

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1979 • \$2.00

## THE GIRLS OF *JAMES BOND*

Exclusive  
Uncoverage  
From 007's  
Spectacular  
New Thriller  
"Moonraker"

WHY DOCTORS  
DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT SEX

PATTI McGUIRE (CONNORS)  
REVISITED

THE HIGH-POWERED  
POLITICS OF  
PICKING THE POPE

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## TAKING A CHANCE ON CHARITY

Chipping in for charity at one of two gala Casino Nights hosted at the Playboy Club of Century City for the benefit of the John Tracy Clinic (at left, from left): actor Darren McGavin, actress Jean Stapleton, comedienne Ruth Buzzi, Hugh M. Hefner and Barbara Fisher, member of the board of the clinic's women's auxiliary; (below) actors William Shatner (left) and Robert Culp, with songwriter Carol Connors. The clinic has raised more than \$500,000 during benefits given at Playboy Mansion West, and its president, Walt Disney Productions board chairman Donn B. Tatum, presented Hefner with a plaque in recognition of his generosity.



## GATEFOLD PROVIDES TENDER FILM MOMENT

What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? In the recently released film *Boardwalk*, it's Lee Strasberg, celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary with Ruth Gordon. Gordon, playing a woman who has learned she has cancer, advises her spouse that if anything happens to her, he can find something like this, referring to our centerfold attraction. *Boardwalk*, co-written and directed by Stephen Verona, is about "love, violence and survival in present-day Brooklyn."



## EX-BUNNY LYNNE MOODY STARS IN ROOTS

We hasten to point out that it's make-up doing all that aging, but the actress standing second from left in the cast photo for *Roots: The Next Generations* below is Lynne Moody, who was a Bunny in Los Angeles in 1972-1973 (left). Lynne played Alex Haley's great-grandmother, Irene Harvey, in both *Roots* miniseries.



## MORK MEETS BUNNIES, TANYA MEETS RABBITT

Robin Williams (below left), of *Mork & Mindy*, models the latest in Orkan basketball fashion for L.A. Bunnies Shannin and Gretchen at the City of Hope Celebrity All-Star benefit basketball game in which the Bunnies coached the opposing Beverly Hills Police Department team to a resounding loss. Back at the Los Angeles Playboy Club, MCA hosted a reception for recording artists, including Eddie Rabbitt and Tanya Tucker (right).



## LOVING COUPLE

Silver Anniversary Playmate Candy Loving found a namesake at Playboy Mansion West. She's Lisa Loving, personal secretary to Hugh Hefner. Oklahomans Lisa (below left), who's from Tulsa, and Candy, who hails from Norman, aren't related.



## A PHOTOG'S LIFE IS QUITE A SNAPPY ONE

PLAYBOY's roving photographer David Chan (bottom row, left, above) is quizzed on the Chicago-based Phil Donahue show after scouring East Coast colleges for our upcoming *Girls of the Ivy League* photo feature. Meanwhile, lensman Dwight Hooker (right), in Melbourne on a training mission for photographers of our new Australian edition, uncovers some likely candidates for a possible pictorial on *The Girls of Australia*.



PLAYMATE UPDATE



LIFE IS NO DRAG FOR PLAYMATE CLAUDIA JENNINGS

Top-fuel dragsters and funny cars provide the action background of Claudia Jennings' latest film, *Fast Company*, released this spring. The 1970 Playmate of the Year stars with John Saxon and William Smith. Above, Claudia takes a break on the set with co-stars Nicholas Campbell and Judy Foster.

IT'S SUPERMOM

Susan Bernard, our December 1966 Playmate, is a mother now, and an author. Her book, *Joyous Motherhood* (Evans), which covers the early years of child rearing, has won raves from child specialists.



Joyous Motherhood

A 30-Day Program in Total Communication Between the New Mother And Her Child Under Three



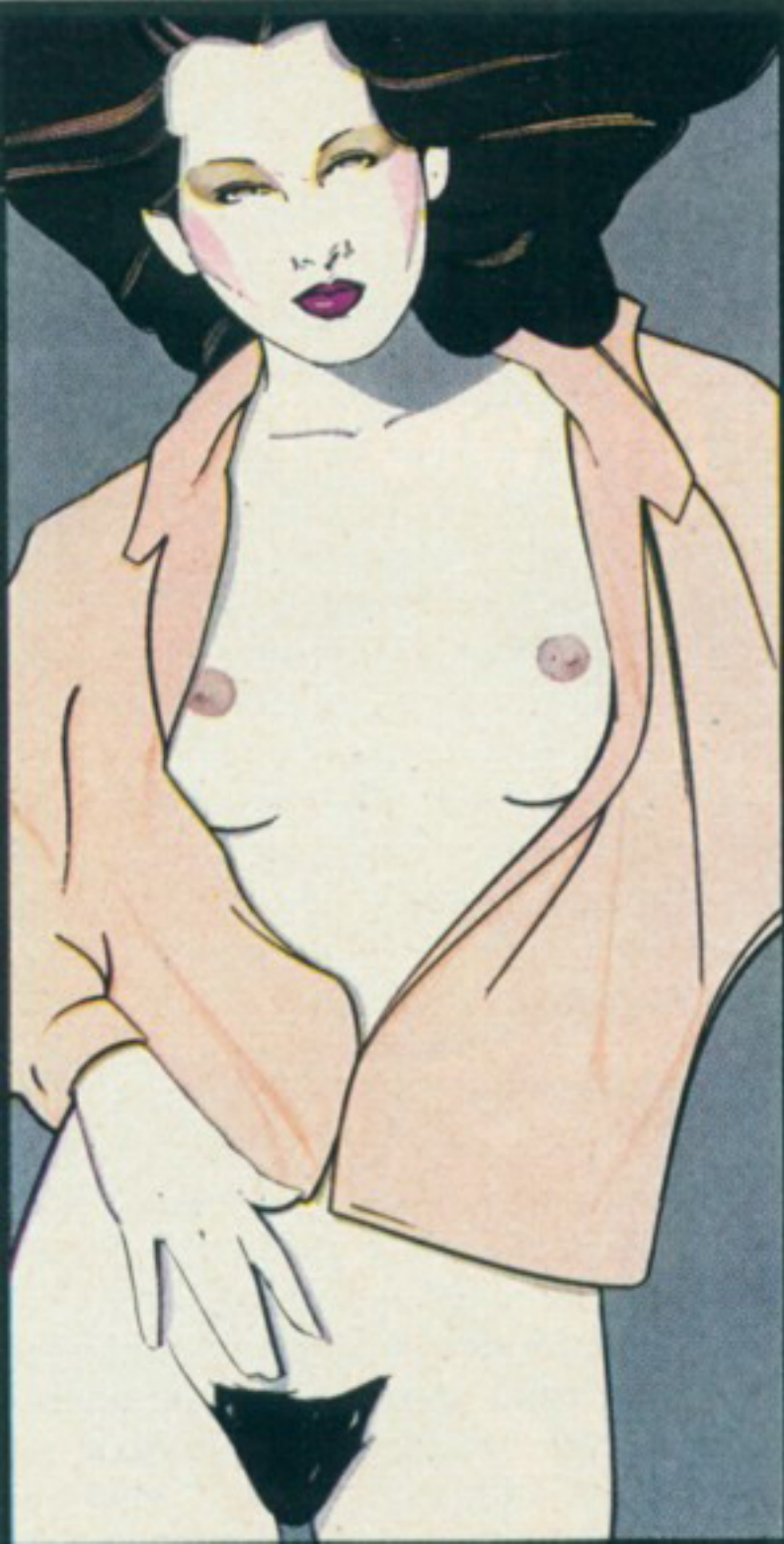
Susan Bernard



SUSAN AND PAM IN FEMALE ANIMAL HOUSE

Two rival sororities battle it out for campus leadership in Derio Productions' film *H.O.T.S.*, which features Playmates Susan Kiger (January 1977), Pamela Bryant (April 1978) and Sandy Johnson (June 1974). Here we have Susan (above) in the swim and Pam (right) toting the ball in a strip-football game.







## WELL MATCHED

*when tennis ace met  
top playmate, the net  
result was love*

BELLY UP to the bar, boys, we've got a sad tale to tell. Sadder than *The Face on the Barroom Floor*. Sadder than Casey's epic fanning at Mudville's biggest game. Sad enough to soak the hankies of every red-blooded bachelor who ever eyed a centerfold.

Patti McGuire went and got herself hitched.

That's right, the luscious C.B. lady from St. Louis was roped, thrown and hog-tied. Carried off under our very noses by some itinerant racket jockey. Jimmy Connors, the name is.

Steamed? You bet we are. Patti was the best. We'll never forget that first meeting. There she was in November of 1976, a dream of a woman, delectably draped on a vintage Wurlitzer in a roadside café. We could



Some new doors opened for 1977 Playmate of the Year Patti McGuire when she eloped with tennis star Jimmy Connors. For one, she gets free lessons. At right, the happy couple on the road.



