

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1978 • \$2.00

EXCLUSIVE—FROM PRISON:
SIRHAN SIRHAN ON R.F.K.'S
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WORLD-WIDE TERROR

DAVID FROST INTERVIEW

CYCLES FOR
CITY GUYS

Sisters
A Photo
Gallery
Of Sexy
Siblings



PLAYBOY'S
MUSIC
AWARD
WINNERS

ROADSTER

The
Classically
British
**TRIUMPH
SPITFIRE**



The Strong Survivor

Triumph Spitfire. A strong survivor of that all but vanished breed, the roadster.

Triumph built its first roadster in 1923 to tame the narrow, twisty roads of England with its agile handling and brisk performance.

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*1976 ROAD & TRACK GUIDE TO SPORTS AND GT CARS.
(WHEEL TRIM RINGS AND STRIPING OPTIONAL.)





"Am I allowed to deduct my bed as office furniture?"

THE FIJIES OF



CRAZY HORSE

*for over a quarter century,
alain bernardin's establishment
has been a paris institution.
the reasons are obvious*



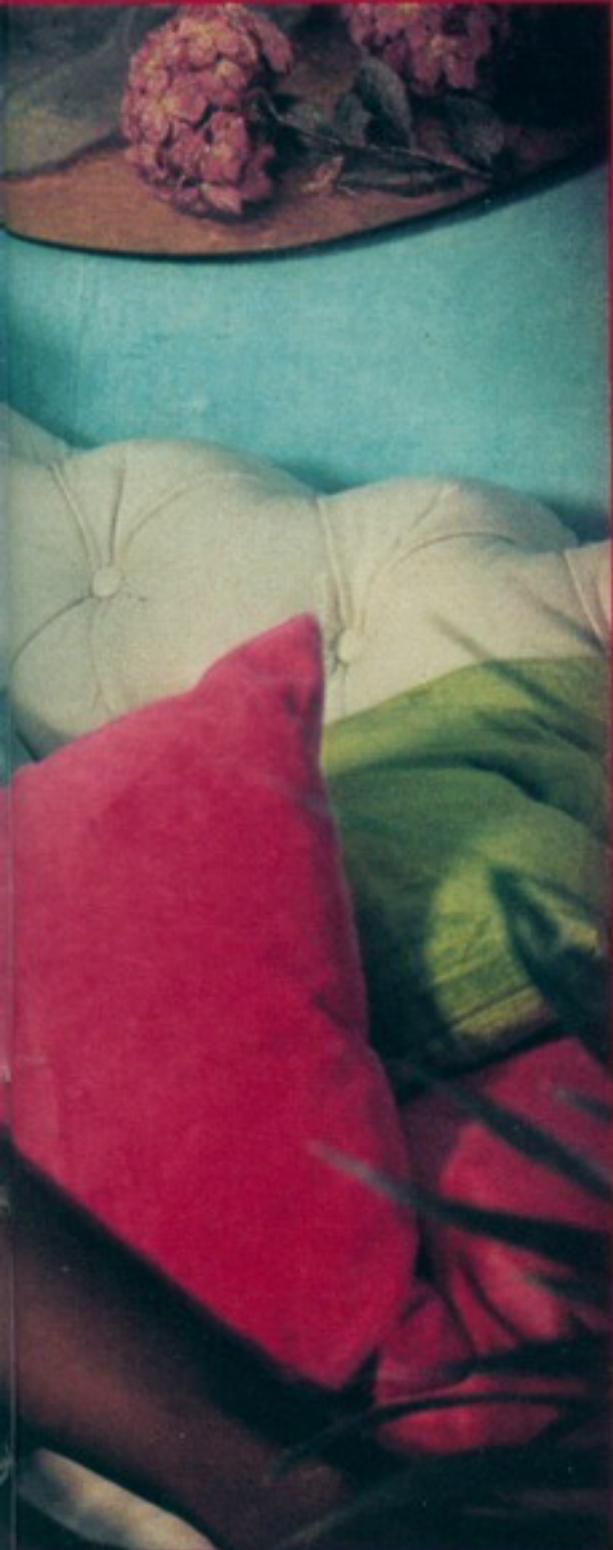
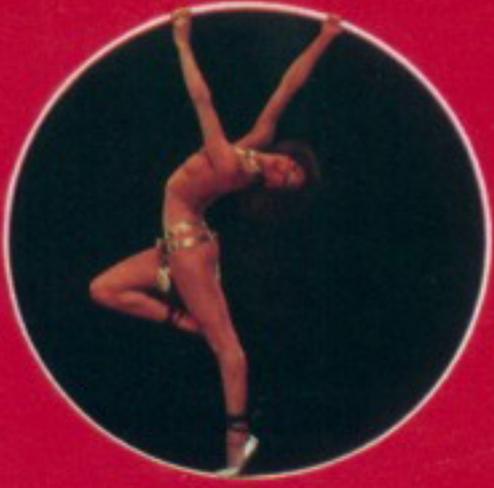


THIS IS WHAT PARIS is supposed to be about. The girls are stunningly beautiful. The show they put on at the Crazy Horse Saloon is full of the gaiety and excitement with which Paris is traditionally synonymous. But the precision mechanics going on backstage could lead you to believe you were watching the assembly of a Mercedes-Benz, rather than what connoisseurs of the genre regard as the most artistically exciting nude show in the world.

When the 18 girls arrive for the first of two nightly shows (three on Saturdays), one of them activates a 40-minute countdown clock in the corridor leading to the dressing rooms. In a show formula that has been

Crazy Horse favorite Lava Moor (left) practices deep backbends to the delight of the establishment's clientele. Below, she hunches up for some less strenuous nonexercise and tries to make friends with the pillows. Lena Trumbull (below right) has a taste for champagne, which flows plentifully in the Saloon for hilariously high prices. Far right: Baba Moleskine collects her thoughts between shows and waits to be discovered by the movies.







polished and honed in some 12,000 performances since May 1951, nothing is left to chance. The girls are expected to conform to what producer-director Alain Bernardin calls "le format Crazy": They should stand 1.68 meters (5'6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "") tall and weigh 52 kilos (115 pounds). Even their pubic triangles have specific dimensions: either 10 x 10 x 10 centimeters (4" x 4" x 4") or 12 x 12 x 12 cm. (4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ "")—the latter known as the *maxi-mouchi-mouchi*. Blondes and redheads do not get a chance to prove that their hair color is real. The Crazy insists on

Below, far left: Goody Pentagone has, we're told, driven a certain Japanese businessman to steam up three pairs of eyeglasses during one of her performances. Polly Underground (near left) thinks working at the Crazy "is fun." Miko Miku (below) demonstrates how she passed the standard Crazy breast-size test. That's Supra below right, shown again at right with Sofia Palladium riding shotgun.





Coty eyebrow pencil Number Seven for all pubic patches, which leaves them uniformly black. Bernardin is equally strict about body complexion. He achieves conformity of skin tone by special body make-up and then bathes the girls onstage in lighting that covers them in patterns of stripes, stars and polka dots.

"I dress the girls in light," he says, "because I don't like a body that looks like it's just come out of a shower. Only one woman in 10,000 has a body good enough to stand up to total realism."

The Crazy Horse Saloon, he adds with utter seriousness, "is not in the business of reality; it's poetry, sculpture." And his quest for poetry and sculpture is pursued with almost military discipline. To get the perfectly shaped breasts he wants—"not (concluded on page 158)

The girls open and close the two-hour Crazy Horse show with a chorus line that has to be one of the most concentrated eye-fuls anywhere on the Continent. One of its highlights is Moony Trafalgar's hoop dance, in which she moons and spoons until the cows come home.





CUTTING LOOSE

*when pamela jean headed
for the florida sun,
she left her books behind*

THOSE OF YOU with eagle eyes and elephant memories will recognize Pamela Jean Bryant as one of the coeds featured in our September 1977 pictorial *Girls of the Big Ten*. She almost didn't make it: The story of how Miss April came to our attention demonstrates the truth of the old adage that some days you eat the bear and some days the bear eats you. Relates Pamela: "I have never regarded myself as particularly beautiful. I didn't think anyone else did, either. Only a few days before **PLAYBOY** Photographer David Chan showed up on the campus of Indiana



"Posing nude gives you the most beautiful feeling: being alone with a photographer and camera, knowing each glance is being recorded. Since this shooting, I've taken to going naked around the house. Here is how I really am when I'm alone."



"I've always been a dreamer. When things were bad, my fantasies were the only things that kept me going."



"I like being alone. When I was in high school, I used to spend hours by myself working out on a balance beam that I had set up in my next-door neighbor's garage. I would lose myself in gymnastics: slow-motion ballet. Now I spend time at the beach or chain myself to my desk, just writing in my journal."









University, in fact, I had applied for a modeling job in a local fashion show and had been turned down. But I refuse to let setbacks get to me, so I responded to the ad David had put in the student newspaper, asking for girls to try out for a *Girls of the Big Ten* feature. I was very surprised when, during our interview, he suggested that I was Playmate material."

Over the next few months, as we became better acquainted with Pamela, we grew to respect her resilience, her self-determination. "I've always been an optimist," she says. "I never give in to other people's opinions. I had a rather mixed-up childhood, shuttled from one foster home to another. I had seven mothers and seven fathers, and all of them told me my faults, my guilts, their idea of who I was. I've been told I'm lost and lonely by lost and lonely people. I've stopped listening to others and started listening to myself. I'm proud of the dent I've made in the



"I remember my first overnight date. I showed up in kids' pajamas—the kind with feet in them. Boy, have I changed."

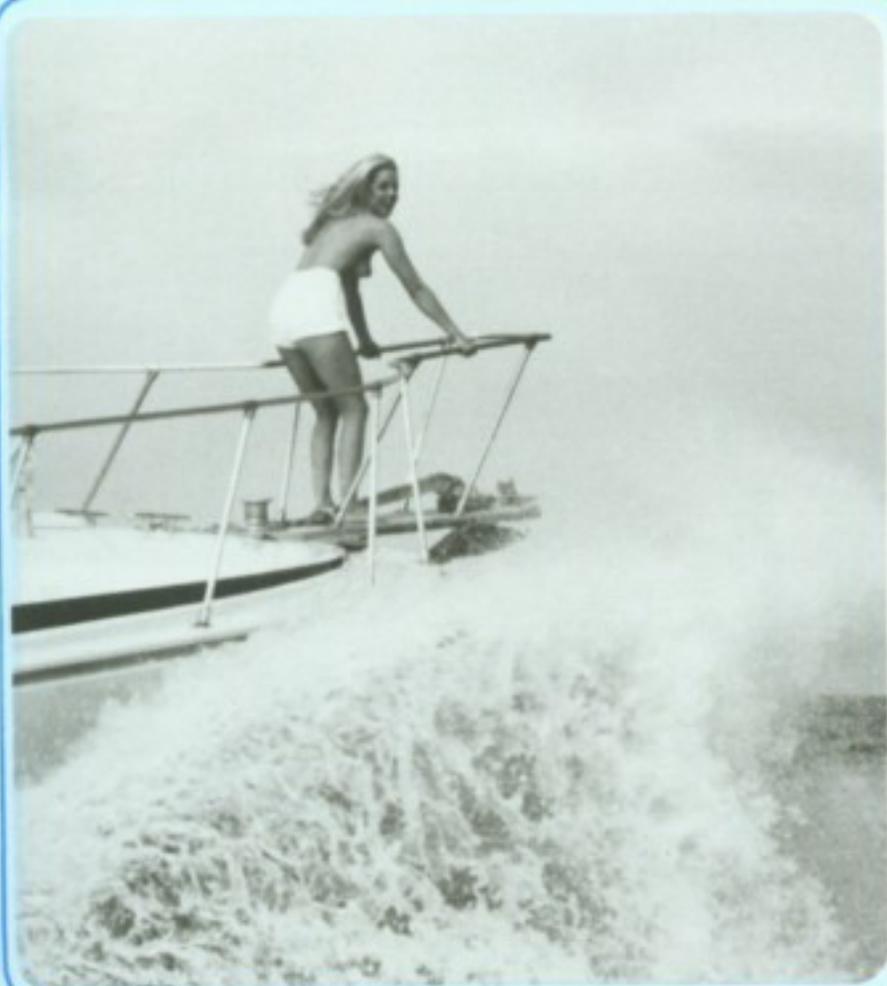
*"I'm looking for someone
who can be a father,
brother, lover and friend."*



world to date. I'm glad that I'm young and have a career to look forward to. I'm going to strut my stuff and get by on the good times I give myself."

