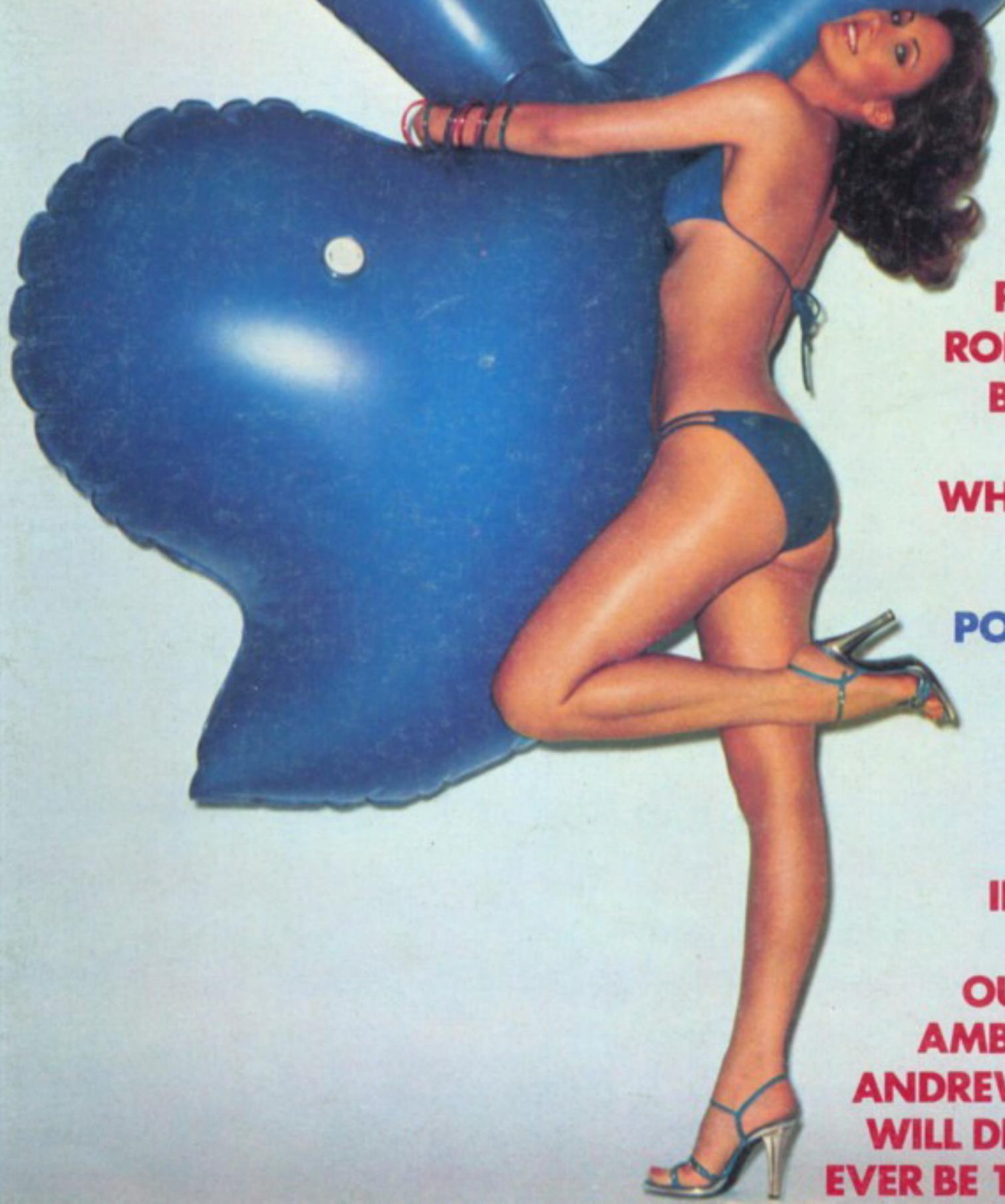


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1977 • \$1.50



**FORD
PRESS AIDE
RON NESSEN:
BLUE JOKES
IN THE
WHITE HOUSE**

**THE NEW
PORN STARS:
BEAUTIFUL
AND
TALENTED**

**AN
INTERVIEW
WITH
OUTSPOKEN
AMBASSADOR
ANDREW YOUNG:
WILL DIPLOMACY
EVER BE THE SAME?**

200-SX



Suddenly from Datsun: A sporty car with everything but a sports car price.

Exit dull, sluggish economy cars. Enter Datsun's spicy 200-SX. Sweet-handling. Tasty appointments. And no bitter price to swallow. Enjoy.

Fun and frugal 5-speed.

Sporty 5-speed transmission works like overdrive. Thus, saving gas.

According to EPA estimates, 200-SX squeezes 34 MPG on the Highway, 23 City. Naturally, your actual mileage depends on driving habits, optional equipment and condition of car. California mileage lower.



Extras, yes. Extra cost, no.

- AM/FM multiplex stereo radio
- Steel belted radial tires
- Tachometer
- Fully reclining bucket seats
- Cut-pile carpeting
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- Tinted glass
- Electric clock
- Sporty 5-speed gearbox
- Power-assist front disc brakes

All for \$4399! (Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price not including destination charges, taxes, license or title fees and optional tape stripe and mag type wheel cover package.)

Tough sport.

Solid, all-steel unibody is but one example of how the Datsun 200-SX is put together to stay together. Fact is, when we made this fun little car, we made sure of one thing.

The fun would last.

Suddenly it's going to dawn on you.

DATSUN SAVES



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



PLAYBOY CLUB OPENS IN TOKYO

Playboy Club keyholders have a new overseas haven on the tenth floor of the Roi Building in the heart of Tokyo's night-life district. The Tokyo Club is the first of a proposed network throughout Japan. And on the domestic front, there's the about-to-open Dallas Club in the Expressway Tower.



WINGDING AT MANSION WEST

"Come in romantic costumes," guests at this Playboy Mansion West party were told; here's Hef quipping with appropriately attired beauties.



GILLEY SWEEPS AWARDS

Co-hosts Pat Boone and Patti Page marvel as Playboy Records' Mickey Gilley nabs an unprecedented six of the top awards offered by the Academy of Country Music this year.

HITTING THE BEACH

Bunny Claudia was one of many attractions at the second annual College Expo staged by Playboy's College Marketing and Research subsidiary at Daytona Beach. More than 60,000 students attended the popular spring-break fling.



GOING LEGIT

Below, actors James Broadbent and Chris Langham in London production of *Illuminatus!* (from the sci-fi trilogy by PLAYBOY Senior Editor Robert Shea and ex-staffer Robert Anton Wilson).



FILM STUDENT WINS WHEELS, \$3000 PRIZE

UCLA student Alan Karp (second from left), winner of the Datsun FOCUS Film Competition's film-study category, is congratulated by actor Roy Scheider, Nissan Motor Corporation's Robert Kent (far left), who awarded him a Datsun, and Executive Editor G. Barry Golson (far right), who presented a \$3000 scholarship from Playboy to him.

TAKE A BUNNY HOP ON THE BOARDWALK

Playboy Clubs International won approval for construction of a 600-room hotel-and-casino complex adjacent to the Convention Center on Atlantic City's famed Boardwalk. Work on the \$50,000,000 complex is expected to begin in August. P.C.I. already has experience in the casino field, with four successful ventures in Great Britain.

DINING & DRINKING

Windows on the World,

the ensemble of restaurants perched on the 107th floor of Manhattan's World Trade Center—the structure King Kong recently scaled—is a place that inevitably invites one-liners. Referring to the putative \$8,000,000 chit for furniture, fixtures and such incidentals as cups and saucers, one customer invoked the George S. Kaufman zinger "Shows what God could have done if He had money." Another chap, disconcerted by the excess of marble in the john, retreated without attending to his needs. Asked if anything was wrong, he replied, "No, but it's just too shabby to take out here."

Windows boasts a tremendous investment of imagination and ingenuity, a passionate concern for the satisfaction and comfort of the patron. Somebody up there likes you, and it's evident in such things as the terraced seating arrangement that gives everyone a great view of the spectacular surroundings—harbor, bridges, cityscapes . . . the understated opulence of fabrics and carpeting . . . the oft-refilled insulated silver server that keeps coffee hot and plentiful . . . the fact that every seat is an armchair . . . the lovely, capacious crystal stemware.

A private membership club for luncheon, Windows goes public in the afternoon. There are several separate dining and drinking areas. The main dining space, archly called The Restaurant, offers a *prix fixe* dinner at \$16.50 and an à-la-carte menu with entrees from \$7.95 to \$16.50. This place would be a smash if it served TV dinners, but, as it happens, the food, though variable, is generally good and always intriguing. Clichés like Shrimp Scampi, Sole Amantine and Coq au Vin are supplanted by Coulubiatic of Salmon, Venison with Polenta and Striped Bass Wrapped in Seaweed. Not every adventure is a triumph. The Circassian Chicken with Walnuts disappoints—which can happen when you are hustling up to 700 covers



"Windows boasts a tremendous investment of imagination and ingenuity."

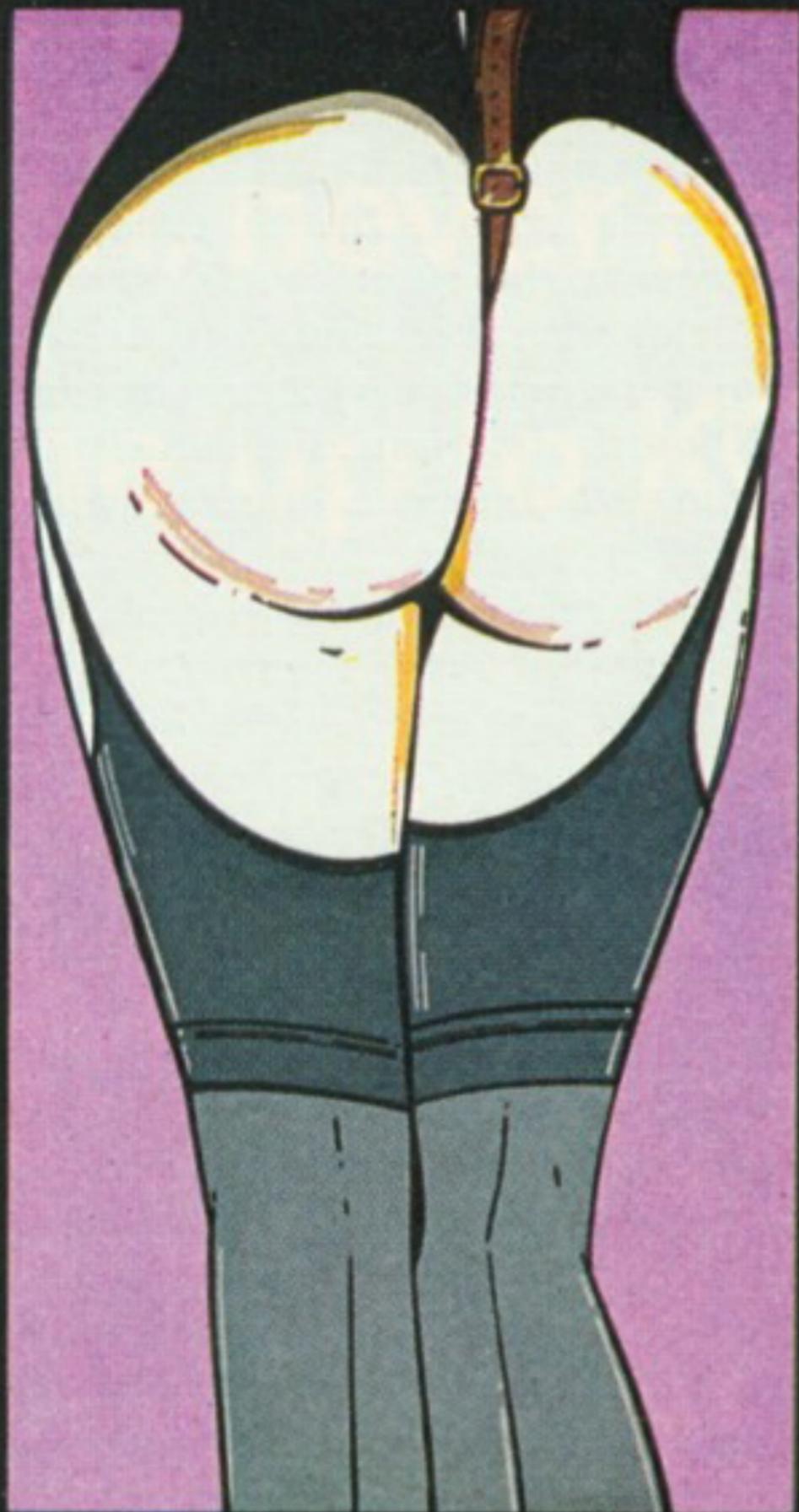
a night. Curried Mussels with Celery Root and the Corn and Crab Soup are excellent openers and the Seafood Cervelat is distinctive. Tortellini of Shrimp in Cream is a pleasant appetizer but a bit pricy at \$5.25. Desserts are luscious, especially a Mango and Macadamia Nut Sundae (sometimes made with papaya), which is positively orgasmic.

A more elaborate dinner is served at Cellar in the Sky, an actual working wine cellar that doubles as a dining spot. The set menu includes three or four wines, selected to complement each course. The Hors

D'Oeuvrierie and the City Lights Bar open at 3 P.M. There's a dance floor and a three-piece combo, and the place jumps. The bar carries 130 brands of Scotch, 76 gins and almost anything else you'd want in its 1000-bottle inventory. Among the Hors D'Oeuvrierie's rotating assortment of international *nosherei* are various cold seafood offerings: Tarama with Hot Pita, a Sushi and Sashimi platter, Steak Tartare and crunchy Coconut Shrimp.

Sunday, The Restaurant shucks its classic ways in favor of a buffet (\$11.75)—and it's certainly the place to bring visiting firemen. The food is only terrific: bowls of bay scallops and avocado sevice, prune-stuffed pork roast, shrimp salad vinaigrette, chicken hash, a subtly seasoned Japanese noodle salad, pickled mushrooms, bulgur with three herbs, roast beef, hams, perhaps a curry with assorted sambals—more than 50 dishes and a dozen desserts.

The Restaurant is open from 5:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.; Cellar in the Sky has one seating at 7:30 P.M.; both operate Monday through Saturday. Reservations (212-938-1111) are essential. The Hors D'Oeuvrierie and bar open at 3 P.M. The Sunday buffet is from noon to 7 P.M. Major credit cards accepted.



The New Mazda RX-3SP.

(Rest assured, SP does not stand for slowpoke.)

Perish the thought. How could it?

The remarkable, improved rotary engine is beneath the hood.

RX-3SP also has things like a slick 5-speed stick shift, semi-monocoque construction, and the breeding of over one hundred racing victories in international competition.

What's more, the world's most remarkable engine is now backed by the world's most remarkable engine warranty.

Mazda warrants that the basic engine block and its internal parts will be free of defects with normal use and prescribed maintenance for five years or 75,000 miles, whichever comes first, or Mazda will fix it free. This transferable, limited warranty is free on all

new rotary-engine Mazdas sold and serviced in the United States and Canada.

How much, you might ask, will all this set you back? A very reasonable \$4290*. Or, for a mere \$3945*, you can have the good stuff minus the special appearance package shown.

Whichever RX-3SP you drive home, it'll make a believer out of you.

