

PLAYBOY

A woman with voluminous, wavy brown hair is the central focus of the cover. She is wearing a black lace bra and matching garter belt with stockings. Her right hand is raised behind her head, and her left hand rests on her hip. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a light-colored wall with a subtle, repeating geometric pattern.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1978 • \$2.00

ANITA BRYANT
SPEAKS HER
STARTLING MIND
ON GAYS, JEWS,
PRISONS, HELL AND
JIMMY CARTER

"WOMEN'S LIB
AND ME"—
CARROLL O'CONNOR
JOHNNY BENCH
PETER FRAMPTON
HOWARD COSELL
EVEL KNEVEL
AND OTHERS

NEW YORK'S
WILD
PUBLIC-SEX
PALACES—
YOU WON'T
BELIEVE
YOUR EYES

THE LATEST
IN CAR HI-FI,
MINICAMERAS AND
WARM-WEATHER
WEAR—WOULD
WE STEER
YOU WRONG?

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



**AT GALA L.A. CLUB PARTIES,
THERE ARE STARS IN EVERYBODY'S EYES**

The Los Angeles Playboy Club has been the scene of several celebrity-studded parties recently. At the shindig for rock star Rod Stewart (far left in photo at left), guests included Marcy Hansen, Carol Mallory, producer Allan Carr and Playboy's Hugh M. Hefner. Hef also attended the birthday bash for comedian Redd Foxx (below); also in the photo are actress and October 1969 Playmate Jean Bell, Club hostess Tracy Morgan and Redd's wife, Joi. Both parties attracted S.R.O. crowds.



BUNNIES DOWN CONNECTICUT POLICE

What it was was Bunny baseball . . . er, softball . . . er, you name it. Whatever one calls the game, New York's Bunnies trounced Troop G of the Connecticut State Police in a benefit match in Stratford. Actually, we lost track of the final score, but, as you can see, Bunny Patty Jo (far left) got a bit of help in base running from Trooper Dave Beare. At bat (left) is Bunny C. C. Morales, of whom you saw more in last November's *Bunnies of '77* pictorial; it's amazing that catcher Jim Butterworth can keep his eye on the ball. Perhaps that was the Bunnies' strategy.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: "NEW WEST"
FEATURES KAREN HAFTER

Karen Hafter (below) had just arrived in Los Angeles from New Paltz, New York, when Playmate/actress Anne Randall discovered her working in a Sunset Strip restaurant. Things moved fast after that. Karen became Miss December 1976 and Contributing Photographer Phillip Dixon, who shot the centerfold, was so impressed that he did a complete portfolio for her—and the modeling agencies flipped. Now, as Karen Howard, she's at the top of the heap. Under the headline "THE SUPREMES," *New West* magazine profiled her as one of California's hottest modeling superstars (right). "A classic beauty," says *New West*. We agree.



SONDRA, CYNDI JOIN
BILL BIXBY IN TV MOVIE

Our July 1977 Playmate, Sondra Theodore (above left), and the 1974 Playmate of the Year, Cyndi Wood, joined director Bill Bixby on the set of a made-for-TV flick, *Three on a Date*, shown as an *ABC Friday Night Movie* earlier in the season. Sondra's credits have been piling up lately, including a recent part as a beach beauty on NBC's *CHiP's*.

NICKI THOMAS GOES
OFF TO THE (BOAT) RACES

March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas was guest of honor at the Lake Havasu Classic Outboard World Championships in Lake Havasu City, Arizona. Below, opposite, Nicki lowers the flag to start one of the eight races featured in the competition. At left center, a view of some of the 80-odd craft entered, some from as far away as Scandinavia. At near left, Nicki presents a trophy to the over-all prize winner, Ken Stevenson of Mentor, Ohio. An estimated 40,000 visitors crowded Lake Havasu City (site of the transplanted London Bridge) for the event. Nicki must have made quite an impression, because after her appearance, several thousand citizens of Lake Havasu petitioned to make her Playmate of the Year.



ON THE ROAD WITH KISS: MUSIC POLL PRIZE WINNERS

Winners of a Playboy Music Poll promotion jointly sponsored by PLAYBOY, radio stations in various cities and Aucoin Management, which handles Kiss, got a chance to spend a week on tour with the rock group. Included were concerts in Indianapolis, New York and Louisville (where the photo below was taken). In foreground, second from left, is Playboy Broadcast Publicity Manager Rick Novak. At the rear, in full regalia, are members of Kiss.



Look what happens when RCA turns your television into SelectaVision:



You get the best of television whenever you want. Television shows you what it wants to show you. But with a SelectaVision Video Cassette Recorder, you can video tape your favorites to see again when you want. You can put up to 4 hours of the best television on a single SelectaVision cassette.



You get your rest. Television can keep you up late. But SelectaVision will silently record your late, late favorite while you're fast asleep. Just another reason to like SelectaVision's built-in timer. And SelectaVision's 4-hour recording ability.



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You get an unsurpassed home video recording system. RCA SelectaVision gives you 4 full hours of record/playback in a single cassette. A built-in digital timer. A remote pause control for chair-side editing. Even an optional television camera. Your RCA SelectaVision Dealer is ready to demonstrate it all for you. Go see him. And start watching SelectaVision. You'll love it.

Caution: The unauthorized recording of television programs and other materials may infringe the rights of others.

Let RCA turn your television into

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CHAMELEON

AS YOU CAN SEE, SUPERMODEL ANITA RUSSELL HASN'T BEEN HERSELF LATELY



Anita Russell

To Playboy,
With
love
Anita



Anita Russell is the Lone Ranger of the modeling world. Everybody knows her work, but almost nobody has "seen" her face. Actually, Anita's anonymity is her fortune. She's a character model whose wild, even bizarre portrayals have earned her a top spot in the New York modeling sorority. Anita was the gold digger on the cover of *New York* and one of "the sexiest girls in America" on the cover of *Esquire* (above). She was also the girl on the billboard for the Rolling Stones' album *Black and Blue* (left)—



portraying the sex object in a not-so-subtle S/M tableau that featured her bound and bruised and anything but beautiful. She almost missed out on the assignment because head Stone Mick Jagger thought she was too pretty. Anita assured him that she could also look ugly—and was so convincing that Mick himself helped tie her up. Cries from outraged feminists over that one gave her career an unexpected publicity boost, but the controversy surprised Anita. "People should have more of a sense of humor," she observed. When not on the action side of the lens, Anita busies herself with acting and dance classes. Weekends, she rides her chestnut thoroughbred, Ocean Warrior, to the hunt. Anita has her heart set on a film career. Her obvious physical attributes would seem to make her a sure bet for the "sex symbol" label, but that doesn't bother her: "To me, that's a compliment." And, we might add, a well-deserved one.

Anita characterizes herself as just a "straight, normal girl" who views sex conservatively. "Sure, people are freer about sex these days. But that's no reason to be promiscuous. You should still be discriminating. I think it means more if you really value yourself." While you're being selective, Anita, how about picking us?



Appearing alternately sexy and surreal, Anita drifts easily between the ordered world of high fashion and the fanciful one of a photographer's dream. At far right, she frolics with Superman in a photo from the book *Anita Russell* by the Japanese photographer Aramassa. You may not have caught Anita in an Italian fashion magazine (right), but how about the covers of *National Lampoon* and *Viva*? Or as one of the Sexy Ladies in the *Playboy Press* volume of the same name?



"For me," Anita says, "the real fulfillment I get from modeling comes from my various portrayals." Indeed, her face does seem to change in every picture, as though she has a different mask for every mood. Her body is no less expressive: In the sequence above and left, she pretends to be a pampered woman, gradually broken down by the delights proffered by an unseen admirer. At right, a "de-mure" Anita seduces the camera.







PHILLIP DIXON, the PLAYBOY photographer who shot the pictures you see here, describes Kathryn Morrison as ethereal. "She's at that stage of life when everything is happening for the first time. She's got lots to think about. Her beauty, for instance. She's just giving in to beauty, accepting all of the pressures that go with being attractive. It's more difficult to be beautiful. You get more from the world. You have to figure out where you stand. You get it out of the way so you can go on to something else. She may strike a person as quiet, but there's something going on. She's wondering about her life." We are sitting at a table in

