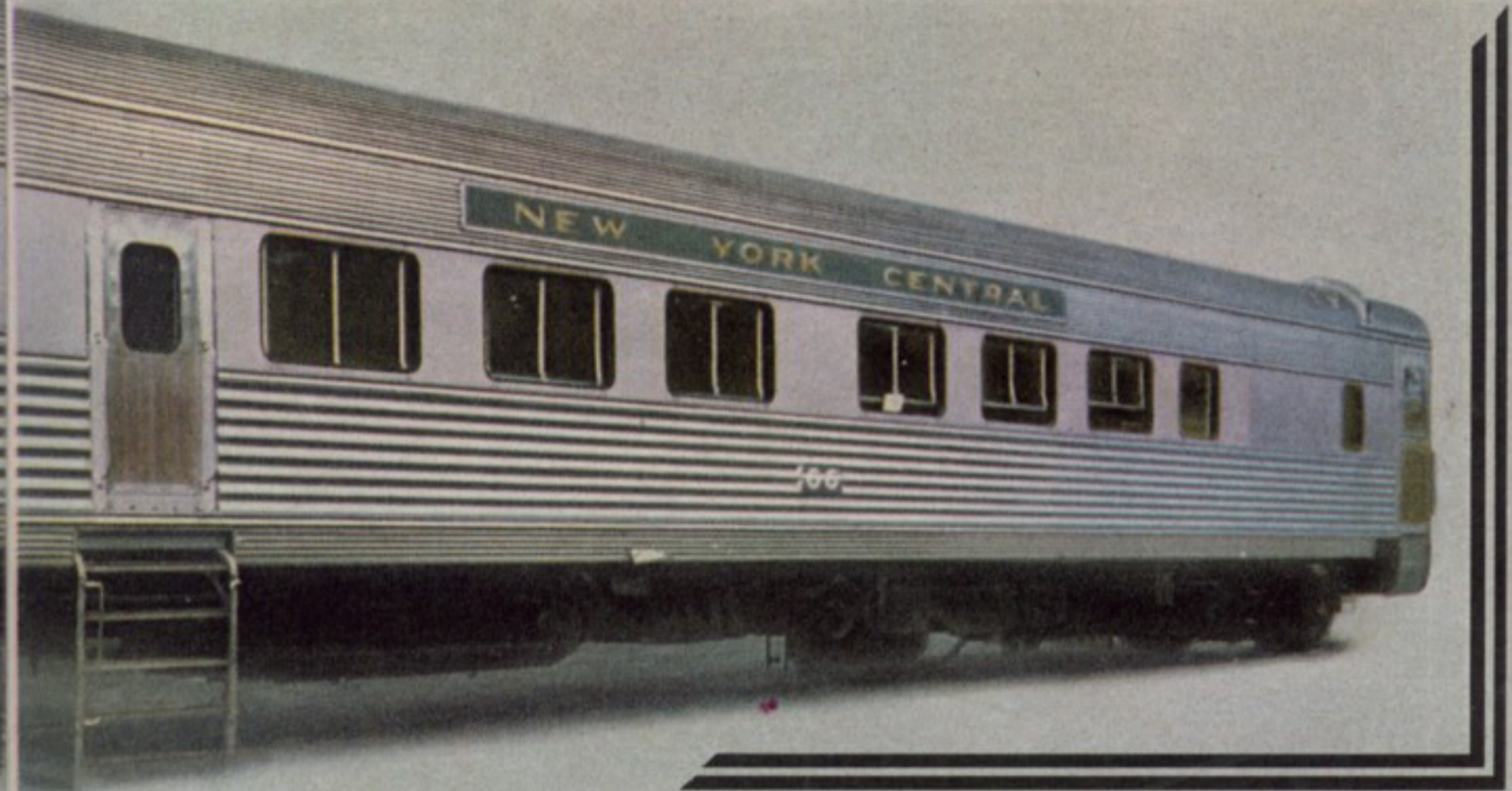


**PARKED ON
A LOS ANGELES
SIDING, NUMBER
66 ISN'T GOING
ANYWHERE, BUT
INSIDE—THINGS
REALLY MOVE**

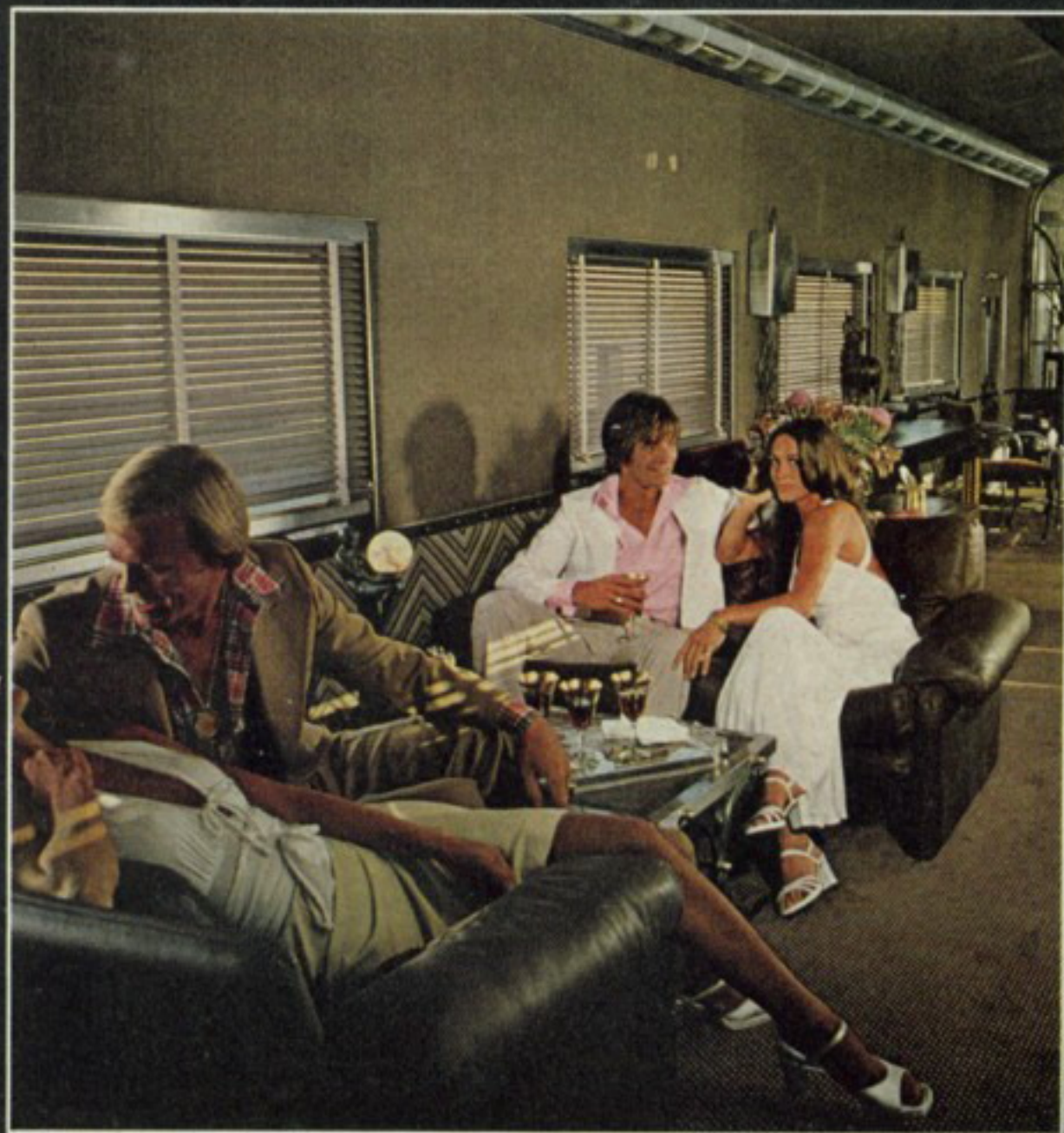
MOST OLD railroad cars never die, they just rust away in some forgotten corner of a switchyard. Fortunately, the man who eventually became the owner of New York Central Observation Car Number 66 knew a good thing when he saw it come up for sale a few years ago. He purchased the car, housed it on a Los Angeles siding and turned the job of refurbishing its interior over to designers Gary Bond and Barbara Lockhart, with the word that they

