

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1982 • \$2.50

MAN AND WOMAN
PART TWO:
**WHY IS
THERE SEX?**

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW:
LECH WALESA
THE TRUTH
BEHIND THE
DRAMA
IN POLAND



CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING! ANDY (TAXI) KAUFMAN
VS. SUSAN (MISS SEPTEMBER) SMITH

PLUS: SYLVIA KRISTEL, SUPERLATIVE SKIING & THE YEAR IN SEX

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

CELEBRITIES RACK UP

At right, Johnny Carson covers the backcourt for Vitas Gerulaitis at the Cedars-Sinai Monty Hall/Big 5 Celebrity Tennis Tournament at Playboy Mansion West to benefit Cedars-Sinai's diabetes center. Below, the celebrity line-up includes singer Ed Ames, comedian Johnny Yume, actors Bill Macy and Lloyd Bridges with the fund raiser's chairman, Dr. Harry Glassman.



AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT, KIDS

That's right, Hef, always lead with a right. Hugh M. Hefner extends a fistful of fingers to actress Sondra Locke, visiting Playboy Mansion West with leading man Clint Eastwood (right) to watch the closed-circuit telecast of the Sugar Ray Leonard-Tommy Hearns bout.



GRANNY'S DADDY, MEET FLIPPY SKIPPY

Below, cartoonists Buck Brown (who fathered Granny) and Skip Williamson (who has a close working relationship with Neon Vincent of the massage-parlor trade) exchange punch lines with Christie Hefner at Hudson Brown of Chicago, where their works and other PLAYBOY cartoons were exhibited.

NO, VIKKI, THIS ISN'T THE DATING GAME

If Tom Snyder looks puckish above, it's because Vikki La Motta (fighter Jake's ex-wife) has just confessed on national television, "I don't love Jake the way I love you, Tom." In addition to *Tomorrow*, the 51-year-old beauty we featured last November appeared on countless other TV shows; the shot at right enhanced *Newsweek*.



PLAYMATE UPDATE



I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM, WE ALL SCREAM FOR MISSY CLEVELAND

Since her thrilling centerfold in April 1979, Missy Cleveland (left) has gone on to create screen roles nearly as memorable. Below is a shot from *Blow Out*, in which she plays a B-movie actress who just can't scream to, uh, save her own life.



BEBE BUELL *Covers Girl*



RICK, RIC AND BEBE MAKE A RECORD

Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell, has recorded her own EP, *Covers Girl* (Rhino), produced by Rick Derringer and the Cars' Ric Ocasek. The four-cut disc includes songs by Tom Petty and Bacharach/David.



PRICE IS RIGHT FOR THIS PART

Karen Price has also made some progress in Hollywood. It may sound inflationary, but Price is definitely rising. At left, the January 1981 Playmate studies her script on the set for United Artists' new movie *Swamp Thing*, which stars Adrienne Barbeau. If that doesn't make you head for a hydrofoil, check out Karen below greeting the new year in 1981.











New Jeep Scrambler




<p>A fun lovin'</p>		<p>cargo carryin'</p>	
	<p>gas savin'</p>		<p>4-wheelin' pickup</p>
	<p>23 EPA EST MPG*</p> <p>28 EST HWY</p>		<p>like nothin'</p>
		<p>you've ever seen!</p>	

Meet the pickup that picks up where the others left off. It's a go-anywhere 4-wheeler. A hard working cargo carrier. A fun-loving, sun-loving convertible. A money-saving gas sipper.

Haul a half-ton of timber to the country. Or a barrelful of fun to the beach. With Scrambler's roomy cargobed, anything goes. Just pack it up and let Jeep's legendary 4-wheel drive take it from there... with the

best gas mileage of any 4-wheeler built in America.*

The amazing new Jeep Scrambler. No matter how you look at it, it's like nothin' you've ever seen. Scramble down to your American Motors/Jeep dealer today.

 **Jeep Scrambler**
AT AMERICAN MOTORS

"lady chatterley's lover," the story they thought could never be published, let alone filmed, comes to life with sylvia kristel as the lustful lady of the house

AT LONG LAST, LOVER



D. H. LAWRENCE himself was sure the novel he had just written would never be published. It was 1927. People did not speak the word sex aloud, much less use explicit language to describe the act. Even the story line went against all that was sacred: A nobleman's wife, denied the pleasures of marriage because her husband had been injured in the war, takes up with the gamekeeper on her husband's estate. It was scandalous, immoral, obscene and provocative. And Lawrence was right. No established publisher would touch it. Even though he published the novel at his own expense in 1928, it couldn't be sold legally. The world learned of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* mainly through two expurgated versions released, with his widow

From her film debut in *Emmanuelle* (left) to her recent box-office success in *Private Lessons*, Sylvia Kristel has searched for the perfect role. *Lady Chatterley*, with her elegance and vulnerability, may be it.



On these pages, scenes from the film—in which British actor Nicholas Clay plays the titular lover (far right, below)—plus exclusive portraits by Just Jaeckin, who was a fashion photographer before he became a director.



SYGMA



Frieda's authorization, after Lawrence's death in 1930. It was not until 30 years later, in 1960, that the famous Penguin edition of *Lady Chatterley* went to press, touching off what was to be a classic censorship trial. After much deliberation, the courts in England decided the book was not obscene and *Lady Chatterley* entered the common consciousness as a literary classic. Right up there with Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.





SYGMA

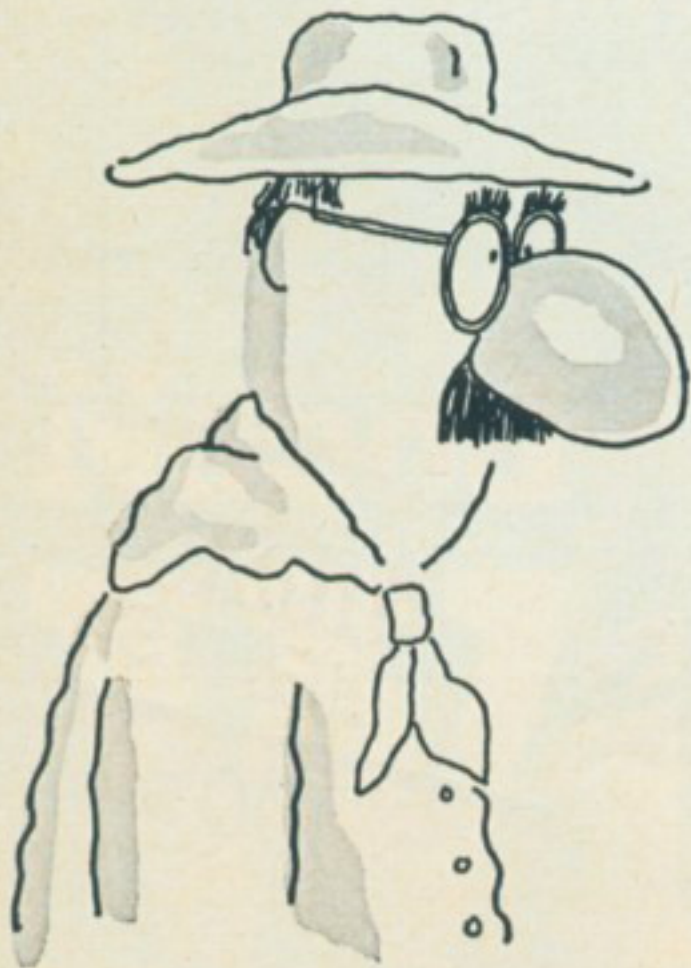


SYGMA

Above, Kristel in action as the love-starved wife of an impotent nobleman (played in the film by Shane Briant) who finds happiness in the arms of his gamekeeper, Mellors (Clay). The picture was filmed at 4000-acre Wrotham Park, the \$40,000,000 estate of the late Admiral John Byng north of London. Because her contract gave her a share of the film's profits, Kristel was able to choose her own director: Jaeckin, the man who in 1972 plucked her from the stage where she won the Miss TV Europe contest and starred her in his film *Emmanuelle*.