At the end of her freshman year, Pamela decided she could learn more about herself outside school. She packed as many of her belongings as would fit into a station wagon and set out for Florida. ("I had to leave behind my collection of stuffed animals, one from each foster home.") She found a place to live in Palm Beach and, under the tutelage of a screenwriter friend, has begun piecing together her own life

"I came to Florida to get healthy. Now I enjoy the sun, the deep-sea fishing and the Palm Beach perverts. It's a gas."



story. "I get up every morning and sit at the typewriter for two hours. I'm reliving my childhood and creating a new person."

The screenwriter connection has opened a new career for Pam. She has hooked small parts in films. "I'm strong-minded but very open. My emotions are very much on the surface. That's why I know I'll make a good actress someday." With that kind of attitude, we know tomorrow is bound to be a day Pam eats the bear.



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pamela Jean Bryant

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 2/8/59 BIRTHPLACE: Indianapolis

GOALS: To finish college and further my career as an actress. Moreover, I would like to develop my talents to perfection and lead a happy life.

TURN-ONS: Sincere, uninhibited people. Good music, the beach at sunrise, traveling, good friends.

TURN-OFFS: Insensitive, shallow people. Jealous, possessive men. Unwanted advice & opinions.

FAVORITE FILMS: The Spy who loved Me, Oh, God!, Heroes

FAVORITE FOODS: Seafood, fresh fruits & vegetables

FAVORITE SPORTS: Gymnastics, diving, tennis

IDEAL EVENING: Really enjoying myself with a man who enjoyed my company just as much.

SECRET DREAM: One day have the book I am writing become a best seller and eventually made into a motion picture.

5th grade, age 10



junior year, age 16



senior year, age 17



People say I haven't changed a bit. The smile is the same, anyway.

These roses came without a card.

I must have had a secret admirer.

I had to reorder these. One of 100 got broken out of my school locker.

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A fellow and his date were playing two-handed strip poker and the girl finally had to remove her bra. "I hope you don't think I've been bluffing you," she sighed, as she shed the heavily padded garment.

"Let's put it this way," retorted the obviously disappointed winner. "I've never known any other girl to play her nipples so close to her chest."

We've been told about one cool dude of a pimp who has so many girls on the street that he's up to his alligators in ass.



Walking unexpected and unannounced into her husband's business inner sanctum one day, the wife found him *flagrante delicto* with his shapely young secretary. "Don't try to explain," she hissed, "let me guess! This is one of your hard days at the office, right?"

In massage parlors, clock-watching Clive
Needs a number of girls to arrive:

While a team works his cock,
He'll be watching the clock
To get off at the stroking of five!

Unisex uniformity was especially confusing on Midwestern campuses during the last snowy, frigid winter, a reader informed us. When the figure of a student was seen trudging through the drifts, it was almost impossible to tell whether it was two above or two below.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *supertool* as a hungdingus.

Daddy," piped the eight-year-old, "Eddie Johnson told me coming home today that Jimmy Kelly has been put on probation at school for calling one of the crossing guards a cocksucker."

"Ahem—er—thank you for the information, Tommy," responded his father.

"Daddy," the youngster went on, "what does that big word mean?"

"We'll talk about it when you're older, Son," said the father, rather brusquely.

"But why should I have to wait until I'm older, Daddy," pursued Tommy, "to find out what probation means?"

Then there was the one about the whimsical masturbator who had an offbeat sense of humor.

The young housewife was so lusciously built that the TV repairman just couldn't keep his eyes off her whenever she came into the room. When he'd finished, she paid him, hesitated and then said, "I'm going to make a—well—perhaps unusual request of you, but first you'll have to promise to keep it a strict secret."

This having been agreed to, the woman continued, "It's embarrassing to talk about, but, you see, while my husband's a fine, decent man, he unfortunately has—let me put it this way—a certain physical weakness, a certain disability. Now, I'm a woman and you're a man—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the repairman.

"And since I've been wanting to do it for so long—well—would you please help me move the refrigerator?"

With a posse still hot on his trail,
He was tempted by nookie for sale;
So the Kid went to bed
With a price on his head
With a girl with a price on her tail.

Two elderly men were whiling away the time on a park bench one sunny Sunday afternoon. As they watched the young couples strolling by with their arms around each other, one of the men sighed, "What wouldn't I give, Henry, to have just one more good, long screw!"

"In my case," mused Henry in response, "I'd even settle for one more good, short premature ejaculation."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prostitute* as a tollhouse cookie.

Maybe you've heard about the sheepherder in a remote part of the West who was held captive in a UFO with an all-female crew. He was found by police on the side of the road, muttering, "I've just had an unidentified flying fuck."

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.



John Demissey

"I want it to go around here and over here. . . ."

TREADS & THREADS

a collection of middleweight motorcycles and fast-lane fashions for the freewheeling man about town

Harley-Davidson SX-250: Rumor has it that if you sit on a Harley SX-250 long enough, it will turn into a Sportster. The night rider's baby brother is made in Italy and costs \$1095. The Continental styling goes well with a white Dacron polyester/cotton chintz jacket with snap front closures, by Brunswick, \$45; a red cotton knit T-shirt, by Banff, Ltd., about \$12; and black polished poly-cotton muslin trousers with webbed canvas belt, from Scotts-Grey Ltd., about \$20. The high-powered damsel is geared for 80 in top and pants from Sibella.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON
PRODUCED BY HOLLIS WAYNE



The **Honda Hawk Hondamatic** (above) is a his-and-hers motorcycle for \$1448. The semiautomatic transmission will have you fighting over whose turn it is to take a turn around the block: Toast her success in a beige flax pullover (about \$90) and off-white cotton weave trousers, about \$85, both by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael. The dark-brown lizardskin boots are by Dan Post, \$132.95. (The lady's togs are from Camp Beverly Hills) The **Suzuki GS 400C**, right (cost: \$1349), is one of the thoroughbred line of four-strokes that includes the fantastic GS 750. It can catch almost anything on wheels, including the two damsels on the four-wheel vehicles from Cheapskates. (Their swimsuits are from Kamali and Elon of California.) He's joining the posse in an orange nylon pullover, \$15, with white polyester/cotton deck pants, \$25, both from MacGregor Sportwear; and suede running shoes, from Pro Keds, \$20.

IT'S A QUESTION of economics. Large bikes now cost what small cars used to cost. Large cars cost what small homes used to cost. Consequently, the nation is in an energy crisis—not only of fossil fuels but of psychic energy. Your soul is endangered. At the rate we're going, it's soon going to be against the law to have fun. Private transportation will be outlawed—and gas will be rationed in terms of maximum passenger miles per gallon. How many people do you know who can get off on public transportation?

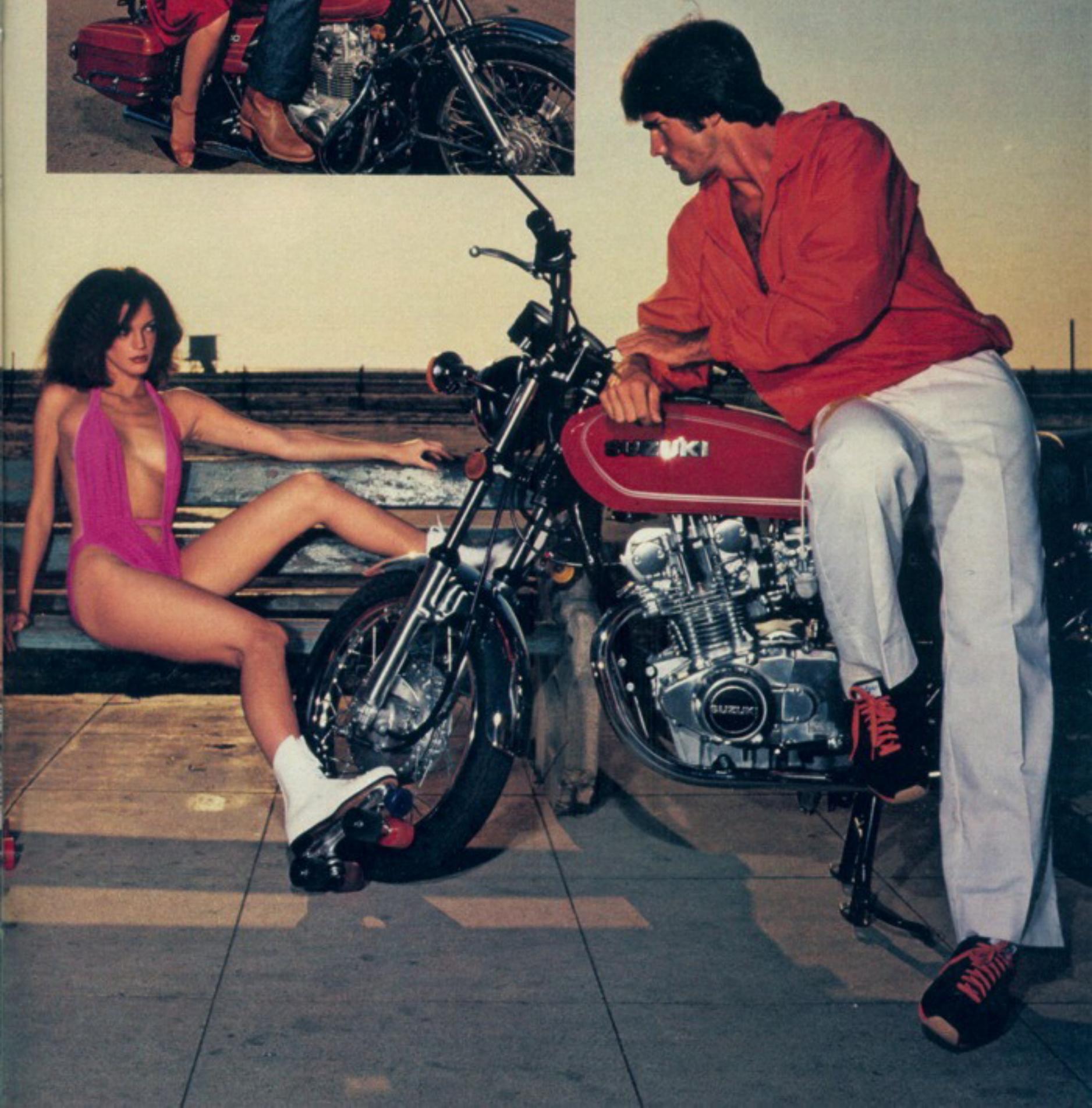
There are some alternatives. Five of them are shown here. A few years ago, the motorcycle companies realized that

there were only so many high-performance fanatics, or Zen masters of motorcycle maintenance, guys who would spend all week tuning their 750- or 1000-c.c.s for a two-day run up the Coast. What this country needed was the two-wheeled equivalent of the second car, a light, easy-to-handle bike that would incorporate the same state-of-the-art technology that goes into the big bikes. The perfect machine for a quick trip to the tennis club to reserve court time. The perfect machine for the daily commute to work. Downtown parking costs for cars are approaching \$60 a month in some cities, if you can find space near your





The **Kawasaki KZ400 Deluxe** (left) is a full-dress commuter for only \$1595. It is an elegant, civilized bike for those who like to get around town with a maximum of comfort, without terrifying the natives. The carefree lad shown here is clad in a tan cotton poplin unconstructed three-button jacket, \$200; a striped polished-cotton shirt with buttondown collar, \$47.50; a printed silk bow tie, \$15, blue denim Western-style jeans, \$37.50; and oil-tanned leather boots, \$150, all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. And that dangerous-looking lady in red is clothed by Bonwit Teller.



The Yamaha XS 400 (right) is the new four-stroke from the company whose legendary RD 400 two-stroke (alias the Rocket) dominated the midweights the past few years. The XS 400 (\$1348) is a move-it-out raider for impulse trips to the movies, the beach for a touch of moonlight, the grocery store for munchies. You can join the dawn patrol in an Army-green polished-twill hooded jacket with snap front closures, from David Hunter by Levi's Sportswear, \$35; a multicolor-striped cotton terry pullover shirt, by Gordon of New Orleans, \$25; blue cotton denim jeans, from Levi's, \$19.50; and hand-stained leather boots, from Wrangler Boots, \$45.