Above: The rear of Number 66 serves as a conference room; behind the walnut table/desk is a phone hookup that links the owner with his downtown office. Both walls and ceiling are upholstered in a flameproof wool fabric. The stainless-steel base conceals electrical equipment.

Hit Track



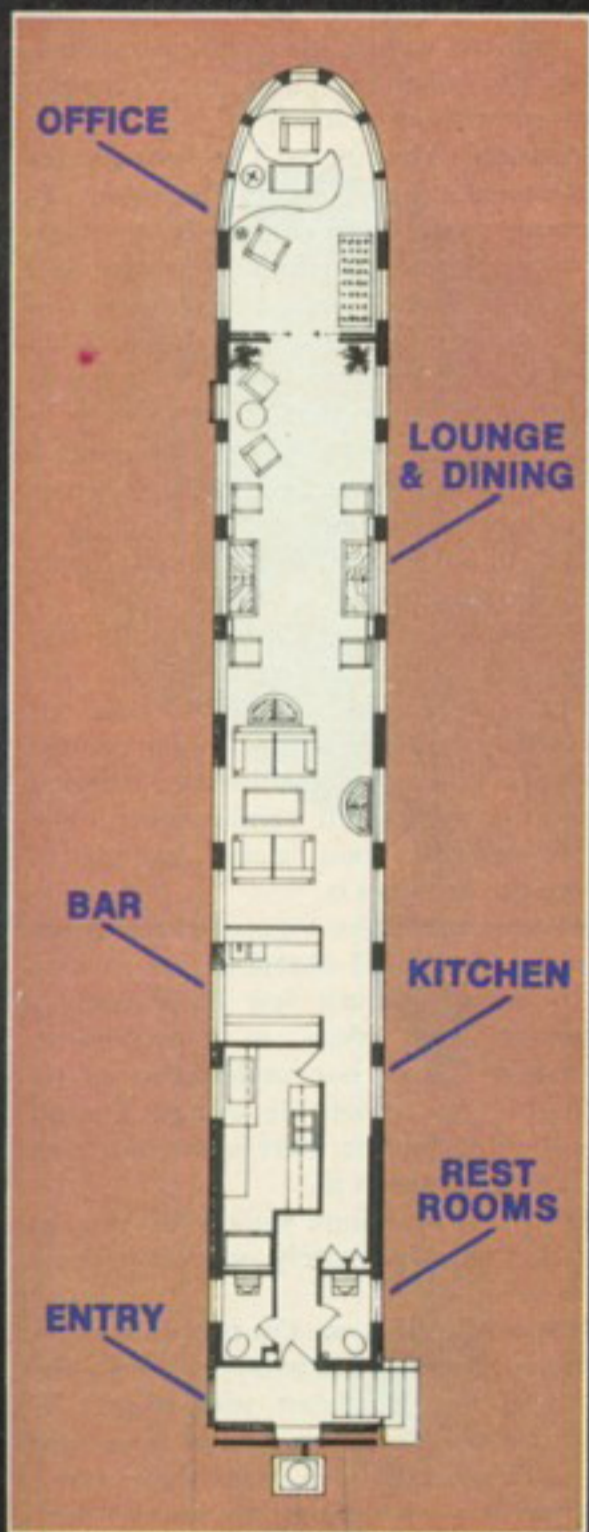
Left: It's all aboard Number 66—an 85-foot observation car formerly the property of the New York Central Railroad and now owned by an L.A. entrepreneur. Above: The car's dining area, with its expandable walnut table.



