

# PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1982 • \$3.00

**CHARLIE'S  
LAST ANGEL**  
**TANYA  
ROBERTS**  
IN A KNOCKOUT  
NUDE PICTORIAL

**JAMES  
MICHENER'S**  
NEW NOVEL,  
"SPACE"

**THE GIRLS  
OF JAPAN**

A PLAYBOY  
SPECIAL REPORT  
**SEX ON  
CAMPUS 1982**  
IT'S HOTTER  
THAN YOU THINK...  
IT'S HOTTER  
THAN WE THOUGHT!

**BAD BLOOD:  
MURDER IN AN  
AMERICAN  
FAMILY**

**PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**  
THE MAN BEHIND  
GARP AND MORK  
**ROBIN  
WILLIAMS**

INSIDE THE  
SEMINARY: A  
RIVETING MEMOIR  
OF CELIBACY,  
SEXUALITY  
AND MANHOOD

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

**HEY, DWIGHT, DID YOU SAY "BUNNY"?  
NO, I SAID "DUCK"**

When American high-jump record holder Dwight Stones stopped by the Playboy Club in Los Angeles, we naturally asked him to perform a Bunny hop. Below, Stones, whose record stands at 7'7¼", easily sails over the ears of Los Angeles Playboy Club Bunnies (from left) Bebe, Connie, Nancy and Nelia. The 28-year-old is training for the 1984 summer Olympics.



## ROBERTS' RULES OF HAND JIVE

In this scene, The Playboy Channel's production team tapes an upcoming feature on ex-Charlie's Angel Tanya Roberts, fondly recalling her wings. Tanya's now starring in the film *The Beastmaster*—and in a heavenly pictorial in this issue.

## WHAT SORT OF WOMAN RUNS PLAYBOY?

Paternal prestidigitation pulled the Rabbit out of the hat, but Christie Hefner has some magic of her own. A recent study shows that only .0000008 percent of American women run PLAYBOY, so every move she makes in her President setting is precedent-setting. We're proud of her and so, clearly, is the gentleman meeting with her at Playboy Mansion West (below).



## KYM'S TOP TIPS FOR SEXY FITNESS FREAKS

March 1981 Playmate Kym Herrin (above, as she looked then) graced a cover and co-authored (with Richard Benyo) a series of shape-up articles titled "Sexercise" for *FIT* magazine. When Kym tells us about sexual fitness, we are attentive.







# SONY EVEN LETS YOU PLAY THE FLIP SIDE OF THE TAPE WITHOUT HAVING TO DROP WHAT YOU'RE DOING.

Ironically, as advanced as cassette decks are, they still present one age-old problem. When one side is finished you have to literally stop what you're doing and turn the tape over.

And while most manufacturers have at one time or other offered decks with auto reverse, the auto reverse on the Sony TC-FX500R does something unusual.

It doesn't stick, or jam, or cause inaccurate tape-head alignment, so it doesn't replace one annoyance with another. With the new Sony 500R you're assured years of uninterrupted listening pleasure.

But what makes the 500R even more pleasurable is the quality and ease of operation.

Put in any tape and the auto tape selector instantly adjusts for the proper tape type.

Dolby C,<sup>®</sup> makes another significant annoyance — tape hiss — a thing of the past.

Because Sony equipped the new 500R with its unique LaserAmorphous head design, you not only get higher highs and lower lows, but greater definition and clarity in the sound as it changes from soft to loud, or vice versa.

The convenience features are all state of the art, like the feather-touch controls that respond to the slightest finger contact for fast, effortless function selection. The Automatic Music Sensor eliminates

the need to hunt and search for your favorite musical selection. And still another time-saver, the "blank skip," automatically takes you to the unrecorded portion of the tape.

In other words, the 500R contains everything you need to make superior recordings, effortlessly, every time.

And Sony did more than just make all this technology possible, they made it eminently affordable.

So the next time you're entertaining guests, having a nice romantic evening, or just trying to master an elusive dance step, consider how much more enjoyable it'll be, thanks to the masterful engineering in the new 500R from Sony.

FEATURES AND SPECIFICATIONS. 8-segment LED meters. Optional RM-70 remote control, RM-65 synchronizer. S/N ratio 59dB (type III tape, Dolby off). Wow & flutter 0.05% (WRMS). Frequency response 30Hz-17kHz  $\pm$ 3dB (metal tape). Sony Corporation of America, Sony Drive, Park Ridge, New Jersey 07656. © 1982 Sony Corp. of America. Sony is a registered trademark of the Sony Corp. Dolby is a registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

**SONY.** The one and only.

# Dr. Porsche invites you to test drive the newest Porsche.

My family, beginning with my father, has been designing and building cars for over 80 years.

Our very first Porsche was the 356.

Now there is a new Porsche: the 944.

It has a new 2.5-liter, 143-hp Porsche engine.

On the track, the 944 accelerates from 0 to 50 mph in 5.9 seconds. And it reaches the 1/4-mile mark from a standing start in only 16.2

seconds at a speed of 84 mph. Its maximum speed: 130 mph.

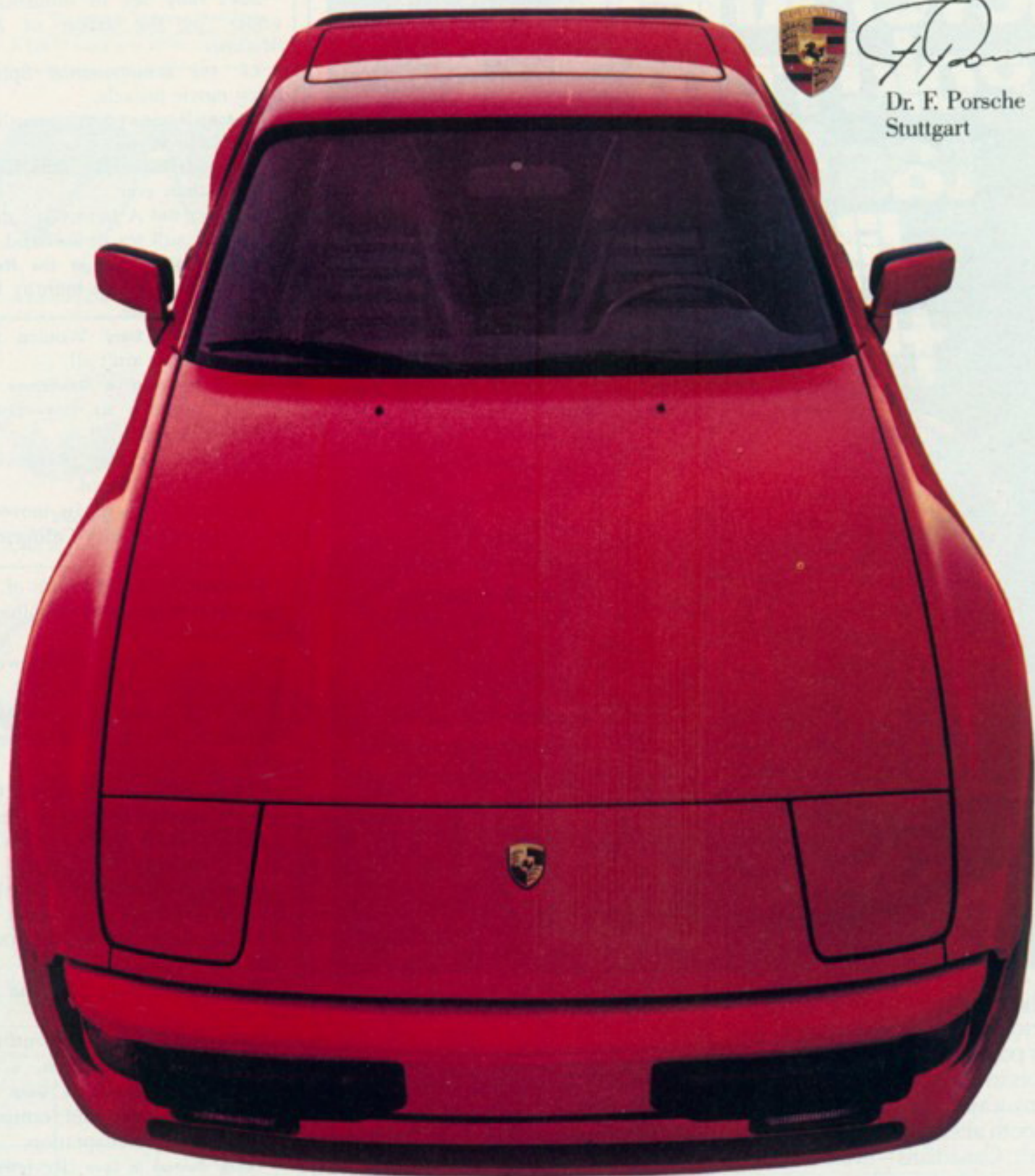
The new 944 also has the Porsche transaxle design, Porsche aerodynamics, and Porsche handling.

