

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1979 • \$2.50

WOMEN Girls of Ivy League Revealed



Playboy photographers' recruiting tour of Ivy League campuses stirs up emotions.

PETE ROSE SLAMS FANS, MANAGEMENT, MEDIA, PLUGS SELF

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Twenty some-
ago, Peter Edward Rose was just
in the river wards of Cin
tough kid who liked girls
cars and ball. Today, a
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with the

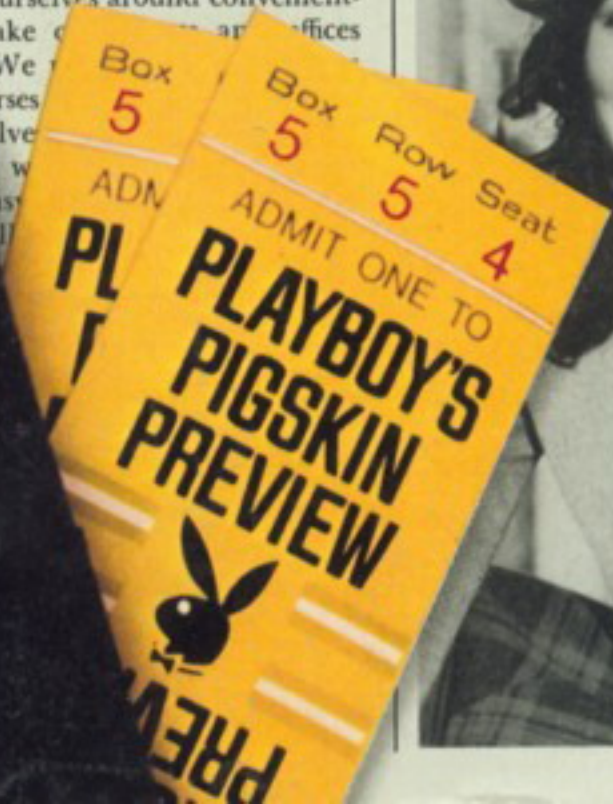
NON-NUKE WAYS TO SURVIVE WITHOUT OIL

Special to Playboy

They're laughing at us. The OPEC
countries are laughing up their collective
sleeve because they're suckering us and
they know it. They ought to be laughing.
We don't need their oil. We never did.

was always only a means to an end,
several possible means. The end
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playboy finds phi beta kappa playmate



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



MONIQUE—FANTASTIQUE!

Monique St. Pierre beams at left during her Playmate of the Year party at Chicago's Playboy Mansion, where host Bill Cosby broke everyone up. Below, Monique plants one on former Bronco star Bobby Anderson at a second party in Denver.



July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore and Monique watch as Hef exercises his considerable pinball skill on Bally's Playboy machine, which has rapidly turned into one of Bally's all-time best sellers. All machines were quickly sold, here and abroad.



MOSES FINDS CANDY, MOBY DOES SHTICK

At left, 25th-anniversary Playmate Candy Loving gets acquainted with veteran actor Charlton Heston, with whom she appeared on WTTG-TV's *Panorama* show in Washington, D.C. Below, San Diego Sea World's killer whale Shamu gives her a big wet one.



HEERRRE'S HEF!

Hef has guest host Bill Cosby out of his seat on *The Tonight Show*, as Orson Bean and Diahann Carroll look on. Below is the box score for our phenomenally successful 25th-anniversary special on ABC: 22.4 percent of all homes with televisions, and 39 percent of all homes watching television, tuned in to it. That's 36,670,000 people who were reminded of Playboy's impact over 25 years.

TV RATINGS

Following are the top 15 national television shows of the past week (Monday, May 7, to Sunday, May 13), listed according to their rank in the ratings compiled by the A.C. Nielsen Company. A rating is a percentage of the total number of United States households with television sets.

Rating	Program	Network
1	25.8 Laverne & Shirley	ABC
2	25.3 Three's Company	ABC
3	23.7 "Strangers" [5]	CBS
4	22.8 Battle—Network Stars [5]	ABC
5	22.4 Playboy 25th Anniversary [5]	ABC
6	22.1 Happy Days	ABC
7	21.5 Taxi	ABC
8	21.3 Mork & Mindy	ABC
9	19.7 60 Minutes	CBS
10	19.5 Barnaby Jones [R]	CBS
11	19.3 Night Court [R]	ABC



GOTHAM, CHICAGO GAGA OVER CASINO 25

Above, LeRoy Neiman and friend try their luck at blackjack, during the Casino 25 night at the New York Playboy Club. The evening, benefiting the New York chapter of the Multiple Sclerosis Society, also drew former mayor John Lindsay and his wife, Mary (below). At left, Bahamas Bunnies Lim and Terry display \$2000 necklace, designed by Lester Lampert for Chicago's Casino 25.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY PLAYMATE UPDATE



SEMI-TOUGH, TOTALLY PRETTY

Playmate Pamela Jean Bryant is shown at left as she was seen in our pages in April 1978. Below, she's on the set of *Semi-Tough*, a pilot production for ABC-TV to be seen this fall. The show is based on Dan Jenkins' story (you read it first in our September 1972 issue) about the rough-and-ready misadventures of a pro-football team.



BRIDGETT GOES BIG BOX OFFICE

Bridgett Rollins (below), our Miss May 1975, is setting out on a theatrical career in Texas City, Texas. Her debut performance is in the College of the Mainland Community Theater's production of *The Line-Up*, a comedy about the backstage tensions of *Tonight Show* guests as they wait to appear on the show. Bridgett plays the show's girl Friday, who falls in love with a comic getting his first shot on the show.



HOT-AIR HONEY

Susan Lynn Kiger, our January 1977 Playmate, drops in on a Kansas City movie-industry convention to promote her film *H.O.T.S.*, about a sorority rivalry. The balloon figures prominently in the movie.



"Not here, darling! Nobody's watching!"

*since we first uncovered her in 1969, playmate of the year
claudia jennings has gone on to become queen of the b movies.
here she is a decade later, still looking sensational. hail to the queen!*

CLAUDIA RECAPTURED









Claudia's last session with photographer Mario Casilli was for *Claudia Observed* (December 1974). This time, says she, their aim was "to take really pretty pictures in tough clothes. To be tough in leather is obvious and boring . . . to look a little vulnerable is nice." Mission accomplished.



Under the sophisticated veneer, Claudia sees herself as a quiet girl. "In the movies, even as a *Dynamite Woman*, I was always the heart-of-gold type. I'm gentler, calmer than people think. Here I tried to be more sensuous and personal than I'd ever dared to be in front of a camera before."



Working with leather frightened Claudia initially. "In private life, I never wear leather, never even wear black. I'm not heavy into S/M. Honest, when they first put that cat-o'-nine-tails in my hand, I didn't know what it was for. So I ate it."





JOHN
DEMPSEY

*"And this is Miss Eaton, whom you or nobody else
is going to talk me into giving up."*



"Why don't you be a dear and get on your skate board and go downtown and buy some condoms?"



*one look at phi beta kappa, summa cum laude, soon-to-be lawyer
vicki mc carty and you'll bring in a verdict of beautiful*

Beauty and the Bench



This month's Playmate, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California at Berkeley soon to be a doctor of jurisprudence, is an unusually articulate young woman. So we thought we'd let her tell her own story.

By VICKI MCCARTY

I AM WELL EDUCATED, I am a feminist and I don't act or sing, so what am I doing posing nude for PLAYBOY? Well, I suppose that the reason is that posing nude for PLAYBOY was just about the last thing I would ever do. Not that I ever thought that either nude women or PLAYBOY was a suitable object for disdain; they just did not seem to be compatible images with the successful-female-attorney image that I had created for myself.

That was my attitude for a long time—in fact, right up to the moment when I decided to become a center-fold. I was a law student, I was politically active, I was a successful person who happened to be a woman. That is not to say that I adhered to the notion that women, to be successful, had to forget they were women, but my definition of success often required the severing of my



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

After graduating summa cum laude and Phi Beta Kappa from Berkeley, Vicki McCarty spent two years at Hastings College of the Law and has just completed a year's postgraduate work at Cambridge University (above right).



"I'm specializing in international law," says Vicki, here posting a letter home, "and eventually I'll have two degrees—an LL.B. and a J.D."



"I'm pretty sure the dons at Cambridge won't react to my PLAYBOY centerfold; if they did, they'd have to admit they looked at the magazine."



sexual personality from my professional personality. Total separation was impossible and the two identities often invaded each other's territory, but I was a bit defensive about the possibility of suggestions that my professional gains rode on the coattails of a nice smile.

Even while growing up, I manifested the smart girl/pretty girl dichotomy in all sorts of schizophrenic ways. In elementary school, I sought the noble distinction of being the best reader and speller in my class; but after that laurel had been won, I was free to be the sugarplum fairy in the Christmas play and bask in the glory of pink slippers and sequins.

In high school, I devoted my energies to local and national politics and I was elected the school's first female student-body president. Even my endless campaigning for this and that was recessed,





however, when I was chosen queen of the prom. By the time I got to college and law school, it was second nature for me to counter the rigors of academe with the pleasurable vanities of modeling.

