

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1983 • \$3.00

COVER GIRL

KIM BASINGER

SHE'S 007'S
NEW WOMAN
AND SHE'S A
LOOKER!
SEE EIGHT
KNOCKOUT
PAGES INSIDE

ROCKY MOUNTAIN
SIGHS...

**THE WOMEN
OF ASPEN**

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
NOBEL PRIZE
WINNER
GABRIEL GARCIA
MARQUEZ

JOSEPH WAMBAUGH'S
TOUGH NEW COP STORY
MAKES "HILL STREET"
LOOK LIKE "SESAME STREET"

THE HARSH EDUCATION
OF OLYMPIC HOCKEY
HERO JIM CRAIG

E. L. DOCTOROW
COMING SOON—1984
A LOOK AT TODAY'S REALITY
VS. ORWELL'S PROPHECY

THE YEAR IN SEX
HIGHLIGHTS OF A
WILD AND CRAZY YEAR





BUCKE BROWN

"If it's a duel you want, my dear fellow, then it's a duel you shall have! Wake me at sunrise."

sean connery, bob fosse, george plimpton and other seasoned girl watchers have pledged allegiance to sexy miss basinger

Betting on Kim

*Just because she's blonde with her big blue eyes,
She can't really help it; she was born with that disguise.
But try to tell the women that, and try to tell the guys
How many tears have fallen from those big blue eyes. . . .*

personality by *Bruce Williamson* THAT LYRIC is from a song titled *Birthmark*, one of hundreds written by blonde, blue-eyed Kim Basinger, who has had precious little to cry about lately. She's lucking out as Domino, Sean Connery's ladylove in *Never Say Never Again*, which will bring Connery back to the fold (not to mention the gold) as James Bond.

Born in Athens, Georgia, Kim grew up in a family of seven children and describes herself as "a rebellious loner and painfully shy girl" who bided her time by writing (text continued on page 87)



As a lacquered Revlon goddess and cover girl (above), Kim always considered her modeling career "just a means to an end." The real Kim (at left) was photographed by PLAYBOY's Richard Fegley in Hawaii. And here's the way she is: indomitable, a natural. Next, she hopes to cut a record singing her own songs.



Advance word on *Never Say Never Again* calls Kim "enigmatic" and "vulnerable" in her role as the elegant Domino, opposite Sean Connery's James Bond (left). Bodes well for those of us who saw her star potential long before Bond beckoned. Kim also sees the Bond epic as a major career breakthrough.

