

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1981 • \$3.00

*Gala  
Christmas  
Issue*

**HENRY  
FONDA**

AN INTERVIEW  
WITH THE KING  
OF PLAYERS

**"HOLLYWOOD"  
HENDERSON**  
THE CONFESSIONS  
OF A COCAINE  
COWBOY

IS JERRY  
FALWELL  
READY FOR  
"PRAYBOY,"  
THE NEW  
MAGAZINE  
FOR FAR-  
RIGHTEOUS  
MEN?

**OUR COVER GIRL  
BERNADETTE  
PETERS**  
SHOWS OFF  
THE LINGERIE  
THAT DREAMS  
ARE MADE OF

**JAMES  
BALDWIN**  
ON THE  
ATLANTA  
MURDERS

PLUS: JOYCE CAROL  
OATES • BRUCE JAY  
FRIEDMAN • SHEL  
SILVERSTEIN • JOHN  
KENNETH GALBRAITH  
PETER BEARD  
AND CHERYL TIEGS  
MR. BILL'S CHRISTMAS  
THE PLAYMATES—  
PLAYBOY'S SINGING  
GROUP • ANSON MOUNT'S  
BASKETBALL PREVIEW  
AND SEX STARS OF 1981



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

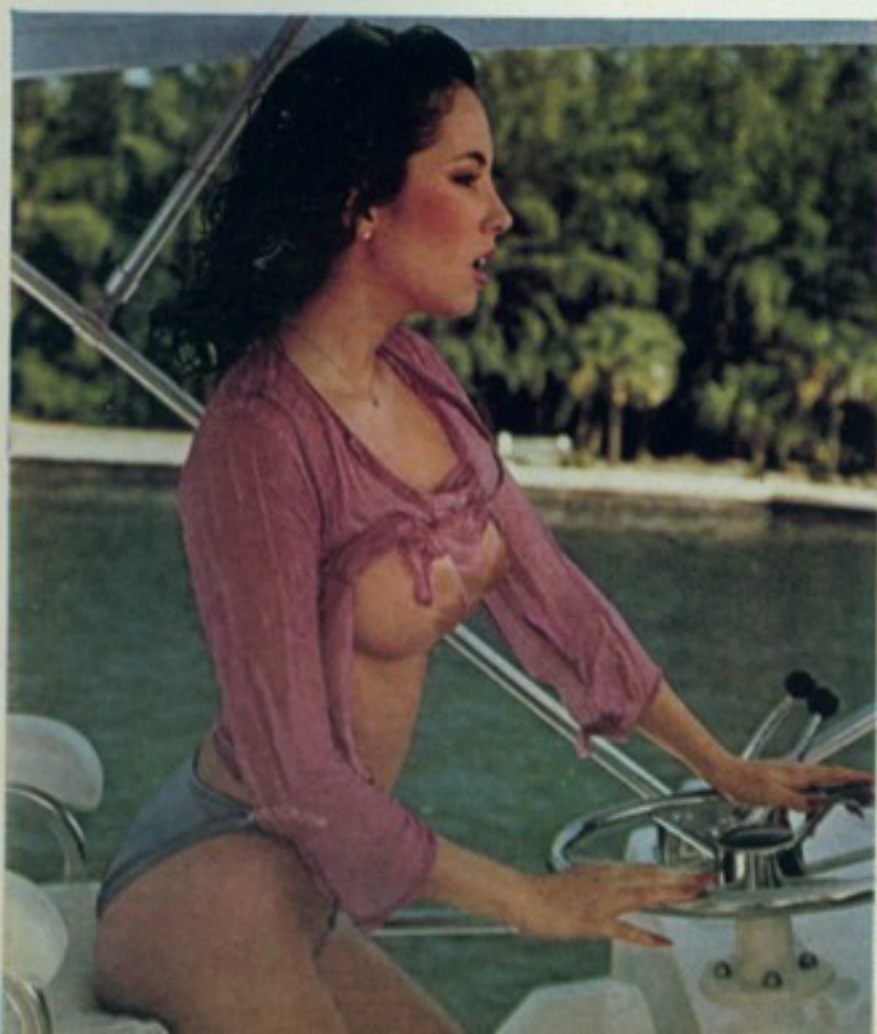
*in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it*

## SLEEPYTIME PALS

When Hugh Hefner pitches a tent, he's not planning to rough it. At right, a few of the guests at his fifth annual Midsummer Night's Dream pajama party, held under a giant tent at Playboy Mansion West. The bash is a hot ticket in Hollywood; actor/gridiron great Jim Brown was so eager to attend this year he showed up a day early in red-and-white-striped caftan.



If they'd been two women, they'd have labeled it a disaster, but Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Regis Philbin (above left) seem to be making the best (not to mention the long and the short) of it in identical garb. Above right, Playmates Marcy Hanson (left) and Missy Cleveland flash winning smiles, while at right, actor Tim Hutton, wearing the blue-plaid PJs he sported in his Best Supporting Actor Oscar-winning role in the film *Ordinary People*, jammies with an unidentified (sorry, fellas) guest.



## HELLO, YOUNG LOVELY

Robbin Young (left), the winner of the PLAYBOY-United Artists James Bond Girl Contest, has had a busy schedule since completing the film *For Your Eyes Only* (she was the girl 007 met in a flower shop). Above, she appears with author Steve Ruben and Hervé Villechaize, who plays Tattoo on TV's *Fantasy Island*, at a party at the Los Angeles Playboy Club.

## THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

### LOU GRANT AND FRIENDS TAKE A CONSTITUTIONAL

At a Playboy Mansion West luncheon honoring winners of the 1980-1981 Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Awards (below), PLAYBOY's founder visits with librarian Kathy Russell, cited in the education division for her efforts to protect patrons' confidentiality, awards director Christie Hefner and Edward (Lou Grant) Asner, honored for his contributions in the motion pictures and TV division.



### LET'S HEAR IT: THREE ROUSING CHEERLEADERS

Below, whooping it up for the benefit of the Challengers Boys Club of Los Angeles are Playmates (from left) Marcy Hanson, Miss October 1978; Victoria Cooke, Miss August 1980; and Lorraine Michaels, Miss April 1981, at a charity sports day held on the USC campus.



### FROM CENTERFOLD TO CENTER RING

In L.A., Playmate of the Year Terri Welles and her husband, hockey star Charlie Simmer (above), parade on ponderous pachyderms to help Ringling Bros.' live up to its slogan.



### ESTHER MAKES A SPLASH

The queen of Hollywood's swim extravaganzas, Esther Williams, and her husband, actor Fernando Lamas, were among the guests at a fund raiser for KCET, L.A.'s public-TV station, at Playboy Mansion West. At right, Robert Lewine, president of the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences Foundation.



### JUNE WILKINSON STILL HAS WHAT IT TAKES

Perennial PLAYBOY favorite June Wilkinson (PLAYBOY readers will recognize her in the shot at right, an outtake from an early pictorial) stars in the comedy *Ninety-Day Mistress* at the Union Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas (left). June, we're told, holds the box-office record in every theater in which she's appeared.







# Two pictures are worth a thousand words.

*Atari vs. Intellivision?  
Nothing I could say would be more persuasive  
than what your own two eyes will tell you.  
So compare for yourself. Game for game, feature  
for feature, I think you'll find Intellivision  
is clearly superior.*

*— George Plimpton —*



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INTELLIVISION  
MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL™



# Bequiling Bernadette

*the peters  
principle is to  
look good in any era*

EVER SINCE longtime PLAYBOY friend Alberto Vargas immortalized Bernadette Peters on canvas for her first album cover, an idea has been brewing around our offices. Not only do we appreciate Bernadette as an accomplished actress, singer and dancer but we think she epitomizes that rare quality of being able to dress up as if it were 1981 or 1891 outside, yet never seem out of place.

So we got together with top fashion designer Bob Mackie, who, besides dressing some of the world's most desirable women (Cher, Goldie Hawn, Cheryl Ladd and, of course,

Left: Frankly, Scarlett, we do give a damn! "I felt like Mammy was lacing me up to go to the ball," says Bernadette of the hoop petticoat, corset and bloomer contraption that has now itself gone with the wind. Not so virtuous is the seductive black outfit to the right. "This one made me feel like Jezebel," purred Bernadette. "It was a lot of fun. I was never just standing there, posing. Each period had a theme and an ambience that I could get into. It was just like being onstage and acting."



Bernadette leans on designer Bob Mackie, who created the gowns she wears here and on PLAYBOY's cover.









Bernadette), has just completed designing his own line of lingerie. To introduce it, he created some special period pieces that illustrate fashions in ladies' undergarments over the years; we asked him to adapt some of those especially for Bernadette, and he was glad to comply.

"Men like modern lingerie," said Mackie, "but there's also something really intriguing about things that have lots of hoops, corsets and lacing. Nowadays, you take off her T-shirt, undo the jeans and she's ready. In the past, it took longer to get to." *(continued overleaf)*

"Bernadette doesn't just look like any modern girl dressed in old clothes," says Bob Mackie. If the simple flapper ensemble at left is an indication, he is right: Our lady is a vamp. She even expressed a certain personal fondness for this Twenties piece. "I loved the rolled-up stockings and the camisole." Right: The bias-cut chiffon robe with beaded tassels and belt reminded Bernadette of "all those tragic, suffering ladies in the George Hurrell photos." It reminded us of Jean Harlow, which ain't bad, either.



NEW PLAYING  
*Bernadette Peters*



"I first discovered lingerie when I got my older sister's hand-me-down garter belts," recalls Bernadette. "I think men wish they were back." Obviously, a Forties girl (left) knew what her man wanted when he came home from the front to establish another beachhead. Below: Bernadette lounges creatively in modern, nude feather-lace frills from the Bob Mackie collection. When asked which boudoir set she'd want for her own, she was diplomatic: "All of them."

About the lady who would model his special creations: "I've always loved the way Bernadette looks. Even the gowns I've done for her have always had a lingerie feel. Bernadette has a very bedroom quality. So to do a whole layout of lingerie just for her was fun. She's perfect for turn-of-the-century designs—she looks like she came from that era—as well as the more contemporary stuff. Bernadette slips into either with no problem."

When we asked Bernadette—she of the flawless complexion, and other unmistakable assets—if she would pose in Mackie's creations, she allowed that it would be her pleasure. "Bob is a very kind man and a close friend. Besides, I think lingerie is sexy."

Regular contributor David Rensin conducted an interview with Bernadette during the photo session. Says Rensin: "Bernadette has been in show business as long as she can remember. Right now she's on view in *Tulips*, with Gabe Kaplan; in the next few months, she will add three more films to her credit. *Pennies from Heaven* (co-starring



boyfriend Steve Martin) and *Heartbeeps* (she and Andy Kaufman are robots in love) are due around Christmas; and *Annie* is slated for Easter. Throw in a singing career and it's obvious that Bernadette is an extremely hard-working woman. The many hours and late nights she put in for this project and the cover shooting (she and Steve Martin are the only couple to have his-and-hers PLAYBOY covers) are another example.

"When we finally settled down to talk, I found her to be bright, with a subtle wit and an infectious giggle. It was also clear that Bernadette chooses her answers carefully. She said she wanted to protect a cherished private life. Still, she responded to our gentle prying with good humor and didn't seem to mind revealing her wonderful figure in Mackie's designs or her feelings in general."

PLAYBOY: How did you like wearing this stuff?

PETERS: I like lingerie. Sometimes it's not so practical, because it creates lumps under your clothes, but it's great to put on. Personally, I love Bob's designs and that stuff that comes from Paris. They use great materials and I like the most expensive stuff.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your Playtex bra commercial.

PETERS: How did you know about that? It's not in my bio. [Thoughtful pause] I got involved in it when I was out looking for work and had to take anything that came along. I mean, it wasn't immoral, indecent or illegal . . . but then, you at PLAYBOY wouldn't think that, anyway. Besides, those commercials make you a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: Was your face in it?

PETERS: Oh, yeah. It was the one with that, uh, floating bra. In the script, I was a beauty contestant and I just couldn't make it to first place. Finally, the lady who was supposed to be my chaperone took me aside and said, "Honey, I have just the thing. It's this bra with a quarter inch extra." And the quarter inch helped. I put on the bra and I won. To tell you the truth, I never really put the bra on. I looked the same as before, only I did everything with such confidence that you thought I'd put it on. Confidence is why I won.

PLAYBOY: If you were a beauty contestant in, say, the Miss U.S.A. pageant, what would you tell Bob Barker in the minute-long personal interview?

PETERS: "Let's make a deal."

PLAYBOY: As the dress you wore to the 1981 Academy Awards indicated, you didn't need that extra quarter inch. Did showing as much skin as you did make you at all uneasy, make you feel as if

everyone were staring somewhere below your chin?