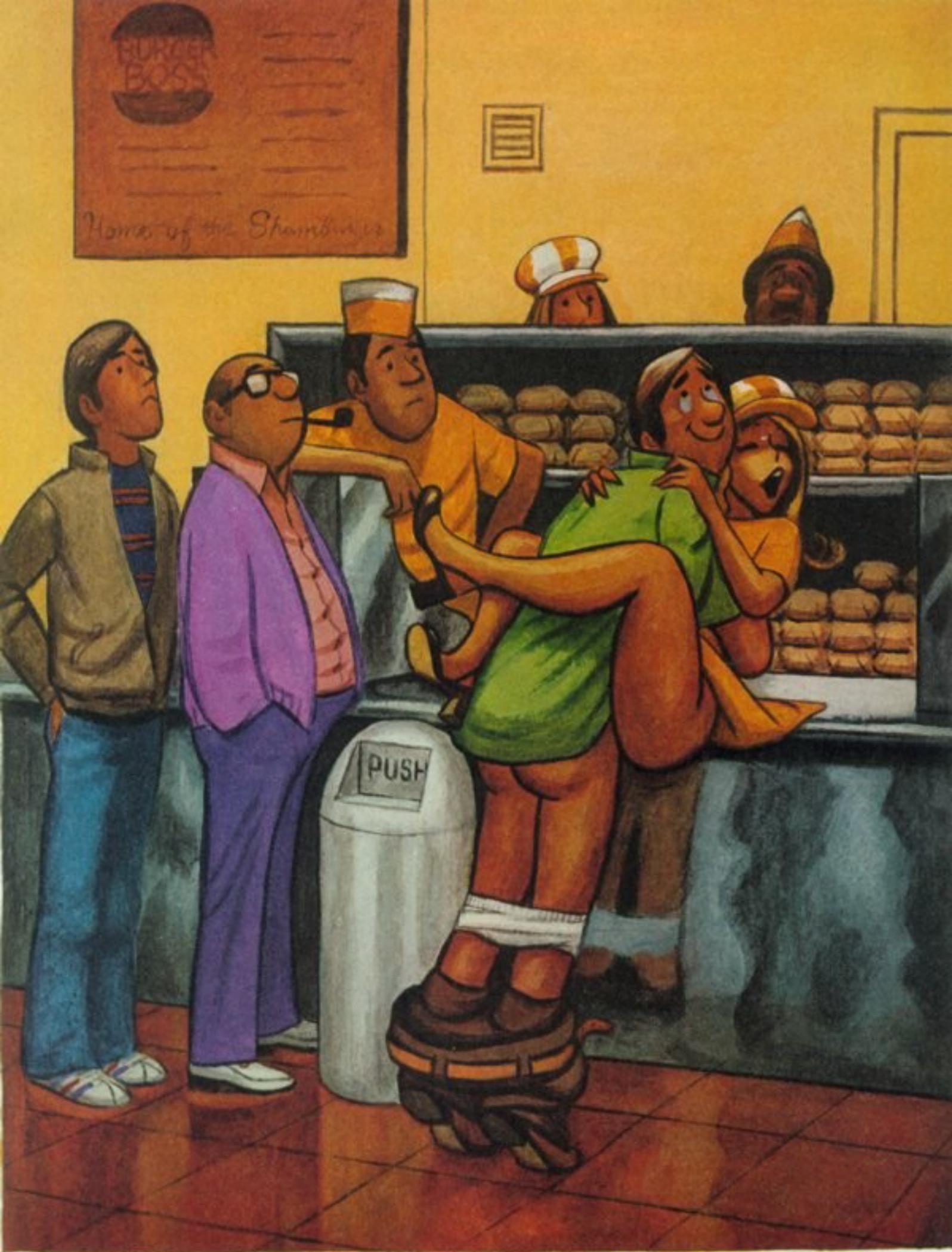
Fast.

mazda



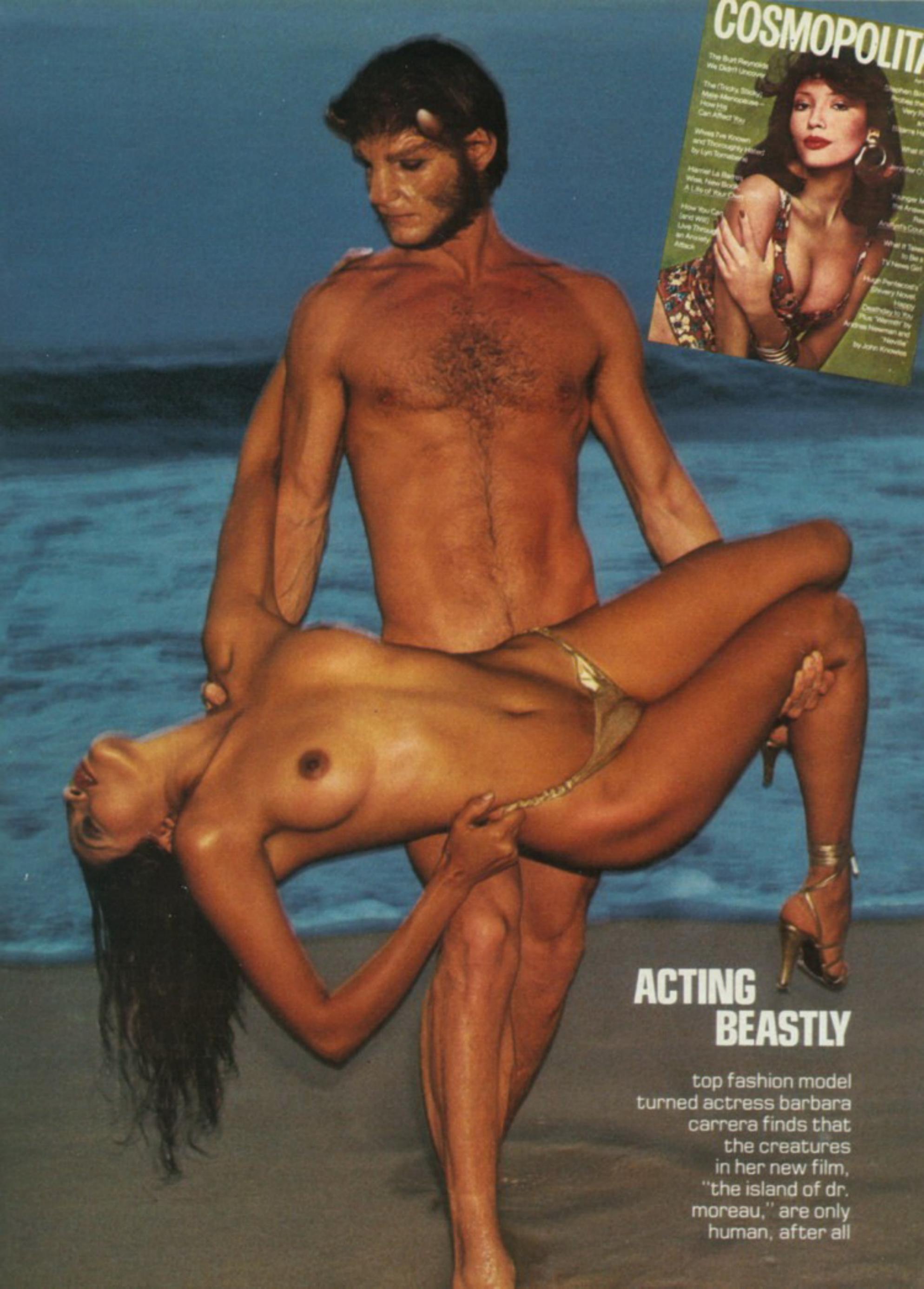
*Based on California and Texas POE prices including dealer prep. Slightly higher for other Ports of Entry. Freight, taxes, license and optional equipment are extra. Automatic transmission not available in EPA high altitude counties.

Mazda's rotary engine licensed by NSU-WANKEL.



BUCK BROWN

"Have it your-r-r way-y-y. . . ."



COSMOPOLITAN

The Best Reynolds We Didn't Uncover
The (Tricky, Sticky) Male Menopause—How His Can Affect You
What I've Known and Thoroughly Misled by Lyn Tomabera
Hanneli La Bergh Was, New York: A Life of Your Own
How You Can (and Will) Live Through an Anxiety Attack
Stephen King Writes the Very Best An...
Elaine H...
What I...
Jennifer O...
Younger M...
and An...
Anxiety's L...
What It Takes to Be a TV News Girl
Hugh Hefner's...
Every Month...
1982
Dedicated to You Plus "Married" by Andrew Newman and "Havilla" by John Knowles

ACTING BEASTLY

top fashion model turned actress barbara carrera finds that the creatures in her new film, "the island of dr. moreau," are only human, after all



pictorial essay By BRUCE WILLIAMSON Metamorphosis looms large in the burgeoning career of Barbara Carrera. Changes. Hourly changes, daily changes. Changes of heart. Changes of direction. Take a sharp right turn and shoot for the moon. She'll get there. Just a few short years ago, she was a top cover girl working through the Ford agency and Wilhelmina—you saw her adorning *Zoom*, *Vogue*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Harper's Bazaar*, to name a few. Calls herself an

international nomad, though she is currently settled in a sunny jungle habitat of a flat in Beverly Hills. And somewhere in her well-worn luggage, she packs a letter from editor Helen Gurley Brown, attesting to the fact that Barbara's *Cosmo* cover outsold everything up to and including the famous issue with the Burt Reynolds nude centerfold. Her *Harper's Bazaar* cover photographed by Hiro marked the real turning point, however. "Until then," says dark-eyed, raven-haired Barbara, "the

Cover girl Barbara Carrera has an unforgettable face, but it was not always so. "When I first came to New York, my face just didn't fit in. A session with *Vogue's* Irving Penn ended up with just my back appearing in the magazine." As you can see, below and right, more than her back caught photographer Chris von Wangenheim's eye. One man's oversight is another man's pleasure.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM

blonde all-American outdoor look was the look everyone wanted. It's what I myself, even as a little girl, thought was the definition of true beauty: blonde, with blue eyes. But after that Hiro cover, the look changed and my career really took off."

Barbara took off, too. She earns \$100 an hour (as a model) on up—way up. She lives in airplanes and the very best hotels. "She also works like a dog," adds Barbara, "and the glamorous life is largely a myth. I once rented an apartment in Paris, but I never had



a chance to decorate it, much less live in it."

A prestigious U. S. casting director kept pursuing Barbara around the world to ask whether she wanted to become an actress. "They were looking for someone to do a remake of *Camille*. But how could they want *me*, I asked? I'm just a model, not a professional actress. I said no, yet a seed had been planted in my head." Some time later, she was working and relaxing among some Beautiful People in the south of France when her
(text continued on page 200)

Was photographer Von Wangenheim trying to re-create an X-rated version of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*? No, says Barbara. "He set out to capture a beauty-and-the-beast tableau. It is his interpretation of H. G. Wells's *Island of Dr. Moreau*. Where the film is Victorian, the photos are contemporary. The theme is simply conquest and submission. The man's submission at times, my submission at others." Or, simply, who's on top? This fantasy is unconditionally guaranteed to put hair on your chest, not to mention your palms.





ACTING BEASTLY

(continued from page 96)

“One woman asked: ‘Why don’t you make a blue movie?’ People refuse to take a model turned actress seriously.’”

agent called to say that Tom Laughlin, of *Billy Jack* fame, had seen photographs and wanted to test her for an important role in *The Master Gunfighter*. “Everyone laughed, and one woman asked: ‘Why don’t you make a blue movie?’ People refuse to take a model turned actress seriously.” Which was all it took to propel Barbara onto a plane bound for L.A., instinctively itching to have the last laugh and a good try.

Today, the model-to-movie-queen metamorphosis is complete, or at least rushing right along. After Laughlin’s film, Barbara co-starred with Rock Hudson in *Embryo*, a passable thriller for which she won kudos as a rather bloodthirsty temptress produced in a test tube by a miracle of modern science. Frankenstein, eat your heart out! Her latest and most promising vehicle is *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, a multimillion-dollar film version of the H. G. Wells science-fiction classic, slated for summer release. Burt

Lancaster plays the title role and Michael York is a shipwrecked sailor whom Barbara enchants—but ultimately disappoints by effecting another startling metamorphosis from beauty into . . . well, it wouldn’t be fair to give away the whole plot. “The girl I play is a total mystery,” says Barbara. “Since it’s a period piece, she’s beautifully dressed in the Victorian manner, almost out of place on the island. You don’t know whether she’s Moreau’s mistress, his daughter or what. And she’s holding this marvelous wild, spotted serval, a kind of cat.”

Movie stardom has wrought some dramatic changes in Barbara’s private life. Formerly married to one of Germany’s handsomest male models, from whom she split after a year or so, she has managed to keep the gossip industry abuzz with a series of newsworthy romances. Actor Alex Cord rated high for a while, and they remain good friends (“Alex quit

acting several years ago, moved up into the hills and has written two novels”). A liaison with Hollywood superproducer Robert Evans ended on equally good terms, and they still share the services of a celebrated, Rolls-Royce-driving houseboy named Ruble Ray, who does Evans’ shirts, takes Barbara gifts of vintage champagne and pays annual visits to Brigitte Bardot. (He was formerly employed by the Wrigley family and by Howard Hughes, and only in Beverly Hills do you find a houseboy like *that*.) Although outsiders may tip you that Barbara’s most durable love interest is European nobleman Maximilian von Bismarck, heir to a German dynasty with power and money as rock solid as castles on the Rhine, Barbara stays mum on the subject of Max. “I don’t talk about this,” she demurs graciously, “except to my closest friends.”

Her close friends are few, she notes. “People think I’m very aloof, because I choose carefully. Also, I cherish a sense of mystery, and to open up, I have to trust someone very much. When I’m in love, it’s something else. Always like a tremendous magnet, uncontrollable. I’m not attracted to men often or easily, but once I fall, I fall *flat*, with nothing held back.”

Riddles within riddles are the clues to the Carrera mystique. Born in Nicaragua, shuttled to convent schools and “different people” in different countries after her parents divorced, she went from riches to rags (“what they call genteel poverty, I suppose”) and back again. Along the way, she learned to speak five languages fluently and shrugs with exquisite boredom about published hints that she is actually Puerto Rican. At least one journalist, trying to drum up a feud between Barbara and Bianca Jagger, cited alleged jibes about the Carrera family heritage. “Being asked about this is beginning to bug me a little,” admits Barbara, bemused but ready and willing to display a U. S. passport marked “Birthplace: Nicaragua.” “I’m the first film star from Nicaragua, though I left when I was just a child, and I don’t even *know* Bianca Jagger. In any case, it is not where I come from that’s important. It’s who I am that matters. God, you can see the Indian in me. There are 200 different kinds of Indians in Nicaragua—actually, I call myself a bouillabaisse of bloodlines. I have lived in so many countries and learned practically everything I know by *living*.”

Barbara is a painter, a poetess, a music lover and a part-time philosopher, and seldom at a loss for words. Arranging an initial interview during a quick publicity junket to Manhattan, she swiftly fields a telephone request that there might be a better way to begin than the usual



“But there’s nothing to be jealous of! You’re a mature, intelligent woman! This is just a stupid kid who didn’t even finish high school!”

celebrity game of 20 questions in a hotel suite. "Fine," she replies through an intermediary, "maybe we can just go shopping at Revillon Frères or Van Cleef & Arpels."

Instead, however, she arranges a leisurely lunch in her Regency Hotel suite, with background music from a tape recorder she takes wherever she goes. Mozart and Beethoven are her favorites and, for this occasion, she has programmed a Mozart piano concerto, talking through it in a warm, subtly accented voice of velvety richness. She flips through queries about her standard bio and her latest movie but would much rather discuss her dreams. "All my life, I've had a recurrent dream about flying. When I was a child, I had to push myself hard to get going. As I grew older, I was able to rise on my own, unassisted. In the last dream I had, I was way off in the universe—with two bright stars very, very close. My friends tell me that most people go to sleep in order to rest. . . . I go for amusement."

Winged creatures are almost an obsession with her. Butterflies, appropriately enough, intrigue her most. And with urging, she may be persuaded to recite a piece of a poem she wrote:

Dark, dark my light and darker my desire—

My soul is like some heat-maddened summerfly that keeps buzzing at the sill.

"It's not entirely mine," Barbara tags on with a smile. "I plagiarized a little from Roethke."

