

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

SECRET INTERVIEW!
AMERICA'S NO. 1 FUGITIVE
ABBIE HOFFMAN

**The Private
Demons
Of Jerry Ford**

**Sex, Sun and
The Best-Kept
Secret in the
Caribbean**

**Who Killed
John Kennedy?**



Cordoba

The Small Chrysler

Confidence. It is what any fine automobile gives you. And what you get in full measure from Cordoba. Here is the confidence of knowing your car has a *look* of great dignity. And the *feel* of great quality. Here, too, is the confidence of knowing your car controls the road, handling both curve and straightaway with marked assurance. In Cordoba, you will enjoy much more than great comfort at a most pleasant price. You will enjoy great confidence. For which there can be *no* price.





Over the last few years, most economy cars have shifted from inexpensive to out of reach.

Fortunately, there's one economy car that still is an economy car. The 1976 Subaru.

\$2,899.* A PRICE FROM OUT OF THE PAST.

Believe it or not, the actual price of the 1976 Subaru two-door sedan you see in the picture is \$2,899.

And that price includes features like front wheel drive, power front disc brakes, radial tires, rack and pinion steering and reclining bucket seats.

It's almost enough to make you forget the cost of living.

A CAR THAT DOESN'T SOAK YOU AT THE GAS PUMP.

According to EPA test estimates, the manual transmission Subaru sedan got 39[†] highway and 29[†] city miles to a gallon of regular.

Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you might have. But the Subaru is one car that doesn't have a drinking problem.

AN ENGINE GEARED FOR TODAY.

Our high efficiency SEEC-T engine burns clean and doesn't even need expensive add-on emission control devices like catalytic convertors, air pumps and air metering systems.

Those are two reasons you can breathe easier right there.

Not only that, the cylinders on the SEEC-T engine are horizontally opposed, so it vibrates less. That means less wear and tear on your car. And your wallet.

OUR DRIVING FORCE: FRONT WHEEL DRIVE.

Every Subaru comes standard with front wheel drive. What that means is that the weight of the engine is over the drive wheels.

Or to put it in more practical terms, it's more practical. Our front wheel drive provides you with greater stability and better traction in every kind of driving condition.

All in all, between what you save and what you get on the 1976 Subaru, a lot of people will be riding high this year. Despite the economy.

SUBARU
THE ECONOMY CAR FOR
TODAY'S ECONOMY.



\$2,899*

**Total POE — not including dealer prep, inland transportation and taxes. Rally stripe and wheel trim rings are extra cost options.
† In California see your local Subaru dealer for price and gas mileage figures.*

**ON THE 1976 SUBARU,
THE THING MOST EFFECTED
BY INFLATION IS THE TIRES.**



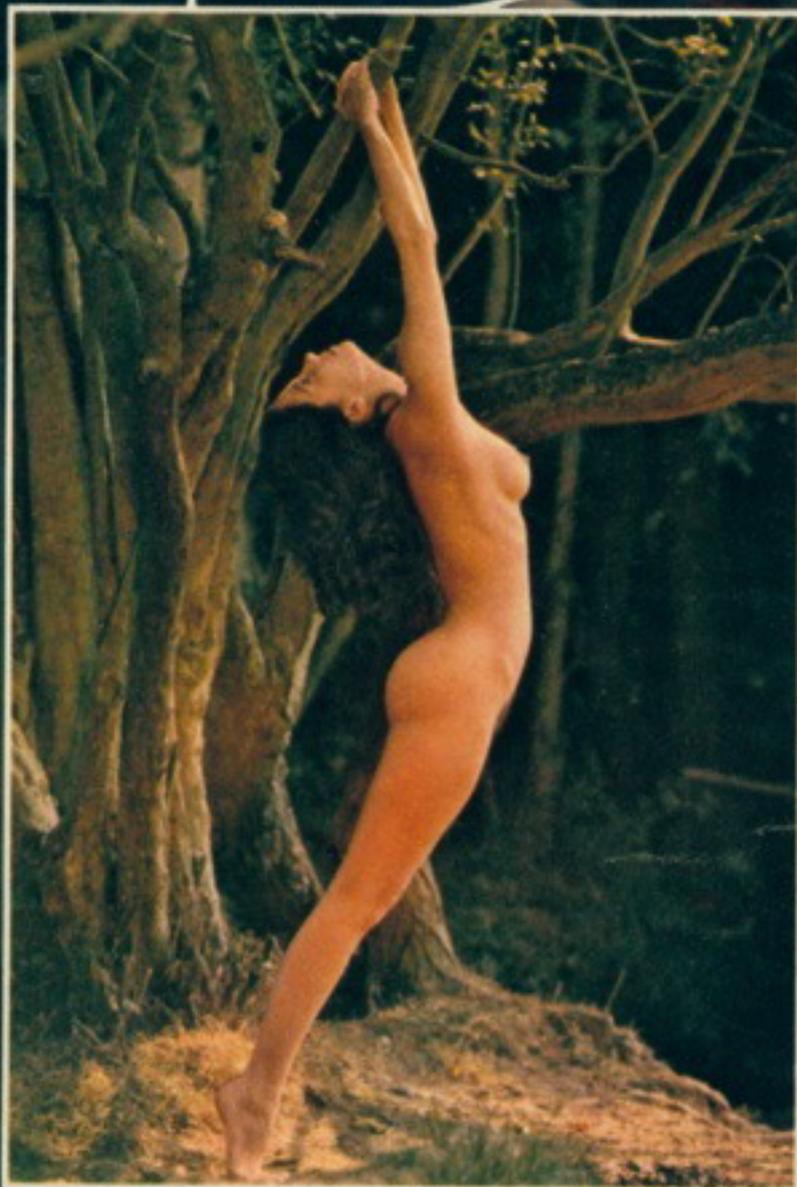
*"Personally, I've always subscribed to the Big Bang Theory
of the origin of the universe."*

Barbara's a free spirit who refuses to be confined—either in locale or in attire. She spent the winter in her house in Beverly Hills but finds that milieu "very narrow. I try to do something every year to make life a little richer, fuller. This year I'll go to either Bali or the Greek islands, or to Colorado for cross-country skiing. Perhaps I'll join some friends who are planning to sail up the Nile on a dhow." As for clothes: "I'm not all that interested in them... except for very clingy, very sensuous evening gowns. I love them. Preferably in white."

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

SHE ARRIVES at Kennedy Airport via jet from London and heads start turning as if she'd never been away. Brunette, surprisingly petite, with brown-velvet eyes—and dressed in trim greenish denim travel togs that she calls "my James Dean boiler suit"—Barbara Parkins enjoys the indestructible celebrity of having played Betty Anderson on *Peyton Place* for five long years (1964–1969). Ryan O'Neal got her pregnant and made Rodney a household word. Mia Farrow dropped out as Allison to marry Frank Sinatra. Barbara collected the wages of sin to the bitter end. Everyone knows that, and anyone who managed to miss her on TV's first prime-time adult soap opera probably remembers her movie debut as the high-fashion heroine of Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls*.

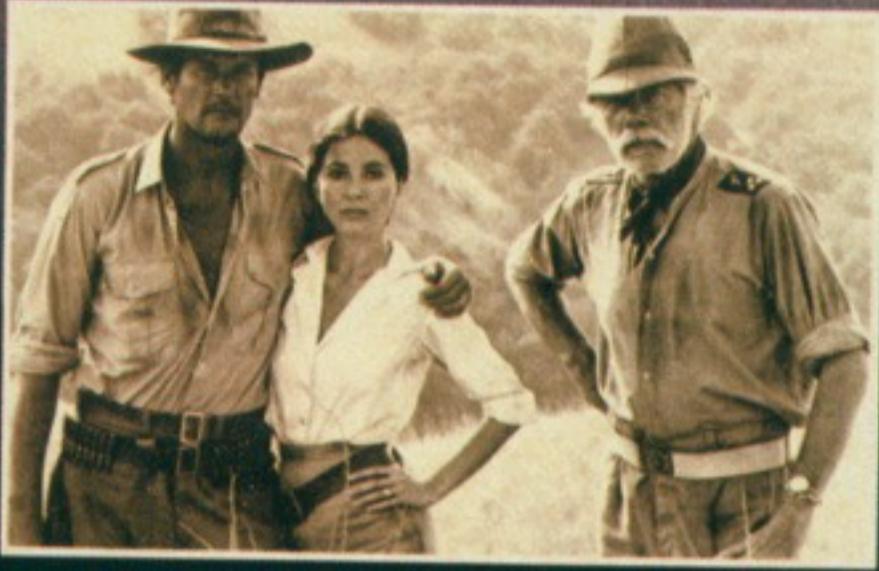
Barbara has been thrust back into the limelight as co-star with Roger Moore and Lee Marvin in *Shout at the Devil*, a \$9,500,000 African adventure epic directed
(text continued on page 90)