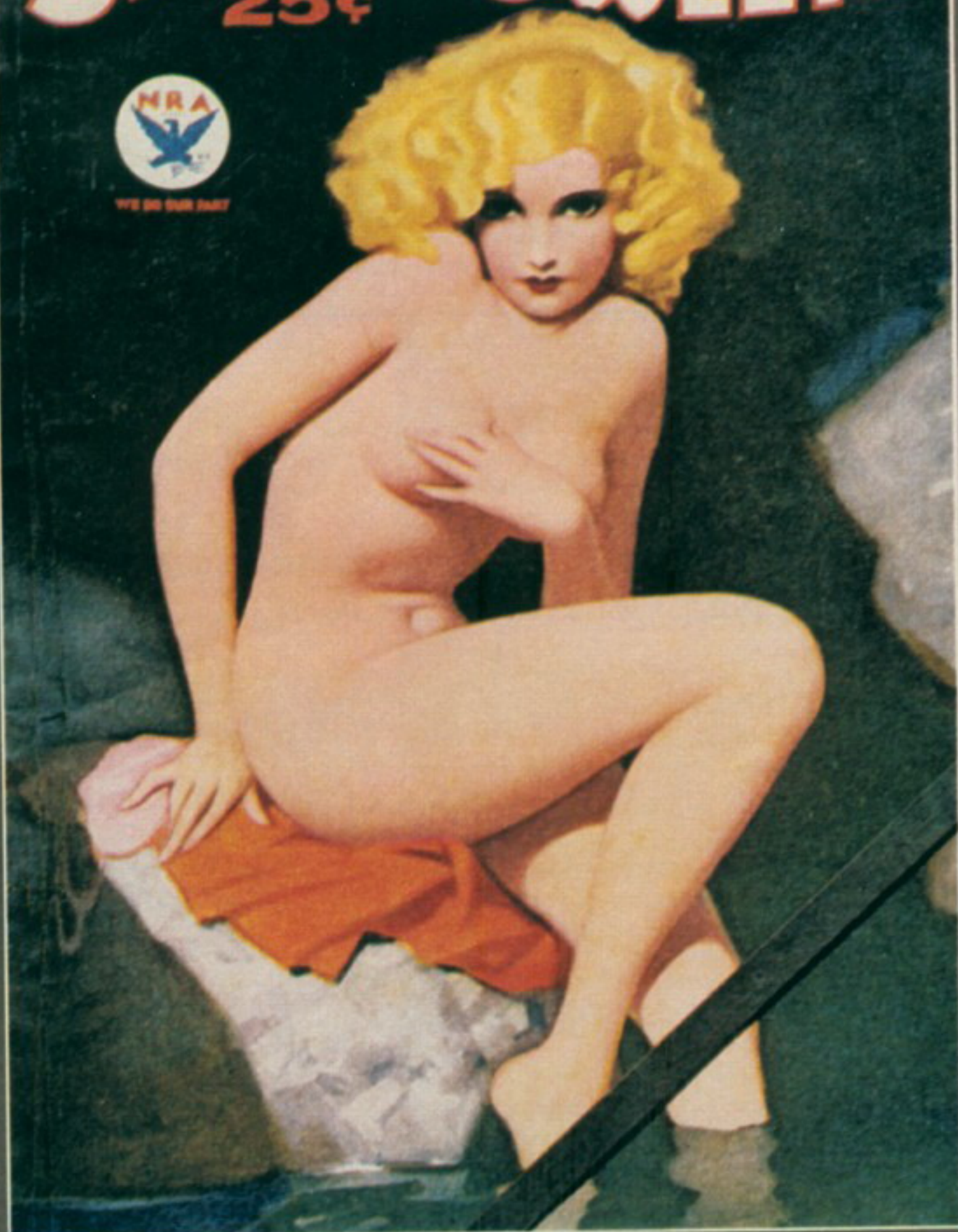




*"Kemosabe, if you insist on being a masked man,
may I suggest a different mask?"*

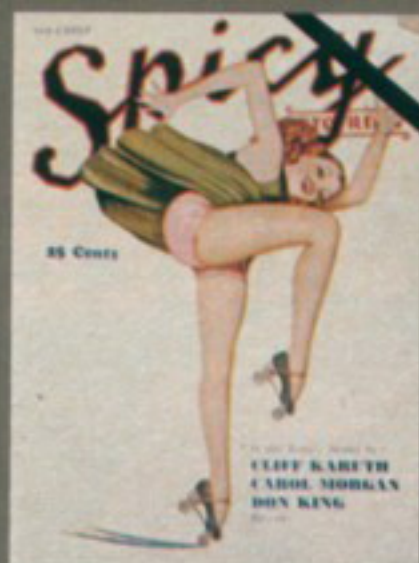
STOLEN SWEETS

OCT.
25¢



a noted cartoonist shares his hobby—collecting cover girls from the era before the camera replaced the paintbrush

FRANCIS SMITH, better known as Smilby, is a fastidious and talented English cartoonist whose work has appeared in *PLAYBOY* for many years. When he is not at the drawing board, he is out collecting vintage cover girls. Playboy Press has recently published *Stolen Sweets* (named for a magazine of the Thirties), a loving look at Smilby's collection. Smilby writes, "The aim of this book is to share my interest and pleasure in the drawings of the cover girls of what, for want of a better name, one must call the girlie magazines of the first third of this century. For this was their heyday—the days from the turn of the century until the mid-Thirties, when photoprinting in color finally became technically good enough for the photo-



The French invented *l'amour*, but Americans invented glamor. *La Vie Parisienne* was the original magazine for sophisticated men. *Reel Humor*, *Spicy Stories* and *PEP!* were cheap pulp spin-offs; *Snappy* was one of the few large-format magazines of the period.

graph to replace the drawing. . . . These paintings are as fresh, as lively and lovely as the day they were painted."

During the Depression of the Thirties, America had the greatest cheap-magazine industry in the world. We took the notion of the French girlie magazine and gave it a unique twist. Smilby writes, "For if France had invented *l'amour*, America had invented glamor—one of the two curiously opposed images that she created and contributed to the girlie world. The first of these, the polished beauty, all flaws retouched, was the glamorous, unattainable movie-star dream girl. And the second—the one so often revealed in this book—the cheerful, happy-go-lucky, fun-loving girl next door. . . . The fundamental difference between the French and the American girl in this genre can be summed up by one broad generalization: The sophisticated Frenchwoman is *consciously* pleasing, whereas the great American invention, the girl next door, is *unconsciously* pleasing. . . . [These girls] positively glow with rosy-cheeked extroverted normality. They swim, they dive, they roller-skate, they throw balls. They're active, athletic, bursting with enthusiasm and those old American virtues—vim, vigor and vitality. Real get-up-and-go girls. . . . When popular art, for whatever reason, is at a high level of achievement, the cheap and vulgar can be lifted above itself. Good artists can lift a tawdry product to a level where some degree of critical appreciation is possible." It is nice—for Smilby and for us—to be able to pay respects to our roots.



Girlie magazines in the Twenties and Thirties ran the gamut from *PEP!* and *Frivolités* to *Movie Humor* and *Film Fun*. The latter were filled with stills of such stars as Ginger Rogers and Joan Blondell, often in elegant undress, witty captions and two-line gags.





The success of *Film Fun* spawned several imitators—among them *Movie Merry-Go-Round*—all centered on tales of Hollywood starlets. *Silk Stocking Stories* catered to the leg man. It was filled with photographs of curvaceous cuties, carefully posed for maximum exposure of calves and shapely ankles. The *Tattle Tales* cover below is noteworthy for its tasteful, elegant nudity.







FOXY LADY

anne-marie is in great shape to be miss february

ANNE-MARIE FOX is eager to get on with the business of being Anne-Marie Fox. Her life so far has been all preparation. Now she wants to *do* something. Early on in her 19 years of life, Anne-Marie was sentenced to a Catholic girls' school (though she's not Catholic). She got the full treatment: No boys *ever*, no unexcused tardiness to class, uniforms must be worn at all times—you know the routine. Anne-Marie not only survived, she flourished, finding direction in discipline.

"The expectations," she recalls, "were for you to be totally moral, a perfectionist, hard-working . . . which aren't bad

qualities. It's character building and I needed that when I was growing up. Besides, everyone was very concerned with you, so you got a lot of attention. I didn't mind the uniforms at all. I was such a free spirit I needed some restrictions in my life."

For a while, it looked as if Anne-Marie could get a parole: Her mother went to Germany to study and took Anne-Marie along. But it was out of the frying pan and into the strudel.

"I definitely went into culture shock in Germany," she declares. "The schools are extremely strict and if you don't live up to their high standards, you're an outcast. You had



In these four photos, it's clear that the rigors of the dance are vital for Anne-Marie Fox, who believes a well-tuned mind belongs in a well-toned body. She augments her physical education as an instructor at a men's health club. Inexplicably, she intends to cover up her handiwork by embarking on a career in fashion modeling.



When she can no longer belly up to the bar (left), Anne-Marie makes a pit stop at her home in Malibu. Her version of the Beverly Hills Diet apparently is to feed most of the fattening stuff to the cat. It does seem to work, though. She describes her ideal partner this way: "I'd like a man who's successful at whatever he's doing . . . as long as it's legal. And he'd have to be honest—I want to know what's going on. He'd also have to be sensitive and gentle and intelligent, and if he doesn't have a sense of humor, I will not be seen with him. I like to joke around. I've always believed you've got to keep things light to keep things flowing."







to excel or you weren't accepted. For fun, kids in Germany study and take music lessons.

"Plus, all my classes were in German, naturally, so I had a bit of a handicap. I managed to pick it up pretty quickly, just by being around the other kids, but the first three months were pretty rough. I still keep up on my German, but I don't run into many people I can talk to here."

Here, for Anne-Marie, is Malibu, where she finds the lifestyle considerably different. Now the discipline is self-imposed. Fitness is king on the beach and Anne-Marie is fit.

She even teaches other people how to be fit in her job at a men's health club in West Hollywood, and for the past eight years has been

"You know, it's ironic," Anne-Marie recalls, "when I was a schoolgirl in Germany, I used to read PLAYBOY all the time, just to look at the pretty girls. I used to think then, I wish I had a body good enough to be in PLAYBOY!"







studying ballet as well.

Anne-Marie hopes to parlay all that body work into a future in fashion modeling.

"It's funny, because I remember having my portrait done as a child, and I *cried*. Now I love it. Just like my poetry, it's a way of expressing myself. Sometimes I get so into it that everything around me disappears, and I just get into the camera, one on one."