*miss may is
not one to waste
words—or life*

QUIETLY KATHY



PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PHILLIP DIXON

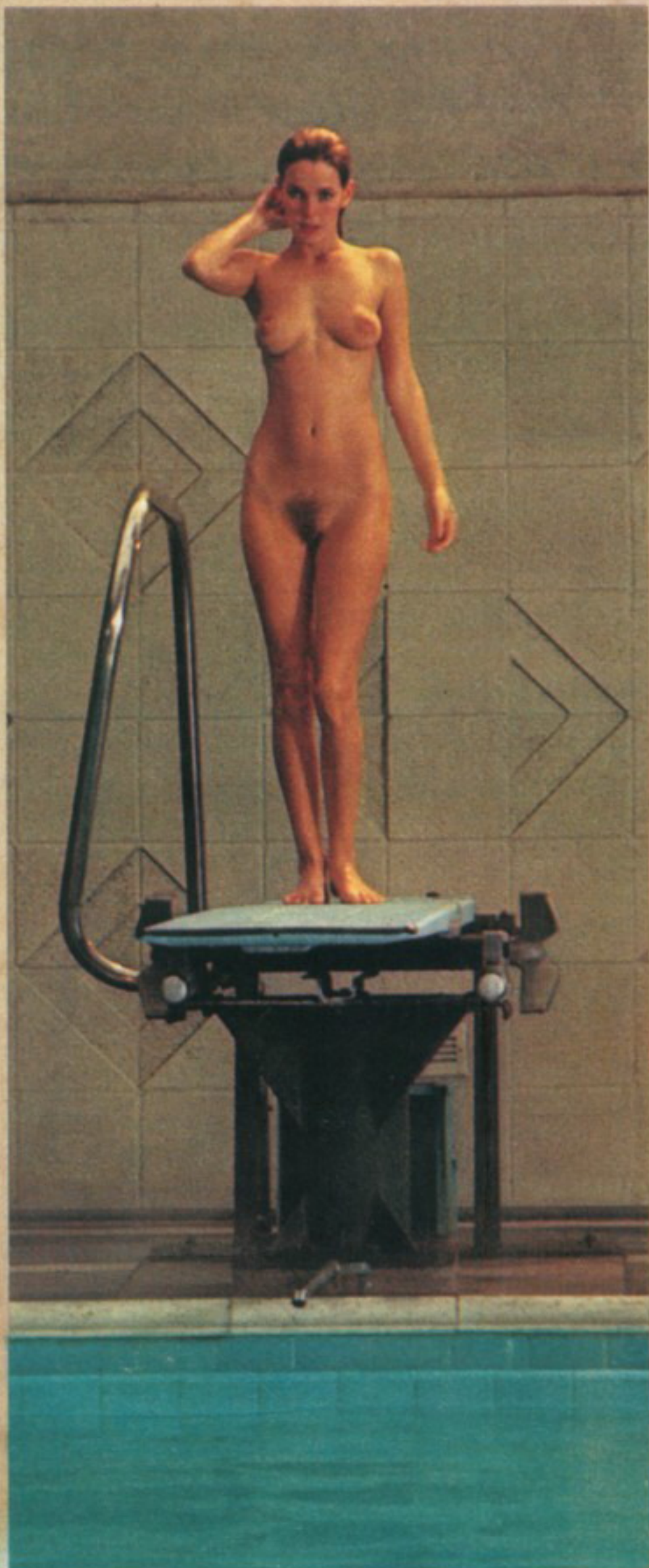
"Do I really have to talk about myself? My life is vague. All I have is feelings. No words. Maybe we could just run another picture, instead?"

a French restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. Glasses of red wine appear and disappear at regular intervals. Kathy Morrison, alias Miss May, is looking at the photos that will be included in her pictorial and wondering about her life story and how to tell it. She listens to Phillip's rap and nods. "I'm totally open to new experiences. Maybe it's because, as a child, I lived in 13 different towns in the Southwest before settling in Los Angeles. I'm still in motion. I went to Hawaii a few months ago. I went sailing, scuba diving, freeboarding. I spent New Year's weekend in Acapulco. I'd



"What do I like to do in Los Angeles? What I like to do is leave it."





"I love the water: the beaches just north of Los Angeles, the pool at the old Knickerbocker. The water is warm. Like a womb. I like the feeling of weightlessness. I could float for hours."



"I'll do anything if it's exciting. Spinnaker flying in Hawaii. Rock climbing in Northern California. Skiing at Mammoth. If it's got energy, I love it. Energy turns me on."



like to transfer some Mexican spirit to Hawaii. It's pretty dead out there. But it seems as if every weekend I'm doing something different. The Playmate shooting. Backpacking. Skiing. I've only done that once, but I really loved it. It is something I'll come back to. Now I'm just sampling life." Kathy pauses to say something to her best girlfriend. They have the reputation of getting into and out of trouble together. "Oh, yeah. We compare notes. When there's something I feel I should understand but don't, I find strength in having someone else do it with me." We talk about other things. The afternoon continues. The conversation winds down. The wine disappears for good. We move on.







"I'm independent. I live out in one of the canyons in a little cabin. It's heated by a potbellied stove. I've gotten very good at building wood fires."



"I love the outdoors. So does my dog, Bow. He's my bodyguard when I go to the beach."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kathryn Morrison

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: LIBRA

BIRTH DATE: 10/2/55 BIRTHPLACE: Long Beach, California

GOALS: To gain as much knowledge as I can, live a happy & successful life.

TURN-ONS: Water, the warmth of the sun, clean air, healthy people & good music.

TURN-OFFS: LIARS & people who think & act like they know everything.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Bruce Springsteen, Waylon Jennings & The Keith Greko Trio

FAVORITE MOVIES: King of Hearts & Bone with the wind

IDEAL MAN: self-sufficient, independent, honest, sensitive, attractive, & who has a healthy mind.

SECRET DREAM: Having my own home on an island.



Age 2
Merry Christmas



Age 13 teenager
At last



Age 17
Caught me

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Do you carry colored condoms?" asked the customer.

"Yes, sir, we do," answered the druggist, "in our brand-new line. There's blue and yellow and green and—"

"Black?" interrupted the customer.

"No, sir. That would be an odd color for a contraceptive."

"Not in this instance. My best friend died last week and I'm planning to comfort his widow."

As a sporting proposition, the pretty female jock agreed she'd let a persistent pursuer get into her pants if he beat her at tennis. The fellow played way over his head in a hard-fought struggle and won the final point with an unreturnable overhead smash. Whereupon he vaulted the net and raced toward the girl, shouting, "Game, set and snatch!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sperm-bank deposits* as merchants' semen.

*Leered the dean to the coed, "My dear,
I'm intrigued by your boobs and your rear!
When I've got you in bed,
I'll expect you to spread—
We've an open-admissions rule here."*

Doctor," explained the patient at the sex-therapy clinic, "for years and years, I've lain on my right side while my husband makes love to me, but that position is now beginning to pall."

"The solution seems to be a simple one," advised the sexologist. "Why don't you roll over on your left side, or slip under your husband, or straddle him?"

"No way, doc!" insisted the woman. "Any of those positions, I couldn't see the TV!"

It's widely believed that the balconies of skin-flick theaters are reserved for tier jerkers.

That boss of yours must be a real prick," commiserated the fellow in response to his date's bitter complaints about the situation in her office.

"Not really," said the girl. "He's such a phony that I prefer to classify him as a dildo."

Guaranteed by the poultry dealer to be super-horny, the farmer's new rooster proceeded to show that he was, indeed, putting it to every hen he could catch and then starting in on the ducks and the geese. "Hey, cool it!" exclaimed the farmer at sundown. "You've got a job to do here, but at this pace, you'll screw yourself to death."

All night long, though, sounds of fowl sexual aggression could be heard in the barnyard. The next morning, the farmer found the rooster stretched out behind the hencoop and buzzards circling overhead. "Damn it!" he roared. "I said you'd screw yourself to death!"

At that, the rooster opened one eye and winked. "Shhhhh!" he whispered. "I think they're coming down!"

Comment overheard in a gay bar: "I simply loathe his asshole-than-thou attitude!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *frigid wife's nipples* as the tips of the iceberg.

Hey, there," called out the girl watcher as the superengineered bikini wearer swiveled down the beach in front of him, "you're the best thing I've seen all day! Why don't you stop, so I can look a little longer?"

"There's no need to," said the girl appraisingly, "you're beginning to look a little longer already."



Hi," said the perky teenager brightly to a young man at the party she didn't know. "My name is Barbara, but my friends call me Babs."

"Hi there, Babs," was his response. "My name is Jerry, but I prefer to be called Jericho."

"Jericho?" puzzled Babs. "Why that?"

"It's a matter of social reciprocity," grinned the young man.

"Social reciprocity?"

"That's right. If a date blows my trumpet, I sure come tumbling down!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I want a simple yes or no. Have you been rendering unto Caesar the things that are mine?"

modern living



Left: PLAYBOY Staff Photographer Richard Fegley really dug the fact that the Vivitar 742XL Point N' Shoot camera is completely automatic. For sexier skin tones, however, he advises "using a warming gel over the built-in strobe."



Vivitar's 742XL features an automatic exposure control provided by a sensitive CdS sensor located next to the front lens, plus range-finder focusing, a low-light warning indicator and a built-in double-exposure prevention system, \$185.95.



THE 110 MINI-EXPLOSION

these mighty mites can do a lot for you—if you give them a chance

IN 1839, L. J. M. Daguerre succeeded in producing a detailed picture on a silvered copperplate using a camera the size of a breadbox. His subject had to remain motionless for an hour for a sufficient exposure. Just 139 years later, we have a whole new wave of



Lilliputian 110 cameras that do just about everything but say cheese. The largest of the five 110s featured here is the 6.7-inch Vivitar 742XL; the smallest is the teeny-weeny Rollei A110 that's only 3.3 inches. For a real road test, however, we lent the five 110s to five professional photographers and asked them to shoot some photos and then give us their impressions of the cameras. We dug their subject matter and they dug the cameras. Less, definitely, is more.



Left: Los Angeles photographer Todd Smith tried the pint-sized Rollei A110 and found that "one exciting thing was going to a shooting with just that tiny camera and some flash cubes. And I was surprised how easy it was to work. But since everything's done automatically, I missed having the freedom to over- or underexpose if I wanted to."

The A110, by Rollei of America, measures 3.2" x 1.75" x 1.2"; it combines precision quality with an ultra-easy Pull-Shoot-Push system that's coupled to electronic exposure control and flash automation, \$290.

Below: PLAYBOY photographer Phillip Dixon used a Minolta 110 SLR with a built-in close-focusing zoom and commented, "I loved it. The Minolta's big asset is the zoom, which allows you to create your own cropping. And since you can use Kodachrome and the camera focuses well, the quality of the shots is very good. I don't know how they'd look blown up, probably grainy, which would be nice." Judge for yourself.