An early centerfold shot (left), subsequently rejected, with Patti and an unnamed friend; Patti at the prom (center) with another unnamed friend; and Patti in St. Louis with, hey, that's Janis Schmitt, February 1978 Playmate. Below, our then Playmate of the Year rinses out a few things.



almost hear the music. It was *Convoy* or some equally romantic tune. We didn't care, it was *our* song.

We could tell just by looking at her parts that this was no ordinary woman. And when she batted those steel-gray eyes and whispered, "I like to keep the hammer down," we knew this girl couldn't get a speeding ticket if she laid rubber in the police-station parking lot.

Since then, we've kept a close watch on Patti. We watched her move from Missouri to California. We watched her on promotional tours for *PLAYBOY*. We watched her on TV, fighting crime with Starsky and Hutch. And when she ran the Colorado rapids for a pictorial, we even watched her brush her teeth.

Despite such close scrutiny, we couldn't find a damn thing wrong with her. So in June of 1977, we made her Playmate of the Year in a televised ceremony that nearly everyone in America watched.

Somewhere along the way, she ran into the aforementioned tennis player (we couldn't watch her *all* the time!). Connors, of course, is known for a formidable forehand, a two-fisted backhand and a devastating fanny wiggle. In any event, he's good—good enough to have taken Wimbledon. And he picks up

One of *PLAYBOY*'s most popular Playmate emissaries, Patti toured the country (below left), posed under a Christmas tree with a familiar-looking Santa for a yuletide subscription ad (below center) and became our June 1978 calendar girl, which explains why some people never got to July.



1978		All rights reserved by Playboy Inc. No part of this publication may be reproduced without the prior written permission of Playboy Inc.	
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28
29	30	31	



A TV game show (below left) found Patti in a juggling act with January 1976 Playmate Daina House; and winners of a California ski-slalom event got a pretty presenter.



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Patti was such a hit on our November 1976 cover (above) that nobody noticed who the interview subject was. Well, almost nobody. At left, where the idyl began: the super centerfold that started it all.



Above, Patti is crowned Playmate of the Year on national TV by 1976 Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller as Hef looks on. Below, actor Jimmy Caan and bodybuilder-actor Arnold Schwarzenegger with a friend.





For our December 1977 pictorial *Playmate House Party*, Patti was shown working very hard on her tan with July 1977 Playmate Sandra Theodore.



Along with Sandra Theodore and, of course, Hugh Hefner, Patti was immortalized on the scoreboard of Bally's Playboy pinball machine (above), causing many a player to miss his turn.



In the August 1977 pictorial *Riverboat Gamblers* (above), Patti bathed in the open air with model Cindy Russell and Playmate Hope Olson.



Above, Jimmy Caan strums and Patti hums at an impromptu hoot at Playboy Mansion West; below, Patti welcomes a surprise guest during the cover shooting for her Playmate of the Year pictorial.



walking-around money on the weekends hustling the likes of Vilas, Ashe, Gottfried, McEnroe, Solomon, Nastase and, occasionally, Battlin' Borg. Some would say he's the best tennis player in the world. (Some would, Bjorn wouldn't.)

In spite of Connors' competitive experience, though, our Patti managed to take him in straight sets at an invitational variously rumored to have taken place in Japan, in her home town of St. Louis and in his, Belleville, Illinois. Only Patti and Jimmy knew for sure and they, as of this writing, were playing peekaboo with the press as they awaited the birth of a prospective Davis cupper, or Playmate.

The Connors-McGuire combination would seem to be a dynamite doubles team. And those of us who are still playing singles have ample reason to mourn.

Gentleman that we are, we wish them the best, albeit with tears in our beer and a lump in our throat.

*Oh, somewhere there is laughter,  
Amidst our toil and strife,  
But there is no joy at PLAYBOY,  
Pretty Patti . . . is a wife.*



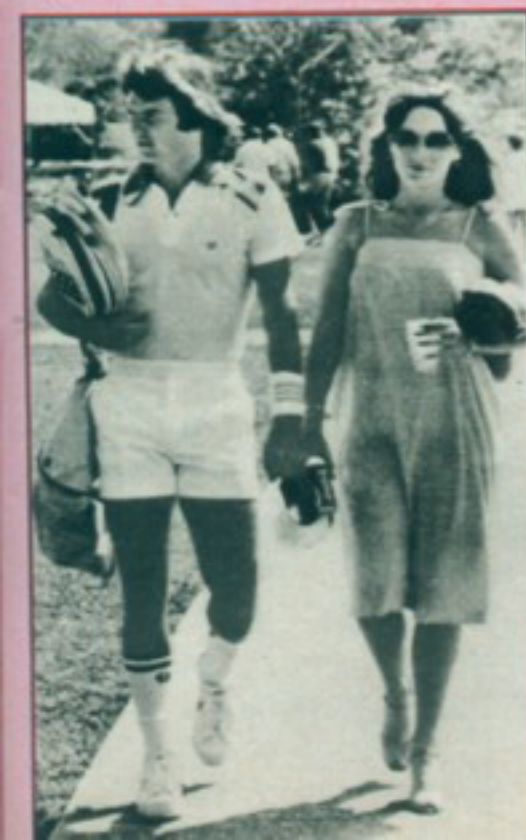
We certainly hope marriage doesn't cause Jimmy Connors' game to suffer. But with someone who looks like this waiting for him after a match, what man wouldn't hurry his shots?



When Patti's sister Jenny came to visit her at Playboy Mansion West, Patti played both tour guide and hostess, introducing her to house guests Fred Dryer of the Los Angeles Rams (above) and actor Harry Reems (below).



Although they had been seen together often (below), Patti and Jimmy took the world by surprise when they announced their marriage. It apparently was a case of love at first set.



*Below, Dorothy leaves Head First, the men's-hair-styling shop where she works. "I love cutting guys' hair. Every 45 minutes, you meet a different person, and each of them becomes your friend. I'd never cut women's hair. They're never satisfied. But with guys, they come in, get a haircut and leave in a completely different frame of mind. They're easy to please. Besides, once you get their heads in your hands, they tell you everything!"*



*if playmate dorothy mays styles your locks, you'll wind up feeling terrific—and your hair will look nice, too*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



*SHEAR WONDER*

WHEN DOROTHY MAYS was 19, she was all set to be married, but the bridegroom failed to show up at the altar. "I was too young," she says in retrospect, "but I was crazy about him." In our book, it's the guy who must have been crazy. Now, three years later, Dorothy's less eager to settle down. "At this point, I really don't have enough time to devote to a relationship. I'm basically a very romantic person. And if I found a guy I was really in love with, I'd want to do so much for him I wouldn't have time to get my business together." Dorothy, you see, is a talented hair stylist who wants to set up her own shop: "I hope to have enough money



*"I'm a very funny person. I can talk to just about anybody. I enjoy people. Barbering is like therapy. It can also be a very sensuous experience for a guy. I really pamper his hair; I wash it, cut it, dry it, style it. If you know what you're doing, you can make the guy feel really good."*