PARKINS' PLACE

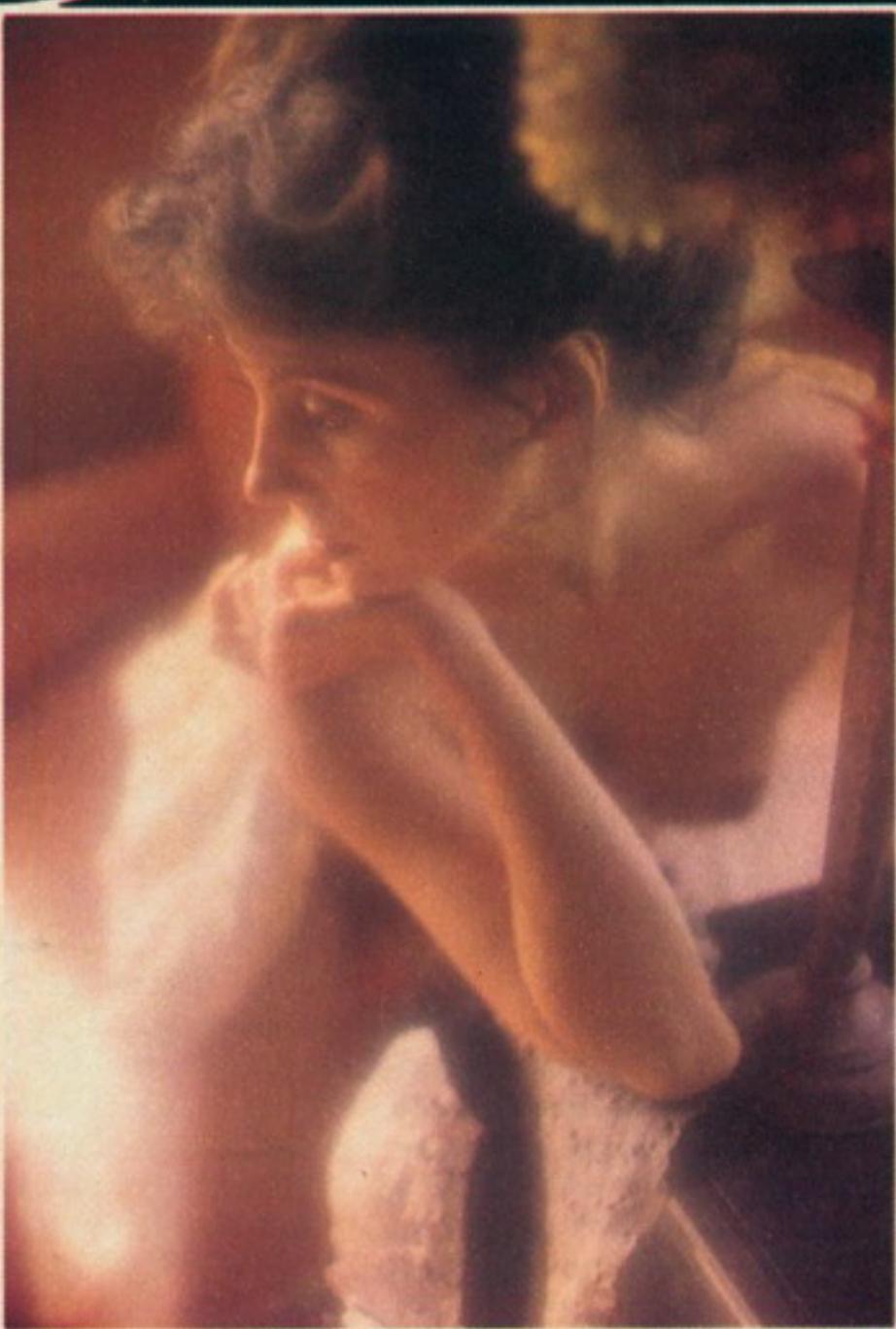
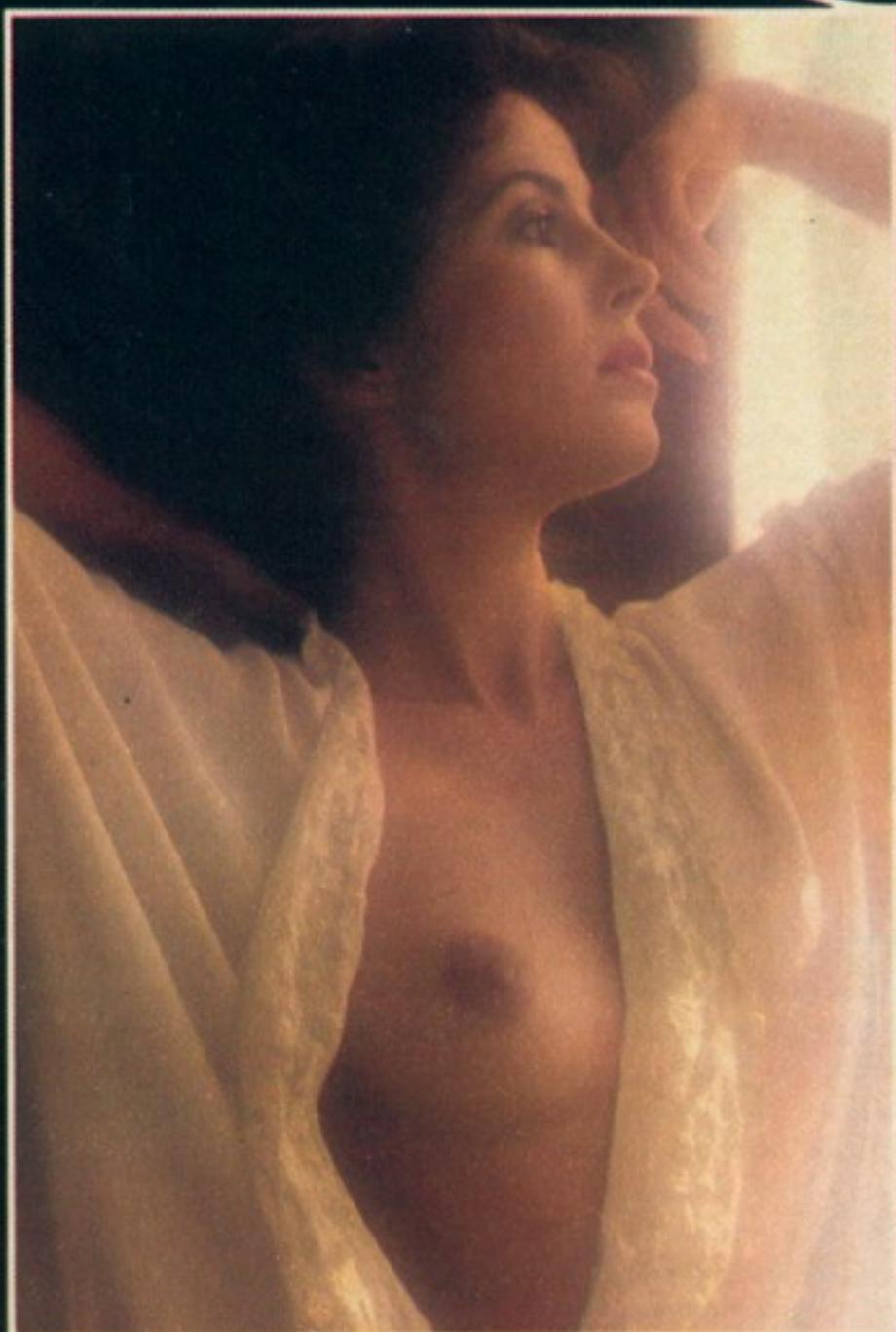
her five years on the super soap opera "peyton place" far behind her, the bright and talented barbara parkins knows exactly who she is and where she's going



Shout at the Devil, a \$9,500,000 adventure epic set in Africa, teams Barbara with Roger Moore (as her lover) and Lee Marvin (as her father). They're pre-World War One ivory poachers.



he muses about the high cost of fame — U.S. style: “When you’re one of those actresses who are unmarried, people love to know what’s going on in your private life. Particularly in L.A. If you go anywhere, with anyone, they start to speculate and comment on it. In London, people aren’t all that interested.” Perhaps they’re just more polite. Barbara is universally recognized; her old *Peyton Place* television series has been shown in some 75 countries and is still going strong.



by Peter Hunt and scheduled for fall release. But the years between *Peyton Place*, *Dolls* and *Devil* have hardly been idle. She recently appeared with Lee Remick as the kid sister of Winston Churchill's mother in *Jennie*, a highly acclaimed British TV dramatic series. Earlier, she made *The Kremlin Letter* and *The Mephisto Waltz* and joined Faye Dunaway in a French thriller ("total disaster") they would both like to forget. "I went to England some five years ago for the wedding of Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate and just decided to stay," says the Canadian-born beauty. "I feel tremendously at home there, always have. Besides, my great-great-grandfather was a mattress maker in England."

