

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1978 • \$2.00

Playmate of the Year

HAIR APPARENT DEBRA JO
FONDREN ASSUMES THE THRONE



EXCLUSIVE:
BOBBY BAKER'S
INSIDE
STORY OF
CORRUPTION
IN
WASHINGTON

A RACY
INTERVIEW
WITH
GEORGE BURNS

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

WHAT A SWELL PARTY IT WAS

One guest called it "the publishing party of the year!" Well, half the year remains, but, no question about it, the party PLAYBOY gave to celebrate the opening of its New York editorial offices was quite a bash. More than 1500 guests from the worlds of show-biz, literature, art, photography, sports, advertising and publishing jammed the superfashionable confines of Studio 54, the Manhattan disco where the Beautiful People congregate. Staffing the new offices, at 747 Third Avenue, are Executive Editor G. Barry Golson, Associate Editor John Rezek and Research Editor Tom Passavant.

PLAYBOY Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer (below left) gets the (index) finger from party guest Al Goldstein, who is the editor-publisher of *Screw*.



Photographer Pete Turner (above left), who has been a frequent contributor to PLAYBOY since 1960, talks shop with the magazine's Art Director (and Playboy Enterprises Veep), Arthur Paul, at the Studio 54 gala.



Above, actor Jon Voight (left), who co-stars with Jane Fonda in *Coming Home*, in a convivial moment with Jerry Rubin, author of *Growing Up* at 37.

Tennis star Vitas Gerulaitis (at left below), world's sixth-ranking player by U. S. Tennis Association reckoning, enjoys mixed singles.



PLAYBOY Executive Editor G. Barry Golson, who heads the new Manhattan office, greets Erica Jong, the author of *Fear of Flying* and *How to Save Your Own Life*—and the subject of a *Playboy Interview* in September 1975.



Another *Playboy Interview* subject, journalist/talk-show host David Frost (above left), featured in our April 1978 issue, has more to say to Golson—whose duties include, you guessed it, editing interviews.



Author Norman Mailer arrives at the Studio 54 bash with Norris Church (above)—who was about, it appears, to make him a daddy for the eighth time.

PLAYMATE UPDATE

KAREN HAFTER HAS IT COVERED

Playmate Karen Hafter has had nothing but good luck since appearing in our December 1976 centerfold. Now a new disco album, *Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood* (Casablanca), by Santa Esmeralda, featuring Leroy Gomez, also double-features Karen. Her back's on the front and her front's on the back, thereby ensuring that this record will be a two-sided hit regardless of what's on the vinyl. Though we hear it's nice, too.



PATTI HAS A PINBALL AND DEBRA SOLVES A WIDE-PART PROBLEM

When 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren appeared on *To Tell the Truth* (right), host Joe Garagiola couldn't help pondering the possibilities of a plusher pate. Above, Bill Murray and Gilda Radner of NBC's *Saturday Night* join 1977 Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire for a day of flipper flipping at the First National Pinball Tournament finals, sponsored by Bally at Chicago's Playboy Towers. Twenty regional winners were finalists in the tourney, which drew 61,504 entrants over a six-month period (see *Playboy After Hours*).



RACQUETBALL FINALS FEATURE NICKI

A peek into the locker room at A.M.F. Voit's Racquetball Classic in Minneapolis reveals trim March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas suiting up; she would, you'll agree, make a very distracting opponent. Nicki was on hand to make prize presentations at the event, in which 220 contestants vied for awards and the chance to meet Nicki, who, by the way, looks just as good on the court as off.



SONDRA BOOGIES ON "FANTASY ISLAND"

It looked like a scene from one of Randy Newman's nightmares when July 1977 Playmate Sondra Theodore boogied with actor Herve Villechaize in a recent episode (titled "Mr. Irresistible") of ABC-TV's newest series, *Fantasy Island*. Villechaize's minuscule stature belies his talent, as evidenced by the praise he has received for his recent role in the movie *The One and Only*, starring Henry Winkler. Sondra's talents, of course, have long been evident to PLAYBOY readers. Now she's caught the eye of casting directors, too.



DODGE, NO.1 IN VANS, ANNOUNCES STREET VAN. THE LATEST ADULT TOY.

The company that made trucks fun now makes them even more fun for 1978. Here are some brand-new reasons to get your kicks in a Dodge Street Van.

ALL-NEW SEATS... NEW ROOMINESS.

More comfortable high-back Command bucket seats with hot new colors and caressable fabrics. Mounted on curved tracks, the new seats allow a higher position for the shorter driver and more headroom for the taller driver. And we've made the engine cover smaller to make the people compartment bigger.

SOME NEW OPTIONS.

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(Optional equipment, paint, and trim shown are available through Dealer or customizing shop.)



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This year's instrument panel looks like it was made for a luxury sedan. And it's easier to service. The combined starter and ignition switch is now on the locking steering column.

Put our new features together with Dodge dependability and value, and you'll see why we intend to keep on selling more vans and wagons than anyone. Buy or lease one or a fleet... at your Dodge Dealer's.



237% increase from 1966 to 1976



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AND WAGONS.***

* Passenger van-type vehicles known in the industry as wagons.

MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC WITH THIS FISHER HIGH FIDELITY SYSTEM.

Record on both 8-track and cassette tapes.

This Fisher ACS1535 matched performance audio component system delivers superb sound from AM, FM stereo, and discs, and lets you record and play both cassettes and 8-track cartridges!

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ings off the air or from discs while listening. You can even record 8-track and cassette simultaneously or from one to the other.

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music. The limited production Fisher ACS1535 is priced at about \$650* (other Fisher audio component systems are available from \$400* to \$2500*).

For the name of your nearest dealer, call toll-free 1-800-528-6050, ext. 871 from anywhere in the U.S. (in Arizona, call toll-free 1-955-9710, ext. 871).

*Manufacturer's suggested retail value. Actual selling price is determined solely by the individual Fisher dealer.

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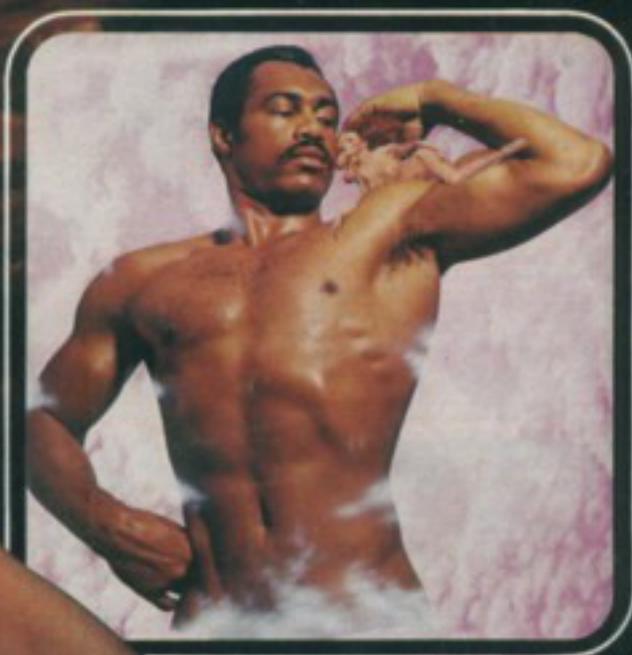


ACS1535

THE DREAMS OF

Apollonia

the life of this top model consists mostly of acting out other people's fantasies. we give her a chance to star in her own



Newsweek, previewing this Fay Wray-King Kong pose starring Apollonia and boxer Ken Norton, called it "a brazen biceptual fantasy." Hmmm.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARA GALLANT



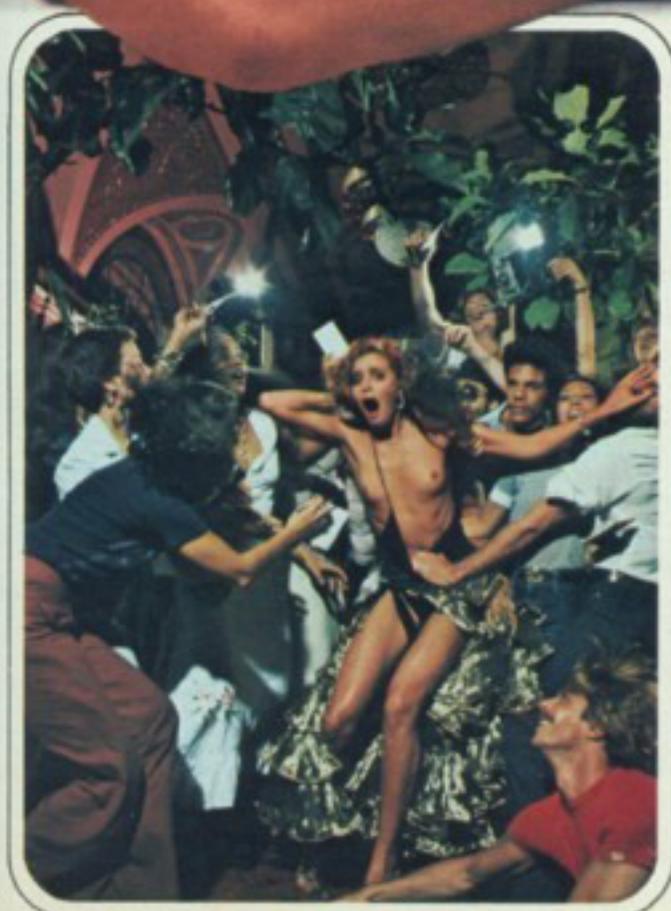
For starters, how about a cozy little *ménage à trois* (above)? Apollonia's split-image boyfriend is evidently in a reflective mood. At right, Apollonia portrays a liberated lady who has just bounced her errant beau out on his ear. But not without quite a struggle, apparently. Notice all the debris: lamp shade askew, her housecoat at half-mast.