Long-term, Anne-Marie wants to be an architect. For now, she is content to enjoy the Malibu sun. "I love it here, the ocean and the mountains. I look forward to going home in the evening."

When she does get home, Anne-Marie turns reflective, writing poetry or making entries in her diary. She's also a music lover, playing piano and violin and listening to classical and rock.

And if she had an extra wish, one she could just blow: "I've always wanted to be in a James Bond movie."



Looking at the pictures above, we can't decide if it would be inspirational or discouraging to have an instructor like Anne-Marie, but, judging by the smiles in the Sports Connection workout room, she makes the hard work fun. "I'm a perfectionist myself, but I don't try to lay that trip on anybody else." At right, Anne-Marie does a quick change for television.



The independent Miss Fox says, "I'm not into women's liberation at all. Women are equal; we don't have to dwell on it. I like being a lady . . . and I like being treated like one."

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY
BY PHILLIP DIXON

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Anne-Marie Fox

BUST: 32 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 112 SIGN: Libra

BIRTH DATE: 9-28-62 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

IDEAL MAN: Successful, creative, honest, sincere, intelligent, sense of humor, protective.

TURN-ONS: Yellow roses, delicate jewelry, white lace, diamonds, big eyes, well-toned bodies

TURN-OFFS: Waiting, liars, spiders, lives, traffic, being sick, manipulators, concert

HOBBIES: Writing poetry, diary, dreaming, ballet, dancing, talking, calligraphy

FAVORITE MOVIES: Bond movies, The Godfather Part, Tess, Animal House

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Bach, Vivaldi, Journey, the Cars, the B-52's, Goldie Hawk

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: The Tonight Show, Dance in America, Live from Lincoln Center

IDEAL EVENING: Conversation, laughter and affection.

6 months



I still sleep like this

16 years



Free dress at Catholic school

17 years



The real me.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

This amusing guy I hit it off with in a singles bar referred to his male organ as a swizzle stick," the girl reported to her confidante, "so I played along by calling my female parts a loving cup."

"Tell me—what happened?"

"Before the night was over, I'd become stir crazy."

Maybe you've heard about the apprentice massage-parlor girl who quit her job because she was tired of playing second diddle.



Have you discovered a cure for my persistent erection?" the worried knight inquired of the royal alchemist.

"Not yet," answered the pseudo scientist, "but I have spoken to the king about a more suitable assignment for you."

"What's that?" asked the knight, adjusting his chain mail.

"You've been named His Majesty's sundial!"

We suppose that successful masturbation by a 90-year-old man could properly be termed miracle whip.

In simple, layman's terms, what characterizes the manic-depressive psychosis?" the psychiatrist was asked.

"Easy glum, easy glow," was his reply.

A semipro girl who sometimes worked the bar circuit was propositioned one night by a drinker who said he'd pay \$20 for her favors. "Look, mister, you can't buy my bod with a crude offer like that," she responded, "but how's about betting me a twenty I won't put out for you?"

While purchasing some condoms, the young man remarked with a smile, "I'm giving my girl a birthday present tonight."

"Yes, sir," smiled the drug clerk. Then he added, forcing a straight face, "Would you perhaps like these gift-wrapped?"

"That wouldn't make much sense," said the customer. "They're the gift wrapping."

When a man who was convalescing from a heart attack couldn't persuade his wife to let him have intercourse with her, he asked his physician to send him a statement to convince the woman it would be permissible, and so the doctor wrote, "Dear Mrs. Brown: This is to certify that my patient Harry Brown is fully capable of having sexual relations."

The next week, Brown telephoned the medical man and said, "Doc, that note as you wrote it just didn't work with my wife, so I wonder if you could maybe send me an amended version."

"What change would you suggest?" inquired the physician, who wanted to be helpful.

"Instead of that 'Dear Mrs. Brown,' just address it 'To Whom It May Concern.'"

*There once was a sperm cell named Lou
Who dreamed that an egg tryst was due;
But his dream proved a dud,
For his swinging host's pud
Trysted off in the mouth of one Sue!*

Oh, boy, that was like, you know, a religious experience," sighed the young man as he and the girl drove away from the motel. "Was it that way for you, too?"

"Well, almost," sighed the girl. "I was hoping for a second coming."



Shelby Newman

Why wouldn't you let your father and me see your costume before you left for that fraternity masquerade party?" the coed was asked on her return home that night.

"Because I felt a little silly in it, Mom," the girl answered. "Look—I went as a bee!"

"You come right over here, young lady!" her mother demanded sternly. "I want to check your breath for pollen."

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.



John
Dempsey

*"As a matter of fact, Mother, you did interrupt us.
Rick was just about to have his orgasm."*



WE WUZ ROBBED!



ANDY KAUFMAN



SUSAN SMITH

sports By John Blumenthal ANDY KAUFMAN was in trouble. The self-proclaimed Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World had been flipped, jackknifed, half-nelsoned, arm-barred, leg-dropped and mauled steadily for the past ten minutes, and now the Challenger, Playmate Susan Smith, was positioned atop his limp body, her knees grinding into his shoulders. Red-faced and drooling, his shirt ripped and blood-stained, Kaufman just lay there like a corpse, exhausted, beaten, ready to *(text continued on page 130)*

*in one corner, a playmate;
in the other,
the intergender wrestling
champion of the world.
but who really won?*



Although well versed in karate, Susan had no wrestling experience, so we enlisted the help of trainer Jim Stephan. Above, Stephan and Smith go to the mats for a prebout workout. Sun-lamp meditation (SLM), an ancient Hindu discipline known principally to the natives of Malibu, helped Susan psych up (below left), while a diet of raw steak (below right) brought out those hitherto latent animal instincts.



Kaufman claims that women fall for him (to the mats, that is) because he's got superior mental capabilities. How does he keep that mind fit? "The reason I'm able to beat women in wrestling," he says, "is because of my intense concentration and power of the mind. I practice transcendental meditation and yoga and that's how I keep in shape." Below, the Champ demonstrates a few of his preparatory moves.





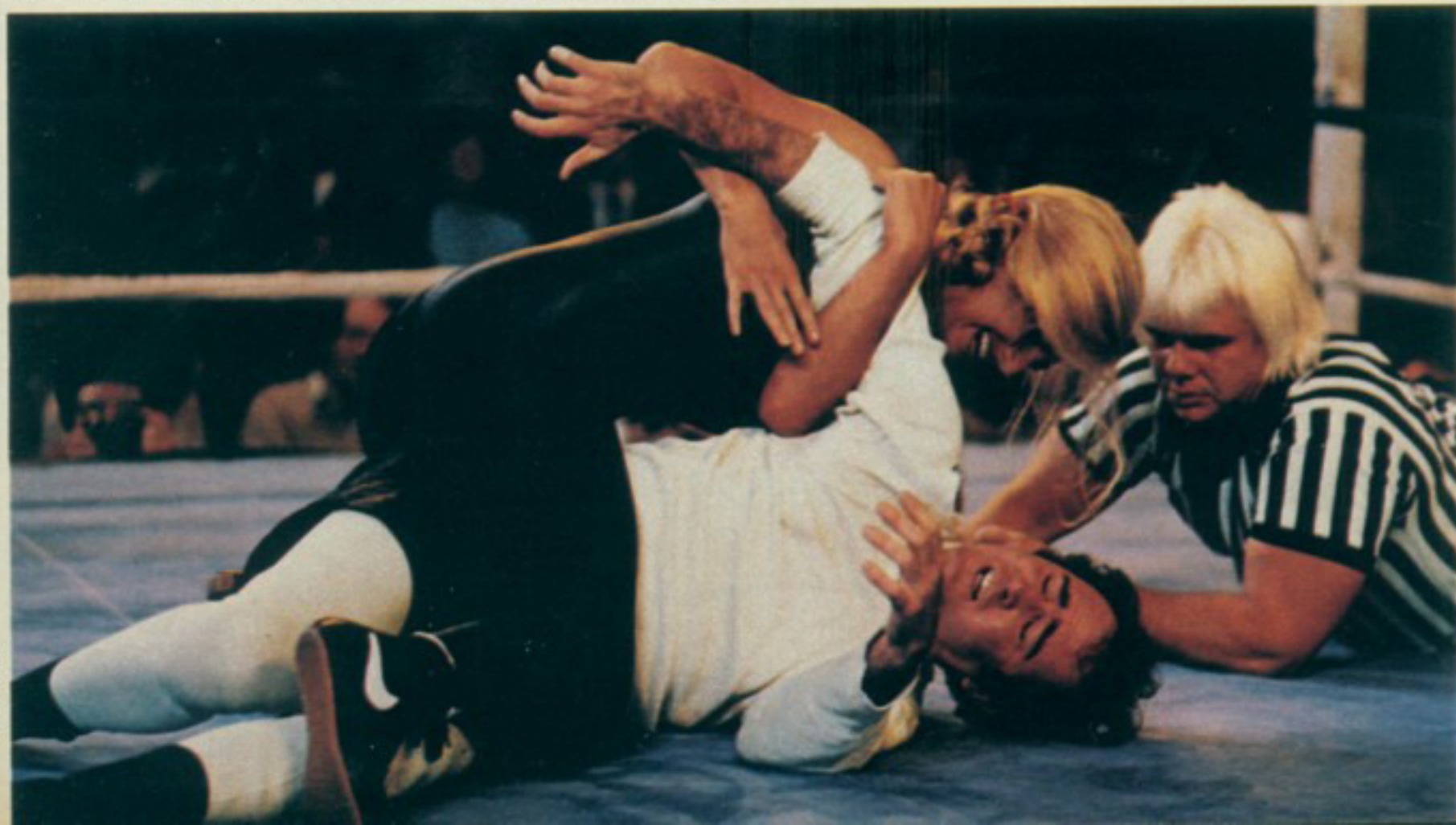
Prior to the official weigh-in (above), Andy and Susan had never met. After the weigh-in, Susan wished they never had. Kaufman was hostile, accusing his opponent of being infatuated with him, baiting her with low-blow insults. But Susan's unwavering poise ultimately caused the Champ to lose his cool and he stooped to violence, only to be held off by referee Bob Zmuda (above center). "I know more about wrestling in my little finger than you do in your whole body!" Kaufman shrieked as he was carted out of the room (above right).