More than a pretty face, Barbara has a brain she's made a habit of using, a tart tongue she uses on occasion, plus firmly held opinions about quite a number of things. During a brief sojourn to the outer shores of Long Island for a photo session with *PLAYBOY*'s Richard Fegley, she was ogled, flattered and smiled at in fond remembrance by total strangers who behaved like charter members of a regional chapter of the Parkins international fan club. "Here's to your camera and my body, and let's not forget the rest of me" was her toast to Fegley while lifting a glass of light dry sherry, which marks the outer limits of her alcoholic intake. She doesn't smoke, either, though that's not one of the things she feels it important for the world to know.

Lest we forget, she would rather put into the record that she began her career as a ballerina and still proudly recalls pirouetting to Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* with a ballet company in Vancouver. The most unexpected bit of Parkins lore, however, is the revelation that Barbara, while still in her teens—before *Peyton Place* but after she moved to L.A. to start knocking on casting directors' doors—was the nimble dancing partner of Donald O'Connor, moviedom's once and former musical-comedy whiz kid. "A couple of agents saw me and next thing I knew, I was featured with Donald, tapping away on a three-month song-and-dance tour. One of the numbers we did together was a soft-shoe *Me and My Shadow*. All in all, it was a marvelous experience."

Giving interviews rates low on the list of Barbara's favorite ways to pass the time. And she knows precisely why. "Inevitably, one of the first questions every interviewer asks me is: *What about your love affairs?* Followed by: *What about Omar Sharif?* Well, I'd like to put it straight. We met in the commissary at Fox while he was making *Che* and I was doing *Peyton Place*. He asked me out. We had a lovely evening; then the studio wanted us to attend a big premiere together. From then on it was reported as

a continuous, flaming love affair between me and the most sexual, sought-after man since Valentino. And it was a complete myth, fabricated in the press. He's a very intelligent, interesting man, but we had no real relationship. Nothing, just total Hollywood gossip. And that takes care of Omar."

When Barbara puts a period on a sentence to close a subject, the subject stays closed. Cross-examination seems pointless, anyway, with a lady ready, willing and eloquent enough to take the stand alone. Being an actress, she responded with verve to the challenge of a soliloquy—impromptu free-associating on a host of topics from A to Z. So here's Barbara herself, to the letter:

"A is for Africa, Arabs, astrology . . . oh, my God. Well, I can say a lot about Africa, meaning *East Africa* . . . not South Africa, where *Shout at the Devil* was made. We were very isolated there and South Africa did not impress me as a place I'd ever go back to. But a couple of years ago, I was sitting at home in L.A.—very bored and splitting up with a man I'd been with for two years—and I decided I just had to get away. So I called up a friend of mine who was producing *Born Free* on television and said I'd love to do an episode of the show. He said fine, so I got on a plane for Nairobi. While the show itself was horrible—very poorly produced and directed—my first experience there was spectacular. We met a tribe called the Turkana, cousins of the Masai, and I stayed two weeks with them, listening to their music, learning their dances. They're beautiful human beings, with an inner harmony that Westerners seldom understand. In fact, I fell in love with one of them, a black named Rojo. We had a little romance going—which is a perfect way to be drawn into their circle and be fully accepted. Later I sent him a photograph of us dancing together. He'd never *seen* a photograph. . . .

"B is for beauty, Bertolucci, Britain. It's not for me to talk about *being* beautiful or being thought beautiful. Anyway, I have one eye smaller than the other and this crooked nose. A man can make me feel beautiful if I'm in love. And I admire beautiful women but not those flawless, chiseled beauties. Someone like Anouk Aimée is beautiful but doesn't have perfect features. Dominique Sanda has an *aura* of beauty about her; that's what registers.

"C brings me to critics. I think too many get carried away with themselves. I respect Charles Champlin in L.A., who writes fair, intelligent criticism. I don't respect someone like Rex Reed, who is very self-oriented and criticizes personalities instead of appraising an actor's work. So far, in my own career, I don't feel I've

done anything important enough—or anything disastrous enough—to provoke heated criticism. I wouldn't mind either of the two extremes, actually. I look forward to that.

"D is for dance . . . and working with good directors. I'd love to work with a real actor's director—Bertolucci or Francis Ford Coppola, or Truffaut, whom I think of as a wonderful *woman's* director. Most of all, I'd *love* to do a Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire-type film, a lively song-and-dance show. I'd give anything to do that.

"E? The big E is ecology, I suppose. I wish people could be made aware that we're destroying the earth. We get so tuned away, especially in big cities, I wonder how many of us could go back to living with simple necessities if something terrible happened. . . . My trips to Africa made me think seriously about this.

"F—ah, yes, the future. I have plans for the future. A house in the English or French countryside. Marriage and children, in due time. Then someday, when I've put my old man under the sod—whoever he may be—I'll open a little village bakery.

"G? Well, I don't believe in God. I don't believe in an afterlife, so I want to have fun and get as much as possible out of this life before I pass on. I wish I could believe more in the goodness of man. I might add that I'm totally against guns and hate gossip—a complete waste of energy.

"H stands for heaven and hell—right here on earth, as I was saying. Hmmm. Hostilities? I'm not aware of any in myself. Horror films? Never watch them. I don't consider myself a highbrow, though. I've tried reading Shakespeare, for example, and don't enjoy it. I find it very . . . kind of *studied* and remote.

"I is the first-person pronoun, or impossible dreams. I don't recognize impossible dreams. Anything is possible.

"J—I love watching Mick Jagger. I like men with a strong female aspect to them. That male-female thing is very appealing, either in a man or in a woman. Though the American ideal is to be strongly one way or the other, that's less true in Europe. Even bisexuality is OK if you're simply a sexual being, without guilt, who happens to appreciate either sex. If you can handle that. I've known quite a few people who do.

"K—Kennedy, Kennedy. I adored John Kennedy. Maybe he wasn't a great politician, but we're learning more and more that we don't always need politicians. We need people we respond to emotionally, people with charisma, whom we'll rush home to watch on television. I also adore Buster Keaton films, as an antidote to all the basically negative, heavy things in the

(concluded on page 157)

PARKINS' PLACE (continued from page 90)

world today—you're left with tears rolling down your cheeks for a better reason.

"L—mmm, I believe in love. Absolutely. Though I don't always have it, I am involved right now, with a man in business in L.A. You can love things other than people, however. I have a passion for languages but wish I spoke more languages and spoke them better. I dream of getting pregnant and using the nine months to indulge myself, studying. I'm not pregnant at the present time, by the way.

"M has a million and one meanings. Men, because I honestly like them. My closest friends are men. M is for my mother, too, a very special lady, the most important person in my life. And money. Oh, yes. I like money, so I can indulge my pleasures and do the things I want to do. Money is very important today, whether we like it or not.

"N—how about nudity? I'm very self-conscious about my nude body. Mostly because I'd prefer to have a wonderful kind of African, catlike body, which is not what I've got. If I had to perform nude on the screen, I wouldn't relish it—though I'd probably agree if the director were someone like Kubrick.

"O—well, I've talked about Omar. So now I'll talk about Ryan O'Neal. Among all the people from *Peyton Place*, he and I have remained best friends. I think Ryan gets carried away sometimes, because he's basically a fighting Irishman. He likes his house at the beach, likes to work out, play Frisbee, have his woman there. But he's a hard worker, very talented, and he's becoming a big star. That's rough to handle in the beginning, until you mellow it all out. Of course, the ultimate O is Olivier—for me, he's the epitome of screen romance.

"P—I guess my pet peeve is snoring. Hearing someone snore. And I don't like pornography, which has become an obsession among movie people. I don't find it sensual or sexy or a turn-on. Though I saw *Emmanuelle* and enjoyed it. I guess because it was very feminine and the bodies were beautiful, which is nice to see on the screen.

"Q—first quarrels, then I'll get to the queen of England. On the personal level, I feel quarreling is very, very important for a relationship—so long as you can talk things out, come back together with tenderness and don't lapse into the madness of physically beating each other. As for the queen, all that's not amusing anymore, since it's been revealed she's one of the wealthiest women in the world. She has no real power or position and she's earning huge sums of money for nothing—except to keep the English people supplied with pomp and pageantry, which costs them a

lot, much more than they can afford nowadays.