UP?
↓

SHOWS

SHOWS

SHOWS

SHOWS

SHOWS



The Zinszer sisters: Cynthia, Deborah and Playmate Pamela.



The Kiger sisters: Playmate Susan and Patty.

SISTERS

"for there is no friend like a sister, in calm or stormy weather."

—CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

HAVE YOU EVER had to make up your mind between sisters? Thought you had found the best of all possible worlds in the older one until you met the younger, or vice versa? And late at night, when you're alone, do you wonder if they're talking about you? Have we got some girls for you! Five pairs of beautiful sisters and one fetching trio, in exclusive photographs by Richard Fegley, Robert Scott Hooper and Nicholas De Sciose.



Above, the Ekhert sisters, Marge and Judy; above right, the Holiday twins, Lyn and Leigh.

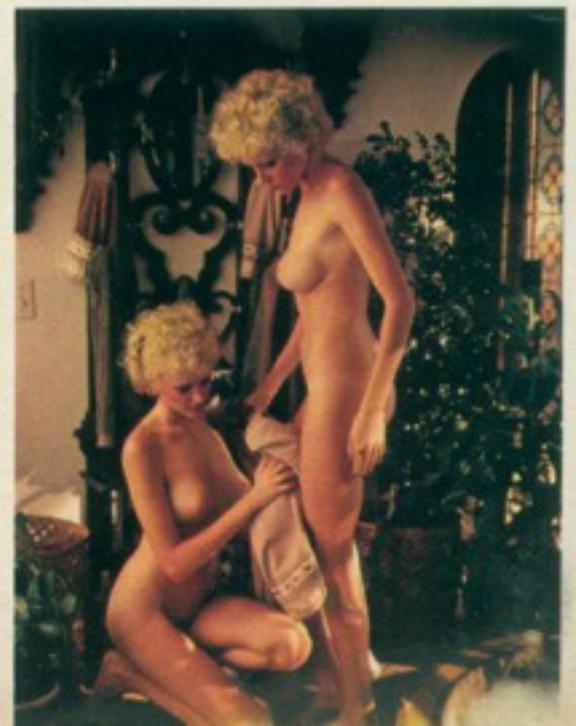


Above, the Kennéc sisters, Kim (top) and Kathy; below left, the Elledge sisters, Nancy (left) and Cynthia.



Marge Ekhert (in the pink nightgown), 22, and her sister, Judy, 24, are Czechoslovakian, and both possess that Old World quality found so seldom in American women these days: a quiet shyness. "Our mother died when we were young," says San Franciscan Judy. "But before she died, she taught us love. So Marge and I have fostered each other since childhood." Adds Marge, "Mother always told us never to let a man come between us. So far, none has." Not that men haven't tried. Literally. "I suppose it's a common fantasy for men," Marge says almost sympathetically, "to sleep with two sisters. Two men have tried to arrange such a thing with us, but the idea never appealed to either of us, despite the fact that we generally like the same type of man." And what kind of man is that? "Shy, passive, like us. We both like slender, classically good-looking men. You might say almost feminine men. Feminine in the sense they can understand and empathize with a woman's feelings." Marge, who lives in Los Angeles and studies acting, describes herself as the more "wild and outgoing" of the two. Judy, a published poetess, who attended Bennington College, is studying classical literature. "I suppose it's true that we're sort of pretty," says Judy, "but I don't think either of us thinks about it much. For both of us, it's more important to be creative than to have a lot of attention from many men. We tend to gravitate toward long-lasting relationships with one man."

Pewaukee, Wisconsin, is the home of 23-year-old twins Lyn (left) and Leigh Holiday, which is more than you can say for Green Bay. The girls are so psychically attuned that they have consulted a psychologist to overcome an annoying tendency to feel each other's emotional swings and physical pains. "The psychologists try to separate us, to get us to move away from each other," says Lyn, "and it just doesn't work. We both wind up miserable. Each of us feels like one person who has been split in half." One of the twins' favorite pranks with double dates used to be leaving the table at a restaurant, going to the bathroom and exchanging clothes, then returning and switching dates. "It was easy to fool the guys," Leigh says, "because we wear the same perfume."







We discovered the fabulous Zinszer sisters in 1974, when middle sister Pamela, now 22, was our March Playmate. Pamela (with flowers on her head above right and swinging from a rope at far right) says, "I've changed since then. After traveling and meeting people on Playmate promotion tours, I'm a more defined person. I've even lost some of the baby fat I had back then." Older sister Cynthia (holding the basket above right), 25, says she and younger sister Deborah, 20, felt no jealousy when Pamela was discovered. "It was exciting for all of us." Cynthia, who aspires to a professional modeling career, takes an acting class with Pamela and shares with her an interest in art. In this very active family (all three jog, play racquetball and ride horses), youngest sister Deborah is perhaps the most athletic. She teaches racquetball, plays tennis and water-skis. In her spare time, she studies Italian opera. The Zinszer sisters attribute their eye-stopping good looks to their mother, whom Cynthia describes as "sensationally beautiful."





You may remember Denver residents Cynthia Elledge (below right), 28, and her sister Nancy, 26, as Bunnies Cindy Brown and Nancy Staskin; they appeared in our November *Bunnies of '75* pictorial. Cindy was also in last November's *Bunnies of '77*. During the five years in which they worked at the Denver Playboy Club, says Nancy, "We went to all Bunny functions together. To the VA hospital, to the Bunny basketball games." As you can see, they also sun-bathe together. Both sisters like to make clothes (Nancy knits and crochets and Cindy does needlepoint) and Cindy recently began autocross racing with her Alfa Romeo.





Auburn-haired Kathy Kennéc (pronounced Ke-neese), 24 (leaning lovingly over her sister, above), says she and her strawberry-blonde sister Kim, 22, were saved from the pits of narcissism by their mother, herself a "beautiful woman, both inside and out." "Don't misuse your beauty," Momma used to tell us," says Kim, "and always remember that beauty has a price." "It certainly does," agrees Denver resident Kathy, who, like her sister in Scottsdale, Arizona, is a fashion model. "It's always been hard for us to have good relationships with women because of our looks. Also, when you're pretty, men assume you're dumb." Kathy says she and Kim have never been attracted to the same kinds of men. "When we were teenagers," says Kim, "Kathy dated the high school quarterback and I dated older guys." The Kennéc sisters aren't above a little devilment. "One time, Kim and I double-dated at a drive-in movie and while we went to the refreshment stand, we left a tape recorder running in the back seat to catch what our dates said about us. We were pleased to find that both guys thought highly of us." Smart guys.



The Kiger sisters, dark-haired Patty, 30, and blonde Susan, 24, initially look so different that when they tell you they're related, you almost don't believe them. When they undress, the family resemblance is more obvious. Patty is a secretary for a manufacturing firm in San Diego. Susan makes her home in Los Angeles, where both sisters shared an oceanside apartment until

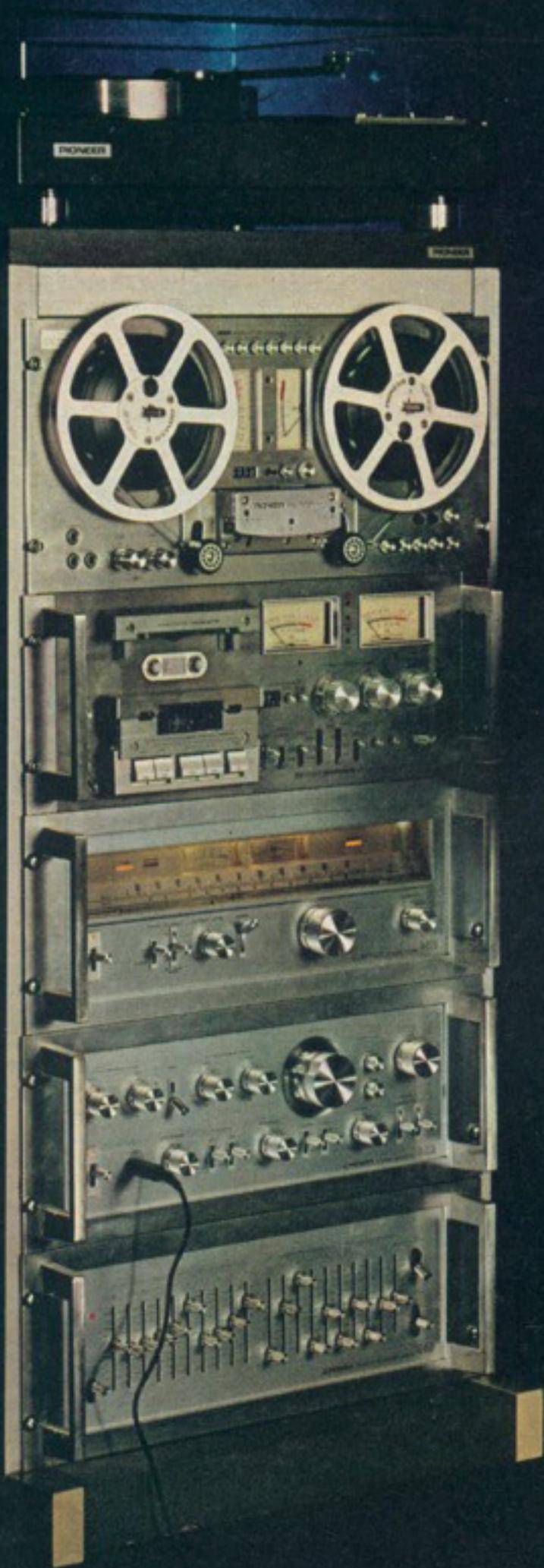


last winter. Surely, we thought, they must sometimes feel competitive. "You never have, have you?" Patty asks Susan. "Competitive? Never. After all, there's plenty out here for both of us." What kind of men do they like? "I think," says Susan, "every woman likes 'em tall, dark, handsome, hairy and built." "Yes, Susan certainly likes that type," says Patty. Both girls laugh. "We discuss everything in detail," says Susan. "Everything," says Patty, laughing, "like, 'What was the diameter?'" They laugh some more. "I like a man who can push me around," says Patty, "a man who knows what he wants." "I'm the same way," says Susan. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's a kiss-ass."



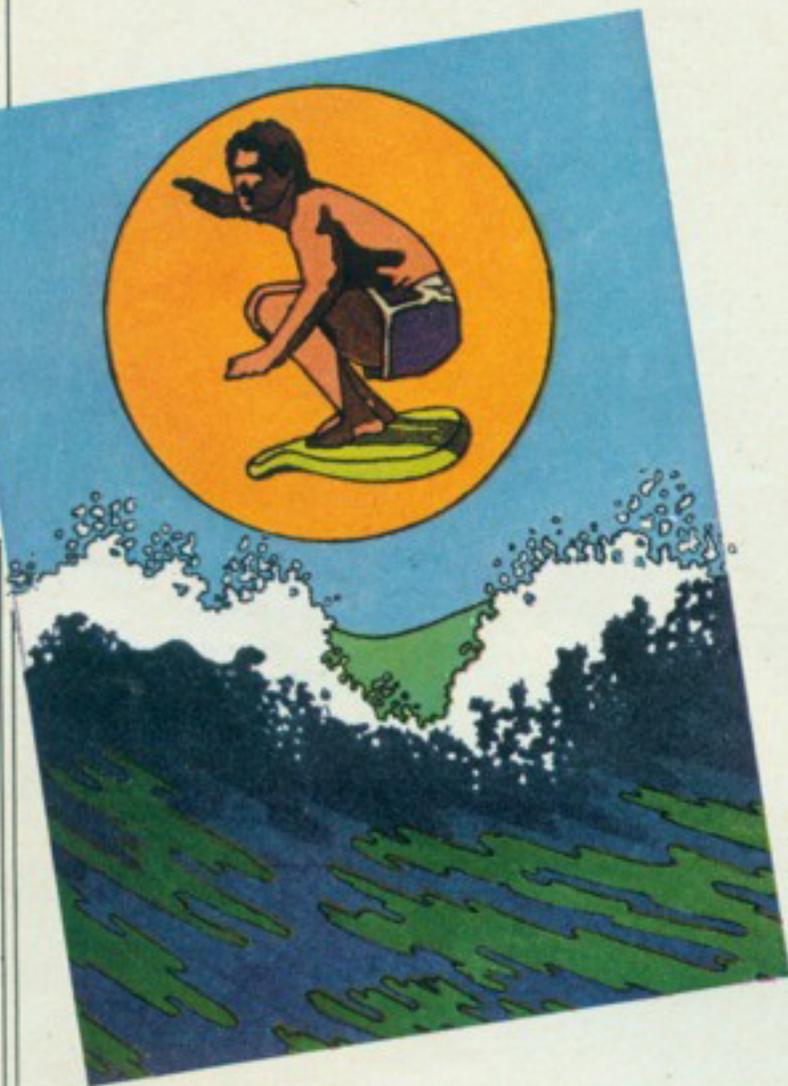
PLAYBOY MUSIC '78

heroes & villains



HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES '77

THE BEACH BOYS GET IT UP: In spite of rumors that Brian was actually a big cahunga as a surfer and is saner than you or I, The Beach Boys have been making so much spiritual progress—through the help of the Maharishi and, we hope, Rhonda—that they've had one of their meditation rooms padded on all six of its surfaces. Why? They must have been boy scouts, because they're Prepared. The padding is in case of sudden levitation. Is Transcendental Wrestling next?