I cannot even honestly say that I had overcome that dilemma when I introduced myself to PLAYBOY in the summer of 1978. The search for the 25th-anniversary Playmate was being conducted in Los Angeles, and I had read about it in the *Times*. I was applying for an internship as a reporter with the *Herald Examiner* at the time, and that endeavor entailed writing unusual feature items. A firsthand story, à la George Plimpton, on what it was like to be a Playmate hopeful seemed to be just the story to secure my place with the paper, so I phoned PLAYBOY and made an appointment for an interview. Ludicrous as it sounds in



"I'm curious as to how feminists will react to my posing for PLAYBOY. I think the tragedy of the women's movement has been that women are inhibited about showing their sexuality for fear that they won't be taken seriously. To me, that's unfortunate, because I think it's important that women be seen not as sex objects but as sexual beings."





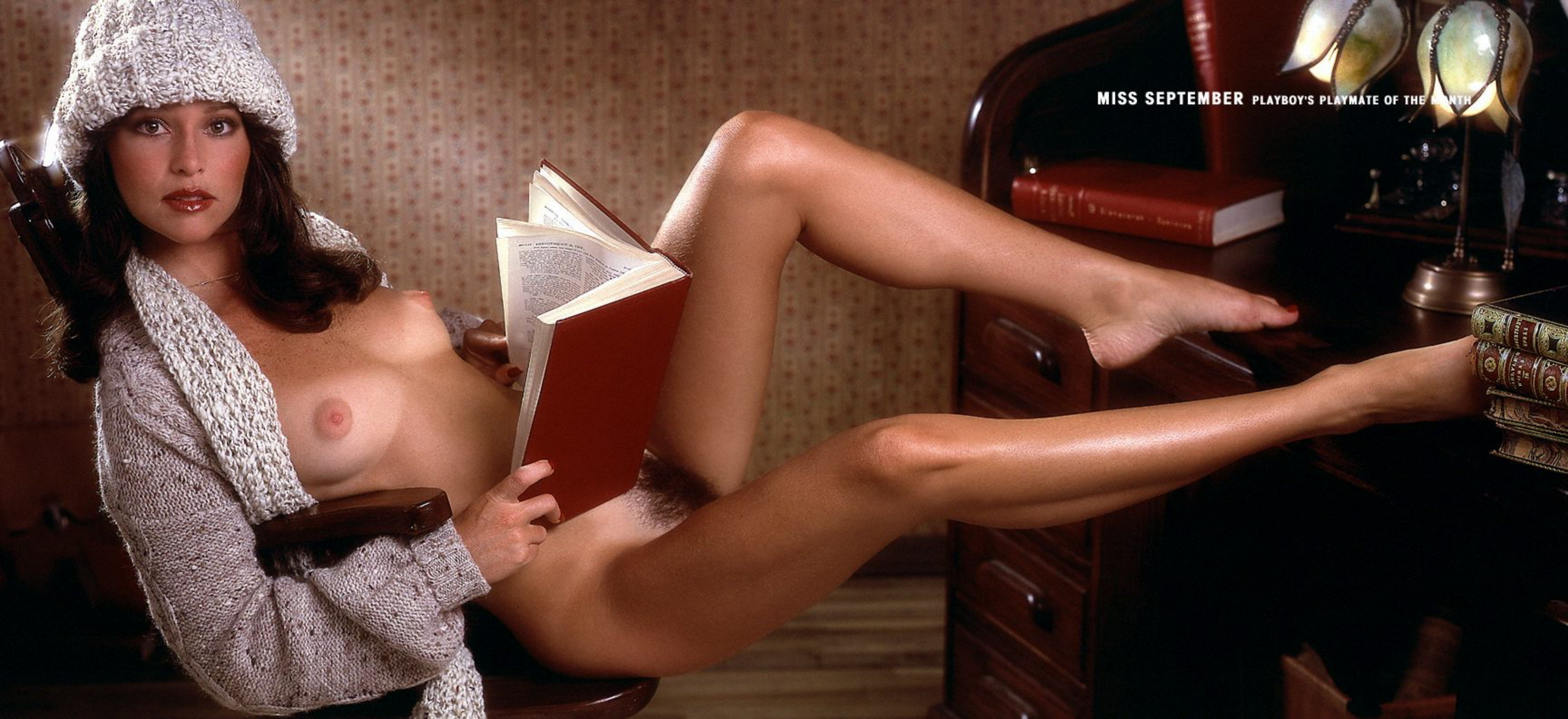
"My thoughts on sex? Well, to me, the bottom line is that when you've gotten through inhibition and insecurity, impotence, frigidity, whatever, sex all boils down to one maxim: 'When you're hot, you're hot; when you're not, you're not.' Also, I think we turn ourselves on, really; when we find ourselves sexually attractive, then we're ready to have good sex."



retrospect, it was a major decision for me to go through the interview looking, even *acting*, as though I were a serious contestant. It had been funny the night before, when my friends and I wondered whether or not I would be allowed to add inches to my vital statistics to equal my grade-point average; but things were unnervingly different when I was among strangers and clad in little more than a bathing suit and my Phi Beta Kappa key.

Oh, yes, I forgot to explain that I pinned the key, which had sat untouched in my jewelry box for two years, on the bottom of my bathing suit. I am not exactly certain why I did it, except, perhaps, that I found it subconsciously comforting to know that even if *PLAYBOY* were not too impressed by me, I would still have an entire fraternity and a secret handshake on my side.

A few weeks later, when I had given up on the story for the *Examiner*, I received a call from *PLAYBOY*, telling me that it was interested in taking more pictures of me for the magazine. I was having a dinner party at the time, and the news provided terrific dessert conversation, but I saw no further use in it. Still, it was great fun to hear that even a dedicated overachiever could be (text concluded on page 242)



MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Vicki McCarty

BUST: 33 1/2 WAIST: 27 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5-7 WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 1-13-54 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles, California

AMBITIONS: To play for a while longer, and then take over Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Annie Hall, Gunga Din, Adam's Rib, Black and White in Color, Saturday Night Fever.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Cloris Leachman, Lily Tomlin, Cynthia Gregory, John Klemmer, Stevie Wonder.

FAVORITE FOODS: Popcorn, fraises du bois, spinach salad.

FAVORITE DRINK: Grape juice and Perrier mixed.

FAVORITE MONARCH: Prince Charles - his ears are so regal.

LEAST FAVORITE PHRASE: "What's your sign?"

FAVORITE COUNTRY: San Francisco, after it secedes from the Union.

PEOPLE YOU'RE TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT: Anita Bryant, Amy Carter, Gilly Carter, Ruth Carter Stapleton, Ronald Reagan.



Alert and very well fed, 9 1/2 months.



8th grade: white frosted lipstick, newly pierced ears.



At the Great Playmate Hunt: Note of BK key.

Beauty and the Bench

(continued from page 141)

cheesecake if she wanted. It was the perfect librarian-takes-off-her-glasses-to-reveal-a-sexy-lady fantasy.

Well, turning down the magazine's offer was not as easy as I had thought it would be. I knew that appearing nude in a men's magazine might jeopardize my future in corporate law; it would certainly minimize my chances of being elected President; and it would subject me to suggestive remarks from some men, as well as political questions from some women.

Naturally, my answer was yes.

Perhaps that sounds too glib, and I should make it clear that the reaction of people whom I respected was of concern to me. After all, being a centerfold was, to some, tantamount to selling out to the chief exploiter of women. Ever since I was 17 years old, I had allied myself with dynamic and talented women who had that view, and I was reluctant to cast it aside in the name of a new thrill.

Yet, never having felt the detrimental effects of exploitation, the threats of it did not seem real enough to discourage me from trying something totally new. In fact, as time went on, it began to seem that my first experience with sexual stereotyping would be self-inflicted if I succumbed to the notion that being a liberated woman meant that I could not pose nude for *PLAYBOY*.

Obviously, I eventually took my more characteristic route, which does not allow for much in the way of self-denial, and agreed to be in the magazine. There was no accompanying great revelation, really, just the conviction that I can be successful in all sorts of ways because I am a woman and women are at their best when they are not restricted by anything—in particular, the notion that intelligent and liberated women cannot freely express their sexuality. The old attitude about being an accomplished this or that and “just happening to be a woman” is obsolete.

The tendency to suppress a woman's sexuality in order to try to fit into worlds that were previously inhabited only by men has contributed to the stereotype of feminists as humorless man-haters. And yet there is no reason why the women's movement should not be strong enough to allow whole and complete women to redefine those worlds.

So, while I never did get my undercover *Playmate* story published by the *Herald Examiner*, the summer proved successful, nonetheless. Not only was I invited to write an article for an international magazine but I also got to have a hand in the illustrations.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How's that gymnast girlfriend of yours these days?" the fellow was asked.

"She's fine and in great shape," he replied, "and she's been working on developing really concentrated muscle tone."

"Concentrated, eh? What particular muscle is she toning up?"

"Mine."

The girl told the lawyer, "Let's net us enough so the jerk won't forget us!

I said I'd cohabit;

He fucked like a rabbit—

And so now I want half of his lettuce!"



You seem to be having some difficulty chewing that gum, sir," remarked the conductor as the commuter boarded the train.

"It was only on the way to the station this morning," mumbled the masticator, "that my nearsighted wife came across the packet of condoms in the glove compartment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *jobless porno performers* as the hard-core unemployed.

