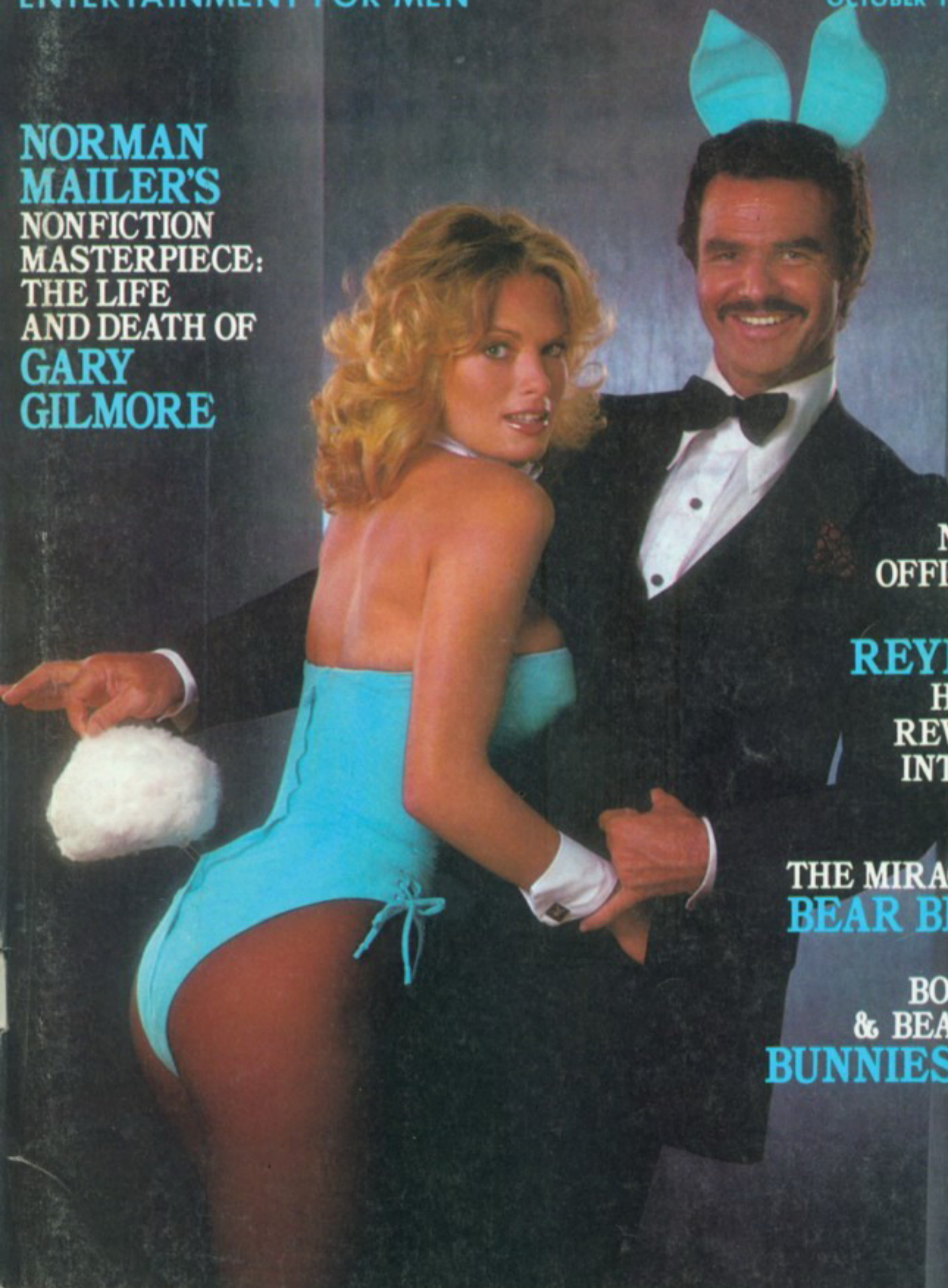


# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1979 • \$2.50

**NORMAN  
MAILER'S  
NONFICTION  
MASTERPIECE:  
THE LIFE  
AND DEATH OF  
GARY  
GILMORE**



No. 1 BOX-  
OFFICE STAR  
**BURT  
REYNOLDS**  
HIS MOST  
REVEALING  
INTERVIEW  
EVER

THE MIRACLES OF  
**BEAR BRYANT**

BODACIOUS  
& BEAUTIFUL!  
**BUNNIES OF '79**

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## JAZZING IT UP PLAYBOY STYLE

Some 30,000 fans jammed into the Hollywood Bowl for the two-night Playboy Jazz Festival—making it one of the most successful jazz extravaganzas ever produced. At left, Sarah Vaughan belts out a number. Below, Joni Mitchell sings her lyricized version of Charles Mingus' *Goodbye Porkpie Hat*. At right, Hef unveils a sign renaming Hollywood Boulevard in honor of the festival. Those who were unfortunate enough to miss the 14 acts—plus an incredible all-star jam—take heart: The festival may possibly become an annual celebration.



Above, Benny Goodman and the Young Tuxedo Brass Band (Ellyna Tatum, grand marshal) take over the Los Angeles City Council chambers for a ceremony proclaiming Jazz Festival Week. Below, a panorama of the capacity crowd; m.c. Bill Cosby gives Lionel Hampton some unneeded help on vibes (inset).





**PLAYMATE UPDATE:  
SHARON JERKED AROUND**

Sharon Johansen, our October 1972 Playmate and Hef's former dog trainer at the Playboy Mansion West, is shown above in a scene with Jackie Mason from Steve Martin's forthcoming film *The Jerk*. At left, Sharon defies gravity momentarily as she breaks water during her Playmate shooting. *The Jerk* is expected to be released at the end of this year.



**HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL**

Bob Hope is treated to a little surprise during his opening of the summer season at the Lake Geneva Playboy Resort & Country Club. A group of Bunnies surprised him by coming up onstage with champagne and cake in honor of the entertainer's 76th birthday.

**RUB-A-DUB-DUB, TWO IN A TUB**

It seems that wherever photographer David Chan goes these days, the media are always interested in what he's up to. Here, a crew from WFAA-TV in Dallas covers Chan shooting the bubbling Thressa Ratliff and Suzanne Miller for the *Bunnies of '79* feature elsewhere in this issue.



**TUBIN' AND GROOVIN'**

At left, Tom Snyder seems, oddly enough, to be at a loss for words as he listens to Hef talking about the past 25 years of Playboy on a recent *Tomorrow* show segment. On the show, Snyder explained that he saw his first naked lady in our pages in the Fifties. Below, Hef—with pipe and backgammon game in hand—poses with parachutist Chevy Chase during the filming of Chase's *National Humor Test*.



