

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**Defy the IRS!
A Revolutionary
Movement Takes
Root in America**

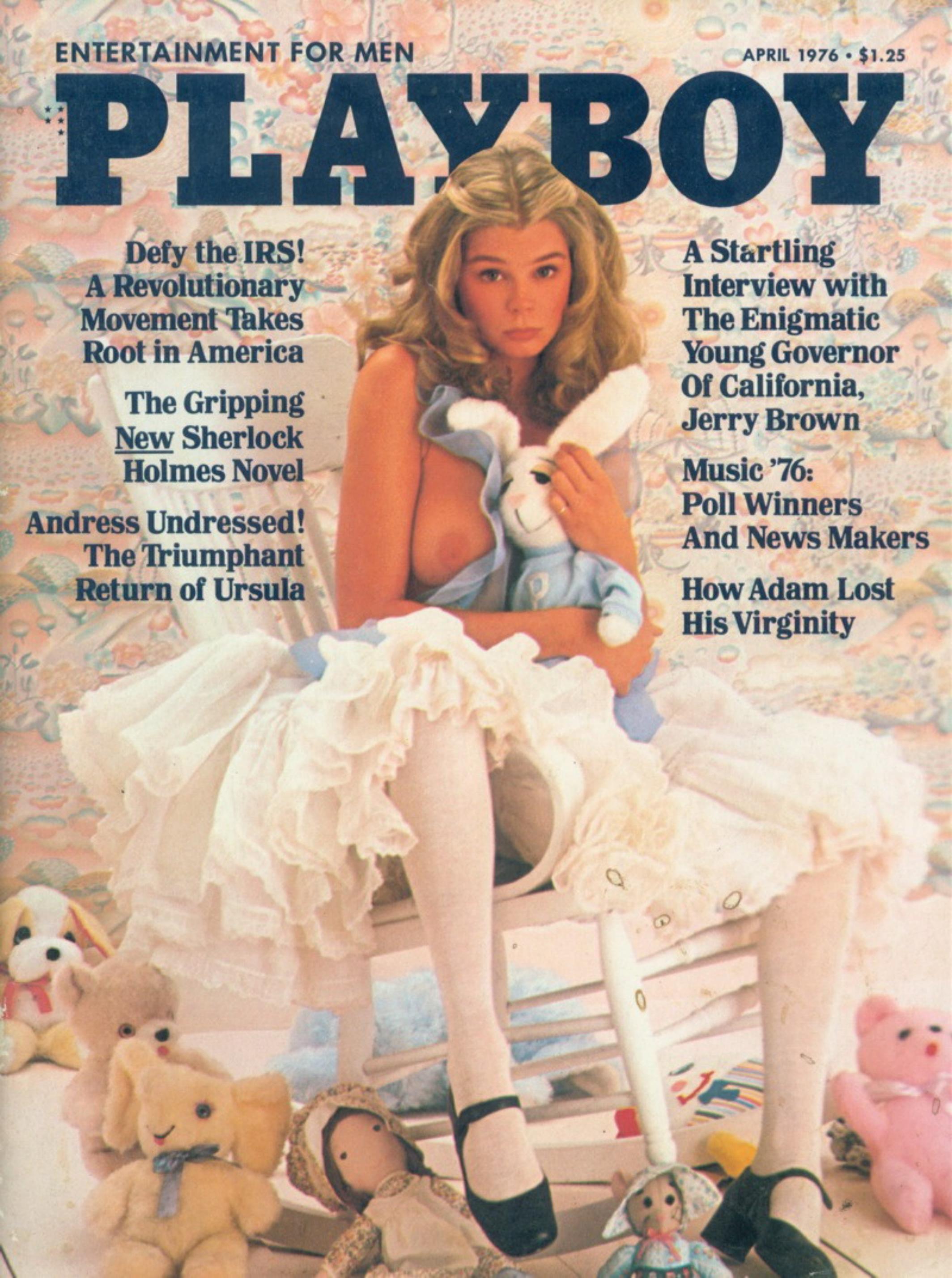
**The Gripping
New Sherlock
Holmes Novel**

**Andress Undressed!
The Triumphant
Return of Ursula**

**A Startling
Interview with
The Enigmatic
Young Governor
Of California,
Jerry Brown**

**Music '76:
Poll Winners
And News Makers**

**How Adam Lost
His Virginity**





TR7: THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

The spear-head, the arrow, the rocket.

From ancient instinct to computer design, the shape that cleaves the air is the wedge.

Now Triumph brings the wedge down to earth in TR7 — a fantastic new sports car to steal the American road.

Proven on the Grand Prix race tracks of the world, the edge of the wedge knifes through the air, forcing the front wheels down. Handling is solid and uncannily

precise. The air flows over the slippery shape. Drag is minimal. Power enhanced. Miles per gallon increased.

Under its skin, TR7 is a triumph of simplicity. It is utterly dependable, sturdy and sinuous on cantankerous roads and corkscrew curves. It means endless pleasure at moderate price and less maintenance; welcome news today and something no rival sports car can say.

All in all a simply beautiful

and beautifully simple machine. Test-drive our words at any Triumph dealer.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc. Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



TRIUMPH

\$5,649.00 Manufacturer's suggested retail price P.O.E. Does not include inland transportation, local taxes, preparation charges.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

This is our most expensive number. The HP-810. Describing what it has that makes it sound so good requires technical talk. If you know the jargon, read on. Or you can simply listen to it, and hear what we mean.

The HP-810 has components like the acclaimed Dual 1211 changer which operates either automatically or manually. There's a magnetic stereo cartridge with a diamond stylus. And a cueing device plus anti-skating compensation to protect your records from life's bumps, grinds, and scratches.

There's an amplifier powerful enough, so if you really want

to, you can let all your neighbors know you have Sony's finest compact. Without even inviting them over.

The HP-810's FM tuner has a Field Effect Transistor (FET), which picks up weak signals, yet minimizes interference on strong ones.

Finally, with Sony's acoustic-suspension speakers, your ears hear what they're meant to hear. Low lows, high highs and everything in between.

The Sony HP-810. Our very best compact stereo. We don't know how to make it look better. Or sound better.

BEAUTY IS IN THE EAR OF THE BEHOLDER.



Model HP-810 Compact Stereo System © 1975 Sony Corp. of America. SONY is a trademark of Sony Corp.

"IT'S A SONY."

EROTICA

The *Catalog of Sexual Consciousness* (Grove Press) takes up where the *Whole Earth Catalog* left off, in bed. Editor Saul Braun has compiled what amounts to a field manual for the vanguard of the sexual revolution. The book presents basic facts on such topics as contraception, abortion, childbirth, V. D., hygiene, masturbation and rape, in addition to listing reliable sources for further information. Braun and his contributors recommend books on every-

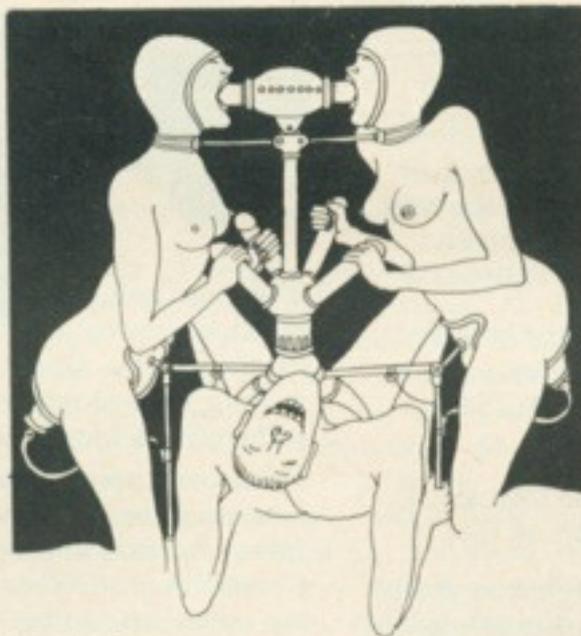
thing from hot baths, nude beaches and underground comix to encounter groups, Gestalt therapy, tantric yoga and open marriage. Find out where to buy vibrators, sexy lingerie, S/M accessories, a coloring book of the female genitals or a porno novel written by a poet in residence at Yale. Perhaps the best part of the book is the section on the body politic, a history of sexual consciousness—it is an insightful summary of how and why we got so sexually hung up, and what people

are doing about it. Included in this section is a nonjudgmental description of sexual lifestyles (homosexuality, voyeurism, S/M, etc.) that is remarkably sane. (The book opens with a quotation from Thaddeus Golas: "Whatever you are doing, love yourself for doing it.") It's been a long fight: Braun's extraordinary compendium celebrates the kind of victories that you won't see portrayed on television's *Bicentennial Minutes*. It should be required reading for everyone past the age of puberty.