PETERS: Well, the dress was heavily beaded and you couldn't tell if you were seeing something or not. But I'm not self-conscious about that stuff. I feel very comfortable in dresses like that. Very few women can really wear them and carry them off. It's almost got to be like you're wearing a bathrobe; treat it as if it were absolutely nothing. Then it works and it's incredible. When I feel good about something, then I forget it. I'm only self-conscious when I wear something *schleppy*. I don't have any complexes about my—

PLAYBOY: Yes, once and for all, what do women call them?

PETERS: Breasts. When I'm having fun, I may call them boobs.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any tattoos?

PETERS: No. But I wish I did. Well, maybe not a tattoo. A decal.

PLAYBOY: Where would you put it?

PETERS: Someplace nice.

PLAYBOY: What did you want to be when you grew up?

PETERS: I wanted to be a waitress, I swear. I used to live in Queens, and after my piano lessons in Manhattan, I'd go to this coffee shop and meet my sisters and friends. And there was this waitress there who was terrific. I used to watch her and think, God, what a neat job, taking the dishes and putting them in that secret well behind the counter. I didn't know what was under there. I found out later it was gray tubs. I thought it was better than that. I guess I just wanted to be busy, and now I am.

PLAYBOY: Does being beautiful sometimes get in the way, build a fence around you?

PETERS: I never considered myself beautiful. I mean, I never had that problem. Of course, the package should be nice, but it's really the person I'm getting used to, accepting myself, and I think that what I look like is, uh, strange. It's hard to be objective.

PLAYBOY: Is Steve Martin really funny?

PETERS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: When is he funniest to you?

PETERS: You mean, is he funny when he, like, trips all the time? He's not funny when he's not trying to be. He's not on all the time. Of course, when he has something to say, he *is* funny. He's an intelligent and funny guy and his mind thinks in intelligent and funny ways. He doesn't put lamp shades on his head or anything like that. You know, I really don't think about those things. When I'm with him, I don't say, "Look, this is Steve Martin and isn't it funny how this moment makes me laugh?"

PLAYBOY: We've heard that Steve is an art collector. We don't want to pry, but

do you have any clown paintings in your house?

PETERS: Now, *that's* funny.

PLAYBOY: One thing you and Steve have in common is your dietary habits, right?

PETERS: Yes, we're both vegetarians.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite vegetable?

PETERS: Spinach. I like it with butter and slivers of almonds. I also like plain Chinese pea pods.

PLAYBOY: Are you a good cook?

PETERS: I try. I need more practice. However, I do make a very good ricotta cake. That's really easy. And I like to do pasta with a *pesto* sauce, but you've got to be careful if the doorbell rings, because your pasta can get overcooked while you're going to answer it.

PLAYBOY: What else do you and Steve have in common?

PETERS: We like each other.

PLAYBOY: Are you uncomfortable talking about Steve?

PETERS: I'm not real comfortable talking about my private life. I'm such a public person that I need something left for myself. It's only fair.

PLAYBOY: Since you're always on the go, what do you do to keep up? What do you read, watch on TV?

PETERS: I watch *60 Minutes*, though that's getting a little predictable now. I love *The New York Times*. I watch the news, but if the newscasters are too cute, I turn it off. *Sunday Morning* is a good show. I love Charles Kuralt. As for what I read, I like Lillian Hellman and Truman Capote, to start.

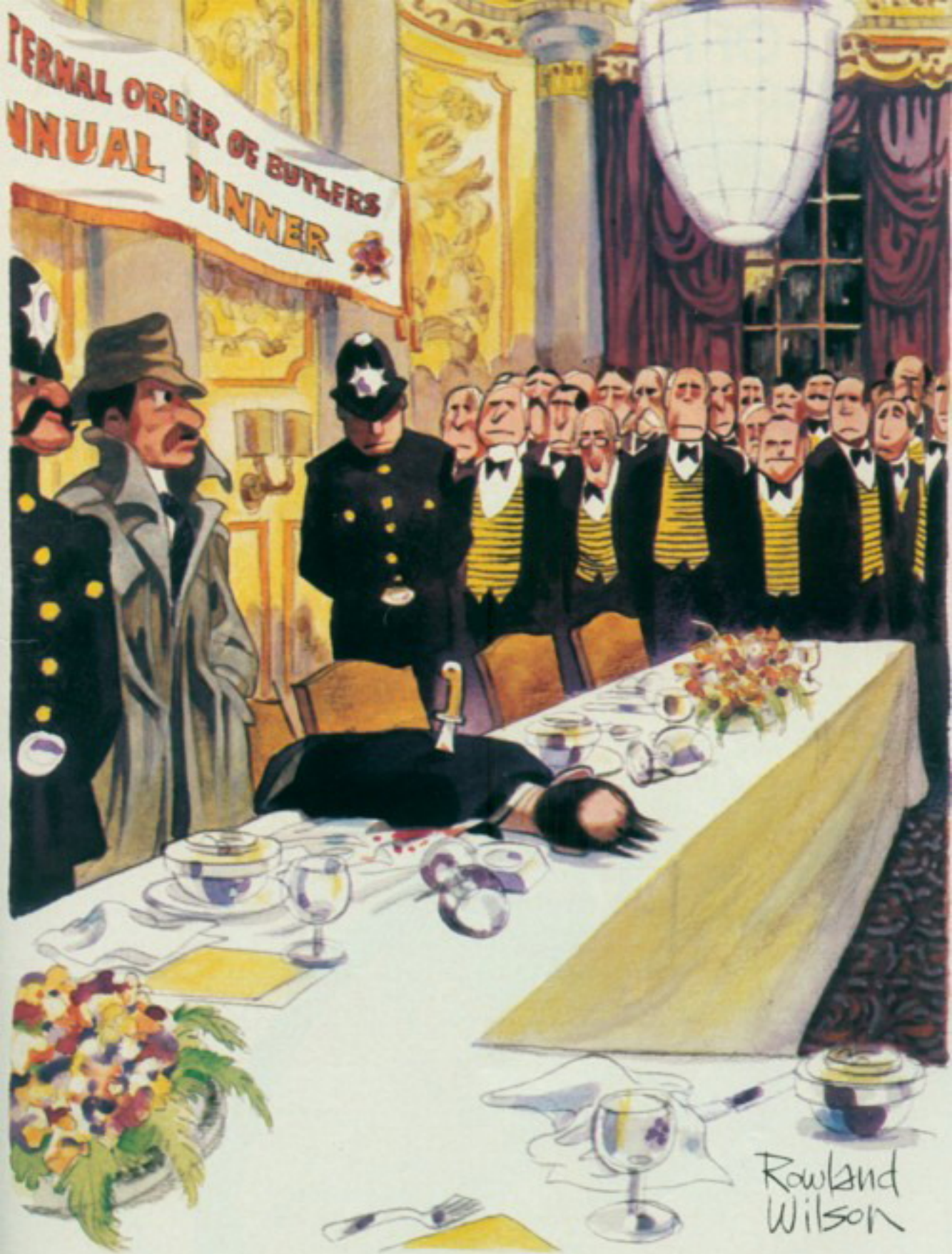
PLAYBOY: You used to live in New York. Why did you move to Los Angeles?

PETERS: Lots of reasons. One is that I don't like living in fear, and in New York you really have to be careful, even of what you wear when you're walking down the street. I don't think about that in L.A., but in New York, I take a jacket, if you know what I mean. I remember meeting this lady in Central Park a couple of years ago. A friend and I went to the little cafeteria in the zoo and we sat with this lady. She was young—35, 38. She was attractive. It was two in the afternoon and she said she had to go home soon because she wouldn't go out of her apartment after four o'clock. She was really afraid things were going to happen to her. I don't believe in living with those kinds of fears, and now I don't have them.

PLAYBOY: How can you tell if someone's falling in love with you?

PETERS: I can't. I'm not good at telling that. So I ask. If I realize someone's been doing something for a while, like following me around, I'll say, "Do you like me?"





Rowland  
Wilson

*"This case is going to be a tough nut to crack!"*

# CAPTURED WOMEN

*a portfolio of pictures that describe  
what jeff dunas means when he thinks female*

THERE IS SO MUCH to be said about women that Jeff Dunas prefers to use pictures to articulate his thoughts. Dunas has been shooting for ten years now, on both sides of the Atlantic, and recently gone through 500,000 slides to pick out his favorites. They are collected in *Captured Women*, a book out now from Melrose/Grove. Dunas (text concluded on page 171)





PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS



On the opening page, Dunas' subject is former porno star Nancy (*The Ecstasy Girls*) Suiter, in a pose considerably more demure than those to which her audiences are accustomed. At left, two English girls check the view from the balcony of their Boulevard Raspail hotel in Paris. That's the Eiffel Tower and *Les Invalides* in the background. "We had been planning to shoot in the country that day, but it was raining," Dunas recalls. "So we shot in the hotel room instead." Flexibility prevails.



At right is Eva Voorhis, one of today's most popular models. Dunas discovered her before the fashion industry noticed that she had a remarkable head of hair on her shoulders—great peepers, too.



Above, Dunas took over a 17th Century farmhouse in Hertfordshire, England, posed a willing example of Danish pastry and played Vermeer for the rest of the day. "I strive for a timeless quality in my photographs. I give the model as much freedom as possible to make her own contribution within the context of a highly controlled picture. The women I photograph must be able to represent the larger universal woman, not project a strong personal statement. I need to capture something of the inner woman, something very subtle yet revealing."



In 1977, Dunas rented a part of the vintage Bluebell Railway in Sussex, England, to enact photographically one of his favorite recurring fantasies: a train seduction (above). So, with the engine chugging away and Dunas clicking away, this otherwise sensible couple blew off some steam at someone else's expense. The folks at Amtrak have been notified about this, but they're not returning our calls. Below, one of Dunas' most difficult camera stunts, the arrival of a female flasher at an opening night at Los Angeles' Shubert Theater. At the absolutely right time, he had the girl leap out of the car, strut her stuff for the appreciative, and then jump right back into the car as Dunas and the getaway driver got away. For all that preparation, risk and *chutzpah*, Dunas got two shots; this is the one he prefers.



Ever wonder how the other half lives? Dunas often does, and as a child of Los Angeles, where reality and fantasy mix easily, he wanted to re-create what he imagined must be going on inside one of the city's dozens of darkened limousines. Here, a contemplative gentleman considers his past, while his giddy paramour tries to get a good hold on her future. Overleaf: Dunas frames a model in cool, clear water.



started his career working for magazines such as *Time* and *TV Guide* and soon graduated to more challenging advertising and fashion jobs. For three years, he was the Paris photography editor for *Oui* magazine. In addition, he has photographed album covers for Olivia Newton-John, Helen Reddy, Bobby Caldwell and Isaac Hayes. Now, however, photographing women has become Dunas' real life work. "I maintain a large studio in Los Angeles, but I rarely use it, because I prefer to work on location—and finding good locations is an art in itself. Six months of each year, I spend working in Paris. I am constantly thinking pictures, forever jotting down ideas for photographs. You need to be a little possessed in this business." The secret of the perfect

shot? "In order for a photograph of a woman to succeed, it must reveal the allure and mystery that is part of every woman—whether she's clothed or unclothed," he says. "A woman's unique sensuality lies in her power to project subtle, almost indiscernible nuances. I try to capture on film that special essence that is the fascination she holds for men and women alike: that fleeting, revealing moment, that private moment. Successful pictures tell the stories themselves. They transmit something emotional and linger in the memory." Of Dunas' work, novelist Harold Robbins says: "The photograph is an art of the 20th Century. Within the century, there has been a photographer for each decade. I feel Jeff Dunas will prove to be the photographer of the Eighties." 171







Cutting the Tree



Wrapping Presents



Caroling



Playing with His New Toys





# Christmas At Mr. Bill's

*in the spirit of the  
season, playboy pre-  
sents your favorite  
superhero*



**Making  
Eggnog**



**Santa  
Arrives**

**Christmas  
Finally Ends**



**Cooking Christmas Dinner**

Created and Produced by Walter Williams

Graphics, Sets and Models by Jim Wilson  
Photography by Carl Waltzer

*patricia farinelli is an italian-american  
main dish not found in any cookbook*

# ABBONDANZA!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

ORDINARILY, growing up in or near Hollywood leaves its mark on a person. Most folks end up with fantasies of upward mobility. But Patricia Farinelli has managed to avoid most of the glamor and pretension of Tinseltown: She leads a simple life and she likes it that way.

Besides, to Patti, Glitter City is just the old neighborhood—human, funky and livable. She's street smart, that's what you pick up in a metropolis like Los Angeles; but Patti could easily pass for a small-town girl. Not that she wouldn't like a taste of the showbiz world; it's just that it's not that important to her.

"What would I *really* like?" she muses. "I'd like a family—a big one—a house that I could decorate and my own garden. Other than that, material things aren't that important to me. Wait, maybe I'd like a Jacuzzi, too. It doesn't matter. I'm happy doing whatever I'm doing. I could be a supermarket cashier for the rest of my life and be happy." Trouble is, Patti is not just an ordinary girl. Nature has given her a most extraordinary body and that has influenced her life. We're talking about a girl who, until her junior year in high school, was known as Flatty Patti. There was just nothing there. Then, all of a sudden, she blossomed, going from famine to feast. Her new-found attractiveness played havoc with her life. She went from being unpopular to being the toast of her neighborhood. And it was hard for her to tell who her friends were. At one time, she fell in with the proverbial bad crowd—in



this case, a band of mobile marauders known as low-riders for their chosen mode of transport: automobiles suspended mere inches above the ground. She didn't hang around long. "So many times it almost came to bullets; that's what convinced me I should leave."

It also convinced her to come to terms with who she was. "I used to be embarrassed about the size of my breasts. People used to make fun of me. But now I'm learning to be proud of the way I look. When I met my current boyfriend, I was the cashier at a local market. I had to wear a smock for the job and you couldn't tell what was under it. He used to come in and we would talk. Then he asked me for a date. Well, when he saw me without my smock for the first time, he was flabbergasted! It was my *eyes* that had attracted him.

"It's all nonsense, anyway; one guy likes legs, another guy likes boobs . . . you have to look at what's inside a person. I've gotten to be a pretty good judge of character. Fortunately. Because here in Hollywood, you meet a lot of

weirdos. You have to learn to look inside people."

If you look inside Patti, you'll find a very sensitive first-generation Italian-American girl. As a child, she spent a lot of time in church—in fact, she lived right next door to one—and she remains deeply religious. Her conversation is peppered with casual references to Jesus Christ and God, as though they were her best friends. Patti would tell you they

*Patti Farinelli has very definite ideas about what she wants in a man. "I like a guy with a good head on his shoulders. He would also have to be very affectionate. I don't care where I am—even on a crowded street—I like to kiss and hug. So he would have to go along with that." That's a problem? We suspect we could find volunteers.*







were. She is also very close to her mother, Clementina (Patti's father died when she was 16), and considers her something of a saint. "My mother is a great woman. She's a real hard worker. I've seen her come home from the factory after working all day and dive right into making dinner. She just does not stand still. She's from the old country. I'm more American."

Since leaving high school, Patti has been a cashier, a waitress, a hostess, a saleslady in a clothing store and, just recently, she started a course in medical-office management. "Just in case nothing else worked out, I think I'd like working in a hospital."

Her spare time is filled by her musician boyfriend, her crocheting projects,



*Patti concentrates on her course in medical-office management (above), then relaxes with a few good books. Her appearance as a Playmate has temporarily halted her studies. "The whole thing about being a Playmate is it says you're a special person—one of the very few to be picked out of the thousands of girls who would like to be. I feel good about it. I think it's an honor."*



*"I've grown up a lot in the past few years," Patti says. "Your experiences do help you mature. For instance, sex a while back was not that great. As a matter of fact, I didn't like it at all. I've come to realize it was probably because I wasn't really in love. When you're in love, both of your bodies become one. Sometimes, too, it's enough for me to just do a little cuddling."*





*"I guess I've been lucky all my life," Patti allows. "I think God gives you as much as you can handle. He's given me a wonderful family and, I've been told, a wonderful body."*







cooking and watching TV, especially the soaps. "TV is like a friend to me," she says. "If I'm feeling down, I just turn on something happy and I snap right out of it."

Sometimes when Patti watches TV, other people benefit, too. "The other night, I flipped the channel and I saw Sally Struthers talking about the Christian Children's Fund. It made me so sad I decided I'd like to sponsor a child, and I called them right up. They asked me whether I'd like a boy or a girl. I told them I wanted a little girl and they promised to send me the information. I think it will be a great experience for me. I can't wait to see what she looks like. I'll really enjoy sending her clothes."

Patti is also fascinated by photography. "I love pictures and I love being in them. Pictures hold memories. My photo album is so important to me I've considered putting it in a safe-deposit box at the bank."

Patti's secret: She has developed a sense of humor about herself and her life and she enjoys both. "I'm a cheerful person," she says. "I'm always happy. I just don't let things get to me." One of the first things a visitor to Lotusland notices is the passion for fitness Southern Californians seem to share. So we asked native Angeleno Patti if she was into sports.

"Sports?" she laughs. "I hate to even watch sports on TV." Then, looking downward, she observed, with a whimsical smile, "and I certainly don't jog!"

*"I never even kissed a boy until I was a sophomore in high school," Patti admits. "Then I sort of broke loose. In fact, I used to keep a list with the names of all the boys I had kissed, but I quit when the list went into three figures."*



*Head spaghetti chef in Patti's household is her mother, Clementina, who gives Patti a few pointers in pasta preparation (top) while (above) her brother Vincent looks on in anticipation. Since her mother remarried, Patti now has an extended family: two brothers, two stepbrothers and a stepsister, all of whom are very close, plus countless cousins on both sides in Italy.*

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Patricia Farinelli  
 BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36  
 HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 115 SIGN: Pisces  
 BIRTH DATE: 3-18-60 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles  
 AMBITION: I'd like to be an actress on a soap opera like General Hospital.  
 TURN-ONS: Music, old people, Jesus Christ, love, photographs, U & Me.  
 TURN-OFFS: Liars, people who make promises and break them, wars & violence  
 FAVORITE FOODS: Spaghetti, Chicken Cacciatore, eggplant & watermelon  
 PREFERRED PERFORMERS: Martin Sheen, Robert De Niro, Al Pacino, Led Zepplin, Michael L. Constantine.  
 FAVORITE PASTIME: Crocheting, swimming, watching soaps.  
 PERFECT EVENING: When the telephone doesn't ring.  
 SECRET: I once dated Burt Reynolds.



Urban Cowgirl!



With Blackie, my Chihuahua.



Guess who the "bunny" is.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Dinner, wine, music, pot, a water bed—he used all the moves to try to get me between the sheets,” the girl confided to a friend, “and all of them worked!”

It may, in fact, be *too* adult a Western,” the movie critic wrote in his review. “At the end, when the good guys have finally won, the tall, lean hero and the beautiful heroine leave the cheers of the grateful townspeople to enter the sleeping car of a train headed still farther West, and he proceeds to ride her off into the sunset.”



And then there's the story of the aspiring young comedienne who was promised roles in a TV comic's routines if she would divide her favors between him and the show's producer. It was just a come-on, though, since the poor girl kept being banged by the two men without her talent for comedy ever being utilized on the air. In other words, she was shared skitless.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *arctic bordello* as a frigloo.

Now that you've had it from both me and my daredevil cousin," the conceited country boy demanded of his conquest in bed, "just who performs the bigger and better stunt?"

"I can honestly say," the girl replied, "that you're the lesser of two Knievels."

A famous gay cocksman named Grimm was known for his bugging vim.

When a fairy named Bill  
Asked the source of his skill,  
Grimm replied, "I keep fit in a Jim."

The reason Epsilon Zeta Pi girls are so popular in fraternity circles may be traceable to the shortened form of the sorority's name—E Z Pi.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *soft-pine dildo* as a deadwood dick.

Let's do it alternative doggy style!" panted the youth.

"How's that?" murmured his date.

"With my bone in your mouth!"

How are things working out for you with that cute little nurse you've been dating?" one intern asked another.

"Not too well, I'm afraid," replied his colleague. "I finally bedded her last night and it was fabulous, and I told her she was the best lay in the world!"

"So what's not going too well, man?"

"I can't really put my finger on it. She did ask me, though, if I'd mind if she got a second opinion."

I've enjoyed your comedy for years and it's going to be a real privilege to service you both," the callgirl told Bud and Lou in their hotel suite. "So who's on first?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bad oral sex* as a tongue depressor.

But I was only going maybe a couple of miles over the speed limit," pleaded the big-city tourist from the North, "so couldn't you just give me a warning?"

Whereupon the Texas Ranger stepped back and fired two shots over his head.

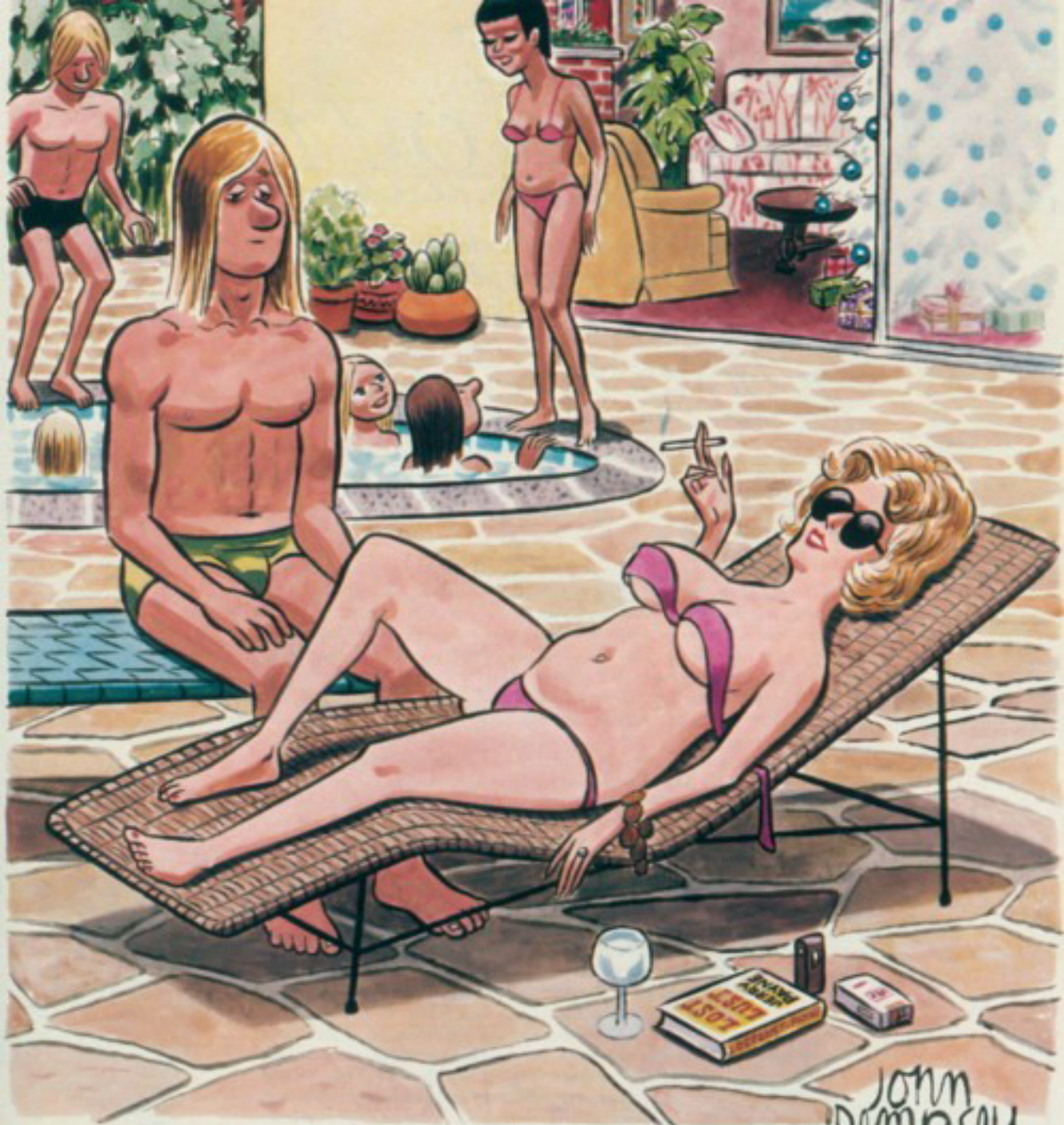


During the wedding reception in the family mansion, the bride's grandfather slipped her an old \$500 bill, which she artfully concealed in her left glove. By established tradition, the couple were spending their wedding night in the historic house, and the bride's mother intercepted the girl stealing downstairs shortly after the last guest had left. "Where are you going, Deborah?" she asked.

"I happen to have carelessly left my gloves in the library, Mom, and it's important that I have them," was Deborah's reply.

"You march right back upstairs, young lady," admonished the formidable female. "You can grab hold of that thing with your bare hands, just as I did your father's!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"I can't really say what Melanie would like for Christmas,  
Stephan. But I bet I know what you'd like."*

# PRAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR FAR-RIGHTEOUS MEN

DECEMBER 1984 A.D.

TAX-DEDUCTIBLE  
CONTRIBUTION  
\$2.50

## *Girls of the Moral Majority*

**A Sensational  
Fully Clothed Pictorial**

**To Heck and  
Back—24 Hours in  
New York City**

**Christ Played Hurt:  
A Reverent Interview  
with Tom Landry**

**Are Catholics  
White?**

**Should Women  
Play Tennis?**

**The Prayboy  
Philosophy: Tablets  
I and II**



# PRAYBOY

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Rake Snake Cover



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## THE PRAYBOY ADVISOR

**W**e are born-again Christians and we have just had a baby. What we don't understand is this: Was our baby born again or does he have to be born again?—L. P., Fredonia, New Hampshire.  
*Yes.*

**W**e are a God-fearing couple anxious to rid our local library of the taint of filthy, godless books. Our problem is, how can we tell which books to burn without having to read them ourselves and become filthy and tainted?—P. L., Omaha, Nebraska.

*Simple—you can tell a book by its cover. There is no need whatsoever to read books with obviously filthy and godless titles. Some examples: "Black Beauty" clearly is a celebration of godless Negro radicalism. "The Red Pony" is a glorification of Communist livestock. "A Farewell to Arms" is yet another fuzzy-minded one-worlder attempt to render the U. S. a pitiful, helpless giant. "She Stoops to Conquer" speaks for itself, and of "The African Queen," the less said, the better.*

**M**y wife and I regularly read the Bible and enjoy it very much. But one thing puzzles us. What are loins? Do we have any, or is it just people in the



ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN SATTLER

Bible? Bible folks always seem to be girding them up or springing from them and we would like to, too. But we don't know where they are. Can you help?—J. R., Dubuque, Iowa.

*A common question. All we can say is—you do have loins. One set each. But, unfortunately, we can't tell you where they are.*

**I** am a good, holy Christian person who has always opposed Satan, welfare mothers, the seven deadly sins, foreign aid,

rum, Romanism and New York pointy-heads. I feel pretty certain that the Lord has chosen me to dwell with him in everlasting bliss, but how can I be sure?—J. C. H., Tupelo, Mississippi.

*This is a common problem even for first-rate good, holy, devout Christian nonsinners like yourself. Now, however, thanks to an exclusive arrangement available only to the publishers of PRAYBOY, you can actually own a little piece of heaven! That's right—for only \$19.99 a month,\* you can actually hold in your hand clear title to a choice lot\*\* in one of the most desirable subdivisions of Paradise. If you act now, you will receive a deed establishing your sole ownership of a specific lot, the lot number and its location—a document legally binding in every state, including heaven! And, of course, every penny you spend is tax-deductible! We're sure you'll be so pleased with this deal you'll almost wish you were dead. Just write to Prayboy Acres, Box 6969, Green Pastures, Golgotha 00010, enclosing down payment, or call toll-free, 800-555-1212, to stake your claim.\*\*\**

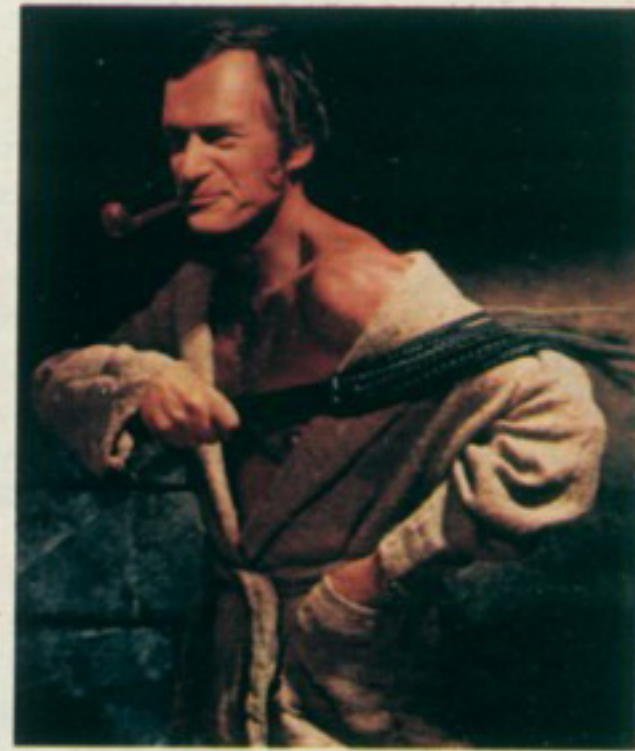
- \*This is not an offer.
- \*\*One square inch.
- \*\*\*Prospectus on request.

# THE WORLD OF PRAYBOY

*in which we offer a pious look at what's doing and who's doing it*

## EAT, DON'T DRINK AND BE MERRY

Yet another Prayboy Club has opened its pearly gates, in Toledo, Ohio, offering a cornucopia of Christian pleasures until ten P.M. each night. So if you're in Toledo with the kids, looking for the right kind of company, a good ham supper and a clean show. . . .



## FROM THE CENTERFOLD TO THE FOLD

After 30 successful years of sinning, secular humanist Hugh Hefner was born again this month! Renouncing worldly goods, he donated the two famous houses to the Church and renamed them Prayboy Monastery East and West. Said Hefner: "In my Father's house are two more Mansions."

# PRAYBOY INTERVIEW: GOD

*a candid conversation with the convivial but conservative creator*

**PRAYBOY:** Are You an ultraconservative?

**GOD:** Is Jerusalem a city? Of course. Try Me.

**PRAYBOY:** Let's see . . . which countries do You like?

**GOD:** Only America. God's country.

**PRAYBOY:** And what do You do for her?

**GOD:** I bless her. I also stand beside her and guide her, through the night with a light from above.

**PRAYBOY:** But what about Israel?

**GOD:** Brave little Israel is freedom's

staunchest ally in the Middle East, a stalwart bastion against Me-less communism.

**PRAYBOY:** Then You support the Jewish nation?

**GOD:** I would like to. But, as you know, I can't hear their prayers, because they are of the Hebrew persuasion. I don't know why they won't become Baptists . . . and I'm omniscient! But seriously. . . .

**PRAYBOY:** Well, for the tiny majority of

us whose prayers You *do* hear . . . how can we cleave to the path of righteousness these perilous days?

**GOD:** By struggling against the wicked wiles of Satan, by following My commandments and by getting back the Panama Canal. When I think of Carter giving away *Our* canal, I wax exceeding wrath! I don't know what this world is coming to, and I created it just 6012 years ago in seven days! As I was saying to Duke *(continued on page 182)*



"Proudest creation? The firmament. . . ."



"The beasts of the field. . . ."



"Supply-side economics. . . ."



# No Porn Again

*mrs. december used to bare more than her arms for satan, but now she covers up for the lord*

**B**ROADWAY used to be the address of this month's Praymate, deep in the heart of New York City's red-light Soho district. And it was Broadway that almost led to her destruction. Norma-Beth Ewan (Mrs.) spent three of her 25 years posing in the [redacted] and semi-[redacted] for such godless filth as *Penthouse* and *PLAYBOY*. In between, she worked as an "actress," flaunting her [redacted] in [redacted]-hose and [redacted]ssiere commercials.

"The wages of sin were pretty good," regrets our now clean, neat and untempting Praymate. "I had what they call 'it all'—fast men, fast cars, designer jeans, surf 'n' turf. Heck, I even used to drink high [redacted] for breakfast." And, as if her soul weren't blighted enough, Norma-Beth spent her spare time consorting with liberals and supporting such works of Satan as women's rights ("women's *wrongs* they ought to call them") and Jimmy Carter's giveaway of the Panama Canal. And once, admits our unprovocative Mrs. December, she even fell so low as to spend a night with a man who was neither

her husband, her father nor her son.

Then it happened. On a visit to relatives in Ohio, Norma-Beth's tiny imported car was totaled by that of local preacher David Picker Ewan. Every bone in Norma-Beth's [redacted] was broken, while the reverend walked away with only a nasty shock and a dented fender.

"The Reverend Ewan came to visit me many times in the hospital," remembers our Praymate. "It was he who showed me that if you were full of sin, God would punish you, but that if you were free of it, He would protect you and your car from all harm."

The tall blond evangelist was, of course, to become Norma-Beth's first and only husband, and to this day she refers to him as Reverend Ewan. "Even in the privacy of our [redacted] room," giggles Norma-Beth.

Now, instead of "making out" and having "dates," she is happy baking pies and having kids. Does she worry about being tempted to go back to her old life and not to make the dishes sparkle?

"I'm too busy to worry," says our Mrs. December. "There's always something in the oven."





PRAYBOY'S PRAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MRS. DECEMBER

## PRAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

BUST: \_\_\_\_\_ WAIST: \_\_\_\_\_

HEIGHT: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGN: \_\_\_\_\_

BIRTH DATE: \_\_\_\_\_ BIRTHPLACE: \_\_\_\_\_

TURN-ONS: Not turning on.

TURN-OFFS: People who call me Ms., the UN, prepared cake mixes.

Godless communism, unsightly wax build-up, redwood forests, ring around the collar, Calvin jeans.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Deuteronomy, Kings, Revelations, Ecclesiastes, The Joy of Cooking.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Lawrence Welk, The Gospellers, Bob Zimmerman.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Baking, broiling, sautéing.

## PRAYBOY'S PURITY JOKES



Seems these two liberals went back to her place and indulged in fornication. Just as the two sinners reached that moment of sexual union which is only permitted in holy matrimony, a truck crashed into her house and killed them dead and they both went to hell.

**W**hy do all angels fly in circles? Because in heaven there's no left wing.

**A** wealthy television evangelist was dying in his mansion, and his flock gathered round to ask him for his last wish. "Before I die," he said, "I would like to take a ride." And they asked the rich pastor what he required for that final ride before entering the kingdom of heaven. And he said, "I would like a *very small* camel and a *very large* needle."

**T**eacher: "Johnny, use the word damnation in a sentence."

Johnny: "The worst damnation is the Soviet Union."

Teacher: "That's right, but wash out your mouth."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *the new math* as a religious service conducted by homosexual priests.

**M**isconception—a dear whose time has come.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *aftershock* as finding liberals in heaven.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *Democratic Convention* as an immoral sexual congress.





## AND THE PLAYMATES SING

*our captivating centerfold carolers make their national television debut on a george burns christmas special*

EVERYBODY KNOWS that Santa doesn't smoke cigars. So the puffer in the picture above must be our old friend George Burns. You can be sure it's George because his taste in reindeer is much better than Santa's. The ten-pointers he has selected are none other than The Playmates, a troupe of five PLAYBOY centerfold stars (from left above, Kelly Tough, Heidi Sorenson, Michele Drake, Anne Randall and Sondra Theodore). The ensemble will land on your rooftops (via your TV antennas) on Monday, November 16, on the NBC-TV *George Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special*.

The lively octogenarian and his antlered entourage will be sharing the spotlight that night with a couple of heavies: Bob Hope, in fine comedic form despite his youth, and Ann-Margret, the ageless actress-entertainer who holds the patent on sizzle. If that's not enough to command your attendance, we can tell you that George says to watch it. (text concluded on page 280)



All that beauty and talent, too: The roster for *The Playmates on the NBC-TV George Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special* is (clockwise from immediately above) Heidi Sorenson (Miss July 1981), Sondra Theodore (Miss July 1977), Michele Drake (Miss May 1979), Kelly Tough (Miss October 1981) and Anne Randall (Miss May 1967). In rehearsal for the Burns special (left), our ladies join George in one of his engaging specialties, an old vaudeville sand dance—to the unlikely tune *I Ain't Got Nobody*.





You won't see Heidi Sorenson (above left) or Kelly Tough (below) like this on television. But then, that's TV's problem. When fellow guest Bob Hope (top center) was introduced to The Playmates backstage, he ad-libbed, "George has all the luck." Later, the host let Sondra and Kelly (above center) have a hit off one of his trademark cigars—the legendary El Producto Queen. "They cost 30 cents apiece," George said with a wink. "Three of the country's smartest doctors told me to stop smoking. Two of them are dead and the third one isn't feeling so good."



The Playmates began as a bit of spontaneous harmonizing between Sondra (far right) and Nicki Thomas (Miss March 1977). Kelly (above) joined a year ago, while Anne (right) dropped in for the TV special. The group has evolved into a professional act with a repertoire from country to jazz, from old standards to New Wave. Keep your ears open.



Burns was so impressed with the girls (above, left to right, Sondra, Michele, Anne, Kelly and Heidi) that he added a number to the show *My Body Keeps Changing My Mind*; it's a sentiment to which we can all relate. "He showed such confidence in us, we were never nervous," said Michele (above right). "We rehearsed for five days straight. He drilled us constantly. He was very concerned about timing. Finally, he said, 'It's great. I love it. Let's do it.' He was so terrific, we wanted to do it right." By all accounts, they did. Make sure your VCR is warmed up.



*"George interrupted. 'I want them to sing what they like, 'cause they're singing to me.'"*

And you know who George is.

Burns's relationship with The Playmates began last July, when the producers of his special contacted Playboy and requested a group of Playmates to do a simple walk-on.

Sondra Theodore (Miss July 1977) recalled what happened: "We invited him to the studio where The Playmates were rehearsing. We'd been together for about a year, working six hours a day, five days a week. Our musical director suggested a song for us, but George in-

terrupted. 'I want them to sing what they like, 'cause they're singing to me.' He sat in the front row and just smiled. At the end of the audition, he said, 'These girls are really great. They deserve a song of their own on the show.'"

Once they started rehearsals, the number of songs doubled. "You couldn't ask for a better debut," Sondra continued. "George was in total control. We had the best of everything. A designer made special gowns for each of us. Every day there was a basket of fresh fruit, cheese,

nuts and wine in the dressing rooms. At the end of each rehearsal, he thanked us. George was such a gentleman."

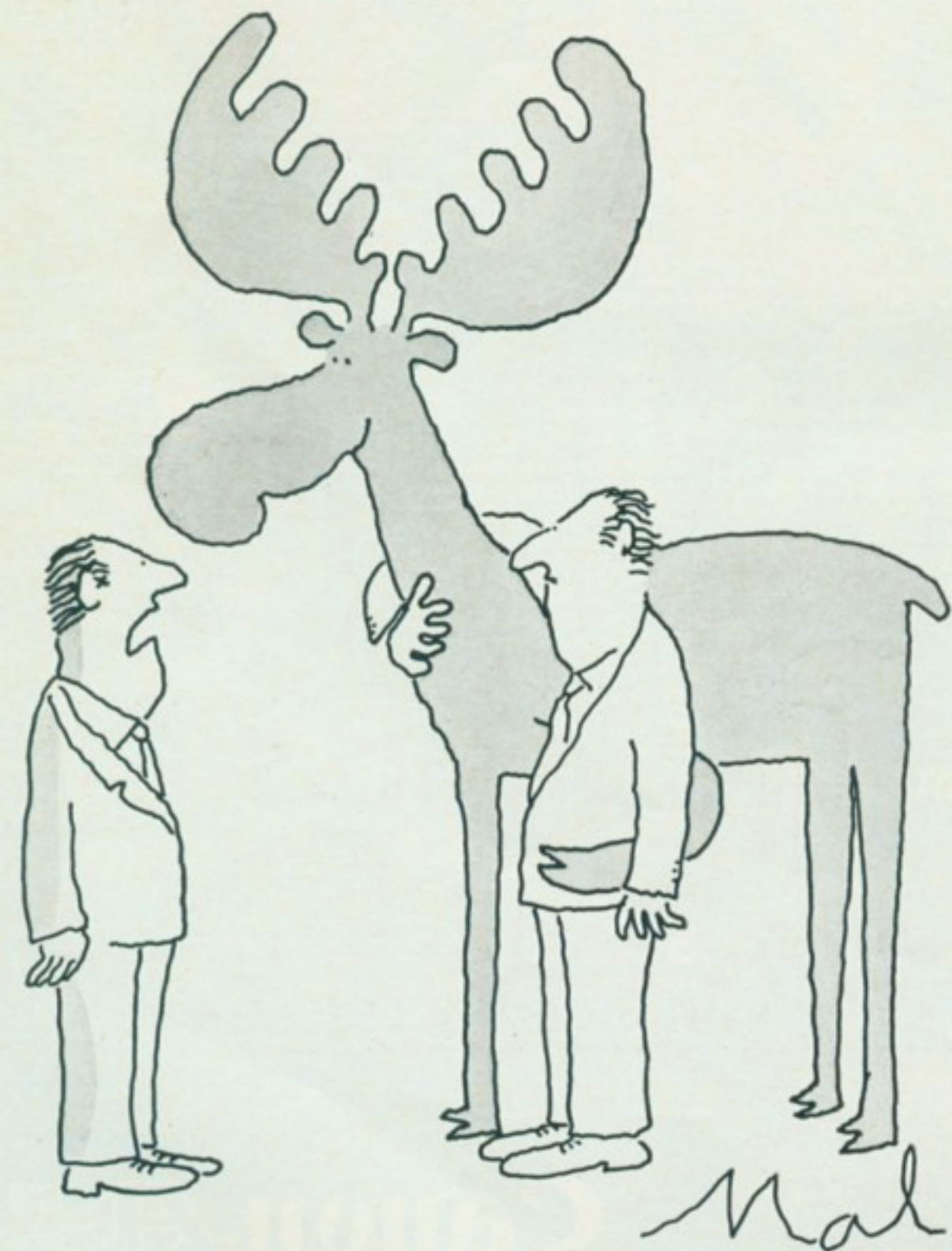
The group, which began more than a year and a half ago as a bit of spontaneous harmonizing between Sondra and Nicki Thomas (Miss March 1977), has evolved into a professional act with a rotating cast of beautiful and talented women. Michele Drake (Miss May 1979) found time in a schedule of movies (*American Gigolo*, *Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*) to make music. Kelly Tough (Miss October 1981) and Heidi Sorenson (Miss July 1981) added their talents. One early member, Terri Welles, dropped out after being chosen 1980 Playmate of the Year and marrying hockey star Charlie Simmer. Another early member, Jeana Tomasino (Miss November 1980), was unavailable for the TV debut and Anne Randall (Miss May 1967) stepped in as a replacement.

The act has an active support system. Dale Sheets, who also represents musical heavyweight Mel Tormé, has taken over the managerial responsibilities. His initial interest in the group was doubtlessly enhanced by the fact that he is married to Joan Staley, Miss November 1958.

The Playmates' choreographer is Miriam Nelson, whose credits include the 1979 Oscar telecast, as well as work on the Luciano Pavarotti movie *Yes, Giorgio*. Their musical director is Vic Caesar. Vic is a singer, composer, drummer and, right now, the world's only bearded den mother. His career goes back to 1947, when, as a drummer, he played with modern jazz legend Charlie Parker.

About The Playmates, Vic said: "All of the girls came in with some talent, but we've seen it develop in the past few months. Where once they were unsure of themselves, now they're comfortable. They have a direction and a good repertoire, from country to jazz to New Wave. When people leave one of their performances, I believe you're going to hear comments like, 'My God, I thought they were just pretty girls in a magazine. I never thought they could sing like that.'"

The group is currently working on plans for the future—including more television appearances, club dates and records. If, after seeing them on the Burns special, you develop an insatiable appetite for their sound, we suggest investing in cable TV. The Playmates will be appearing with some regularity on Playboy's own new pay-TV channel, to be launched early in 1982. It will be worth the wait.



*"Yes... but can she cook?"*





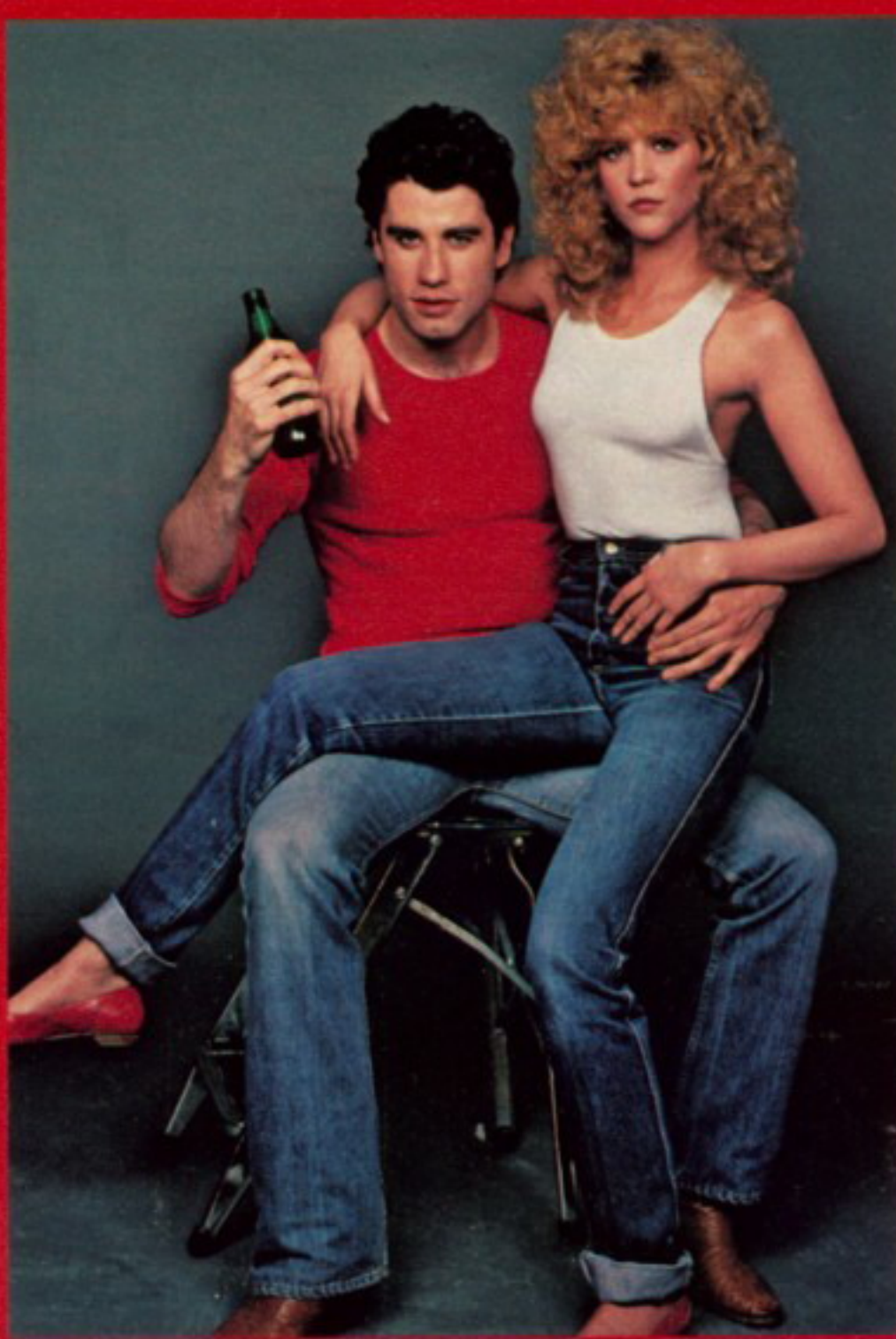


# SEX STARS OF 1981

here you are: a bit of brooke, a dash of derek and an order of miles to go, plus other faces and figures worth a long look this year



**DYNAMIC TRIO:** And here they are, folks, the stars whose sex appeal lured you past the turnstiles and into movie theaters in 1981. Christopher Reeve (left), he of manly chest, curly lock, dimples and irresistible smile, reprised his dual role as Man of Steel and Clark Kent in *Superman II*; Bo Derek (above right) rendered Miles O'Keeffe (and half the men in the audience) speechless in *Tarzan, the Ape Man*; and Brooke Shields (right) kept on exuding her blend of Lolita and Lorelei to overcome everything critics could say of *Endless Love*.



**CHEMISTRY 101:** Something definitely clicks when these couples get together onscreen (and sometimes off). Above left, Burt Reynolds with his new reel- (not real-) life lady, Rachel Ward, here as they appear in *Sharky's Machine*; above right, John Travolta and Nancy Allen, his co-star in the political thriller *Blow Out*—directed by her husband, Brian De Palma, who first teamed them in *Carrie* back in 1976. Left, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*'s derring-duo, Harrison Ford and Karen Allen; and right, the screen's steamiest man-and-wife combination, Jayne and Leon Isaac Kennedy, who star together in his remake of the classic *Body and Soul*.





**SEXY AS EVER:** Brooke Shields and her fellow nymphets notwithstanding, moviegoers are not about to put these more durable attractions out to pasture. Bruce Dern (above left) singled the screen with his ardor for Maud Adams in *Tattoo*; Angie Dickinson (above right), who still has men breathing heavily from 1980's *Dressed to Kill*, starred this year in a California avocado ad campaign ("Would this body lie to you?"); James Caan (below right) played a loner turned family man in *Thief* and both father and son in Claude Lelouch's film *Ins and Outs*, in which he stars opposite Geraldine Chaplin. Valerie Perrine (below left), glimpsed all too briefly in *Superman II*, is seen to better advantage in *The Border* (not to mention a provocative pictorial in *PLAYBOY*'s August issue).





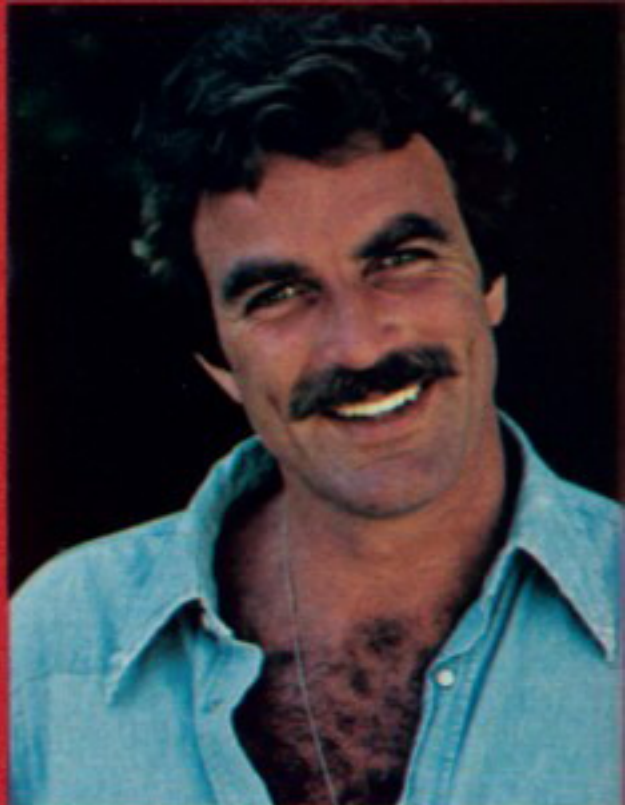
**DAMSELS IN DISTRESS:** Endangered females inspire scenarists just as much today as they did in the era of *The Perils of Pauline*. Examples: Maud Adams (above left), Bruce Dern's human canvas in *Tattoo*; Margot Kidder (above), the plucky but constantly imperiled Lois Lane of *Superman II*; Nastassia Kinski, hapless heroine of *Tess* (above right, in a shot from *Stay as You Are*); Jamie Lee Curtis, who has based a whole film career on surviving attacks (but is less lucky in NBC-TV's *Portrait of a Centerfold: The Dorothy Stratten Story*, below right); Barbara Bach (cooling off below), who was pulled around by her hair in *Caveman* by Ringo Starr but tied the knot with him anyway; and Elisabeth Brooks (below left), who proved worthy of note (and lycanthropic attention) in her first movie, *The Howling*.





**DANGEROUS DAMES:** On the other hand, the tough broad is also an enduring species. Kathleen Turner (above) seduces William Hurt into offing her spouse in *Body Heat*; Barbara Carrera (right) plays a Mickey Spillane moll in *I, the Jury*; and Sandahl Bergman (below) portrays Valeria, the queen of thieves, in *Conan*.

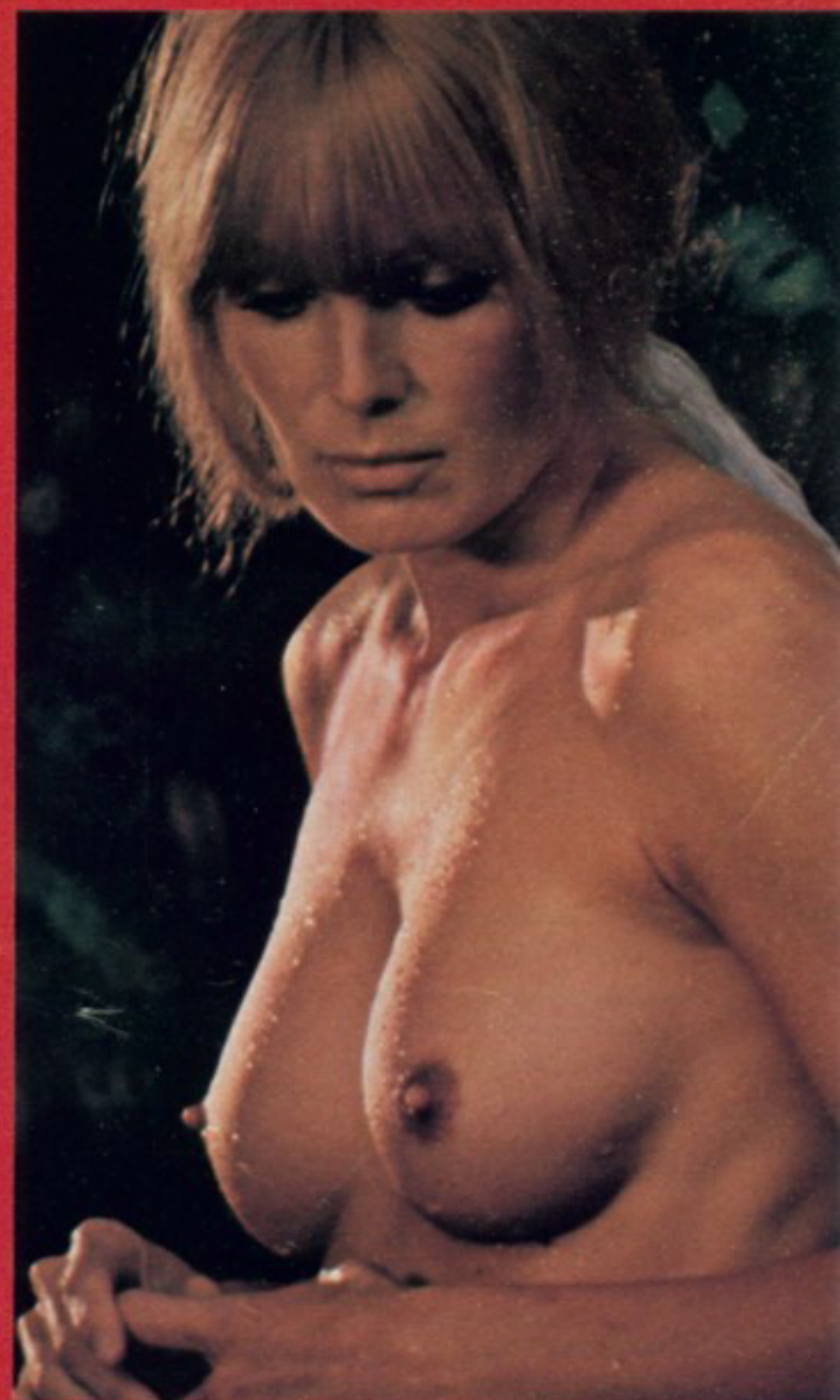
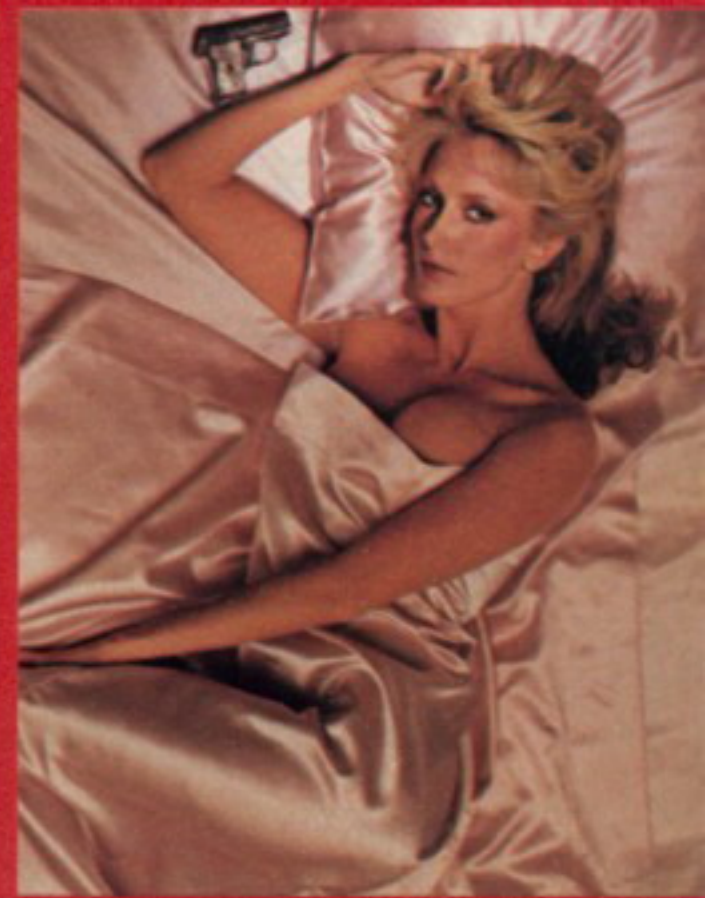
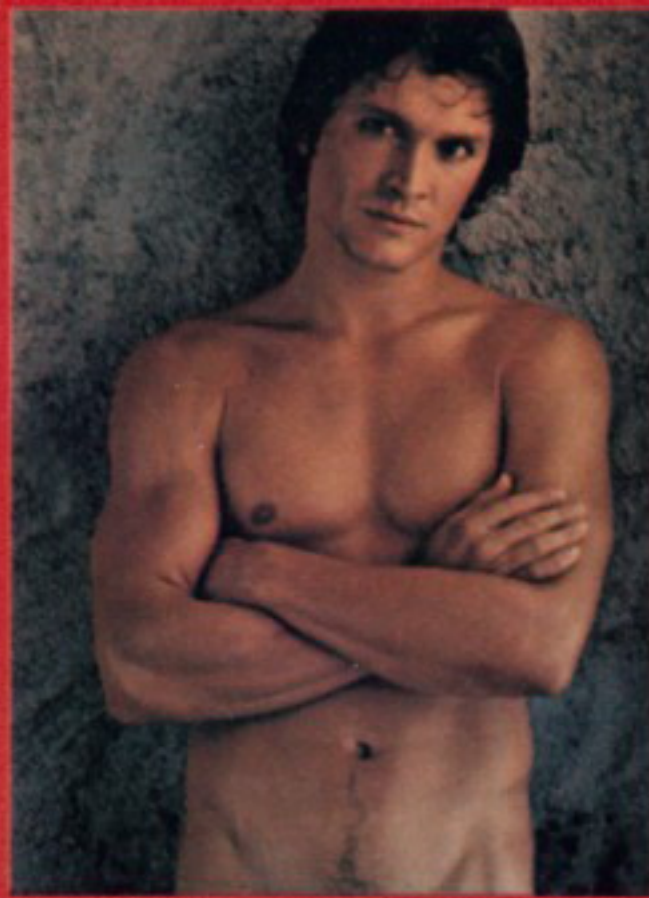




**ALL THIS AND LAUGHTER, TOO:** What's sex (or, for that matter, cinema) without a sense of humor to lighten things up? Bernadette Peters (above), *PLAYBOY*'s cover girl this month, is one of America's most enchanting comediennes; her latest role, in *Pennies from Heaven*, calls, however, for a darker mood. Julie Andrews (below right) grins and bares it in hubby Blake Edwards' *S.O.B.*, blackest Hollywood satire ever; and Dudley Moore (below left) is a lovable dipso in *Arthur*.



**THE TV SET:** Fastest route to fame these days is often via the tube. *Magnum, P.I.*'s Tom Selleck (left) is soon to star (opposite Jane Curtin) in the tele-flick *Divorce Wars*; Andrew Stevens and Morgan (Flamingo Road) Fairchild (near and far right) are paired in the forthcoming theatrical release *The Seduction*. (We like to think of Andrew, star of *The Bastard* miniseries, as part of the family; his mom, Stella, was Miss January 1960.) Linda Evans (below right, looking remarkably like her successor as Mrs. John Derek), enlivens the cast of *Dynasty*, while the prime-time princesses of *Dallas* are Victoria Principal (below center), who's reputed to pull down \$25,000 an episode, and Charlene Tilton (bottom left). Jane Seymour (left center) was the incarnation of erotic evil in television's lavish re-creation of *East of Eden*; she also appeared in *Amadeus* on Broadway.







**BREAKING OUT:** This was a banner year for these three stars. Susan Sarandon (left), who has always been something special in our book, scored as a spunky waitress and would-be casino dealer in *Atlantic City*. William Hurt (above) was on view in three films: *Altered States*, *Eyewitness* and (as he appears here) *Body Heat*. And ex-model Jessica Lange shed, once and for all, the vapid image she had gained in Dino De Laurentiis' lavish *King Kong* rehash with her portrayal of Cora in a far spicier remake, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (below).





**COMING ACROSS:** What the transcontinental traffic will bare is still a good deal, judging from these shots of Jack Thompson (above), who, unfortunately for his female fans, revealed far less as the lawyer in Australia's much-lauded *Breaker Morant*; France's Isabelle Huppert (above right), seen in *Heaven's Gate*, *Every Man for Himself* and *Loulou*; Brazil's Sonia Braga (right), tagged by *Newsweek* "the most life-enhancing movie star in the world"; France's Isabelle Adjani (below, in a scene from *Quartet*, for her work in which, along with that in *Possession*, she won Best Actress laurels at Cannes); Yank Sydne Rome (below left), who stars in such foreign fare as *Looping*; and Sylvia Kristel (above left), who's currently in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.





**BRIGHT PROSPECTS:** Things are looking up for Kim (*Hard Country*) Basinger (left); Robbin Young (above left), winner, in the PLAYBOY-United Artists' James Bond contest, of a role in *For Your Eyes Only*; Playmate Missy Cleveland (above right), seen in *Blow Out*, *True Confessions* and *Cheech & Chong's Next Movie*; Playmate of the Year Terri





Welles (below), who's in the movie *Looker* (now, *that's* typecasting for you); and the strong and oh-so-silent Miles O'Keeffe (right), who uttered nary a word in *Tarzan, the Ape Man* but inflamed dames all the same.





*"Oh, no! Don't tell me that says  
'Batteries not included,' too!"*



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— Bruce Pandolfini U.S. National Chess Master —

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# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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

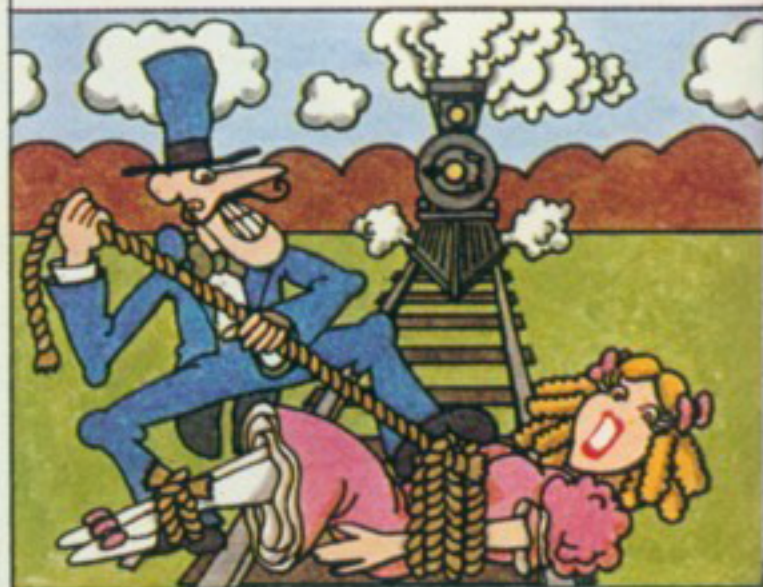


## CHAP SHTICK

We don't recommend that you take to the ski trails dressed in your birthday suit and a pair of Snow Chaps, as our cowboy-hatted young friend has done here. But we do know that once you've saddled up either the ladies' red or racing-blue nylon style or the men's or women's steel-blue, tan or rust-colored poplin model, you won't hit the slopes again without them. Sportcaster, the manufacturer, located at Pioneer Square Station, P.O. Box 4000, 322 Occidental Avenue S., Seattle, Washington 98104, says that one size fits all. The price for a pair of Snow Chaps is \$44, postpaid (a women's coordinating nylon parka costs \$80). After a day of leaving sitzmarks on the slopes, we're sure you'll agree that Snow Chaps definitely emphasize anyone's best ass-ets.

## TYING ONE ON

*Bondage Fantasies in Popular Entertainment* is a detailed softcover book containing several hundred sequences from movies and television in which somebody (often a luscious young woman) is somehow restrained. If that's your kinky cup, send \$30 to author Allen Marburger, Box 20, Lake of the Woods, Locust Grove, Virginia 22508. Sorry, *Bondage* contains nary a picture, so you'll have to read it to weep.



## UP TO SNUFF

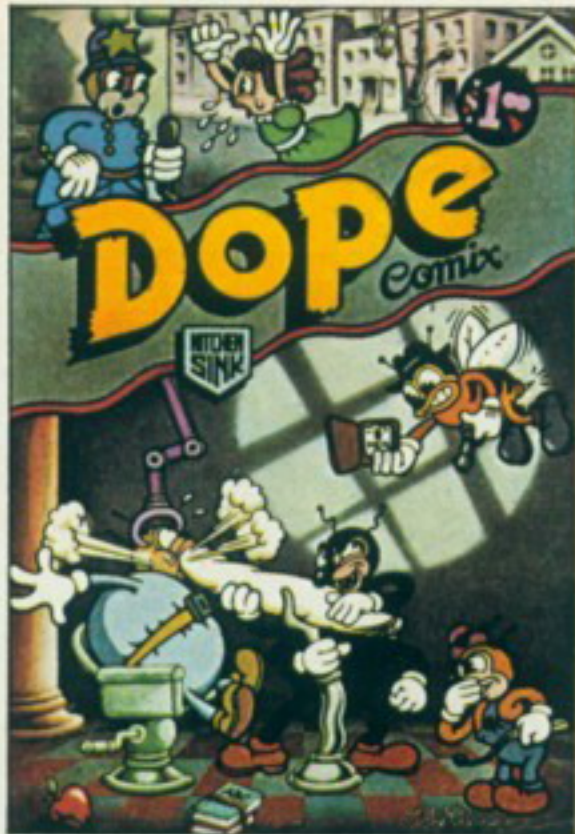
As everyone knows, there are two things people sniff these days; one is illegal, the other is dry snuff. And assuming you're into the latter, here's the ultimate place to store it: a gem-and-silver-topped Scottish ram's-horn snuff mull that The Scottish Lion, North Conway, New Hampshire 03860, is offering for a price that's nothing to sneeze at—\$1500. Well-heeled sniffers will wish to pick a pair for his-and-hers double dipping. Snuff said.



## JOHN HANCOCK GOING UP

No, PopSites don't snap and crackle, too, they just leap to life the minute you open the card, just like "pop-up" books did when you were a kid. Papermasters, P.O. Box 469, Northfield, Illinois 60093, is the manufacturer and for \$7.45, postpaid, it will send you Chicago's John Hancock Building or Water Tower Place. Think big and \$8.45 will get you the Sears Tower, Washington/Lincoln Memorial or the Empire State/Chrysler Building. Buy them all and be king of the castles.





### KIND OF DOPEY

The Moral Majority won't be turned on by these 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 24" blowups of famous Dope Comix covers, but anyone who's young in heart and wants a colorful poster will. Each costs \$4.75, postpaid (there are two in the series), sent to Kitchen Sink Press, No. 2 Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968. And if you're hip to the work of R. Crumb, they also have his *A Short History of America*, in which a sylvan landscape deteriorates into urban blight in 12 depressing panels. Ugh!



### WHEEL DEAL

If automobiles are your passion, wheel by L'Art et L'Automobile, which owner-race driver Jacques Vaucher claims is the only "permanent gallery dedicated to automotive art and memorabilia." L'Art is located at 354 East 66th Street, New York, New York 10021, and a \$1 list of automotive fine art and other objects pertaining to the genre is available. Or, if you *really* cherish your chariot, the gallery can recommend an artist to capture it on canvas. Beep!

### ARMOR AMOUR

There'll always be an England; and there'll always be someone in that small country who still makes suits of armor—even if they are miniature ones. British artist Peter Leicht of Furlong House, Swallow Lane, Tydd Gote, Cambs PE13 5PQ, England, is the fellow and for about \$365 to \$1000 or more, he'll craft a one-of-a-kind articulated suit of armor in the style of your choice. (The average height is about 32".) Of course, if only a full-sized suit will suit you, Leicht occasionally completes one when he's in the mood; but if you have to ask the price, you can't afford it.

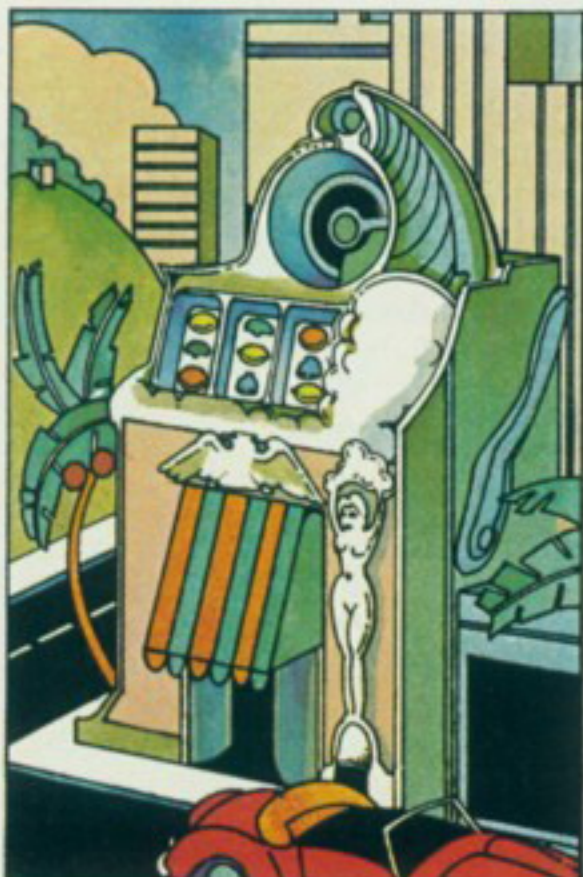


### BUY, BUY BIRDIE

Listen, sweetheart, let's talk about the black bird. We know who's got it and it ain't the fat man. It's a dame named Carol Brener, who owns Murder Ink., a bookstore at 271 West 87th Street, New York, New York 10024, and she's got more black oxide-finished solid-brass key-chain miniatures of the Maltese Falcon than you can shake a roscoe at. The bird's \$50 price ain't the stuff that dreams are made of, but it's less than the \$1,000,000 the fat man thought the dingus was worth. Your move, Sam.

### G.A.M.E.S. PEOPLE PLAY

Wander into the Van Nuys showroom of G.A.M.E.S. and for one moment you might think you're back in V.E.G.A.S. G.A.M.E.S. sells reconditioned slot machines (now legal in 30 states), pin-ball games, bumper-pool tables, gum-ball machines, ceiling fans and electronic video cartridges. If all this lights you up like Pac Man, the G.A.M.E.S. quarterly newsletter containing more information can be yours for just \$5 a year from 6626 Valjean Avenue, Van Nuys, California 91406. Score!







Consumer Orientation  
No. 16 in a Series  
Subject: Vehicle Cooperation  
and Responsiveness  
as a Design Objective.

# 16

# Porsche 928

The ultimate driving experience is when car and driver become one. The car provides the driver with accurate information as to what it is doing and what the road conditions are. The driver reacts, in turn, by steering, accelerating, or braking. And the car responds—instantly, predictably, and precisely. This integration of car and driver reaches virtual perfection in the Porsche 928. Priced at more than \$38,000, the 928 is the finest Porsche ever built.



Cooperation and responsiveness are not the products of chance. They begin with the vehicle's design objective.

At Porsche, our goal is to build a sports car that is fun to drive. Thus, a car that's cooperative and responsive, that's well-balanced, that's predictable and precise.

A car's fundamental characteristics are determined largely by the positioning of its main inertial masses.

The 928's transaxle design places the engine in front and transmission in back. It produces a nearly-perfect 50-50 front-to-rear weight distribution. And it results in balanced braking and improved cornering.

The transaxle design also produces a high polar moment of inertia that reduces pitching, resists cross-winds, and increases directional control.

The 928's responsiveness is enhanced by its fuel-injected, 4.5-liter, 220-hp, aluminum V-8 engine. On the track, the 928 accelerates 0-60 mph in 7.5 seconds. The 928's four-wheel, internally-vented power disc brakes are matched to its engine.

On a dry surface, the 928 can come to a full stop from 60 mph in as little as 148 feet. Again and again.

All pedals feature linear progression/linear response. For example, depressing the brake pedal 50% results in 50% braking force.

The 928's power-assisted, rack-and-pinion steering has variable boost. Maximum aid is provided at low speeds and during parking.

The 928's cooperation and responsiveness are best experienced with a test drive. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free: (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, (800) 322-4400.

**PORSCHE + AUDI**  
NOTHING EVEN COMES CLOSE



*"By God, Briggs, I'd love to see those Russkies start something with us!"*

# HAVE A PICTURE PERFECT YEAR

Gift yourself and others with PLAYBOY'S 1982 PLAYMATE CALENDAR. At your newsstand now!

GIG GANGEL



LISA WELCH



TERRI WELLES



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KAREN PRICE



CANDACE COLLINS



OLA RAY



MISSY CLEVELAND



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DEBRA JO FONDREN



MICHELE DRAKE



To order by mail: For each calendar, send \$3.50 (plus 50¢ postage and handling) to: Playboy Products, P.O. 3585, Chicago, IL 60654. Please specify "Wall" or "Desk" type.



Desk size 5 1/8" x 7 1/4"  
Wall size 8 1/2" x 12 1/2"

# PRESENTING YOUR NEXT TWO SPORT MACHINES. THE 2-WHEEL/4-WHEEL DRIVE EAGLE SX/4.



## IT'S A SWITCH FROM EVERY SPORTS CAR IN THE WORLD.

The revolutionary new American Eagle SX-4. It can do what no *single* sports car can ever dream of doing: give you the fuel economy of 2-wheel drive... *and* the go-anywhere traction of full-time 4-wheel drive. With just the simple flick

**32** HWY EST **23** EPA EST MPG\*

of a switch. *Click...* and you're gone.

## SAY GOODBYE

to ordinary sports cars, because Eagle SX-4 leaves 'em far behind when the snow is drifting...the rain falling...when the beach, the slopes, or the off-road are calling.

And more good news: for all its technical and performing uniqueness, Eagle is one sport machine that's priced to *move you*, not just tempt you.

## AND JUST IN CASE

you thought you'd have to give up the comforts to get 4-wheel drive capability, forget it. Eagle's fully independent front suspension, power front discs, custom bucket seats, short-throw 4-speed and power steering can make even the toughest sport buff feel right at home.

## NOW IMAGINE

owning a sport machine you can really *count on*. Backed by the *only* full 12-month/12,000 mile warranty available *anywhere*. Shielded by Ziebart® Factory Rust Protection. Surrounded by galvanized steel in 100% of its exterior body panels. And covered by our exclusive

full 5-year No-Rust-Thru™ Warranty. Take comfort, sports fans: the Eagle SX-4 isn't built for just a short-term fling. It's built for a long-term relationship.

## SO GET IN YOUR 2-WHEEL DRIVE MACHINE

and get to your American Motors dealer for *two* test drives in the revolutionary 1982 Eagle SX-4:



First in 2-wheel drive, then (*Click*) in 4-wheel drive. It's a switch from every sports car in the world.



THE 2-WHEEL/4-WHEEL DRIVE  
**EAGLE SX/4**   
FROM AMERICAN MOTORS

\*Optional 5-speed stick. Use these figures for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. California figures lower.

Chevy has the **power** to make  
this Christmas the funniest ever!



# MODERN PROBLEMS

A SHAMBERG-GREISMAN PRODUCTION A KEN SHAPIRO FILM

CHEVY CHASE

MODERN PROBLEMS

PATTI D'ARBANVILLE · MARY KAY PLACE

BRIAN DOYLE MURRAY · NELL CARTER AND **DABNEY COLEMAN**

Executive Producer DOUGLAS C. KENNEY Produced by ALAN GREISMAN and  
MICHAEL SHAMBERG Written by KEN SHAPIRO & TOM SHEROHMAN & ARTHUR SELLERS

Directed by KEN SHAPIRO Music by DOMINIC FRONTIERE COLOR BY DELUXE®

©1981 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX



**COMING TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS DAY**

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**T**HE SETTING IS SPEEK ELECTRONICS, A DISTRIBUTION CENTER FOR COMPUTER HARDWARE... MICROCIRCUITS, READOUT SYSTEMS, DATA MONITORS. IT'S ALL SO COMPLICATED. BUT PEOPLE HAVE WAYS OF COPING WITH THESE THINGS. TAKE ANNIE. JUST LAST WEEK, SHE COULDN'T TELL A MICRO-SILICON WAFER FROM A NACHO-DORITO CHIP. AND NOW SHE'S OPERATING A COMPUTER THAT KEEPS TRACK OF COMPUTERS KEEPING TRACK OF COMPUTERS.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, THE COMPUTER'S GONE HAYWIRE!

IT'S OVER-HEATING. SEND FOR A MECHANIC. ON SECOND THOUGHT, SEND FOR A PSYCHIATRIST.

OH · OH · OH · OH · OH · OH -  
 OHOH OH OH OH OH OH OH OH -  
 RHAAAAA -  
 XX@:EM☆☆WER\*!!  
 DOES NOT COMPUTE!  
 -----  
 WAS IT AS GOOD FOR YOU AS  
 IT WAS FOR ME?  
 \* I THINK I'D LIKE A CIGARETTE



TALK ABOUT OVERHEATING, HERE COMES MR. SPEEK, OUR BOSS MAN. HE'S SUCH A SILVER-TONGUED DEVIL. IS HE REALLY TAKING YOU TO DINNER?

ANNIE, TEMPUS FUGIT!

SIX-THIRTY!

NOW BACK TO INSTANT REPLAY - YOW!

KISS ME



BEST AND BRIGHTEST, COME AWAY / FAIRER FAR THEN THIS FAIR DAY.

BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO PLUG INTO HER MICROCIRCUITS.

I'D SURE LIKE TO PROGRAM HER COMMAND CONSOLE.

JEEPERS, I'LL GET MY THINGS.

WHO ASKED YOU?!

ME TOO! COUGH!

GONE SHOP



WHERE YET WAS EVER FOUND A MOTHER / WHO'D GIVE HER BOOBY FOR ANOTHER?

ARE YOU A GOOD GIRL? ANY DOCTORS OR LAWYERS IN YOUR FAMILY? DON'T KEEP MY SONNY-BOY UP LATE!

A LITTLE WARMTH, A LITTLE LIGHT / OF LOVE'S BESTOWING ... AND SO, GOOD NIGHT.

ABORT! ABORT!

THE QUICHE IS RUINED, THE CHAMPAGNE'S FLAT!

I QUIT!

POOR THING.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FIX HAMBURGERS OR SOMETHING?

THE DEVIL HATH NOT, IN ALL HIS QUIVER'S CHOICE / AN ARROW FOR THE HEART LIKE A SWEET VOICE.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, WHERE'D YOU LEARN TO TALK LIKE THAT?

A LOVELY BEING, SCARCELY FORMED OR MOLDED / A ROSE WITH ALL ITS SWEETEST LEAVES YET FOLDED.

**GOL-LEE!**  
NOTHING IN THE WORLD IS SINGLE / ALL THINGS BY A LAW DIVINE IN ONE SPIRIT MEET AND MINGLE -  
NO!

NOT WITH YOUR JACKET ON!  
OK! OK!  
SHE WALKS ... IN BEAUTY ... LIKE ... LIKE THE ... NIGHT, AND ... AND ...

AHH...UM...  
OH, TALK TO ME! DON'T STOP TALKING!  
HOW'S ABOUT A ROLL IN THE HAY?

ROLL IN THE HAY?  
WHAT'S THIS? A COMPUTER IN YOUR POCKET?! ... THAT'S WHY YOU NEED YOUR JACKET-  
COUCHEZ AVEC MOI, BEBE?  
WANNA TEAR OFF A PIECE?!  
LOVE  
THE COMPUTER FEEDS YOU LINES!

ANNIE! DON'T GO! I'LL PUT MY JACKET BACK ON AND WE'LL HUMP!  
SHUDDUP UP THERE! THIS IS A RESPECTABLE NEIGHBORHOOD!  
SHUDDUP, YOU!  
YOU SHUDDUP!  
ROSES ARE RED, VIOLETS ARE BLUE / JUST SEND ME THE JACKET, I DON'T NEED YOU.

END



**Funny Face**

At last, we can tell you what comes between BROOKE and her Calvins. And after a couple of seasons of heavy hype, we were glad to get this pic. Somewhere inside the media event lives a 16-year-old who, despite the movies, modeling and Travolta, can still act like a *kid*.

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© 1991 BARBARA VALEZ

**Sass with Class**

When actress MARIANGELA MELATO was swept away a couple of years ago in a movie of the same name, we were a little concerned about how she'd fare on land. We're not worried now. She's dried off beautifully.

**The Girl Can't Help It**

So you were wondering what one of the top heavy-metal bands does with what little free time it has? Wonder no more. JUDAS PRIEST has been together since 1974. The guys' date in this photo has been with them only a few hours. They're famous, and now so is she.



© 1991 JUDAS PRIEST/REPRISE, INC.



© 1991 JESS MARINO

**Fruit...and Nuts**

Motor City madman TED NUGENT is the perfect host. He always has snacks to offer backstage visitors, some of which are even edible. Pass the bowl, Ted.



## Tush of the D'Arbanville's

Actress PATTI D'ARBANVILLE's Christmas movie, *Modern Problems*, co-stars Chevy Chase. If you can't wait even a few more weeks to see it, that's OK, because you can take a look at this shot and then eat your heart out. This is *our* version of "don we now our gay apparel."

## Love at First Bite

Even before he became so popular as a comic actor, GEORGE HAMILTON was always described as a suave, romantic type who was a big hit with the ladies. Contact with him seemed to transform some of them—Lynda Bird Johnson, for example. Well, his power over women is still intact. Just look at the job he did on this chorus girl's costume!



## Sleeping Cutie

New rule for the working world: If you're GOLDIE HAWN, it's OK to lie down on the job. Her colleagues are likely to understand. Goldie is entitled to rest. She's working on at least three new movies, raising her kids and thinking of expanding her production duties. It makes us tired just thinking about it. Hey, Goldie, move over!



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**NEXT MONTH:**

## PLAYBOY'S GALA 28TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**GEORGE CARLIN**, THE COMEDIAN LENNY BRUCE PICKED AS HIS HEIR, DISCUSSES THE DIZZYING CHANGES IN HIS CAREER, HIS COCAINE ABUSE AND HIS HEART ATTACK IN A SEARCHING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL"**—YOU'VE NEVER SEEN SOAP-OPERA STARS LIKE THIS ON NETWORK TV—AN EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL

**JULES FEIFFER** SKEWERS THE **REAGAN** PHILOSOPHY IN A SATIRICAL COMMENTARY, **"REAGAN OF THE LOST ART"**

**PHILIP CAPUTO** OBSERVES THAT JOHNNY DIDN'T COME MARCHING HOME FROM VIETNAM, HE CREPT BACK—IN **"THE UNRETURNING ARMY"**

**JOHN UPDIKE** EXAMINES THE INNER FEELINGS OF A WOMAN ABOUT HER DYING FATHER AND HER ESTRANGED HUSBAND IN **"KILLING"**

**STEPHEN KING** ABANDONS HORROR TO AGONIZE OVER WHAT RADIO HAS DONE TO ROCK IN **"BETWEEN ROCK AND A SOFT PLACE"**

**JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE** LAUNCH A MILESTONE SERIES ON WHAT MAKES MAN MAN, WOMAN WOMAN AND PAIRING COMPLEX, WITH A **PLAYBOY** QUESTIONNAIRE FOR READER PARTICIPATION

**RICHARD PRICE** MEETS A NEW BREED OF ATHLETES AND WRITES ABOUT IT IN **"LORDS OF THE RINGS: THE NEW GYMNASTICS GENERATION"**

**STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**, **PLAYBOY'S** TRAVEL EDITOR, TELLS YOU WHERE TO STAY IN ACCOMMODATIONS THAT WOULD MAKE LORENZO DE' MEDICI JEALOUS. IT'S ALL THERE IF YOU KNOW HOW TO **"LIVE LIKE A KING"**

**MICHAEL MALONE** TELLS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A COUPLE OF ELVIS FANS GET TOGETHER IN A FIN-TAILED CONVERTIBLE ON THE ROAD TO MEMPHIS IN **"BLUE CADILLAC"**

**PLUS:** **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; **"PLAYBOY CARS"**; **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"**; **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**; **"PLAYBOY'S CREATIVE MENSWEAR COLLECTION"**; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **JOHN MATUSZAK**; AND MUCH MORE.

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** LUSCIOUS **BARBARA CARRERA** IN A TOUGH-LADY ROLE OPPOSITE **ARMAND ASSANTE** IN **MICKEY SPILLANE'S I, THE JURY**; A CONTINUATION OF **PLAYBOY'S MAN/WOMAN SERIES**, INCLUDING ARTICLES ON **"THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEXES"** AND **"THE BRAIN AS SEX ORGAN"**; **RICHARD REEVES** PREVIEWS **"THE COLUMN I'LL BE WRITING AT THE END OF REAGAN'S TERM"**; **THOMAS MC GUANE** SHARES THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF OWNING LAND IN THE EIGHTIES; PAGE AFTER PAGE OF THE BEAUTIFUL **BUNNIES OF ATLANTIC CITY**; **PETER GENT** ON **"THE COMING WAR AGAINST DRUGS"**; **DONALD E. WESTLAKE** SPINS A FUNNY S-F YARN, **"THE LOST COLONIES"**; **JIM WOOTEN** ASKS (AND ANSWERS) THE QUESTION **"CAN TIP O'NEILL BOUNCE BACK?"**; **ROY BLOUNT, JR.**, WAXES ELOQUENT ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MALE'S, UH, **"FAMILY JEWELS"**; **"ANDY KAUFMAN WRESTLES A PLAYMATE"**; **WALTER LOWE, JR.**, TELLS YOU **"HOW TO BEAT VIDEO GAMES"**; A DOWN-HOME PICTORIAL ON **"THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY"**; AND VISITS WITH SUCH PERSONALITIES AS **KIM CARNES**, **STEVIE NICKS**, **DEBRA WINGER**, **TREAT WILLIAMS**, **HARRISON FORD** AND THE WHOLE GANG AT **SCTV**.