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY RICHARD FEGLEY

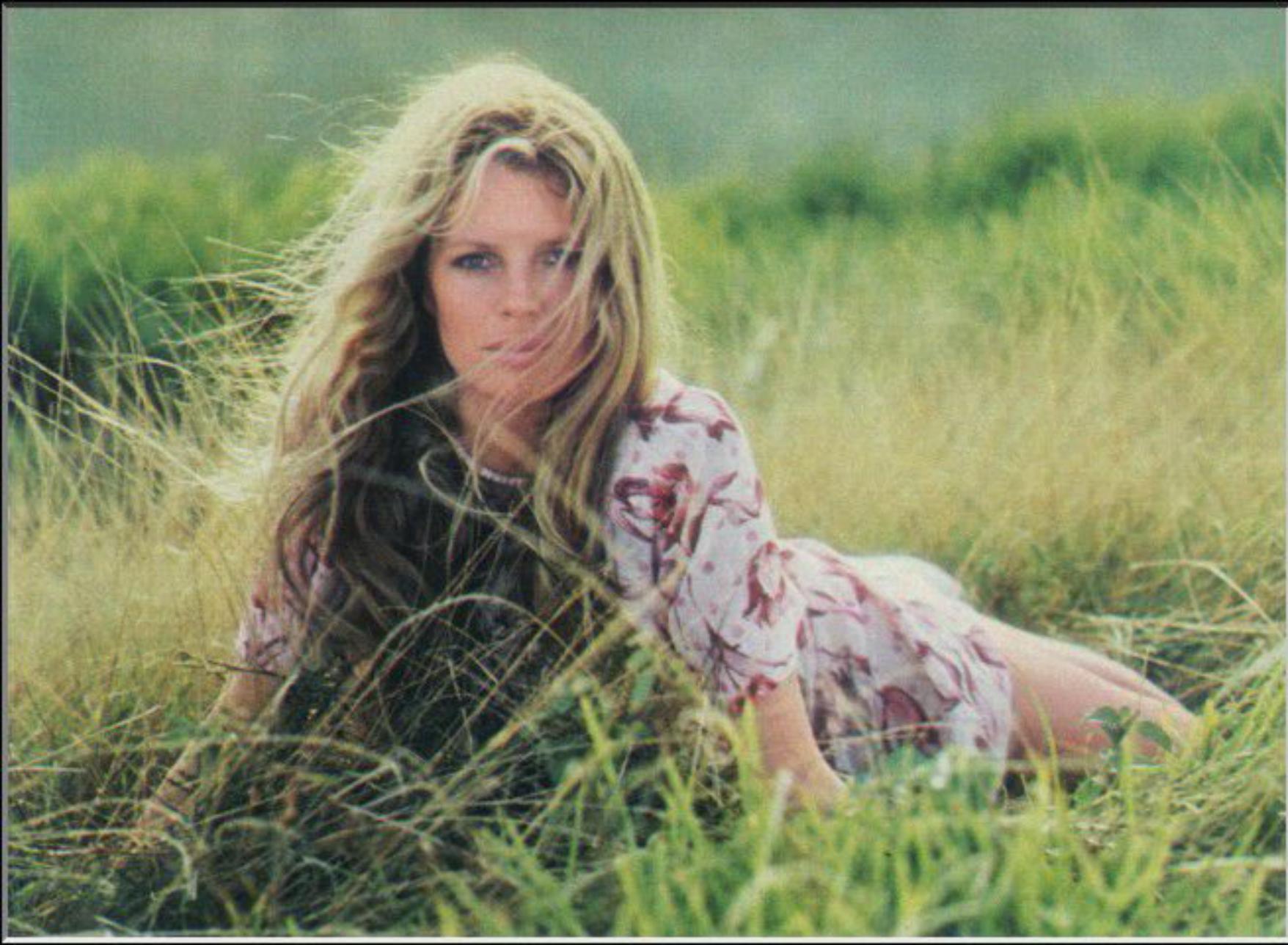












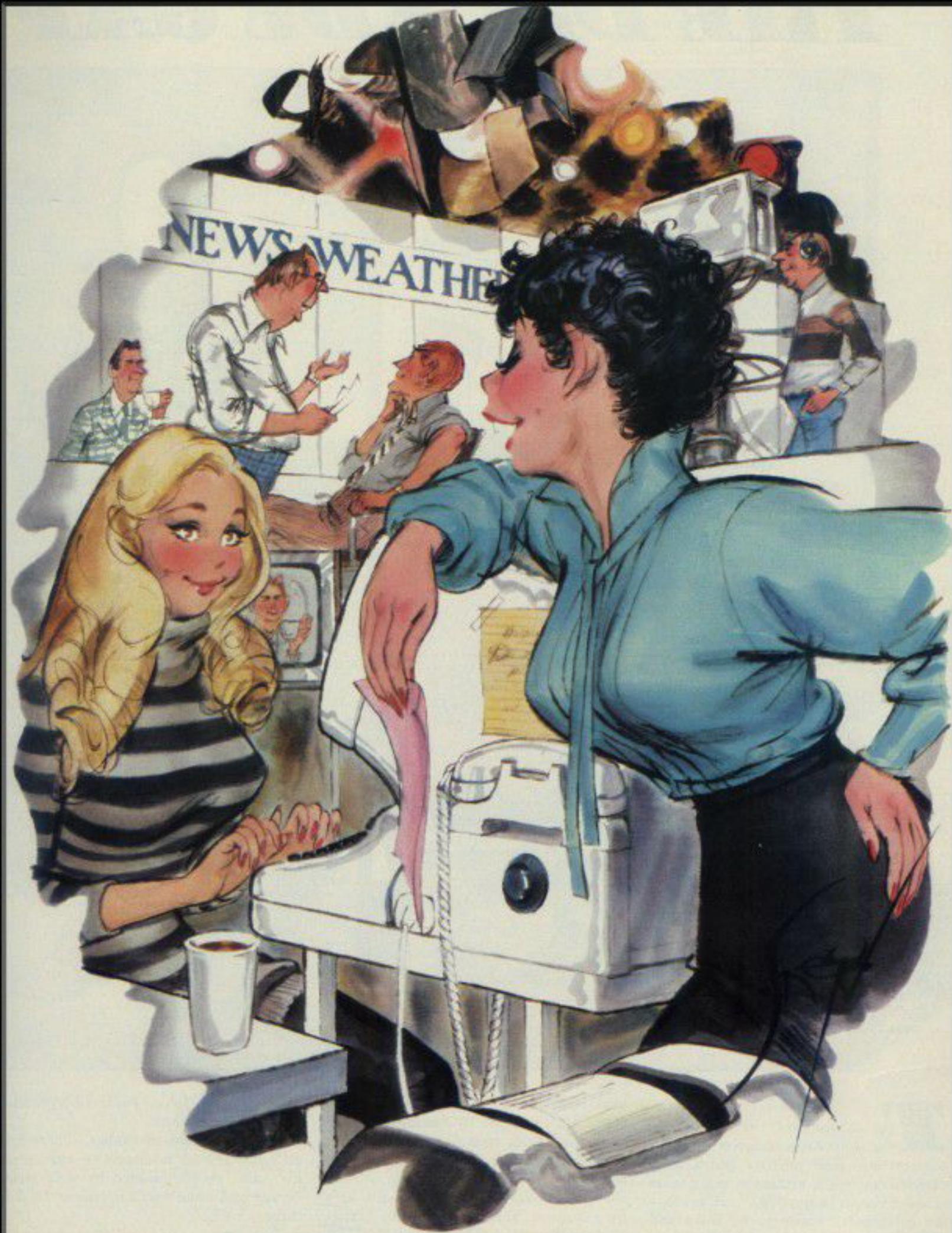