Adjustable body harness (Pleasure Chest, New York).

"Braun has compiled what amounts to a field manual for the vanguard of the sexual revolution."



Fantastic gadgetry from Tomi Ungerer's book *Fornicon*.

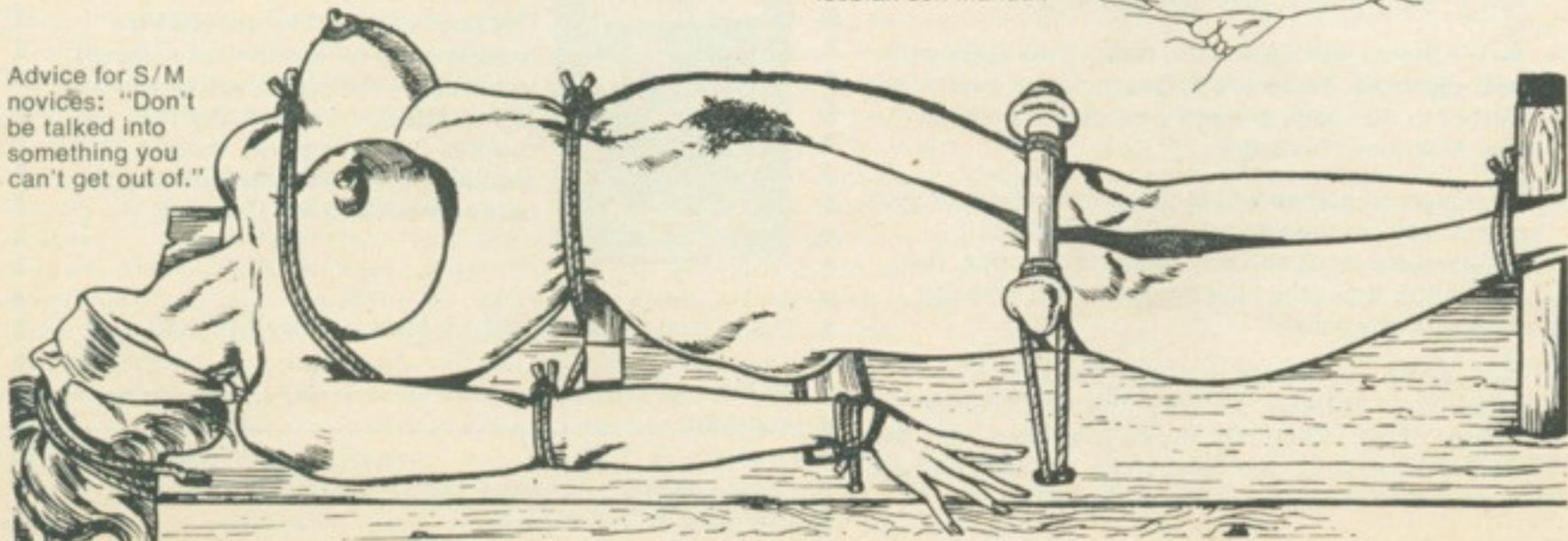


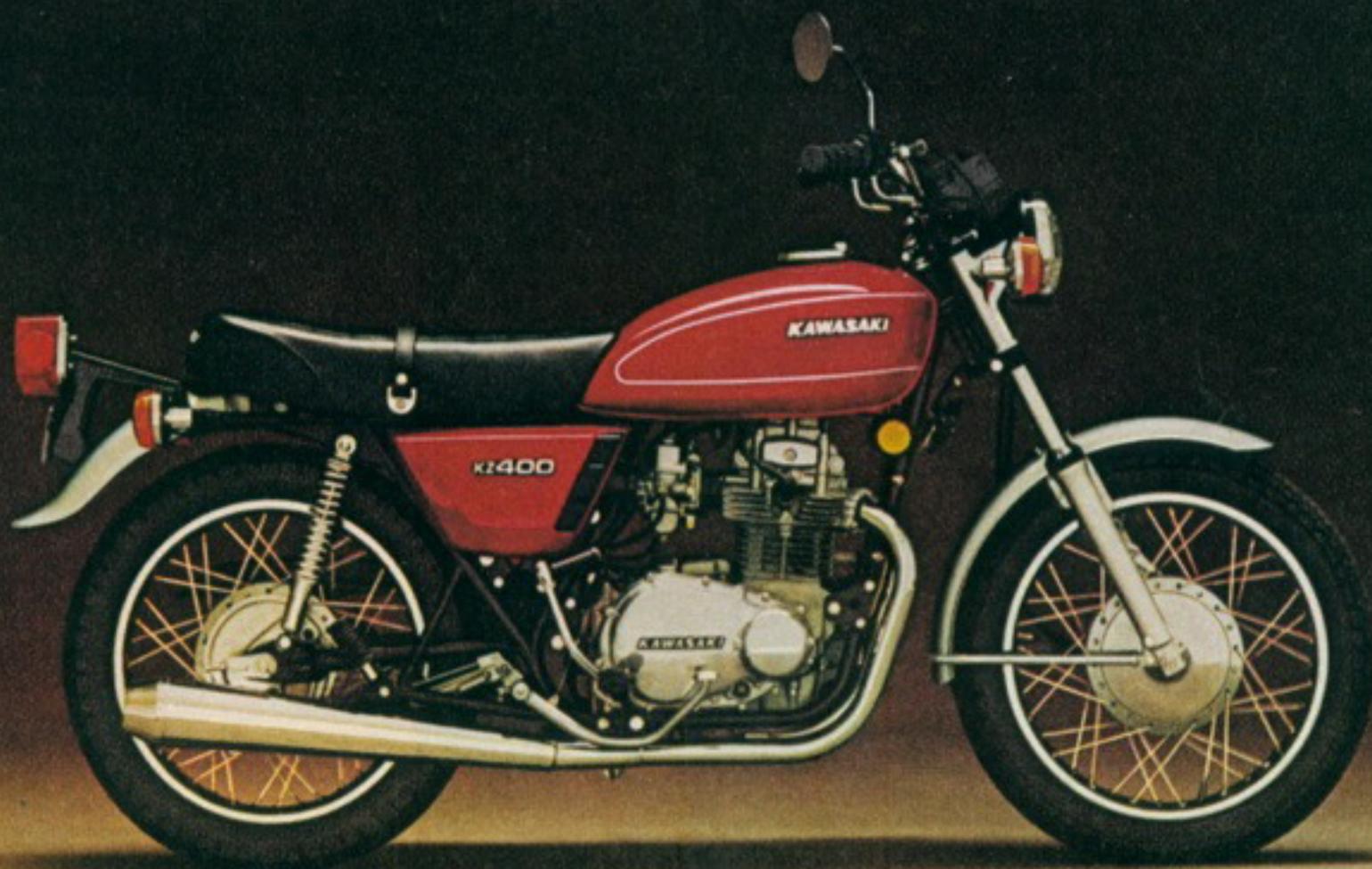
A Laszlo Matulay illustration from *Sexual Stimulation, Games Lovers Play*.



Line drawing from *Loving Women*, the Nomadic Sisters' lesbian sex manual.

Advice for S/M novices: "Don't be talked into something you can't get out of."





Only \$995?*

No question about it.

Only \$995 is a surprisingly low price for the new Kawasaki KZ400 Special. After all, there's no other motorcycle quite like it. Anywhere.

Only the KZ400 Special gives you the performance and reliability of a 398cc four-stroke, twin-cylinder engine. With a 2-into-1 exhaust system. The result is powerfully economical. And because of its ingenious simplicity, there's just plain less to go wrong, too.

Only the KZ400 Special is so versatile. Thanks to its unique engine, frame design and tuned suspension, you've got an agile handler for busy city traffic. As well as a solid cruiser for the wide open road. All in one bike. Easy going wherever you go is about the size of it.

Only the KZ400 Special is so practical. All the frivolous frills that increase upkeep and price have been engineered out. The remainder is an unusually crisp, clean and compact machine. With a classic sense of

functional balance and symmetry found only in bikes costing much more.

Only the KZ400 Special so perfectly meets today's transportation requirements. A beautiful blend of size, performance and economy. Not too much. Not too little. But just what's needed.

Only the KZ400 Special. Only from Kawasaki. And, only \$995.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.

Good times include riding safely. We recommend wearing a helmet and eye protection, keeping lights on and checking local laws before you ride. See Yellow Pages for nearest Kawasaki dealer.
*Manufacturer's suggested list price excluding freight, title, dealer prep, state and local taxes. Price subject to change without notice.



MGB. The wide-open sports car.