OOPS! OR, THE SECOND ANNUAL KISS KASUALTY KOUNT:

Amateur imitators of Gene Simmons' fire-breathing act continue to make accidental self-immolation one of the coming teenage fads. Last year, one kid managed to go all the way, but we don't want to forget to salute the countless unsung second- and third-degree burns—keep up the good work, kids. And a bottle of Solarcaine to Simmons for becoming a Kasualty himself when he gave himself a new suntan and haircut during an L.A. concert.



WHO WANTS TO BUY THIS DIAMOND RING?

Academy Award-winning composer-singer Isaac Hayes, in a shaft from the IRS, declared bankruptcy to the tune of \$6,000,000 in debts. At an auction, his \$30,000 Eldorado—"The exterior chrome is gold-plated"—went for \$13,500.



PUNK QUIZ: CAN YOU TELL THE REAL PUNK BANDS WITHOUT ROBERT CHRISTGAU?

True or false: (1) Sex Pistols. (2) Radiators from Space. (3) Uptown Scum. (4) Eddie & the Hot Rods. (5) The Vibrators. (6) Teen Death. (7) Dead Boys. (8) The Damned. (9) Radio. (10) Television. (11) The Stranglers. (12) Dick Disgusting & the Forks. (13) The Babys. (14) The Sick Fucks. (15) Tom Panties. (16) Richard Hell & the Voidoids. (17) The Viletones. (18) Black Vinyl Noise. Pictured above: The Babys. Answers: Every third name is presently available for use.



HOT WAX: Everyone knows that a little tits and ass will sell records, so Walter Egan and Columbia Records took that idea literally this year and gave us little girls flashing silky thighs and underthings. For outstanding achievement in soft-core lust, cheerleader division, *Fundamental Roll* and Photographer Moshe Brakha get our Hot Wax of the Year Award.

THE LES PAUL ACOUSTICAL RODENT EXTERMINATOR?

Several years ago, Bob Brown, a maker of electric guitars, awoke to find a host of ex-rats and mice gone to their reward near a guitar he'd wired wrongly and left on all night. Hmmm. And now comes his AMIGO, the better mousetrap, which "upsets the small pests' neurological systems," says *Time*. Don't Kiss concerts do that?



EARS OF THE STARS

HEAVYWEIGHTS CONFESS!

Question: What were the last five records you listened to?



RANDY NEWMAN

RANDY NEWMAN 1. *Foot Loose & Fancy Free*, by Rod Stewart. 2. *Hotel California*, by the Eagles. 3. *Songs in the Key of Life*, by Stevie Wonder. 4. *Cold As Ice* (single), by Foreigner. 5. *We Are the Champions* (single), by Queen. "Randy really got hooked on Rod this year," said his publicist.



KARLA BONOFF

KARLA BONOFF 1. *Aja*, by Steely Dan. 2. *Little Criminals*, by Randy Newman. 3. *Black Rose*, by J. D. Souther. 4. *Livin' on the Fault Line*, by The Doobie Brothers. 5. *The Köln Concert*, by Keith Jarrett. And we declare Karla to be our Rookie of the Year, and Best New Face as well.



JIMMY BUFFETT

JIMMY BUFFETT 1. *JT*, by James Taylor. 2. *One Way Ticket to Paradise*, by Dave Loggins. 3. *Luxury Liner*, by Emmylou Harris. 4. *Little Criminals*, by Randy Newman. 5. *Hotel California*, by the Eagles. We wonder about the stereo rig on Buffett's boat. During a storm, does it rock and roll?



DEXTER GORDON

DEXTER GORDON 1. *Homecoming* and 2. *Sophisticated Giant*, both by Dexter Gordon. 3. *Don't Look Back*, by David Alyn accompanied by Barry Harris. 4. *Sinatra & Company*. 5. *Dolo!*, by Dolo Coker. Gordon's manager told us, "Dexter feels that the first two are the best albums he's made."

HELLO, GOODBYE: The most exciting, significant Beatles news in quite some time was another true highlight of '77. In one more of the inspired madcap moves that have made the world love them, the boys from Liverpool did it again, and broke all previous records, by not getting back together for the seventh consecutive year. In other hot, fast-breaking Beatles news, John is still actually the Walrus, no matter what Linda says.



JOHNNY B. GOODE GOES TO HEAVEN:

Chuck Berry's classic ditty duck-walked clean into outer space this year. Seems that Johnny B. Goode was included on *The Sounds of Earth*, a special 12-inch record on the NASA label that was strapped to the side of the Voyager 2 spacecraft and fired at Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Elvis and Jimi. The disc, which shipped solid copper, came in an attractive aluminum jacket and presumably will lead to a close encounter of the three-chord kind. Go, Johnny, go!



I AM BEAVER, HEAR ME GNAW: California governor Jerry "Let's All Go To Outer Space" Brown, proving that he is Zen, crazy or has a terrific sense of humor, appointed Helen Reddy to the California Park and Recreation Commission. Her qualifications? Thirty-two consecutive *Midnight Special* segments? Coming from Australia, which is mostly outdoors? Jerry?



HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES '77

VEG-O-MATIC'S GREATEST

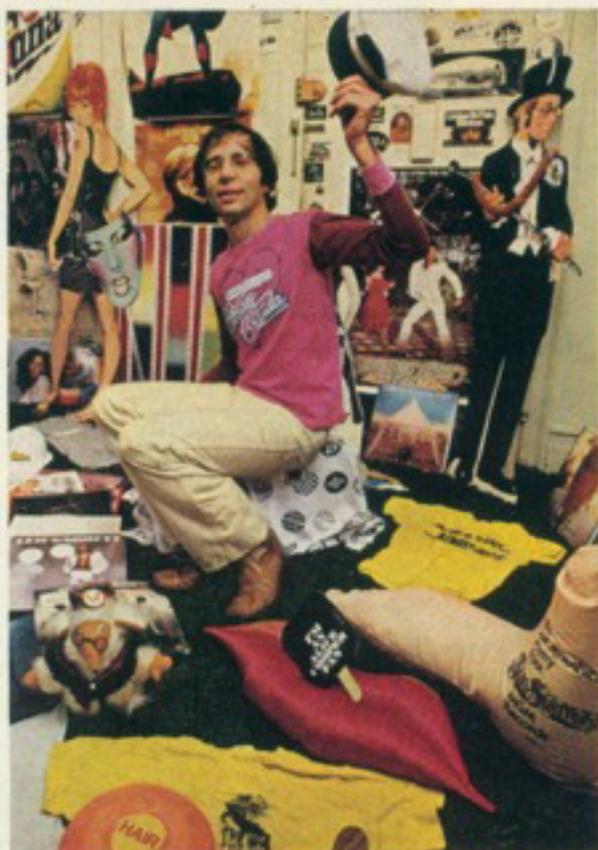
HITS: Ever wonder how those albums they hustle on UHF actually sell? The folks at Ronco say their two biggies are *Solid Gold* and *Love Rock*. Over at K-tel, *Music Machine* and Frankie Valli and the *Four Seasons* are both hot, but their true monster hit is an anthology album called *Dumb Ditties*. Isn't that amazing?

FLASH! SCOOP! BULLETIN!...

Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the discos at sea. This is David Standish coming to you from high atop the Playboy Building.



I've been instructed finally to reveal that I'm Our Man in Music and to pick my own Bests and Wursts of '77—chiefly so the other editors can stop taking flack at cocktail parties about the choices. But I can take it. Just spell my name right in the hate letters. **Best Single:** Except for Randy Newman's *Short People*, which doesn't count, there were no great singles in '77, the worst year for AM radio since legendarily bleak 1962. **Best Single That Never Was:** Elvis Costello's *Mystery Dance*, from his album *My Aim Is True*. **Wurst Single:** Dave Mason's *We Just Disagree*, for brimming with dumbo ethics, Seventies style. The idea of someone named Leif Garrett doing *Runaround Sue* makes me a little nervous, too. **Best Albums:** *Toucan Do It Too*, by The Amazing Rhythm Aces; *Teenage Depression*, by Eddie and the Hot Rods; *Sun Sessions*, by Elvis Presley; *Love You Live*, by The Rolling Stones; *Chirpin'*, by The Persuasions; *This Time It's for Real*, by Southside Johnny & the Asbury Jukes; *Beatles at the Hollywood Bowl*. **Wurst Albums:** A vastness of riches. No point in kicking the unknowns bubbling below the Bottom 5000, but among albums that went gold or better, the year's worst, by a slim margin of mediocrity, is Peter Frampton's *I'm in You*—and he used to be one of my favorite guitarists. *Sound Track from "Star Wars"* also merits special mention. **Most Deserving New Rich Kid:** Jimmy Buffett. **Least Deserving New Rich Kid:** Debby Boone. **Dullest Gala Private Bash:** Elton's little do for Kiki Dee last summer on Lower Broadway. Elton's mismatched shoes were the party's high point. **Press Manipulators of the Year:** The Rolling Stones, especially Keith Richard, with a bullet. **Jobriath Memorial Hype Award:** Sex Pistols.



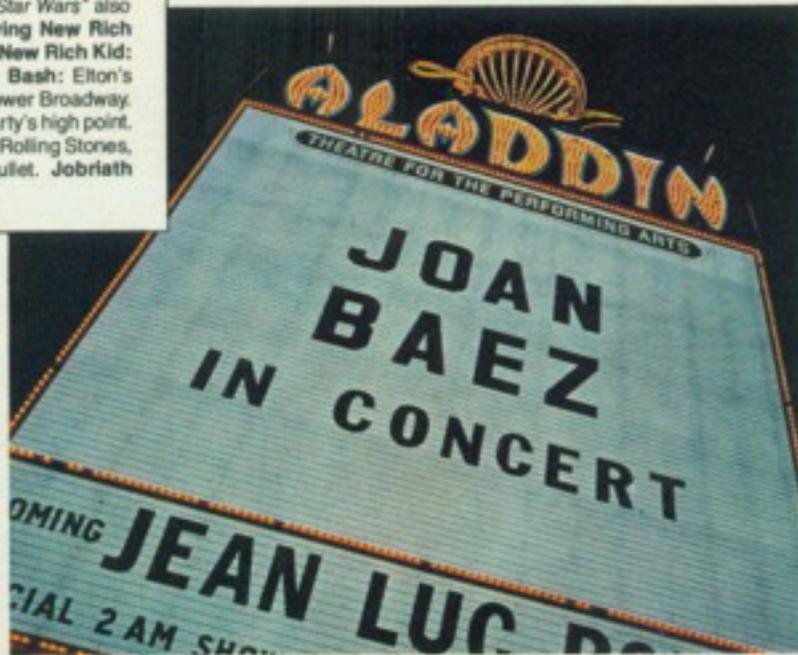
IF IT'S NOT IN THE GROOVES, SEND OUT SOME CLEVER PROMO TRASH: Most rock writers are sent seas of T-shirts, belt buckles, paperweights, etc., every year. Unlike some, Bob Weiner (above), ace gossip columnist for the *Soho Weekly News*, actually collects the stuff. But how about the dead rat that some genius sent out to promote Boomtown Rats? Keep that one, Weiner?