"I like it. It's preppie!"



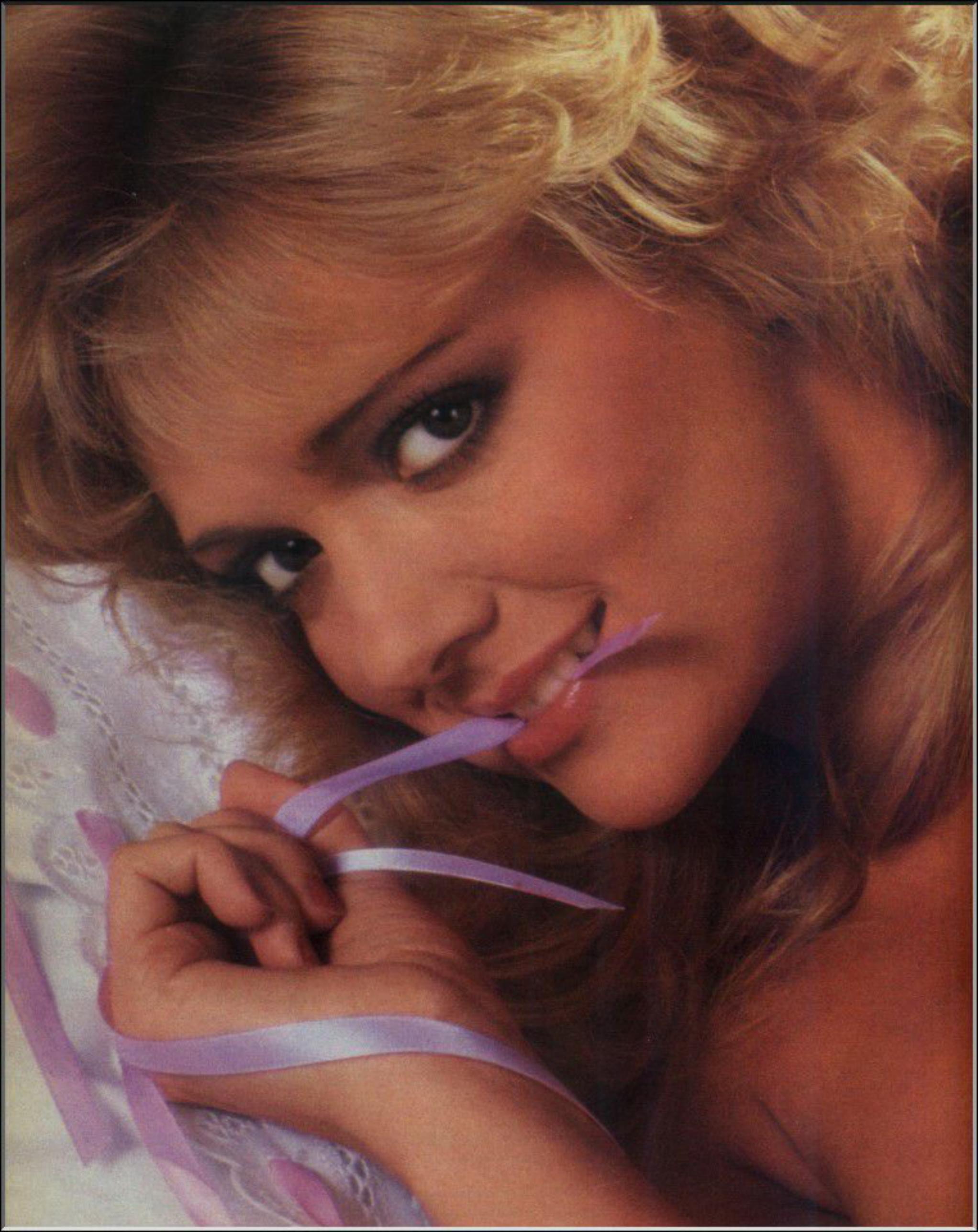
"I wasn't really sick, Shirley. I told the boss I was under the weather, but actually, I was under the weatherman."