To my family, the 944 is more than a new car. It is a new and true Porsche.

At Porsche, excellence is expected.



Dr. F. Porsche  
Stuttgart



## The new 944 Porsche.

\$18,450. New 1983, 944 suggested retail price. P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes, dealer delivery charges additional.

PORSCHE + AUDI





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

We photographed Hiroko Watanabe (right) in the garden of the Royal Hotel in Osaka. The setting is typical of the Japanese respect for artifice: The waterfall is man-made. On the other side is a parking lot. Hiroko brought her own clothes to the shooting. The ceremonial kimono that she chose to wear took three assistants two hours to assemble. It was worth the wait.



*on an expedition  
to the mysterious east,  
a playboy photo crew discovers  
that oriental women  
display disorienting beauty*

# THE GIRLS OF JAPAN









**F**ACE IT, reader-san. Ever since you read *Shōgun*, you've wondered if Mariko were a figment of James Clavell's imagination. Do such women really exist? Images of the tea ceremony, of courage, of grace, of sexual cleverness, the combination of shyness and incredible technique lurk on the edges of your private erotic movies. Last October, we sent our own team of barbarians to the Land of the Rising Sun. Not since Anjin-san was tossed upon those alien shores had there been such a collision of cultures. Associate Photo Editor Jeff Cohen, Staff Photographer Richard Fegley and stylist Jane Friedman had one goal: to scout out the beauties of

Mayako Murata (above) is an aspiring actress. We caught her between takes of a samurai epic, reclining in a one-acre rice paddy in metropolitan Kyoto. Natsuko Kann (above right) is a graduate student at the Tokyo University of Art and Design. When not perfecting her craft as a painter, she travels or does modeling for the Japanese edition of *PLAYBOY*.

Michiko Yazawa (near right) is a Bunny at the Playboy Club of Tokyo. She has studied the classic Japanese art of flower arranging and handicrafts. She hopes someday to open a flower shop. Yuki Ogura (far right) graduated from Tokyo Gakugei University. Now she is a schoolteacher whose hobbies include "driving, studying Buddhist statues, skiing."







Tattoo you? Kumiko Kimura, a piano teacher from Tokyo, reclines in front of four Japanese men who are evidently into needlepoint. Their tattoos cost more than 4,000,000 yen (about \$16,000) and required a year under the needle. We think you can say they proved their point. At far left, showgirls perform at the Nichigeki Music Hall, also in Tokyo.

Ran Shina came from Yokohama, accompanied by a chaperon. Before the shooting ended, both were at play in the bath (below left). That's Ran (left) and Michiko Suzuki (right) a-scrub in the tub. Kaoru Ishida (below right) is a Tokyo-based actress who has appeared in commercials and on 11 PM—the Japanese equivalent of *The Tonight Show*.

the Orient. To do so, they had to adjust to a new etiquette. They found themselves being called Cohen-san, Fegley-san and Jane-san ("The Japanese had a bit of trouble with Friedman-san," said our good-looks ambassador). Our intrepid trio found the experience memorable, quite unlike past trips for such features as the *Girls of the Big Ten* or *The Girls of Kokomo*. (You mean Kokomo is not a suburb of Osaka?) Cohen-san filed the following report: "Quite often, we would stop girls in the street and, through an interpreter, ask if they would like to pose for the American *PLAYBOY*. They did not react like American women. There was no skepticism or fear. They





weren't snobbish or standoffish. There was an innate trust among people. In America, when someone says that he is from PLAYBOY and that he wants you to take your clothes off, the first reaction is distrust. The women I approached were almost kind. They are aware of PLAYBOY—we've long published a Japanese edition. Sometimes the girls would take my number and say, 'Let me call you at five o'clock.' Then they would call and decline. It was their way of saying me embarrassment. They did not turn me down in the street, in front of my associates." Cohen-san was somewhat disconcerted by the way the Japanese interpret shyness: "At first I thought they were incredibly withdrawn. When we did something funny, they (text concluded on page 172)



Above left, Ran Shina (whose picture also appeared on the preceding page) is captured alone on the balcony of the Hakone-en Hotel, located at the foot of Mount Fuji. Ran says she has very Western tastes—among them, roller skating. Above, Mieko Isogai strolls through a tea field in Osaka. After graduating from Izumo High School, she went to work as a Bunny at the Playboy Club of Osaka.

Mutsumi Terashima (left) is also an Osaka Bunny. She likes cooking, drinking beer and listening to music. As for sports, she's game for "everything but bowling." Can't have everything, we guess. Emi Nakayama (right) works as a model in Tokyo. We photographed her at the Kiyomizu Inn in Hakone Yumoto. She likes to ski, play tennis and paint. We're for any self-portrait she does.



# GIRLS OF JAPAN


(continued from page 100)

would hide their laughter behind their hands, the way Southern girls used to use fans. But that shyness has nothing to do with shame about their bodies. When it came to taking off their clothes, there was absolutely no problem. The Japanese are quite used to public nudity. They have grown up with the custom of communal baths and they are proud of their bodies. There are no fat people in Japan, except for sumo wrestlers. The Japanese are incredibly fit. We had some amazing sessions. We took one girl who had never posed before to a public park. We wanted to get her picture in front of a famous shrine. She just took off her clothes, right there, in the middle of the street. There were tour buses, little kids, shoppers, the works. Imagine that happening in Times Square!"

Cohen suggested that there might be a second reason for the ease with which these girls did what might be considered outrageous in America. "It was their sense of commitment, duty. If someone promised to arrive at a shooting at five in the morning, she would be there. If girls said they could work from 12 to four, they were ours for four hours. On the other hand, if you were in the middle of a shooting and the time ran out, that was it. Imagine looking at a sunset. There's a rainbow. A snow-white crane is moving across the horizon. You have the shot of a lifetime. If it was four o'clock, the girl would get up and start to pack. In Japan, they give you their best for the allotted time. Then they go out to play."

We asked Cohen if he had run into any difficulties. "We had a lot of problems with the weather. There was the day we tried to shoot in a typhoon. The wind was blowing with such violence that the girl couldn't even stand up."

Uh, Cohen-san: In America, a typhoon would not be described as "weather." It would be described as news, or a natural disaster.

"We packed up and went into town for *sushi*," Cohen resumed. "The chef invited us into the kitchen. There was an aquarium filled with fish. The chef chose our supper. The fish was flopping all over the table. One assistant held down the head, another held down the tail. The chef sharpened a knife, then, in one stroke, removed a *filet*. The assistant flipped over the fish and he sliced off the other flank. You can't get it fresher than that. I watched him chop it up into *sushi* and *sashimi*—you know, with rice and seaweed. It was terrific." It may be minutes before Cohen-san is ready for another *Girls of Japan* feature. 

## SEX AND THE RISING SUN

*To the Western visitor, Japanese society seems to exhibit a mysterious mixture of openness and prudishness when it comes to sex. We asked Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range, who has spent time on various assignments in the Land of the Rising Sun, to report.*

"I think Japanese girls are like time bombs just waiting to be released," said the young Japanese. "They are so demure and proper on the outside; then, when you finally get to them, it is like an explosion."

On the surface, Japan's is a nearly asexual culture. Schoolgirls wear ankle-length dresses; women are innocent of the plunging neckline. Eye contact is something they make only with their ophthalmologists.