had an unlimited budget to turn old Number 66 into a masculine show place on wheels that would be fit for entertaining business associates and their friends in a Grand Central style that even the late Lucius Beebe would have envied. About a year later, Lockhart and Bond's gilt-edged project was complete.

Inside the air-conditioned car, one passes twin bathrooms, a luxe kitchen equipped with every modern convenience, including four microwave ovens (the owner is an avid chef) and capacious freezing facilities, to enter the well-stocked custom-wet-bar area. Here, one can order a drink, then meander into the main lounge, where twin Italian-leather sofas are placed for convenient lounging. On opposite sides of the car are matching walnut tables that can be expanded to form one large dining table. The rounded tail end of Number 66 has been reserved for conferences; a walnut table/desk stands adjacent to a special phone hooked up to the owner's downtown office—and there's a tufted-leather antique chaise nearby for relaxing. All aboard!

Above: The car's main lounge area is furnished with a matching pair of Italian-leather sofas. The Venetian blinds you see covering the windows are original—retained by the owner as a tribute to Number 66's exciting past. Just behind the romantically inclined couples is the dining area; the stainless-steel wall lighting fixtures mounted there were custom-made in Paris.



Above: This floor plan shows how furniture placement turns Number 66's narrow space into a plus. A 26" entrance necessitated the assembly of furnishings inside the car.

Above top: Number 66's dining area in full swing: The walnut table collapses to the compact size shown on the previous page. Above left: An inviting guest relaxes on the conference area's antique tufted-leather chaise. Above right: This twosome catches a midnight zephyr out back on the car's front entryway.

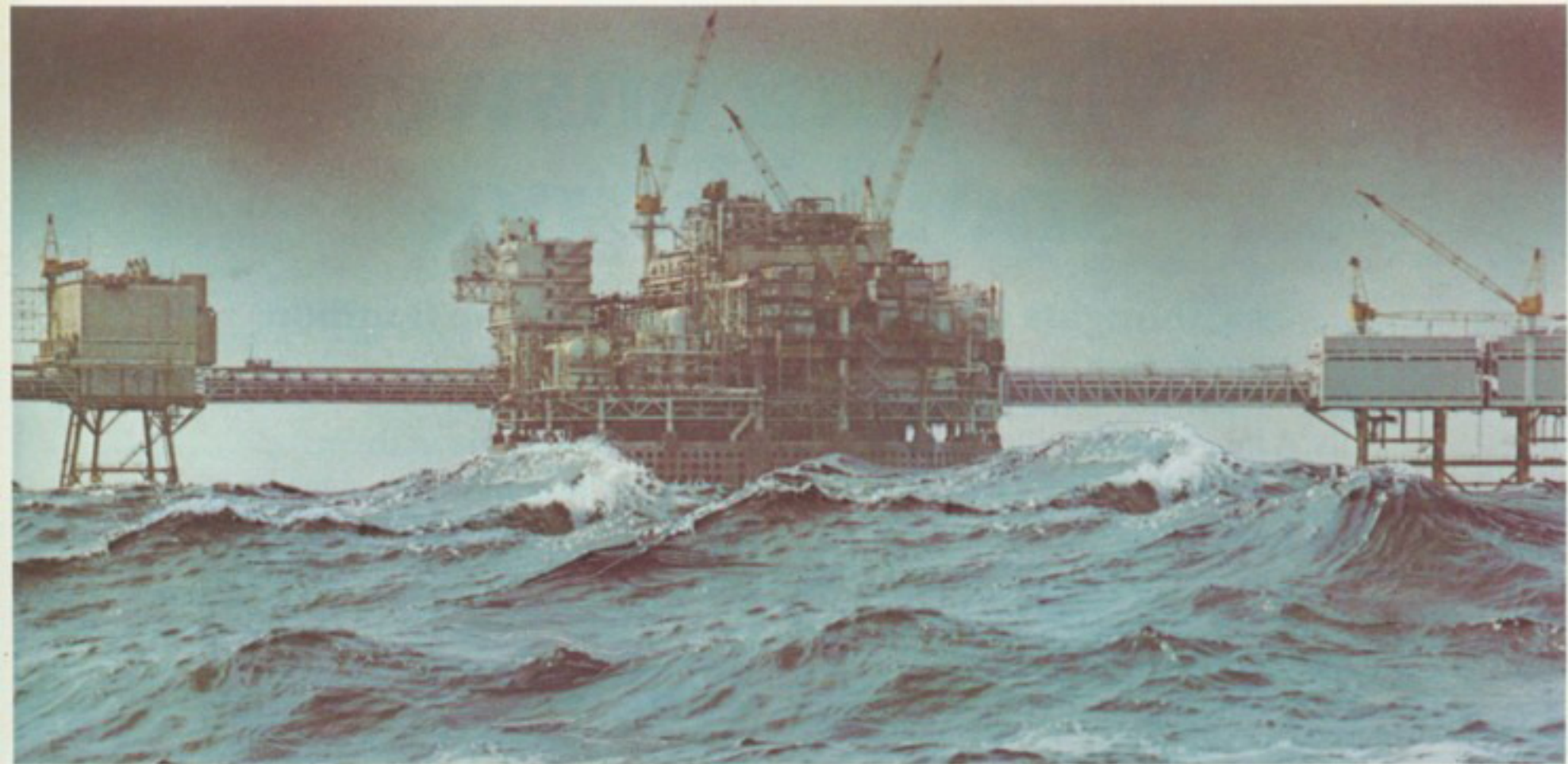


"I'll consult with my lawyer any way I want!"



