

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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THE SECRET

LIFE OF
MARILYN
MONROE

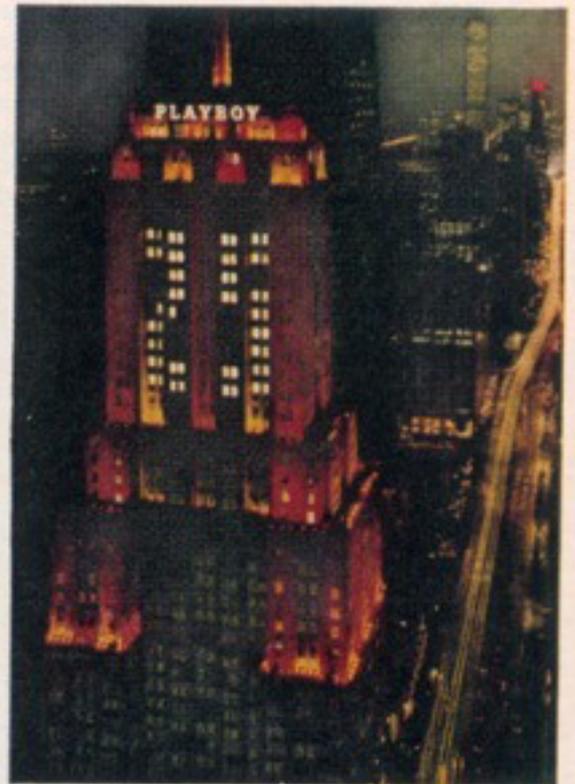
**FOREIGN SEX STARS • DAN RATHER • WORKING THE VICE
SQUAD • SPRING FASHIONS • A SURPRISE PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO US!

It's party time all over the Playboy empire as we celebrate our silver jubilee with unprecedented fanfare. Festivities began in Los Angeles, where a luncheon for 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving was followed by an employees' party in the Playboy Club at Century City, where attractions included a bevy of Bunnies and a silver 25 (below).



Motorists southbound on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive were treated to the colorful sight above: the Playboy Building all lit up like a gigantic, 37-story birthday cake.



Meanwhile, back in Chicago, anniversary events were launched with a champagne reception and buffet dinner in the Cultural Center of the Chicago Public Library. Above, Hugh M. Hefner and Playmate Sondra Theodore are somewhat dwarfed by James Rosenquist's oil *Playmate*. At left, Hefner visits with artist Ed Paschke (left) and Playboy Corporate Art Director Arthur Paul. At right, an over-all view of the reception crowd in the elegant, recently restored Preston Bradley Hall of the Cultural Center.



Rance Crain, president and editorial director of Crain Communications, Inc., publishers of *Advertising Age* and *Crain's Chicago Business*, presents Hef with a plaque (below) at a luncheon he gave in Hef's honor.



Chicago-based syndicated-talk-show host Phil Donahue interviews Hef and his daughter, Christie, Vice-President of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., during Hef's homecoming. (For still more anniversary coverage, turn the page.)

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

PARTY TIME IN CHICAGO

"Chicago's premier party giver," as *Chicago Tribune* columnist Aaron Gold described Hefner, hosted an unforgettable bash at his Chicago Mansion, where several hundred guests were royally wined and dined. Below, Hefner dances with one of our forthcoming Playmates, Gig Gangel; below center, he talks with guest Ann Landers, the famed syndicated advice columnist.



Above, from left, syndicated columnist Irv Kupcinet, Hefner, Essie Kupcinet, Chicago Symphony Orchestra musical director Sir Georg Solti and his wife, Lady Solti, enjoy a moment of high spirits at the Mansion party. Also present (below right): actress Barbara Eden, her husband, Chuck Fegert, and WLS-TV's *AM Chicago* co-host Sandi Freeman.



Former Playboy executive Arnold Morton welcomed Hefner back to the Windy City with a party at his disco, Zorine's, where Hef boogied with 25th Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving (left) and was entertained by the barbed wit of comedienne Pudgy (introducing herself above). The Playboy Towers Ballroom (right) was the scene of the Chicago Playboy employees' anniversary blowout. More than 1000 of them downed champagne and hors d'oeuvres around a giant cake centerpiece accented by Playboy Rabbit ice sculptures.





BARBI, JUGS AND HEF

"True or false?" asked *Hollywood Squares* host Peter Marshall of *PLAYBOY* pictorial favorite Barbi Benton (above): "The name Hefner means 'maker of jugs.'" "False," replied Barbi, but she was mistaken. In German, *Häfner* (pronounced Hefner) means—a potter.

SECOND "INTERVIEW" FOR BRANDO

January's *Playboy Interview* subject, Marlon Brando, makes his television debut as our April 1966 interviewee, American Nazi George Lincoln Rockwell, with James Earl Jones portraying Alex Haley on ABC-TV's *Roots: The Next Generations* (below).



RINGING IN THE NEW AT MANSION WEST

Joining Hefner for New Year's Eve at Playboy Mansion West were (above, from left) actress Edy Williams, September 1978 Playmate Rosanne Katon; below, actor Ryan O'Neal (center), introducing daughter Tatum to Hef while her younger brother Griffin looks on.



ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER DEPT.

As a gift to novelist Joseph Heller, Fiction Editor Vicky Haider had Managing Art Director Kerig Pope design a T-shirt with a Star of David in the U. S. flag. The original concept was used by artist Eraldo Carugati for Heller's *Good as Gold* (*PLAYBOY*, March); Heller and Simon & Schuster loved it so much it landed on the book jacket. (The model is Liz Glazowski.)





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SUBARU WE'RE CHANGING THE FACE OF





"Why don't you run one mile less each day and let me make up the difference?"

*for the past
five years,
ken marcus
has been
photographing
awesomely
beautiful
women for
playboy.
herewith, a
selection
of the best*



"A part of me wants to be Ansel Adams and another part of me wants to be Cecil B. De Mille," Marcus confesses. He always spends a lot of time getting his sets and compositions just so. At right, January 1976 Playmate Daina House in a composition of flesh and fur. Below, Marcus focuses on prospective gatefold girl Gig Gangel.



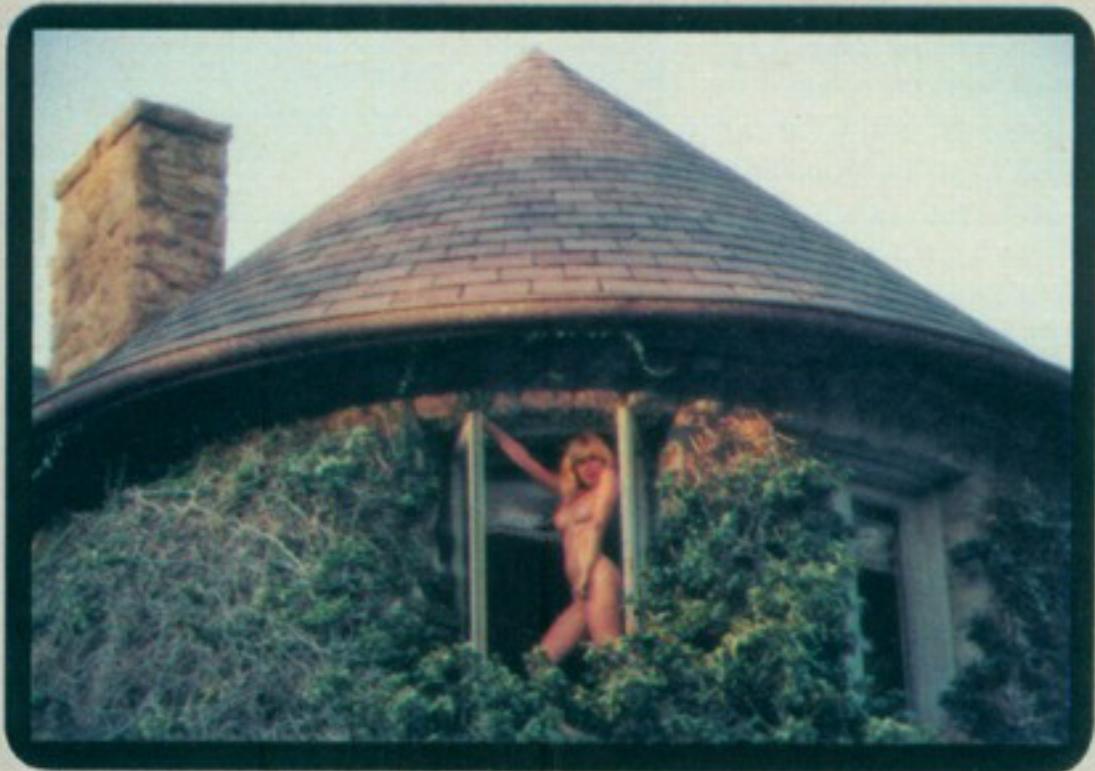
Photography by: KEN MARCUS

KEN MARCUS, at 32, has already established himself as one of the premier glamor photographers in the world. He started taking pictures when he was eight, studied with Ansel Adams for 13 years and, for the past five years, has been shooting Playmates and other pictorials for PLAYBOY. Like Adams, he has a classical sense of design and composition, and maintains that a woman is no more important to the shot than is the total design of the picture of which she is a part. These pictures, all done on assignment, attest to Marcus' meticulous approach to photographic eroticism.



At left, porn queen Constance Money strikes a bawdy attitude, yet the over-all mood of the shot is sophisticated. Below, February 1978 Playmate Janis Schmitt perches playfully in the tower window of Bernie Cornfeld's mansion.

"Although the face is a woman's most expressive feature, her hands—and even her muscle tone—also contribute to her body language," says Marcus. Opposite, Janet Quist, our Miss December 1978, makes the most of all of them.



