

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1980 • \$2.50

## AT EASE

PLAYBOY  
SALUTES THE  
WOMEN OF  
THE ARMED  
FORCES

## PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION:

25 YEARS OF  
GATEFOLDS  
COME TO LIFE

## MIND AND BODY:

WHY SOME  
PEOPLE GET  
SICK AND  
OTHERS DON'T



## LINDA RONSTADT:

AN INTERVIEW  
WITH THE  
FIRST LADY  
OF ROCK



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## STEVE MARTIN IN TERRE HAUTE: NO HARD FEELINGS

Steve Martin, in his *Playboy Interview* (January), described Terre Haute, Indiana, as "the most nowhere place in America." Mayor Bill Brighton retorted: "Well, excuuuse me!" and invited the comedian for a mock tour of the town. At left, Martin, with Bunnies Marsha Jones (left) and Grace Mika helping him autograph copies of the issue. Below, Terre Haute radio personalities Mel Browning (left) and Larry Trimmer show their support for the city's "High on Haute" promotional campaign.



## BLACK'S TIE AFFAIR

Chicago's Playboy Mansion was the scene of a party honoring actress Karen Black during the Chicago International Film Festival. At right, she and actor Maximilian Schell chat. Below, film-festival founder and director Michael J. Kutza, Jr., and columnist Irv Kupcinet are seen rubbing elbows. Literally.



## A PRESENT FOR HEF

Hugh M. Hefner's enthusiasm for the razzle-dazzle pop group Manhattan Transfer was responsible for some of its early big bookings—and the Transfer returned the favor with a Christmas-gift live performance at Playboy Mansion West (below). In bottom photo, Hef and Heather Waite clap their thanks.



MONIQUE OPTIQUE

A lot of eyes were glued on Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre in front of her Optyl Corporation poster at the Southeastern Society of Dispensing Opticians Convention in Atlanta. Optyl manufactures Playboy eyewear; it's clear that men would make passes....

PLAYMATE UPDATE



HONK IF YOU LOVE MISS SEPTEMBER

If you're stuck in San Francisco traffic and notice this personalized license plate, relax. Yes, it is our Phi Beta Kappa Playmate, Vicki McCarty (September 1979).

OPTYL CORPORATION



BELABORING THE OBVIOUS

Dr. Hook's single *When You're in Love with a Beautiful Woman* got a boost in the country's record stores with this poster of October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson, who certainly is one.



COVER STORY

Janet Quist has been keeping busy in her home state of Texas. At right, she peers over her sunglasses on the cover of *Texas Monthly*, which asks the question "Wish You Were Here?" Looking at her December 1978 Playmate shot (above), we say, "Yep."



ROLLING INTO THE MOVIES

Playmate Dorothy Stratten (August 1979) is shown at the concession counter during a scene from *Skatetown U.S.A.* Her shtick in the movie is to keep asking for a pizza. Gary Mule Deer, who in this scene plays a guy behind the counter, fondles some tomatoes; we suspect he has other things on his mind, too.









# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION

*what an anniversary!  
25 years of centerfold beauties gather at playboy mansion west  
to celebrate with the man who made it all possible*

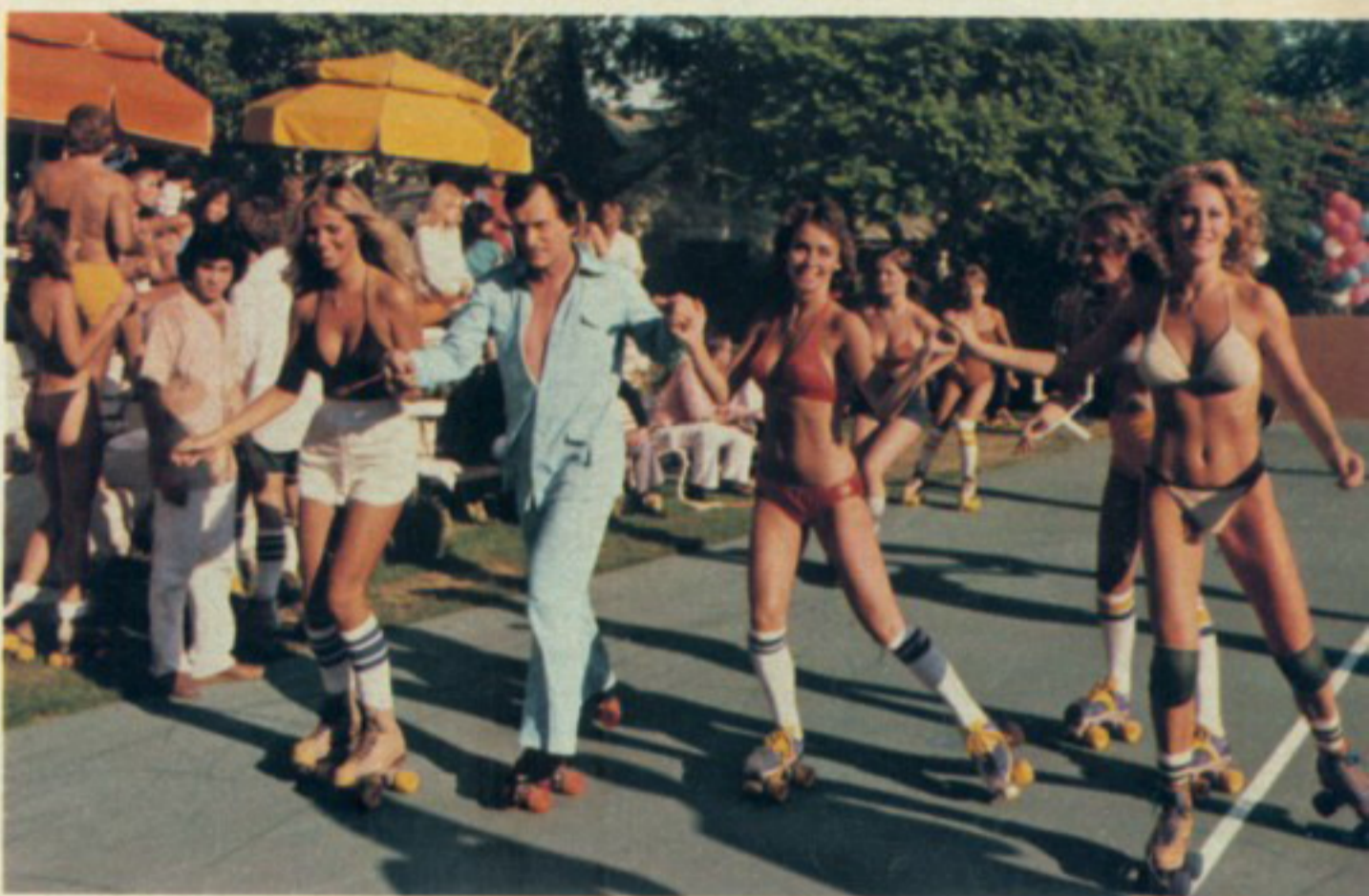


In the beginning was the \$600, the typewriter on the kitchen table and a young man's dream—to publish a magazine that would “respond to the repressive, antisexual, anti-play-and-pleasure aspects of our puritan heritage.” Also, that would allow him to meet a *lot* of beautiful women. Among titans of industry, this is known as a fringe benefit. At the Playmate Reunion, Hef found himself awash in benefits, in the form of 11 Playmates of the Year (above). The ladies are (front row) Cyndi Wood (1974), Monique St. Pierre (1979), Debra Jo Fondren (1978), Liv Lindeland (1972), Linda Gamble (1961); (second row) Connie Kreski (1969), Claudia Jennings (1970), Lillian Müller (1976), Jo Collins (1965), Allison Parks (1966) and Lisa Baker (1967). At left, Hef is double-teamed by the original girl-next-door Playmate, Janet Pilgrim, and Phi Beta Kappa Playmate Vicki McCarty (Miss September 1979).

IT WAS A FANTASY come alive, a daydream you could touch. On one of the hottest days of a Los Angeles September, the most elite sorority in the world gathered at Playboy Mansion West for a first-time-ever meeting. There were women in tank tops, in disco pants, in short-shorts, in slit skirts, in see-through dresses, in tailored suits. Some were self-assured, others nervous. Most were stunning; none was less than attractive. They came in all sizes but only one basic shape, because what all these women had in common was that each had reached a pinnacle of popular culture: Each had been a PLAYBOY Playmate.

The reunion was the idea of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, who invited 25 years of Misses January through December to spend a weekend getting acquainted and reacquainted, all expenses paid. It was a fitting way to sum up PLAYBOY's 25th-anniversary year, he thought, for, as he told the assembled throng, "Without you, I'd have a literary magazine."

Getting in touch with the 307 women who'd been Playmates (text continued on page 234)



More scenes from the reunion at Playboy Mansion West. At top left is Jayne Marie Mansfield, who was featured in a PLAYBOY pictorial in July 1976 and is the daughter of the late famed actress Jayne Mansfield, our February 1955 Playmate. Miss April 1979, Missy Cleveland (top right), chats with longtime PLAYBOY contributors Shel Silverstein and LeRoy Neiman. Above, Hef shows himself to be a good skater in the company of current and potential Playmates Terri Welles, Candy Collins (December 1979) and Victoria Cooke. You may have seen Victoria featured as one of the Playmates of the Eighties in last November's ABC-TV special *The Playboy Roller Disco and Pajama Party*.





Top left: Hef and his secretary Joni Mattis (in background) greet Playmate Eleanor Bradley, whose February 1959 centerfold appears at top right. Joni, herself Miss November 1960, and Eleanor were regulars on *Playboy's Penthouse*, Hef's first syndicated TV show. Above: Hef compliments February 1973 Playmate Cyndi Wood (her gatefold is above left) on her performance in *Apocalypse Now*.



Janet Pilgrim is the only Playmate to have appeared three times in our centerfold: in July 1955, December 1955 (that's the Playmate photo she's posing with above) and October 1956. It's clear that Janet has changed little, but attitudes about nudity have: Her centerfold, thought racy in 1955, recently was televised in prime time on NBC-TV's *Real People*. Twenty years separated the appearances of Marianne Gaba (September 1959 centerfold at far left) and Missy Cleveland (April 1979), but both look great today (near left). Below: Four Playmates model for Hef their new promotional costumes, designed by Walter Holmes (who was responsible for creating the Jet Bunny uniforms for *Playboy's DC-9*).