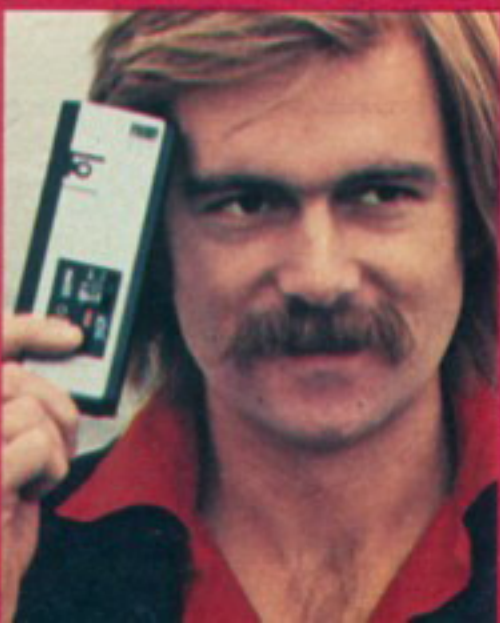
The Minolta 110 Zoom SLR features a built-in zoom lens that can focus to 11.3" for dramatic close-ups, automatic exposure control and an electronically timed shutter with speeds from ten seconds to an action-stopping 1/1000 second, \$292.



Below: New York fashion photographer Chris Callis used the Minox 110S and commented that "it was great to handle and very simple to operate. In fact, I'd like to own one and just keep it in my pocket. There's always something I want to shoot."

Minox' 110S features an automatic electronic shutter with speeds from 1/1000 second to four seconds and a range finder that focuses from two feet to infinity, \$228; plus an optional electronic flash unit, \$45.





Left: "This camera is the only intimate one I've ever used," says fashion photographer Claude Mouglin of Canon's Model 110ED 20. "It's perfect for shooting your girlfriend nude," he deadpans, "because she'd never suspect you were going to send the pictures to a major magazine. Also, it's more fun-looking than a 'professional' camera, so it doesn't intimidate the model."

The 110ED 20 camera, by Canon, has an electronic shutter that works up to 1/1000 second, plus a mechanical shutter that shoots at 1/125 second without the battery; the film's ASA value is automatically set when a cartridge is inserted into the camera, \$199.50.

A collage of several photographs showing people in various public settings, possibly at a beach or pool. The images are arranged in a grid-like pattern, separated by thin white lines. The photos depict people in various poses, some appearing to be in a public space like a beach or pool. A prominent yellow banner with black text is overlaid across the middle of the collage.

THE PUBLIC-SEX BREAKTHROUGH

last year, playboy reported on plato's retreat, a unique new york bar that offered on-premises swinging. now the big apple boasts a dozen clubs where the floorshow is a full-tilt orgy

article By **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

PLATO'S RETREAT isn't quite what the old Greek had in mind, but it's close. A dark cave. An underground den with walls of black tile and shadowy block-print cotton tapestries. The floor is an ebony carpet of AstroTurf. Above and behind you, there is a blazing row of spotlights and strobes. Hanging from the ceiling in front of you is a long, low mirror that seems to draw the available light from the room like a giant, silent ventilating system. Still, you are dazzled. You see figures in the

glass. Some of them are fucking, others lie quietly. The love-makers' bodies ripple, as though caught in a tide within the glass. You see a man's back arch as he rears back on his knees, a woman spread wide to receive him. Her legs spell out a secret message in semaphore. It is a strange image; but then, you are a strange audience, captive, a prisoner of the scene, prevented by the chains of astonishment from turning your head. You are watching what the Supreme Court coyly terms



NO BOOZE. NO BREW. SO WHAT. LET'S SCREW. That sign of the times (above) was posted after a New York State Liquor Authority ruling that Plato's Retreat could not serve alcohol. The bar (left) is dry, but who needs extra stimulants in a place like this? Bottoms up.



Last July, when PLAYBOY first reported on the public-sex phenomenon, we made the point that gays had pioneered the movement and the straights had followed. Shortly after that article appeared, Plato's Retreat moved into space formerly occupied by the Continental Baths, the onetime homosexual haunt where Bette Midler got her showbiz start. From the mirrored door on 74th Street to the mirrored ceiling (far left), Plato's is heterosexual heaven. Score one for Anita Bryant and company.

Plato's Retreat Couples Only

The first on premise Swing Club in N.Y. If you haven't been to Plato's, you might as well be living in Kansas. The disco of the 80's. A totally relaxing environment.

Plato's unique no pressure atmosphere features:

- Full length heated swimming pool • giant communal whirlpool • waterbeds • spacious mattress area
- many intimate private areas • Free bar & buffet
- showers, lockers and steam room.

Come with your mate or favorite date and share the most unique & fulfilling experience of your life.

PLATO'S RETREAT
at the Ansonia Hotel
230 West 74th Street
Telephone: 622-1920 787-3880
Open Wed., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.
9:00 P.M. until early morning





The first thing you notice upon entering Plato's is that almost everyone is making love (left). The second thing is the *disco* music blasting out of an industrial-strength sound system. The dance floor (right) is filled with couples doing what comes naturally. Is this why John Travolta wanted to cross the bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan?



"Plato's may be the end of Western civilization," said a man in a tuxedo, "but all things considered, this place is very civilized." The dance floor (above) is separated from the mattress room (right) by a row of plants. Everyone moves to the beat of the music. Couples watch one another, learn new moves. We'd give it a 95.



an ultimate sex act. These are people who love people. Your guide turns your eyes from the mirror and points to a blue air mattress in an alcove next to the Olympic-size whirlpool bath. She asks you to name the activity, to untangle the anatomical knot—it appears to be one young lady taking one man in her mouth, two in her hands and a fourth between her legs. A man old enough to be her father hovers nearby, slapping his hand on the mattress like a referee at a collegiate wrestling match. Yes. She is *pinned*.

Something is happening here and you don't know what it is, do you, Mr. Jones? You find it hard to believe that less than 100 steps from the corner of Broadway and 74th you are watching complete strangers enjoying complete intimacy.

A blonde, long-haired girl approaches. She reaches out and shakes your hand. Except that it is not your hand: You are led by a sudden arousal toward a room filled with mattresses and overstuffed pillows. "Let me show you what this place is really about," she says, and pulls you down beside her.

Less than a year ago, *PLAYBOY* ran an article on the public-sex movement in New York. At the time, there were two bars that offered on-premises swinging: Percival's, a tiny haven on the Lower East Side, and Plato's Retreat, a slightly larger facility in Gramercy Park. By the time the magazine hit the stands, Percival's had closed its doors, hassled by local politicians and



Welcome to fantasyland. At Plato's, everything is permitted: girls with girls (below) or Eight Ball. Even the disc jockey (bottom) is not immune to this form of sexual Saturday-night fever.

the New York State Liquor Authority, an organization devoted to the principle that Western civilization will crumble if alcohol is served in the presence of nude bodies. Agents for the S.L.A. scuttle about Manhattan, trying to mend the social fabric with G strings and tassels. Under similar fire, the owner of Plato's Retreat had supposedly let it be known that he was moving out of the place on Fifth Avenue, going underground. The public-sex phenomenon had been short-lived. As far as most of us were concerned, the whole episode was remote enough to have happened in ancient Greece.

A few months later, rumors



Larry Levenson (above), the proprietor of Plato's Retreat, has been called the Colonel Sanders of community sex; he envisions a chain of swingers' clubs stretching from coast to coast. For Christmas, his lady Mary gave him a T-shirt and a pair of silk briefs emblazoned with the legend THE KING OF SWING.



Andy Warhol has said everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes. At Plato's, the feeling lasts a bit longer: Couples come to admire, to be admired. The mood is mellow and appreciative, be it on the mats (left) or the dance floor.

spread that the movement had not died. Larry Levenson, the former soda-pop salesman who had organized Plato's Retreat, had moved into the basement of the Ansonia Hotel. Having raised the \$150,000 needed to renovate the old Continental Baths, he was going for broke. The new Plato's Retreat would become the ultimate couples-only club: It would become so big it couldn't be busted.

Levenson's scheme was simple, elegant, inviting. Or, if you please, balmy, raunchy, disgusting. For \$30, a couple could visit the club for one night. Five dollars of that entry charge would go toward a six-week membership. If they wished to return, the cost per visit would drop to \$25. What did they get for their money? The new Plato's Retreat offered a *disco*, a pool, a Jacuzzi, a steam room, a free locker and towel service, an unending labyrinth of private swing rooms, a free beverage bar and buffet. All the accouterments of home, if home happened to be the Playboy Mansion or Xanadu. It seemed like a great idea. One wondered why God hadn't put a place like Plato's into the Garden of Eden. Maybe because He had only one couple to work with.

The return of Plato's Retreat was a hit. Open five nights a week. On weekends, more than 300 couples would pour into the club, forming the largest permanent floating orgy in the



Water seems to be a vital element to swinging: Somehow, it encourages even novices to change into a towel. To get into the swim of things. Plato's—with a pool, a Jacuzzi, a steam room and a shower room—is perfect for aquatic erotics. If you tire of water sports, you can move to the air mattress (below) for the best two out of three falls. Face it: The Y was never like this.



history of New York City. Everyone was welcome: You could keep your clothes on and no one would bother you. If the spirit was willing, you could change into a towel (or less) and join the activity. It didn't

hemmed and haw-hawed with Levenson on the *Tomorrow Show*. For a while, it looked as if the "King of Swing" were going to make the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Plato's was a reporters' paradise. In fact, there



hurt. No one freaked out or got carted off to Bellevue.

One of my New York friends, a film maker and professional sex fiend, called my Chicago office with a firsthand report: "Plato's Retreat is the counter-culture of the Seventies. People come to Plato's the way they went to drug parties in the early Sixties, where pot was the guest of honor. The next day, they huddle to gossip about who did what under what influence. It's incredible. I feel reborn. Like,

were so many writers, TV commentators and such hanging out that a movement was begun to have the club's name changed to the Columbia School of Journalism. Forgive us our press passes.