"Animals react very strangely to strobe lights. This Doberman kept passing out," Marcus confided after shooting Suzanne Marie Passi for *And Now Funderwear* (left). Above, Nancy Cameron, in a favorite Marcus shot, touches up her cheek.

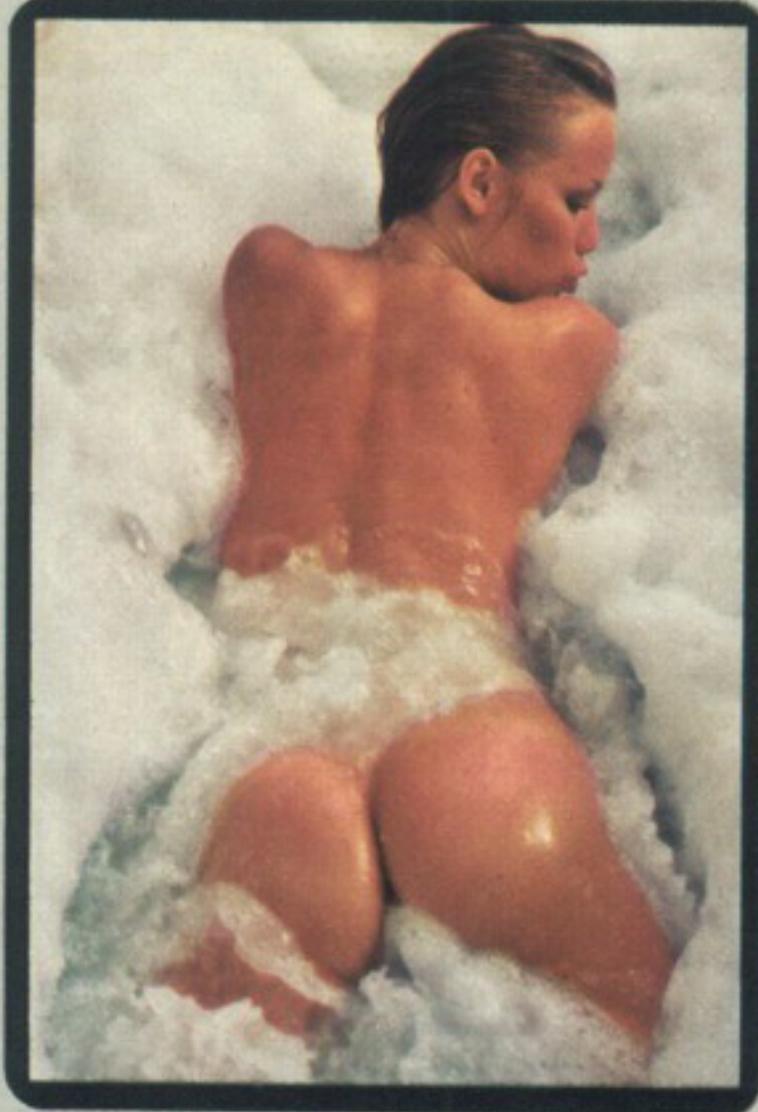
"Girls don't have to have a look of orgasm on their face to make a sexy picture," Marcus tells us. And the shot opposite of June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton proves it, combining a strikingly erotic pose with a natural facial expression.





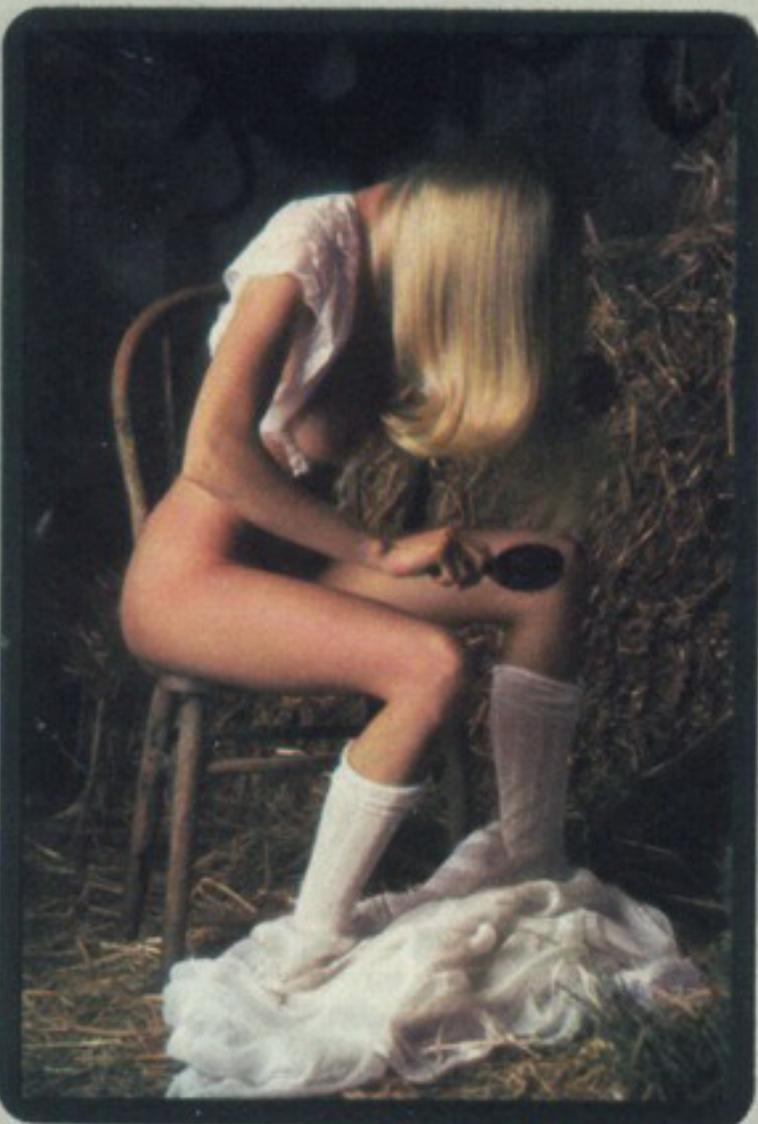
At left, we see Marcus' contribution to our *A Long Look at Legs* pictorial. At right, 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller in a pose evocative of an old-style bordello, one Marcus describes as "almost a little dirty." Below, Janis Schmitt proves her ability to convey a very subtle sexuality. Marcus gives credit for this effect partly to stylist Alison Reynolds' make-up skills, partly to the lighting and the placement of Janis' hands.





Tip to the amateur lensman: "If you want to make a lot of suds, use bubble bath and whip it up." At left, July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore enjoys the results. Below, Constance Money enhances the very real beauty of an Alaskan sunset.

Opposite, July 1973 Playmate Martha Smith (who had a supporting role in *Animal House*) gets decked out in frilly drag. "This was an exceptionally good shooting. Everything was going right and Martha looked absolutely fabulous."



At left, Miss October 1976, Hope Olson, combs her hair in a barn, right? "Wrong; that was shot in my studio," Marcus takes a little pride in correcting us. "I'm a stickler for details; I want to make the illusion perfect." And he did.

It took days of set construction and then several more days of lighting tests to achieve the above shot for a pictorial that, ironically enough, was never published. The TV picture was created with a strobe-illuminated photo.





CALIFORNIA GIRL

may playmate michele drake is living proof that the beach boys were right



MICHELE DRAKE stands near the shore line of Venice Beach in California, her faded jeans rolled up to her knees, her long blonde hair rising gently with the breeze, her bright-red Hawaiian shirt fluttering against her body; she doesn't seem to have anything on underneath. Michele skims a stone off the crest of a wave and, eyes glittering with the reflection of the warm California sun, clears a strand of hair from her face. "The

"I enjoy making love on the beach," says Michele. "But only if it's very warm out. I like to hear the rhythm of the waves breaking against the shore when I make love."



beach is the best place for me to think," she says, skimming another pebble. "Believe it or not, I'm a native Californian, born in La Jolla in a hospital by the beach. I'm what you might call your basic California girl, as basic as they come." A station wagon pulls up in the lot and a lone surfer, carrying a polished red surfboard, heads toward the water. Michele watches nostalgically. "There was a big surfer scene when I went to high school," she says. "Everybody

"Believe it or not, I have no sexual hang-ups whatsoever. Sexual hang-ups are for the birds."





"I guess I was the biggest prude in high school," says Michele. "I'd go up to about third base, but that was it. Finally, I got sick of hearing about sex, so I tried it and, naturally, I've loved it ever since."





"I can be very affectionate if I'm with the right guy. I especially like to cuddle. And I just love to have my breasts kissed—it's one of my major erogenous zones."

wore Hawaiian shirts and if the girls didn't have blonde hair, they'd bleach it. I was into body surfing, but my boyfriend was a great surfer. On Saturday mornings, we'd get up at six to get to the beach around seven—surfers always get up early, because the waves are better. The girls would sit around, watching the guys surf. I used to drive a gigantic Dodge Coronet and on Saturday nights, I'd stuff eight girls into it. There was always a beach party or a house party or a pool party to go to then." The lone surfer, lying on his board some distance from shore, is waiting for a big one. Michele counts the waves to herself. "Do you know I'm a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake?" she says, stuffing her hands into her jeans pockets. "Once, when I was in



Says Michele, one of the finalists in our Great Playmate Hunt, "I'd have to say that I don't do a lot of fantasizing. Most of my life seems like a fantasy, anyway."