Clockwise from left: Susan "Killer" Smith (36-24-36) stands confidently in her corner, ready to do battle with the self-proclaimed Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World, Andy Kaufman. Having heard rumors that the Champ occasionally resorts to choking, kicking and hair pulling when under the threat of defeat, the Challenger thought it wise to have her ample tresses securely tied before mixing it up. With referee "Pretty Boy" Larry Sharpe officiating, the two anxious maulers start off with a standard arm-interlock grapple. The grudge match of the century was under way.

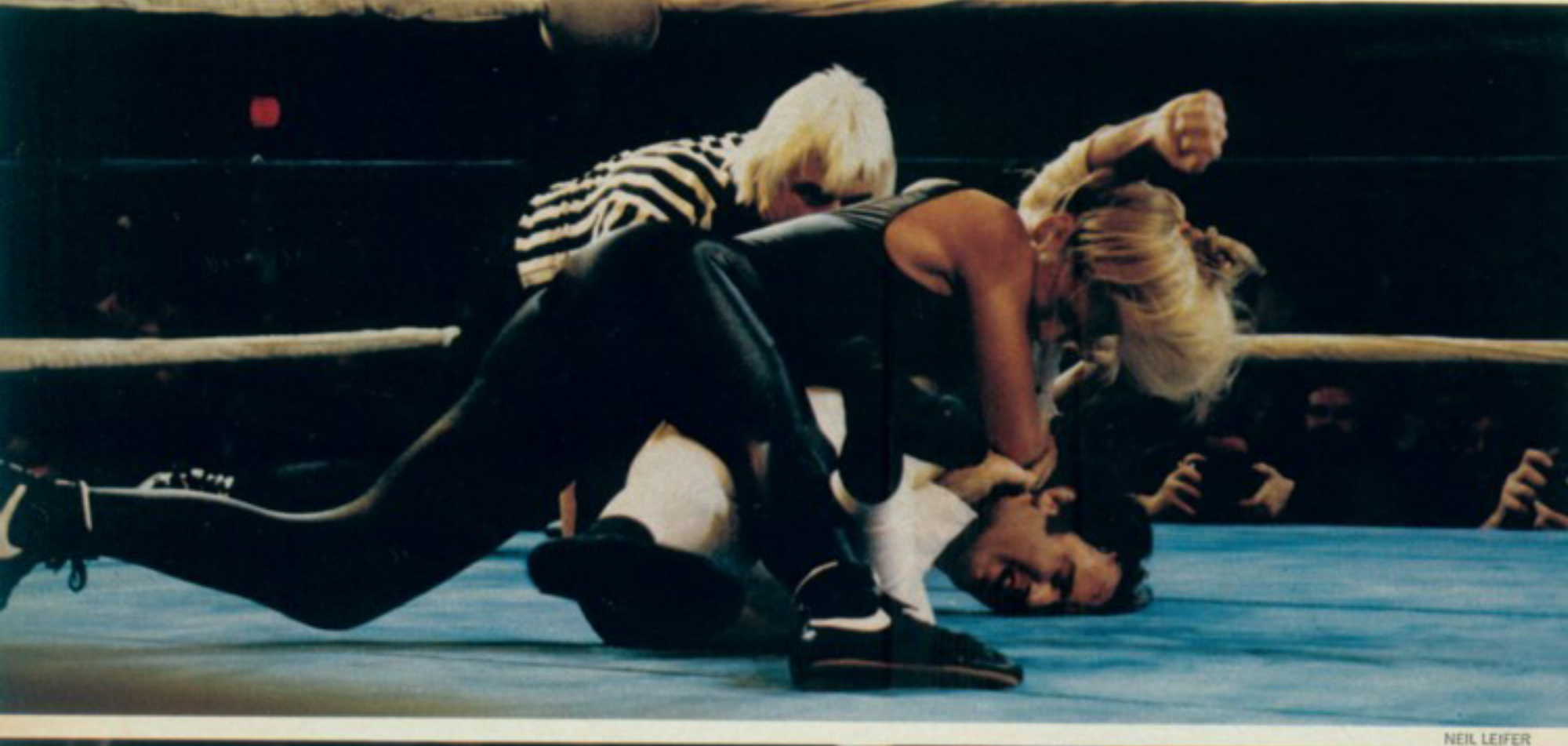


Clockwise from above left: The Challenger soon demonstrated that she knew her stuff. The Champ soon demonstrated that he had little grace as a human kite. On their first encounter, Susan flipped him backward to the mat. Kaufman responded with a standard headlock, only to discover that his opponent not only knew how to extricate herself but could flip him in the process. Later, a much-womanhandled Andy offered a phony peace gesture, but the Challenger, sensibly, declined. Below, Kaufman manages to wriggle free from a near pin.





NEIL LEIFER



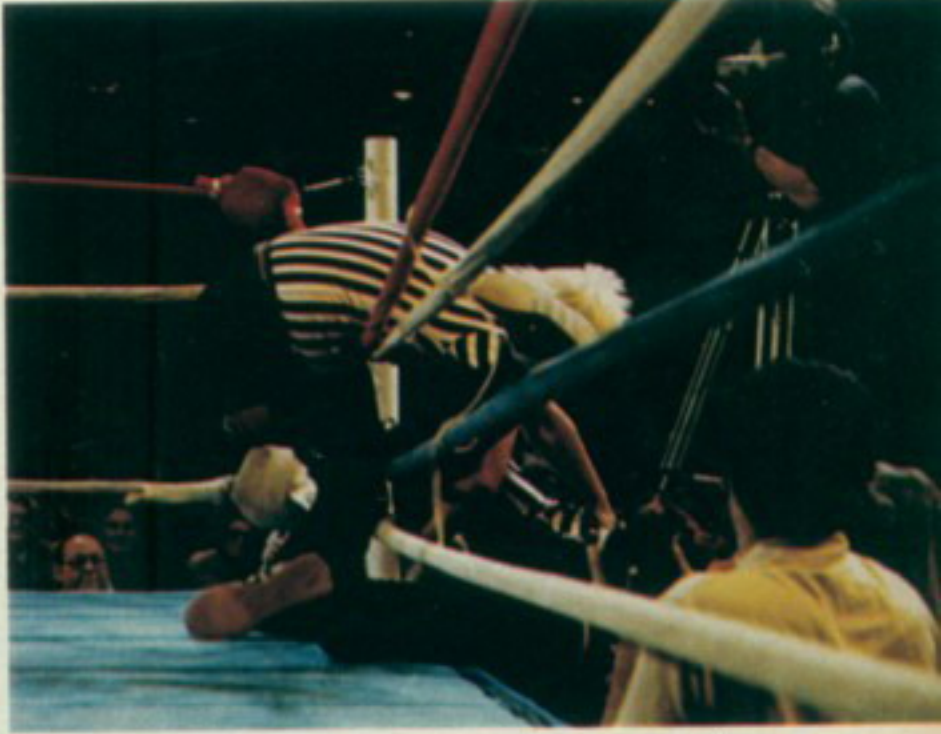
NEIL LEIFER



Left, top to bottom: Trying desperately to reach for the legal safety of the ropes, Kaufman is held back by his wily opponent, as referee Sharpe looks on. By this time, the match had proceeded a good ten minutes and Kaufman had had his shoulders pinned for several two-counts, while Smith had managed to keep out of serious danger.



His energy sapped, his shirt ripped to shreds, the Intergender Champ lies down on his back for a short breather, shoulder blades touching the mat for an easy three-count (above). Unfortunately for Susan, referee Sharpe wasn't paying attention at the crucial time.

