

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1979 • \$3.00

GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

Raquel

A PHOTOGRAPHIC
CELEBRATION OF
THE DECADE'S MOST
DESIRED WOMAN

AL PACINO TALKS
HIS FIRST EVER
IN-DEPTH
INTERVIEW

NORMAN MAILER'S
STUNNING ACCOUNT
OF GARY GILMORE'S
FINAL HOURS

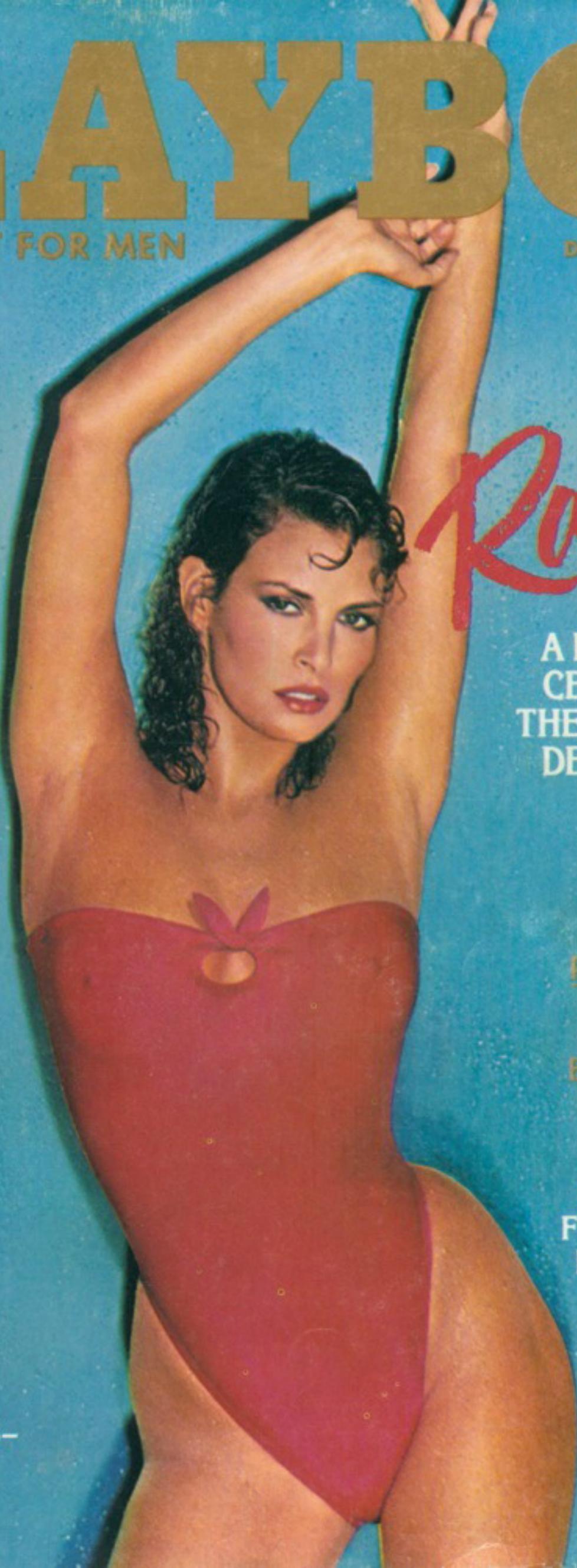
BETTING THE N.F.L.—
HOW TO BEAT
THE POINT SPREAD

SEX IN LOS ANGELES—
THE SECRET LIFE
OF TINSELTOWN

PLAYMATES ENCORE
YOUR ALL-TIME
FAVORITES LOOK
BETTER THAN EVER!

SEX STARS OF '79

PLUS: JOHN UPDIKE
FREDERICK FORSYTH
HARVEY KURTZMAN
AND WILL ELDER
RICHARD PRYOR
ANSON MOUNT
SHEL SILVERSTEIN
LEROY NEIMAN
AND A FEAST OF
HOLIDAY GOODIES



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



CHIP OFF A BEAUTIFUL BLOCK

Diane Lane, one of the freshest faces we've seen onscreen recently, captured the hearts of *Time's* editors so much that they put her on their cover (left). Diane, as you know, starred in *A Little Romance*—one of the more charming films of this year (below). What you probably didn't know was that Diane's mom, Colleen Farrington, was the October 1957 Playmate (right).



PREMIER BOND

The world premiere of *Moonraker* got its rockets off at a party at the London Playboy Club. At right, Richard "Jaws" Kiel looks even larger than life when posed between two Bunnies. Below, Roger Moore checks out the reaction to his new beard; at bottom, well-dressed astronauts.



SAINTS PETER AND HEF

Hugh M. Hefner and Peter Bogdanovich chat during a luncheon at Playboy Mansion West celebrating the L.A. opening of *Saint Jack*. The film, directed by Bogdanovich and co-produced by Hefner, has met with well-deserved acclaim.

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

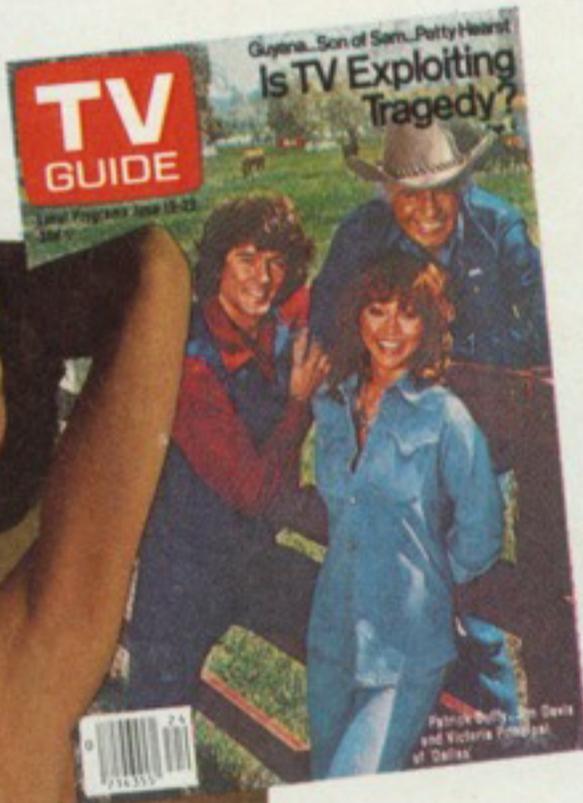
DROPPING INTO STOCKS

They came by car and by helicopter (below) to enjoy Playboy Clubs International President Victor Lowmes's 25-hour party at his Hertfordshire, England, estate, Stocks, celebrating PLAYBOY's 25th. At right, Christie Hefner and Lowmes tool around in a bumper car.



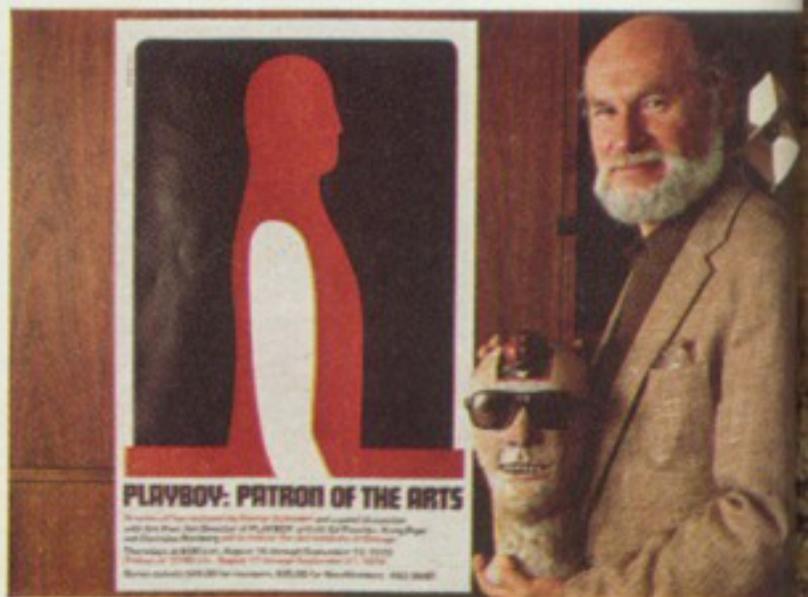
SWEET VICTORIA

We know that many of you watch *Dallas* not for its gut-wrenching drama and interpersonal relationships but because of Victoria Principal. This picture is to remind you that she also starred in Playboy's *The Naked Ape*. You're welcome.



KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

Playboy's L.A. office building is an appropriate backdrop for a billboard advertising the Penguin paperback of Charlotte Chandler's book on Groucho Marx, which grew out of her March 1974 *Playboy* interview with him. It's also scheduled to be featured in an Italian book on American billboards.



ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Playboy Art Director Arthur Paul poses in front of the poster he designed for a lecture series at Chicago's Art Institute.





DRESSED FOR SUCCESS: Do clothes make the man? Just ask Cheech & Chong, who took time out from writing a new movie to try on something tasteful for their upcoming Christmas party. You, dear reader, can own this shot: It's a Pro Arts poster. "Don we now our gay apparel. . . ."



"We weren't seriously thinking of replacing our stereo. Then we heard Yamaha."

"There was a noticeable difference in sound quality. Enough of a difference to convince us to own Yamaha now!"

For almost a century, the Yamaha name has graced the best musical instruments in the world. It is also synonymous with audio components that set unmatched industry standards.

Take the components shown—the CR-640 receiver, the YP-B2 turntable, and the NS-244 speakers. Each is built with the most advanced technology and highest quality craftsmanship. Their visual beauty is rich and warm. Their sound is distinctly natural and truly adds to the enjoyment you expect from listening to music. And the price is surprisingly affordable.

If you already have a stereo, and it's not Yamaha, you owe it to yourself to give Yamaha systems and components a listen. Now is the time to own Yamaha.

Plan to visit your Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealer this weekend and discover the difference for yourself. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.



Yamaha International Corporation,
P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622.
Also available in Canada.



Free for the listening!

The Session II album, valued at more than \$15.

Hear today's hot studio musicians play the sounds of tomorrow on this lavishly produced album. You can't buy the Session II record, but you can get it free with a demonstration of this Yamaha CR-640 component system at your Yamaha dealer.

Recorded with state-of-the-art techniques for astonishingly live ambience, Session II is destined to become a Collector's Item. Quantities are limited, so don't delay! See the Yellow Pages for the name of your Yamaha Audio Specialty Dealer. Offer good thru Dec. 15 at participating dealers. Offer limited to one per household.





THE COMPUTER RADIO. AT 6:00 AM, IT'S SMARTER THAN YOU ARE.

6:00

TIME

Introducing The Great Awakening from General Electric. For starters, it's smart enough to let you set the time directly... no flipping around the clock.

6:15

WAKE-UP 1

You can program it to change stations for you. So it will rock you to sleep with Strauss, switch to your news station, and wake you at 6:15.

7:53

WAKE-UP 2

Then it comes back on to wake up your better half to Beethoven at 7:53. All with push-button ease.

OFF

ALARM OFF

When you forget to set the alarm... The Great Awakening remembers to remind you.

1410

RADIO AM

You can scan all the AM or FM stations by pressing a button or, to tune in one station, just punch in the frequency of your choice on the keyboard.

102.7

RADIO FM

You can also program up to six stations into the memory. And recall any one with the touch of a finger.

15

SNOOZ TIME

For a little extra sleep press the Snooz bar. It lets you sleep an extra minute or an extra hour. You tell the memory how long.

E

ERROR

The Great Awakening is so smart it even tells you when you've made an error. But it's easy to correct... just press a button.



The Great Awakening. Wait'll you hear what we're up to.

Model 7-4880

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THE FOLLOWING MESSAGES ARE BROUGHT TO YOU BY TOSHIBA.



DAD'S BIRTHDAY



ANN'S ADDRESS



BANK BALANCE



BROKER'S PHONE NUMBER



SCHEDULE REMINDER



AT WHAT PLACE



IMPORTANT APPOINTMENTS



DAY, DATE AND TIME



DAY, DATE AND TIME IN PARIS



DAY, DATE AND TIME IN L.A.



DAY, DATE AND TIME IN TOKYO



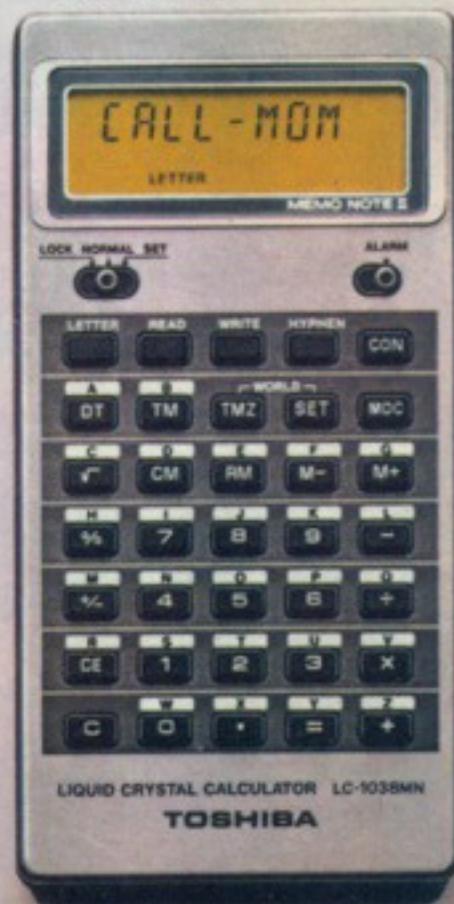
TRAVEL EXPENSES



ALARM



MEDICATION REMINDER



What you see here are only half the messages this amazing little machine can keep track of.

Toshiba's new Memo Note II calculator stores up to 30 alpha-numeric memories, making it a complete "electronic notepad."

When you carry this machine you've also got all the time in the world. Because a special preprogrammed LSI circuit enables the unit to display the exact time, day and date in 26 cities in different time zones around the world. So next time you dine in Paris you can know what time it is in Tokyo.

And with the Memo Note II you can set the alarm for four different times. This is especially useful if you need to take medication at specific times.

Toshiba's new Memo Note II calculator. It does everything a calculator should do plus much more.

Get the message?

TOSHIBA
Again the first.

Toshiba America, Inc., 280 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

THE BEAUTY OF 4-WHEEL DRIVE. AMERICAN EAGLE.



*INTRODUCING
THE BEAUTIFUL BREAKTHROUGH
THAT GETS YOU THROUGH IN COMFORT.*

 **AMERICAN MOTORS**



Raquel



a dazzling photographic tribute to america's premier sex symbol—done exclusively for playboy

THE STAR

There is no pinpointing exactly what it is about her, but you are sure that whoever it is that hammers together girls decided, "This one gets to pick up all the marbles" and stamped her face 40 percent extra.

—BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN,
"The Definitive Chickie,"
Esquire, October 1965

IN 1967, she strode across the screen wearing a doeskin bikini in *One Million Years B.C.* The human race (at least its male segment) was saved. We—men—no longer floundered aimlessly in a sea of unfocused hormonal urges.

Raquel was a *cause célèbre*, a cure for the blahs, something to shoot for, a reason for being. Not bad for an actress who had spoken only three or four words in an entire movie. *One Million Years B.C.* was a cinematic event simply because she was in it. A few moderately successful films—unmemorable except for her presence—a couple of thousand magazine covers and a starlet named Raquel was crowned (by *Time*) our "number-one sex symbol."

But, with all due respect to *Esquire*, chickie is not an act that lasts. Nature makes its periodic withdrawals from the account, and that is supposed to be that. Chickie is a sprint, and sex goddess is a marathon. So consider—Raquel has been with us, the foremost object of our desires, for over a decade. That is no sprint. The media, believing that they alone define reality, are comfortable with their stereotypes, and so continue to try to force Raquel into a mold then, now and forevermore. (text continued on page 160)

THE GODDESS

THE ARGUMENT that I am proposing is simply this: Icons do not submit themselves to paraphrase. Poetry loses in translation; no mere words can do justice to an athlete's best performance.

So how should we attempt to turn into language the photographs that you are undoubtedly looking at? Certainly not by trying to ring some changes on the press agents' worn-out themes of sex symbols, images, superstars, etc.

Clearly, the reason millions of us have spent millions of dollars and millions of hours in large, dark rooms, fixed to our seats, following the adventures of Hedy, Rita, Harlow, Bardot, Marilyn, Sophia

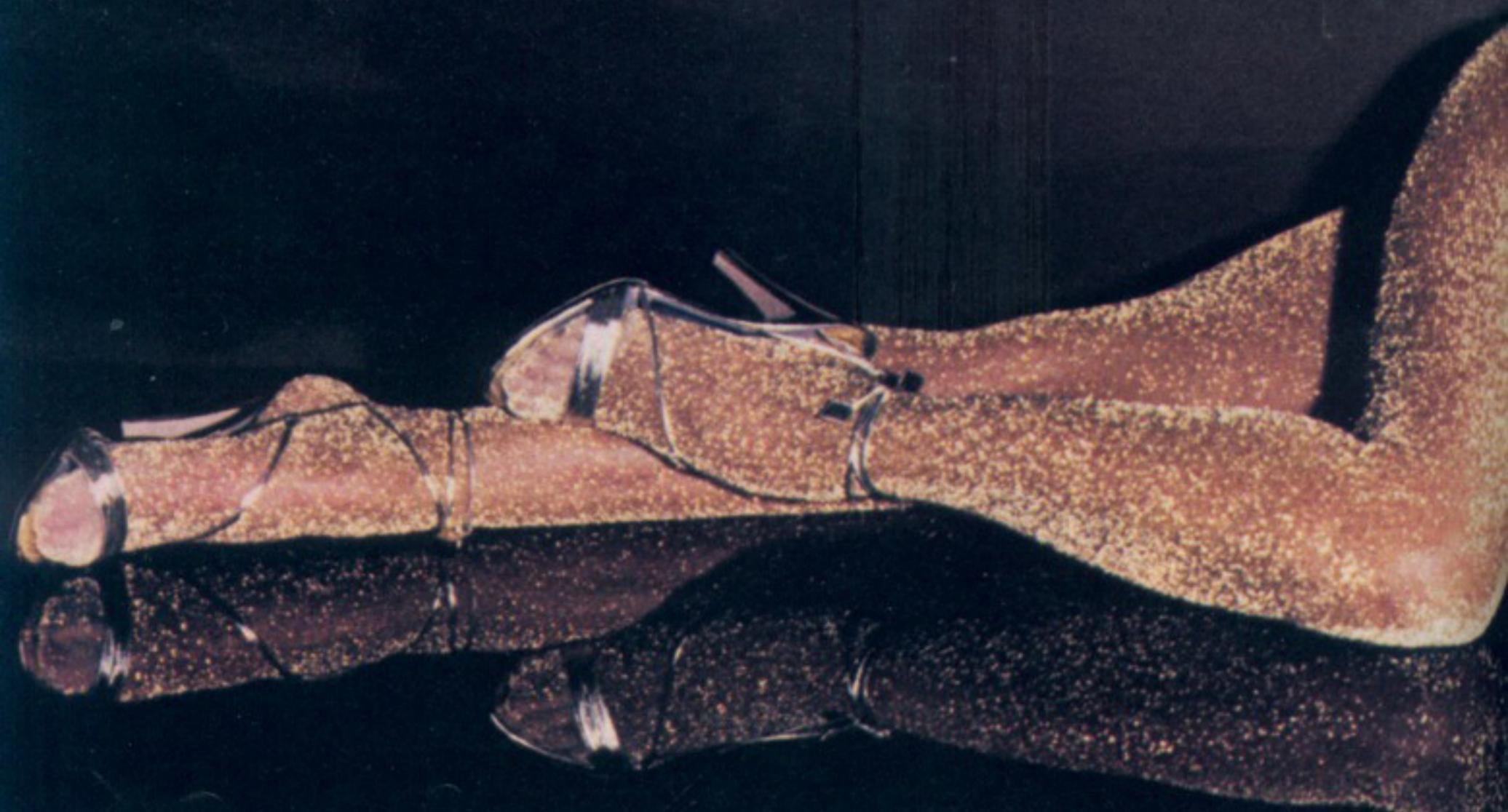
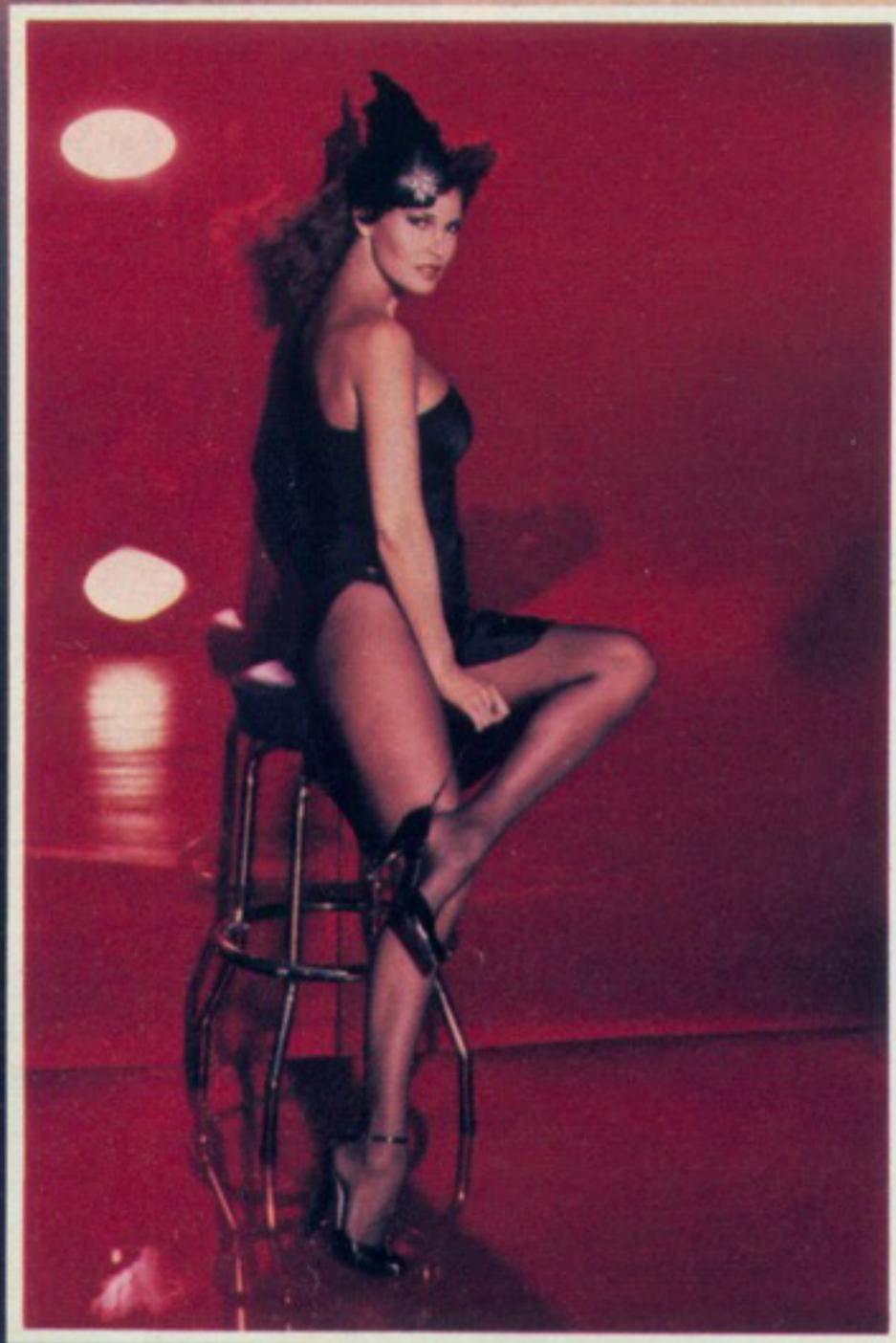
and, yes, Raquel, has only a little to do with our brains.