Meanwhile, *Screw* magazine's directory of swingers' bars began to list places with names like Botany Talk, Clique Lounge, Flippit's Hideaway, Noah's Ark, Our Gang, Phoenix and Underground. Some clubs were more discreet than others, requiring that initial contact be made by mail or by telephone. But the premise was the same. If you like bowling, go to a bowling alley. If you like balling . . . come here. It was only a matter of time before companies would start sponsoring teams.

Finally, the editors of *PLAYBOY* decided to send Robert Scott Hooper and Theresa Holmes, their eyewitness news team, to bring back photographic evidence of the phenomenon. (Hooper and Holmes are used to such things, having performed above and beyond the call of nature in the December 1977 issue of *PLAYBOY* with a feature called *Swingers' Scrapbook*.) Two of the magazine's best couldn't go unescorted into such a gentle night, so the entire editorial staff volunteered to go along. I was the only one who made it back to my typewriter. The rest of the staff stayed in New York to open an East



I missed Woodstock, but I made Plato's Retreat."

Inevitably, the New York media began to take notice. Howard Smith, a *PLAYBOY* contributor and columnist for *The Village Voice*, did a series of stories on the new club in "Scenes." *New York* magazine sent a finance writer to cover the phenomenon. Tom Snyder



The dress code at Plato's Retreat is relaxed—whatever gets you off. You can wear a Danskin (above) or go bare-ass with boots (below). In the words of Randy Newman, you can keep your hat on.



By midnight, most couples have shed their threads for some early-A.M. exercise on the mattresses (below).





Yes, *Night Moves* is a song by Bob Seger. It's also the name of a swingers' bar at 133 West 19th Street where young couples gather to rock 'n' roll.



Night Moves is smaller than Plato's Retreat and, as a result, the atmosphere is more intimate. On Friday nights, the festivities begin with a sexual Gong Show (above), as nice a way as any to break the ice. If you're a beginner, you might want to come here. Encore.



Midnight Interlude (above and right) is located in a downtown Manhattan health club. Admit it: When you watch Farrah Fawcett-Majors work out in those TV commercials, this is what you have in mind, right? Can you think of a better way to stay in shape? And-a-one-and-a-two.





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Coast editorial office.

For three nights, Hooper and Holmes visited Plato's Retreat, recruiting volunteers to go back for an official shooting on a slow night, when the crowds of tourists would be home in Westchester County. The people you see in Hooper's pictures are the sort you are likely to meet if you visit a couples-only sex club. And having seen these pictures, you probably will.

The shooting at Plato's was a complete success; our eyewitness team decided to keep the ball rolling. Hooper and Holmes visited two of the second-generation sex salons—Night Moves and Midnight Interlude. The *modus operandi* was the same, but at the smaller clubs, they encountered a slightly different reaction. The couples didn't want to go back on another night: "Why wait? Do it now." They simply went on doing what they had been doing before we got there. You can see for yourself how well they did.

You emerge from the mattress room. The blonde-haired girl congratulates you on your good fortune. This time, though, she shakes your hand, squeezing it quickly, affectionately. The memory of the first introduction causes a rapid change in blood flow. Your center of gravity drops. You rearrange the suddenly undersized towel. She laughs. You lean against a pillar by the pool. You look around



MY NIGHT AT PLATO'S RETREAT

one of america's foremost comedy writers
takes a night off for rest and relaxation

humor **By BUCK HENRY**

Here is a random list of things I saw and heard in Plato's Retreat, many of which I no longer believe actually happened.

At the entrance, I traded \$30 for a membership card. The back of the card contained a list of rules and regulations, the last of which stated: "Neither part of the couple is prostituting themselves." Resisting the impulse to correct this fragile sentence for its several thousand grammatical and syntactical errors, I signed my companion and myself in (first names only) as Scott and Zelda. The *maitresse d'hôtel* looked at the names and said, "Oh, yeah—Scott and Zelda—you've been here before."

At the bottom of the stairway, a naked man was wrestling with a cigarette machine. One of his hands was thrust up into the dispensing slot. As he turned toward us, we could see that he was in a state of evident excitement. I assumed that he was trying to get his money back and/or he was performing a sexual act for which there is, as yet, no specific term.

There were, perhaps, 400 people in the place, most of whom seemed to be having, as Plato himself used to say, a hell of a good time. Of the first 20 people I talked to, 18 claimed to be doing research for a book, a screenplay or an article.

In one of the locker rooms, a man sat on a bench, smoking a pipe and playing with himself. "Don't pay any attention to me," he explained. "I'm just taking a break."

An extremely old—I mean *old*—dignified woman exited one of the mini-orgy rooms. She sported, so to speak, a black garter belt and pink hair. As she turned to shut the door behind her, she said to the three clearly exhausted men draped over the pillows: "Thank you all once again. It's been a lovely evening and I don't know how to express my appreciation." Good manners die hard.

We were standing at the bar. I

watched as a man, dressed primarily in a pair of socks, leaned across the buffet table to pick up a drink, leaving a distinct impression of his not particularly private parts on the surface of the cream cheese.

I was loitering by the entrance to the mass-orgy room, peering furtively past the guard at the writhing mass of fun seekers on the matted floor. I turned to see, coming toward me from the swimming pool, the tallest, blondest, longest-legged vision of prurient interest it has ever been my good luck to behold. I also beheld four muscular young gymnasts in her wake, following with expressions of glazed anticipation.

She moved past me onto the mattresses and lay down on her back. Envy replaced lust in my pounding heart as the four young men dropped to their knees beside her and, without even a downbeat, began to perform a series of complicated rituals that led me to believe that she was not altogether a virgin.

"That's nice, isn't it?" said a social critic in a three-piece suit who was standing next to me.

"I love her," I said simply.

"It's not a her," he said.

"Be careful," I warned him. "That's the next Mrs. Henry you're talking about."

"The next Mrs. Henry," the kill-joy son of a bitch said, "was a man until a year or so ago."

Seeing that I was on the verge of tears, three-piece-suit patted me on the shoulder. "There are several of them here tonight," he said. He motioned to a naked dark-haired beauty on the dance floor, who strolled over to us.

"This is Linda," he said. "She used to be Larry."

Linda, nee Larry, offered me a delicate handshake and told us what a good time she, nee he, was having and how wonderfully well all the new equipment was working. To prove her point, she inserted several fingers into the aforementioned equipment and moved them around experimentally, as though trying on a glove. "It's terrific," Linda said. She took her fingers out and three-piece-suit put a couple of his fingers in. He agreed (concluded on page 220)

the room at 200-odd bodies, breasts of every size and shape, penises of every religious and racial persuasion. They all work. Far fucking out.

Interview a random assortment of couples at a swing club and you will find them to be intelligent. Middle class. Successful. A surprising number of them are self-employed. Among others, Hooper and Holmes met an architect, the owner of a burglar-alarm company, a real-estate broker, a lawyer, an actor, a Brooklyn cop (in New York, policemen are considered to be self-employed). Long before the media discovered Levenson's operation, Plato's Retreat was locker-room gossip in every precinct station in New York. Murphy, the cop, is 40 years old. He looks like an unmarked car. He's been coming with his wife to Plato's for 25 weeks. "Listen, I've gone most of my life *without*. I've got some catching up to do. Everything I ever wondered about is here in one room. I don't even look at *National Geographic* anymore."

Walter, a divorce lawyer trying to get away from his work, explains that the crowds have changed since the place first opened, from middle-aged swinging junkies to a younger, hipper crowd, from the kind of people you find in the Catskills and Miami Beach to the kind you find backpacking in Yosemite or skiing at Vail. Walter gives credit for the change to the series of columns written by Howard Smith. "Right now, this place looks like an ad for 'What kind of couple reads *The Village Voice*?' When your magazine hits the stands, it will look like an ad for 'What kind of couple reads *PLAYBOY*?'"

Stanley, the swinger emeritus of Plato's Retreat, is dark-haired, muscular and well dressed, when he is dressed. (He runs a \$3,000,000-a-year apparel business.) In a past life, he was the manager of Percival's, the city's original on-premises swing club. He is the originator of the first commandment of swinging: "Swans fly with swans. Ducks fly with ducks." When he talks, his attention slides to the edge of his eyes, looking for swans. You are reminded of the round, shallow plates used by miners to pan for gold. Stanley has been interviewed by every reporter to visit Plato's. On the day after one article appeared, he walked into his factory. Fifteen employees lined up and began taking off their clothes. "We just thought it would make you feel at home."

Stanley's girlfriend and wingman is a trim blonde endowed with what appear to be permanently erect nipples. She is into lust. Nonchalant. She wears a towel like a gun belt around her hips. She agrees to come to the official shooting, but only if the pictures don't show her face. Business. Stanley agrees, but only if

(continued on page 222)

"There's the fourth stage. Of actually doing it yourself in public. My friend has never gone that far."

the pictures don't show his ass. "I have a very well-known ass. Show it and everyone in New York will recognize it."

I consult with my friend the film maker prior to making my first reconnaissance mission to Plato's. He provides a typical scenario: "It's the fall of Rome with a *bar mitzvah* buffet. At first, you are struck by the numbers of people. You know that if God catches you there, it's cookies. Fortunately, God is pre-occupied with the Middle East crisis and hasn't gotten around to Plato's Retreat yet. But the rush when you walk through the door is something else. It will be a couple of hours before you can even focus on individuals. Then you study specifics. You become a connoisseur of technique. You won't see anything you haven't tried yourself at one time or another, but to see someone trying the 11th position of the lotus with a half twist as a regular gig, in public, in front of an audience, is a flash. It's nice to know that someone has mastered that trick. The third stage is personalities.

You single out a beautiful girl and watch her for the whole evening, trying to figure out from her behavior why she's there. Last week, I watched a woman in the pool go through 21 guys. She was into underwater oral sex. Maybe she was training to be a pearl diver. Maybe she had always had the fantasy of giving head to a crowd."

