

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1980 • \$2.50

Special Valentine Issue

SUZANNE SOMERS' NUDE PLAYMATE TEST
TEN GLORIOUS PAGES OF TV'S HOTTEST SEX STAR

Plus: Romance in the Fast Lane — a Concorde Weekend in Paris ♥ Playboy's Guide to the Winter Olympics ♥ A Rousing Look at the Year in Sex ♥ William F. Buckley, Jr.'s Latest Spy Thriller ♥ The Slick New Face of the K.K.K. ♥ Top Presidential Advisor Patrick Caddell Interviewed



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

DINAH DOES DISHES

Hef and many of the Playmates who attended the Playmate Reunion at the Mansion West were also featured on Dinah Shore's *Dinah and Friends!* The blond with the glasses in the upper center of the photo was never a Playmate; he is and always has been Paul Williams.



PLAYMATES KEEP BUSY WITH CHICKS AND CHAMPS

At right, Playmate Debra Jo Fondren as she appears in a Budweiser promotional poster proclaiming that "The best chicks come from Texas." Debra Jo later told us, "I was sitting on the floor with 250 baby chicks. You can imagine what they were doing all over my hair." Below, Monique St. Pierre spars with Ali during ceremonies before his fight with Lyle



CASINO GOING UP

With the Atlantic City Playboy hotel, casino and club filling in the background, some Bunnies fill out the foreground (below). The complex, due to be completed in early fall, is a joint venture by Elsinore Corporation and Playboy Enterprises.



L.A. CLUBBINESS

Hef and show-stopping Playmate Sondra Theodore attended the opening of Juliette Bora's three-week engagement at the Los Angeles Playboy Club (below). Miss Bora was a smash.



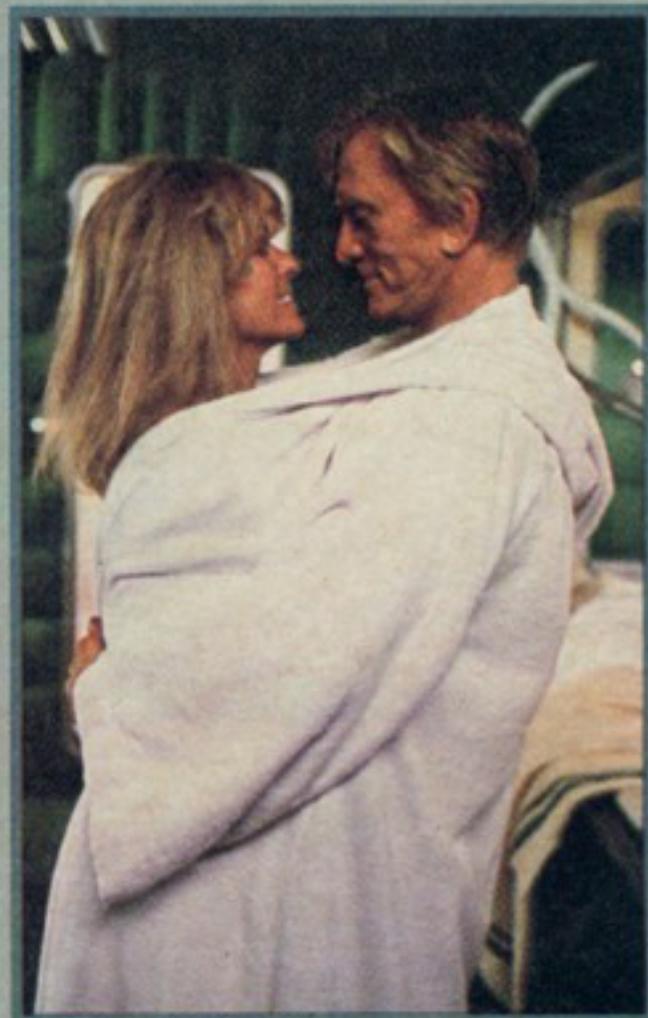


THE INFERNAL TRIANGLE

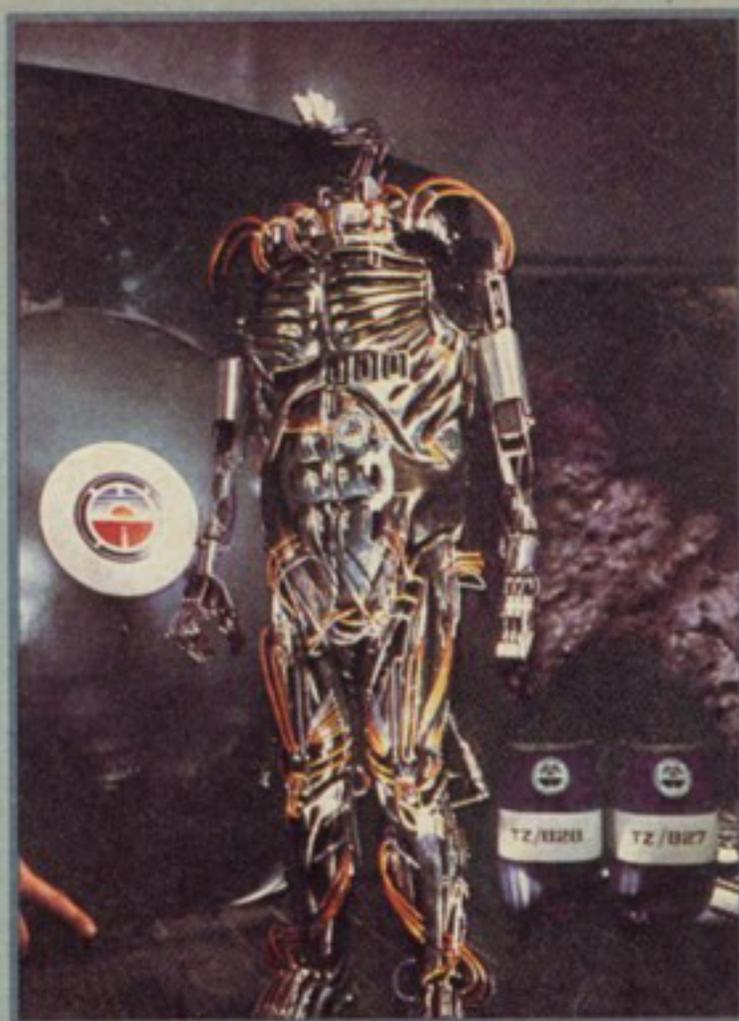
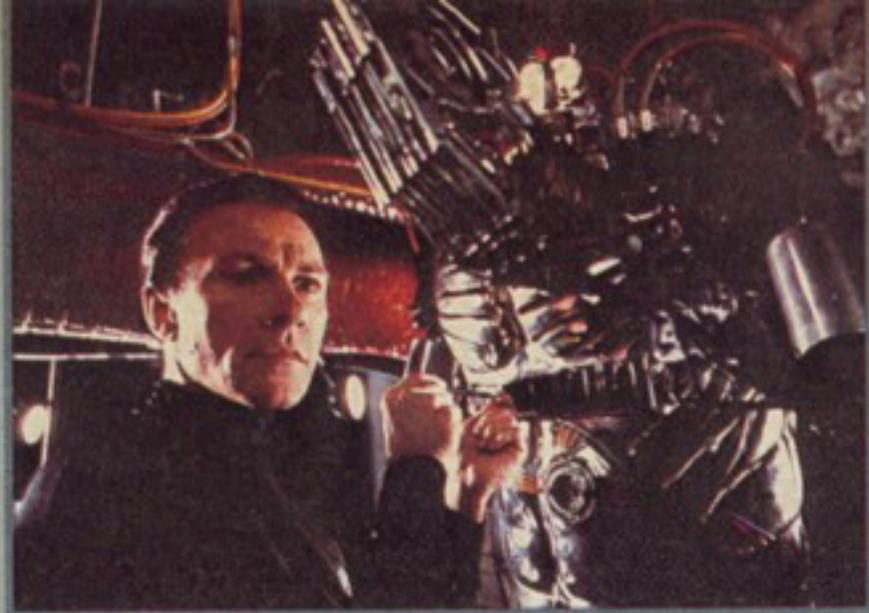
Sneak preview of "SATURN 3," a scary new science fiction thriller casting Farrah Fawcett in the middle of a bizarre romantic rivalry between Kirk Douglas and a lust-crazed robot.

The "other" man, that moustache-twirling interloper of love stories since time immemorial has always been a bit of a bastard, and often a sorry excuse for a human being. But at least he's been flesh and blood. In "Saturn 3," a \$10 million Lord Grade space spectacular set 300 years in the future, he's been updated into a homicidally horny eight-foot android named Hector who's likely to alienate audiences even more emphatically than the unattractive anti-hero of "Alien." Hector—with his deranged creator (Harvey Keitel)—end the idyllic isolation of scientists Adam (Kirk Douglas) and Alex (Farrah Fawcett) by landing on a satellite space station of Saturn where they have been living alone as lovers and working as scientist colleagues. For several years, they have been conducting hydroponic

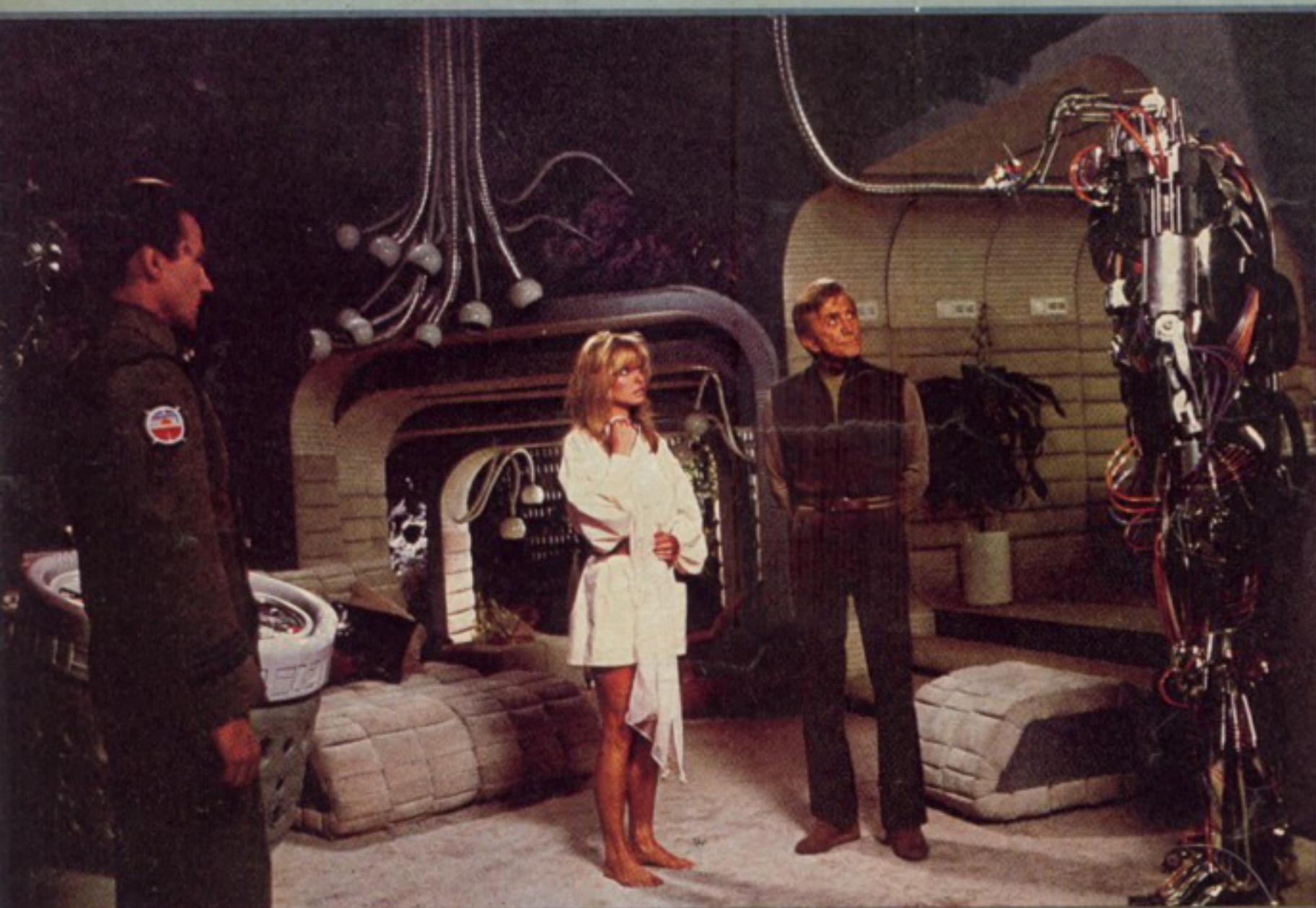
research to synthesize a protein nutrient that will feed a starving Earth that can no longer support its swelling population. Keitel has brought Hector to help them expedite their work, but he spends most of his time leching after Farrah—and inadvertently programs Hector (which he does via direct "brain drain" through a hole in the back of his neck)—to feel the same unrequited lust. When Keitel is murdered by his futuristic Frankenstein monster, Adam and Hector are locked in a deadly duel of wills over Alex. Producer Stanley Donen won't say who wins fair Farrah in the end, but "Saturn 3" overflows with enough terrifying twists—previewed on these pages prior to its release February 15—to keep you riveted until the final frame.



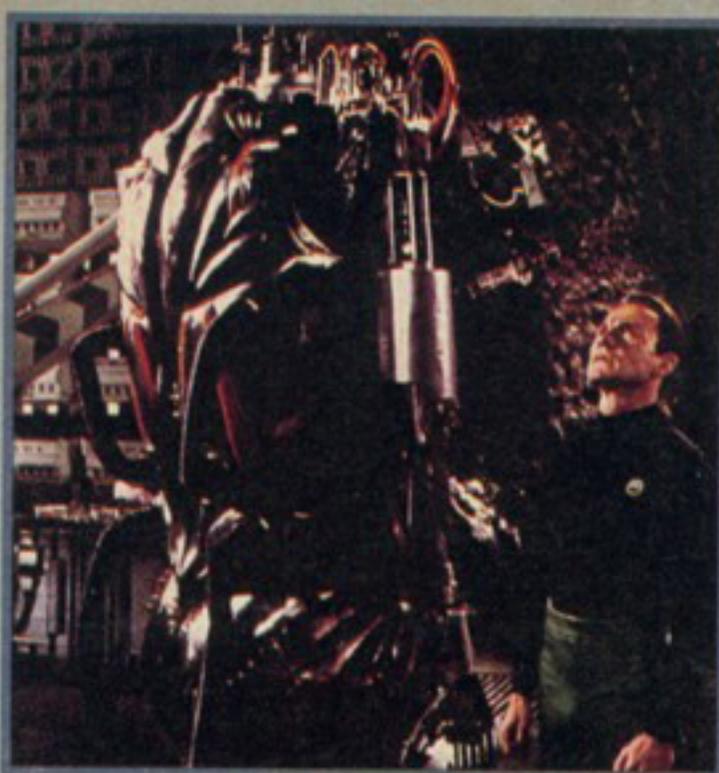
Enjoying a final interlude of loving intimacy before the serenity of their extraterrestrial Eden is violated by intruders, Adam (Kirk Douglas) and Alex (Farrah Fawcett) lounge together in their space quarters, share a shower, an outer space bath towel, and then—reassuring us that even in outer space three centuries from now, some things will never change—savor the pleasure of one another's company in bed.



After arriving at the space station, the sinister scientist James (Harvey Keitel) begins to assemble Hector the robot and prepares to program its brain with the crazed contents of his own.



Hector, the awesome automaton—eight feet of steel and several miles of circuitry—is introduced to his skeptical hosts, who find not only the robot's size disquieting but his headless gaze that peers from a pair of electronic lenses perched bug-like on metal feelers.



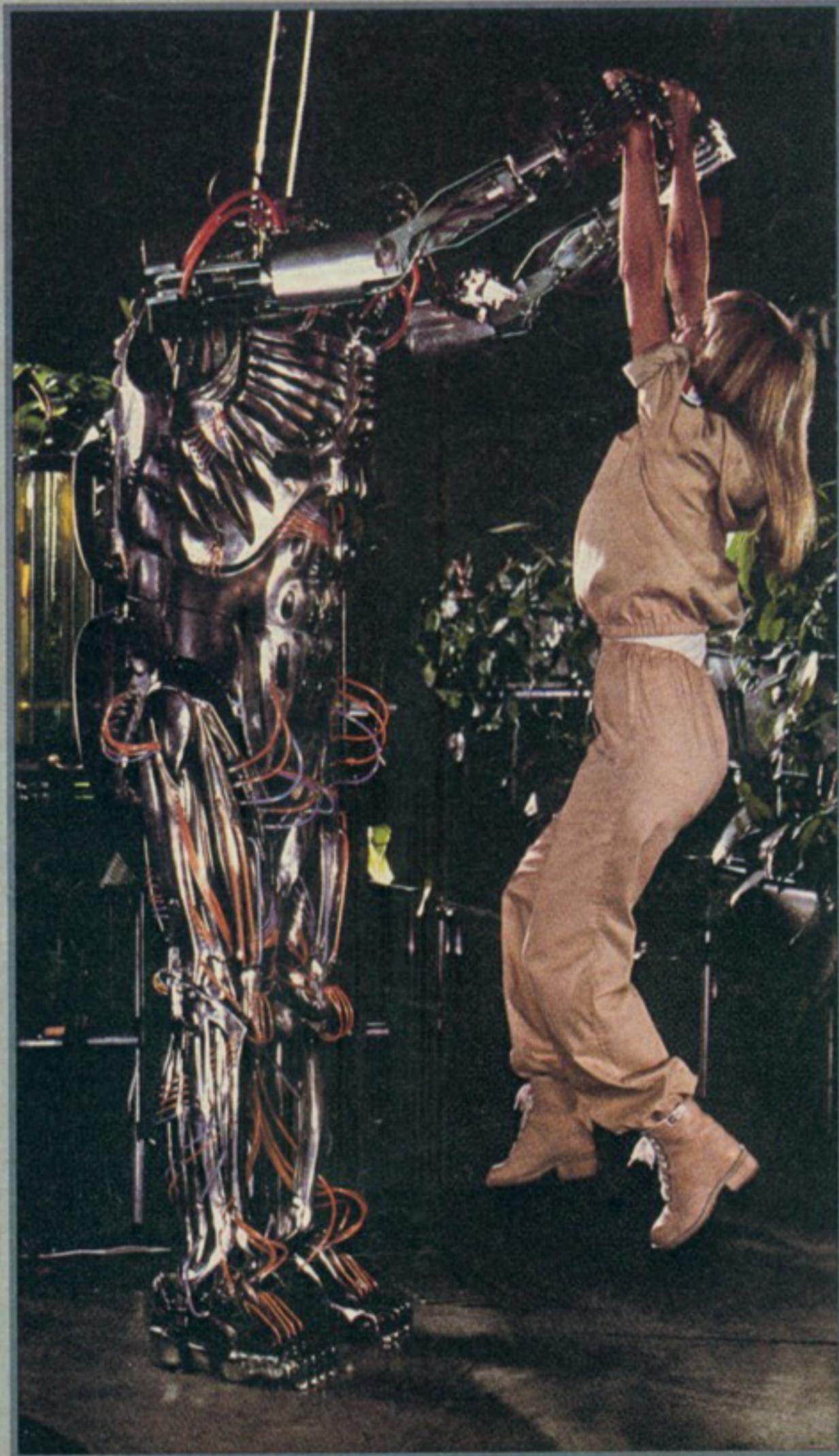
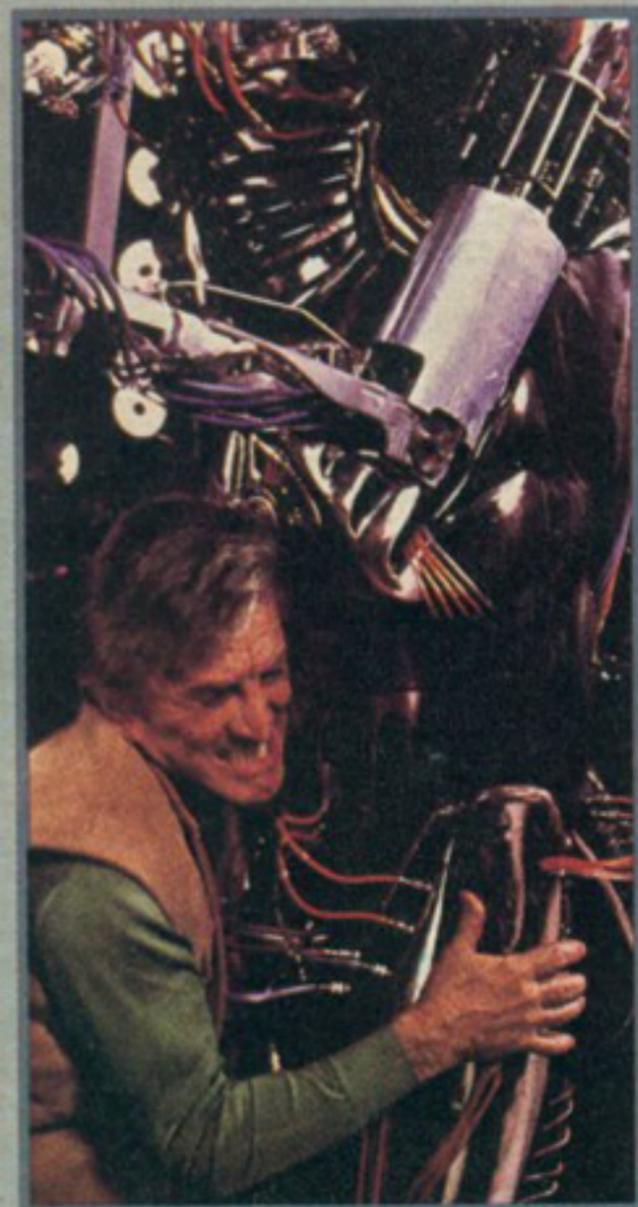
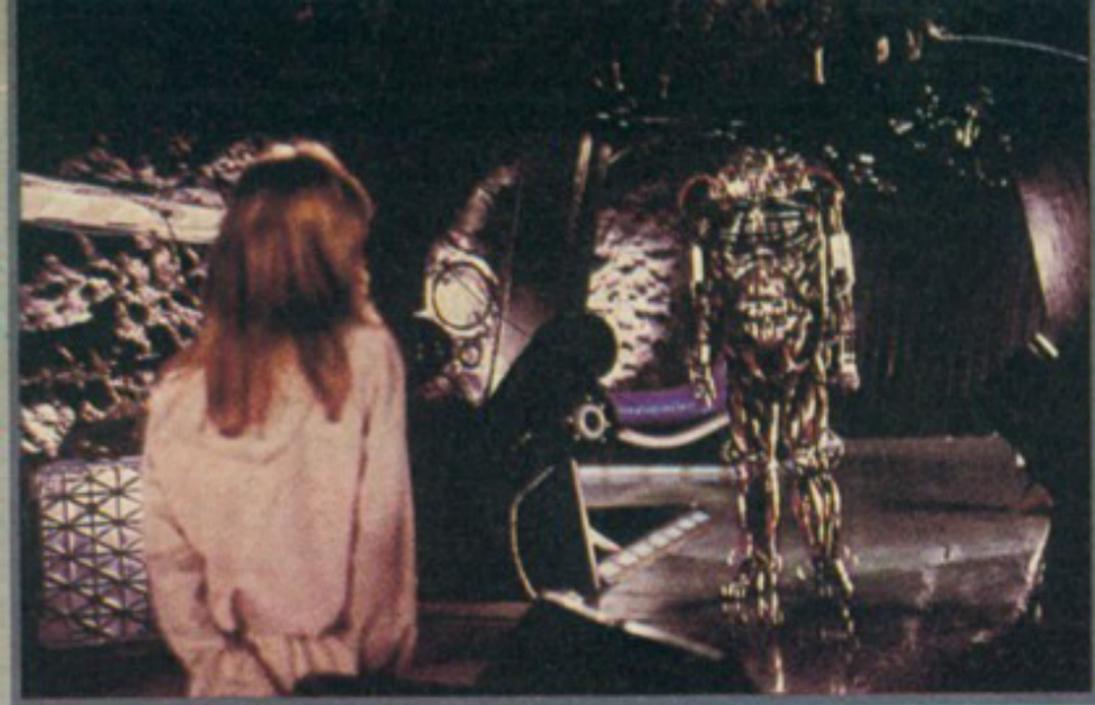
Programmed to absorb the demented James' every thought, the robot also acquires his creator's taste in women—including a powerful and perverse lust for Alex. In spite of Adam's reassurance, she is terrified of the silent Hector. Somehow the android conveys the menace and morbid fascination she has also sensed in the evil James.



In a frenzy of jealous desire, the robot relentlessly pursues Alex and Adam through a maze of duct-like corridors that criss-cross the laboratory complex. Even his creator James is terrified of the mechanical "Hulk" gone berserk.



Together, Adam and James manage to disarm Hector—and frantically dismantle him. But when Hector's still-functioning brain activates three other resident robots to reassemble him, he dismembers James limb by limb—in a grisly imitation of what had been done to him—and sets out on the rampage once again. Adam finally has to take him on alone in a life-or-death struggle between flesh and metal—the ultimate confrontation between man and machine.



Following the brutal murder of James, the menacing Hector overpowers Adam and sets out after Alex. There is no doubt about his intentions...His brain is on fire with robot passion. Even in the large confines of Saturn 3, there is no escape for Alex. Finally, Hector grabs her in the crushing clasp of powerful metal-clamps. Will she escape the mad lusts of Hector? Is Adam alive and will he find them in time to save her? Or will Alex be lost in space forever...a victim of the cruel and inhuman Hector? The answers are available at a theatre near you on February 15th.



**Taste
the spirit of
Misty.**



**Highland Mist
Scotch**



"When you turn the little ball upside down, it snows!"

whether you've been there or not, the most spectacular way to visit Paris is on a supersonic flight followed by a romantic weekend—yes, weekend—in the city of light

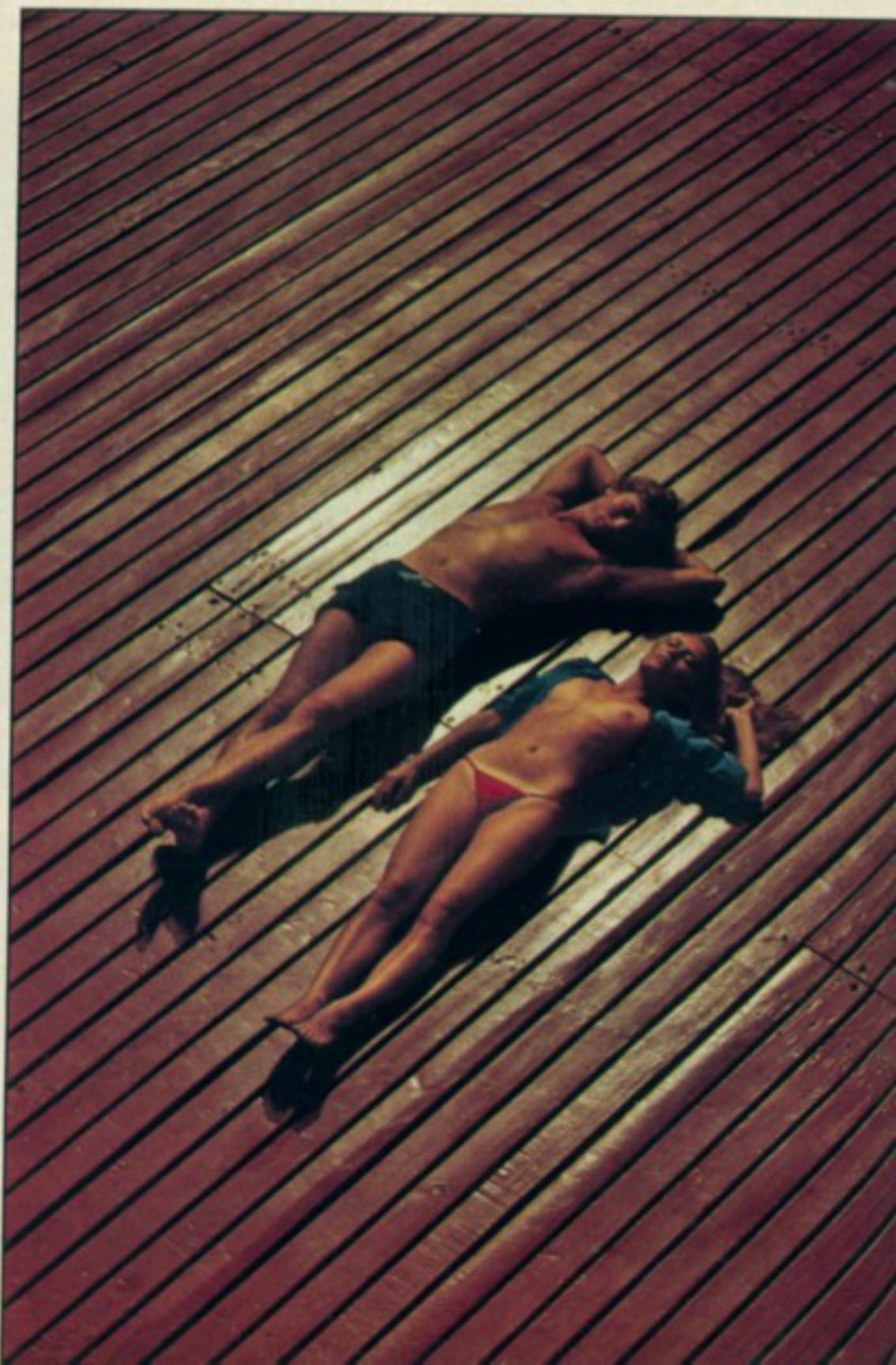
TO PARIS— WITH LOVE AND THE CONCORDE

travel By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

Below: Air France's sleek Concorde taxis to depart New York's Kennedy Airport bound for the Charles de Gaulle Airport near Paris. Bottom left: The surprisingly small jet slices through the sky. The "weekend"—say it with a French accent—is the Concorde's *raison d'être*. It can scoot you from J.F.K. to C.D.G. in three hours, 20 minutes. Hence, no jet lag, more party time.

Bottom center: This could be part of the *Star Trek* movie set, but it's one of the many conveyor-equipped tubes that interconnect the many buildings of C.D.G. Having to walk after being whisked across the Atlantic does seem pedestrian, after all. Bottom right: The machmeter announces the plane is traveling at over twice the speed of sound, though you'd not know it.





Top left: Paris is a city for lovers. Everywhere you look, people are smooching. That is because in Paris—as in most European cities—there's a housing shortage. Folks make time where they can. The Tuileries gardens are a favorite among Parisians for this purpose. And although our travelers have no housing shortage—they've checked into the très chic Hôtel Meurice—they catch a wayward buss and act cheeky just the same. Top right: Some people drink the water everywhere—even from a Tuileries fountain—but we recommend more caution. The weekend is too short to be sabotaged by a bug. Stick to wine or one of France's famous bottled waters. Above and right: Our couple get their feet wet at the Piscine Deligny, Paris' famous swimming pool on the Left Bank. This is no time to be shy, natch.



Top left: Statues dot the Parisian landscape as debris litters other cities. This one apparently caught our lady traveler's fancy. Top right: The City of Light has been described as the ideal city for walking. It's also a great place for jogging, especially along the Left Bank near the Pont Notre Dame. Above: The French believe if you've got it, share it. And they maintain an open-door policy in the changing room of the Piscine Deligny. Left: Our travelers and some new-found friends try out their English and French on one another. Cultural note: The French appreciate your giving their language a try—even if you're not particularly good at it. Intentions count.



Top left: If you're in love, Paris will turn up the volume; if you're not, the city will still give you some pretty giddy ideas along those lines.

Top right: Back at their suite in the Hôtel Meurice, located on one of Paris' most elegant corners, where the Rue de Rivoli meets the Rue de Castiglione, our lady cools her heels and scans the Paris Yellow Pages. Now, if

she could only coax the insouciant local telephone system to work. . . Above: Cocktails are served in the room tonight and, of course, champagne is *de rigueur*. And, yes, that's a Havana cigar our man is firing up. They're perfectly legal in France, but U. S. Customs still takes a dim view of their being brought back by travelers from any country other than Cuba.

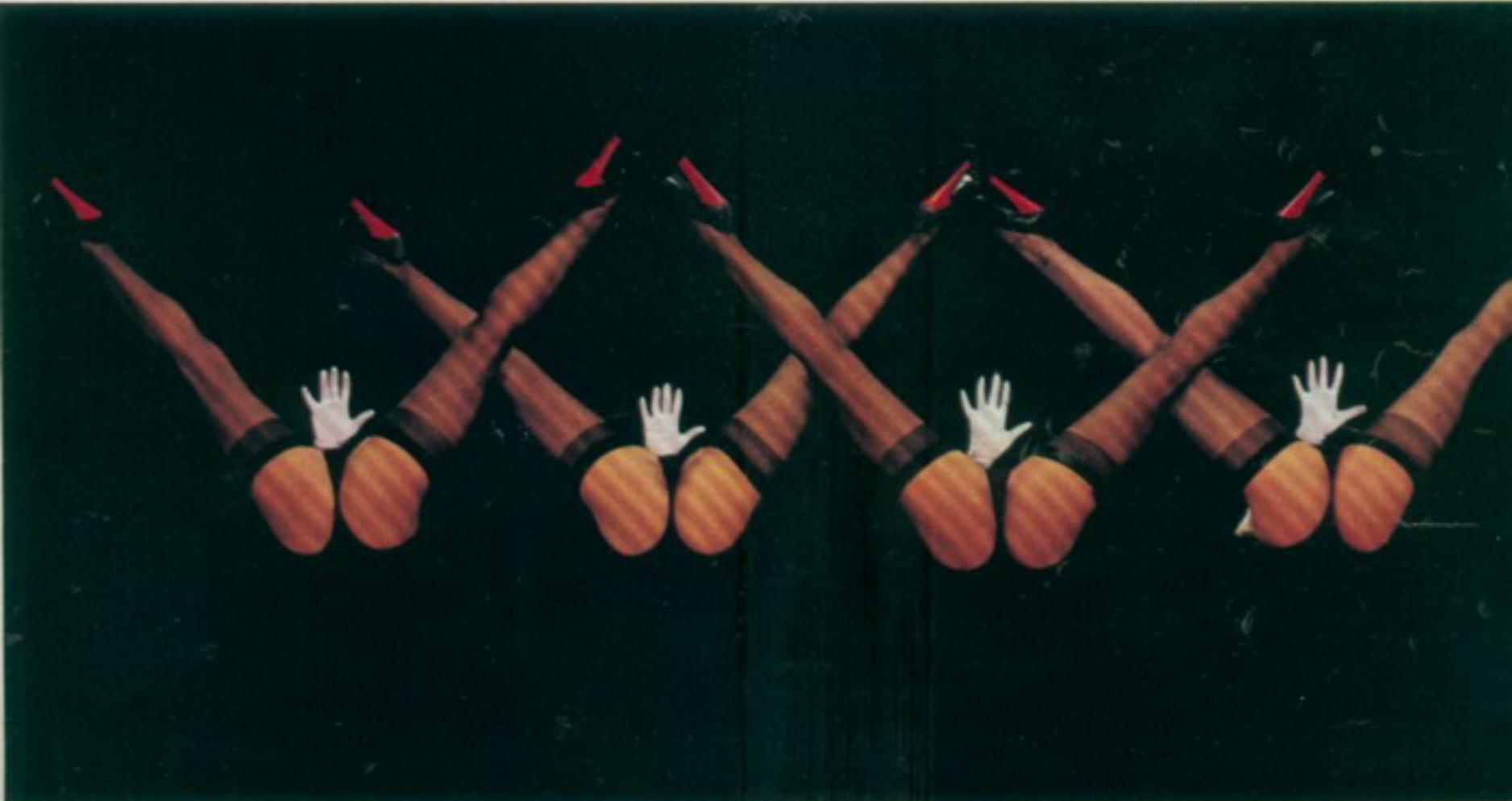


Top left: Our lady, having put on her dance pants, finally puts the finishing touches to her face. Top right: They grab a quick bite and practice their dips at the Pont Royal. Above: She could have danced all night at one of the fountains in the Place de la Concorde, but he's hungry and it's dinnertime at Lasserre. It was in the Place de la Concorde that Louis XVI lost his head. While there, keep yours but check out the Obelisk—an 1829 gift from a viceroy of Egypt.



Top left: *Mademoiselle's* curiosity gets the best of her at a showing of erotic sculpture at the Galeries Sylvia Bourdin, while a local *artiste* grabs a bit of gusto for himself. Top right: Our twosome gets a tour of the magnificent wine cellar at Lasserre, one of the world's most deservedly famous restaurants. The service and food are impeccable and the

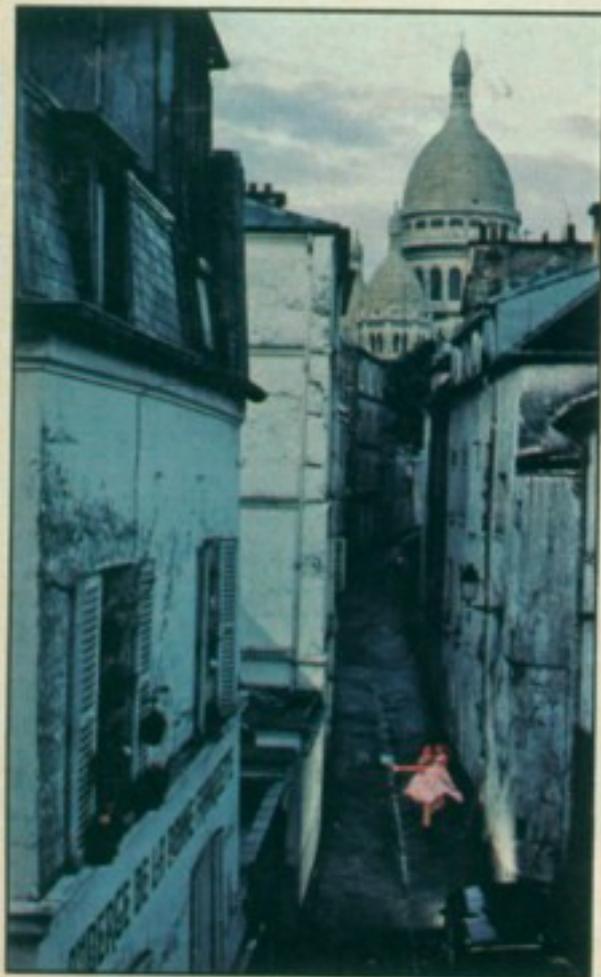
staff is innocent of haughtiness. Lasserre's wine cellar houses more than 140,000 bottles. Above: Our couple at the Paradis Latin, where at the show's climax the ceiling opens and an enormous amount of confetti falls on the audience. The entertainment at Paradis, in the tradition of Parisian cabarets, is an eclectic mix of costumed musical skits.



Top left: The main dining room at Lasserre. There are also private dining chambers for those who want a serving of intimacy with their elegance. After dinner, it's a short stroll across the Champs Elysées. The lady would probably stop traffic even without a fortuitous gust of Paris wind; but for the rest of us, French drivers are to be feared. Rumor has it that they get points for grazing tourists. One of the best-known Parisian night clubs—the Crazy Horse Saloon—is all done up in a wild West theme. At least its owner Alain Bernardin's rather fanciful notion of what America should be like. The doormen, for example, are outfitted as Canadian Mounties. Well, you don't go there for the interior decoration; you go there for the most gorgeous gaggle of female flesh this side of Playboy Mansion West. Above: The girls wave a strategic "How-dy-do." Left: Our visiting firewoman sneaks into the undressing room and tries on a few costumes.



Above: As the weekend continues, our couple makes another pilgrimage to the Tuileries at dusk. They also squeeze in a quick stop at a restaurant in Montmartre (below) near the church of the Sacré-Coeur. Above right: It's back to the Meurice for an afternoon slow-down, a quick nap and a change of clothes for the evening. Right: *Mademoiselle* rinses off her soap sculpture with one of those nifty French shower heads. For some reason, bathing, like everything else, is more exciting in Paris.





Above left: What can you say about French maid service except that it's superb? Above right: A three-day-weekend jaunt to Paris may be quite Continental, but to do it up right, you should surprise your traveling companion with at least one outrageously priced token of your esteem. Here, he gifts her with a fur coat from the famed local establishment of Furreres Sack. If, by chance, a fur coat isn't the type of luxe bauble to leave her feeling that you're the

greatest thing to come along since sliced baguettes, remember that the *haute couture* houses—Dior, for example—have the best, sexiest underwear in the world. And it's not expensive. Remember, too, that Paris is the home of Cartier, Hermès and Louis Vuitton; often you'll find items on sale that aren't stocked in U. S. branch stores. Below: Our couple lingers beneath the Eiffel Tower before preparing for the Concorde journey home. Here's to good friends!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





"You didn't think I bought this baby to tape 'Masterpiece Theatre,' did you?"



NORTHERN DELIGHT

coming from wisconsin makes modeling easy for sandy cagle. she just says "cheese"

UP IN WISCONSIN, there's a factory that churns out some of the nicest women you'd ever want to meet. Uncomplicated, guileless, fresh-faced and outdoorsy. How they do it is anybody's guess, but we're thankful it's in operation. Otherwise, we'd never have met Sandy Cagle. The secret may lie in the location: Smack in the middle of North America, far enough from both coasts to avoid being overwhelmed by pop-culture trivia, Wisconsin quietly goes about its business of producing milk, cheese, heavy machinery and, in its largest city, Milwaukee, the gentle brew that's synonymous with its name. Milwaukee also produced Sandy and she still lives in its southern suburb of Franklin.

A few years ago, Sandy left Wisconsin and came to Chicago. She was a little frustrated. She had tried secretarial work in a hospital and found satisfaction

"I like to get away from the people and the crowds. Outdoors, I feel more relaxed. I use that time to get my mind in order so I know what I want to do."



Sandy will admit to a certain amount of shyness. "I have to know someone pretty well before I can relax with him. I've always been a little leery of strangers."





Modeling, Sandy finds, forces her out of her shell, painlessly. "It's a freedom for me, a release. I can express myself better that way than verbally. It's like an actress going into character."

lacking. "Believe it or not," she says, "I just couldn't stand the paper cuts." A short stint as a Playboy Bunny at the Playboy Resort and Country Club at Lake Geneva was too confining. Another job, making carburetors, proved no more suitable. *Somebody* has to make carburetors, but Sandy Cagle making carburetors is an obvious waste.

She was not wasted in Chicago. As soon as she crossed the state line, the alarm went off in PLAYBOY's 11th-floor Photo Studio and her career was launched as a photographic model. Before long, Sandy was all over the magazine. You may have seen her many times as one of the beautiful but nameless models in a product shot or a fashion layout. Anything that called for her special brand of Wisconsin freshness. While we found her captivating, our colleagues in Japan found her practically irresistible. So much so that she was used as the cover girl of our Japanese edition four times in one year.

When the Overseas Press Club magazine, *Dateline*, was produced as a PLAYBOY look-alike (see *The World of Playboy*, February 1979), Sandy got the call for that cover, too.

If all that exposure conjures up images of an aggressive, big-city mannequin, think again. Miss Cagle is soft-spoken almost to the point of being



You can't be as active as Sandy likes to be and not take care of your body. She stays in shape by working out at a local health club, eating health food and taking plenty of vitamins. She has tried just about every sport imaginable and likes all but racquetball. "I can't breathe that fast," Sandy says.

inaudible and so timid only her closest friends know what she's really like. Big-city living, she thinks, is for making money. For fun, Sandy takes to the country, where she winds up a snowmobile to the red line through the Wisconsin countryside. Or she'll take off for a camping trip, horseback riding or bicycling. Any activity that puts her in touch with nature and, through the solitude, with herself.

Because she's in such great shape, she's often called for modeling duties that require athleticism. Such as the jeans commercial she shot in Alpine Valley that required that she fall down a hill on skis, wearing the client's jeans, of course. They did 20 takes of her falling, plus 12 takes of her on the towrope. The shot they finally used: Sandy walking upright, skis on her shoulder.

It's no wonder she likes to get away. Back to the country, where things make sense. "Wisconsin is the most beautiful place in the world in the fall. And year round there's so much to do, everything from skiing to sun-bathing." Which doesn't mean she's going to give up modeling. Clients will just have to call her in America's Dairyland. That's where she'll be for the near future, planning her modeling career, saving money for her own health spa and communing with nature. City slickers, eat your hearts out.







At home near the range (below), our outdoor girl proves she can cut it indoors, too. A Method model, Sandy says, "To get the proper sexy look for this shot, I just thought about Warren Beatty."



Regulars at Playboy's Lake Geneva resort miss Sandy (left) since she left the hutch to model. At Studd's Pub in Milwaukee (above), Sandy finds admiring company while quaffing the local product.

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Sandra Joyce Cagle

BUST: 35 1/2" WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35 1/2"

HEIGHT: 5'5 1/2" WEIGHT: 118 SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 2-2-57 BIRTHPLACE: Milwaukee, Wisconsin

GOALS: To someday own and operate my own health spa and have a successful modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Men with brown eyes, a crisp fall morning, Old English sheep dogs, suntans, roller skating.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, riding on the bus, rude people, crowded elevators, cigar smoke.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Gino Vannelli, Fleetwood Mac, Laura Nyro

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Soap, 60 Minutes, Eight Is Enough, The Twilight Zone

FAVORITE MOVIES: Papillon, Casablanca, Young Frankenstein

FAVORITE ACTIVITIES: Horseback riding, camping, working out at the gym and bike riding

IDEAL EVENING: Sharing a bottle of Rothschild '67, good

conversation and a warm fireplace on a snowy evening with a special man.

SECRET DREAM: To ride a hot-air balloon across the country.



age 1, My first modeling job



age 11, Catching a few rays.



age 17, Captain of Cheerleaders

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Matters had somehow progressed to the point where the young man and his date were naked in the motel bed, when the girl had a change of heart. "Are you going to tell me now, Mary Ann," asked the rejected youth bitterly, "that I'm not Mr. Right?"

"That's a silly old romantic notion," laughed Mary Ann. "I'm actually waiting for Mr. Big!"



The Pharaoh was dictating, and his scribe was busily chipping away at a stone tablet. "I have plans . . . to form," the monarch said slowly, "a personal bodyguard . . . of stalwart . . . and virile . . . young men."

The chips flew . . . but then suddenly ceased flying, and the perspiring chiseler looked up inquiringly. "Excuse me, your Majesty," he asked hesitantly, "but is virile spelled with one or two testicles?"

"I was really primed for some tits and ass last night," the bumbling would-be Lothario reported with a groan, "but all I got in the fucking singles bar was twits and sass!"

A California sperm bank's bumper sticker: WE'RE PULLING FOR YOU!

There's a gay prison chaplain named Locke
With a weakness for hard convict cock.

For his ass-holy ways
In his Alcatraz days,
He was nicknamed "the piece of the Rock."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *geriatric copulation* as a loose connection.

It's a recurring and rather disturbing dream," the patient told the psychiatrist. "It's 1996, and I go down to my cellar, unlock the massive padlock, swing open the heavy door, enter the small room, take down a bottle from a rack and shine my flashlight on its label. Then I say to myself, 'Ah, yes—1980. A great year for gasoline!'"

"I certainly hope," said a clear and firm young female voice in the jam-packed elevator, "that someone behind me is carrying a mini umbrella."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *blunderbuss* as kissing the bride at a shotgun wedding.

And to think," murmured the rosy-glow-feeling adolescent to the girl with whom he had just scored, "that a few short years ago I thought happiness was a warm puppy."

Even though the marriage had degenerated into virtually nonstop bickering and fighting, the husband asked, out of habit, what his wife would like for her birthday. "What I'd like is a divorce!" shrieked the woman.

"I'm sorry," responded the man, "but I wasn't thinking of spending that much."

What went wrong on your date with that new guy last night?" the girl inquired of her roommate. "You were back before midnight."

"Talk about selfish!" exploded the roomie. "The jerk turned out to have one of those special condoms with the massaging fingers!"

"That's selfish?"

"He put it on inside out!"



It was at the turn of the century in decadent Paris that two middle-aged roués had a group of demimondaines brought to their luxurious apartment for selection. One chose a well-upholstered redhead and the other a tiny slip of a blonde girl. "But that is going too far, Maurice," remonstrated the first man. "You have picked a mere child! She probably doesn't even have hair on her pussy."

"That can be remedied, Gustave," smiled Maurice, stroking his luxuriant mustache.

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.



"I prefer to be on top, I'll be getting out first."



JOHN
Dempsey

"Kick off your shoes and relax, my dear."





Memory can play the strangest tricks.

Suzanne Somers was making an appearance on the Johnny Carson show recently and the subject of her former career as a model came up. She mentioned that she and a PLAYBOY photographer had done some swimsuit fashion shots in Mexico a few years back. No nude shots, of course, though the topic *had* been discussed. Yes, she had considered posing, she said, and had even gone as far as to show up at Playboy Studio West in Los Angeles. But she'd backed down at the last minute.

It would not be stretching things to suggest that several

In 1970, model Suzanne Somers posed for some commercial shots in Mexico. While there, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski made a suggestion: What about a nude Playmate test?

SUZANNE SOMERS' PLAYMATE TEST

before she became tv's sexiest star, suzanne posed for these provocative photos . . . aren't you glad we keep such beautiful records?

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET AND MODEL RELEASE

In the event that you are selected as a Playmate of the Month for PLAYBOY, the information provided below will be essential for our story. All questions must be answered as fully and truthfully as possible, in your own handwriting.

LEGAL NAME Suzanne M. Somers AGE 22

ADDRESS (Street) 2211 Jackson St (City) San Francisco (State) Calif

NATIONAL EXTRACTION Irish

HEIGHT 5'6" WEIGHT 112 EYE COLOR Blue HAIR COLOR Blonde

BUST 35 WAIST 23 HIPS 34

BIRTH DATE 10-16-47 PLACE OF BIRTH S.F. MARITAL STATUS Single

WHAT DO YOU DO IN YOUR SPARE TIME? I like to run through the woods of nearby Mt. Tamalpais for exercise and also study nature and plant life. Just last week I found a fantastic growth of fungus - of course, it was growing under my sink.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO IF YOU HAD MORE TIME?
as an actress, I don't need any more spare time.

YOUR PET PEEVES ARE picky women - for instance, those who criticize Raquel Welch for not being tall

YOU'RE PARTICULARLY WILD ABOUT Kissing - I kiss anything I can get my hands on - which has led to a few embarrassing moments at the 'Y'

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL MAN (Age, Occupation, Character, etc.) ideal man must be

rich, sophisticated and worldly - like the man who was standing next to me on the bus this morning.

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL EVENING being with someone I really enjoy - having him cook

a great dinner at his apartment, then going to bed with him and getting a good night's sleep.

DESCRIBE YOURSELF (What kind of person are you?) im warm, gentle, kind,

loving and gregarious - but most of all - im

humble. - I mainly love to laugh.

IF YOU COULD CHANGE ONE CHARACTER TRAIT IN YOURSELF, IT WOULD BE to be more responsive

I tend to put things off why? See example - I moved out of my apartment in July and didn't tell my landlord until September.

AMBITIONS (What you want from life in general) I want to be a comedy

actress the last play I did, people roared, I played the lead in

"Death of a Salesman"

WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A PLAYMATE? I always wondered what it

would be like to be stapled in the navel.

OTHER UNUSUAL BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION My Soes father came across

this country in a covered wagon - of course, it was last week!

impure thoughts lodged themselves in Carson's mind. In fact, you could feel the disappointment course through the crowd like a current. Damn, if only she'd gone ahead with it!

We're sure that's the way Suzanne honestly remembers it. Until now, we *ourselves* had no basis for remembering it any differently. The photographs on these pages have been in our files for *(text continued on page 144)*

Before heading for the great Mexican outdoors, Suzanne and photographer Malinowski warmed things up with some indoor shots. Behind a mosquito netting, a reflective Suzanne rumbled up the bed sheets enticingly.





Between commercial photo sessions, Suzanne and Stan would head down the coast from Puerto Vallarta, looking for locations for the nude PLAYBOY layout. At one seaside spot, Suzanne playfully perched on a chair (above), while elsewhere, in a rocky stream that flowed into the ocean, she became increasingly comfortable with the idea of nudity. Stan remembers her as being "as natural as any Playmate I had ever shot."









A cool waterfall just down the coast from Puerto Vallarta was the setting for Suzanne finally to give her all. Wearing nothing but a thin gold chain around her waist, the future TV sex symbol frolicked as if she'd been posing in the buff all her life.



nine years, because, frankly, we forgot they were there. Our memory was refreshed only when Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski mentioned to one of our editors, with astonishing calm, that he'd shot a complete nude Playmate test of the young woman who is now the star of *Three's Company*.

It would not be stretching things to say that a sense of professional pandemonium coursed through the offices of PLAYBOY.

The time was May 1970. Stan Malinowski had a commercial assignment (text concluded on page 201)

Suzanne, here sunning herself, lost touch with us and so never became a Playmate. Seven years later, she would have her own time in the sun as the star of *Three's Company*.





SUZANNE SOMERS

(continued from page 144)

in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, and needed a model. An agency suggested a fresh face from San Francisco. Stan met the model—a striking blonde named Suzanne Somers—liked her and hired her for the job. Aboard the plane to Mexico, they chatted. “I was impressed with her,” Stan recalls. “I thought she was a sharp girl. The way she talked about her career plans, she seemed intelligent and farsighted.” He mentioned to Suzanne that he frequently shot nude pictorials for *PLAYBOY*, and would she be interested? She gave it some thought and said yes.

After a day or two of swimsuit photography in Puerto Vallarta, the photographer and the model departed for more secluded locations—and the swimsuit came off. Stan remembers Suzanne being very much at ease as she posed nude by a waterfall just down the coast.

Stan explained that if she were chosen as a Playmate by the editors, there would undoubtedly be further photo sessions. Suzanne agreed to remain available, filled out the Playmate Data Sheet and signed the photo-release form.

The photographs and the Data Sheet were sent to *PLAYBOY*'s offices in Chicago, where the decision was to be made. Samples of Suzanne's nude shots were circulated to *PLAYBOY*'s senior editors for voting. (The final decision would rest with Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner.)

In February of 1971 (hey, these things take time), we finally contacted Suzanne with the good news: She'd been accepted as a candidate for Playmate of the Month, but we needed some follow-up photographs to complete the pictorial. Would she come down to Los Angeles and have her photos taken at Playboy Studio West? She expressed delight at her selection and we sent her an airline ticket from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

And there the story stopped—at least for the time being. The ticket to Los Angeles was used, but we didn't see Suzanne again. She apparently had left San Francisco with no forwarding address. As the months sped by, we selected other Playmate candidates and filed away Suzanne's photographs. And eventually forgot about them.

However tardy, we're delighted to present Suzanne now, in all her glory. Our offer of a more complete pictorial is still open, but her final selection as Playmate of the Month must, of course, rest with our esteemed Editor-Publisher.

On the other hand, if you'd like to believe we knew all along that Suzanne Somers would someday become a television sex symbol, and that we wisely put away her photographs until they could be more properly appreciated, that's all right with us, too.





*like enticing challenges?
try curling up with one of these
little electronic teasers*

FIRST THERE WAS the vacuum tube, then the transistor, and a few years ago, the microprocessor hit the scene and was installed in everything from calculators to home computers. But because microprocessors occupy so little space and can store and retrieve enormous amounts of information, they were perfect for another type of format: hand-held games. Some of the games shown can be played solo, with you competing against the computer; others pit you against a human opponent—and all are as addictive as a bowl of peanuts. So settle down for a night of fun and games—one in which the time as well as the bleeps will fly.

Above: Our guy's absorbed by Wizard, an electronic challenge that's actually four different games: Hot Corners, Match Me, Music Maker and Break Out, by Waddingtons House of Games, about \$40.

modern living

WINNING HAND GAMES



Touch Me, for one to four players, is actually three slightly different games in which the object is to duplicate a sequence of flashing lights, signals and tones by pressing the corresponding colored buttons; scores are shown at the top of the game, by Atari, about \$30.



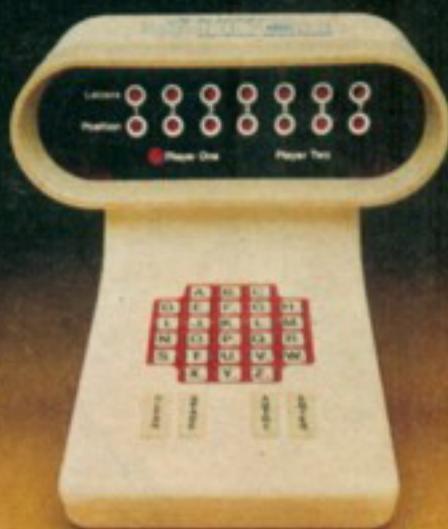
If you think you have fast reflexes, try your hand at ZAPI, a game for two in which an LED missile speeds between two ends of a field and each player must press his ZAP button to send it back toward the opponent's goal before it crosses his own, by Coleco, about \$25.



The Game Machine Jr. is a four-way challenge for one or more that includes Submarine (a search-and-destroy mission), Speedway (a race game), Black Jack (just like they deal in Vegas) and Brain Drain (breaking codes), by Waddingtons House of Games, about \$40.



Amaze-a-tron, an electronic maze game for one or two that tests your concentration and memory, has over 1,000,000 variations as you move pieces around a grid; right moves are rewarded with a musical note, wrong ones with a raspberry sound, by Coleco, about \$35.



Scrabble Sensor, a space-age word game that can be played solo or against an opponent, challenges you to discover a secret word by giving clues as to whether or not a letter is included in it, how many times and in what position, by Selchow & Righter, about \$45.



The kickiest hand-held game we've come across is electronic Soccer, which has all the features of a real playing field, including a goalie who can steal the ball and an offensive man who tries to do the scoring—and you can vary the playing speed, by Mattel, about \$30.

THE YEAR IN SEX

here we go again with a wild, wonderful and irreverent look at the sexual goings on and comings off of the past twelvemonth. If what we've uncovered is a clue to a trend, we may be spending 1980 playing "guess my gender"

WHILE WE MAY NOT quite agree with Studio 54 owner Steve Rubell's pronouncement that disco is passé, it certainly doesn't exert the steamy influence it did last year at this time—despite an occasional flash by the likes of Maggie Trudeau (see page 156). What seems to be replacing discos is something far campier—the confusing world of the transsexual and the transvestite. Female impersonators have been around at least since the days of ancient Greece, when male actors assumed all the roles in theater; these days, though, what with hormones, silicone and surgery, it's getting really hard to tell which sex is which—something that apparently adds to the fun of a visit to the current New York night-life hot spot, the Barnum Room. "LE FREAK, C'EST CHIC," *New York* magazine headlined a piece about the place; Stéfen Verk, writing in the gay-oriented entertainment weekly *Michael's Thing*, described it as "Fellini and Cocteau in a joint vision of Sodom and Gomorrah with an overlay of circus and disco and an underlay of totally casual decadence." Barnum's features the Disco Bats, nearly nude acrobats who wiggle their derrières toward your drink and perform simulated sex in and above a net high over the dance floor; the place is drawing more and more celebrity visitors, among them Julie Christie, Robert Redford, Henry Mancini and novelist Jerzy Kosinski. What else were the Beautiful People doing this past year? Telling all. Never have we seen such a spate of breathless confessions, from the aforementioned Mrs. Trudeau to Britt Ekland, who, while promoting her book, claimed that ex Peter Sellers was miffed because he'd been left out of the autobiography of Sophia Loren, who . . . oh, never mind. It was that kind of year.



One of the most successful foreign-language films ever released in the U. S., 1979's *La Cage aux Folles* stars Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi (above) as, respectively, a drag queen and his lover. At right, Cher is flanked by impersonators of Diana Ross and Bette Midler in her traveling revue at Atlantic City.



Above, porn star Marc Stevens with transsexual wife Jill Monroe at Xenon; couple split, are said to be reconciling. At right, Brandi West shows his/her all.





At left, reveler joins the fun at New York's Barnum Room, where transvestites and transsexuals entertain. The girl at center above is a girl; others are guys from Le Clique at New York's Fun House.



Posters in Syracuse (right) protested antics such as those of Chicago cops in dragnet for hookers' Johns (below).

**Dear John:
Beware
of booby
traps.**



Be selective in Syracuse.



Chicago's top impersonator, Chilli Pepper, struts his stuff at the Baton Lounge (above center); Chilli was the hit of a party following *Hair's* local movie premiere. Above, the veteran Divine surveys the street scene in Manhattan.

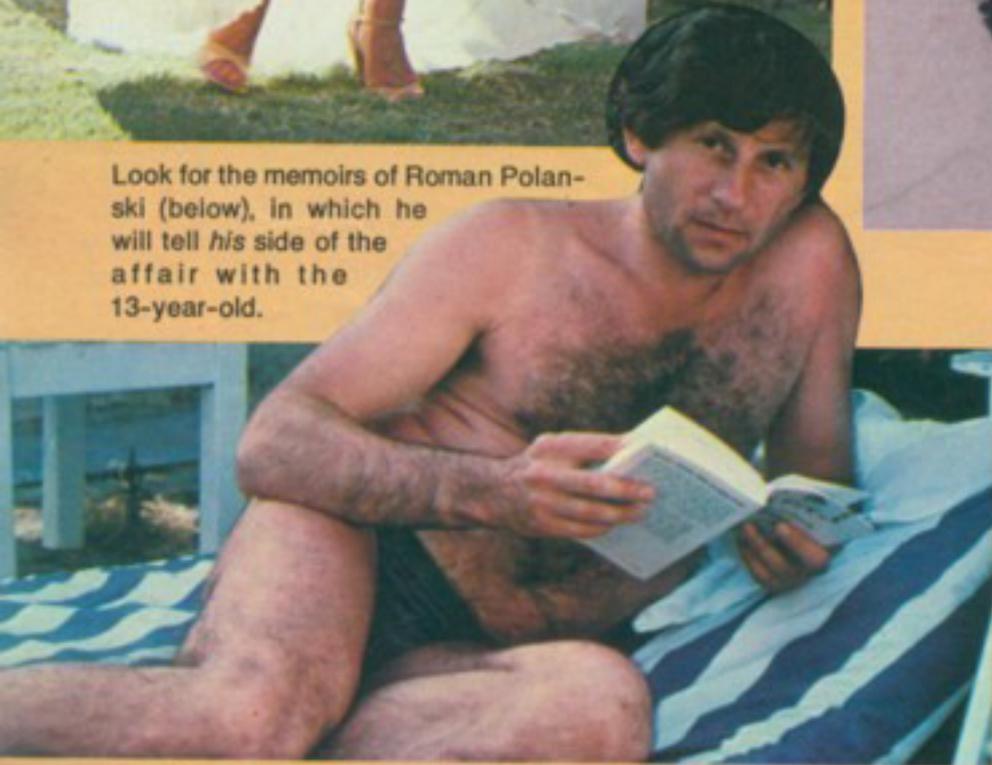
KISS & TELLERS



Everybody's rushing into print to name names; actress Joan Collins (left) limited publication of her *Past Imperfect* to Britain because its revelations (of affairs with, among others, Harry Belafonte and Warren Beatty) were too embarrassing. Less shy of exposure was Canada's former First Lady Margaret Trudeau (below, at Studio 54), who told all in *Beyond Reason*.



Look for the memoirs of Roman Polanski (below), in which he will tell *his* side of the affair with the 13-year-old.



The partly suppressed diaries of dancer Waslaw Nijinsky (above) were sold and may be published. At left, nuptial wishes near Union City, New Jersey.

And Linda Lovelace (below) hops onto the band wagon with *Ordeal*, in which she claims she was forced into *Deep Throat*.

In *True Britt*, actress Britt Ekland (below) mouths off about a collection of celebrities including ex-husband Peter Sellers, ex-lover Rod Stewart—now into paternity (see next page).



FERTILITY GODDESSES

At the festival of *Hone Matsuri* in Komaki, Japan (left and below), phallic symbols figure prominently in 1000-year-old fertility rites designed to ensure a good rice harvest—and the birth of many children.



In *Sophia, Living and Loving: Her Own Story*, Sophia Loren (above) admitted loving Cary Grant before wedding Carlo Ponti.

Bitchiest falling out of the year featured Gore Vidal (left) suing Truman Capote (below) for libel, whereupon Lee Radziwill (below left), erstwhile pal of both, described them to a columnist as "two fags."



They may not have attended the fertility festival, but that didn't stop these ladies from getting themselves in the family way in '79. Above, actress Cybill Shepherd (Mrs. David Ford) greets Queen Elizabeth at the royal premiere of Cybill's flick *The Lady Vanishes*. Below, from left: Actress Meryl Streep with a bellyful of baby she and husband Donald J. Gummer were expecting; newlyweds Rod and Alana Stewart, who waited to tie the knot until she got pregnant (it was a girl); and Gae Exton with lover Christopher (*Superman*) Reeve.



PARTY TIME

At the Palace disco in Paris (below), folly is *de rigueur*, say the place's publicists.



One could say the same thing about Manhattan's most fashionable disco, Xenon (celebrating its first anniversary above right and right).



Plato's Retreat; the live-sex club in New York, is still going strong (that's Leslie Tulips doing her thing there at right); but its L.A. outpost, Plato's Retreat West (below), has undergone harassment by police. Among charges operating pinball machines without a permit.



THE GAY WAY

Whatever happened to the closet? Below, gays attend a summer workshop at the University of Marseilles, France; at right, they march in Chicago's Gay Pride parade, one of several held in the U.S. in June (police estimated 250,000 persons paraded in San Francisco, tens of thousands in New York); below right, cheerleader squad does its stuff at the National Gay Softball World Series III held in Milwaukee.



NOW & THEN



On the darker side, 5000 gays rioted in San Francisco (above) in May, protesting the mild sentence given to the killer of the mayor and a supervisor, a gay-rights leader.

**JACQUELINE BISSET
AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN
HER BEFORE!**

"EXCELLENT MOVIE! NOT ONLY IS LA BISSET RAVISHING IN SECRETS... BUT SHE'S SEXY!" <i>—Rolling Stone</i>	"THE SCREEN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN." <i>—Time</i>	"A SLEEPER... A GEM... BEAUTIFULLY TOLD... THE CAST IS IMPROBABLE." <i>—TV Guide</i>
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Secrets

JACQUELINE BISSET

ROBERT POWELL • SHIRLEY KNIGHT HOPKINS • PER OSCARSSON
—TARJA KINGS — JOHN HANSON — PHILIP SAVILLE
A LONE STAR PICTURES INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
COLOR • CFI

It just wouldn't be *The Year in Sex* without a visit to Elizabeth Ray and Marilyn Chambers, and we won't disappoint you. Liz (below) bombed in her attempt to become a night-club canary; Marilyn followed a fight with Vegas authorities over her one-woman nude show, *The Sex Surrogate*, with a return to porn movies in *Insatiable* (below right), due for February release.



Pasts imperfect haunted Jacqueline Bisset, whose nudie film, *Secrets*, was finally released (left), and Sylvester Stallone, seen in the altogether in *Italian Stallion* (below). Above, TV's Larry (The Last Resort) Breeding as he appeared in his modeling days.

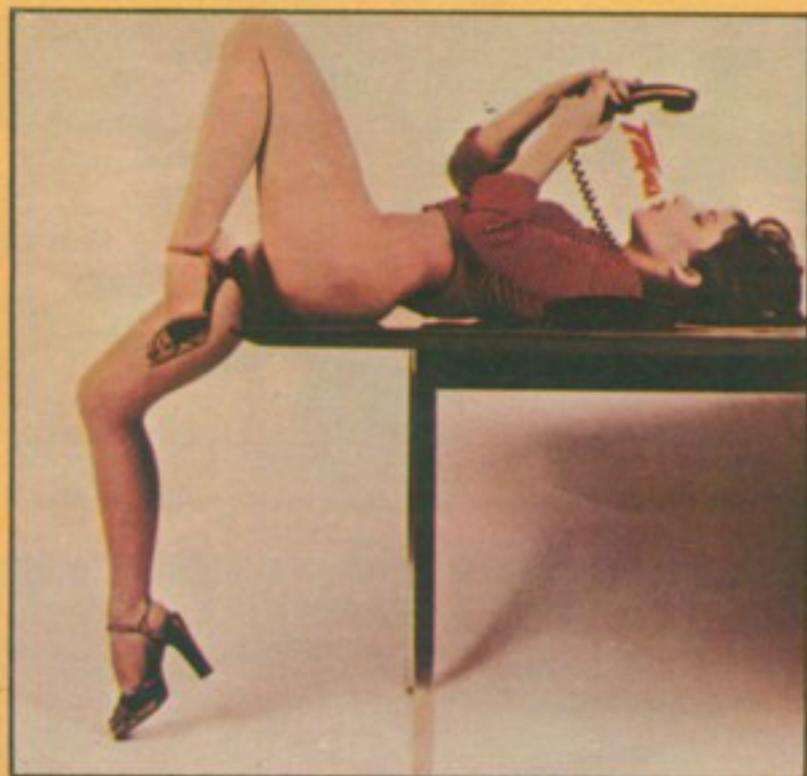


ARTISTS' LICENSE

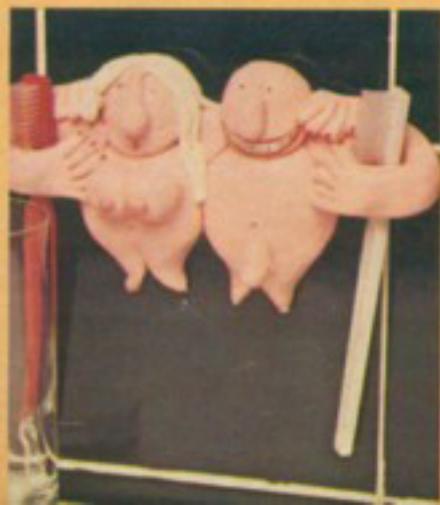
Chicago artist Ellen Sandor created *Fantasies of the Classics II* in neon (right) for restaurateur Nick Nickolas. Ceramist Judith Citrin's plate (below) is on display at In a Plain Brown Wrapper, Chicago erotic-art gallery.



SALES FIGURES



Sexy postcard (above) is among the items on sale at the chic Fiorucci chain of boutiques; others include the three-dimensional *Nude with a Scarf*, from Jedoll Company, Inc. (below left), and ceramic toothbrush holders by Helen Cruise (below right).



Fashion news of 1979: Above, pulse-quickenning sexy lingerie catalog from Janet Reger in London; below left, one of those easily wind-blown slit skirts that brightened boulevards around the world; below right, Denise Crosby (*PLAYBOY*, March 1979) in a Fiorucci creation.



NUDES IN THE NEWS

Back home in Indiana, spectators get an eyeful of Terri Clark at Ponderosa Sun Club's Miss Nude Galaxy contest (below left) and of Vickie London and Jeff Kobilka, runners-up in another nudist contest at Naked City (below right).



We've all heard of skinny-dipping, but probably only in California would we meet up with nude sky divers (below). Fun in the sun, all right, but we hope they never land in cactus.



And then we have the \$1000-prize Nicest Chest in the West contest, held in Las Vegas and won for the second time by the obviously nicely qualified contestant Sue Smith (above).

We thought you'd enjoy this, ah, cheeky picture of British model Gemma, who, we were told by the photographer, stays trim playing squash.



STEAMING SHOWBIZ

We've given up on the whole notion of keeping 'em down on the farm after they've seen what's going on in Paris at the Deux Boules theater (left), in the Latin Quarter, and at Le Milliardaire (below), which is billed as "The Undisputed Naughtiest Night Club in Paris."



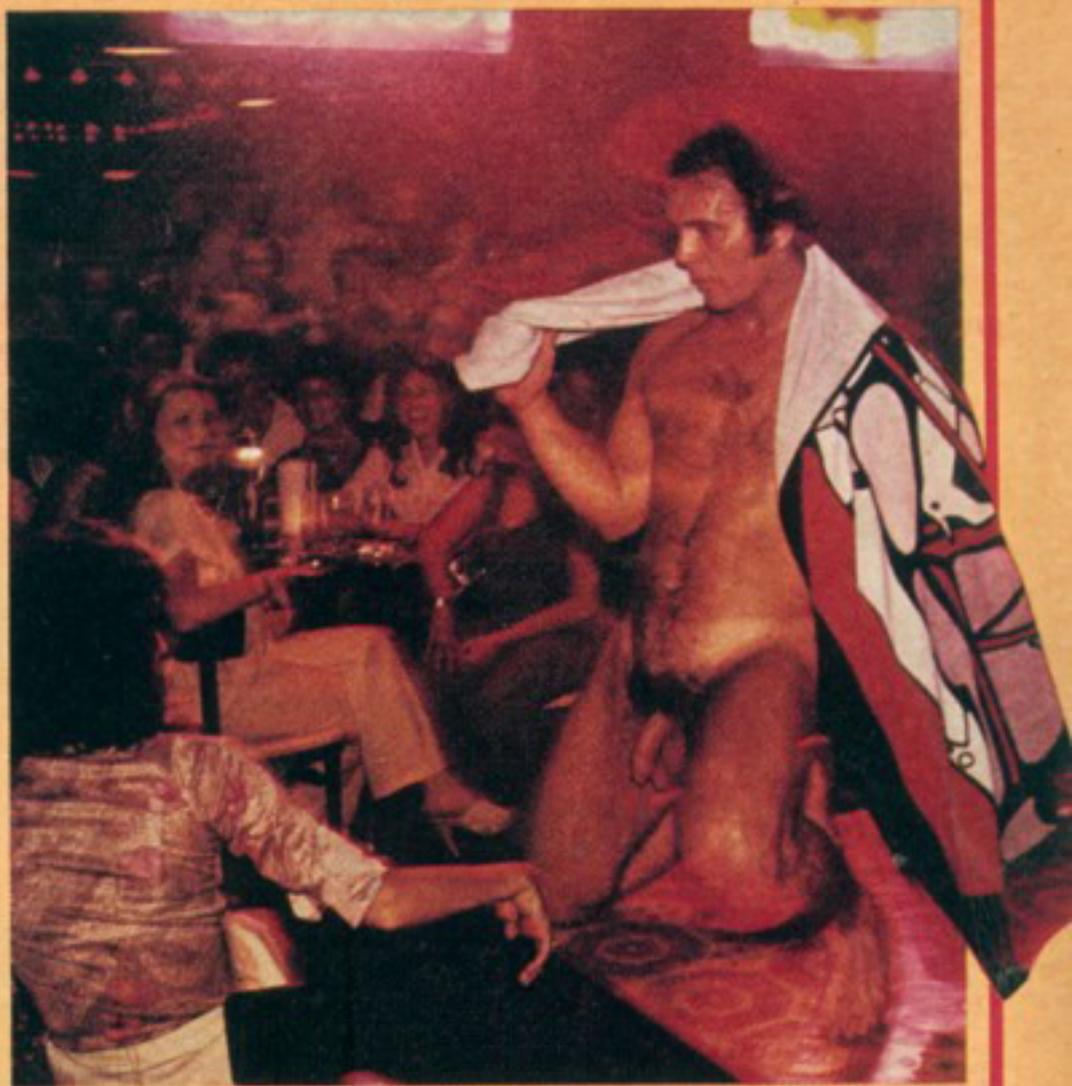
Luckless Susannah Heartfree (Ina Jaffe) is violated at every turn (above, by Bernard Beck as a horny sea captain) in Chicago's Organic Theater presentation of *Jonathan Wild*. Below, clothes-designing sisters Tish and Snookie moonlight with their punk-rock group Sick Fucks at New York's CBGB's.

Is pants-dropping the coming thing? Check Steve Martin's attire at the Grammy Awards TV show (below left) and *Screw* editor/publisher Al Goldstein's at the Adult Film Association's Erotica Awards (below right).



Beauty in motion: Topless swimmers perform in an underwater ballet act at the Reef Lounge in Mission Valley, San Diego (right).





Burlesque is taking on new forms. Porn star Bambi Woods (of *Debbie Does Dallas*, see inset at left) limbers up at New York's Melody Burlesque (above left); exotic dancer Larry Slade (an ex-Liberace bodyguard) heats up all-female audience at the Sugar Shack in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin (above right); and aspiring strippers learn tricks of the trade from m.c. Bob Mitchell during amateur night at the Palomino Club in Vegas (below).



PLAYBOY FUNNIES

Brooks

NEON VINCENT'S MASSAGE PARLOR

WITNESS THE MERCILESS MESSENGER OF MORAL OUTRAGE, VILLAINOUS FLESH MERCHANT!

UH, OH!

STOP OUT SPUTT!

TASTE THE BITTER REWARDS OF YOUR TURBID DEPRAVITY!

WHACK!

WHAT VENAL TOLL IS EXTRACTED BY THIS SULLIED BUSINESS, CHILD?!

WHAT PRICE THIS LEWD CARNALITY?!

OH... ABOUT A GRAND A NIGHT!

STOP OUT SPUTT!

THEREFORE....

I WILL PAY HARD CASH TO CONFRONT MY BETE NOIRE!

ALWAYS HAPPY T' ACCOMMODATE TH' SERVILE TRADE, PAL.

MEET WANDA FINEBART, MISTRESS OF PAIN!

ON YOUR KNEES, YOU FETID WRETCH!

SKIP WILLIWEON

REG'LAR RABBIT

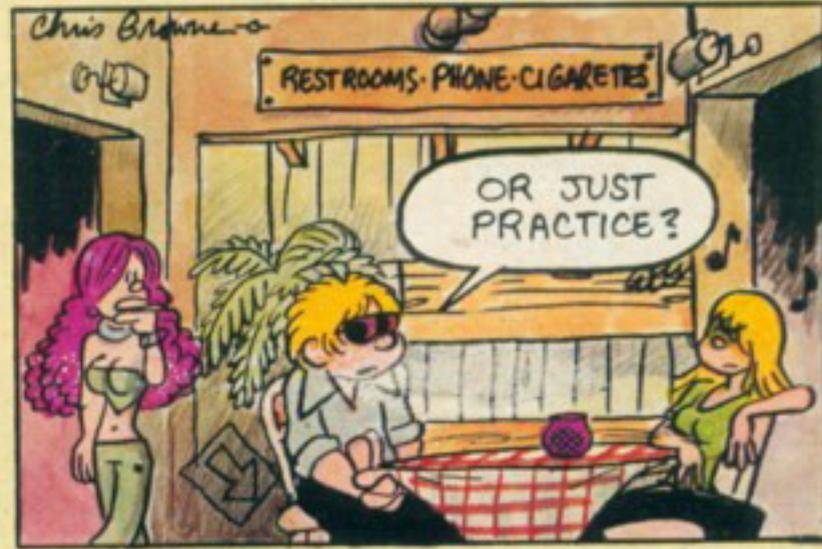
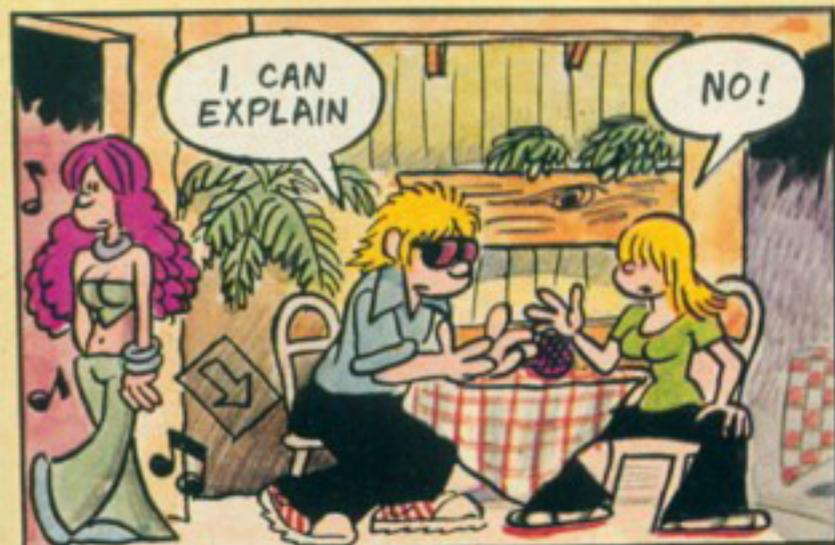
SEE YA LATER FOR OUR BIG SCENE, REG HONEY!

Wow! Y'MEAN YOU GET TO ACT WITH LANA LAPIN WHILE THEY'RE HERE MAKIN' THEIR MOVIE IN BOONDOCK?

YUP!

BUT AH THOUGHT YOU WERE JES' GONNA BE A STUNT MAN FOR RABBIT REDFUD!

AH AM! AH GITS TO DO ALL HIS LOVE SCENES, 'CUZ HE'S GAY!



GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by Jay Lynch

CLARISSA HAS HER BIORHYTHMS CHARTED UP UNTIL 1985!



BUT HER MENSTRUAL CYCLE? WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!



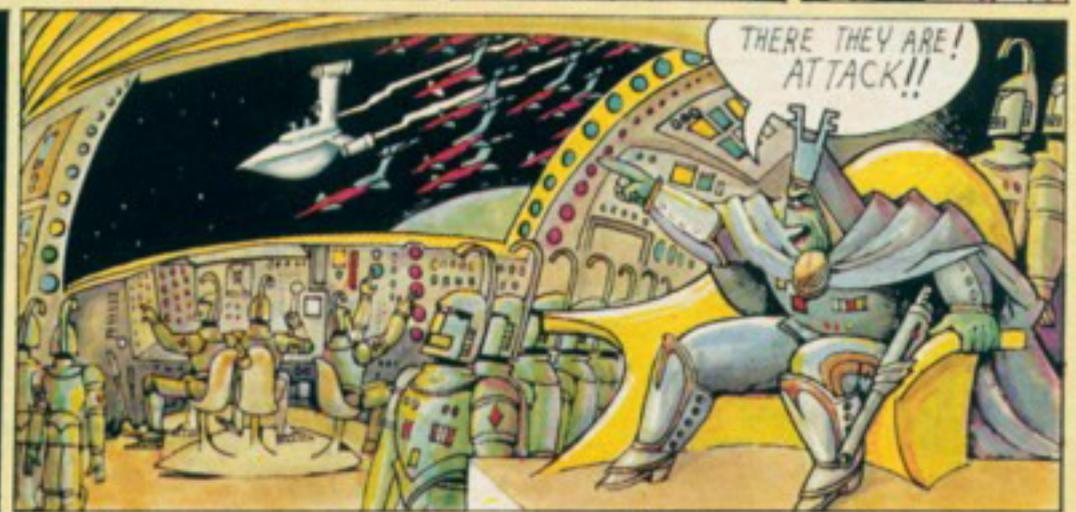
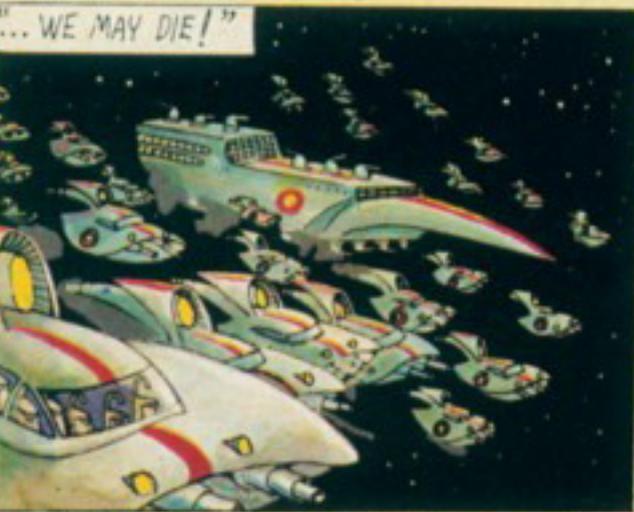
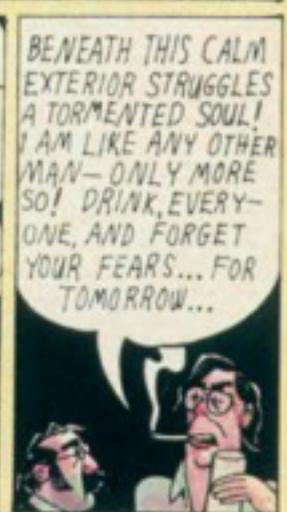
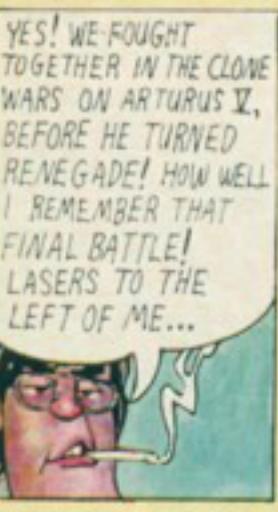
THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES

by Randy Jones
Engene Allan
Schwimmer

THIS MONTH:
"WARRIOR JONES"



SOMEWHERE IN THE GALAXY IS THE PLANET ZEPON, WHERE THE SUBJECTS OF QUEEN LINIA THE GOOD ARE PREPARING TO WAGE WHAT MIGHT BE THEIR LAST BATTLE AGAINST THE APPROACHING HORDES OF MARGAK THE MAGNIFICENT!



FOR SEVEN GORMAGS, THE BATTLE RAGES, AND WHEN IT'S OVER...



...THE ZEAPONIANS ARE VICTORIOUS!



WELL, MARGAK?

YOU HAVE WON, OF COURSE!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER
THAN TO CHALLENGE THE
MIGHT OF RANDY JONES!

THAT EVENING, THERE IS A GREAT CELEBRATION....



WOULDN'T YOU PLEASE
STAY AND RULE THIS WORLD
WITH ME?

I WANT TO,
LINIA...

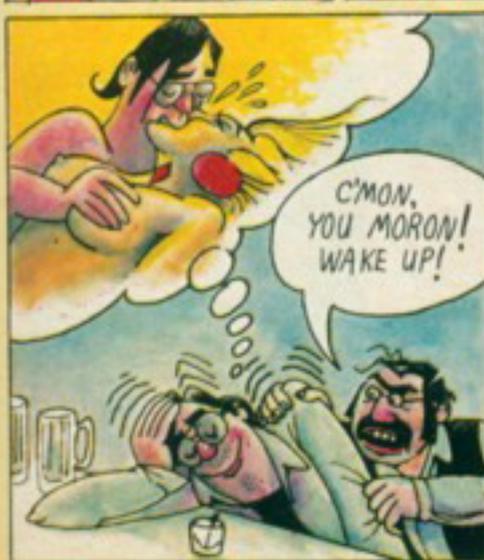
...BUT I CANNOT.
THE GALAXY NEEDS ME!
I WILL, HOWEVER, GIVE
YOU THIS NIGHT!



AND SO, AFTER NIGHT HAS FALLEN...



YES! YES!
OH, GOD,
YES!



C'MON,
YOU MORON!
WAKE UP!



IF YOU DON'T WAKE HIM UP
RIGHT NOW, I'M GONNA CALL
A COP!

I'M TRYING!
I'M TRYING!

WHAT SORT OF WOMAN HATES PLAYBOY?



Last fall, militant feminist **Marcia Womongold** stated her case in a TV interview with talk-show host **Joe Oteri**. The following excerpt proves television hasn't lapsed into *Happy Talk*.

OTERI: Pornography has always been the subject of controversy in our society. Recently, the women's movement has been coming out with some violent protests against the use and abuse of women in pornography. One militant critic is Marcia Womongold, who lives in Boston and believes in guerrilla warfare against pornography. Marcia wrote a book, *Pornography: A License to Kill*.

Marcia, you've been compared by *The New York Times* to Carry Nation. **WOMONGOLD:** Well, I don't think that's really a valid comparison, because I'm not trying to prohibit the use of alcohol. I'm trying to regulate the sale of pornography, and trying to remove it from open sale; for example, on the sidewalk or on low shelves where children can leaf through it.

OTERI: But kids don't get into the kind of bookstores that sell pornography.

WOMONGOLD: It's being sold in every grocery store and every drugstore and even on the sidewalk.

OTERI: Do you think **PLAYBOY** is pornography?

WOMONGOLD: Anything that exploits women and has woman-hating elements I define as pornography. So, yes.

OTERI: You define everything as pornography that doesn't meet your standard. I've never heard that definition of pornography anywhere.

WOMONGOLD: Anything that exploits sex and is woman-hating. In other words, yes, those sexually explicit glossies are pornographic. But not because they show nudity. They're not neutral. They also show a lot of woman-hating mockery of women, calling women terms that are like animals or property of another person.

OTERI: But that's not pornography. I mean, that's offensive to women and I can understand that. But you seem to

be engaging in a misuse of the word. **WOMONGOLD:** What is your definition?

OTERI: Now, the definition that I use is anything that is overly bent toward sexual abuse, excretion and the force of violence, explicit sexual acts for the sake of arousing puerile interests.

WOMONGOLD: So, by your definition, a soft-core magazine like **PLAYBOY** or *Penthouse* is not, but *Hustler* would be.

OTERI: I wouldn't say *Hustler* would be. Quite frankly, I don't believe there's any such thing as pornography. I think that pornography is in the eye of the beholder, and if a person wants to pay ten dollars—

WOMONGOLD: All right. Erotica is one thing. Nudity is one thing. But pornography is making sex seem like cruelty or selfish fun or aggression. Or rape.

OTERI: I don't happen to be into S/M and that kind of stuff, but there are a lot of people who enjoy that and who go into a bookstore and—

WOMONGOLD: They also feel free to act it out on a woman.

OTERI: There's no evidence that what you say is true. But assume that one person in 50,000 acts it out because he reads a book—does that deny the other 49,999 the right to look at it?

WOMONGOLD: The rape rate is on the rise and the rate of woman murder is on the rise.

OTERI: The crime rate is on the rise. The crime rate is up some 65 percent over the last two or three years.

WOMONGOLD: But rape went up almost 20 percent in the last two years, where the rate of other violent crimes went down during the same period.

OTERI: That's not true.

WOMONGOLD: I've got statistics.

OTERI: When you're talking about rape going up, isn't it a fact that one of the reasons is because the women's movement has gotten involved in the rape-counseling services? Years ago, most women didn't report rapes.

WOMONGOLD: OK. I feel that fewer women are reporting them than ever

did before because we know that no one's getting convicted.

OTERI: That's crazy. There are convictions every day.

WOMONGOLD: Out of over 1000 arrests in New York, 18 were convicted.

OTERI: And I'll bet you not more than 25 went to trial. I mean, you're engaging in playing—

WOMONGOLD: It's no use for a woman to take a rapist to trial. I think she should prevent the rape in the first place by being armed and by defending herself. Now, if men are going to go around doing aggressive acts against us, setting us up to be raped with these magazines and with movies like *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, then what do they expect?

OTERI: Well, then, you're a vigilante, basically. You're saying women should carry pistols and if a guy pats them on the fanny in a bar, they shoot him.

WOMONGOLD: If a man pats me on the fanny in a bar, he deserves to be Mace'd or somehow hurt. Why should he have the right to hurt me?

OTERI: He doesn't have the right to hurt you.

WOMONGOLD: Well, I'm hurt if someone assaults me with his hand.

OTERI: If a man touches you—

WOMONGOLD: It's defined as assault and battery.

OTERI: I'm aware of the law. What I'm saying is if I touch you . . . please don't Mace me. If I touch you like that, you have the right to Mace me and hurt me?

WOMONGOLD: OK. Say I'm out on the street. I'm just minding my own business, trying to be a free person. Say a man pulls it out and starts urinating in front of me. That's a very offensive act.

OTERI: Granted.

WOMONGOLD: Every woman I know would probably ignore it—

OTERI: And probably rightly so.

WOMONGOLD: Except me.

OTERI: You'd shoot him.

WOMONGOLD: Rightly so. I would probably do to him what he's trying to do to me. Shock, hurt, whatever.

OTERI: How?

WOMONGOLD: In any way I could.



Duck Brown

*"Umberto, this is your last night in Pisa—
let's make it one to remember."*

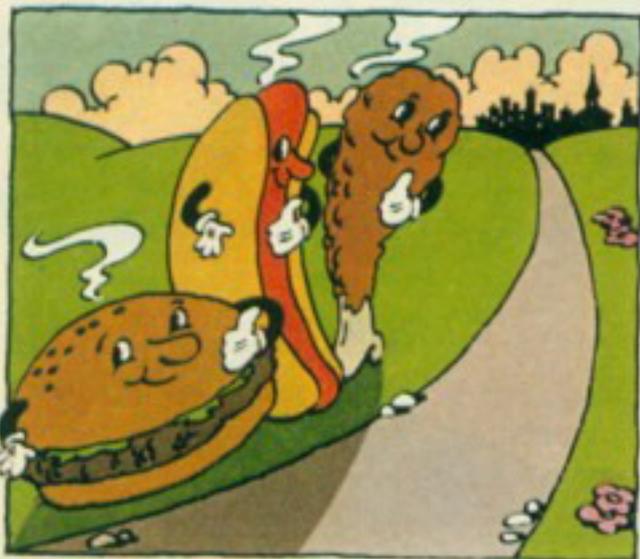
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SEXY PILLOW TALK

Most soft sculptures are roly-poly people or cutesy animals that look great in a store and dumb on your couch. Well, wait until you get a peek at what's beneath the satin sheet of Group Therapy, the kinky customized 18" x 14" pillow that The Grand Gesture, 21793 Ventura Boulevard, Woodland Hills, California 91364, is selling for \$180, postpaid, including your choice of black or white sheet, genders and color of hair. Yes, the little lady is a natural blonde.

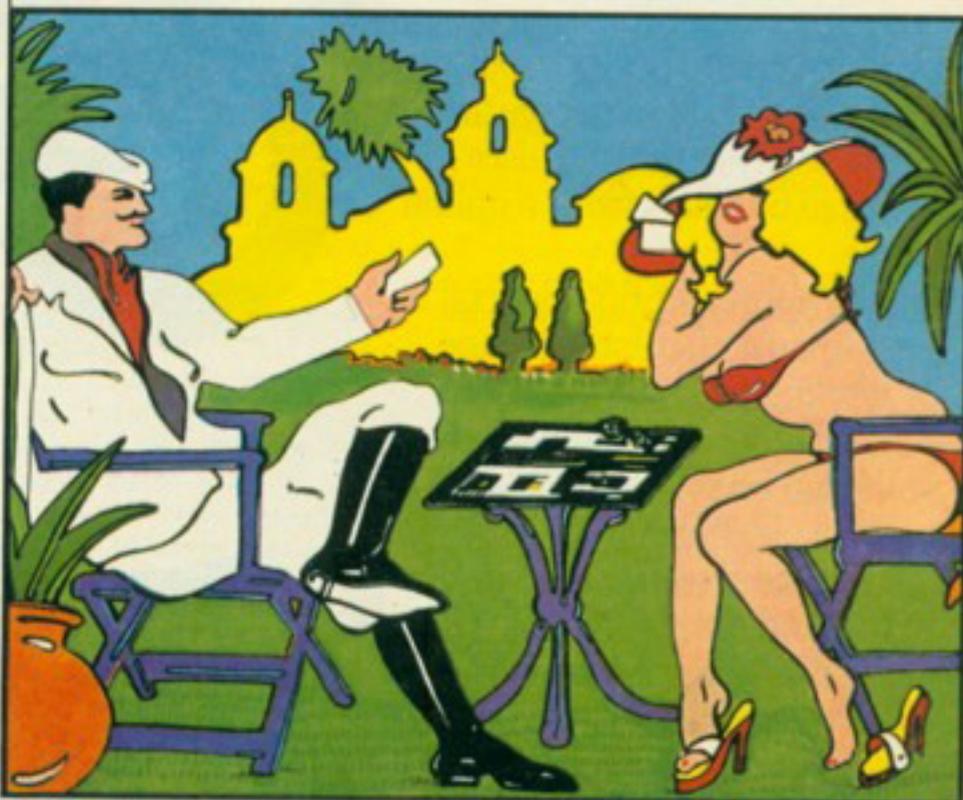


EAT AND RUN

When you're on the road, you don't want to stop for a long, leisurely meal. And if your traveling plans take you out East, we recommend that you spend \$3.50 and order a copy of *The Traveler's Directory of Fast-Food Restaurants—Eastern Edition* from Pilot Books, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10016. In it, you'll find the locations of 3800 places from Maine to Maryland that specialize in cheap eats. Golly, Brattleboro, Vermont, has an H. Johnson's, a McDonald's and an A & W, all on Putney Road!

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD!

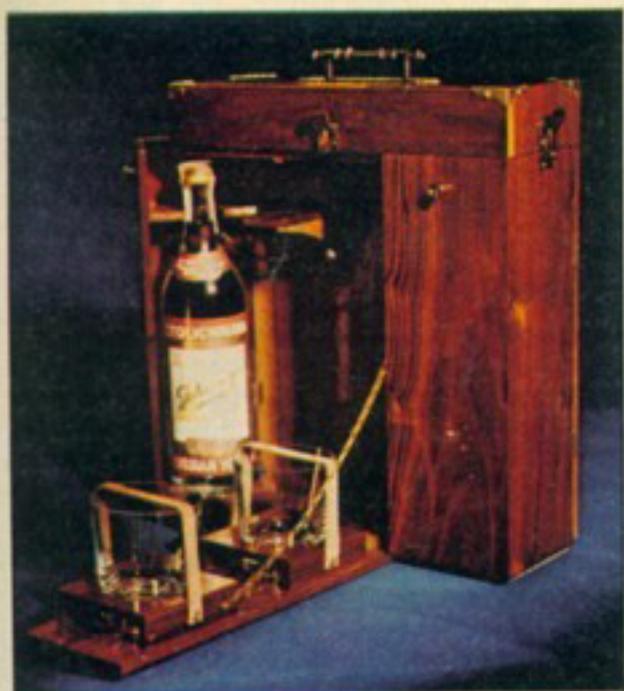
During the Depression, Monopoly was all the rage. Now, during these days of runaway inflation, Beverly Hills, "a game of wealth and status" created by—get this—Tongue 'N Chic Corporation, has caught on, with the winner being the first to accumulate 500 status points while maintaining a \$10,000 minimum credit line. Beverly Hills, which is distributed nationwide, will set you back \$25, and remember, whoever is wearing the most expensive clothes goes first.



HAS GUN, WILL TRAVEL

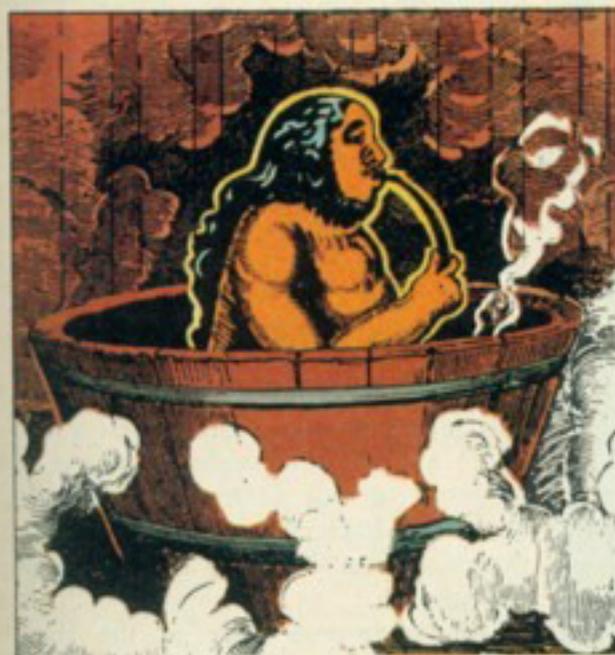
The Milton Bradley Company claims that Big Trak is the "world's first completely programmable electronic toy vehicle"; and after seeing it move forward and backward, turn, pivot and wait in ambush to fire its "laser" cannon around our offices, we're a believer. To operate Big Trak, you just push the CLEAR key and begin electronically charting your course, pushing RIGHT and LEFT keys, the FIRE button and HOLD and REPEAT keys for an area up to 100 feet. The price is about \$40 at stores; the fun is infinite.





AGED IN WOOD

Whatever's your bibbing pleasure, from Scotch to moonshine, is going to taste better when you stash it in a lockable two-bottle black-walnut liquor cabinet equipped with twin hand-blown glasses that's lovingly custom-made at the Brentwood Company, 600 Perth Place, Silver Spring, Maryland 20901, for \$350, postpaid. Up top is a compartment for cigarettes and a bar rag—as if you'd slop booze on this handsome hooch hutch.

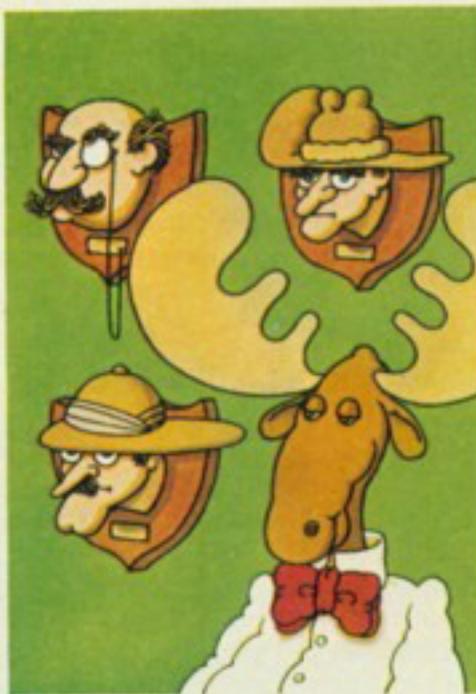


GETTING INTO HOT WATER

If you're in the L.A. area and get the hots for a sybaritic soak, drop by or call Hot Tub Fever, a brand-new environmental health spa at 3131 Olympic Boulevard, Santa Monica, that caters to clean living, not orgies, when you rent one of its private little redwood-paneled rooms for \$7.50 an hour per person. Or go for broke and book the VIP suite, which includes a tub for ten, sauna and other goodies at \$85 for two hours. There's a fireplace, too.