Where does that leave us? Let's consider another lady with only one name, perhaps the most famous of them all. In case you've forgotten the story, it's from the *Iliad*, and Homer told it better than I will—but bear with me.

Helen was kidnaped by Paris from her husband, Menelaus, and carried off to Troy. The Greeks pursued and, in a violent, bloody ten-year war, butchered everyone in sight. One day, near the end of the slaughter, Helen (who is nowhere in that great poem *physically* described) was walking on one of the battlements of the walled city. Several extremely old men of Troy were standing below. They looked up, squinting against the sun, at the woman whose existence was the cause of the destruction of their city. One of the old men, perhaps with the keenest vision, turned to the others and, with a shrug, said quietly, "Well—I guess it was worth it." —BUCK HENRY

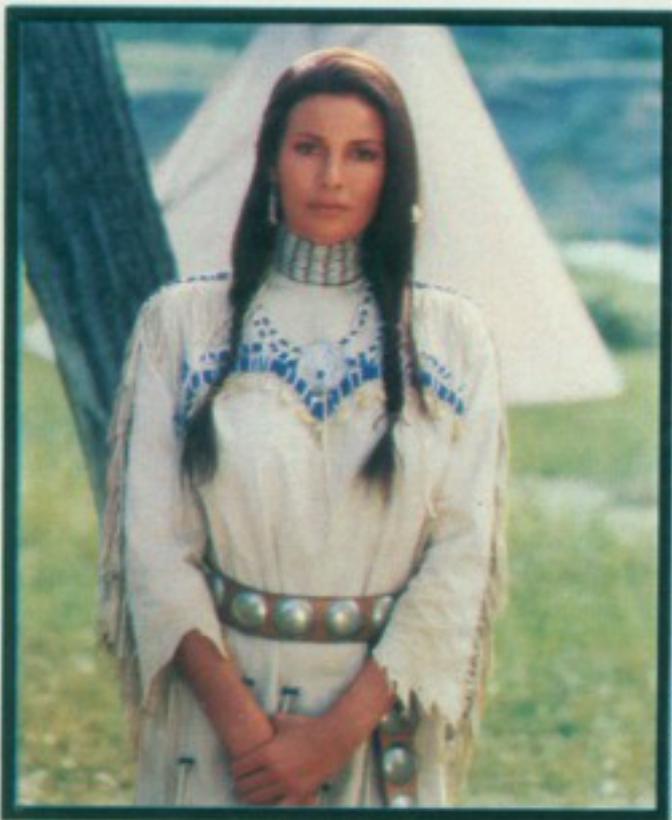
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS VON WANGENHEIM
ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KENT





For these **PLAYBOY** photos, Raquel worked with topflight New York photographer Chris Von Wangenheim. His women are sensuous, self-reliant and sure. They carry guns or are accompanied by Doberman pinschers. His photos show the dangerous side of beauty. He explains his exciting shooting: "I wanted to go beyond the Raquel that everyone knows, to show her as the woman she is, instead of just a symbol."





Raquel as she will appear in her dramatic television debut, a three-hour film called *The Legend of Walks Far Woman*.

She has fooled them. The moves have been clear since the difficult action role she took in *Kansas City Bomber*. After that, she went to comedy, and won a Golden Globe best-actress award for her part in *The Three Musketeers*. She learned French to star opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo in *L'Animal* (as of this writing, a hit in Europe but still unreleased in the U.S.) and created and starred in a spectacular night-club act that not only wowed Vegas but made a successful transatlantic crossing to Paris.

Leave aside the matters of the flesh (how does she manage to look so damned good?) for a second and think about this purely in terms of style. The line has to be drawn from that girl standing there in the prehistoric bikini in *One Million*

Years B.C. to the woman gleaming out of these pages. It seems inevitable now, just as the best way to draw a line through a maze is backward: We may not know where we're going, but we usually know where we've been.

What it all adds up to is that *PLAYBOY* wanted to celebrate Raquel in a manner befitting the person who has been called "the world's most beautiful woman," so we proposed to Raquel that she select the photographer or photographers with whom she'd most like to collaborate. She chose American expatriate Tony Kent and the legendary fashion photographer Chris Von Wangenheim, with whom she spent several days shooting in Mexico and New York. The results: You see them here.

Most recently, Raquel was shooting a film in Billings, Montana. For the past couple of years, she turned down film roles that relied on chickie clichés, until she came across an idea that she liked—about an Indian woman liberated before her time. She pushed until it got made—a three-hour, made-for-TV movie called *The Legend of Walks Far Woman* (which will air this spring).

Billings is the largest city in Montana, but that isn't saying a whole lot. With 61,000 people, it's the size of the Chicago suburb of Oak Park, or two thirds as big as Santa Monica, California. If you're sitting there in some big city or endless slurb, dreaming the dream of a romantic small town, 61,000 probably sounds terrific, especially since the few license plates you've seen from Montana proclaim it to be BIG SKY country. Small town, big sky, what could be bad? Except that Billings is ringed with smelting and refining operations that spew into that big sky the odor of hydrogen sulphide (rotten eggs to you and me; the smell of money, partner, to the chamber of commerce).

The point is that Billings is not some wonderful vacation paradise, and Raquel was stuck there for eight weeks with her cast and crew, while everyone in town bubbled over the fact that she was there. When we arrived at the car-rental desk at the airport, the girl looked up and said, "Raquel's here. You gonna see her?" It may have been her standard line for anyone who didn't look like a cowboy.

We went to the Northern Hotel and made our way to the door of the Governor's Suite, where a rent-a-guard was stationed. The hall outside Raquel's door had become a camping ground for fans: kids wanting autographs, as well as members of minor-league ball clubs playing in Billings, but wanting—nearly as much as a trip to the majors—to get a glimpse of her.

Raquel's secretary, a man named Sterling Clark, answered







Tony Kent, an American expatriate photographer who currently resides in Paris, shot these pictures of Raquel on a beach in Mexico. As you can see here, the transcontinental chemistry worked. "Most of the first period of working in front of a camera is experimentation," she told us afterward. "It takes a while for the photographer to get used to your face. And finally, there gets to be a groove."

our knock. The Governor's Suite, huh? Not too, uh, *big*, or splendid, by big-city standards.

Suddenly, Raquel walked in. Five-six, *those legs* in well-worn Levis, a French-cut T-shirt, no bra, *that body*. Her hair had been darkened for the role of an Indian, and it accentuated her high cheekbones. In a way, we realized, the past echoed, for Raquel Tejada had made her theatrical debut in summer stock as an Indian maiden.

She looked terrific, period. Sex goddesses, like sports stars, are supposed to fade at exactly that moment when the rest of us are hitting our peak. But some of the greats—Cobb, Williams, Aaron, Brock—were not diminished by age, and neither is Raquel.

She wanted to talk about the movie she was doing, because, as it turned out, she believed that the reality of a "manly-hearted" Indian woman of the late 19th Century had a great deal of applicability to the life of a star almost 100 years later. It was not an easy picture to get made, because in this age of the endless Hollywood negotiation, a deal involving Indians is one that doesn't make the moguls jump for joy.

"I am not trying to present myself as the Joan of Arc of the Indian movement," Raquel said, "but I do have a great sense of identity with this character. This movie breaks the

myth of the stoic Indian woman, the woman who always walked three paces behind her man. And it shatters the notion that Indians' lives weren't rich and full of drama. We don't *have* to be self-conscious about them, self-conscious and hypocritically pious, just because they're Indians. Most people have the misconception that Indians never smile or laugh. We're so guilt-ridden about them that we see them only as stereotypes, and we put them in the limbo we reserve for symbols."

A couple of weeks earlier, Raquel had been consigned by a magazine to the limbo reserved for symbols when *Time* alleged she wasn't doing her own stunts. The writers at *Time* had forgotten that Raquel broke her wrist roller-skating in *Kansas City Bomber*; in *Walks Far*, one stunt landed her in the hospital, and she had to be restrained (by trembling insurance men) from riding a bucking horse in the water.

That item had been unpleasant. Moreover, there were the difficulties of being on an incredibly tight shooting schedule, with all the assorted agonies any large group has when it is far from home on location.

So no matter the psychic rewards of doing a part that looked to be the kind of tour (text concluded on page 166)



Von Wangenheim on Raquel: "It is very difficult to photograph personalities. An actress has a presence onscreen that does not translate to stills. It's like playing a Bach concerto on a banjo. But Raquel is believable. She is a gutsy woman. She is still a mystery."



de force that might cause the likes of *Time* to take a real look at Raquel; she was paying the price of having been the prime mover in the project, of having exercised power.

"This business is more difficult on women than on men," she said, sipping at Evian water. "The women who have succeeded—Jane Fonda, Barbra Streisand, for example—have had to have an incredible edge to accomplish what they've accomplished. And while I admire that, at the same time, I sometimes resent having to have that sharp an edge. I wish there were a way to get what you need as an artist without sometimes having to appear strident. But if they, or I, or any woman, has been strident, it's because we've had to be.

"Being forced to show strength is debilitating. What's important is collaboration between artists, so that the burden of pushing something forward can be shared. Of course, there's a reluctance on some people's part to collaborate if you're a woman, especially if you're a sex symbol. Then you may have to step back to position number two and let someone else be the figurehead."

Much earlier in her career, it was easier, in a way, to be controlled than to control: "If you're at the focal point of things, you take all the heat, and for a woman, that's not been a natural position, because a woman's natural position has been one of nurturing. So you have to choose—to take the heat, or to search out someone to take the heat for you. But then *they* tell you what to do."

Now *nobody* tells Raquel what to do. When we tried to float the subject of sex, she turned it into the Hindenburg when she said, calmly, "I think people talk *too much* about sexuality. I think we all know what it's about, and it's different for every person. I know that articulating it is an important thing for a magazine like *PLAYBOY*, but it's not so important for me."

Well. But these photos are not exactly asexual, even if they seem more European than American. They are sultry, not static. "I'm not the fluffy cheerleader type—I'm a grown woman," she said.

"I'm what my yoga master calls 'over-energied,' so I have to do physical stuff. It's very cathartic for me. Back when I did *100 Rifles*, I was sandwiched between Burt Reynolds and Jim Brown, and they could do *all* those stunts, falls and tuck and rolls, and I wanted to get out there and do them, too.

"It's as attractive for a woman to do physical things as for a man, but I have to admit that I never do anything sporting until I'm in front of a camera. I do yoga, but I don't jog or play tennis or swim, none of it.

"I used to run when I was in Paris a couple of years ago. The problem with

running is finding a nice place to do it. In Paris, there was a park with lots of leaves on the ground, and I could start out walking, watching them, and then begin to run. It was beautiful, and there were no car fumes. In L.A., everyone is out there in their jogging suits looking serious. What a drag!"

The conversation drifted from fitness to junk food (Billings is loaded with franchise restaurants). "The decline of American civilization can be traced to the invention of Pop Rocks. Food that makes noise! Doesn't taste! Just explodes in your mouth and makes noise! The first time I saw that on television, I said, 'Hold on, guys. That's it!'"

"I think," Raquel said, "that if I weren't in show business and someone gave me the choice, I'd like to live in a small village in some place like Cyprus. Those villages are the kinds of places where you know everyone, and so you can go to the market and talk to your friends and buy fresh vegetables and go home and cook real food.

"Sometimes I wonder if the women's movement hasn't been very much the outgrowth of technology. We've got TV dinners we can pop in the oven. We've been liberated from the kitchen. But if the ethic is that two people have to work instead of one to earn more money, is that so liberating?"

That seemed to us to be the "serious" Raquel talking.

"I think," she said, "that there's a misconception about me wanting to be taken 'seriously.' That word is also a label, and when you use it, it implies that I'm not. Maybe the problem is that I'm hard to pigeonhole, and that's what people like to do. It's easier for them to say, 'Oh! She's just the poster girl from *One Million B.C.*' than to have to deal with the fact that I'm an eclectic person.

"Most of the stuff that's written about me tries to do one of two things: either reinforce the stereotype or try to break the mold, because the writer thinks that's what he *should* do. So he talks about how terrible it is to be victimized and bear the crucifix of being a sex symbol. And it's all so predictable. What is 'serious'? What is 'sexy'? Don't they meet somewhere? I don't know anyone who laughs *during* orgasm. Do you? Have you? Sex is serious. On the other hand, I'm not saying that *foreplay* is serious."

And she turned back to comedy, for she has always admired Katharine Hepburn, and after her own success in *The Three Musketeers*, she's planning to do another comedy this year. When she was reminded that Hepburn had Tracy to play against, she thought about the available male talent and laughingly wondered if Jack Nicholson weren't someone "who could cut me down to size."

As if to illustrate the pigeonhole

Hollywood tries to stuff her in, Raquel recalled that whenever she's asked to present an Academy Award, "they call me ahead of time and tell me not to dress in anything too revealing. I told Howard Koch [producer of the Oscar telecasts] that if I'm ever *nominated*, I'll be there to collect in the nude.

"I said to one guy during one of those calls, 'You have to stop treating certain actresses as if they were stepchildren in the industry. In fact, you could even go so far as to honor one of them. You could give Dietrich or Rita Hayworth a special award for her contribution to film. Maybe they didn't do *The Grapes of Wrath*, but they certainly made a contribution to film history and culture that hasn't been repeated by anyone else.' And he said, 'That's a pretty self-serving remark,' and I said, 'Aha! You *noticed!*'"

The afternoon was gone. One of the conventions of journalism is that you don't physically attack your subject, even if it is Richard Nixon. But when we had told people that we were going to see Raquel, we were treated to so many *nudge-wink-leers* that we felt like a bad joke at a men's-club smoker. Everyone seemed to believe that we were going to tear off her clothes. (How can you be that close to a sex goddess and not tear off her clothes?) However, Sterling Clark—slender but clearly trained in the martial arts—had never left the room. Quivering like a Doberman under restraint (or was that only our imagination?), he had contented himself with cashews and Perrier rather than going for the throat of the visitor.

"Write good," she said.

"Walk far," we said. We shook hands and went out, past the guard, who followed us down the hall and around the corner and waited until we got into the elevator. The big-city paranoid reporter—used to the shoot-first, explain-later L.A. cops—didn't comprehend what the guy was up to until later. Of course! All he wanted was a few words of gossip about Raquel that he could take home to his family.

Anyone who has spent time in Hollywood understands its imperfect mesh of fantasy and earnestness. The fantasy is the beauty of the body, and that is separate, in Hollywood terms, from the use of the mind. Hollywood treats its beauties one way, its actresses another. Sex sells tickets; acting is art.

Raquel has sworn to bring these two elements together, and only a fool would look at the progression of her work, and at her sensuous power in our photos, and bet against her. If you're crazy, and you've got some cash to throw away, we'll cover it.

—LAWRENCE S. DIETZ





"Waal—somebody robbed the overland stage and I aim to have a look in that bag!"

THE GREAT COMIC HEROES TRIVIA QUIZ

comics are back in a big way, and it's time you brushed up on who's who and what's what. for starters, can you think of at least two reasons wonder woman is so wonderful?

FACE IT; today's cocktail-party chatter requires a whole new vocabulary. Gone are the days when a repertoire of peace slogans, dope jargon and a mantra could get you through an evening. In today's post-*Superman* polite circles, you've got to be conversant with a completely different range of trendy esoterica: Kryptonite, gamma rays, web shooters. . . . Say goodbye to radical chic; it's time for a little comic relief.

That's as in comic books and comic strips, of course. *Superman* and its multiple sequels are just part of the rage that's sweeping America faster than a speeding bullet. Buck Rogers is snaring his share of bad guys and movie audiences. Television has brought Spider-Man, Mandrake, Dr. Strange, The Incredible Hulk and Wonder Woman crashing and powling right into our living rooms.

And that's just the beginning. Sometime next year, Dino De Laurentiis' \$20,000,000-plus screen version of *Flash Gordon* will blast off, and *Mork & Mindy*'s Robin Williams will bring his version of *Popeye* to movie theaters. The following year, Columbia Pictures hopes to make us a Christmas present of *Annie*, based on the life and times of the inimitable Little Orphan Annie. The Amazing Spider-Man is slated for not one but two movies; and the Silver Surfer will be soaring in a multimillion-dollar major motion picture. Still on the drawing board are screen adaptations of *Terry and the Pirates* and *Dick Tracy*. At least a dozen more comics-inspired projects are in the concept stage and may eventually turn into full-fledged "ideas."

All these are live-action, flesh-and-blood versions of our newsprint idols. The switch from ink to celluloid has simply driven America comics crazy.

So you won't be caught without your cape on when the subject comes up, as it surely will, we've prepared a quiz that lets you test your comics quotient in advance. Check yourself now, in private, and be spared the embarrassment of not knowing who Supergirl's father was. (Zor-El. Now, don't ask it again.)

Who knows? You might be more chic than you suspect. If not, stay home, read *PLAYBOY* and hope that the next trend is something easier, like sex.