Some fantasy; do you think it can be taught? There's the fourth stage. Of actually doing it yourself in public. My friend has never gone that far. "I'm not an easy lay." He confesses to suffering from acute voyeurism, an occupational hazard of his trade. "If you don't change into a towel right away, I find that you tend to remain fully clothed for the whole evening. Keep that in mind."

I enter the club, pushing through two sets of mirrored doors into a small foyer. A *maitresse d'hôtel* directs me to the hatcheck girl. I feel a slight moment of panic. Exactly how much am I expected to check? Remembering the film maker's advice, I begin to disrobe. Just this side

of my undershorts, the hatcheck girl looks up. "No, there are lockers downstairs for your clothes."

"Sorry, my mistake."

I stash my coat in the locker, grab a drink from the bar and set out for a tour of this dark underground den. I am poised, cautious. My eyeballs are walking barefoot, trying to avoid the slivers of glass, the sudden glimpses of graphic acts. The Jacuzzi holds four or five couples—I lose count by the second or third set of thighs. The girls fondle penises beneath the water with absent-minded care, like Captain Queeg rolling his ball bearings. The couples peer out into the room, toward the *disco* dance floor, or the pool, or the chaise longues, waiting for something to trigger a response, the slight involuntary muscle contraction that produces an erection, that corners the faint pulse of arousal. A short-haired girl with a bearded sociology major realizes that her hand is full. She turns and faces her partner, slips him inside her with a swift, assured gesture. He braces himself against the edge of the pool and kisses her breasts. She grasps him by the neck and pulls him closer, pumping. The clinical details are hidden by the water. It is almost a private act. It is a sculpture soon duplicated by the other couples in the pool.

I become a connoisseur of style. On one of the chaise longues, a brunette crouches over a reclining man. She is performing fellatio—if not with passion, then with purpose. My escort agrees that the girl is diligent. Trustworthy. Courteous. Kind. Etc. "It's the Brooklyn style of oral sex. P.S. 49, if I'm not mistaken. The school was half Catholic. Half Jewish. The girls learned to give head instead of learning to fuck. They're famous for it."

I begin to focus on individuals. Immediate undying love strikes three times in the time it takes to walk the length of the 40-foot pool. A very short brunette with a body one size larger than skin and bones walks by swaddled in a towel. Her feet are obscured by gray-wool socks. Charming. In a place like Plato's, is she really worried about catching a cold? A magnificent amazon with a Farrah Fawcett haircut sits on a chair at the end of the pool, her legs crossed, eating potato salad from a paper plate. When she stands up, I see that she is wearing a white-cotton T-shirt imprinted with a map of the New York subway system. My eyes take a quick ride to the Staten Island station. Yes, this is where I get off. An athletic brown-haired girl attracts my attention. She is wearing a towel around her neck. She looks like a poster of Sylvester Stallone with tits. She is proud of her body from the waist up, she is dangerous from the waist down. Later,



I watch her in action on her back on the mattresses, her legs wrapped around her partner, her breasts alive with surface tension. I feel privileged to be in the same room with someone so vital. She is a sexual saint: Hands reach out to touch her brow, her breast, her thigh. She is a force, attracting bystanders as a magnet attracts iron filings on a sheet of paper. She emerges from the mattress room and goes to join three friends, fully dressed, standing at the bar like trainers in the corner of a prize-fight ring. Their eyes worship her animal grace. I think her name is Jan. If she would be so kind as to contact the author. . . .

On the night before the shooting, I stand by the pool. The air is filled with an acrid chlorine smoke. Near my feet, a middle-aged man with sideburns and a waterlogged mustache floats on his back, his arms outstretched along the gutter of the pool. His erection juts like a buoy from the water: His partner clings to it with her mouth and one hand, treading water. The bodies are weightless, squeaky clean. The woman pulls away, reattaches herself. I look at the pool, consider a quick set of laps. I ask one of the regulars if it would be all right. "You'd look pretty ridiculous. A jock doing laps in a pool filled with people sucking and fucking. Maybe if, at the end of ten laps, you pull yourself up, screaming, 'I'm coming, I'm coming,' they'll think it's some obscure sexual practice." The regular changes his tone of voice to one of mock horror. "Besides, do you realize what kind of diseases you can catch from a public pool?"

"Maybe I should wear a wet suit, a head-to-toe prophylactic."

Most of the reporters who have written about Plato's have worried in print about the possibility of disease. I recall reading in *The Journal of Sexology* that people who are afraid of venereal disease, and who use the specter as an excuse to abstain from sex, are usually ignorant about V.D. People who lead an active sex life tend to be informed. They know the symptoms, the consequences and the treatments available. They take care. I depend on the awareness of strangers.

I change into a towel, suck in my stomach and walk to the pool. Swim ten laps, complete with flip turns that would leave my old coach at the Stamford Y.M.C.A. turning in his grave. In junior high school, I swam on a championship team. Backstroke. Between the junior meet and the senior meet, the swimmers would lie on top of a locker and tell sexual horror stories. The one story I remember from that period goes like this: A guy has been dating a girl for months, trying to get past second base. She has put up an inspired, impenetrable

defense. On his birthday, he takes her to the movies. Sitting in the balcony, he tries yet again to make it. She resists, saying, "Not now. My parents aren't home. We can go there later. Everything you ever desired will be yours." They leave without watching the credits, drive to her house, walk to the door. In the darkened foyer, she says, "Don't turn on the lights. I'm shy. Go into the living room and get ready. I'll change into something comfortable." He does as instructed. He hears her return. "Are you ready?" she asks. He says yes. The lights go on and he is surrounded by classmates.

"Happy birthday. Surprise!"

I hate that joke. Honest desire is not a laughing matter. The guy had nothing to be ashamed of. If his friends had really thought things out, they would have been naked, applauding. Celebration, not mortification.

Later that night, I meet a couple of college kids from New Jersey. They are having a party for one of their classmates. They have brought an unsuspecting couple to Plato's as a birthday treat. I

tell them my joke. They are amused. Times have changed.

For two dollars, at Plato's, you can buy a tiny leather pouch on a long string. You fill it with cigarettes or whatever and wear it around your neck. Some of the patrons fill their pouches with courage pills. Quaaludes. Drop one, hit the mattresses and fuck your eyeballs out to the pulsing bass of the disco music. The disco beat provides a script that even the most addled amateur can follow. It gives two strangers something in common. If you like to make love to ballads, you're in big trouble at Plato's. (Although it's rumored that if you bribe the disc jockey, he will slip some acoustic rock—James Taylor—onto the turntable early in the morning.) By all accounts, 'Ludes seem to make it easier to get to know someone. Take the following story, from a man who got a standing ovation at Plato's.

"I was in the mattress room, wailing away, really in sync with the music, when I noticed that there were a lot of people standing in a circle around me, watching. Strange. I looked down at the girl I was



"Well! I suppose you want to get into Debbie's pants."

with. She was waving her legs in the air, screaming, scratching my back. I still got the scars. She was totally out of her mind. I guess she was enjoying herself. I went back to what I was doing, and when I finished, everyone applauded."

My partner wanders off to the bar to find a drink. A few feet beyond my perimeter, she is approached by a couple who ask if she is alone, if she wants to swing. She declines. By the time she gets back from the bar, she has handled the following approaches: a single guy, whose life dream is to land a bit part in a porn movie, who has come with a blind date whose phone number he got from a friend. A girl who's been asked by every guy in her office to go with him to Plato's. Another couple who want to know if the woman is my partner's type, or vice versa. My partner is impressed with the low-key quality of the approaches. "There are no heavy hitters here. The guys are more relaxed, less desperate than the stand-up comics you meet in singles bars. You know, this is the Goodbar that Diane Keaton was looking for. If she'd come here, she could have had all the sex she wanted, then gone home alone—safe. She wouldn't have gotten killed."

My partner joins me in the pool. Her presence produces an immediate response. She wraps her legs around me, pulls me into her, an act as casual as the way some people hold hands. Thus connected, she feels secure, out of circulation, protected from the crowd of strangers. Our bodies move. The orgasm takes shape, a round sphere batted back and forth over the net of nerves between us. We prolong the volley. Eventually, one of us decides to go for the spike, to thrust home the moment at an angle well beyond recovery. It isn't me. The point is scored. I wonder at my response. I become absorbed in the rhythm, the interior space that I know by heart, following the road map of blood-filled arteries. Beneath every skin is a pulse, behind every pulse a heart. I know the way home. I finish and look up to see 20 other couples doing the same thing. We are in this thing together. My erection does not fade. The crowd is an aphrodisiac. Two feet away, a Puerto Rican girl clings to the chrome ladder for support. Her lover is in front of her, taking on water. We help out, to prevent them from drowning.

I don't feel half bad. My lady and I have our act together. We've practiced at home for ten years. I look at the crowd and think: If you're going to strut your stuff in public, you might as well play for a full house.

We go home and find one.



