

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1981 • \$2.50

**GIRLS OF THE  
SOUTHEASTERN  
CONFERENCE  
DON'T MISS PART II**

**NO SMALL  
TALK HERE  
AN INTENSE  
INTERVIEW  
WITH DONALD  
SUTHERLAND**

**EL SALVADOR'S  
SAVAGE SOUL  
AN EYEWITNESS  
REPORT**

**PLAYBOY'S NEW  
ATLANTIC CITY  
HOTEL AND  
CASINO  
A REFUGE  
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**MAUD  
ADAMS  
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IN A PLAYBOY  
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TATTOO**

**PEACE IN THE  
COMBAT ZONE  
A PREVIEW  
OF THE AGE  
OF SEXUAL  
DETENTE**



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## ROUND AND ROUND AND UP AND DOWN WE GO

Above left, Hef hoops up for his annual Memorial Day Madcap Marathon, an inspiring occasion characterized by offbeat athletic contests among his friends. Some call it the clash of the celebrity titans. Above right, marathoner Ciri, evidencing the fact that Playboy Mansion West is truly a sportsman's paradise, suits up for the vigorous, if not exactly rigorous, wet-T-shirt event. With games like this, who needs the N.F.L.?

## BARBARAMANIA!

Last January, Barbara Bach starred in her own PLAYBOY pictorial. Below, Bach exits London's Marylebone Town Hall with her new husband, Ringo Starr, his daughter Lee (left) and Bach's daughter Francesca (right). We figure Ringo liked the pictures we ran, like the one at the bottom of this page. Probably enough to make anyone pop the question, right?



## HOPPING DOWN THE BUNNY TRAIL

The Nylons, a campy Canadian singing group, serenade Bunny April at the Chicago Playboy Club, where the quartet played an engagement earlier this year. The group's well-staged a cappella revue is destined for other Playboy Club appearances.





VERMONT'S HOMECOMING QUEEN

Above left, Jeannette Wulff flaunts the trappings of her fresh victory as the new Miss Vermont. Before returning to her native state, Jeannette worked in Washington, D.C., where we spotted her for our *Women in Government* pictorial last November. Above right, Jeannette as we remember her.

BLACK BLOWS HIS COVER

Ex-undercover narc Dan Black (center) talks about the July PLAYBOY article about his adventures, *Undercover Angel*, on ABC's *Good Morning America* with host David Hartman (right) and Bruce Jensen of the Drug Enforcement Administration.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: BRIDGETT IS REALLY PUMPING

May 1975 Playmate Bridgett Rollins, who continues to be a sought-after Houston model, recently showed up on the cover of (right) and inside (below) *Texas Country* magazine as its Texas Country Lady.



ENTERTAINING THE TROOPS

A trio of modern-day Andrews Sisters greets Bob Hope on his arrival for a sold-out booking at the Playboy Resort and Country Club at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. Members of the trio are (from left) Chicago Bunny Angie Chester and Playboy Customer Service Reps Maggie Flynn and Fawn Hughes.

Bridgett Rollins TEXAS COUNTRY LADY

Texas has the most beautiful women in the country and this month, TEXAS COUNTRY is proud to bring you Bridgett Rollins, our May Texas Country Lady. Bridgett started modeling at the age of 14 in department stores. Photographers saw her and today, Bridgett is one of the busiest models in Houston doing fashion modeling, print ads and convention work. When Bridgett moved to Houston she was knocked out by its size and pace. In the last two years, however, Bridgett tells us that now, Houston feels like her hometown. "I love it here! I've made lots of friends and I really like the people." Bridgett grew up in a small town, an ex-Air Force brat, and has been modeling for the past ten years. Her ambitions change every day she says. She is now taking drama lessons, hoping to get into television commercials and movies that are shot locally. But she doesn't want to continue modeling indefinitely. One reason is her new interest in acting and another is her hope to one day get married and have children. Besides Bridgett's busy schedule, she also loves to read and especially to cook for her steady man. "I like men who are kind of quiet," she says. "He doesn't have to be particularly good-looking, just striking." Well Bridgett, we think you're doing just fine and TEXAS COUNTRY looks forward to seeing you in the movies!











# TATTOOED WOMAN

*former top model maud adams joins bruce dern in  
"tattoo," the year's most controversial skin game*

*pictorial essay* By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

**W**ITH THE UPCOMING autumn release of Joseph E. Levine's *Tattoo*, movie mavens as well as mere voyeurs will be treated to one of those sexual collisions that nearly always provoke controversy. Do they or don't they really get it on? is the big question. We may never know the answer, for magnificent Maud Adams and quixotic Bruce Dern, who co-star as the film's extravagantly adorned busy bodies, have been flashing different signals all year about whether or not their lovemaking during the intensely erotic climax of *Tattoo* is the real thing. Dern said yes in a woman's *(text continued on page 104)*

Chosen over 200 other dream girls to entice Dern in *Tattoo* (right), Adams shows the distinctive style that prompts superproducer Joseph E. Levine to laud her as "the most beautiful, most promising actress I have had the pleasure to present since Sophia Loren in *Two Women*."





The big talked-about love scene in *Tattoo* (left) and the intense erotic moment just preceding it (opposite page) bring a dramatic new dimension to you-show-me-yours-and-I'll-show-you-mine. "I can't imagine what some people will say when they see this," says Dern, though Maud insists that their sexy close encounter may appear to be *cinéma vérité* but was mostly realistic acting and . . . well, all in a day's work. We say nice work if you can get it—and the Moral Majority doesn't picket theater box offices.



Unveiling his handiwork (above), Dern's compulsive tattooist personifies the film's provocative poster, which proclaims: EVERY GREAT LOVE LEAVES ITS MARK. As director Bob Brooks puts it: "The most horrific aspect of the movie is that he does on the outside of the body what we ordinarily do on the inside—we tattoo each other's heads."







magazine interview last spring, adding, "The film is not X-rated, but what the crew saw was X-rated." Then a slightly mismatched pair of interviews in *Oui's* April issue had Bruce promising "a whole fucking relationship from beginning to middle to end, including a physical consummation oncamera," while Maud played it cagey in print—and privately began to steam. Such food for feuds seldom hurts at the box office, and there is an honorable historic tradition of speculating about famous love scenes that seem to fog the fine line between hard breathing and hard-core—Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*, Sarah Miles and Kris Kristoferson in *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace*. . . . That's pretty good fast company.

Adams and Dern, however, don't really need a trumped-up battle of the sexes to sell themselves. He has been one of moviedom's top character actors since the early Sixties, finally nudging his way to superstardom for his hypersensitive





Says *Tattoo* cinematographer Arthur Ornitz, "She has something that Garbo had, that almost mesmerizes the camera, but she's a freer spirit than Garbo." Maud's classic beauty becomes gloriously warm when she oils up, then simmers down for photo sessions at a Long Island beach house where she is no longer a captive as in *Tattoo*—merely captivating. A dedicated nature lover, Maud finds "utter bliss" in the outdoors. "That's where I go to seek peace, strength, a new perspective. It's like meditation for me. This is a key to Swedish temperament. When you're brought up in a severe climate, you love warmth. People just blossom like flowers in the summer sun." Call her a queen if you want to turn Maud off. But who would want to?





Working with photographer Denis Piel, says this scrumptious Svenska flicka, "was more like an acting experience than simply posing in front of a camera. He prepares you for a shot almost as a director would, then seems to be peeking in on you with a feeling of intimacy that I love." Whether posing or performing, unguardedly nude or *Tattoo'd*, what Maud values most is total commitment. "I'm a modern woman in that I've always looked after myself; yet I'm old-fashioned when it comes to love. I like to take care of a man, cook for him. Giving love and being loved back is the most marvelous thing I know."

work in *Coming Home* and last year's unfairly neglected *Middle Age Crazy*. Maud, a Scandinavian cover girl who made her first movie (*The Christian Licorice Store*) in 1971, is the former supermodel well remembered for that rainy, wringing-wet Lip Quencher TV commercial, though she also made a splash opposite Roger Moore's James Bond in *The Man with the Golden Gun*.

Still, what's a more interesting conversational topic than sex? In search of the story behind the movie and Australian-born photographer Denis Piel's PLAYBOY-commissioned exclusive shooting of Maud Adams, I decided to let the lady have the last word. So I talked to Dern first.

Bruce was wearing a plaid shirt and jeans when he showed up at my Beverly-Wilshire Hotel suite. Now 45, with a lean, hungry look, he's a habitual (continued on page 207)





“‘Maud and I did more exploring of each other than of the material, in terms of a relationship.’”

runner (lately doing 45–50 miles per week). He used to teach acting, a craft he practices with total concentration and with that hypnotic intensity that became his trademark in the neurotic, weirdo or redneck roles he used to play before Hollywood discovered he could be a certified sex object to hordes of women. Although Dern didn't want to give away too much of the plot of *Tattoo*, he admitted having had misgivings that the character he portrays—a tattoo artist who becomes romantically obsessed with a famous model and spirits her away to his beach house—might be viewed as a throwback to those psycho parts. “I was worried about it. I didn't want the Bruce Dern of *Black Sunday* to reappear in *Tattoo*. But Joe Levine didn't want that, either. This is not the study of a psycho. In this movie, through a character, I feel there is more of the real soul of Bruce Dern than in any role I've ever played. This is a most honest love story, the serious exploration of a relationship.”