"R—I'll take romance, who wouldn't? Life would be very dull without it. I sometimes wish I had lived in Byron's day. When you received a love letter then, it was poetry. I'd like to play old-fashioned romantic roles, maybe a remake of *Wuthering Heights* . . . but they offer me police stories dealing with spies and narcotics. All that Old World romance has gone—to make way for plastics, cubed sugar, salt and pepper sealed in little paper wrappers on TWA.

"S—sex is wonderful, of course. I'm partial to the male sex myself. Sexiness, sensitivity, strength and superiority are all qualities I look for in a man. Not total superiority or domination. But I like to feel a man is stronger than I am, because I don't believe I'm actually a strong person. I may project that image in many ways, but that's basically a front. My protection, no doubt.

"T is for travel, trains. I am just mad about trains. One of the last great romantic voyages must be to take the Trans-Siberian Railroad. I *did* take a train through Russia once, from Leningrad to Samarkand. From England, I've been to Ireland, Finland, South America, Africa, all of Europe. . . . I think my wanderlust will take me to the Far East soon. Looking into the distant future, I suspect I'm meant to be a world traveler instead of an actress.

"U—what comes under U? Unisex? Used cars? They remind me of the worst

of L.A. Used cars I'd rather not think about, since I'll be going to California.

"V—I hate the violence in movies and on television, which probably reflects the horrendous *real* violence on all sides—the Irish terrorists in England, and so forth. I was in Harrods once during a bomb scare, when someone phoned to say they'd planted a bomb in the store. Everyone reacted with a strange kind of calm I don't understand. In America, however, I'm afraid people would get hysterical and start a stampede. . . . I hope I'm wrong.

"W—let me keep away from women's lib, a subject I find tremendously boring. When my agent sends me a script addressed to Ms. Parkins, I tell him I'm Miss Parkins, thank you. Perhaps I'm not that attuned to other women. I don't go to lunch with women; I have very few women friends. I prefer women on the screen, particularly a real *woman*, someone like Simone Signoret.

"X—I am ignorant about Xs. I'm not X-rated. I'm not an ex-anything, I hope.

"Y is for youth. Youth is fantastic and ought to last much, much longer. I want to keep a youthful mind, a youthful figure. . . . In London, I studied at the Dance Center in Covent Garden and work hard at keeping my body young. It's exhausting but important.

"Z—well, we're all in a zoo, aren't we? But zoos are sad. I'd love to run off to Zanzibar. As a matter of fact, I'm sure I will."

(Exit Barbara, laughing—and quite obviously going places.)

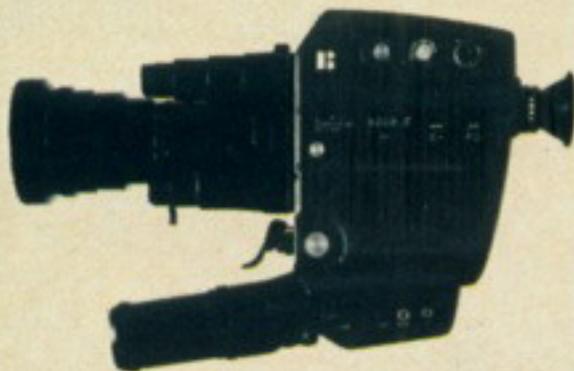


"All right, already! It's a beauty! Now let's see what you can do with it!"

Sankyo's XL-40S sound camera can shoot under normal indoor conditions without movie lights; features a macro zoom lens for ultraclose-ups, \$440, plus optional teleconverter lens, \$90, and a telescopic condenser microphone that mounts onto camera, \$79.95.



Elmo's 6005 incorporates all information required for sound/silent shooting into the view finder; features a unique device that prevents the camera from recording any start/stop click noise and allows for sound monitoring before and during operation, \$439.95.



Beaulieu 50085, when coupled with an Angenieux 6-80mm zoom, is truly professional equipment; with single and double sound systems, plus one-pulse-per-frame synch sound capability and a device that limits zooming from 6 to 40mm, by Hervic, \$2395 with lens.



Minolta Autopak-8 D12 features built-in macrofilming capability, 12X power zoom, a variable-sector rotary shutter for automatic fade-ins and -outs, plus automatic lap dissolves, seven filming speeds and assorted accessories, \$924 complete, including fitted case.



"Gosh, Jimmy! I'd like to thank you for a really fun evening, and a terrific movie, and the great head you gave me during the cartoon!"



THE SINGLE-MINDED MISS McCLAIN

*no one has a claim on our free-spirited may playmate—
which is everyone's good fortune*



YOU PROBABLY remember Patricia Margot McClain as our November 1975 cover girl. She was shown sitting in a movie theater holding—uh—a box of popcorn on her thigh. Saucy, sexy and outspoken, Patricia has a Mae Westian sense of humor and, as a liberated half-Apache female, is a proud member of two embattled groups. She was discovered by PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner. "I was in a little night club, where you'd never expect him to show up," she recalls, "but he came in, with about five people, got to meet me and invited me to his house. We've been good friends ever since." Patricia





"Sex? Well, I'm great. What else can I tell you? I'd score a ten on the Richter scale. Actually, kidding aside, I enjoy a lot of action and I'm an explorer. But it has to be at the right time—which, for me, is just about any time."



attracted a great deal of attention with her cover appearance: At presstime, she was being considered for a part in a special based on the life of John Barrymore, Sr. And other offers have been coming in. It's kind of a surprise route to success for a young lady who won awards for her dramatic ability at both Pasadena City College and UCLA (she has also studied broadcasting and gets a kick out of taping make-believe radio shows). But then, a lot of things about her are unlikely. Born on a ship off the California coast 22 years ago, Patricia is the daughter of an admiral in the U. S. Navy and an Indian lady who spent her early years on a reservation in New



Miss May, a 50 percent Apache Indian, keeps her own paint, Danny Boy, at her mother's place in the San Bernardino Mountains. "That's horse country," explains Patricia, who's an accomplished equestrienne.



"I'm an average, all-American young lady looking for a man who's handsome and well endowed, with a lot of money. I just left a man I loved—he had everything I needed, but he wanted to keep me cooped up like an animal."



Mexico ("I visited there once; the people were so poor, it was pathetic") but now lives in the San Bernardino Mountains. Patricia left home at 17 ("I was raised under my father's thumb; he's very strong and, as a triple Taurus, I'm very rebellious") and worked for a while in a boutique. Thanks, however, to a trust fund set up by her father and her grandfather, she's been able to do more studying than working. In fact, she admits that next to becoming a Shakespearean actress, her fondest ambition was always "to grow up and have nothing to do." But, as a result of her cover shot, it looks as if she'll get lots of work. Somehow we don't think she'll mind.



"I'm used to living a certain way and I couldn't hold myself back, no matter how much I might love somebody. I like to play around a lot and I'm out almost every night. I carry on just like the men do—and I'm completely straightforward about it."

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Shotgun in hand, the rural father flung open the rear doors of the parked truck to find the driver mounted on his daughter and pumping rhythmically. "I suppose," yelled the aggrieved parent, "that you fancy yourself a pretty good trucker!"

"One of the best!" panted the driver as he kept right on without missing a stroke.

"In that case," roared the father as he raised his weapon, "let's see you back out of *that* hole without spilling your load!"



We're inclined to disbelieve a rumor that Disneyland plans to promote a bumper sticker reading, DO A MOUSE A FAVOR: EAT A PUSSY!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *collection of sex manuals* as a library of congress.

The traveler knocked on the door of the house where a cabdriver had told him he could be sexually accommodated. An eye-level panel slid open and a female voice asked what he wanted. "I want to get screwed," said the man.

"OK, mister, but this is a private club, so slip twenty bucks as an initiation fee through the mail slot," answered the voice.

The man did this, the panel was closed, minutes passed . . . and nothing happened. He began to pound on the door insistently and the panel slid open. "Hey," exclaimed the sport, "I want to get screwed!"

"What," said the voice, "again?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *militant feminist* as an adamant Eve.

*In the harem, a lonely girl calls,
But the guard, all-unheeding, just sprawls.
When he's asked if he cheats
On the sultan, he bleats,
"Oh, I would—but I ain't got the balls!"*

The nervous bride said that she had a confession to make, but her groom of an hour reassured her. "Darling," he whispered, "I know about the time you worked as a stripper."

"But it was before that," she continued.

"You mean even before you were on the street hustling to pay for your habit?"