"Can I get back to you, Marge? I'm evaluating a portfolio."

The North Sea is one of the most forbidding spots on earth to drill for oil. Even on a nice day like today.



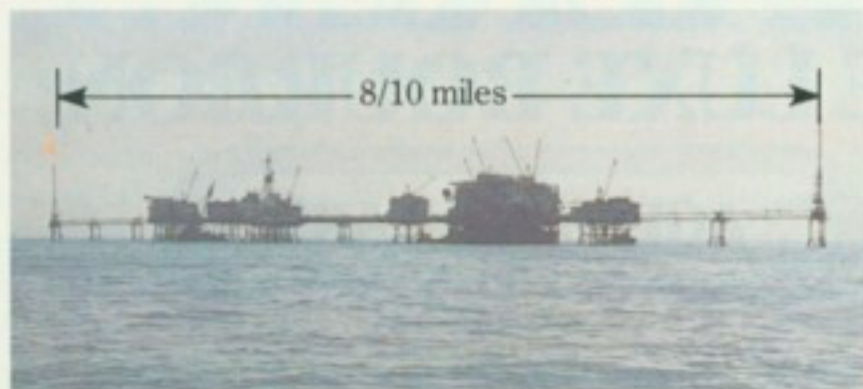
For years, experts believed a major oil field was buried beneath the North Sea. But even if they could find the oil, they weren't sure they could get it out. Especially during stormy winter months when gale force winds and eighty-foot waves made operations even more hazardous.

Relying on ingenuity instead of weather.

When Phillips Petroleum finally did strike oil in the North Sea, they knew conventional production methods couldn't stand up to the task. So they built a city that could. A city at sea called "Ekofisk."

A city so efficient, it can recover oil and natural gas, separate them on the spot, then pump both to terminals hundreds of miles away via separate underwater pipelines.

A city so accommodating, it will feed,



The vast sea makes even the 13-story tower look small.

sleep and entertain over 400 people in its own five-story hotel.

A city so far reaching, a satellite communications system must be used to link its most distant points.

A city so advanced, it has changed the whole concept of offshore oil production.

But even more important than what's gone into Ekofisk is what we're getting out of it: sorely needed oil and natural gas from a place where it could never be produced before.

Where do we go from here?

Soon, the people of Phillips Petroleum will be drilling even deeper into the oceans with a unique ship that uses computerized underwater thrusters to maintain its position with amazing accuracy.

In the future, Phillips seismic crews will be able to determine their location in uncharted jungles using a remarkable ground-to-satellite communication system.

Searching the world over for oil, then turning it into fine products for your car. At Phillips Petroleum we have a word for it: Performance.

The Performance Company





"So's vice."



"Well, how's that for starters? No bloody aardvarks!!"