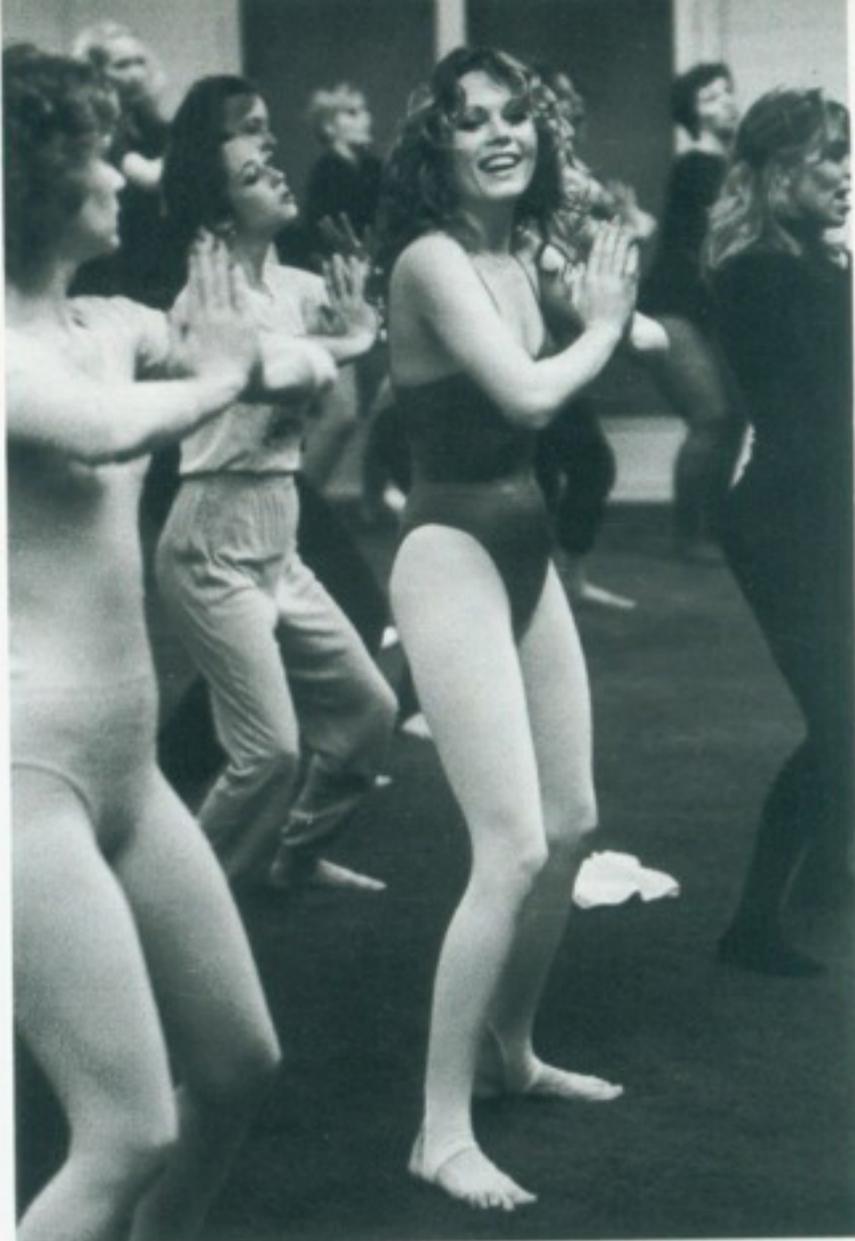




"As a kid, I used to roller-skate all the time. Roller rinks were about the best place to meet guys." These shots were taken at Venice Beach, a favorite local skating spot (see "Playboy's Roving Eye").



Mexico, I was at a certain beach and I got this very strange feeling about the place—almost mystical. Later, someone told me that Sir Francis Drake had landed there. Maybe that's why I felt so good at that spot." Wistfully, she gazes at the water. Then, suddenly, she sheds her jeans and shirt, revealing a tiny black bikini underneath. Without a word, she runs into the surf. Thigh-deep in salt water, she turns to wave, her tanned body glistening in the spray. Yes, indeed, the Beach Boys *were* right.



Michele attends Richard Simmons' exercise classes at a place called the Anatomy Asylum. "It gets a bit erotic," she says, "especially during the hip thrusts."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Michele Snake
BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34
HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 100 SIGN: Aquarius
BIRTH DATE: 2-7-58 BIRTHPLACE: La Jolla, California
GOALS: Acting, singing, dancing professionally
FAVORITE MUSICIANS: BADM00N, Heart, Yes, Cheap Trick
FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Steve Martin, John Belushi, Bill Cosby, Johnny Carson, Hilda Radner
FAVORITE MOVIES: High Anxiety, Wizard of Oz
FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Soap, Saturday Night Live
IDEAL EVENING: A stroll along the beach with my favorite man culminating in a passionate interlude.
FANTASIES: To be a female Hugh Hefner
FAVORITE PASTIMES: Bicycle riding, dancing, cake decorating, listening to music
GREAT ESCAPES: Taking a Pacuzzi by candlelight
IDEAL MAN: My ideal man is also my best friend. He has tremendous sex appeal, yet is not macho. He motivates me but does not control me.



Getting ready for a hot date!



EARLY PROMOTION ON SHOT.



ALL SMILES AT AGE 18

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Would you like to help me raise my mast?" the boozy male asked the unescorted girl at the yacht-club bar.

"No, thanks," she replied icily. "I heard about you from your ex, and she included a small-craft warning."

*The bedroom has lost its decorum.
With group sex, it's more like a forum.*

*It once was avowed
That three was a crowd,
But today it's not even a quorum.*



During a lakeside picnic, a girl was horsing around on a bed of pine needles when a particularly sharp one pierced her swimsuit and embedded itself in her pubic area. She was rushed to the nearest hospital, where the emergency-room physician told her, "I'm sorry, young lady, but I can't extract that needle until I've checked with the Federal authorities."

"But why, doctor?" whimpered the girl, understandably in considerable distress.

"It's a matter of ecology," replied the medical man. "I have to file an environmental-impact statement before I can remove any sort of timber from a recreational area."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sodomy* as stem to stern.

The embittered young thing told her roommate that she had broken with her boyfriend over his charge that she was a lousy lay. "It's ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "After all, how bad could I be in just fifteen seconds?"

Quite visibly upset, a Sister of Charity slammed the door as she emerged from the consulting room and then stormed out of the medical suite. "What was that all about with the nun?" the man who was the next patient asked the physician.

"I informed her she was pregnant," said the doctor.

"She is?" gasped the patient.

"Not really—but can you think of a better way to cure a bad case of the hiccups?"

Daddy," said the little boy, "what does the word drag mean?"

"Never you mind, Timmy," replied the man. "Just unhook my bra."

When it became apparent that the all-American's love life was affecting his play, his coach counseled, "Carl, when you feel the urge, take a cold shower."

"I've tried that," responded the jock. "Not only does it not work but it turns the girls off when I screw them while my teeth are chattering!"

It's rumored that massage-parlor girls may soon be striking for better jerking conditions.

We've been told about a chap who wanted to borrow \$10,000 for a sex-change operation. As collateral, he offered to put up the family jewels.

*Three two-letter words that begin
With I are a source of chagrin:*

*There are guys who can cry—
Even wish they could die—
At that soul-searing phrase "Is it in?"*

Unaware of her reputation, a new male clerk became smitten with the office roundheels and sought the advice of an older female employee on an appropriate birthday present. "I'm at a loss for ideas, Harvey," responded the disapproving woman. "What *does* one give to a girl who has everybody?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sixty-nine* as a double-header.

When he discovered that the woman he had pulled over on the deserted road for erratic driving was not only under the influence but also young and attractive, the lecherous policeman smiled to himself. "I'll either have to give you a ride to jail, miss," he announced, "or else give you something else"—and he started to unzip.

"Oh, no, off'cer," the girl managed to protest, "not 'nother Breathalyzer tes'!"

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.



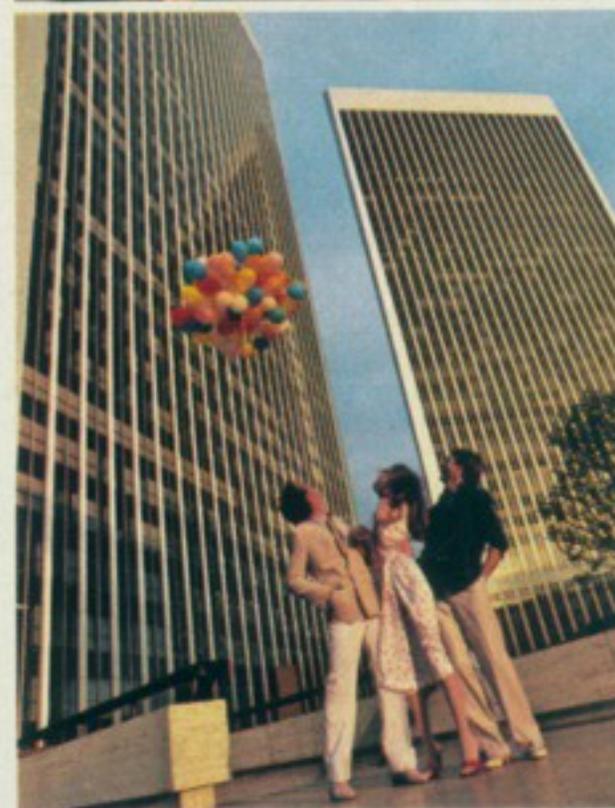
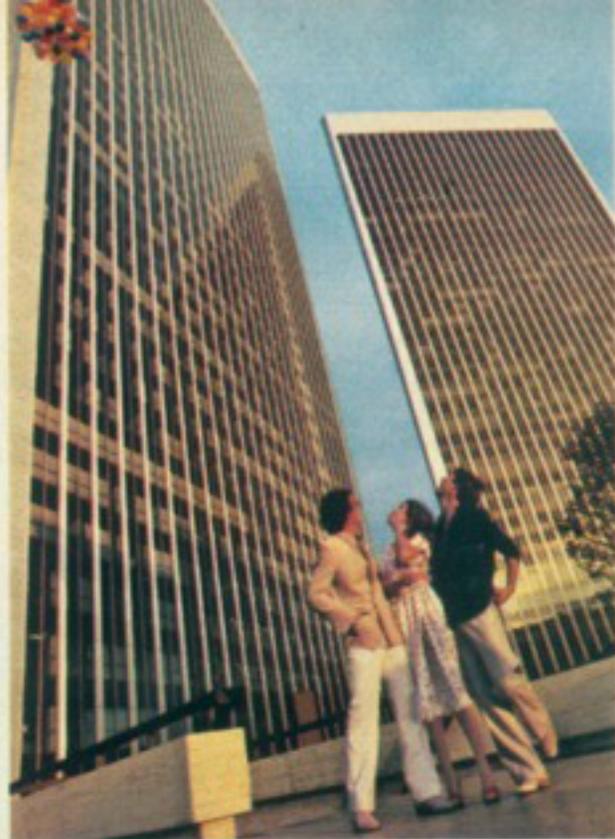
*"It's no good, Karen—when you say, 'Eat, eat,'
it reminds me of my mother."*

PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

everybody's pretty baby, brooke shields, joins us for a happy-go-lucky look at what's new in warm-weather wearables

By DAVID PLATT

FRESH AND FREE-SPIRITED: That's what the latest looks in menswear are all about. And that's what Brooke Shields, our 14-year-old leading lady pictured on these pages, and also appearing onscreen in *King of the Gypsies* and *Tilt*, is all about, too. (Imagine what she'll look like when *(text concluded on page 159)*)



Left and above: It's up, up and away for Brooke Shields and a brace of launch-time balloonists who have on (far left) a ventless unconstructed silk/polyester jacket, by Merignac, about \$180, cotton slacks, by Jupiter of Paris, \$32, and buckskin oxfords, by Peeples, \$68; and a two-button ventless jacket, about \$60, and slacks, about \$30, both by Joel Glazer for Neon Lights.

Below: Brooke's cone may be going to the dog, but her well-dressed friends aren't. The guy at far left likes a shirt jacket, by Cartel Designer Sportswear, \$37; cotton slacks, by New York Sportswear Exchange, \$27.50; and canvas sandals, by Peeples, \$57. The chap at center has on a cotton jacket, \$70, and matching shorts, \$22.50, both by David Shapiro for Ursel of Italy; plaid shirt, by John Henry, \$20; and satin bow tie, by Vicky Davis, \$8.50. The third man's fashion theme is simple: a wrap jacket, by Gayle Kirkpatrick, \$185; worn with jeans, by New Man, \$52; knit shirt, by Egon Von Furstenberg, about \$50; and mesh oxfords, by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia, about \$45.



Below: There are no wrong numbers here, just standout styles including (left) a rayon/acetate V-neck, \$27, and cotton jeans, \$27, both by T.K.G., worn with leather-trimmed espadrilles, by R. Martegani for Footgear, \$60; and (right) a sleeveless cotton knit pullover with deep V-neck and drawstring waist, \$16, and self-belted cotton slacks, \$30, both by Catalina. On his feet are cotton canvas oxfords, by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia, about \$45.



Below: Even vintage wheels can't curb Brooke's interest in these latest styles. The guy with those calfskin fisherman's sandals, by Nancy Knox, \$65, resting on the bumper also is wearing a Dacron polyester/cotton wing-collar shirt, from Hennessey by Van Heusen, \$16.50; raw-silk slacks, by Harvest for Coriander, about \$60; a raw-silk tie, by Vicky Davis, \$10, that's used as a belt, and another Vicky Davis tie, \$8.50, loosely knotted around his neck. His buddy also wings it in a variable-striped cotton wing-collar shirt, from Country Roads by Creighton, about \$35; polished-cotton self-belted slacks, by Pierre Cardin Relax, \$45; and kidskin T-strap sandals, from Brass Boot Shoes by Nunn-Bush, \$132.





Right: There's Brooke again, this time toasting her companions' taste in clothes with a Shirley Temple cocktail at Harry's Bar and American Grill in L.A.'s Century City. The guys wear (left) a mohair jacket (also pictured above), about \$300, and chenille slacks, about \$100, both by Jhane Barnes; cotton lisle pullover, by Pierre Cardin Relax, \$23.50; wool/silk tie, also by Jhane Barnes, about \$10; and sandals, by Peeples, \$70; and (far right) wool glen-plaid suit, by Jean-Paul Germain, \$300; cotton shirt, by Ingram for Coriander, about \$40; knit tie, by Fumagalli for Coriander, about \$24; and calfskin oxfords, by Jean Pier Clemente for Italia, about \$45.

she's 18, guys.) But enough babbling about Brooke. Men's fashions for at least the next six months will be easygoing and supple, with fluid lines replacing the skintight styles of previous years. Narrow-lapelled jackets, often unconstructed, will be worn over bare skin or with a shirt and tie. A number of jackets, in fact, will be available with workable sleeve buttons and even push-up pajama-type cuffs. Expect shirt collars to continue becoming more diminutive (as will ties) and appear in a variety of styles from curved to wing. Slacks will feature a narrower straight or tapered leg. With all of these changes in the works, it's good to know that colors will stay soft and safe. All this adds up to a half year or more of good-looking men's fashions that are going to be fun to wear.





*we're as patriotic as the next one, but there's something special about these movie lovelies
from other lands that doesn't need subtitles*

FOREIGN SEX STARS

Whistle bait and Exhibit A in a gallery of foreign-bred beauties is Italy's ELEONORA VALLONE, a daughter of Raf.

Wouldn't you know that the daughter of Italy's debonair Raf Vallone had to look something like this? In Rome, they say *che bella ragazza*. We echo a loud *bravissima* for blonde Eleonora Vallone. A voluptuously budding actress, Eleonora—last we heard—was plucking her guitar and singing on Radio Monte Carlo. On film, she'll vamp Franco Nero.



pictorial essay By
BRUGE WILLIAMSON

IN HIS VERSIFIED *Tribute to Marlene Dietrich*, the late Noel Coward wrote:

*We know God made trees,
And the birds and the
bees,
And the seas for the fishes
to swim in.
We are also aware
That He has quite a flair
For creating exceptional
women.*

The same impish lyric—strewn with the names of historic love goddesses, from Eve to Helen of Troy—contains Coward's wry observation "that sex is a question of lighting." Noel didn't really believe it. He knew, as we all know, that a lady needs more than wattage to turn a man on, and vice versa. The fabled Marlene was merely a pioneer, synthesizing the elusive appeal of those foreign femmes fatales who have reached across oceans, continents and language barriers to enliven our fantasies, mostly in the movies.

While we may ogle our home-grown American beauties ad infinitum, eying the girl next door need not curb appreciation of exotic blooms bred in such faraway places as Indonesia, Israel, Italy, Finland, France and Brazil. Some are creatures so rare that we seldom catch a glimpse of them Stateside, yet they are famous faces—and becoming more so—on the international film scene, which means we're likely to be seeing more of them as time goes by. Most hope to make movies in America, or with Americans, which means they dream of Hollywood as a new land to conquer, though they don't necessarily want to live there. Some of the foreign belles photographed for *PLAYBOY* are serious actresses, some are flaming sexpots. Generally, they're a lucky combination of both. They have to be. Whether female or male or of indeterminate gender, a star without sex appeal is like a



Brazilian bombshell SONIA BRAGA, hailed as the Marilyn Monroe of South America, treated North America to a tropical storm in *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. A colleague calls *Senhorita Braga's* latest, *Lady in the Bus*, "the sexiest film since *Last Tango in Paris*."



As *Dona Flor*, Sonia lays the ghost of her late lusty husband to find relief from a dull second marriage. In *Bus* (far right), she finds amor on wheels.





summer without sun. There's no such thing, by definition. All present are quite obviously exceptional women.

•
Eleonora Vallone, whose movie career is just beginning, represents a new, hopeful, exceptionally well-endowed generation of Italian superwomen. It all comes naturally to Eleonora. The 24-year-old daughter of actor Raf Vallone, a veteran Latin lover (last seen as *The Greek Tycoon's* lusty brother), and memorable screen beauty Elena Varzi, now retired, Eleonora was married young, which often inhibits a girl's career plans. Separated from her doctor husband since last year, she has a four-year-old son and divides her time between her *bambino* and classes in painting, acting, voice and guitar. Already to her credit are a minor-league Mexican film and a more promising adventure epic, *L'Aquila Bifronte* (that's *The Eagle with Two Faces*, if you're wondering), co-starring Franco Nero and Helmut Berger. It's a story of early Nazism in Germany, and Eleonora hopes *The Eagle* will get her off and winging.

•
Sonia Braga, whose *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* broke all records last year as the most successful Brazilian film ever made, was largely responsible for putting Brazilian movies on the map, even in Brazil. Prior to Sonia's triumph in *Dona Flor*, which outgrossed *Star Wars*, *Jaws* and *The Exorcist* down there, her rambunctious countrymen generally preferred flashy American imports to flicks filled with local color. They now view La Braga as a national institution second only to Carnival in Rio. After she appeared onstage in *Hair*, Sonia starred in a prestigious TV soap opera that made her name a household word to 60,000,000 viewers. Since then, she has done seven feature films. Her most recent, *Lady*

A French friend describes CATHERINE SERRE as a demoiselle "who stays close to all the good things in life—money, men, love, sports, movies." In *One Two Two* (right, standing), she played a whore. In the upcoming James Bond epic *Moonraker*, Catherine is cast as one of the perfect Lovers assigned to repopulate the planet.





SIRPA LANE, a warm-blooded émigrée from Finland, wants to quit Paris for the U.S. and be done "with funny little movies in which I take my clothes off." In Roger Vadim's *Charlotte*, Sirpa fell prey to a necrophile. In the X-rated *La Bête* (left), a hairy man-beast ravishes her beauty and dies ecstatic.