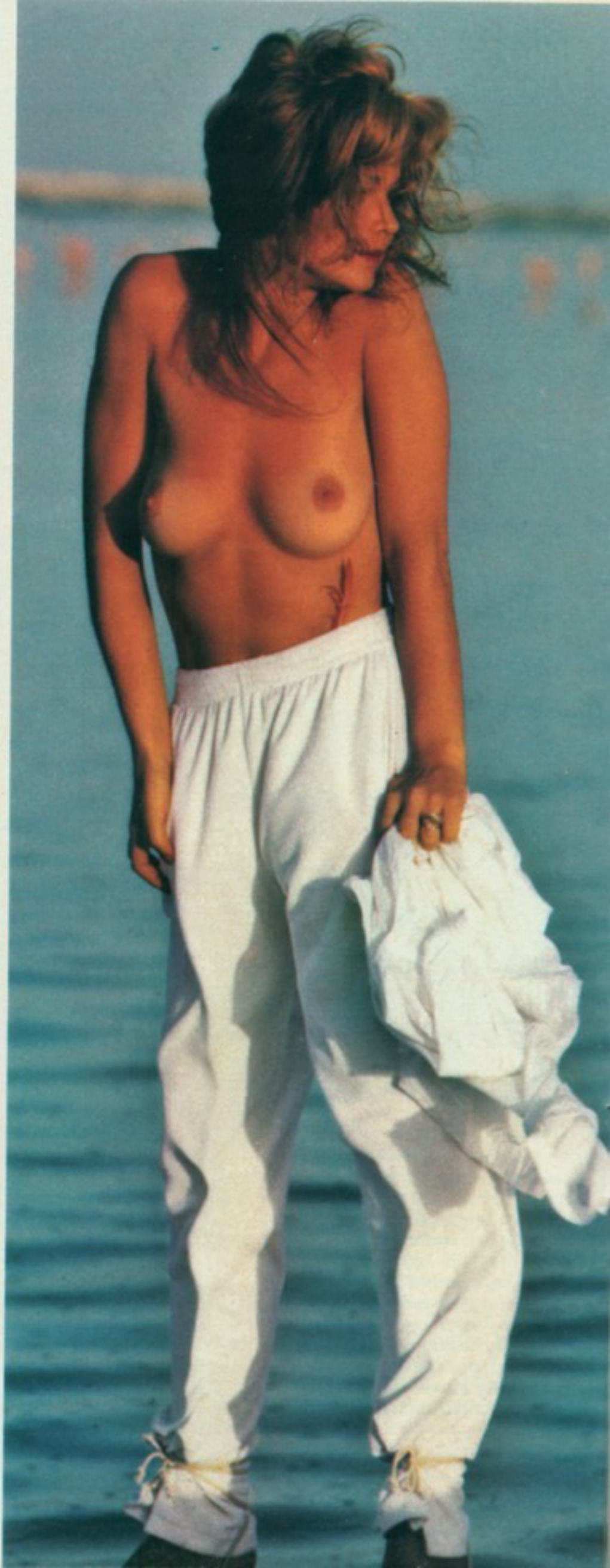


saved to open it by the time I'm 25 years old. I already know how the shop will be laid out. It'll have those old-style comfortable barber chairs, but there'll be a lot of mirrors. You know, a touch of the old, a touch of the new. Of course, I'll have a subscription to *PLAYBOY*, so my customers will have something to read." We suspect, though, that despite our fine articles, Dorothy's clients will have their attention riveted firmly on her. Dorothy was not always as self-disciplined as she is now. "When I turned 14, I started getting cute. Before that, I was the *pits*. I became popular with guys and we used to do a lot of



*"Sex is fun. Whatever you feel like doing, you should go out and do it. Just make sure you know whether or not you really want to do it. I believe people should be selective. I know if I go out and meet someone and go headlong into a relationship, I'm usually bored with it two months later."*

partying. A lot of partying. My parents were very strict and I couldn't go out at night, so I had to do everything before 4:30 in the afternoon. I did a lot of writing then—still do—and I would write everything down in my diary. I also had a pen pal, Nancy, in New Jersey, and we used to exchange endless letters with each other. One day, when I was 16, I ran away from home and went to find Nancy in New Jersey. I went to her school; she was in typing class. We had never met until then. I stayed with her until her parents got suspicious. I guess they didn't believe what I had told them: that I had already graduated from high school. I was pretty wild back then, but when I got home and saw what it had done to my mother, it straightened me right out." Dorothy, though, still has an edge of impatience about her. "I try to do everything myself. That way, I know it gets done. Having to wait drives me crazy, though not as much as it used to. But three years to get my own shop doesn't seem too long to wait, does it?" Not to us. We may wait that long for our next haircut.



*At right, Dorothy tools around the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, which is just a few miles from her home. "I'm not looking for fame or fortune. If I were, I'd be out in Hollywood, or in New York modeling. I know I could do it. But I don't like New York, and in Hollywood they take your life away. I'd rather be here in Maryland with my family and my friends."*



MISS JULY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Dorothy Mays

BUST: 35 1/2 WAIST: 24 1/2 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: July 24, 1957 BIRTHPLACE: Nuremberg, Germany

GOALS: To open up the highest-quality men's hair-styling shop in Maryland

TURN-ONS: The beach, good friends, writing, reading

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, materialistic people, poor organization

FAVORITE MOVIES: One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Midnight Express, Close Encounters of the Third Kind

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Mork and Mindy, 60 Minutes, Saturday Night Live

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Bob Dylan, Surge, Linda Ronstadt

FAVORITE BOOKS: Siddhartha, The Thorn Birds, All the President's Men

FAVORITE FOODS: Potatoes, pasta (I'm a vegetarian) big salads

SECRET DREAM: To one day own a farm with lots of horses + cows grow my own vegetables, sell them & live happily ever after.



Age 3, I was a sweetheart then...



Age 14, life is starting to be fun!



Age 19, waiting for my ship to come in...

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**D**uring a lord's absence on a Crusade, his lady consoled herself with amatory visits from a handsome young peasant. Because she was highborn, though, the lady considered it beneath her to fondle the young man's sexual organ and entrusted that task to a loyal serving maid. The latter would excitedly announce when the peasant had an adequate erection. . . . And that, of course, is how the expression Serf's up! originated.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *prostitute's vagina* as a chamber of commerce.



**A**t the orgy," the girl confided to her roommate, "this fellow told me how beautiful, how intelligent, how shapely, how desirable I was . . . and then he started to butter me up."

**W**hile doddering through the woods on the way back from their favorite fishing stream, two old-timers happened on a young couple embracing, naked, in a small clearing. "Why is it we never hook anything like that, Ed?" one of the oldsters asked *sotto voce* as he ogled the ripely built girl through a screen of branches.

"I guess it's because if we did," sighed his companion, "our poles wouldn't be able to take the strain."

**T**he approach of a cocksman named Ferd  
Is as crass a technique as we've heard:

He flips girls the finger,  
And some of them linger  
To the point where he'll slip them the bird.

**H**aving admired the attractive timepiece every day as she walked by, the young woman finally entered the shop one afternoon. "How much is that lady's watch with the baguette diamonds in your window?" she inquired.

"It's eight hundred dollars, miss," the jeweler replied.

"Would you consider selling it to me on time payments?"

"What sort of payment schedule did you have in mind?"

"Would you be interested in two times a week for the next three months?"

**R**ight from the start, I had this feeling that Harvey somehow wasn't right for me," the sexpot complained to a girlfriend. "After I went to all the trouble last weekend of getting us caught in the rain, the turkey asked if I shouldn't change into a dry T-shirt before I caught cold!"

**A** story is circulating about the flaky botanical geneticist in Southern California who is trying to cross a Mexican jumping bean with a cucumber in order to produce the world's first organic vibrator.

**H**aving just been harshly criticized in a party conclave, the politician wryly told newsmen, "I've just learned the difference between a cactus and a caucus."

"What's that, Senator?" he was asked.

"In the case of a cactus," he retorted, "all the pricks are on the outside."

**A**sks why he looked so glum, the man replied that his wife had backed the car out of their garage that morning. "But that shouldn't necessarily have upset you," insisted his questioner.

"Oh, but it did," muttered the fellow. "You see, she backed it *in* last night."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *premarital sex* as unbridled passion.

**I**n screwing a ewe," the grizzled mountaineer explained to the horny young shepherd, "you sneak up behind her, quietly loosen your bootlaces, and then grab her rear legs and jam them into your boots."

"But that's awkward," objected the horny one. "In that position, how can I kiss her?"



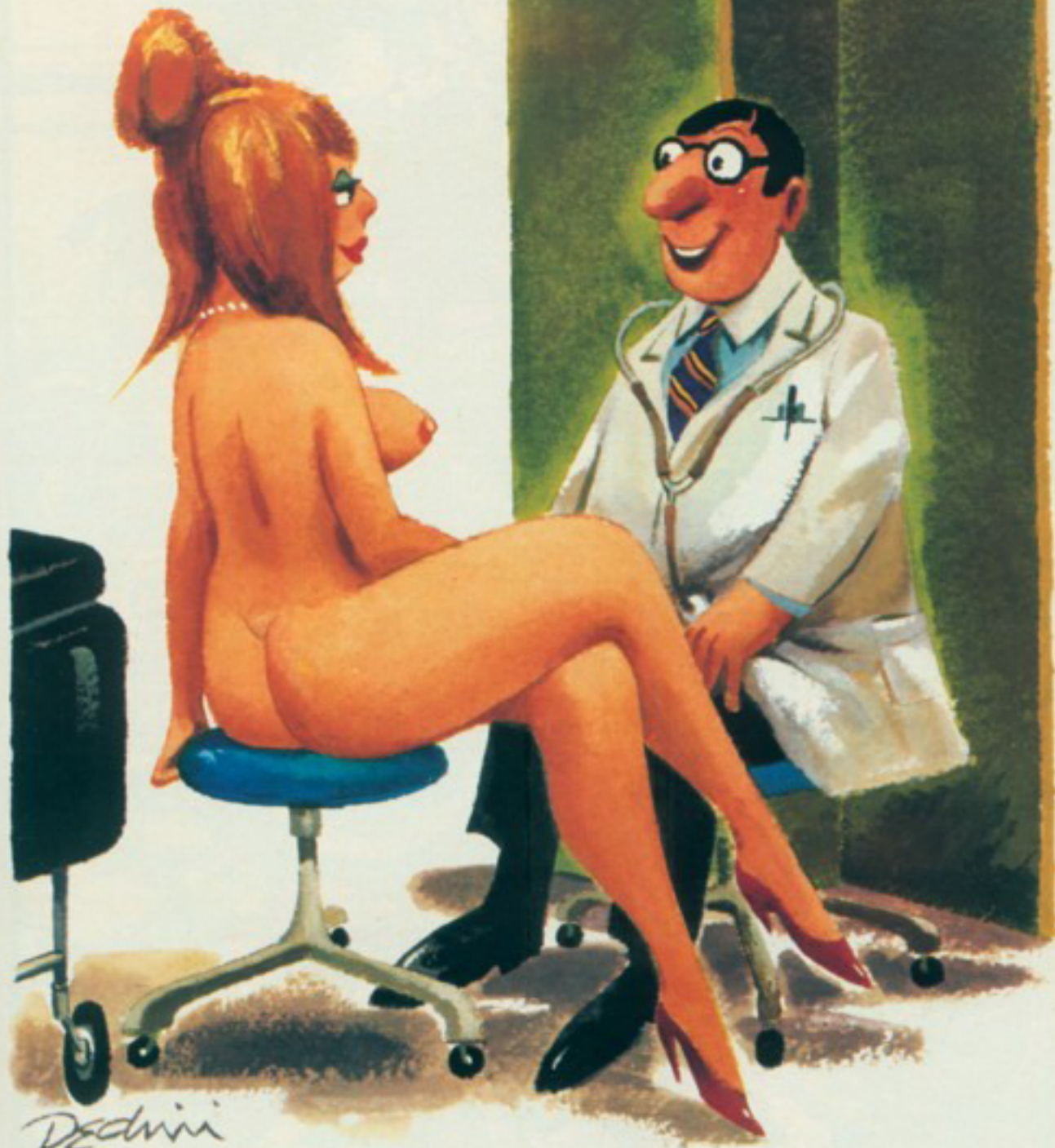
**P**lanned Parenthood has issued a warning about using improvised contraceptive devices. . . . There was the case, for example, of the semi-frigid woman who, incessantly importuned by her husband, simply threw in the sponge.