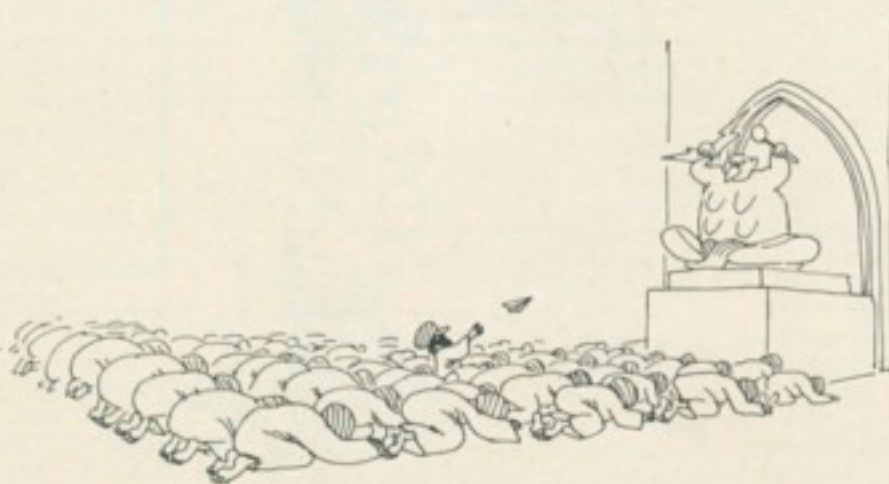
TINY FOOTPRINTS AND OTHER DRAWINGS

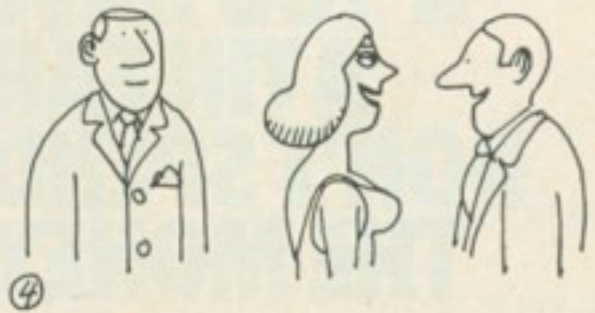
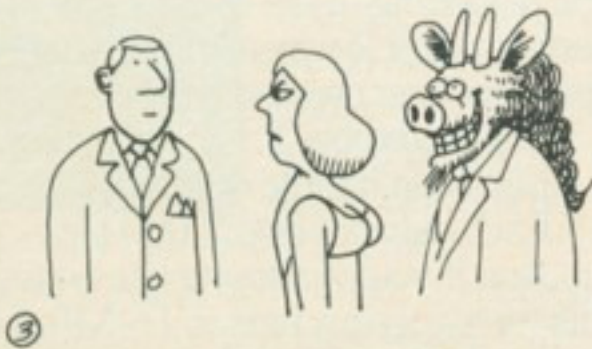
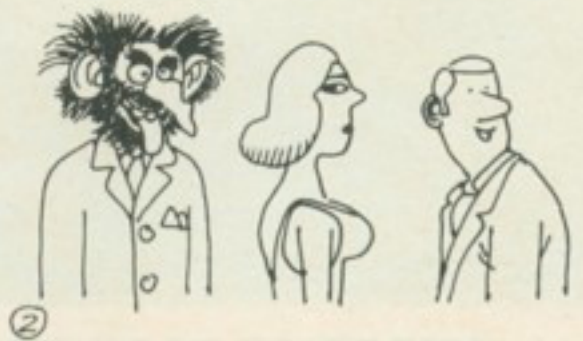
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TAKE T AND SHE

In case you didn't know, **PLAYBOY** pays a \$1000 finder's fee to anyone discovering a Playmate of the Month. And just to help you search for candidates, we've created an Official Playboy Playmate Talent Scout T-shirt that's available from Playboy Club Sales, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$6.50, postpaid. With each T-shirt (S, M, L or XL), you'll also get a preliminary release sheet for the candidate to sign and info on how to submit the pictures. We've always said it pays to girl-watch.



WALK ON

To promote the lost art of walking, the Kinney Shoe Corporation has announced a Walking Tours of America program that consists of four separate packages of Walking Tour brochures (the West, the South and Southwest, the Midwest and the East) available for one dollar each from Kinney Walking Tours, P.O. Box 5006, New York, N.Y. 10022. The West, for example, covers Northern and Southern California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado and downtown Los Angeles. Well, five out of six ain't bad.

THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM. . .

The Theater Historical Society of America "welcomes all those with an interest in the glamorous past, the ever-changing present and the unknown future of the theater in America . . . from nickel-odeons to opera houses." For the annual membership fee of \$10 sent to Membership Secretary, T.H.S., P.O. Box 2416, Alameda, California 94501, you get a year's subscription to the quarterly journal of the society. And if you're free next July, they'll be holding their annual convention in San Antonio, home of the John Eberson Majestic theater . . . and the Alamo.



MINI-JAWS

The piranha, of course, is a charming South American fighting fish that has a set of razor-sharp choppers and the disposition of a killer bee. One safe way to import piranhas is stuffed and mounted—and that's just what the people at Keynes Imports, 711 W. Buckingham Place, Chicago, Illinois 60657, have done. A four-inch monster goes for \$6.95, a five-incher is \$8.95 and a tiger six will set you back \$10.95. All are mounted on rosewood bases, posed with their mouths open, flashing that famous piranha smile, ready to strike. Your mother-in-law will love one.



KEEP 'EM ROLLIN'

The ice may be gone from the old hockey rink, but there's no reason you can't still make like Phil Esposito if you own a pair of BiSkates, the two-wheel roller skate that RLS Products, P.O. Box 799, Santa Monica, California 90406, is marketing for \$28 to \$80. The ultrarugged hockey type is built for nasty action and the figure style features a polyurethane toe pick that facilitates fancy twirling, twinkle toes. We'll take ours with training wheels, please.



IT'S IN THE BOOK

Who else but Uncle Sam would print a pamphlet on "Christmas Decorations Made with Plant Materials" and then give it away? It's just one of several hundred that you can obtain free or at a very nominal cost simply by writing to the Consumer Information Center, Pueblo, Colorado 81009, and asking for its latest catalog of selected Federal publications of consumer interest. The subjects cover everything from ants to varicose veins. Nothing on tax cuts, however.



MUG SHOT

You egomaniacs who can't get enough of a good thing—yourself—will definitely want a seven-inch-tall ceramic mug made to look like you, you handsome devils. They're done by West Coast caricature artist Larry Shapiro. Each of them costs \$78, postpaid, and takes three to four weeks to complete. Order yours—or a friend's—from Sanelle Gift Gallery, 814 N. LaCienega Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, and be sure to include at least one front and one profile photograph, in color. Or, if a mug mug isn't your bag, Shapiro also makes large and small puss-planters for \$178 and \$128. Can you dig them?



P.S., WE LOVE YOU

Even though most New York kids hated school, they loved those funky old solid-brass City of New York doorknobs. So much so, in fact, that most of the original ones have disappeared. Rather than see a little bit of history slip away, a company called Alumnus, at 157 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, is selling solid-brass accessories emblazoned with re-creations of the public school doorknob design. A paperweight, as shown, costs \$20, a desk set is \$25 and a belt buckle goes for \$15, all postpaid. There's nothing we like better than good-looking knobs.

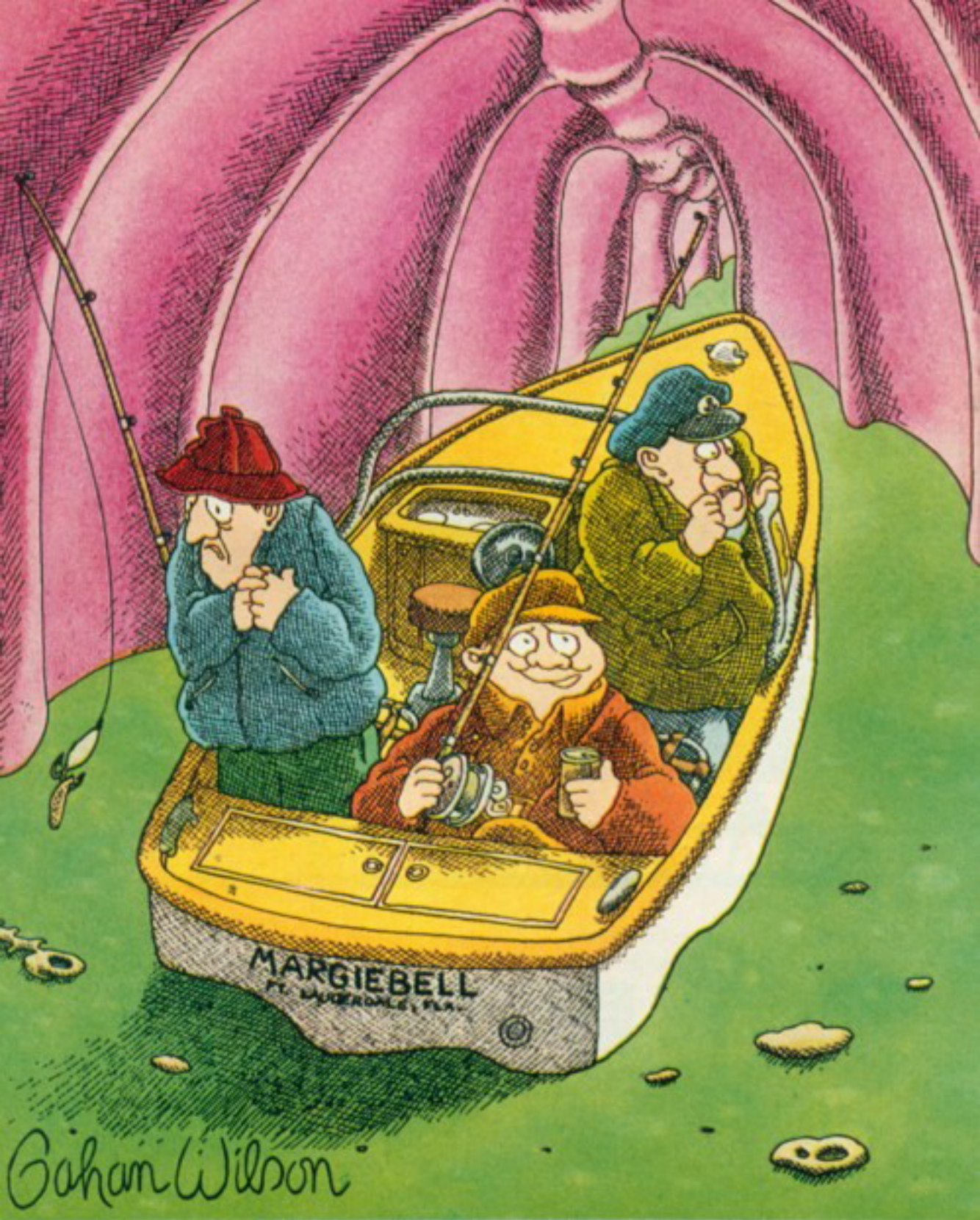
COOKIE CUTUPS

Confucius say: "Chinese meal without fortune cookie like night without nookie," or something to that effect. And the cookie moguls at Peoples Products Corporation, P.O. Box 20145, San Jose, California 95160, have gone one step further; they've taken a number of Peter Gowland nudes and slipped one along with a zodiac fortune into each of their Ah So fortune cookies. A box with ten different girls in the cookies will set you back \$3.99. (If you're *really* hungry, a case of 50 boxes costs \$135.) There's just one problem: The cookies are good, the fortunes are fun and the girls look great—but 30 minutes later, you're horny again.