The casting of Maud, Dern confid-

ed, was a combination of flukes. “Actually, they offered the role to Nastassja Kinski, but she didn't want to do it. We had to find a girl I could literally fall in love with, be obsessed with, someone I could give everything to. It was my secretary, Donna, who saw Maud on *The Tonight Show* and said, ‘You ought to take a look, she'd be right for the part.’ Three hours earlier, as it happened, our director, Bob Brooks, had seen the same show in New York and asked who that girl was. They flew her out for an interview the next day.”

During the first two weeks of rehearsal, Dern continued, “Maud and I did more exploring of each other than of the material, in terms of a relationship. ‘I'm not interested in *fucking* you,’ I told her, ‘because I have a wife, Andrea, the lovely lady you had dinner with last night. She's here, she goes on all locations with me. But for me, the purest kind of acting is to be publicly private. In order to do that,’ I told Maud, ‘I'm going to have to be totally *naked* mentally and physi-

cally—and you're going to have to be mentally and physically naked, too, in front of 60 people on the crew who are going to be embarrassed by what you're doing. Unless you're ready for that, you won't be happy with this role.’

“So now, when some guy asks me, *Well, did you fuck her?*, I always say that what you see in the movie is what you get. There's no question that my penis was around her erogenous zone . . . and was not in a limber state. At the same time, remember, you have to do take two, then takes three and four. Nothing was going on between us outside the movie, yet Maud and I loved each other, and what you see in that final scene is real, legitimate lovemaking. I mean, that's as good a piece of ass as I'll ever be—in that scene. That's *it*. I've always felt there are pieces of me left in films that I never get back somehow. And I probably left more in *Tattoo*, particularly in that bedroom, than in any other film. I poured my guts out and the camera caught it, and if they say that's shit, then *I'm fucked*, because I don't have any more than that to give.”

Dern predicts that, besides stirring controversy, the movie may launch a fad for temporary skin tattoos. “You know, Levine and his two make-up men have patented the process they used on us. So you can have a tattoo effect just

for an evening. Actually, it stays on from 48 to 72 hours."

Does it stay on when you make love? was my inevitable next question.

Dern smiled his crooked smile. "Well, it did in the movie."

Full of praise for his co-star as far more than a flickering partner in passion, Bruce ventured that *Tattoo* would establish Maud's dramatic credentials light-years beyond what the public has been conditioned to expect of a model. "There's a moment when she gets out of bed and goes to the closet to look for her clothes and turns and sees herself in a mirror, and moves to the mirror and starts to rub off the tattoo on her body . . . and that reaction of Maud's, that whole scene, is as incredibly pure a piece of work by an actor as any I've ever seen." And that's from a man who once taught acting classes attended by Ellen Burstyn and her ilk.

From Dern's provocative description, Maud's second heaviest day was a masturbation scene she began oncamera and had to continue after the action cut to Dern outside the bedroom door. "I told her, 'You must do it, Maud, for your own sake . . . you must really do it, without your robe on, so I can see. And I promise no one else will see what you do,' and no one did. Because the camera is outside shooting me, a strange shot, watching her through a little peephole. What makes the scene work is that I'm almost ashamed while I'm asking her

to do it, but the compulsiveness of the character makes him keep on. Then she opens the door, and I'm a basket case, and she goes into another rage—"

By the time I caught up with Maud at her house nestled in one of the Hollywood canyons, she was no longer angry with Dern, only wary and bemused by his loose-lipped lack of restraint. "First, I just blew my stack. I was furious," she said, blue eyes brightening as she poured me a vodka and lounged stylishly in a natural-cotton jump suit. Uh, well, a girl like Maud might make a guy feel reckless.

"We've talked about it, and I forgive him," she continued. "Bruce has a tendency to get carried away . . . with words. I think he also wanted to come on in those interviews, for fun, as a kind of *macho* man. When he speaks of physical consummation during our love scene, readers are set up to believe there's actual penetration taking place. That is what people are left thinking, that we're actually making it—"

Maud softened a little. "Even if we were, wouldn't it have been better left unsaid? I felt very hurt, because I had gained such respect for Bruce in the course of the film, as the most consummate actor I'd ever seen. I also loved him as a person and thought he was such a sensitive, vulnerable man. But I think when he starts working on any project, he loses Bruce Dern and be-

comes the character he's playing. That was very evident about halfway through the movie.

"The same thing happened to me, in a sense, big emotional revelations about myself, almost like psychoanalysis. I felt violated at times. Before that, I'd done love scenes with some nudity, innocent scenes underneath the sheets. I would always insist the nudity be kept to a minimum; I felt very uptight. I'm not against it on principle. Growing up as I did, however, being supershy, with a puritanical kind of background, it was very hard for me to relate to sex in a public, open manner. The way I was raised, that's a topic to be kept behind closed doors."

She was raised in a subarctic Swedish town called Lulea, but good genes and that viking bone structure made it more or less inevitable that Maud would not wind up herding reindeer. She was scarcely into her teens—a tall, skinny tomboy on the verge of jailbait, preferring *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to dull textbooks—when she overheard her mother, watching Maud basking in the sun, say, "My God, this girl is going to be something!" Which clearly implied something for the boys. Determined to derail such prophecies, Maud's strict father wouldn't let her have boyfriends or even go to school dances. "Yet I managed to keep somebody on the side," she acknowledges, "a Hungarian refugee, with dark curly hair . . . he was my first lover."

Flash forward to Stockholm, where Maud became a successful model, then moved in with and ultimately married graphic artist-photographer Roy Adams, an Englishman who stayed with her while she conquered the Everests of high fashion in Paris and New York. Her first and only marriage, long since dissolved, is hardly one of Maud's favorite topics. She would rather discuss the films she has done, the Bond flick or *Rollerball* with James Caan, or her uncharacteristic role as a plain, plucky Belgian-Jewish woman in *Playing for Time*, last year's controversial television drama with Vanessa Redgrave. She may even relish telling you about movies she *didn't* make, such as *The Pink Panther Strikes Again*. Replaced by Lesley-Anne Down, Maud was peremptorily fired—either because she balked at what seemed a gratuitous nude scene or because of the bad vibes set off following a strange, celibate weekend in Paris with the late Peter Sellers. But that's another story.

Three years ago, Maud irrevocably left Lip Quencher behind to fight for unqualified recognition as an actress. After a year of virtual solitude at an old farmhouse she owned in Connecticut, she went West to stay, with time out for a couple of bread-and-butter film jobs abroad. "The parts I got were not terrific, mainly episodic TV work. And



"For all night? Hmmm—for all night, I'll make it solid mahogany with colonial bronze trim and paisley satin interior. . ."

because I still had a trace of accent, I'd generally be playing villainous women, Russian spies, that kind of thing. I studied acting, too, and started getting better, getting good feedback from the studios and casting agents."

She also hit the TV talk-show circuit, though she confesses she has to stifle a yawn when interviewers start to grill her as a golden, free-spirited Scandinavian sex goddess. "If you're Swedish, they think you must be very free regarding sex. It's all so ridiculous. Most of my life, I've been quite monogamous. Yet I consider myself liberated, and I *do* feel that Swedish women have a certain naturalness that allows them to regard life, sex, everything in a very normal, healthy way. We're open, I guess. But I'm old-fashioned, too. There are *no* rules about love. People like Merv Griffin always treat me like a sex expert and ask questions about the differences between European and American men. I just shrug. That doesn't seem to me a serious subject. Merv will say, 'How come you're not living with your boyfriend?' As if that's the truly normal and correct thing to do nowadays. He seemed quite shocked once when I told him I've discovered the best way is: Don't live with the man you love and don't love the man you live with."

Don't believe a word of it. Maud was aglow when she flew East for photo sessions several weeks after our encounter in California. She had just broken off a three-year relationship that seemed beyond repair and was excitedly considering moving in with a celebrated plastic surgeon she had met and mesmerized on the run. "I love romance," she said, all but purring. "I love romantic men. I love surprises, but not *gifts* per se. . . . I mean a thought. Simple, wonderful things like a flower at your bedside table."

She also loves simple things like yoga, tennis, sunshine, picking lingonberries and blueberries in the woods of Sweden in fall, when the air is cool, the skies bright and clear. Lest we forget, however, having the top spot in a major new movie can turn a girl's head as well as touch her heart. "It's been a really good climb," Maud notes, "and all of a sudden, being billed above the title as leading lady puts you in a different category. There are lots of people out there, and you're competing with the heavyweights, Faye Dunaway or whoever. That's exciting. I feel so good about everything right now."

Because Maud is obviously in mint condition, the plastic surgeon can relax and enjoy her as she is. *Tattoo* and Bruce Dern, however, may change the complexion of her future in more ways than one.



*"Tonight I'm looking for a good guy."*

**W**E BUMPED INTO Kelly Tough for the first time in the kitchen at Playboy Mansion West. She'd stopped by for an orange juice after a daily rehearsal/workout with The Playmates, the Playboy singing group. Kelly's hair was tied back, perspiration delicately matting the finer tendrils to her temples. At that peak hour of twilight, her surname seemed most inappropriate.

Later Kelly explained, in her characteristic don't-mess-with-the-kid style (yes, she's a toughie, even a brat, she says), that the name Tough originated among Norsemen who invaded Scotland. Her particular clan came to rest in Vancouver, British Columbia, where Kelly grew up a few streets away from her high school chum Dorothy Stratten—who, in fact, helped convince Kelly she was Playmate material.

The Toughs found the going tough in Vancouver. "We were so poor," Kelly told us, "that I was allowed to wash my



hair only once a week. We couldn't afford the hot water."

Kelly remembers talking to her rabbits in the back yard at the age of ten, telling them, "One day I'm going to win a beauty contest and the reporters are gonna ask me, 'Is there anything you want to say to your friends back home?' And I'll say, 'I told you I could do it.'" Well, her rabbits, who must have been all ears, told some other rabbits and. . .