Yet Japan is the land that invented the "love hotel," a fanciful pleasure palace. Perfectly respectable couples visit these sexual emporiums for hours of fun and games with all the paraphernalia of their fantasies. Rotating beds, hanging chairs (with open bottoms), sunken baths, "head chairs" for oral sex and built-in video-tape recorders with hidden microphones are the toys available at Tokyo's famous Meguro Emperor. Prices run from \$16 to \$67 for two hours, from \$42 to \$150 for a full night. Most other love hotels cost less. Yet the Meguro Emperor, a 20-minute subway ride from downtown Tokyo, hosts some 110 couples per day—including threesomes and foursomes several times per week—in its 30 rooms.

In Japan, Western porn movies are toned down to soft-core. In Japanese movies, the women usually wear panties. Yet it is not at all unusual to find a bare-breasted woman being tied and whipped on the regular 11 P.M. soft-porn show on Japanese TV.

Japanese magazines favor very young girls in Lolitalike poses. "We do not have the concept of 'jailbait,'" explains one man. Western magazines containing nudes are heavily censored—all exposed genitals are cruelly scratched out, presumably by a mad misogynist in a dank warehouse at Narita International Airport. Yet every subway kiosk is awash in 300-page comic books depicting a wild mixture of kiddie porn, masturbation, wanton violence and heart-break. New editions appear weekly.

Prostitution is banned in Tokyo—but "Turkish massages" are available for \$125 per hour in Kawasaki, on the outskirts of town. Skilled

Japanese women—sometimes moonlighting students—perform the time-honored Japanese ritual of a double bath combined with a double orgasm.

The prostitution ban has not hampered the proliferation of Tokyo's so-called pink cabarets. On the surface, these are merely strip shows with a penchant for mock S/M scenes in which the girls never remove their panties. But the real draw is the Western strippers imported by the cabarets. After their shows, one customer—chosen by lottery from the audience—is allowed to go on-stage and make love to the stripper. One blonde in Shinjuku fornicates in a Little Bopeep outfit with nothing underneath. She brings the towelettes and condoms in a basket.

Underlying these seeming enigmas is a history free of Freudian introspection and centuries of Biblical guilt. "Traditionally," says one Japanese magazine editor, "sex was entertainment. Only a century ago, with the Meiji restoration, came the concept of Christian chastity." And it finally took General Douglas MacArthur's stern occupation edicts to eradicate the traditional "amusement district" in every city, where men could dispel a day's tensions with, quite literally, wine, women and song. Today, they still go out for the song and the wine (more often, Scotch), but the women are merely bar hostesses who charge dearly for their conversation, then go home alone.

Now Japan seems to be recovering from the repressions of the postwar years. "Men's cocks and women's breasts are becoming larger," insists one Japanese, citing a sexual "white paper" released last year by the government. This may be a reflection of Japan's lingering inferiority complex toward the West, though studies show that with modern nutrition, Japanese are growing taller and heavier. Women's magazines commonly carry graphic instructions, with clinical sketches, on the finer points of fellatio.

Yet it is still a society in which marriage is the goal of every Japanese—man or woman. Among the better families, it is common to have a detective agency check out the backgrounds, both medical and genealogical, of a prospective bride or groom. While polls show that most city girls have had sex before marriage, it is not unheard of for a young bride to undergo plastic surgery to have her "virginity" reinstated.







AT ONE POINT during our recent conversation with Marianne Gravatte, she whipped out a comb, ran it through her sunny locks, then braided them into a pigtail at the nape of her neck. She added a spangle from her purse to the end of the pigtail and tied a brightly colored band around her forehead. The whole process seemed to take seconds. She was instantly transformed from lush and lovely into bright and sporty. Amazingly, although she had not once consulted a mirror, the finished coif was perfectly done.

The change was significant. In that moment, she had gone from

*Shy Marianne's a professional model who prefers natural sunlight to the glare of the camera flash. "I'm happiest," she says, "when I'm at home around the family and the people I know."*

## *Model Citizen*

*marianne gravatte may have been backward as a schoolgirl, but now she has everything going in the right direction*





professional model to private person, and she seemed to breathe a sigh of relief. Private person, you see, is a bit of an understatement. Marianne is one of the quietest, shiest people we've ever run across. For her to be a model is like the triumph of paper over scissors or like water running backward. Yet she is determined to make it in one of the most public of professions.

Marianne has been modeling for a year now. She has appeared in ads for jeans, wet suits, beer, pools and motorcycles. For a shy girl, she moves a lot of product. But each time she is asked to appear



*Her attractiveness and the attention it generates make it difficult for Marianne to maintain the low profile she prefers. "I don't like people to think I'm somehow better than they are," she says. Despite her protests, she's hardly just one of the girls.*

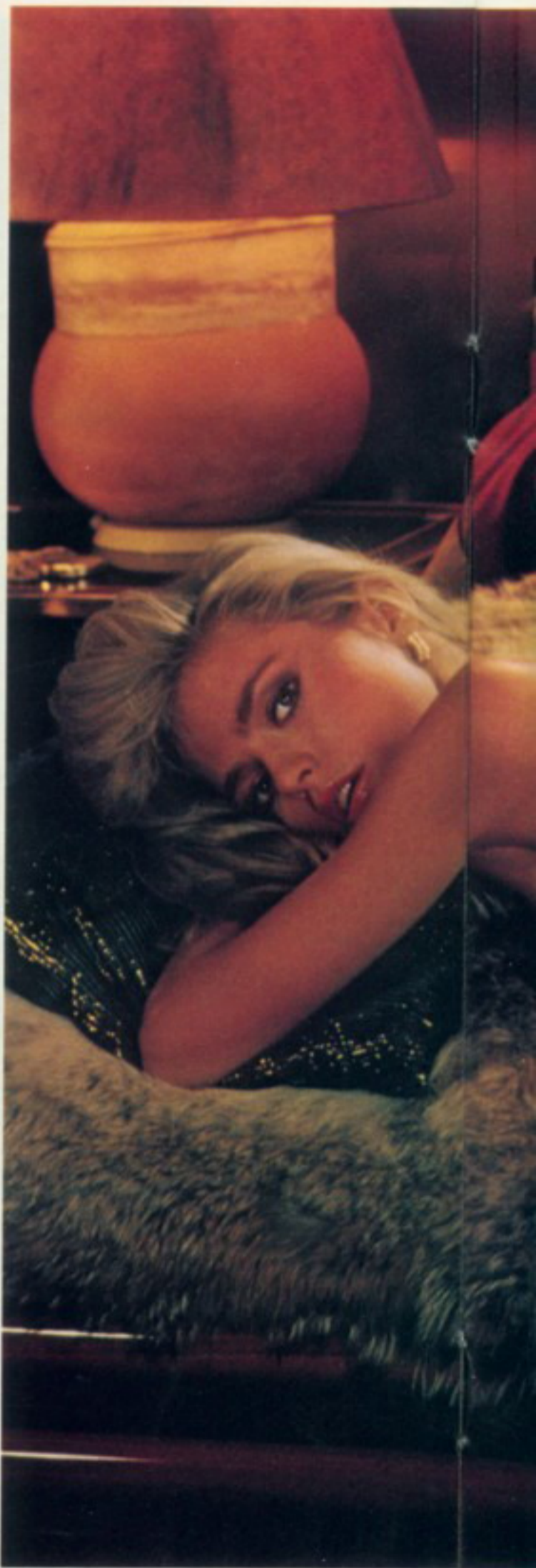




before the camera, she swallows hard. "Right now," she told us, "I'm the least shy I've ever been in my life. There was a time when if I didn't know a phone number, I would be too embarrassed to call Information. At school, I'd never do an oral book report. I'd arrange to be absent on that day. But gradually, I'm getting out of it. Every



*Among the pressures of being a model is maintaining a glamorous image. "I always feel that I have to look my best even when I don't want to," says Marianne, who obviously wanted to here.* 111



Marriage is very much a part of Marianne's future plans. She is decidedly domestic. An accomplished seamstress, she says, "I sew about half of my clothes. It's a lot cheaper than buying them. I also like to cook, but I'm not really that good at it as yet. Some things I do well, but my apple pie comes out looking like apple soup!"



job I do now gets a little easier for me." Marianne is at a loss to explain why she is so reserved. Her startling looks may have something to do with it. She simply attracts attention whether or not she wants to. And, as she says, "Being the center of attention makes me nervous." As a result, she avoids public contact as much as she can. Raised in a Los Angeles suburb, she still lives there, driving to the city only for a modeling call. "I don't like cities; they're too noisy. I feel best in the mountains, where it's quiet." One of her favorite places to be is along the Colorado River, where she and her boyfriend regularly go for a little boating and water-skiing. There, in the bosom of nature, she is at peace. "The air is clear and dry and the sun is warm, not hot and sticky as it is in the city. I like the feeling of having nothing to do but lie



Checking in at her agency (right), Marianne goes over her portfolio with Valerie Cragin, head of Playboy Models. On the job (below right), photographer Tom Kelley, Jr., whose father shot the original PLAYBOY Marilyn Monroe centerfold, tests Marianne for a Clarion Car Stereo ad. Then it's off to the Colorado River (bottom right) for a wet schuss.



in the sun." Her love of the river is surpassed only by her love of animals. At one time, she wanted to be a zookeeper, "just to feed the baby animals all day," until she learned that such a job would take seven years of schooling. Now she is content to play zookeeper to her seven cats and two birds. Only one of the cats was purchased; the rest are strays she has taken in. Cats do not make her nervous.