ROLLING THUNDER TO TUMBLING DICE? Dear Joan: We know these things don't mean what they did ten years ago, and, honest, we think you get sexier every year, but still it was a jolt to wake up one day to find you playing Vegas. Is it some subtle new protest movement? Love, Playboy.

BIONIC CHER:

1977 found Cher having her hopes and breasts lifted. Gregg checked into a hospital for more drug rehabilitation (thus the hopes) and the lady herself had "another" boob job. This forced NBC to drop her as host of the Rock Awards. And that's it from the Gregg and Cher desk for this year.

THE GOLDEN FIST AWARD . . . and a one-pound styptic pencil to Led Zeppelin, whose '77 tour was really a riot. There were 19,000 little lemon squeezers running amuck when guitarist Jimmy Page got sick onstage in Chicago, and a postconcert melee in Oakland reportedly featured drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham and three Zep aides stomping a local stagehand.





PUNK TAKES AMERICA

tear that t-shirt! raid old clothes bins! skewer your body with safety pins! (you, too, can be rotten and vicious and stylish!)

One point of fashion among young people has always been to scare the old folks shitless and say as directly as possible, we're different from you. Well, look around you. This is fairly direct. They've done it again, and this time it wasn't easy, since the trippy-dippy freedom of the Sixties made it OK to wear anything. Didn't it? These people are at a punk fashion show held, naturally, in Los Angeles, out there on the rim in so many things. And they've taken the idea of *anything* and given it a little . . . *shove*. The operative aesthetic theory seems to be quite literally to wear your psychosis—and/or the contents of your wastebasket—on your sleeve. We think it's a great success. The styles convey no old-fashioned notions of peace or love; and the only dope they suggest is horse tranquilizers. So the long-awaited breakthrough has been made and we've put the Sixties behind us at last, thank God. Would you pass the chains, please?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN VAN HAMERSVELD

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES



STEVIE WONDER male vocalist, composer

NATALIE COLE female vocalist

JAZZ



JEFF BECK guitar

BUDDY RICH percussion

STANLEY CLARKE bass

EDGAR WINTER woodwinds

CHICK COREA keyboards, composer

LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

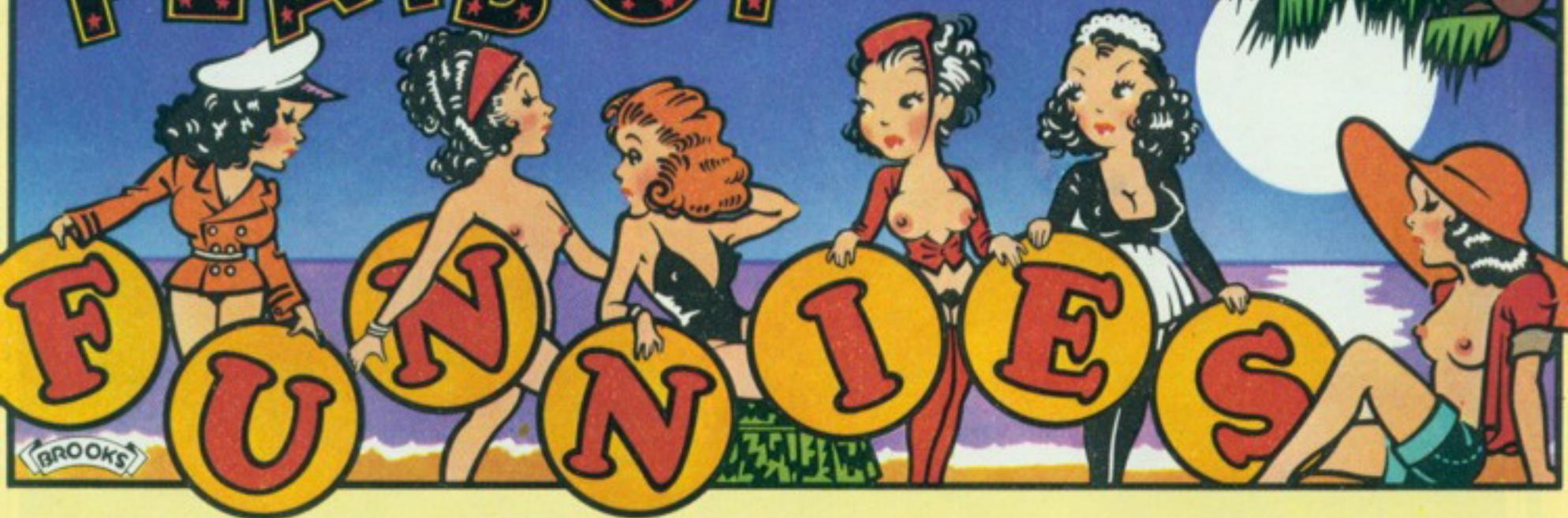
WEATHER REPORT group

DOC SEVERINSEN brass

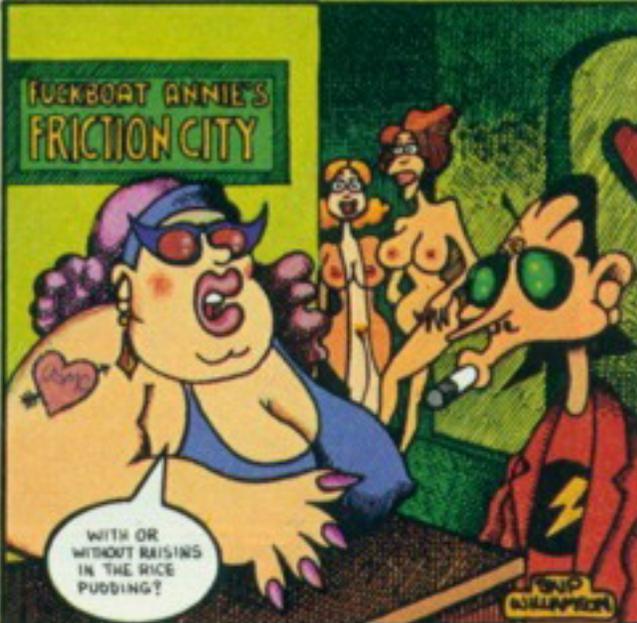
BARBRA STREISAND female vocalist

GEORGE BENSON male vocalist

PLAYBOY

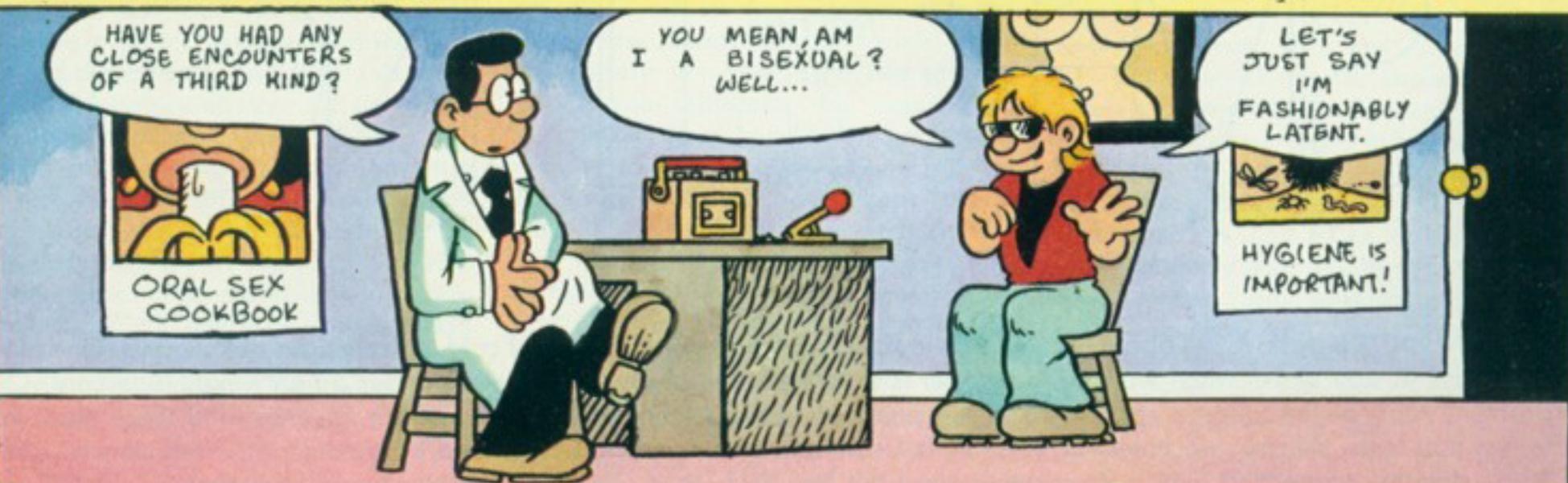


NEON VINCENT'S MASSAGE PARLOR



The Kinky Report

by Christopher Braine



DIRTY DUCK

LOOK AT THAT HOUSE!
I'LL BE THE TOAST
OF BROADWAY... IF I
CAN GET OUT OF
MEXICO!

A
LETTER
FOR YOU,
MR. DUCK!

YOW! OUR LEADING
LADY HAS ELOPED WITH
HER DONKEY! QUICK,
WEEVIL - GET ME
THE NEAR-
EST B-
GIRL!!

YES-
SIR,
MR.
DUCK!

THE BIG DUMMY!
AS SOON AS THEY HIT
HOLLYWOOD, SHE'LL
SELL HIM TO A
GLUE FACTORY!

HERE'S YOUR B-
GIRL, MR. DUCK...
A-HEH!

OOOH!
MUCHO
BUENO!

OKAY, BABY,
LET'S GO...
WE'RE GONNA
MAKE YOU A
STAR!

OH,
MR.
DUCK!...

...I FORGOT
WHAT TO DO,
MR. DUCK!

!!!
IMPROVISE!
FOLLOW
YOUR
NOSE!

SNIFF, SNIFF... OH,
YES... NOW I RE-
MEMBER!... NGH!...
AAAH, HERE WE
ARE!... UNH!... UNH!

HEY!

Mmm-
GIDDAP!

THAT'S
MY
PART!

WIK!

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO
YOU, WEEVIL... NEVER
LOSE YOUR ASS IN
TIJUANA!

CRUISER

by Christopher Browne

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I COULD HANDLE ANYTHING, MAX. IN '68 I DROPPED ENOUGH ACID TO MELT DOWN A SMALL TRUCK. IN 1970 I CAUGHT SHRAPNEL IN MY NECK. I WAS IN A V.A. HOSPITAL FOR ELEVEN MONTHS. I TOOK IT ALL IN STRIDE.



THEN, I WAS IN THE SLAMMER FOR A YEAR ON A TRUMPED-UP DRUG BUST. AND THAT'S NOT ALL. WHEN I GOT OUT, I TOOK A TRIP ACROSS THE COUNTRY. SOME BIKERS CUT ME UP SO BAD I LOOKED LIKE 150 POUNDS OF STRAWBERRY JAM. THE POINT IS, I HANDLED IT.



EVEN AS A KID - I WAS BITTEN BY A RATTLER, AND ANOTHER TIME I WENT OVER A CLIFF IN A CAR - TRAUMATIC STUFF, RIGHT? I KEPT IT TOGETHER. NO MATTER WHAT, I WAS LIKE A LITTLE IRON MAN. BUT SOMETHING'S GOT ME ALL SHOOK UP NOW, SOMETHING... NEBULOUS....



THE IMPERSONALIZATION... BODIES, LIKE ZOMBIES, LOOKING FOR A SCENE. BUT THERE'S NOTHING. IT'S LIKE THE FIFTIES AGAIN! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS COME HERE TO "MR. GOODBODY'S." SOMETIMES WE GET LUCKY. BUT THE EMPTINESS PERVADES OUR EVERY MOVE. AND I CAN'T HANDLE THAT, MAX...



WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MAN?

WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT, MAN, IS I THINK I'VE LOST MY MIND!



DON'T SWEAT IT, MAN. IT'S SO SICK IT CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR.