Looking more *Lolita* than Lollobrigida, Italy's nymphetish prima donna LEONORA FANI would rather play corrupted innocents than ingénues. She finds ample opportunities in such pics as *Bestialità* and *Pensione Paura* (left). Leonora favors dark dramatic roles as girls gone blind, crazy or just queer.





Warren Beatty told her she looks like Julie Christie. Andy Warhol loved her eyes, and Carlo Ponti signed her to an exclusive contract. That's how moviedom beckons, and Italy's luscious DALILA DI LAZZARO wound up with her name in lights, her body in sequins—as seen here, with beefcake beauty contestants in director Just Jaeckin's *The Last Romantic Lover*.



in the Bus (also directed by boyish Bruno Barreto, of *Dona Flor*), is another steamer, certain to firm up sultry Sonia's reputation as the number-one sex symbol in South America. She doesn't mind a bit. "Lady in the Bus is very sexy," says Sonia, "about a virgin who marries a very rich macho Brazilian man. She's violently deflowered and hates her husband. So she begins to ride the bus every afternoon, to find strange men and have a good time. She feels no guilt."

Sonia herself was the companion for a time to the photographer Antonio Guerreiro, whose exclusive pictures for *PLAYBOY* show considerably more of her than Brazilian audiences were allowed to see a year or so ago. *Dona Flor's* nudest love scenes were trimmed in Rio, where rigid censorship prohibited showing pubic hair, for example, though the rules have been loosening up since Braga took over. "I loved Marilyn Monroe and had great admiration for her . . . the first sex symbol to be a little detached," says Sonia, adding with emphasis, "In my country, the best way of being a feminist nowadays is to assert yourself in terms of your own work. To be a sex symbol, for a woman, is a political position. Every actress should get into magazines, so that the censors in Brazil will become used to the idea of nudity. It's important to undress at this moment in history." Amen.

Born in Java of Dutch Indonesian parents who emigrated to Holland when she was a child, exotic Laura Gemser is a dark, graceful Eurasian beauty, fluent in six languages and eminent—since 1975—in at least seven films of the *Black Emanuelle* series. The first, made in Italy, earned so much money in Europe that it begot spin-offs bearing such exploitable titles as *Emanuelle Goes East*, *Sister*



A major multimedia star at home in Israel, winsome and gifted NITZA SHAUL may earn much wider recognition in *Little Man*. They love it in Tel Aviv. Opposite actor-director Zeev Revah (left), she plays an army entertainer who impulsively gives her all to five soldiers, then discovers that one of them is going to be a father.



Whether it's *Black Emanuelle Goes East*, *Black Emanuelle in America*, *Bangkok* or *Around the World*, Laura travels as light as possible; she's generally supplied with costumes she can shed at a wink.



Emanuelle (she takes the veil but quickly sheds it) and *Emanuelle and the Last Cannibals*. Although the movies were not much aesthetically, they enabled Laura to ask for percentage deals and edge her way up to small roles in big films (as Orson Welles's mistress in *Voyage of the Damned*) or major roles in minor European films opposite, for instance, Jack Palance and Stuart Whitman. More recently, she went to Japan to do *The Bushido Blade*, a historical adventure drama co-starring Richard Boone, Sony Chiba and Toshiro Mifune. No fewer than 15 movies in six years. Plus globe-trotting on a scale to equal Henry Kissinger in his peak seasons. "I love to travel, and films take you everywhere. We have been to China, Australia, Bangkok, Hong Kong, Egypt, South and Central America, the Middle East. Everywhere. . . ."

The "we" is characteristic, Laura's acknowledgment of a particularly close relationship with her husband, Gabriele Tinti, a handsome, 40ish Italian actor whom she met on location in Kenya. Tinti had a promising fling in Hollywood back in the Sixties, when director Robert Aldrich hired him for *The Flight of the Phoenix* and *The Legend of Lylah Clare* (as gardener-lover to Kim Novak). But he gave up a five-year TV contract because he was homesick for Rome.

"When I met Laura, I thought: What is this skinny little girl? Then she put on a bikini at the beach and I see she has everything in the right place. So we started to stay together, to make love. It wasn't until we were flying back over Idi Amin's Uganda that we realized we'd have to say goodbye, and we didn't want to—"

Laura smiles. "I went back to my boyfriend I'd been living with for five years in Belgium. But it was over, anyway, (continued on page 242)



Globe-trotting LAURA GEMSER throws dangerous curves as *Black Emanuelle*, erotic adventuress of a profitable odyssey with lots and lots of sequels. Despite her aura of dark Eurasian mystery, she is a shy, happily married sex symbol, ready to move up to far better roles.



One of her Far Eastern sexual forays takes *Black Emanuelle* to a threesome in Bangkok. Laura prefers the work she's done with Orson Welles, Stuart Whitman and Jack Palance.



Sweet Dreams

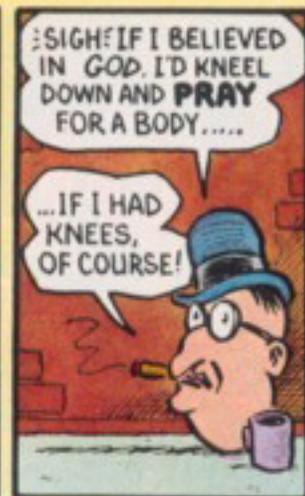
by Lou Brooks



5 CENT MARY

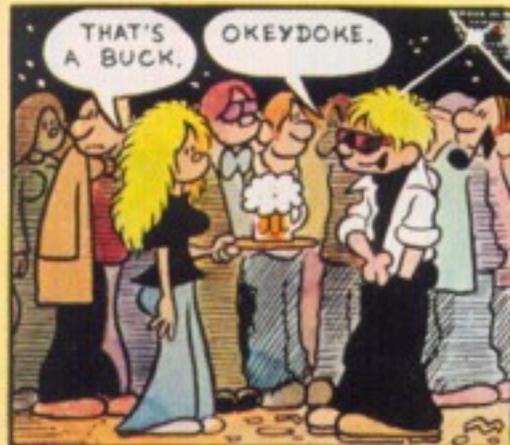
BY E N D S





CRUISER

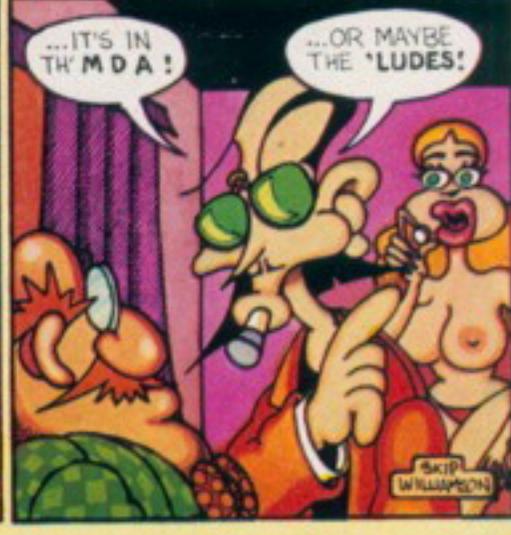
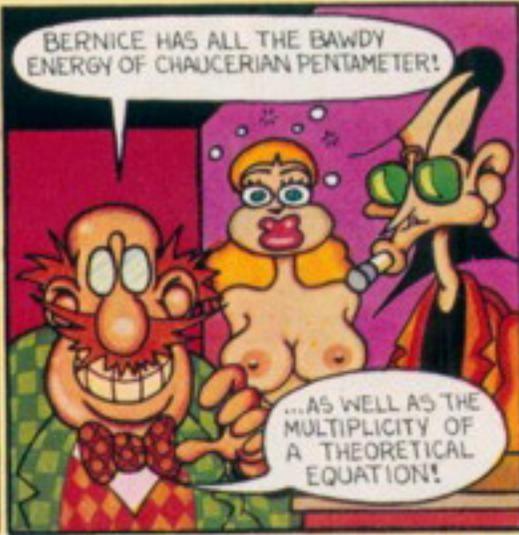
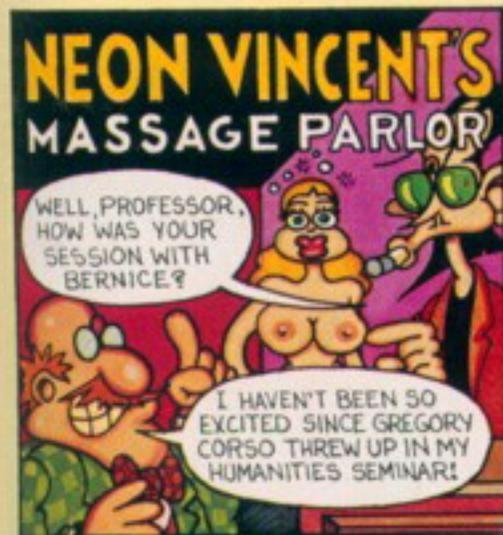
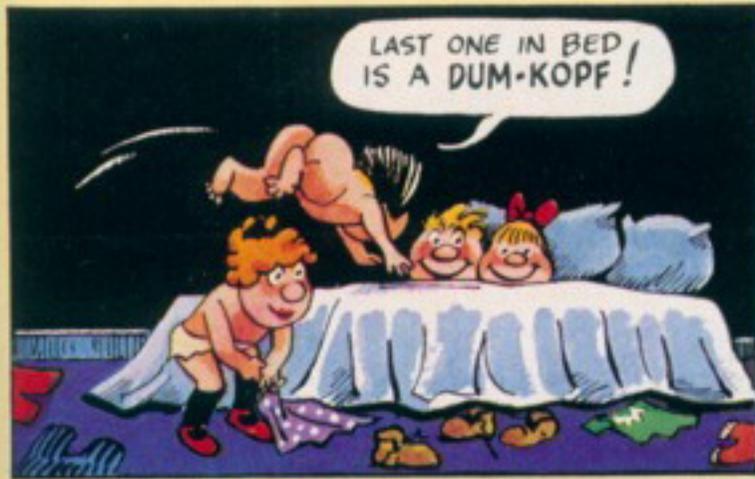
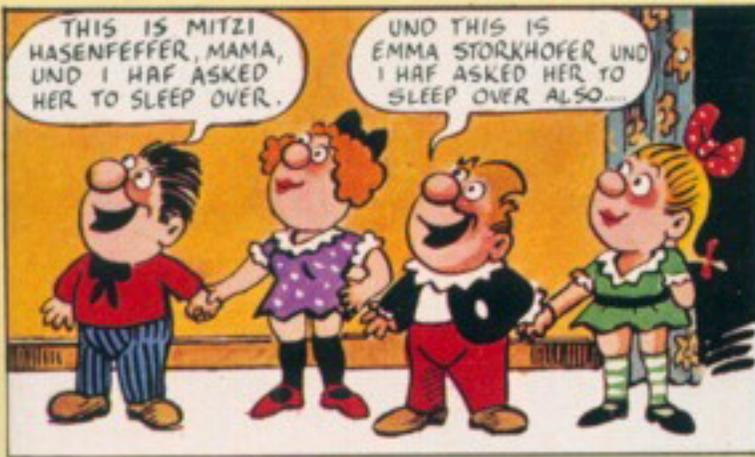
by Christopher Browne



IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED



THE KRAUTZENBUMMER KIDS



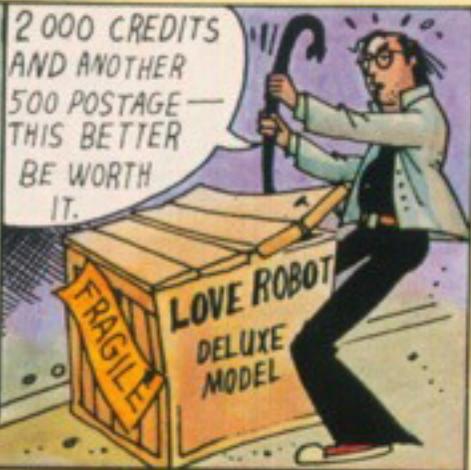
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME
WITH
**SCHWIMMER
AND
JONES**

THIS MONTH:
"MÉNAGE À TROIS
MÉCANIQUE"

by
Randy Jones
Engua Allen Schwimmer



NEITHER OF
OUR HEROES
HAS HAD
FEMALE
COMPANIONSHIP
FOR...FOR...
WELL... A
LONG TIME.
NEED WE SAY
MORE?



2 000 CREDITS
AND ANOTHER
500 POSTAGE—
THIS BETTER
BE WORTH
IT.



OF ALL THE DISGUSTING THINGS
YOU'VE DONE, THIS IS THE WORST!

SHUDDUP AND
HAND ME THOSE
TITS!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
MAKE LOVE TO THAT... MACHINE!

GLIK!

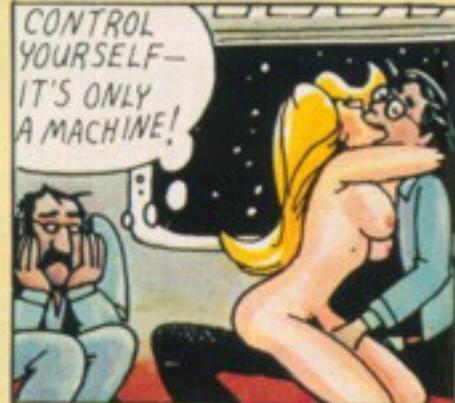


MAY I SERVE YOU,
SIR?

YEAH—
KISS ME!



DISGUSTING!



CONTROL
YOURSELF—
IT'S ONLY
A MACHINE!



ON THE
OTHER HAND...



LEMME
TRY THAT!



KISS ME!

GET LOST!!



IT BODES ILL
WHEN YOU GET
TURNED DOWN
BY A ROBOT....

UH!
UH!
UH!



BUCK BROWN

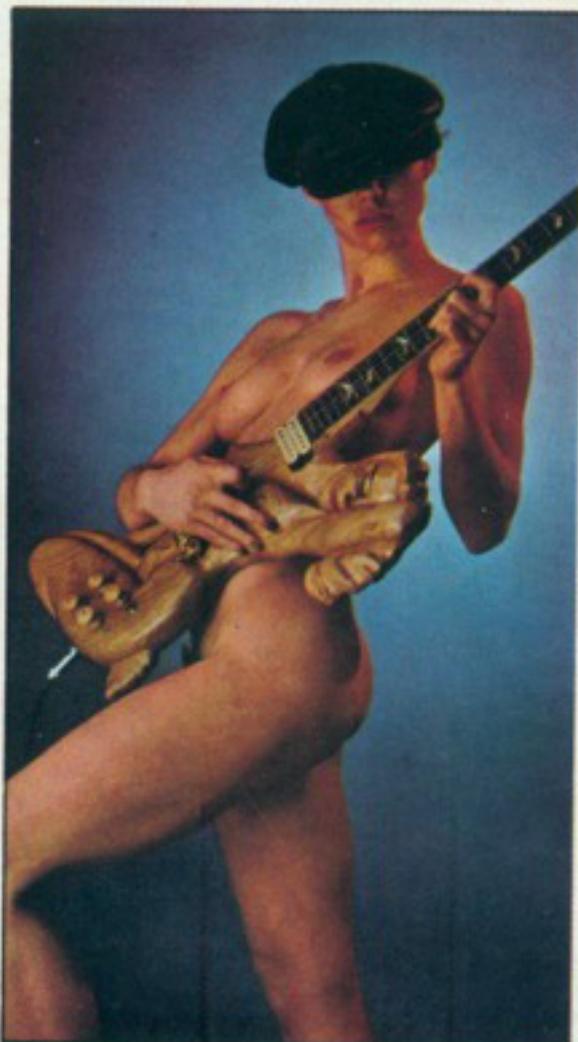
"That's enough of your putter, baby—use your driver!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

GO SUCK A STICK

For those times when you can't smoke and still want oral gratification, try Cigarroots, a curious product that's actually a short root that you slowly chew made of *glycyrrhiza glabra*, an herb that even King Tut once found intriguing. (Archaeologists discovered a pile of it in his tomb.) Cigarroots come two to a box and are sold in lots of ten boxes for \$4.95, postpaid, from Cigarroots Company, 441 West 56th Street, New York, New York 10019. They say *glycyrrhiza glabra* is a taste that grows on you.

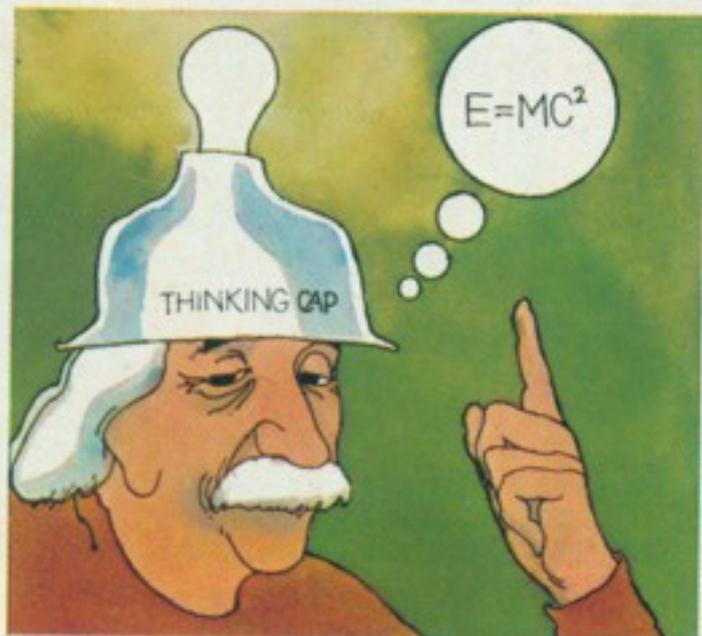


STRINGING MM ALONG

The ongoing fascination with Marilyn Monroe (see our *Private Life* article in this issue) has prompted Rock 'n' Wood Guitars, P.O. Box 41133, Chicago, Illinois 60641, to create the ultimate tribute to MM—a \$1000 hand-carved cherry-wood-body electric guitar, called Electric Lady, that was inspired by Monroe's famous 1951 pinup. And, like its namesake, the Electric Lady is also a thing of beauty; the maple neck has an ebony finger board inlaid with abalone shell, a variety of pickups are available and you can even order it with an optional carrying case that's lined with simulated mink. Monroe would have wanted the real McCoy.

THINKING CAP PUT-ON

Our Goofy Hat of the Month Award goes to the folks at The Grand Gesture, 21793 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills, California 91364, who thought up The Original Thinking Cap, a metal hard-hat with a battery-powered light bulb screwed into the center. All you do is slip it on and tighten the chin strap; the thinking cap then lights up at the slightest movement of your jaw, signifying that you've suddenly come up with a bright idea. Paying \$9.95, postpaid, to look silly is also something to think about.