MAYS CRAZE

*melinda's a nut about
health and fitness and a
hell of a lot more inspiring
than richard simmons*



*While on a combined picnic and hike
(above) in the antebellum plantation
area of historic Stone Mountain Park,
just outside her home town of At-
lanta, Melinda stops for a breather.*

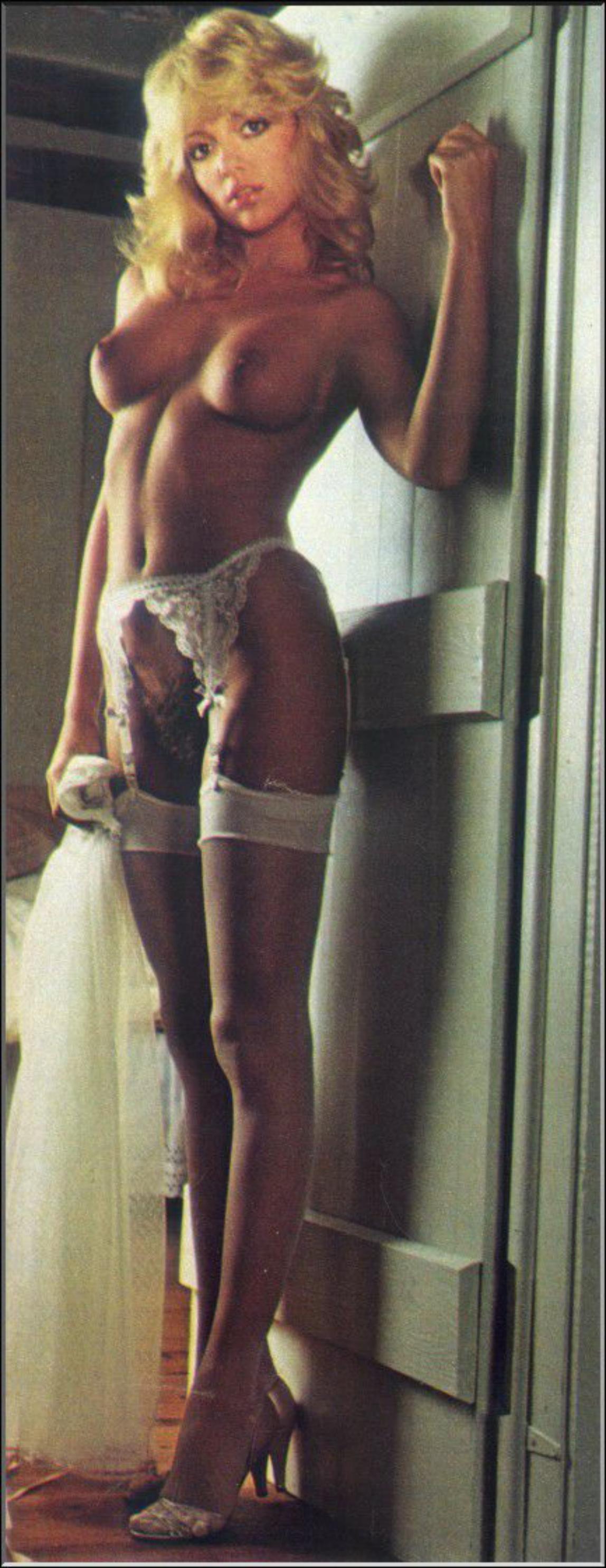


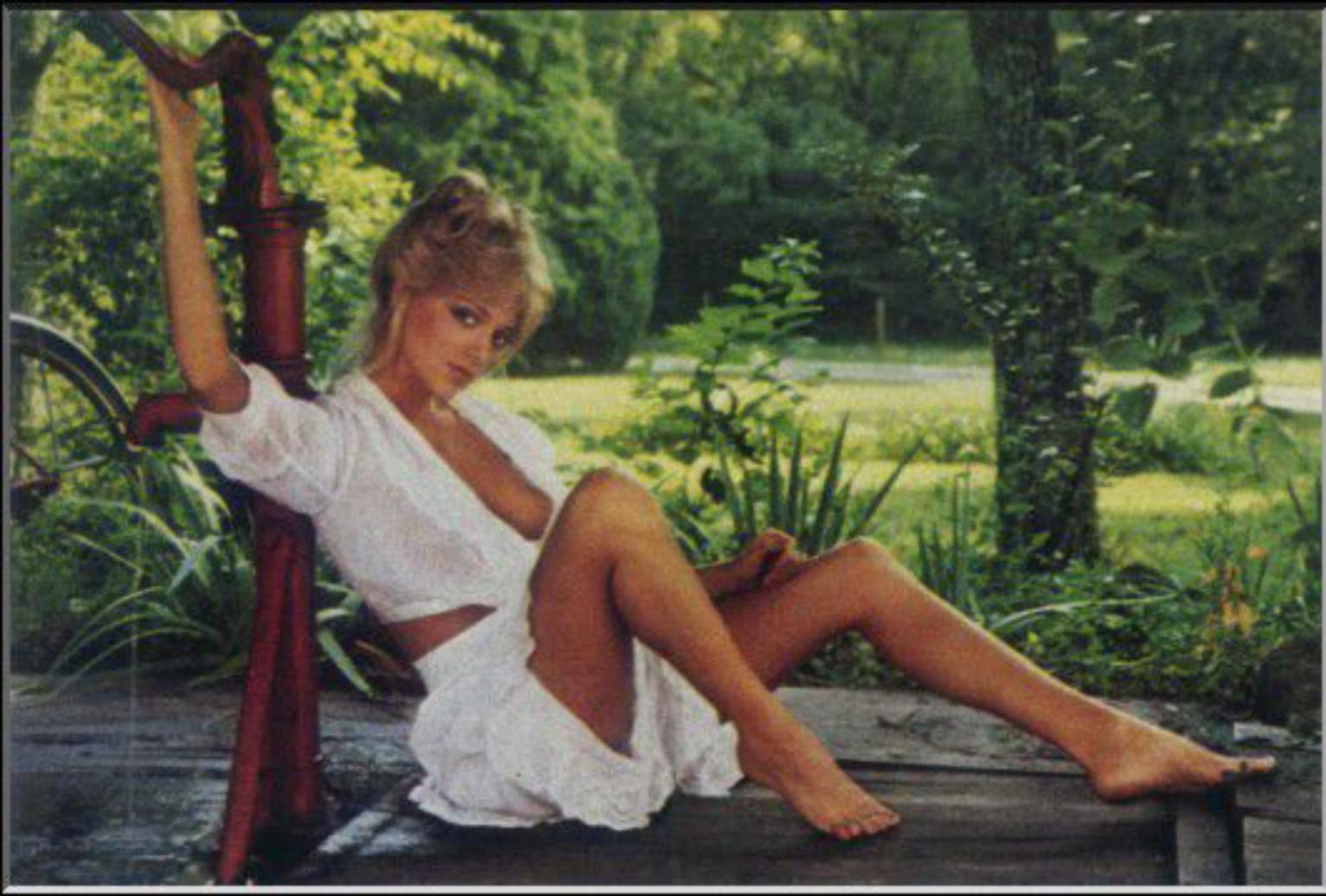








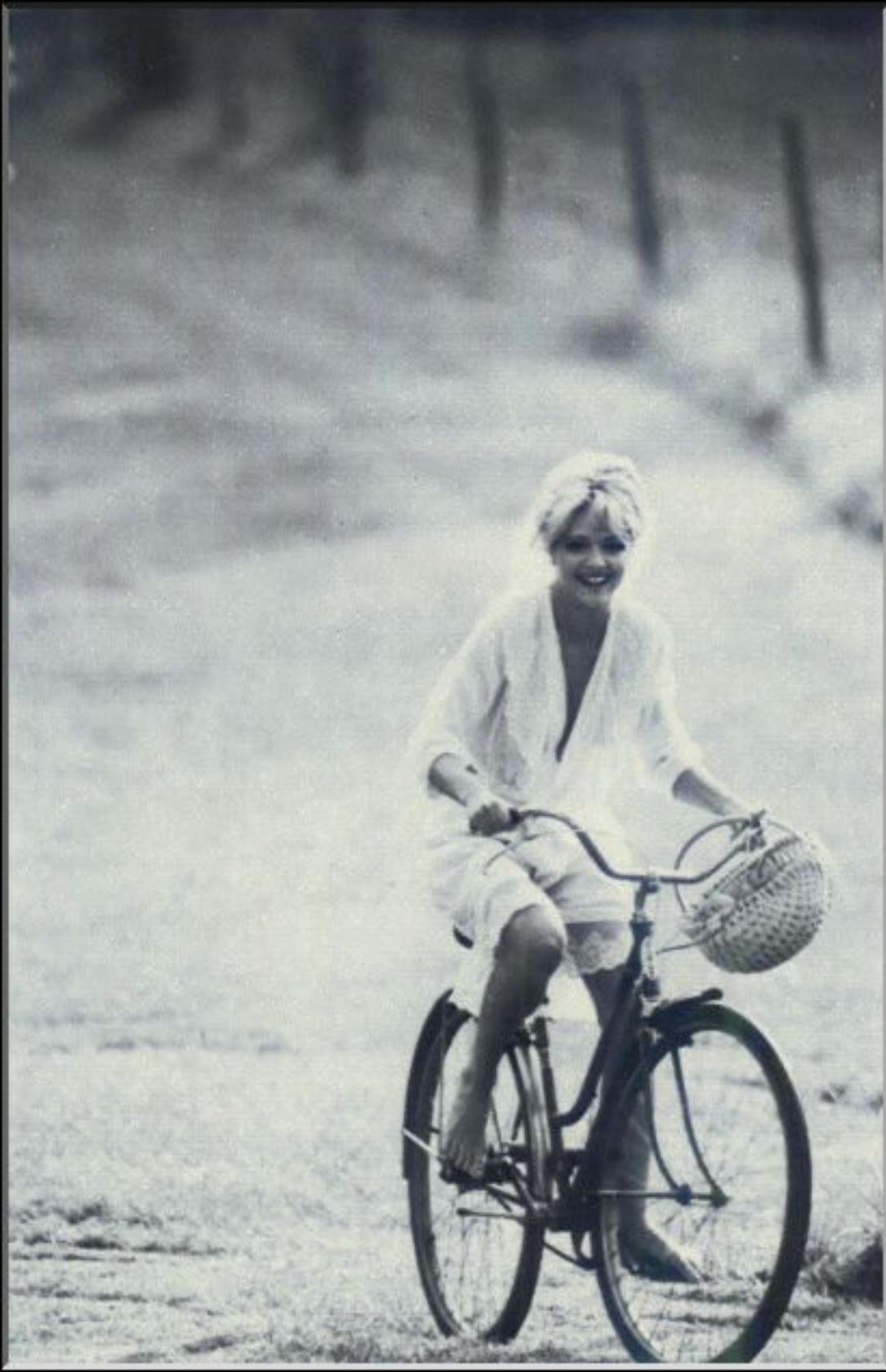














MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Melinda Mays

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 101

BIRTH DATE: 2-23-62 BIRTHPLACE: Augusta, Georgia

AMBITIONS: To be successful and happy in life with whatever I might be doing.

TURN-ONS: A real gentleman, ice cream, shopping, roses and muscles-lots of them!

TURN-OFFS: A negative attitude, liars, unfriendly people and spiders

FAVORITE BOOKS: Watership Down and all of Erma Bombeck's books.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Olivia Newton-John, Billy Squier, Joan Jett and Kool and the Gang.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Volleyball and aerobics

IDEAL MAN: One who is not a quitter, lots of fun, considerate, truthful, humorous and protective.