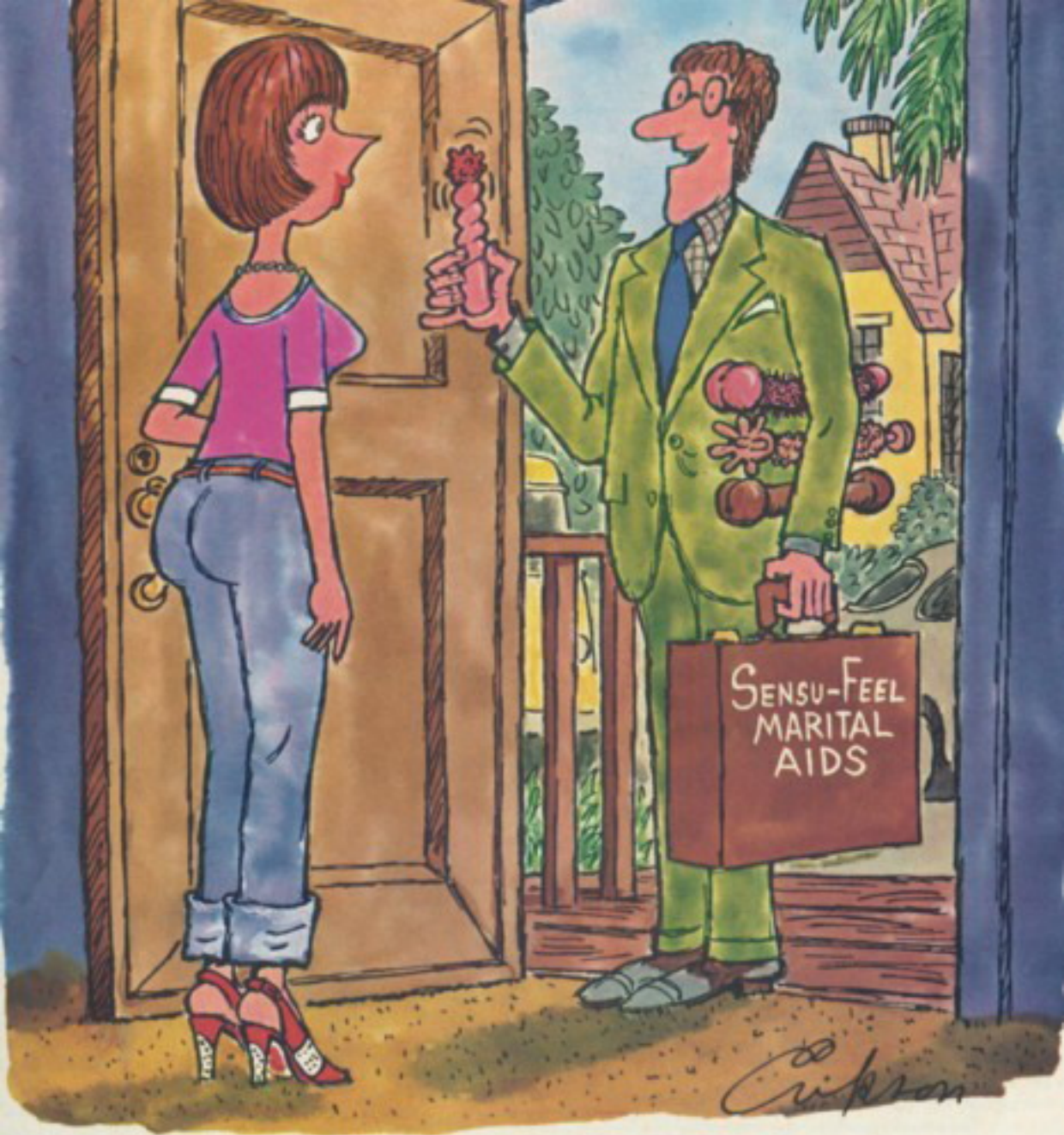




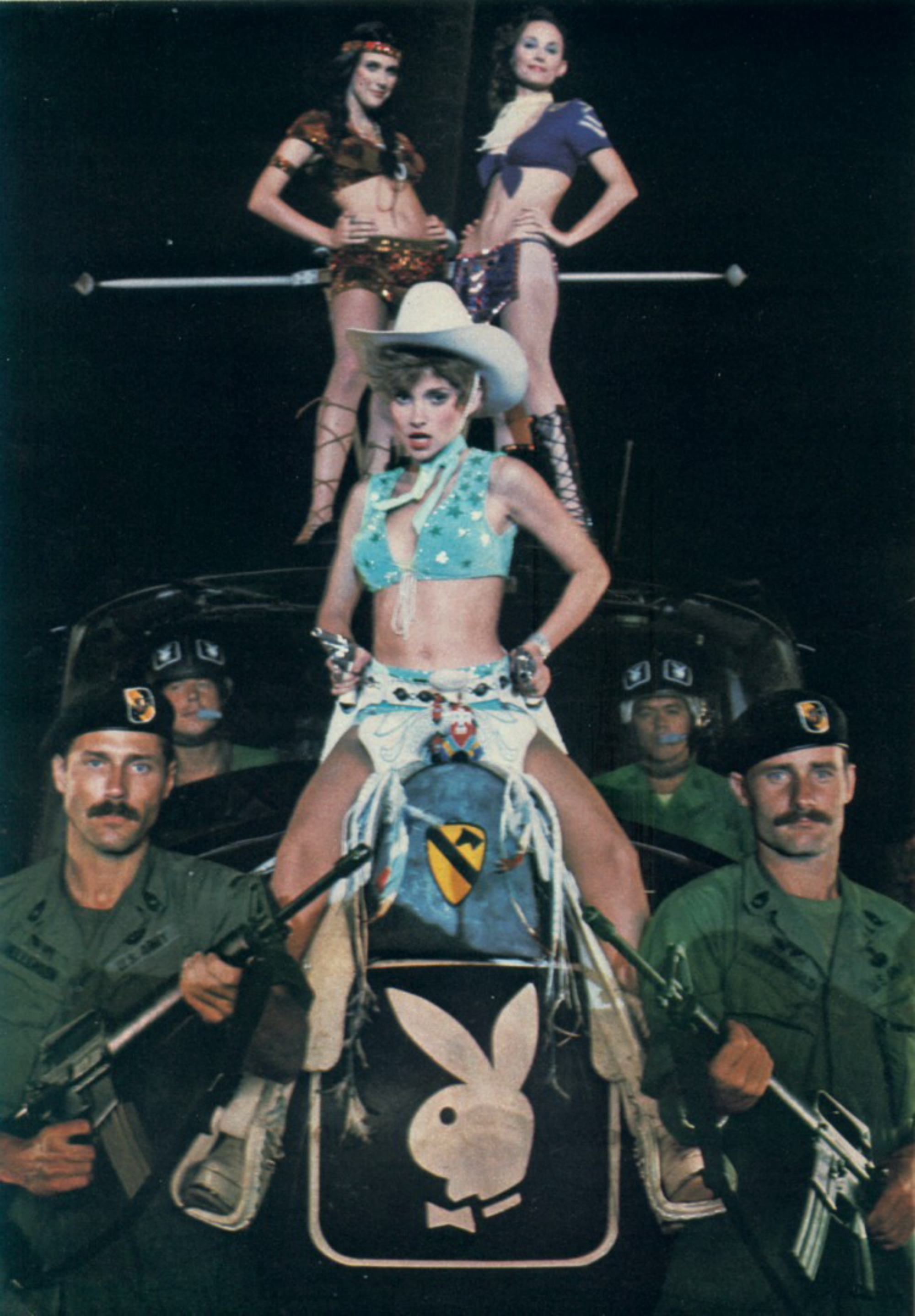




Burt Reynolds and forthcoming Playmate Gig Gangel were so inspired during their photo shooting that we wanted you to see what we couldn't use on the cover. Of the last shot, Burt says, "That's my number-three supercool look. I've never managed more than a two before."



*"That's all we ask, ma'am. Just give it a try."*



# "APOCALYPSE" FINALLY

francis ford coppola's \$30,500,000 gamble pays off in a film many call his masterpiece; it's about war, madness and gatefold girls



PLAYBOY Playmates meet Green Berets during one rousing respite from *Apocalypse Now*'s horrors of war. Opposite: 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood rides point for an entertainment unit sent to rev up a Vietnam jungle outpost, with Colleen Camp and Linda Carpenter (known as Linda Beatty when she went from our August 1976 centerfold into *Apocalypse*) as backup troupers. Above: Director Coppola basks in beauty between takes; jumpin' GIs flash Cyndi's centerfold. Below: The show goes on in an arena ringed with flagrantly phallic symbols.



**W**HETHER FRANCIS COPPOLA is on a power trip or just circling to land after a protracted nervous breakdown seems a matter of conjecture. He has spent three and a half years and well over \$30,000,000 on *Apocalypse Now*, his ultimate antiwar epic based on Joseph Conrad's classic novella *Heart of Darkness*. During shooting, his leading actor, Martin Sheen, suffered a heart attack; the entire production was almost wiped out by a typhoon; and still another slowdown occurred when Marlon Brando showed up in the Philippines—overweight, overpaid (at least \$1,000,000 plus, perhaps more) and as 115



Stoned soldiers (above) lustily chant: "Take it off . . . take it off!" Titillated into a frenzy even tough Army MPs cannot control, they have to be held back while the Playmates are whisked to safety in a chopper. Below: Zealous fans give chase, one so hungry for a feel that he yanks his luckless buddy's pants off before losing his grip and falling into the drink.



overwhelming as usual.

That's not the whole story of *Apocalypse*. Far from it. The saga behind the saga is partly revealed in *Notes*, a book by Coppola's wife, Eleanor, who writes in diary form about her husband's ups, downs and burgeoning budget, his chronic insecurities and extramarital meanders. One thing is made clear: When he's not creating legends, the razzle-dazzle director of *The Godfather* appears determined to become one. "He's a different person since *Apocalypse*," vows one insider. "Unpredictable. His own mother says there's no way to tell what he's going to say or do next." We asked anyway, and another spokesman told us he sees "a nice happy family movie" on Coppola's agenda after the controversy around *Apocalypse* (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) clears. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON





The crazed renegade Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando)—updated and relocated from Africa, the setting of Conrad's original story—rules in his Cambodian lair like a tribal king (above left). As Captain Willard, the Special Forces officer sent to “terminate” Kurtz, Martin Sheen (above right) excels in a role rejected by Steve McQueen, Robert Redford, Jack Nicholson, James Caan and Al Pacino. Below: Willard's patrol boat chugs upriver through an inferno of destruction, with an imitation PLAYBOY centerfold pinup on deck to boost his men's morale.





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



DURING THE VERY HOUR that I was sitting down to lunch with Colleen Camp at a French restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, *Apocalypse Now* was being unveiled in a gala premiere at the Cannes Film Festival. To enter in competition at the major international festival a so-called work in progress looked to some observers like a suicidal gesture on the part of Francis Coppola. Either that or a grandstand play and an enormous gamble that would guarantee handsome returns if the film happened to

Colleen Camp's ersatz centerfold (above, like the exclusive shots at right, photographed by Mario Casilli) remains as the water-borne sex symbol in *Apocalypse Now*, but a tender scene with Frederic Forrest has been snipped from the movie's final version. The cut scene also featured a dove (left) like those Colleen used to train when she worked at Busch Bird Sanctuary.



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





win (which it did, sharing Cannes's Golden Palm award with a German film). Colleen thought Coppola's ploy "fantastic" and declared his movie considerably better than that, having seen it for herself a couple of evenings earlier at a special sneak preview in Westwood. "It was a luxury to work with the world's greatest director," said Colleen, an ebullient blue-eyed charmer with as good a reason as anyone to feel peevisish toward *Apocalypse*, since great chunks of the work she did ended up on the cutting-room floor. She was under contract for over a year, spent several months sweltering in the tropical rain forest, and there's scarcely more than five minutes of screen time to show for it—in a vivid episode she shares with Cyndi Wood and Linda Beatty Carpenter, both of whom have actually appeared on PLAYBOY gatefolds, as members of a Playboy U.S.O. troupe in Vietnam. "What came out," Colleen explained, "was a whole episode following the bit with the Playmates entertaining at Hau Phat. Marty Sheen and the guys in the boat continue traveling up the river. And as they go, they encounter our stranded helicopter, which has run out of fuel. We're with Bill Graham—the rock-music promoter in real

Three years ago, as our August Playmate, Linda Beatty Carpenter (left and below) showed the top form that caught Coppola's eye and snagged Linda her *Apocalypse* role—as a steamy, semiclad hooper who does things with a rifle that aren't in the GI manual.



life, who plays our agent—and Marty makes a deal with Graham: His little girls are going to have to screw the men on the boat in exchange for gas. So each of us girls had an individual thing with one of the guys. Mine was a nice scene opposite Frederic Forrest, in which he climbs into the helicopter, expecting quite a lot, and says, 'I thought you were a Playboy Bunny.' And I say, 'No, actually, I'm the girl from Busch Bird Sanctuary.' Because I'd told Francis that I *was* a trainer at Busch while I was in college. I trained birds to stand on their heads, fly upside down and count, things like that. That's what's so remarkable about working with Coppola. He incorporates part of *you* into the character. . . ." Colleen sighs but adds gamely, "Of course, none of it's in the movie now. That entire scene was just too big a detour in terms of where the picture as a whole was going."

What else might be missing from the film's final cut only Coppola and his editors can say for sure. At one point in the post-Cannes period of re-adjustment and re-editing, based on what Coppola called his "out-of-town previews," the movie had at least three endings from which to choose. (text concluded on page 195)

In *Apocalypse*, she personifies a fictional Playmate of the Year. For real, Cynthia Wood, holder of that title in 1974 (right and below), is currently starring onscreen in *Van Nuys Blvd.*; you also may have glimpsed her briefly in 1975's hit *Shampoo*.



*"'Bruce Lee?' I said. 'I thought he was dead.' And he was dead, of course. Still, I did the movie."*

More than one performer wound up in *Apocalypse* through a twist of fate or blind luck that suggested dark, mysterious forces at work behind the scenes—like some rendezvous with destiny out of a Conrad novel. At least five major male stars said no to the leading role before Coppola hired Harvey Keitel, decided he was wrong when he saw the first film rushes, flew back to the States to recast and gave the part to Sheen after bumping into him by chance at the airport. Colleen got her role through another fluke. "Long before *Apocalypse*, when I didn't even know Francis, I went to a screening of *The Godfather, Part II* in New York and was overwhelmed. I told my date right then and there that I was going to be in Coppola's next picture. He said, 'Yeah, with your luck, it'll turn out to be a war movie.'"

"Actually, I think I'm psychic. At first, Linda Carter was cast in the Playmate role. *PLAYBOY* did a centerfold shot with her, the whole bit. But seven months later, a typhoon had destroyed all the sets and Linda couldn't continue because of *Wonder Woman*, I guess, and I was in the film, after all. And I *knew* it would happen."

Wherever Colleen goes, things happen. "The day I arrived to start shooting *Apocalypse* was the day Marty Sheen got ill. Then, later, we were in this dingy hotel-motel, a three-hour jeep ride from Manila, when a fire broke out—one of the guys from the crew was in his room with three Filipino girls and a candle and forgot to watch the candle. Cyndi and I thought we'd all be burned alive."

A girl whose day-to-day existence seems rife with anecdote, Colleen has a sizable collection of true but stranger-than-fiction stories. Among her choicest is the one about being sued for \$100,000 by George Peppard's chauffeur. "I was driving down a hill, minding my own business, when Peppard's chauffeur ran into me. And he sued *me*, for brain damage. I got hysterical in court when it was brought out that two weeks before the accident, he'd been attending a Republican convention at a Holiday Inn, where an elephant—an *elephant*, mind you—picked him up and threw him through a plate-glass window."

From Busch Bird Sanctuary and the elephant to her jungle adventures with Coppola, there's been plenty of good news from Camp. She had done lots of episodic TV, won a co-starring role in *Rich Man, Poor Man Book II* and has

adorned such films as *Funny Lady*, *Gumball Rally* and Michael Ritchie's *Smile* (Colleen was hilarious as the teenaged beauty contestant whose principal talent, God help us, was packing a suitcase). And her association with Coppola has led to even better opportunities. For instance: "I've signed for Peter Bogdanovich's *They All Laughed*. It's a kind of romantic comedy—realistic love story. I play a girl who's a singer, who's involved with an older man and gets pregnant. But I also get to sing in it."

"When I got *Apocalypse*, people automatically put me into a different category. Doing a Coppola picture marked a major change. Though some of the changes struck me as rather weird at the time. Like the day my agent phoned and said they had a fabulous part for me . . . a producer had seen my *Apocalypse* footage and wanted me to star in his movie *Game of Death*, a Columbia picture with Bruce Lee."

"'Bruce Lee?' I said. 'I thought he was

dead.' And he *was* dead, of course. Still, I did the movie." Colleen also sang the *Game of Death* theme song on the film's sound track—very nicely, too—and now has a big hit single in Japan.

Next she was hired to do *Cloud Dancer*, not yet released, with Joseph Bottoms, David Carradine and Jennifer O'Neill. "Before they signed me for the part, I had to agree to fly upside down in an old open-cockpit biplane, 30 feet above the ground—held in only by a seat belt and traveling about 130 miles an hour. Screaming all the way, I promise you."

"'Thanks a lot,' I told my agent. 'I just do not believe this career. After four months in the jungle with *Apocalypse*, you put me in a movie with a dead star, playing his girlfriend opposite a double and a bunch of unused film clips. Now you've got me risking my neck, flying bottom side up in an airplane. A person could get killed.'"

On the other hand, bottom side up may be the safest position for Colleen to maintain. As if to prove her instinctive flair for human comedy—the laughter-and-tears kind—Colleen, while being photographed for *PLAYBOY*, sat on a bee. Hmmm. Does that mean she's up for a sequel to *The Sting*?

—B.W.



*"How do I know you won't be like all the others, Davey? Ask me to wait for you, then forget all about me even before you graduate from junior high school?"*

*The obviously irresistible Cinderella smile of 18-year-old, Munich-born Playmate Ursula won her her first job as a baker's apprentice and, later on, increasingly large parts in international film and television productions.*



*Ursula Buchfellner loves to ride Munich's trolley cars (right). "Sometimes I can't help thinking that my life now is a continuing dream, that I am a sleeping princess waiting for princes to wake me up."*



**S**OCIOLOGISTS have been telling us for decades that growing up in the slums breeds malice. This month's Playmate, Ursula Buchfellner, is a living contradiction of that adage. Says photographer Peter Weissbrich, for whom she posed in Chicago and in her native Munich: "Ursula is an angel. A lascivious angel. Her radiation compensates for the fuel shortage in my studio."

Third of ten children, Ursula grew up in a dingy, crowded two-bedroom apartment in Munich's Hasenberg district, the local (text continued on page 133)

*we have to hand it to our german colleagues for discovering ursula buchfellner, main attraction of a munich pastry shop; she'd whet any man's appetite*

# DEUTSCH TREAT



*When back from her travels, Ursula loves to go shopping in downtown Munich (below), where, until a few years ago, she had never ventured. Returning to her home, she muses: "I know that my real achievement would be to find lots of love. All that tenderness is stored up in me; I'm in love with love, I guess."*







*"At 18, I'm not even supposed to be ready for the big thing. Sure, I'm poised, I have no fear of the camera or the mike, or of strangers. Yet when I am alone, I fear that when I meet the really right guy, I shall lose all my cool."*



Hell's Kitchen. Her only toy was a rag doll. Food was scarce and her clothes were third- and fourth-hand. She saw her first film on her 14th birthday. Unable to afford trolley fare, she never left her district. In school, her classmates made fun of her: She was the skinniest and tiniest of them all. And, too shy to open her mouth, she inevitably received the worst grades.

When she graduated at 15, the authorities couldn't provide her with an apprentice job anywhere; employers shunned hiring youngsters from the Hasenbergl. So Ursula took matters into her own hands. In Schwabing—the *(text concluded on page 222)*







*Ursula visits a recording studio (left) with a girlfriend, hit singer Penny McLean, and a beer garden (below) with her current boyfriend. There are always some of her sisters and brothers at home glad to see her when she visits her parents (bottom).*



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ursula BuchfellnerBUST: 33 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33HEIGHT: 5'6 WEIGHT: 103 SIGN: GeminiBIRTH DATE: June 8, 1961 BIRTHPLACE: Munich, West GermanyGOALS: To continue traveling all over the world as a photomodel and a movie actressTURN-ONS: Romantic music and a boyfriend to go with it. Children. Puppy dogsTURN-OFFS: Egotists, Punks and Rockers, Jealous people. Waiting for the subway.FAVORITE MOVIES: All the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movies. Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush."FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Viennese Waltzes. Elton John. Bee Gees. The Pussy Cats.FAVORITE BOOKS: Huckleberry Finn. Adventure tales by Karl May. The trashiest love stories.FAVORITE FOODS: Chinese, Frankfurters. Apfelstrudel.SECRET DREAM: To become famous without having to pay a too high price.

A tomboy at 3

Holy Communion  
10Baker's Apprentice  
15

# DEUTSCH TREAT

(continued from page 133)

farthest district to which she could walk on foot—she had often pressed her nose against the plate-glass windows of a huge *Konditorei*, a pastry shop. She opened the door, smiled and applied for a job. The boss took one look and hired her. Ursula behind the counter soon became a neighborhood attraction. "Never had there been so many young men in here to buy sweets," the owner told us. The young man who had the sweetest tooth became her first beau.

Things then began to move faster for Ursula. One balmy evening, sitting, appropriately enough, at the Nymphenburg Palace beer garden with her boyfriend, she caught the eye of a German *PLAYBOY* editor, who approached her. "*Was Ist ein Playmate?*" Ursula asked. When told, she didn't object to posing; after all, she had often taken the other children swimming in the nude by the meadows along the river. So Weissbrich was called in for the shooting.

By lucky coincidence, German television had just scheduled a documentary on *The Making of a Playmate*. The telecast, a few weeks after publication of Ursula's gatefold in *PLAYBOY*'s German edition, unreeled before a nationwide audience. Its echo brought on photographers from illustrated periodicals, the fashion magazines, advertising agencies and movie producers.

Her first movie role was a small part in a local trifle called *Popcorn and Ice-Cream*; that brought her the lead in *Cola, Candy, Chocolate*, in which she danced and sang. That was followed by a role—cut, unhappily, from the film's final version—in *Sidney Sheldon's Bloodline* and one in a French movie by director Max Pecas. Next she'll be working on a German TV serial opposite veteran actor Walter Giller, in a Marcello Mastroianni-Nastassja Kinski type of older man-younger woman situation (à la *Stay as You Are*, featured in the August *PLAYBOY*).

To date, modeling and film assignments have taken the girl who three years ago couldn't afford trolley fare to such places as Paris, Rome, Chicago, Kenya, Hong Kong, the Philippines and Mauritius. "By next year, I shall probably have run out of continents," she says with a mischievous smile.

Will she become another Nastassja Kinski? Ursula smiles enigmatically. "Success seems to come so easy, but there is no guarantee that it might last." Not that she much cares. "What I really want is to give and to receive affection. That is a ticket even better than the trolley fare I now can easily afford. And the end is out of sight. . . ."

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I don't suppose they'll ever bring our food," complained the woman in the crowded restaurant as she finished off her third martini. Then she slipped her hand under the tablecloth, fondled her husband's thigh and giggled, "It's silly to spend all night here, George, when we could be together in our very own bed."

"What's the difference?" sighed George. "With or without the drinks, at home the service would be just as slow."



It must have been a wise old botanist who pointed out that a penis is the only thing that has to be grown before it's planted.

Gossips are snickering about the really unattractive girl who has a jealous crush on a handsome comedian and surreptitiously follows him around. It's clearly a case of the dog tailing the wag.

Halloween," said a madam named Hicks,  
"Is a time, girls, to honor guys' dicks.  
Since your Johns have spent wads,  
I'll reward them with bods—  
So tonight you'll be treating your tricks."

Some fellow I met at the Student Union today has invited me to visit him in his apartment for an oral-sex session," the fresh-from-the-farm coed told her roommate.

"Do you plan to go?"

"I'm not sure. I'm a little concerned about just what he might try to do when he got tired of discussing the subject."

Legal note: A girl who lived for years with a Hollywood bisexual is suing him for a quarter of all he has.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *circumcised Copenhagen* as a pruned Danish.

No sooner had the brave young shepherd saved the life of the ragged old lady than the latter turned into a beautiful young princess. "Thank you, thank you, young man!" cried the girl. "You have broken the spell! If you name three wishes, I will do all I can to have them fulfilled."

"If it's all the same to you," responded the shepherd, gazing at the princess, "I'd like to have only one wish granted—but three times!"

Because the young wife of an escaped convict who had been recaptured during their honeymoon was lonely and wanted a baby, a social-service group made special arrangements for her to be artificially inseminated with her husband's sperm forwarded from the prison laboratory. "Tell me, baby, was whatever they did unpleasant for you?" the convict asked his wife when she visited him for the first time after the event.

"Not really, honey," she answered. "In fact, it wasn't too much different from, you know, regular sex—except that the doctor didn't bother to put his inseminator in one of those little rubber bags first."

What with the question of the clitoral versus the vaginal orgasm, it's perhaps no wonder that girls today don't know where they're coming from.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *medieval masturbator* as a pounding serf.

Superman," asked an admirer, "what was your most memorable experience?"

"I think it was when I was flying around one day," replied the hero, "and noticed Wonder Woman lying naked on her balcony, moving her pelvis most suggestively. Naturally, I zoomed right down on top of her."

"Boy, she must really have been surprised!" grinned the admirer.

"Yes, I guess she was—but not nearly as surprised as the Invisible Man."



Why, Lorraine, there are black-and-blue marks on your fanny!" exclaimed a coed in the sorority-house shower room. "Have you been dating some kinky guy?"

"No, nothing like that," smiled Lorraine. "It happened during a geology field trip. I got caught between a rock and a hard-on."

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.



*"Yoo-hoo, honey! I've brought you a little something to get you through your postnatal depression!"*



*"Men, either we've discovered the New World or  
the saltpeter isn't working anymore."*



WITH NEW PLAYBOY CLUBS opening overseas—most recently in Manila and in Nagoya, Japan—our Bunnies are, more than ever, standard-bearers of a far-flung Playboy empire. The plush Manila Club opened late last year to a celebrity-studded crush of well-wishers, including Imelda Marcos, wife of the president of the Philippines. In addition to a spectacular disco, the Club offers a cornucopia of fun in two bars, two (text continued on page 165)

Miami-born Laura Jordan (left) now works as a Bunny in New York—the best place, she figures, to further her theatrical career.

# BUNNIES OF '79

*just what you've been waiting for—our annual tribute to the cream of the cottontail crop*



Next time you visit the Chicago Playboy Club, you may be greeted by the dazzling smile of Door Bunny Beth Mpistolarides (above), whose dad, George, has worked as an engineer on Playboy's building-services staff for many years. Thanks for keeping Playboy in the family, George.

A Japanese-French-Cherokee Indian gene pool yielded Dallas Bunny Akemi Crockett (below), who's on the Club's softball team.



Great Gorge Bunny Kim Bateman (above) makes life a picnic. A sports enthusiast, Kim spends a lot of time outdoors; so does the St. Louis Club's Patti Duggan (left), a tennis and volleyball freak. Somehow, our photographer managed to lure her indoors for a shooting.

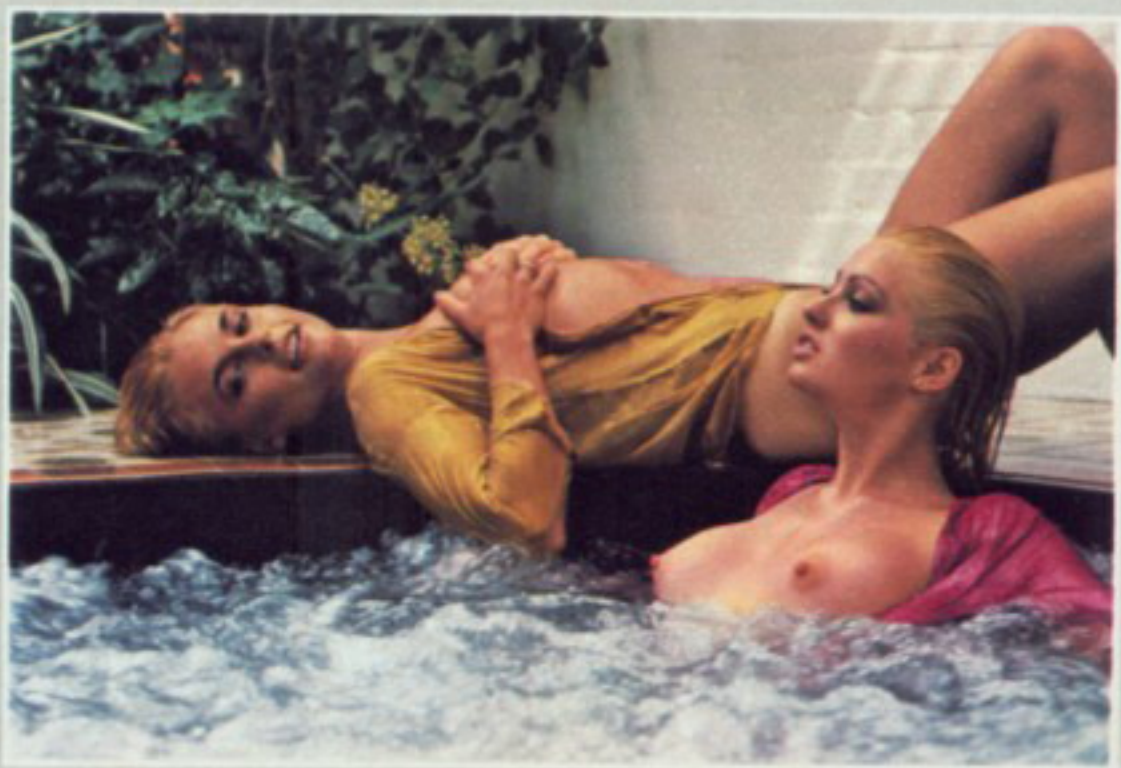


You might say Los Angeles Bunny Michelle Palombi (above) has showbiz in her blood—her dad's musical director of Las Vegas' Riviera Hotel. Michelle came to Playboy from the *Hallelujah Hollywood* review at the MGM Grand Hotel in Vegas. Christi Jost (below left), from Lake Geneva, prefers her men to be quiet. How about a nice quiet editor, Christi? Cincinnati Bunny Carol Stapleton (below right) hates fat, loves Porsches.





Dallas Bunny Ruby Walker (above) paints, jogs, plays squash and acts. If she doesn't like something, she'll let you know: "I'm remarkably candid," she observes. Below left, Miami Bunny Gale Lotterhand, who has studied fashion design, admires the stitch of her sweater. Below right, Dallas Bunnies Suzanne Miller (left), a magic buff, and Thressa Ratliff, who's also assistant manager of the Club, make waves in a hot tub.



When she's not on duty at the New York Club, Bunny Marina Thompson (right) moves in disco roller-skating circles.



At 5'2" and 98 pounds, Cincinnati Bunny Kym Donaldson (above left) proves a little can go a very long way. Check out the Bunny with the ears (top right). Look familiar? She's August Playmate Dorothy Stratten, at the Playboy Club in Los Angeles' Century City. Phoenix Bunny Tanya Jones (above right) collects fans and baskets; broad-minded about most things, Tanya tells us she just can't tolerate litterbugs.





Making rugs, sewing and cooking are big hits with Cincinnati Bunny Bonnie Hoobler (left). She may sound like a homebody, but Bonnie really wants to travel. London Bunny Linda Datson (above) aims at opening her own fashion shop; Osaka's Miyuki Kishimae (below right) paints in her spare time. Like Bonnie, Miyuki wants to see the world. Maybe the two should meet halfway and globe-hop together.



British-born Bunny Teresa Irwin (above) finds it difficult to pursue her former pastime of ice skating in tropical Nassau, where she's a Croupier Bunny in Playboy's Casino. So she's taken up snorkeling. Chicago's Janis Iacovone (right) favors champagne—and pinball.



Angela Haji-Sophocleous (left), who's a croupier at Playboy's Manchester, England, Casino, claims her hobbies include "dancing and men." Next dance is ours.



Here's looking at New York Bunny Reily Rehn (left)—from both sides now. A typical New Yorker, Reily runs to the theater or the movies whenever she has a chance.

It's a wonder the Dallas Cowboys ever make it to a game when beauties like Keri Korras (below) staff the Dallas Playboy Club—which happens to be in the Cowboys Building. Keri, a model, studies drama.



game rooms, a library, a sauna, a whirlpool and a fully equipped gym. In Japan, the Nagoya Club has joined sister hutches in Tokyo and Osaka. Before Playboy's arrival this July, the area around Nagoya was best known as the home of the cultured pearl; a full-scale Bunny hunt, we're told, uncovered more than one pearl to staff our newest Club. Future plans call for another Pacific Playboy outpost—in Hawaii. Negotiations are now under way for a suitable island location. (concluded on page 224)

# BUNNIES OF '79

(continued from page 165)

Checking out the Bunnies back home, we found a profusion of talented cottontails with interests as disparate as law school and *Charlie's Angels*. As a matter of fact, we've been harboring quite a few Bunnies in sheepskin. Chicago's Maynell Thomas, a February graduate of DePaul University law school, is now working for a Los Angeles legal firm that specializes in the entertainment industry. L.A.'s Kat Flores, who already has an undergraduate degree in criminology, started law school this fall. Meanwhile, Dallas Bunny Karen Criswell continues to plug away at *her* legal studies. Karen's dad is a Dallas celebrity, TV anchor man John Criswell. Back in Los Angeles, Janette Salerno, R.N., is working on an advanced degree in coronary care; Toyce Ken is also back in school, working on an advanced degree in management.

When she's not Bunny Dipping at the Los Angeles Club, dancer Denise Gallardo performs in television shows, including Leif Garrett and Barry Manilow specials. Another L.A. Bunny, Betty Jean Samuelson, appeared in a *Charlie's Angels* episode. Judy Bruno and Beverly Whatley regularly sing in the New York Club's Talent Showcase, and Chicago's hutch boasts warbler Rose Dorsey. Cincinnati's Patti Seaman is eyeing a career as a symphonic flutist. Both our Great Gorge Resort and Country Club and the New York Club have booked Great Gorge Bunny Alyson Michaels for singing engagements, while Bunny Marion Watson often sings in Dallas.

Benefits and other events tend to keep the Bunnies, um, hopping in their off-duty hours. This year, they competed in countless basketball, donkey-baseball and even football games to support numerous causes ranging from the Save-a-Pet movement to a children's hospital. A segment of a CBS-TV Sports Spectacular, *The World's Strongest Men* (scheduled for late September), features Los Angeles Bunnies—700 pounds' worth—in a contest called Girl Lift. Strong men had to raise a platform full of Bunnies in what another network might call the agony and the ecstasy.

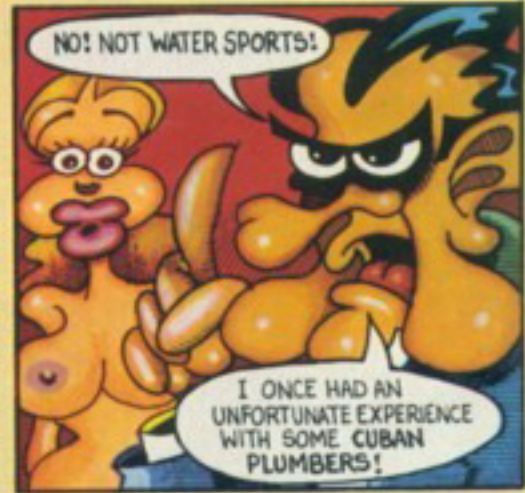
But our L.A. Bunnies were at their most inspiring when, to benefit Saint Jude Children's Research Hospital, the national college fraternity Tau Kappa Epsilon rolled a beer keg 3224 miles from Boston to Century City. What was waiting at the end of the trail to encourage the TEKEs to reach their goal? Well, you can bet it wasn't warm, well-churned beer, but a welcoming committee of Bunnies from the Los Angeles Playboy Club. To them and to the hundreds of other Bunnies around the globe, a toast: ¡Salud! Prosit! Skoal! Kampài!



Buck Brown

"No, thank you, I prefer to stand."

# PLAYBOY



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



THROUGH SPACE AND TIME  
WITH

THIS MONTH:  
STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

# SCHWIMMER AND JONES

by Randy Jones...  
Eugene Allen Scher



TODAY WE FIND OUR HEROES ON THE PLANET NURGO, WHERE, AFTER A "NIGHT ON THE TOWN," SCHWIMMER AWAKENS NEXT TO... TO... WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELF...



OOOH! MY HEAD IS KILLING ME! JONES AND HIS STUPID DRINKING CONTESTS....

HOLY COW!



A SARUVIAN HAIR-AND-SLIME BEING! BUT WHAT'S IT DOING IN MY BED?

WAITAMINUT! I DIDN'T....



OMIGOSH—I DID!



WAIT'LL JONES FINDS OUT! I'LL NEVER LIVE THIS DOWN!

OH, NO! THERE HE IS!

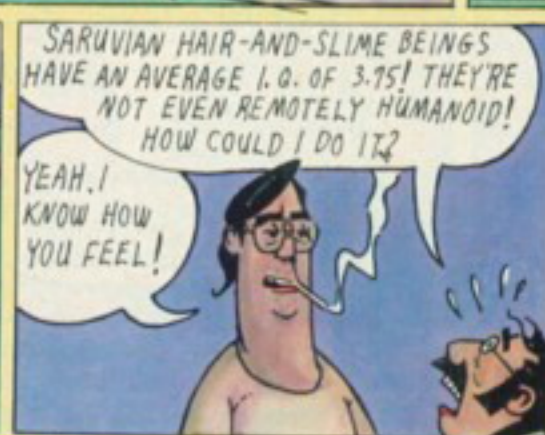


HI! WANT SOME ASPIRIN?

LISTEN—YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THIS, BUT....



LAST NIGHT—AT THE BAR! I PICKED UP YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL! A SARUVIAN HAIR-AND-SLIME BEING!



SARUVIAN HAIR-AND-SLIME BEINGS HAVE AN AVERAGE I.Q. OF 3.75! THEY'RE NOT EVEN REMOTELY HUMANOID! HOW COULD I DO IT?

YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL!



I'M SO ASHAMED!

YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL!



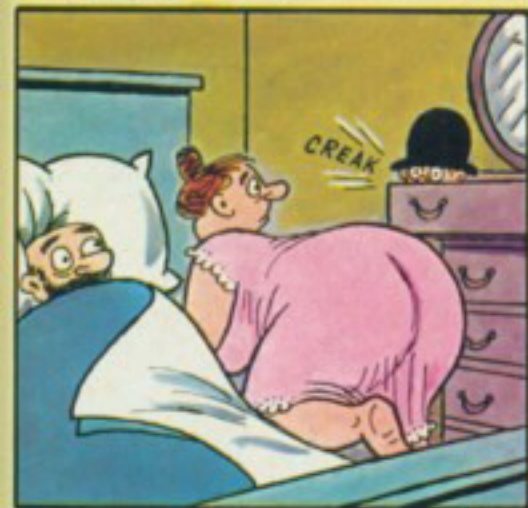
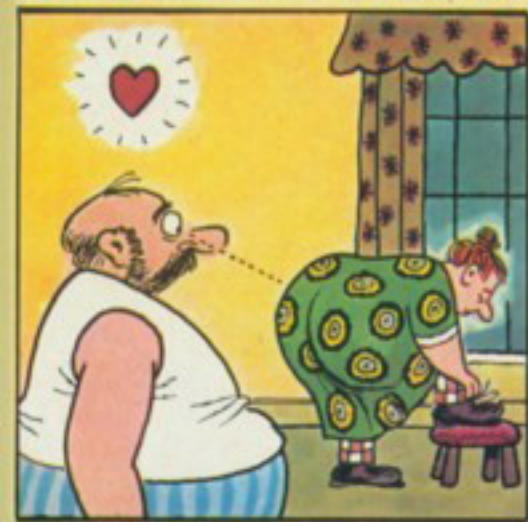
FOR CHRISSAKES, WOULD YOU STOP SAYING "I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL"? HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW HOW I FEEL?



SHE HAD A FRIEND!

# POON PULLINS

by John Delmar



# SUZY Q AND MIDNITE





*"If her ratings don't go up tonight, I'm afraid she's had it as a sportscaster."*



*Interlandi*

*"And they laughed when I ordered a sun roof..."*

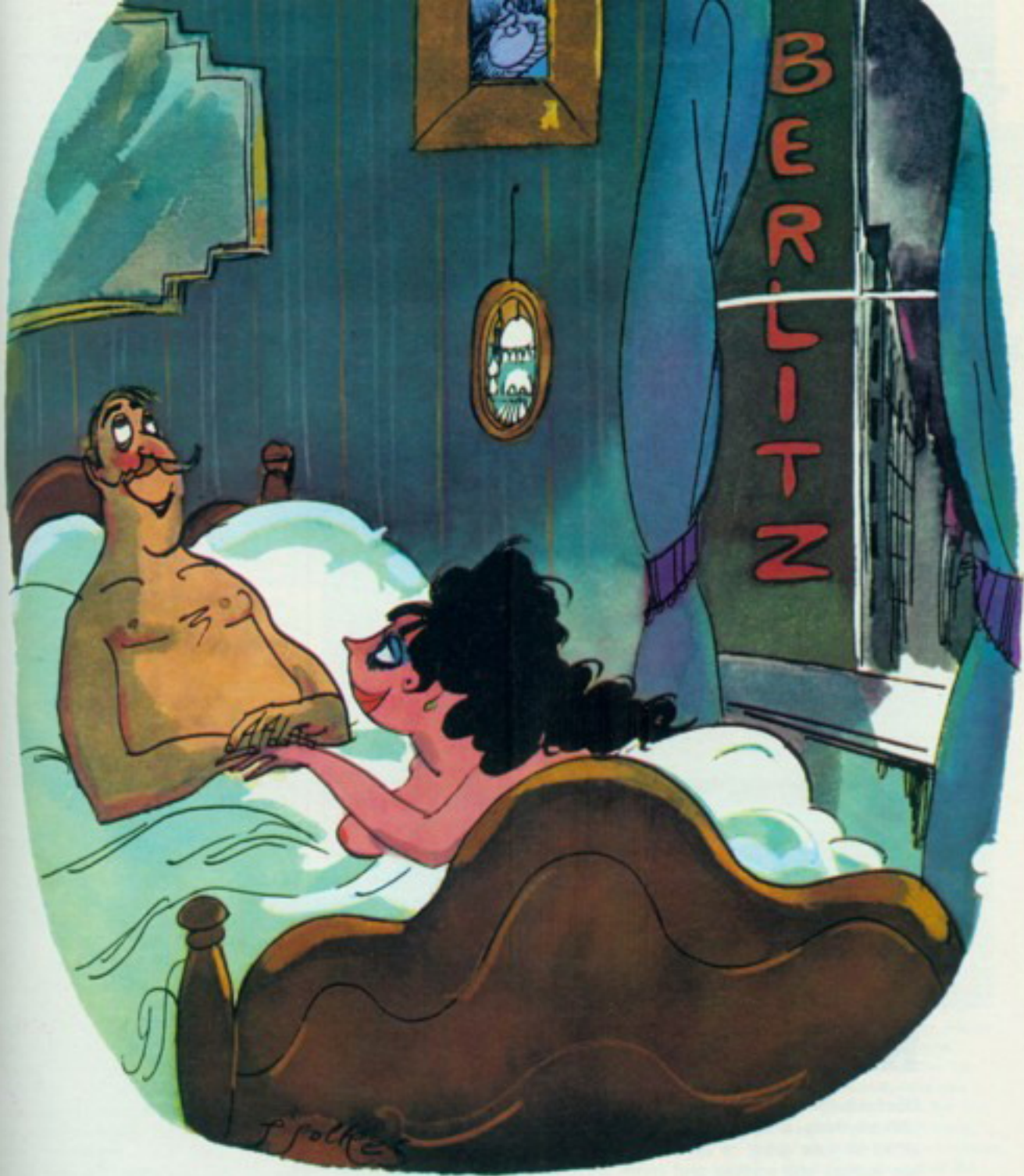


LEO  
GAREL

*"Do you have to put catsup on everything?"*



*"I'm . . . er . . . giving away vacuum cleaners!"*



*"You certainly have the gift of tongues, Madame Lachaise."*

*eight top designers  
create an exclusive collection  
of cottontail couture*

## HARE APPAREL

THE REGISTERED Playboy Bunny Costume is a modern American classic. In the years since it was introduced at the first Playboy Club in Chicago in 1960, it has been worn by thousands of women, including, for one reason or another, actress/model Lauren Hutton, feminist author Gloria Steinem and a young staff reporter for the old NBC *Today* show, Barbara Walters. Lauren actually worked as a New York Bunny; the two others were on assignment, investigating the mystique that has grown up around the Bunnies. Nearly 20 years ago, the costume was considered a little risqué—and a traffic stopper of the first order. It may have had wives and girlfriends up in arms, but it brought husbands and boyfriends thronging to the Playboy Club. Now, of course, the Bunny Costume is a part of Americana, much like cowboy boots or pinstripes on ballplayers. So how do you improve on a classic? Maybe you don't. But we've always been fascinated by the possibilities. And in that spirit, we've commissioned eight of the world's top fashion designers to come up with alternative styles. While they may never replace the original, their traffic-stopping capabilities are obvious.



**Bonnie August** of Danskin naturally based her design on a full-length leotard. But her interpretation for Playboy is both shiny and see-through. "I like the way the fabric shows the shape of the body. Women are more direct these days; they like their bodies more," she says. If August's creation has a futuristic look, it's because she's an ardent sci-fi fan.





**Fernando Sanchez**, who did some of the costumes for the movie *The Wiz*, took a baroque approach in his sketch at left, including trim of black marabou feathers and a black-leather choker. He calls his design "theatrical, not fashion," and the puppet "a bit of mildly sexist humor."



**Monika Tilley**, known for her sleek designs in ski- and swimwear, uses a "second skin" approach for the Bunny outfit at right. Its ruffled and gathered top and skintight pants look functional enough, though Tilley enjoys humor in fashion: "There's enough seriousness in the world."



**Edith Head**, costume designer for hundreds of movies and winner of eight Oscars, practically invented Hollywood glamor. That style is evident in her two sketches at left. Head, who has also done design work for the Coast Guard, feels these Bunny costumes convey a feeling of "subtle sex." She told us she'd like to try a male Bunny costume next.



**Giorgio di Sant' Angelo** fashioned the design at left to match "the aggressiveness of the Eighties." Says he, "The woman of the Eighties is stronger, more courageous and, at the same time, feminine and sensual." He admits his design is "fantasy, not practical," but what's wrong with fantasy?



**Castelbajac**, the Parisian designer of men's and women's clothing, offers a deceptively simple adaptation of the classic costume. Crafted in vinyl, the padded rolls topside conceal the wiring for lights, which should prove just the thing for locating your Bunny in a dimly lit Club.





Oleg Cassini, one of the designers behind the Playboy Jet Bunny uniforms, gives us top-hat sophistication in two of his three designs at left. Cassini, too, favors "subtle titillation." His creations of elasticized fabric are meant to conform to the body of the wearer; to be revealing but not blatant. "Total nakedness is not always sexy," says Cassini. We may not always agree, but his designs are definitely sexy.



Oleg Cassini



Bill Blass describes his creation at right as "jazzy and sparkly." Obviously agreeing with Cassini that a little exposure goes a long way, Blass chose a totally covered look with hood and long sleeves, letting the deep plunge accentuate the bosom. He retained the Bunny's traditional leggy look—"We're very conscious of the leg as a focus in fashion"—as well as the ears, here part of a hood, because "Bunny ears are amusing."



Oleg Cassini



Oleg Cassini



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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



## WALKING TALL

Tired of wearing that same old gorilla mask to your annual Halloween bash? Try stepping out with your feet slipped into an articulated six-foot-tall Walking Worm puppet with a blinkable eye that a store called Hudson Brown, 72 East Walton Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611, is selling for \$195, postpaid. Walking Worm—which was designed by artist Lisa Sturz—comes knocked down, ready for quick assembly. Once you've got its shinbone connected to its thighbone, all you do is place your feet through two straps under the puppet's feet, put one hand inside the worm's head and start hopping around. While it's been suggested that anything as half-assed as Walking Worm looks best on someone who's bare-assed, that's up to you. And when you're not making an ass of yourself wearing Walking Worm, it doubles as a sculpture.