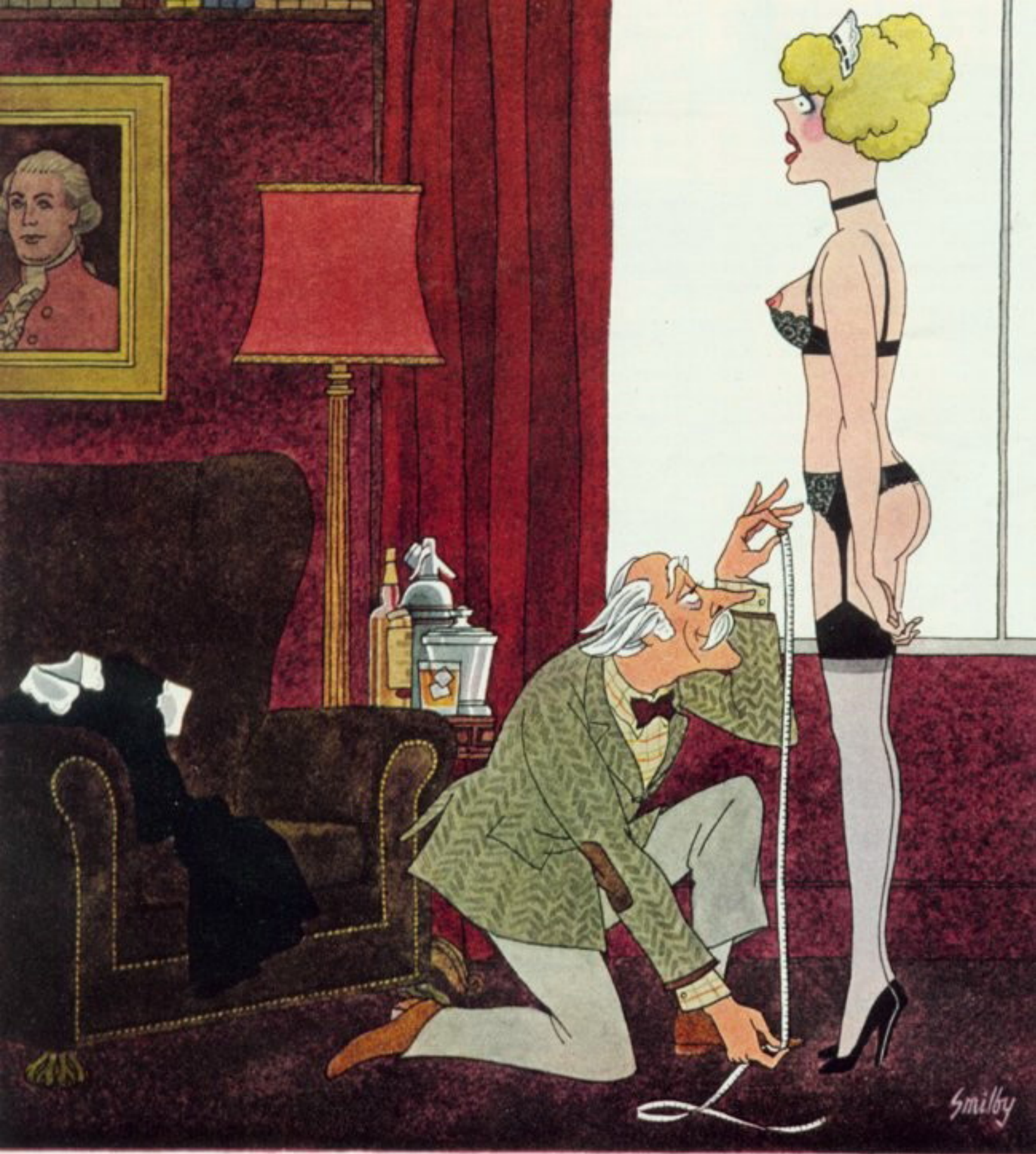
Smilby



“That reminds me. On the way home, let’s get a couple of hot dogs.”



"I had the most amusing dream last night, Miss Grant—I dreamed you performed an unnatural sex act upon me."



"It's very kind of you, sir, but I really do think my old uniform fits me well enough."



George Dole

"And another thing: What's this dollar, fifteen for earplugs?"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

ALL LEATHERED UP

Once upon a time, Eva Perón had one of the last horse cavalries in the world. And to ensure that her boys were turned out smartly wherever they rode, she commissioned for them a stylish jacket that could be carried over the shoulder and donned at the twinkling of a saber. What she got is shown at left (not the girl, you dummy): a waist-length jacket of buttery leather that—get this—features two large front pockets that can be zipped together, thus turning the jacket into a functional shoulder bag. If you'd like to make like one of madam's horsemen, the jackets are now available in both men's and women's sizes (even 32-46 and 32-40) for \$150, postpaid, from a store called Limited Edition at 415 West Lovell Street, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007. What's that? You say you can't *ride* like a member of madam's horse cavalry? Limited Edition will never tell.



PLENTY OF RELISH

Looking for something a bit different to show at your next stag party? Sweet Relish Films, P. O. Box 239, Crookston, Minnesota 56716, has just the thing—a \$19.95 super-8 animated flick called *Deep Donut*, which, according to the creator, is the "tender love story of a donut in search of happiness and her friend Mr. Pickle, who has only one thing on his mind." The ending, obviously, is a dilly.

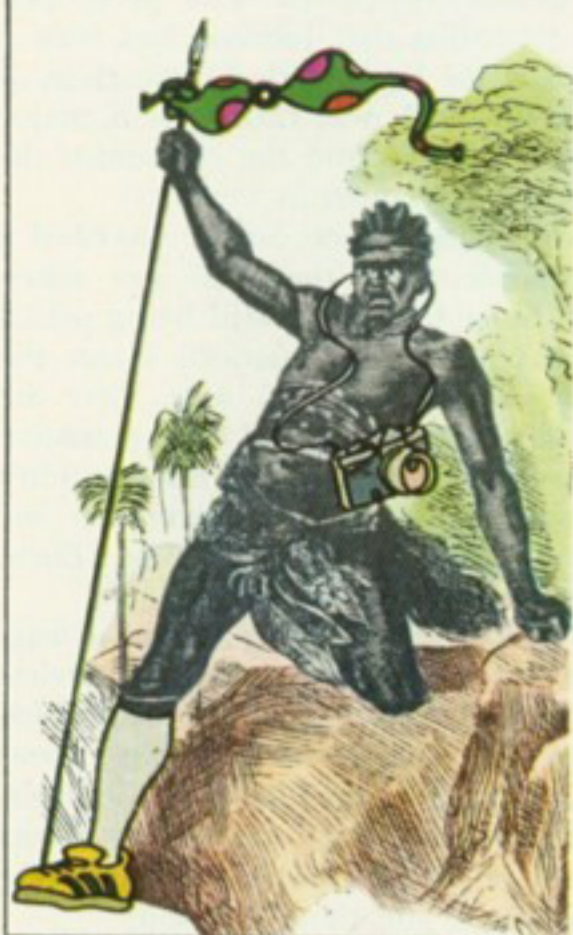
KING OF THE ELECTRONIC MOUNTAIN

Ski buffs, take note! Northeast Industries, at 52 Tyler Row, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945, is marketing for \$250 a device called Ski-V that puts you into a pair of remote-control skis hooked up to the tube. Then it's all downhill as you compete in a slalom or giant-slalom race, watching yourself (in the form of two parallel lines) as you tackle the video mountain, hitting or missing gates, depending on how well you coordinate your skis, poles and body. At least the falls don't hurt much.