SECRET FANTASY: To be on a beautiful deserted island with a wonderful man.



2 years old



Me and my toys
Christmas 1968



Miss Homecoming
1979

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

B-r-r-r! shivered the girl when an icy blast hit the couple as they left the singles bar. "Do you know what the forecast is?"

"The prediction is for better than six inches," replied her new-found male friend. "And," he added, as he linked his arm through hers, "it might even snow."

I had this framed for good luck," explained the bottomless go-go dancer to her visitor. "It's the first dollar bill I ever snatched."



It's rumored that NBC may take legal action against a porno cable-TV operation that's been using the slogan "Proud as a peaked cock!"

There may be some interesting developments around here involving the new girl who's been hired for the steno pool," the employment interviewer told his boss.

"Oh? Why's that?" inquired the latter.

"Well, at first, I thought I'd nix her. She'd actually gone and written 'Fellatio' in the foreign-languages block on our application form!"

When the two men had finished laughing, the chief executive said, "What made you change your mind and recommend her, then?"

"Just this," replied the interviewer. "When I pointed out the mistake she'd made, she promptly erased 'Fellatio' and then rewrote it under special job skills."

*In sex education, Miss West
Said, "Johnny, your work has regressed!
But since learning's a tool,
If you stay after school,
I will help you bone up for the test."*

Contrary to popular belief, the four-letter word most frequently heard in a whorehouse is "Next!"

I want a divorce, because my husband has become impossible to live with," insisted the woman. "Why, now he wants to have sex with me once a week!"

"But that doesn't sound unreasonable," countered her attorney.

"It does to me," snapped the client, "because he used to get it about twenty-five days a month!"

Being asked solicitously about the state of her health was becoming bothersome to the pregnant woman at the cocktail party. And yet another guest went over and inquired, "Well, how are you feeling these days?"

"Not too well," said the expectant mother. "You know, I've missed seven or eight periods now and it's beginning to worry me."

The Navy has become more vigilant about screening out pot-smoking homosexuals, we've heard, ever since an incident in which a head was found giving head in the head.