WHO SAID . . .

1. "Criminals are a superstitious, cowardly lot. . . ."
2. "Holy Moley!"
3. "In brightest day, in blackest night, no evil shall escape my sight."
4. "HAWKAAAA!"
5. "We have met the enemy and he is us."
6. "Arf!"

GEOGRAPHY LESSON

1. According to the story told upon his return in 1964, where had Captain America been keeping himself since 1949?
2. The name of Wonder Woman's home island, please.
3. Of course, you remember Captain Marvel, Jr., alias crippled newsboy Freddy Freeman. But where did Freddy set up his newsstand?
4. Which New York City neighborhood did Dr. Strange keep hopping with demons and extradimensional nasties?

5. A real city named Metropolis tried without much success to capitalize on its nominal connection with Superman by building an Amazing World of Superman museum. In what state is this real Metropolis?

WORDS AND MUSIC

1. When Dick Tracy started going great guns (literally), what famous mystery writer did King Features bring in to script its new competing strip, *Secret Agent X-9*?
2. Who wrote the Barney Google ("with the Goo-Goo-Googly eyes") song?
3. Wonder Woman was created by William Moulton Marston, under the pseudonym Charles Moulton. That's easy. What other, real-life weapon against evildoers did Marston invent?

IN THE BEGINNING

1. Name the comic strip in which Popeye first sailed into view.
2. Who were the five original Avengers? (Comic-book style, not to be confused with the British TV series.)
3. What was Blondie's maiden name, before she devoted her life to shopping and getting hubby Dagwood to work each morning?
4. How did Maggie and Jiggs strike it rich?
5. Who killed Batman's parents? Give yourself a ten-point bonus if you also know how old Bruce Wayne was at the time.
6. Robin was also an orphan, though his parents died in a more unorthodox way. What was their unusual profession? (continued on page 322)

quiz **By DAVID A. FRYXELL**

“Wertham warned America that comic books were making our youths into illiterates and perverts.”

- Who put the silver glaze on the Silver Surfer?
- The dubious distinction of the weirdest superhero origin has to go to the justly little-known Whizzer. What gave him his superspeed?

SAY THE MAGIC WORD

- Where did Mandrake learn his tricks?
- What *two* unlikely magic words did Captain Marvel Jr. say to turn super—or, rather, marvel-ous?
- What made Zatara's spells special?
- This will be no mystery at all to the fans of Dr. Strange: To whom did the hoary hosts belong?

SEX AND THE SINGLE HERO

- Adam had Eve, Superman had Lois Lane. What red-haired girl reporter was Batman saddled with for a time?
- Who married Dick Tracy?
- The women were the true stars of *Terry and the Pirates*, not Terry and Pat Ryan. Give the name—she had only one (sigh!)—of the lovely blonde who was on the side of the angels.
- What month is Sadie Hawkins Day always scheduled? A big ten-point bonus if you know the date of the very first race for matrimony in *Li'l Abner*.
- In 1940, DC Comics banned a certain innocuous five-letter word from its pages for fear it might blur into a nasty four-letter word. What was it, kids?
- Dr. Fredric Wertham's 1954 book *Seduction of the Innocent* warned America that comic books were making our youths into juvenile delinquents, illiterates and—especially—perverts. What famous superhero duo did he describe as “like a wish dream of two homosexuals living together”?

DR. FRANKENSTEIN, I PRESUME?

Match each mad scientist to his sane hero:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Dr. Wonmug | a. Captain America |
| 2. Dr. Hans Zarkov | b. Alley Oop |
| 3. Prof. Reinstein | c. Buck Rogers |
| 4. Professor Horton | d. Flash Gordon |
| 5. Dr. Huer | e. The Human Torch |

JUNGLE FUNNIES

- Jungle Jim was a dashing man about Africa, of course, not a back-yard plaything. But does anyone recall his last name?
- Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, had her own male version of Lois Lane—always following her around, always needing saving from snacking croco-

diles and cannibals. What was his name?

- How about the name of Tarzan's son? If you answered Boy, you've been watching too many movies; go to your room and read some comic books.
- Before the name became associated with black militancy, Marvel Comics created the Black Panther, leader of a hidden, superscientific African kingdom. What was the Black Panther's tribe called?

LOVE AND HISSES

- Can you name the schizoid Batman foe who always flipped a coin to decide whether he'd keep his ill-gotten loot or give it to charity?
- Of course you know Captain America's grim archenemy—a Nazi, not a Communist, despite his name. Don't you?
- Who was the prankster from another dimension who gave Superman fits? Yes, spelling counts. And count ten points extra if you know what the little villain had to be tricked into saying to get rid of him.
- The Riddler's punny real name?
- He himself was frequently featured as a villain in American comics, but Hirohito said a tried-and-true U. S. good guy was his own favorite fictional character. Who was it?
- What's the newspaper published by J. Jonah Jameson, Spider-Man's eternal pain in the neck?
- This Dick Tracy nemesis used killing as an admittedly offbeat substitute for tranquilizers. Name him.
- And who was the only supervillain who was literally a worm?

HANDICAPPED PARKING

- Which horny (horns on his costume, that is) hero compensated for his blindness with “radar senses”?
- Who came down to earth as lame doctor Donald Blake?
- More than one hero has had to overcome the rather severe handicap of being, well, dead. Name the ghostly guardian who was detective Jim Corrigan in life?
- OK, how short *was* the Doll Man?

MAKING THE CONNECTION

- Lois Flagston, of *Hi and Lois* fame, has an even more famous brother. Who is he?
- What do Superman's girlfriend, Superboy's sweetheart, Superman's worst enemy, Supergirl's alter ego (preadop-

tion) and Jimmy Olsen's sometime flame all have in common?

- Who was the movie-serial star who portrayed both Blackhawk and Superman?
- What well-known actor served as the model for Captain Marvel's face?
- Captain America and The Hulk had ladyfriends with the same name. (Presumably not the same woman—two-timing The Hulk would be an exceptionally dangerous dalliance.) Who was she? (Were she?)

CHIC CRUSADERS

- What was added to Batman's costume when he became a Sixties TV star?
- What was Flash Gordon's alma mater? Ten points extra if you remember his favorite collegiate sport.
- Clark Kent has gone through a lot of changes, but two things have always remained the same—his glasses and his tie. What color is Clark's tie?
- Which hero pioneered the pointy-eared look, long before Mr. Spock?

HEROES BY ANY OTHER NAME

- Henry Pym alone kept the costume designers working overtime. Can you name fickle Hank's four superhero identities, in order?
- Even Jimmy Olsen, Superman's pesky best friend, got into the superhero game now and then. What did he call himself?
- Give the full monicker of Popeye's hamburger-eating pal.
- You know him as Pappy Yokum in *Li'l Abner*. But what's his real name?
- Smilin' Jack's elusive last name?
- In the original book (*Armageddon 2419*) by Philip Nowlan, what was Buck Rogers' first name?
- Who became Terry's commanding officer when he switched from fighting pirates to squaring off against the Japanese?

INITIAL HERE, PLEASE

- Billy Batson had but to say “SHA-ZAM!” and a bolt of lightning would change him into the mighty Captain Marvel. What six names did S-H-A-Z-A-M stand for?
- To help us remember their meek, mild-mannered identities, all these heroes were saddled with double-initial names. Score ten points for each monotonous-monogrammed alter ego you can come up with.
 - Spider-Man
 - Daredevil
 - Mr. Fantastic
 - The Hulk (comics, now, not some bastardized TV version)
- The comics contributed THUNDER to the Sixties' secret-agent alphabet soup (UNCLE, SPECTRE, KAOS, etc.). What was it an acronym for?
- What were the call letters of the radio-

station Alan Scott, alias the Green Lantern, worked for?

THE HEAD OF THE CLASS

1. In her pre-Daddy Warbucks days, Little Orphan Annie always dragged around a doll. What was the doll's name?
2. Which American space mission literally put Charlie Brown and Snoopy into orbit?
3. What was the title of the very first Classic Comics?
4. Why couldn't Clark Kent get into the Army in World War Two?

ANSWERS

Who Said . . .

1. Bruce Wayne
2. Captain Marvel
3. Green Lantern
4. Blackhawk
5. Pogo
6. Sandy

Geography Lesson

1. In an iceberg
2. Paradise Island
3. The corner of Oak and Main
4. Greenwich Village
5. Illinois

Words and Music

1. Dashiell Hammett
2. Billy Rose and Con Conrad
3. The polygraph

In the Beginning

1. *Thimble Theatre*
2. Thor, Iron Man, The Wasp, Ant-Man, The Hulk

3. Blondie Boopadoop
4. They won the Irish Sweepstakes
5. Joe Chill; aged ten
6. Circus trapeze artists
7. Galactus
8. A transfusion of mongoose blood

Say the Magic Word

1. Tibet
2. "Captain Marvel"
3. He spoke them backward
4. Hoggoth

Sex and the Single Hero

1. Vicki Vale
2. Tess Trueheart
3. Burma
4. November; November 13, 1937
5. FLICK
6. Batman and Robin

Dr. Frankenstein, I Presume?

1. b
2. d
3. a
4. e
5. c

Jungle Funnies

1. Bradley
2. Bob
3. Korak
4. The Wakanda

Love and Hisses

1. Two-Face
2. The Red Skull
3. Mr. Mxyzptlk (Mxyzptlk from 1950 on—after a typo in DC Comics); he was tricked into saying his own name,

backward

4. E. Nigma
5. Superman
6. *The Daily Bugle*
7. Shaky
8. Mr. Mind

Handicapped Parking

1. Daredevil
2. Thor
3. The Spectre
4. Five inches

Making the Connection

1. Beetle Bailey
2. "L.L." initials; Lois Lane, Lana Lang, Lex Luthor, Linda Lee, Lucy Lane
3. Kirk Alyn
4. Fred MacMurray
5. Betty Ross

Chic Crusaders

1. A yellow oval behind the bat insignia on his chest
2. Yale; polo
3. Red
4. The Sub-Mariner

Heroes by Any Other Name

1. Ant-Man, Giant-Man, Goliath, Yellowjacket
2. Elastic Lad
3. J. Wellington Wimpy
4. Lucifer Ornamental Yokum
5. Martin
6. Anthony
7. Colonel Flip Corkin

Initial Here, Please

1. Solomon, Hercules, Atlas, Zeus, Achilles, Mercury
2. a. Peter Parker; b. Matt Murdock; c. Reed Richards; d. Bruce Banner
3. The Higher United Nations Defense Enforcement Reserves
4. WXYZ

The Head of the Class

1. Emily Marie
2. Apollo 10
3. *The Three Musketeers*
4. He was 4-F—Clark flunked the eye test when he mistakenly used his X-ray vision to read the eye chart in the next room

SCORING

- 700 points or more—Super. You'll knock 'em dead at the next party.
- 550–690—Able to leap tall buildings with *two* bounds.
- 400–540—You might still be a hero. Memorize the names of the Three Lieutenant Marvels (Tall Marvel, Fat Marvel, Hillbilly Marvel) and fake it.
- 250–390—No superpowers. You need a bottle of Vitamin 2X (the Blue Beetle).
- 100–240—Merely mortal. Try a crash course.
- Under 100—Holy schnook! Don't go out of the house without your secret decoder ring.



"What's the matter? Haven't you ever seen a see-through dress before?"





CANNY CANDACE

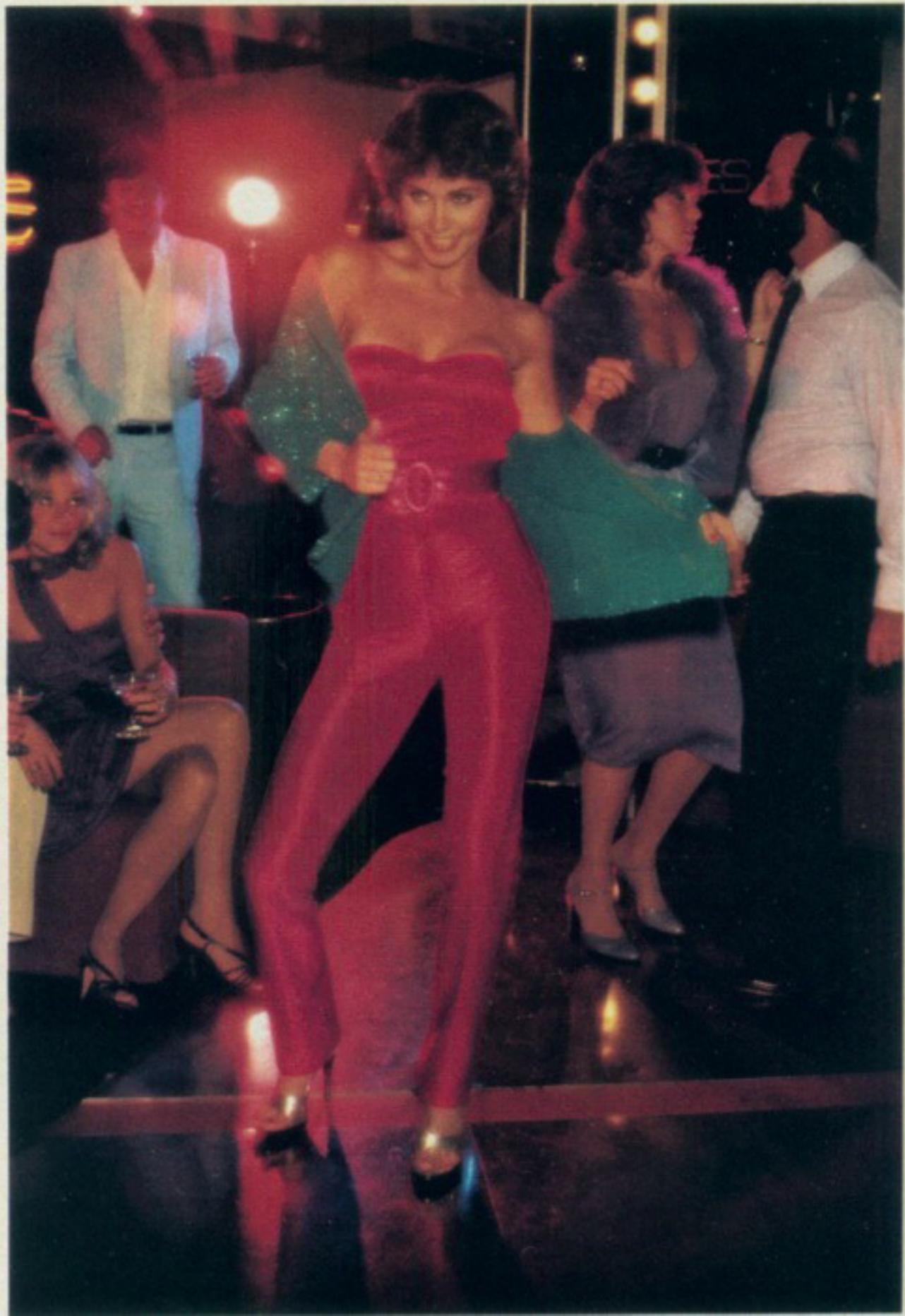


THERE IS a serious side to Candace Collins. But it doesn't get much sunlight. Even when she tries, some internal alarm goes off that triggers an involuntary twinkle in her eyes. What follows could be a bit of corn-pone buffoonery from her country roots, a refreshing splash of her free-flowing wit or a simple, expertly guided trip down the garden path. Whichever way she goes, she leaves smiles in her wake. That's the Collins style. Not surprisingly, Candace is a very successful Chicago model. With her eyes alone, she could sell oil to Saudi Arabia—if she could be convinced to go there. Chicago is her home and woe be unto him who would denigrate her chosen city. When duty has forced her to leave, for assignments in Rome, Barcelona or the Big Apple, she has always left the natives crying for more. Or simply crying.

New York was especially hospitable, but it was her constant companion, Pooky, a small, furry canine of uncertain parentage, who balked at a longer stay. "Pook was starting to wear her collar up the way they do in New York. She was getting far too much into the fashion game. I could see her personality undergoing a drastic change." A trip home and, presumably, a handful of doggie trunks were prescribed.

Barcelona, too, was a trial. "I lived on (text continued on page 202)

Can Candace cancan? No, but she can boogie. The evidence can be found on any of her nightly forays to the wilds of Chicago's Rush Street area. At Faces, a private disco, below, Candace shakes a tail feather to admiring glances. "For right now, and for what I'm doing, this is the best place for me to be."



our miss december has her life all planned out and, so far, she's right on schedule





"My ideal man is someone who knows what he's about and appreciates me for what I am. He's someone I can look up to, who will love and respect me the way I do him. He's my best friend as well as my lover. He loves children and animals, is totally honest and extremely witty. Have I forgotten anything?"



potato chips and eggs, because they were the only two things I knew how to order in Spanish. *Patatas fritas, huevos . . .* and Tab. Luckily, *that* was the same in both languages.”

Candace, an only child, was born and raised in Dupou, Illinois. (We checked; it's on the map, down near the Mississippi in southern Illinois.) When Dupou got too small, Candace headed for nearby St. Louis and a stint as a Bunny in The Playboy Club. From there, it was a short hop to Chicago's Playboy Club, where she won innumerable hearts and the title 1976 Chicago Bunny of the Year. The promotions that followed that honor were Candace's intro to the modeling profession. If you're going to break hearts, you may as well do it with the meter running.

Having settled on Chicago's Near North Side, Candace quickly became a star in the city's fabled Rush Street area. Rush, with its pantheons to the disco gods and the saints of the singles, is a nonstop social whirl and the perfect environment for this most gregarious of Geminis. Nobody who's *anybody* doesn't know C.C. As some pump iron, she pumps



"I have to know somebody and really like him almost to the point of loving him before I can have a good, healthy, stimulating sexual relationship with him. Without that, it would be very empty for me, and very unsatisfying. Most of my relationships have lasted a good long while. I really can't concentrate on more than one person at a time."

people. It's a mutually inspiring symbiosis.

But while flashbulbs and neon can brighten a life, they are not in themselves enlightening. Candace is well aware of the difference and has already begun looking for the exit signs. "I was raised in an atmosphere that held family as very important, more than a career, and I think that when you get older, you return to your roots. I can see that eventually I'm going to want to be someplace where it's very quiet and peaceful, with children and somebody I love."

She also sees her career taking a turn to something more



creative. "I'd like to get into this business from a different angle. When you're the model, you're limited to what the client wants. I'd rather be the one doing the directing." You see, it's all planned out; that's the serious side of Candace. Behind those devastating eyes are a quick wit and a fully functional brain. It's an awesome combination.

On the move in her kind of town, Candace shops at My Sister's Circus (right) with PLAYBOY Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses (left) and boutique co-owner Suzanne Fey Gantz, greets an old friend at The Playboy Club and packs portfolio and Pooky on a modeling date.



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Candace L. Collins

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Double Gemini

BIRTH DATE: May 26 BIRTHPLACE: Dupo, Illinois

GOAL: To learn how to enjoy Chicago winters. There has to be a way. I just haven't found it yet.

TURN-ONS: Men with mustaches and tight jeans, summertime picnics, thunderstorms, country cooking, Pooey, unexpected flowers and

TURN-OFFS: Telephone busy signals, peppermint, loud road repairs at 8 A.M., waiting in lines, out-of-shape bodies, kitty-litter boxes.

FAVORITE PLACES: New York's Central Park in winter, JAY'S bar on Rush St. in Chicago ANY TIME, Montreal with a loved one (new romantic) and Disneyland.

FAVORITE FANTASY: Whomever I'm making love with. ♡

FAVORITE FOODS: Fried green tomatoes, navy beans with corn bread, peach cobbler, Jay's beef sandwiches, Rocky Road ice cream.

FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHERS: David Guffey, Richard Fegley, Rick Mitchell and Steve Prezant.

MOST RIDICULOUS LOCATION SHOT: Inside an active volcano on the Canary Islands for a champagne commercial.



1 1/2 years old and waiting for my big break...



Age 18 and Live Meyer missed a dentist's appointment!



1976 Bunny of the Year, Chicago (I told you I liked men with a sense of humor!)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the party girls pop up out of the pastry at dessert time," the wealthy host of the stag event commented, "will the two of them be able to handle the maybe eight or nine guys who'll want to get laid?"

"There's nothing at all to worry about, Mr. Costello," the banquet manager soothed. "I've taken the liberty of arranging for a three-layer cake."