At near right, Playmate Janice Pennington at the reunion and as she appeared in the magazine (May 1971). Janice has been a regular on the TV game show *The Price Is Right* for the past seven years. Far right: Norwegian Playmate Lillian Müller with her August 1975 centerfold. Lillian's appearance in *PLAYBOY* soon led to a film career and the 1976 Playmate of the Year title.



Above, Playmate Connie Mason gets reacquainted with *PLAYBOY* Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar. Pompeo was responsible for shooting Connie's June 1963 centerfold (above right), and has done 49 others during his 20-year career with the magazine. Connie worked as a Bunny in the Miami and Chicago Playboy Clubs in the early Sixties, was a successful fashion model after that and now has a grown daughter who was also a Bunny, in New York in 1976. Below: Playmate Rosanne Katon (September 1978) with pro-football superstar turned actor Jim Brown. Rosanne is a regular in the TV series *White Shadow*. Playmate Kristine Hanson (September 1974), seen interviewing Hef at the reunion, was the one TV newswoman at the event with an extraspecial insight into what it means to be a Playmate. Her interview was for her own show, *Weeknight*, a magazine-format news-and-feature program on KCRA-TV in Sacramento.





Above: December 1964 Playmate Jo Collins, best known for her widely publicized trip to Vietnam, is seen above right signing her centerfold on a Playmate-covered rec-room wall. Below: Miss December 1963, Donna Michelle, who was 1964 Playmate of the Year, swaps recollections with Hef. Donna switched to the other side of the lens in 1974 to shoot the PLAYBOY feature *Donna Clicks*.



Playmate Julie Woodson used her April 1973 appearance in the magazine (left) to enhance a successful career as an actress and fashion model. At the reunion (below left), she poses again, this time for the pen of artist LeRoy Neiman. Below: Playmate Delilah Henry, who used the professional name Teddi Smith when she appeared in the magazine in July 1960 (bottom), gives Hef a hug.





Above, Playmate Miki Garcia poses with photographer Mario Casilli in front of the blowup of her January 1973 centerfold. Miki is now a Playboy executive, Director of Playmate Promotions, while Mario keeps on shooting—at last count, he had done 53 centerfolds for the magazine. Below: TV-game-show host Richard Dawson, who emceed the reunion program for television, presents Julia Lyndon, Miss August 1977, with the keys to one of two Volvo Bertones awarded in a lottery.

Below, the reunion luncheon gives two of PLAYBOY's most famous contributing artists, Alberto Vargas and LeRoy Neiman, the chance to talk a little shop. Vargas has been portraying feminine beauty for more than 50 years, first for Flo Ziegfeld, then for *Esquire* and, for the past 20 years, for PLAYBOY. Below center: Hef greets May 1966 Playmate Dolly Read and her husband, comedian Dick (Laugh-In) Martin.





Above left: Producer Allan (Grease) Carr, actress Valerie Perrine (who stars in Carr's newest film, *Can't Stop the Music*) and singing great Mel Tormé drop by the reunion to chat with Hef. Above: 25th-anniversary Playmate Candy Loving, whose appearance capped a nationwide hunt, poses with a blowup of her centerfold. Above right: 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre is at the center of the disco action as a friend admires her Rabbit necklace, given to each Playmate at the reunion. Left: October 1965 Playmate Allison Parks shares some of the magic with Hef. Her centerfold (below left) led to her being chosen 1966 Playmate of the Year. Bottom left: Playmate Sondra Theodore was all smiles at the reunion but a trifle more reserved in her July 1977 centerfold (below).





Playmate Carol Vitale (July 1974) is shown putting her vital statistics into motion on the dance floor (left) with ace cameraman Mario Casilli. Talk about fringe benefits: Bet you thought being a **PLAYBOY** photographer was *all* work. Below: Why is this man smiling? In one of the more remarkable moments of a remarkable event, Hef is surrounded by Playmates for a heart-stopping picture. How many girls next door is one man entitled to? Surely, so much beauty in one place violates some zoning ordinance—even in California. For Hef, it was a dream come true. Just think. He could have published *Car and Driver* and ended up with a yard full of Edsels. A mere mortal in this situation would have been speechless. But Hef rose to the occasion, describing the day as "something that will stay with me as long as I live."



THE  
TABLES HAVE  
TURNED!



*oh, the music still goes  
round and round, but there  
have been sensational  
improvements in the machines  
that do the spinning*

Opposite page: You're looking at the shape of things to come: Sony's revolutionary DAD-1X Digital Audio Disc Player that should hit the market in about five years equipped with a helium-neon laser light in lieu of a tonearm and stylus, thus eliminating all surface noises. Projected price for the DAD-1X is not established and owners will have to revamp their record collections, as it plays plastic-coated polished-aluminum discs housing computer-code bits of musical information. Right, top to bottom: Phase Linear's Model 8000 Series II turntable incorporates a linear tracking tonearm that keeps the stylus perfectly tangent to the groove; all controls are on the outside of the dust cover, about \$750. It's shown here equipped with an Ortofon Concorde 20 ultralight cartridge, from Pacific Stereo, Chicago, \$125. The LP-3000U is a quartz-lock, direct-drive turntable with a digital speed indicator; it features a linear tracking tonearm with automatic programming, which allows the owner to choose the tracks on an album he wishes to hear, by Aiwa, \$1200 complete. Yamaha's YP-D71 is a quartz-lock, direct-drive double-servo turntable with tonearm sensors that eliminate end-of-record surface noise, \$330; plus an MC-1X cartridge, also by Yamaha, \$250. Optonica's RP-4705, a fully automatic, direct-drive turntable, features controls outside the dust cover, \$280. Ours is equipped with an Ortofon Concorde 20 ultralight cartridge, from Pacific Stereo, Chicago, \$125. Technics' SL-10, a compact, direct-drive turntable, is little larger than an LP jacket cover; it functions fully automatically and silently when the cover is closed, by Panasonic, about \$600. Last, the Micro Seiki BL-91 is a belt-drive armless turntable with a base of ebony for maximum resistance to vibrations, \$700, plus tonearm mount, \$75, tonearm, \$225, and an ADC Model XLM Mark III Improved cartridge, \$120, the last from Pacific Stereo, Chicago.





*"No—it's a home for a wayward girl."*



# LET THERE BE LIZ

*how many playmates does it take to put an end to those dumb polish jokes? just one*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

When Pope John Paul II made his historic visit to Chicago, he should have felt right at home—you don't have to go to Poland to find beautiful Polish women. Chicago is said to have a Polish population second only to Warsaw's; and Chicago is beautiful, Polish Liz Glazowski's home town. Remember when we scoured the country for our 25th Anniversary Playmate? Liz is one of our bonuses from that venture. "I'm impulsive. I heard about the Great Playmate Hunt, thought I'd make a good Playmate and went to the Mansion for an interview." She came, we saw, we concurred. Liz was an ace secretary before trading in her steno pad for a

*"Sex comes in three varieties: making love with the one you love, pure lust and making babies. I can tell you all about the first two."*






model's portfolio. That's not all she does well: Miss April was a top basketball player at her high school. "I'm athletic; I loved playing basketball—now it's tennis. I want to stay in shape. When there's a 50th Playmate Reunion, you'll still be able to recognize me." We've always believed a girl's genes have something to do with how she'll look in her jeans when the 21st Century gets here, so we checked out Liz's mom. Not to worry: She's tiny and trim. And, by the way, Liz adores her. She surprised us by being very traditional about some things . . . for example, her Catholicism. "I'd never take Communion from a woman. Nuns who want to be priests should leave the Church." What about celibacy? What if priests could marry? "If it's OK with the Pope, it's OK with me. But I've never met a priest I was particularly attracted to." Who is she attracted to? "For some reason, I like Jewish guys." Liz is like that: She says things you just don't expect. But whenever she says something really outrageous, there's an irrepressible laugh sure to follow. Liz is

*"If you think women are jealous of you, they probably will be—you have a certain air about you. I don't have that attitude. I don't think I'm more beautiful than anyone else; I've just tried to bring out my best qualities—everyone has something special."*







*"A lot of people think they know me. Nobody knows me. You can know certain sides of a person, but you can never know someone totally—even someone very close—unless you really work at it. I don't even know myself as well as I'd like to."*



*"I think Catholics are probably more guilt-ridden about sex than other people, but I'm not. I didn't know how I felt for a long time. Being away from home—from my family—gave me the time I needed to think about myself. I was able to resolve the problem and stay a Catholic. I still go to Mass."*





headed for L.A., where she hopes to "get an offer I can't refuse" in films. Who's her choice for leading man? "John Travolta, of course." Before you go, Liz, say something sexy in Polish. "Nothing is sexy in Polish. But *ja kocham ciebie* means I love you." It sounds sexy when you say it, Liz.

*"Sex is healthy. It doesn't have to be with someone I'm madly in love with—what's love, anyway? How do you know if you love somebody? I've thought I've been in love many times, but obviously I haven't met the right person; that doesn't mean I can't enjoy going to bed with someone. People always say men take advantage of women. Women take advantage of men, too."*

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Siz Glazowski  
 BUST: 34 1/2 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33 1/2  
 HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Sagittarius  
 BIRTH DATE: 12-19-57 NATIONALITY: Polish - American  
 AMBITIONS: become a successful model, be a  
Cosmopolitan Cover Girl, eventually get into acting  
 TURN-ONS: the ocean, party people, dancing,  
affectionate men  
 TURN-OFFS: jealous and possessive people, waiting  
 FAVORITE FOODS: pierogi, kielbasa, mushroom soup  
 FAVORITE DRINK: Perrier with a squeeze of lime  
 PEOPLE YOU'D LIKE TO MEET: the Pope, Jackie Onassis,  
John Travolta, Prince Charles  
 PLACES YOU'D LIKE TO SEE: Zakopane, Poland, Paris, New York  
 FANTASIES: making love underneath the moon  
and stare on an incredibly beautiful night  
sailing to the Hawaiian Islands  
 FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Knack, Jamie Sheriff band  
 FAVORITE AUTHORS: Harold Robbins, Ernest Hemingway



8 weeks: My first centerfold!