Appropriately, one of Marianne's screen idols is Clint Eastwood, known for playing the strong, silent type. Marianne hasn't got the strong part down yet, but she's working on it. Her appearance in PLAYBOY, as you may imagine, is a big step for her. There is resolve in her voice as she explains her coming out: "I figured, for once in my life, I'm going to take a chance!"

For someone with Marianne's looks and quiet charm, it's hardly a gamble.





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marianne Abauite

BUST: 34 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: Dec. 13, 1959 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, California

AMBITIONS: to continue modeling as long as possible, then get married and start a family.

TURN-ONS: Colorado River, clean air, animals, spending money, good music, fast cars and boats.

TURN-OFFS: Crowds, getting up early, traffic, rude people, smog, liver and flying.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing, jet skiing, boating, racquetball, snow skiing and bicycle riding.

FAVORITE FOODS: Frozen bananas, milk, cheese, baked potatoes, artichokes, scallops and crab legs.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Johnny Carson, Steve Martin, The Cars.

IDEAL MAN: Patient, honest, outgoing, content, affectionate and fairly athletic.

SECRET FANTASY: To live on a tropical island, with my ideal man and lots of exotic pets.



Don't count me out!



looking sultry



turn that fan off!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The other day," said the woman to the psychiatrist, "I happened to find my son and the little girl next door both naked, examining each other's bodies."

"That's not unusual," smiled the psychiatrist. "I wouldn't worry about it."

"But I *am* worried, doctor," insisted the woman, "and so is my son's wife!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a male motorist who picks up a girl who's already walking home from a date.

Sign on a partition of a Y.M.C.A. washroom stall: WATCH OUT FOR LIMBO DANCERS!



Looking over the rules and regulations for the Miss American Nymphomaniac Beauty Pageant, we noticed that the judges are permitted to enter as many times as they like.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adultery* as putting yourself in someone else's position.

I suppose I accepted this low-paying junior post at this Ivy League institution for two dissimilar reasons," the young instructor told a colleague over his third sherry in the faculty-club lounge. "One was a natural craving for academic prestige. The other was an equally natural interest in the rumored presence in the student body of some—let's say—quite sexually adventurous coeds."

"And have your . . . well, your expectations been realized here?" inquired the colleague.

"In part—but only in part. I've found that one can't eat prestige."

When they asked a pert baggage named Alice, Who'd been bedded and banged in the palace,

"Was he modest or vain?

Was he regal or plain?"

She replied, "He's a jolly good phallus!"

It's been called to our attention that if Count Dracula had been burned at the stake, the result would have been Transylvanian ghoulish ash.

The woman appeared at the breakfast table resplendent in curlers and chin strap. Her husband glanced up from his newspaper. "Why can't you look like you did when we got married?" he growled.

"How can I?" she snapped back. "I'm not pregnant."

Corrective historical footnote: John Marshall's promiscuous mistress was actually the first woman to sit on the Supreme Court.

I have a thing for lean, rangy men," said the new stenographer dreamily, "and that Ralph in sales is certainly a long, tall drink of water."

"Look, I hate to burst your bubble, honey," responded the female office veteran, "but for a long, tall drink of water, Ralph's got one hell of a short straw."

Substituting sex for cigarettes," the physician told the chain smoker, "may make it easier for you to give them up."

"My God, doctor," reacted the middle-aged man, "do you realize how many smokes there are in a pack?"

Our Unabashed Military Dictionary defines *lesbian recruits* as WACs fruit.

There's a vicar who's classed as nefarious,  
Since his shocking perversions are various. . . .

He will bugger a lad

With a dildo (the cad!)

While exulting, "My pleasure's vicarious!"

You have a back problem that's fairly common among girls in your line of work," the physician informed the prostitute. "It's known as curvature of the supine."



After bedding me by convincing me that his sex digit was some sort of magic wand," the girl morosely confided to a female colleague, "the smooth bastard simply went and tore himself off a quickie."

"I know the type," commiserated her confidante, "a presto digitator."

Maybe you've heard about the girl who dates heavyweight politicians because she enjoys being under the influence.

What's the act of this so-called very special girl performer of yours?" grunted the sleaze-club manager.

"Laverne is a—shall we say—really up-front contortionist," replied the agent. "She puts her monkey where her mouth is."

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.



*"The bottle stopped at Leonard! Leonard gets to fuck the bottle!"*

PLAYING

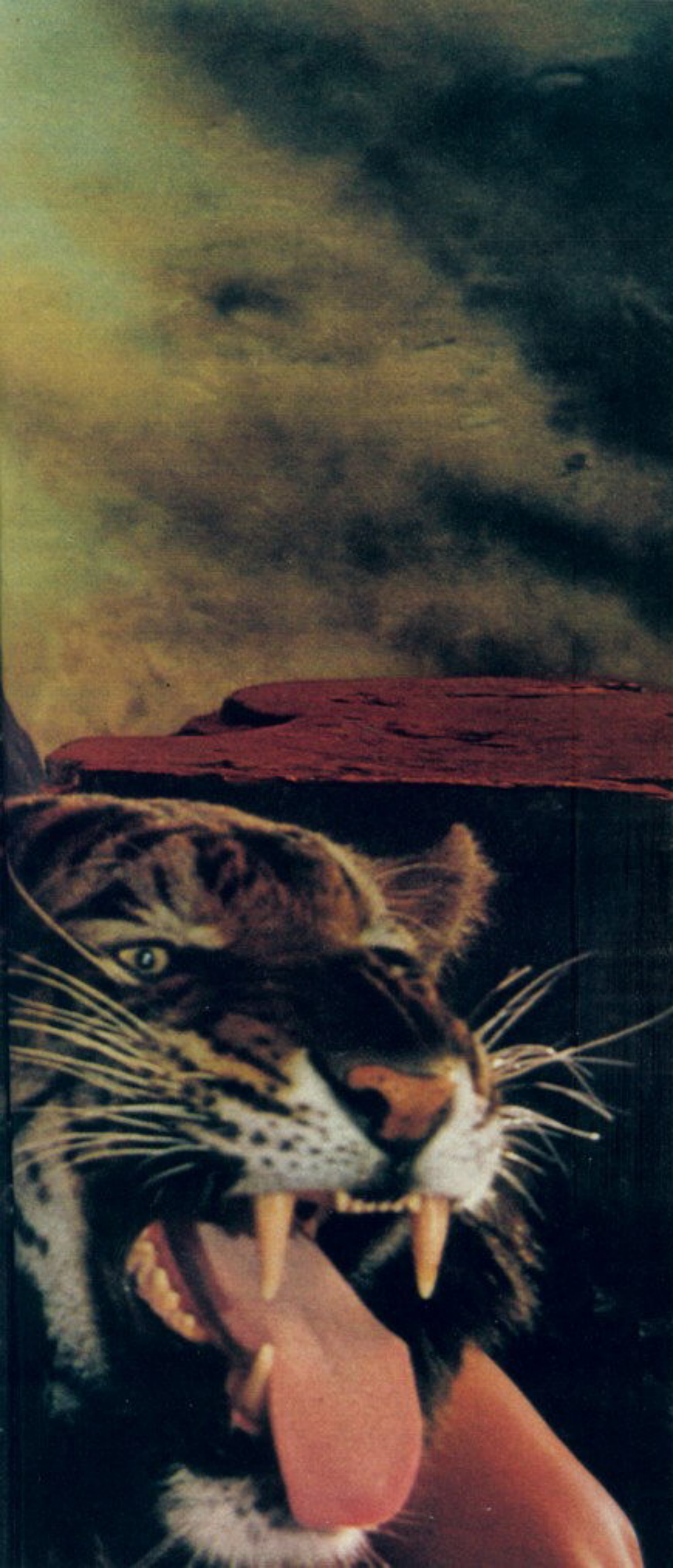
# DOCTOR



*"young doctors in love"  
star michael mckean offers  
his professional diagnosis  
of old medicine shows*







*all hail mrs. roberts,  
a bronx-bred fallen angel  
unveiling her wilder side  
in "the beastmaster"*

# TANYA



The swan song of *Charlie's Angels* marked a big beginning for scrumptious Tanya (above left) opposite superchicks Jaclyn Smith (center) and Cheryl Ladd. "I loved working on it," recalls Tanya, originally passed over as "too young."

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY  
PRODUCED BY MARILYN GRABOWSKI







Lions and tigers don't scare her as much as nude scenes used to, but, Tanya notes philosophically, "If you're young and attractive in films today, you're going to do nudity. We can thank Bo Derek for that; also Nastassia Kinski, who's always running around naked." Still, you'll see less of Tanya in *The Beastmaster* (left) than you do in *PLAYBOY*. You saw more of Bo here, too.



"I'd say I'm more involved with my body than with my face. . . . I've got what photographers call a 'wet' face, which kind of moves and expresses a lot." Photographer Richard Fegley found Tanya's body English especially eloquent, and we concur. Even the king-ly lion, you'll note, looks impressed.






Creating an elegant erotic fantasy in the company of two giant cats can be a hairy experience, but Tanya wanted the pictures to be "absolutely ethereal, like a dream—jungle magic." Although the cats look friendly, two lucky trainers were always at hand during the shooting to soothe the savage beasts and safeguard the proud beauty. Maybe it's significant that Tanya's astrological sign is Libra rising in Leo.







A photograph of a woman lying on a table with her legs crossed, and a dog lying on the floor in the foreground. The woman is positioned horizontally across the middle of the frame, with her legs extended to the right. She is wearing a dark, possibly black, bikini. Her skin is a warm, golden-brown tone. The table she is lying on is covered with a dark, textured material, possibly a tarp or a heavy cloth. In the foreground, a dog is lying on its side on a dark, textured surface, possibly a rug or a mat. The dog's fur is a mix of brown and black, and it appears to be resting or sleeping. The background is dark and indistinct, with some light-colored, possibly metallic, objects visible. The overall lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows, creating a moody atmosphere.

Tonya's inimitably seductive feline glare is apparently all it takes to make a pet purr. "Good looks are great," she allows, "but I don't want to be a flash in the pan . . . I intend to have a long career." Every scrap of available evidence suggests that this Roberts is perfectly capable of writing her own rules.





*"Personal opinions are out of place here, Miss Warren—you have to sell them condoms whether you think they deserve to get laid or not!"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

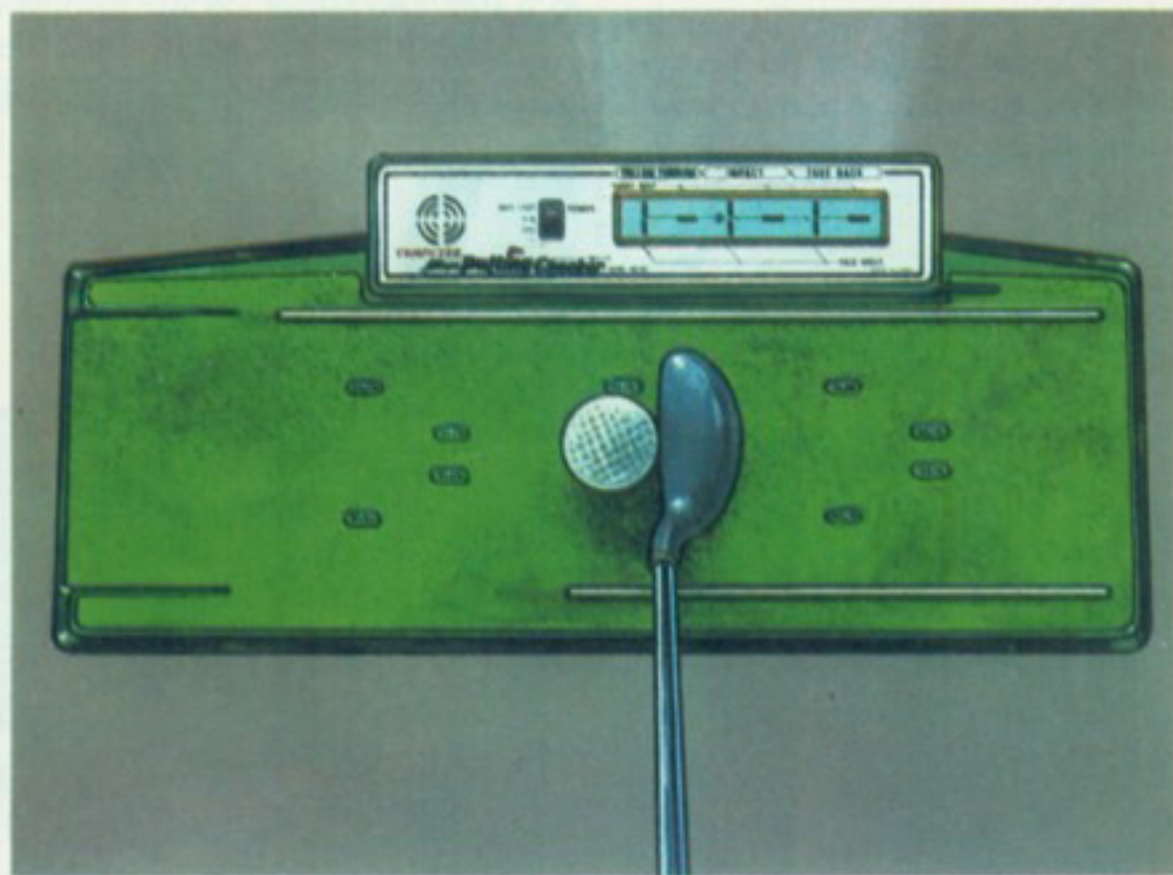


## ORIENTAL BEDDY BUY

Sealy Mattress may have coined the phrase, but the Japanese have known for more than 4000 years that "Sleeping on a *futon* is like sleeping on a cloud"—a *futon* being an Oriental roll that becomes a feather-soft bed by night and a contoured sofa by day. (Or you can just roll it up and stash it in a closet.) Original Bed Inc., P.O. Box 23453, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55423, sells the beds in a variety of sizes and colors, beginning at \$75. Sheets, pillows and a wooden *futon* slat bed are also available. Original Bed's \$2 color brochure explains all. Anyone for a chorus of *The Japanese Sandman*?

## A LINK WITH ANNIE

If you dug *Annie* and are as rich as Daddy Warbucks, you may want to make an off-the-cuff move and acquire a pair of 14-kt. solid-gold cuff links fashioned by their manufacturer, Supreme Creations, into a dazzling replica of Big Daddy himself. Robert C. Kamen Jewelry, 29 East Madison Street, Suite 1608, Chicago, Illinois 60602, sells the links for \$400 a pair. To discourage muggers, you might wear them with a pair of six-shooters named Punjab and The Asp.



## PUTT OUT OR GET OUT

According to golf's big boys, putting strokes account for about 43 percent of an average duffer's score, and 20 percent better putting will drop a ten handicap to a four. That's why you might consider sinking \$249 into a battery-powered Putting Checker that emits computerized light beams that not only read the angle of the putter face and the position of the sweet spot but also show instantly on a display screen the path your putter has traveled. (Putt properly and you get a long beep of congratulations.) Miya Epoch USA, 1635 Crenshaw Boulevard, Torrance, California 90501, is the manufacturer, and for an additional \$120, it'll also send you a Putting Trainer that automatically returns the ball to you. Your move, swinger.

## BUREAUCRAT'S MEOW

This five-inch-high, tight-lipped, weak-kneed, dull-suited thumb twiddler of a doll is called The Bureaucrat, and, like its namesake, it has absolutely no redeeming social value except to sit around gathering dust. A company named Dots Okay, 4437 Stark Place, Annandale, Virginia 22003, sells The Bureaucrat for \$11.50, postpaid, including *The Bureaucrat Survival Guide*. When your Bureaucrat arrives, put it on a stack of papers. Know what happens? Nothing.





**RATED PG**

Alas, at \$65 a copy, only the wealthiest members of the Drones Club will be able to afford *P. G. Wodehouse: A Centenary Celebration 1881-1981* (Oxford University Press)—a collection of 25 essays on everything from “Wodehouse on Crime” to “Lunching with Plum,” plus a bibliography of just about everything else Wodehouse wrote, including the novel *Quick Service* and the play *A Damsel in Distress*. The editors are James H. Heineman and Donald R. Bensen—surely, two noms de plume for Bertie Wooster and Jeeves if ever we heard them.

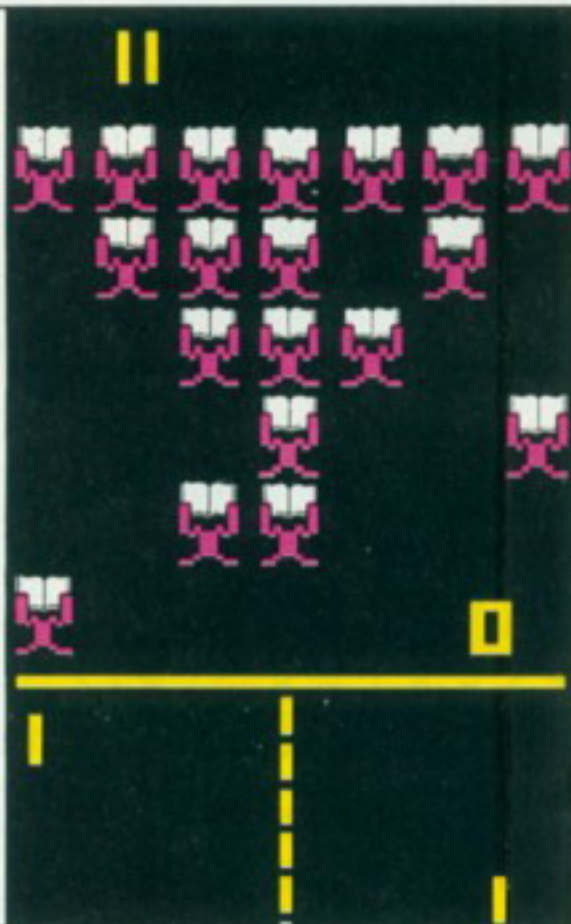
**HOT TO FLY**

Chili peanuts, *Salsa Sabrosa*, dehydrated limes and other fiery delights are the stock in trade of Tia Mia, a company at 720 Walnut Street, El Paso, Texas 79903, that specializes in airmailing out-of-the-ordinary Mexican foods to north-of-the-border gourmets with asbestos stomachs. Tia Mia’s latest catalog is \$2.50 and includes mouth- (and eye-) watering recipes for *nachos* and *Jalapeño* mustard and artichokes, among others. Sorry; no Tex-Mex Bromo is included.



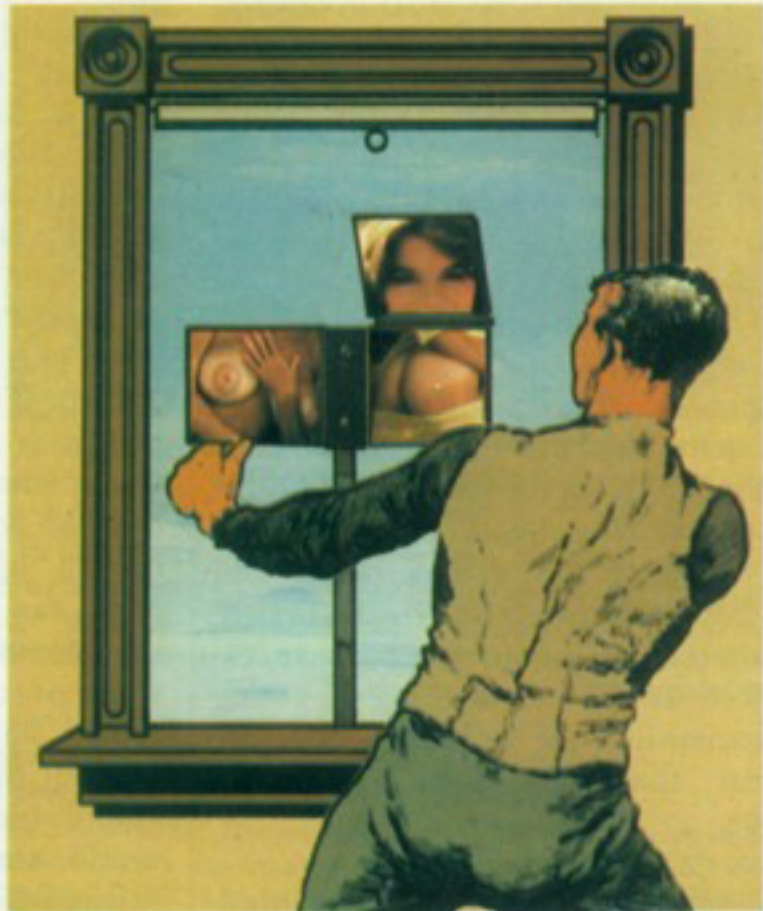
**ELECTRONIC GAMES PEOPLE PLAY**

“Women Join the Arcade Revolution,” “Stalking the Left-handed Joystick” and a story about the computer game *Castle Wolfenstein*, in which you’re an Allied prisoner who has to blast his way out of a Nazi torture castle, are just some of the articles to appear recently in *Electronic Games*, a slick new 100-page magazine that celebrates the phenomenon spawned by Pong. A subscription to *Electronic Games* is \$28, sent to 235 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. Or think of the price as 112 games of Pac-Man.



**EARLY PEEP SHOW**

Rumor has it that one of Ben Franklin’s lesser-known inventions was a curious three-sided mirror called *The Busybody*, which enabled anyone inside a building to see down the street in either direction and directly in front of the building without being seen himself. So for those who want to check out the scene the way Franklin did, *The Busybody Shoppe*, P.O. Box 307, Claymont, Delaware 19703, is selling the mirror for only \$29.95, postpaid. Come to think of it, it’s no wonder old Benny’s days and nights were so electric.



**SCREAMS, INC.**

Every man’s castle needs a ghost, and if you’d like a family poltergeist that’s truly creepy, then Feartek Productions, at Seven East 20th Street, New York, New York 10003, is just a scream away. Feartek manufactures the makings for haunted houses; the life-sized female apparition at left costs \$995, while other ghoulish Feartek throat clutchers range from a gargoyle skull (\$29) to a huge Troll King (\$1995) holding an animated twitching frog. Feartek’s color catalog costs \$17.50. It’s a real grabber.





Graham Wilson

*"Look, fella, I'm sorry. What more can I say?"*

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**S**OLLY GETS ANNIE A DATE TO JUMP OUT OF A BIRTHDAY CAKE, NUDE. DID YOU EVER WONDER AT THIS CURIOUS CUSTOM? WHY, FOR INSTANCE, DOESN'T A NUDE JUMP OUT OF POTATO SALAD? OR A RIB ROAST? AFTER ALL, NOT EVERYBODY LIKES DESSERT.



WE'RE GETTING BIG BUCKS FOR THIS GIG, HONEY, SO YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO -

WHERE IS PIERRE, MY HELPER?



CAKES BAKED FOR WEDDINGS • DIVORCES PALIMONY AWARDS ROASTS • WAKES

IS THE BAKER SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE WITH ME?

SACRE-BLEU, MY DOUGH IS RISING!

PIERRE!

RE-MEMBER, SWEETIE, WHEN YOU HEAR TWO RAPS, YOU JUMP OUT AND YELL, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"



(SOB!) NOBODY REMEMBERS IT'S MY BIRTHDAY, TOO! I'M TWENTY YEARS OLD TODAY AND NOBODY CARES!