"Yes, dear, and even before my sex-change operation."

"A ship! A ship!" cried the bearded and ragged castaway on the tiny island. "And it's heading this way! And I bet," he went on, talking to himself, "that there's a ripe and willing girl aboard—one with full, jutting breasts . . . and flaring hips . . . and long, smooth legs . . . and a round, smooth ass! I can just taste her sweet lips as our naked bodies come together! I can——"

But by that time, the fellow had a large and throbbing erection and he grabbed himself and began to masturbate furiously. "I gotcha now, you bastard," he shouted, and then laughed maniacally, "'cause there ain't no fucking ship!"

"I can't figure it," sighed the young man. "She sure turned on and I thought I really put it to her, but then afterward, she began asking why I hadn't managed to hold back just a little longer."

"Ah, well," mused his blasé friend, "that's the way the nookie grumbles."

*An astronomer's comment was heinous:
"We should not let convention restrain us.
Though I've made a career
Out of Venus, my dear,
I am tempted to switch to Uranus!"*

Perhaps you've heard about the girl who was fired from her job in a sperm bank after she became pregnant. They discovered she'd been embezzling.



When the teenagers' petting session had reached a certain point, the girl suddenly disengaged herself, unzipped her date and proceeded to perform oral sex on him. When it was over and composure had returned, she whispered, "Did you like it, Eddie?"

"I sure did, Nancy!" replied Eddie. "But I had no idea you were queer."

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.



Over Brown

"Honest, dear, it's just until his trampoline is fixed!"

PICTURING HERSELF

she's taken great pictures of beautiful women for this magazine. this time around, suze has photographed the gorgeous... suze



In addition to photographing two covers for us, right (August 1975 and April 1976), Suze has shot Playmates Lillian Müller, Irene Miller and Miss May, Patricia McClain. Suze is also credited with bringing Norwegian model Müller to our attention. At top, Suze gets close to Jill De Vries for a test shooting.



EVER SINCE we first set eyes on British photographer Suze Randall, we've toyed with the idea of featuring her on the other side of the camera. After all, it's not every day you run into a professional photographer who also happens to have been a model, and a gorgeous one at that. "I was working as a nurse in a London hospital," Suze tells us, "and got into modeling on the side to bring in some extra money. The next logical step was photography." Often, in those early days, she would shoot herself, using a cable release and mirrors behind the camera. Which is precisely how she took the photographs on the following pages. And now . . . Suze presents Suze!



"Some models really turn on for the camera; others are shy and need to be coaxed. I'm an exhibitionist myself. I'll drop my drawers any day, anywhere—even if it's in the middle of the street. Being in front of the camera always makes me very horny."

"Sometimes I have to work very hard to get my models to hang loose and relax in front of the camera; so it's a great relief to be shooting myself, because not only do I have a sex bomb for a model, I've got one hell of a great photographer as well."





"I've just finished a book of my pornographic memoirs called 'Sexess.'

I was going to call it 'Pussy Power,' but my publishers were worried that that title would frighten the booksellers.

It's a chronicle of my sexual exploits as a model and a photographer."

"I like to have sex in elevators or anyplace where there's a chance of being caught with my knickers down.

It's the fear that turns me on the most. I've actually done it in an elevator; it was a marvelous one—had an armrest all around, so I could put my feet up."



NEVER EAT ANYTHING BIGGER THAN YOUR HEAD

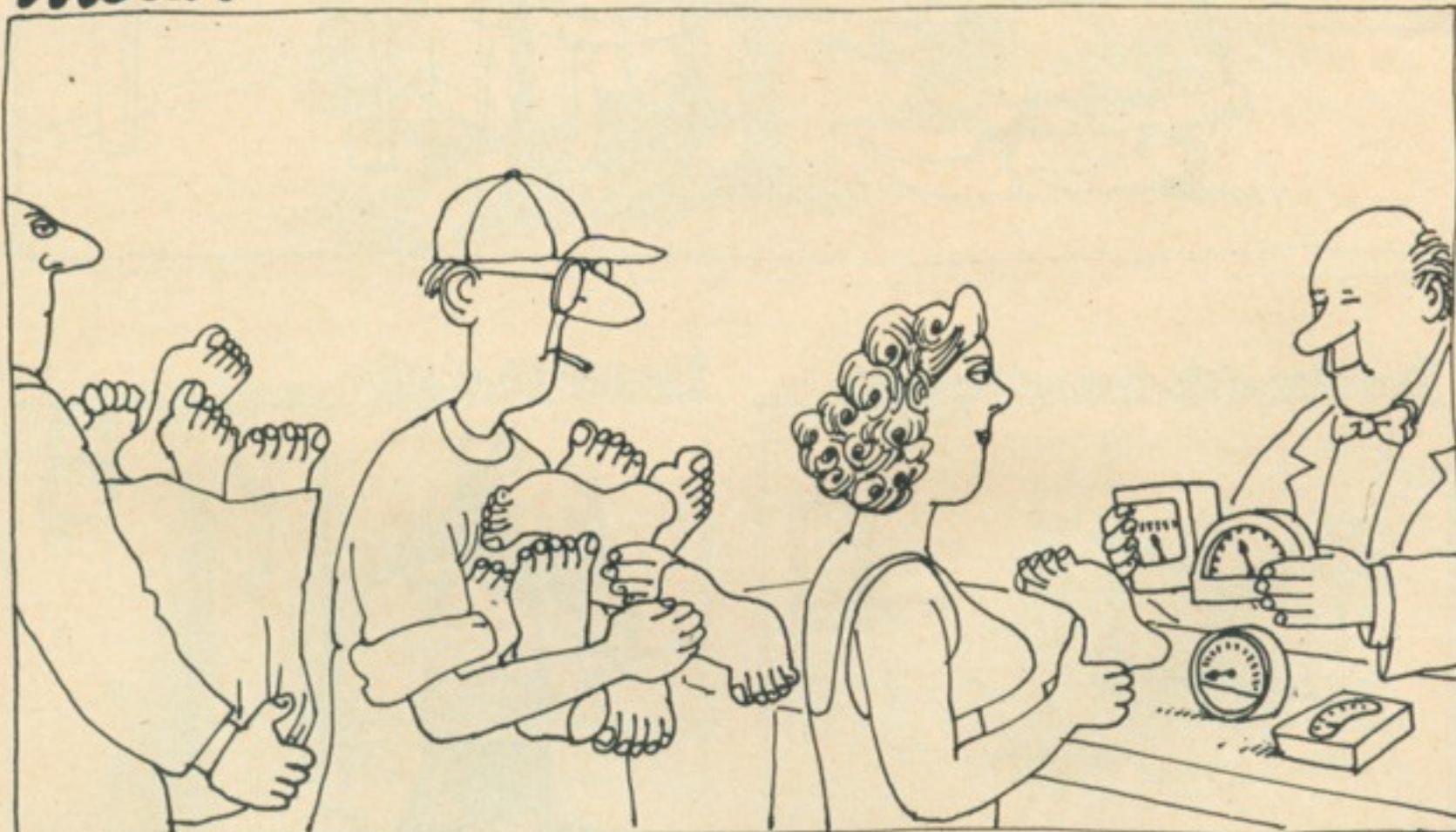
playboy cartoonist kliban continues to move in nutty ways, his wonders to perform

By B. KLIBAN

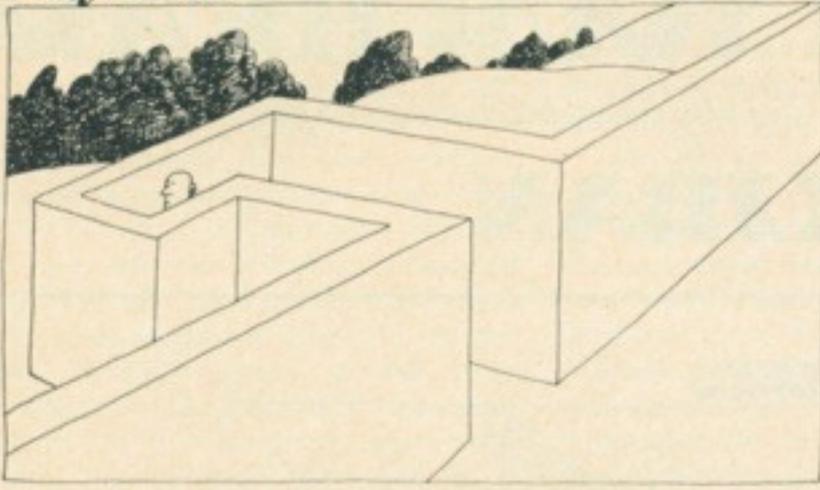
Wanda Among the Bushmen



Math • CONVERTING FEET TO METERS



Simple Maze



Never eat anything bigger than your head.