**Y**ou know," mused one American male tourist to another as their bus passed a grove of trees in Greece, "I can never put a fig in my mouth without thinking of female pudenda."

"But if that bothers you," said his traveling companion, "why don't you just stop eating figs, period?"

"Hell—that's the reason I started!"

*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.*



*"Junk food has been good to you, Miss Neville."*



# “MOONRAKER”

## NEW PERILS FOR 007

*secret agent bond finds all sorts of  
undercover action in his latest  
film thriller. good show, james!*

Bond films are synonymous with death-defying action and *Moonraker* is no exception. The opening title sequence finds the inimitable 007 (Roger Moore), sans parachute, getting himself pushed out of an airborne jet (above sequence) by that model of orthodontia gone haywire, Jaws (Richard Kiel). In a less suspenseful but no less gripping moment, Bond beds Drax's chopper pilot, played by Corinne (Story of O) Cléry (below).





LIKE ALL the James Bond films, *Moonraker*, the 11th epic based on the adventures of the famous Ian Fleming superspy, does not lack death-defying action, ambitious special effects and, closest to our heart, beautiful women. In fact, *Moonraker*, scheduled to appear on your neighborhood screen in July, may have more gorgeous girls in its cast than any of its predecessors—so many that 007 himself (played by Roger Moore) remarked, on location filming, that “one of the consolations of playing in a succession of



Danger lurks everywhere for James Bond, who finds himself in the clock tower of a Venetian glassworks (above), tangling in kendo with Drax's henchman, Chang, and, later, more pleasantly tangling with CIA operative Holly Goodhead, played by Lois Chiles (above right). Bond's assistant, disguised as a gondolier (below), is knifed by a Drax assassin, but 007 keeps his cool, since his gondola is not only motorized but amphibious.





Above, a carnival float chock-full of lovely *cariocas* parades down the street in Rio. Below, top to bottom, 007 and Holly try to escape from Jaws via cable car on Sugarloaf Mountain high above Guanabara Bay, Brazil; Jaws catches them in a car coming from the opposite direction; and Bond and Holly escape, clinging precariously to the cable.



Below, the evil Drax, flanked by guards, interrogates Bond; 007 and Holly float weightless in the command satellite/space station after he has neutralized its gravity mechanism; the station in orbit. At bottom, Holly and Bond dock for a special kind of rendezvous. At far right, Bond poses with Drax's Lovers (from left) Françoise Gayat (sitting), Chichinou Kaepler, Irka Bochenko, Catherine Serre and Anne Lonnberg.



Bond films is that the girls are always different. They seem to be better-looking each time, so why should I complain?" Why, indeed? In addition to the two female lead roles, played by Texas-born Lois Chiles as a CIA agent and French film star Corinne Cléry as the archvillain's head chopper pilot, the *Moonraker* script calls for a bevy of eight shapely misses to play what have come to be known as the Bond Beauties. (If you think *your* girlfriend stacks up to the Bond Beauties, you can help her get a crack





at an appearance in the next Bond thriller. See page 225.) The eight girls in *Moonraker*, all European models and actresses, play Space Lovers, employees of the villain, Hugo Drax (Michael Lonsdale), who plans to take them up to a space station to propagate a new master race (he has boy Lovers to match each one) after he has destroyed the rest of the world. Officially, Drax is a billionaire contractor, a legitimate builder of space shuttles; secretly, he is a multinational megalomaniac with plans to rule the

PHOTOGRAPHY OF CORINNE CLERY BY ALBERTA TIBURZZI



"MOONRAKER"

## NEW WOMEN FOR 007

Corinne Cléry plays Corinne Dufour, a helicopter pilot employed by Drax. In one scene, she meets Bond at Los Angeles International Airport and flies him to Drax's palatial desert estate (inset far left). Corinne, who loves dogs and "being alone with time to think," has just completed a role in *Humanoid*, with Richard Kiel (minus his steel teeth) and Barbara Bach, co-stars of a previous Bond epic, *The Spy Who Loved Me*.





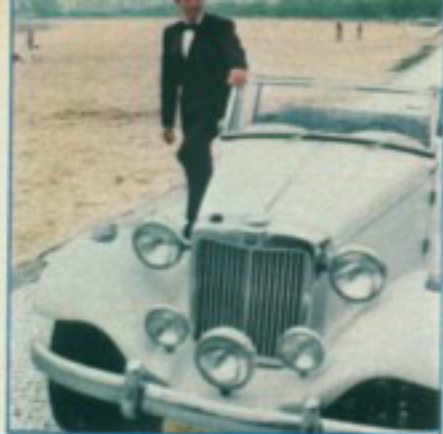
world. When a space shuttle on loan to Britain from the U. S. is mysteriously hijacked, M assigns James Bond to investigate. As Bond begins to sniff around, he is led to Drax's secret underground mission-control center hidden in the South American jungle. Special effects that rival those of *Star Wars*, involving space shuttles, space stations and the various ingenious gadgetry that has become synonymous with Bond epics, heighten the suspenseful action. And, naturally, 007 gets himself into a lion's share of do-or-die



Drax's shapely astrogirls exercise at the villain's estate (inset top). Among them is France's Catherine Serre (above and left), who was featured in *Foreign Sex Stars* (PLAYBOY, May). An accomplished skier and sailing enthusiast, Catherine studied medicine before embarking on her acting career. "I have an absolute passion for cinema," says Catherine, who played the role of a prostitute in *One Two Two*, a recent French film about a World War Two bordello.

Chichinou Kaeppler (right) is first seen in *Moonraker* at Drax's estate, stylishly dressed in an equestrienne's outfit for a pheasant hunt. A Parisian fashion model who has been posing for top European magazines since the age of six, Chichinou tells us that water-skiing is one of her principal passions, along with riding and schussing the slopes. The Bond epic is her first major motion-picture role.





situations, including a push from an airborne jet, sans parachute, a gondola chase in Venice, a struggle with a kendo expert in a clock tower in St. Mark's Square, and a death-defying scuffle with Drax's steel-toothed henchman, Jaws (Richard Kiel), along a tram cable, scarily high above Guanabara Bay, Brazil. And, of course, a James Bond film wouldn't be a James Bond film without those tender bedroom interludes; *Moonraker* doesn't fall short on that score, either. Eat your heart out, Sean Connery.

To keep an eye on Bond, M has a staffer (left) follow him around in an MP (a Brazilian replicar based on the MG-TD soon to hit the market). He might prefer keeping an eye on Christina Hui (below and right), daughter of a Chinese pianist, a top fashion model who speaks four languages.





To find Drax's secret underground command post, Bond follows Irka Bochenko (above) to the Brazilian jungle, via Rio. Irka, a Polish beauty, is trilingual, has appeared on numerous television programs and attends drama school. She hopes to become a leading European actress.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Drax's eight Space Lovers line up for inspection (inset top) at the villain's underground mission control in South America. Nicaise Jean Louis (above and left), who plays one of Drax's space technicians, hails from Guadeloupe and studies both dance and drama.



A green-eyed, red-haired Parisian beauty who studied law before opting for a career in modeling, Françoise Gayat, who is first seen in the film adorning Drax's California estate, tells us, "I got fed up with lawbooks, so I went to drama school."