As a street kid (above), Apollonia acts in her own version of *West Side Story*. She is such a hit in the part that she becomes a famous movie star and is mobbed by autograph and souvenir (i.e., clothing) seekers at Manhattan's ultrachic Studio 54 *discothèque* (right).

ALL OF US have fantasies; few of us get to realize them, especially in front of a camera. One of the troubles with being a model—and Apollonia Van Ravenstein is at the top of that profession—is that you spend all your working hours acting out other people's fantasies. Apollonia hasn't complained about that, you understand; professionalism oozes from her pores. "Apollonia has a greater range of emotion than any other model in the business," opines Ara Gallant, photographer of fashion's *haut monde*. "She has an actress' sense of what a photograph is about." It seemed to us a shame that such talent should be visible only in fashion

magazines, so we asked Apollonia to confess a few of her own fantasies and have Ara photograph her for us in situations in which she had always wanted to find herself. These dreams of Apollonia are fairly recent ones. When she was a youngster in the Netherlands, she fully expected to live out her life as a French teacher. But at the age of 17, she went to Paris and started modeling. Five years ago, she went to New York and joined the top-rated Zoli agency, which, though it has made her a big name professionally, has never given her the chance to play Fay Wray to Ken Norton's King Kong. "In this age of machines, I love romance," says Apollonia of this project. As for us, it's easy to see we've gone ape over Apollonia.



Apollonia's high-society dream self gets entangled with a taxi door on Park Avenue. Obviously, Apollonia didn't heed her mother's warning: Always wear clean undies when out for a ride.

No offense to Amanda Blake, but if Apollonia had played Miss Kitty in this getup, *Gunsmake* might still be on the air. Both cowpoke and cardsharp seem to be enjoying the view of Apollonia as a dance-hall girl.



WE MEET Gail Stanton in her hotel room. She is wearing a blue-satin bathrobe and she smells like jasmine. We ask her what folks do these days down in her home town, Memphis, Tennessee. "Same as usual," she deadpans. "They spend all day drinkin' RC [pronounced *ah-ruh-see*] Colas and eatin' Moon Pies." We then ask what the hell a Moon Pie is and, amused by our Yankee ignorance, she explains that it's a chocolate-marshmallow concoction. Astute readers will recall seeing Gail in *The Girls of the New South*, April 1977. As she explains, Memphis is in the Bible Belt and the local reaction to



SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

june playmate gail stanton is a new-fashioned memphis belle

"I gotta have a kind of down-home guy. I'd rather have somebody who doesn't have anything and treats me like a woman than some rich guy who acts like I'm a possession."

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY DAVID CHAN



"I love animals. I'd like to take all of them out of humane shelters and put them on a big piece of land somewhere."



"Northern food makes me sick. I wish they knew how to cook black-eyed peas and rice and red-eye gravy and grits."



her appearance in **PLAYBOY** was somewhere between indignation and outrage. "Folks who didn't even know us called my parents, just to tell my mother what a disgrace I was. My older sister and I shared an apartment then, and we'd get these obscene phone calls. Some guys were clever. They would act like they worked for a messenger service and say they had a small package for me. 'About six inches,' they'd say, and we'd hang up." But despite such complaints about her home town, Gail loves it and the South in general. "The South's come a long way. Racial attitudes have changed, for one thing. Young Southerners have gone from accepting the ways of their parents to adopting a whole new way of thinking. In fact, I think in some ways, the South is much better than the North. The most unfriendly people I've met in my life were Northerners." Gail is a computer programmer for serious and a model for fun. She takes her discovery by **PLAYBOY** with a grain of grits. "I don't like the life of modeling and I'm not planning on being a movie star. I'd much rather talk about humane treatment for animals or Mideastern relations." Her concern for animals begins



"I dated Elvis a couple of times. I was surprised at how sincere he was. He was a remarkable man, a real gentleman, a model Southern man. Elvis made Memphis proud."



"What turns me on? It would be sophisticated to say a new vibrator with seven attachments and a tub of orgy butter—but, actually, I like whispering, massaging and kissing."





at home with her two Afghan hounds, but she's also an avid member of The Memphis Humane Society. Her interest in the Middle East is the result of a two-month modeling job she took there last year. "Our media give such negative images of Arabs. All Americans think Arabs do is live in tents, ride camels and screw the humps. But actually, they are a very serious, very religious people." Gail describes herself as an example of the new Southern woman, who's "goal-oriented and outspoken." With girls like Gail below the Mason-Dixon line, it's no wonder the South is rising again.

"A Jacuzzi is great before making love. It kinda gets everything circulating."





"When we did the skirt-blowing shots in the Memphis amusement park, good ole boys were standing around with their hands in their pockets and when it was time to say goodbye, one of the old men working the controls couldn't even stand up from behind his table."





MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: GAIL Stanton

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'1" WEIGHT: 103 SIGN: Scorpio

BIRTH DATE: 11-19-54 BIRTHPLACE: Memphis, Tennessee

GOALS: I'd like to work with my favorite educational foundation in the Middle East.

TURN-ONS: Independent men, Roses, jewelry, Afghan Hounds, and all kinds of baby animals.

TURN-OFFS: Dependent men, laziness, jealous people. Also, people who impose their sense of morality on others.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Vivien Leigh: A Biography, Erroneous Zones, Linda Goodman's Sun Signs.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Close Encounters of the Third Kind, Gone with the Wind, Looking For Mr. Goodbar.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Beach Boys, Bread, Eagles, Elvis, Waylon Jennings, Stevie Wonder.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Snow and water skiing, swimming, hiking, all outdoor sports.

BIGGEST JOY: To make everybody around me happy!



Age 3, with a mouth full of candy.



Age 7, after my mother cut my bangs too short.



Age 17, giving my all for my Alma Mater.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I'll fix you, you tightwad!" screamed the woman. "If you won't increase my allowance for clothes, I'm going on a bedroom strike!"

"Go right ahead," responded her husband calmly. "My secretary has the tightest little strikebreaker in town."

What with this business about talking to plants, it stood to reason that some sickie would start making obscene fern calls.



An impoverished young man and his attractive wife were unexpectedly invited to go on a cruise by a rich bachelor sportsman, but the latter's real purpose was soon revealed. "You know," he said to the husband on deck after dinner the first night out, "your wife is a ravishing creature who interests me strongly and—well—I take you to be a needy but sporting man of the world. I'm willing to make you a gift of this ship if you'll only let me spend the night with her."

The young man drew himself up. "You offend me, sir," he replied. "There's the motor dinghy and we're not too far from shore. I may be a man of the world—but screw another man's wife? Not on my yacht, you don't!"

We've heard they've come up with a special scent for feminine hygiene sprays for teenyboppers. It's called Statutory Grape.

Said she: "Please excuse my timidity."

Said he: "It's just goddamn frigidity!"

Then she sobbed, "Oh, my dear,
It would fast disappear
If your tool had more goddamn rigidity!"

The callgirl and the psychiatrist had just completed a session on his couch, but neither made a move to leave. They both sat quietly, simply looking at each other. Finally and simultaneously, they broke the silence:

"Fifty dollars, please!"

Since Jack and I grew up together in a nudist colony," beamed the bride, "an important part of adolescence for me was watching an ugly dickling turn into a beautiful shvantz!"