RAP! RAP!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



JEEPERS!

SUR-PRISE !!

YO!  
HERE COMES  
GOD'S GIFT!

HOW  
TACKY! IT'S  
A GOOD THING  
I DIDN'T BRING  
SKIP AND  
MUFFY.

SHE  
COULD'VE  
AT LEAST  
WORN AN  
IZOD PATCH!

PIERRE,  
YOU ARE  
FIRED!

LEAPIN'  
LIZARDS...  
EVERYONE'S  
HERE!

HEY,  
ANNIE,  
WANT TO  
PUMP  
IRON?

WE  
NEED  
A  
FOURTH  
FOR  
MIXED  
DOUBLES!

JUMP  
IN, JUMP  
OUT,  
DARLING,  
BUT DON'T  
EVER EAT!

HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY  
AND TAKE A  
DEEP BREATH,  
DEAR.

ANNIE,  
I'M IN  
LOVE!  
THE MIXING-  
OF-THE-  
RACES THING  
DOESN'T  
BOTHRER  
ME...

TO-  
MORROW  
WE'VE  
GOT A BAR  
MITZVAH  
AND YOU  
GET TO  
JUMP OUT  
OF A  
BAGEL!

YOU  
WILL HAVE  
A HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY!

LET  
US DISCUSS  
GLOBAL  
STRATEGY IN  
PRIVATE IN ORDER  
TO ACHIEVE  
A FIRM  
COMMIT-  
MENT!

NEEDS  
MORE  
NUDITY.

STICK  
WITH US,  
ANNIE,  
AND WE'LL  
GET YOU  
ADMITTED  
TO THE  
BAR!

HIC!

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR  
!

HAPPY  
BIRTH-  
AWK!

THEY  
PROMISED I  
COULD LICK  
HER ICING!

NEEDS  
MORE  
NUDITY!

HAPPY  
BIRTH-  
DAY!

WHO  
CAN BE  
HAPPY  
?

WHAT  
NEXT  
?

MANDUCK  
GESTURES  
HYPNOTICALLY

HI!

SWINGERS  
AC

SWINGERS  
AC

THERE SHE  
WENT!  
GORE, AIDS,  
NUCLEAR  
DROPPA

SAVE THE  
WHALES!  
NO NUDITY!  
I'VE  
BEEN  
EATING  
ANIMAL

HE LOCKED HER BIRTHDAY-GIFT BOTTLE OF EMOTION LOTION IN THE CAR, AND NOW WE CAN'T FIND THE KEYS!

DID YOU SEARCH YOUR POCKETS?  
WHO'S GOT POCKETS?

'ATSASOME SPICY MEAT-BALLS!

SHE'S-A MINE. I'M A CON-SIGLIERE!

SHE'S-A MINE! I'M A CAPO MAFIOSO!

SHE'S-A MINE! I'M-A PLAIN HORNY!

I'M A GOD-FATHER!

I'M A FAIRY GOD-FATHER!

CHECK ME! MATE ME!

WHEN I RAP, YOU EMERGE WITH FLAMING BATONS, SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY."

WASP AND PUNCHJAB WILL FOLLOW CLOSE BEHIND.

I WANT A RAISE!

NEXT, SHE'LL INVITE THEM ALL BACK TO THE APARTMENT...AND I JUST SHAMPOOED THE RUG!

# HAPPY 20<sup>th</sup> BIRTHDAY LITTLE ANNIE FANNY

SHE DOESN'T LOOK A DAY OLDER THAN SHE DID IN 1962 WHEN SHE CAME TO LIFE ON THESE PAGES. IF NOTHING ELSE, THE COMIC STRIP HAS FOUND THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH. SO SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY WHILE SHE DOES HER COMIC STRIP FOR YOU AND HER FRIENDS! \*



- \* 1-ANNIE, 2-MACHO MITCH, 3-DUNCAN HEPPLEWHITE, 4-ERNIE SCHPRITZWASSER, 5-LEM LAVERSON, 6-HEADSTONE MEL, 7-RALPH RAIDER, 8-BEAST OF THE HEALTH SPA, 9-HUCK BUXTON, 10-BENTON BATT-BARTON, 11-SOLLY BRASS, 12-DOCTORS KILLCARE, GILLESPIE, ZOREBACK, CASEBOOK, 13-WANDA HOMEFREE, 14-THE MAFIA, 15-FEDERICO MOFFUNDZALLO, 16-LAWYERS DIXON-MASON, DEFENDER AND DEFENDER, 17-MANDUCK THE MAGICIAN, 18-MISTER SPEEK, 19-PORTNOY ALEXANDER, 20-POPEYE HACKMAN, 21-RALPHIE TOWZER, 22-BOBBY FISHEY, 23-PUNCHJAB, 24-THE WASP, 25-SUGARDADDY BIGBUCKS, 26-HANK HUNGWELL, 27-RUTHIE THE ROOMMATE, 28-MR.DINKYWINKY, 29-JAMES BOMB, 30-DR.KISSINGBUG, 31-HERB SPARKS, 32-HEF, 33-EDITOR STEVENS, 34-FELIX, 35-DOWNS, 36-ELDER, 37-KURTZMAN.

END



**She's Got the Whole World in Her Hands**

Comedienne ELAYNE BOOSLER is a very funny lady in a profession filled primarily with men. Boosler's beat is the world of single women and dating/relationship rituals, and TV audiences know her from appearances on the *Late Night with Dave Letterman* show. We want to know just one thing: Do we get a piece of the rock?

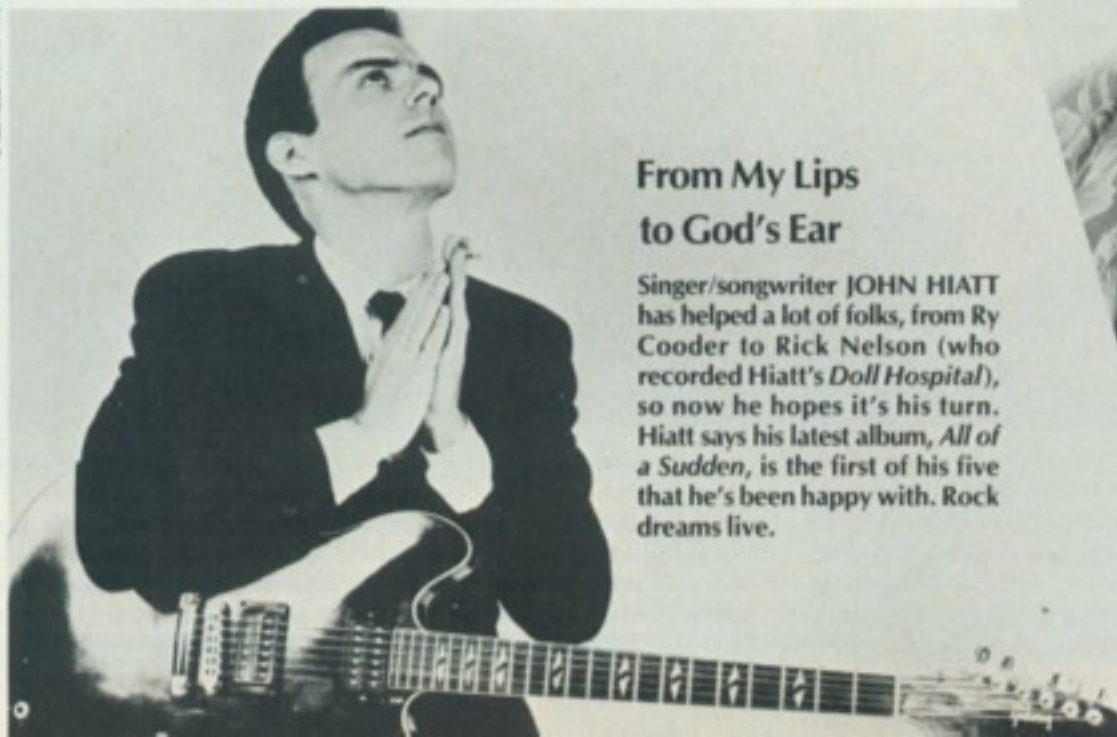
**Spare Parts**

*Nuevo Wavo* is punk Tex-Mex, just in case you've been asleep and missed JOE "KING" CARRASCO—though by now, you've probably heard *Don't Let a Woman (Make a Fool out of You)*, with harmony by Michael Jackson. That's a ditty we don't expect Warren Beatty to cover. Carrasco and band will be touring Europe by the time you read this. That is, if he can put his backup singer together again.