Homeward bound late one night on the freeway, the recently marrieds started fondling each other, and before long the bride unzipped the groom, worked out his tumescent organ, scrunched down in the seat, began by giving him tantalizingly slow head and then gradually increased the tempo. Suddenly, he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! No!"

"What's the matter, Harvey, honey?" the girl managed to articulate after she had disengaged. "Was I, maybe . . . giving you more . . . than you could handle?"

"No, no, I just missed our exit," muttered Harvey.

It's rumored that the Pittsburgh Steelers, reacting to the brouhaha last year over N.F.L. jiggle contingents, may field only certified virgins during the upcoming season. The girls will be called, naturally enough, the Stainless Steelers.

Looking grim as she slammed the door of her would-be employer's office behind her, the young secretarial-job applicant saw the DO NOT DISTURB sign the man had apparently covertly hung on the door as he ushered her in. Flipping the sign over, the girl whipped out her lipstick and proceeded to print her own notice: BEWARE OF DON!

What a girl has to put up with in this business!" fumed the bottomless go-go dancer as she flounced angrily into the dressing room. "Some slob at the bar stuffed a ten-dollar bill into my snatch and then kept right on fingering me!"

"So what?" philosophized a sister artiste. "Ten bucks ain't bad, even for a long feel."

"Of course it's not," snapped the steamed-up one, "but when the bastard finished, he had a five as change!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary redefines *one-armed bandit* as a gas pump.

But it's impossible for you to charge both of the men with whom you were living at the same time with being the father of your child," the lawyer advised the girl. "The law makes no provision for paternity suits with two pairs of pants."

When I told you I wouldn't object to your having a mirror installed in the ceiling over our bed," the woman told her husband, "I had no idea that you were thinking of the fun-house kind."

In our cult," said the girl, "it was true: The mahatma'd get stoned and then screw.

In the buff, he'd smoke bhang

While his drug-plugged-in whang

Just guh-rew . . . and guh-rew . . . and guh-rew!"



We don't necessarily accept the theory that Robinson Crusoe was the first advocate of the four-day work week because he liked to get Friday off.

Shattering the serenity of a woodland lake, a man in a rowboat suddenly began shouting and grappling in the depths with the boat's anchor. "Hey, you," yelled an angler over the water, "what are you trying to do—fuck up the fishing?"

"Hell, no," shouted back the grappler. "My wife's fallen in—so I'm trying to fish up the fucking!"

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.

~~Women~~
GIRLS
OF THE
IVY LEAGUE

*defying demonstrations, censorship
and feminist flak, coeds from
america's most prestigious schools
help playboy prove that beauty and
brains are not mutually exclusive*





pictorial essay

By JESSE KORNBLÜTH

WHEN OUTSIDERS imagine what the Ivy League is like, they tend to dream about small worlds of leather chairs and English shoes and oarsmen named Saltonstall rowing their sculls down unpolluted rivers at sunset. The men in these dreams are either John Kenneth Galbraith or Ryan O'Neal. The women are always Olive Oyl.

Ivy Leaguers know better. They say their once gentlemanly schools are now pre-professional jungles, where bookaholics vanish into libraries in September and emerge only in May. This epidemic of careerism, they continue, has blurred the old class differences so effectively that you can no longer tell the few remaining Saltonstalls from the potential Solzhenitsyns. But while Ivy League men will hold forth on this turn of events as long as you're willing to listen, they are curiously silent on the subject of their social lives. And because of their reticence, the notion that Ivy League women are brilliant but rarely bountiful has somehow survived the most demystifying century in the Ivy League's long history virtually intact.

Or did, until recently.

Veritas came to Harvard, for example, last November 29 in the person of David Chan. A soft-spoken, nonmacho wisp of a man who stands 5'5" short and punishes the scales at 120 pounds, Chan attracted no great attention as he strode along Massachusetts Avenue toward Plympton Street. Wearing his usual Shetland



On the preceding page, Penn men C. Sean Sutton, Bruce Epke, Alexander T. Cook and George S. Horvath are ready to row, with the help of Penn coeds Barbara Bauer (left), her sister, Charlotte (far right), and Deborah Chan. Brown's Eliana Lobo (top) says she posed "because I wanted Brown to be able to show it has really pretty girls." Dartmouth's Suzanne Baldwin (bottom) voted for some nudity: "I like the way I look."



Angela Ray (above left), the only woman at Brown to live in a fraternity, handles scoreboard chores for her baseball-playing frat brothers but dates none of them seriously. Wendy Brewer (above center) keeps people from scoring altogether: She's goalie for Yale's top-flight women's soccer team. Carrie Margolin (above right) is no jockette. After posing for us at the height of Dartmouth winter, this Ph.D. candidate went home to bed—with a 103-degree fever. Brown senior Lisa Cobb (below left) was more than a little surprised when PLAYBOY photographer Nick De Sciose whipped out his business card: It features a shot of her sister, also a model. Harvard extension student Anne Donelson (below right) tells us her ambition is to return to Oregon, where, for a change, she can relax in a relatively calm atmosphere.



We Couldn't Have Said It Better Department: *Time's* coverage of David Chan's "Ivy League education" ran more than a page last February, bringing momentary fame to these forward-thinking daughters of Yale.

Press

All the Nudes Fit to Print

A *Playboy* photographer's Ivy League education



Yalies and would-be Sex Objects: Wendy Yaffe, The Shady, Ellen Corbett, Elizabeth Johnson

David Chan finds that publicity makes his job easier. Chan, 41, recruits and photographs women in various stages of undress for *Playboy*. He pays his models from a sweep of newer and raunchier skin magazines, dispatched Chan to perpetrate a photo spread on "Girls of the Ivy League." Chan admitted that the

with an advertisement's familiar symbol to audition for the pre edition featured a no PLAYBOY SEES WOMEN. That evening, staff members at a meeting voted to reject Chan's proposal to write less cursive and dissonant poetry endorsed the clearing that *Playboy* role in America's diet," but beyond that, Chan's contribution to the magazine's history is clear: Chan's ad was a personal women's ability to and whether the job is censorship appropriate and paid. Radcliffe, the no integrated female ad celebrating its centennial of its history is signed as the Browners, and some Radcliffe moved all being show girls of the Southwest ing shown at all. Jen

PLAYBOY's Officer Krupke Award goes to Providence Police Chief Angelo P. Ricci for defending public morality. Ricci lost. Public morality survived.

Chief considers lensman's arrest

PROVIDENCE — Police Chief Angelo P. Ricci said today he would consider arresting *Playboy* photographer David Chan if he attempts to shoot pictures of young women for the magazine in Providence.

"If I think it is morally wrong and I can get the law to back me up, I'll go after him," the chief said. He said he would consult with the attorney general's



Amy Petronis, Brown '81 (above), a National Merit Scholar, hopes to build spare parts for humans as a biomedical engineer. Princeton's Anne Helsley (right) was a girl-scout troop leader until this year; right now, she's spending five months in Peru.



There's no dog in this window: Russian-born Vita Shusterova is cramming a B.A. in international politics and an M.A. in Slavic languages and lit into four years at Penn.



Some Princetonians (left) welcomed us. The ad below had a terrific headline but missed our point.

Women of Princeton:
YOU'RE BRILLIANT
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL

Playboy captures none of what you have to offer.
Don't be reduced to an absurd male fantasy.

WE ASK EVERYONE TO DEMONSTRATE
AGAINST PLAYBOY AND THE AD. MEET
TODAY AT 12:30 BEHIND NASSAU HALL.
RALLY AT THE NASSAU INN AT 100.



sweater and corduroy pants, he might have passed for an assistant professor as he stepped into the office of *The Harvard Crimson* and asked to purchase a two-column display advertisement.

It is a matter of record that when Chan slid his text and a check for \$188.72 across the counter, no one screamed.

Because Harvard was the first stop on an eight-campus tour, Chan returned to the *Crimson* the following afternoon to inspect the printer's proofs of his ad. They were flawless. But the myth of Harvard's excellence began to crumble a few hours later, when a *Crimson* representative telephoned PLAYBOY's Chicago offices in search of Chan. At that moment, as the most cursory glance at either the ad copy or the insertion order would have indicated, Chan was sitting in his Cambridge motel room, no farther from his *Crimson* caller than a hefty Frisbee toss. The PLAYBOY operator passed the message along to Chan, who returned the call. Moments later, *Crimson* president Francis J. Connolly personally informed Chan that his ad would not appear in the paper because it was "simply too offensive."

Chan was puzzled. Not only had the ad been the very model of understatement—"PLAYBOY is scanning the Ivy League for a cross section of women for the upcoming September 1979 issue," it read—but in his 14 years as a PLAYBOY photographer, he had successfully placed ads like it in college newspapers across the country. Never had his copy been refused. Yet now the *Crimson*, which owed its reputation in part to its long-standing defense of free speech, had decided to censor an advertisement from a magazine that owed its reputation in part to its long-standing defense of free speech—and for reasons that Connolly later described as "contrary to all established principles of journalistic ethics."