To everyone who longs to soar free, we dedicate this 1976 MGB.

Like all the great MGs of the past 50 years, wide-open, wind-in-your-hair performance is built into this newest MGB. This car holds the current Sports Car Club of America National Championship in E Production—as it has for four of the last five years. MGB's lively performance and crisp handling come from radial tires, front disc brakes, sports car suspension, short-throw, four-speed stick, rack and pinion steering and a race-proven 1798 cc engine.

There's a big, wide world out there. And MGB lets you enjoy it all. Just open wide. And say "Ah!" For the name of the MG dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605.





"Knock it off! Can't you see I'm reading?"



INCOMPARABLY
URSULA

*here's andress undressed.
need we say more?*



As Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, Ursula becomes romantically entangled with Scaramouche, an 18th Century fox (Michael Sarrazin) involved in a scheme to assassinate the Little Corporal. In the sequence shown at left, he lays his plans, among other things. Touché.



URSULA ANDRESS has an affinity for water. We have an affinity for Ursula Andress. This pictorial marks our fourth feature devoted to the Swiss-born actress. As near as we can recall, this is the first time we've seen Miss Andress on dry land. Her erotic aquatic career began when she emerged from the sea to win James Bond's heart in *Dr. No*. A truly statuesque beauty, she had America by the eyeballs. Photographer John Derek provided PLAYBOY readers with another glimpse of Ursula in a 12-page pictorial titled *She*. Reclining in

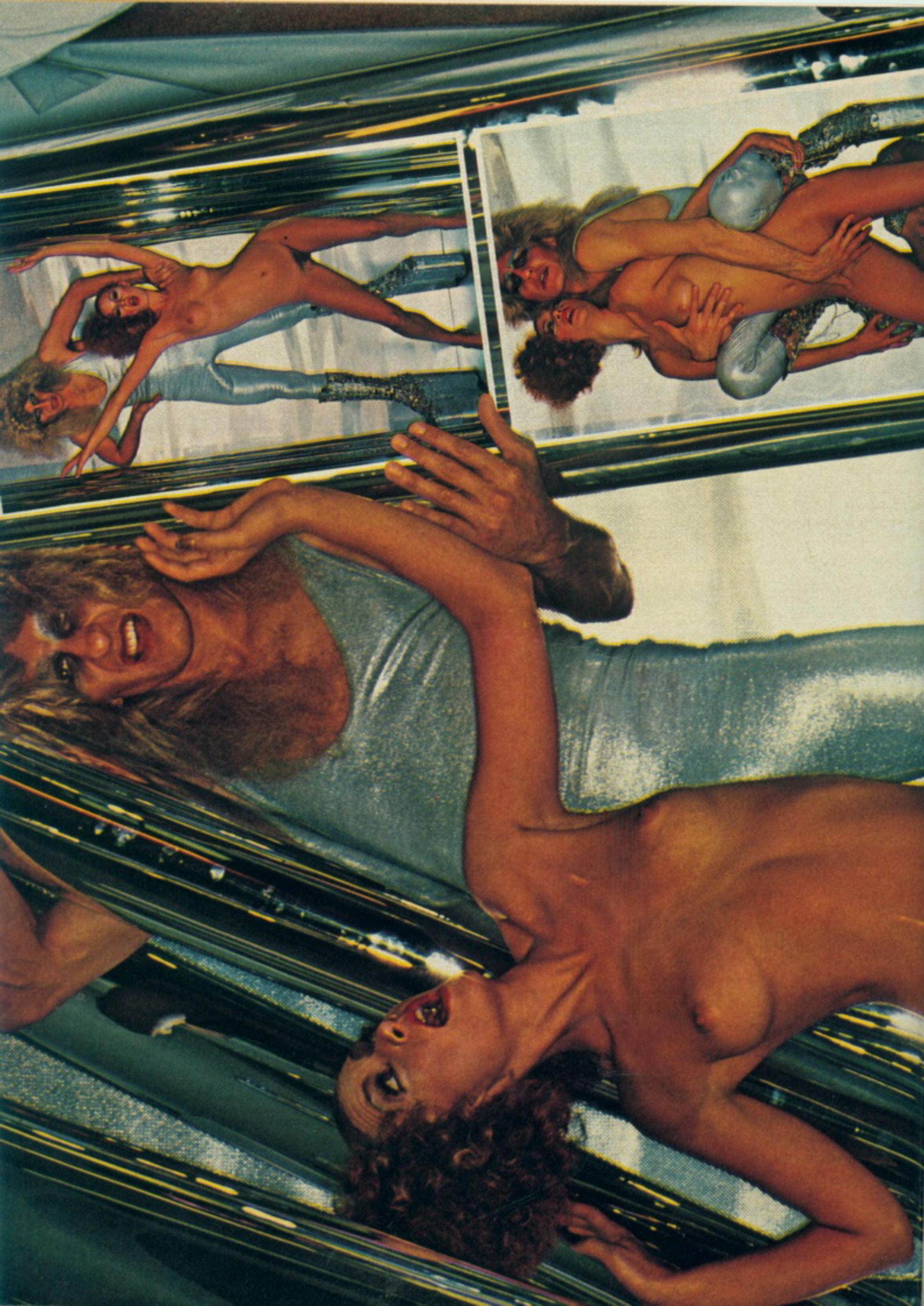




the rushing waters of a mountain stream, Miss Andress scored a five on the international white-water rating. Long before *Deliverance*, people began to dream of running such rapids. *Encore* followed: Ursula at play in a swimming pool. She brought new meaning to the concept of skinny-dipping. (You call that skinny?) This year, we get to see Miss Andress in *The Loves and Times of Scaramouche*. She plays Josephine—the lady who shared the throne with Napoleon Bonaparte. The spectacular comedy adventure is made more so by the Andress charms.



Studying these photographs, one might conclude that *The Loves and Times of Scaramouche* is a costume drama made on a low budget—not so. It's just that Ursula needs no clothes.



Up the Tubes

are they the millennium
or the apocalypse of rock?
tune in and find out

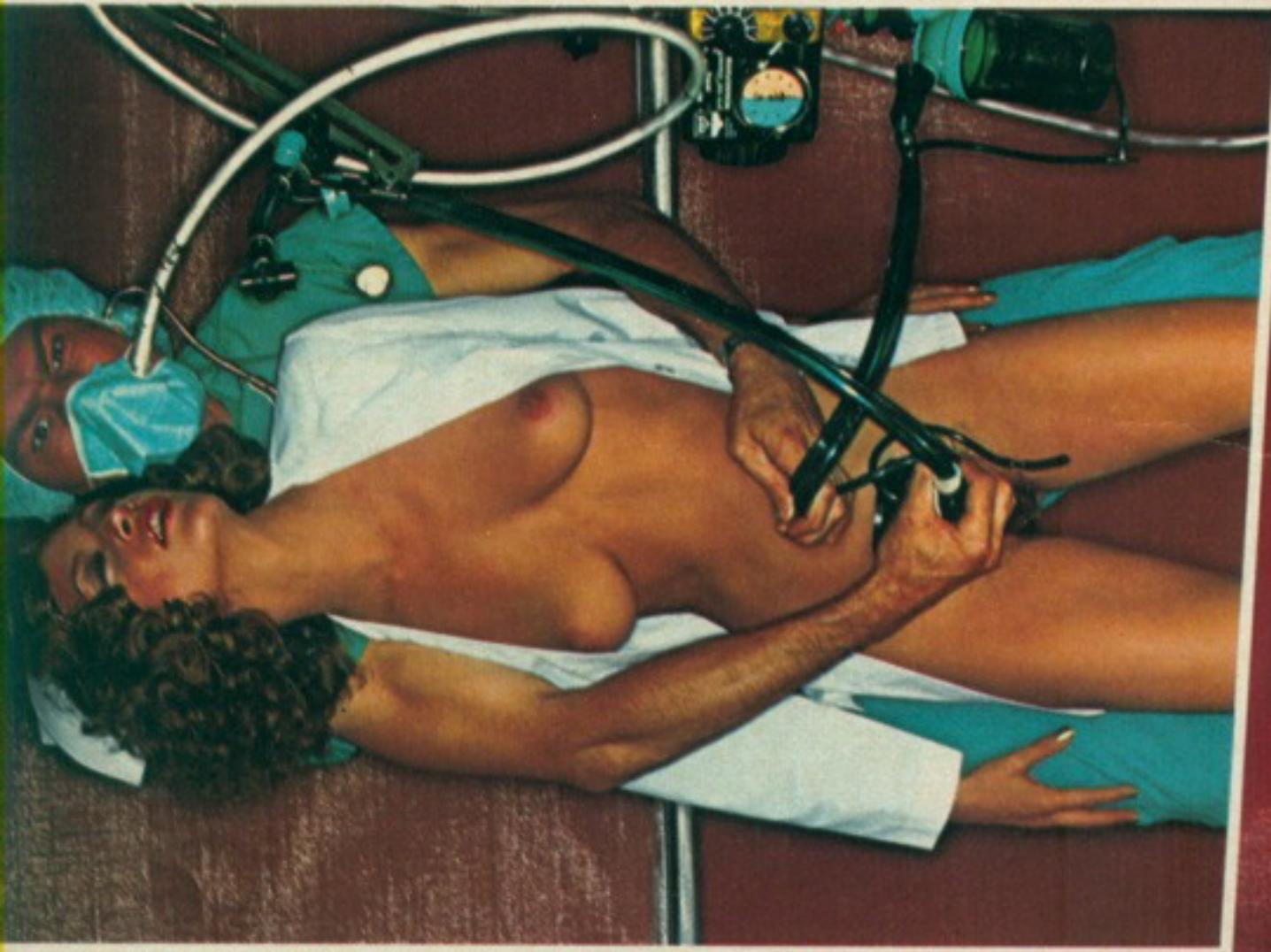
What we have here are pictures of The Tubes, the rock shock group from, you guessed it, San Francisco. Times have changed. You never saw candid photos like these when Elvis was king. Can you imagine Pat Boone posing with a naked lady? Lou Reed? Now you're probably asking yourself: Do The Tubes really look like this? Do they really take off their clothes in concert? The night we saw them, the audience was doing this kind of stuff in the lobby of the theater.