## IT FLIES BY NIGHT

The second most popular outdoor night sport is rapidly becoming Future Flight flinging, Future Flight being a plastic saucer-shaped toy with three lights positioned around its perimeter. A flick of the wrist turns Future Flight on; the battery is replaceable and the lights are guaranteed for 100,000 hours—provided you don't beat it against a wall. The price: \$10 sent to Kirsh Enterprises, P.O. Box 1226, Peoria, Illinois 61654.



## WE GET THE MESSAGE

You may not be able to drive a car with an X-rated license-plate number, but there's nothing that says you can't personalize your license-plate frame with whatever's on your dirty little mind. Bob S. Enterprises, P.O. Box 154, Stratford, Connecticut 06497, is offering a kit that consists of a chrome-plated frame and 146 black press-on vinyl letters, numbers and punctuation marks for \$4.95, postpaid. Of course, if another driver doesn't dig your message, you may have to eat your words.

## TICKLING OUR FANCY

Mark Twain had one. So did Charlie Chaplin, Howard Hughes and Groucho Marx. We're talking about mustaches—and even if you're not into pogonotrophy (the growing of facial hair), you'll dig *Moustache*, a delightfully hairy compendium by Roger Lax and Maria Carvainis of famous personages, inventions and grooming tips for those with a bristly upper lip. Best of all, the book is only \$5.95—and you don't have to tip.





### SEXUAL HANG-UP

The Pleasure Chest, that purveyor of such tasteful erotica as Campbell's Cock Noodle Soup, the Tits N/Ass Toothbrush, the Beat Me, Eat Me Licorice Whip and X-rated Fortune Cookies, has done it again. This time it's taken something as mundane as a clothes hook and reshaped it into a ceramic open mouth with a licentious protruding tongue and named it Oral Hangup. (Get it?) Oral Hangup can be yours for only \$16 sent to The Pleasure Chest, 20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011. Nail it on your bedroom wall and watch the chicks go wild.

### DREAM PIPES

To paraphrase Kipling, a good cigar may be a smoke, but a carefully broken-in pipe, like aged bourbon, is a boon companion whether you're hiking in the wild or relaxing by the fire. Of course, you can buy new pipes anywhere, but if you'd like to supplement your collection with a few antique models, a pipe enthusiast named Tom Clasen publishes a newsletter called *The Old Order* out of Box 262, Thiensville, Wisconsin 53092, that's devoted to yesteryear's tobacconalia you can buy. One buck will get you his lists. Old pipes; old price.



### EXCUSE OUR DUST

It's always nice to have a damp, cobwebby cellar where you can house your collection of old Bordeaux. But even if you live in a whistle-clean high-rise, you can still give your bottles that antique look with Wine Bottle Dust, a curious product that Gordon Bennett & Associates, 616 University Avenue, Palo Alto, California 94301, is selling for \$5.95 per three-ounce can, postpaid. What's in Wine Bottle Dust? A number of ingredients, including baby powder and peach fuzz. After a dusting, your Ripple will never have tasted better.



### CHECKING OUT NEW HAUNTS

We're all intrigued by things that go bump in the night, but now you can receive an 88-page *Handbook for the Psychic Investigator* that clues you in on everything from how to locate psychic mysteries to the casting out of ghosts and demons by sending \$10 to The Haunt Hunters, 215 N. Meramec, Clayton, Missouri 63105. Along with the book, you'll be sent an official card that says you're now a Registered Psychic Investigator. We carry it right next to our Sky King Pilot's License.

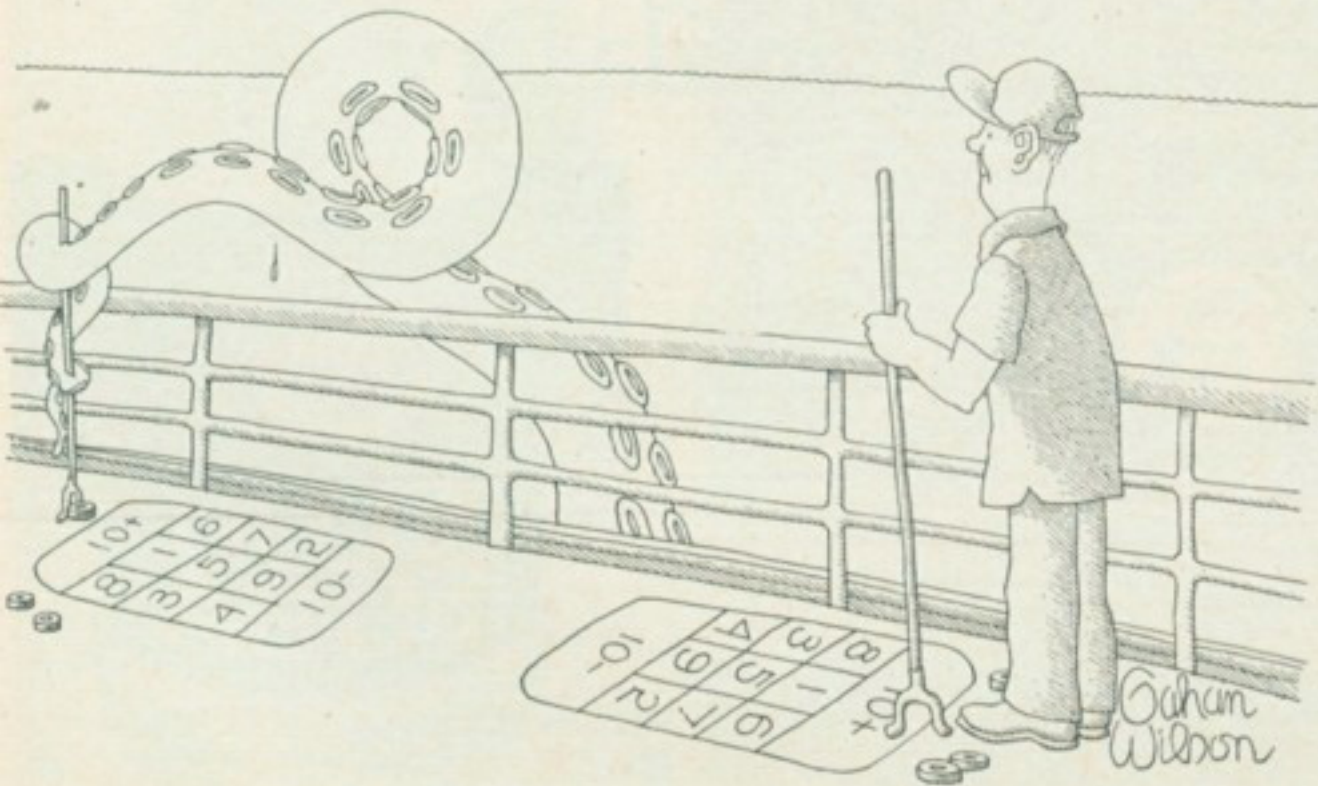


### THE DARK SIDE OF SWITZERLAND

Chocolate junkies, eat your heart out! Journeyworld International, 527 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022, is offering a Chocolate Lovers Tour of Switzerland next March 21-29 for only \$1199, including air fare. While there, you'll munch your way through the Tobler chocolate factory in Bern, see how the Suchard company sorts mixed nuts at Neuchâtel and sample kirsch-soaked Cailler candies in the village of Broc. Sorry, no chocolate-covered edelweiss.







**Bebe Gets It On**

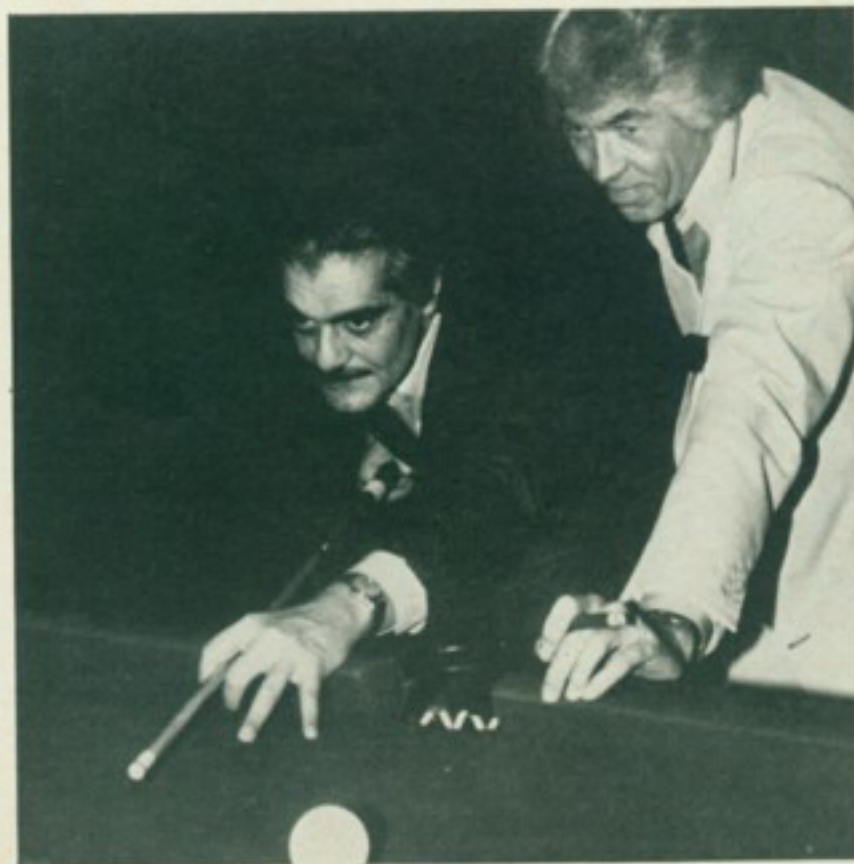
BEBE BUELL is just doing a little publicity stunt for her new boyfriend, Elvis Costello. See, her right breast is this year's model, but Costello had an album—well, never mind. Buell, our November 1974 Playmate, used to go with musician Todd Rundgren. Rock was always in her blood; now it's on her chest.