Wasn't that great, baby?" panted the fellow to his date in the motel room, after he had persuaded her to try a number of contortionist positions taken from a kinky sex manual.

"Actually," sighed the girl, "I liked the book better."

A deli-buff spinster named Mellish
Bought substitute meats she'd embellish;
And once, hardly flustered
When fresh out of mustard,
She got off on a hot dog with relish!

What's the trouble, Mac?" the sympathetic bartender questioned the morose drinker. "Why don't you tell me about it?"

"I got caught today screwing my next-door neighbor," groaned the fellow.

"Hey, that's heavy! Who caught you," pursued the bartender, "her husband?"

"No," moaned the drinker, "his wife."

I am asking, sir," blurted out the highly formal and also highly nervous youth, "for your daughter's hole in handy matrimony!"

Skin flicks are the only dramatic medium, we suppose, in which it's acceptable for an actor to muff his lines.



A farm boy chanced upon his grandfather engaged in the solitary sin behind the barn. "Whatcha doin', Gramps," he snickered, "whackin' off?"

"Nope," answered the old man with a shrug, "just whackin'."

Is it true," a tourist finally got around to asking the Oriental cutie he'd picked up in a Hong Kong bar, "that your—er—femininity runs sideways instead of up and down?"

"What difference does it make?" giggled the girl. "Are you a harmonica player?"

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.



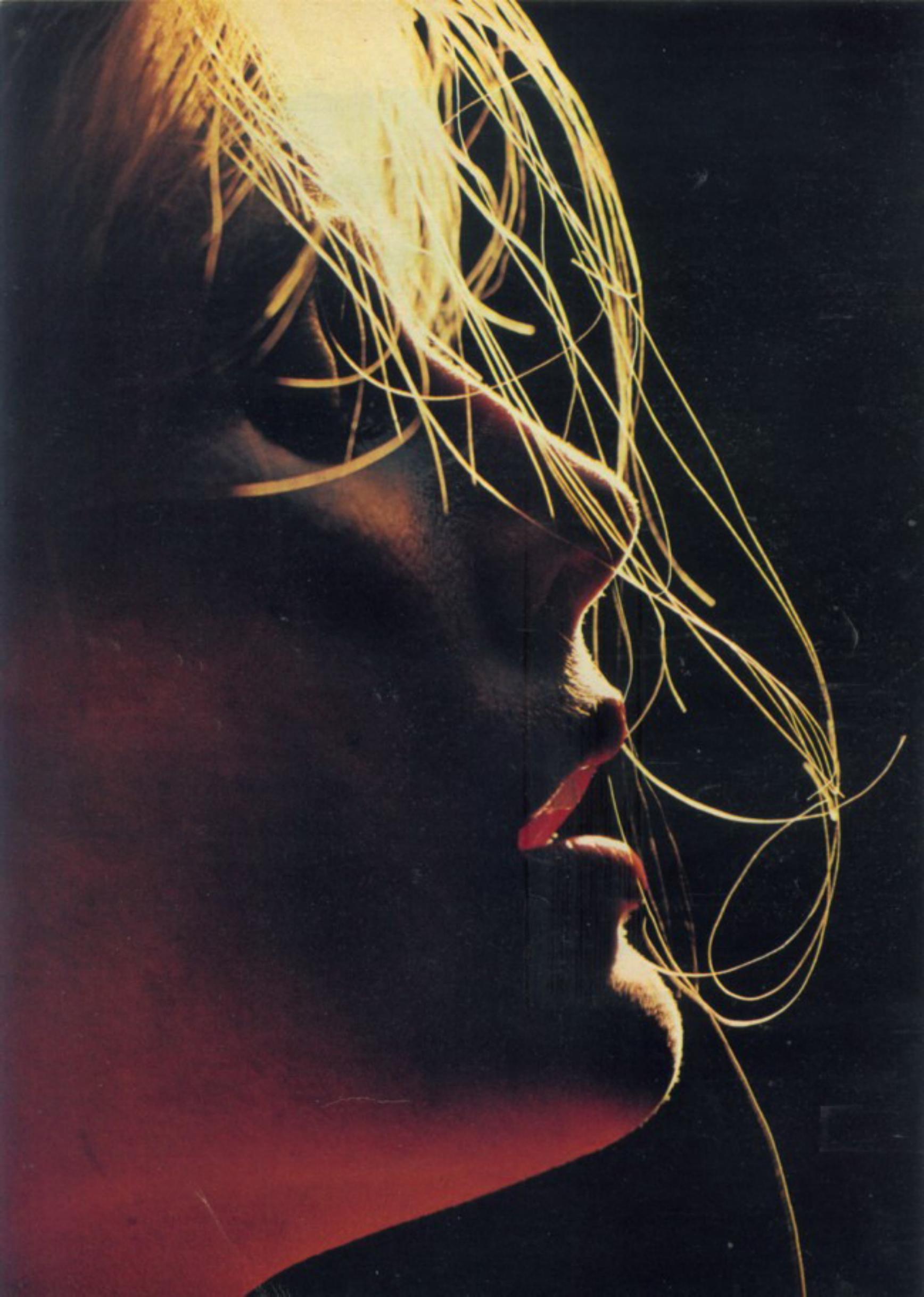
"Does it have to be white, Captain? Would you consider something in a paisley?"





Dedim

"Priscilla, the orchestra's playing our song."





PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR

DEBRA

*debra jo fondren,
the editors'—and
readers'—choice for
playmate of the year,
takes a thrill-of-a-
lifetime trip to paris
and the bahamas
to pose for leading
european movie director/
glamor photographer
francis giacobetti*



People ask me how I feel about having men look at my body. I tell them I feel very good about it. It's when they don't that I start to worry."





THE SCRIPT for *The Debra Jo Fondren Story* would be rejected by any self-respecting Hollywood producer. We can hear them now: "Too pat. Where's the tension, the drama, the believability?" Take, for instance, this synopsis of the first reel: A young, beautiful girl, an avid reader of *PLAYBOY*, dreams of becoming a Playmate. Unfortunately, she lives in a small city in Texas. Beaumont is the name and it's slightly off the beaten track. She is spotted by a *PLAYBOY* photographer's assistant, who suggests she just might have what it takes.

A few test shots later, our heroine finds herself in the centerfold, as the September 1977 Playmate. Public reaction is overwhelming. The readers write volumes, peppered with such adjectives as stunning and fantastic, and imploring, "More!" The editors huddle: "We've got a winner here!" Debra Jo is named Playmate of the Year and is whisked off to Paris to sit for Francis Giacobetti, one of the world's foremost photographers of women. End of reel one. But, as they say, not the end of the story.

Actually, this is not a fairy tale and Debra Jo is hip-deep in reality. For her, the past few months have been a breathless romp around the country, touring on various *PLAYBOY* promotions—something of a revelation to a girl who had seldom been outside Beaumont. "People are the same everywhere," she discovered, "they just have different accents."

Naturally, the high point so far has been her trip to Paris. "At the time we arrived, it was cold and rainy, but you could still tell it was beautiful." Debra's compliment was returned with interest by Parisian men, who were so taken with her and with the length of her tresses they (text concluded on page 226)

The Playmate of the Year gets so many nice gifts, it's like Christmas in June. I can't wait to try out my new Datsun 280Z on those wide-open Texas roads. I don't think I'd want to drive it in Paris, though. The city has too many wild drivers."







I love money; I'm not going to lie about it. But if you're not happy in your own mind, no amount of money is going to buy that for you. When I think of security, I think about home and friends and family. Those are the important things."





Eventually, I'll get married and have children. But right now, my career is most important. Too many things are happening for me to be able to give children the care they need. I mean, I feel bad about having to leave my cats!"







A photograph showing a person's legs and feet tucked under a white sheet on a bed. The bed has yellow pillows and a blue pillow. The person's feet are visible, wearing white socks. The lighting is soft and warm.

I used to think in terms of depending on a man for my happiness, but finding out I can make it on my own has made me a stronger, happier person. I believe in women's lib every place but in the bedroom. There, I think the man should be in control. It makes me feel more feminine."