WRONG



RIGHT

The Mini-Calculator



Downstairs at the Mormon Tabernacle



Trend's First Slip

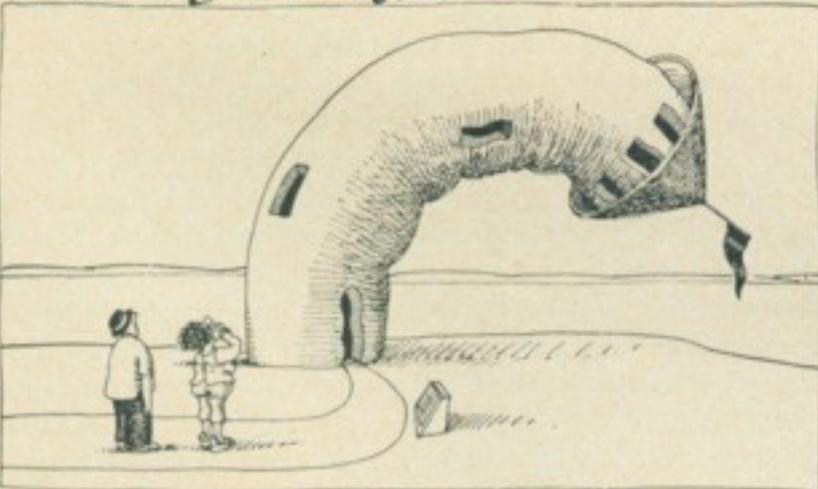




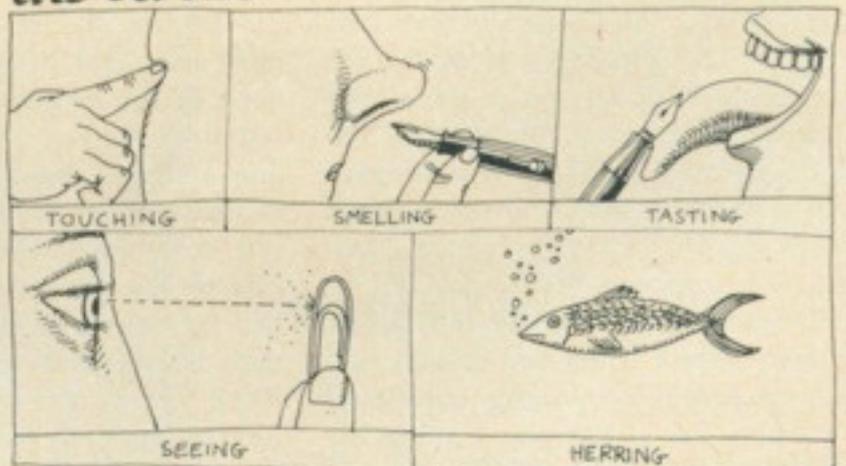
Genghis & Sylvia Khan



The Leaning Tower of Rubber



The Senses



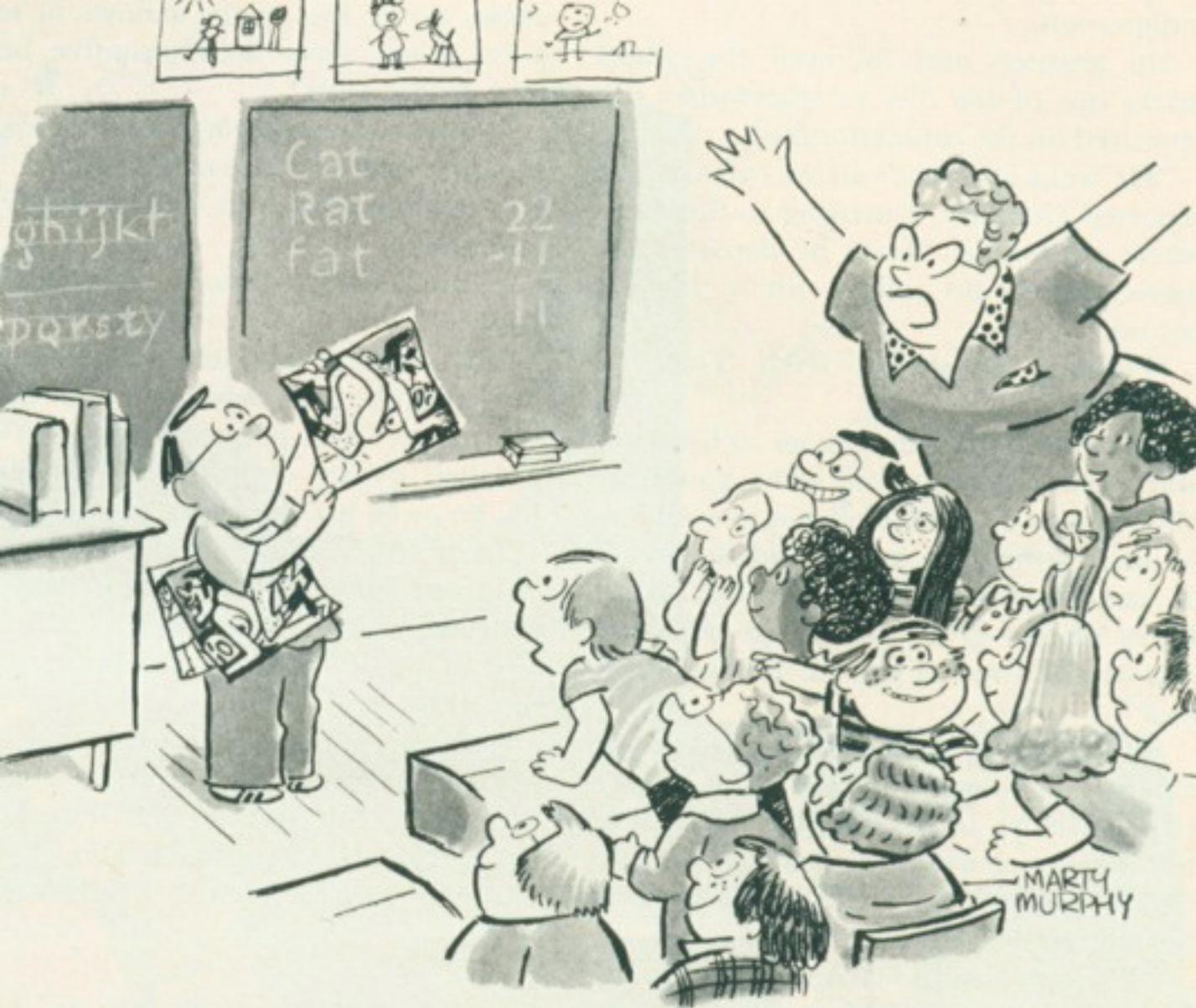


"Not now, Martha—I'm probing the depths of a very disturbed psyche!"



Mike Williams

"I told you he wouldn't respect me in the morning."



“Eddie! Folk heroes! Your report is supposed to be on folk heroes!”

POLISHED BRASS

There's an old saying that goes something like this: "The way to a man's heart is through his belt buckle." Well, maybe it doesn't go quite like that, but in our neck of the woods, you are what you hold your pants up with. And what better way to buckle up than with a Playboy Rabbit brass buckle (no belt) from Playboy Sales, 919 North Michigan, Chicago, Illinois 60611, for \$6? No, it's not delivered by a Bunny.



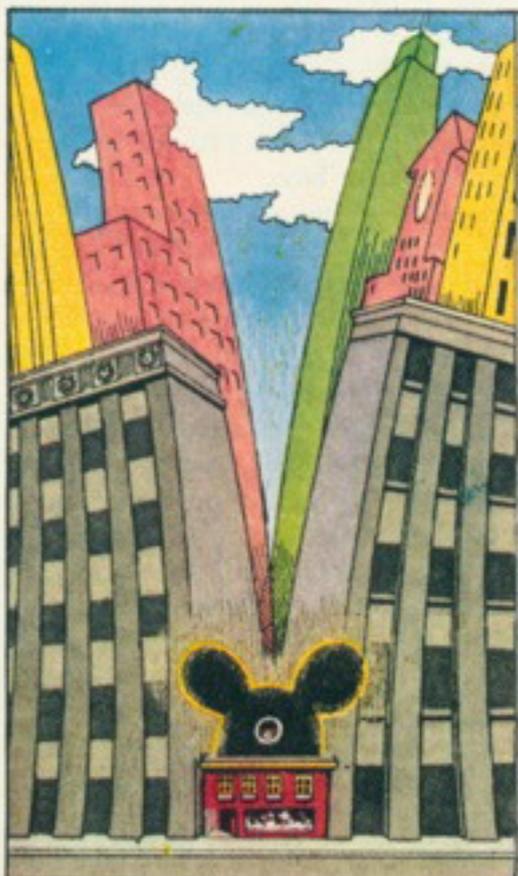
CALL OF THE OPEN ROAD

The dinosaurs are gone forever; so are the 1927 Yankees. But one champ that's literally come back from the dead is the Sbarro BMW 328, one of the meanest racing and road cars of the late Thirties (also one of the rarest; only 462 were made). The Sbarro Corp.—7615 La Mesita, Tampa, Florida 33615—is selling a replica of the original (a replica in style only; the materials and performance are strictly 1976) that goes for \$19,900, base price. Now you can cruise like Grandpa did, with the windscreen down—now if the air would just make a comeback, too. Vrooooo!