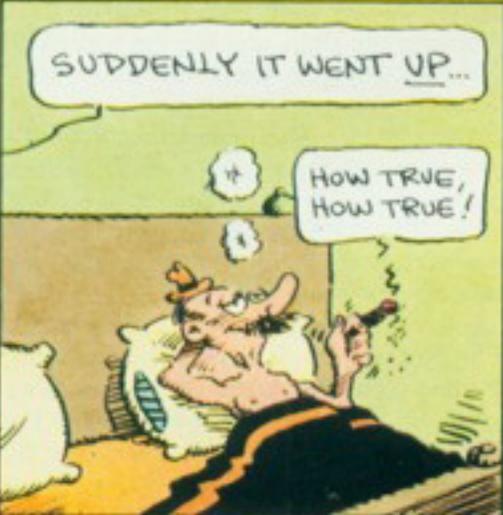
Smitty's
**BONERS 'N'
GROANERS**



WELL, BABY DOLL—
HOW WAS I ?



GEE, EBO—YOU WERE A
REGULAR SKYROCKET!



SUDDENLY IT WENT UP...

HOW TRUE,
HOW TRUE!



...IT WENT OFF...

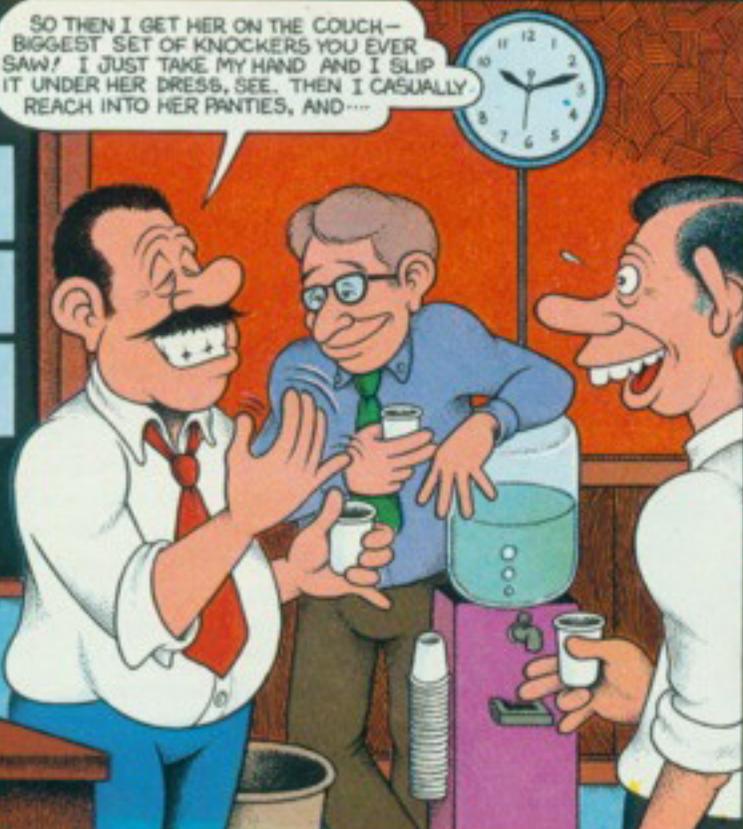


AND IT FIZZLED OUT IN
ABOUT FIVE
SECONDS!

G'BYE!

GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

AT THE WATER COOLER, SNAVELEY IS NEVER AT A LOSS FOR WORDS WHEN THE TOPIC OF CONVERSATION TURNS TOWARD THE HUMAN REPRODUCTIVE FUNCTION.



SO THEN I GET HER ON THE COUCH—
BIGGEST SET OF KNOCKERS YOU EVER
SAW! I JUST TAKE MY HAND AND I SLIP
IT UNDER HER DRESS, SEE. THEN I CASUALLY
REACH INTO HER PANTIES, AND—



BUT WHEN HE HAS TO EXPLAIN THE FACTS OF LIFE TO JUNIOR...



AND SO—ER—UH—THE LITTLE BEE—
UH—THE LITTLE BEE BUZZES FROM
FLOWER TO FLOWER, AND—ER—UH—

THANKS A LOT OF
THE LYNCH LTD. TO—
DR. EDWARD J. WELLS
ADDRESS YOURS HELD
BY REQUEST.

Gahan
Wilson





"So that's why they call you Little John."

FISHER INTRODUCES THE WORLD'S FINEST STEREO SYSTEM. \$2200.*

The Fisher ACS1590 Audio Component System is engineered for those few who are satisfied with only the very best — like the fine sound systems used in most discos.

Ever since Fisher invented high fidelity in 1937, we've been designing and manufacturing superb-performing audio components and systems for demanding music lovers.

For some time, our engineers have been concerned about a possible loss of performance in stereo music systems combining different manufacturers' equipment. So, for truly great sound we've engineered a complete line of all Fisher performance-engineered music systems.



MT6225C

rumble of any available turntable. Yet, its exclusive 120 pole linear motor is simpler and more reliable than conventional drive systems. A high quality Pickering magnetic cartridge is included.

boggling disco sound. The extremely high power 15" woofer, two 5" mid-range drivers, and horn tweeter produce smoothness and clarity of sound that listeners consistently rank with the 3 or 4 best speakers ever made. The ST461's are painstakingly manufactured and beautifully finished in genuine walnut at Fisher's Milroy, Pennsylvania plant — one of the world's largest speaker manufacturing facilities.



CR5120

Finally, the ACS1590 includes one of Fisher's finest cassette decks, the CR5120, with dual-motor, dual-capstan drive for virtually perfect tape motion. Consistent professional quality recordings are assured by its three heads and dual process Dolby[®] system, with off-the-tape monitoring, while recording.

Each component in the ACS1590, taken by itself, represents a major improvement in high fidelity. Together, they form a performance-matched sound system of such awesome power and musicality that it must be heard to be fully appreciated.

So, if you insist on the finest sound reproduction and would like a disco sound system in your place, hear the Fisher ACS1590 at selected audio dealers or the audio department of your favorite department store (other Fisher systems available from \$400*). For the name of your nearest dealer, call toll-free: 1-800-528-6050, ext. 871 from anywhere in the U.S. (in Arizona, call toll-free: 1-955-9710, ext. 871).

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price is determined solely by the individual Fisher dealer.



RS1080

At the heart of the Fisher ACS1590 stereo music system is our RS1080 AM/FM stereo receiver. A masterpiece of the Fisher engineering art. We feel it's the world's finest, and its astounding power, performance and unique features back up this claim. With 170 watts RMS/channel at no more than 0.08% distortion (8 ohms, 20-20,000Hz), it recreates the full dynamic realism of the concert hall without strain or audible distortion. Here is the distinct, superb Fisher sound that has made us the leading name in high fidelity for 41 years.

Providing the ultimate in disc reproduction is Fisher's MT6225C linear motor direct drive turntable — a major technological advance with about the lowest wow, flutter, and

The speakers are Fisher's all-new ST461's, perfectly matched to the receiver for flawless reproduction at any level from mood music to mind-



ST461

 **FISHER**
The first name in high fidelity.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



TRICKY TACKY

Bette Midler would call it "gar-bage." But Tacky Enterprises, the people who manufacture the novelty jewelry pictured at left, prefer that you think of their product as Trash Chic. Whatever your choice, Tacky Enterprises' tacky creations are made of the plastic stuff that's like what used to be dispensed from gum-ball machines: baseballs, hamburgers, eight balls, baseball mitts, etc., all made into necklaces (\$4.95), chokers (\$5.95), bracelets (\$6.95) and collars (\$10.95), available from the company at P.O. Box 480295, Los Angeles, California 90048. When ordering, you can specify individual items or a mixture, or go hog-wild and choose their Tacky Fantastic number that's an assortment of things strung together. When you get it, flaunt it!

ROLLING THUNDER

Roller-coaster junkies will be lining up this April for what surely must be the ultimate amusement-park thrill ride yet—the Colossus, a double-track roller coaster running 9203 feet in length, with two drops of over 100 feet and a projected top speed in excess of 60 mph. Magic Mountain in Valencia, California, will be the Colossus' new home. By the way, hot-shot, the entire structure will be made out of wood, so that everything creaks and groans and roars and scares the bejesus out of you.



GET THE MESSAGE

Everybody's seen those continuously moving illuminated tape messages that say SPECIAL SALE . . . ALL PRICES SLASHED . . . and more as they roll endlessly on and on across the front of a long, narrow metal box. Well, just think if you were to order the number-30 model from Salescaster Displays Corporation, at 1010 East Elizabeth Avenue, Linden, New Jersey 07036, and have them create your own personal moving message (up to 115 characters and spaces), all for just \$127.50, F.O.B. the factory. Why, you could propose to your girl, tell off your boss. . . . Hold it! Our office Salescaster is rolling. STEVENS . . . YOU'RE FIRED! . . .

IT'S DONE WITH MIRRORS

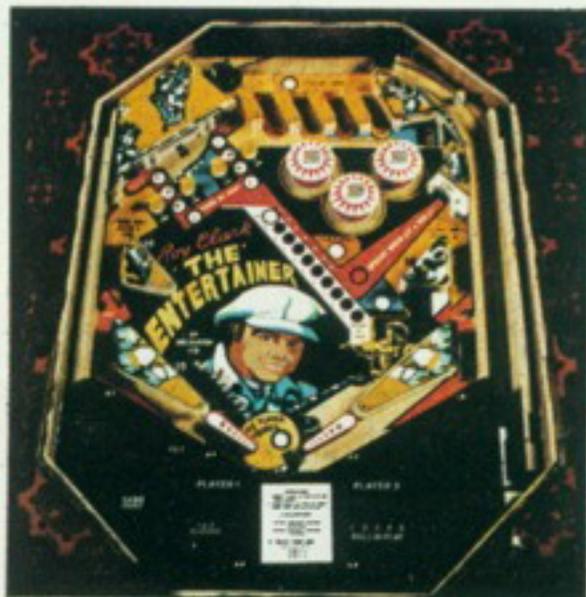
What you see is what you don't get when you own a Mirage bowl. There's a button in the center of the one pictured here, right? Wrong! When you reach for the button (or whatever object you've put into the bowl), it isn't there. What you're seeing is only a 3-D reflection that's realistic enough to touch. Don't believe it? Order one from Opti-Gone Associates, 22102 Clarendon Street, Woodland Hills, California 91364, for \$26 and go nuts.





GIVE SOMEONE THE FINGER

April Fools' Day, this year, can really be a scream if you attach your keys to a grisly key chain that a West Coast cottage industry called The Finger Factory, 3094 Waverley Street, Palo Alto, California 94306, is selling for \$5.95, postpaid. Dangling from one end of the key chain is the most realistic-looking severed finger we've ever seen. (Come to think of it, how many *have* we seen?) It feels real, it looks real—there's bone, blood, gook and gore. . . . Yech! And for do-it-yourselfers, a kit's available for only \$3.95. Take five.



TILT-TOP TABLE

You've all seen happy Roy Clark on *Hee Haw* and *The Tonight Show*. And now, if you've got 3000 bucks to spare, you can see him all lit up on your living-room floor. The Robert L. White Company, P.O. Box 16046, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27105, is selling a two-player computerized Roy Clark cocktail-table pinball game that's guaranteed to keep free-game fiends firing for hours as they attempt to top 120,000 points. And because it's computerized, the unit is easy to repair. Just don't sit on Roy's face.

GOING, GOING, REAL GONE

Yes, guys, now you can make *big* money in the auction business if you enroll in the Reisch World Wide College of Auctioneering, P.O. Box 949, Mason City, Iowa 50401. The tuition for a two-week term is just \$465, including room and board, and subjects covered include farm sales, auto auctions and antiques, plus a text on how to tell side-splitter jokes that will leave your audience chortling as it p^{ays} up. The school does request, however, that no jeans or shorts be worn to classes and your hair be neat and above the collar. Now, *that's* a laugh.



MOST WANTED LIST

High-powered executives may wish to avail themselves of one of the unusual services offered by Executive Locator, 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, a company that specializes in keeping tabs on busy men wherever they wander. As a subscriber, you're entitled to a toll-free answering service at a rate that varies from \$30 to \$67.50 a month, depending on which Executive Locator service you choose. For more detailed information, call 800-621-7725. That's assuming you *want* to be found.

FRANK TALK

It's April in Paris and you say you're in Scranton? Let a hip tabloid-type newspaper printed in English called *The Paris Metro* bring the City of Light to you every other week for a mere bagatelle: A one-year subscription is \$26 surface delivery or \$52 airmail sent to European Publishers Representative, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, New York 11101. Once you've finished an edition, you can always housebreak your poodle on it.