*A huge-organed female in Dallas
Named Alice, who yearned for a phallus,
Was virgo intacto,
Because, ipso facto,
No phallus in Dallas fit Alice.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as a foregone conclusion.

So that sexually active high school girls who might otherwise forget their birth-control medication will be sure to take it first thing in the morning, an enterprising pharmaceutical firm has come out with a chocolate-breakfast-drink contraceptive. It's called Ovumteen.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *spinster* as an old unmade.

Stirring up interest in certain winter-sports circles is a projected ski complex in wide-open Nevada. It's to be called Slalom and Gomorrah.

I happened to meet the foxiest lady on one of my regular trips to Tulsa," the drinker recounted to a bar acquaintance, "and though she said she was busy that evening, she did give me her home phone number and invited me to call before heading her way again."

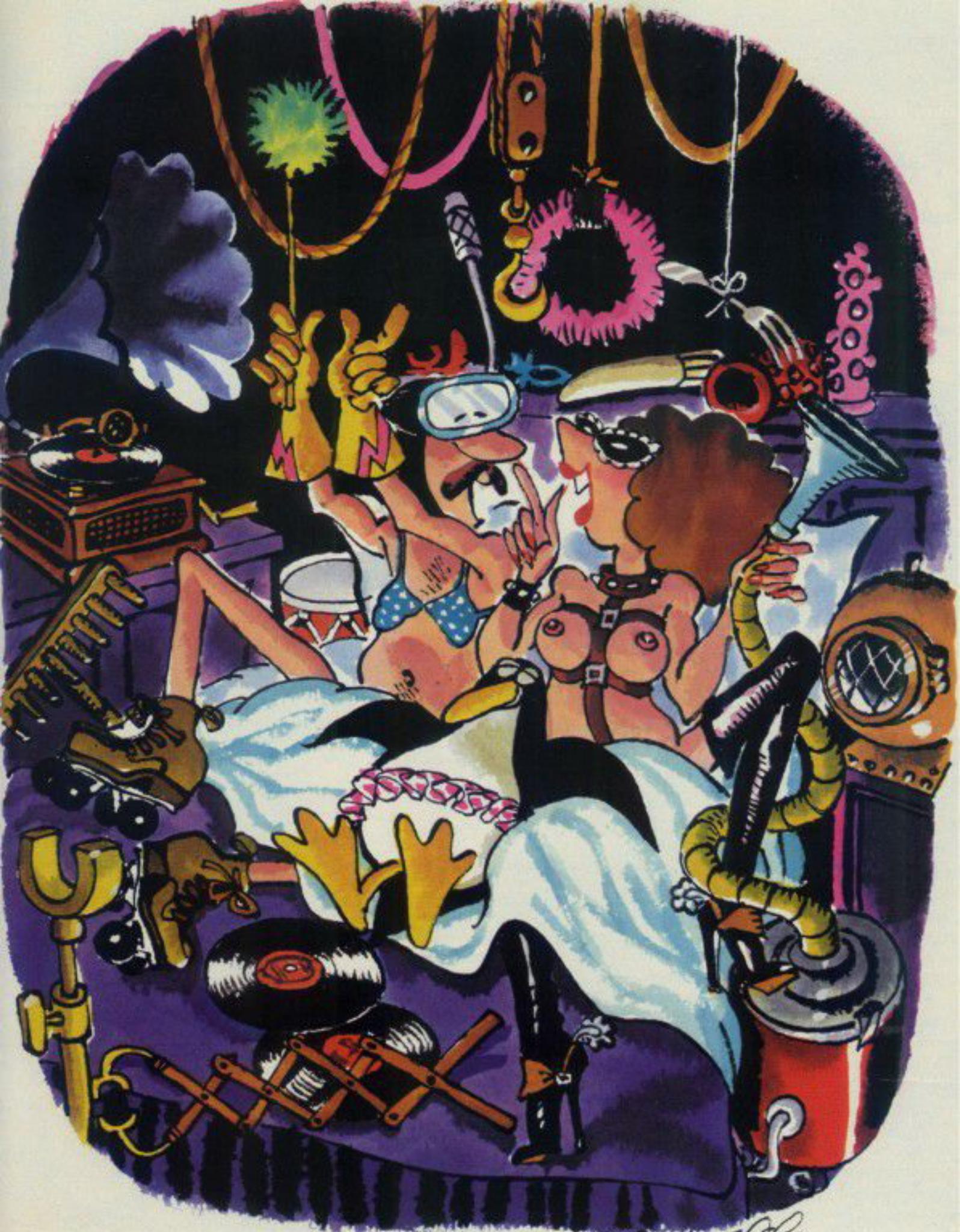
"It sounds like you've got it made."

"I dunno. Her number begins with 800."