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**Straight Shooters**

Here are a couple of pool sharks, OMAR SHARIF and JAMES COBURN, working on a movie, *The Baltimore Bullet*. We hear that Willie Mosconi taught Sharif, the champ, and Coburn, the contender, how to stay before the eight ball.



A. ACE BURNESS



**He Got the Sony, but I Got the House**

With her palimony case settled and Alana married to Rod, it doesn't look as if BRITT EKLAND is doing too much suffering these days. Shaking both legs and her booty at Studio 54, Britt makes blondes look like more fun. As for her former other half, sexiness is just about to be replaced by diapers and bottles. Say good night, Rod.

## Uneasy Street

Recently, JACK NICHOLSON arrived at his new suite of outdoor offices (inflation strikes everyone equally, after all) to search through his designer desk for scripts. Still, Jack's prepared for lunch at the Polo Lounge, just in case some producer stops by: Pinstripes are *always* in fashion.



© 1978 RUSSELL C. TURIAK

## Big Wheels Keep On Rolling

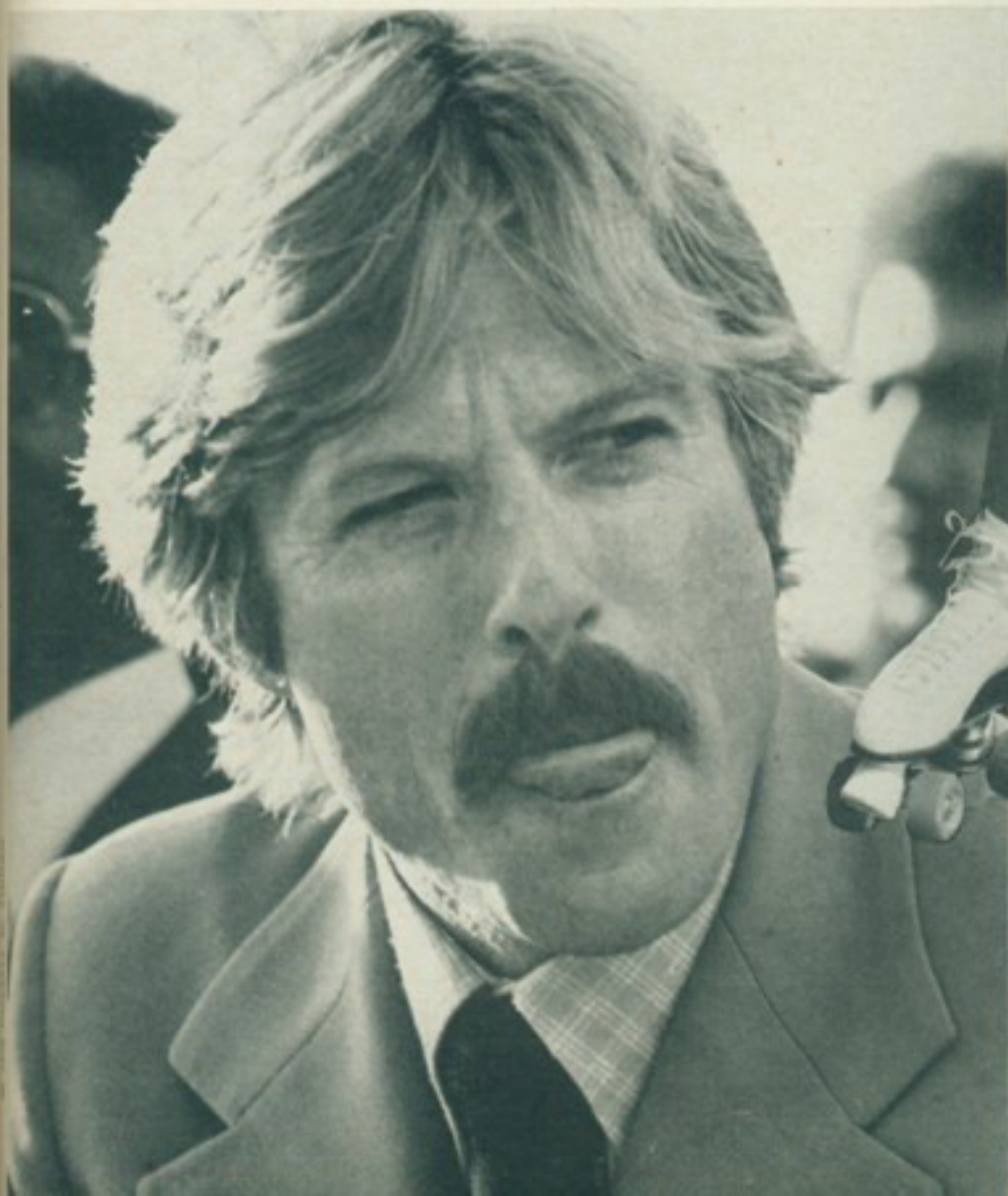
Is there life after puberty? If you take a look at TANYA TUCKER, the answer has to be yes, absolutely. Her last couple of album covers attest to it, and her voice has never been better. It's not nice to fool Mother Nature, and Tanya doesn't.



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## Would You Buy Solar Energy from This Man?

Returning to the set of his forthcoming movie *The Electric Horseman*, ROBERT REDFORD was asked to comment on the rumor that he's considering a run for the Senate. Sticking out your tongue may not constitute confirmation or denial, but it's pretty direct, and Congress could use some more people who mean what they say. Right, Jimmy?



## NEXT MONTH:



CINEMA SEX



AMUSEMENT PARK



CONDO CONVERSIONS



BAND BREAKUP

**"CON, AS IN CONDOS"**—BUY OR GOODBYE, SAY THE CONDOMINIUM CONVERTERS, AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, AMERICA HAS A VERY HIGHLY PAID "POVERTY CLASS"—BY **ASA BABER**

**MONTY PYTHON**, THE MAD ENGLISHMEN OF BRITAIN'S BBC AND OUR PBS, JOIN THEIR FUNNY FORCES FOR A ROLLICKINGLY IRREVERENT **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"SHOOTER"**—A PULITZER PRIZE—WINNING PHOTOGRAPHER DOES A SHOW-AND-TELL ON HIS EXPLOITS IN VIETNAM, HIS COVERAGE OF POLITICAL CONVENTIONS AND HIS JOB AS LENSMAN TO THE FORD WHITE HOUSE—BY **DAVID HUME KENNERLY**

**"THE EXECUTIONER'S SONG"**—A CONTINUATION OF THE BLOCKBUSTER BOOK EXCERPT BEGUN LAST MONTH, CHRONICLING THE LIFE AND EXECUTION OF CONVICTED MURDERER **GARY GILMORE**—BY **NORMAN MAILER**

**"JAMBEAUX"**—BEING A GOOD MUSICIAN IN A BAD BAND CAN PLAY HAVOC WITH YOUR HEAD AND YOUR BODY CHEMISTRY. PART OF A NEW NOVEL—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

**"LOVE ON THE LINE"**—THAT SULTRY VOICE ON THE PHONE MAY BE A WRONG NUMBER, BUT WHY LET THAT STOP YOU? A FASCINATING TALE—BY **HARRY STEIN**

**"SOME PERSPECTIVES ON THE PENIS"**—THE MYSTIQUE OF THE MALE ORGAN IS EXAMINED AND FOUND TO BE A VERY PRICKLY PROBLEM—BY **LYNDA SCHOR**

**"DIFFERENT DANCES"**—GUITARIST, COMPOSER, AUTHOR, POET AND CARTOONIST **SHEL SILVERSTEIN** OFFERS A HILARIOUS SELECTION OF CARTOONS FROM HIS NEW BOOK

**"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"**—AS COLLEGIATE HOOPSTERS LINE UP FOR THE FIRST JUMP BALL, OUR FEARLESS PROGNOSTICATOR GIVES THE WORD ON WHO WILL END UP ON TOP—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

**"SEX IN CINEMA—1979"**—OUR ANNUAL EVER-LOVING LOOK AT THE CURRENT TRENDS IN CELLULOID HIGH-JINKS, FROM HOLLYWOOD AND BEYOND—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT**

**"AMUSEMENT PARK"**—THE LATEST FLICK FROM PLAYBOY PRODUCTIONS IS MORE FUN THAN A ROLLER COASTER, AND WE'VE GOT THE PICTURES TO PROVE IT