As the majority of the *Crimson* staff explained in an editorial a few days later, the paper's policy of refusing ads that contribute to economic or (text continued on page 166)



Yale's Elisa Fitzgerald (above left) lost \$400 playing poker the week she posed for PLAYBOY, but she swears she can win it back on the backgammon circuit—if she finds the right backer. Robyn Ewing (above right) made Cornell's female lacrosse squad as a freshman and was recently named to the New York State team. Below, Yalies Lana Avedan and Olivia Ortiz are roommates. Do Yale men ask them out because they posed for PLAYBOY? "If they do, they don't tell us."



No campus was without a "Chan, Go Home" protest, but our enlightened photographer applauded them: "They contribute to the story."



Playboy Photog Is Serious About Yale

Playboy photographer David Chan says he's been terribly misunderstood at Yale, and that all he wants to do is help young Ivy League women can be smart and work at the same time.

Chan, 41, was in New Haven Tuesday evening taking photos for Playboy's "Women of the Ivy League" issue, the ad was September. Yale is the 20th stop he's made over the past few months, and

everywhere he's encountered the same shouting block, getting campus newspapers to run his ad.

No Yale women showed up to be interviewed that afternoon. But Chan and Dan Sheridan, a Playboy writer and photographer who along to simply help with the article, said that was only because the issue had barely been out.

Boston Evening Globe, Tuesday, December 1, 1978

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," Chan said after leaving for the



Princeton's Sue Hunt happened to be visiting her twin, Helen, at Yale when Chan arrived in New Haven; the two went to see him on a whim. That's Sue at left, Helen at right above. Donna Kennedy, a Columbia grad student (above right), posed because she wanted to go beyond "disinterested intellectual curiosity"—and would want to write about the experience for *Cosmopolitan* magazine. Cornell's Lisa Jackson (below) is every bit as pragmatic: "If people want to look at my body and I'm getting paid for it, that's OK."



Cornell's Debbie Solomon backed those who posed but offered "heartfelt sympathy" to PLAYBOY's "victimized" readers. Athletic PLAYBOY supporters obscured the controversy by taking it off.

The Cornell Daily Sun

—Tania Blaze

Defending the Big Red Bare

—Debbie K. Solomon



Although political stereotyping generally makes me want to crawl into a hole and divorce myself from politics altogether, allow me to state here for the sake of clarity that I consider myself a feminist. Because I am committed to the conviction that all women should have the right to choose whatever lifestyle and occupation best pleases them, I find myself offended by the dogmatic attack protesters have launched against Playboy. To insist, as protesters have, that Playboy's advertisements should not be run by college newspapers, that photographer David Chan should be evicted from Statler Inn, that Cornellians should be forbidden from answering his advertisement, and that President Rhodes should take a stand against Playboy is as insanely narrow-minded as the Right-to-Lifers' contention that women be forbidden to have abortions.

The right to control one's body — perhaps the

Why pick on Playboy? At least they pay well for their





"I changed my mind about posing semi-nude at least a hundred times," recalls Hillary Clayson (left), a Brown sophomore who majors in classics because "there's a beginning and an end to it." Her reasons for unbuttoning: "I'm not extremely modest and, anyway, this isn't *Town & Country*. Sure, I have some weird feelings knowing how many people will see the magazine. The way Brown's feminists focused on this thing was much weirder, though; one told me this was a step up from prostitution. I hope this annoys them, so they'll know exactly where I stand."



"I've looked at *PLAYBOY* since I was little," says Gail Hoffman of Columbia (above). "I always wanted to be in it. When I saw the ad, I thought, Here's the chance, but do I have the nerve?"



More women—a rousing 340 strong—filled out bio sheets for photographer Chan at Cornell than at any other Ivy school. Not surprisingly, feminists protested en masse. Chan's reaction: "I think it's time for a new assignment."

Thursday, March 1, 1979 ITHACA JOURNAL 3

'Protest, don't pose,' say angry feminists at Cornell

By JUDITH HORSTMAN

Journal Writer
Feminists of both sexes at Cornell University rallied today for a noon march to protest a *Playboy* magazine spread on women of the Ivy League.

A *Playboy* photographer, David Chan, is at Cornell on the last stop of a tour of the eight Ivy League colleges, looking for women to pose dressed, semi-dressed and nude for the September issue.

Posters around campus warn: "Baring your ass takes away my dignity as a woman," and women were handing out leaflets arguing,

was too important to be ignored.

"We're angry because *Playboy* portrays women as only impersonal sexual objects for the enjoyment of men," said Kim Foglia, spokesman for the Ithaca Women's Center.

"They're telling us that 'Even though you've made it to one of the top universities in the country, you're still just a sex toy to us.'"

The women eventually chosen for the spread will be paid, with a fee of \$400 to those who pose nude.

"That's one of the most striking issues," said Karen Beckwith of the Ithaca Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee, another campus group that has been active in the

free speech, but what they object to is that it is selling things."

Not all Cornell women are protesting. Many refused the leaflets handed to them, and Sheridan says 220 have already signed up to be interviewed in prospects for the spread. Counter comments like "Restraining my choice takes away my freedom as a person," have been recorded on posters.

At least one fraternity vowed to strike the protest today. Photographer Chan, a distinctive man who looked unimpressed about the issue, just his copy of *Playboy*



Unfortunately for the men of Cornell—and the kids she counseled at the Ithaca Bureau of Youth—Kathryn Kamper (above) has just graduated. Her schoolmate Jennifer Rosenberg (below) will be around for two more years. Here she poses in front of one of her paintings. Posing *au naturel* was easy; Jennifer often paints nudes.



On the Phil Donahue show, Cornell's Debbie Solomon (second from right) and Brown's Beth Castelli (far right) joined Chan in debating *PLAYBOY*. "Women not wanting other women to have the freedom to make up their own minds—that's what's really dehumanizing," Debbie insisted.



political oppression was the basis for its rejection of Chan's ad. A *PLAYBOY* pictorial featuring women of the Ivy League would, the editors claimed, contribute to the exploitation of American women. This oppression might be less clear-cut than South African apartheid, for example, but it was no less real, they said.

The *Crimson* editors understood that they would be accused of denying *PLAYBOY* legitimate access to its advertising columns. And they were aware that many would find their ruling to be paternalistic—or outright sexist—because of its implicit assumption that Harvard/Radcliffe women are intellectually enfeebled bimbos who are incapable of judging *PLAYBOY*'s intentions for themselves. But their reasons for turning down Chan's ad, they said, were so simple they couldn't concern themselves with these trifling criticisms: "The *Crimson* does not want to be party in any way to *PLAYBOY*'s exploitative tactics." Their strategy, they concluded, was an effort to distance themselves as completely as possible from that exploitation: "The decision to avoid participating in any way in the production of *PLAYBOY* assures the *Crimson* that it will not have any influence whatsoever on the magazine's editorial content on a national level."

Whatever the philosophical merits of the *Crimson*'s argument, the journalistic naïveté of that conclusion will stand, in retrospect, as one of the most boneheaded editorial opinions of recent years—for if anything guaranteed the success of Chan's mission, it was the controversy sparked by the *Crimson*'s unexpected moralizing. If Chan's ad had run for four days, as planned, and produced no response at Harvard, *PLAYBOY* would then have abandoned the entire Ivy League project; but thanks to the *Crimson*, the case of David Chan was featured in every major Boston newspaper, on every Boston television news broadcast and in newspapers around the world. As a result, some 80 Harvard/Radcliffe women contacted him—and an estimated 20,000,000



Lindsey Palmer, a Harvard English major (left), saw the feminist issue as phony: "You can be exploited just as easily with your clothes on." For Princeton's Lisa Bennett Fedors (above), who runs a solar-energy consulting firm with her engineer husband, self-sufficiency's the only issue: "We need to prove that solar works in Jersey."



Yale's Jeni Powell (above) used to leave high school—where she was president of a feminist organization—at noon, so she could study four hours a day at the Joffrey Ballet school.

Chan's check for his *Harvard Crimson* ad was cashed—"a mistake," the *Crimson* said—but after the nation's press picked up on the school newspaper's refusal to run it, the *Crimson* made another mistake: It kept the dough.

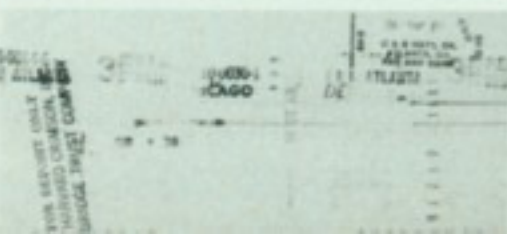
The Journal-Courier

Harvard Crimson says Playboy is in wrong league

This ad did not run in the *Harvard Crimson* because the staff said it was exploitative of women. Now Playboy photographer David Chan is claiming censorship.

PLAYBOY

is scanning the IVY LEAGUE for a cross section of women for the upcoming 1979 September issue.





Yale's Drusilla Lawton races with partner Sumner Parker. Meanwhile, at Penn, Emily Harrison (above right) divides her time between her studies and dancing. Laura Klibère (below), who labors as a section chief at the Penn hospital's anaerobic bacteriology lab, barely has time to take courses, jog—and dance.



PLAYBOY readers get to experience the photographs here.