SNUFF AND NONSENSE

No, a *Snuff Aparat* isn't a Nazi assassination device. It's a crazy German-made wooden contraption that's designed to shoot two dollops of dry snuff up your nose, just as fast as you can load and cock it. Eldorado Products, 3301 Eastern Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21224, is the importer and will send you the model shown here for \$29, postpaid. Or, for \$35, you can arm yourself with a smaller snuff shooter that's equipped with a handy positioning mirror. *Gesundheit!*

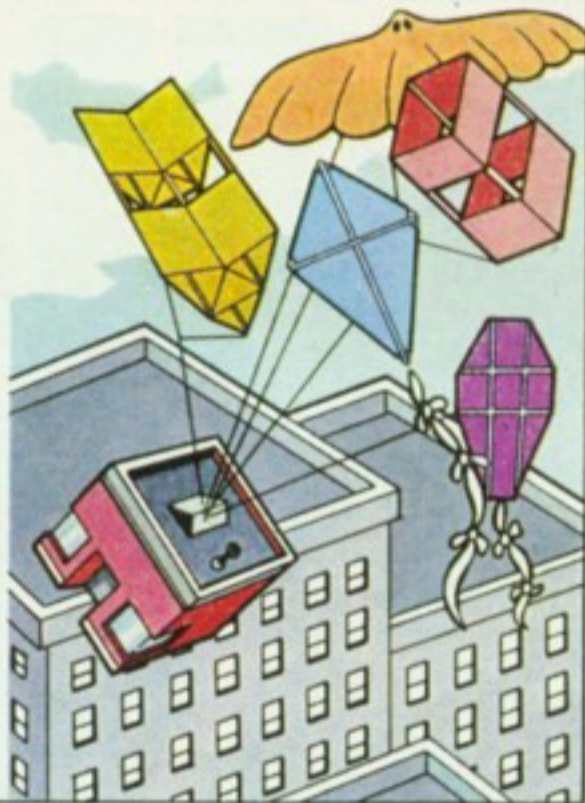


WILD, MAN

We like this. Hanns Ebensten Travel at 55 West 42nd Street, New York City 10036, is inviting adventurous travelers to sign up for a three-week river safari in Borneo that departs next September. The cost of the tour—which includes a week aboard native boats exploring the remote Mahakam River under armed civil guard—is \$2875 per person, not including air fare. Ebensten informs us, by the way, that the armed guard is just a token precaution, as the area, until the end of World War Two, was the stomping ground of headhunters. As they say in Borneo: Look, Ma, no Hanns!

UP, UP AND AWAY!

The next time someone tells you to go fly a kite, take him literally and check with a store at 1434 Third Avenue in Manhattan called, naturally, Go Fly A Kite. There you'll find everything your high-flying little heart could desire: monstrous hand-painted cobras measuring 18' x 25' for \$10; giant paper or silk insects from the People's Republic of China for \$5 to \$18; a sporty Sopwith Camel for \$7.50; and, the real showstopper, a 45' Mylar dragon for \$11, all post-paid. Let 'er rip!



DRUM SHITICK

Centuries ago, the Mayans invented a wooden slit-drum called the teponaztli, which produced a hollow, haunting sound when pounded on with a pair of mallets. Those Mayans are gone, but you can still buy their drum (its name now shortened to Zali) from Crescent Moon Natural Sound, P. O. Box 41069, Chicago 60641, for \$29.95, postpaid. Best of all, you don't have to be an accomplished musician to play an honest-to-goodness tune on one. Just grab your sticks and pound. Result: real Tin Pan Zali.



THE HIGH COST OF BEDDING

You can still do a lot with \$12,000. Buy yourself a Mercedes 230, a suite on the QE 2 or some great-vintage wines for future sipping. Or you can put your \$12,000 where you lay your head each night by picking up the one-of-a-kind 7'3"-high hand-carved Honduras-mahogany bed shown below that William Fifield of Route 1, Box 127, Conifer, Colorado 80433, has created. The canopy, incidentally, incorporates Tiffany glass and the inlays are of vermilion and rosewood. It's a great place to make love, but would you want to smoke in it?



BACK TO THE GOLD STANDARD

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but gold certainly isn't far behind. So if you'd like to wow the lady in your life out of her socks—or possibly something more delicate—we suggest you consider a set of 14 solid-gold fingernails that a charming ex-dancer turned custom-jewelry designer named Shell Reyes at P. O. Box 224, Berwyn, Illinois 60402, is selling for \$375, postpaid. Sizes available are the same as false-fingernail sizes. Fourteen nails! Who has Shell Reyes been hanging around with lately—a Hindu goddess?