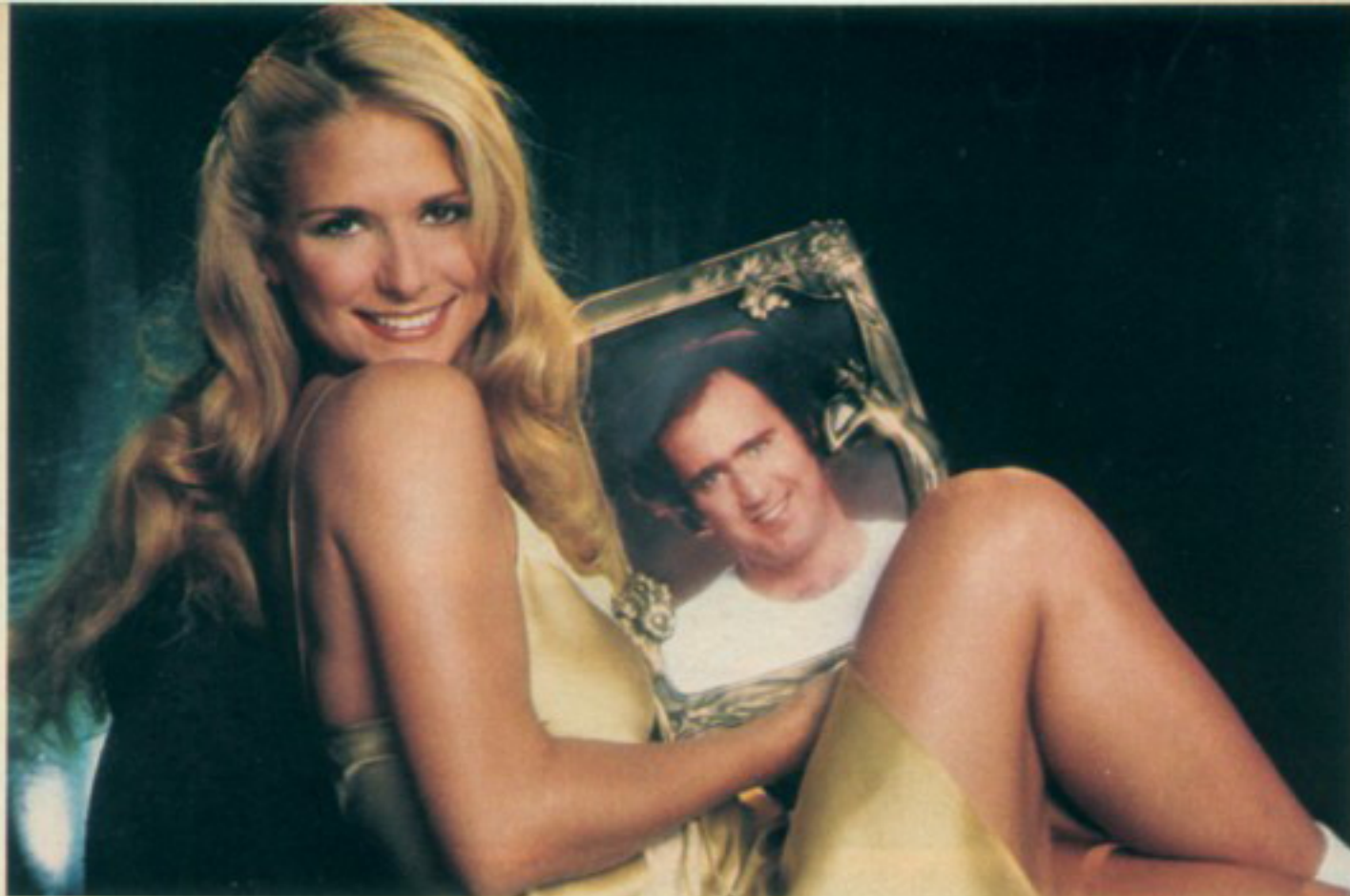


With Sharpe off arguing with Zmuda, who had illegally stepped into the ring a few moments before, Kaufman regains his energy and turns Susan over (above left). Meantime, Sharpe grabs Zmuda by the arms and legs and rudely flings him out of the ring (above right).



Although Susan's shoulder blades were clearly not both touching the mat (above left), Sharpe returned briefly to give her a fast three-count and Kaufman emerged victorious and still champeen. Above right, Kaufman beams while referee Sharpe continues to reprimand Zmuda. 127

NEIL LEIFER



Don't let the smile fool you—Susan Smith is *not* infatuated with Andy Kaufman. In fact, the only reason she's holding Andy's picture in this particular manner is to alert him to the following announcement: "I am the Intergender Wrestling Champion of the World," she says. "I won that match at least twice, maybe even three times. It's on video tape and when it's broadcast, the whole world will know." Did you get that, Andy?





"Yes," Susan Smith says, "there's the possibility that I would agree to a rematch with Andy Kaufman, but only if his referee, Zmuda, is kept away from the ring and only if they hire a totally impartial ref. Under those conditions, Kaufman wouldn't last a minute."



throw in the towel. His shoulder blades were touching the mat for one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five full seconds, and pandemonium had broken out in the crowd.

But something was wrong. The referee, "Pretty Boy" Larry Sharpe, a professional wrestler hired by Playboy to ensure a fair fight, had turned away from the action during the crucial few seconds. By the time he noticed what was happening in the ring, it was too late.

•

"I was the neighborhood tomboy," Susan says, attempting to explain why she even agreed to wrestle Kaufman in the first place. "I always liked anything that had to do with beating people up. . . . Not really, just kidding. Actually, I'm a pacifist."





THE YEAR IN SEX

once more, into the breeches: our informal survey finds bigots behind every bush but love (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) still making the world go round

DRAW THE WAGONS into a circle, boys, the prigs are on the attack! That is hardly news to those who've been following the antics of the Moral Majority or its sisters under the skin, the unsmiling Women Against Pornography. What is surprising is the lengths to which some of those holier-than-thou fringe groups will go or the pusillanimous behavior exhibited by segments of the media in bowing to their demands. We have a lot more respect for Jayne Kennedy, who—when a church group, after seeing her partly unclad photos in *PLAYBOY*, canceled her scheduled speaking appearance—kept the date, anyway. Paraphrasing *Matthew VII:1*, she reminded her audience: "You can't judge me. Only God can do that." Behind much of the effort to censor TV is a Mississippi Methodist minister, the Reverend Donald Wildmon. He had 4000 monitors watching TV for the merest hint that sexual intercourse had occurred, in or out of marriage. Denying prudery, Wildmon told *Time* he had four kids, and "you don't get four kids by picking blackberries." Apparently, now that he's got his, everybody else can head for the briar patch. Although some see this repressive climate as emanating from Washington, it's really business as usual on Capitol Hill. Remember Liz Ray and Fanne Foxe? This year we had the Jenrettes, Paula Parkinson, Mississippi Representative Jon C. Hinson (caught with a black man, not a constituent, in the men's room) and the Director of the Federal Education Department's office for the gifted and talented (honest!) busted on charges of arranging filmed sex acts. Finally, even protests in 1981 had their lighter side, or, rather, their backside. Turn to the last page of this feature and see how a coalition of Swiss, French and German activists expressed its opinion of a nuclear power plant. Cheeky, we call it.



Adult Film Association of America execs wouldn't let porn star Carol L. Connors (above) appear on the Hollywood Palladium stage minus pants (nudity's a liquor-law no-no in California), so she brandished them outside during the Erotica Awards.



Feminists, objecting to its bondage theme, got the movie poster above removed from New York subways; Italian authorities had a documentary about prostitute Veronique (below) banned from television, an unprecedented action in that hitherto liberal area.





We suspect that it was really the tobacco lobby that got Brooke Shields's antismoking message (above left) temporarily lifted from TV, but the grounds cited were that her movie nudity made her an unfit role model for kids. Some papers found 007's *For Your Eyes Only* movie ad too cheeky for publication and painted on hotpants (that's the before and after, a.k.a. the long and the short of it, above); meanwhile, those busy folks at Moral Majority measured the sexiness of television fare and took aim at, among others, Morgan Fairchild (see *People* magazine cover above right).



Feminist ire locked up a Brown University photo show of assaulted Barbie dolls (above); Women Against Pornography picketed *Lolita* (with Donald Sutherland and Blanche Baker, right); but Maryland Moral Majority's attempt to bust gingerbread folks (below) was half-baked.



Never a dull moment for Wendy O. Williams of The Plasmatics (above left), busted in Milwaukee and Cleveland on obscenity charges. Even squeaky-clean Phil Donahue (below left) had to defend himself on charges by women from the National Federation of Decency, who decried his shows as too sexy. Pressure from distributors caused the publisher to change a magazine title twice (below center), though its content remained unchanged; and Moral Majority gripes forced model Irena Ferris to drink Diet Pepsi from a glass instead of a straw on TV (below right).