11 yrs. old: on my more sophisticated days.



17 yrs. old: High school-year of thick eyebrows

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Playing her cards carefully, the scheming new girl in the office finally landed a dinner invitation from the handsome and *macho* sales manager. "Do you have a particular hobby, Brenda?" he asked her in the course of making small talk over liqueurs in the restaurant.

"Yes, I do," Brenda answered brightly. "I grow mushrooms in the basement of the apartment house where I live alone."

"Mushrooms? That's a somewhat strange interest. Why?"

"Well, you see, Don," was the purred response, "I'm fascinated by things that grow in the dark."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Biblical orgy* as sharing the prophets.



It was close to midnight when the telephone rang in the sex-therapy surrogate's apartment. "I'm all wound up and I've just got to see you!" urged the voice of one of her newest patients, who had been making remarkable strides under her tutelage.

"There, there—relax, relax," the woman responded soothingly. "Just take two aspirins now, and then ball me in the morning."

Screamed a muscular housewife named Beth, As she choked her poor husband to death:

*"I've never found lipstick  
Adorning your dipstick,  
But that's sure FDS on your breath!"*

You may possibly have heard about the central European sodomist who liked to backdate Czechs.

When a curvaceous female midshipman officer at the Naval Academy noticed that one of the men she was inspecting during a formation had an erection, she snapped, "And what do you call that trouser bulge, mister?"

The culprit looked her straight in the eye as he replied, "It's a one-gun salute, ma'am."

The Baseball Supplement to our Unabashed Dictionary defines *coitus interruptus* as a braking ball.

Since I sometimes go off prematurely," a masochist carefully explained to the young woman whose services he had encouraged, "please take it easy at first by keeping the foreplay down to some dirty looks and a few scathing remarks."

It says here," commented the tourist consulting her guidebook, "that to assist the scholarly research it conducts on the subject, the Vatican has the world's largest collection of pornographic material."

"And with all that chastity," mumbled her husband, "the Vatican sure needs it."

What would be the chances for advancement, Mr. Klingle?" inquired the foxy job applicant.

"In my company, young lady," responded Klingle jovially, "a girl with your qualities could go up, up, up! Provided, of course," he added, "that she was willing to go down, down, down."

There once was a flasher named Paul Who stationed himself in a mall.

*He unzipped as he bowed  
To the curious crowd,  
Then extended his welcome to all.*

Scientific research has, at long last, produced something to measure the degree of female sexual arousal. It's called *clitmus paper*.

People in your line of work aren't always too smart," grunted the half-crooked businessman on the motel phone to an outcall service, "so be damn sure you get it right: I want an intelligent blonde with big tits and a tight pussy!"

"I'll come myself, sir," responded the girl at the other end of the line.

Before long, there was a knock on the man's door. "Who is it?" he called through the door.

"It's Stephanie," replied a female voice, "and I'm looking for a gentleman named Ross with a big mouth and a little peter."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *ten-inch erection* as double-digit inflation.



I screwed this crazy broad doggy style so much over the weekend," boasted a cocksman, "that when I saw her on the street the next day, she was chasing motorcycles!"

Two quite elderly gentlemen were playing croquet in a park when one of them, whose eyesight was very bad, hit his ball into an adjoining patch of woods. While searching for it, the oldsters happened upon a blasé young couple who were stretched out naked behind a bush. The poor-sighted one would, in fact, have stumbled over the lovers if his friend hadn't grabbed his arm and guided him away. "Walter," exclaimed the guide when they were out of earshot, "did you see what that young woman was doing?"

"Just barely," replied Walter. "And wasn't it an odd sort of mallet she was using?"

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'm glad older women are being praised again—  
I was too young the first time."*

# WOMEN OF THE ARMED FORCES



IS YOUR IDEA of the enlisted woman that of a sort of Florence Nightingale in uniform? We put that myth to rest last November, when Army Specialist Four Colleen Donovan posed for us in not much more than her name, rank and serial number. Believe us, things have changed. Back in World War Two, the reigning pinup was Betty Grable—in the men's barracks, natch. Now you'll find Burt Reynolds and Sly Stallone hanging proudly beside a petite pair of skivvies in almost any women's barracks. That's not all that's changed. After you've seen the pictures on the following pages, you'll agree that these charming representatives of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard make us almost doubt that war is hell.

WHEN  
UNCLE SAM SAID,  
"I WANT YOU,"  
LOOK WHO REPORTED  
FOR DUTY



The Navy's Susan Gage (above left) may not pass full-dress inspection, but she would the physical. The same goes for Navy machinist Lisa Ann Woolf (near right, top), Airman Cindy Lutz (right center) and naval aviation boatswain's mate Rebecca Vissman (right).

Was it Chairman Mao who said that in uniformity there is strength? How can we argue—especially with these uniformed beauties: the Coast Guard's Kim Hempfield (top), Marine sergeant Bambi Lin Finney (center) and Army dental assistant Karen Cary (above)?

**Cindy Lutz** (right and below) specializes in electronic intelligence operations for the Air Force. If that means bugging, you can bug us any time, Cindy. The U.S.A.F. jet below won't be in Cindy's future long—she plans to become an actress/model. She's already made her film debut, in a crowd scene in *The Rose*. Her biggest weakness? Cheesecake, of course.





**Kim Hempfield** (left) wants to be a child-care instructor after her Coast Guard hitch is up, but that's a real gun, not a water pistol, she's practicing with above. In the meantime, as you can see, Kim maintains military decorum: tummy in, chin in, chest out. For you statisticians, Kim weighs 110 pounds and is 5'5" tall. Florida-born Kim likes hanging out at the beach, jogging, sunrises, swimming, backpacking, bicycling. . . . At ease, Seaman Hempfield, at ease.



Obviously, **Karen Cary** (above) is made of sterner stuff than your average dogface soldier. Just look at those biceps! It's clear she's had a lot of experience resisting the enemy's advances. At right, Karen dons her lab technician's smock to work as an Army dental assistant. Is that anything like a drill sergeant? Karen, who plans on a nursing career, tends bar when she's off duty. Her drink? White wine. She expects a man to be considerate, well mannered and tall. Karen herself, you see, is a mere slip of a girl standing 5'9". She spends time with books, too.





Rebecca Vissman (above) hates it when her alarm clock lets her oversleep. That's why she likes Sunday, when she can sleep late and stay in bed to read the funnies—or just lie around contemplating her naval experience as an aviation boatswain's mate. On the job (right), Rebecca signals to and fuels Navy jets. She wants to become a commercial artist in a few years, but meanwhile, Navy blue is her primary color. Right now, Rebecca's enjoying the ocean sunsets at Virginia Beach, Virginia, where she's currently stationed.



Bambi has a breath-taking hobby—sky diving. At right, she prepares for a leap with fellow free-fallers. Below, they're airborne. That's Bambi floating on the far left below.



They're just not making leathernecks like they used to. Take, for instance, **Bambi Lin Finney** (right). No skinhead haircut, no jutting lower jaw, no five-o'clock shadow. It's enough to make a lifer out of you. Bambi's been in the Corps four years already. Well, what do you expect of a gal who was born at Camp Pendleton, largest Marine base in the U. S. While she's on duty, Bambi's a teletype technician; at left, she's on maneuvers, doubtless humming a few bars of *Tanks for the Memories*. (No pictorial about the Armed Forces would be complete without a bit of a tribute to Bob Hope, would it?)



The Navy's **Lisa Ann Woolf** (above) has very clean hands for a machinist. Is that a U. S. Navy Regulation garter belt? Lisa hails from Fargo, North Dakota, and likes to ski on either snow or water. She doesn't mind roller skating or driving sports cars, either. Presently, she's serving in the Pacific fleet aboard the U.S.S. Samuel Gompers—where there's not much space for such activities. Below, Lisa improvises in a confined space. Request permission to come aboard!





That isn't the way the Navy usually enters a port (left), but Susan Gage, left, and Lisa Ann Woolf, right, can occupy our pulpit any day, in or out of uniform. Notice how the rest of the fleet pales behind them. Susan (below) is a Navy electrician who obviously has no trouble making a connection (above); she wants eventually to be an electrical engineer. Meanwhile, though, it's man—er, woman—the hatches, ship ahoy, damn the torpedoes and full speed ahead, mates.