As you can see, Kelly's doing better now; she assures us her state of undress doesn't mean she doesn't own any clothes. She has been living in California

*Below, Kelly rehearses with (from left) musical director Vic Caesar and Playmates Heidi Sorenson, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore. "The Playmates already sing well as a group," says Kelly, "but now we're polishing up our individual performances. I have a very big, low voice."*

# TOUGHING IT

*she's beautiful, she's sensitive and sometimes  
kelly tough even lives up to her name*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI







*"I'm still too young to get involved. I don't think I've ever been in love. I've loved people, but not love love. I'm not ready for it yet and I'm not going to be ready until I get my career going."*

for more than a year, and her present coolheaded manner hardly jibes with her description of herself as nervous ingénue arriving at Mansion West for the first time: "I remember driving through the gates—I sat in front. I'd never been in a limousine before, so I'd looked at the driver and said, 'Can I sit in the front seat with you?' I felt *so* alone."

At the Mansion, Kelly found a friend in Sondra Theodore, Miss July 1977, who provided a shoulder to lean on. Other Playmates were helpful, too—which surprised Kelly.

"I thought they'd all be sharpening their claws, ready to lunge at my throat," she confessed, "but they're not like that. They stick together. We've all dealt with the same things—like leaving the boyfriend back home."

That's just what Kelly did when she was offered a spot in The Playmates singing group. It was a snap decision—she'd wanted to be a singer all her life. "When I was a little girl," she reminisced, "my mom had an antique umbrella handle



*"I've grown up in a liberal age and I agree with its changes. Women should have the opportunity to say, 'This is how I am.' I want an equal relationship, with no double standard. Equal power, equal compromises."*



*"Doing my centerfold was difficult, because I'm pretty shy. But now I'm proud of it. I love it. It's a work of art. Every time I see it, I ask whoever's with me, 'Wanna see my centerfold?' Of course, I wouldn't take off my clothes and say, 'See?' What kind of a girl do you think I am?"*



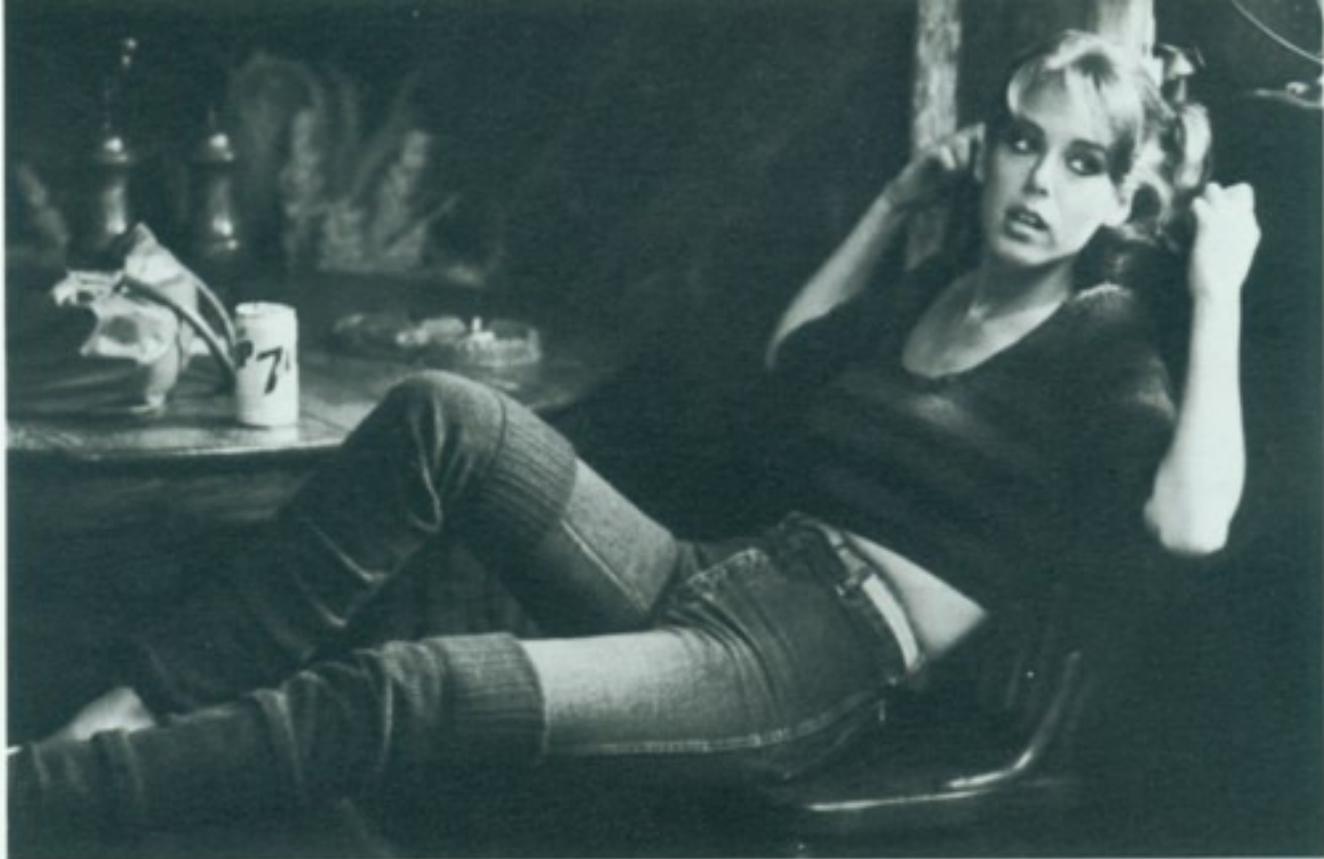


*At left, Sondra and Kelly examine Kelly's Playmate shots. "I do have one close girlfriend—that's Sondra," says Kelly. "I can really trust her. She doesn't give me advice. She tells me my options. That's the kind of person I can relate to."*





*Kelly spends much of her time these days in rehearsal with The Playmates. At right, she relaxes during a break in the schedule. Kelly's musical tastes are eclectic; she likes everything from classical to bluegrass.*



that had belonged to my Auntie Pearl. It was etched in gold with mother-of-pearl and was shaped just like a microphone. I used to turn on the radio and sing along into that umbrella handle—it was my mike." When Playmates musical director Vic Caesar first handed Kelly a mike, commenting that it might feel awkward, Kelly puzzled him by replying, "It doesn't feel awkward; it feels just like Auntie Pearl's umbrella handle."

Propped up by nerve, ambition and Thomas Wolfe's observation that you can't go home again, Kelly has adapted to her Los Angeles lifestyle. While many aspects of her California life thrill her—the weather, the parties, the friends—she admits to some disillusionment.

"I've been disappointed by a lot of people I've met, like TV stars I'd seen and thought I'd like to meet. Then I'd meet one and think, What a jerk."

Would she care to name names?

"No."

"And I miss the outdoors around Vancouver. When Hef showed me the redwoods here, I said, 'We've got a forest back home that makes this one look like twigs.' It's a 20-minute drive to the beach, another 20-minute drive to go skiing. You can hike to places where people have never even been. I miss it. I miss it. L.A. is a complex and fast place. Back home it was all so simple.

"But I'm directing all my energy toward one thing—my singing career. I just remember who I am—Tough."



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: JELLY BEAN TOUGH

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 119 SIGN: SAGITTARIUS

BIRTH DATE: 12/16/61 BIRTHPLACE: VANCOUVER, B.C., CANADA

IDEAL MAN: ACTIVE, WITTY, WARM & SENSITIVE, MOST OF ALL A  
MAN WHO CAN NOT ONLY KEEP UP WITH ME BUT KEEP ME IN LINE.

TURN-ONS: SEXY MEN!! A GOOD IMAGINATION, SPENDING  
TIME WITH PEOPLE I ENJOY AND THE GREAT OUTDOORS.

TURN-OFFS: BEING PUT ON HOLD, LAZINESS, BAD BREATH,  
PESSIMISTS, FOOLISHNESS.

HOBBIES: MY SCRAPBOOK, SINGING, MODELING,  
HORSEBACK RIDING, WRITING.

FAVORITE MOVIES: BUGSY MALONE, ROMEO AND JULIET,  
THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW, FANTASIA

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: JERRY LEE LEWIS, BILLY JOEL,  
TOY PATTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS, SUPERTRAMP, THE BEATLES

FAVORITE SPORTS: SKIING, FOUR WHEELIN', HOCKEY &  
SOCCER, OF COURSE.

BIGGEST JOY: ENJOYING FRIENDS, LAUGHTER & LIVING.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT,  
AGAIN!!  
AGE 18 MONTHS.



RATTLE DAZZLE 'EM  
AGE 7



PUBERTY IS THE  
PITS.  
AGE 13

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It seems to me that you'd fill the position nicely, Miss Taylor," announced the executive as the interview wound down.

"And I feel I'd enjoy working here as your secretary, Mr. White," responded the girl, "except for one particular thing."

"What might that be?"

"Your Christian name is Thomas, Mr. White, and mine is Ann. . . ."

"What do first names have to do with it?"

"I simply can't see ending every letter you dictate to me by typing 'TW:at!'"



Do you remember that night last month, Eddie," the baby sitter inquired of her clandestine-visitor boyfriend, "when you wrestled off my panties and sprayed me with some of Mrs. Beardsley's expensive perfume?"

"How could I ever forget it, honey?"

"Well . . . I'm fragrant!"