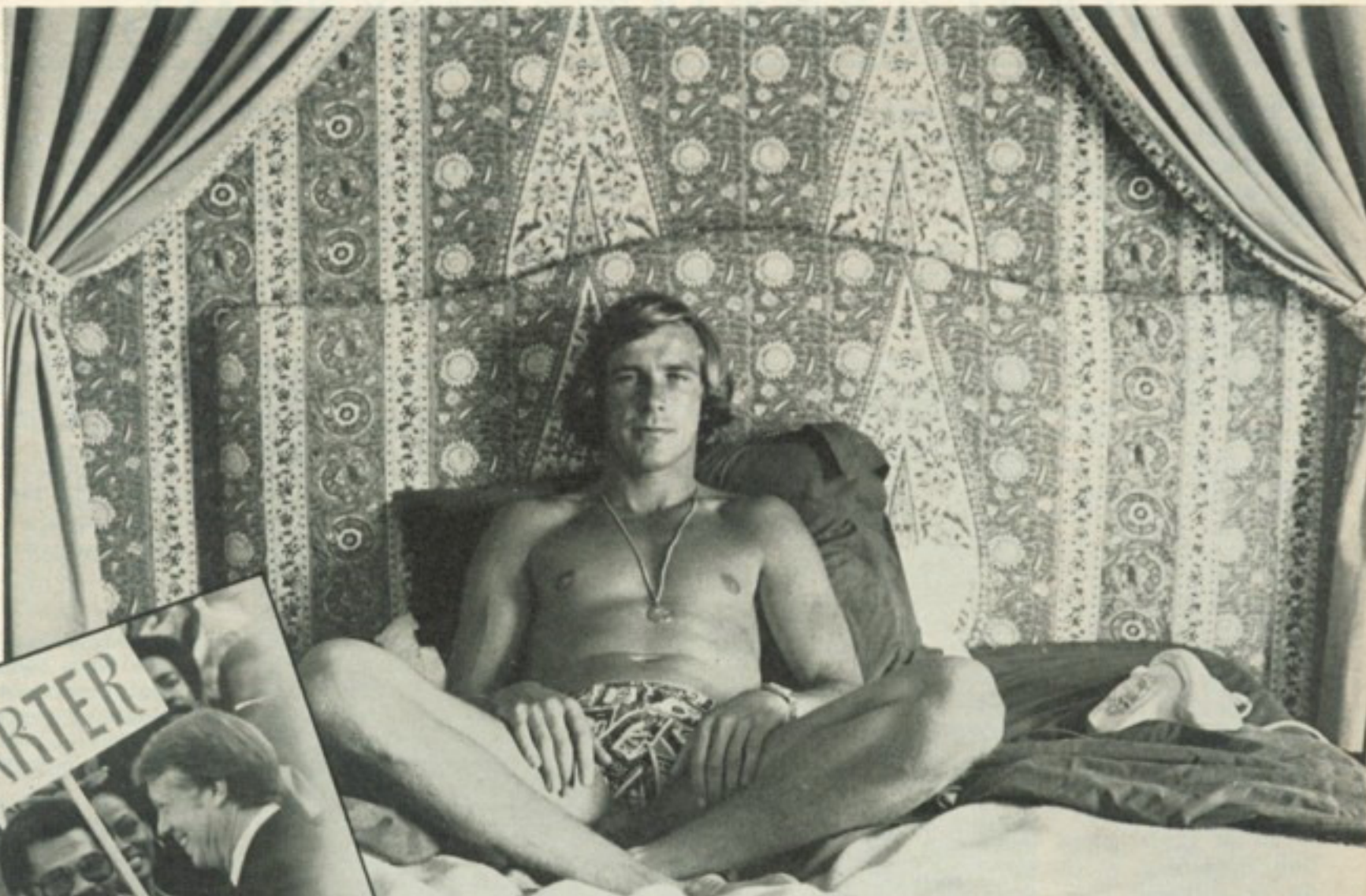
"Cunnilingus . . . masturbation . . . fellatio . . ."



At home, he's merely Stan Lee, publisher and guiding force behind Marvel Comics. But at the office, he's Comicbookman, creator of The Hulk, Spiderman, The Fantastic Four and The Silver Surfer. Meet the man who gave comics a good name in a special interview in the current issue of OUI magazine. In the same issue, Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross, researcher of the hereafter, gives reasons why *Yes, There Is Life After Death*. Then, OUI explores the latest sexual behavior trend, no sex at all, in *There's No Sex Like No Sex*. Plus a personal account of the war in *Lebanon*, the long-awaited list of the *Top-40 Recorded Phone Messages* and a look at the new, improved KKK. It's all in the March issue of OUI magazine. On sale now!



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALLAN BALLARD / COPYRIGHT © SCOPE FEATURES



Lose Some, Win Some

British racing driver **James Hunt** has gone through a couple of years that one might label manic. It started off with his original backer having withdrawn its support and his wife, Suzy, having left him for Richard Burton. It ended on a rain-swept

Japanese race course, when Hunt became England's first world champion in eight years. Hunt shrugs off the broken marriage: "It was no great personal tragedy. Now I'm enjoying myself." At the top of his sport at 29, Hunt expects to race three more years before retiring. Says he, "I have a not altogether unreasonable ambition to stay alive."



The Jimmy & Cher Show

Ever wonder what words are actually passed between a high-ranking politician and a beautiful woman when they suddenly meet at a political rally while the politician's wife, a crowd of 15,000 people and a television-evening-news audience of many millions more look on? Wonder no more.

Cher Allman told us what happened when she met Jimmy Carter at an L.A. rally the day before the election. Carter had shaken hands with the celebrities in attendance but had hugged Cher with apparent feeling and whispered in her ear. She whispered back. Says Cher, "When he got on the platform, he was a little bit late and we were having a problem with the crowd because it was so goddamn hot. And when he got there, I thought that he'd be glazed—it's a look you can always tell if you know what's going on; it's like keep your calm and smile while you're thinking about something totally different. When he got to me, I looked in his eyes and they weren't glazed. I respected him so much for that. He was thinking. It wasn't like what he was going to say was pounded into his head. He said, 'How are you? It's so nice to see you.' I said, 'It's nice to see you, too.' He said, 'How is the baby?' And I said, 'He's fine.' He said, 'How is Gregory?' And I said, 'He's doing really well.' And he said, 'Well, I want you to know that we're really proud of you.' And he hugged me and said, 'You haven't met Rosalynn?' And I said, 'No, I haven't.' And I went over to her and said, 'God, it's so hectic today.' And she said, 'It's really nice to see you.'"