"Speed up, drink, smoke, eat lots, make out with girls. . . ."



"Still, you've got to admit our being swallowed by a fish has its humorous aspects!"



"Evenin', ma'am, king's taster 'ere."

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



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ST461

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"Damn it, Edgar, why can't you just take an afternoon nap like everyone else?"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

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YOU'VE GOT A FAMOUS TRUCK NAMED JOHNSON?

YOU NEVER HEARD OF VAN JOHNSON?

PSHT!



LISTEN, YOU **MUST** CHECK OUT THE GREAT NEW PAD I JUST MOVED INTO. IT'S LOADED WITH FUN AND GAMES. HOW 'BOUT SPENDING THE NIGHT?

PORTNOY, I APPRECIATE THE RIDE BACK INTO THE CITY, BUT I AM NOT SETTING **ONE FOOT** IN YOUR APARTMENT —

GOD BLESS OUR VAN

OLD TRUCKERS NEVER DIE. THEY JUST LOSE THEIR GEARS

THIS IS A HIGH CLASS VAN



ONE MINUTE, BABES.

CLINK! CLINK! CLINK!
SWISHHHH!



NOW, DIG IT... WE'LL DRINK A LITTLE, SMOKE A LITTLE... LISTEN TO SOME FUNKY MUSIC... MAN, YOU'LL BE SO GONE BY THE TIME WE REACH THE CITY, YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT SPENDING THE NIGHT.

PORTNOY! I AM NOT STAYING AT YOUR APARTMENT!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, BABES... YOU'RE THERE! THIS IS MY APARTMENT!



CHECK OUT THAT SOUND SYSTEM! AND LOOK! CRYSTAL CHANDELIER!

AND LOOK AT THE ANTIQUE MIRRORED CEILING, WHICH, TO APPRECIATE, YOU HAVE TO BE PRONE!

WAIT!

I TOLD YOU I'M NOT STAYING, AND I MEANT IT!



CRASH!
TINKLE! TINKLE!

OH, NO!
MY MIRROR
CEILING!

KEEP
CALM!

OOOOWEEEEE
WE'RE
COMING!

JEEP-
ERS!
I DON'T
BELIEVE
IT! AN
AMBU-
LANCE!



AARGH!
THOSE MIRRORS! THAT
CRYSTAL CHANDELIER!...AT
LEAST 700 YEARS' BAD
LUCK!

HELP HIM, NOT ME!
I'M **ALL RIGHT!**

HERE, BUDDY,
TAKE TWO BAND-AIDS
AND CALL ME IN THE
MORNING.



BUT I
TELL YOU I'M
ALL RIGHT!

ALL
RIGHT?
YOU'RE
PERFECT!

JUST
TAKE OFF
YOUR SHIRT
AND COUGH
TWICE.

WOULD YOU
LOOK AT THAT
BODY!

GOD
BLESS! THIS
PATIENT NEEDS
A THOROUGH
EXAMINA-
TION!

OH,
YASS!

QUICK!
DRINK THIS!
YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER!



A
MARGA-
RITA?

DOES
IT HURT
HERE?

-BETTER
CHECK HER
TEMPERA-
TURE,
DOCTOR!

CHECK
MINE. I
FEEL
FAINT!

LUNGS
LOOK FINE
TO ME!

HERE?

HERE?

WHAT KIND
OF AN AMBU-
LANCE
IS THIS!?



THE
LONG ISLAND VAN CLUB
AT YOUR SERVICE!

-MARCUS
WELBY
CHAPTER!

AND ARE
WE GOING TO KEEP ON
TRUCKING TONIGHT!

WE'RE
GOING TO
BOOGIE!

LEAPIN'
LIZARDS, I'M
IN AN AMBU-
VAN!

END

Say, Isn't That . . . ?

We were leafing through a popular New York-based rock-'n'-roll biweekly tabloid the other day when our eye was caught by this ad for the 1978 American Song Festival, especially by the photo in the lower-left side (enlarged here). By golly, we said, that looks like—no, it is—SUZANNE SOMERS, crazy lady of "The Tonight Show" and currently the star of ABC's hot sitcom "Three's Company." "Yes," a festival spokesman confessed, when we pressed him on the issue, "that's her."



Four ways to get someone in the music business to listen to your song.

The Sure Way is the 1978 American Song Festival

Send your song to the 1978 American Song Festival. The festival is a national competition for songwriters and composers. It is the only festival of its kind in the United States. The festival is held in New York City. The festival is open to all songwriters and composers. The festival is a great way to get your song into the music business. The festival is a great way to get your song into the music business. The festival is a great way to get your song into the music business.

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Hello, Fadduh,
Hello, Führer

You remember BUD CORT: "M*A*S*H," "Brewster McCloud," "Harold and Maude." The skinny kid who always seemed to be playing himself and who always seemed to be about to break through into the stratosphere of superstardom. Maybe it will happen with his next film, which currently bears the catchy title "Hitler's Son" and is due to be released later this year. Cort plays an illiterate wood carver who lives an isolated existence in the Bavarian Alps and who has no idea that he is the offspring of Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun; even when he learns of his legacy, the names of his parents mean nothing to him and he must fend off exploitative neo-Nazi groups to whom the two names do mean something. Fun and mayhem follow. Sounds like just the thing to give Bud Cort's career a good strong Putsch.



STEPHANI KING / SYGMA



MICHAEL CHILDERS / SYGMA

Spacek Odyssey

One of the best sights our movie critic, Bruce Williamson, spotted at the last Cannes Film Festival was actress **SISSY SPACEK**. Which prompted him to ask what any red-blooded **PLAYBOY** Contributing Editor would ask. And so, when Sissy returned to L.A., she got together with photographer Michael Childers and here's what they produced. Just for us. Thanks, Bruce.

Understanding Media with Miz Lillian

We take you now to the streets of New York and an exclusive interview with First Momma **LILLIAN CARTER**.

Q. Do you watch much television, Miz Lillian?

A. I watch all the news and two or three programs a day.

Q. What programs do you like best?

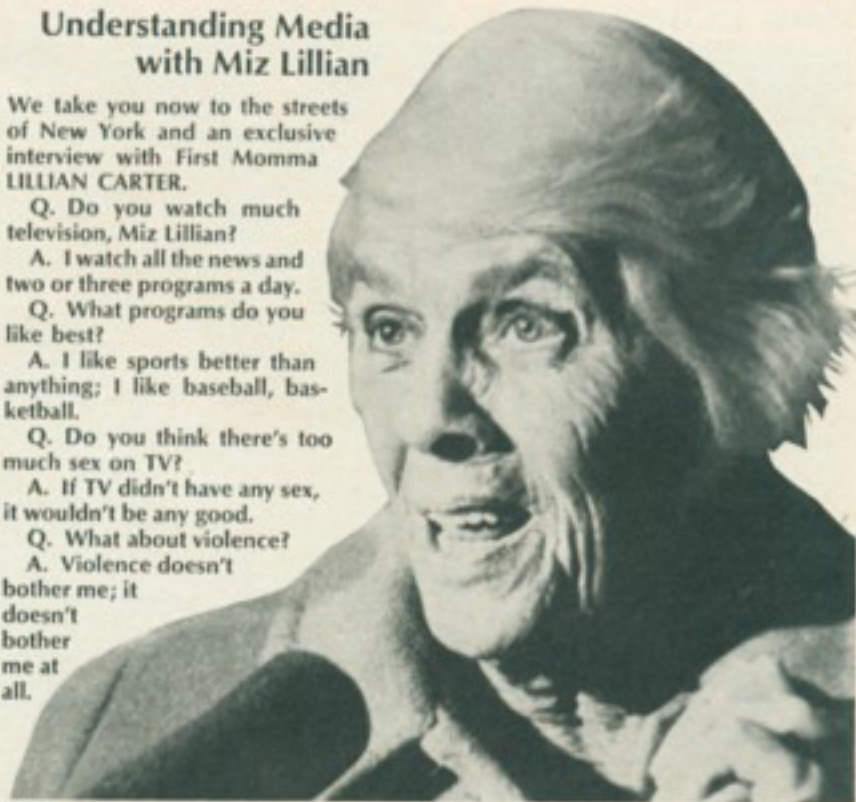
A. I like sports better than anything; I like baseball, basketball.

Q. Do you think there's too much sex on TV?

A. If TV didn't have any sex, it wouldn't be any good.

Q. What about violence?

A. Violence doesn't bother me; it doesn't bother me at all.



U.P.I.



MIKE NORCIA / SYGMA

Hanging Out

When last seen in these pages, **BIANCA JAGGER** was about to set off on a new career as a serious cinematic actress. We advised you then to forget Bianca's silly, superficial side and to focus upon her essence. Well, that was before these unseemly photos turned up, and now we beg you to reconsider. Snapped at a New York night spot in the company of tennis ace Ilie Nastase and fashion ace Halston, Mrs. Jagger shows that she's still not above some occasional whimsy. Thank God.