**Beauty and the Beat**

Talking Heads bass player TINA WEYMOUTH doubles as a member of a funk group, the Tom Tom Club. Tom Tom has been opening for the Talking Heads on their tour, and the band includes two of Tina's sisters. We call that taking a head count.



**From My Lips to God's Ear**

Singer/songwriter JOHN HIATT has helped a lot of folks, from Ry Cooder to Rick Nelson (who recorded Hiatt's *Doll Hospital*), so now he hopes it's his turn. Hiatt says his latest album, *All of a Sudden*, is the first of his five that he's been happy with. Rock dreams live.



## How Do You Spell Relief?

When DAVID JOHANSEN's live album, *Live It Up*, was released, we were glad to note that it contained a couple of songs from the New York Dolls days, as well as songs from each of his three previous solo records. We had no idea, however, that we'd get a Mexican hat dance, too.



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## The Golan Heights

This incredibly lovely young woman used to be a soldier—in the Israeli army—and more recently was part of the army that made *Masada* for American television. She's putting a pop-music act together for touring and, like a lot of other young stars, has a poster out. ORLY OH is our celebrity breast of the month.



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## You Can Help This Man. Or You Can Turn the Page

Well, what can we tell you about IGGY that you don't already know? Or even want to know? Peck's bad boy of rock continues to roll along, and we were amused when we noticed that his latest album had finally found a label worthy of his work: Animal Records. Kidding aside, *Zombie Birdhouse* was produced by Blondie's Chris Stein, who has gone a long way toward making the strange accessible. Maybe there's hope for Iggy.



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## TOO MANY FISH IN THE SEA?

We report this item as an important new stratagem in the dating ritual that may or may not lead to sex on campus. The late-breaking word from the halls of ivy this year is Jaws. Yes, like the movie—only it's a type of party sometimes called a land-shark party. It's just like any other party except that at a certain point, someone slips the sound



GARRICK MADISON

track from *Jaws* onto the turntable. That theme signals to participants that they must bend over and attempt to bite the bottom of a member of the opposite sex. Remembering that every biter is a potential bitee, you can imagine the fast moves on the floor, reminiscent of those glory days when the tango arrived on our shores. And to think that we were about to start calling current collegians the ennui generation. Above, the preppie version.

## HORSESHOE MEANS GOOD LUCK FOR GONORRHEA

Until now, any talk of crabs in the context of venereal disease has made people, well, crabby. New research may give women, in particular, reason to rejoice when the subject next comes up. For almost 20 years, scientists have known that the blood of a horseshoe crab clots in the presence of the bacteria that cause gonorrhea. Recently, two Ohio State University professors, Vincent Spagna, M.D. (clinical assistant professor and assistant director of the Columbus, Ohio, health department's venereal-disease clinic), and Richard Prior, Ph.D. (associate professor), have applied that knowledge

to come up with a test for female gonorrhea that is safe and fast. First, a sample of cervical secretions is diluted in water. That solution is instilled into a test tube containing freeze-dried horseshoe-crab blood. If the blood doesn't clot to form a gel within 30 minutes, the woman has a clean bill of health. Why all the excitement, you ask? Well, the current way to treat gonorrhea is to give a shot of antibiotic immediately, whether or not the doctor is certain that his patient has the disease. The fast action is necessary because gonorrhea is dangerous. But giving antibiotics is not without its own complications, since it alters the body's balance of bacteria; further, it's a bummer to be treated for a disease that you may not have. Not to mention the price of antibiotics. The research will also explore the use of the test with men. Drs. Spagna and Prior are awaiting FDA approval of the test.

## PUERTO RICAN STEROID BLUES

Widespread premature puberty among children in Puerto Rico continues to puzzle doctors there. A recent study of 272 such cases among boys and girls under the age of eight

revealed premature breast enlargement, pubic hair and increased levels of gonadotropin and estrogen, among other abnormalities.


While a cause for the condition has not yet been pin-pointed, researchers call the situation a serious health problem. Suspected causes are food additives, contaminants and other environmental factors. Several pediatricians suspect chemicals used in meat production, possibly steroids. Therefore, they are urging a reassessment of meat-processing procedures.

## QUICHE-EATERS' REVENGE: BIRTH-CONTROL FLORENTINE

Scientific studies that have come to light seem to explain why so-called real men don't eat spinach quiche.

According to hematologist Ananda S. Prasad of Wayne State University in Detroit, a mild zinc deficiency results in lowering the sperm count. What causes a zinc deficiency? Surely, not a real-man diet of red meat, the body's main source of dietary zinc.

June Kelsay of the U.S. Department of Agriculture traces zinc deficiency to the oxalic acid in spinach when combined with a high-fiber diet. After eating lots of spinach for four weeks, test subjects excreted five percent more zinc than they consumed.

Keeping in mind that U.S. sperm density has spiraled downward dramatically in this century while spinach entrees are a national food, we are left to conclude that spinach quiche is a likely, though untested, oral contraceptive for men and that Popeye was probably not Swee'pea's natural father. 



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A. ACE BURGESS/ACE'S ANGELS

News flash: Above left, WMET-FM news director Mark Scheerer takes a look at what's *outside* cinema sex star Marilyn Chambers during an on-air interview in Chicago. The ever-progressive Chambers informed listeners that she had fingered the pulse of the communications field and gotten into video with a one-woman cable-TV production. Above right, a cameraman focuses on a scene from her program *Sex Surrogate*, coming out this fall. The play's the thing.

## NEXT MONTH:



GEORGE MILLS



HANDICAP SERIES



CINEMA SEX



CELEBRITY HIGH

**"WILL THE DEMOCRATS SURVIVE REAGANISM?"**—PROBABLY. BUT FIRST, THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE MUST RETURN TO ITS ROOTS. A THOUGHTFUL REPORT BY **ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.**

**"GEORGE MILLS"**—IN THIS SECOND HELPING FROM A NEW NOVEL, THE RESIDENTS OF A TOWN IN FLORIDA TURN A YOUNG BOY INTO A SORCERER'S APPRENTICE—BY **STANLEY ELKIN**

**"THE CHEAP AGONY OF UGLY GEORGE"**—IS HE ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST ACTS ON CABLE OR JUST A PITIFUL PERVERT? A LIBERATING INFLUENCE OR ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF URBAN BLIGHT? WE TAG ALONG TO FIND OUT—BY **D. KEITH MANO**

**"HOW I BROKE THE BANK AT THE WORLD SERIES OF HANDICAPPING"**—AN EVERYDAY RACING FAN COMPETES WITH THE BEST BETTORS IN THE BUSINESS. PUT YOUR MONEY ON THE LINE FOR **JAY CRONLEY**

**"SEX IN CINEMA—1982"**—IF ONE'S TO JUDGE BY THE GUYS WHO PUT ON WOMEN'S CLOTHES IN FILMS, THIS YEAR HAS REALLY BEEN A DRAG. OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP—BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT**

**LUCIANO PAVAROTTI** TALKS ABOUT WINE, WOMEN, SONG, DIETING AND HIS RIVALRY WITH **PLACIDO DOMINGO** FOR THE SPOT OF *PRIMO TENORE* IN A FULL-THROATED **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**"THE SECOND COMING"**—WHEN THE ANGEL OF THE LORD APPEARED UNTO LARRY, HE HARDLY RECOGNIZED HER. A FUNNY SHORT STORY—BY **MITCH SISKIND**

**"A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR THE ABOLITION OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS"**—SINCE THERE'S NOT A DIME'S WORTH OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN STUDENT ATHLETES AND PROS, LET'S STOP PRETENDING THERE IS—BY **JOHN SCHULIAN**

**"CELEBRITY HIGH YEARBOOK"**—YOU MAY HAVE HAD PROBLEMS RECOGNIZING THE FACES AT YOUR CLASS REUNION, BUT YOU'LL HAVE FUN MATCHING THESE MUGS WITH THEIR OWNERS' FAMOUS NAMES—A COMPENDIUM BY **DAN CARLINSKY**