Gahan Wilson

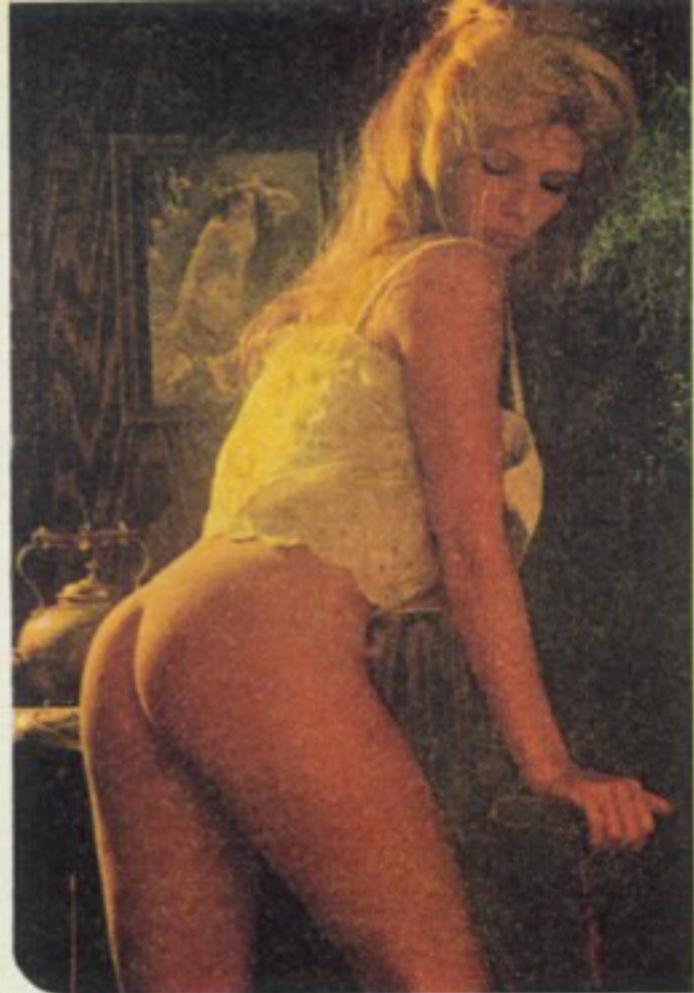
"I've passed your complaints along to the captain."



We proudly present
PLAYBOY's choices
of those who deserve
more than a backward
glance. First up is No-
vember 1977 Playmate
Rita Lee, pictured in
the bedroom of a con-
dominium in Man-
zanillo, Mexico.

a callipygian
special dedicated
to those of us who
are given to hindsight

MOONS
IN JUNE



It is said that the sun shines equally on all, but the particular beam that's caressing 1978 Playmate of the Year Debra Jo Fondren (far left) seems to be giving it a little extra. And March 1977 Playmate Nicki Thomas (left) proves the adage that behind every beautiful woman is a beautiful behind.

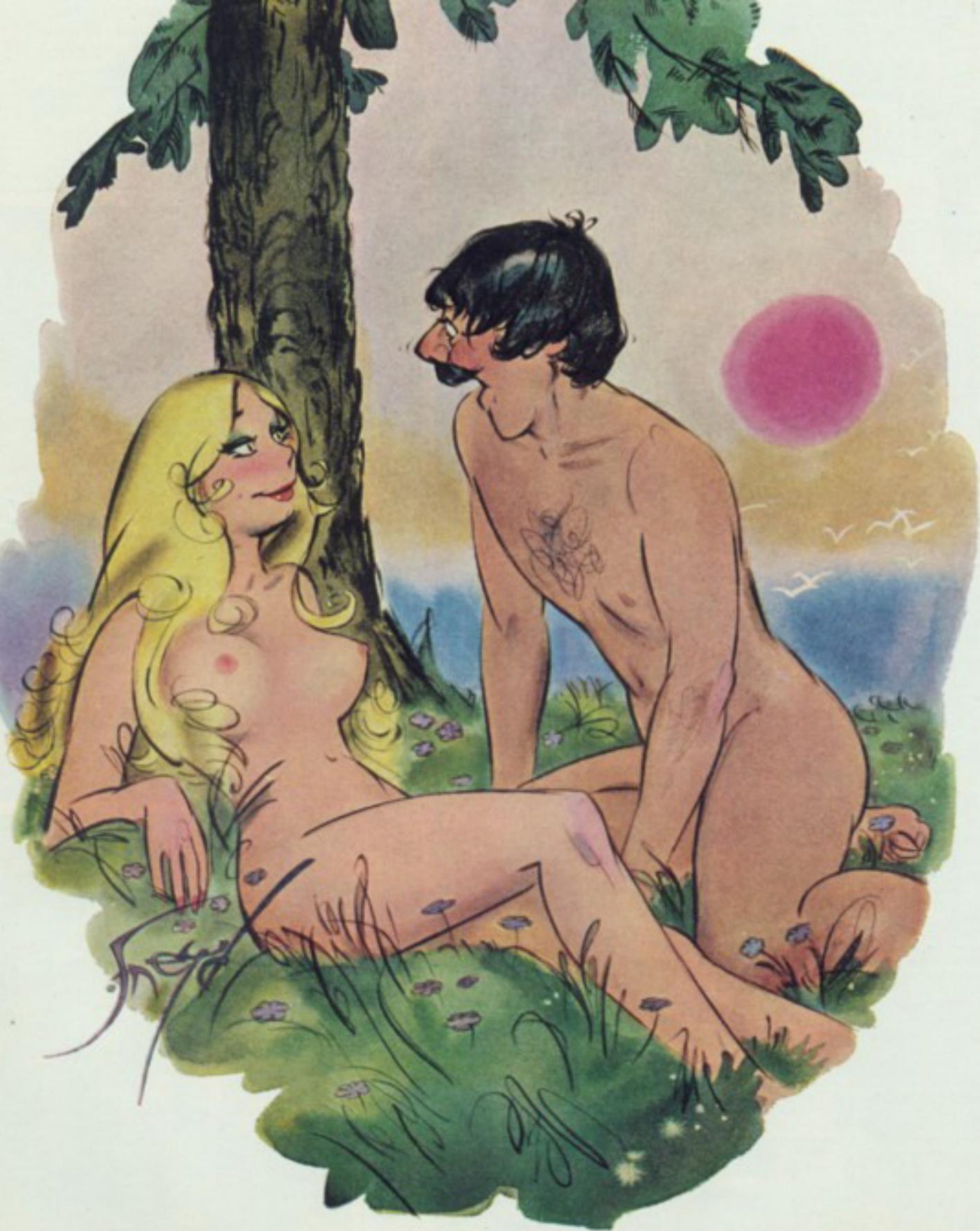
For the man who shuns the outdoors for the comfort of his living room, what could be more pleasurable than an *au naturel* concert by November 1974 Playmate Bebe Buell (above right)? But who could turn down the invitation to fresh-air living offered by December 1973 Playmate Christine Maddox (below right)?





At left, our camera sneaks up on 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood, capturing her in a moment of ecstasy during her morning bath in Puerto Vallarta. We have found that if you focus your eyes on May 1976 Playmate Patricia Margot McClain's buttocks (below), they seem to follow you across the room. Finally, there's brown-eyed girl with cheeks Denise Michele (bottom), glimpsed during her April 1976 Playmate shooting in the moonlit Hawaiian countryside. And now, a quiz: Quick! Don't look back, but tell us how many bikini lines there are in this pictorial. Gotcha.





"You're right . . . everything tastes better outdoors!"



Playboy FUNNIES

**NEON VINCENT'S
MASSAGE PARLOR**

YOU TAKE THIS ONE, BERNICE.

LOOKS LIKE AN EMERGENCY!

DON'CHA EVER GET TIRED OF THIS HAND-TO-MOUTH EXISTENCE, FRANCINE?

AREN'T YOU BOTHERED THAT YOU SHARE CARNAL DELIGHTS WITH GENTS YOU'D SOONER CHOP INTO CAT FOOD?

BERNICE, MY DEAR....

LIVING WELL IS THE BEST REVENGE!

THE BULGING COUNTENANCES OF OUR CUSTOMERS...

...ARE MATCHED ONLY BY MY BULGING BANK ACCOUNT.

IT'S A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT!

The Kinky Report

by Christopher Braine

DOC, MY CACTUS WAS DYING AND I HEARD IF YOU SPEAK TO PLANTS THEY GET BETTER....

SO I READ IT THE NEW ERICA JONG NOVEL....