Weeks later, in Beverly Hills, Barbara plays hostess at home, looking casually elegant in a loose knitted blue suit and leather boots, surrounded by books, comfortably cushioned rattan chairs and lush greenery—a lemon tree, giant ferns, fuchsia. Just the place for an exotic bird of passage to alight from time to time. A sort of solarium with glass walls, open to the sun, separates the living room from her mirrored bedroom, where Eastern demigods and goddesses assume erotic poses in a huge, colorful tantric painting hung as a headboard directly over the bed. The decor throughout is dominated by her own surrealist portraits in acrylic, most of them featuring a flawless face and figure not unlike Barbara's. "They are all myself," she explains, "because I know my features best." When she showed two of her canvases during a guest shot on the Merv Griffin show, an art dealer got in touch with her and wanted to talk business. "I might give a picture to a friend, but I couldn't sell them," says Barbara. "They're too personal, too much a part of me. And I suppose I'm totally egotistical. What I want—"

Barbara pauses, lips apart, a radiant

Circe who might turn men into swine with one sultry glance, though at the moment, her attention is focused inward. Shrewdly self-aware, clearly ripe to open, at least a crack wider, her book of revelations. What is it that she really wants?

Superstardom? "On my own terms, maybe. The trouble with the star system is that everyone tries to be like everyone else who's making it. Even dressing the same way, acting the same way, wearing Army clothes. Trying to prove that they're ordinary, laid back. There's no one I'd wish to emulate. Bette Davis, Hepburn, Stanwyck all had their individual styles . . . yet I'm not influenced by anyone else's achievements or failures. That's a hopeless battle. So far, I've earned less in films than I earned as a model. I've been lucky enough to achieve star billing but not the salary that goes with it. That's going to come. I hope to work with people who value creativity above money. But my life and career are my own."

Love and marriage, maybe? "At this point, I don't believe in any sort of permanency. I'm a loner. Marriage is good for those who choose to experience every-

thing with just one person. But I like new things, new people, long-distance friendships. I need changes in the company I keep, as well as changes of scenery. My ideal city would be one made from little bits and pieces of a dozen different places. That should tell you something."

Total freedom, in other words? "I want to be a free spirit, though I don't think I'm there yet. We're all so conditioned, inhibited, robbed of the talent for discovering life. I feel a tremendously deep, deep desire to find out all there is to know, every philosophical truth, every truth about myself. I see people struggling to express themselves—women, men, homosexuals, pornographers. They must have reasons. If whatever helps them get where they're going doesn't harm anyone else, that's fine with me."

"I'm confident about my future, because I don't live in it. I live with the here and now. Forever to me means my waking hours."

Any questions? Wait awhile. You'll undoubtedly be hearing more, much more, from Barbara Carrera—a vividly painted butterfly with a stratospheric flight plan.



"And that, Son, is how babies are made! . . . That will be all, Monique. . . . Edgar. . . ."



"And don't let anybody tell you they're little people!"



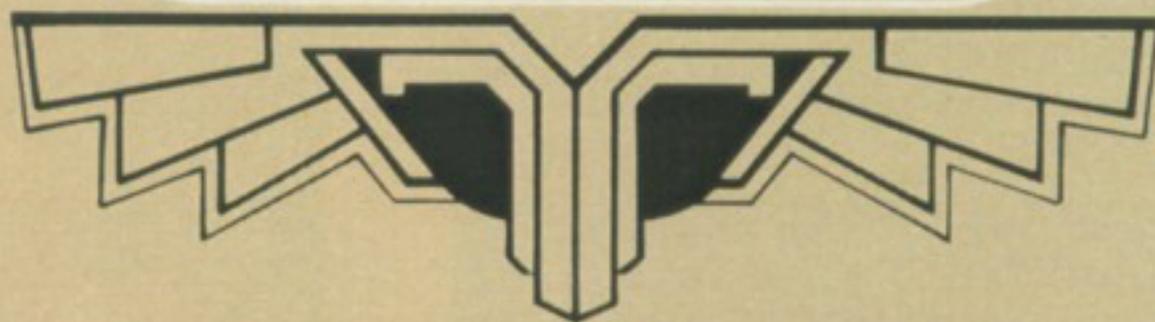
SONDRA Theodore's eyes are obviously green, so how come her nickname is Baby Blue? We'll get to that story in a minute.

Our Miss July is an actress who loves to tell stories, create scenes and play all the parts.

Before you find out what Baby Blue means, you may be treated to a re-enactment of the time Sondra's sister woke up eyeball to eyeball with Sondra's pet lizard. ("I always had a pet lizard—the kind you'd put on your blouse and watch it change color. This time, it was my sister who changed color.") Or maybe a quick run-through of the time Sondra and her girlfriend went shopping in Beverly Hills' most exclusive shops—on roller skates. ("I used to be a miser, but now I'm dangerous. If I see



something that reminds me of a friend, I'll buy it for the person.") Or Sondra as a seven-year-old, trying to learn to play ragtime by following the dancing keys on the family player piano. A small furry object pokes its head from beneath her chair. "Oh, that's Alex. We're both mutts. I take him with me everywhere. If I'm interviewing for a part, I'll just toss him into my purse. Alex has turned more three-minute interviews into ten-minute interviews and ten-minute interviews into parts than any agent in town." (We understand that Grizzly Adams uses the same trick with his bear.) Alex helped Sondra land at least one interesting role—that of Hef's more-than-occasional companion.



BABY BLUE

THAT'S THE VERY SPECIAL NICKNAME OF JULY PLAYMATE SONDRA THEODORE—IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH HER EYES

"One day I took Alex up to the Mansion and Hef fell in love. With Alex. By the end of the afternoon, Hef was saying, 'Has *our* dog been fed yet?' It's a classic rags-to-riches story—rescued from the city pound, Alex the wonder dog lives happily ever after in a Holmby Hills mansion." We asked Sondra about her own from-rags-to-wearing-nothing-at-all story. "Well, I've always wanted to be an



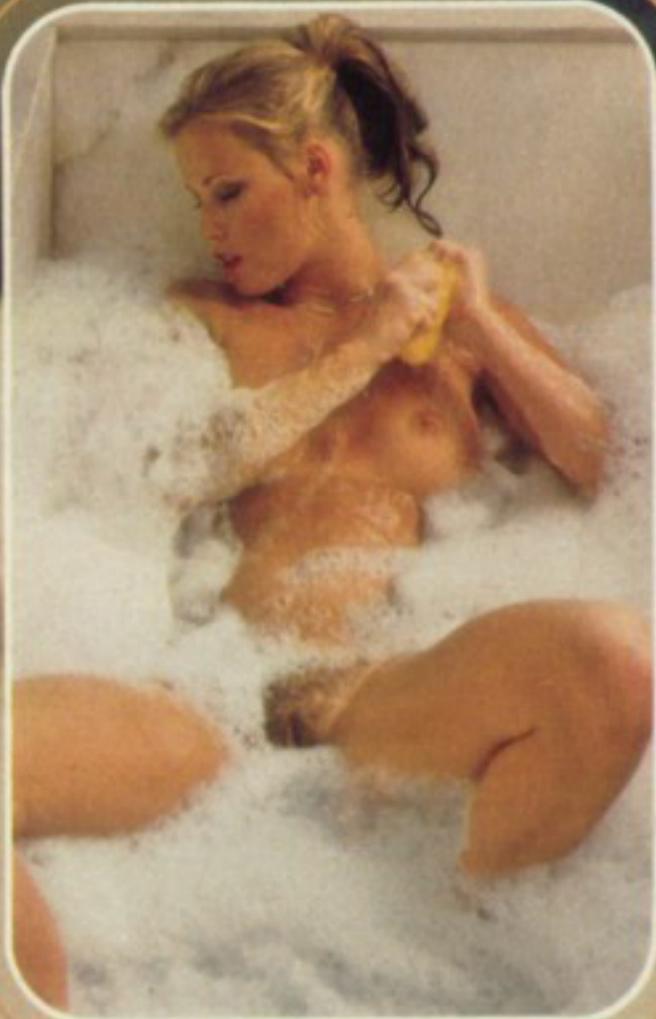
actress. I grew up in San Bernardino. For me, high school was one long rehearsal—lunch hours, after school, weekends. I was always working on a part. Los Angeles has been good to me, so far. I was one of the contenders for the role of Pinky Tuscadero—the Fonz's girlfriend. An agent saw me and figured that what was good enough for the Fonz was good enough for him. **PLAYBOY** agreed."



"My apartment isn't big enough for a piano. When I saw the Steinway at Hef's, I asked if I could come up and practice. He said sure. There's also a pipe organ built into one wall. One day I was into my Captain Nemo act and looked up to find three butlers kneeling, their heads bowed in prayer."







"As a kid, I used to play my parents' records. I would act out all the scenes in a musical. By the time my family came home, I would be exhausted, quiet. It was years before they knew I liked music."



"A few months ago, a friend took me to a party at the Mansion. I found myself dancing with Hef. The band was playing a tune called 'Baby Blue Panties.' To commemorate the evening, Hef gave me a necklace with the first two words of the title set in diamonds. So, drop the panties and there you have it—my new nickname."







"This is Alex, my mutt. When I spotted him at the pound, it was love at first sight. I bought him for \$11, but whatever the price, it wouldn't have mattered. I guess you could say that he's the second most important male in my life."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KEN MARCUS

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sondra Theodore

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 12/12/56 BIRTHPLACE: San Bernardino, California

GOALS: to enjoy life completely, to earn a living doing what I most enjoy: acting. My lifelong ambition has been to work as an actress, on stage or screen.

TURN-ONS: Honesty, someone who sincerely cares. Also, beautiful food, beautiful clothes and beautiful people.

TURN-OFFS: people who don't live their lives to the fullest, who never reach out for what's around the corner.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Nancy Drew Mysteries / sexy novels

FAVORITE PLAYS: those I've enjoyed working in -- Cinderella, Barefoot in the Park, Tobacco Road

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Way We Were, Rocky, Charlie Chaplin

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Barbra Streisand, Nat King Cole, and Marvin Hamlisch

FAVORITE SPORTS: My current mania is pin-ball, I'm trying to break 300,000 on Captain Fantastic.



age 3, digging for China at the beach.

age 17, spending time at the piano.

age 18, graduation day -- finally.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young general practitioner was giving his attractive nurse a thorough annual checkup, inside and out, as a professional courtesy, and was rather prolonging the examination. Toward the end, he smiled and said, "You're lucky, you know. If you were a patient, a session like this would cost you thirty-five dollars."

"You're luckier yet, doctor," laughed the girl. "If you were a patient, it'd cost you fifty."

There's a rumor that some independent skin-flick producers are combining to form a major studio to be known as 20th Century-Fux.



On the day of her scheduled release from prison, the usually brassy inmate had a case of the sulks. "What's the matter, deary?" sneered the matron. "After having carried on in here often enough about how badly you wanted a man, aren't you happy to be getting out?"

"Hell, yes," snapped the woman, "but what horny female con wants a period at the end of her sentence?"

Iwould," to his date murmured Dick,
"Amuse you by flicking my Bic;
But my fuse has been lit,
So I'd deem it more fit
To enthuse you by dipping my wick!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bikini bottom* as a bush jacket.

The kindergarten teacher held up the picture of an animal and asked, "What's this?"

"A horsy," one child answered.

"And this?" she asked.

"A piggy," replied another youngster.

"And now this one?" asked the teacher, holding up the picture of a deer. There was silence.

"Come on, now, children," she coaxed. "I'll give you a hint. What does your mommy call your daddy when he's in an affectionate mood?"

"I know, I know!" piped up a little girl. "It's a horny bastard!"

We are touched by the sensibility displayed by one jet setter when informed, via a plug-in phone call at his table, that his wife had just been killed in an air crash. He told the bartender to put a black olive in his next martini.

Iwish you'd make up your mind, baby," muttered the young man parked with his date in a lonely spot. "First you wanted me to get in the back seat of the car with you, and now you tell me to drive it home!"

The prim female seaside vacationer strolling in the dunes was shocked when she came upon one naked male bugging another. Apparently feeling impelled to offer some explanation, the active partner paused long enough to grunt, "A little while ago, this fellow almost drowned in the surf."

"Then why," asked the woman glacially, "aren't you giving him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation?"

"That, lady," answered the pederast, resuming his activity, "was how our beautiful friendship got started!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *self-abuse* as a pound of flesh.

An eager young French girl named Claire,
Endowed with beaucoup pubic hair,
Begged her date, "Darling, please
Put it in me—don't tease!"
He replied, "Oh, I want to!—but where?"

Sam," said the senior executive, "mix me a Harvey Wallbender."

"I beg your pardon, sir," responded the club bartender, "but don't you mean a Harvey Wallbanger?"

"Would that I did, Sam; would that I did!"



The parents of a popular high school girl were reading in bed one night when the mother looked at the father and said, "What do you think, Harry? It's past one o'clock. Shouldn't I go downstairs and tell Linda's boyfriend it's time to go home?"

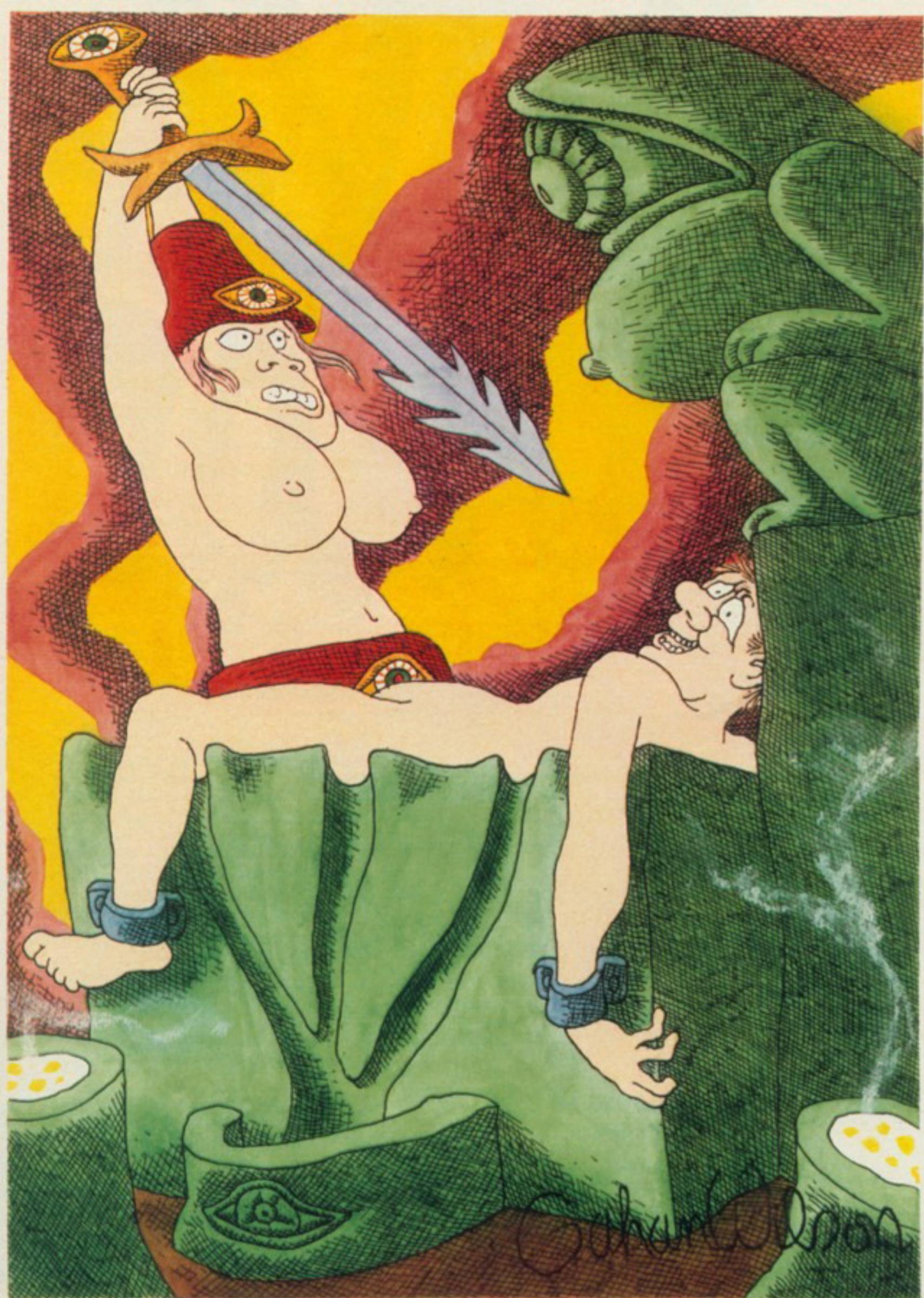
Harry leaned over and pecked her on the cheek. "Now, now, dear," he chided smilingly, "don't you remember what it was like when we were courting?"