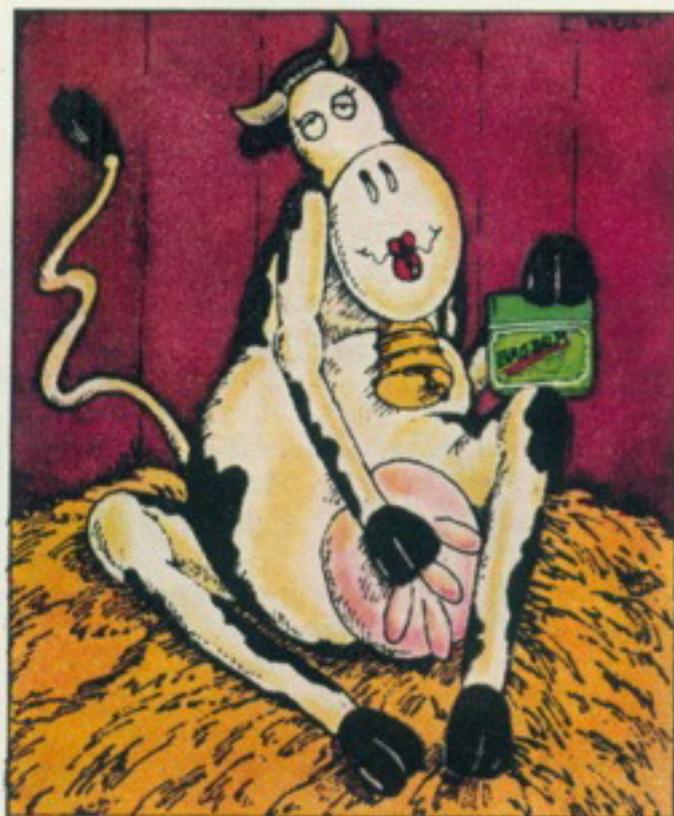
MOUSE HOUSE

Anybody for a Pinocchio plaque? A set of Snow White dishes? A 25-cent Pooh ring? Not even in the souvenir shops at Disneyland in California or its younger brother, Walt Disney World in Florida, will you find the variety of memorabilia carried by Russ Phelan in his tiny Old Friends shop at 202 E. 31st Street, New York City. Phelan, a dyed-in-the-celluloid Disney freak, has stuff dating as far back as the early Thirties—including an original 18-inch Snow White doll, for \$75, and an 18-inch Donald Duck celluloid figure tagged at \$400. Phelan, yours is a real Mickey Mouse operation.



UDDERLY FANTASTIC

The folks at Dairy Association Company, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851, point out that their Bag Balm is made to soothe bossy's tender udders. But farmers, their wives, sailors and other outdoorpersons swear this teat ointment is also a dandy skin cream—or boot waterproofer, for that matter. And, as an added attraction, for your \$1.75, you get the stuff in a 1905-vintage ten-ounce tin from which you should be able to milk a lot of coffee-table conversation. Mooooo!



ON WITH THE SHOE!

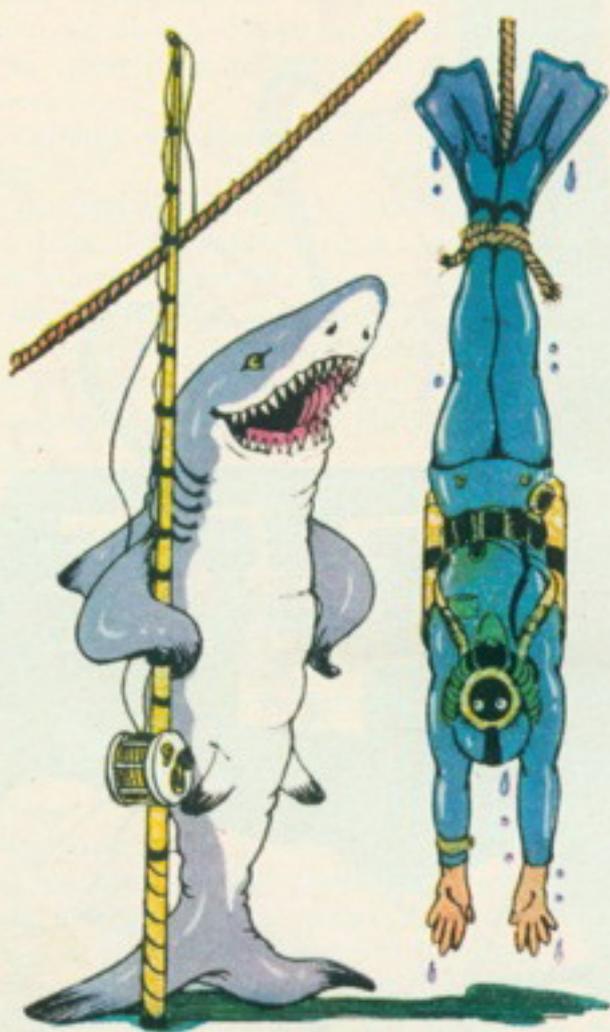
What's pictured here is one of the bounciest items to hit the sidewalk athletic scene since the invention of the sweat sock. It's Famolare's basketball sport shoe—an all-leather upper on a sole of air tunnels that exhale hot air as you press down and inhale cool air as you step up. Write to Famolare at 4 West 58th Street, New York City, for where to buy. At \$37 a pair, you'd better step on it.

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

SHARK BAIT

After seeing *Jaws*, most people would probably think twice before confronting anything more treacherous than a goldfish. But for well-heeled scuba divers, opportunities to rub noses with a Great White exist. See & Sea Travel Service, Suite 340, 680 Beach Street, San Francisco, California, for example, is offering a two-week shark expedition off Australia for \$4000, not including air fare. The 1977 expedition features such thrilling adventures as photographing Great Whites from steel cages (just like in the movie). It may cost you an arm and a leg, but it's well worth it. Glub.



TAKING A FLYER

No doubt about it, the Bob Clarke Slap Shot mechanical bank is unique. After all, only 2000 cast-iron copies will be made (at \$250 each from the John Wright Company, North Front Street, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania). But the best part is old Bob, star center of the Philadelphia Flyers. No matter how many penny pucks he belts at the hapless goalie, he never misses! It'll do wonders for your bank account and Bob's ego. Not that he needs it, of course.



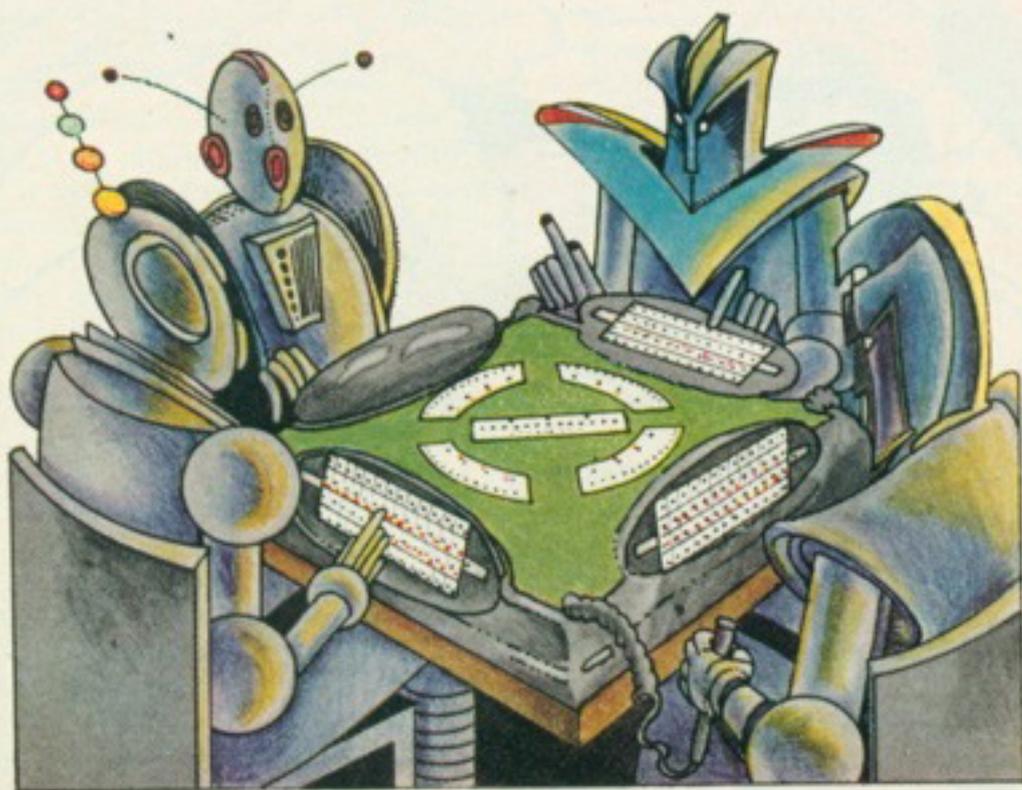
HI-YA! GGGGGAAAAA!