# PLAYBOY



**ED HEAD**  
WELL, ED... AS YOUR "FAIRY GOD-HEAD," I CAN GIVE YOU THE ONE THING YOU MOST DESIRE!

OBOY! A COLOR TV WITH A REMOTE-CONTROL ON/OFF SWITCH!

NO, SAP-A BODY!

OK ... THEN IF I EVER GET A TV I WON'T NEED THE REMOTE CONTROLS!

WELL - WHAT KIND OF BODY WOULD YOU LIKE?

OH... SOMETHING BIG AND SEXY... LIKE A MOVIE STAR!

*st. spiegelman*

**FWOP!**

...UM, PERHAPS I COULD HAVE BEEN MORE SPECIFIC...

## Born Toulous



## IT'S GREAT TO BE MARRIED

OH, HAROLD! HOW COULD YOU?

HOW COULD YOU BRING A COMMON PROSTITUTE INTO OUR HAPPY HOME?

BUT, PHOEBE - YOU SUGGESTED I GET PROFESSIONAL HELP!

AL FARNUM

# THROUGH SPACE AND TIME WITH SCHWIMMER AND JONES

THIS MONTH: "THE TRANSGALACTIC BEER RUN"

by  
Randy Jones  
Eugene Allen Schwimmer



THE EDITOR  
WISHES TO  
APOLOGIZE FOR  
THIS BLATANT AND  
UNFORGIVABLE  
MISUSE OF  
MAGAZINE SPACE.  
IT WILL NOT  
HAPPEN AGAIN!

# single woman

A SUPERIOR BEING FROM THE PLANET SEXUS, USING HER POWERS TO ERADICATE THE FORCES OF CHAUVINISM IN QUEST OF EQUALITY, JUSTICE & LONGER ORGASMS

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT THE LAST MINORITY GROUP ROSE UP TO DEMAND THAT JUSTICE BE SERVED INSTEAD OF DINNER!

THE DAILY

**HOUSEWIVES STRIKE**  
DAILY TOMORROW AT SUPERMARKET!  
DEMAND 75 HOUR WORK WEEK!

MY BACK WAGES FOR TEN YEARS, WITH TIME AND A HALF FOR OVERTIME, COMES TO \$150,000!

WILL YOU TAKE A CHECK?

75 HOUR WEEK  
MINIMUM WAGE  
HOSPITAL PLAN  
PENSION PLAN  
SICK PAY  
VACATION  
PERSONAL SAVINGS  
CREDITORS IN MY NAME

VS

**THE BIONIC HOUSEWIFE**

HOUSEWIVES ARE DRIVEN TO DESPERATE ACTS BY THE RELENTLESS CONSUMERISM THAT SOUGHT TO ENSLAVE THEM!

PRIMUM WAGE FOR MOM!

...TO JOIN THE HOMEMAKERS' REVOLT!

LADIES! PLEASE DON'T SQUEEZE MR. WHIPPLE!

SINGLEWOMAN ABANDONS HER SEARCH FOR THE THREE-MINUTE ORGASM...

BUT PIGGY HAS A PLAN TO STOP THE REVOLT!

USING KITCHEN APPLIANCES AND SPARE PARTS OF A FORMER MISS AMERICA, SINGLEWOMAN'S ARCHENEMY STAYS UP ALL NIGHT TO ASSEMBLE...

THE BIONIC HOUSEWIFE!

...AND TODAY AT THE SUPERMARKET...

BUT, LADIES, IS YOUR LAUNDRY WHITER THAN WHITE?

MATERNITY LEAVE!

PENSION PLAN!

RING AROUND THE COLLAR!

LIQUID GUILTY!

WHAT WAS THAT?

AN UNBALANCED BREAKFAST, TOASTED WHITE BREAD AND ARTIFICIAL ORANGE JUICE!

HOLD HER DOWN WHILE I REPROGRAM HER!

POING

BEFORE I DUST FOR YOUR PORKY BUTT, WE'RE GONNA DISCUSS MY VACATION PLAN, BACON BREATH!

OINK!

THIS LOOKS LIKE MORE OF SINGLEWOMAN'S WORK!

WAXY

YELLOW BUILD-UP!

STOP!

SHE'S NOT HUMAN! SHE'S JUST A CLEAN MACHINE!

# GIVE 'EM AN INCH... by JAY LYNCH

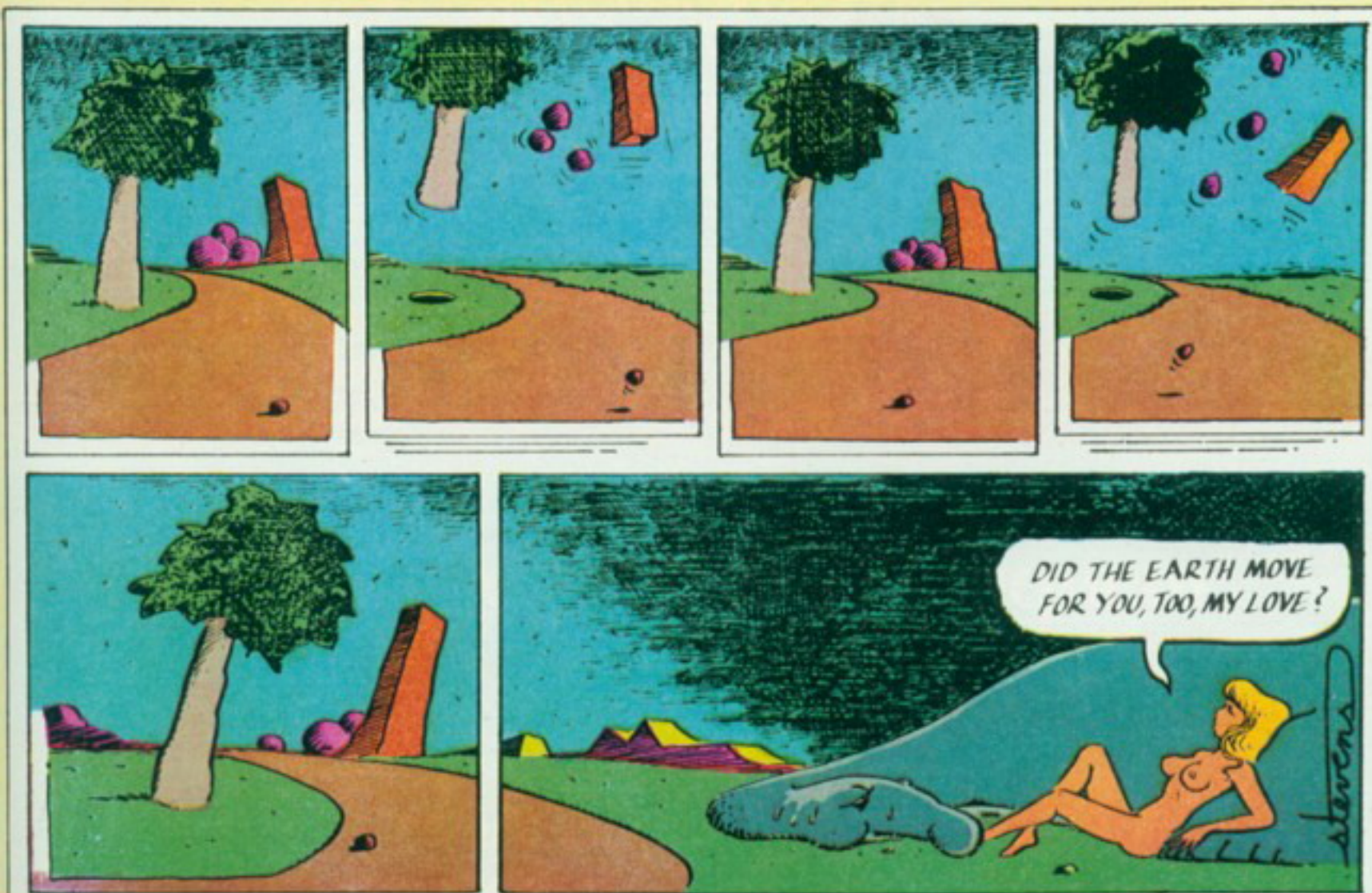
WHEN WILHELMINA'S BEAU WANTS HER TO GIVE HIM A LITTLE ORAL SATISFACTION ...



BUT AT THE AMUSEMENT PARK ...