The Tubes tackle glitter-rock heroes such as Quay Lewd in a song called White Punks on Dope. Can't get high? Try 14-inch platform shoes.





The Tubes are essentially a seven-piece band with accessories—two video screens, five television monitors, several thousand dancers and a troupe of female dancers led by Re Styles, Sebastian who perform Johann Sebastian Bach's Air on a G-String in a strip. The bull goose loony in the enorgasmic W.W. Whiplash, a



master of disguises. If not disgust, in the course of a show, he will portray the drug-crazed Quay Lewd (previous pages), Las Vegas a certain king Monda Bondage and known for his manipulation of Harvard body politic—Dr. Strangekiss (shown here). For a nice dose of tertiary decadence, catch the show.







Rowland Wilson

"Tarzan, couldn't you just make do with a cigarette and a nap?"



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

*our miss april says she's a perfect gemini.
we'll take her word for the gemini
part; perfect we can see for ourself*

GENERALLY SPEAKING, we don't take much stock in astrology, but when our April Playmate, Denise Michele, informed us that she fits every characteristic of a Gemini woman to a T, we couldn't resist the temptation to compare our interview notes with her horoscope. "Gemini women," our book says, "are attracted to sunny climates." Check; Denise has lived in Kailua, Hawaii, since she was eight. "They resent the drudgery of routine jobs." Right again; Denise has been a model for the past three years, because "it's a job I can do freely without having to work in an office." So far, so good. "Geminis have a way with words and often become writers." Sure enough, Denise is a part-time poet. (Example: "If you're afraid to love, to care/Because of hurt or pain,/By the time you decide to trust,/I'll be gone.") Geminis have mercurial moods. "Sometimes I'm easy to get along with," says Denise. "Other times, I'm temperamental." They're contradictory. "I like a man to dominate me, but I also need my freedom." Hmmm. It was sheer astrological probability that we even came across her in





"I'm not really very aggressive when it comes to the opposite sex. Eye contact is about as far as I'll go these days. In high school, though, I used to drive around and yell at guys, but I don't do that anymore."





"I'm not sure whether you could call me a truly liberated woman. As far as relationships go, I think both partners should be made to feel equal. I like to feel dominated sometimes, but I never want to feel totally dependent."

the first place. She was working at a temporary job in Hawaii when the soon-to-be man in her life walked into her office. Knowing a good thing when he saw it, he promptly asked her to lunch. She accepted, they hit it off, but Denise was going out with another man at the time and decided the best course was to leave town for a few weeks. So she went to L.A., where she just happened to walk into an employment agency one day. She was sent to Playboy Models and from there she was just a lens click away from becoming a Playmate. Most of the photographs on these pages were taken on the island of Maui and on Big Island (Hawaii). Denise notes, with some amusement, that exactly one week after the shooting, a dormant volcano erupted on Big Island, not too far from where her pictures were taken. How's that for fooling with Mother Nature? Looking back on it all, Denise says that if it hadn't been for her guy, she wouldn't have become a Playmate. Maybe not, but we think it was in the stars all along.





"You might call me a sensuous person, but I try not to advertise it. As for sex—I don't like to discuss it. I think sex is a very intimate thing that should be kept intimate. It's a personal thing that two lovers should share only with each other."

MISS APRIL
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Coming home early one afternoon, the husband heard sounds in the bedroom, pushed open the partly closed door and saw his wife and a strange man thrashing about on the bed nakedly locked together. The husband raced to his den, rushed back to the bedroom with a revolver and burst through the doorway. "You bastard!" he roared at the straining stranger. "I'm going to kill you right here and now!"

"No, Harry, no!" shrieked his wife. "Not in cold blood! Give him," she panted, "another . . . twenty seconds!"



An inner-city youngster who had never seen a game of golf was working as a gas-station attendant when a top-of-the-line Cadillac rolled in. While the driver left the vehicle to make a phone call, the boy examined the car hungrily and found some golf tees on top of the dashboard. "What are those things for, mister?" he asked as the man returned.

"They're to put my balls on when I'm driving," was the reply.

"Gee," sighed the boy, "those Caddie people sure think of everything!"

In Washington, they now refer to the J.F.K. era as Come-a-lot.

*It's my code," says a mailman named Drew,
"To unzip, then deliver a screw.
If virgins, when nervous,
Resist postal service,
I explain that the male must get through."*

The wealthy old widower, still perky for his years, was enjoying a predinner cocktail in his favorite bar when a stunning girl seated herself several stools away. The oldster gave her an expert appraising glance, then beckoned the bartender over, lowered his voice and asked, "How would you rate my chances, Eddie?"

"Well, now, Mr. Frobisher," replied Eddie, "I'd say that where there's a will, there's a way."

And who," asked the scornful little sexpot after she and her date had both stripped in the motel room, "do you expect to satisfy with *that*?"

"Me," grinned the date.

The extremely well-built young waitress in the small-town restaurant excited the male traveler's interest, so he tried to arrange to see her later that evening; but she turned him down. "Look," he said hoarsely, "you're one of the most desirable women I've ever laid eyes on and I want to take you out, because I want to have something quite personal to remember you by."

"Well, I suppose I could arrange for you to have a little intimate souvenir," said the girl, laughing as she walked away. Moments later, she returned with a paper bag, blew it up, snapped a rubber band around its neck and handed it to the man.

"What the hell is this?" he demanded.

"Can't you guess?" the waitress giggled. "It's a blow job—to go!"

When," questioned the sex-study pollster, "do you usually have intercourse with your husband?"

"During my time of the month," answered the executive's wife.

"During your menstrual period?"

"No," replied the woman, "during his secretary's."

Perhaps you've heard about the semiliterate streetwalker who unwittingly approached a plainclothesman. Her proposition ended with a sentence.



W. H. Neiman

*Two dykes from the far Adriatic,
Deciding to be more pragmatic,
Have switched from mere handling
To mutual candling—
The result is they're waxing ecstatic.*

"I'm sorry to report," said the physician, "that you're suffering from an unusual disease—emphysema of the penis."

"Goddamn!" exclaimed the patient. "You know, doc, I *told* my wife to quit smoking!"

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.



"Your dark hair makes your eyes bluer."



THE IFACIE IS FAMILIAR...

it's hair-raising how a little thing like a wig can change the way a woman looks and feels—and acts

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



It's a familiar scenario: You've been going steady with the same gorgeous, long-haired brunette for years now, and you have no complaints—she's sweet, great in bed, a good cook, great in bed, loving, great in bed—but suddenly you've developed this hopeless infatuation for this redhead or that blonde or the cute, short-haired secretary at work. You start having fantasies about redheads, blondes and short-haired girls. After all, you're only human. One night, you come home from work and there's a strange, negligeed redhead in your bedroom. You flip your wig—she keeps hers on and the problem is solved. You've committed psychological adultery, or, as we prefer to call it, wiggery. To illustrate the infinite potential of wiggery, we took one ordinary, gorgeous, long-haired brunette (specifically, Nancie Li Brandi, our December 1975 Playmate, shown *au naturel* above) and outfitted her with a variety of hairpieces. Abracadabra and what have you got? A metamorphosis that makes Gregor Samsa look like an amateur.