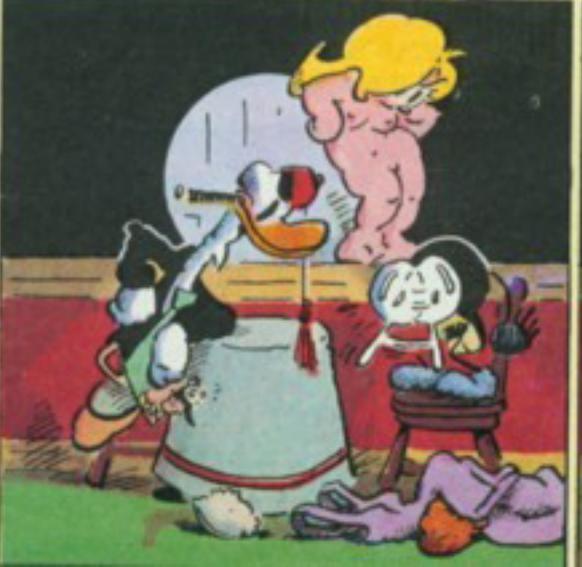
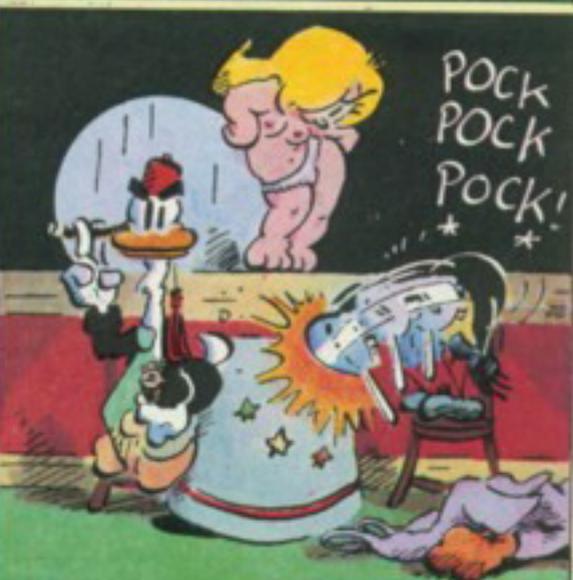
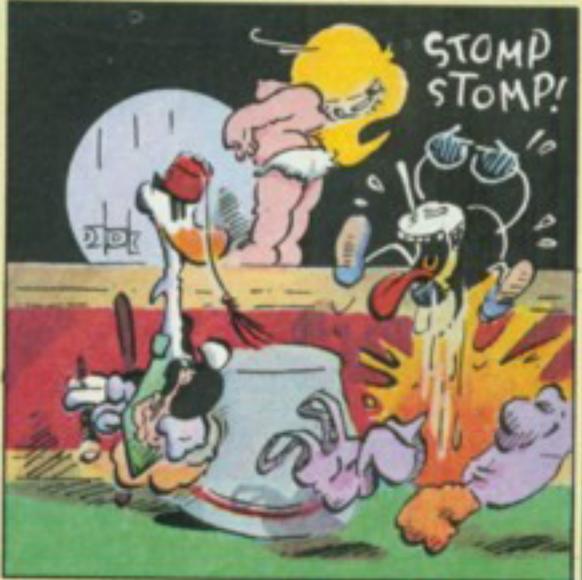
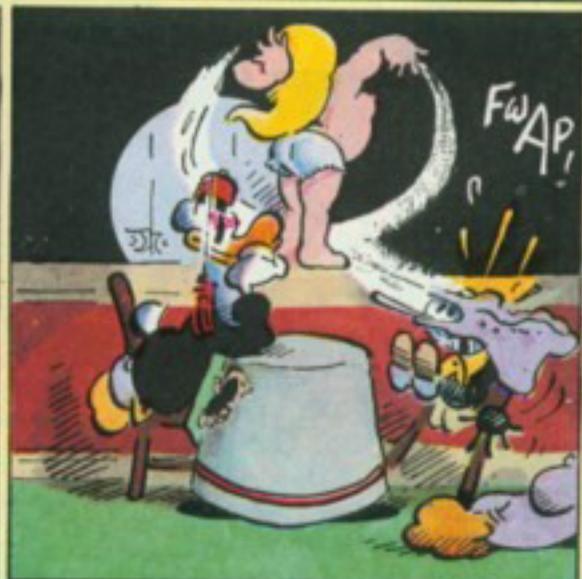
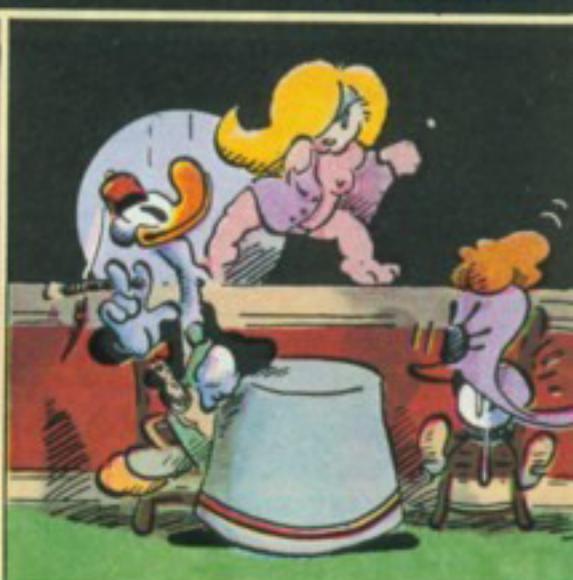
WELL? DID IT GET BETTER?

WELL, IT GOT BIGGER!



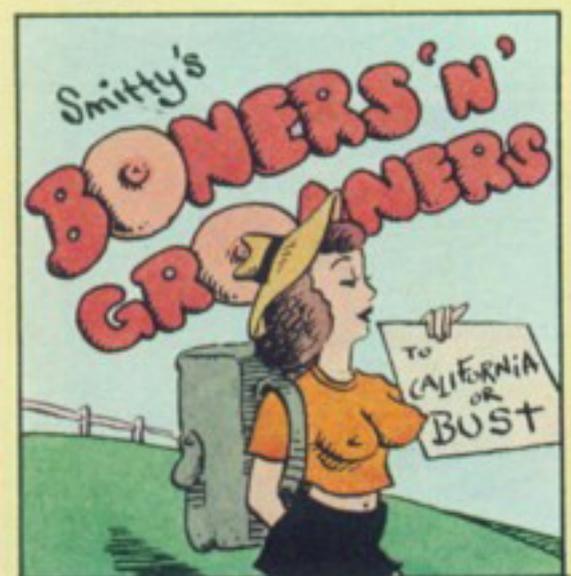
DIRTY DUCK

by
**BOBBY
LONDON**



CRUISER

by Christopher Browne



IF ONLY IT WERE TRUE!

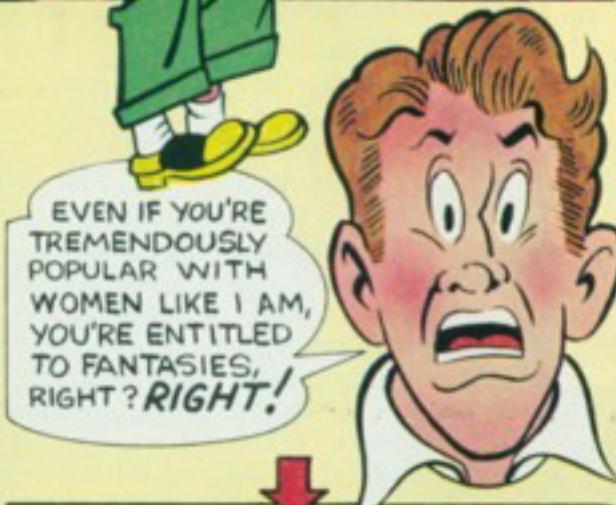


HI! I'M LOU BROOKS! I'M A BIG SHOT CARTOONIST, BUT, Y'KNOW, I'VE GOT FRUSTRATIONS AND FANTASIES JUST LIKE YOU!



LET'S FACE IT!

THEY'RE ALL AROUND US... PRETTY GIRLS, I MEAN! IT DRIVES ME CRAZY!



EVEN IF YOU'RE TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR WITH WOMEN LIKE I AM, YOU'RE ENTITLED TO FANTASIES, RIGHT? RIGHT!

"YES, AND WHEN YOU SEE AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADY WEARING ONE OF THOSE **CLINGING** KNIT DRESSES, WHAT HARM WOULD IT DO TO TAKE A **CLOSER LOOK**?"

"WHEN YOU GET ONE OF THOSE MIDDAY HARD-ONS ON THE STREET (ESPECIALLY IN THE **SPRING**), IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR BOTH OF YOU TO TAKE A SHORT BREAK OVER A **MAILBOX**!"

"FOR INSTANCE, ON A BUS, HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF **GETTING OFF** BEFORE GETTING OFF? I KNOW I HAVE!!"



EXCUSE ME, I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU HAD ANY PANTIES ON!

BE MY GUEST!