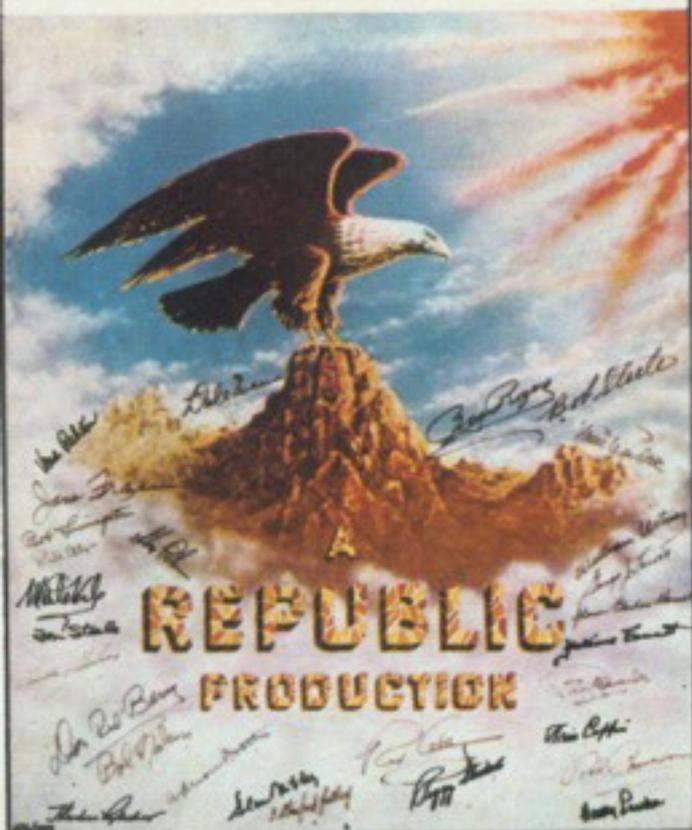


NOW YOU'RE COOKING!

Ah, the suburbs! The next-door neighbors get a new barbecue and everyone wants to one-up them with a newer model. Well, if you want to win the grill game once and for all, here's how: The Deep South Sales Company, P.O. Box 129, Valdosta, Georgia 31601, is selling for \$1295, F.O.B. the factory, a 4½' x 9' steel Super Cooker that can handle 40 chickens, one pig, one half side of beef or 260 burgers. And if you want to go whole hog, Deep South will even letter your name on the side of your Super Cooker free. Hot dog!

OLD COWBOYS NEVER DIE...

Remember Rex Allen, the Singing Cowboy? Or Monte Hale, Rod Cameron, Bob Steele or the ever-popular Vera Hrubá Ralston? They were all Western stars at Republic Pictures and they and a whole posse of others, including Roy Rogers, autographed 1200 limited-edition 24" x 30" posters that The Nostalgia Merchant, Suite 1019, 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028, is selling for \$103 each, postpaid. Happy trails, B-movie fans.



HONEY OF A PRODUCT

Killer bees are the victims of bad PR. Sure, they sting the bejesus out of anyone who disturbs their hive, but they also produce an exceptionally delicious type of honey that's now available from the Killer Bee Honey Corporation, P.O. Box 71, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139, for \$3.95, postpaid, per 5.75-oz. jar. As you spoon it on your breakfast muffin, remember the lives this honey has cost and then try to enjoy it.



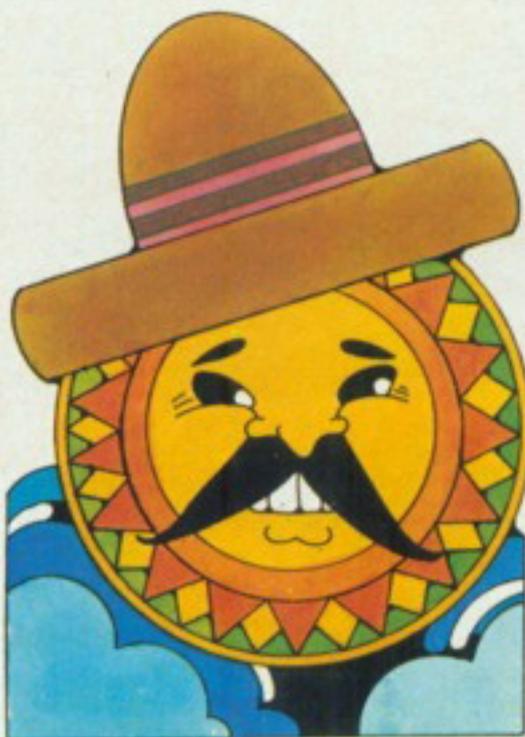
LOOKING SHEEPISH

La Prairie is the renowned Swiss clinic that is said to have rejuvenated the bodies of such international personalities as Charlie Chaplin, Pablo Picasso and Konrad Adenauer via intramuscular injections of fresh embryonic cells taken from black mountain sheep. A week's stay at La Prairie is about \$4000, but if you're a prune face who can't afford that kind of price, La Prairie is now selling five skin-care products—including Anti-Wrinkle Cream, Day Cream, Night Cream, Wet Facial Mask and Beauty Milk—at I. Magnin, Saks Fifth Avenue and other stores. Prices range from \$35 to \$70—or all five products can be had for just \$235. That's enough to give you wrinkles.



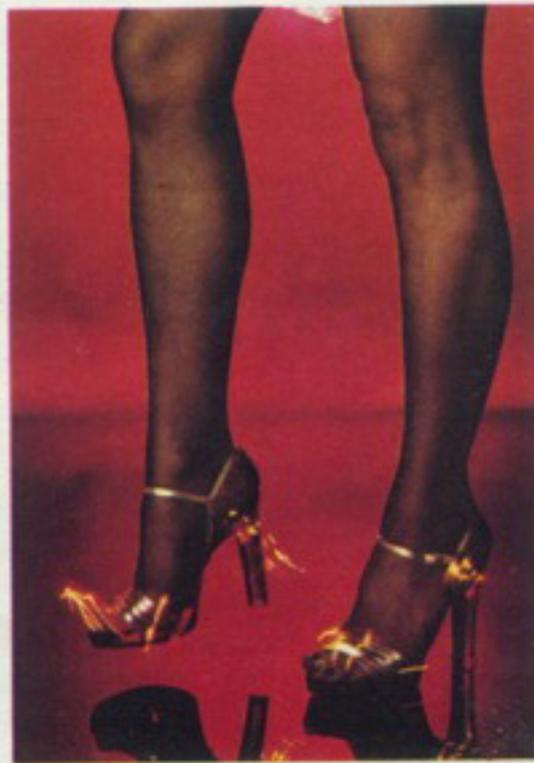
GRINGO LINGO

Down Mexico way, you can have a hell of a good time or a whole mess of trouble, depending on what you eat and drink, where you go and how you deal with the *federales*. One of the best books on the subject is *The People's Guide to Mexico*, by Carl Franz, a 579-page soft-cover publication that's especially valuable to anyone planning a driving, camping or hitchhiking trip south of the border. *People's Guide* can be ordered from John Muir Publications, P.O. Box 613, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501, for \$10, postpaid. And there are chapters on Guatemala and Belize, too.



TWINKLE TOES

Mirror, mirror on the dance floor, who's got the flashiest feet of all? Whichever guy's date has slipped into Discoshoes by Arthur Murray. Discoshoes are rechargeable ankle-strap-style footwear that sparkle plenty, as inside each clear-synthetic heel and toe is a tiny bulb hooked up to a sensitive micromercury switch. When your girl moves—twinkle, twinkle. You can order the shoes from Disco Enterprises, 711 North Westshore Boulevard, Tampa, Florida 33609, for \$115, postpaid, in black, silver, gold, champagne, royal blue or plum satin (full sizes only, five through ten). Just remind your date to switch them off when she heads for the john.





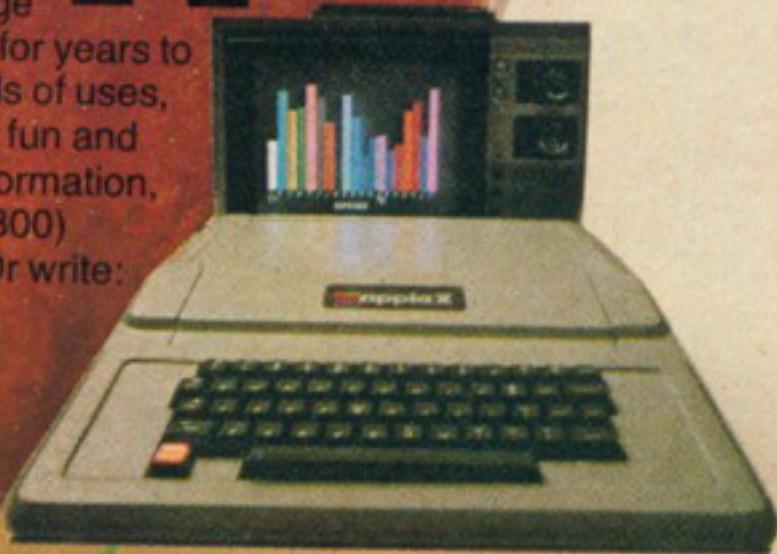
“You procrastinate about everything else, how come this you have to finish right away?”

A It's the first thing you
should know about
is for personal
computers.

The era of the
personal com-
puter is here.

Apple.

Apple will challenge
your imagination for years to
come. Thousands of uses,
from finances to fun and
games. For information,
call toll-free (800)
538-9696.* Or write:



apple computer

*In California, call (408) 996-1010.

10260 Bandley Dr., Cupertino, California 95014.



PATERSON/LIAISON

There Is Nothing Like a Dame

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN looks deucedly surprised by the news that Queen Elizabeth has appointed her an Officer of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire. We're not surprised, though. Dame Olivia had a socko movie debut in *Grease*, cut a chart-breaking duet called *You're the One That I Want* with some guy named Travolta and gave the royalties from a new song to UNICEF. Good show, Olivia!

She Ain't Heavy, She's My Mother

Behind every great man or on his lap is his mother. Our proof? Producer ROBERT STIGWOOD out for a night on the town with his mom. Stigwood has had a couple of years in the movie and record businesses that would make anyone proud, what with *Saturday Night Fever* and *Grease*. We won't talk about *Sgt. Pepper*, sonny.



MADDOY MILLER/LYNN GROSSMITH INC.