Having put her clothes back on, the model waited for the decision. "I'm afraid it's negative, Miss Chisholm," announced the account executive. "It's to be a very daring advertising campaign, and your assets are—well—inconsistent. You're a blonde on top and a brunette in your pubic area."

"Would you mind laying your hand on the desk palm down?" inquired the young thing.

Surprised, the adman nevertheless did so, whereupon the model seized a heavy paperweight and smashed it down on his thumbnail. Following a scream of pain, the victim managed to ask, "Why in hell did you do that?"

"Just look at that nail," commiserated the girl. "It's already beginning to turn black . . . and it's only been banged once."

*Let's hope that the sheiks' being brash
Won't inspire women's lib to be rash.
Though a shortage of gas
Is a pain in the ass,
Just imagine—a shortage of gash!*

And then there was the hooker who tried to escape during a vice raid by squeezing through a back-yard hedge . . . only to be caught by the fuzz!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay arsonist* as a flaming faggot.

Don't look for too much experience from me, darling," whispered the young man to his bride on their wedding night.

"That's all right, dear," she murmured in reply, "just so you don't look for too much virginity from me."

Dolly Parton has vehemently denied having any plans to endorse a new line of bras for country girls called Hiccups.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fluctuating period* as a wandering menstrual.

During the past baseball season, a top player got so caught up in the pennant race that he neglected his wife's critical sexual needs, which led her to begin seeking satisfaction from a lover while her husband was on the road or at the ball park. One night the big hitter arrived home in great good humor. "Guess what, Madge?" he boomed. "I went four for five!"

"That's just great, Fred," the woman said languidly.

"And how did you bat today?" the player went on semijocularly.

"Even better," sighed his wife. "I went three for three."

*When a student named Ben once was rapping
On his reason for bra-strap unsnapping,
He explained he'd a yen
From his study of Zen
For the sound of one mammary flapping.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *postcoital meal* as a twatluck supper.



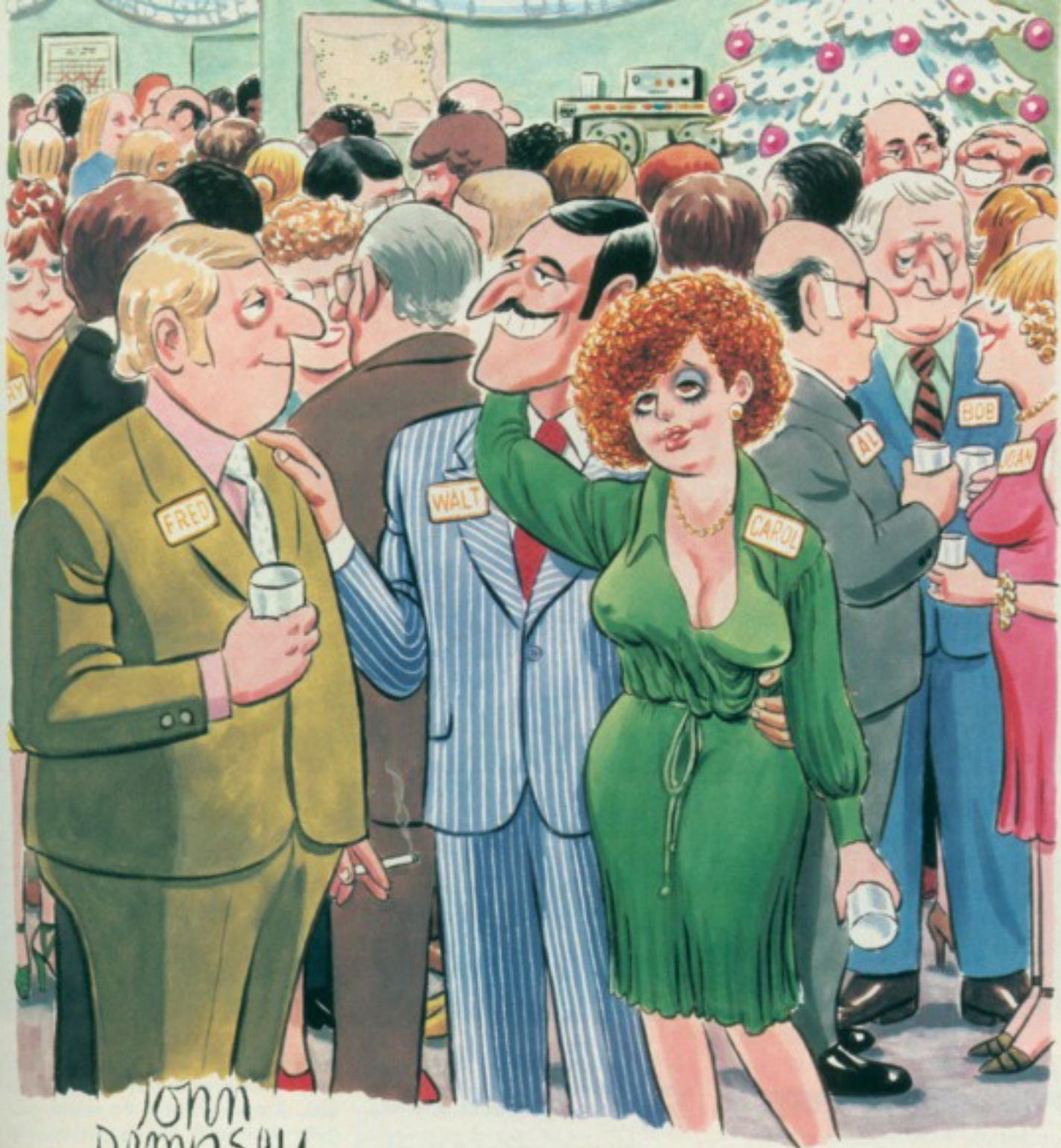
So you're in medicine, Dr. Smedley," ventured the girl, groping for small talk at a cocktail party. "Tell me, do you rely on any special approaches or techniques?"

"I'm a great believer in the power of suggestion," answered the M.D. "Sometimes, especially with my younger patients, I literally try kissing it to make it well."

"So you're a pediatrician, then," continued the girl.

"No," smiled Dr. Smedley. "I happen to be a gynecologist."

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.



John
Dempsy

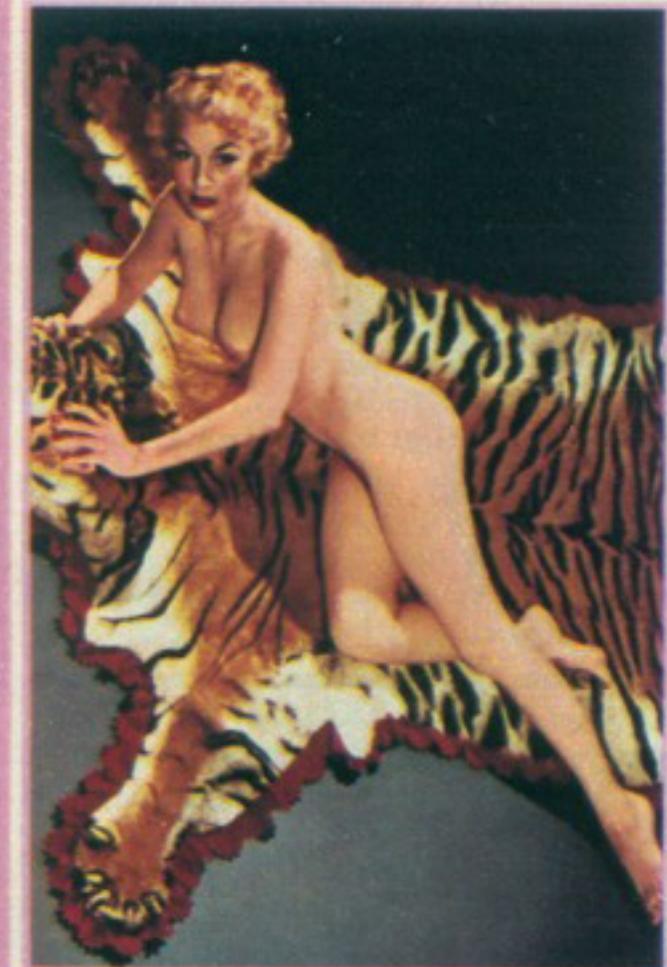
"See you later, Fred. I'm going Caroling tonight."

PLAYMATES FOREVER!

*you must have been a beautiful gatefold,
'cause, baby, look at you now*

LAST YEAR, when we were putting together the 25th Anniversary Issue, we found ourself indulging in a little nostalgia. As we gazed upon a quarter century of gatefolds, we realized that it had been our privilege to be associated with some of the loveliest ladies of our day. Playmates who *made PLAYBOY*: DeDe Lind and Connie Kreski, each of whom received more than 1000 letters from appreciative readers (a record); Jo Collins, who toured Vietnam; Liv Lindeland, the first Playmate to be photographed as a fully frontal nude (i.e., showing pubic hair). We wondered what had become of our favorite girls. The answer was simple: They became women. When we saw how some of them look *today*, as evidenced by these photos, our nostalgia turned to outright awe. Miki Garcia, Miss January 1973, offered this insight: "To be selected as a Playmate changes most girls' lives. We have a saying: Once a Playmate, always a Playmate." We wouldn't have it otherwise.

CONNIE KRESKI—JANUARY 1968: "What have I been up to? Well, for a couple of years, I commuted between the U.S. and London, modeling here and partying there. I made a few movies for Universal, with such memorable lines as 'Here's your coffee.' I lived with Jimmy Caan for four years. That was a chapter. A few months ago, I decided to start working behind the camera for a change. Playboy Studio West hired me as a stylist. It's fun. Last week, someone asked me if I were in for a Playmate test shooting. . . ."



NEVA GILBERT—JULY 1954: "Twenty-five years ago, I was an aspiring actress. I'd go on modeling assignments with Marilyn Monroe. We did some calendar shots for a photographer named Tom Kelley. A few months later, I heard that the pictures had appeared in a new magazine called *PLAYBOY*, but I couldn't find a copy. I didn't see my centerfold until this year."







DEDE LIND—AUGUST 1967: "I had a great time as a Playmate. I received more than 1600 letters, mostly from college students and soldiers in Vietnam. Some of the guys still send me cards at Christmas. Nowadays, I keep myself occupied with a husband, a 14-year-old son who loves PLAYBOY and two winning thoroughbreds, Processionate and How Annoying."



REAGAN DIANA WILSON—OCTOBER 1967: "The late Sixties had an incredible vitality. I thought that feeling was going to go on forever. Being a Playmate was just part of it. I worked as an actress in L.A. until 1973, then modeled for a few years, in London and Paris. Now I'm back. After seeing the rest of the world, I can look at Los Angeles with fresh eyes."



NANCY SCOTT—MARCH 1964: "That part of my life seems as if it happened to somebody else. Three years ago, I moved to New Hampshire to work on my painting. Shel Silverstein saw my work and was very encouraging. I'm planning a show in L.A. I finally broke down and had my centerfold framed. It's in my office at home, where I have an interior-decorating business. It's sort of camp."





JO COLLINS—DECEMBER 1964: "I keep my old PLAYBOYS in boxes. The past is past. I used to be a baseball wife [to pitcher Bo Belinsky]. Now I raise horses and run a business with my present husband. Still, the trip I made to Vietnam in 1966 is something I will never forget. *Apocalypse Now* doesn't even come close to that experience."

ELEANOR BRADLEY—FEBRUARY 1959: "It was very risqué to be a Playmate in those days. I had to leave Waukegan and move to Chicago—the folks in the local grocery store where I worked couldn't take it. I did PR for PLAYBOY for a few years, modeled for 13 or so years and raised four kids—aged 13, 15, 18 and 19."





LISA BAKER—NOVEMBER 1966: "What's new? Well, I'm married. Last January, I gave up modeling—this is the last shot I'll do—moved to Fresno from Los Angeles and started selling real estate. People still ask me, 'Weren't you in PLAYBOY?' Someone always remembers."



JEAN BELL—OCTOBER 1969: "As one of PLAYBOY's first black Playmates, I was at the center of a lot of controversy, but the experience provided a real opportunity for me. I moved from Texas to L.A. and started getting parts in movies such as *Disco 9000*, *Casanova and Company* and *The Choirboys*. Who could have predicted this life?"

SHARON JOHANSEN—OCTOBER 1972: "I don't look at myself as extraordinary. It always amazes me to have someone ask for an autograph, simply because I'm a Playmate. I'm still shy and somewhat conservative. I've spent the past few years working on my acting. I have a part in Steve Martin's *The Jerk*. I've been very lucky."





LIV LINDELAND—
JANUARY 1971: "Once upon a time, I was a Playmate. That's how I usually begin. It was an incredible experience. I spoke with soldiers in Vietnam one night for hours. In 1972, I was both Playmate of the Year and a Stars and Stripes cover girl. I did TV and plays. I was a kid. I like the idea of this pictorial. You grow from a young girl to a woman. This is the best time of all."

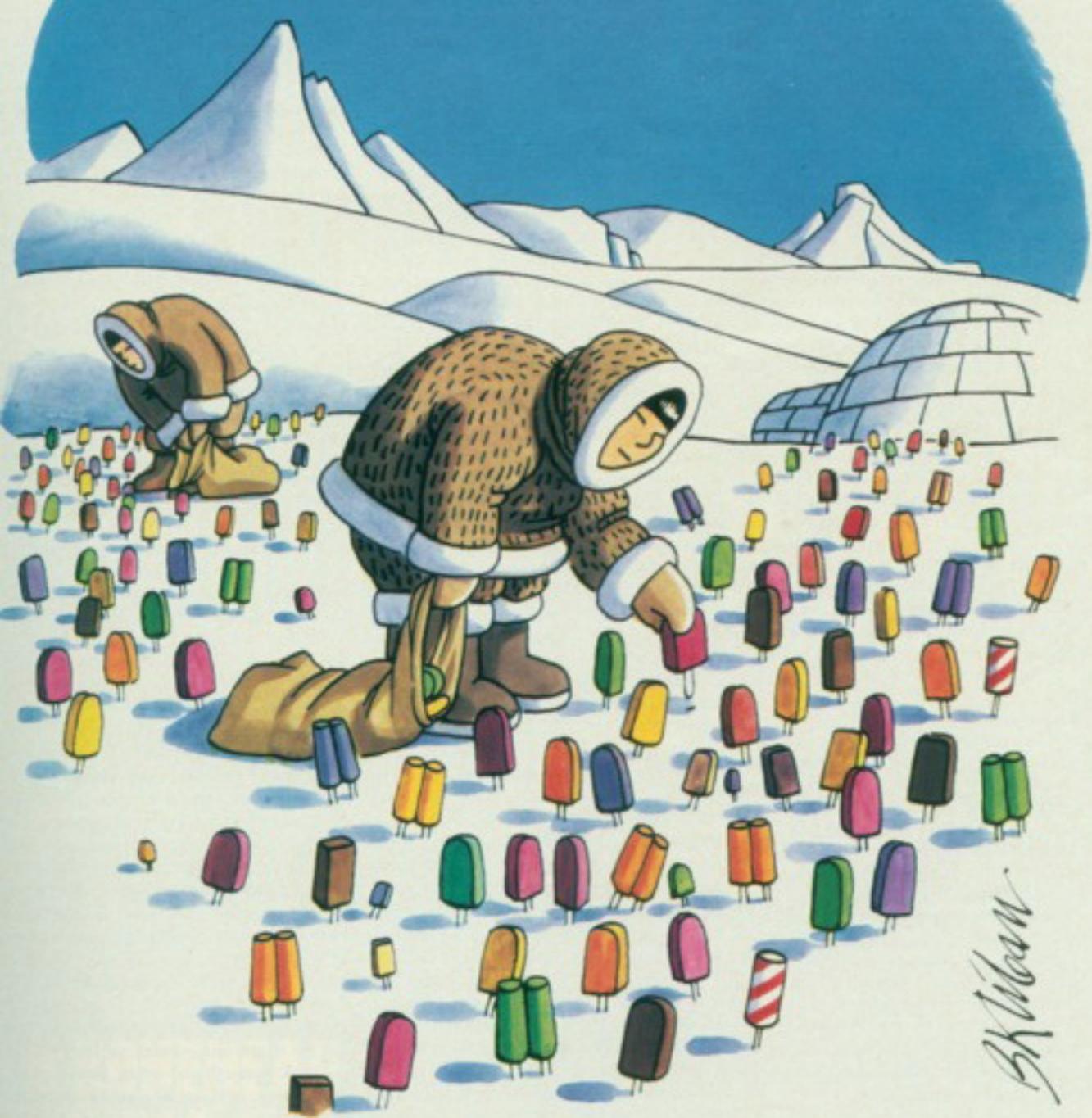


HEIDI BECKER—JUNE 1961: "I keep a collage of my old Playmate pictures. It's simpler than pulling out the magazines. I get a kick out of the old shots, when I was in my brunette period. I still feel like I'm 21. I feel better than ever. Life does begin at 40."



MIKI GARCIA—JANUARY 1973: "People have their favorite Playmates. It's almost like a cult. I've been recognized in Mexico City, in Acapulco. Guys will say, 'Hey, I have your picture hanging in my garage, or bathroom.' What a thing to be famous for. I've loved every minute."





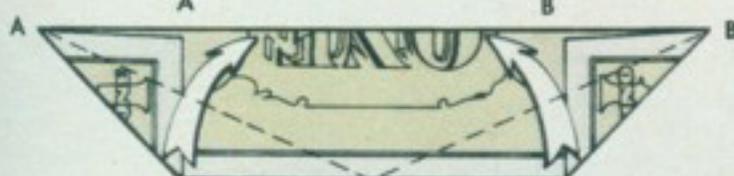
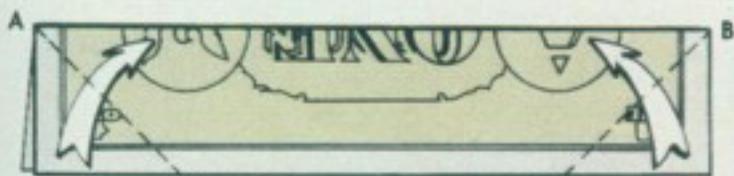
Skuban



BUCK RABBIT

SOME PEOPLE like to have fun with singles. Bill Caruba has more fun than anybody. His book *The Magic of Folding Money*, a compendium of greenback constructions, gives full instructions for folding a dollar bill into rings, guns and all manner of trinkets. Here, for loyal readers, is one of Caruba's inventions—the Playboy Buck Rabbit. If you're less interested in folding money than in making it, move on; we can't guarantee our legal-tender *lapin* will multiply like you know what.

lop-eared legal tender could be the shape of things to come



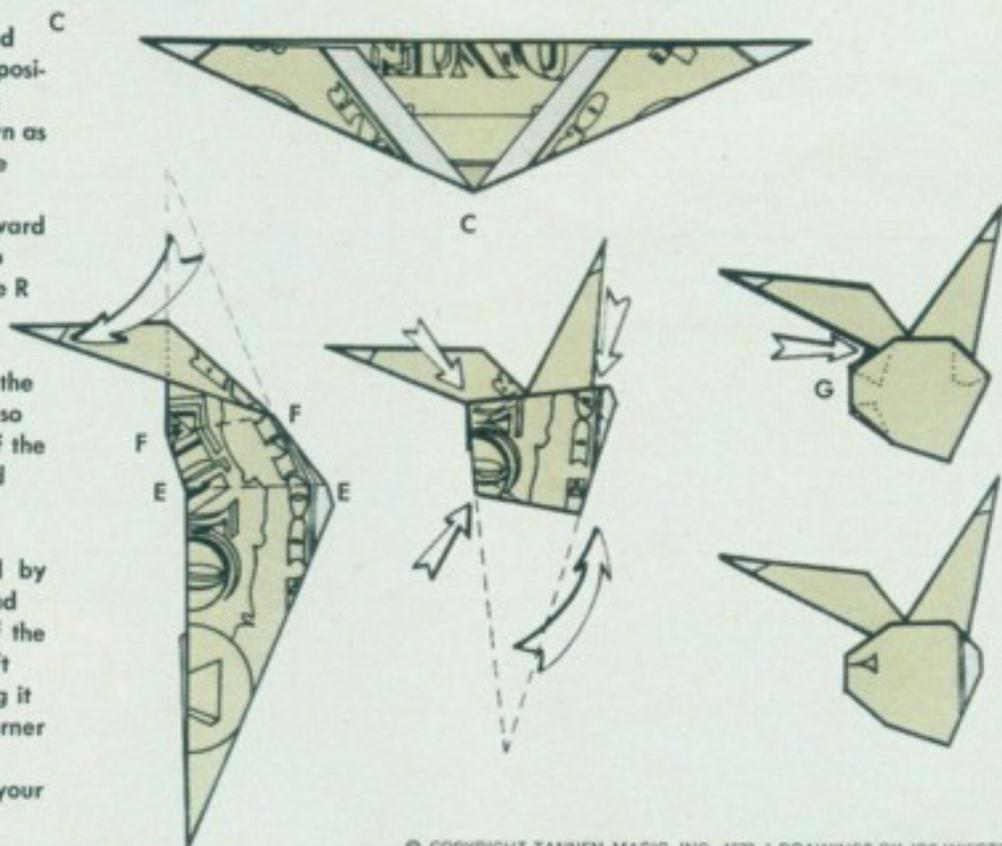
1 Begin with a crisp dollar bill. Moisten your fingers for optimum grip and go to work. Place the bill before you, Washington's face up. Bringing the top down, toward you, fold the bill in half. Then fold the corners up along dotted lines A-A and B-B.