The woman flung back the covers. "Harry," she exclaimed, "I'm going right down and throw that fucker out of the house!"

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.

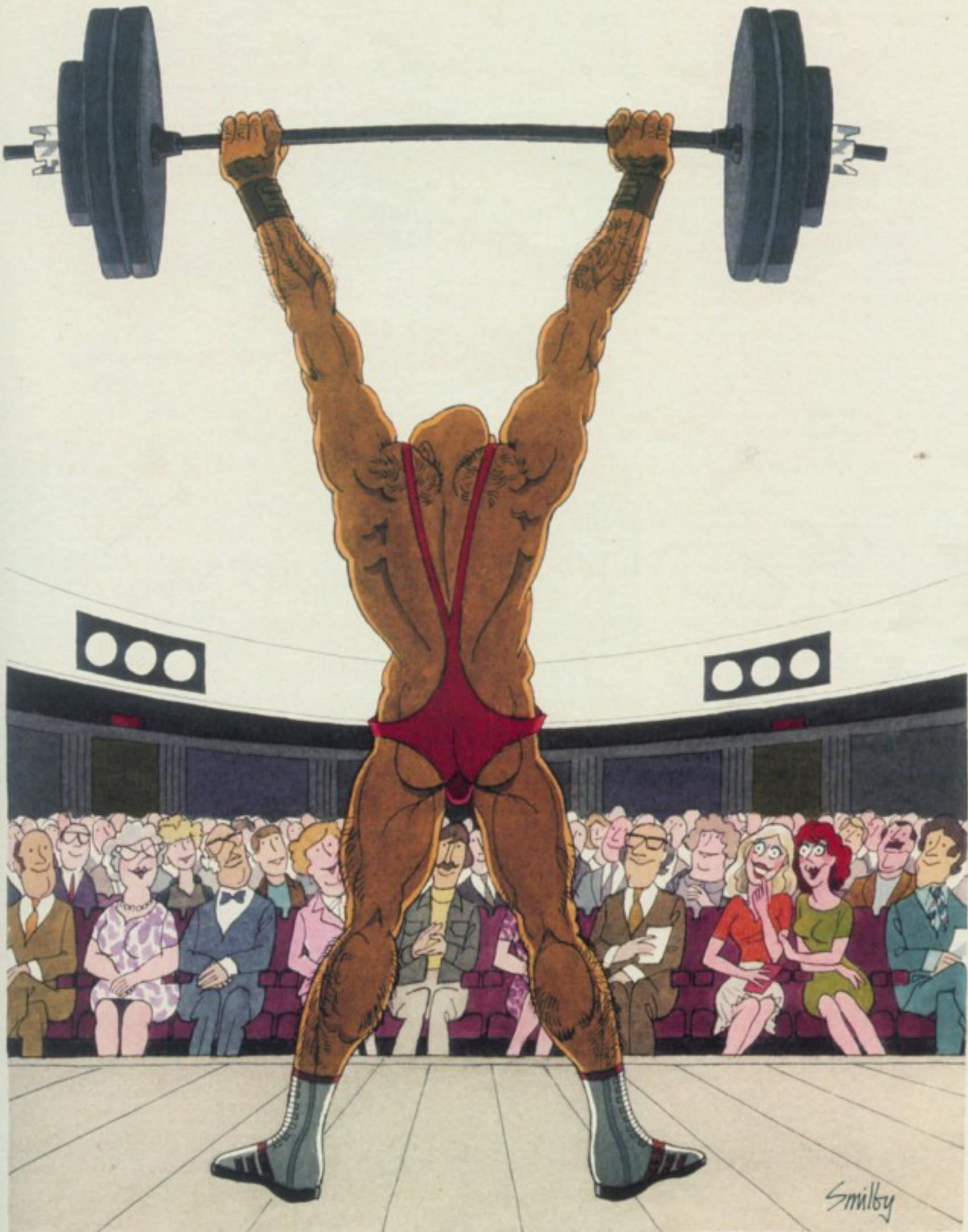


"If you really loved me, you'd let me get on top!"



"Gee, Harriet, you are the kinkiest!"





"Yes, I'd noticed."

THE NEW GIRLS OF PORN

*a new—and
better-looking—
breed of uninhibited
actress is showing
up on the screen
of your local
x-rated cinema*

Catharine Burgess' mother stopped speaking to her after *Through the Looking Glass* (below) appeared—complete with hard-core footage Catharine didn't pose for. But the part was her steppingstone to major films.





Compared with the porn stars of yesteryear, today's sex queens represent an entirely new breed of liberated lovelies who consider themselves professional performers first. They may screw onscreen as exuberantly as Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers or Georgina Spelvin ever did; they may even admit to a streak of flagrant exhibitionism without becoming defensive about it, unless pressed to confess that, in many cases, their families still don't know. Which only means that the sexual revolution kindled to a blaze in New York, Los Angeles and San Francisco has just reached the simmering stage in back-home towns. The current blue-movie beauties are surveyed here by PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Bruce Williamson.

LET A *Screw* interviewer corner one of this year's crop of X-rated Loreleis to ask her opinion of favorite positions or penis sizes and she is apt to reward him with a cool fisheye and an empty notebook. Porn movies may not have improved much, but the girls in the orgies are upwardly mobile—beautiful, skeptical, seriously ambitious, intellectually and aesthetically together as never before. A special few are likely to insist that simulated sex is as far as they will go—they leave a film's hard-core inserts to genital stunt women, who seldom worry that maximum penetration might peg them as untouchable for a TV shampoo commercial or a role in a so-called straight movie. One wet-dream girl who goes



When Leslie Bovee (opposite) worked as an executive secretary for a savings and loan association, she got sent home for appearing bare-midriffed on the job. In her roles in such films as *A Coming of Angels* (right), she shows a good deal more. *Angels*, a loosely disguised spoof of the hit TV series *Charlie's Angels*, stars (from left) Annette Haven, Abigail Clayton and Leslie. Says Abigail (also seen above right) of this stint: "Charlie's Angels on TV seems to me like pornography without the sex—all that emphasis on those three ladies' looking beautiful."





Serena BlaqueLord (below) plays a Southern belle who enjoys many balls in *Sweet Cakes* (left), with Pat Lee and Peter Russel. "I looked good in that movie," Serena recalls. "I was five months' pregnant and my tits were huge." The trouble with most explicit films, according to Mary Mendum (opposite), is that they end up "not being sexy at all." None of them, she feels, are meant to appeal to women. Mary's credits include *Felicia* (right, with Beatrice Harnois and Jean Roche).



all the way without a shred of regret is scrumptious Annette Haven, a California native who attended community college in Oregon City, studied video technology, married and divorced by the time she was 18, then settled for a while into a bisexual *ménage à trois* with a couple named Bonnie and Danny.

"All my life I'd wanted to be an astrophysicist," says Annette, "but we three moved down to San Francisco, where I started with nude modeling. Then we met Alex deRenzy, who was about to do a movie called *Lady Freaks*." Several years and some 29 features later, Annette is a jet-propelled sex symbol whose jobs may take her to L.A., New York or the Caribbean. She turned audiences on with featured roles in *China Girl*, *Deep Tango* and *Autobiography of a Flea*, currently plays stellar roles in *V* (directed by Gary Graver, who has worked as an assistant to Orson Welles), in Radley Metzger's brand-new *Barbara Broadcast* (Annette plays a Xaviera Hollander type who's constantly being interviewed) and in *A Coming of Angels*, by New York's Joel





Scott, director of *Sometime Sweet Susan*, the first and only hard-core movie in which Screen Actors Guild members were given tacit approval to appear without fear of reprisals.

Ultrachic and articulate, Annette believes in what she's doing, with minor limitations. "I flatly refuse to do oral come shots, because I don't enjoy that. I'll let someone come on my pubes or on my rear end, though it certainly doesn't reflect reality. Anyway, doing it for the camera—and stopping every five minutes—is not all that much fun. We're still sort of stuck in the Dark Ages in sex films, compared with what *could* be done. I think Hollywood and the porn industry ought to be combined—and why not? Because everyone is so



One of the busiest of the new porn princesses is Annette Haven (left), featured in such releases as *Desires Within Young Girls* (below), with John Seeman as a chauffeur, and *Barbara Broadcast* (bottom), with C. J. Laing as a girl reporter really getting into her interview subject. Annette, who says she spent seven years supporting men, is looking for Mr. Right. "I need a man as ambitious, strong, intelligent and creative as I am," she says. Any volunteers for the job?



uptight out in Podunk, they need to loosen up about sex. The Puritan ethic is still crippling our nation. I have no desire to escape from porno; I'd just like to see sex as an integral part of the film, the way it was in *Sexworld*, another film I did a while back: a sci-fi thing loosely based on *Westworld*."

To rip off established hits, as a matter of fact, is a growing trend in hard-core as well as feature films. Joel Scott, under another name, is a young producer-director with substantial showbiz credits and a hit musical running off-Broadway. To cast *A Coming of Angels*, a sex-and-adventure epic patterned after television's prime-time hit *Charlie's Angels*, Scott went recruiting in California and came back with Annette, Lesllie Bovee (text continued on page 144)



During a press junket to Louisville, Tina Lynn (left) became so captivated by a typographical error in a local newspaper that she's changing the spelling of her name to conform. Henceforth, she's Tyna Lynn, thank you very much, though she made the change too late to be included in the credit sheet for *Jailbait* (above), in which she co-stars with Wade Nichols. Refreshingly candid Laurien Dominique (opposite), now onscreen in *Hard Soap, Hard Soap*, a *Mary Hartmanish* parody, confesses: "I used to think I wanted to make love to a *Vogue* model. Then I did, and she was so like a mannequin it blew fantasy right out the window."





The Mitchell brothers' latest, *Autobiography of a Flea* (above), features Jean Jennings (left) and Paul Thomas, here as a priest in mufti. Making merry in *Mary! Mary!* (right) are John Leslie and box-office sensation Constance Money (opposite). Constance, who is also in *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* and *The Joy of Letting Go*, allows as how Leslie is one of her favorite screen-sex partners.



Perhaps the year's most unusual sensation on the porn scene was provided by identical twins Brooke and Taylor Young, who specialize in sisterly love in *Sweet Cakes* (left). The Youngs made another flick, *Teenage Twins*, before quitting the scene, allegedly so one could return to her job as an airline stewardess.



and Abigail Clayton, plus a couple of secondary performers. "I don't know why, but the West Coast has attracted much prettier women to the business," says Scott. "They don't seem to be just frustrated actresses who can't make a living. Maybe it's the whole California mentality, coming out of Berkeley. Up to now, East Coast films have been of better quality, with gorgeous West Coast girls stuck out there making lousy movies.

"Still, the over-all quality of girls in porno has risen dramatically in the past couple of years. The performers we used to settle for can no longer compete. These girls don't drink on the set or get stoned. It's a different world now and you can't hire a bunch of junkie whores trying to make a fast buck." Plugging his own flight of *Angels*, Scott adds, "Annette is probably the most beautiful woman ever to appear in a hard-core film. Abigail has a sweet, classy air about her that's unique among porno people, while Lesllie is one of the *sexiest* girls in the field, absolutely. She projects torrid sensuality on film like no one else."

Lesllie—she adopted the double L to make her name distinctive—proved her appeal last year in DeRenzy's *Femmes de Sade*, oiled up and grappling with three naked merchant seamen for an engine-room orgy that virtually stopped the show. Says San Francisco stud John Leslie, one of the three: "In that scene, Lesllie had me so worked up I jerked off in my car on the way home."

A tawny, green-eyed former TWA stewardess from L.A. who comes on like an early Rita Hayworth, Lesllie slowed to a stop at a New York restaurant—grappling with a simple fruit salad—fresh from a \$1500-a-week stage engagement at a Manhattan burlesque house. She'd been breaking in an act that she and her boyfriend, Carl, expected to book as a team at the Las Vegas Tropicana. "I don't intend to have a small career," avows Lesllie, recalling how she'd left the airline and become a go-go dancer and stripper because the pay was better, then wriggled her way into such explicit skin flicks as *Easy Alice*, *The Erotic Adventures of Pinocchio* and the recent *Eruption* (Barbara Stanwyck's classic *Double Indemnity* revisited), in which she performs some explosive sexual duets with John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes.

"I aspire to become a *real* actress and sex star," says Lesllie, who echoes Annette's criticism of the porn industry. "Carl and I are into three-ways, two girls and a guy. We have a very open relationship. But we'd go to a porno house to turn on and walk away feeling insulted. They owe the audience more. A new way to see sex. Some enlightenment, instead of all that gratuitous bondage and discipline. I've turned down more

than one film that I felt was based on humiliation of women."

Abigail Clayton, a reticent New York-born beauty whose role in *Angels* would correspond roughly to the part played by Farrah Fawcett-Majors, has a B.A. in fine art from the State University of New York at Stony Brook and started her career as a model. "A very uptight business, modeling. Movies are fun and the people I meet in porno are interesting, nice, educated . . . not a bunch of hippies making movies to buy dope, as the public may think." Abigail's first film was *Dixie*, made three years ago, and she's less interested in stardom than in maintaining her casual San Francisco lifestyle, performing or working as a production assistant and editor with DeRenzy, caring for her baby and her old man—a student and cab driver who occasionally moonlights in blue movies.

Ranked high among the California contingent of prettier-than-thou porn queens is busy Linda Wong, a veteran of 14 films in less than two years. *Jade Pussycat* (with John C. Holmes and Georgina Spelvin coupled for the first time), *Femmes de Sade*, *Easy Alice* and *Oriental Babysitter* are just a few of the titles bolstering Linda's claim to fame. Before her debut in hard-core, which was encouraged by a boyfriend "who really got off on it," she had been a fashion-show model and student of ballet. Linda tells us that, using her real name, she also worked for a while as a bookkeeper and legal secretary in the office of San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli—a statement Belli's office refuses to confirm or deny.

Practically everyone on the hard-core scene has a nom de film as either a legal or a professional safeguard or to spare his or her family embarrassment. Liberation has its limits, as Linda learned. "I led a pretty straight life, brought up here in San Francisco, and had a closed mind about this kind of movie. But I also wanted to experience different things, test myself. Now I get fan mail from some people practically idolizing me, while a few old friends won't have anything to do with me anymore. If I get a chance, I'd like to have a career in straight films."

Turning pro sexually has been even tougher emotionally for Amber Hunt, currently nestled in a flat in Sausalito with her beau and her seven-year-old son. She was known as Bunny Ginger prior to 1975, when she wore a cottontail at Playboy's Great Gorge resort and the Century City Club in L.A.

"I don't plan to spend the rest of my life as an X-rated actress," says Amber. "I'm wrong for it. I'm too domestic a person, and I've promised my boyfriend not to do any more films after the next few months. It's been a hassle. My family

back in New York has completely disowned me . . . the whole shtick."

Amber's straight screen credits include *Farewell, My Lovely*, with Robert Mitchum ("A small part in the brothel scene," she notes wryly), and an R film called *Bare Knuckles*. Neither brought her the kind of rapt attention she received, or hopes to receive, from *Cry for Cindy*, *Sexworld*, *A Coming of Angels*, *Baby Face* and her recent *Fiona on Fire*. The last she describes as "a take-off on *Laura*," with Amber, natch, in Gene Tierney's role.

If, since the debut of Marilyn Chambers, outright fuck films have produced one girl with a star mystique, it's Constance Money. Ask Jamie Gillis, generally considered the busiest and best actor in porno, who co-starred with Constance in Metzger's *The Opening of Misty Beethoven*. He'll tell you: "I had quite a crush on her. She's special." And Jamie has had them all.

Adds Joel Scott: "She's definitely one of the top two in this business, a real turn-on with that girl-next-door look." A bit role in *The Joy of Letting Go*, followed by *Misty* and *Mary! Mary!* constitute her whole career in hard-core. But *Misty*, which grossed well over \$1,000,000 in hard and soft versions, was the biggest sexploitation hit of 1976-1977.