CHICKEN DISCO

Those of you who can step onto a dance floor and hustle like John Travolta can forget about No Fear Disco cassette tapes. Those of you who can't, read on. No Fear Disco is an instructional program consisting of two tapes. The first teaches self-confidence and offers the listener a relaxation exercise that will help in anxiety-provoking situations. The second cassette is a one-hour disco lesson (including a pictorial guide) that teaches some popular basic steps. The whole package costs \$19.95, postpaid, sent to Creative Media Group, 123 Fourth Street, N.W., Charlottesville, Virginia 22901. Dance, you chicken, dance!



PUD OF GOLD

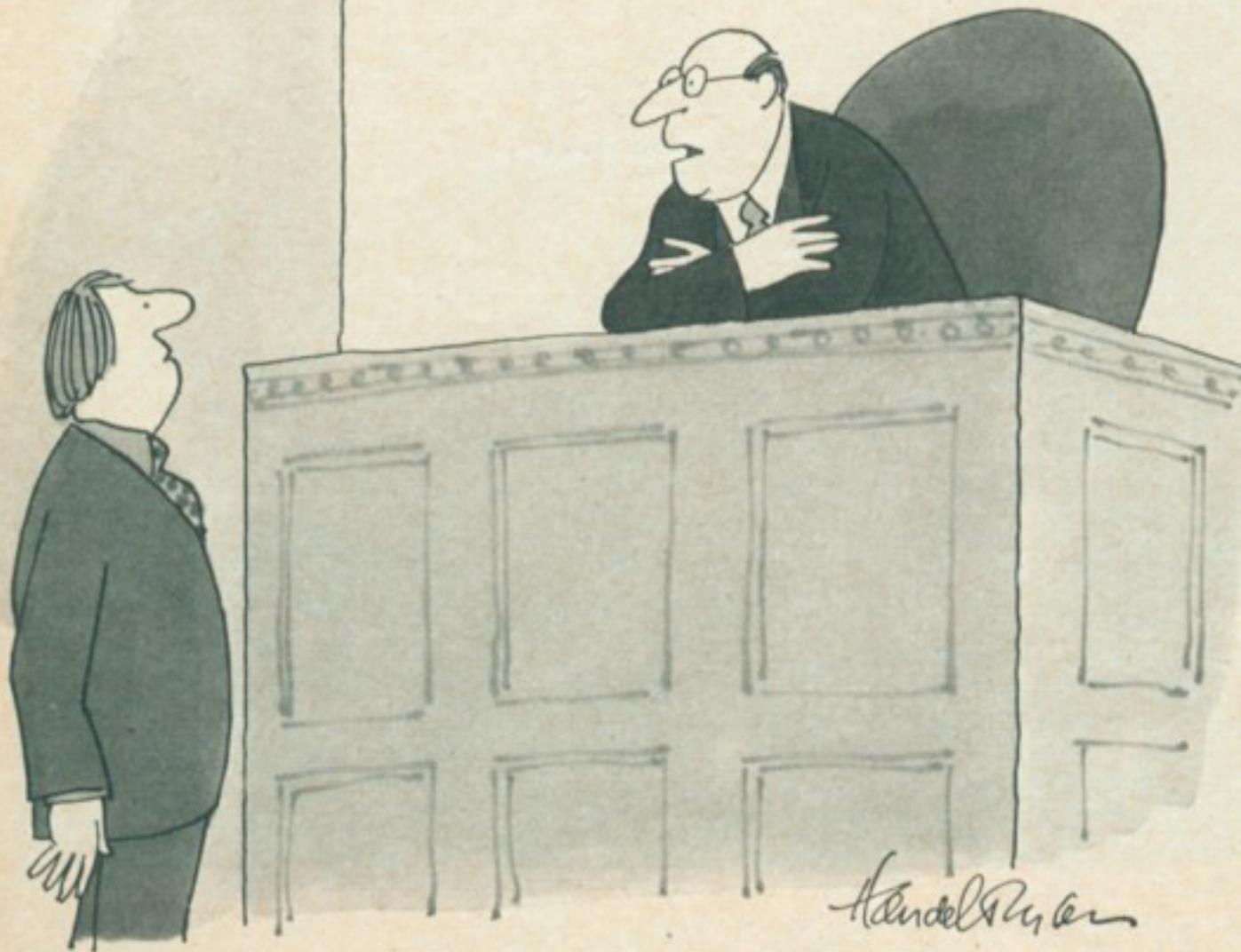
The expression well hung will take on a whole new meaning when you drop by your next party with a Flasher Pendant dangling from around your neck. What's a Flasher Pendant? Why, nothing less than a funny little 14-kt.-gold man in a long coat and hat who looks perfectly harmless. But tug on his toe and—*voilà!*—he displays his ample ruby-tipped endowment while, at the same time, politely doffing his hat. (The twinkle in his eye is a real diamond.) This flashy fellow is available at jewelry stores or from Tempo G, P.O. Box 6257, Los Angeles, California 90055, for \$300, or \$550 with the 14-kt.-gold 20" chain shown. No, we're not pulling your leg.



ANIMAL HOUSE

Should you be in the market for a rental stuffed animal—from a charging polar bear to a huge coiled snake—call the G. Schoepfer rental studio in Manhattan at 212-736-6934 and request an appointment. The studio, which is located at 138 West 31st Street, doesn't encourage casual browsers to drop by and go ape over its more than 1000 stuffed beasts, which rent by the week for anywhere from \$35 for a small bird or animal to \$1000 for an immense male lion. But it will be glad to show you around, provided you seriously want something stuffed. We know quite a few people who would feel right at home.





"It isn't just me. My wife has been following the case and she thinks you're guilty, too."

COOKING WITH A VU

In *Playboy Plans a Duplex Penthouse* (January 1970), we talked about a screen onto which recipes are projected as being a feature you'd find in tomorrow's kitchens. Well, tomorrow is today and we tip our *toque blanche* to the Cuisine Vu, a countertop machine that's capable of displaying any recipe from over 100 cookbooks at the flick of a wrist. The Cuisine Vu,

microfilm cards of nine cookbooks and storage box cost \$325. The cards are indexed; just pull one, move the machine's pointer to a recipe and it's on the screen. Additional book cards cost \$12.50 and up. And Consumer Micrographics, the manufacturer, will even microfilm your own collection of tasty recipes for viewing at a cost of \$30 for about 100 pages. Escoffier would love it.



The name Cuisine Vu really says it: Thousands upon thousands of recipes reduced individually to a size smaller than a fingernail and indexed on Cuisine Cards ready to be displayed on the screen of a machine that's no larger than a portable TV. The \$325 price includes your choice of nine complete cookbooks, from the modern classic *Paul Bocuse's French Cooking* to *The New Dixie Cookbook*, copyrighted in 1889, and a 6" x 8" box to hold them. Consumer Micrographics, the company that's behind Cuisine Vu, will also convert your developed 110-type color film for showing on the screen—just in case you want to entertain guests with last year's vacation pictures while you whip up dinner.

It Only Hurts When He Laughs

Journalist BOB WOODWARD has made a career out of going after the big ones, first Watergate and now the Court in *The Brethren: The Supreme Court Under Chief Justice Warren E. Burger*. It looks to us like a big one finally got him.



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INFO/RICHARD MANNING

The Hilltop Dangler

Former Congressional cupcake LIZ RAY has tried hard to parlay hanky-panky into something more legit. No luck. She's back to her old tricks and is our celebrity breast for this month.

Feets, Do Your Stuff

Actress JILL CLAYBURGH's career is running in the fast lane with two recent films, *Starting Over* and the controversial *Luna*. Sometimes all that glitters turns out to be gold. Clayburgh is 18-kt.



EVA SERENY/STYMA



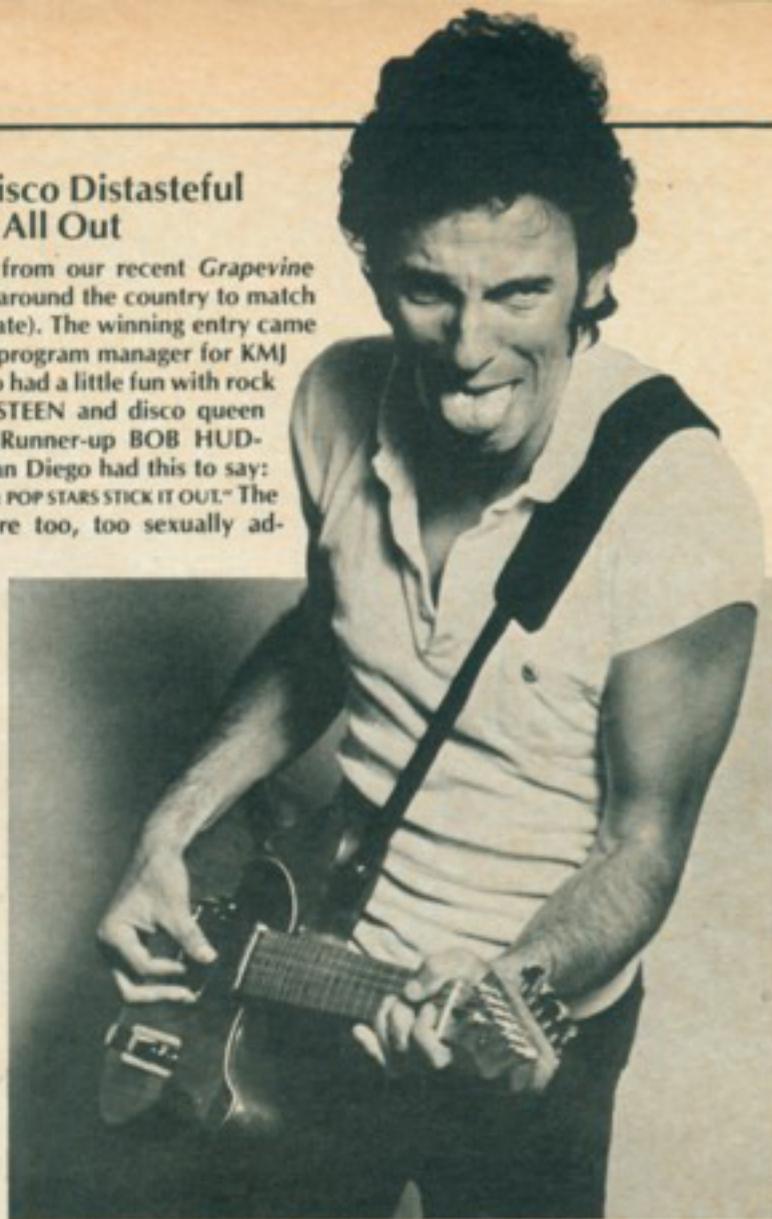
INFO/RICHARD MANNING

Gentlemen Prefer Geraldine

The Miss America Pageant was nearly disrupted last year by this young lady a.k.a. FLIP WILSON. Geraldine brought her own flowers, but the judges' decision was final.

Springsteen Finds Disco Distasteful While Gaynor Goes All Out

That's the winning headline from our recent *Grapevine* contest. We asked radio d.j.s around the country to match wits with us (we were desperate). The winning entry came from ALAN RICHMOND, program manager for KMJ in Fresno, California, who had a little fun with rock heavy BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and disco queen GLORIA GAYNOR. Runner-up BOB HUDSON at KCBQ in San Diego had this to say: "MUSIC BIZ RECESSION: POP STARS STICK IT OUT." The other entries were too, too sexually advanced for us.



Tongue Fu

Sometimes we get on a roll around here—celebrity breasts or guys checking on their privates—this month it seems to be tongues. Look, we just report the news. Here's PETE TOWNSHEND (left) editorializing on New Wave music while JOHNNY CARSON (right) editorializes on Freddie Silverman. We can sure spot a trend, can't we?



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NEXT MONTH:



WARNINGS



CARDINALS



HALLER



DEREK

"CONNALLY A CONSERVATIVE? WHO DOES HE THINK HE'S KIDDING?"—A REVISIONIST VIEW OF THE MAN IN THE TEN-GALLON WHITE HAT—BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

"A CUP OF COFFEE WITH THE CARDINALS"—A POIGNANT TALE ABOUT A MAN, HIS FATHER AND A CHANCE AT MAJOR-LEAGUE BASEBALL FAME—BY **A. W. LANDWEHR**

"THE SEXIEST SWEATHOG"—A TANTALIZING VIEW OF WELCOME BACK, KOTTER'S **MELONIE HALLER**

TERRY BRADSHAW, THE BORN-AGAIN PITTSBURGH STEELERS QUARTERBACK, TALKS ABOUT LOVE, LUST, RELIGION, FOOTBALL AND HIS MARRIAGE TO ICE-SKATING STAR **JOJO STARBUCK** IN A HARD-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"BODACIOUS BO"—IN THE MOVIE "10," SHE RATED 11. JUDGE FOR YOURSELF AS YOU SEE THE LOVING UNCOVERAGE OF **BO DEREK** BY HER DIRECTOR/PHOTOGRAPHER HUSBAND, **JOHN**

"WHO'LL PROFIT FROM LEGAL MARIJUANA?"—POT COULD BE ONE OF THE MOST LUCRATIVE BUSINESSES IN THE COUNTRY, BUT JUST WHERE WILL ALL THAT LUCRE GO? A THOUGHTFUL INVESTIGATIVE REPORT BY **CHRIS BARNETT**

"EARLY WARNINGS"—LAST MAY, DAVID BOOTH HAD A SERIES OF DREAMS IN WHICH HE SAW A BIG AMERICAN AIRLINES PLANE CRASHING. FEW BELIEVED HIM THEN, BUT PRECOGNITION IS NOW BEING TAKEN MORE SERIOUSLY—BY **WALTER L. LOWE**

"THE (SEXUAL) BOOK OF LISTS"—THE AUTHORS OF THOSE BEST-SELLING VOLUMES OF MISCELLANY ARE BACK, AND WE'VE GOT THE HOTTEST PARTS—BY **IRVING WALLACE, DAVID WALLECHINSKY, AMY WALLACE** AND **SYLVIA WALLACE**

"ALL THAT FOSSE"—IN A TOUR DE FORCE NOT SO COINCIDENTALLY ABOUT A DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER/HOOFER, DIRECTOR/CHOREOGRAPHER/HOOFER **BOB FOSSE** MAKES A MILESTONE FILM WITH GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

"UNCLE DON"—WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE COMIC-STRIP HEROES OF YORE, AND TO THE GUYS WHO READ THEIR ADVENTURES OVER THE RADIO? GIVE A LISTEN TO **SHEL SILVERSTEIN**