2 Next, fold the corners up along dotted lines A-C and B-C. Note that while the drawing shows C as a point, you should leave about a quarter-inch gap between folds.

3 Now flip the bill over and rotate it to a vertical position with the straight edge on the left. Turn the first ear down as shown. Make an accordionlike fold along lines E-E and F-F, bringing the upper fold backward and the lower fold forward so that fold F-F lies just under the R in DOLLAR.

4 Fold the lower point of the bill behind and upward so that it just takes the edge off the E at the bottom of the bill and forms the right ear.

5 Shape the rabbit head by tucking in the corners and the protrusion at the base of the forward ear (G). Adjust the left ear to desired size by pushing it down or over slightly. The corner of the N in ONE forms the rabbit's eye. Now hold on to your dollar till the rabbit grins.





SEX STARS OF 1979

as if to make up for what wasn't happening onscreen this year, celebrities' love lives kept the rumor mills grinding

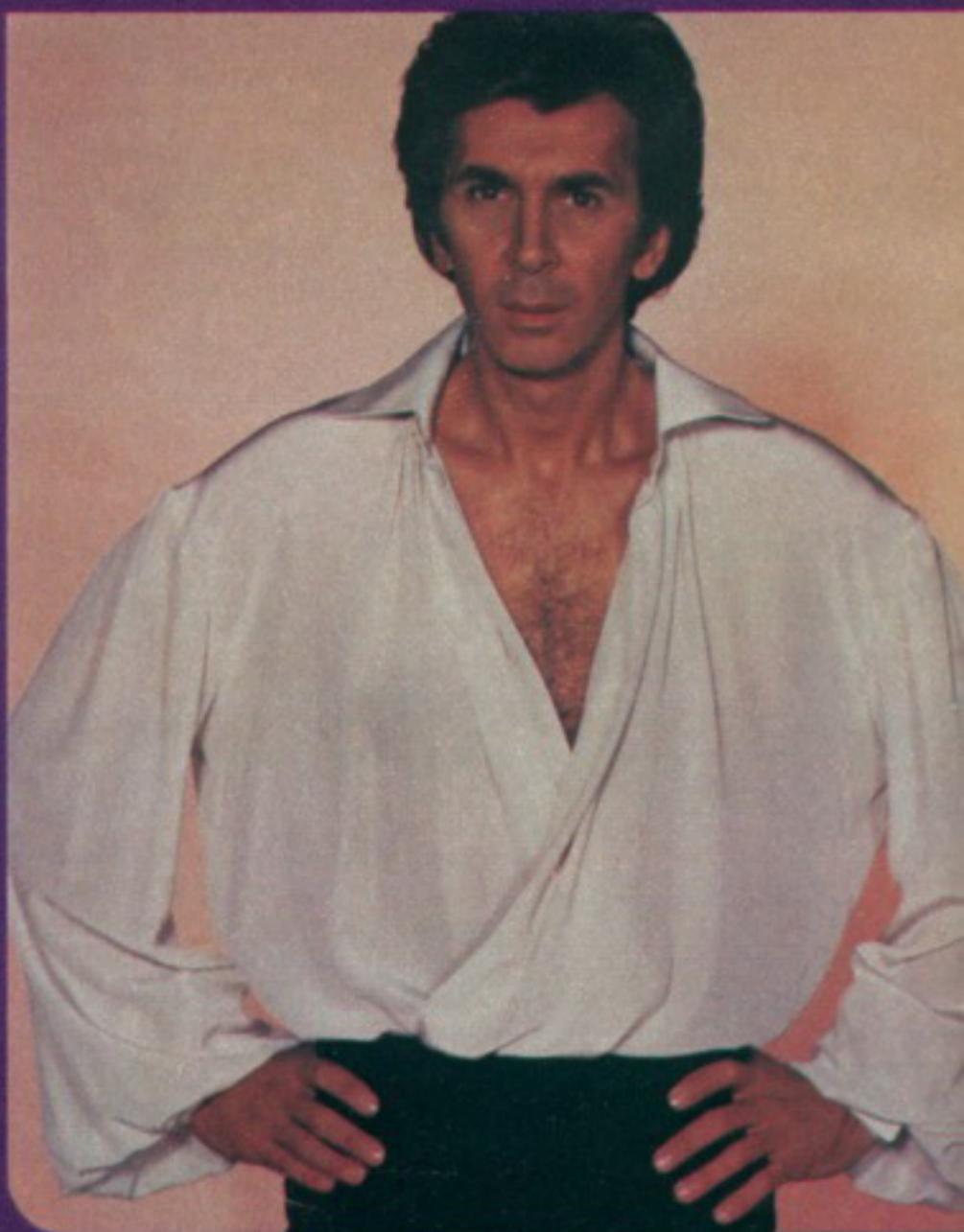
pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD It was a year that would have brought transports of delight to Louella herself: screens full of happy, old-fashioned entertainment, Hollywood ballrooms aglow with rich, successful celebrities and tycoons and, best of all, the constant whisper of *scandal*, up to and including adultery, broken marriages and what used to be called shotgun weddings.

For a while there, the private lives of our sex stars were becoming as boring as many of the pictures they made. A little spice was sorely needed, what with the big screen's being turned over to sexless period romances, monster films, more disasters and international spy capers, cute teenage sports comedies and big-budget cartoons. When we were kids, one of our first titillating thoughts was that Superman could probably see a girl's panties through her dress; little did we know that one day we'd have to pay five dollars to confirm this hot guess—and still not get to see the panties for ourselves.

History, in fact, seems to be repeating itself. Back in the Fifties and Sixties, when the U. S. was still gripped by puritanism, it was foreign films that first provided a dash of spice onscreen. Then imports faded as America grew bolder. Now, once again, U. S. film makers are going for PG ratings and the kiddie mentality, leaving a vacuum for sexy fare from abroad, and beauties like **Laura Antonelli** are becoming the *Brigitte Bardots* of our time.

Antonelli is the (text continued on page 396)

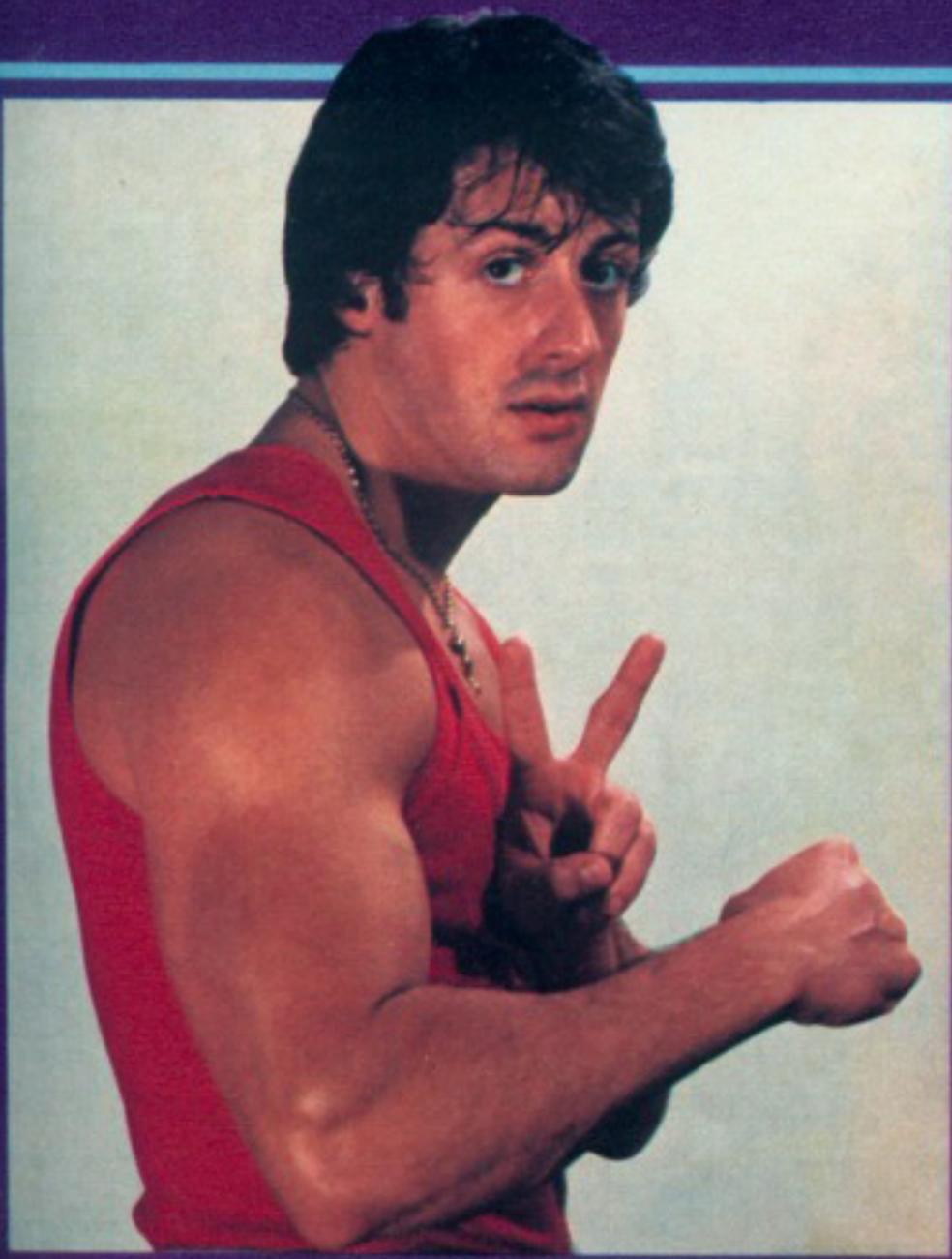
TORRID TRIO: Not since the Fifties heyday of Brigitte Bardot has a foreign actress so nearly come to symbolize sexuality on the screen as has this year's hottest import, Laura Antonelli (opposite), who can be seen in *Wifemistress*, *The Innocent*, *Malicious*, *Divine Nymph*, *Till Marriage Do Us Part* and the forthcoming *Wild Beds*. Back home, one of the most exciting newcomers is Richard Gere (top right, as he looks in *American Gigolo*, the title role he got when John Travolta went into a snit). Gere's also currently on view in *Yanks*. Frank Langella, who made hearts beat faster in 1970's *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *The Twelve Chairs*, returned to Hollywood at last in *Dracula* (right), based on his stage hit.



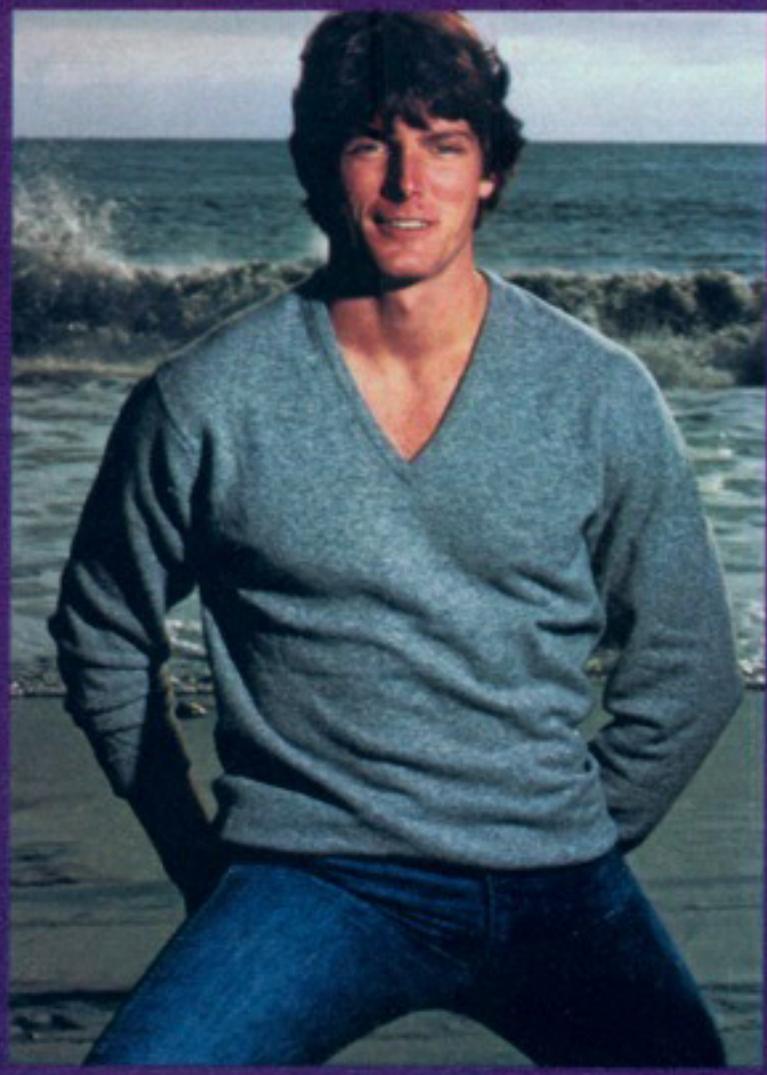


WHERE'S CHARLIE? Angels past and present from the cast of TV's pioneering "jiggly" show include (clockwise from left) Farrah Fawcett, minus Majors since she has separated from Lee, as she appears in her new British-made movie *Saturn 3*; model Shelley Hack—seen, if you caught it during the week it lasted on the movie circuit, in the soapsudsy *If Ever I See You Again*—named the newest of Charlie's Angels after a much-ballyhooed talent hunt; Cheryl Ladd, who improbably enough plays a child abuser in an ABC-TV movie, *A New Start*; and Jaclyn Smith, recent bride of actor Dennis Cole—with whom she's making a made-for-television feature movie.





TALK OF THE TOWN: Gossip columnists had a field day in '79 with the amorous antics of the stars. Sylvester Stallone left his wife, Sasha—who, ironically, snapped the portrait of Sly at left above—to take up with Susan (*Goldengirl*) Anton (above right), who in turn dumped her husband-manager, Jack Stein. Supermodel Cheryl Tiegs (below left) deserted hubby, Stan Dragoti, for photographer Peter Beard—driving Dragoti, he complained, to drugs. Superman Christopher Reeve (below center) hoped his girlfriend Gae Exton could shed her spouse in time to wed Chris before keeping their date with the stork; meanwhile, Nastassja Kinski (in *Stay As You Are*, below right) kept company with fugitive director Roman Polanski, who cast her as his *Tess*.





INTO BONDAGE: That dashing British intelligence agent James Bond always has his pick of the pretties—most recently, in *Moonraker*, Corinne Clery (above) and Lois Chiles (below left, with Roger Moore as Bond). Trouble was Corinne got killed off too soon and Lois paled in comparison with Bond's *Spy Who Loved Me* companion, lovely Barbara Bach (below right, as she appeared in *Island of the Mermaid*). Sniping at the chilly Chiles, one reviewer commented that her performance makes anything by Candice Bergen look "sparkling."



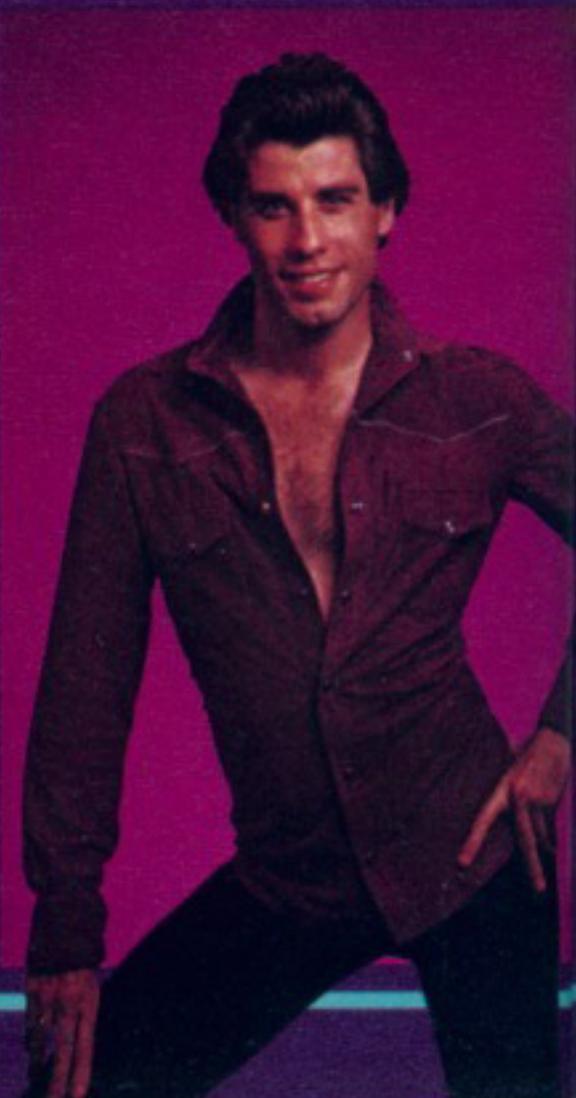
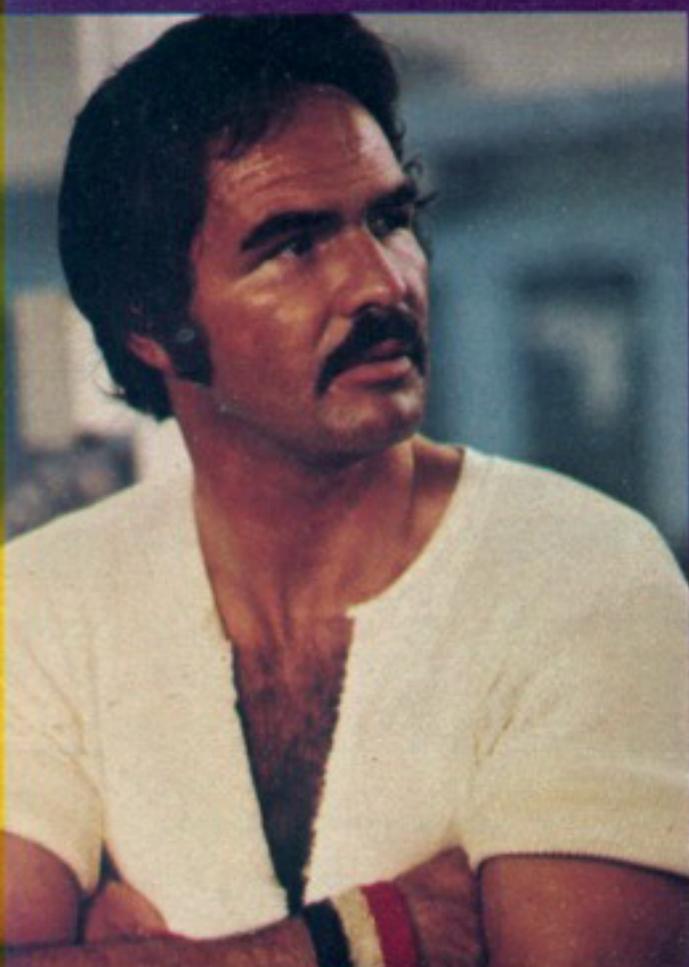


GIMME A BREAK: Talented ladies still awaiting their monster movie are (clockwise, from top left) Susan Sarandon, who did land a lover (Louis Malle) from *Pretty Baby*; Dayle Haddon (here in *Madame Claude*), who hadn't much to do in *North Dallas Forty*; Sydne Rome, whose earlier flick *What?* is being rereleased under the racier title *Roman Polanski's Forbidden Dreams*; Barbara Carrera, who had a meaty role in NBC-TV's *Centennial*; Sylvia Kristel, who's changing her image from those *Emmanuelle* pictures, got lost in the crowd of *The Concorde—Airport '79* but is due next in *The Return of Maxwell Smart*; and Lesley-Anne Down, here pictured in a scene from *Scalawag*, who enlivened *The Great Train Robbery* but nearly drowned in the treacle of *Hanover Street*.