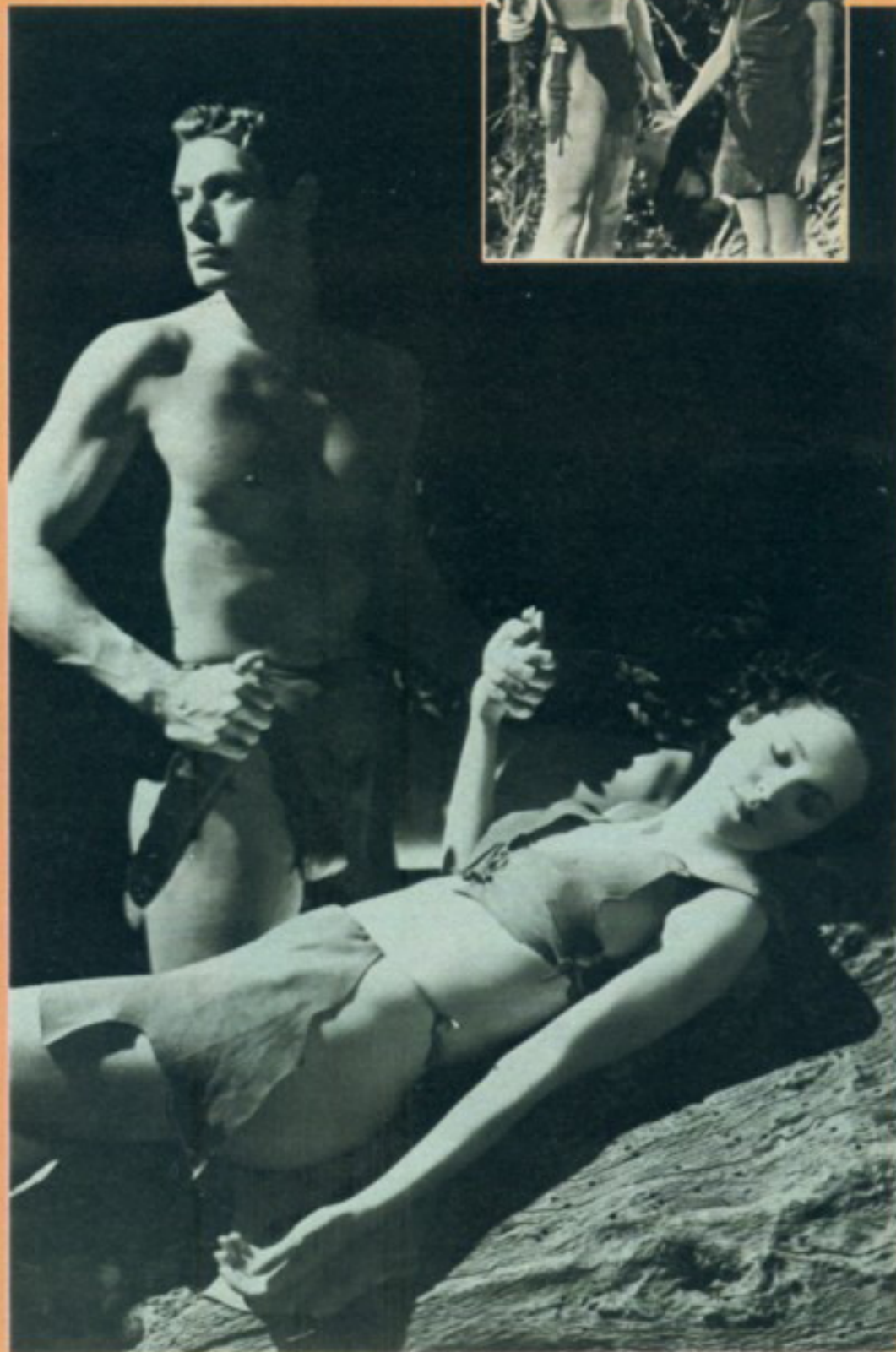




Ever-vigilant trustees of the Edgar Rice Burroughs estate got a judge to scissor some three minutes of John and Bo Derek's remake of *Tarzan, the Ape Man*; the Dereks protested (above) but MGM complied and the show went on (that's Bo with silent Miles O'Keefe as Tarzan below).



Actually, Tarzan had run afoul of censorship before; after a baring of teeth by the Hays Office, Maureen O'Sullivan bared less for Johnny Weissmuller in 1936's *Tarzan Escapes* (right) than she had in 1934's *Tarzan and His Mate* (below).



Least lucky of all were the publishers of *High Society*, whose July 1981 issue was enjoined from sale at the behest of the Burroughs attorneys, who convinced a judge that its undraped parody "Monkeying Around with Tarzan and Jane" was degrading.



YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT:

Right, contestants at the Second Annual Chili Cookoff at the Treehouse Fun Ranch, Devore, California, added their own spice. Rules: no beans in the chili, good character for the contestants. Below, birthday greeting in questionable taste from The Erotic Baker in New York City.



Business at Dennis' Truck Stop Rest'Ront in Palm Bay, Florida, picked up 60 percent after its bill of fare became a skin game (below). Diners aren't allowed to touch the menus. At far right below, a sign noted at Manhattan's Ninth Avenue International Festival speaks for itself.



THE MEDIUM'S THE MESSAGE:



Western Union was never like this: Female and male messengers peel for New York's Strip-A-Gram service (right). A similar outfit, Bumps & Grind-a-Gram, operates around Los Angeles.



GOOD SPORTS:



If every female athlete dressed like the topless boxers in Marseilles (left) or the mud wrestlers at New York's Great Gildersleeves (below), the manufacturers of women's sportswear would be out of business. Actually, there's a new wrinkle in the wrestling business: They're replacing mud with salad oil and even chocolate pudding.



Will half time in the Ivy League ever be like this again? Tune in your favorite college-football telecast. Yale president A. Bartlett Giamatti has vowed to drive "smut," to quote *The Wall Street Journal*, off the field; the results remained to be seen as we went to press.



JOCKS & JILLS:



Sports celebrities joined the usual crowd of politicians and movie stars in news-making hot water this year. Tennis star Billie Jean King was sued by former secretary-lover Marilyn Barnett (that's the pair in happier days, at Forest Hills in 1973, at left). A furor struck golfer Jan Stephenson for posing sexily (below) in *Fairway*, the official publication of the L.P.G.A. tour.



RAW RIVALRY:

Spring break is alive and well at Fort Lauderdale, as college students on vacation flock to Florida beaches for such events as wet-T-shirt contests (below). Across the country, entrants in the Miss Tush contest at the Hollywood Palladium—all wearing panties—describe their qualifications to emcee Regis Philbin (right).



Here she is, Ms. Nude America—fitness counselor Beckie Kyle of Roswell, New Mexico, chosen at a pageant staged in the Center for the Performing Arts in San Jose (above).



We've heard of mooning over Miami, but topless bull riding in Fort Lauderdale? It happened at a place called Cowboys; see for yourself (above). At right, contestants in the Miss Nude Galaxy pageant at Ponderosa Sun Club, Roselawn, Indiana; the winner, from Indianapolis, styles herself Hyapatia Lee.



TAKE IT OFF, TAKE IT OFF:



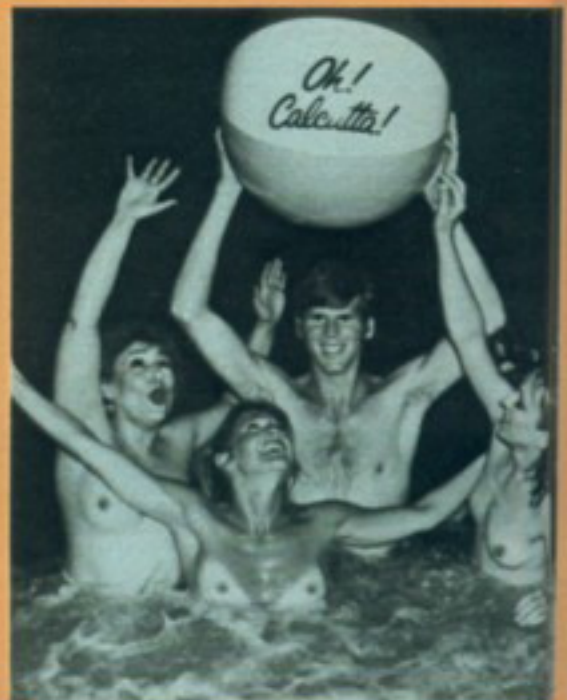
A sex-discrimination suit may spoil girls' fun at Chippendales in L.A. (above left) if it invalidates its women-only audience rule for male strippers' shows. At right above, an inventive French advertising campaign reads, from the top: "September 2 I'll take off the top," "September 4 I'll take off the bottom" and, finally, "Avenir, the billboard company that keeps its promises." Below, a stripper at San Ysidro, California's, Main Attraction.



DRESS OPTIONAL:



Above, guests at the Erotic-Exotic New Year's Eve Ball staged in San Francisco by perennial nude candidate Louis Abolafia.



Above, a little splash party honored the 12th anniversary of *Oh! Calcutta!*, the long-running nude musical comedy on Broadway.



WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND:



You'll read more about the wedding below, at New York's *Belle du Jour*, in a future *PLAYBOY*, the magazine that keeps its promises.



Typical of the so-called fuckerware marital-aids parties (below) is this one staged by an outfit called Nice and Naughty in New York.



We inaugurated *The Year in Sex* with Congressional high-jinks of 1976. In 1981, Representative John Jenrette's wife, Rita (above), made headlines. At right, a breeze betrays Liz Taylor, stepping out with hubby Senator John Warner.



First Wife Nancy Reagan (above) told Barbara Walters she ate bananas, not apples, in bed so as not to wake Ron. Less thoughtful: Paula Parkinson (below), who blew the whistle on Congressmen.



GIVING THEIR ALL FOR ART:

Erotic Rarities 1760—1980



New York's Erotics Gallery has produced a new catalog of rare paintings, sculptures and artifacts to appeal to the best of the beast in us (left and below).



More contemporary fare at Erotics are these humorous "fantasy sculptures" (above) by Steve Gabor, who once upon a time was a Hungarian film maker. At bottom is painter Elaine Marinoff Good with one of the oil paintings featured in her Erotic Series exhibit, which was displayed at the Vorpel Gallery in Laguna Beach, California.



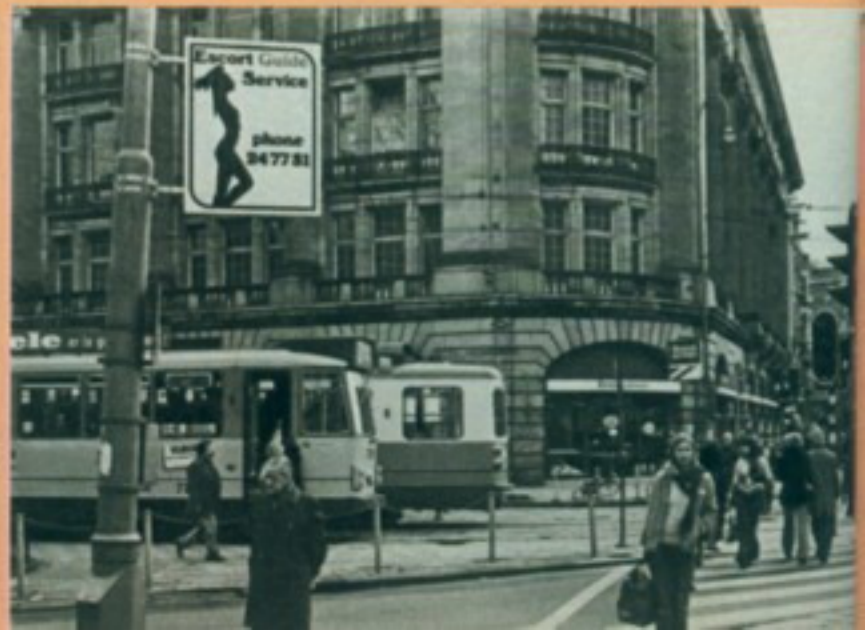
FOREIGN AFFAIRS:



In Bangkok, Mechai Viravaidya, a Thai family-planning director, dispenses contraceptives at a vegetable stand (above). He also sent Ronald Reagan a card good for a free vasectomy.



Spain, too, has nude beaches, the one above on Formentera. Doctors on another Balearic isle, Majorca, blame this phenomenon for an increase in middle-aged-male heart attacks. Below, ladies of the street defer to signs on lamp poles in Amsterdam.



Antinuke activists drop trou on the Franco-German border to show what they think of nuclear power (right). Last year, a publicist sent us a picture of this lady called Tina (below), but a witless staffer lost the particulars. In 1981, we were delighted to re-encounter this bounteous Briton in *Fling's* "Every Inch a Lady," with a portfolio of John Xavier photos.



Müncheners are noted for letting it all hang out at Oktoberfest, but burghers have been less than amused by hordes of nude sun bathers in Munich's 600-acre *Englische Garten* park (right). So far, no busts—by the police, that is. Below, in a somewhat more conventional display of beauty in the buff, Julia Perrin is crowned Miss Nude Europe in Paris.





She's alone and frightened.
Trapped like an animal, she's going to fight like one.

A movie poster for 'The Seduction' featuring two women in red dresses. The women are shown from the back, looking over their shoulders. They are wearing red, backless dresses with thin straps. The background is dark with horizontal blinds. The title 'The Seduction' is written in a large, white, cursive font at the bottom.

The Seduction

IRWIN YABLANS and BRUCE COHN CURTIS present "THE SEDUCTION" Starring MORGAN FAIRCHILD, MICHAEL SARRAZIN, VINCE EDWARDS and **ANDREW STEVENS**
Co-starring COLLEEN CAMP, KEVIN BROPHY Music by LALO SCHIFRIN Executive Producers JOSEPH WOLF, FRANK CAPRA, JR., CHUCK RUSSELL
Executive in charge of production BLOSSOM KAHN Associate Producer TOM CURTIS Produced by IRWIN YABLANS and BRUCE COHN CURTIS Written and Directed by DAVID SCHMOELLER
READ THE TOWER BOOK AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES Release © 1971 AVCO EMBASSY PICTURES COMPANY

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

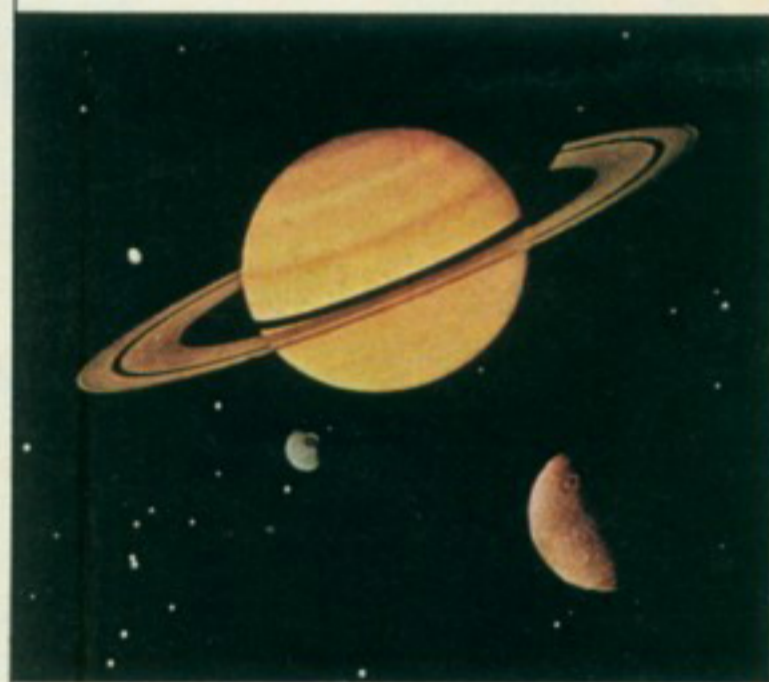


MAID IN FRANCE

Every household needs a saucy domestic named Fifi or Yvette to serve high tea, polish the silver and keep the lord of the manor on his toes out behind the conservatory. But with the servant problem being what it is, you may wish to dress your latest lady in Mon Cherie—a one-size-fits-all French maid's outfit (apron, bikini and headpiece) that Sensations Parties, 418 Third Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11215, is serving up for only \$32.50, postpaid. If you really want to do it right, Sensations also has a selection of slinky garter belts with black seamed stockings or garterless black hose. (Yes, Francophobes, Sensations does sell other types of *tres sexy* outfits, too.) Ah, *ma chérie*, I'm afraid those old De Maupassant volumes *way* up there on the top shelf do need a bit of dusting.

MOONS OVER MIAMI

Look! Up on the wall! It's not a bird or a plane but a 13'8" x 8'8" photomural of Saturn and three moons that's taken from images beamed back to earth by Voyager I. Environmental Graphics, 15295 Minnetonka Boulevard, Minnetonka, Minnesota 55343, sells the mural for \$45, postpaid. (It's one of 16 strip-pable ones that range from Saturn to a Florida room.) Golly, the last time we did it, I saw stars; this time, it's only oranges.



ARTIFICIAL TENNIS DECK, ANYONE?

Sheiks in Saudi Arabia play tennis on a rubber-surfaced RoyalDek court that won't rot or fade—and they even save petrodollars to boot. A 60' x 120' court costs only \$14,400 (plus installation expenses), as opposed to really big dough for the asphalt version. The moral of the story being that if you're a tennis buff, Professional Modular Systems, 15 Spinning Wheel Road, Hinsdale, Illinois 60521, can keep you swinging anywhere from the roof of an apartment building to a swamp.

THE MOANIN' AFTER

Eddie Condon's remedy for a hangover was to "take the juice of two quarts of whiskey. . . ." If hair of the dog isn't your morning-after poison, order a softcover copy of *The Hangover Handbook*, by David Outerbridge, that's available from Harmony Books, Department 893, 34 Englehard Avenue, Avenel, New Jersey 07001, for \$4.95, postpaid. Mountain oysters, moose milk and less potent chugs are all there. Or you can take Dean Martin's advice and "Stay drunk."





TINTING TONIGHT

The eyes definitely have it: Not only are they windows to the soul but now, if you use soft contact lenses, you can change your orbs' color quicker than it takes to say Permatint. Custom Tint Laboratories Inc., 3800 Electronics Drive, Raleigh, North Carolina 27604, does the tinting, and if you contact your local eye guy, he should know about the process. Prices are about \$90, and noncorrective lenses are even available for people who just want to change the color of their eyes. D. B. Cooper, for example.

TAKE IT FROM THE COLONEL

Yes, Virginia, there is a genuine Army-surplus store left in America and it's deep in the heart of Texas. The Strand Surplus Senter at 2202 Strand, Galveston, Texas 77550, boasts about 20,000 square feet of everything from Mercury Space Capsules for \$3000 to British Gurkha pants (\$18). And Foreign Legion tunics (\$23). And if you don't find that oddball item you've always wanted on its latest mail list (it costs one dollar), write to or call Colonel Bubbie, the leader of the Senter, and tell him your heart's desire. No, it doesn't stock surplus Playmates.



RULE, VICTORIA!

Reaganomics aside, the hearts and minds of more than just a few Americans appear to be rooted in the late 19th Century. So, for them, there's *Victorian Homes*, a new magazine published quarterly for \$9 a year out of P.O. Box 61, Miller Falls, Massachusetts 01349, that's about as *avant* as an antimacassar. Articles in the first issue include inside peeks at some great Victorian pads. If that's too exciting, there's also a story on how to repair a rocker.



MY LITTLE CHIQUITA

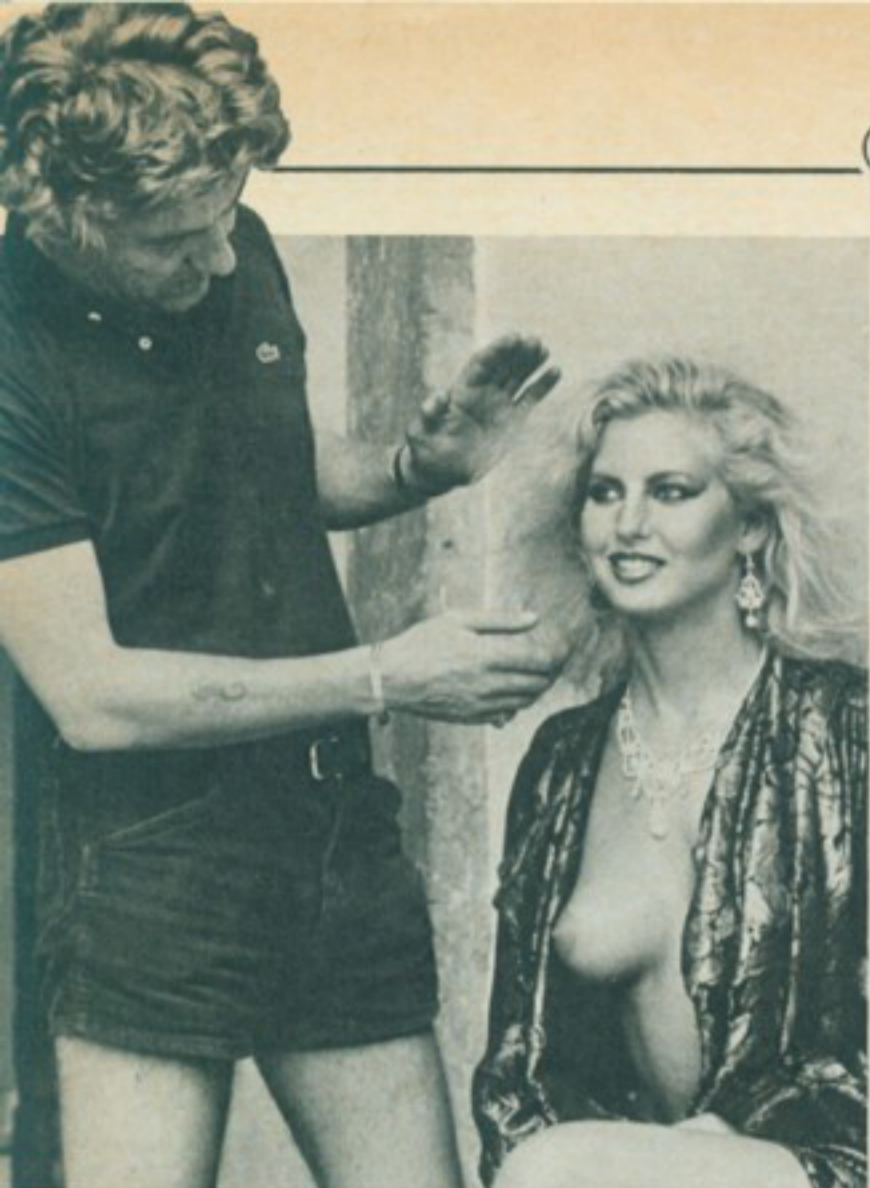
With everyone getting plugged into personal cassettes, it's nice to see an alternative source of portable sound in the form of Chiquita, a miniguitar that comes housed in a velour-lined case that also holds a battery-powered amplifier and a jack cord. Chiquita is available in red, yellow or blue from International Music Corporation, P.O. Box 2344, Fort Worth, Texas 76113, for \$290, postpaid. It's an easy way to travel with amplified good pickin's.



ROLLING THUNDER

Roller-coaster freaks are a breed apart: Mention the late Riverview's Bobs, Coney Island's Cyclone, Great America's American Eagle or Kings Island's The Beast and they'll wax ecstatically about *g* forces that twist lips like pretzels and the times they almost tossed their cookies on a double helix. If that is your kind of action, American Coaster Enthusiasts may be your kind of club. Membership is \$15 annually (or \$25 for a couple) sent to A.C.E., Box 8226, Chicago, Illinois 60680, and includes a quarterly newsletter that's a scream.





Touch Up

In keeping up with British royalty this month, we present a lord, PATRICK LICHFIELD, and a lass, known only as ROSS. The lord, a cousin of the queen, took many of the Prince Charles/Lady Di wedding pictures. The lass is posing for a calendar. We haven't investigated her blood lines, but we know a celebrity breast when we see one.



Main Squeeze

In December's PLAYBOY, we brought you the word on PETER BEARD and CHERYL TIEGS. Now you get the picture. We salute the quiet moments in a celebrity marriage when it's just the twosome, alone on a balcony, with nothing between them except a little fabric and a camera.



The Jackson One

We do hope that the night MICHAEL JACKSON greeted his fans with this gesture of warmth was not the night Katharine Hepburn chose to attend. Hepburn was concerned that the music would be too loud. Is this the sign for turn down the amps?

A Teenager in Love

We're going to give this story to you the way we got it. This photo is an exclusive and the people who sent it swear by their story. Are you ready? This, folks, is Her Royal Highness PRINCESS DIANA, taken in the days before history found her, removed her shower cap and changed her life forever. Even if this turns out to be a hoax, we've had a few laughs, so what the hell?





Hynde Over Matter

CHRISSIE HYNDE, seen here revving up for the continuation of The Pretenders' American tour, needs to have a few words with her tailor. After a fitting, she and the band finished a video tape to accompany their new single, *I Go to Sleep*, written by the Kinks' Ray Davies.



Hold On, I'm Coming

Let's see, the Stones' tour grossed about \$40,000,000. *Tattoo You* hit the top of the charts. Their faces have appeared in or on the covers of most publications. You've had the rest, now you get the best. Here's MICK searching, successfully, we hope, for the fountain of youth.

The Breast Is Yet to Come

Are you ready for a brief history lesson? ELSA MARTINELLI used to appear in PLAYBOY regularly. Her first pictorial for this magazine was in October 1963. Film director Vittorio De Sica said of her then, "She looks as if she had been painted in oils." She co-starred with an impressive group of Hollywood biggies, such as John Wayne, Kirk Douglas, Robert Mitchum and Tony Perkins. The years have passed, but nothing has slipped, except her dress.



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EDVIT/RETNA

PAULA PASQUARELLI/GETTY IMAGES

NEXT MONTH:



MY MISTRESS



GUN TROUBLE



BARBARA CARRERA



SPECIAL DELIVERY

"THE TROUBLE WITH GUNS"—EVERYBODY'S FOR GUN CONTROL, AS LONG AS IT'S SOMEBODY ELSE'S GUN BEING CONTROLLED. A PESSIMISTIC LOOK AT THE CHANCES OF BRINGING ANY ORDER OUT OF CHAOS—BY **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

"MY MISTRESS"—METICULOUS FRANK IS HAPPILY WED TO THE PERFECT WOMAN. SO WHY IS HE HAVING AN AFFAIR WITH SLOPPY BILLY? A WRY TALE—BY **LAURIE COLWIN**

"HOW TO DEFEAT DEFENDER"—HINTS ON HIGH SCORING TO KNOCK THAT COMPUTER CHIP OFF THE MANUFACTURERS' SHOULDERS—BY **WALTER LOWE, JR.**

"AYE, BARBARA"—THE BEAUTIFUL MISS **CARRERA** IS NOW STARRING IN THE MICKEY SPILLANE THRILLER *I, THE JURY*, BUT YOU'LL SEE MORE OF HER HERE

"MAN & WOMAN, PART III: THE BRAIN AS SEX ORGAN"—THE EVIDENCE, ALBEIT CONTROVERSIAL, IS TRICKLING IN: WE MAY ACTUALLY BE BORN WITH DISTINCTLY MALE OR FEMALE MINDS—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE**

"THE FAMILY JEWELS"—YOU MAY THINK WE WERE NUTS TO SCRATCH THIS SENSITIVE SUBJECT, BUT OUR ESSAYIST HAS ENOUGH COJONES TO HAVE HAD A BALL WITH IT. HANG IN THERE WITH **ROY BLOUNT JR.**

"PINBALL"—THE AUTHOR OF *THE PAINTED BIRD* AND *BEING THERE* INTRODUCES US TO A BEAUTIFUL BLACK PIANIST AND HER PORN-STAR LOVER—BY **JERZY KOSINSKI**

"BOOM DREAMS"—GILLETTE, WYOMING, IS THE GRANDDADDY OF MODERN BOOMTOWNS, THE ONE OTHERS WILL RESEMBLE IN ANOTHER DECADE OR SO. WE PUSH OUR CORRESPONDENT TO THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

PATRICIA HEARST, IN HER ONLY IN-DEPTH CONVERSATION, DISCUSSES HER KIDNAPING, HER RAPES, THE S.L.A., HER 19 MONTHS ON THE RUN AND HER SURPRISING OPINIONS ON FORMER COMRADES AND FAMILY IN A MEMORABLE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"WESTERN UNION WAS NEVER LIKE THIS"—AN APPEALING, AND A-PEELING, LADY MESSENGER BARES ALL