And how does Cher analyze these brief exchanges with Mr. and Mrs. Carter? "She was much more aware of the crowd than he was," says Cher, showing, perhaps, a tinge of bias. "He was aware of them, but he had his shit together. I thought it was terrific. I may be idealistic, but I think that's what America is really all about."



JOHN THIB

Rag to Riches

Cathy Chamberlain sounds like what she looks like: a pretty young lady in pretty old clothes. While she scrounges secondhand stores for thrift-shop elegance, she hunts for her musical ideas in the archives of ragtime, old jazz and rock 'n' roll. "It's a brand-new sound with an old-time beat," she explains. Her first album, just out from Warners, has Joel Dorn (of Leon Redbone and Bette Midler fame) producing. And the success of her infectiously upbeat Rag 'n' Roll Revue at New York's Bottom Line Theater Cabaret proves she's touched a previously hidden musical nerve. But does the name Rag 'n' Roll ever give rise to misunderstandings? "Yeah, sometimes. One guy said, 'What's this? Rag rock?'" But Cathy isn't bothered. "'Naw,' I told him. 'I don't do torch songs.'"



IAN PATRICK



CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMANN

VERNON L. SMITH



Million-Dollar Look

During a taping session for an upcoming *Playboy Interview* with the *Saturday Night* gang, a unanimous **Chevy Chase** revealed why he was such a smash as the Weekend Update anchorman

on the hit NBC comedy program. "It was the fact that I used my name and said 'I'm Chevy Chase' that got me the visibility right away, but here's the secret—the secret is the way you play the camera. You must play the fuckin' camera. You've got to look into that lens and do a job on it."

Two by Two

"We're calling the study *The Management of Conjugal and Quasi-Conjugal Diads*," explains Assistant Professor **Pepper Schwartz**, "but we don't expect anyone except other academic types to understand that. Actually, we're going to study relationships and what makes them work." Schwartz and her colleague Associate Professor **Philip Blumstein** both teach sociology at the University of Washington in Seattle. They are sending out 2000 questionnaires to 1000 couples—homosexual and heterosexual—and will interview 600 people directly, as couples and as individuals, in San Francisco, Seattle and New York. "Then we'll compare the results. We're looking for the things that make couples stay together, how they work out problems, what the coping mechanisms are and, most important, what, if any, are the differences between heterosexual and homosexual couples of long standing. It's the first study of its kind and will take three years to complete," says Blumstein. Schwartz quickly adds to reassure potential volunteers, "It will be confidential and anonymous." Anyone for quasi-conjugal diads?

NEXT MONTH:



CARTE BLANCHE



MILE-HIGH FILLE



FLASHY ORGASMS



SOUTHERN GIRLS

"CRASH"—THE SCARIFYING TALE OF A JUMBO-JET PILE-UP IN THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, AS RECALLED BY DOZENS OF LUCKY SURVIVORS—BY **ROB AND SARAH ELDER**

"MY WEEKEND OF FLASHY ORGASMS"—OUR TIRELESS INVESTIGATOR DIPS HIS WICK, AND HIS PSYCHE, IN SANDSTONE'S COMMUNAL JACUZZI—BY **DAN GREENBURG**

"VOYAGES OF A MILE-HIGH FILLE DE JOIE"—A SWIFTIAN (AND SEXY) SATIRE ABOUT THE ADVENTURES OF A BROBDINGNAGIAN LADY—BY **JUDITH JOHNSON SHERWIN**

"TERROR, INC."—IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT A WORLD-WIDE CONSPIRACY OF HIJACKERS AND ASSASSINS, YOU'VE REASON TO BE. A CHILLING REPORT—BY **DAVID B. TINNIN**

"THE HITE REPORT: WHAT DO WOMEN REALLY WANT?"—A CONVERSATION WITH **SHERE HITE**, THE CONTROVERSIAL AUTHOR WHO GOT WOMEN TALKING ABOUT HOW THEY ACHIEVE ORGASM—BY **BARBARA NELLIS**

"ARTFUL BUNNY"—YOU MET **JENNIFER EDL** IN *BUNNIES OF 1976*. NOW SEE MORE OF HER—AND HER EROTIC SCULPTURES

"THE BOOKIE AS HERO"—THE GUY'S JUST A SMALL BUSINESSMAN, PROVIDING A PUBLIC SERVICE, AFTER ALL. AN INSIDE LOOK AT HOW HE OPERATES—BY **PETE AXTHELM**

"THE GIRLS OF THE NEW SOUTH"—PEANUTS AND PRESIDENTS AREN'T THE ONLY REGIONAL PRODUCTS WORTH EXPORTING. A TANTALIZING PICTORIAL LOOK AT TODAY'S BELLES, WITH TEXT BY A FORMER GOOD OLE BOY—**PETER ROSS RANGE**

"SWEATING GOLD"—AN INTREPID SPORTS SLEUTH REVEALS HOW MUCH BROADWAY JOE, CATFISH, DR. J. AND JIMMY CONNORS REALLY EARN—BY **JAY ROSENSTEIN**

"CARTE BLANCHE"—A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF **KENNETH TYNAN'S** NEW (AND NUDE) SEQUEL TO *OH! CALCUTTA!*

"THE NEW SHAPE OF TAPE"—WHAT'S HAPPENING IN CASSETTES AND OPEN-REEL EQUIPMENT—BY **NORMAN EISENBERG**

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '77"—A NOTEWORTHY WRAP-UP, INCLUDING RESULTS OF PLAYBOY'S MUSIC POLL, A LOOK AT THE YEAR THAT WAS AND A BUNCH OF OFF-THE-WALL TRIBUTES