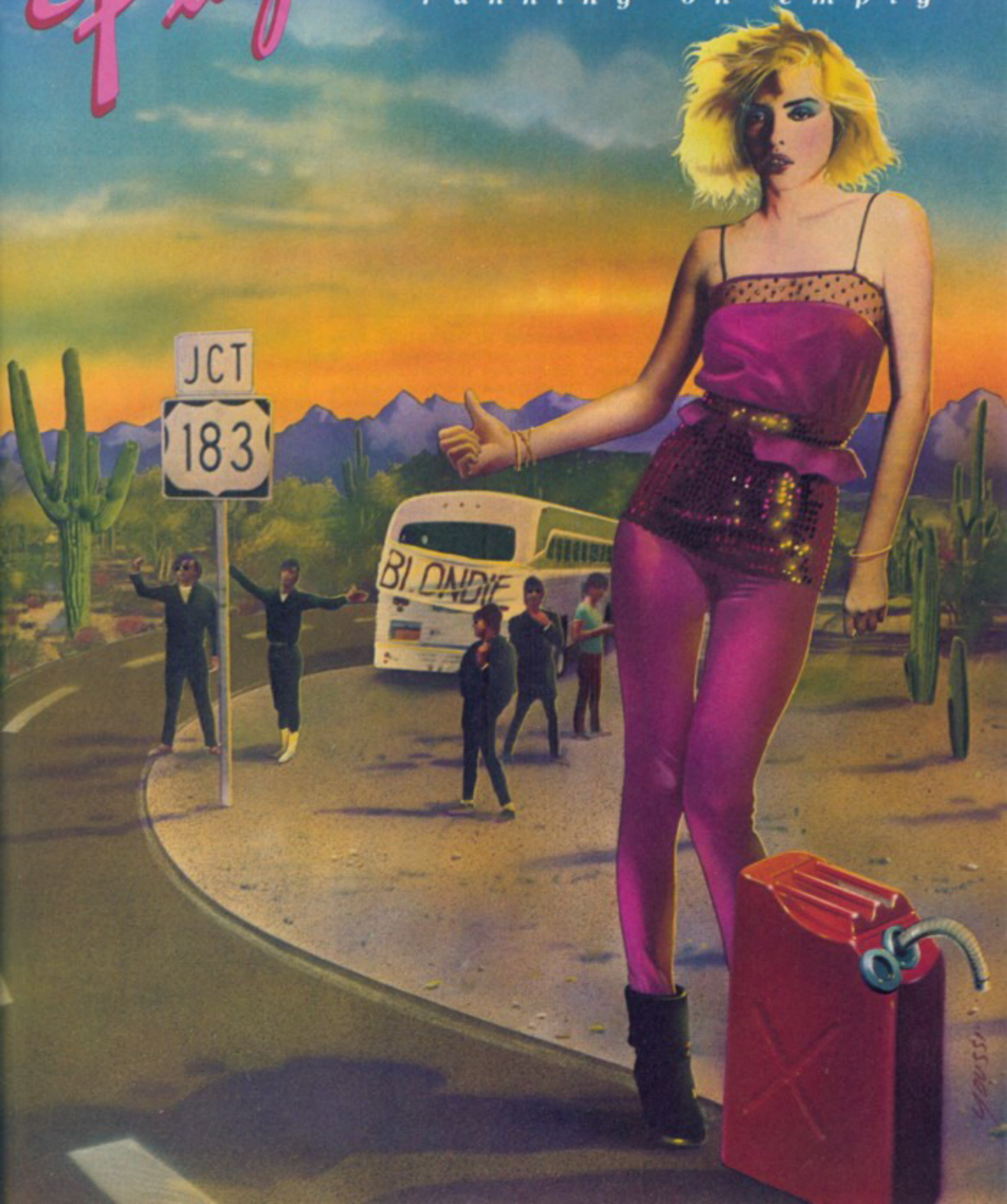


*"Look, we share the rent, food, entertainment and household expenses, right? We take turns with the shopping, cooking and cleaning chores, right? So how about doing your part in moving your ass?"*

Playboy

MUSIC '80

running on empty



assanah

# HITS, HYPES & HEAVIES



**B\*\*TLEMANIA:** The B\*\*tles are winners in several categories this time around: for breaking their previous record of eight years by *not* getting together again for the ninth year in a row—thereby remaining in contention for the elusive decade mark. They take our Lawsuit of the Year Award for their \$60,000,000 slap at the producers of *B\*\*tlemania* for improper use of the B\*\*tles name (we're not taking any chances ourself). And there are separate awards in the increasingly competitive Mogul Division: to ex-B\*\*tle John Lennon for financially homesteading his way through New York's exclusive Dakota; and to ex-B\*\*tle Paul McCartney for his efforts to corner the publishing rights to just about every song you've ever heard, including *Stormy Weather* and that anthem of Saturday-afternoon fever, *On Wisconsin*.



**WELCOME TO THE FUTURE:** In the Sixties, we had The Supremes, The Four Tops, Cream, Ultimate Spinach—names that said even the sky wasn't the limit. But there's definitely a different cast to the names these days. Helping us celebrate our entrance into the Eighties, Land of Diminished Expectations, are the following new groups: The Plasmatics, The Ants, Laughing Dogs, Cheetah Chrome and the Casualties, Dead Boys, Cheap Perfume, Pink Section, The Cramps, Terrorists, Murder the Disturbed, The Police, Dead Kennedys, Single Bullet Theory and Model Citizens.



**GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK:  
THE HISTORY OF ELTON JOHN'S HAIR**



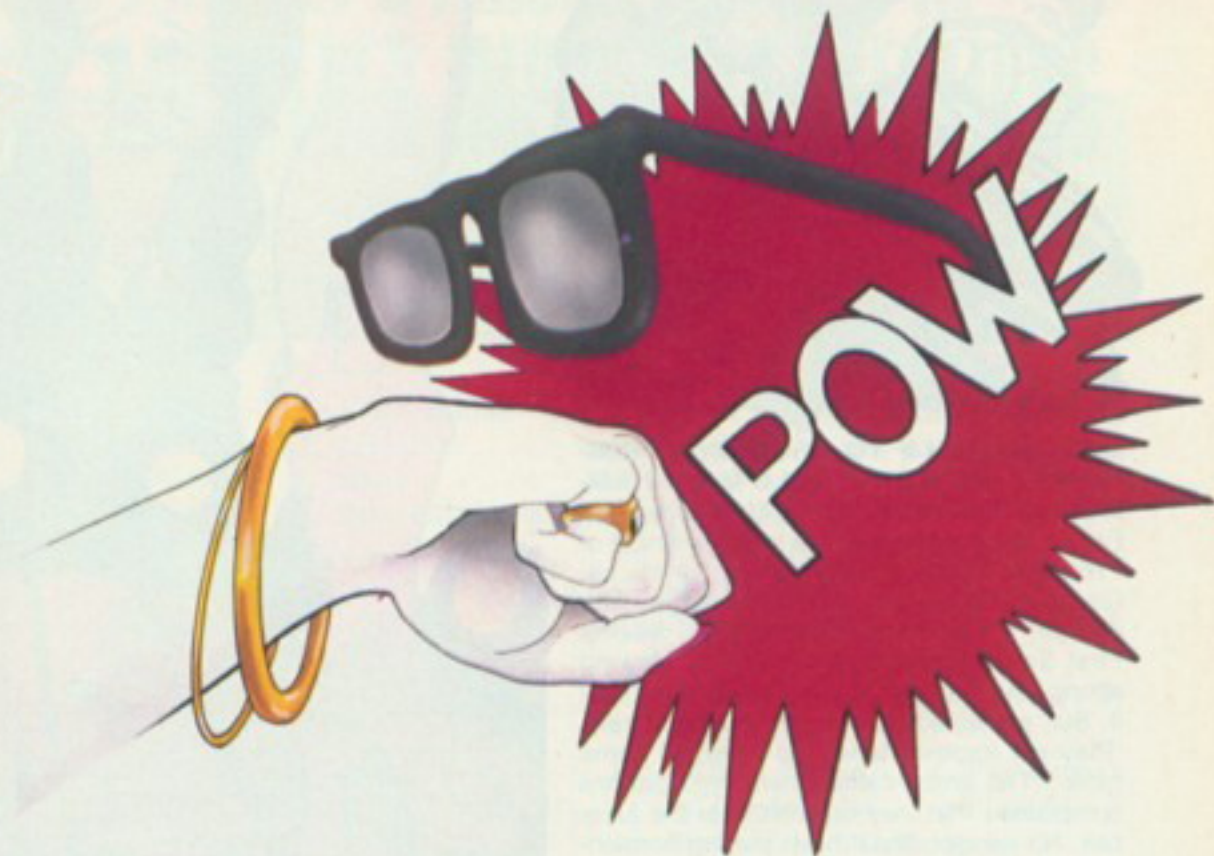
**OUR BOBBY, WHICH ART IN MALIBU:** Maybe it ain't *Freewheelin'* or *Highway 61*, but it's survival. Dylan surprised all of us first by going electric, then by going country, and now by going God. His *Slow Train Coming* entered *Billboard's* pop charts reasonably heavenward, then sank quickly into the infernal abyss and switched over to the Gospel charts. Sneaky old Bob. Who would have thought he'd carve a new audience from the ranks of Debbie Boone, Donnie and Marie and *The 700 Club*? And are those rumors true that he'll soon team up with that other gold-record performer at the top of the God charts, Pope John Paul II? Will the album be called *Vatican Skyline*? Will Andrew Loog Gabriel produce? Stay tuned.



**UH, MOM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY DATE:** It's a true Dale Carnegie success story. Once upon a time, *she* was just a lowly street kid in L.A. and *he* a mere earthling elementary school teacher in New York City. But now, through the miracles of a free country, hype and costume design, they have not only become superstars, they've been named the Hits, Hypes & Heavies Fun Couple of 1979. It could happen to you!



**HOT WAX:** Definitely not bubble gum, their music is about as inviting as their name. But the Scorpions' *Lovedrive* cover art cops this year's Hot Wax Award, I'm St-Stuck on You Division.



**HER AIM WAS TRUE:** The winner by acclaim of our annual Golden Fist Award is Bonnie Bramlett, for knocking off Elvis Costello's glasses at a Holiday Inn bar in Columbus, Ohio, last May during a late-night discussion turned brawl. The subject was America and music—with Costello reportedly calling the U.S. "a fucked country" and offering the opinion that Ray Charles was "nothing but an ignorant, blind nigger." As *Rolling Stone* reported: "That's when I slapped him," Bramlett said. "I told him that anybody that mean and hateful had to have a little bitty dick..." "This had to happen right when I was trying to be a lady," lamented Bonnie. "Back when I was drinking, I woulda kicked his ass." And to Costello, we award his choice of penis enlargers and 15 free lessons at the Thumper School of Charm (Our Motto: "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all!").

**Playboy's BELIEVE IT OR LEAVE IT!**



DURING A 1966 TOUR, **KEITH MOON** FOUND HIMSELF TRAPPED IN HIS ROOM AT THE SUNSET HYATT-- WITHOUT A DRINK! BUT, USING ONLY HIS TEETH, IN LESS THAN 15 MINUTES HE HAD COMPLETELY EATEN THROUGH A WALL AND WAS HAVING A BEER WITH HIS MATES.



**LYLE JOHNSTON** OF NO CORNERS, IDAHO, FOUND A POTATO SHAPED LIKE THE VILLAGE PEOPLE.



AT THE WOODSTOCK FESTIVAL IN 1969, **MICHELLE PHILLIPS** OF THE MAMAS & PAPAS GAVE BIRTH TO ELVIS COSTELLO.



THAT SAME YEAR AT ALTAMONT, **PATRICK O'ROURKE** LOST SOMETHING PRECIOUS TO HIM-- HIS GIRLFRIEND **MARGARET**. EXACTLY 10 YEARS LATER AND 3000 MILES AWAY, SHE TURNED UP AT STUDIO 54 AS THE EX-WIFE OF A CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER.



**KEITH RICHARD** HAS NEVER TAKEN AN ILLEGAL DRUG!



**DON'T MATTUH IF YO' BROTHUH IS PRESIDENT—WE DON'T ALLOW NO HARMONICA PLAYIN' ROUN' HEAH!** The big First Family Musical News of '79 was the arrest of President Carter's sister at an Americus, Georgia, restaurant called Mcwaffle. The charge: illegal harmonica playing. Seems First Sister Gloria Spann came in blowing strong and was asked by a waitress to cool it. But, explained Spann, "My husband said, 'Play me another tune,' so I played some more." The arrest came when other patrons complained that they couldn't hear the jukebox. No wonder. She'd been playing harmonica barely a month—we bet that even *You Decorated My Life* sounded good by comparison.



**OOPS:** June Carter Cash and hubby Johnny Cash caught June's daughter Carlene Carter in a high-voltage performance at the Bottom Line in New York. But Carlene gave them a jolt when she announced a playful little ditty called *Swap-Meat Rag*. "If this doesn't put the cunt back in country, I don't know what will," quipped Carlene, uninformed that her parents were there. Mom wilted when the man in black turned white as a sheet. What's gotten into that girl? Must be in her genes—June's first husband (and Carlene's daddy) is Carl Smith, whose big hit in the Fifties was *Loose Talk*. As for Cash, he's since brought out an inspired-sounding Gospel album, *A Believer Sings the Truth*. Johnny, just be glad she's not your daughter—she might have called her song *Cashbox*.



**BEETHOVEN WITH A BULLET:**

According to a KFAC-FM listeners' poll in Los Angeles, last year's top Pick to Click, the hottest Wax to Watch, a solid 95 with great lyrics—was Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. Rounding out the fave-rave top ten were Beethoven's *Sixth Symphony*, Saint-Saëns' *Symphony Number Three* (the organ symphony), Mozart's *40th Symphony*, Rachmaninoff's *Second Piano Concerto*, Beethoven's *Third Symphony*, Ravel's *Bolero*, Pachelbel's *Canon in D*, Rossini's *William Tell Overture* and Rachmaninoff's *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini*.



**TUSK, TUSK!** They spent nearly a year in the studio and so much \$\$\$\$ nobody's admitting exactly how much—probably \$1,000,000-plus. So what if *Get the Knack* cost only \$18,000 total? Too bad that after all this... this care... deejays began playing it early and it had to be rush-released, so as not to lose precious profits. Except the entire first pressing of the single was defective and had to be recalled. And the music on *Tusk* proved to be much ado about little. To Fleetwood Mac, for self-indulgence beyond the call of duty, our special Platinum Mastodon Award.



**LOWELL GEORGE**

He was eclectic, blessed with a cartoon consciousness, an eye for the elegant. He had "two degrees in bebop / a Ph.D. in swing / He was a master of rhythm / He was a rock-'n'-roll king." When Lowell George died on June 29, 1979, we lost one of the good ones. George was a musician, a pioneer of the slide guitar, the founder of Little Feat, the band with the herky-jerky trampoline shuffle. He was a catalyst, producing albums for the Little Feat, Bonnie Raitt, The Grateful Dead, Valerie Carter. Some critics felt he was the best white blues singer in the world period. He was perhaps best known as an eccentric songwriter. *Willin'*, *Dixie Chicken*, *Roll Um Easy*, *Spanish Moon* and *Long Distance Love* were outside classics. The catalog may become as important to this decade as the songs of Buddy Holly were to an earlier generation. George was a class act. He will be missed.

# HALL OF FAME

DAVE BRUBECK

FRANK SINATRA

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

RAY CHARLES

JOHN COLTRANE

BENNY GOODMAN

DUKE ELLINGTON



ELLA FITZGERALD

COUNT BASIE

HERB ALPERT

WES MONTGOMERY

MILES DAVIS

BOB DYLAN

JOHN LENNON



PAUL MCCARTNEY

MICK JAGGER

JIM MORRISON

JIMI HENDRIX

JANIS JOPLIN

ELVIS PRESLEY

GEORGE HARRISON



ERIC CLAPTON

DUANE ALLMAN

ELTON JOHN

STEVIE WONDER

RINGO STARR

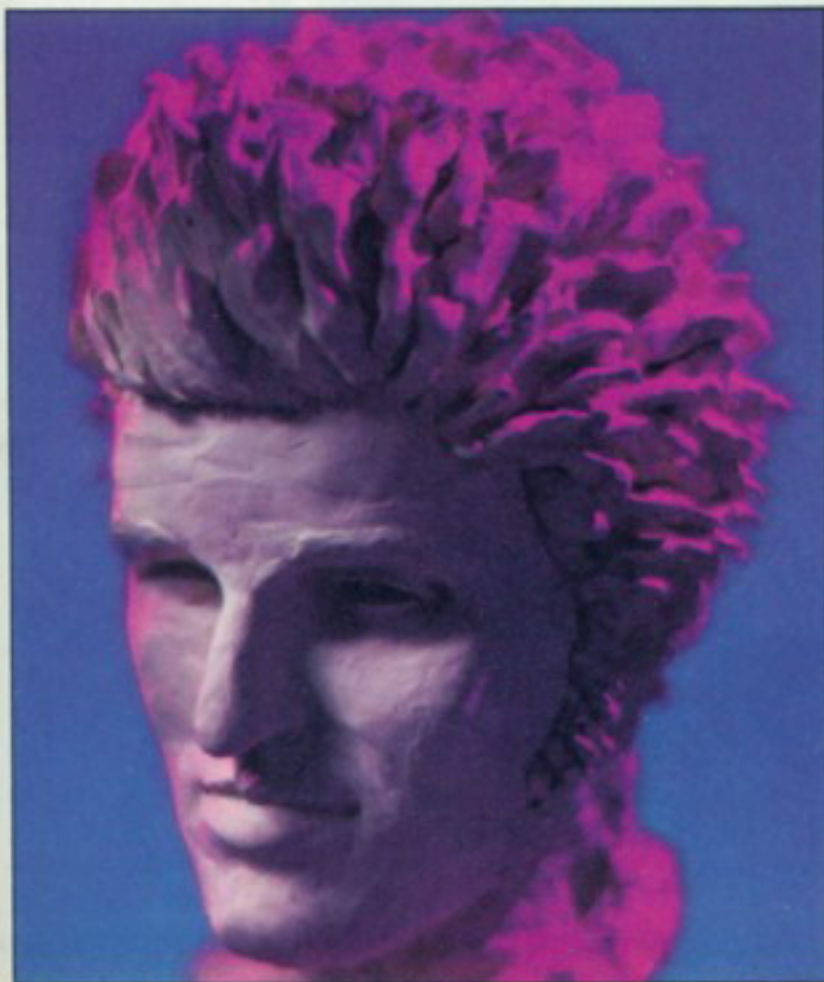
LINDA RONSTADT

KEITH MOON



## BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Bruce Springsteen is arguably the greatest rock-'n'-roll performer of his time. Live, in a club or small concert hall, he and the E-Street Band take possession of the stage as though it were their home turf and enlist the audience as celebrants of the true joys of rock 'n' roll. The mixture of his passionate adolescent epics with deeply felt versions of rock-'n'-roll classics has made Springsteen's marathon two-hour performances legendary since the mid-Seventies. Curiously, that early popularity almost proved to be his undoing. The recorded versions of such high-spirited rockers as "Blinded by the Light," "Spirit in the Night," "Rosalita," "The E Street Shuffle" and "Kitty's Back" couldn't begin to capture the exuberance and total involvement Springsteen puts into the tunes in his live show. Add to that the great hype of 1975, an almost terminal misunderstanding that sharply divided the rock world into Those Who Had Seen Him and Those Who Hadn't, and you've got some seriously muddied waters. Calling Springsteen a creation of CBS and media publicity made as much sense as the world accusing the National Weather Service of hyping a tropical storm into Hurricane David. Springsteen is the poet of the small-town escape, a romantic street rocker possessed by rock 'n' roll—all of it—which is why he can follow "Thunder Road," say, with a monolog about hassling with his dad that becomes a five-minute intro to The Animals' "It's My Life," and pull it off. He's the Boss.



SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY / PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

# Roll WINNERS

## COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

KENNY ROGERS male vocalist, composer

ROY CLARK picker



## POP/ROCK

PAUL McCARTNEY bass, composer

MICK FLEETWOOD drums

LED ZEPPELIN group

BILLY JOEL male vocalist, keyboard

ERIC CLAPTON guitar

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist



**RHYTHM-AND-BLUES**



EARTH, WIND & FIRE group

STEVIE WONDER composer

GEORGE BENSON male vocalist  
DONNA SUMMER female vocalist

**JAZZ**



CHUCK MANGIONE brass, composer, group

BENNY GOODMAN woodwinds

STANLEY CLARKE bass

BUDDY RICH percussion

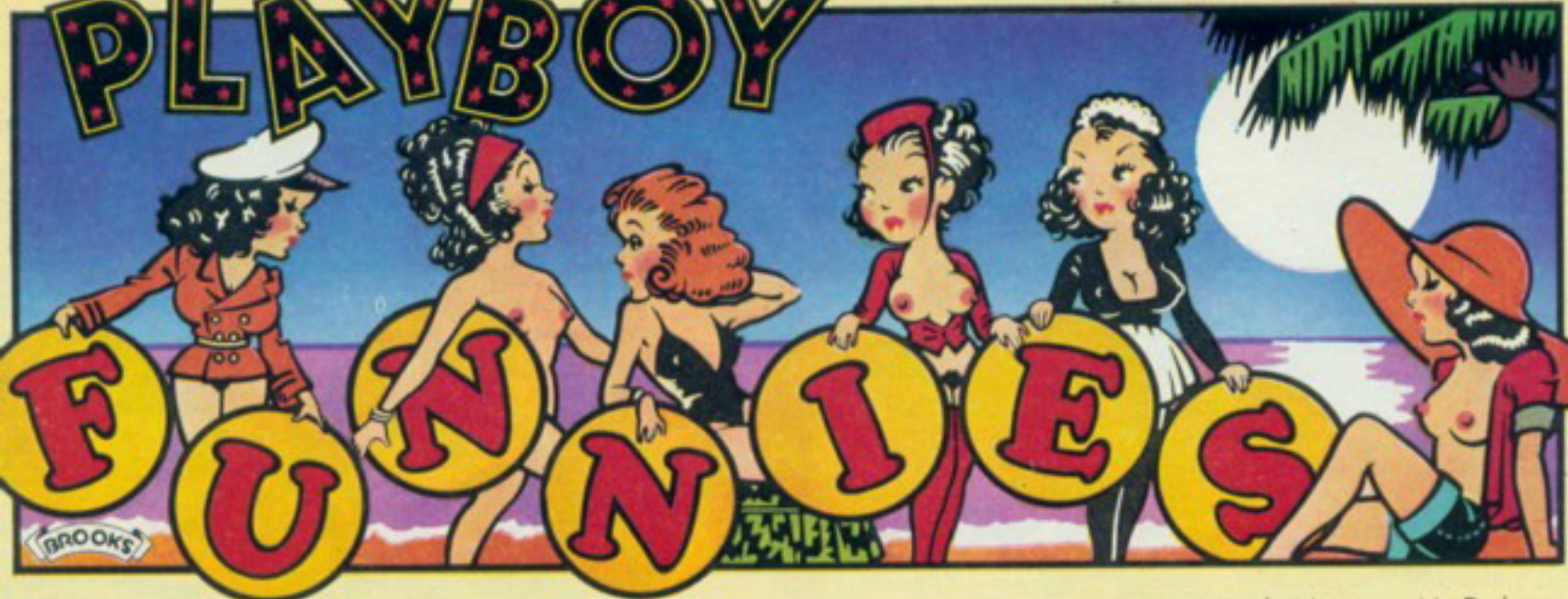
CHICK COREA keyboard

GEORGE BENSON male vocalist, guitar

LIONEL HAMPTON vibes

RICKIE LEE JONES female vocalist

# PLAYBOY



## THE LONER

By Frank Baginski & Reynolds Dodson



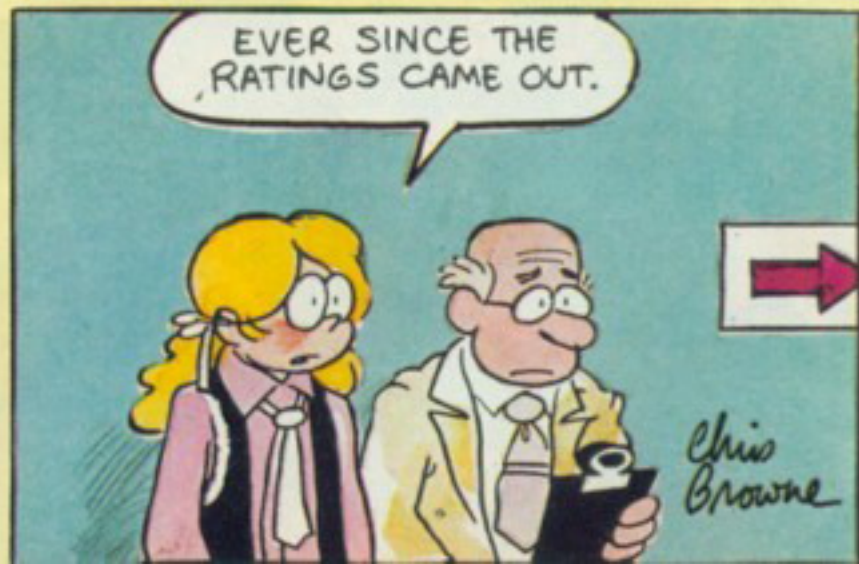
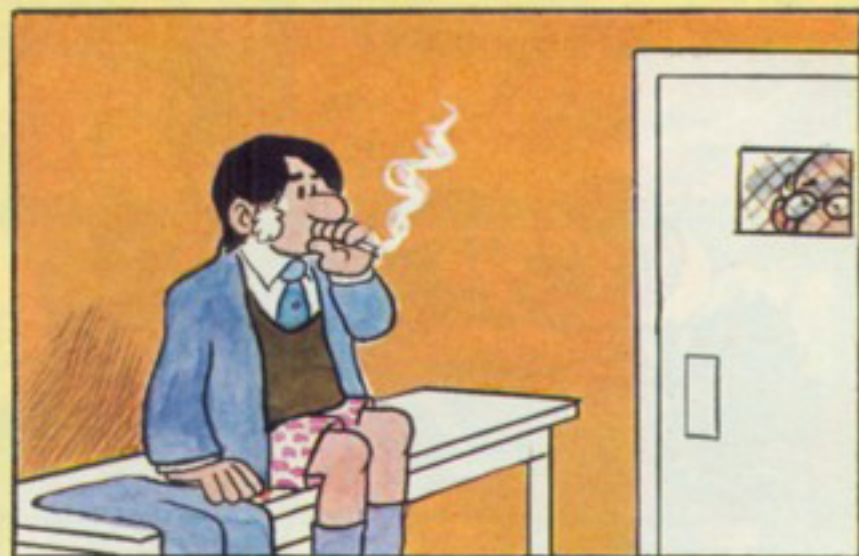
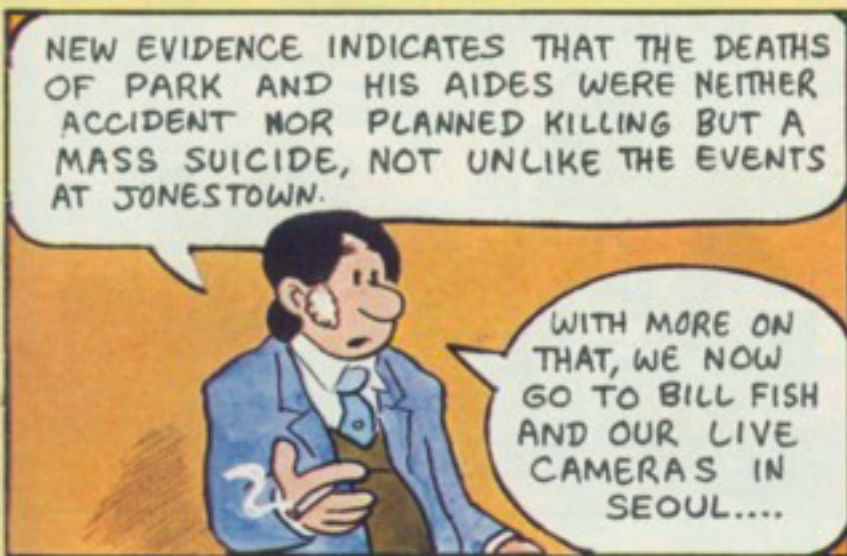
## SUZY Q AND MIDNITE



## cupid's corner

by J. Michael Leonard





# PHONUS INTERRUPTUS II

OH, OH!  
OMIGOD!  
YES...YES!

RRING!



RRING!  
RRING!  
RRING!

DON'T  
ANSWER  
IT!



HONEY, I CAN'T JUST  
LET IT RING. IT MIGHT  
BE BILL WITH THE TICKETS.  
I TOLD HIM TO CALL.

HOW CAN YOU DO THIS  
TO US? DOESN'T WHAT  
WE'RE DOING MEAN  
ANYTHING TO YOU?

RRING!



HELLO?

IS HE MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU  
THAN I AM? MY GOD... YOU WERE  
MAKING LOVE TO ME -



- HOW CAN THERE BE ROOM RIGHT  
NOW FOR ANOTHER MAN -

IT'S FOR YOU. WANT TO TALK TO HER?

-UH



SALLY? WHEN DID YOU GET IN?  
GREAT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE.  
HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?



- ME? OH, NOT MUCH. YOU  
KNOW, IN A RUT AS USUAL.



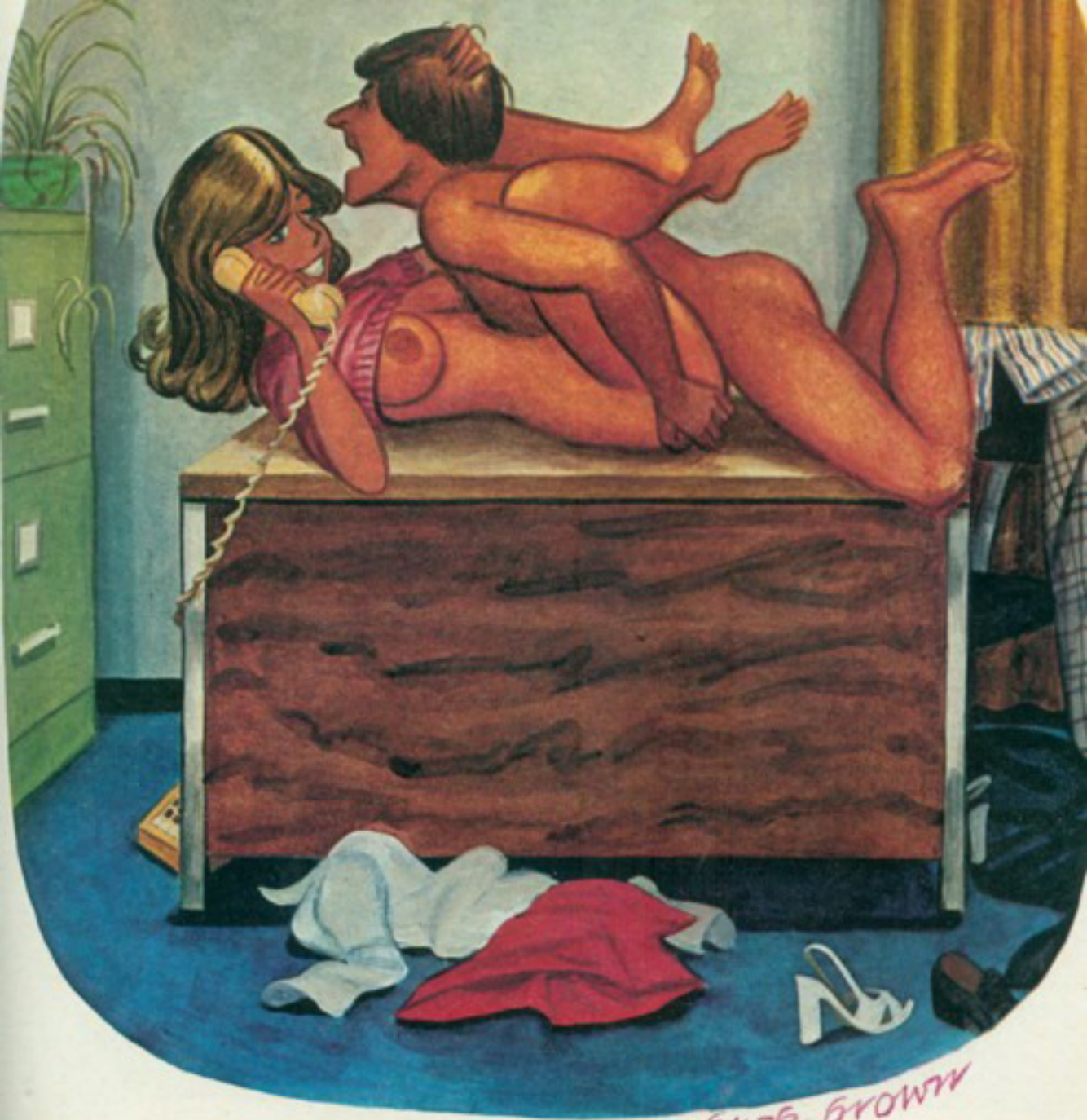
YEAH, SURE. I'D LOVE  
TO. GREAT. WHY DON'T  
I SEE YOU FOR  
LUNCH





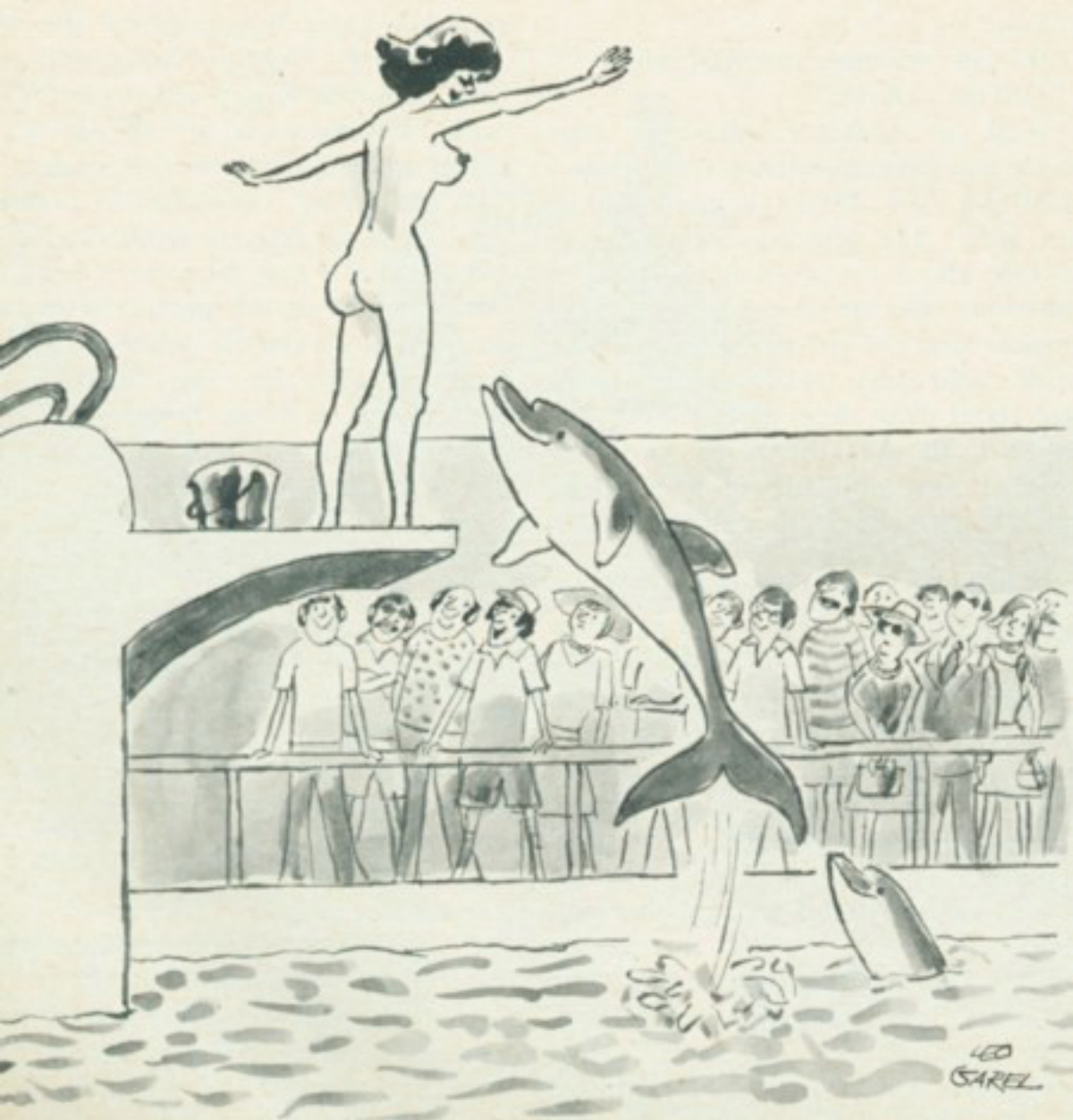


*"OK, now, all together, 'Eeyi, eeyi, oh!'"*

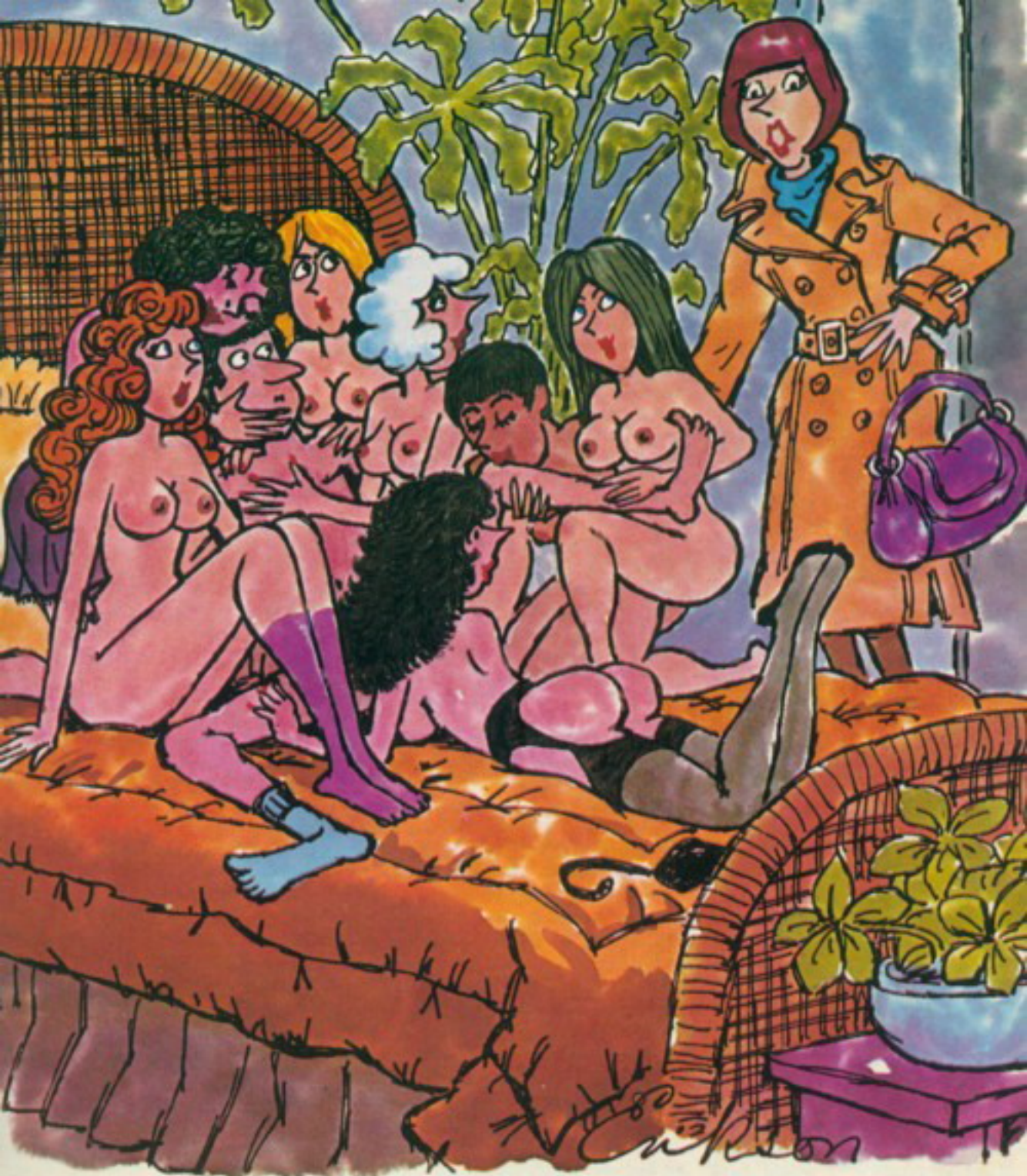


*BUCK BROWN*

*"May I take a message, Mrs. Burke? Your husband is off the floor at the moment."*



*"They really put on a show at feeding time, don't they?"*



*"My husband! . . . My best friend! . . . My college roommate! . . . My tennis instructor! . . . My decorator! . . . My real-estate agent! . . . My hairdresser! . . . My tarot-card reader!"*



*"Don't mind the parrot; he handles the pillow talk."*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

## THAT SPORTING LIFE

The next time you head for the hills or shoot a rapid, pack your camera in an inflatable, waterproof, floatable and shock-resistant Sports Pouch that's made of heavy-gauge vinyl with a Velcro closure. Sports Pouches come in two sizes (14" x 12" for \$17.95 and 17" x 17" for \$24.95) and two colors (bright yellow and olive drab). Most sports and camera stores stock them. And if you don't own a camera, load the pouch with something equally fragile—such as a couple of bottles of bourbon.



## PINNEY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Richard D. Pinney builds egos: solid-wood personal sculptures that are one-of-a-kind symbolic statements depicting the stuff of which a person's life is composed. The price for the privilege of seeing your interests in a 36" x 40" bas-relief begins at \$1500 and travels upward, depending on size or how complicated you are. (For more info, contact Pinney at 519 Indian Road SE, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52403.) Of course, if you don't have any interests, the price of the finished product will be cheaper.