Red being the proverbial color of lust, redheads have their own built-in mystique. Redheads may be temptresses; they may blow smoke in your eyes, too. But don't let that fool you—they'll always let you ruffle their feathers.

The short, cropped look may be somewhat of an alarming change, but then, the more the change, the greater the turn-on. Also, you can now study the soft down of her neck without getting all those long strands of hair in your mouth.



If you're a gentleman who prefers blondes, don't make the common mistake of confusing the Harlow look with the harlot look. Granted, blondes may have more fun, but they can also make you dangle like a locket at the end of a chain.



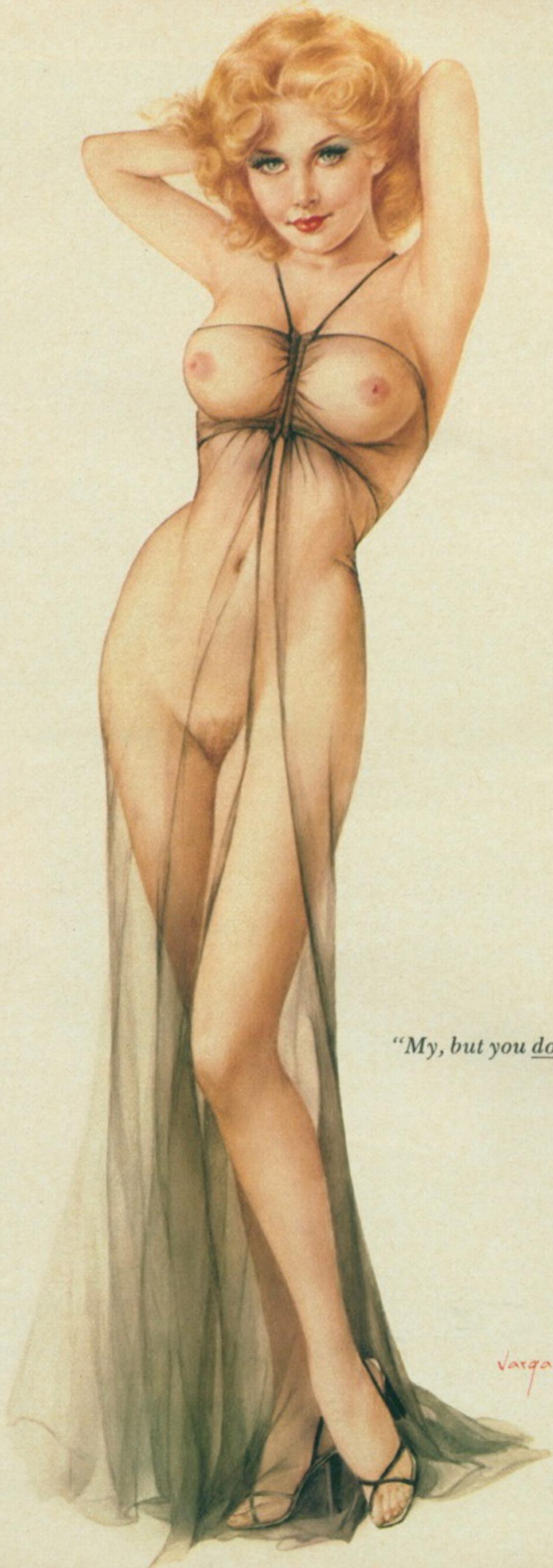




Chairman Mao may have some pretty rigid ideas on sex, but this exotically ungarbed geisha seems eminently scrutable. Just remember what Lao-tzu once wrote: "The gate of the subtle and profound female / Is the root of heaven and earth."

Yesterday she was a lusty redhead; today she's as prim, proper and well mannered as a Victorian matron. Yesterday's seductress is today's seductee. Your goal: to get her to let down her hair and show you her soul, among other things.





"My, but you do rise to the occasion!"

Vargas

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

JOHN DENVER
male vocalist

ROY CLARK
picker



LINDA RONSTADT
female vocalist

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
composer



Music award designed and produced exclusively for PLAYBOY by Tiffany & Co.

JAZZ

BUDDY RICH
percussion

EDGAR WINTER
woodwinds

STANLEY CLARKE
bass

LIONEL HAMPTON
vibes

QUINCY JONES
composer



CHICK COREA
keyboards

PHOEBE SNOW
female vocalist

RAY CHARLES
male vocalist

DOC SEVERINSEN
brass, group

JOSE FELICIANO
guitar

EAGLES
group

PAUL McCARTNEY
bass

KEITH MOON
drums



BERNIE TAUPIN
composer

ELTON JOHN
male vocalist, keyboards
composer

LINDA RONSTADT
female vocalist

ERIC CLAPTON
guitar

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

AVERAGE WHITE BAND
group



ROBERTA FLACK
female vocalist

STEVIE WONDER
male vocalist
composer



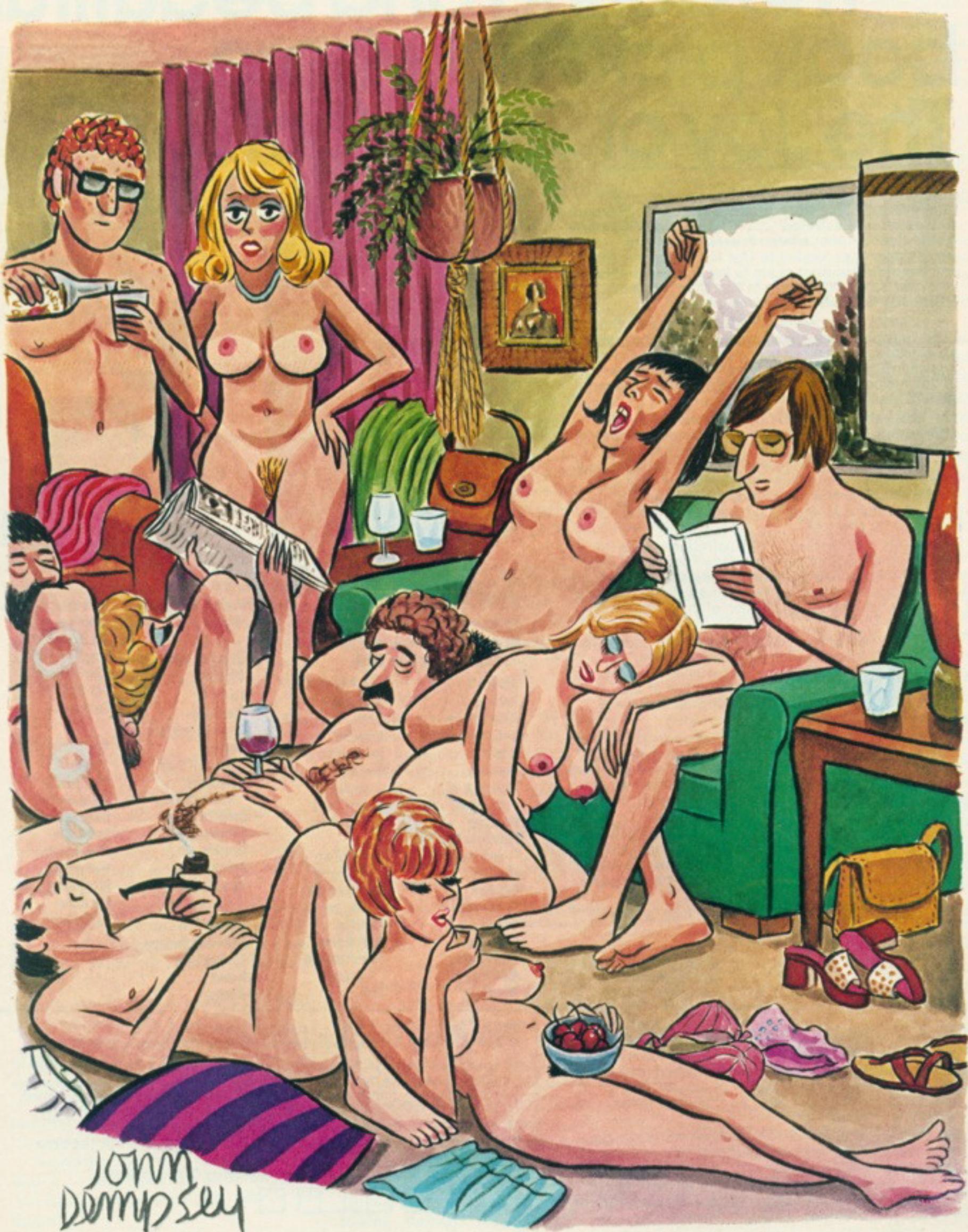
OVER BROWN

"This is one of the headaches of being a top gun. There's always somebody tryin' to prove he's better 'n you."