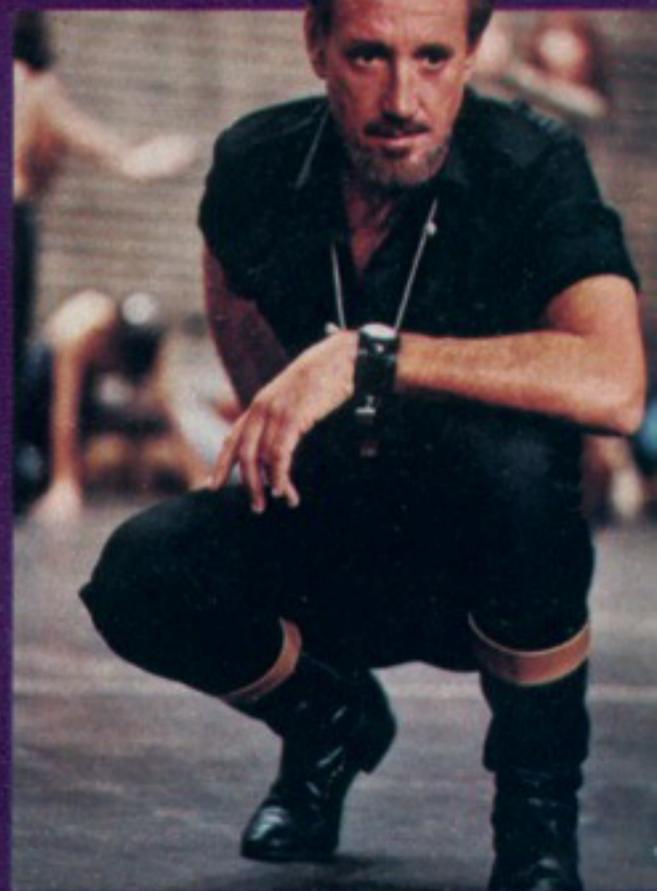


JUST PLAIN SEXY: It wouldn't matter whether or not these people could act—which they can; audiences would flock to see them, anyway. Latest venture for the delectable Valerie Perrine (above left) is *Can't Stop the Music*; Robert Redford (above right), all aglitter for *The Electric Horseman*, has also finished *Brubaker*. Below, from left: Burt Reynolds, of *Starting Over*, whose next role, in *Rough Cut*, is as a cat burglar, in an offbeat homage to Cary Grant; Suzanne Somers (in her Pro Arts poster pose), starring in two new films: *Yesterday's Hero* and *Nothing Personal*; and John (Saturday Night Fever, Grease) Travolta, who's been plumbing the depths since the disastrous *Moment by Moment* but is due back in 1980's *Urban Cowboy*.





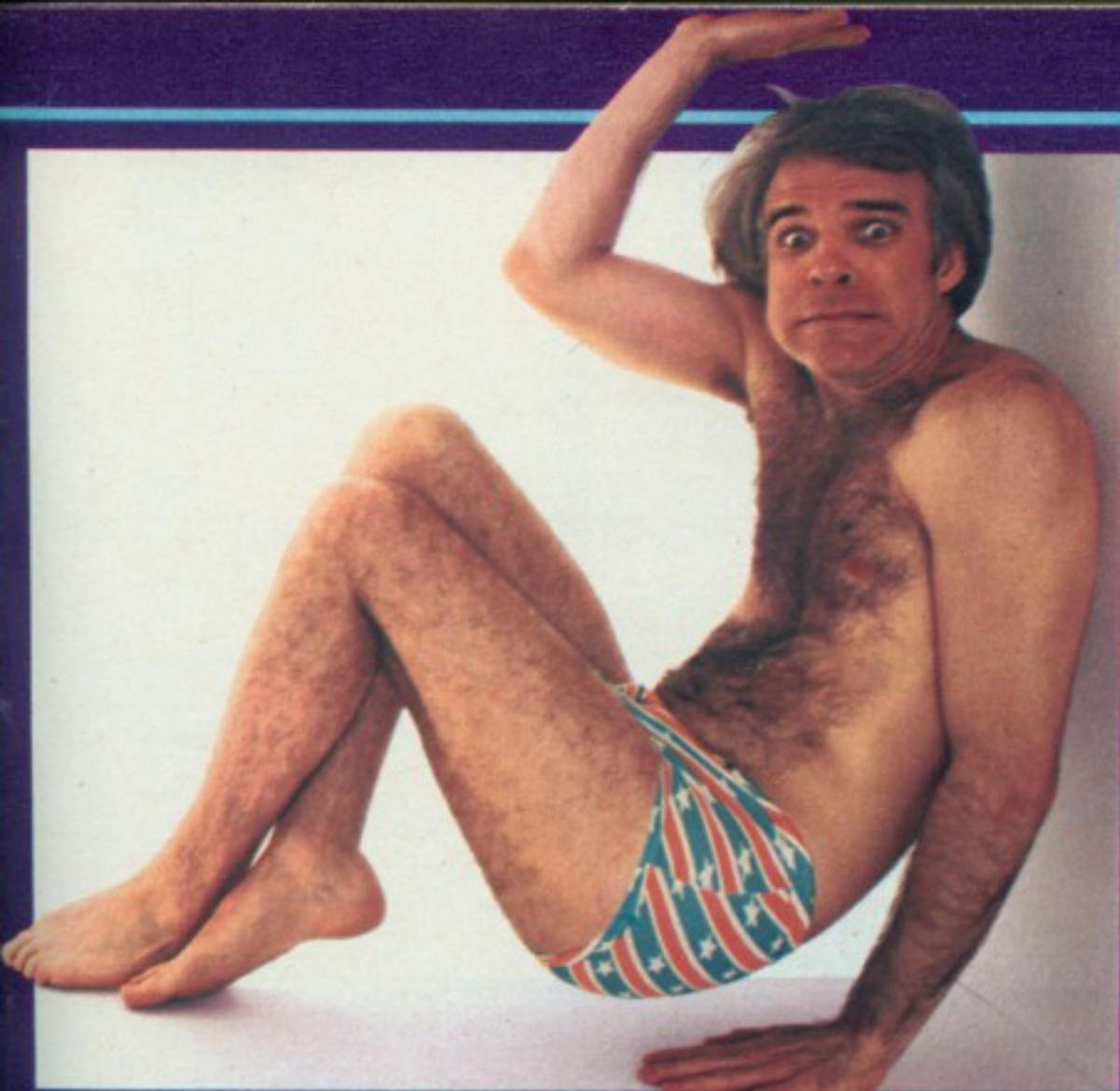
THE RHYTHM METHOD: Since many of today's hottest sex symbols come from the world of music, it's not surprising that we're seeing cross-overs between recording and movie studios. Bette Midler plays a Janis Joplin type in *The Rose* (above); newlywed Rod Stewart (above right) appears in *Jet Lag*. The Village People (right) co-star in *Can't Stop the Music*. Roy Scheider (below right), of all people, sings and dances in *All That Jazz*, which may or may not be the biography of Bob Fosse. But disco queen Madleen (Forbidden Love) Kane (below) has yet to make her debut in films. Talent scouts, take note!



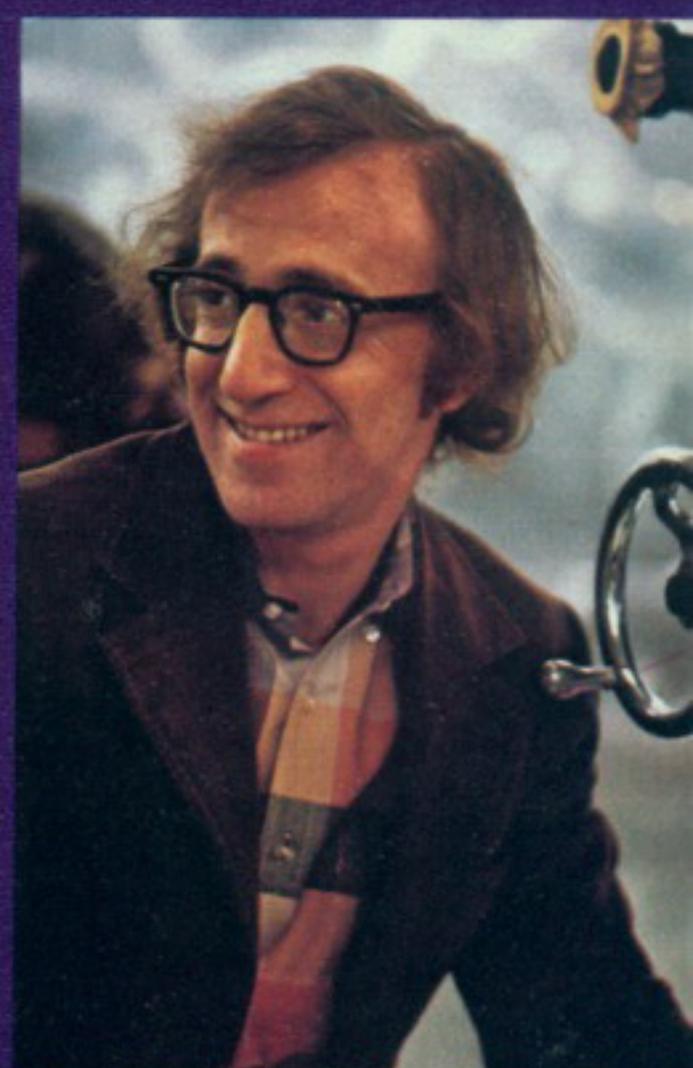


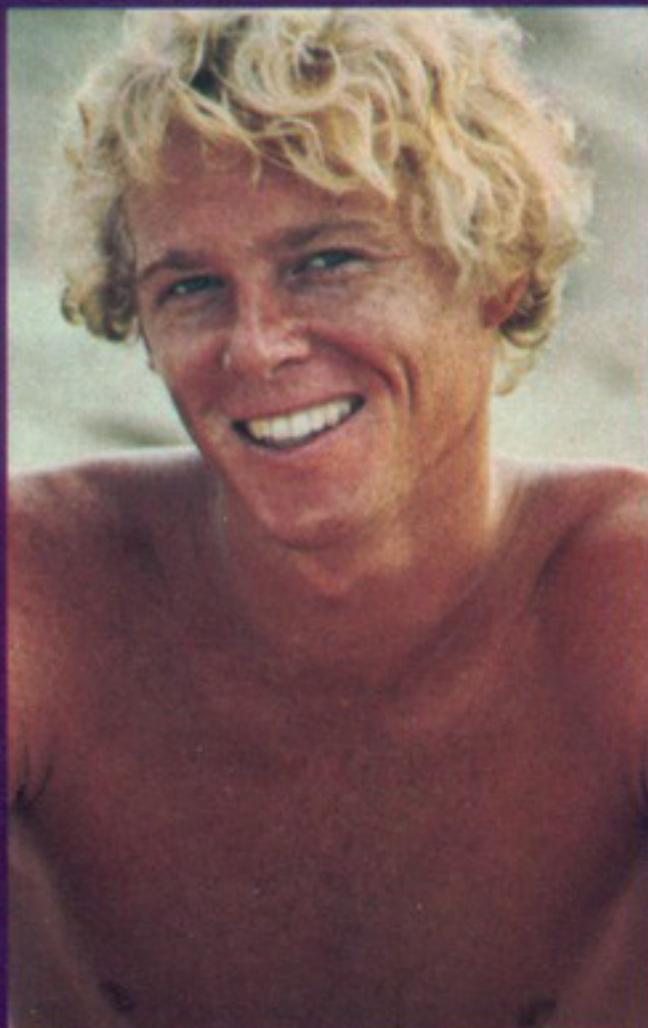
REEL LIVE PLAYMATES: Among the latest to make the leap from centerfold to cinema: Left to right, above, May 1979's Michele Drake in *American Gigolo*; Dorothy Stratten, Miss August 1979, now on view in *Americathon* and soon to be seen in *Skatetown USA*; and January 1977's Susan Kiger, who's appearing in *H.O.T.S.*, *Seven* and *Seven from Heaven*. Still going strong are Cyndi Wood (below left), 1974 Playmate of the Year, who stars in *Van Nuys Blvd.* and also appears in *Apocalypse Now*, and "Queen of the Bs" Claudia Jennings (below right), 1970 Playmate of the Year and star of *Fast Company*.



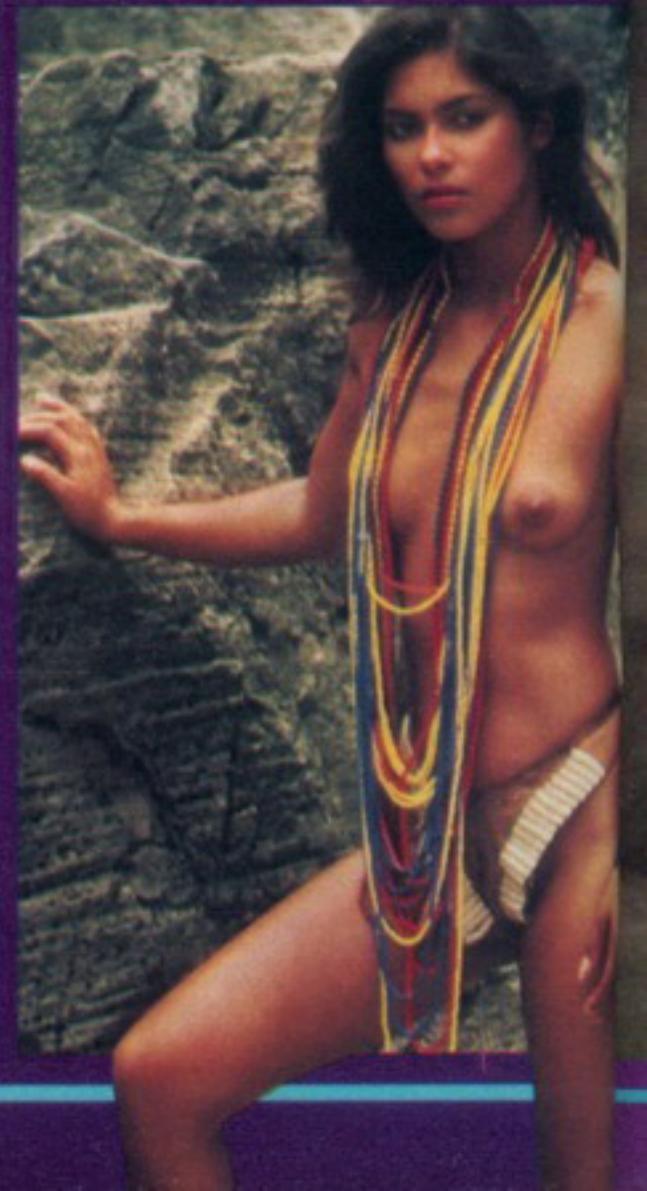
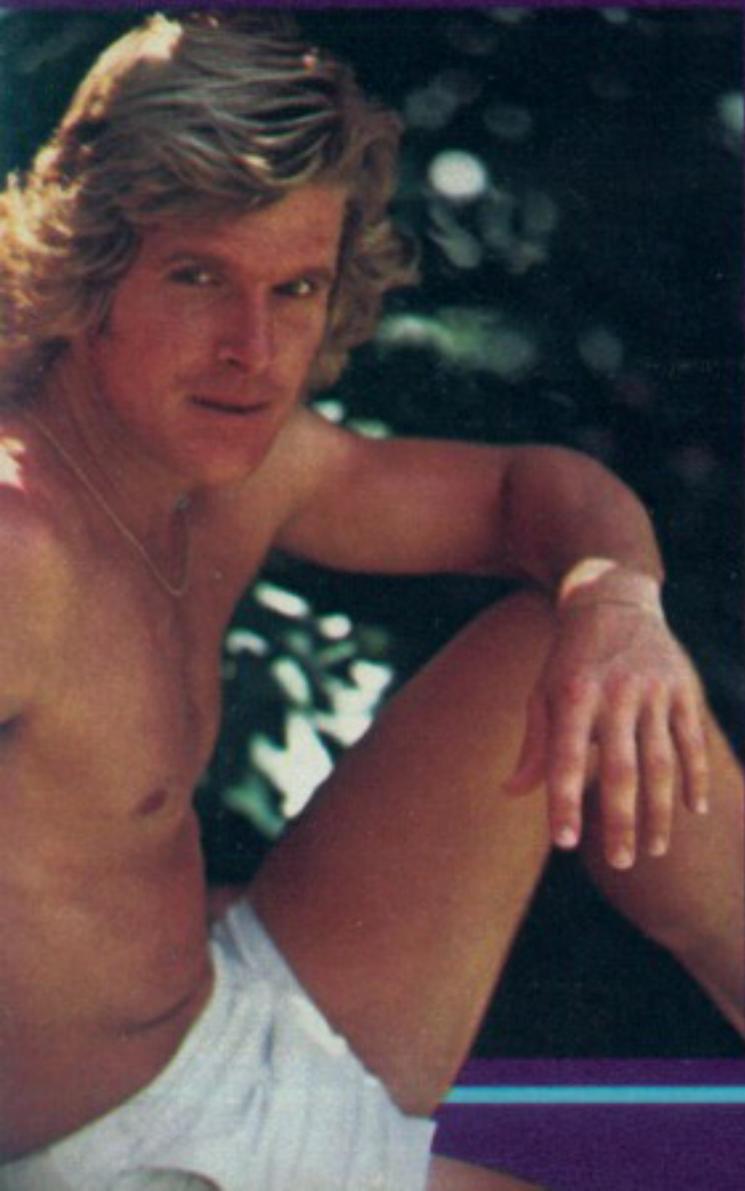


SEX WITH A SMILE: Cinematic clowning was hotter than ever in '79. Steve Martin (above) made Hollywood history by tossing a party, attended by all of Tinseltown's glamor people, premiering the two-minute trailer for his film *The Jerk*; George Hamilton followed his Dracula send-up, *Love at First Bite* (right), by announcing plans for *Zorro—The Gay Blade*. Diane Keaton and Woody Allen (below center and right) reprised their tragicomic romance in *Manhattan*—though offscreen she's still the companion of Warren Beatty. (Not roommate, though; Beatty and Keaton surprised the locals by taking separate digs while staying in London.) Finally (below left), the sleeper sex object of the year: Miss Piggy.