PLAYBOY

ON THE SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

FAST FOOD

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker man, bake a cake as fast as you can. . . . And some beef Stroganoff. And a little onion soup with dumplings. And while you're at it, baker man, we'll take our dry martini now, because once you've popped dinner into a microwave oven, everything's going to be ready to serve quicker than you can

say Jack Sprat. In fact, microwaves work so fast, they can throw a fledgling cook's timing off. Wine scampi, for example, can be ready to serve in seven minutes; two minutes to cook and five minutes to cool. The latest crop of microwaves also have such nifty features as memory recall, automatic on-off and a self-turning device built right in. Now you're cooking.



Left: GE's Jet110 microwave oven can be used for slow cooking as well as fast; its electronic controls provide an audible beep, thus letting the cook know that each entry or instruction to the oven has been received, and it also stores the information for later use, \$599. Above: The Model 540 Meal-In-One microwave, by Litton, lets you cook up to three different foods at the same time; various touch controls include BRAISE, SIMMER, BAKE, SAUTE, ROAST, REHEAT, DEFROST, etc., \$629. Top right: The Carousel R-9400 microwave



automatically turns the food; it also has a memory unit and a Temperature Probe that enables you to cook as you would with a conventional oven, by Sharp, \$599.95. Above: MGA's Magnatronic Range has four memories—start, defrost, cook 1 and cook 2—which can be set to work automatically, \$500.



Left, clockwise from eleven: This ceramic microwave cookware includes: a Cook 'n Server for bacon and eggs, etc., \$19.95 for two, a Roast 'n Rack for roasts, ham or fowl, \$21.95, and a Meat 'n Fish Dish for just what its name says, \$22.95, all by Masonware.

WHEELS

TWO FOR THE SHOW

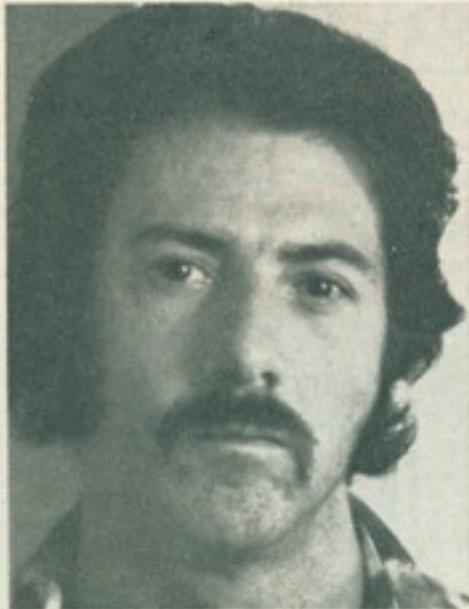
Come spring and, aside from the obvious, a young man's fancy also turns to thoughts of what he'd like to be wheeling on a long stretch of open road. One of the dream machines pictured below, the Panther 6 (it has six wheels—get it?) can be special-ordered from its British manufacturer for about \$96,000; it boasts an 8.2-liter

turbocharged mid-mounted engine that theoretically delivers a top speed of over 200 mph. The other car, BMW's new 733i, is just off the boat and more readily available—providing you can come up with about \$20,000 for it. Both cars can be drooled over at the Auto Expo show in Manhattan April 24 to May 2, and the one in L.A., April 28 to May 7. Go!



Above: Panther Automobile's Bob Jankel wanted to create a real road burner and that's what he came up with; his \$96,000 Panther 6 takes its six-wheel inspiration from the Tyrell Formula 1 racing car and boasts such creature comforts as a 17,000 B.T.U. air-conditioning unit, a TV, a digital-readout quartz clock set in the center of the tilt steering wheel and a special metallic paint job. Below: Somewhat more conservative-looking than the Panther 6, BMW's new 733i is luxury on wheels; special features include an electrically operated gas filler cap and outside mirror, a sunroof that opens two different ways, leather interior and disk brakes all around. Price: about \$20,000.





Tough Semis

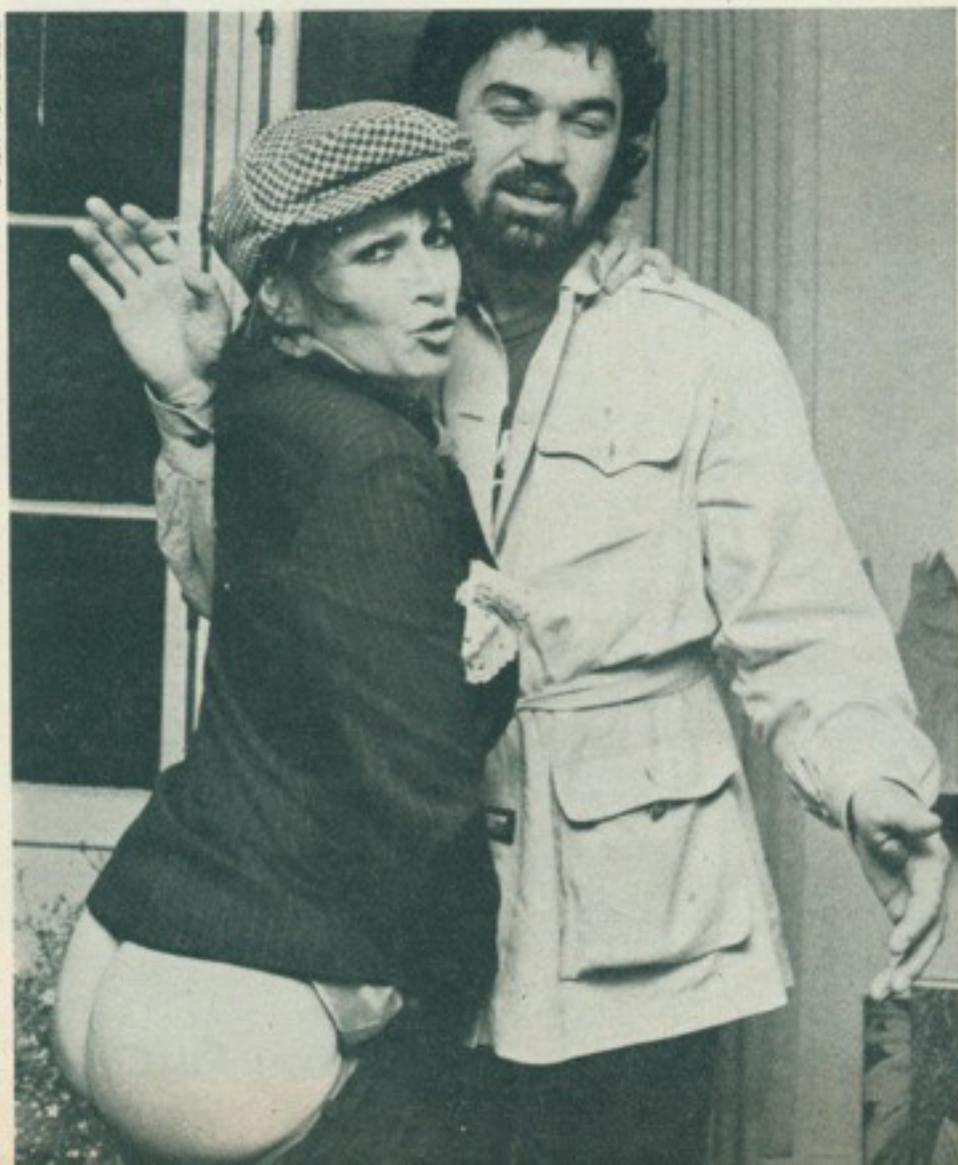
"The first day was really tough," says DUSTIN HOFFMAN of his first film nude scene in the just released ex-con drama, "Straight Time." "You get your clothes off and you want to hide under the bedclothes as quickly as you can. The atmosphere was really tense. I couldn't possibly have gotten an erection under those circumstances; only people who get off on exhibitionism could do that." The object of Hoffman's ersatz desires is Theresa Russell (last seen in 1976's "The Last Tycoon") and, according to Hoffman, their nontryst did see some progress. "The second day, I felt a little bit more relaxed. Then, between shots, we were lying in bed and I had my hand on Theresa's breast and I looked up and saw the cameraman working on a crossword puzzle and suddenly it was easy. On the third day, I actually got a semi!"

What Becomes a Legend Most?

You can have your Blackglama minks, Lillian Hellman, Shirley MacLaine and Lena Horne; legendary Orchesterführer LEONARD BERNSTEIN prefers the elegant simplicity of a china dinner plate. In fact, our social sleuths on the high-culture scene whisper that Bernstein never goes anywhere unless his ensemble is topped by un chapeau de porcelaine. We're also told he uses butter knives for collar stays. All of which is why they call conductor Bernstein the toast of the concert world. Honest.



SANTI VISALLI



Roz's Are Red

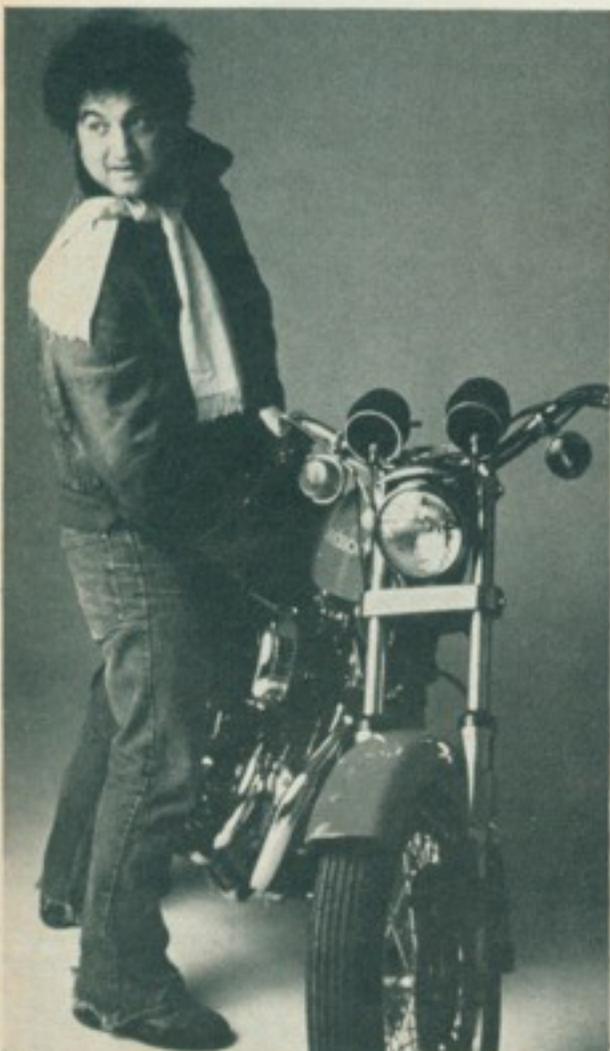
When last spotted by our band of roving photogs, ROZ KELLY, the erstwhile Pinky Tuscadero of ABC's "Happy Days," was mooning the minions at an L.A. bash. We tried to ring up Kelly to see what was new in her life but found she had recently dropped out of circulation. So, if you happen to read this, Roz, drop us a line and let us know what you're up to.

© 1977 ROZ GALELLA



Say, Isn't That...?

Whatever happened to that cute little dumpling who played a bit part in the Harvard University production of Brecht's "Man's a Man" back in 1961? As you can see, she grew up to be FAYE DUNAWAY, Oscar winner. Dunaway was a summer student at Harvard when fellow actor Arthur Amsie snapped this publicity shot. More currently, Dunaway has just finished shooting the movie "Eyes," in which she plays a high-fashion photographer. It's a long way from Harvard to Hollywood, true, but good cheekbones do help.