Illustration
Intorclande

"Now what's holding you up?"



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"I think we've been swinging together too long."



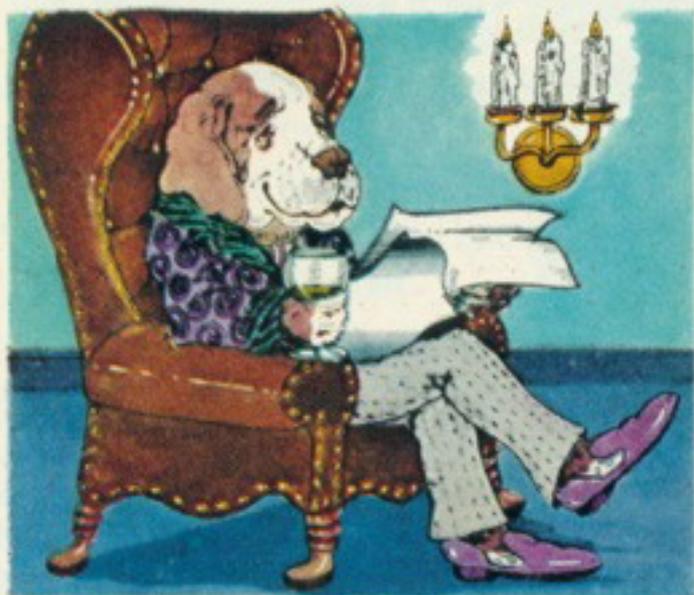
"As my contribution to the Bicentennial, I'm going to screw that little British broad over in accounting."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

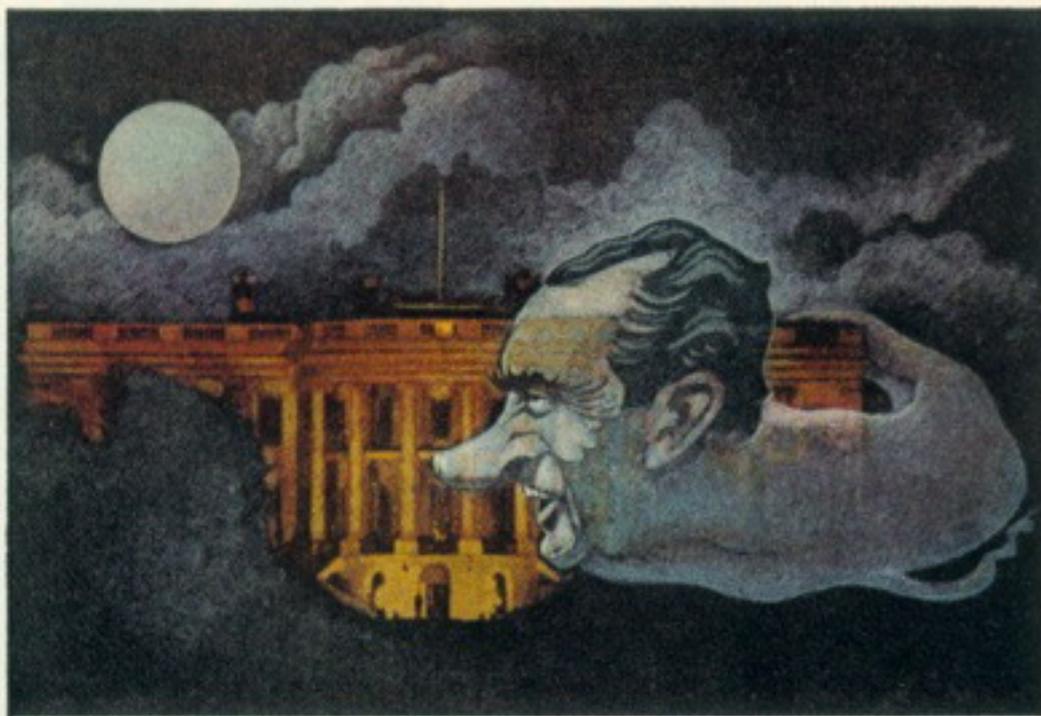
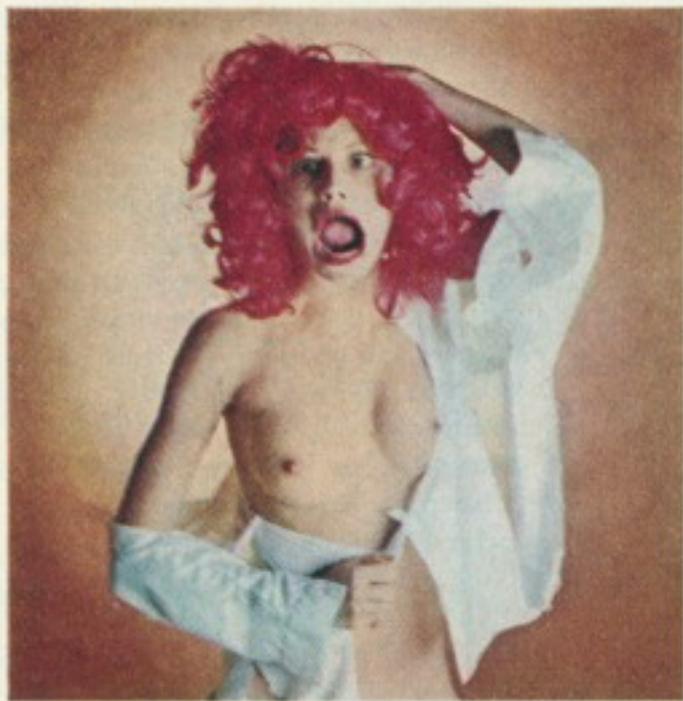
PUTTING ON THE DOG

You and madam plan to go to the Big Apple this summer, but she can't bear the thought of leaving Fido behind in a kennel? Put the mutt up at The Kennelworth, New York's latest luxury hotel for pets (519 E. 72nd Street). All rooms are private chateaulike *pieds-à-terre*, tastefully decorated and featuring panoramic views, a climate-control system and à-la-carte pet chow. All for just \$9 to \$13 daily. At those prices, book us a room for two. Woof!



LAUGH, CLOWNS, LAUGH

If you're the kind of wit whose idea of a good joke is to short-sheet your own bed, then you're a perfect candidate for the Practical Jokers Club (P.O. Box 19427, Orlando, Florida 32814), an organization of wags who love a good laugh—especially when it's at someone else's expense. The \$12 annual dues gets you a specially scented membership card, a newsletter and a punch on the jaw if you're not careful.



SUPERSPOOKS

When the hour is late and the moon bright, some say you can see Dolley Madison rocking on her porch on Lafayette Square. In the White House, the ghostly visage of Abe Lincoln has been known to scare the likes of Teddy Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. It's all documented in a book by John Alexander called *Ghosts: Washington's Most Famous Ghost Stories* (\$4.40, postpaid, Washingtonian Books, 1828 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.), a collection of 64 reported incidents about the spirits that still lurk in the midst of our capital, haunting Senators, diplomats and Presidents. And if you listen carefully, it's rumored you can still hear the ghost of Tricky Dick moaning in the Oval Office.

TIME TO SWING

What you need for your favorite controlled environment is a seven-foot kinetic toy made of shiny chrome-plated steel, with glass beads in a container and a pendulum that—at the touch of a finger—traces an ever-evolving, never-ending pattern in the beads. Timeless Images, Inc., 377 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sells the Pit and the Pendulum for \$300 (a 23-inch Plexiglas model retails at \$35). It may not be the next national pastime—though baseball has been slipping—but if you like to ponder the vagaries of fate, it'll help you draw a bead on a most elusive subject.



BALLPLAYING ALLOWED

Any *Schussmeister* worth his Scott poles knows that Steamboat Springs is a resort in Colorado noted for its white open spaces. But if you think that Steamboat melts away for the year with the last flakes of winter, think again. The area hosts a summer week-long handball/racquetball camp for \$185 (not including room or air fare). For more info, write to Storm Meadows Athletic Club, Box 1566, Steamboat Springs, Colorado 80477. Think of us when you're recovering in the therapy bath.