BUS STOP



OOH, THAT FEELS GOOD, BUT HURRY... I'VE GOT TO BE BACK AT THE OFFICE IN HALF AN HOUR!



COULD I JUST STARE AT YOUR BARE BREASTS AND PLAY WITH MYSELF FOR A WHILE TILL WE GET TO 59TH STREET?

"YOU'RE WAITING IN LINE AT THE BANK... THERE'S A **LUSCIOUS DISH** STANDING IN LINE AHEAD OF YOU!"

WHAT A **CRAZY** WORLD IT WOULD BE, HUH? IF ONLY IT WERE TRUE!!

"I'D **LOVE** TO SPEND A WINDY AFTERNOON ON THE SIDE-WALK, LOOKING UP SKIRTS! WOULDN'T YOU? WHAT POSSIBLE HARM COULD IT DO?"



PARDON ME, BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THAT ENORMOUS **BULGE** IN YOUR PANTS! WOULD YOU MIND VERY MUCH IF I RUBBED IT UNTIL WE GOT TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE?

BY GOLLY, HELP YOURSELF!



BROOKS?

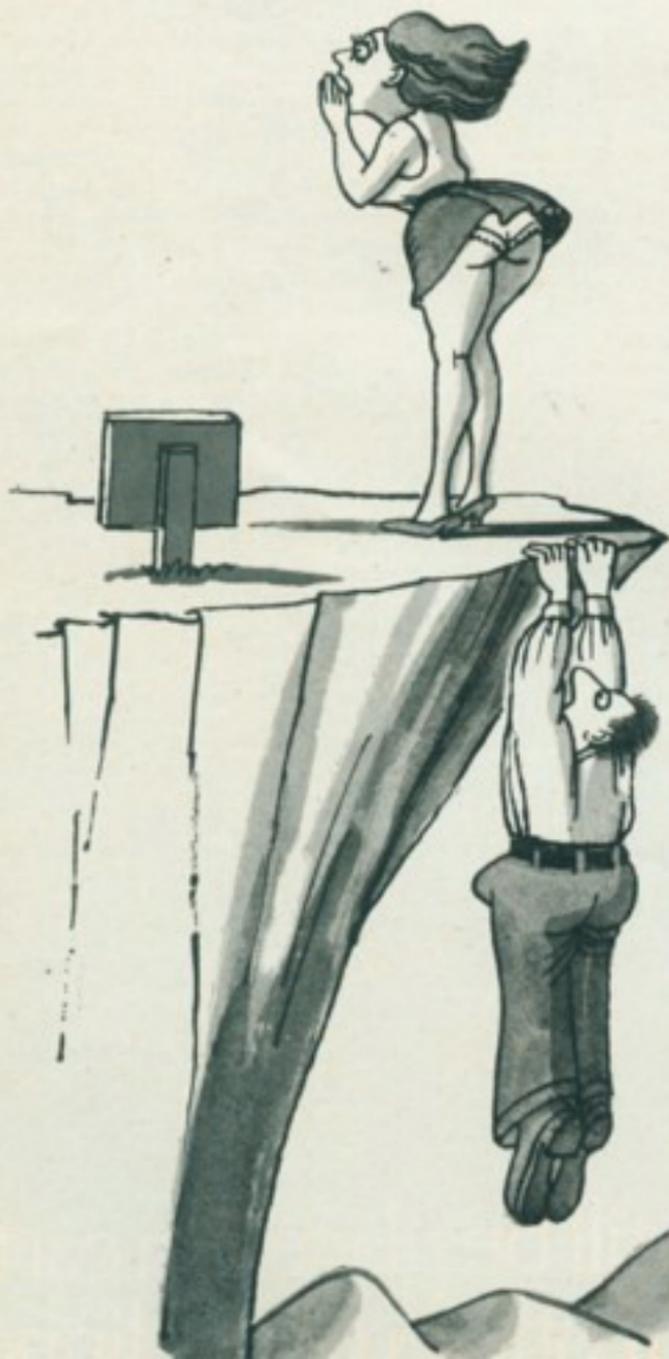
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"I'm so glad we were able to have this little discussion."



*"Not only was it a thrill to win the race but
I also had a multiple orgasm."*



BKuban

How to buy a personal computer.

Suddenly everyone is talking about personal computers. Are you ready for one? The best way to find out is to read Apple Computer's "Consumer Guide to Personal Computing." It will answer your unanswered questions and show you how useful and how much fun personal computers can be. And it will help you choose a computer that meets your personal needs.

Who uses personal computers.

Thousands of people have already discovered the Apple computer—businessmen, students, hobbyists. They're using their Apples for financial management, complex problem solving—and just plain fun.

You can use your Apple to analyze the stock market, manage your personal finances, control your home environment, and to invent an unlimited number of sound and action video games. That's just the beginning.

What to look for.

Once you've unlocked the power of the personal computer, you'll be

using your Apple in ways you never dreamed of. That's when the capabilities of the computer you buy will really count. You don't want to be limited by the availability of pre-programmed cartridges. You'll want a computer, like Apple, that you can also program yourself. You don't want to settle for a black and white display. You'll want a computer, like Apple, that can turn any color tv into a dazzling array of color graphics.* The more you learn about computers, the more your imagination will demand. So you'll want a computer that can grow with you as your skill and experience with computers grows. Apple's the one.

How to get one.

The quickest way is to get a free copy of the Consumer Guide to Personal Computing. Get yours by calling 800/538-9696. Or by writing us. Then visit your local Apple dealer. We'll give you his name and address when you call.

*Apple II plugs into any standard TV using an inexpensive modulator (not included).



apple computer™

10260 Bandley Dr., Cupertino, CA 95014

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



DOING IT FOR PEANUTS

Ever since Jimmy Carter was elected President, peanuts have come out of their shells and gone into everything from soup to nut-shaped sofas. One of the latter, pictured above, is what ModernAge Inc., 7000 W. Cermak Road, Berwyn, Illinois 60402, calls The Peanut Tête-à-Tête, an 89-inch-long variation of the classic love seat on which two people can share an evening of doing whatever comes naturally. The price: \$978, plus freight. The lowly goober never had it so good.



MAKING CRIME PAY

If you'd like something a bit offbeat to put on your coffee table next to PLAYBOY, try subscribing to *Spring 3100*, the slick official magazine of the New York Police Department that's published by the men in blue out of 51 Chambers Street, New York, N.Y. 10007. Five bucks will get you six bimonthly issues stuffed with departmental news, most-wanted pictures, etc. And each April, there's a hilarious lampoon issue that proves cops do know how to laugh. Ha!



BORSCHT AND BRATWURST

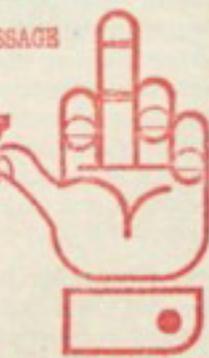
This July 19 to August 6, New York State's Catskill Mountains (breeding ground of Borscht Belt comics) will once again be the site of the sixth annual German Alps Festival, an Oktoberfest-type event featuring three imported oompah bands, enough ethnic foodstuffs to feed an army, a blitzkrieg of merchandise and a beer-hall tent stocked with over 100 brews—all this plus dancers, art shows and more. For a free color brochure, write to the German Alps Festival, Main Street, Hunter, New York 12442. Buddy Hackett will not appear.

BIRD WATCHING

A Bird in the Hand Is Worth a Thousand Words is the motto of Chi, Inc., a hip company at P.O. Box 636, Cupertino, California 95014, that's selling six different rubber stamps (at \$5.50 each, postpaid) for rigid-digit replies to whatever bugs you. Besides the MEMO one, you can also order IN REPLY TO YOUR DEMAND, REQUEST, INQUIRY, CRITICISM and PAID UNDER PROTEST. We've flipped for them.

AN OFFICIAL INSTANT REPLY MESSAGE

IN REPLY
TO YOUR
MEMO



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SKIN TRADE

We don't know if the old saying that "a sailor's not a sailor until he's been tattooed" was coined by a company called Spaulding & Rogers, Route 85, New Scotland Road, Voorheesville, New York 12186, but we do know that that company is the mother lode of tattooing designs and equipment. Three dollars will get you its latest catalog, which lists everything a self-illustrator could desire: skulls, devil dogs, naughty ladies, dragons and even a heart that says MOM.



POMPEII AND CIRCUMSTANCE

A few years ago, we visited Pompeii and had to bribe a guard to see some hot stuff. Today, over 300 rare and beautiful relics of Pompeii—the most comprehensive display ever seen outside Italy—are coming to America, thanks to grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities and Xerox Corporation. *Pompeii AD79* will visit Boston, Chicago and other cities during the coming year. At its previous stop, Denmark, it broke all attendance records—and you know how jaded the Danes are.