CRAIG HARMON © 1978

Shake Your Booty

Superstar Needs Help Dept.: BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and his E Street Band made an extraordinary comeback after the legal hassles of last year, but there are times when even a dynamic performer such as Springsteen can use some assistance. Which, we suppose, explains the strippers.

I Did It My Way

SYLVESTER STALLONE has been in trouble ever since *Rocky*—trouble at home, trouble on movie sets, trouble with reviewers. And now, with this photo, we're predicting more trouble in his old Hell's Kitchen neighborhood. Those guys never even *heard* of Regine's disco and the only fur coats seen around there are worn by cats and dogs.



PATERSON / LIAISON

Meat Loafing

A real heavy of Seventies rock 'n' roll, MEAT LOAF—a.k.a. Mr. Loaf by the starchier critics—presses the scales at 300 and the record charts in the hot 100. Now we know what's meant by a one-man band.



GLENN M. BROWN



GLENN M. BROWN

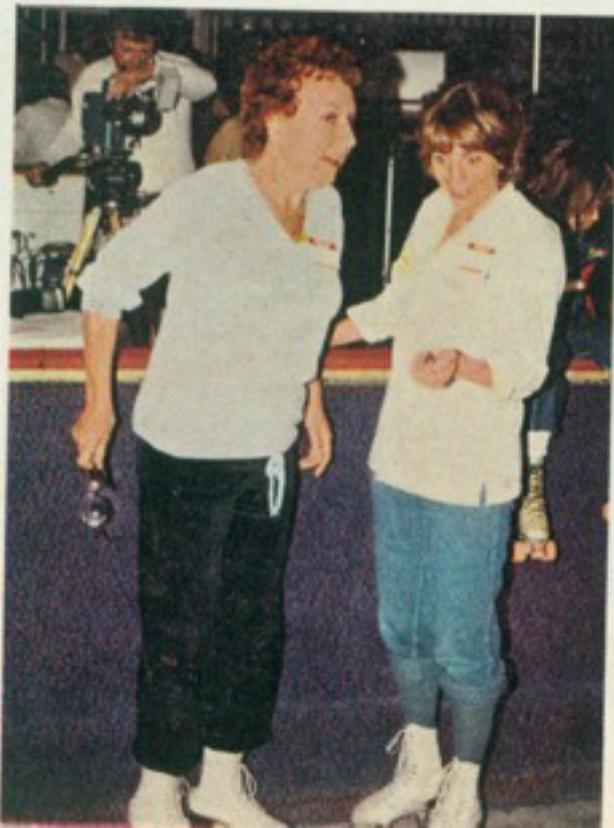
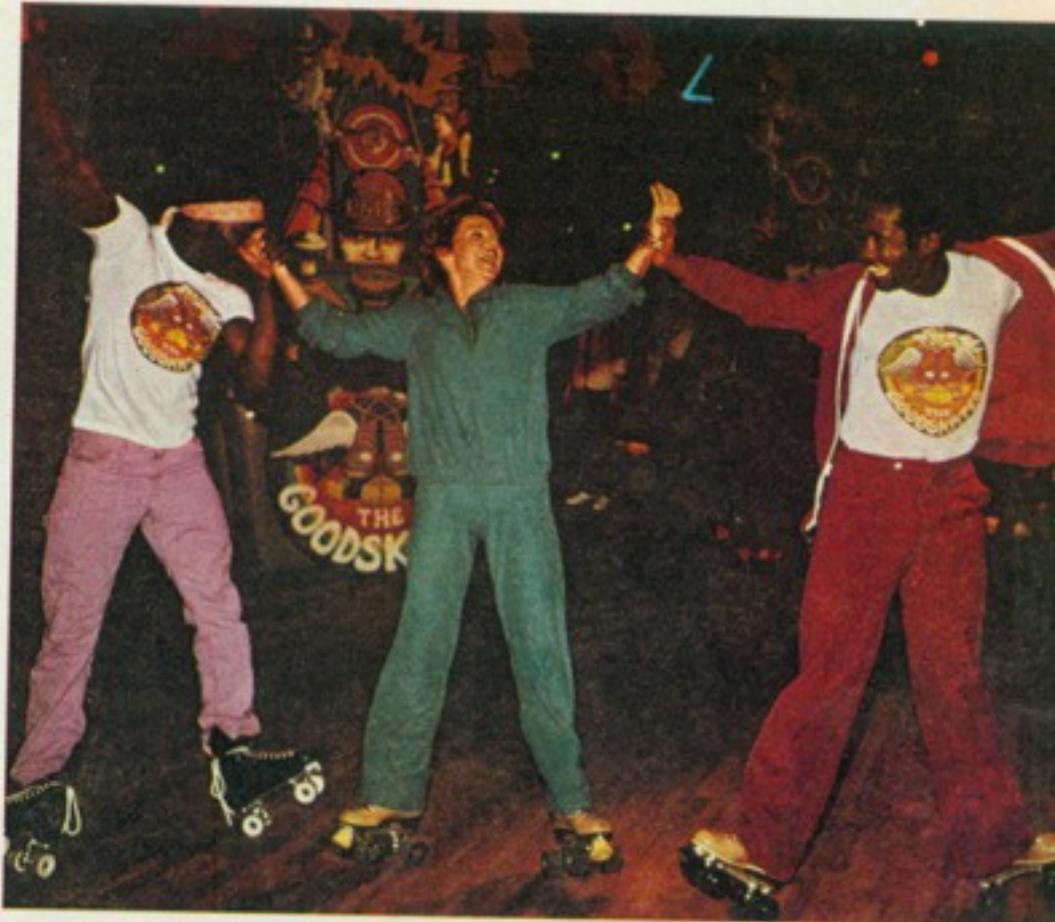
The Emperor's Clothes

TED NUGENT placed fifth in our Music Poll Pop/Rock guitar category last month, and now there's a pinball machine based on an illustration of him that appeared in *Oui* magazine. So what with one thing and another, busy Ted just hasn't had time to drop in on his tailor; but with all the recent publicity, who needs clothes, anyway?

PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

What Has Eight Wheels and Boogies?

When Linda ("Heart like a Wheel") Ronstadt donned roller skates for the cover of her latest album, the course of history was changed—into the shape of a roller rink. The "sport of kids" is sexy—just take a glance at the street people of Venice, California. Celebrities tend to do it in the dark at roller discos. Shown here are Jean Stapleton, Penny Marshall, Lily Tomlin, Tanya Tucker, Ben Vereen and Pam Dawber, alias Mindy.





NEXT MONTH:



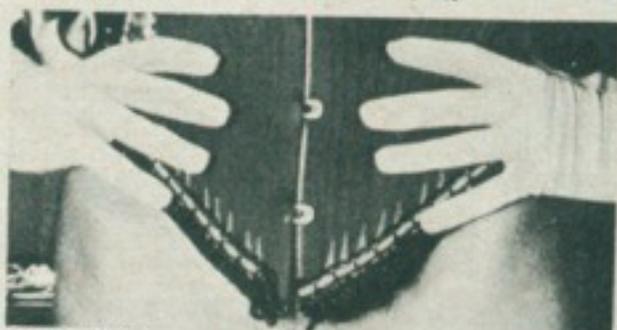
SPINNING GOLD



TURBO CARS



TOP PLAYMATE



DANCE GIRLS

"CRUEL SHOES AND OTHER STORIES"—FROM HIS NEW BOOK, A COLLECTION OF WILD AND CRAZY TALES BY THE IRREPRESSIBLE **STEVE MARTIN**

"INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY"—THEY HAVEN'T MADE IT YET, BUT SCIENTISTS MAY BE ON THE VERGE OF EXTENDING OUR LIFE SPAN TO 200 YEARS. THE BAD NEWS: FOR 100 OF THEM, WE'LL BE OLD—BY **RICHARD RHODES**

"A BAY CHANGE"—ON A VISIT TO FIRE ISLAND, A MAN FINDS HIMSELF THE PAWN OF LESBIAN LOVERS. A TALE WITH AN ODD TWIST—BY **ELLIOTT ARNOLD**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—IT'S TIME FOR **DEBRA JO FONDREN** TO RELINQUISH HER CROWN TO... BUT WE'RE NOT TELLING TILL LATER. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO HANG IN THERE.

"ME AND THE LEADERSHIP CRISIS"—CONCERNED ABOUT THE LACK OF SKILLED GUIDANCE IN SOCIETY? FORGET IT. IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, GENERALS SCREW UP A LOT. YOU CAN DEPEND ON ONLY YOURSELF—BY **JOHN SACK**

"TWISTER!"—OUR FAVORITE OKIE CORRESPONDENT RELATES THE JOYS AND THE TERRORS OF TRYING TO STAY ALIVE IN THE TORNADO BELT—BY **JAY CRONLEY**

"A RIGHT TURN TO TURBOS"—WHAT'S ONE ANSWER TO THE DILEMMA OF ECONOMY VS. PERFORMANCE ON THE ROAD? TURBOCHARGERS—BY **BROCK YATES**

"SPINNING GOLD INTO GOLD"—AN ON-THE-SCENE REPORT OF THE HYPE AND HUSTLE SURROUNDING THE FIND OF A \$50,000,000 TREASURE GALLEON—BY **ROGER SIMON**. PLUS:

"TEN TOUGH TREASURES"—THE BEST BONANZAS STILL OUT THERE—BY **JOHN GRISSIM**

"DANCE-HALL GIRLS"—RETURN WITH US IN PICTORIAL FANTASY TO THOSE GLORIOUS DAYS OF YESTERYEAR, WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND WOMEN WORE FANCY GARTERS

"THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN"—TITILLATING TIDBITS FROM THE NEW MOVIE STARRING **ALAN ARKIN** AND **VALERIE PERRINE** AND INTRODUCING **MAIA DANZIGER**