Since then, Constance has reportedly raised her asking price to \$800-\$900 a day—considered all but prohibitive by most entrepreneurs, who pay an average of \$200-\$300 daily for seasoned sexual performers. Money—who detests the name invented for her by Metzger and wonders aloud whether she has waited too long to change it—flew to L.A. for a PLAYBOY photo session from a Northern refuge so icy and remote that you need a dog sled, a Sherpa guide or a mutual friend to get through to her.

"I only do what I like," quoth Constance, enjoying a bite of breakfast and a bit of sunshine in a Sunset Boulevard coffee shop. What she likes, for the time being, is managing a lodge frequented by offshore oil riggers and roustabouts who would be perfectly cast in a Russ Meyer movie—they heave by, horny and hungry, and haven't seen a woman in weeks. No dice, fellas. Her clientele at the inn doesn't know Constance Money exists, but Constance knows who she is with crashing certainty. One of her ancestors invented the vacuum cleaner, for God's sake.

"I'm an egotist," says Constance, "and always leading a double life, which I find kind of exciting. Way back in high school, I was a cheerleader by day, dropping acid and carousing at night. I'm a swinger by nature, I guess, though I

(continued on page 196)

“‘I’ve been to bed with men who can never get it up and sometimes found them fantastic. I’ve also been into S/M.’”

could never get deeply involved with a man who’s making sex films. Quite a few of them are robotized . . . and miserable in bed. John Leslie, who worked with me in *Mary! Mary!*, I really liked a lot, though his sexual ideas are *extreme*. The mentality of most male sex professionals about their performance is absurd. I’ve been to bed with men who can *never* get it up and sometimes found them fantastic. I’ve also been into S/M at various times. . . . I did two years of research on the subject when I was going to Mills College in Oakland.”

To be an actress is what Constance has always wanted, she says, but the experience has not always lived up to her expectations. “I was really screwed over, I thought, during the months it took to make *Misty Beethoven*, even though the picture turned out pretty well for me. I wasn’t charmed by Radley—I am charmed by very few men—and I felt he didn’t use my full potential. Making *Mary! Mary!* took just a week and I had a great time, with terrific people. . . . I didn’t go away feeling so broken down and degraded.”

The odds favor that Constance will be back in films, with or without a new moniker, since her name continues to stir instant enthusiasm everywhere. “Every guy making a movie is looking for a girl like her, but they expect to get a sex-movie centerfold for \$200 a day,” says her friend John Leslie, a hard-working actor (*Femmes de Sade, Mary! Mary!, Autobiography of a Flea, A Coming of Angels*).

Can a hard-core performer really cross the tracks separating legitimate showbiz from that nether world of raunch still sneered at—covertly, if not openly—as the wrong side of town? Maybe. Linda Lovelace failed in soft-core and was critically bombarded for doing a play in Las Vegas. Marilyn Chambers, with a new record in release, has emerged as a corporation, selling shares in her future—and her plans to make a nonsex movie have been realized in *Rabid*, a Canadian sci-fi shocker. Andrea True, a veteran New York porn actress, topped the charts last year with a *disco* hit titled *More, More, More*, which was probably more a fluke than a direct result of her experience as a sex star.

The highly celebrated case of Harry Reems, convicted by a Memphis jury on obscenity-conspiracy charges, may be a better case in point. Partly because he’s

been preoccupied with his legal difficulties, Reems hasn’t made a sex film in nearly two years. Now that his legal hassles have subsided—the original Memphis verdict was overturned and the new Assistant U. S. Attorney for the Western District of Tennessee, W. J. Michael Cody, decided not to re prosecute Reems—his next project will probably be Robert Stigwood’s screen version of the Broadway hit *Grease*, to start shooting this summer. “It’s not that I don’t want to do porno again,” says Reems. “In many ways, I miss it, being the horny devil I am.”

“As an added incentive, porno is proving to be a vehicle for moving on to better things. That’s why you find more credible and talented people, without inhibitions, going into films. Back in 1970, I was practically the only person in the business who had a photo, a résumé and some legitimate acting background.”

In 1977, the once immutable laws of porno itself are bending a lot. *Emmanuelle* brought a touch of respectability as well as phenomenal profits to the X rating, attracting a broader audience and making an established international star of Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel. Here, such budding starlets as Kris DeBell in *Alice in Wonderland*, Harlee McBride in *Young Lady Chatterley* and Raven De La Croix—whose monumental cleavage adorned *Russ Meyer’s UP!*—are living, full-fledged proof that appearing in an X movie need not condemn a girl to languish forever in cinema’s sexual ghetto.

There’s further proof in the thriving career of Catharine Burgess, unknown until she starred in producer-director Jonas Middleton’s *Through the Looking Glass*, another of last year’s smash hits in hard-core (playing soft, however, in U. S. and European locations where community standards offer no alternative). A sumptuous blonde who coveted the role of a narcissistic heiress who has intercourse with a fiend from hell (Jamie Gillis), Catharine refused to do explicit sex scenes but got the part, anyway. She didn’t realize until five days before the film opened that a stand-in (or lay-in, if you prefer) would provide graphic sexual inserts. “When they told me about it, I cried. Those weren’t even my *hands* in the masturbation sequence!”

Today, Catharine voices no complaints. Her hands, face and figure—nude and clothed—have appeared in straight feature films, TV soap opera,

commercials, fashion spreads and *Vogue*. "I see no necessity for actual sex on-camera," she says. "If you're cast as a murderer and given a gun, you don't really draw blood, do you? Isn't that what acting is all about?" A trained stage actress who had studied for five years and worked the usual summer-stock, dinner-theater circuit before *Looking Glass* fixed her image, Catharine came to show business from a solid Westchester background and was winning professional ski races while still in her teens.

"I went through a lot of changes because of this movie, with my family and one or two lovers I had at the time," Catharine says. "I was married in the beginning, too, but got rid of him fast . . . he was very uptight about my appearing nude. *Looking Glass* finally turned out to be the best experience of my life. It's been my calling card." Signed with a major talent agency as Catharine Erhardt, the newest and truest of several names (e.g., Catherine Earnshaw, Carey Lacy) she has tried from time to time, she has done a PG film called *Davey*, an R-rated feature titled *Cinderella 2000* ("I have a knack for getting myself involved in perverse fairy tales") and is slated to appear in *Death Farm*, playing a high-fashion model at the mercy of a homicidal maniac.

Mary Mendum, a delectable honey blonde whose name never changes, already has an impressive list of stage and screen credits that many a porn star might envy. She played in *Hair* with companies in New York, L.A. and Chicago. On Broadway, "wearing pasties and a G string for the whole first act," she appeared opposite Cliff Gorman as a replacement for the Honey Bruce role in *Lenny*. Then came movies, including *Groove Tube* and *The Super Cops*. Mary has since become a frequent transatlantic commuter, making 25 soft-core sex films all over Europe and the U.S. Generally paid well above the scale for performers in porno, she has been offered up to \$1500 a day to make hard-core films, but so far, her answer hasn't gone beyond maybe.

Radley Metzger's *The Image* teamed Mary with male model Carl Parker (the macho Silva Thins man on TV several seasons ago) in a flashy S/M film that was occasionally shown with hard-core inserts. She also made a European hard-core flick called *Felicia*, yet doggedly clings to her status as an actress who works only soft and is not responsible for the raunchy stuff spliced in afterward. Where one stands on the rather narrow line between what distinguishes hard from soft is often a matter of opinion, however, and Mary readily acknowledges doing an oral-sex sequence with Parker. "It was just hard work but with no come shot, on my knees for two weeks doing take after take. All things being equal, I'd rather do the sex myself than

have them adding inserts. It doesn't bother me morally. It's just a delicate subject professionally. I'd do anything—with a good script and a director I could trust, I'd probably jump out of a moving car if he asked me to. I just wish that Claude Lelouch, for example, would direct a real sex film and put me in it. If it were something like *A Man and a Woman*, I'd jump at the chance. There's a fabulous, unrealized potential in erotic films, and I love the way Lelouch handles women on the screen."

Mary notes an objection raised by nearly every actress already active on the hard-core scene—the sly, contemptuous attitude of film crews and casting people toward female performers in sex movies. "There's not the same stigma applied to men. A guy can go and do an Ultra Brite commercial after making a hard-core film and nobody cares. It's a double standard."

Sweden's Maria Lynn (also known as Marie Forsa) is another daisy-fresh sex star who denies doing hard-core, at least for home consumption, though she has appeared in *Flossie, Justine & Juliette* and *Bel Ami* (the last two co-starring Harry Reems) and subsequently starred in *Molly*, based on Defoe's *Moll Flanders*. Once introduced to the press as "Europe's Linda Lovelace," Maria would prefer to be known as Scandinavia's Julie Christie: "The most beautiful, erotic love scene I ever saw was hers with Donald Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*." Hardly stigmatized among freethinking Swedes for her sex-film work, Maria moved on from exploitation to stage roles with her country's distinguished Royal Dramatic Theatre and feels the past pinching her only when she travels abroad: "The minute you tell someone you're an actress and Swedish, he says: 'Hello, my name is So-and-so; let's go home and fuck.'"

In England, where sex films are generally softer than plum pudding, Heather Deeley (whose *Diversions* played here this year) is one of the few active hard-core actresses. France's porno boom, blighted by restrictive tax laws in the past year or so, continues to produce an occasional item for export, such as *Pussy Talk* and *Kinky Ladies of Bourbon Street* (known over there as *La Grande Baise*, or *The Big Fuck*), both starring Penelope Lamour. *Kinky Ladies* also starred Dawn Cummings, a leggy and winsome U.S. expatriate who went to Europe for a lark and wound up in swinging Amsterdam, swinging hard. Dawn worked for a couple of hotsy magazines, appeared in two Lasse Braun films, *French Blue* and *Sensations*, then took off for Paris.

"With my boyfriend—who calls himself Bent Weed in movies—I did some real porno scenes in *Spermula*, because the French girls refused. Later, the scenes

were taken out. We're both back in the States now, living a pretty free life, spending the money we earned and just biding our time."

A whole gallery of striking new faces shows up regularly on the porn circuit, many of them worth more than a second look. As always, there are some who do it simply for bread, others in search of a steppingstone, few, if any, because they love making love. In fact, nine out of ten porno actresses look upon filmed sex as pure performance and say that they seldom, if ever, reach orgasm on camera.

"If a guy doesn't turn you on at all, that's acting," says Susan McBain, star of *Odyssey*, Gerard (*Deep Throat*) Damiano's newest picture. Susan also did *Rollerbabies* and has had smaller roles in *Heat Wave*, *A Coming of Angels* and Metzger's as yet unreleased *Maraschino Cherries*.

Susan's meteoric but inevitable rise on the sex scene is attributed by Damiano's ace cinematographer Joao Fernandes (usually credited as Harry Flecks but out of hiding now "because there's nothing to hide, no one to hide from") to an elusive kind of sensuality she projects on-screen: "Susan has a very mellow, attractive, womanly quality, something in her face that just reads on film. She comes through, for me, as much more exciting and seductive than many conventionally gorgeous girls."

Jean Jennings, starred in the Mitchell brothers' droll *Autobiography of a Flea*, is a fetching Florida-bred blonde who created a stir in *Defiance* several seasons ago but seems ambivalent about her perennially promising career as a porno star. "In this field, man, I am the queen, I'm number one," says Jean with emphasis. "But this field is shit, like most of the people behind it . . . and I don't have to tell you who they are." Her veiled reference to Mob influence in pornography is called "a myth" by Joel Scott, at least in its effect on independent film makers, though it's hardly news that there is some gang involvement in distribution, theater operation and mail-order films.

Bad vibes of another nature disturb Jeanine Dalton, a 21-year-old native of Georgia who went to New York to be a country-rock singer and so far has had to settle for dancing in burlesque houses and performing in two hard-core flicks, *Peach Fuzz* and *Sweet Cakes*. Jeanine insists she's through making fuck films: "I don't like doing strange, kinky things . . . with cucumbers, for instance."

Two other performers in *Sweet Cakes*, Brooke and Taylor Young, are identical twins whose incestuous lesbian love scenes briefly became the industry's hottest specialty act. The twins spoiled everyone's fun by abruptly retreating to Florida because one sister (it was impos-

sible to tell which) decided to go back to her job as an airline stewardess.

Tyna Lynn, a psychology major at Morris County College in New Jersey, starred in *Jail Bait* after answering an ad in a trade paper. At 20, Austrian-born Tyna was trained for ballet and took the hard-core gig simply to gain experience. Did it bother her? "Why should it?" asks Tyna. "My boyfriend had mixed feelings and, frankly, I'd rather have been in *A Chorus Line*. But performing in front of one little camera was no sweat. After all, I've toured all over the country in *Giselle* and *The Nutcracker*."

California still appears to be the ideal spot for a girl getting her act together sexually. Especially for a girl like Laurien Dominique (billed as Dorothy Newkirk when she appeared in *3-D Starlets*), who plays the principal role in *Hard Soap*, *Hard Soap*, a hard-core comedy that bears some resemblance to television's phenomenal *Mary Hartman*. Laurien insists she has serious acting aspirations but is currently at ease in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. "I lie around under waterfalls all day or paint surrealistic acrylics on Masonite. And I just came back from the Virgin Islands, swept away by a Texas millionaire who's 28, devilishly handsome, very intelligent . . . and very gay. I always fall in love with gay men and usually end up raping and converting them."

Living a completely different lifestyle is Serena BlaqueLord, a *Oui* pictorial subject and calendar girl, who shares with her man and their baby daughter a ramshackle cabin without heat, hot water or electricity in Northern California, 30 miles from the nearest town. Serena can be seen in *Sweet Cakes*, *Honeypie* and roughly three dozen other movies.

"Loops, soft-core, hard-core. I can't think of anything I haven't done, or simulated, though I don't like 'sim' stuff, because it's not real," says Serena, verbally tripping out during a visit to L.A. "I'm a total exhibitionist. I had dreams about being a stripper when I was only four years old. Right now, I'm into bloodlines, heredity and babies—trying to get pregnant with my old man's best friend. As an artist—and usually that's how I think of myself—I paint abstract, erotic stuff. I'm a very sexually oriented person, which I blame on my Scorpio rising. That's why I love doing porno. It's the people's art. Not everyone is into grass or rock music, but one way or another, practically anyone can get high on sex."

Right on. That sums up the message from Serena and her lusty sorority—porno's beautiful, outspoken, spirited new women who will, at least by their own accounts, either love it or leave it or change it, and make it grow into something better than ever.



Rowland B. Wilson



John Dempsey

"Want to know something, Matthew? I think you have the yummiest buns of all Linda's boyfriends."



HISTORY

A LIGHTLY HANDLED HISTORY OF SEX

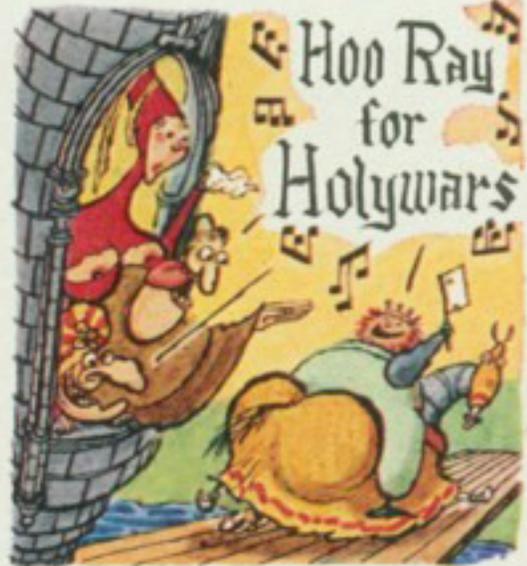
by ARNOLD ROOTH

PART 7



SEX

The Crusades: A Highlight of the Dark Ages.



Alchemists wanted to convert everything to gold.



For centuries, all learning rested in the adept hands of monks.

Nice,
Brother Thelonious,
nice!



The Dark Ages were celebrated for a variety of torture appliances...

... the most popular being the rack.