WHAT A CATCH!

Anglers who have got it and really want to flaunt it can sink \$950 into the Rolls-Royce of bamboo fishing poles—a Citation Rod manufactured by Weir & Son, P.O. Box 1518, Los Gatos, California 95030. The rod, which is made of pre-embargo (1930) cane, also features gold-plated fittings, a hand-rubbed ebony reel seat and a mahogany or walnut velvet-lined 36" x 4" x 2" carrying case that comes complete with a silver plaque inlaid in the cover for an owner's initials. And you can fish with it.



FIDDLE FADDLE

Military antiquities and Western Americana are the specialties of Fiddler's Green, a store located at 3318 N. First Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719. The hand-made 19-inch-tall M-1884 Enlisted Man's Cavalry Boots, at left, are just \$92, postpaid, the M-1884 Campaign Hat is \$27 (plus \$10 for an officer's-hat cord) and the M-1885 Prairie Belt goes for \$19.50. Fiddler's has just published a catalog, available for one dollar, that lists its complete line of stuff. Turn green, guys. The model's not part of Fiddler's inventory.



BEWARE OF THE BLOB

Avant farmers have been using this stuff for years, but for all you city slickers who have never heard of it, Edmund Scientific, 7782 Edscorp Building, Barrington, New Jersey 08007, is selling a product called Super Foam for only \$10.95 for two 16-ounce cans. All you do is combine equal portions of both cans, stir for about 25 seconds and watch Super Foam grow; the two cans will make about one cubic foot of hardened foam, which you can chip, chisel, etc. Let your imagination grow!

MAZDA PUTS IT ALL TOGETHER

The old order changeth plenty. Gone from the sports-car list are the Jaguar and the Healey. Panteras and Cobras are vintage cars now. Into the breach from the Far East comes Mazda with new ideas about what a sports car should be. It's the RX-7. I've preview-driven it in Japan and it is very good.

What hurt Mazda in the darkest days of the long lines to the gas pumps, the Wankel rotary, is just what makes its new RX-7 sports car so special. Sure, there were Mazda cars with rotary engines on the U.S. market before—the R100, RX-2, RX-3, RX-4 and Cosmo. But they weren't like the RX-7. They were designed to take either a rotary or a normal piston engine. They didn't take full advantage of what Mazda's high priest of the rotary, Kenichi Yamamoto, calls its "compact and vibration-free drivability and comfortability." So Mazda went all the way with the RX-7, giving it the low hood and the light front end, for good weight distribution, that only exclusive design around a rotary engine can bring about.

The RX-7 (which will replace the RX-3 in America) is a

automatic transmission. Its top speed is well on the happy side of 115 mph.

What's so nice about the RX-7 is that it does all that with no noise and fuss. There's just a hum of power inside and a jetlike whoosh outside. Its stiff coupe body gives it a solid feel and all the bits seem well screwed on. Lots of links and rubber bushings keep the live rear axle in its place. And the handling is safe but not boring, responsive but not nervous. (Muscle-building note: Steering is on the heavy side when parking and there's no power option.) As for the look of the RX-7, I like it. It's a functional, efficient design inside and out, and shows it. Missing are the curlicues that have marred many shapes from Japan. Its low air drag will count toward projected EPA combined city and highway mileage figures of 23 mpg for the five-speed and 20 mpg for the automatic. An optional dealer-installed rear spoiler will give the tail a sexy touch.

But I've saved the best news for last. This is not a limited-production car with a five-figure price. Mazda may deliver 20,000 RX-7s to its dealers during 1978. And because the

Below: The gentleman contentedly at speed behind the wheel of Mazda's rotary-engined RX-7 is author Karl Ludvigsen, who put the car through its paces on a Japanese test track. As the inset shows, the RX-7's instrument panel comes out of the no-nonsense school of design.



RAY GRIFFIN

sports car because Mazda thinks a two-seater will best display the fine points of the rotary. Yamamoto: "We have found that the sports car is the kind of car in which the rotary expresses itself best." And mighty expressive it is. Though the two-rotor engine turns out only 100 SAE net horsepower, in the 2400-pound RX-7, it seems to be producing more. It can get to 60 in under nine seconds with a manual shift (a five-speed overdrive box is optional) and do it in under 11 seconds with the extra-cost automatic. Unlike many sports cars, the RX-7 feels punchy with its three-speed

RX-7 is tooled for mass production, its base price is expected to be under \$6000 (the additional tab for the GS version, with added trim and goodies, will run some \$500). Even with alloy wheels, another option, the total bill ought to be under \$7000.

In short, I think this is one of the most attractive, affordable sports cars to hit these shores since the Datsun Z-car. Remember how hard it was to get a Z when it first came out? I'll be very surprised if the same thing doesn't happen with the RX-7.

—KARL LUDVIGSEN

CATERING TO THE CARRIAGE TRADE

Back in those halcyon days when you were a kid, there was probably an ancient, black Smith-Corona, Royal or Underwood typewriter tucked away up in the eaves. You'd haul it out (and those babies could give Charles Atlas a hernia), crank in a sheet of paper and bang away on the keys—which invariably became wedged together in one mass of inky steel. Compare that experience with the one you'll have after you've equipped your study or home office with one of the new portable typewriters

that everybody's picking up (literally picking up, as most weigh in around 20 pounds). Many are electric—or you can opt for a manual machine—and quite a few come with a choice of type styles. The Olivetti Lexikon 82 pictured below, in fact, is the first electric portable to offer interchangeable type faces. For business letters, just snap in the pica, elite or livius type ball and get clicking; later, in the wee small hours of the morning, you can switch to an informal face, such as sirio, and write your girl a poem.



Above: Smith-Corona's Coronamatic 2200 is a 19-pound electric portable that features a quick-change cartridge ribbon system (choose carbon for a sharp, executive look, fabric for routine typing and color for impact and individuality) and changeable type faces, \$320, including case.

Below: Ungawa, bwana! The Royal Safari manual portable is the perfect machine for beating about the bush, as it's ultralightweight (only 10½ pounds) and designed to endure rugged use; features include an extra-wide typing line, triple-setting Touch Control and a choice of three type faces, \$79.95, including a carrying case.



Below: Olivetti's Lexikon 82 electric portable brings to the home many features previously available only on office typewriters, including interchangeable typing balls, \$13 each, quick-change ribbon cartridges and a speed of 660 characters per minute, \$329 with case.



Above: The Adler Satellite 2001 is an out-of-this-world electric portable that makes typing a snap; it offers a glare-free block keyboard, retractable page-end indicator, an automatic vertical line spacer and paper inserter, Instant Set visible margin controls and four repeat keys, with the facility to adjust any key to repeat, \$410, including case.



Charlie's Charlie

Say hello to **SHELLEY HACK**, the top model whom you will recognize as Revlon's ubiquitous Charlie girl. Soon you will recognize her as the leading lady in her first film, "If Ever I See You Again"; it co-stars Joe Brooks, the former jingles composer who put together the "You Light Up My Life" bonanza. In the film, Hack plays an artist whose life is complicated by a former boyfriend. Move over, Lauren Hutton.



Hold the Peanut Butter

What, you may ask, is lovely nude **AMY MADIGAN** doing in a tub filled with jelly? Good question. The answer: promoting her rock group, Jelly. Madigan has since moved on to a solo career and expects to have a new album out late this summer with studio help from her friends in Little Feat. Good thing her former group wasn't called Chicken Fat.



HEAL PRESTON/IMAGE © 1977



STEEN SVENSSON



Love to Slug You, Baby

Finally. After all these months, the true story behind MUHAMMAD ALI's stunning upset by Leon Spinks can be told. It was not his excessive weight or poor conditioning that did Ali in, our sources report, but rather, it was his decision to take on disco queen DONNA SUMMER as his prefight sparring partner. The consensus among Ali followers was that, though Summer had proved her ability to take a punch, she had yet to deliver the solid combination that could put her over the top. No one much liked Ali's pick of KRIS KRISTOFFERSON as training-camp referee, either; something about his being a honkie pretty-boy drugstore cowboy who ripped off our blues.

A Long Time Ago, in a Trash Can Far, Far Away. . . .