HOLZ / MICHELSON

"Don't Wanna Feel My Pickle, Just Wanna Wash My Motor-sickle"

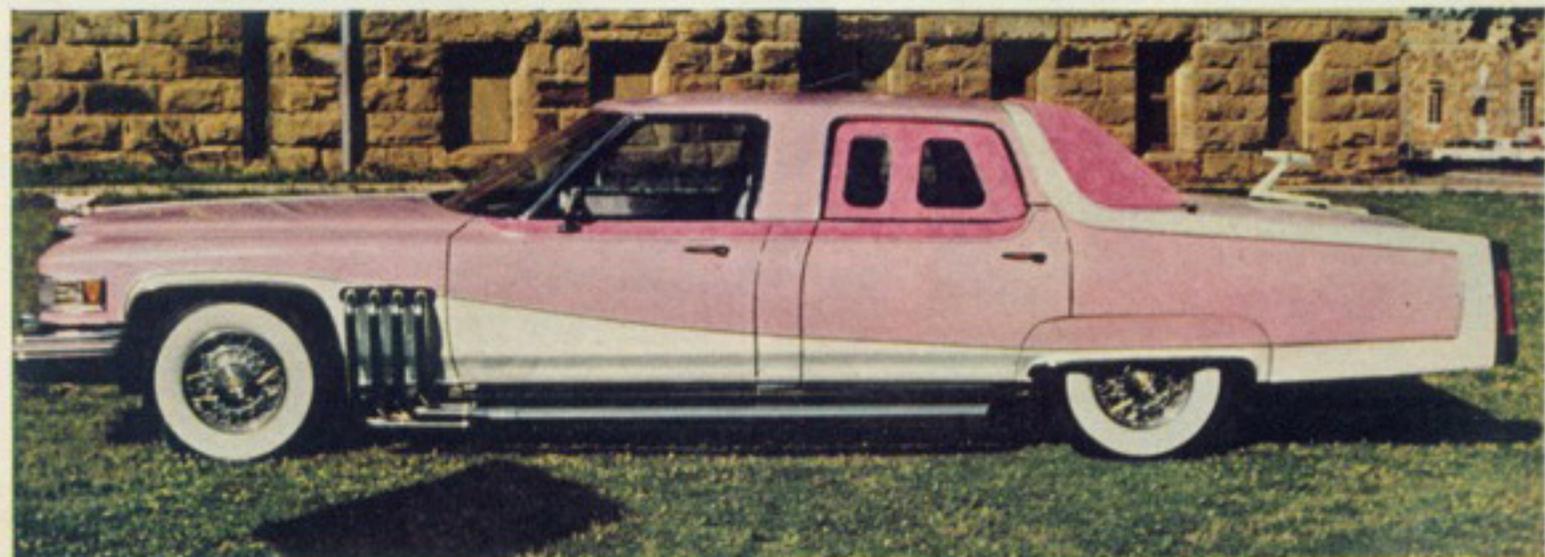
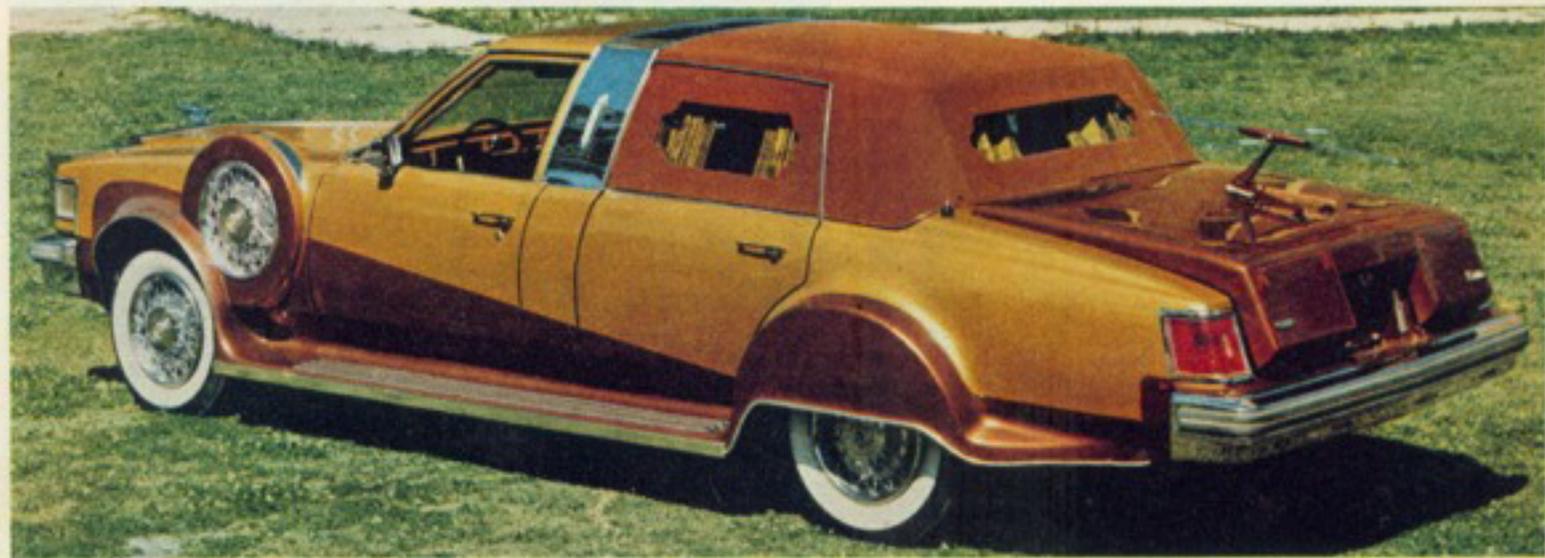
When photographer Alberto Rizzo set up a shooting with "Saturday Night" star JOHN BELUSHI, Belushi suggested that part of the session be devoted to his impression of Marlon Brando in "The Wild One." Herewith, for the very first time, the result. Very good, John; but we don't think it's as good as your bee impression. Belushi is doing nicely with his own career, having recently completed his first two feature films: the Jack Nicholson vehicle "Goin' South" (due to open this spring) and "Animal House," a satire of Fifties college-frat life produced by the "National Lampoon" and co-authored by sometime PLAYBOY contributor Chris Miller.

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE



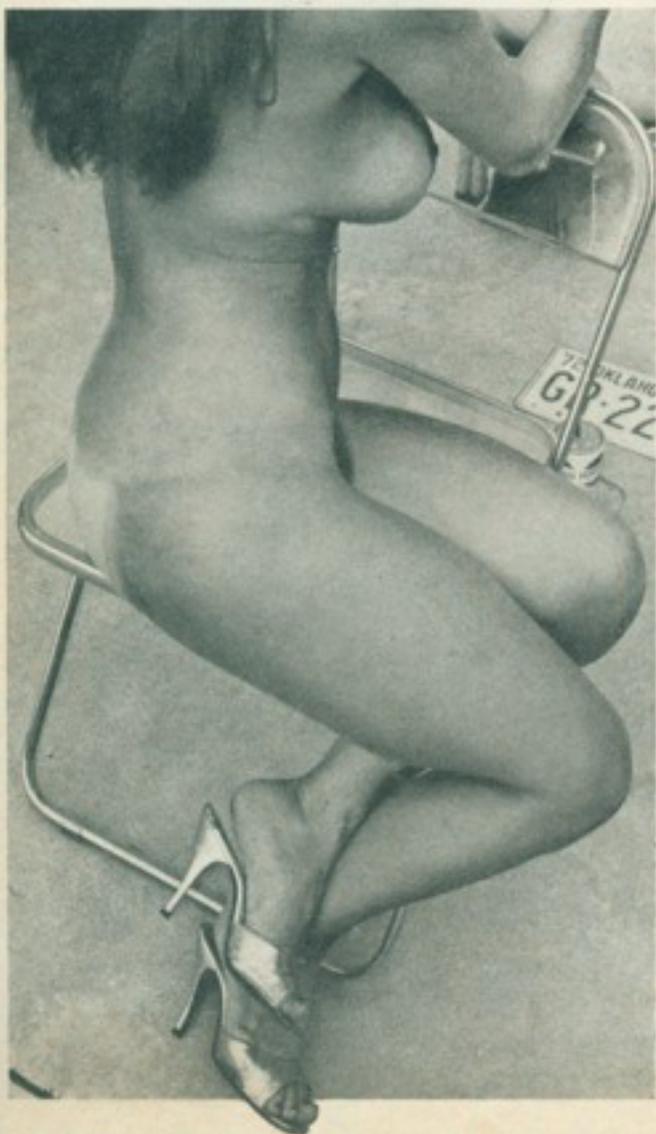
Roughing It

When our friends the Arabs tool around, they want to do so in style. And Detroit doesn't always measure up to their expectations, so free enterprise has come to the rescue. Just take a Fleetwood limo, a Seville, a Mercedes, chop it and channel it, make it longer, and make that hog a hog. American car customizers are doing a land-office business, mainly with our desert buddies. The price: \$50,000-\$150,000. "What they want," explains Bill Suazo of Autoxport of New York, "is a palace on wheels." The basic plan is to take a finished car, rip out the upholstery, seats and carpeting, and then, with blow torches and saws ablaze, slice the mother in half. The halves are then joined by anywhere from 12 to 48 inches of reinforced framing, heavy-duty shocks are added to handle the extra 150 to 3600 pounds, insulation is installed to withstand the 125-degree desert heat and a new suspension system and stabilizers are put in to prevent rear-end sway. Then comes the optional equipment: a wet bar, color TV, burled-elm console, telephone, refrigerator. One designer explains, "I throw in just any conceivable nonsense—they love it." The cars, like these stretched-out limos made by Armbruster/Stagway, get only five to nine miles per gallon, one reason they're at home in Arabia. Gasoline costs 18 cents a gallon there.



Buffing It

What should a Swiss photographer say to a naked lady? Cheese? When François Robert went to Naked City, Indiana, for the Miss Nude Galaxy contest last July, he was temporarily speechless. He saw nude women sitting sideways on lawn chairs facing left, nude women sitting sideways on lawn chairs facing backward, seminude women proud of their breasts and nude women doing shallow knee bends in front of dressed people. He also saw an aspect of civilization that does not exist in Switzerland, nor in many other postindustrial countries of the known world. And so he sent these pictures to us. Thank you, François, and thank you, ladies.



NEXT MONTH:



SEX CLUBS



THE FAINT



WING WALK



MIND CONTROL

"HOW I CHANGED AS A MAN"—EVEL KNIEVEL, ART BUCHWALD, ROGER (007) MOORE, DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK AND OTHERS TELL WHAT WOMEN'S LIB HAS DONE FOR/TO THEM—COMPILED BY **ROBERT KERWIN**

"NEW YORK'S SEX SPOTS"—THREE OF THE HOTTEST PLACES IN THE CITY TO DO IT IN A CROWD ARE PLATO'S RETREAT, NIGHT MOVES AND MIDNIGHT INTERLUDE. WITH OUR EXCLUSIVE PHOTO COVERAGE, YOU ARE THERE

"THE FAINT"—NOBODY WAS GOING TO TIE THIS GUY DOWN. NOT, THAT IS, UNTIL HE HAD TO BRING ON THE SMELLING SALTS. A THOROUGHLY MODERN TALE—BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

"MIND CONTROL"—WHY SHOULD YOUR GOVERNMENT BE SO INTERESTED IN PACIFYING THE POPULACE? MAYBE IT'S THAT ONCE IT HAS YOU BY YOUR METABOLISM, YOUR HEART AND MIND WILL FOLLOW—BY **PETER SCHRAG**

"WING WALK"—WONDERING WHAT THE INTREPID **CRAIG VETTER** WILL DO NEXT? HE DOES A STAND-UP TURN ON A PLANE'S WING, THAT'S WHAT. HIS ACCOUNT OF HIS FOURTH DEATH-DEFYING STUNT IS NOT FOR THE WEAK OF HEART

"THE DARKWATER HALL MYSTERY"—A SPOOF IN WHICH DR. WATSON PRESUMES TO STAND IN FOR SHERLOCK HOLMES AND REVEALS ELEMENTARY LIBIDO—BY **KINGSLEY AMIS**

"THE BOOKIE AS HERO"—ACTUALLY, THE FELLOW IS AN INVALUABLE PUBLIC SERVANT, OR THAT'S THE WAY IT APPEARS WHEN HE'S FOLLOWED FOR A DAY BY **PETE AXTHELM**. PLUS: **"VEGAS BETTING PARLORS"**—A GUIDE TO THE ACTION IN NEVADA'S GAMBLING CAPITAL—BY **JAY CRONLEY**

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—OUR ANNUAL PREVIEW OF WHAT YOU'LL BE WEARING WHEN YOU FINALLY THAW OUT—BY **DAVID PLATT**

"COUNT TO 110"—YOU CAN DO AMAZING THINGS WITH THOSE NEW POCKET CAMERAS. JUST WATCH THE PROS AT WORK

"THE BACHELOR KITCHEN"—EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS NEEDED, WHETHER YOU KNEW IT OR NOT, TO TAKE THE HASSLE OUT OF *HAUTE CUISINE*—BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**