ARCHITECTURE



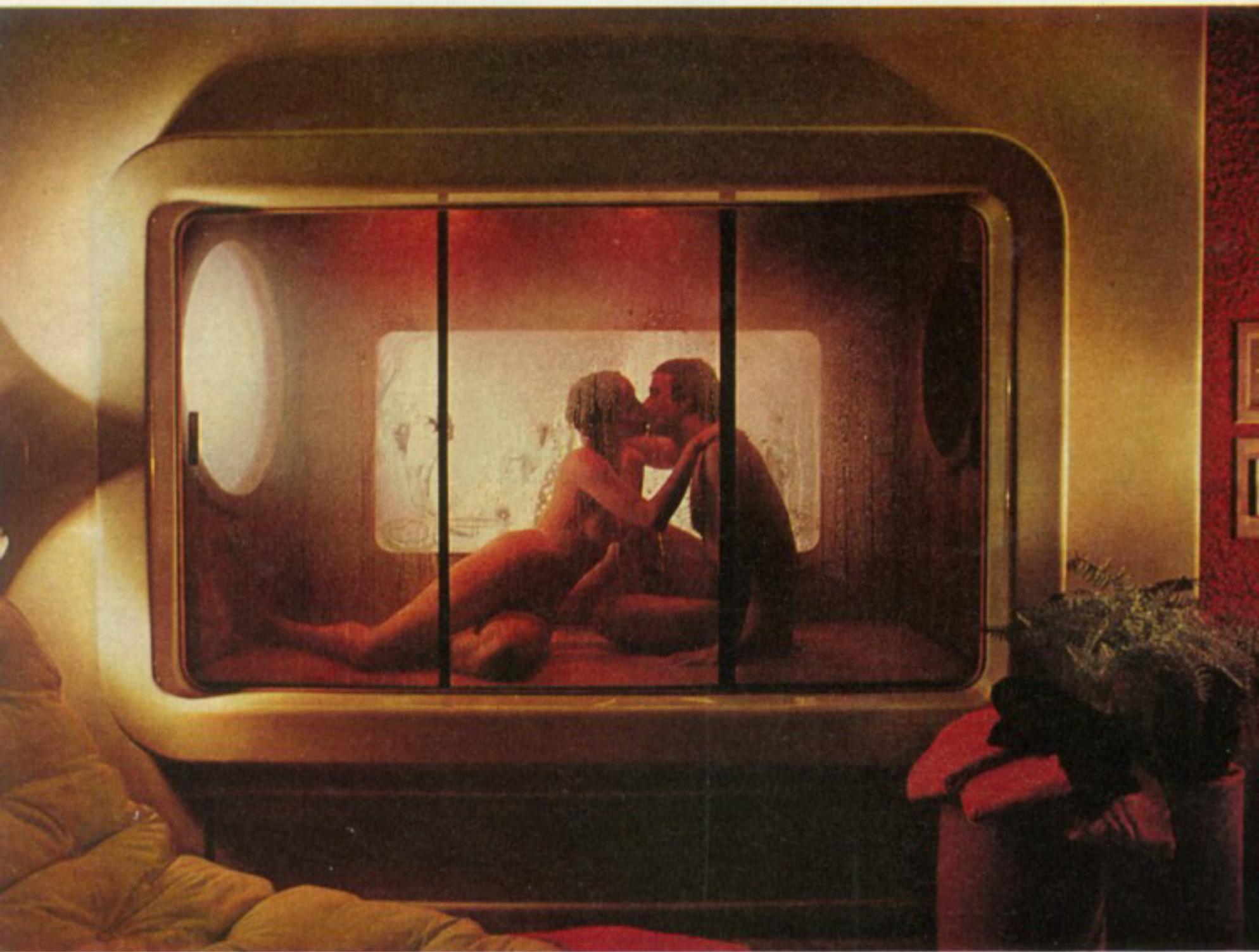
Is there life beyond the middle ages?



To be continued.

SUPERCLEAN!

Below: Step into your own teak-and-cypress Environment, Kohler's 6'10" x 3'2" "new dimension in living" that allows you to program any combination of spring showers, Baja sun, jungle steam, tropic rain or Chinook winds at the push of a button. The mechanism includes four heat lamps, four sun lamps, six shower heads, a steam generator and two warm-air circulating systems. All for \$9900.



two new products designed to improve the environment of your bath; one is a transparent shower/tub in the round; the other, a fantastic vacation machine that creates the weather of your choice from desert sun to tropic rain

Right: Incorporated into the Serie 2001 cylindrical see-through shower/tub from Hastings are compartments for toiletries, a mirror, a thermostatic mixer control, a hand shower, built-in seats and a heated towel rack. (The toiletries and towels keep dry behind a transparent panel.) Serie 2001 measures 6'10" high and 6'7" in diameter and comes disassembled to fit through a bathroom door. Price: \$3600.





Graham Wilson

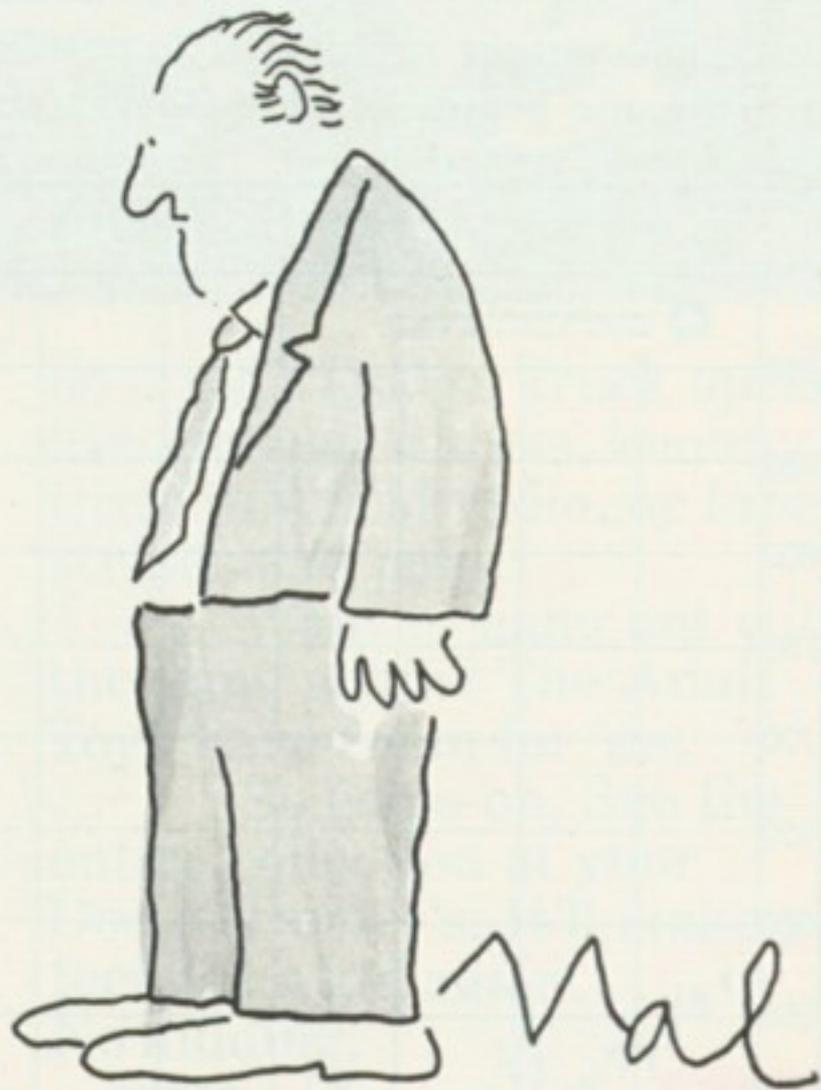
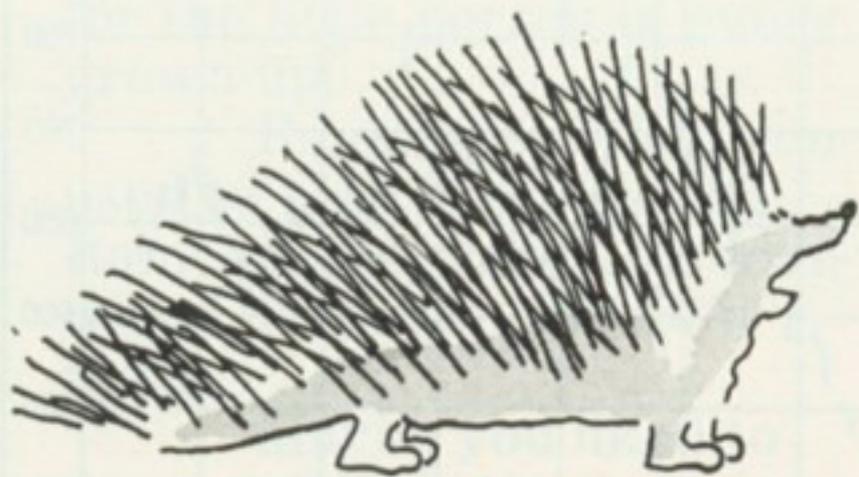
"And every day it's costing more and more!"



"Screw the protocol—in this bed, the queen comes first!"



“Do you know how proud your father would be if he knew how well you were filling in for him while he was away?”



“Fortunately, I’m into S/M; otherwise, I wouldn’t have any sex life at all.”

Remember when you used to play with trucks? You still can.



Dodge introduces the toys only an adult could love. Wheels you can play with, even if you put away your roller skates long ago.
Four by Four. Warlock.

Ramcharger. Street Van, from America's number one maker of compact van-type vehicles. We've got the lineup for the little person in every grown-up.

Remember when you used to play in the mud? Ramcharger's available four-wheel drive lets you do it again.

Maybe you liked to dress up? This time around,

do it with Dodge Truck options like chrome wheels, knobby tires, AM/FM radio, or tape stripes and paint.

Want to hang out with the gang again? The Adult Toys have room for 'em.

So come on. See the entire collection at your Dodge Dealer's. It'll make you feel like a kid again. No kidding.

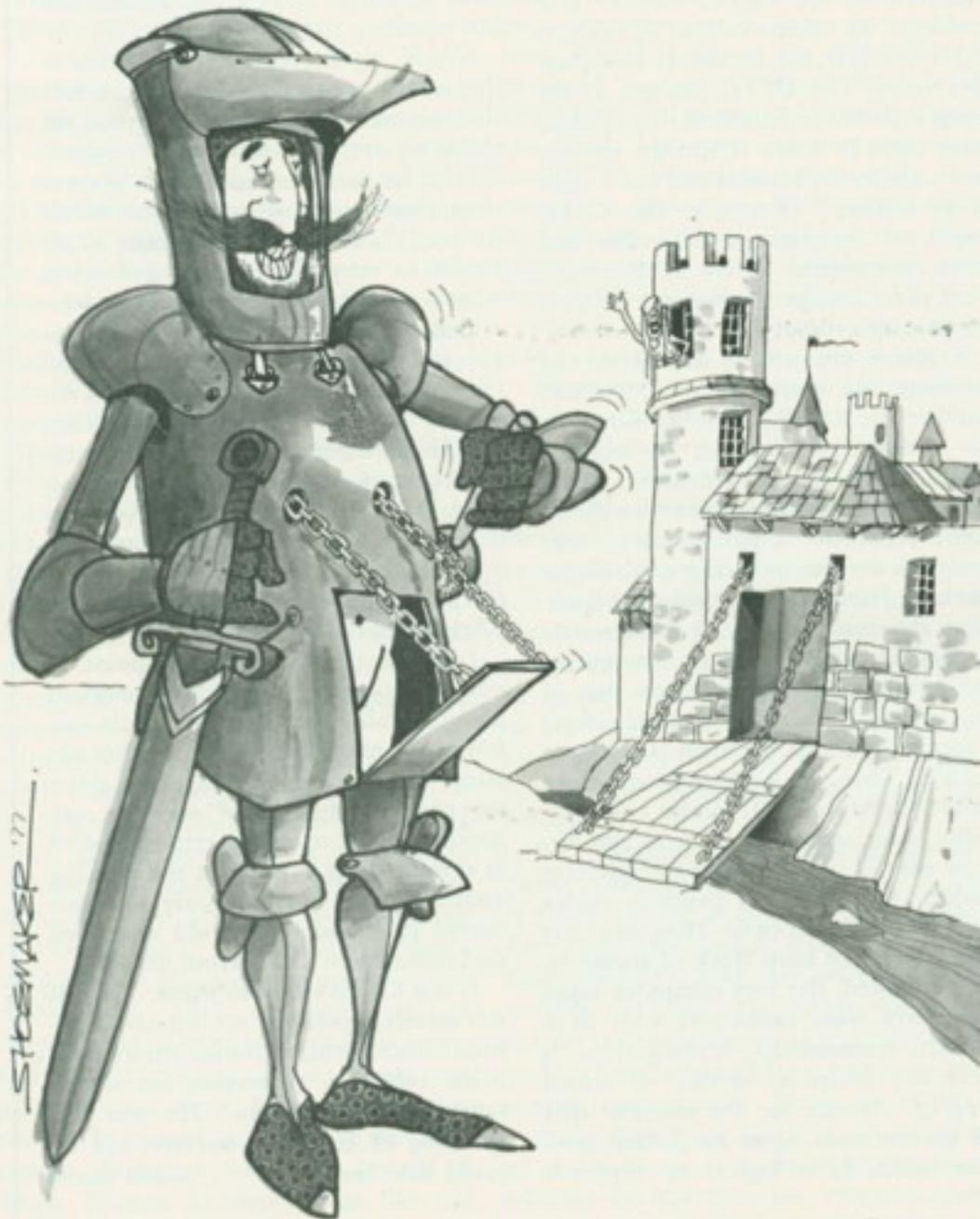
THE ADULT TOYS FROM DODGE.

Optional equipment, paint, and trim shown are available through your Dodge Dealer or customizing shops.





"No, I haven't performed fellatio—but I've done Ophelia and Lady Macbeth."



STEEMAKER '77



"Come on—it's only for my diary."



“Don’t you think we ought to see how the test flight goes before we start interviewing stewardesses . . . ?”



"There it is, Guthrie—our nation's most precious natural resource."

MGB ANNOUNCES EXTRA FUN...AT NO EXTRA COST!

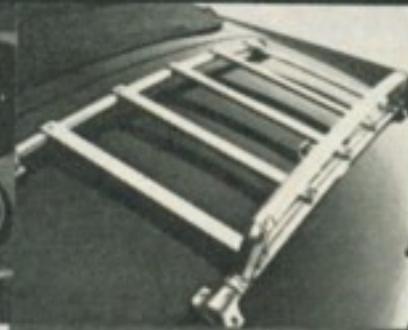
MGB SPECIAL

WITH ALL THESE EXTRAS FREE:

FREE!
STEREO AM/FM RADIO
AND TAPE DECK.



FREE!
LUGGAGE RACK.



FREE!
WHEEL TRIM RINGS.



FREE!
MGB STRIPING.



PLUS ALL THESE STANDARD FEATURES!

Now the wide-open sports car's more fun than ever, and a better bargain than ever. Because now, at participating dealers, you get four fabulous extras, free! Plus MGB's legendary sports car performance, with front disc brakes, four speed stick, rack and pinion steering, race-honed suspension and a lively



Front disc brakes.



Four-speed stick.



Vinyl bucket seats.



Center console.



Zip-down rear window.



Tachometer.

race-proven 1798 cc engine. All for only \$5,150. (Base P.O.E. sticker price, 1977 models. Transportation, optional equipment and preparation extra. California price higher.) For the name of the MG Dealer nearest you, call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.