(As a corollary to the controversy, PLAYBOY's editors got their own consciousness raised. This Ivy League feature is but the latest in a long string of pictorials starting with October 1960's *The Girls of Hollywood* and marching on through geographical areas and college athletic conferences. Always the pictorials had been titled *The Girls of . . .* whatever. Chan and a PLAYBOY news consultant, Dan Sheridan, who accompanied him on his Ivy League foray, soon discovered that, in the Ivy League, at least, the word "girls" raised a lot of feminine hackles. It was a point well taken. So make that "women.")

After the Harvard episode, Ivy campuses had different reactions to Chan's presence—and all of them helped PLAYBOY. In Providence, a feminist group calling itself Brown Educated Women Against Rape and Exploitation (BEWARE) urged women to make appointments with the photographer and then not show up. "We have brains and we have brawn, we're not here to turn you on," chanted the protesters at Princeton, where one wag draped a passing dog with a sign that read, MISS SEPTEMBER. At Yale, where the editorial board of the *Daily News* had announced the PLAYBOY ad would be summarily rejected, the paper's publisher decided that Chan's notice would appear after all—to the mortification of some feminists and the paper's editorial writers. And in Hanover, the Student Advisory Committee recommended that students "consider carefully how their involvements in ventures outside of the college reflect on (text concluded on page 257)

It was a winter for snow bunnies on several campuses. At Penn, this pro-PLAYBOY student impressed a low-flying lensman with his footwork. Dartmouth men, as this cartoon illustrates, wondered aloud what PLAYBOY would turn up on campus.





Laurie Osmond, program director of the Brown radio station (above left), hopes someone will call and help her career in the media, but expects some "heavy breathing at two A.M." Columbia's Charlotte Nutt (above right), who says she likes her men "witty and somewhat devious," modeled to fuel her acting career. Sharon Cowan, a Dartmouth Russian major (below), used her *PLAYBOY* money to buy blue jeans, which she says she's thought of selling on a visit to Russia. Sharon's ambition: to be a Moscow correspondent for *The New York Times*.



"Brown's Eliana Lobo wants to be able to tell her grandchildren that she appeared in PLAYBOY."

the Dartmouth community as a whole." Women at Dartmouth, or WAD, put it a bit more plainly: "We want him [Chan] to leave feeling very unwelcome here," a spokeswoman said.

The debate over PLAYBOY's "sexism" and "exploitation" was especially heated at Cornell. There, *The Cornell Daily Sun* columnist Debbie Solomon, a professed feminist, riled her already agitated sisters with an article that unequivocally defended the right of women to pose for PLAYBOY. "Why is it," she asked, "that PLAYBOY never seemed so offensive when it was just one of those relics hidden in the back of Father's closet or brother's top desk drawer? Why is it that PLAYBOY never angered us when those lusty centerfold models seemed remote from our own lives? . . . The feminist with a Cornell degree arrogantly assumes she is too good for the pages of PLAYBOY, and this smug superiority not only violates any sense of sisterhood but does damage to the entire female sex in its haughty implication that PLAYBOY models—or any women who professionally devote themselves to the cultivation of their physical appearances—are necessarily brainless."

Three hundred and forty Cornell women filled out questionnaires and smiled into Chan's Polaroid for the test pictures from which PLAYBOY editors would select a more manageable number of contenders. At a noontime protest rally, 300 others chanted slogans urging them not to pose. That day was won, however, by fewer than two-dozen Cornell students—a gaggle of fraternity types who streaked the rally, most clad only in their jocks.

Chan watched this demonstration from his hotel room and sighed. "Before I started, I was 6'5"—and look at me now," he joked wearily. In his three virtually nonstop months on the Ivy circuit, he had seen almost 1400 women and made time for hundreds of interviews. At Penn, he'd enjoyed an amusing hour with members of The Mask and Wig Club; a trio of actors from its annual drag musical dropped by, in full female gear, to present him with a bouquet.

Through it all, Chan was able to maintain his focus. Demonstrations, he said, are "healthy for the community, for the campus. Why waste money going to school if you don't express what you learn? I had no objection to any of it." What he *did* mind was the assumption that the stereotype of the Ivy League woman was preferable to the truth. "People think, even now, that the Ivy

League woman is skinny, wears thick glasses, keeps her hair in a bun and, of course, is sexless," Chan said. "I wanted to show that beauty and brains can easily coexist. But you couldn't talk to some of those feminists about that possibility. To me, they were like puppets. They were told when to march, what to do, what to say. That's not liberated."

The women who did pose—for Chan and his PLAYBOY compatriots Nicholas De Sciose and Pompeo Posar—defied all neat stereotyping. Some were ardent feminists—one had been president of her high school women's group but had, she said, "passed out of the stage where you have to blast your mouth off about every little thing"—while others envied their housewife mothers. Two had long careers in girl scouting. One—Dartmouth's Sharon Cowan—has written the first quarter of "a Dostoevskyan novel about a woman who's victimized in her marriage and consciously chooses insanity." Another, Brown's Eliana Lobo, wants to be able to tell her grandchildren that she appeared in PLAYBOY, while Amy Petronis of Brown has a grandmother who's so tickled by her inclusion in this pictorial that she's buying PLAYBOY subscriptions for all her friends. And yet another—Dartmouth's Carrie Margolin—signed on "because, for three generations, there's been a tradition in my family that the women have nude portraits done. I figured with PLAYBOY I had a chance to have one of the best photographers in the country do mine."

What all of PLAYBOY's Ivy finalists do seem to share is a ready explanation of

their behavior in the controversy that, for some, will swirl about them for months to come. "TV is horribly stupid and violent, and everybody watches it without much protest," Yale coed Wendy Brewer snapped. "If women feel like cheesecaking it around, it's up to them."

Lisa Bennett Fedors had been friendly for years with the leader of the anti-PLAYBOY campaign at Princeton. "I agreed with everything she said as a logical beginning, but I just couldn't buy her conclusion," she said.

"I don't expect people to come up and say, 'I saw your boobs in PLAYBOY,'" Columbia's Gail Hoffman joked. "But if they do, I know what to say: 'You've seen them through a thin T-shirt, anyway, so what's the difference?'"

Harvard's Lindsey Palmer raised the same question more abstractly. "If looking at a picture of a nude woman is sexual exploitation," she wondered, "is reading a book literary exploitation?"

Ivy League directors of admissions will, no doubt, be plagued by bright young men eager to attend their colleges and answer that conundrum for themselves. Others will be too busy defending some of their most sacred campus organizations—some Harvard final clubs and Princeton eating clubs, Yale's Skull and Bones and Dartmouth's legendary fraternities—from charges that these all-male bastions are sexist and antediluvian. In that scenario, PLAYBOY's pictorial may come to be regarded less as exploitation than as the break shot in a larger drama that might transform the Ivy League.

The Harvard Lampoon, which often has the last word on campus matters, rather doubts this, casting a long, cynical view on these proceedings. Commented a 'Poonie: "The women are going to take this lying down." Surely the *Crimson* will have something to say about that.



"Aw, come on, honey. Won't you tell me just one itsy-bitsy, teeny-weeny little juicy confession you heard when you were a priest?"



Mike Williams

"Snow White withheld her favors this morning,
so we all got up Grumpy."

MONTHLY ANNIVERSARY OF FALL OF GANG OF FOUR

PLAYBOY

ENLIGHTENMENT FOR MEN WORKERS



**HOT STUFF:
GIRLS OF
SZECHWAN**

**PLAYBOY
TESTS
TURBO-
POWER
RICKSHA**

**HOW TO
THROW
RICE-PADDY
PARTY**

**UP-TO-MINUTE
MOVIE PICTURE —
"THE AMERICA
SYNDROME!"**

NEW CHINESE EDITION!

PLAYBOY ADVISOR SAY

My wife is extremely beautiful. She have very large sumptuous breasts, lovely backside area, legs as smooth as duck's ear and scent of jasmine. Problem is, all men consistently flirt with her and attempt to drive her into unfaithfulness. What to do, please?—R. K., Tientsin.

Playboy Advisor say: Man who offer wife to Playboy Advisor get free subscription.

My friend say it is proper to eat lark soup with chopsticks. I say it is impossible to eat soup with chopsticks. Who is correct?—S. Y., Chowdown Province.

Playboy Advisor say: Man who ask stupid question have subscription canceled.

My girlfriend is Mongolian. At night, she says, "Chang, please put reproductive baton in spring well." What does she mean by this?—C. K. F., Sinkiang.

Playboy Advisor say: Man who have Mongolian for girlfriend must be idiot.

My mistress prefers autoeroticism to sexplay with me. How should I interpret this?—L. F., Canton Province.

Playboy Advisor say: Man whose mistress prefers sexplay with auto should have battery checked.



Playboy Advisor say: Girl who ride bicycle upside down have crack up.

My honorable wife always takes bowl of rice to bed and puts it on her private parts. Then she asks me to eat rice. My problem is that I do not like rice. What shall I do?—H. K. F., Manchuria.

Playboy Advisor say: Man who do not like rice at home should eat out.

PARTY LINE JOKES

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *in-scrutable* as describing woman so ugly that no man is able to have sex on her.

Riddle: Why did Ching Wang wear red suspenders? Answer: Because he was honorable member of Communist Party.



A fisherman from Tientsin had been walking all day long and was lost when he came to farmhouse of Mr. Chang.