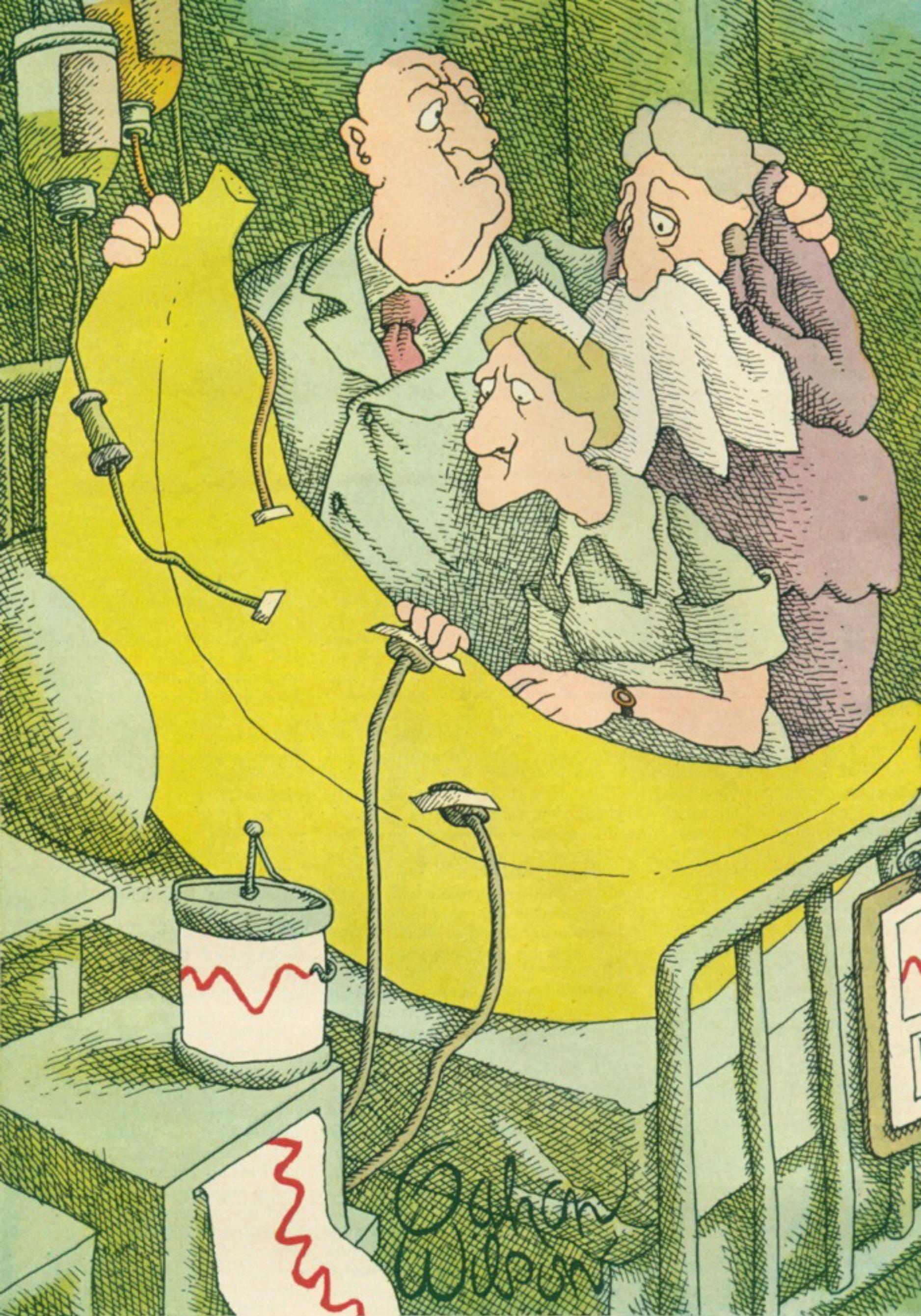
You're a karate expert and every time you bust a hunk of lumber, you have to go out and buy more. Gets pretty expensive, right? Well, Mr. Tough Guy, for a mere \$26 postpaid, you can own a rebreakable karate board (Focus/Board, Inc., 6033 Monona Drive, Madison, Wisconsin 53716). You bust it and put it together, bust it and put it together . . . well, you get the idea. All you need is a rebreakable hand and you'll be set.



BRIDGEWORK

Playing bridge has never been particularly strenuous, but now comes Bridgemaster, an electronic bridge game that allows players, using a light bank instead of cards, to deal hands in split seconds, plus score and recall from memory every card played. Furthermore, Bridgemaster records the number of tricks taken and redeals the same hand when desired for kibitzing. Hammacher Schlemmer, 147 East 57th Street, New York City, will deal you in for \$350. Own one and you'll never be called a dummy again. Lazy, yes, but never dummy.





"I'm afraid we'll have no chance of curing your husband until we find out why he changed into a banana."



Overgrown

NEXT MONTH:



JENNY'S GUNNER



HEALTHY SEX



WHALE WAR



TOP PLAYMATE

SARA JANE MOORE, ONCE A MILD-MANNERED SUBURBAN HOUSEWIFE/ACCOUNTANT, TELLS THE REAL REASON SHE TRIED TO KILL PRESIDENT FORD IN A CHILLING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"SEX IS GOOD FOR YOUR HEALTH"—A LOOK AT THE MEDICAL FACTS SUPPORTING THAT OLD SAYING "USE IT OR LOSE IT." YOU MAY LIVE LONGER, AND YOU'LL CERTAINLY HAVE MORE FUN—BY **EDWARD M. AND JEREMY BRECHER**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—TUNE IN NEXT MONTH AND LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THE PAST YEAR'S TOP PLAYMATE

"55 BE DAMNED!"—IS ANYBODY STAYING UNDER THE SPEED LIMIT? IF SO, WHY? TIPS ON HOW TO GET AROUND THAT NONSENSE (AND DRIVING GEAR TO HELP YOU DO IT)—BY **BROCK YATES**

"IS THERE LIFE AFTER HIGH SCHOOL?"—IN THE GRAND TRADITION OF *SAPS IN CINEMA*, TEAR SHEETS FROM THE YEAR-BOOKS OF THE FAMOUS—BY **RALPH KEYES**

"INDY"—A FORMER RACE DRIVER PROVIDES A REVELATORY INSIDE ACCOUNT OF THE RITUAL THAT IS THE NEAREST THING AMERICA HAS TO *ROLLERBALL*—BY **DAN GERBER**

"GREENPEACE"—FACING DOWN THE RUSSIANS, AN UNUSUAL CREW STALKS THE GREAT WHALE WITH SYNTHESIZER, SEAMANSHIP AND *I CHING*—BY **JACK RICHARDSON**

"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA, PART VI"—THE DEATH OF MALCOLM X MAY HAVE BEEN A GANGLAND HIT, BUT THE KILLING OF MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., REMAINS THE MOST SUSPICIOUS OF ALL—BY **JAMES MCKINLEY**

"JENNY AND THE BALL-TURRET GUNNER"—THE LADY WAS IN THE MARKET FOR A KIND OF—WELL—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—BY **JOHN IRVING**

"PRIVATE EYES"—EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SCOPES, EXCEPT THE NAME OF THE REDHEAD ON THE 37TH FLOOR OF THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET