

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1982 • \$2.50

PLAYBOY



**ALEXANDER
HAIG: THE
INSIDE STORY
OF A CUNNING
MAN'S RISE
TO POWER**

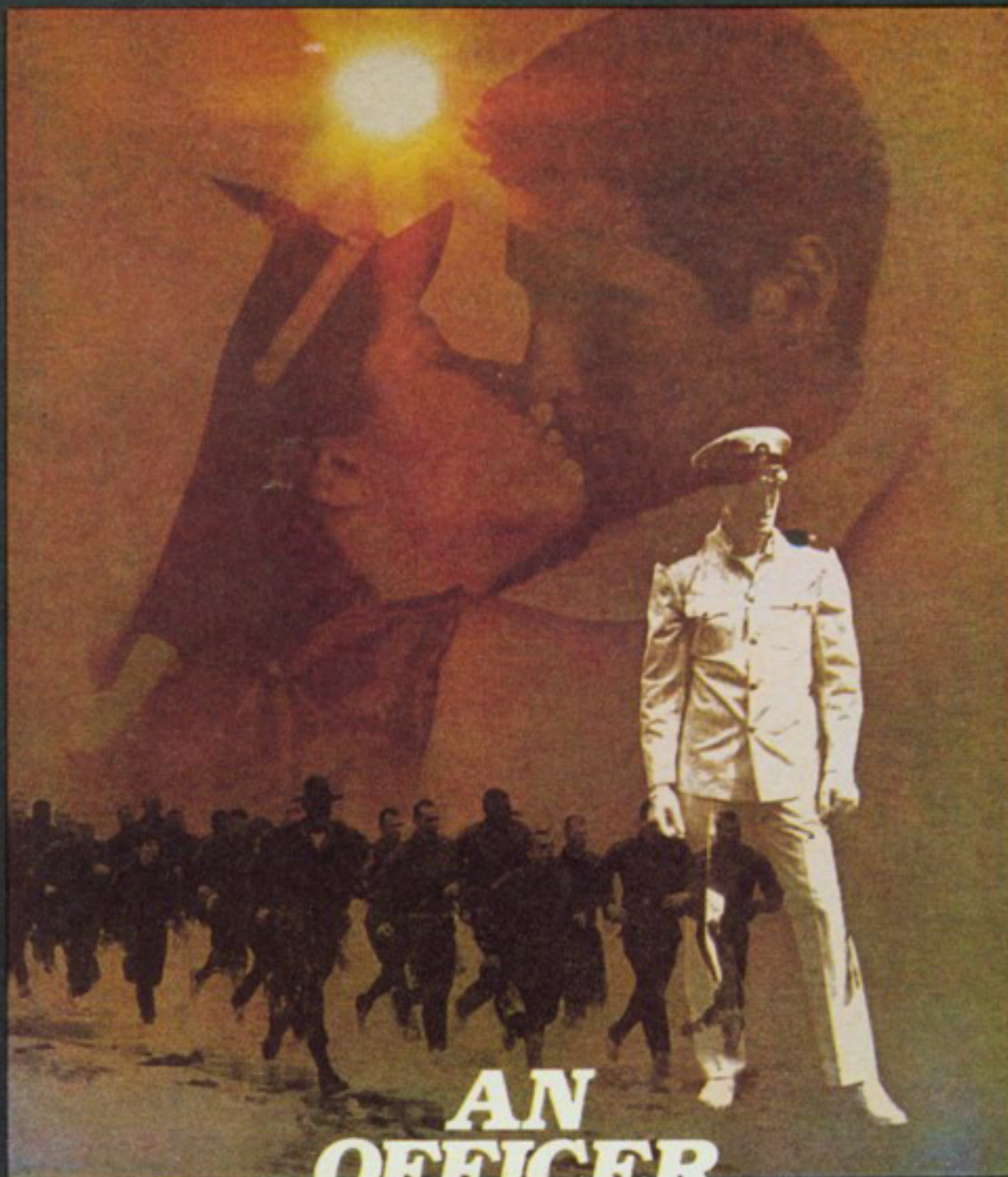
SUMMER SEX ISSUE
GADGETS, GAMES AND GIRLS

**PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS THE MAN
WHO PUT EARPHONES ON THE
WORLD—SONY'S AKIO MORITA**

**PRO FOOTBALL
PICKS • THE
SECRET OF
THE 30-MINUTE
(TRUST US)
ORGASM**

RICHARD GERE • DEBRA WINGER

*A naval aviator candidate. A local girl.
For him, the only way out is to become an officer.
For her, the only way out is to marry one.*



**AN
OFFICER
AND A
GENTLEMAN**

PARAMOUNT PICTURES PRESENTS
A LORIMAR-MARTIN ELFAND PRODUCTION • A TAYLOR HACKFORD FILM
RICHARD GERE • DEBRA WINGER
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN

Also starring DAVID KEITH and LOUIS GOSSETT, JR. as 'Foley' • Written by DOUGLAS DAY STEWART
Produced by MARTIN ELFAND • Directed by TAYLOR HACKFORD • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

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UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



YOU'RE GOING OUT A CHORUS BOY BUT COMING BACK A STAR, HEF

The Playmates (from left), Nicki Thomas, Heidi Sorenson, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore, coax Hef along as he does a cameo during the singing group's engagement at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. Having begun the evening as a spectator, Hef joins in with a Playboy *plié*. Gregory Hines, eat your heart out.



MISSING IN ACTION: ANOTHER BUNNY EMERGES FROM THE HUTCH

First, former New York Bunny Deborah Harry cruised to success in Blondie. Now Dale Bozzio sings lead for the Capitol Records rock group Missing Persons. At right, she appears on a new album cover. We might have known she'd blaze new trails; Dale, formerly known as Boston Bunny Toni, told us for a 1976 Bunny-pictorial appearance (above) that her "adaptability is unlimited." Her music's not half bad, either.



OUR MAN ON CAMPUS

Photographer David Chan, who's still trying to decide what to be when he grows up, gets down and quite dirty for a low-angle shot of University of Oklahoma coed Pegi McGuire, a business major there. Chan, famed for his work on our *Girls of . . .* series, is readying the upcoming collegiate sizzler *Girls of the Big Eight*.



SHE'S LOOKING FOR THE ONE FROM MICK JAGGER

More than 100,000 of our best friends—you out there—returned "The Playboy Questionnaire," in which you told us things that would make Jerry Falwell blush. Below, Associate Editor Barbara Nellis, who heads up the project, confronts her mail. We promise an analysis in December.





ROUGH, TOUGH, CAN'T GET ENOUGH

Above, country superstar Kenny Rogers finds himself all wrapped up in Miss November 1980, Jeana Tomasino, during his first feature film, *Six Pack*, in which he plays a stock-car racer and Jeana a waitress. In this one, Kenny's car, not the Playmate, gets stripped.

MUHAMMAD GOES TO THE MOUNTAIN

The champ for all seasons, Muhammad Ali (below), shows Mrs. Tom Bradley, Hugh Hefner and 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed that his hands still command attention during a fund raiser at Playboy Mansion West for L.A. mayor Bradley's gubernatorial campaign.



WE TALK, PHIL LISTENS

Below, Playboy Enterprises, Inc., President and Playboy Foundation board member Christie Hefner and Executive Director Rebecca Sive-Tomashefsky (far right) respond to questions from Bryant Gumbel (left) and Phil Donahue on NBC's *Today*. Christie and Rebecca described the work of the Foundation.



MONIQUE PICKS A PAIR OF WINNERS

Above, singer Kim Carnes, record producer Val Garay and his wife, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre, exit from the 1982 Grammy awards show. Kim and Val won the record-of-the-year Grammy for their hit *Bette Davis Eyes*.



HIGH SCHOOL WAS NEVER LIKE THAT

Lovely but Deadly is the first women's martial-arts high school revenge-adventure film. Just in case the plot doesn't grab you, appearances by Playmates Gina Goldberg, Pam Bryant and Jeana Tomasino ought to get your ya-yas out. For a taste of fine set decoration, here's Gina in the film (right) and in a photo from her May 1981 Playmate shooting (left).

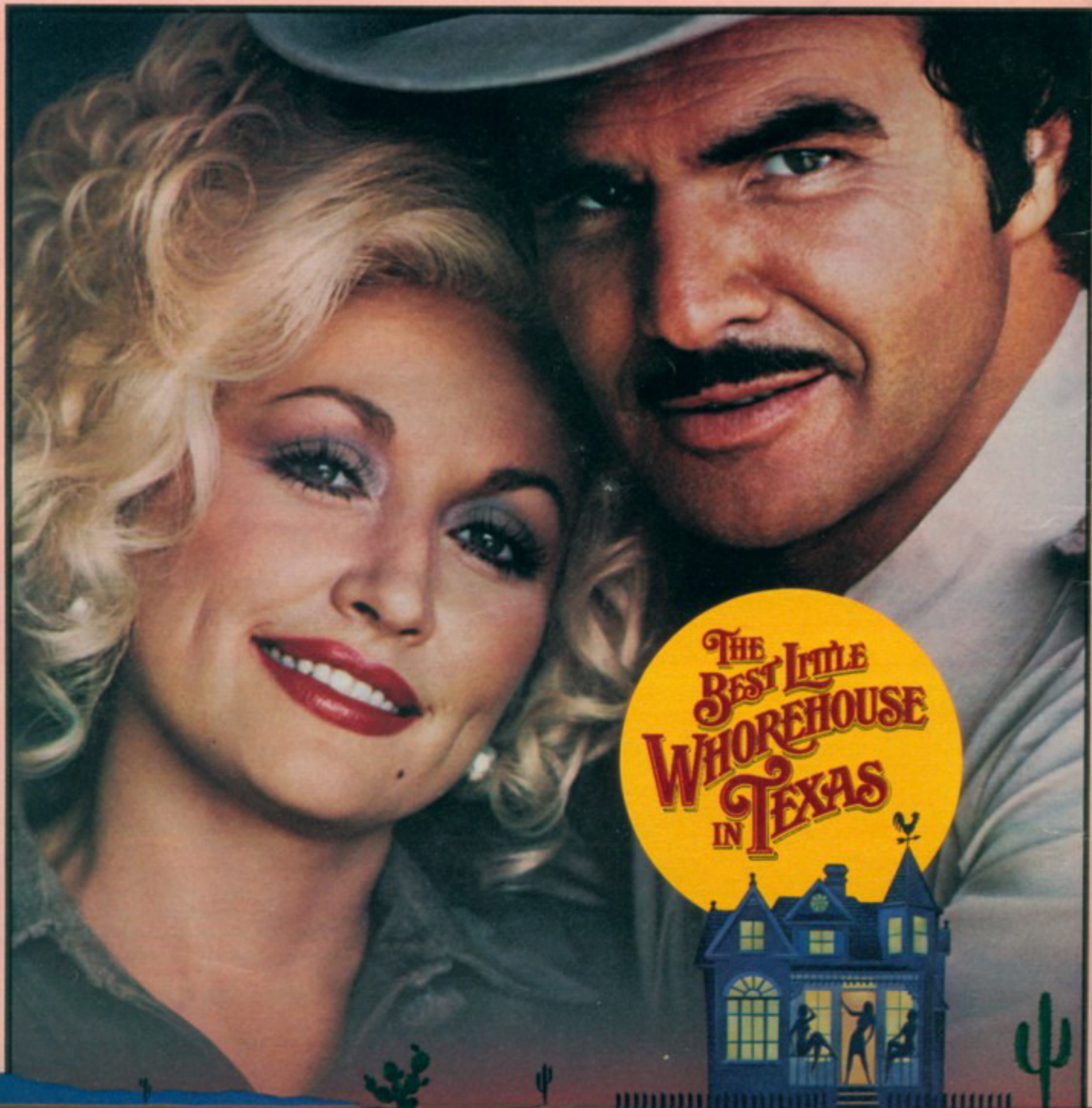








*With Burt and Dolly
this much fun just couldn't be legal!*



**THE
BEST LITTLE
WHOREHOUSE
IN TEXAS**



BURT REYNOLDS · DOLLY PARTON

UNIVERSAL/SUNBURST PRESENTATION · MILLER-MILKIS-BOYETT PRODUCTION · COLIN HIGGINS FILM

STARRING "THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS" · DOM DeLUISE · CHARLES DURNING · JIM NABORS

SCREENPLAY BY LARRY L. KING, PETER MASTERSON AND COLIN HIGGINS · BASED ON THE SCENARIO WRITTEN BY LARRY L. KING AND PETER MASTERSON · MUSIC AND LYRICS BY CAROL HALL · ADDITIONAL SONGS BY DOLLY PARTON · MUSIC PRODUCED BY GREGG PERRY

PRODUCTION DESIGNER TONY STEVENS · ROBERT BOYLE · SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS BY ALBERT WHITLOCK · DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY WILLIAM A. FRAKER, A.S.C. · CO-PRODUCER PETER MACGREGOR-SCOTT · EXECUTIVE PRODUCER STEPHANIE PHILLIPS

PRODUCED BY THOMAS L. MILLER, EDWARD K. MILKIS AND ROBERT L. BOYETT · DIRECTED BY COLIN HIGGINS · Soundtrack Available on MCA Records & Tapes. A UNIVERSAL—RKO PICTURE

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Prime Mimes

when it comes to celebrities, marilyn michael's is one impressionable female—or two or three or more

M

ARILYN MICHAELS doesn't have an easy job. When Rich Little wants to do an imitation, he'll hunch his

shoulders up for Richard Nixon, tilt his head for Ronald Reagan or maybe whip out a prop cigar for George Burns, but all he really has to do is get the voices right. It's a low-overhead job, and Little has become more than a little rich doing it.

Life is different for Marilyn Michaels, Little's partner in mimicry in a now-familiar Diet 7Up commercial. It takes more than just a voice to capture the essence of Brooke Shields, for instance. Does anyone remember what Brooke *sounds* like?

But just how does a 5'4" female impressionist approach imitating the willowy Brooke Shields (right)? "With a lot of trepidation," says Marilyn, "a lot of trepidation. Brooke is *very, very* tall. I had this thing about blowing that bubble while wearing jeans so tight I (concluded on page 98)





The Diet 7Up commercial in which she appears with Rich Little (above left) has given Marilyn so much exposure that she now finds herself a headliner rather than an opening act. Above right, her version of Julie Andrews: "She's Miss Pure," explains Marilyn, "but she's been trying to kill Mary Poppins for years. Photographer Ken Marcus asked me to take off my top. He said, 'Look, this isn't *House Beautiful*.' But I'm not like Julie. I wasn't ready for that, so we put suspenders on." Most folks usually think of Dolly Parton (below) as top-heavy. Not Marilyn, who sees Dolly's trademarks as giving the star a lift. "I think of Dolly as cotton candy," she says. Ernestine, Ma Bell's own queen of tackiness (right) flaunts her sex appeal in one of Marilyn's favorite photos. "I love Lily Tomlin," Marilyn says. "She's my idol."









In Marilyn's world, Barbra Streisand (left) is surrounded by beauty—but it's Barbra's own particular brand of beauty. Meanwhile, the Divine Miss M (above) finds herself in the unlikely position of being upstaged by Harlette clones. "I've learned a lot from Bette Midler," says Marilyn. "She's fearless onstage, and she'll do whatever she has to do in order to get a response." Below, Marilyn goes native as Bo Derek. "That wig gave me one hell of a headache," she recalls. As usual, Marilyn designed the make-up for all the characters herself. "I'm a painter when I'm not performing," she explains. "When I look into the mirror, I see a blank canvas." At right, a look at that blank canvas—Marilyn as Marilyn. "Here I am, being the girl I always wanted to be," she says. Who needs impressions?



could barely breathe and, at the same time, making sure that not *all* of my bosom was popping out. I'm 34 years old. How in the hell am I going to look like a 16-year-old?"

Of course, that's not a challenge most of us face—nor, for that matter, is it much of a challenge for someone like Marilyn, who's been doing impressions since she was seven years old. "I listened to Teresa Brewer and Patti Page and I was able to reproduce those sounds," she recalls. "It has something to do with sense memory, but it's hard for me to explain. I know less about how it's done than about how a magic trick works. But some of our biggest stars can do it. I know that Elizabeth Taylor is a wonderful mimic."

Some kids can sing along with Patti Page records for hours without making a career out of it. But Marilyn's father is Harold Sternberg, a basso profundo recently retired from the New York Metropolitan Opera, and her mother, Fraydele Oysher, was a star of the Yiddish stage. Fraydele toured constantly, and by the age of seven, Marilyn had devised a way of getting Mom to take her along.

"I told her, 'Either you take me with you or I will never eat again. I will never take another morsel of food in my mouth.' And that's the worst thing you can tell a Jewish mother." The extortion paid off in two ways—Marilyn not only got to travel but was put to work as a child singer as well.

By her own admission, she was no Shirley Temple. "I had braces on my teeth, long, dark, braided hair and a different nose," she explains. "I was skinny, and I used to wear these purple horn-rimmed glasses. I told myself that when I reached the ripe old age of whatever, I was going to dye my hair flame red and have my nose fixed."

As it turned out, she didn't dye her hair red. She opted for blonde, and at the age of 15—"as soon as my bones stopped growing"—she rushed to Dr. Sam Shear in New York to have her nose reshaped into something more glamorous. "He was the doctor who was doing everybody—Kim Novak, Zsa Zsa," she remembers now. "He even had a picture of Jimmy Durante with the inscription YOU'LL NEVER GET ME."

Marilyn kept on singing and eventually landed some club dates on her own in the Catskills. On a whim, she started throwing in a few jokes and impressions between songs; the response—and a bit of sound advice from her mother—persuaded her to make them a bigger part of her act.

"My mother encouraged me to do the impressions because she said that funny people have a longer life in show busi-

ness," says Marilyn. "She was right. There are girl singers who started in the business when I did and you barely hear of them anymore."

"You can be the finest singer today, but it doesn't matter unless you have a hit record. And having a hit record is certainly not contingent on how good a singer you are. So I feel enormously lucky to have so many facets, to be an actress who can do seven dialects and 50 impressions. Hey, baby, I'm going to work no matter what goes down."

In 1966, Marilyn had one obvious goal: to be the next Barbra Streisand. She recorded two albums—both in the Streisand tradition—and was quickly cast in the role of Fanny Brice for the national company of *Funny Girl*. It was, of course, a role that Barbra Streisand made famous (and vice versa), and some who saw Marilyn do the show on the road thought she was doing little more than a play-length Barbra imitation. Her Streisand bit remains one of the most effective characterizations in her act; in fact, it's so effective that Streisand reportedly hates it.

"Originally, the Barbra inflections were in my performance," Marilyn admits. "But after doing the show for a year, I was able to get rid of Barbra and begin doing it as myself—and as Fanny Brice. Of course, you have to remember that Barbra, Fanny Brice and I are three Jewish women who sing, have big noses—well, I don't anymore—and come from either Brooklyn or the Lower East Side. Valerie Perrine would not have made a good Fanny Brice."

Her next big step was an *ABC Comedy Hour* series called *The Kopykats*, featuring Marilyn as the only woman in a group of some of the country's better impressionists, including Rich Little, George Kirby, Frank Gorshin and Fred Travalena. As a result of the series, she found steady work in clubs and on TV talk and variety shows. But, she claims, the closer she got to really making a name for herself, the more confused she became. "I was afraid of success," she says now, and she found herself plagued by illness and making some bad business decisions. Her biggest blunder came one night in 1975, when Little was filling in for Johnny Carson on *The Tonight Show* and Marilyn was sitting in the greenroom, waiting to make her appearance. It was hardly her first late-night gig—she'd been on the show so often she'd lost count. But that night, when it appeared that the show was running long and Marilyn wouldn't have time to do the material she'd prepared, she became furious and walked out. "I haven't done *The Tonight Show* since," she says with a shrug.

There were other problems in her life

as well. There was a two-year marriage to Isacc Robbins, an Israeli interior designer. "My mother said, 'What's the matter with you? All good girls get married.' So I got married," she recalls. "My husband was proud of me but very threatened by my work." Later, she had a brief but well-publicized romance with Burt Reynolds. "I usually don't date actors," Marilyn says. "Their egos are like women's egos. It's a race to see who's going to get to the mirror first and who's going to stay there longer. I remember one time, Burt and I went to a party, and after a while, I couldn't find him. When I went upstairs, he was sitting with a bunch of teenaged groupies; they were just sitting there adoring him. I knew at that moment it was going to be difficult going out with an actor. Then Burt started seeing Dinah Shore, who's several years older and obviously a woman who is very secure about her identity and able to handle the situation."

Marilyn has also dated king of the road Roger Miller, composer David Shire and a shy, retiring baseball executive named George Steinbrenner. Her current boyfriend is a New York attorney/stockbroker whom she'd rather not name. "The gentleman I'm seeing now is very proud and not threatened by what I do. That's really nice."

What Marilyn does occasionally verges on the wacky. When she's under pressure, she takes refuge in one of her characters. She's been known to give a man who made an unwelcome pass an earful of Barbra Streisand threatening to break his head, and she has a habit of mimicking any ethnic person with whom she happens to be talking. If a waiter is Puerto Rican, friends tell us, Marilyn recites her order like a bit from *West Side Story*. If she's talking with a black, she puts on her best Harlem accent, mixed in with what she calls "heavy attitude." Her companions have considered sliding under the table, but Marilyn has so far lived through those encounters—and maintains that she ends up making friends, not to mention getting better service in restaurants.

Oddly, one of the biggest boosts to Marilyn's career success has been that Diet 7Up commercial, which has given her more exposure than anything else she's done in the past ten years. She recently headlined for the first time at Caesars Boardwalk Regency in Atlantic City. And thanks to therapy and a few years of experience, she's no longer making dumb moves such as walking off *The Tonight Show*. "I still have my troubles," she admits, "but now I know more about myself."



"Actually, not too many people get to see this side of the mountain!"

Cathy concentrates on a Playmate hopeful (below), then gives a hand to Miss July 1981, Heidi Sorenson (right), of the singing Playmates.



Cathy's cheer takes the boredom out of a long day's shoot and brings a smile to the face of future Playmate Marlene Janssen (below).



PUTTING ON A HAPPY FACE

this st. george is no drag, on the set or off

SOMETIMES, YOU GET LUCKY. You get a beautiful package, open it and find something even more beautiful inside. It was that way for us when Cathy St. George showed up at our West Coast offices back in 1980. A free-lance make-up artist and a model, she came to us on a routine modeling call for a possible cover shot. During the interview, she mentioned that she also did make-up. She was hired on the spot—to pose and to do her own make-up. The next day, she was called back—this time to beautify another model—and her career was launched. For the past two







and a half years, Cathy has been entrusted with the most critical of duties associated with this publication: preparing our pictorial and centerfold stars for the camera. She has done make-up for several pictorials, hundreds of Playmate tests and at least 15 Playmates. And in August of last year, she finally got that cover.

Cathy's credentials were very much in order. She had previously worked for such prestigious cosmetics firms as Estée Lauder and Max Factor. *PLAYBOY*, though, was a change of pace. "It's a different sort of make-up from what I did before," she explains. "I used to work more with color; it was closer to high fashion. *PLAYBOY* wants a girl to look natural, pretty much as she does in real life."

The art of *maquillage* takes a good eye and a deft hand. Cathy developed hers early, winning an art contest at the age of seven and gaining entry to a



As a make-up artist and a model, Cathy works on both sides of the camera—a big advantage financially. "I get paid for doing my own make-up and I get paid for the modeling job. I charge for both, because they'd have to hire a make-up artist, anyway." Above, in still life, the tools of her trade.





school for gifted children to develop her talents. Perhaps prophetically, her later works on canvases were primarily nudes and portraits. Now, she says, "People tell me they feel as if I'm painting them like a canvas—which is, in fact, the way I work."

Born in Virginia and raised in Southern California, Cathy has also lived in Rochester, New York, and Tampa, Florida. Now based in L.A., she brightens Playboy Studio West. That she would one day be the star of her own pictorial now seems inevitable. But not to Cathy. "I never felt I was pretty," she admits. "I always worked on my personality, because I thought that was the only thing that would get me anywhere."

Cathy has exhibited no such lapse in judgment in her work at PLAYBOY. On the contrary, she's known to be

When she gets a few days free, Cathy hops a plane for New York—for theater, dancing and shopping. "I have credit cards at the three Bs: Bloomingdale's, Bergdorf's, Bendel's. I do lots of damage."





Success has boosted Cathy's confidence. "The fact that I can face going on a modeling call knowing that I may not get the job is quite a step for me. I couldn't even try out for cheerleading in high school; I couldn't run the risk of rejection."

Cathy's aim is self-sufficiency, not wealth. "I think rich is a state of mind. I feel I'm wealthy right now, because I'm happy with myself. I'm content with my life as long as I can get away once in a while, take time off and see a bit of the world."





"Basically, I think I'm a ham. I used to do impersonations for my mother's friends when they came over. I would do Marilyn Monroe, Phyllis Diller or Mae West. I wanted to be Brigitte Bardot when I grew up; I didn't know that you had to be born Brigitte Bardot!"

Cathy's not a gun fancier, but she has learned to fire one. Below, owner Arthur M. Kassel offers her pointers on using a .357 Magnum at the Beverly Hills Gun Club and Firing Range.



Breaking training (above), Cathy enjoys a slice of pizza with actor Chris DeRose and (at left in top photo) pizzeria owner John Lamonica. At a Playboy Mansion West party (below), Cathy plants a kiss on George Burns (his retort: "That'll be two dollars").

bright, engaging and a thorough professional. Still, her acceptance as a valued member of the team surprises her. "I find that photographers are now asking me, 'Well, Cathy, what do you think of this?' They're asking my opinion, which is a good feeling, because then you know you're good at your job."

Cathy is also, thank you, able to take care of herself. We asked her about that picture in her layout in which she's taking a bead with a .357 Magnum almost as big as she is. She explained, "I'm learning how to shoot. I think a girl living alone—even in a high-security building, as I do—has to be careful. I'm opposed to violence of any kind, really, but I think that part of the problem with guns is ignorance. It's not that people are gun crazy but that they don't know what they're doing."

On any level, Cathy definitely knows what she's doing. She lives a full, some would say glamorous, life, and she has the confidence of somebody who has found her niche—plus enough looks and talent to take her anywhere. We're proud to call her one of our own.



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Cathy St. George

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 102 SIGN: Leo - Virgo

BIRTH DATE: Aug. 23 BIRTHPLACE: Norfolk, Virginia

AMBITIONS: To be self-sufficient, to own a home on both coasts, to be remembered

TURN-ONS: Manhattan skyline at dusk, British accents, good friends, traveling, massages, credit card

TURN-OFFS: Getting up early, judgmental people, paying bills, people who are late (in the word!)

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind, Rocky Horror Picture Show, Camelot, Jane, Body Heat

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Tina Turner, Gino Vanelli, Bette Midler, Richard Chamberlain, Lawrence Olivier

FAVORITE SPORTS: The ones you play indoors.

IDEAL MAN: Sensual, communicates openly, sense of humor; impulsive and my best friend.

SECRET FANTASY: To be Janet in The Rocky Horror Picture Show!



1 yr. Who, me?



4 yrs. No, it's not Brigitte Bardot.



16 yrs. Do you believe that hair?

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The man had managed to talk the pretty bank teller into bed. "Aren't you going to warn me," he grinned as he slipped in beside her, "that there'll be a substantial penalty for early withdrawal?"

"That isn't likely," the girl smiled back, "as your interest begins to peak."

It figures that Amtrak and Amway should be joined by a third organization promoting American institutions. This one pushes commercial beaver and is called Ambush.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex-starved heterosexuals* as desperate straights.

Didn't I say I could make you forget that foreign broad, boss?" asked the piano player.

"You sure can," murmured the expatriate American in the locked office of his North African bar. "Play with it again, Sam."

Maybe you haven't read about the Japanese wrestler who screams when he ejaculates. His rating is Sumo Cum Loud.

An equestrian nympho named Bobbie
Has a mount with an organ quite knobby.

What began as a whim—
Feeling knobs in her quim—
Has developed; that horse is her hobby!

It was a crazy spectacle at this small airport near Fort Worth," reported the tourist. "After half a dozen sky divers who jumped together had pulled their ripcords, they unzipped and abused themselves as they floated down!"

"That must have been something," commented his listener. "Did their act have a name?"

"It was called Six Flogs over Texas."

It was an unusually frank singles-bar conversation. "Some fellows refer to their organs as Peter or Dick or John Henry or something," said the girl. "What do you call yours?"

"I don't call mine anything," smiled the fellow. "In the proper circumstances, it comes without being called."

A vasectomy surgeon named Goff
Says that drinkers would probably scoff,
But the pleasure has gone
From his tying one on—
He prefers to be tying one off.

Sexual rapport is good insurance for a happy marriage," the counselor advised the woman. "Tell me, do you and your husband have mutual climax?"

"No," she replied, "I'm pretty sure we have State Farm."

A money-wise callgirl who specializes in selling her favors to accountants is known to members of the profession in a certain city as Cash Flo.



"I'll shortly be at your cervix, madam," the gallant gynecologist quipped when the woman was in the stirrups.

"And for my part, doctor," answered his high-spirited patient, "I'm dilated for you to see me."

My blind date was so boring," the girl reported to her roommate, "that I finally agreed to sit on his face just to get him to stop talking!"

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.

**HOT TUB
SALES**



**HOT TUB SALE 20%
OFF**

**HOT
TUB
SALE**



essay **By HERBERT GOLD**

THEY APPEAR for early test runs in Malibu, La Jolla, North Beach, Big Sur and Carmel, Mill Valley, Mendocino; and sometimes they hurry off coltishly to jobs in San Francisco, L.A. or San Diego, even to San Jose and Sacramento, where they reconstitute springtime for everyone. In coffeehouses, alighting from sports cars, in the racquetball and squash clubs, on the tennis courts—everywhere in California—the California girl, bless her, has a tendency

*welcome to the state of mind
that is predominantly blonde*



to turn life into a festival. A festival that starts on the first day you see her. "Ees bettair zan a keek in zee behind" may not be the finest French compliment the California girl has ever received, but a French friend accustomed to the green-skinned winter girls of Paris found that so much health required getting used to. His heart was broken by a series of laughing ladies who were more athletic than he, sometimes taller, surely sweeter-smelling and more carefree than an international investment banker. The one who did him in worst worked in microchips in the Silicon Valley of Santa Clara, could decode Japanese

California is not the only place to find California Girls; it just enjoys the highest concentration of them. The term refers to a sort of style, after all: mobile, athletic, achingly fit, very pretty. Below left: Two CGs are about to cause a traffic jam. Below: Notice that some CGs have blue eyes and white noses. At bottom: CGs make terrific volleyball players.





symbols and Japanese menus and had a pink, uncoated tongue and a brain impasted with layers of I.Q.

We are all proud of the fact that California is the ninth largest industrial power in the world. The summer girl contributes to that power from her command post on the beach—with her toes wriggling with delight in the sand.

She does so by means of volleyball—played in monokini on a secluded beach or even in nonkini on the nude beach of San Gregorio, between San Francisco and Santa Cruz. All this provides



At far left: CGs can appreciate the great outdoors and television simultaneously. They can be adept skaters and keep their balance even while looking great (left). CGs are generally very kind to animals of every color and size. They take their dogs with them everywhere (below). At right: CGs study the latest lifesaving techniques. Jump-starting hearts is their specialty. Far right above: When they're hot, CGs are careful not to drink too much cold water too fast. Far right below: CGs often play tennis unfairly.









At top far left: Many CGs have important jobs but still manage to take lunch seriously. Below that, we see that CGs are surprised by what chlorinated pool water can do to stretch fabrics. Above left: CGs follow the print media closely. At left: CGs can drink coffee without ever getting jittery. Above: CGs will often sit down and ponder things for a long time.

good dry-land fitness while keeping the feet rubbed clean in salt-washed mica.

Or the sea caves in the surf at La Jolla. The oceanography aquarium. Down there, a step from Baja, you can let your tan take care of itself even as you gaze upon the shaded wonders of science. The rapture of the deep refers to a diver's dangerous euphoria, but the girls of summer cause rapture in others and, as they contemplate the never-ending present, in themselves. Life may be full of undertows and whirlpools, but not yet, not yet. Who said it's summer? It's forever springtime.

But the beach girls are well known. Less explored are the mountain girls. In the mountains and the mountain communities, life moves at a slower pace. Often, the

CGs often rearrange the territory that surrounds them so that it becomes a kind of frame. They do that when no one is looking. The phenomenon is perceived as photographic composition—even when you don't have a camera. Below: One CG has managed to make the Pacific Ocean behind her completely out of focus. At bottom: Another performs an asymmetrical cart wheel. Moments later, she lands safely right side up. Below right: A hammock conforms to its shy, sleeping occupant. Bottom far right: A CG considers what life in the fast lane might be like saddled with a large, slow dog. At far right center: Another CG perfectly smooths a towel and makes it stay that way. At right: A CG demonstrates the proper way to recover your composure after you've slightly scraped your knee.

California mountain girls seem to involve more scheduling than the laid-back beach ladies with their endless summers. Is it only my impression that they are older? Do they go up the mountain to be philosophers, looking for a more rarefied laid back? Strangely enough, their limbs are just as clean, their lines as racy, as the coastal creatures'. But there are a few worry marks around the eyes and mouth—life frets that can drive a man crazy with desire if he is aroused by a philosophical temperament.

I don't want to pretend it's all sun and honey and health and New Federalist sex, returned to local option. Well, even if it is, there is more. The girls get older. With time, the tarot cards are exchanged for VISA cards.

The blush of beauty seems to remain on the just and the unjust alike, at least until they are 30. Then, character starts to show. Some become tangy, forthright women with sun lines at the eyes (watch their skilled skiing down the slopes of Squaw Valley and the job market), and some just disappear into the real world.

In the flash of California thigh and eye, California men study heaven and hell, mountain and beach, sun and sea, an investment in eternity and a faith in the passing moment. Mostly, there is pleasure, sometimes even joy; and even the griefs handed out by area codes 415 and 213—or 916 or 714—are lively sorrows. Those girls smell like honey and hope after 40 miles in the pickup. Their metabolisms are fine-tuned but firm enough for strong wear. They laugh and even sometimes have a sense of humor. Finally, they honor their hours on earth in ways we have not learned to describe.







CGs have a way of making any environment—however exotic or stark—seem like their living room. That is why they can appear to be totally at ease in poses and on surfaces that would make the rest of us feel uncomfortable. But for CGs, physical poise and grace just go with the territory. If it had been clear skies and 75 degrees inside your head for all your life, you might have acquired a sunnier kind of coordination. Above: It's a toasted CG in the stretch. Below: A CG with rear-axle traction takes the time to adjust her costume so that it will suit her mood. At right: We see what happens when oil meets skin meets sand. And it's something that will stick with us for a long time.







"Give me an inch—and it's more than enough."

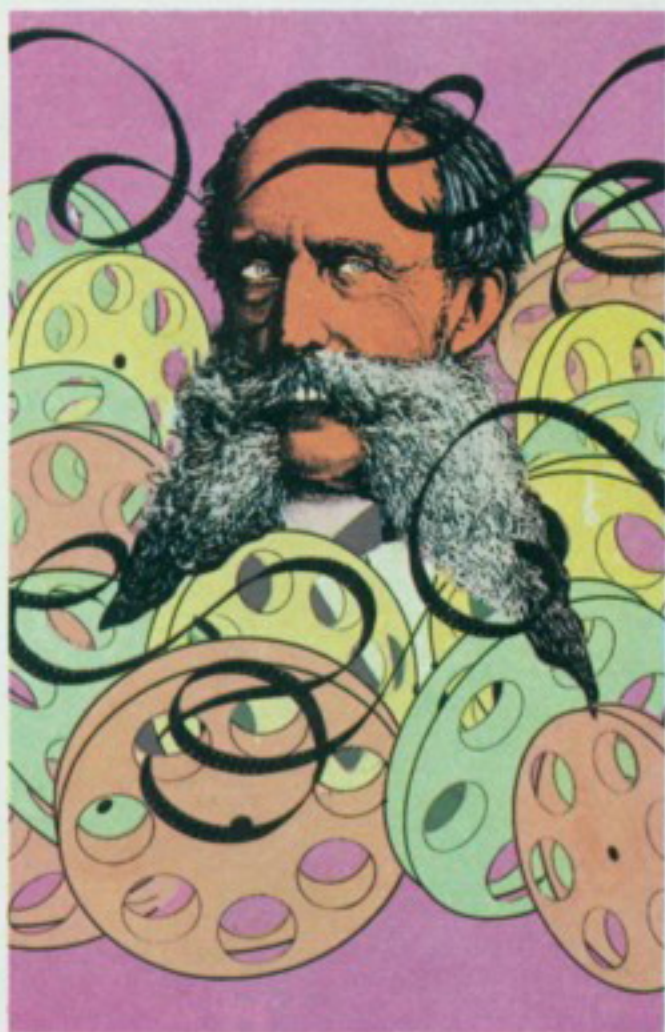
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SWING, YOU SWINGERS

Remember when you and some of your classmates used to toddle down to the schoolyard and swing, swing, swing back and forth, laughing and screaming as you pumped for the sky? Well, there'll be a lot of laughs—screaming and pumping, too—if you lay out \$69.95 for The Play Swing, a comfortable leather sex seat based on ones created by Japanese emperors for their concubines. (Ever hear of the Samoan basket trick?) Purveyor of the swing is the Pink Pussy Cat Boutique, 161 West Fourth Street, New York, New York 10014, a store that stocks just about every sexual toy your kinky heart might desire. If you hang your Play Swing from the limb of an old oak tree, children, just make sure it's deep in the middle of the woods.

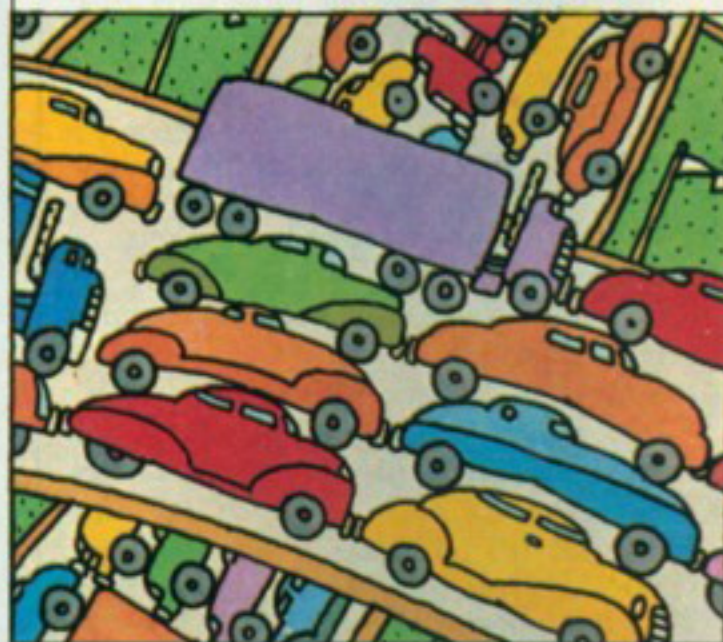


THE SHOW GOES ON

Really serious film buffs probably already know about *Film Collector's World*, a semimonthly tabloid-size publication that contains hundreds of ads for vintage and current films in Super 8 and 16mm format, plus video tapes, lobby cards and original posters. A year's subscription (24 issues) is \$15, sent to P.O. Box 248-P, Rapids City, Illinois 61278. One ad even lists some old 16mm Ronald Reagan commercials, including one in which he "smears his hands with shoe polish, paint and axle grease . . . grimaces at the mess and then gets it off with Boraxo!" Darn clever, that Ron.

JUST KEEP DRIVING

Masochists who aren't satisfied with the exquisite pain that a big-city rush hour inflicts can now crawl home and play—you guessed it—Rush Hour, an obstacle-laden board game in which up to six motorists try to navigate from home to office in the least amount of time. The evil perpetrator of all the frustration is the Everyday Game Company, P.O. Box 808, Purcellville, Virginia 22132, which sells Rush Hour for \$16.95, postpaid. That's about the price of a tank of gas.



ON THE RIGHT TRACK

Anyone in an international job will be happy to learn that CCS Communication Control, Inc., a security company at 633 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017, has available for about \$1000 a belt buckle (with receiver) that can be pressure activated to send out a tracking signal should you encounter trouble. The bad news is that you may be wearing it the night you belly up to the bar after telling your wife you're working late.





GALLIC GULP

The last time we saw Paris, everyone was drinking *panaché*, a zesty combination of French beer and citrus mixture that the waiter mixes for you right at your table. The next time we see Paris—or New Orleans or Atlanta, for that matter—everyone may be drinking Panaché, a French quaff imported by Coy International in New Orleans that's finding its way into liquor stores across the country. Six bottles of Panaché cost about the same as a six-pack, with the citrusy kick of a cancan girl. *Très chic!*

PACS VOBISCUM

With Pac-Man swallowing up both the arcade and the home video markets, it stands to reason that that symbol of ultimate consumption would eventually dart from the video screen and reappear on the chests of the game's most ardent fans. Pac-Man ties in maroon or navy are now available from Video Babies, Inc., P.O. Box 9503, Friendship Station, Washington, D.C. 20016, for only \$8.95, postpaid. Tie one on, and the next time an old colonel at the club asks what your regiment was, tell him you fought with Pac-Man and gobbled up the enemy.



I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

Old carved merry-go-round horses don't just pine away, they end up as the stock in trade of Carrousel Midwest, an antique store that caters to the wooden-horsy set. Prices in its \$6 brochure (get one by writing to the store at P.O. Box 97, North Lake, Wisconsin 53064) range from \$3500 for a jumper to \$22,500 for a tiger. In between are dozens of mares and fillies (a few carved zebras, too) that thrilled our forefathers. Alas, the price of climbing aboard a painted pony today is no longer ten cents a prance.



GOING BUGGY

This 15-inch-long radio-controlled dune-buggy model called Hustler LTX-50, available from its manufacturer, Brinkmann-LaTrax, 4215 McEwen Road, Dallas, Texas 75234, can hit speeds upwards of 30 miles per hour, while jumping puddles in a single bound and gobbling up dirt, just like a Baja racer. Waterproof and dustproof, it's about as much fun as you can have on wheels for \$200—unless you're picked up by a high-priced hooker.



LET OUT A PEEP

When you turn the lens of a kaleidoscope, of course, you get charming, ever-changing patterns of light through glass. When you turn the lens of an Erotiscope, you get a charming, ever-changing pattern of bodies that will thrill and delight all but the most jaded peeper. Best of all, your choice of a mixed or an all-female Erotiscope sells for only \$17 each from Halcyon Daze, Inc., 18-05 215th Street, Bay-side, New York 11360. Pass your Erotiscope around after dinner with port and cigars and see if the men don't soon join the ladies.

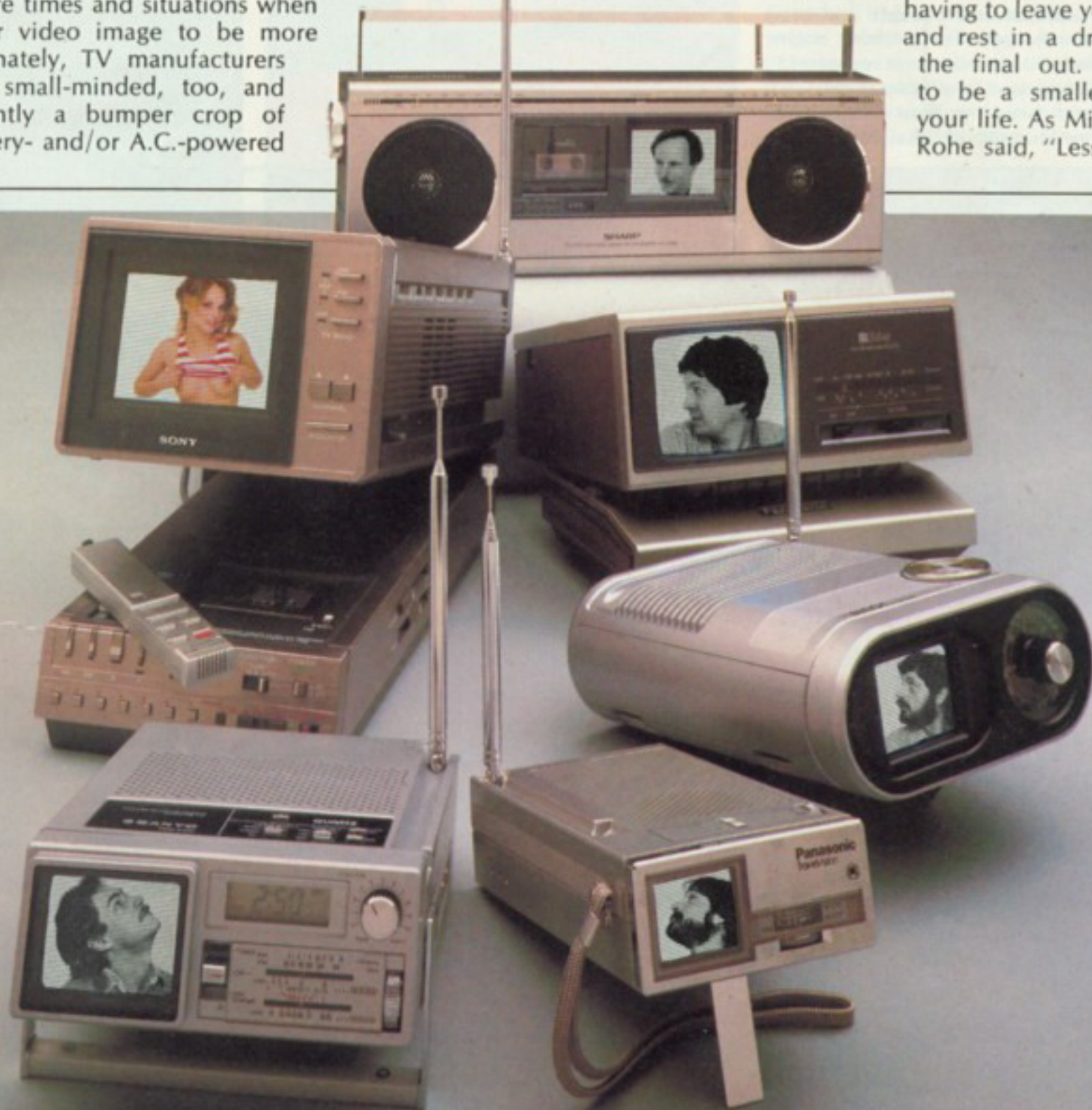


HABITAT

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING TV

Television sets have become a fixture in our homes, and that's one of the problems: They are so *much* of a fixture. Sure, a wide-screen or projection set is perfect to watch the world series on, but there are times and situations when you want your video image to be more discreet. Fortunately, TV manufacturers have become small-minded, too, and there is currently a bumper crop of Lilliputian battery- and/or A.C.-powered

black-and-white and color sets ready for your night stand, desktop or tummy. Some models turn themselves off—or start your day. And truly mini ones, such as the Panasonic pictured below, take you out to the ball game without your having to leave your desk—and rest in a drawer after the final out. TV wants to be a smaller part of your life. As Mies van der Rohe said, "Less is more."



Clockwise from 12: Sharp's Model 31-40 combines a three-inch television with an AM/FM radio and a minicassette player, \$349.95. Next is a flippable A.C.-powered BiSider TR-4060P clock, AM/FM radio and TV with a 4" screen, by Panasonic, \$209.95. The Binoc, by Sears, incorporates a TV with a 2" screen and an AM/FM radio into its binocular-type body, \$199.95. The smallest TV pictured here is the Panasonic TR1010 P, which has a 1.5" screen, from Shutter Bug, Chicago, \$199.95, including a snap-on magnifier not shown. Sanyo's TPM 2100 with a 2" screen also includes an AM/FM and an LCD quartz clock that activates the TV, the radio or a buzzer, \$299.95. Last is the Sony KV-4100—an A.C.-powered desktop color set with a 3.7" screen, AM/FM and a wireless hand-held remote-control unit, \$879.95.

Dual in the Sun

Actress ROBERTA LEIGHTON left a lot of soap-opera fans in the lurch when she left her thriving medical practice on *The Young and the Restless*. Now her loyal fans have to go to the movies when they need a transfusion. Leighton had a small part in Bill Murray's movie *Stripes*, and now she's about to be seen as a high-fashion model in the film *Dreamworld*, co-starring Jeff Conaway. Roberta's our celebrity-in-the-making breast of the month.



BLURT SALZMAN



Prince of the City

ROBERT DUVALL loves his tennis, so when he's not practicing his country-and-western singing for the upcoming movie *Tender Mercies*, he's out in the street looking for a pickup game. Is there a future in playground tennis?

This Is Not His I.Q.

Musician, songwriter, producer and computer freak TODD RUNDGREN has, in the past 15 years, been pretty busy. Beginning in the late Sixties with The Nazz, right through his 16 solo albums and his work with Utopia, Todd's had hits and recognition. As a producer, he has helped acts as diverse as The Tubes and Hall & Oates. He's a one-man industrial complex.



RICHARD FISLEY

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Turning Over a New Leif

We have to face a sign of the times: Boy cherub LEIF GARRETT's growing up. He's got himself a big girl to play with, knockout NICOLETTE SAVALAS (yes, Virginia, she's Telly's stepdaughter), and a part in Francis Ford Coppola's film *The Outsiders*. Although Garrett says he's "totally in love," his teen-beat fans can relax. No marriage plans are on the agenda. But facing the camera with a sultry expression is.



BRAD ELLERMAN/CALIFORNIA FEATURES

Does Medicare Cover This?

Her nursing days are over, but this photo of former *General Hospital* head nurse Bobbie Spenser, a.k.a. JACKLYN ZEMAN, should make your temperature rise. Zeman left the show to branch out, and her first effort will be in theaters this October. Called *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*, it's supposed to be a Marx Brothers-style parody of horror movies.



RICHARD ROOSENET

Checking Out Diana's Rigg

Actress DIANA RIGG became a household name for American audiences with the TV series *The Avengers*. Recently, she got knocked off in the movie *Evil Under the Sun*. Here, with a lift from SIR ROBERT HELPMANN, she was preparing for a play about Colette. This time, the critics shot her down.



RICHARD RUSSELL

NEXT MONTH:



PLAYBOY CHANNEL



THE TELETHON



COMELY COEDS



SNAFUED STUFF

"2010: ODYSSEY TWO"—FIRST OF TWO THRILLING EPISODES FROM THE AUTHOR OF *2001*, IN WHICH AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS TEAM UP TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HAL AND THE CREW OF THE DISCOVERY—BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

"WORLD WAR THREE"—COULD WE SURVIVE A NUCLEAR WAR? WOULD WE WANT TO? WHO'LL PUSH THE BUTTON? WHERE IS THE BUTTON? DEVASTATING ANSWERS—BY **OTTO FRIEDRICH**

"GIRLS OF THE BIG EIGHT"—WE'RE BOOMER FOR THE SOONERS, THE CORNHUSKERS AND ALL THOSE OTHER FOOTBALL TEAMS FROM AMERICA'S BREADBASKET. YOU WILL BE, TOO, ONCE YOU SEE THE WOMEN BEHIND THE MEN. A LUSTY CONFERENCE CALL

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—SPEAKING OF FOOTBALL, OUR RESIDENT EXPERT HAS BEEN STARING INTO HIS AMAZINGLY ACCURATE COLLEGIATE CRYSTAL BALL FOR 25 SEASONS NOW. HELP US CELEBRATE **ANSON MOUNT'S** SILVER ANNIVERSARY

"DISPATCHES: BEHIND THE LINES IN THE NETWORK-NEWS WAR"—NOW THAT WALTER'S GONE, THE OFFCAMERA FIGHTING HAS ASSUMED THE TRAPPINGS OF A REAL ARMED CONFLICT. REPORTS FROM CBS, NBC AND ABC BY **ROBERT SAM ANSON**

"THE BOOK OF CREATION"—THE KING JAMES VERSION WAS NEVER LIKE THIS—BY **TONY HENDRA** AND **SEAN KELLY**

"THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL"—SOME SAY IT'S ON ITS WAY TO BECOMING THE HOTTEST THING ON CABLE TV. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

"THE TELETHON"—EVERY LABOR DAY WEEKEND, CORNELL MESSENGER FINDS HIMSELF GLUED TO THE TUBE. A PENETRATING, THOUGH FICTIONAL, VIEW OF THE ANNUAL **JERRY LEWIS** EXTRAVAGANZA—BY **STANLEY ELKIN**

SO YOU THOUGHT **CHEECH & CHONG** WERE A ONE-JOKE COMEDY TEAM? YOU'LL BE SURPRISED BY THEIR SAVAGELY FUNNY, INCISIVE AND JUST PLAIN RAUNCHY **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"WHY THINGS DON'T WORK"—EVERYBODY MAKES MISTAKES, BUT TOO MANY U.S. BOSSES WOULD RATHER PUNISH THEM THAN PREVENT THEM. A THOUGHTFUL ESSAY—BY **JULES SIEGEL**