## LET A SMILE BE YOUR TWINBRELLA

Mary Poppins would love this: a sturdy dual umbrella called, appropriately, a Twinbrella, that H & S Distributing Company, Suite 1019, 79 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603, is selling for \$42.50, postpaid, in a choice of three colors—black, navy and tan. Best of all, Twinbrella closes to the size of a normal umbrella and features an opener that operates at the push of two buttons. Now you *do* have a reason to go singing in the rain.



## UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

Who knows what evil lurks in the Internal Revenue Service? A publisher named Books for Business does and it has packed its knowledge into a 67-page easy-to-read soft-cover publication titled *How the Internal Revenue Service Selects Individual Income Tax Returns for Audit*, available from B.F.B. at 1100 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, for \$5.50, postpaid. No, it doesn't give you the phone number of a good lawyer.

## TAILBONE CONNECTED TO THE HI-FI

The theory is that there are two kinds of sound: waves transmitted through the air and vibrations conducted through the body. The latter is named bone conduction and it's what you'll feel when you come in contact with a Pioneer Electronics' Bodysonic cushion that—along with an amplifier—is selling in stereo stores for about \$110. For a kick in the ass, hook a Bodysonic cushion up to your car's stereo. The road won't be so lonesome.



## HOT LITTLE SEAT

Ooohhh, nnnoooo! Mr. Hands has just strapped our Play-Doh model of Mr. Bill in a miniature battery-powered electric chair that actually gives you a sluggo of a shock when you pick it up. (You *can* handle the chair without getting a shock, but we won't tell you how.) Who is selling this evil adult toy? A company called The Game Room, P.O. Box 4290, Washington, D.C. 20012, for only \$8.40, postpaid. And when you're not frying your own Mr. Bill to a crisp, you can give your girlfriend the chair as punishment for being late, lipping off or dating someone else—as if we'd blame her.



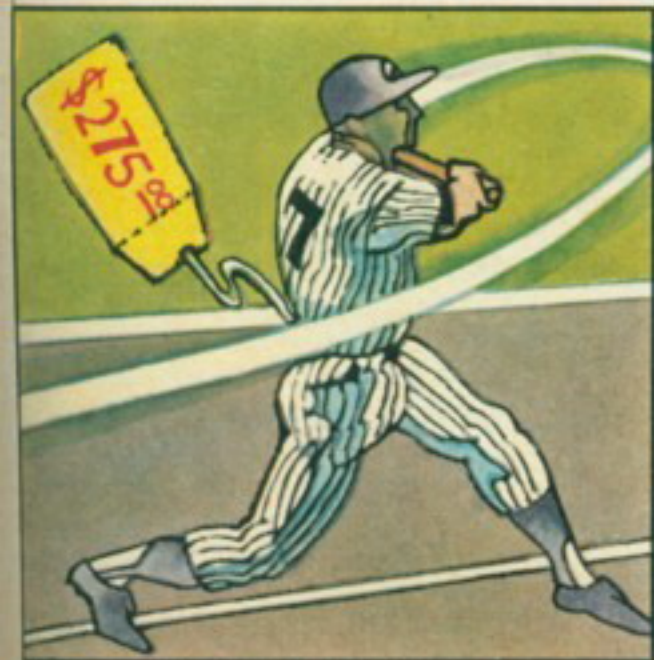
## NEW STOMPING GROUND

You'd think that the gentle folks in Hancock, Vermont, would be into quilt making and canning preserves, wouldn't you? No, a group of them have set up a business called the Top Drawer Rubber Stamp Company (the zip code's 05748) and they're reproducing the work of such underground cartoonists as R. Crumb, Jay Lynch and Bill (*Zippy the Pinhead*) Griffith, among others, priced from \$2 to \$6.25 per stamp. To view their wares, send \$1.50 to them for three catalogs depicting weird images, comix characters and zodiac signs. Bizarre.



## MANTLES OF GREATNESS

Ever wonder what happened to Mickey Mantle's old uniform? It ended up at M. Friedman Specialty Co. (P.O. Box 5777[P], Baltimore, Maryland 21208), a business that sells gamy big-league-baseball togs to zealous fans. Mantle's uniform goes for \$275; Reggie Jackson's is \$125 and Rico Petrocelli's is a bargain-basement \$99. M. Friedman publishes a catalog for 50 cents and, if you don't dig used clothes, it also sells team jackets. Sorry, no secondhand Pete Rose.



## KINGDOM OF CLUBS

London is the mother city of men's clubs. Civilized leather-and-brass men's clubs with smoking rooms and billiard rooms and quiet corners by the fire where one can sip a glass of port. Writer Anthony Lejeune and photographer Malcolm Lewis have combined their talents to produce what surely is bookland's ultimate tribute to English clubland—*The Gentlemen's Clubs of London*, published by Mayflower; a \$35 tour of that city's male bastions of retreat from The American Club and Boodle's to White's. You may not be able to join these veddy British sanctums, but they're wonderful places to visit.





*"I proclaim this Easter Island!"*



*"It's amazing how often two people,  
working independently, come up with  
the same idea at the same time."*



BURR BROWN

"Choose carefully, Jack—we've had a rash of age-discrimination suits around here lately!"

10½

Bo Derek isn't the only 10 around Hollywood these days. This month's celebrity breast award goes to gorgeous model/actress BARBARA CARRERA. Back in 1977, we photographed her with a bunch of men who turned into animals. Do you have to ask us why?



© 1979 ROBERT MATHEU

**What Sort of Men Read PLAYBOY?**

The first family of American punk started out singing about sniffing glue. Now, after the success of *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, a cinematic ode to student self-determination, THE RAMONES are movie stars. Although we happened to catch them checking out the Playmate centerfold, we know the boys regularly buy PLAYBOY for the articles.



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WILLIAM KAREL / SYGMA



**Svelte Belt**

Singer TEDDY PENDERGRASS oozes sexuality onstage, say his female fans. So, for his own protection, he's considering beefing up his security force before his next tour. Here are a couple of attractive prospects who look as if they'd get a kick out of the job.

## Curtain Call

You last saw LESLEY ANN WARREN in a TV movie, *Portrait of a Stripper*. Soon you'll be seeing her again in a six-hour miniseries, *Beulah Land* (from the best-selling novel set in the Civil War South). Sorry, fellas, no garter belts in this one.



© 1979 CRAIG HARMON

MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA



## Eat to the Beat

We've heard that singer TOM JONES's most ardent fans have been known to throw underwear at him during his concerts. Now we have proof. After careful examination, we've concluded these undies are not the edible kind.

© 1979 RICHARD E. AARON/THUNDER THUMBS



## The Glitterati

Here are the ladies of the Eighties, GILDA and BETTE. Midler certainly deserves an Oscar for *The Rose*. Radner is a good Emmy bet for this, probably her final season on *Saturday Night Live*. And either or both of them could pick up a Tony and/or a Grammy. That pretty well wraps up the start of this decade.

## NEXT MONTH:



HIGH FLIERS



MOVIE YEAR



TOUGHEST SPORT



PAPAGENO'S HIDEOUT

**"THE ISLAM CONNECTION"**—AS HEAD OF AMERICA'S LARGEST MOSLEM GROUP, **WALLACE MUHAMMAD** IS THE MAIN LINK BETWEEN THE MIDDLE EASTERN FOLLOWERS OF ISLAM AND U. S. BLACKS. WHAT HE DOES MAY AFFECT YOU. A PROFILE BY **BRUCE MICHAEL GANS** AND **WALTER L. LOWE**

**"ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES"**—SHOULD A GENTLEMAN SERVE CAVIAR WITH QUAALUDES? IS THERE A PROPER WAY TO INVITE YOUR FRIENDS TO A V.D. CLINIC? ANSWERS TO THOSE AND OTHER PRESSING QUESTIONS—BY **BRUCE FEIRSTEIN**

**GAY TALESE** TELLS WHAT IT WAS *REALLY* LIKE TO SPEND SEVEN YEARS STUDYING THE SEXUAL MORES OF THE U. S. IN PREPARATION FOR HIS BLOCKBUSTER BOOK *THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE* IN A HARD-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"**—THESE ARE THE AWARDS YOU WON'T SEE PRESENTED ON OSCAR NIGHT. A NEW FEATURE IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE THE THINGS WE LOVED (AND HATED) AT THE FLICKS: THE GORIEST MURDER, THE DUMBEST DEATH, THE STEAMIEST SEX, THE MOST NAUSEATING TOY, ETC.

**"PAPAGENO"**—TENSION MOUNTS AS AN IVY LEAGUE HIT MAN HAS TO HIDE OUT IN THE DESERT AWAITING HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT. A COMPELLING TALE—BY **ASA BABER**

**"STEWARDESSES"**—WILL OUR UNVEILING OF FLIGHT ATTENDANTS FULFILL YOUR FONDEST FANTASIES? TUNE IN NEXT MONTH AND FIND OUT. YOU MAY BE SURPRISED.

**"THE TOUGHEST JOB IN SPORTS"**—IS IT HARDER TO BE A BASEBALL CATCHER OR A HOCKEY GOALIE? WILL YOU GET ULCERS FASTER FROM DRIVING THE GRAND PRIX OR FACING ALI? **JAY STULLER** KNOWS—AND TELLS

**"THE (SUR)REAL MISS WORLD"**—WHEN LATIN LOVELY **SILVANA SUAREZ** LAID DOWN HER BEAUTY-QUEEN CROWN, SHE STEPPED INTO A MAGRITTE SUITE. A TANTALIZING PICTORIAL

**"SEX IN AMERICA: BOSTON"**—ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF ARTICLES TESTING THE SEXUAL TEMPERATURE OF OUR CITIES. BOSTON IS A GOOD PLACE TO GET SCROD, SAYS **KEN BODE**

**"MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH"**—EVEN THE MOST CITIFIED OF DUDES CAN HAVE A BALL RIDING, ROPING AND WRANGLING AT A WESTERN GUEST RANCH. OUR TRAVEL EDITOR, **STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**, HELPS YOU CHOOSE