British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

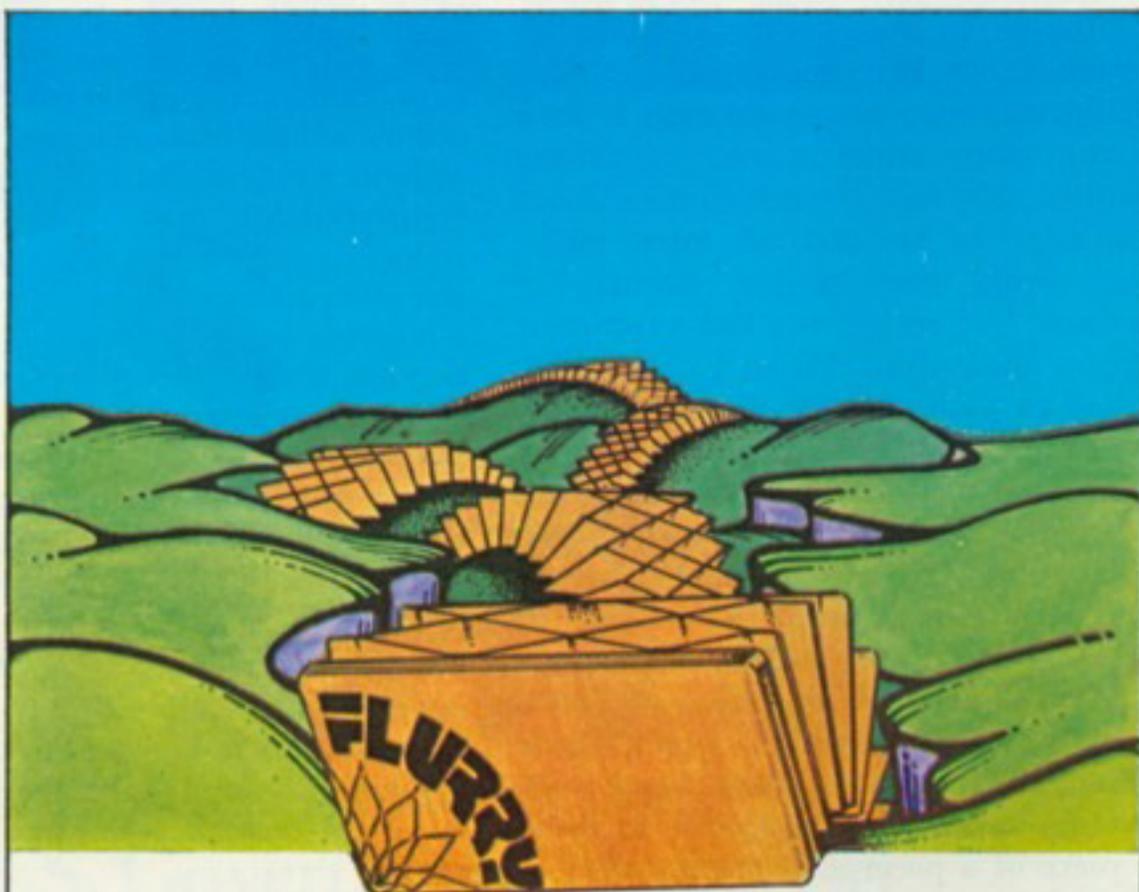
OLD PRO KIT

As all you World War One vets clearly remember, General Order 45 specified punishment for and precautions against catching the clap while in Gay Paree. You had to use a Pro Kit, and here it is—a modern, working replica called G.O. 45 that's available from Consolidated Royal Chemical Corp., 657 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago 60610, for \$6, postpaid, for 14. It's sure to be effective, because after reading the directions, you won't be able to get it up.



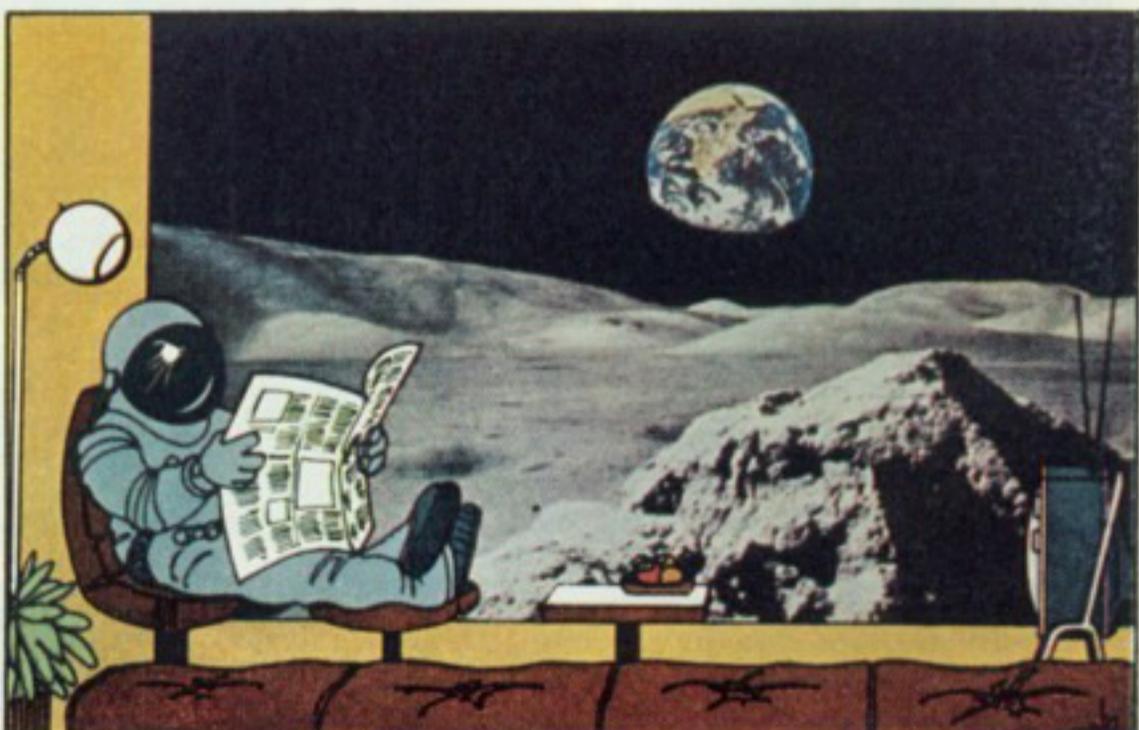
COMIC-CON TRAIL

If you've got five days to spare this July and would like to meet some 50 biggies in the popular arts—comics, comic strips, science fiction, animation, films and television—visit the San Diego Comic-Con, which will be running July 20–24 at the El Cortez Hotel. Noted sci-fi writer Robert Heinlein will be there, along with Marvel Comics' Stan Lee, Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, who created *Superman*, and—are you ready?—Annie Fanny's daddy, Harvey Kurtzman.



FLURRY OF ACTIVITY

What's made out of honeycombed pieces of kraft paper, expands from 4" to 28' and can do more tricks than Doug Henning? It's a Flurry, a crazy springlike creation that a company called Plumb Creek, at Box 2555, Station B, Lincoln, Nebraska 68502, is selling for \$7, postpaid. Flurries can be flung to the sky, made to walk downstairs or tied in knots and they keep bouncing back for more. Don't you wish you could grow up to be a Flurry?



FOR WALL WATCHERS

Like something to jazz up your pad's dreary walls? North American Graphics (P. O. Box 582, Glendale, California 91209) manufactures mammoth four-color peelable and scrubbable wall murals in a huge variety of styles, sizes and prices. Earthrise, above, measures about 8' x 13' and goes for \$85, postpaid. For more info, send one dollar to Graphics and you'll get back a folder showing what's available, from country skies to a fantastic castle.

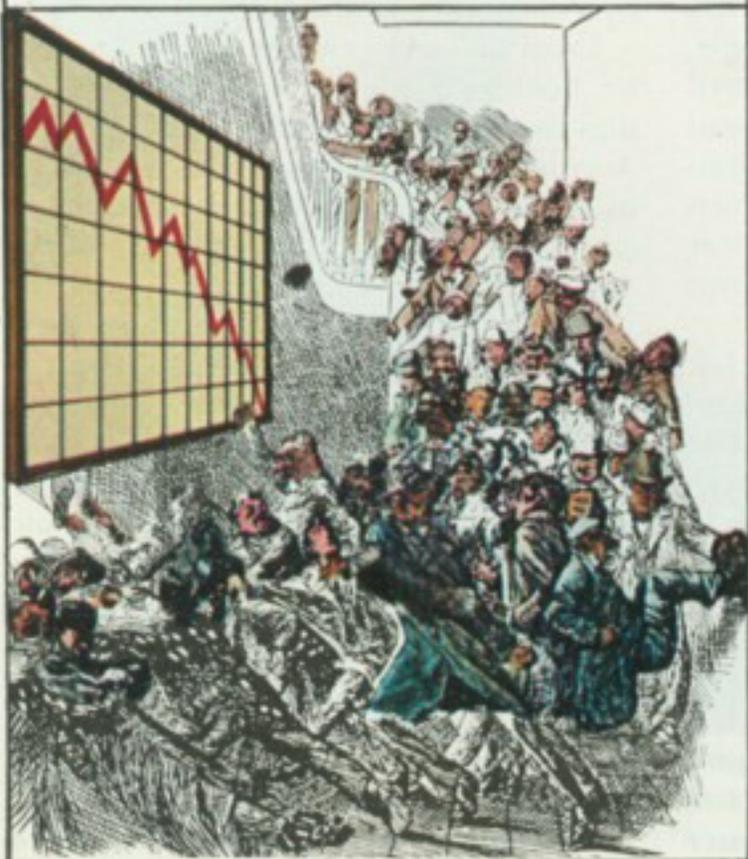
FEELING BIG

With a net profit last year of 3.83 billion dollars, you'd think Ma Bell would have come up with this, but, no, it took a tiny company called Touchables, at 222 West Ontario Street, Chicago, Illinois 60610, to produce, for \$7.95, postpaid, an oversized set of telephone push buttons that attaches to your regular set in about ten seconds. Not only does it help eliminate wrong numbers, it looks neat, too.



RUFF AND READY

Oh, the times they are achanging . . . for the worse, some people such as Howard Ruff think. Ruff publishes a bimonthly doomsday newsletter called *The Ruff Times* out of P. O. Box 172, Alamo, California 94507, and after reading his cheerful essays on "Famine and Survival in America" and "The Elements Gone Mad," you'll be ready to head for the hills—or cut your throat. And, to make matters worse, Ruff charges \$85 for a 15-month subscription. *That's bad news!*



TURNOFF TURN-ONS

When writers Michael and Jane Stern looked down that lonesome road a few years ago for a decent place to eat while researching *Trucker: A Portrait of the Last American Cowboy*, what they saw was enough to make them sick. Fast-food franchises stretched from sea to shining sea—or at least that's what they thought until they wandered onto the byways adjacent to our highways. There they discovered great cafés, tearooms and diners—all within ten miles of a major highway. Now they're sharing their discoveries in a \$3.50 softcover book called *Roadfood*, just published by Penguin. Happy hunting.



PICTURE ME, UPON YOUR KNEE

For those of you who see yourself as some kind of father figure but don't wish to put up with all the aggravations of parenthood, there's an actor in Fords, New Jersey, named Alan Semok (write to him in care of General Delivery) who supplements his showbiz career by hand-carving a variety of nifty ventriloquist dummies. Prices average \$300-\$400 and up, depending on what you want your alter ego to do—roll his eyes, wink, raise his eyebrows, cry, smoke a cigarette, stick out his tongue, spit, kick. . . . It sounds like you can't tell the dummy from the kid you never had.



TALENT SCOUTED

You say you've got a little talent under your skin that's just itching to come out? For \$50, MPC Video Industries, 514 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019, will rent you 30 minutes of color-studio time that you can use to produce a ten-minute $\frac{3}{4}$ " video cassette or a $\frac{1}{2}$ " Betamax color video recording that will showcase whatever you do best. (MPCS will even supply limited props, scripts, etc., but for \$50, don't expect extensive editing.) Then, with your tape in hand (it's part of the price), you can head for Hollywood to let the world know just what you've got. All aboard for *The Gong Show*. Bonnnnnnggg!





Intra Landi

"Listen, Harry, I've foreplayed myself into a real mess. . . ."

SEX-CALIFORNIA STYLE

THEY CALL IT the UltraRoom, a big room lined with mirrors and black vinyl in which three naked young girls play with themselves and with one another, licking and fingering, moaning about cocks and ass-fucking and come in their mouths, acting out forbidden sexual fantasies of dominance and submission with dildos and whips and paddles and ropes and handcuffs, spreading their glistening pink slots for the spectators watching from behind trick mirrors, each secure in the privacy of a small dark cubicle from which it is possible to see without being seen.

Where are we? Hamburg? Amsterdam? Havana, 1946? No, it's San Francisco today, seven shows daily, admission ten dollars, a presentation of the Mitchell brothers' O'Farrell Theater, the Pentagon of porn, home of *Behind the Green Door* and a host of other erotic documents. The live-sex show has arrived, appropriately packaged in a plastic box, and X-rated films suddenly look obsolete, as California's sexual supermarket merchandises its latest new product.

As in all supermarkets, the emphasis is on youth, slenderness and good grooming displayed to a cruisomatic burble of everything's-all-right music leaking out of the ceilings. The decor ranges from suburban comfort to motel plastic to storefront shower curtain, but there's surprisingly little downright sleaze. The bodies are mostly young and healthy, the faces more than pleasant. The girl who answers the phone at Sex Unlimited in Los Angeles speaks better general American than Jane Fonda. The UltraRoom could have been designed by Andy Warhol. The *L.A. Free Press*, featuring "The World's Most Interesting Ads," is so visually clean-cut it makes *The New York Times* look slovenly.

Dozens of swingers' and singles' sex tabloids advertising sex as a major entertainment attraction are sold freely from sidewalk boxes on every busy corner in Southern California. For a "Lesbian Love Act" you can join in, call Nicole & Lois, two "tall, slender, blonde bisexual lesbian lovers" who offer a "Special Holiday Rate" in their current *Free Press* announcement. Or you might prefer the "Live Nude Dirty Show" advertised by Paris House in the *Hollywood Press*—"52 Discount with This Ad!" Specialists can seek out the House of Dominance: "Bondage, discipline, chains, whips. Five different kinds of enemas. Untrained or trained submissives. Three all-new fully equipped dungeons. All fantasies & fetishes catered to. Master Charge & checks accepted."

Although many—maybe most—of the ads seem too good to be true, they often actually deliver more than they promise. Sure, there are clinkers; witness this classified: "Called an ad before? Got a fatso? Old lady ashamed to tell you her age? Junkie? Well, call us, for two slim young things." People in California tend to be much more handsome than the national average, perhaps because the film industry has drawn so many pretty faces out here over the years. If you go to one of Gene and Charlene's Touch of Class swing parties advertised in many of the tabloids, you are going to meet exactly the "young, attractive, friendly and interesting people" they promise, and some of the girls will be absolute knockouts.

Although not presented as entertainment, swing parties are almost certainly the most widespread form of public sex in California and, probably, the nation. The usual "donation" is \$10 to \$20 a couple, single girls free, single guys welcome only on certain nights, if at all. The show can be more exciting than anything you're likely to see in the hottest X-rated movie. It's like a high school dance, except that instead of the dance floor and dancing, it's five bedrooms and fucking and sucking. The jukebox plays the latest *disco* hits at full volume and there's a buffet that usually consists of white bread, bologna, Kraft cheese and something like canned *ravioli*; but who goes for the food? The main event is a horde of young men and women seething with the urge to merge. You can dive in or simply walk around and watch other people swimming naked in a heated pool, making love throughout the house in unashamed bliss—twosomes, threesomes, moresomes, one room reserved for anything-goes orgies.