"Honorable farmer," he said, "I have walked all day and I am weary. Can you spare a bed for me?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Chang. "You see, I have 678 children and only two beds. Already it is crowded in my humble farmhouse."

"Perhaps I can sleep in your bed with your wife," said fisherman, "and you can sleep in barn."

"How will that benefit me?" asked Mr. Chang.

"I will tell you in morning," fisherman said.

So Mr. Chang agreed and slept in barn, while his visitor slept in his bed with his wife. Next morning, Mr. Chang asked, "So, honorable fisherman, how did it benefit me?"

Humble fisherman replied: "It didn't."



Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *69* as average number of children fathered by average Chinese man.

Our Inscrutable Dictionary define *Hong Kong* as gorilla with large private parts.

WHAT SORT OF MAN READ PLAYBOY, PLEASE?



Is hard-working honorable fellow whose name is Chang or Chung, possibly Ching or Cheng. He drink large quantities rice wine, own bicycle plus umbrella and have 6785 honorable relatives.

GIRLS OF SZECHWAN

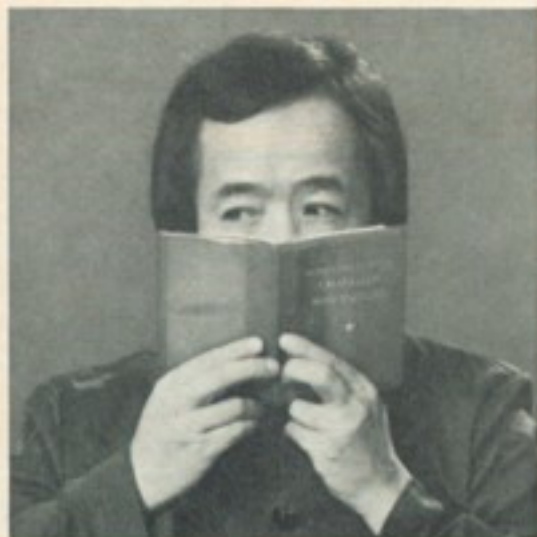
Oh boy oh boy, what lucky fellows are men of Szechwan! From left to right, these moon-graced daughters of Seventh Sun are named: Poo, Loo, Mai, Tai, Gum, Shoo and Irving. They are preparing themselves diligently for night of disco boogers! Holy cow! Those funny hats they are appearing to wear are not hats at all but hair-drying machines. What wonders will be coming from West next? As esteemed Chairman Mao said: "Man who stares unceasingly at beautiful woman winds up with eyestrain, four-eyes!"



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

LO REH TING

candid conversation with honorable tv programmer



"We have imported many TV shows from West, but, in accordance with teachings of esteemed Chairman Mao, we have altered these programs for our own people."



"Soon, our people will be watching such programs as 'Twenty-Three's Company,' 'Make Room for Szechwan,' 'Eight Thousand Is Enough' and 'Mao & Mindy.'"



*"Other shows include 'Rice Paper Chase' and very humorous program about some wacky Chinese soldiers who operate field hospital in North Korea, 'M*U*S*H.'"*

NEW FASHIONS!

BUSINESS-SUIT LOOK. What visiting American executive would not be impressed by grace and dignity espoused by this business attire (below)? Notice, please, sophisticated cut of fabric, stylishly shaped lapels and cuffs and latest improvement—buttons! Also, for first time, dapper Chinese executive need not remove his trousers to utilize relieving place—he must merely pull down zipping fastener to release his pee pee! This definitive Chinese executive lookness was fashioned by our very own Rick of Peking and will be available for purchase soon at Peking's new hot-shot store, Blue Ming Dales.



FORMAL DINNER JACKET AND TROUSERS. One day you may be called upon to go to "formal dining party," and if so, you must dress in new formal attire such as this (above). Notice, please, sophisticated cut of fabric, stylishly shaped lapels and pleased look of model! You will certainly be outstanding party person now! As Chairman Mao so wisely taught us: "Man who wears clothes will be warmer than one who doesn't."

SPORTY LOOK. So you want to take fun bicycle ride through Tibet? Or you want to just hang around Forbidden City one afternoon? Maybe you just want to stay at home and curl up with good poster? What will you wear for such pastimes? We know for sure! Look to picture below and you can find out! This new line of classy sportswear has distinctive look, unlike anything else. Notice, please, sophisticated cut of fabric, stylishly shaped lapels, etc., etc. Makes good beachwear for you, too, because special fabric takes only 13 hours to dry! Don't wait—we have only 14,000,000 in stock!



PARTY GIRL

Hey, swinging Chinese guys, here is first PLAYBOY pinup girl for you! She is hard-working girl who like to drink Coca-Cola and go to disco to shake her boots! She want to be successful actress and happy, too, she say. How about that? "For pas-time, I make hats from rice," she is telling us. "Also, rice sculpture of Chairman Mao and others. I use soy sauce for eyes and seaweed for hair and sell them to American tourists." What else does Wing Ding like to do? We blush to guess!

honorable playmate worker, wing ding, in top physical shape for making quota and pinning up!

PLAYBOY pinup, Wing Ding, work on press (below) that prints centerfold. "Printing is big turn-on for me," she say. Sure thing, Wing Ding.





WING DING

PLAYBOY'S PRICELESS PINUP OF MONTH



PLAYBOY



Sweet Dreams

by Lou Brooks

"THE TRAVELING SALESLADY"

EXCUSE ME, SIR, IS THE LADY OF THE HOUSE IN? SHE'S NOT? WELL, I'M YOUR FRIENDLY DOOR-TO-DOOR LINGERIE SALES REPRESENTATIVE



MAY I COME IN AND SHOW YOU OUR NEW FALL LINE? SOME LOVELY UNDERTHINGS FOR YOUR WIFE, PERHAPS? UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY SAMPLES I HAVE TO SHOW ARE THE THINGS THAT I MYSELF AM WEARING!



OH, YOU DON'T MIND? WELL, MAY I START WITH THIS LOVELY UP-LIFTING BLACK BRASSIERE?



WE ALSO CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF THE SCANTIEST OF PANTIES, SUCH AS THIS PAIR!

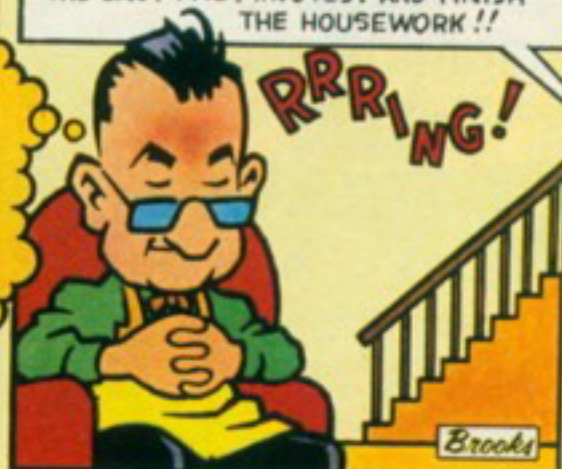


AND THIS PAIR OF OPAQUE BLACK STOCKINGS! SO WICKED, YET SO WONDERFUL!



WHAT'S THAT, SIR? WELL, I GUESS I COULD SELL YOU THE SAMPLES I WAS WEARING!

HERBERT! WILL YOU ANSWER THAT DOORBELL? IT'S BEEN RINGING FOR THE LAST FIVE MINUTES! AND FINISH THE HOUSEWORK!!



5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S

BOY, IT SURE IS DARK IN HERE!

I'M GLAD I DECIDED TO DO THIS. A GIRL HAS TO TRY AND BETTER HERSELF...

THERE'S NO FUTURE IN JUST HOPPING IN AND OUT OF BED WITH STRANGERS.... SO WHY NOT TRY SHOW BUSINESS?



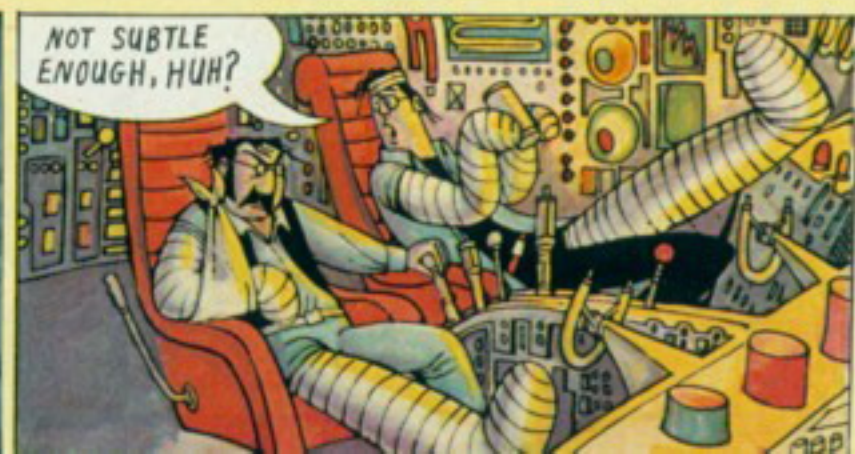
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
**SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES**