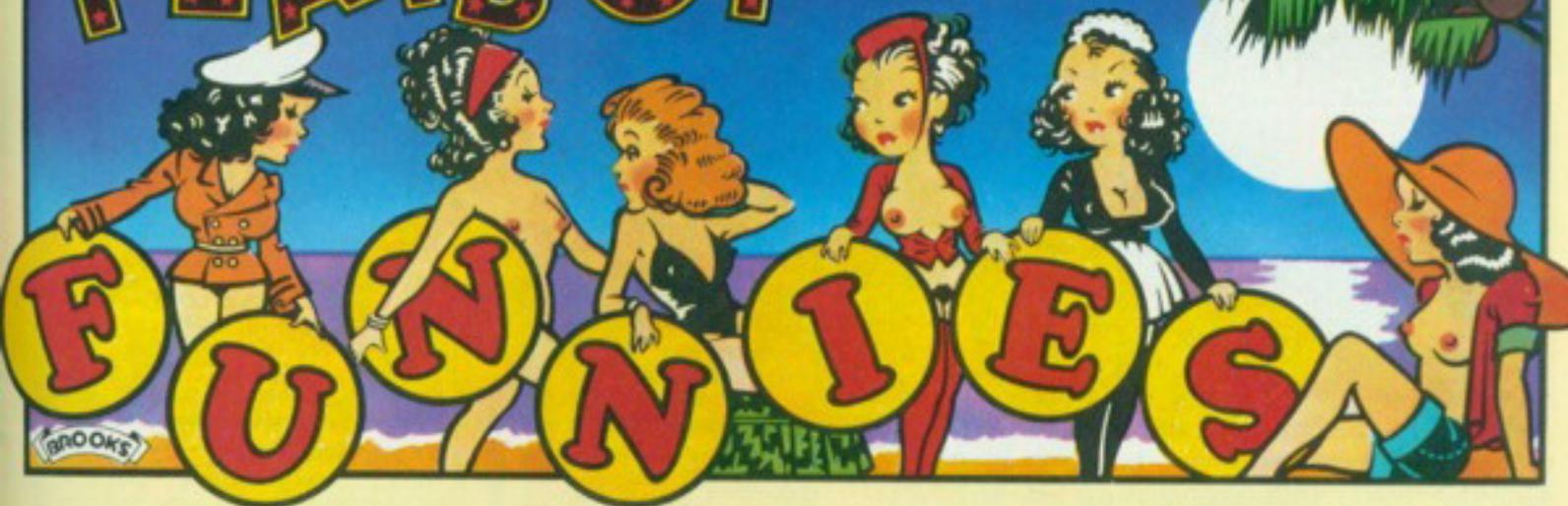


PLAYBOY PREDICTS: Stardom *should* be just around the corner for hopefuls (clockwise, from top left) Colleen Camp of *Apocalypse Now* and *Cloud Dancer*; William Katt of *Big Wednesday* and *Butch and Sundance: The Early Days*; Cindy Pickett of *Night Games*; D. D. Winters, a Canadian model and star of *Tanya's Island* (the cameraman for which claims she has a profile like Hedy Lamarr's); Sybil Danning, currently on view in *The Concorde—Airport '79* and soon to be seen in *the Man with Bogart's Face*; and Dean-Paul Martin, Ali MacGraw's co-star in *Players*. Possibly the hottest prospect of the lot is beautiful, statuesque Bo Derek (opposite), latest wife of director/actor/photographer John Derek. Bo made her film debut in *10*, with Dudley Moore.





PLAYBOY



TOM MORROW

by Christopher Browne



5 CENT MARY

BY E N D S



NEON VINCENT'S MASSAGE PARLOR



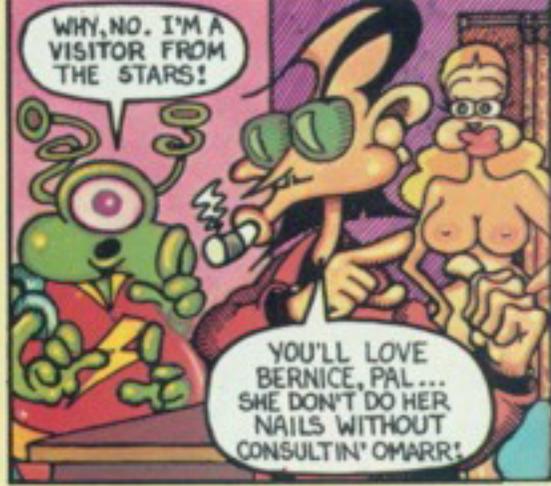
TAKE ME TO YOUR KNEADER.



I COME IN PEACE!

YER A RARE BIRD IN THIS JOINT, BUB!

SAY, YOU AIN'T A MOONIE, ARE YA?



WHY, NO. I'M A VISITOR FROM THE STARS!

YOU'LL LOVE BERNICE, PAL... SHE DON'T DO HER NAILS WITHOUT CONSULTIN' OMARR!

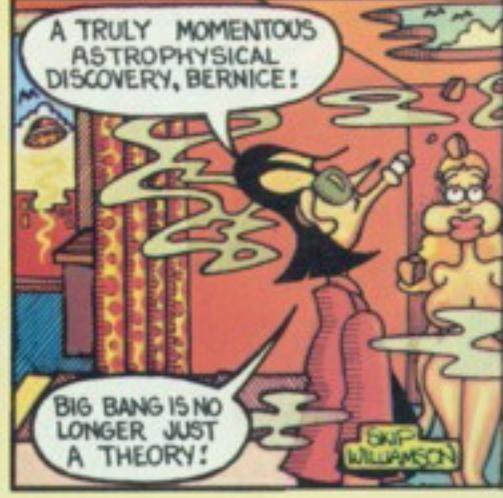


LET'S MAKE THIS QUICK!...

...I'M DOUBLE-PARKED IN A TWILIGHT ZONE.



ΣΠ



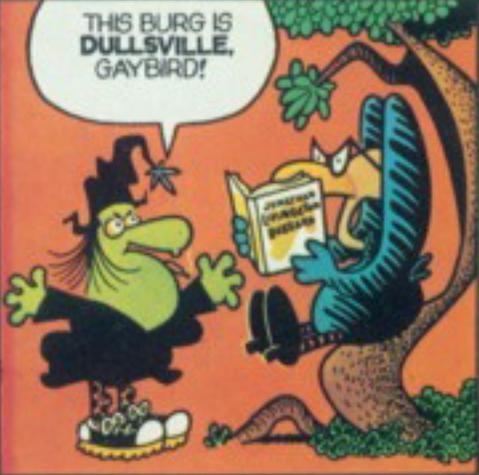
A TRULY MOMENTOUS ASTROPHYSICAL DISCOVERY, BERNICE!

BIG BANG IS NO LONGER JUST A THEORY!

GWIP WILLIAMSON

BUN-HILDA

by HOWARD CRUST



THIS BURG IS DULLSVILLE, GAYBIRD!



I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND COMMIT A SEX CRIME!

BUN-HILDA! YOU WOULDN'T!



STICK 'EM UP!

SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



HERE'S A PAIR THAT'S SURE TO BE COMFY, MY DEAR!



AND THEY'LL NEVER WEAR OUT!



GOLLY, MIDNITE - A SENSIBLE SHOE FETISHIST!

AL FARNUM

VAGINELLA

DREAM GIRL OF THE STARWAYS

BY JIM LAWRENCE & GRAY MOKERON

OUR STORY THUS FAR: ON THE DREAD PLANET POONTANG - OUR FEARLESS ASTRONAUT, VAGINELLA, HAS BEEN FELLED BY THE GIANT ANDROID SLAVE OF CUMQUAT, KING OF THE TEENIE-WEENIES!

WHEEE! MOUNTAINS OF ASS - AND IT'S MINE, ALL MINE!



AH! REVIVING, IS SHE? ... QUICKLY THEN! STRIP HER AND STAKE HER OUT!



NOW - SEARCH HER THOROUGHLY, MEN!



NO ME!

WE FIRST

HI-HO, HI-HO... IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO...

PRESENTLY -

WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING, SIRE!

THE LEAST YOU GUYS COULD DO IS TAKE OFF THOSE HORNED HELMETS!

BY THE MOONS OF ISHTAR! IT'S CAPTAIN METEOR'S MAGIC FINGER RING! SO THAT'S WHERE HE LOST IT!



I FEEL LIKE A PRICK DOING THIS...

WE INVENTED THE COMPETITION.



There are two leading kinds of Home Videotape Recording Systems on the market today. One uses the Beta tape-loading system, and the other uses the VHS tape-loading system. Sony invented both of them. But ever since we did, there have been lots of imitators making lots of different and sometimes confusing claims. So if you happen to be interested in buying one, here are some things you should know.

Both the Betamax SL-5400 and the competition offer over four hours of recording time. They both can be programmed to record several days in advance. They both have remote control.

The big difference is the Beta tape-loading system. It enables Sony to offer remarkable features like BetaScan. BetaScan is like fast-forward and fast-reverse. But you can actually see what you're looking for. And stop when you find it. And Sony even makes videotape especially for the Beta System.

Now the fact that the other tape-loading system doesn't have BetaScan doesn't mean it's a bad system. In fact, it's a very good one. And we should know. Because before we invented our system, the Beta System, we invented theirs. And since we did invent both systems, we're in a rather unique position to judge which one is superior.

We believe that the Beta System is the state of the art in home videotape recorders. Even the competition uses the Beta tape-loading system for their professional machines, acknowledging its superiority for really demanding applications. And that's why we invented it.

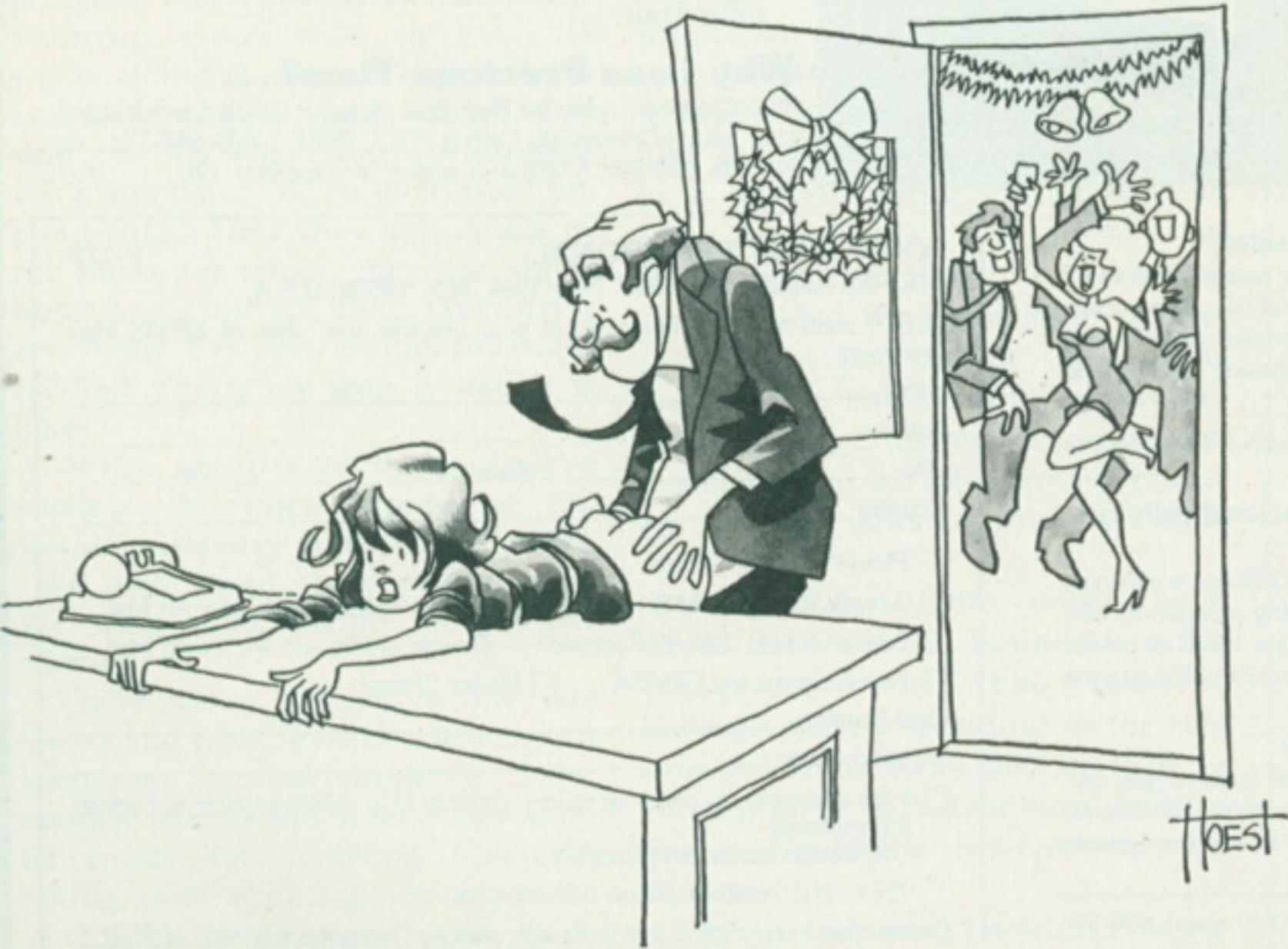
So if you're thinking about buying a home videotape recorder, think about that.

SONY[®]
THE ONE AND ONLY



"With you in a minute, my dear—just giving Suzette her Christmas present."





"You mean this is the year-end Christmas bonus?"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

JEEZ, BLANCHE, MOVIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER

If you're a video-tape-machine owner who digs *Gunga Din*, *Room Service*, *High Noon* or *Flying Down to Rio* and hasn't had the chance to record them off the tube, here's good news. The Nostalgia Merchant, a company at 6255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 1019, Hollywood, California 90028, has a catalog of Beta II and VHS recorded classic flicks priced from \$54.95 to \$110. And for serial freaks, it has *Adventures of Captain Marvel*, *Zorro's Black Whip* and *The Crimson Ghost*, too.

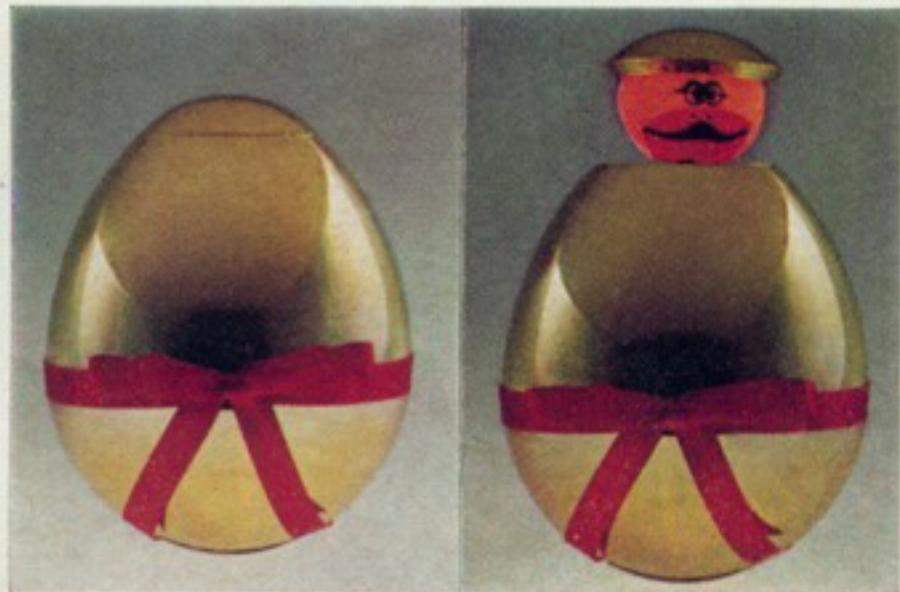


PLAYING CHICKEN

First there was Ted Giannoulas, the feathered cheerleader who fowled out, and now knit chicken hats, the wildest craze to hit the ski slopes since the invention of hot buttered rum. Chicken hats are available from United Hats-of-Chicken, 2146 East Johnson Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53704, for \$8.50, postpaid. Wear one the next time you schuss Exhibition run and see if anybody calls you chicken, man.

GETTING THE BIRD

For \$30, you can buy an excellent bottle of champagne, several good-looking ties or—get this—a battery-powered sonic ostrich egg that at the slightest peep (such as a clap or a shout) pops its top, releasing a bizarre squawking bird that bobs up and down about six times and then automatically retreats back into its shell. You've got to see it to believe it? Order your egg in gold, silver or white from Hudson Brown, 72 East Walton, Chicago, Illinois 60611, and the yolk will be on you.



STRAIGHT UP, WITH A TWIST

Bernard DeVoto wrote that there are only two cocktails: One is a slug of whiskey and the other is a martini. Robert Herzbrun agrees with the second, he being the author of *The Perfect Martini Book*—a \$5.95 softcover that explores the lore and lure of that legendary libation from dozens of recipes to illustrations depicting the martini throughout its happy history. Cheers.



ANYONE FOR CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF ON TOAST?

Aside from liver, there's probably no more hated food than C rations, those hideous Army field meals that invariably contained indestructible spaghetti, half-baked beans and John Wayne crackers that tasted like the tongue from a combat boot. Bring back old memories? Order an assorted 12-meal case from a company called Brigade Quartermasters, Ltd., P.O. Box 108P, Powder Springs, Georgia 30073, for only \$27.50, freight collect, and chow down. At about \$2.50 a meal, we may all be eating C rations soon.



GOING TO POT

To smoke The Head pipe pictured above, you stuff your favorite smoking substance into the john, fill the bathtub half full of water, rum, Coke, bourbon or whatever, let it drain into the plumbing and fire up. The liquid cools the smoke and you, silly ass, suck away (for God's sake, don't blow!), holding dollhouse furniture up to your face. Whaling Enterprises, 25655 Pacific Coast Highway, Malibu, California 90265, sells The Head for \$37, postpaid. No, it doesn't come with a tiny plunger.

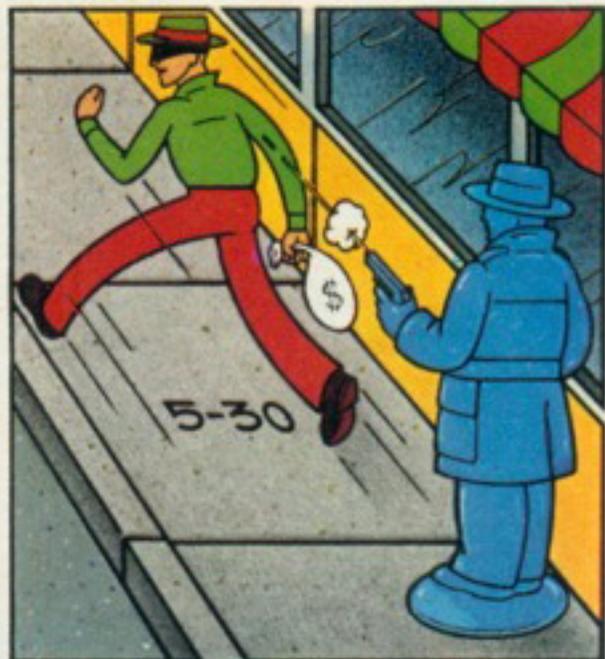
STANDING TOUGH

Anybody who has ever rented an apartment-house parking stall knows that sickening feeling you get when your space is taken by some other yahoo's machine. To the rescue comes Safepark, a 32"-high floor-mounted, key-operated steel pole that swings down when unlocked and stands up for your car's parking rights when you want it to. Progressive Systems Company, 6500 North California, Chicago, Illinois 60645, sells Safepark for \$65, freight included. Foil parking cheats—take the stand!



LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Uptight? Try letting a pair of nice big fuzzy balls roll all over your tired young aching bod. The balls, of course, are attached to the, uh, shaft of the Rollo-Laxer, a massage accessory sold by Rollo-Laxer Corporation, 315-B Wilhagan, Nashville, Tennessee 37216, for \$9.90, postpaid. Incidentally, besides their therapeutic value, Rollo-Laxers have another thing going for them: We don't know why, but we've already discovered that just the sight of one drives girls wild.