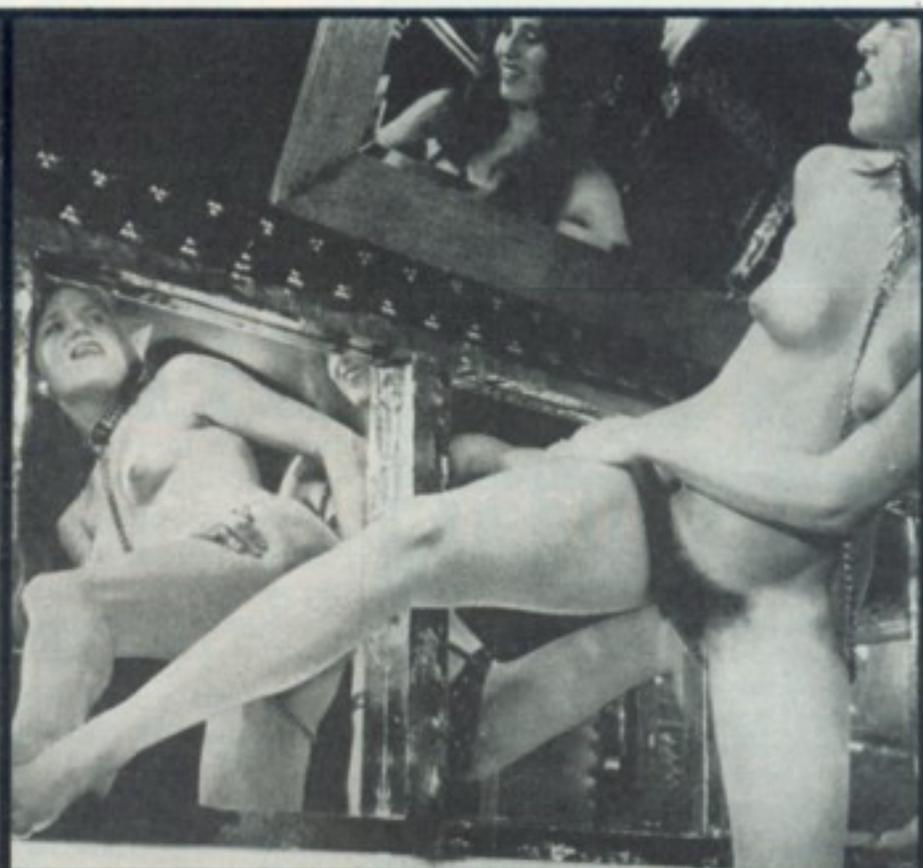
Gene and Charlene are the kind of folks you find working at Disneyland—intelligent and good-looking, with much of that well-scrubbed, eager-to-please smile. They *believe* in what they're doing, and not merely because it pays them to do so. It's a lot of work being host to 20 to 30 energetic young couples every week, cleaning ashtrays and lugging laundry. Gene, who has been running swing parties for the past five years, is studying psychology and enjoys working with people. Charlene, stifled sexually for a long time in a bad marriage, thinks swinging is better than cheating. They're both too busy catering to their guests and watching out for trouble spots that can flare up and ruin the mood of a party to swing at their own affairs, but they do so with other couples at more intimate private parties.

It is awkward to attend a swing party if you're a single guy, and the best parties are reserved for couples only, but if you're confident and personable, you can frequently talk your way into one, as there are usually a few single girls on hand. Or you can find a swing party date, usually at a "donation" of upwards of \$50, through the *Free Press* classifieds. An introduction service, such as Mike Steele's Agency in West Hollywood, will try to locate a kindred spirit for a "membership fee" of about \$100. One of the many outcall massage numbers can provide a girl at \$35 an hour.

Generally speaking, the more commercial the ad sounds, the more likely it is to produce someone who won't be grossly unsuitable for you. Personals lie more and usually turn out to be some kind of play-for-pay hype, anyway. When all else fails—and it probably won't—try the Yellow Pages under "Massage" or "Escort Service." Be frank about what you're looking for and you may be pleasantly surprised with the results.

The sexual frontier has been explored—now the terrain is open for tourist trade. Couplings that were once considered sacred and/or profane are now fit forms of commercial entertainment and recreation. And you may discover that you have a willing accomplice in your girlfriend or wife. Everyone likes the magic of live acts—and what you see on the town these nights is guaranteed to beat prime-time television. —JULES SIEGEL





James and Artie Mitchell—the wonderful boys who brought us *Behind the Green Door*—have a new gig. Live sex shows at the O'Farrell Theater in San Francisco (where else?). Enter the UltraRoom—a 20' x 30' chamber of delights stocked with chains, dildos and velveteen whips. Perfect for bar mitzvahs and coming-out parties. Patrons pay ten dollars and are escorted to private cubicles from which they watch the goings on through two-way mirrors. The press release announcing the opening claimed, "UltraRoom is looking into the shaving mirror and being confronted by a naked woman. UltraRoom is being present in the girls' locker room at shower time." Ah, decadence. Believe us,





*"It was just a fun transplant. You
got his heart, he got yours."*



*"For God's sake, Ma!
A year ago, you were telling me,
'Get a haircut.'"*

THE MOPED MAKES ITS MOVE



Puch's Maxi Sport has heavy-duty tires on mag wheels and a one-cylinder, two-cycle air-cooled engine; to start, you simply pedal. Price: \$529.



Batavus' HS 50 features a rubber-mounted engine and motorcycle-style handle bars. Top speed is 30 mph. It goes for \$489.

If you're in the market for something to tool around town on at speeds up to 30 mph while getting more than 150 miles to a gallon of gas, consider a moped. Mopeds (the name is a coined word for motorized bicycle) have been used for many years in Europe and the Orient for shopping, commuting to work or just plain joy riding; now they've jumped the big pond and are selling like crazy over here.

And because of their low power and high gas economy, about half the states have enacted legislation that removes mopeds from the motorcycle status, thus helping eliminate many of the hassles that go along with owning a bike. Furthermore, if you can ride a bicycle, you can handle a moped, as most models have automatic transmissions. At 150 miles to a gallon of gas, mopeds soon may be the only way to go.



The Bravo offers a rotary induction-type engine for economy; press a button and it's a pedal bike, by Vespa of America, \$515.



The 50L, by Motobecane America, offers drum brakes and a speedometer, \$459, plus optional luggage baskets, \$29.95, and a big windscreen, about \$35.



Where There's Smoke

SUSAN ANTON may be the best thing to have happened to cigars since the invention of matches. Having replaced Edie Adams as the Muriel cigar spokesperson, Susan can be seen willowing around locker rooms and coming on to tennis players—all the while singing, "Muriel lights a flame in me. Where there's Muriel smoke, there's fire." She has brought back the mystique to stogie puffing. CBS, however, thinks she has brought a little too much mystique and won't run the commercials. A leggy beauty, Susan is 5'11", a former Miss California and—sorry, boys—married to personal manager Jack Stein. She's preparing an album and there are rumors about that she is being considered to replace Farrah Fawcett on "Charlie's Angels." Can her hairdo fill the dramatic void left by FF's? "My hair used to look a lot like hers, so I changed it. But I can't change another feature we both share—a big smile." If she makes it to the "Charlie's Angels" show, will she carry on FF's tradition of bralessness on prime time? "Sure, but not because she does it. That's the way I dress anyway. I burned mine when the rest of the libbers did years ago."

Here Comes the Krypton Kid

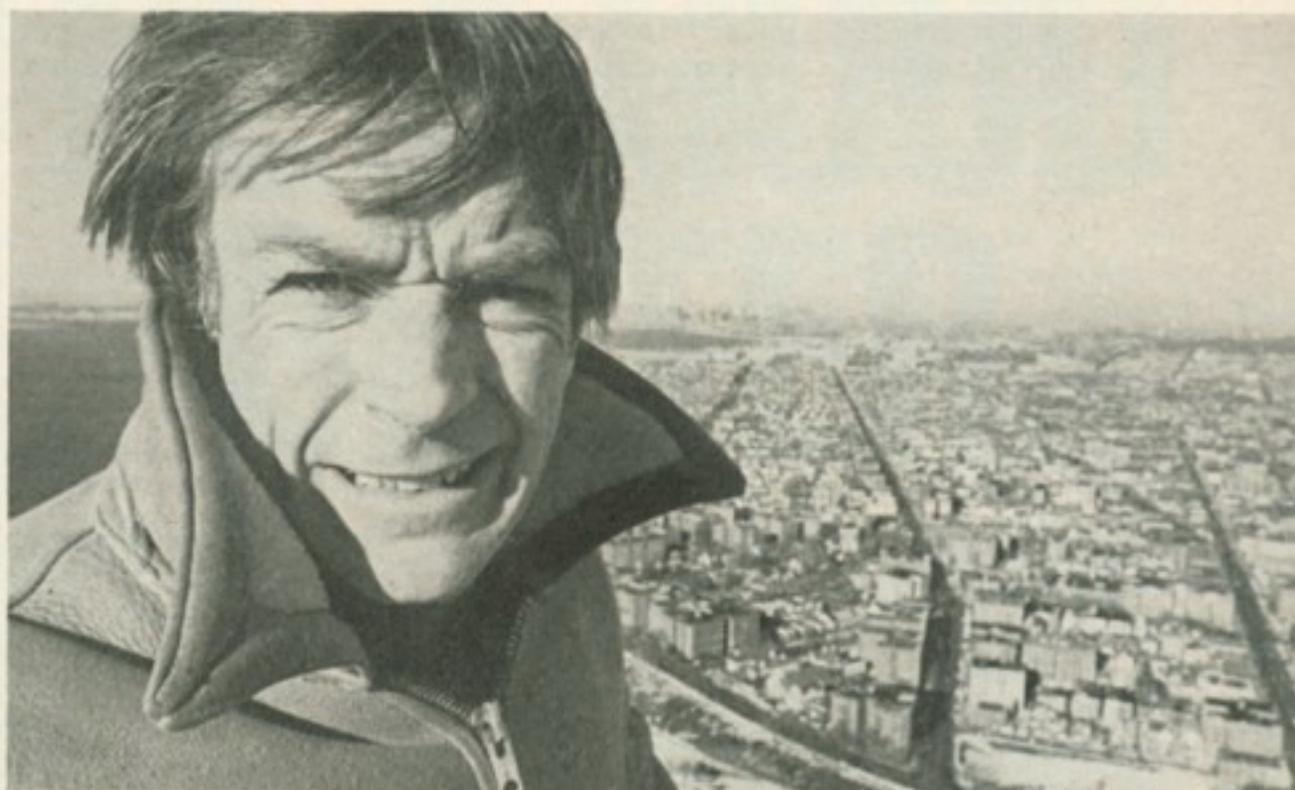
According to the publicity people at Warner Bros., the world will have to wait until the summer of 1978 to find out if CHRISTOPHER REEVE, the new Superman, is a new superstar. But from here, his chances look good. In being chosen for the role of the Man of Steel in the \$25,000,000 production now filming in England, Reeve beat out 200 other guys, including Olympic decathlon champ Bruce Jenner. Reeve, who is 24, used to appear in the TV soaper "Love of Life." Now he will test himself against two established supermen, Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman, his co-stars. Meanwhile, keep checking your local phone booths for mild-mannered reporters.





Lucky Star

"I've wanted to be an actress since I was a little girl, and I love Fellini's films, so when an astrologer told me she'd never seen so perfect a match as the one between Fellini's planets and mine, I flew to Rome, looking for a role in 'Casanova,' which he was then filming. I called at his office and when I saw him, he looked at me for a long time and said, 'You've come in like an angel. You came when I needed you.' I reported for work three days later." And that's how CARLI BUCHANAN, Akron native, Kent State Ph.D. and New York University psychology professor, became Carli Buchanan, actress. With two more European films under her belt and more roles lined up, "Professor" Buchanan seems to have retired for the time being. "Lola Albright was the last actress from Akron to make it," she says, "and I think it's time for another." Who can argue with the stars?



OWEN FRANKEN / SYGMA

Winner and New Champ

Director JOHN ("Joe," "Save the Tiger," "Cry Uncle") AVILDSEN, like the hero of his Academy Award-winning movie, "Rocky," is a battler who never worries about the odds. He certainly was not an odds-on favorite to cop this year's Director's Guild of America award and best-direction Oscar—yet he won both and is now heavyweight champion of Hollywood. Actually, Avildsen is an expert at garnering Academy Award nominations ("Save the Tiger" received three, netting Jack Lemmon a best-actor Oscar, and "Rocky" received a total of ten) and he is also a specialist at evoking career-making performances; Peter Boyle, Allen Garfield, Susan Sarandon and, of course, Sylvester Stallone all burst onto the scene in Avildsen-directed films. How does he do it? "I don't honestly know; I'm much too engrossed in the actual making of the film to be aware of potential Oscars. I like to work with actors, writers, cinematographers who don't have well-established reputations; they're more flexible and innovative, more willing to take chances." Avildsen's next project, "Slow Dancing in the Big City," is by Barra Grant, a promising but untested young screenwriter. "It's the first time I'm making a film written by a woman. It's a story of love and courage set in New York City," which should suit Avildsen, a confirmed Manhattanite, just fine.



VERNON L. SMITH

Defending Writers' Dollars

For MORTON JANKLOW, corporate financial lawyer turned part-time literary agent, representing authors is much like fighting a war. "I'm an advocate—I take a person's cause and go into battle with it." Because of Janklow's legal finesse and a finely honed instinct for best sellers, the literary side of his law firm's business has been astoundingly successful. Case in point: William Safire's novel "Full Disclosure," to be published this summer, brought the highest paperback price for a first novel, \$1,375,000. How has Janklow's firm conquered New York's tight literary circle in just three short years? "We approached the literary-market arena with a fresh vision—as lawyers. We studied every publisher's contract. I got to know every editor in chief and publisher in the city. And I am a superb negotiator." Right now, most of Janklow's clients are media and political stars—Bernard and Marvin Kalb, Daniel Schorr, John Ehrlichman, Pat Moynihan, Dick Tuck—but word of his big deals is spreading rapidly. "Every lunatic who wants to write a book of poetry is calling me," Janklow laments. He's a big fan of Norman Mailer's: "I'd do anything to get him as a client." Are you there, Norman?



RIVERBOAT GAMBOLERS



COMING ASUNDER



EXOTIC CARS



"MADAME CLAUDE"

"THE HONOURABLE SCHOOLBOY"—FROM THE AUTHOR OF *THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD*, A NEW TALE ABOUT A BRITISH SECRET AGENT MASQUERADING AS A JOURNALIST IN WAR-TORN PHNOM PENH—BY **JOHN LE CARRE**

HENRY WINKLER TALKS ABOUT THE JOYS AND PAINS OF LIVING WITH HIS CHARACTER, "THE FONZ"; HOW HE'S HANDLED FAME, SUCCESS AND GROUPIES; AND HOW HE LOST HIS VIRGINITY IN A FRANK **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"LIVING TOGETHER COMES ASUNDER"—THOUGHT YOU COULD DUCK ALIMONY BY STAYING SINGLE? SURPRISE! YOUR OLD LADY MAY GET PLENTY, WITH OR WITHOUT A MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE—BY **EMMA STEVENS** AND **STEPHEN HOLMES**

"AND THE WINNER IS . . ."—AT LAST, RESULTS OF *PLAYBOY'S* PLAYMATE PHOTO CONTEST: OUR FIRST-PRIZE SELECTION, PLUS TEN RUNNERS-UP. THE MAGAZINE, PLEASE . . .

"A MOVIE TOO FAR"—ON LOCATION WITH THE CAST AND CREW OF THE BIGGEST WORLD WAR TWO BLOCKBUSTER FLICK YET. DEVENTER, HOLLAND, MAY NEVER BE THE SAME AFTER THE MAKING OF *A BRIDGE TOO FAR*—BY **MARJORIE ROSEN**

"RIVERBOAT GAMBOLERS"—PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR **PATTI MCGUIRE** AND FRIENDS IN A BARE-FACTS (AND BODIES) PICTORIAL THAT MAKES THE GRAND CANYON EVEN GRANDER, PLUS **"WHITE-WATER RAMBLERS"**—NOT YOUR USUAL YARN ABOUT SHOOTING THE COLORADO'S RAPIDS, BY THE AUTHOR OF *THE MONKEY WRENCH GANG*—**EDWARD ABBEY**

"MADAME CLAUDE"—SHE RAN A NOTORIOUS PARISIAN BROTHEL, NOW BEING IMMORTALIZED ON FILM WITH A CAST OF LOVELY LADIES, INCLUDING OUR FRIEND **DAYLE HADDON**. PHOTOGRAPHIC UNCOVERAGE, ON AND OFF THE SET

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—GENTLEMEN, PLACE YOUR BETS: SEE IF YOU CAN BEAT OUR PEERLESS PROGNOSTICATOR'S ANNUAL PREDICTIONS—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"AUTOEXOTICA"—WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO DRIVE A CAR THAT LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE'S? AN ECLECTIC SELECTION OF MACHINES THAT HAVE SEEN NO ASSEMBLY LINE