## TYRANOSAURUS SEX



# The World's Most Beautiful Running Machine



<i>NAME:</i>	<i>Goldine Serafin</i>
<i>NATIONALITY:</i>	<i>U.S.A.</i>
<i>AGE:</i>	<i>19</i>
<i>HEIGHT:</i>	<i>6'2"</i>
<i>WEIGHT:</i>	<i>125</i>
<i>BUST:</i>	<i>36</i>
<i>WAIST:</i>	<i>24</i>
<i>HIPS:</i>	<i>34</i>
<i>OCCUPATION:</i>	<i>Athlete, Moscow Olympics, 1980.</i>
<i>GOAL:</i>	<i>To accomplish the impossible. To go beyond the limits of human achievement.</i>

## GOLDEN GIRL

ELLIOTT KASTNER  
and DANNY O'DONOVAN  
in Association with  
AVCO Embassy Pictures Corp.  
present  
A JOSEPH SARGENT FILM

### "GOLDEN GIRL"

Starring

**JAMES COBURN**

Also Starring

(in alphabetical order)

**LESLIE CARON**

**ROBERT CULP**

**HARRY GUARDINO**

**CURT JURGENS**

**JOHN NEWCOMBE**

and introducing

**SUSAN ANTON**

as "Golden Girl"

Screenplay by JOHN KOHN

From the Novel by PETER LEAR


Music by BILL CONTI

Lyrics by CAROL CONNORS

Executive Producer ELLIOTT KASTNER

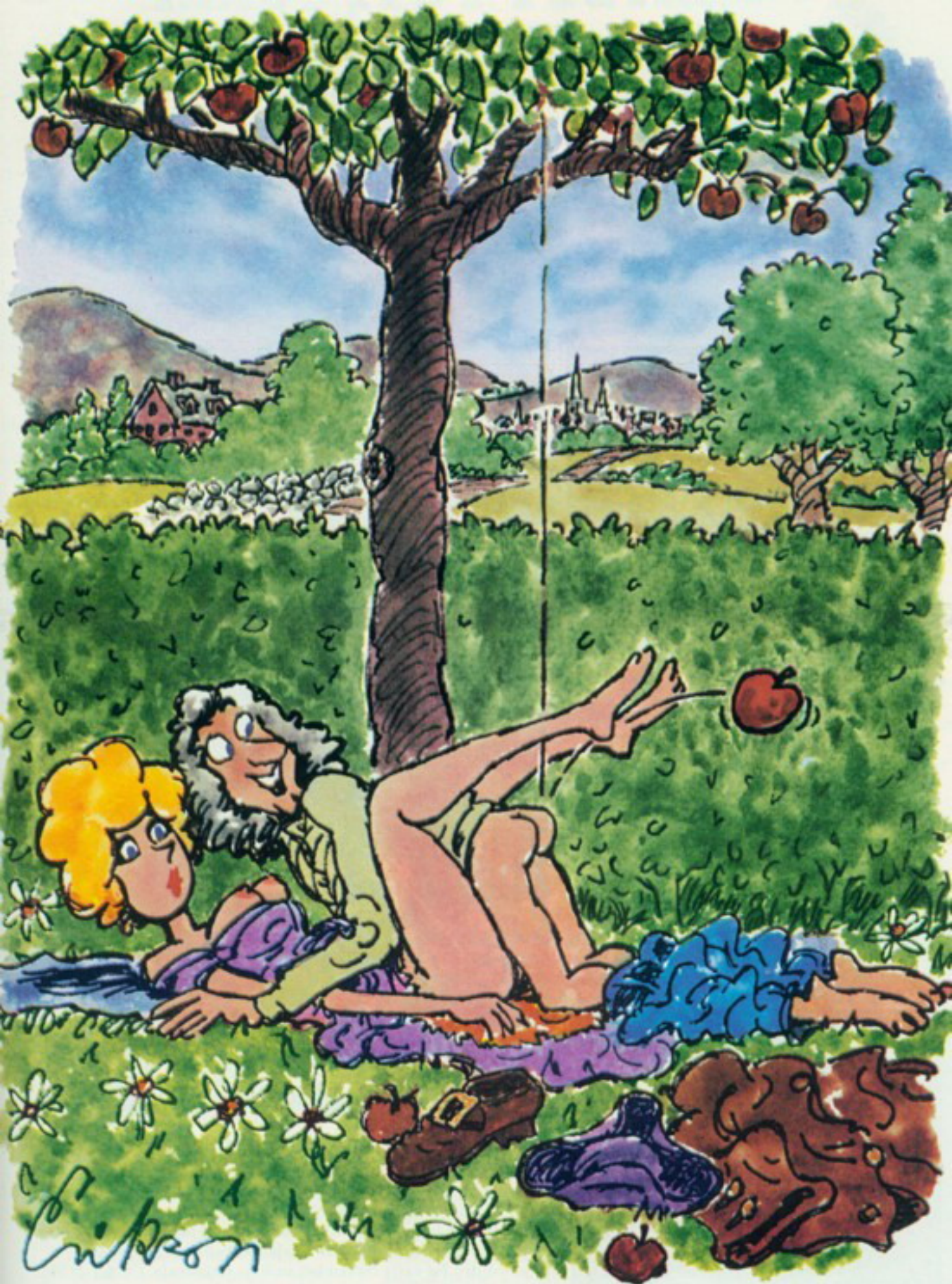
Produced by DANNY O'DONOVAN

Directed by JOSEPH SARGENT

 AN AVCO EMBASSY RELEASE

© 1979 AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES CORP.

Opens June 15th  
at Theatres Everywhere.



*"Eureka! Gravity!"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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

## BANG, YOU LOSE

If you love a mystery, then you'll be dying to own Ideal Toys' new minicomputer game, *Electronic Detective*, that's currently selling in stores for about \$45. The computer sets the crime (one of 130,000 in its memory bank), and then it's up to you and the other players to deduce who did it by grilling the various suspects. When you think you've solved the mystery, make your accusation: If right, you'll hear a police siren. But if you're wrong, the real villain hauls off and shoots you. Great family fun!



## PICK UP YOUR SHORTS

British songwriter Mitch Murray, notorious for the pop hit *The Night Chicago Died*, has tuned in on another market: short-wave radio. Rightly presuming that most C.B.ers would like to stretch their ears, he has just released the LP *Long Live Short-Wave*, which identifies various short-wave signals and also includes call sounds from stations around the globe. The LP's price is \$6.95, postpaid, sent to Trans-Island Productions, P.O. Box 24, Douglas, Isle of Man, British Isles. Beep!



## IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!

There probably isn't a person who has seen the movie *Psycho* who still doesn't think twice before hopping into a shower and pulling the curtain closed. At least that's what the people at a store called Cactus On Rose, 411 Rose Avenue, Venice, California 90291, believe; they've created a chiller-diller of a shower curtain that has the figure of a knife-wielding killer imprinted on it coming at you with murder on his mind. The price for this nightmare in the making, fortunately, is nothing to scream about: \$25, postpaid. Hang one in your bathroom and the next time your girl decides to take a solo shower, see if you don't wind up tandem tubbing.



## GRINGO! YOU NEVER BEAT THE BAJA!

On Fantasy Island, you pay your money and you take your chance living the thrill of your choice. Veteran race driver Paul Davis, who operates Off-Road Racing Adventures, also is selling a fantasy: the chance for anyone with \$1250 to spend ten days prerunning and pit-crewing in this year's Baja 1000 off-road race that's scheduled for early November in Baja California. Or, for \$1750, you can actually compete in the race and split any prize money you win. For more info, contact Davis at T & J Four-Wheel Drive, 1085 North Parker, Orange, California 92667. Bring water.



### BOX POPULI

Pity the poor cigar box; born to hold cherished stogies, it invariably ends up the repository of nuts and bolts in the basement workshop. But no longer. An avid cigar-box collector named Tony Hyman has published the *Handbook of Cigar Boxes*, a signed 166-page limited edition stuffed with black-and-white photos of such brands as Cure All and Winnie Winkle. For a copy, send \$27.50 to Cigar Box Handbook, Arnot Art Museum, Elmira, New York 14901. Now you're smokin'.



### MAKING BOOK ON COMICS

Comic collectors are a different breed of Krazy Kat; not only will they lay out big bucks for a vintage D.C. but they'll also spend their last cent on original comic art. If you're a collector, start saving, because the Chicago Comic Art Convention will be held in the Windy City this July 20th to 22nd at the Pick Congress Hotel and on the last day, there'll be a charity auction with such artwork as original *Dick Tracys* and *Brenda Starrs* going on the block. *Annie Fanny*, too.

**FOR PIPER CUBS ONLY**  
 Amazing grace, how sweet it is . . . especially when that old Scottish air skirls forth from a bagpipe played by a skilled Highlander. Now, we're not guaranteeing that the Lawrie of Scotland Learn-to-Play-the-Bagpipe kit that The Scottish Shopper, 14202 First Avenue South, Seattle, Washington 98168, is selling for \$55, postpaid, will turn you into a candidate for the Royal Scots Dragoon Guards' marching band, but the practice chanter, bagpipe-tutor booklet and instructional cassette that come in the kit will be a first step. And now, laddie, we've a request: Would you please play far, far away?



### POP GOES THE WHEELS

Roundheels used to be the nickname for girls who'd do the dirty deed on their first date. Now it refers to the fact that disco freaks have got Saturday-night fever for wheels on their feet. With the trend to roller skates rolling along, a company called Pop Wheels in Muskegon, Michigan, is selling at department stores for about \$40 clever Italian-made sandals that convert to skates at the pop of a button. Unisex sizes are from four to ten and colors include brown, tan, red and blue. Pop the wheels the next time you go out to boogie or retract them when you just want to take a walk. Now we know how a 747 feels.