MIKE NORCIA / SYGMA

HOW TO WEAR A TOWEL AT PLATO'S RETREAT

What does the well-dressed swinger wear to an on-premises sex club? Most of the people we interviewed for *The Public-Sex Breakthrough* (page 152) opted for a basic white-terrycloth towel.



BILL ARSENAULT

Simple, understated, yet with a little imagination, capable of expressing a wide range of personal tastes. A woman swathed head to toe in towels, for example, is probably saying that she doesn't want to swing. The classic wrap-around is functional and open to interpretation. Someone who is more

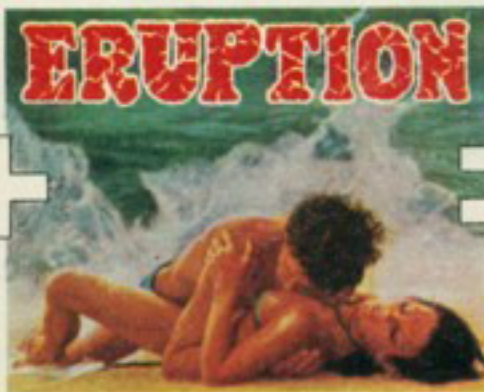
U.P.I., INC.

comfortable with the scene—who figures when in Plato's, do as the Greeks do—may opt for a single shoulder toga. A lady who is proud of her body from the waist up may fold the towel in half and drape it around her hips like a miniskirt. More inspired patrons use the towel to telegraph their intentions,

their personal tastes. A lady who wears a towel around her neck à la Rocky is likely to put up a fight. In contrast, the girl who wears a towel draped over one arm is obviously willing to serve. A towel that has been converted to a bib may indicate a preference for oral sex,

while a strategically exposed derriere may indicate a desire for rear action.

We give these ideas to you freely. It's only a matter of time before those fancy French designers move in, start putting their initials on everything and charging \$500 for a haute towel. We'll settle for something right off the rack.



DO BLUE MOVIES MAKE YOU SEE RED? It's not our idea of a great evening, but 72 male volunteers at Iowa State University recently went through a rather diabolical experiment to determine if watching erotic movies makes men more aggressive toward women. First the group wrote an essay on Nixon. (In other experiments, the topics varied.) Half of the group received a passing grade, while half received a failing grade and a series of electric shocks to make them angry. Then half of each group watched an X-rated movie, while the other half watched a neutral movie. The volunteers then had the chance to give electric shocks to the female researcher who had flunked them (or passed them) on the Nixon essay. Only the group that had received a flunking grade and electric shocks and had watched a porn movie showed an increase in aggression. The neutral-movie groups and the passing-grade/porn-film group kept their cool. The moral: Blue movies make you aggressive toward women, but only if you are already angry.



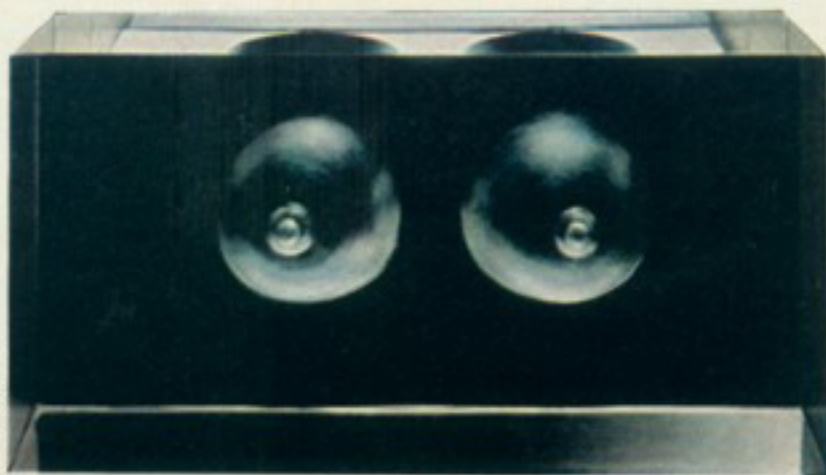
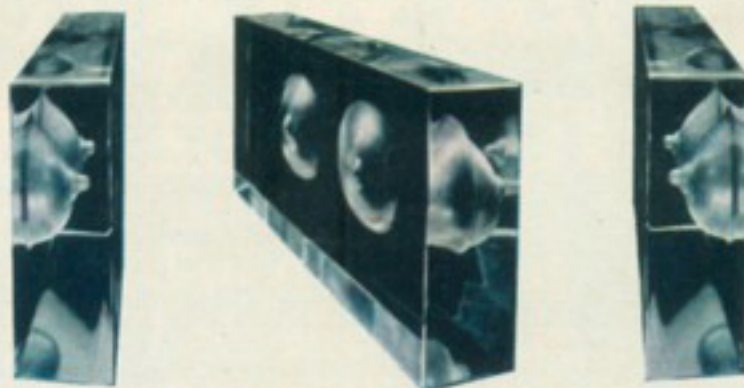
FANTASY'S FIGHTING FEMALE: For years, the sexiest women outside the pages of *PLAYBOY* have been found in the pulps. Wonder Woman. Vampirella. And now, Red Sonja, She-Devil with a Sword. The Marvel Comics heroine is the creation of Frank Thorne. Already the star of comic books, posters and conventions (where the lovely Wendy Pini portrays the She-Devil), Sonja seems destined for glory. Or a TV pilot.

A STITCH IN TIME

Red Sonja, She-Devil with a Sword, is one thing, but these guys are nuts. In Trenton, New Jersey, a male prostitute armed with a razor severed the penis of a 32-year-old passer-by. In Atlanta, an enraged husband cut off the offending member of a 20-year-old student who had been dating his estranged wife. In both cases, the victims were rushed to the hospital, where doctors successfully performed surgery to have the severed organs reattached. Both patients have regained full use of their penises. God, we hope this isn't a trend.

PLASTIC BREASTS

Those crazy guys at The Plastic Studio are at it again. If you recall, we featured a collection of giant acrylic phalluses in *The Great Playboy Sex-Aids Road Test* (March). Now it seems they've shifted their anatomical sights. The hand-carved mammaries immortalized in the sculpture at right were apparently inspired by a recent Playmate. Any guesses? You can buy a set of your own for only \$75. Write to The Plastic Studio, 900 N. Franklin, Chicago, Illinois 60610.




RICHARD KLEIN

TEENS TURNED OFF BY SEX?

A recent survey of 23,900 high school juniors and seniors listed in *Who's Who Among American High School Students* revealed that the vast majority (some 70 percent) had never participated in

sexual intercourse. That we can understand. The students were obviously too busy studying and getting into *Who's Who*. What's really mind-boggling is this: More than half of those surveyed were saving it for marriage; a full 56 percent did not intend to dabble in

premarital sex. Eighty-two percent of the students planned to get married and raise families of two or more children. Two thirds thought that a woman could be totally fulfilled when her sole career was keeping house and raising children. Where did we go wrong? 

NEXT MONTH:



BEST LAID



TELLY SAVALAS



APOLLONIA'S DREAMS



TOP PLAYMATE

"WHEELING AND DEALING"—AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT, NAMING NAMES, OF HOW POWER REALLY WORKS IN THE SENATE—BY L.B.J. COHORT **BOBBY BAKER** WITH **LARRY L. KING**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—ONCE MORE WE HONOR THE TOP GATEFOLD GIRL OF THE PAST TWELVEMONTH. WE KNOW WHO SHE IS. YOU DON'T. HAVE FUN GUESSING

GEORGE BURNS, WELL LAUNCHED IN AN UNEXPECTED SECOND CAREER AS A BOX-OFFICE STAR, GIVES HIS UNVARNISHED VIEWS ON SEX, LOVE AND AGING IN A FUNNY, SELF-REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"A PARTY IN MIAMI BEACH"—IT WAS JUST A SMALL GATHERING FOR 200 OR SO, BUT THE HOST HAD A SURPRISING STORY TO TELL—BY **ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER**

"TELLY LOVES YA"—THE GUY MAY BE AMERICA'S UNLIKELIEST SEX SYMBOL, BUT SAVALAS REALLY TURNS 'EM ON. AN INTIMATE PROFILE—BY **MARK GOODMAN**

"THE BEST-LAID PROFESSIONS"—IN AN INFORMAL SURVEY, WE DISCOVER THAT CHICAGO CHICKS ARE HOT FOR LAWYERS; SALESMEN SHOULD AVOID NEW YORK; AND A GUY WITH A TALENTED TONGUE CAN MAKE OUT LIKE A BANDIT ANYWHERE—BY **SHARON O'HARA**

"THE BASEBALL MANAGERS' CASH-ON-THE-LINE, CLUTCH-PLAYER ALL-STAR POLL"—WE ASK MAJOR-LEAGUE MANAGERS TO SELECT THE PLAYERS THEY'D LIKE TO START IN THEIR MOST CRUCIAL GAME. THE RESULTS MAY SURPRISE YOU

"HIGH DIVE"—TAKING HIS COURAGE ONCE MORE TO THE BRINK, OUR CORRESPONDENT HEADS FOR THE CLIFFS OF ACAPULCO. PART FIVE OF A SERIES—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

"LAST OF THE RAGTOPS"—A BREEZY LOOK AT THE HANDFUL OF CONVERTIBLES STILL BEING MADE—BY **BROCK YATES**

"THE DREAMS OF APOLLONIA"—IN WHICH WE GIVE A TOP MANHATTAN MODEL A CHANCE TO ACT OUT *HER* FANTASIES

"PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS"—OUR ANNUAL RESCUE EFFORT FOR THE HARRIED SUMMER SHOPPER