She was unwilling at first," recounted the lewd Air Force chaplain, "but I finally managed to get in on a whang and a prayer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *depressed nymphomaniac* as a glum-ball machine.

*A retiring old sailor named Tripp  
Had a fling upon leaving his ship;*

*But he failed to use care*

*In a prostitutes' lair,*

*Which is why Tripp has postnaval drip.*

Gulliver's Unabashed Dictionary defines *tiny penis* as a Lilliputz.

So what if they do have pictures of you putting it to a sheep?" the left-wing Western legislator's aide argued. "Especially in this day and age, you don't necessarily have to resign."

"It's the ridicule that gets to me," sighed the pol, gingerly picking up the newspaper whose banner headline shouted: "SEX SCANDAL HITS BLEATING-HARD LIBERAL."

Popeye and Olive Oyl had had a terrible row and, as a result, the former sought solace from a prostitute for the first time in many years. "But first let's get something straight, girly," he grunted. "How much are you going to stick me for in return for letting me stick you?"

"Forty bucks," he was told.

"Well, blow me down!" exclaimed Popeye, shocked by the sexual inflation.

"That'll cost ya an extra twenty, sailor," added the pro.

We don't hold with the theory that what the initials Y.M.C.A. really stand for is Yummy Males Cruising Around.

How well hung was he?" one news-media groupie asked another.

"Let me put it this way," was the reply. "Have you heard the term editorial wee?"

*She exulted, while touring Nantucket,  
"I've a cherry, and no one can pluck it!"*

*Said her guide, with a smile,*

*"I was raised on this isle.*

*You've a virginal clam? I could shuck it."*



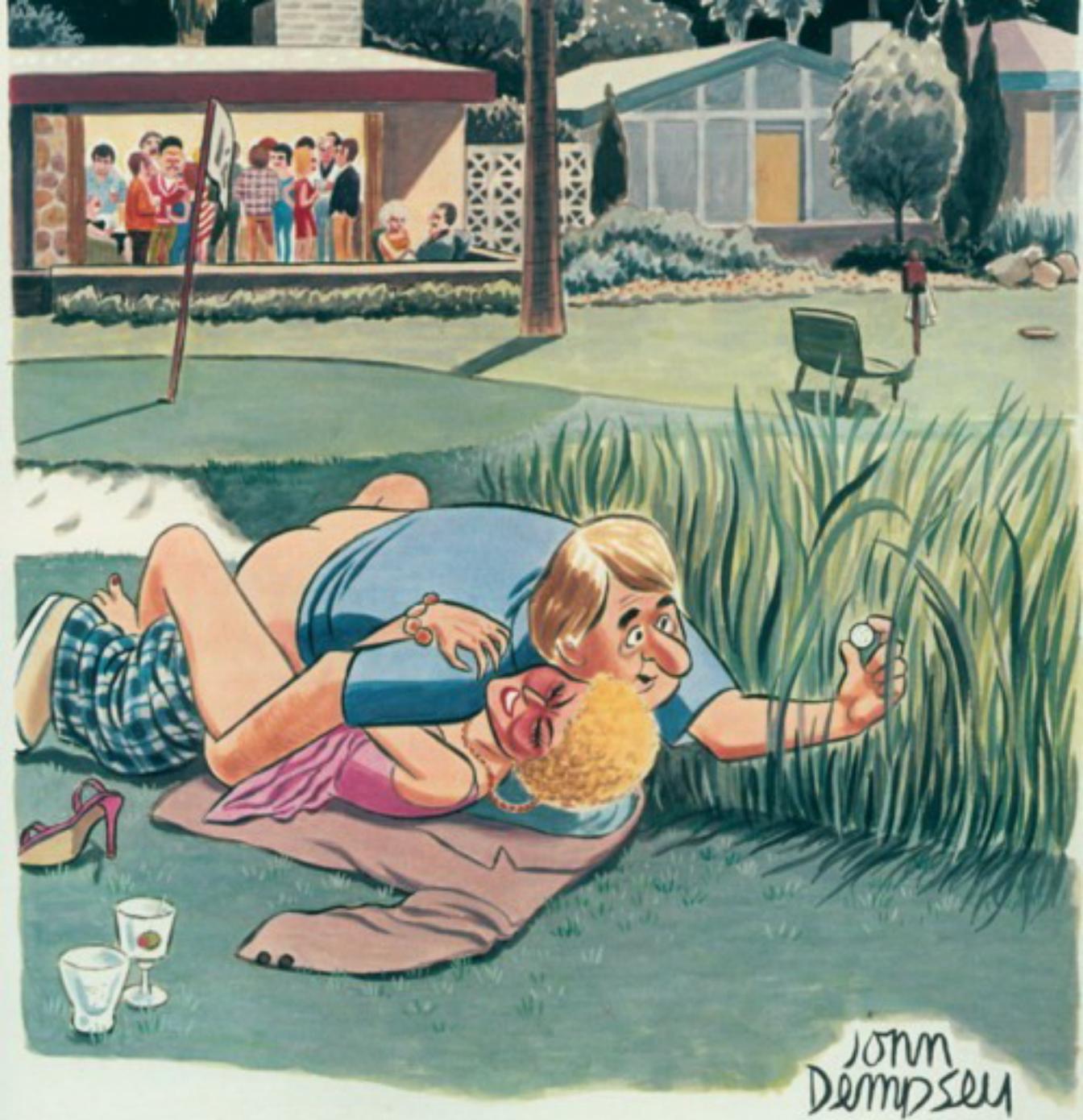
*Lesley Niman*

The tickets to the sex club's orgy were so oversold that there was insufficient floor space," a participant subsequently complained, "so it was standing-ram only."

My boyfriend and I saw a great picture at the drive-in the other night," one girl told another. "It was very emotional and moving. I kept getting this lump in my throat all through the performance."

"It sounds impressive," commented the friend. "Tell me, though, Ruthie, how did you find time to watch the movie?"

*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.*

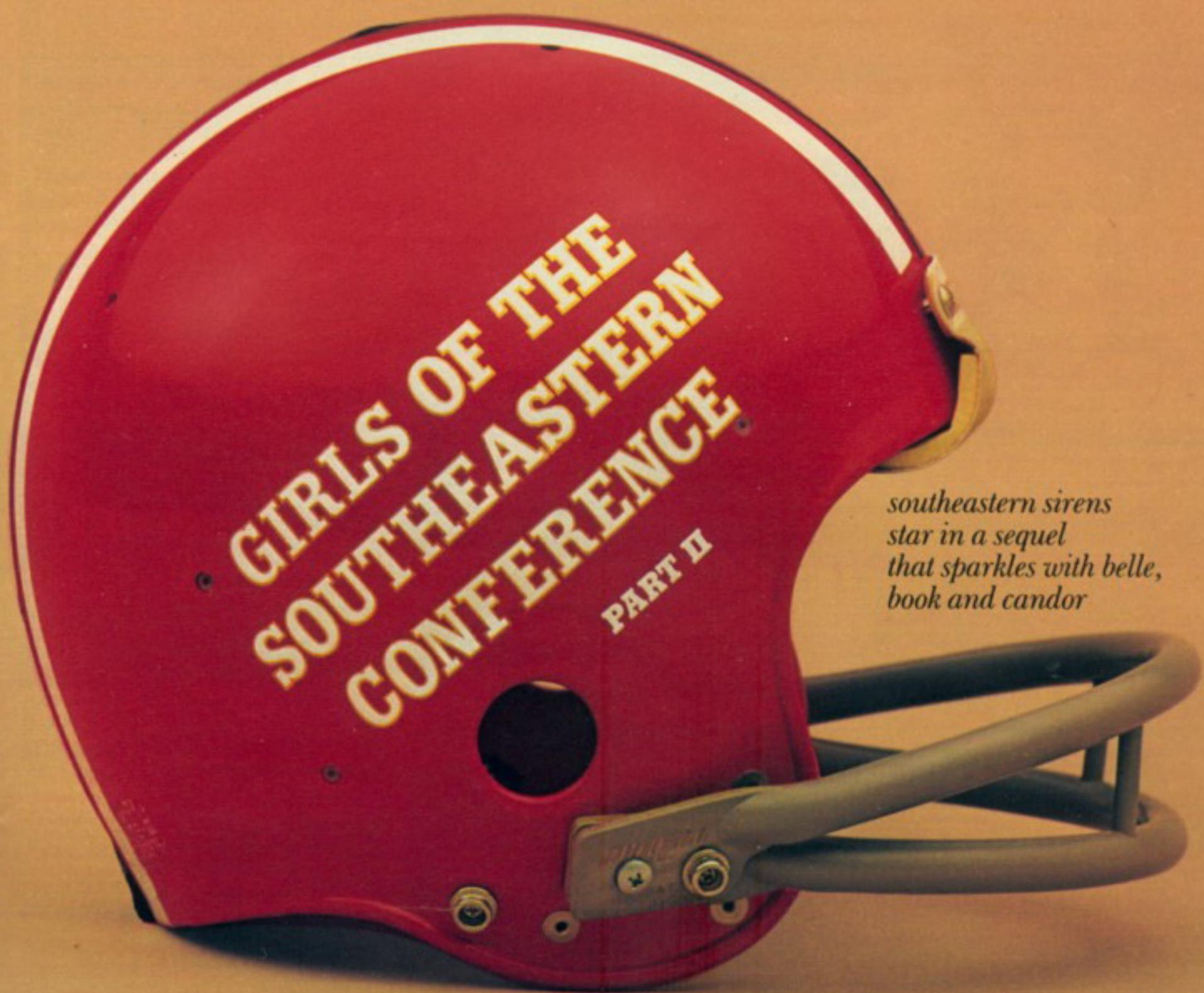


JOHN  
Demidoff

*"Well, I'll be damned. I think it's the  
ball I lost this morning!"*



*"Look at it this way. You're living in the golden age of deposed dictators."*



*southeastern sirens  
star in a sequel  
that sparkles with belle,  
book and candor*



**Y**OU CAN'T GO anywhere these days without seeing a sequel—the next *Star Wars* or James Bond saga is never more than a swashbuckle away, and *Raiders of the Lost Ark* junkies are demanding another fix for their Indiana Jones. The moguls here at **PLAYBOY** think a beautiful Southern belle has to be more smashing than R2-D2, 007 or even the inimitable Indiana any day, so you are now one of the privileged many invited to our special screening of *Girls of the Southeastern Conference, Part II*. While looking at these ladies, you won't want an intermission. Just lean back and enjoy. The preview's over and the feature's just beginning.