### NEW BOND ISSUE

James Bond never dies and neither do the legion of fans who flock to Bond flicks and collect Ian Fleming books and memorabilia. (See this issue for a revealing look at the latest Bond movie, *Moonraker*, and the ubiquitous lovelies who flesh out the film.) If you consider yourself a gilt-edged Bond freak, there's a slick biannual magazine titled *Bondage*, published by (who else?) The James Bond 007 Fan Club, Post Office Box 414, Bronxville, New York 10708, for \$5 a year. For that paltry sum, you'll also get a newsletter, miscellaneous photos and, of course, a membership card. Flash it at your favorite bar the next time you order a dry martini shaken, not stirred, just like Bond would do.





*C. Barsotti*

*"Oh, come on. Hit me, kick me, hurt me. Why should the bad guys have all the fun?"*



*"That's the smallest bikini I've ever seen—at least I think that's the smallest bikini I've ever seen."*



SYGMA

## A Different Drummer

We've noticed an epidemic in the past few months. Big-name beauties have been falling out of their party clothes all over New York and we're happy to report that MARGAUX HEMINGWAY, seen playing drums with Tito Puente's band at Studio 54, proved no exception.

## Wooden Expression

Well, now we know what Charlie McCarthy's been doing since Edgar Bergen passed away. No dummy he, Charlie's taken up with *Saturday Night Live's* LARAINNE NEWMAN. Uh, Laraine, we suggest that you watch out for splinters.



© 1978 EBET ROBERTS

## Big Wheels

THE CARS were voted best new band by a lot of people last year. They got their start in New England, found their earliest fans at Boston's New Wave club the Rathskeller, received recognition opening for Bob Seger in 1977, signed with Elektra that year, and the rest is hysteria. Now that The Cars have reached cruising speed, they can afford to take time off for other amusements — such as the eyes-ometric exercise of jogger watching.

© 1978 NEAL PRESTON/CAMERA 5

## Mercury Rising

Every big rock act needs a flashy finale and Queen's glittering lead singer, FRED-DIE MERCURY, corralled two of his security guards for an encore to remember. We're wondering if the security team managed to work the concert dressed like the Man of Steel. Who knows? That could be the answer to crowd control.



© 1978 LYNN GOLDMITH, INC.



## That's Joi As in "Oh, Boy!"

MARILYN JOI should look familiar. She was a regular on the *Redd Foxx* show and has had guest shots on *Charlie's Angels* and *Starsky and Hutch*. While you're waiting for further TV appearances, you can put Marilyn up (she's a Pro Arts poster) or on (as a Photo-Lith International T-shirt)—or you can avoid the expense and spend your time just looking at this picture.

© 1979 PRO ARTS, INC.

BRAD ELTERMAN

## A Little Dab'll Do Ya

It isn't easy to change your image. You give up alcohol, the fog machine, the snake. You even admit that your real name isn't ALICE COOPER. And then some joker like SOUPY SALES comes along and suddenly you look like an old Milton Berle rerun. Anyone have a spoon?



## Round and Around

It looks to us as though the man on the left has a peculiar way of cutting in, but as you can see from CHER's getup, this was no ordinary night on the town. Instead, it was an unofficial salute to the end of winter at Brooklyn's Empire Ballroom roller rink. Cher's hat (we think it's a hat) was whipped up special for the occasion.

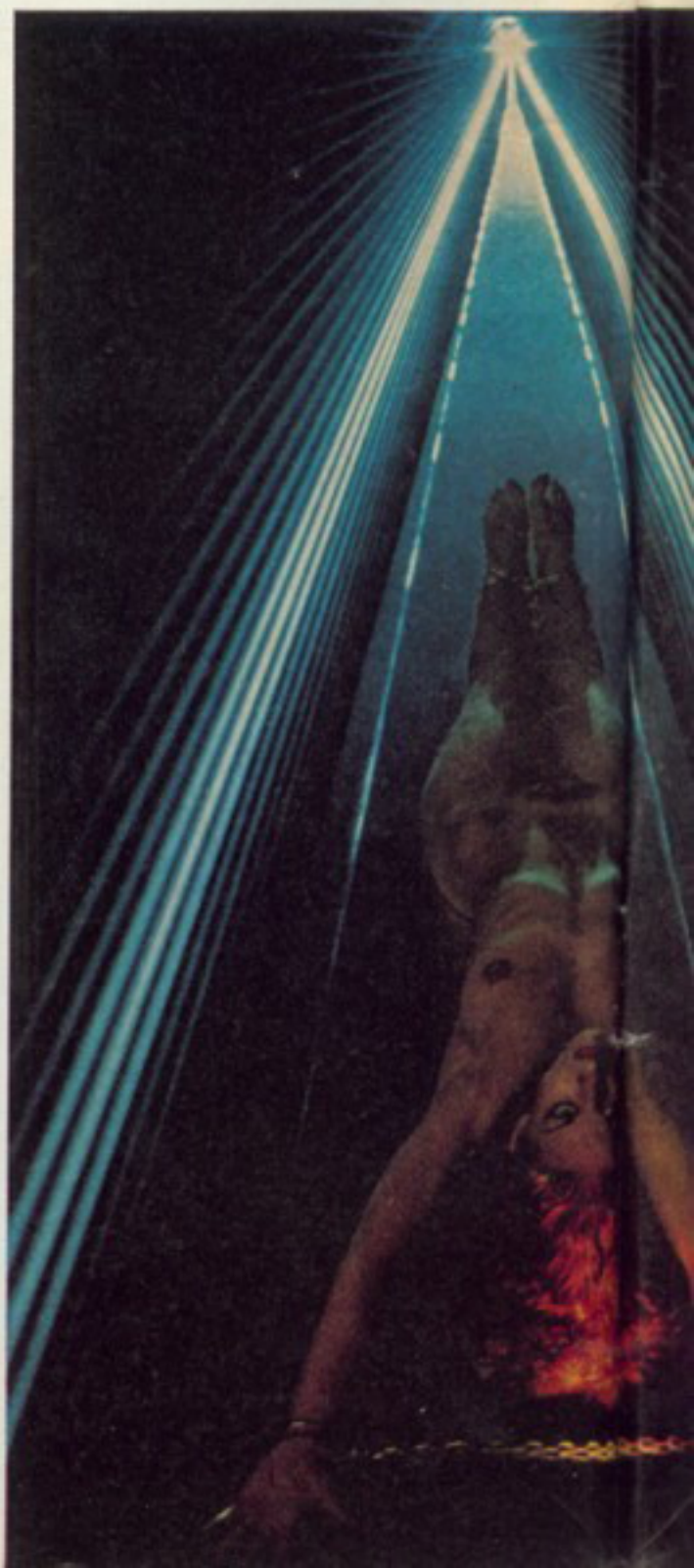
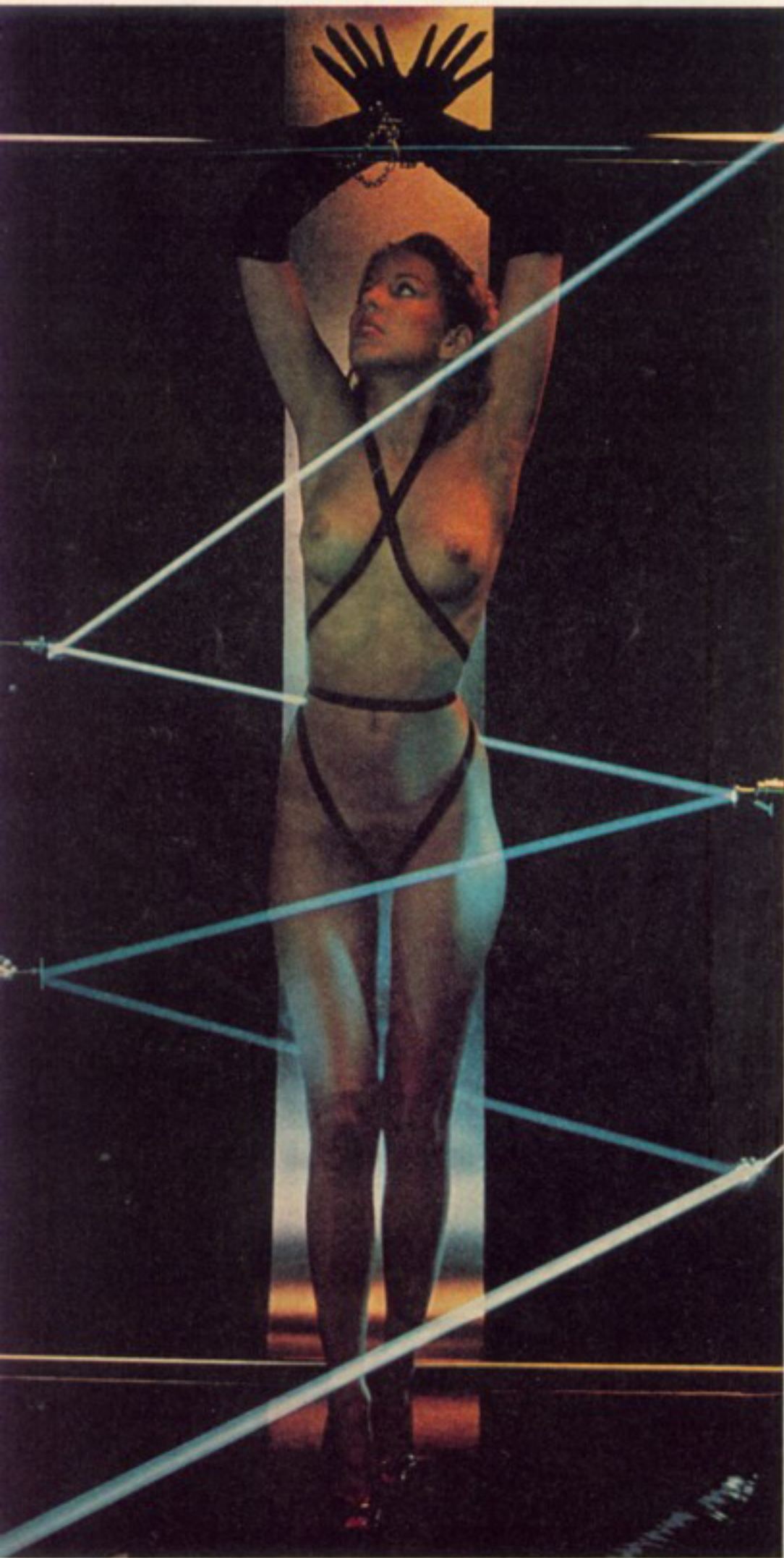
MICHAEL O'CONNOR