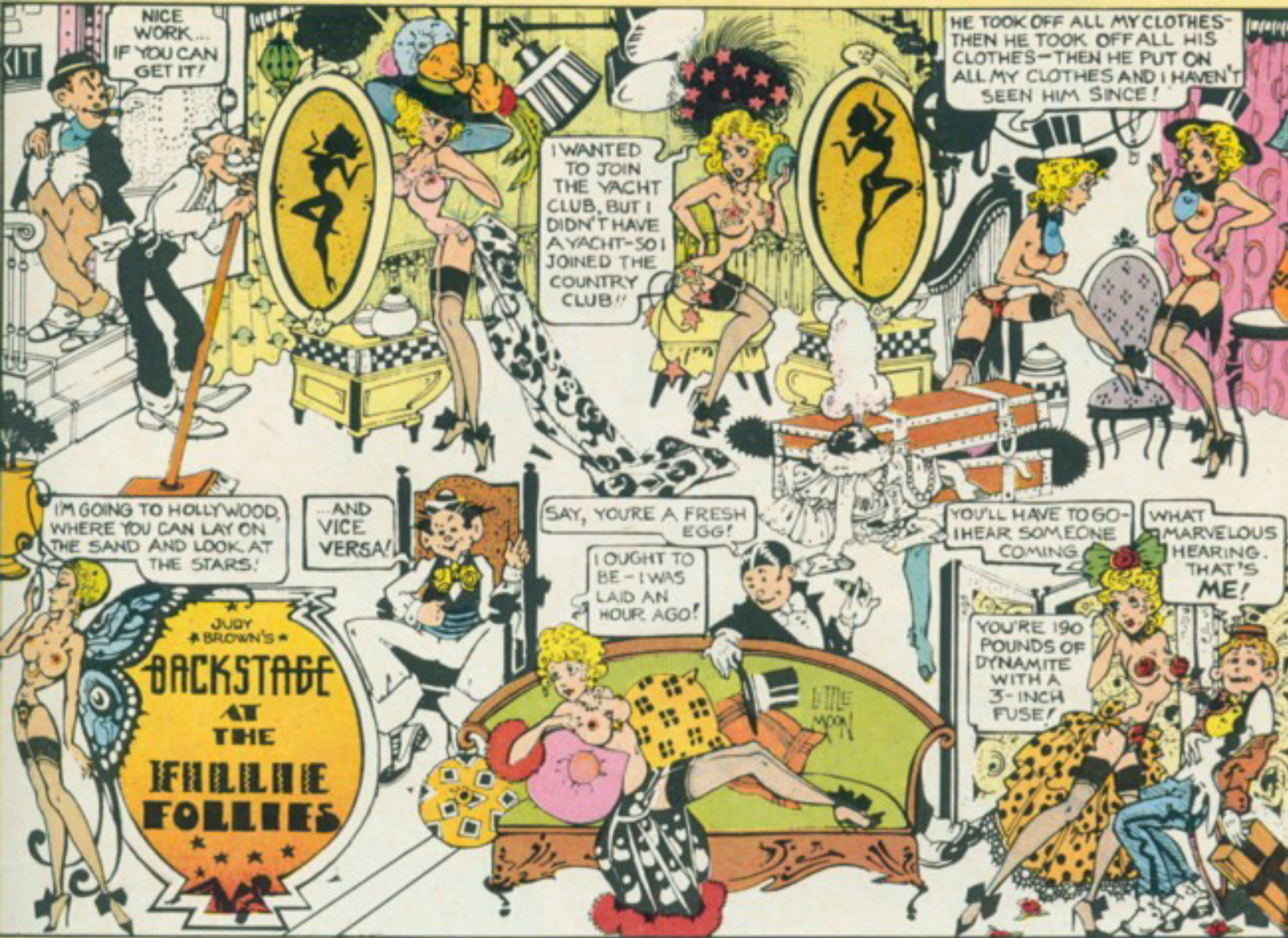
THIS MONTH:
"THE DAWN PATROL"

by Randy Jones
Eugene Allen Schwimmer



TODAY OUR HEROES ARE IN A LITTLE BISTRO ON THE PLANET JOT, WHERE JONES THINKS HE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE....





CRUISER

by Christopher Browne





"Can I have a print for my driver's license?"

MISS AMERICA



"Well, Chuck, I'm very energetic—I can go all night long. I'm into group sex—I swing both ways, of course. I like Greek, English and S/M—and I give terrific head. I also play the cello and sing a little..."



*"Then she took the divorce settlement and set up
a company that is putting me out of business!"*



Own your own portable TV studio.

Now you don't have to imagine all the fun and flexibility of color TV recording—you can actually own it yourself. Toshiba's advanced technology has made possible a truly portable video system of demonstrable quality.

Here are the facts. The video cassette recorder (V-5530) weighs under 20 lbs. including battery. The color video camera is under 5 lbs. And it's easy to operate. With the electronic viewfinder, you can immediately see what you have recorded after rewinding.

For home video recording, use the

PA-530 AC adapter which is included. And for recording any TV program merely add the optional TU-530 tuner. The AC adapter recharges the recorder's batteries while the tuner has a built-in clock/timer for recording when you're out.

Discover the exceptional versatility of video recording—for sports, special events, travel and a wide range of entertainment. It's the newest, most exciting fun option for everyone.

Toshiba's portable video system isn't your average system. But then, Toshiba isn't your average company.

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Portable, compact, lightweight V-5530 recorder. Easy operation.



Video Camera IK-1650.

With wide-range zoom lens (wide-angle to telephoto). Electronic viewfinder. Handy-pistol grip. Built-in condenser microphone.

Toshiba's portable VCR system. Not your average system. But then, Toshiba isn't your average company.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SPORTING CHANCE

Nirvana for athletic supporters of all persuasions is World of Sports, a store at 17336 Ventura Boulevard, Encino, California 91316, that sells satin warm-up jackets for \$42.50, authentic jerseys for \$45 and caps for \$12.75 (prices are postpaid) for all major-league baseball teams. In addition, World has personalized N.F.L. jerseys for \$37.50 and more collegiate apparel and gear than you can shake a goal post at. It even stocks Slippery Rock State fans' caps. Rah!



DANCE YOUR BUNS OFF

It twirls, it bugaloos, it hootchy-kootchies. It's the world's first solar-powered dancing hamburger—and you've got to see it to believe that this Fred Astaire of fast-food franchises really does rock 'n' roll when exposed to the rays of Ol' Sol. Styrofoam dancing hamburgers sell for \$9.95 each, postpaid, sent to National Sun Systems, 2065 Sperry Avenue, Ventura, California 93003. They come only one way: with the works. John Travolta—eat your heart out!

DOWN IN THE PREHISTORIC DUMPS

Drop everything: A cottage industry called Diny Do, at 6451½ University Avenue, Las Cruces, New Mexico 88001, is selling fossilized greenish-brown dinosaur feces for use as paperweights at \$35 each. Or you can order smaller conversation pieces to sprinkle about your cocktail table at \$8 or quarter-sized bits for \$3. Best of all, if your prehistoric poo-poo isn't everything it's cut out to be, Diny Do will refund your money. We think the whole deal extincts.



ALL THE FOOD THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

If you've always wanted to know the six herbs James Beard can't do without, the world's most obscure cheeses or the letter frequency in a can of Campbell's alphabet soup, then pick up a \$4.95 softcover copy of *The Food Lover's Book of Lists* or *The List Lover's Book of Foods*, by Patricia Altobello and Deirdre Pierce. It contains more than 150 zany culinary lists, plus a number of unusual recipes such as one for *The Godfather* spaghetti sauce. Burp.





SEEING EYE TO EYE

You may have gazed deeply into someone else's eyes, but you've probably never really looked into your own. Now you can, if you're so inclined, by sending \$24.95 to Edmund Scientific, 7782 Edscorp Building, Barrington, New Jersey 08007, for an Eyescope, a simple device that enables you to observe spots and bubbles and then identify them by referring to a guidebook. If you have a hangover, expect to see yourself bleeding to death.



PRINCE OF A FROG

Set this six-foot cotton/polyester soft-sculpture frog prince designed by Blair Sampson anywhere you want to add a touch of whimsy and watch your tall girlfriends hop over to get better acquainted. Froggy sells for \$154, postpaid, from Camalier & Buckley Mail Order, Inc., Castleton Street, Pleasantville, New York 10570. Or, for a real hoot, take him for a top-down ride in your sports car. He definitely digs bugs in his face.

PRETTY SEXY!

Back in the Forties, before there was PLAYBOY to uplift all you wild and crazy guys, young bucks could wander by the local arcade and put their pennies into a machine that dispensed colorful 3 1/4" x 5 1/4" pinup cards of perky, scantily clad girls, perhaps posing with a pitchfork and saying, "My calves took first prize," or lolling in a skintight bathing suit and laughing, "Mother said I should always avoid a dive." Well, you can still get 20 original girlie cards, but now—inflation being what it is—they will cost you \$11.95 sent to Stu's Place, R.R. 1, Box 60, Greencastle, Indiana 46135. When they arrive, be sure to check them out under the bedcovers with a flashlight after your Mom is asleep.