For those who missed our first episode (and



An LSU Tigress who hails from Lebanon, Suzanne Shaheen (left) hails "going crazy" and men who take care of their bodies." She's driven a few men crazy with the way she takes care of hers.



Part Spanish, part Indian and part Irish, LSU sophomore Devin De Vasquez (left) hopes her rosy future brings along a shy, quiet man of mystery to whisper in her ear. Devin plans to model a career in fashion. Senior Tricia Doyle (below) prays for days of rays so she can sun-bathe. The sharp-eyed men of LSU pray her prayers will be heard.

shame on you), we devoted it to the beauties of 'Bama, the misses at Mississippi and Mississippi State, the visions at Vanderbilt and the fauna of Florida. This month we begin at Baton Rouge's Louisiana State University, where the ladies *are* the Tigers, and slosh our leisurely way northeast through bayou country to tiny Auburn, Alabama, where the football faithful seethe at the mention of Bear Bryant and his Crimson Tide over at Tuscaloosa. From there we pass through the smoky hills of Tennessee to Knoxville, where UT men find out early that *all* UT women aren't Volunteers (our sexual survey shows Tennessee girls to be on the conservative side). Then we make our way farther north to the bluegrass of Lexington, where the prevalent S.E.C. football fanaticism *(text continued on page 148)*





Two more Tigresses from LSU are Chole Vilas (above), providing New Orleans' French Quarter a vision with Spanish eyes, and Holly Kelley (below), steamingly content in a Baton Rouge spa. Future attorney Chole finds drunks and exams trying but has no objections to good food, exotic locales and Tigers of varying stripes. Holly's ambition was to be in *PLAYBOY*. Now it's to be in *PLAYBOY* with her identical twin.





It's all downhill from here for Tennessee's Carolyn Arnold (below). She wants to fashion a career in textile science upon sewing up her degree, and then ski from October to March. Carolyn's into intelligent men with hairy chests. UT's Sheri Proffitt (right) wouldn't mind becoming the first woman Supreme Court Chief Justice. It's Sheri's opinion she could overrule all the males who might want to get into her chambers. She loves athletics and athletes, medieval movies, picnics in the mountains and Vols football, but thinks there ought to be a law against the stormy weather in Knoxville.



UT junior Julia Gillis (below left) took up ballet years ago and hasn't put her heels down since. She may one day experiment with biological research. Nature lover Tish O'Connor (below right) says, "I hate it when men say I'm all right. All right compared with what?" With just about anything, we'd say. Weight lifter Crystal McTaggart (right), a senior at UT, is a bar belle who holds her own in gym-dandy style.







Don't tell her confederates at Auburn, but Ohioan Marcia Levy (right) is hot for hockey and cold for football. It's rumored she tried to start a local ice-hockey team, but the players all drowned. Marcia's assimilated now, though.

gives ground to round-ball rage at the University of Kentucky. Our campus crusade ends in Athens, Georgia, home of the national football champion Bulldogs and of some lady Bulldogs you'd be glad to find chasing your car.

Last month we revealed some of the results of PLAYBOY's informal study of the sexual practices and preferences of hundreds of S.E.C. women. This month we reach the climax, in which our respondents tell us their most unusual collegiate sex experiences. Our findings needn't be taken as the height



Auburn offers a stunning set of sunshine girls in Shari Helton (left) and Anne Jones (below). Shari, not one to spin her wheels, intends to be a hospital administrator as soon as she motors away from Auburn. Send Anne a dozen roses and a bottle of champagne—she'll number you among her favorite things. Yet another eye-catching sun catcher, Anne plans to become a celebrated artist "even before I pass on."

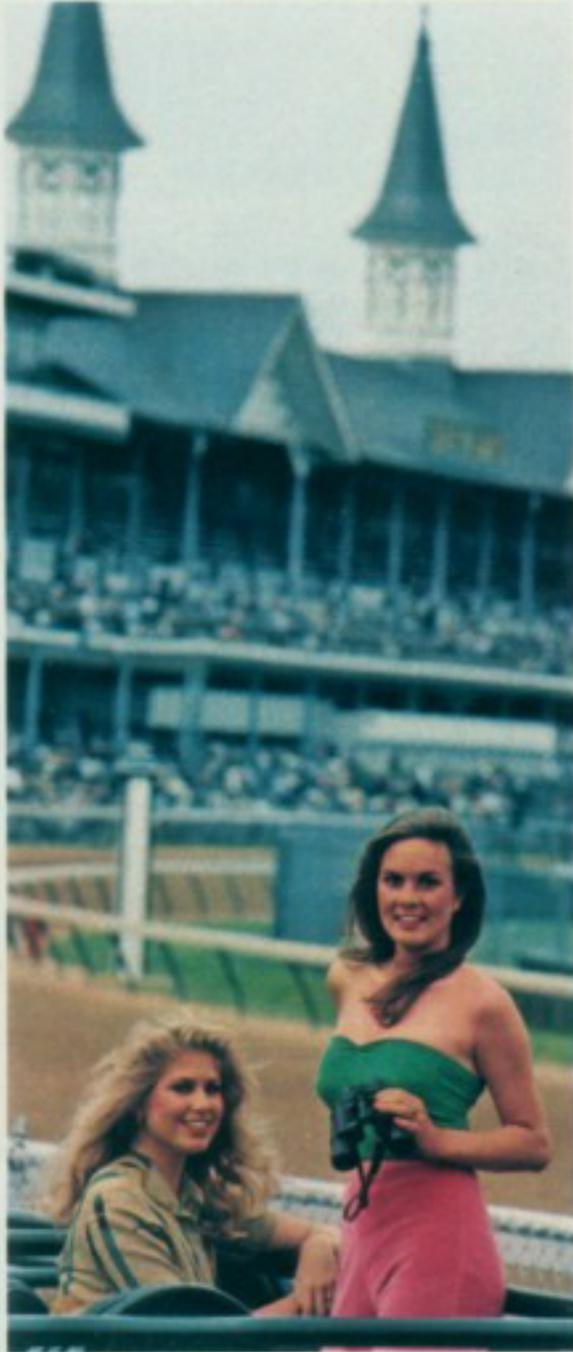




Kentucky Wildkitten Deanna Rankin (right) hopes there's a place for her in a high-fashion outfit when she leaves Lexington. She detests finals, but Wildcats hope to interest her in preliminaries.

of scientific inquiry, but we take comfort in the fact that these revelations should end the notion that there's nothing interesting to do on a small-town Saturday night.

Today's S.E.C. girls consider themselves more sexually liberated than their predecessors of the Seventies. Only 15 percent of the girls who sent back our questionnaire are virgins, and even "common-law" (text concluded on page 198)



Bringing an upbeat to Churchill Downs in Louisville, Kentucky's Sallie Crutcher (above left) and Pamela Skaggs (above right) are odds-on to draw eyes and neighs. Sallie is a prospective physician, while Pamela's bullish on the business world. Another future businesswoman is Kentucky junior Julie Gayle (right), who's keeping her fires burning while she waits for a hearth-warming man.





Right: With ladies like these cheering them on, it's no wonder Georgia's Bulldogs are the national champs. Debra Kittle (left) aspires to a thespian career and adores romance above everything else. Kathy Murphy (right) hopes she can break into the record business, vinylly, so she can produce a platinum platter.



Three high notes to keep Georgia on your mind: Senior Candy Howell (above) will soon be a model/economist. Journalism grad student Claire Peterson (below) reports that she wants to be a TV newswoman. (Many Georgia men report that they'd like to be Clairevoyant.) Punnie Brittain (right) is turned off by "men who drool, snore or stagger." So don't go running to Punnie if you're deathly ill or hung over.





*"We have reports of amorous events on college diving boards, on a trampoline and on the golf course."*

virgins" are few and far between. (A common-law virgin is a law or prelaw student who is too busy studying to do much of anything else.)

Quite a few Southeastern ladies say they sometimes go out looking specifically for sex, and those who do report a 75 percent success rate. Rumor has it that groups of concerned campus gentlemen are trying to get in touch with them to attain the 100 percent ideal.

As for sexual inventiveness, S.E.C. coeds are electrifyingly Edisonian, and any suggestion that they're still old-fashioned is patently ridiculous. We've categorized some of their turn-ons, and we've given them heads as follow:

**FIELDS OF PLAY:** Not only do most girls list the jock as the campus character they're physically attracted to but a great many of them recall athletes and athletic surroundings as the settings for their most uncommon sexual experiences. A number of the ladies admit to an interest in dominating athletic men, which, we suppose, would make them jock satraps.