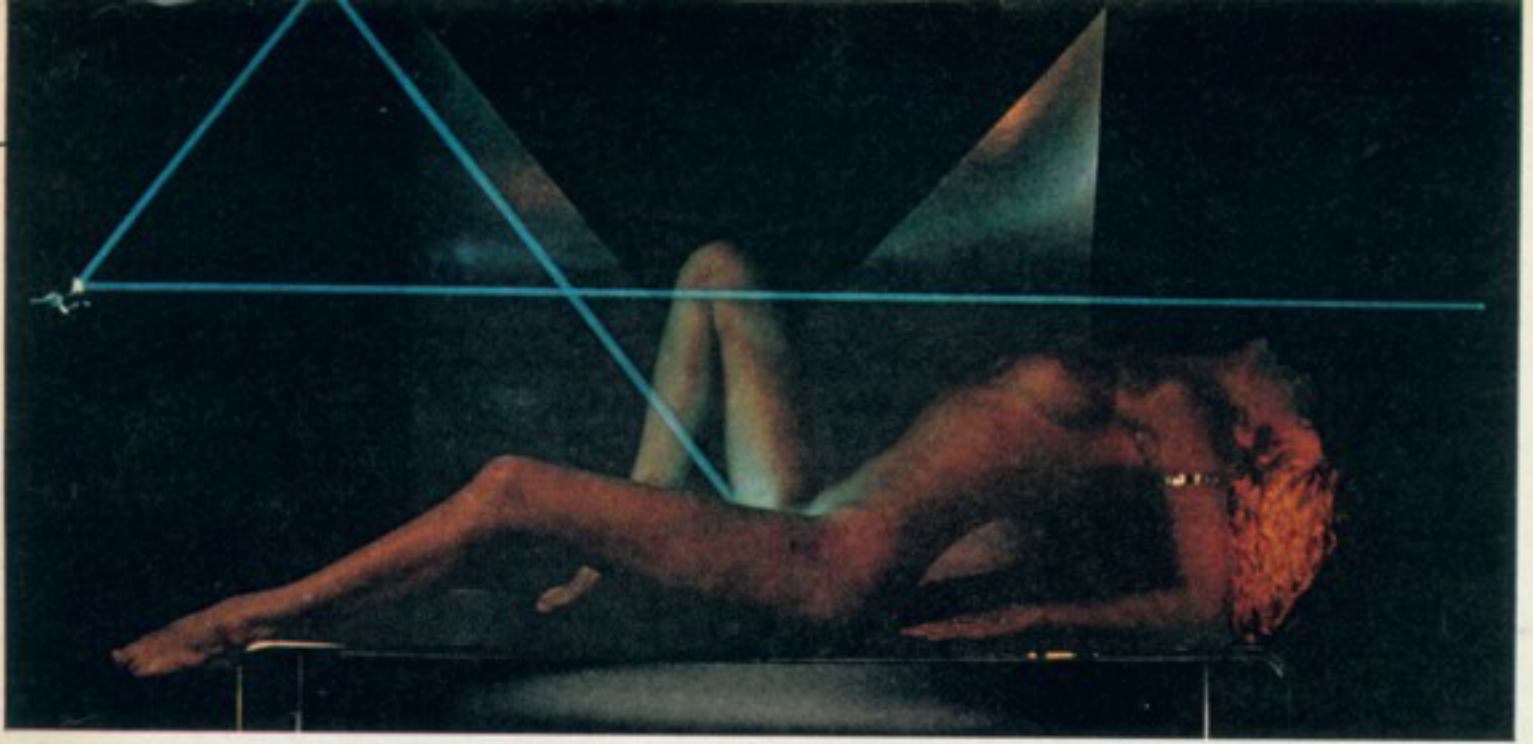


## PLAYBOY'S ROVING EYE

### More Pictures from the German Edition of PLAYBOY— Or, We Leica These a Lot

PLAYBOY now has eight foreign editions—in France, Mexico, Italy, Spain, Japan, Germany, Brazil and Australia. *Roving Eye's* favorite is the German edition: Every month, we look forward to receiving a copy. We know that after we've passed it along to our Porsche mechanic, our car will—inexplicably—run that much better. Our fellow editors in Munich have a slightly different approach to eroticism, one that is a refreshing break from the home-grown variety. As you can see from these pictures, their taste runs to the technological. Photographer Rolf Appelbaum and a team of consultants (Michael Smit, Wolfgang Backhaus and Matthias Lauk) borrowed a laser from Spectra Physics and focused it on an exquisite volunteer, Petra Kleinsorg, herself a photographer. Is this what they call tripping the light fantastic?





## NEXT MONTH:



CANDY LOVING



MARCELLO, NASTASSJA



ROLLING STONES



GOOD SKATES

**"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROLLING STONES"**—AN INSIDER'S ACCOUNT OF THE DRUG-DRENCHED CRAZINESS THAT HAS MARKED THE LIVES OF JAGGER & CO.—BY **TONY SANCHEZ**

**"THE TOP OF THE HILL"**—MICHAEL STORRS HAD IT ALL, FINANCIAL SUCCESS AND A BEAUTIFUL, LOVING WIFE, AND MAYBE THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. BEGINNING A RIVETING TALE BY MASTER STORYTELLER **IRWIN SHAW**

**"FRONT RUNNER"**—IF RUNNING IS RELIGION, AND IT JUST MAY BE, MARATHON MAN **BILL RODGERS** IS ITS MESSIAH. A PROFILE—BY **PETER ROSS RANGE**

**"CANDY LOVING REVISITED"**—IN WHICH, AMONG OTHER THINGS, WE CHECK OUT WHAT OUR 25TH-ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HAS BEEN UP TO LATELY

**"WASTE OF THE PECOS"**—WOULD YOU LIKE A BATCH OF NUCLEAR GARBAGE BURIED IN YOUR BACK YARD? THE CITY FATHERS OF CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO, WOULD. SOME OF THEIR FELLOW CITIZENS ARE NOT SO SURE—BY **RICHARD RHODES**

**"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"**—LAST YEAR, PROGNOSTICATOR **ANSON MOUNT** PICKED DALLAS TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL. TROUBLE WAS, NO ONE TOLD TERRY BRADSHAW

**"TWENTY QUESTIONS: FRANK LANGELLA"**—EVERYBODY'S A SUCKER FOR DRACULA THESE DAYS. A CHAT WITH THE GUY MOST RESPONSIBLE FOR TRANSFORMING THE BLOODTHIRSTY COUNT INTO A RED-HOT SEX SYMBOL—BY **MARJORIE ROSEN**

**"GOOD SKATES"**—THE NEWEST BALL-BEARING FOOTWEAR TO MAKE YOU THE BARYSHNIKOV OF THE ROLLER RINK

**"THE VERY PERSONAL PLANE"**—FLYING ISN'T ALL 747S AND DC-10S. THE LATEST IN BUILD-IT-YOURSELF (BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO) AIRCRAFT

**"STAY AS YOU ARE"**—HOT OFF THE SCREEN, SCENES FROM THE NEW MOVIE STARRING **MARCELLO MASTROIANNI** AND THE FANTASTIC NEW DISCOVERY **NASTASSJA KINSKI**