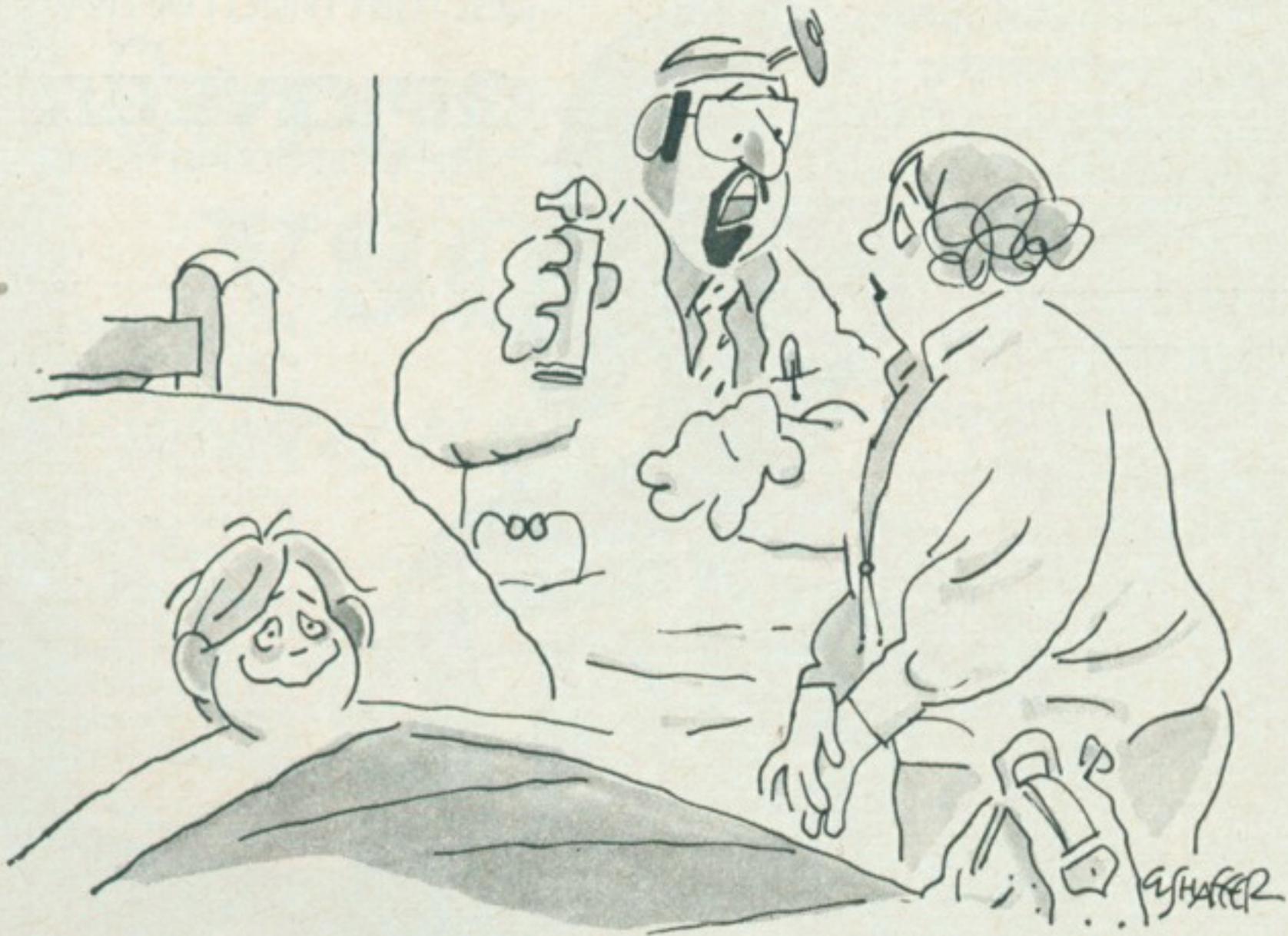


MAKING CRIME PAY

Parker Brothers, the company that made Monopoly a household word, has entered the electronic-crime-game market with a bang. Fresh from its drawing boards is Stop Thief, computerized cops and robbers in which the board is a cityscape and a hand-held Crime Scanner emits the sound of a breaking window or a squeaky floor board—audio hints that it's hoped will clue you in on where the thief is hiding. Pick up Stop Thief at a game store and see if you don't agree that the \$39.95 price is a steal:



*"I hate to seem old-fashioned, George, but
I think I preferred it the old way."*



"He's got disco fever."

Star Dates

1980



- 1 Lee Ann Michelle
- 2 Debra Jo Fondren
- 3 Patti McGuire
- 4 Janet Quist
- 5 Missy Cleveland
- 6 Rosanne Katon

- 7 Dorothy Mays
- 8 Janis Schmitt
- 9 Kathryn Morrison
- 10 Dorothy Stratten
- 11 Candy Loving
- 12 Monique St. Pierre

Gift yourself
and others with

PLAYBOY'S 1980 PLAYMATE CALENDAR.

At your newsstand now!

To order by mail: For each calendar, send \$2.50 (plus 50¢ postage and handling)
to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 3585, Chicago, IL 60654. Please specify "Wall" or "Desk" type.



Desk Calendar
5 1/4" x 7 1/4"



Wall Calendar
8 1/2" x 12 1/2"

Nobody's perfect. But Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive Q-Series; the Q-2 semi-automatic and Q-3 fully automatic come incredibly close.

So close that many discos and FM stations choose Technics quartz-locked, direct-drive turntables over any other. It's no wonder, with speed accuracy of 0.002%, wow and flutter of only 0.025% WRMS and rumble of -78dB (DIN B). They're impressive specs.

What's just as impressive is Technics soft-touch in-line controls conveniently mounted on the front panel. You can operate every electronic function without ever lifting the dust cover.

Or Technics statically balanced S-shaped tonearm. With only 7 mg friction on both the vertical and horizontal planes, it's more than sensitive, it's sensational. Even the computer-designed headshell contacts are gold-plated for maximum conductivity.

To help protect against acoustic feedback, Technics Q-Series turntables are all mounted in a precision aluminum diecast base with a unique non-resonant compound, TNRC. It's so effective it resists feedback at the highest music levels.

By this time you might think you have to be rich to afford Technics Q-Series. You don't. Both models are surprisingly reasonable.

Technics Q-Series. We can't say they're perfect. You will.

Technics

We can't say the speed accuracy of our new quartz-locked turntables is 100%. Just 99.998%.





BRUCE BROWN

"And here we are all gathered around the tree, in front of the fire—that's me on top."



How to buy a personal computer.

In California, a store owner charts sales on his Apple Computer. On weekends though, he totes Apple home to help plan family finances with his wife. And for the kids to explore the new world of personal computers.

A hobbyist in Michigan starts a local Apple Computer Club, to challenge other members to computer games of skill and to trade programs.

Innovative folks everywhere have discovered that the era of the personal computer has already begun—with Apple.

Educators and students use Apple in the classroom. Businessmen trust Apple with the books. Parents are making Apple the newest family pastime. And kids of all ages are finding how much fun computers can be, and have no time for TV once they've discovered Apple.

Visit your local computer store

The excitement starts in your local computer store. It's a

friendly place, owned by one of your neighbors. He'll show you exactly what you can use a personal computer for.

What to look for

Your local computer store has several different brands to show you. So the salesman can recommend the one that best meets your needs. Chances are, it will be an Apple Computer. Apple is the one you can program yourself. So there's no limit to the things you can do. Most important, Apple's the one with more expansion capability. That means a lot. Because the more you use your Apple, the more uses you'll discover. So your best bet is a personal computer that can grow with you as your skill and involvement grow. Apple's the one.

It's your move

Grab a piece of the future for yourself. Visit your local computer store. We'll give you the address of the Apple dealer nearest you when you call our toll-free number. Then drop by and sink your teeth into an Apple. 800-538-9696. In California, 800-662-9238.

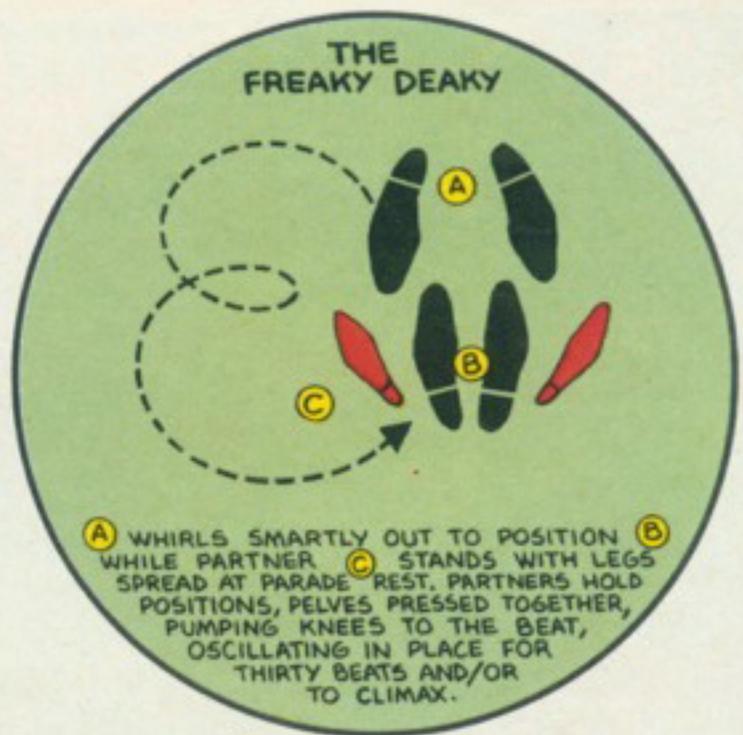
apple computer



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY... DISCO HOME OF THE FREAKY DEAKY, THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, THE WITH-IT PEOPLE, THE FAMOUS, THE INFAMOUS, THE HALSTONS, THE LIZAS, THE BIANCAS... ALL, ALL WANT TO GET INTO STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY. OUR HEROINE'S FRIEND, PORTNOY, WANTS TO GET IN. BUT ANNIE WON'T LET HIM, SO HE'LL HAVE TO SETTLE FOR STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY.



*PEONS FROM OUTSIDE MANHATTAN: BRONX(UGH), B'KLYN, ETC...



WE GOT A REPORT OF A SMALL FIRE IN PROGRESS. LET US IN!

IN THOSE TACKY RUBBER AND POLYESTER SUITS? NEVER!

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE COME HERE... BEAUTIFUL MEN, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AND JOHN TRAVOLTA.



YOU'RE RIGHT, THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

YOU'RE WRONG. THAT IS A BEAUTIFUL MAN. THE ONE IN THE TUX IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

STUDIO FIFTY-FOURPLAY WAS ONCE A THEATER, COME ON, YOU CAN GET A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE DANCE FLOOR FROM THE BALCONY.

BALCONY



WHY DON'T WE LEAN BACK AND WATCH, BABY?

RHAA!

NO SMOKING, PLEASE.

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE BALCONY. I THINK I'LL VISIT THE LADIES' ROOM!

AH! AHH!

UNH! UNH! UNH!

-OMM MYOMM-

WHO ORDERED PIZZA?



DO IT! DO IT! DO IT! DO IT!

IS CONNIE LINGUS HERE?

I DON'T THINK I LIKE THE LADIES' ROOM, EITHER.

YOU DON'T WANT SEX, RIGHT? SO WHY DON'T WE DISCO?

femmes



THIS IS CERTAINLY A STRANGE PLACE... A CUTE BASKETBALL TEAM, PLAYING WITHOUT A BASKETBALL-

THEY'RE THE WAITERS. SEE IF YOU CAN TAP ONE FOR A DANCE AND A COUPLE OF BEERS. I'M THIRSTY.



PEOPLE DANCING WITHOUT PARTNERS?

THEY'RE DOING THEIR THING... LEAPING, WHIRLING, DISCOING... ALL ALONE.

WHO'S DISCOING? BRUCE SHOVED ICE CUBES DOWN MY PANTIES!

POM! POM! POM! POM! POM! POM! POM!

WHAT A WAIST!
ONE OF OUR MUSTACHES HAS GOT TO GO.
WHAT A WASTE!

KISS KISS!

LET'S FREAKY DEAKY!

FIRST I'LL TIE MY SHOE, THEN SHOW ME HOW.

THAT'S IT!

LOOK, FRED... GLITTER, FLOWERS, SNOW, LIGHTS- LOOK AT WHAT'S DROPPING FROM THE CEILING...

DESCENDING LIGHT MAST

-FRED?

ARE YOU FROM QUEENS?
NO, NORMAL PARENTS.

THERE'S LIZA!
THERE'S LIZA!
THERE'S LIZA!

DOING THE FREAKY DEAKY TAKES PREPARATION !!
PREPARATION H!

DARLING, YOU ARE DRESSED TO KILL!

THERE'S TREAKY DEAKY!

ALSO TO WOUND, DEGRADE AND HUMILIATE.

LATER

JUST BECAUSE YOU SPENT THE EVENING DANCING, YOU HAVE TO SEE A GYNECOLOGIST?

WELL, RUTHIE... PORTNOY SAID WHAT WE WERE DOING WAS THE FREAKY DEAKY. SO HOW WAS I TO KNOW IT WASN'T DANCING?

DON'T DRINK, DUMMY, SNIFF!

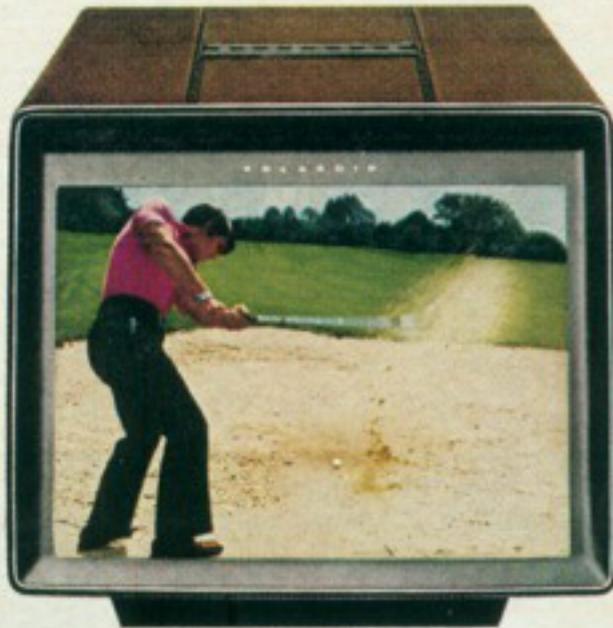
WHO MENTIONED SNOW?

END

Now Polavision instant movies give you everything from slow motion to no motion.



Normal speed.



Slow motion.



Stop action.



Instant replay.

Introducing Action Control. It's a new Polavision feature that can help you speed up your progress on the courts, the slopes or the links. By slowing you down on the screen. So you can see precisely what you're doing wrong. Or right.

With Action Control, you can slow the action down to 1/2, 1/3, 1/4 or 1/10th of normal speed. You can see yourself "frozen" in stop action. You can have instant replays. You can even advance the film frame by frame—to pinpoint any flaws in form or errors in execution. All at the touch of a button.



Best of all, Polavision instant movies are easy to shoot and develop in seconds. So you can replay the action while it's still fresh in your mind. And correct mistakes before they become habits.

Action Control from Polavision. It gives you the kind of complete control every top athlete needs. For the dealer nearest you who carries Polavision with Action Control, call collect: 617-864-1534.

Polavision from Polaroid
Now with Action Control

© 1979 Polaroid Corporation. "Polaroid" and "Polavision"®
Scenes in players are simulated.

Scoring

No question about it, NICK NOLTE is hot stuff in Tinseltown. With great reviews in *North Dallas Forty* behind him, and the Jack Kerouac-Neal Cassady saga *Heartbeat* upcoming, he's got the world by the toes. He can also leap tall buildings in a single bound. Someone should tell Lois Lane before she makes a permanent commitment to Superman.



STEVE SCHAPIRO / SYGMA

How Green Was My Valley

The old PETER FONDA was culture hero and iconoclast. These days he's settled down in Montana, visiting Hollywood only long enough to make chase movies for the drive-in crowd. You might think Peter blew it, but he's smiling all the way to the bank.



MICHAEL NORCIA



© 1979 B. LACONARDE / SYGMA-PARIS

A Little to the Left...

in art and politics describes director FEDERICO FELLINI. His recent gem, *Orchestra Rehearsal*, is about anarchy vs. dictatorship in a symphony orchestra. The title of his in-progress opus, *The City of Women*, sounds consistent to us. Roll 'em, Maestro.

The Kid's All Right

LOUISE GOFFIN needn't rest on the laurels of her parents, Carole King and Gerry Goffin. She looks great, has a hit LP and is "glad rock is back in the hands of young people."



© 1979 RANDEE ST. NICHOLAS / LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC.

It's a Sin to Tell a Lie

Everyone knows your nose grows if you lie—just ask singer NONA HENDRYX, who, when we inquired, claimed she was tired of disco nights and fast men.



© 1979 LYNN GOLDSMITH, INC.



LARRY DALE GORDON / SYGMA

Another Public-Service Spot

Always thinking of you, dear reader, we continue our endless search for the backs and fronts of showbiz celebrities. You will note that actress KAREN BLACK's three-year sabbatical from movies did her no harm. Welcome back, Karen.



BETTINA CIRONE

Suzy Chapstick Goes Slapstick

Skier SUZY CHAFFEE, who got her nickname peddling lip balm on TV, and our favorite artist, LE ROY NEIMAN, were recently snapped having a very athletic tête-à-tête. This doesn't look anything like progressive resistance to us, Suzy!

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA 26TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

STEVE MARTIN WAXES SERIOUS ABOUT THE NEW DIRECTIONS HIS CAREER IS TAKING IN A SURPRISING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

JOHN LE CARRE CALLS AGENT GEORGE SMILEY OUT OF RETIREMENT TO INVESTIGATE THE DEATH OF A RUSSIAN GENERAL IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS SPINE-TINGLING NEW NOVEL, **"SMILEY'S PEOPLE"**

NORA GALLAGHER TAKES US TO BAGHDAD BY THE BAY, WHERE GAY IS STANDARD, STRAIGHT IS ODD: **"THE SAN FRANCISCO EXPERIENCE"**

CAPTAIN KIRK, MR. SPOCK AND ALL THE CREW OF THE ENTERPRISE RETURN, THIS TIME ON THE WIDE SCREEN. TUNE IN TO **"THE MAKING OF STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE"**

DAN GREENBURG, AFTER WEEKS WITH NEW YORK'S FINEST ON SOME OF THE SLEAZIEST STREETS, EXPLAINS WHY **"NOBODY LOVES A COP"**

ALVIN TOFFLER PREDICTS, WITH THE SAME FORESIGHT HE BROUGHT TO HIS TRAIL-BLAZING *FUTURE SHOCK*, WHY WE'RE ABOUT TO SEE THE END OF PUNCTUALITY, THE NINE-TO-FIVE WORKDAY AND EVEN, TO SOME EXTENT, THE SEASONS, IN **"THE THIRD WAVE"**

RICHARD RHODES TELLS US WHEN TO EXPECT VEST-POCKET COMPUTERS AND TVS, INFLATABLE FOOTGEAR, TIRES THAT DRIVE FLAT AND, JUST FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, HALLEY'S COMET AND RED M & M'S IN **"80 WAYS THE EIGHTIES WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE"**

ANDREW TOBIAS GIVES SOME SAGE TIPS ON HOW TO GET OUT OF 1980 WITH MORE THAN YOU PUT IN: **"TUCKING IT AWAY"**

POPE JOHN PAUL II, TEDDY KENNEDY, THE AYATOLLAH KHOMENI AND SOME ILL-ASSORTED FRIENDS JOIN IN HOLIDAY REVELRY AT **"THE ULTIMATE NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY"**

LARRY SLOMAN PEERS THROUGH THE FOG THAT SEEMS TO SURROUND **FRED SHERO**, COACH OF HOCKEY'S NEW YORK RANGERS, AND DELIVERS A REVEALING PROFILE: **"ZEN AND THE ART OF THE BODY CHECK"**

ROALD DAHL'S FICTIONAL RELATIVE DESCRIBES HOW HE EARNED HIS FORTUNE BY SELLING APHRODISIACS IN A FUN-FILLED EXCERPT FROM DAHL'S NEW NOVEL, **"MY UNCLE OSWALD"**

PLUS: A HOST OF YOUR FAVORITE FEATURES, INCLUDING **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; CARTOONS BY **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**; PAGES FROM A NEW SKETCHBOOK BY PERIPATETIC ARTIST **LE ROY NEIMAN**; A LOOK AT 10'S BEAUTIFUL **BO**, NEW WIFE OF DIRECTOR/ACTOR/PHOTOGRAPHER **JOHN DEREK**; **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**; **"PLAYBOY'S GREATEST PAJAMA PARTIES"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **"THE BUTTODOWN TERROR OF DAVID DUKE,"** A HEART-STOPPING PORTRAIT OF A KU KLUX KLAN LEADER, BY **HARRY CREWS**; **"DOWNHILL RACERS,"** A LOOK AT THE OLYMPICS' GUTSIEST COMPETITORS, BY **JOHN SKOW**; **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **LINDA RONSTADT, STEVEN SPIELBERG** AND **BEN BRADLEE**; **"JOIN CHUCK BARRIS AND SEE THE WEIRD,"** A PROFILE OF THE MAN WHO PACKAGED THE LUNATIC FRINGE FOR TV; A PREVIEW OF **JAY CRONLEY'S** ZANY NEW BASEBALL NOVEL, **"SCREWBALLS"**; **"CONCORDE WEEKEND,"** THE MOST ROMANTIC WAY TO SEE PARIS; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION"**; LAVISH PICTORIALS ON ACTRESS **BARBARA BACH, "THE GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA," "THE GIRLS OF CANADA,"** AND A UNIQUE LOOK AT **HAWAII**; **"THE NEW BOOK OF LISTS,"** BY **IRVING WALLACE, DAVID WALLECHINSKY, AMY WALLACE** AND **SYLVIA WALLACE**; AND THE NEXT EPISODE IN OUR SEXUAL SURVEY OF AMERICAN CITIES IN, OF ALL PLACES, **BOSTON.**