An Alabama girl tells of making love one night on the football field in coach Bryant's own Denny Stadium, and one has to feel sorry for the throngs who showed up the next afternoon and got to see only a football game. While we're on the subject of crowds, another coed reports being in the act of performing fellatio on a young man in a sailboat when a passenger-laden houseboat drew

up alongside. The passengers cheered, our heroine continued, and the passengers cheered some more. All of this got quite a rise out of the young man, but it has all blown over by now.

We have reports of amorous events on college diving boards, on a trampoline in the gym (did the earth bounce for you, too?) and of afternoon intercourse on the golf course. A Tennessee girl volunteered to join her gentleman on the track at the university. It was late at night, but there were still joggers puffing past. She says the runners "couldn't see us, because it was dark, but they would have had to be deaf not to hear us." She doesn't say whether or not her partner was a broad jumper.

**SOMETHING'S BURNING:** There was a night not long ago when a Florida lass sneaked her boyfriend into the dorm. "We were in the middle of an outrageous orgasm," she says, "when there was a fire drill." Everything turned out all right, though. Her boyfriend got out in time.

A 23-year-old LSU Tigress was staying with her Tiger in Baton Rouge's Prince Murat motel. During the latter stages of their encounter, the bed next to theirs caught fire. She took it as a sign from God, she reports, and wouldn't allow any more internal combustion.

**MISTAKEN IDENTITY:** Another young Florida woman reports having had sex with a man who, she found out later, was not who she thought he was. It hap-

pened between doses of Quaaludes, and she'll always remember it as a strange interlude.

Then there's the S.E.C. girl who got into a threesome with identical twins. She had trouble telling which was which, because they undressed the same way.

**MULTIPLE CHOICE:** Some Southeastern coeds are partial to threesomes. They have particularly enjoyed them in gas-station rest rooms, in fraternity hot tubs, in graveyards at night, with a friend and his wife, with a friend and his friend. One reports fourplay, with a friend and his friend and *his* friend. "Going to sleep with one partner and waking up with another, and having the sex be even better in the morning" is favored by one of our respondents.

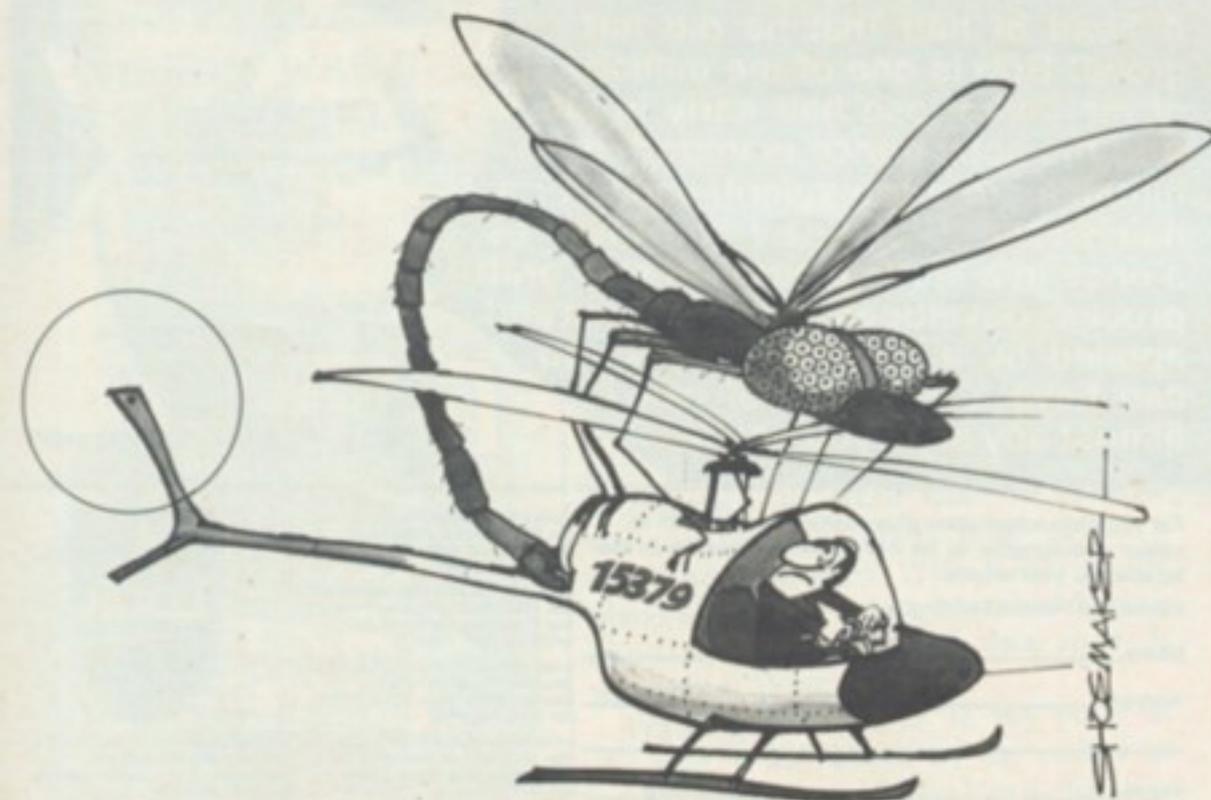
**ODDS AND ENDS:** One coed picks "sex with a group of both gay and straight men" as her most memorable evening. Another believes you can't beat a lesbian encounter. "Making it with one man while another watches" has rung a few belles, and being fellated in the front row at a Beach Boys concert stunned one S.E.C. lady's date, leaving him begging for an encore.

A Georgia Bulldog girl writes that her most *outré* experience was "sex in the aisle of an all-night grocery store. The chance of getting caught made it exciting."

Performing oral sex in a hot-air balloon over Cincinnati's River Downs and Riverfront Stadium was most elevating for yet another Florida miss; and being roped to a four-poster water bed was bound to be memorable for a Southeastern girl who's all tied up with bondage. "S/M is an interesting mix of pain and pleasure, fear and anger," she wrote.

**DOPEY SEX AT DISNEY WORLD:** By no means dwarfed by the others, this is our personal favorite. An LSU lady tells us she "got horny smoking marijuana" while she and her partner were at Disney World in Orlando. They must have gotten bored with Cinderella's Castle and the Hall of Presidents, because they bought tickets for the monorail and made love on the ride across the park. And that, as they say in the South, sounds like a rail good time.

That's the last reel of our picture show. We hope you cotton to the girls of the sunny Southeast, who prove that the American beauty still flowers from Knoxville to Gainesville, from Athens to Auburn. If you've been planning to spend some time below the Mason-Dixon line but are afraid you've missed out on all the sexual adventures our rebelrousers have been telling us about, don't worry. We have it on the best authority that the South shall writhe again.





*Buck Brown*

*"We can't go on meeting like this, baby; my neighbors and your passengers are getting suspicious."*



*"Oh? And what kind of trick were you expecting for five dollars?"*



*"And that would be little Susan."*



*"Ah! Finally noticed us, eh?"*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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



## THE WITCHING HOUR

You've got to see Wanda the Witch to believe her; one minute she's a blank mannequin head, the next she's a talking and shrieking 3-D face that's so realistic timid souls have fled her evil orbs faster than you can say eye of newt. Audio Visual Mannequins, 540 North Lake Shore Drive, Suite 305, Chicago, Illinois 60611, sells Wanda for \$2900 complete, including projection equipment, and rents her for \$450 per month. They'll even do a 3-D mannequin of your mug for a mere \$6500.

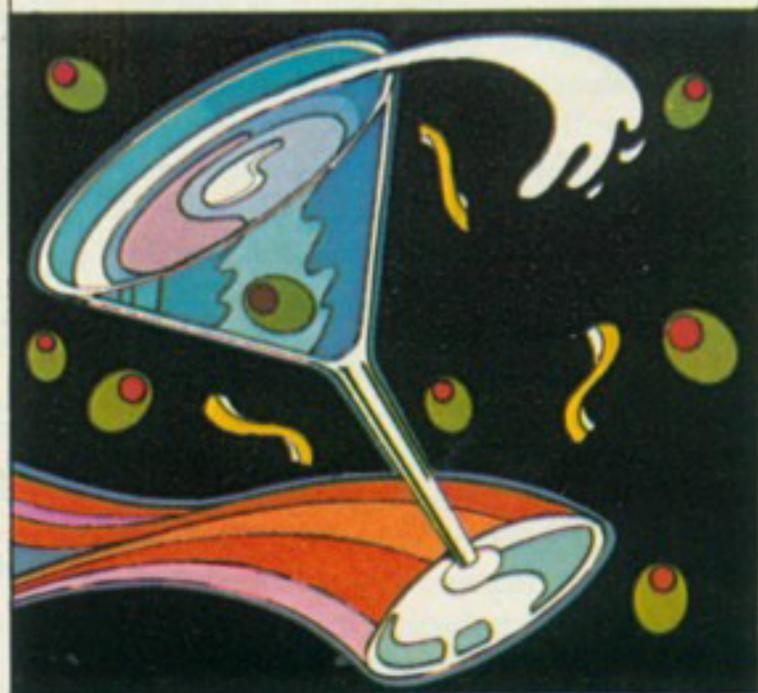
## SOCCER SEES THE LIGHT

Soccer may not replace baseball as the national pastime, but it is a kick—especially when you play it as a night game. To help you see the light, Soccer International Inc., P.O. Box 7222, Dept. GWL, Arlington, Virginia 22207, has come out with a durable molded-vinyl soccer ball that's internally lit by a removable light stick. The ball costs \$19.50, including postage and two light sticks. And after the game, you can use it as a night light.



## THE GINNING OF THE WEST

Bernard DeVoto called it the "supreme American gift to world culture." H. L. Mencken maintained it was "the only American invention as perfect as a sonnet." The martini is now immortalized in *The Silver Bullet: The Martini in American Civilization*—a 149-page paean to the king of potables available from Greenwood Press, 88 Post Road West, Westport, Connecticut 06881, for \$19.95, postpaid. Cheers!



## NEW VEIL UNVEILED

In June 1979, we featured a huge Mombasa mosquito net that resembled a prop from a Jon Hall jungle flick. Now the same company, Yungjohann Hillman, Inc., 1350 Manufacturing, Suite 221, Dallas, Texas 75207, has created a Mombasa Privacy Veil—50 yards of nylon fabric (with all attachments) that, for \$150, converts your mundane old Hollywood mattress into something right out of the Sheik of Araby. If you don't get lucky with this in your boudoir, get thee to a monastery.



### HOT LICKS

There are lots of candies on the market that could be described as mouth-watering, but the Jalapeno Lollipops being sold by K. V. Associates, 9707 Richmond, Dept. 76, Houston, Texas 77042, are the first confections we've come across that are eye-watering, too. And if you can't believe that these little devils are potent enough to bring tears to the eyes of even the most hardened hot-food freak, just send \$11 for 40 pops and find out for yourself. This Halloween, how about a fiery pop for that window-soaping trick-or-treater?



### BAR AND BRIEFCASE ARE OPEN

Just peddled 10,000 shares in a hockey-puck mine? Sold your ocean-view condo in Boise, Idaho? You can celebrate deals big and small if you've taken along a Tote-a-Toast—a standard American Tourister attaché case that the Tote-a-Toast Company (1019 Crowley Road, Arlington, Texas 76012) has customized to hold three bottles and automatically dispense a predetermined amount of liquor. The price? Just \$300. Drink up!

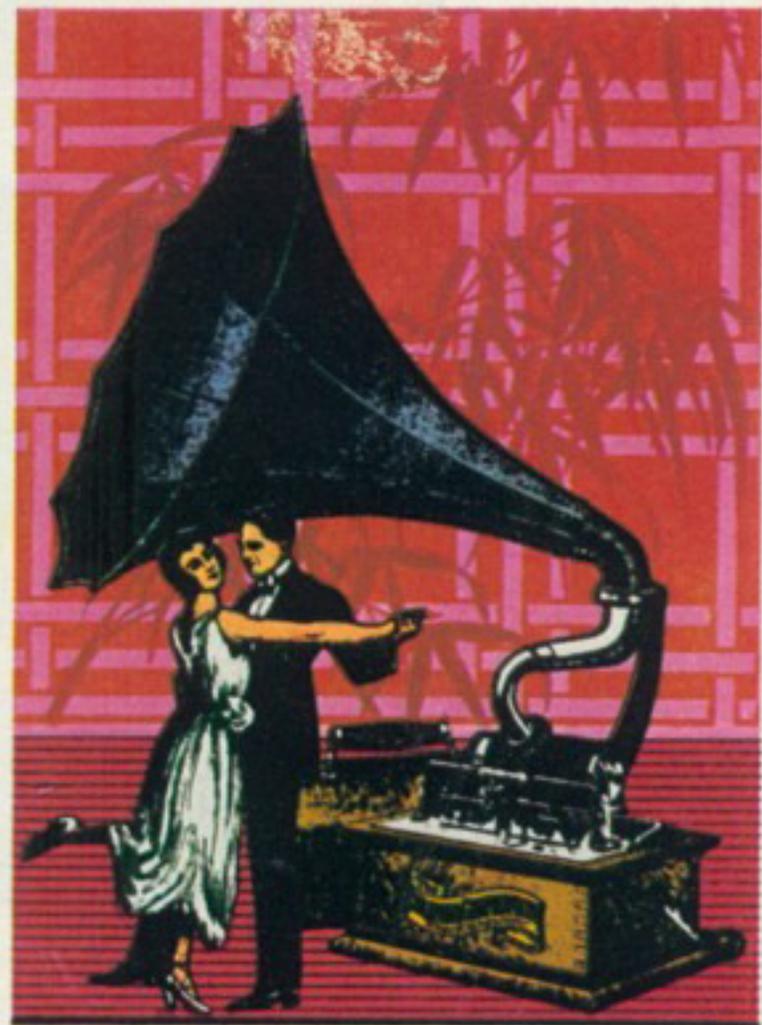
### UPPING PANTY ANTE

We all know that panty hose help keep a girl's lower extremities nice and toasty, while guys have to pull on long johns to achieve the same effect. Well, girls, for that very special man in your life, P. S. Brown, P.O. Box 648, Mount Grove, Missouri 65711, has created Three-Legged Panty Hose—a five-dollar stretch stocking that will come in handy when your guy is freezing his behind off at a football game. And there's even a money-back guarantee, provided you send photo evidence of what the third leg couldn't stretch over.



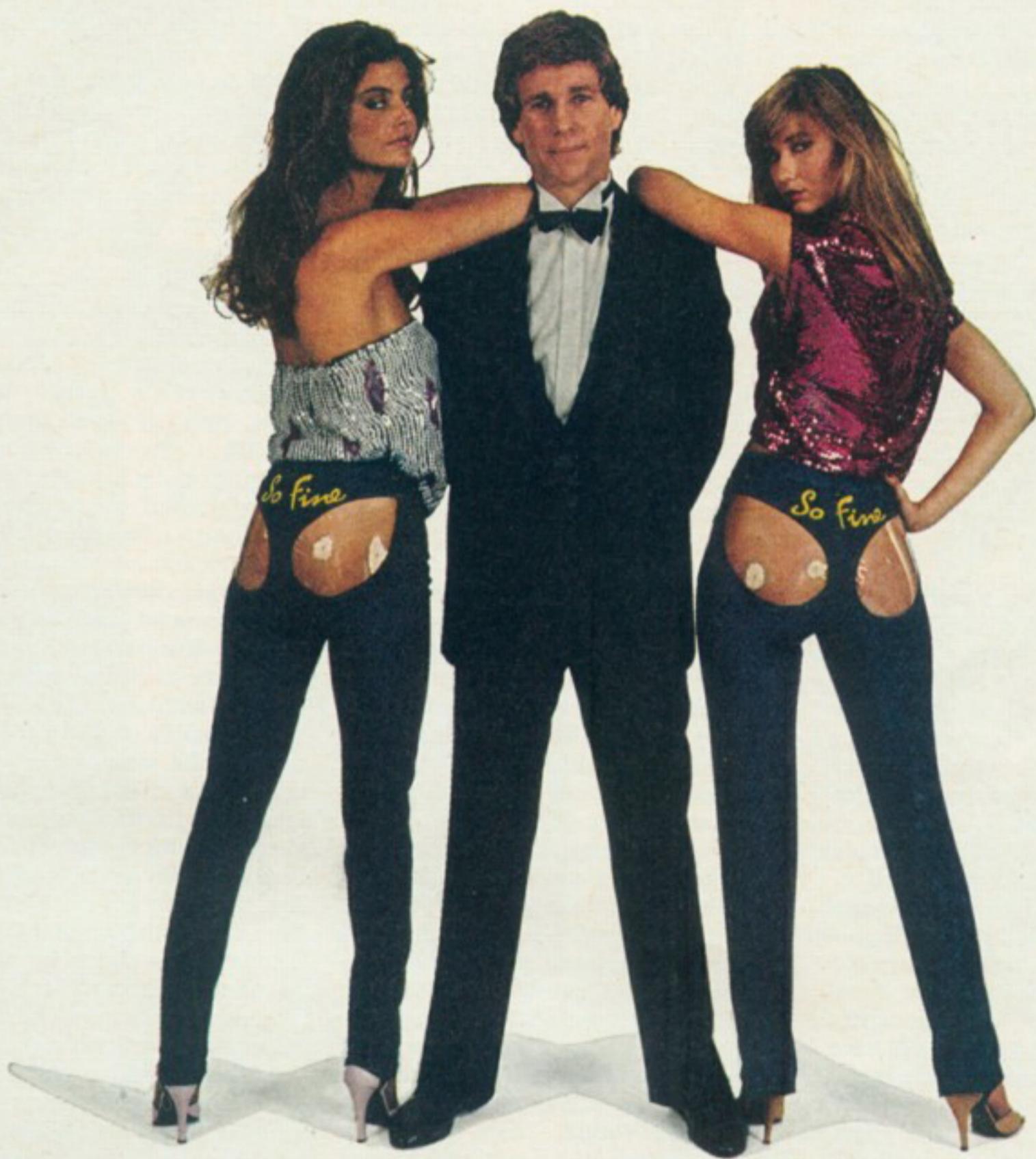
### PAINTER'S HATS A PLENTY

Eclat (P.O. Box 69683, West Hollywood, California 90069) is selling simple one-size-fits-all cotton painter's caps with the names of such fine artists as Cassatt, Lautrec, Picasso, Cézanne and Matisse scrawled across the front. (Get it? They're all famous painters and their names are on lowly house-painters' caps. Oh, wow!) The price for this piece of inspired frippery is only \$11 each, postpaid. That's more than some of the artists charged when they were painting in cold-water walk-ups in Montmartre.



### VINTAGE SOUNDS OF MUSIC

Facts You Always Wanted to Know: One of the world's largest collections of vintage phonographs and music boxes is housed in Seven Acres Antique Village & Museum, located at 8512 South Union Road, Union, Illinois 60180. Owner Larry Donley also maintains a sales-and-service department, and he can fix you up with a late Thirties windup machine for \$75 or a \$5000 coin-operated Excelsior cylinder model that is more exciting than a Wurlitzer.



**A very sexy comedy**

# So Fine

RYAN O'NEAL

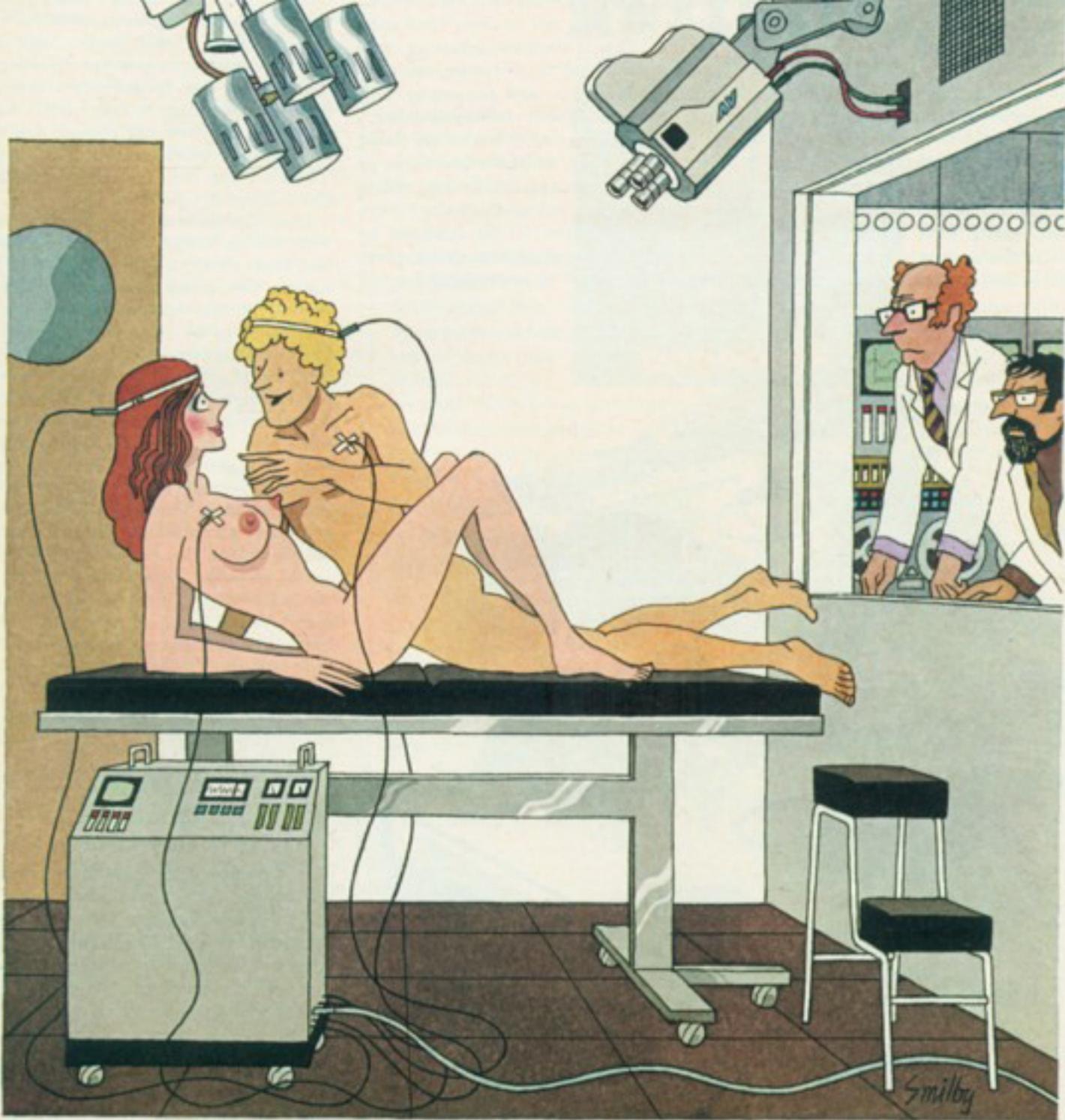
JACK WARDEN MARIANGELA MELATO RICHARD KIEL

"SO FINE"

A LOBELL/BERGMAN PRODUCTION

MUSIC BY ENNIO MORRICONE PRODUCED BY MIKE LOBELL

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY ANDREW BERGMAN



*“Good grief—don’t tell me you were that skinny kid with the brace who used to run errands for her aunt Hattie to Dudlow’s Drugstore? The one who once spilled a quart of ice cream in the middle of Elm Street? The one who. . . .”*



ETIENNE GEORGI/ISTOIA

### A Little Bit of Heaven

We're not going to worry about actress ISABELLE HUPPERT. Even though *Heaven's Gate* was a critical bomb, her fresh beauty and her first-rate tush more than made up for the other excesses.



© 1981 PETER FREDERICKS/ISTOIA - LONDON

### Wet and Wild

We like pictures of actress BARBARA CARRERA wet. She's a perfect sea nymph. Fresh from last summer's *Condorman*, Carrera co-stars with Armand Assante (O lucky man!) in *I, the Jury*.

### Cheek to Cheek

RYAN O'NEAL's stuck on the new *So Fine* jeans, which proves once again that seeing is believing. When he can tear himself away, he's got a new movie, appropriately titled *So Fine*, that should be in a theater near you right now. The pants come without Ryan, and vice versa.



DOV/INE

### Coming Through Loud and Clear

PATTI (REAGAN) DAVIS is anti-nuke and pro-T-shirt. She's also an aspiring actress. Of all the kids in this White House batch, we like her the best. She's respectful but has a mind of her own. We especially like looking at the way she gets her points across.



© 1981 BARBARA WILLY/ISTOIA



### The Midnight Rambler

Some things age well: After finishing a new album, MICK'S looking loose, prosperous and in shape. We salute the Stones' 20th year of outrage and wish them many, many more.



### Touchie Feelie

Since *Saturday Night Live* hit the skids, more and more people have tuned in the *other* weekend night to discover a group of very funny kids. One of them, MELANIE CHARTOFF, gets our celebrity-breast-of-the-month award, hands, er, on. Check out *Fridays* for more silliness.

### On the Beach

When we devoted ten pages to actress LINDA KERRIDGE last December, we celebrated her individual beauty, but we couldn't help making a big deal out of her uncanny resemblance to Marilyn Monroe. Since then, Linda has frizzed her hair, but the look is still unmistakable. We'd frolic in the waves with Linda any time.



## NEXT MONTH:



PRICKLING "HEAT"



PROPAGATING PORN



STRIKING LA MOTTA



STIMULATING CINEMA

**"TUNING IN TO CHANNEL SEX"**—THE X-RATED HOME-VIDEO BOOM IS BRINGING EXPLOSIVE CHANGES IN OUR SEXUAL ATTITUDES. HOW DID PATIO PORN GET ITS FOOT IN AMERICA'S DOOR, AND WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT BEHIND ALL THOSE CLOSED DOORS?—BY **DAVID RENSIN**

**"HEAT"**—THE CHRONICLER OF THE 87TH PRECINCT FOLLOWS KLING, A DETECTIVE WHO'S FOLLOWING HIS WIFE TO FIND OUT HOW SHE REALLY SPENDS HER DAYS. AT THE SAME TIME, AN EX-CON IS FOLLOWING KLING. A TAUT TALE—BY **ED MCBAIN**

**"THE STAKES OF THE GAME"**—PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL HAS TRAVELED FROM SCHOOLYARD TO ADVERTISING AGENCY, FROM DOUBLE DRIBBLE TO DOUBLE INDEMNITY. REPORTING FROM THE PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS' ROOKIE TRAINING CAMP, **DAVID HALBERSTAM** PRESENTS A PENETRATING PERUSAL OF THIS CHANGING AMERICAN GAME

**"FINE CRYSTAL"**—WITH COUNTRY HARMONY AND SOLID POP INSTINCTS, **CRYSTAL GAYLE** SHINES AT THE CENTER OF THE COUNTRY/POP UNIVERSE. AND, ON TOP OF THAT, DON'T SHE MAKE YOUR EYES BUG OUT? A PROFILE—BY **CHET FLIPPO**

**"RAGING BEAUTY"**—IF YOU THOUGHT CATHY MORIARTY IN *RAGING BULL* WAS A KNOCKOUT—WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE REAL **VIKKI LA MOTTA** IN A PIPING-HOT *PLAYBOY* PICTORIAL

**"SEX IN CINEMA 1981"**—THE SILVER SCREEN'S SIRENS AND STUDS HAVE SELDOM SIZZLED SO SMARTLY. *PLAYBOY'S* LIBIDINOUS LOOK AT EARLY-EIGHTIES *CINEMA SEXUEL*

**ORIANA FALLACI**, GRAND INQUISITRESS OF Q & A, FINDS HERSELF ON THE OTHER SIDE, GRILLED BY **ROBERT SCHEER** ON HER TECHNIQUES, HER OPINIONS OF WORLD LEADERS AND HER MAN IN A ONE-OF-A-KIND **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"NEW MAGAZINES FOR THE EIGHTIES"**—*MOTHER JONES* MAY HELP YOU KEEP UP WITH YOUR PRESENT-DAY JONESES, BUT HOW IN THE WORLD ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP UP WITH THE BRAVE NEW WORLD? OUR READER'S GUIDE TO FUTURISTIC LITERATURE IS SURE TO GET YOUR CIRCULATION GOING—BY **DAVID STANDISH** AND **JERRY SULLIVAN**