GETTING HIS GOATEE

Long before Paderewski, the Polish pianist, died in 1941, he snipped off his goatee and presented it to his close friend Havrah Hubbard, the music editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, as a wispy little something to remember him by. Hubbard eventually joined Paderewski at that giant keyboard in the sky, but his proudest possession—the goatee—is being offered for sale in the latest catalog of its current owner, Federal Hill Autographs, P.O. Box 6405, Baltimore, Maryland 21230, for \$650, including an 1893 recital program and other miscellany. Federal Hill also is selling Ulysses S. Grant's top hat for \$1250 and F.D.R.'s coverlet for \$1000. Wow!

STUNTING YOUR GROWTH

Attention, adventure seekers: Kim Kahana, the owner of Kahana's Self-Defense Center (21710 Devonshire Street, Chatsworth, California 91311) and a former member of the Stuntmen's Association of Motion Pictures, is offering a stunt person's workshop, where, for \$1500, he'll teach qualified men and women the basics of studio fights, car hits, high falls and horseback riding. Now the bad news: Graduating from his class won't land you a job in the movies unless you've been admitted to the Screen Actors Guild—and that's about as easy as diving off a ten-story building into a damp sponge.





Henderson



"Here it is Saturday night and the jester's broken!"

WHEELS

AFTER THE FOX

Audi has just introduced a brand-new sporty model, the 4000, to replace its much-appreciated Fox, and judging from that company's previous track record and our chance to test-drive the 4000 on Bavaria's byways and autobahns this past spring, the road looks wide open for this latest little hummer.

The 4000 is about two inches longer and two inches wider than the Fox. Dual round headlights have been replaced by rectangular ones that integrate nicely with the grille. A new dash layout features two rows of easily reachable wrap-around rocker switches that border the instrument cluster.

The front-wheel-drive 4000, like the Fox, couples MacPherson strut suspension, rack-and-pinion steering and a four-speed gearbox (a five-speed will be available later this year) to a fuel-injected four-cylinder overhead-cam engine that cranks out enough

oomph to get you from 0 to 50 in about eight seconds.

We topped the 4000 out on a no-speed-limit autobahn at close to 100 mph—partially out of curiosity and partially because a behemoth Mercedes truck was hovering on our tailpipe like a moth to a flame—and felt as secure as we did at 55 mph. Driven more prudently during Environmental Protection Agency tests, the 4000 delivered 34 miles per gallon on the highway and 22 miles per gallon in town. Fill up the 4000's 15.8-gallon gas tank and you should have a cruising range in excess of 500 miles.

The price for a two-door 4000 is \$7495, with a four-door going for about \$200 more, not including such creature comforts as factory-installed air conditioning, a four-speaker AM/FM stereo radio and power windows and locks. It all adds up to a peppy little package that's a ball to drive and is still under \$9000. Be thankful for small favors.

—DAVID STEVENS

INSET PHOTOS: MICHAEL CRAVEN



The Audi 4000 features as standard appointments fully reclining bucket seats, adjustable headrests and carpeting that extends up the lower door panels. Note the dash layout with its twin rows of wrap-around rocker switches bordering the instrument cluster—all easily reachable without removing your hands from the wheel. We also like the 4000's exterior tailoring; rectangular lights both front and rear dovetail nicely with the car's slightly wedge-shaped body lines. The four-door model goes for about \$7685; the two-door is about \$200 less. And, of course, options abound.



I'm Dancing with Tears in My Eyes

We know about NUREYEV and Fonteyn, but Nureyev and ROLLERENA? Rudi is famous all over the world and Rollerena is famous in New York, where he/she skates in all the posh watering holes—Bloomingdale's and Studio 54, for example. When Rudi dances with an international ballet company, he is all business. When he dances at a disco, he's all fun. By the way, Rollerena's button does not say REAGAN FOR PRESIDENT; it reads, HOW DARE YOU PRESUME I'M HETEROSEXUAL. We presume nothing. Shake your booty, Rudi!

Sounds a Little Tart to Me

ROBIN WILLIAMS can't even eat out like a normal person. But after watching a season of *Mork & Mindy* and catching his club act, we have a sneaking suspicion that being strange is what drove him into showbiz in the first place. Even so, this definitely is not good restaurant etiquette. Everyone knows you're supposed to roll the wine around in your mouth first—then stick it in your ear.



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Holding Action

Asked at a recent Stones concert what kind of settlement divorce lawyer Marvin Mitchelson expects to get for Bianca, MICK JAGGER, holding the family jewels, said, not these. Supposedly worth \$25,000,000, Mick could afford to be magnanimous; but, then, one shouldn't expect too much from the author of *Let It Bleed*.



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Never Follow a Dog Act

THE FABULOUS POODLES were already a hit in London when their American debut album surfaced last spring. Influenced by Frank Zappa satirically and musically, they are rockers first, jokers second. This pic is part of the second part. Does unzipping your fly get attention? We ran the picture, didn't we?



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Light My Fire

Starlet CATHY LEE CROSBY (no relation to Bing) salutes the camera with a little cigar, a little hat and lots of cleavage. Aren't you sorry you're out of matches?

JEAN LOUIS URLI / GAMMA-LIAISON

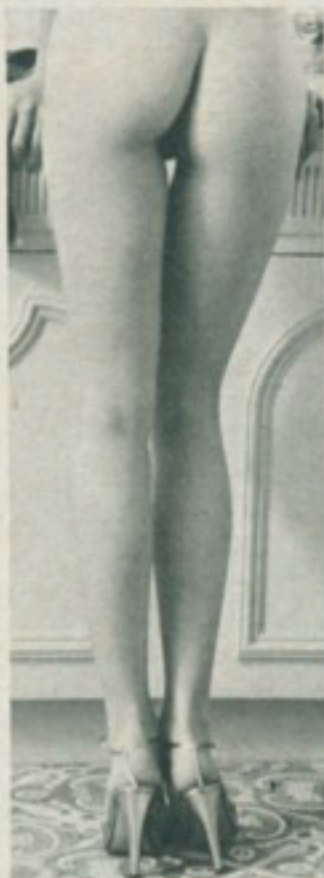


STEVE SCHAPIRO / SYGMA

Do You Believe in Magic?

ANGIE DICKINSON and ORSON WELLES are working on a magic act. Angie was all set to try the impossible—making Orson thinner—when she got tied up. Welles said he'd let her go if she watched his next four *Tonight Show* appearances. Angie's still tied up.

NEXT MONTH:



'79 BUNNIES



GARY GILMORE



SNAKE HEAD



APOCALYPSE NOW

"THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG"—FIRST OF THREE PARTS FROM AN IMPORTANT NEW BOOK, A RIVETING, OFTEN POIGNANT PROFILE OF **GARY GILMORE**, THE CRIMINAL MISFIT WHO BEGGED TO BE EXECUTED—BY **NORMAN MAILER**

"THE DAY THE DOLLAR NEARLY DIED"—YOU MAY NOT HAVE REALIZED IT AT THE TIME, BUT WE HAD A FEW DAYS LAST OCTOBER THAT THREATENED TO MAKE THE CRASH OF '29 LOOK LIKE A MERE DIP—BY **CHARLES A. CERAMI**

"THE TOP OF THE HILL"—IN THE CONCLUSION OF THIS EXCERPT FROM THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *RICH MAN, POOR MAN*, MICHAEL LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT THE NATURE OF OBSESSION—BY **IRWIN SHAW**

"TELEVISION'S LAST HURRAH"—STEP BY STEP, TV HAS BEEN SELF-DESTRUCTING. THE RISE OF FREDDIE SILVERMAN MAY HAVE BEEN THE BEGINNING OF THE END, BUT NEW TECHNOLOGY IS SPEEDING UP THE PROCESS—BY **GARY DEEB**

"APOCALYPSE NOW"—LAVISH PICTORIAL COVERAGE (AND UNCOVERAGE) OF FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA'S \$30,000,000 GAMBLE—AND THE GIRLS WHO GAMBOL IN IT, INCLUDING **COLLEEN CAMP** AND 1974 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR **CYNDI WOOD**

"BEAR BRYANT'S MADNESS"—WHAT MAKES THE CRIMSON TIDE RUN? A STREET-SMART KID FROM NEW YORK BRAVES CULTURE SHOCK TO GET A HANDLE ON ALABAMA'S GODFATHER OF THE GRIDIRON GAME—BY **RICHARD PRICE**

"1980-1989: YEARS OF LAUGHTER, YEARS OF TEARS"—FROM THOSE WONDERFUL FOLKS WHO BROUGHT YOU *NOT THE NEW YORK TIMES*, A HILARIOUS SPOOF OF THE PREDICTION BIZ—BY **TONY HENDRA**, **CHRISTOPHER CERF** AND **PETER ELBLING**

"SNAKE HEAD"—IT WAS ONLY A HALLOWEEN PARTY, AND A SERPENTINE COSTUME SEEMED AS GOOD AS ANY—UNTIL IT GREW ON THE LADY. A BIZARRE TALE BY **LYNDA LEIDIGER**

"BUNNIES OF 1979"—HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, THE PRIME ATTRACTIONS FROM PLAYBOY CLUBS AROUND THE WORLD

BURT REYNOLDS TALKS ABOUT WHAT IT'S LIKE NOT TO BE MACHO MAN, HIS RELATIONSHIPS WITH HIS LADIES, HIS UPCOMING MOVIE AND HIS NEW CAREER AS A THEATRICAL IMPRESARIO IN A FREEWHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**