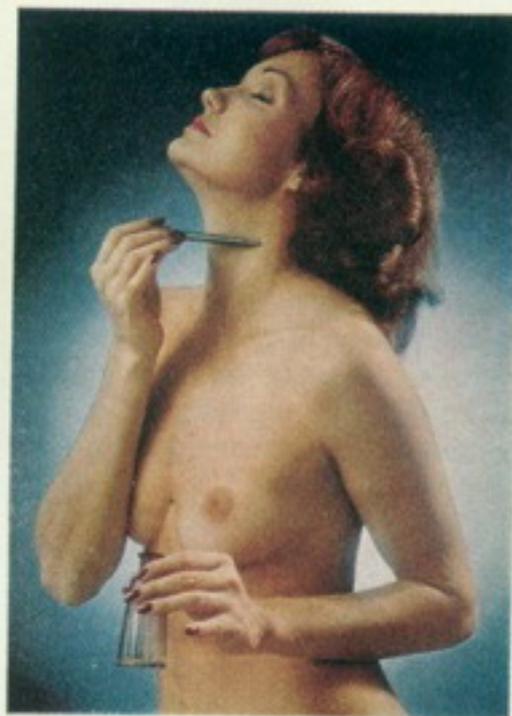
PLANTING A STORY

Do plants talk? And, more importantly, do they *communicate* with one another? Lots of vital questions can be answered with PlanTalker, a small, sensitive electronic instrument that clips to a plant's leaves and purportedly converts its minute electrical responses into audible sounds. Just \$59.50 sent to E.X.I.T. (Box 201, Dracut, Massachusetts 01826) lets you listen to the Swedish ivy gossip about the African violet. She *did!*? The hussy.



MAKING SCENTS

They may not improve your penmanship or help you pass freshman English, but the new fragrance-dispensing ballpoint pens made by Yorker Research (65-50 Woodside Avenue, Woodside, New York) can let you come out smelling like a rose—or anything else you choose. The secret is a small reservoir atop the pens (which range in price from \$6 to \$18), a highly absorbent filler and a device to regulate the speed of evaporation. Castrol oil? Johnnie Walker Red? Elmer's glue? Calamine lotion? Pick an odor. By the way, did anyone ever tell you that your writing stinks?



KNIGHT TIME

Tired of those tacky Continental suits that split their seams on the night of a big date? Do you yearn for something traditional that will add a touch of permanence to your wardrobe? Perhaps something in gun-metal gray? Consider this: a custom-made suit of armor for only \$4500 from Alfred Dunhill of London (620 Fifth Avenue, New York City). British armorer Tony Ptolomey has re-created the stunning parade suit of Francis I of France in steel and brass (there are 280 moving parts), including a broadsword, morning-star mace and halberd. It's the perfect outfit for those evening strolls through Central Park.

THE KATZ MEOW

Jack Katz is a Berkeley, California, artist who's been in the comic-book biz for years, drawing whatever the people at Marvel, Skywald and other companies wanted. But he's had other ideas, too, and at last he's letting them run wild in *The First Kingdom*, a mammoth 24-part, black-and-white sci-fi adventure epic, available from Bud Plant, Box 1886, Grass Valley, California 95945, for \$1.15 a volume, post-paid. (Katz is currently on volume four.) Inked in a fantastically detailed style (Hal Foster *Tarzan* fans will flip), Katz's work has been described as "the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of comic art." And all you nonreaders can dig it, too.





"I guess it's some kind of an orgy!"

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE



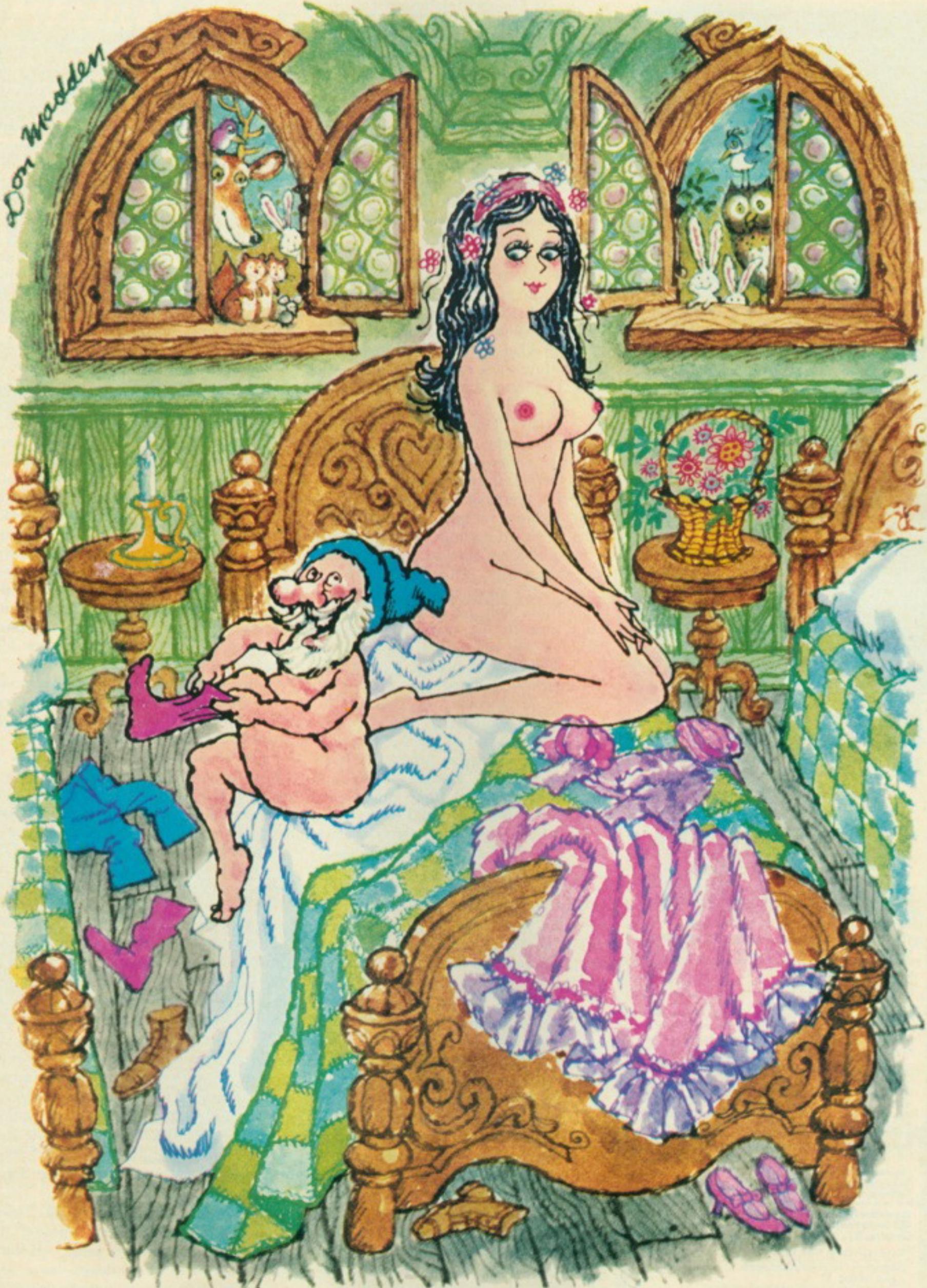
Gene Dole

"We've asked you down for a few words about your return, Mr. Cargill. The words are: Nice try."