CARRIE FISHER knows from garbage. She and her friends Luke and Han fell into a room full of it while trying to escape from Darth whatsis in that funny space picture. Fisher was pretty much unknown before that movie, but when she rambled into New York City last winter, the press followed her everywhere—and we mean everywhere! Such is fame. Now Fisher is about to start filming a sequel to the space picture, with Mark Hamill and Harrison Ford again her co-stars; and, since creator George Lucas has written ten more scenarios about Princess Leia Organa and her mates, this adventure could go on for a few more light-years.



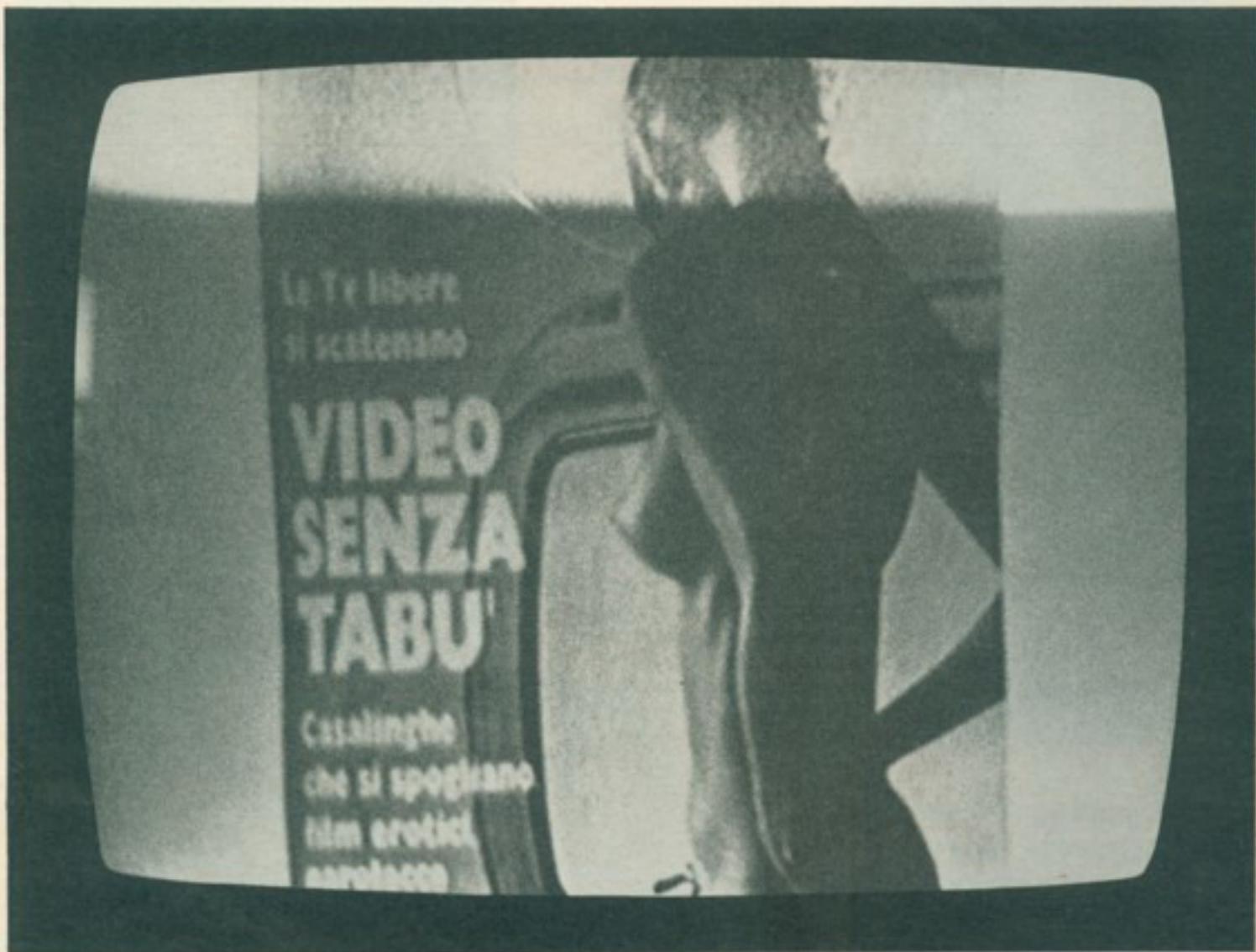
LAYEYRONNIE / GAMMA / LIAISON



AUGUSTO CHIU / MICHELSON

Tell Them Groucho, or Maybe Harpo, Sent You

We don't have any hot news on a Beatles reunion, but we do have some new stuff on GEORGE HARRISON. When we spotted him strolling through L.A. International Airport, we observed that Harrison—who already looked a lot like Groucho (the nose, his own; the glasses, purchased)—was now sporting a Harpo hairdo. And, while Groucho used to say, "Hello, I must be leaving," the Beatles sang "Hello, Goodbye." This is looking suspicious. Maybe the Beatles are going to get together again as the Marx Brothers. With Yoko Ono as Margaret Dumont and Pete Best as the long-lost Gummo.



Boob Tube—Italian Style

Last month, *PLAYBOY'S Forum Newsfront* reported on an unusual late-night television show that was drawing large audiences in Turin, Italy. The plot? Well-dressed young women would perform a striptease in response to calls from viewers. Church groups had filed a protest. The local Fiat plant had complained of absenteeism and reduced productivity on the mornings after the show. The sale of TV antennas had increased by 70 percent. You probably thought we made all that up. Wrong. The picture shown above—taken off an Italian TV screen—says it all, albeit in Italian: "Freedom on TV is taking over. Television without taboo. Housewives taking off their clothes. Erotic films..." The photographer did not supply any captions for these pictures, so we're not sure just what is going on. But then, neither are the Italians. Disquieting thought: Does the Pope watch television?

PHOTOS BY FERNANDO MALANDRO





NEXT MONTH:



CONSTANCE MONEY



BARROOM BETS



NEIMAN PORTFOLIO



NANCY DREW

"PARANORMAL BUNK"—A WORLD-FAMOUS ASTRONOMER, AUTHOR AND POPULAR TALK-SHOW GUEST PUTS THE LIE TO SOME OF THE MORE INCREDIBLE CLAIMS OF ENCOUNTERS OF THE SECOND THROUGH TENTH KIND—BY **CARL SAGAN**

"ON THE MONEY"—WHAT'S A NICE ALASKAN LADY INNKEEPER DOING IN A MOVIE LIKE *MISTY BEETHOVEN*? PLENTY, AN ILLUSTRATED VISIT WITH PORN QUEEN **CONSTANCE MONEY**

"FIRST-NIGHT DISASTERS"—THE WAY YOU LOSE YOUR VIRGINITY COULD AFFECT YOUR SEX LIFE, ACCORDING TO PIONEERING RESEARCHER **DR. WILLIAM H. MASTERS**

"SAINT JANE AND THE HOLLYWOOD DRAGON"—IS MS. FONDA, HAVING SHED HER ARMY FATIGUES FOR AN EVENING GOWN, REALLY A MODERN-DAY ROBIN HOOD? A CYNICAL OBSERVER TRIES TO UNEARTH THE TRUTH—BY **JIM HARWOOD**

"MARTIN MULL'S GUIDE TO SOPHISTICATED SEDUCTION"—THE *FERNWOOD 2NIGHT* STAR GIVES SOME POINTERS TO HELP YOU DEAL SUAVELY WITH THE FAIRER SEX

"THE ACCOMPANIST"—A DINNER PARTY IS NOT ALWAYS A PLEASANT AFFAIR, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S AT THE HOME OF A GOOD FRIEND AND HIS WIFE, YOUR MISTRESS. A COMIC ROMANCE—BY **V. S. PRITCHETT**

"NANCY DREW GROWS UP"—A NEW LOOK AT **PAMELA SUE MARTIN**, WHO'S LEAVING TV'S TEENY-BOPPER DETECTIVE SERIES FOR MORE ADULT FARE. WE CAN SEE WHY

"A LEROY NEIMAN PORTFOLIO"—MEMORABLE PAINTINGS, INCLUDING TWO STRIKING PORTRAITS OF ELVIS, BY ONE OF *PLAYBOY'S*, AND AMERICA'S, FAVORITE ARTISTS

"THE SECRET LIFE OF SOCCER"—THIS IS THE SPORT THAT IS ABOUT TO MAKE IT BIG IN THE U. S.; FOR ONE-UPMANSHIP, WE OFFER SOME OF ITS MORE OBSCURE ESOTERICA

"BARROOM BETS"—HOW TO PARLAY A MATCH, A CORK AND A COIN INTO A WHISKEY SOUR AT YOUR LOCAL SALOON, PLUS OTHER WAYS TO FINAGLE DRINKS—BY **RUSSELL H. SLOCUM**