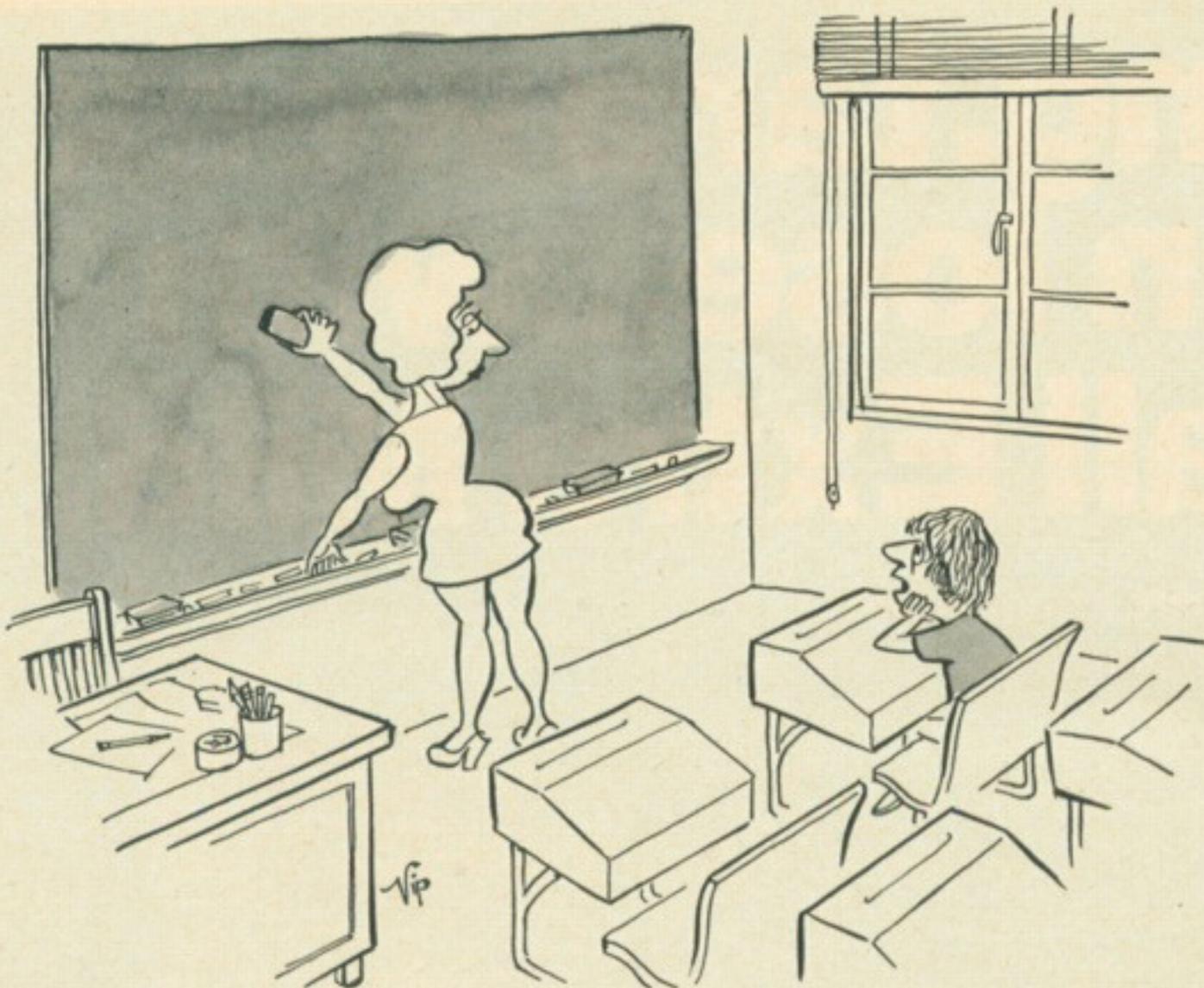


"The cheap one's vinyl and the other one's a steel-belted radial."

Don Madden

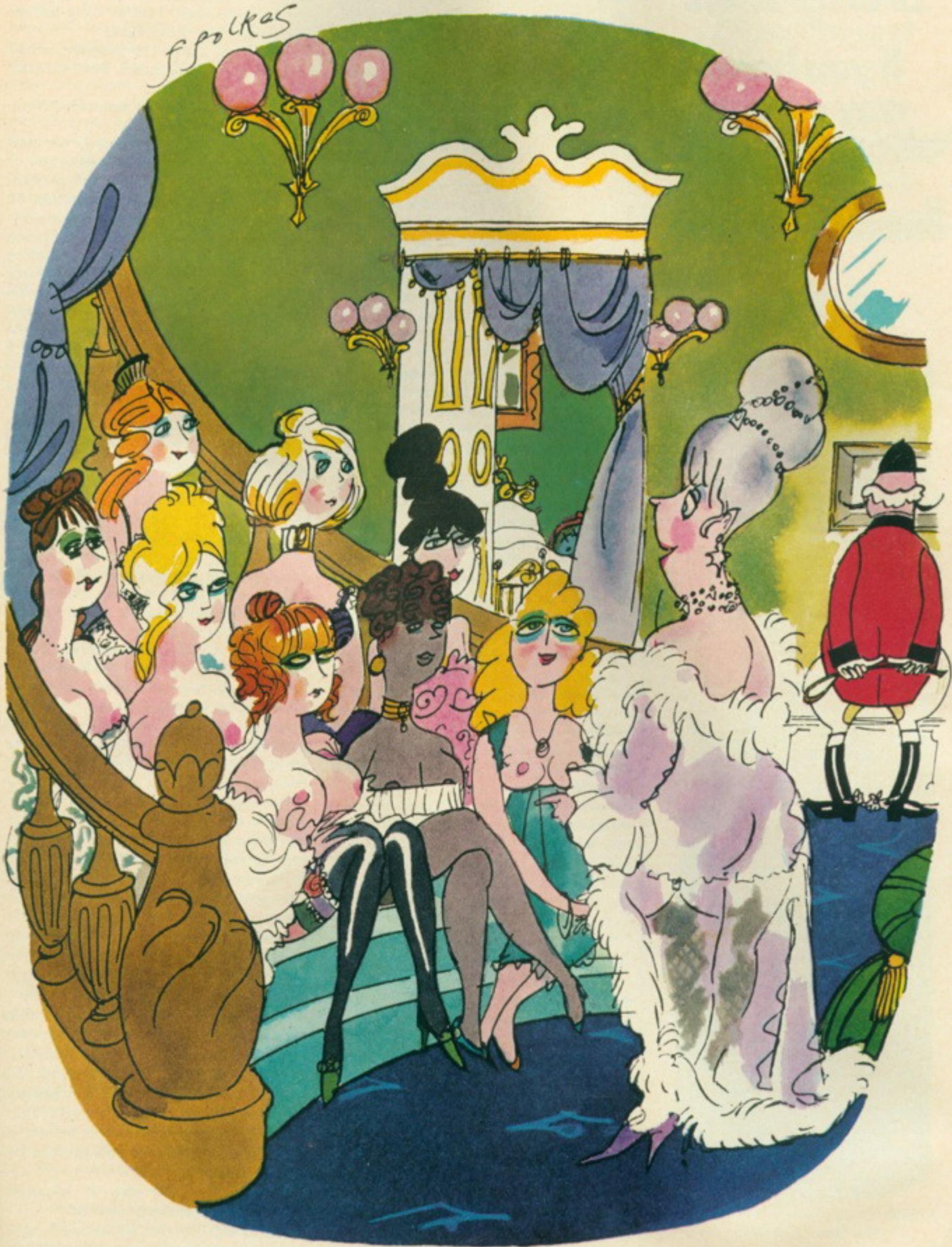


"How would you rate me on a scale of one to seven?"



"Geez, Miss Campbell, I could sit here all day and watch you erase."

f. polkas



"I've called you girls together to ask if any of you can neigh."



*"There are times, Henshaw, when I think we must have
the best goddamned union in the world."*

NEXT MONTH:



INDIES



SUZE



CAMERAS



HORROR

"JERRY FORD"—GIVEN HIS BACKGROUND, YOU GOTTA FEEL SORRY FOR THE GUY. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU GOTTA FEEL EVEN SORRIER FOR THE COUNTRY—BY **RICHARD RHODES**

JOHN DOE IS A SUBJECT SO HOT WE CAN'T REVEAL HIS (OR HER) IDENTITY. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT FOR MAY'S EVEN MORE THAN USUALLY PROVOCATIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE WEST END HORROR"—IN THE CONCLUSION OF THIS NEW ADVENTURE, SHERLOCK HOLMES TANGLES WITH BRAM (*DRACULA*) STOKER, INTRODUCES CONTACT LENSES TO LONDON AND IS EXPOSED TO A DEADLY DISEASE—BY **NICHOLAS MEYER**

"BARBARA PARKINS"—MISS PARKINS IS WHAT THEY CALL A CLASS ACT: A LOVELY, TALENTED MOVIE ACTRESS, SHE HAS A SAWDUST-FREE BRAIN AND A DELIGHTFUL BODY

"TENNIS CON AMORE"—A ROMP WITH TWO HIGH-RANKED ITALIANS WHO OFTEN HAVE OTHER THINGS ON THEIR MIND THAN GROUND STROKES—BY **WILLIAM MURRAY**

"STRICTLY PERSONAL"—YOU'VE SEEN THE SHOOTINGS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN SHE'S DONE FOR THIS MAGAZINE. NOW, LENS LADY SUZE SHOTS THE GORGEOUS... **SUZE!**

"WEAKNESS"—YOU'VE READ *POWER!*, BY MICHAEL KORDA? YOU'LL LOVE THIS PARODY—BY **JOHN HUGHES**

"THE BEST-KEPT SECRET IN THE CARIBBEAN"—THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACES TO HAVE FUN UNDER THE SUN IN THE TROPICS. TRAVEL TIPS ON A HOST OF ISLAND PARADISES

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA, PART V"—MORE ON THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL KILLING OF ALL, THAT OF JOHN F. KENNEDY—BY **JAMES MC KINLEY**

"21st CENTURY-FLIX"—THE NEW SUPER-8 MOVIE CAMERAS MAY NOT MAKE YOU A FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA OR A JAMES WONG HOWE, BUT THEY'LL DO EVERYTHING ELSE