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.



*"What are you staring at? Haven't you ever seen
an older woman with a younger man?"*



Keith Haring

"Doo-hooiin' what comes natch-rally!"















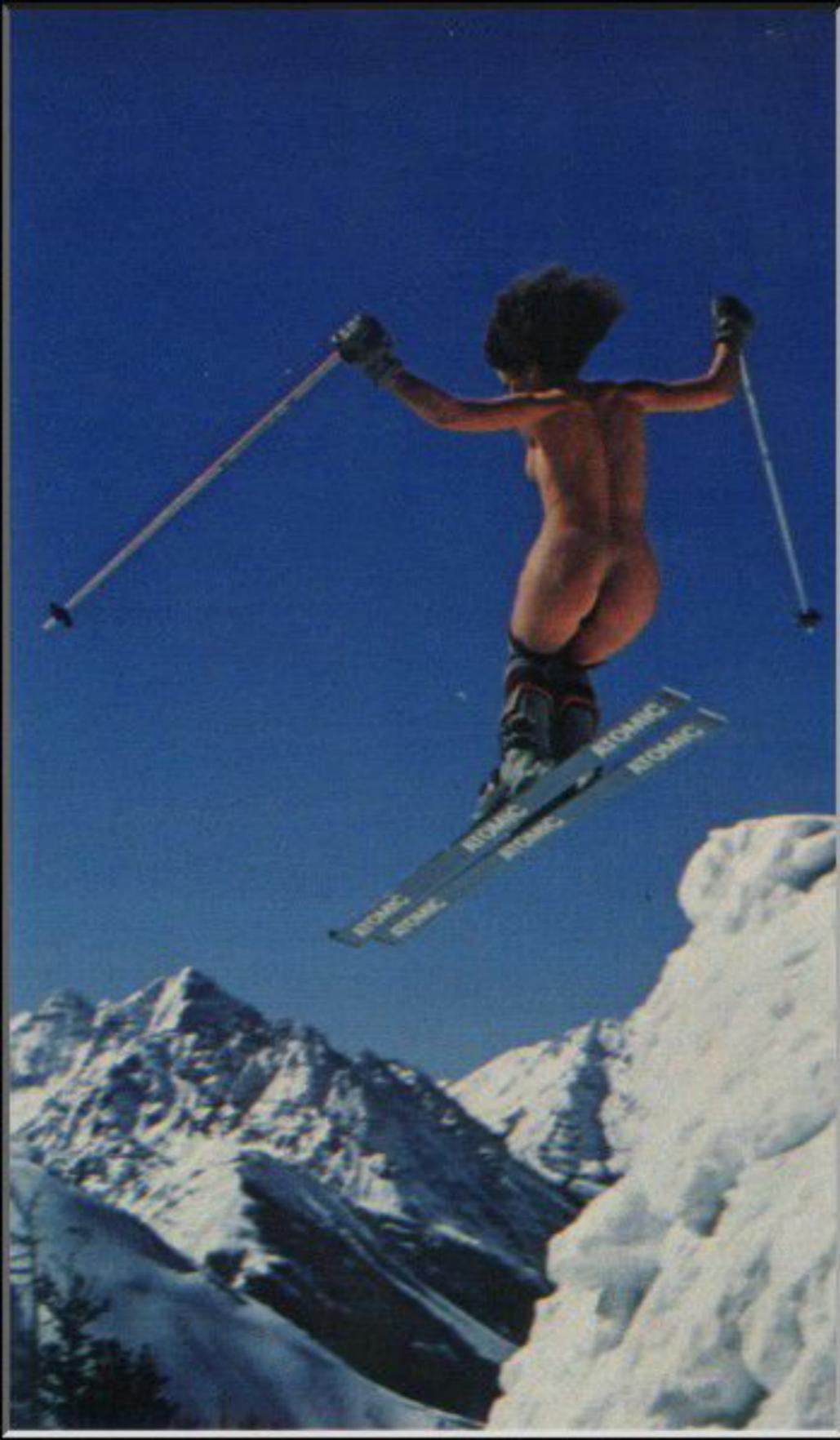




















LET'S GET FISCAL: The fact that Olivia Newton-John made about a zillion dollars with her smash-hit song (*Let's Get Physical*) probably had a lot less to do with musical quality than with the packaging in which it came—album, television special, video cassette and certain muscle-tightening poses.



THE SANDMAN NEVER LOOKED SO GOOD: In an effort to spark ratings for its late, late shows, L.A.'s channel 11 hired Bedtime Movie Girls (the sample at left is Angela Aames).

SCARE ME SOME MORE: It began in L.A. with Elvira (below), channel nine's horror-movie hostess, whose cleavage won her headlines and a spot on the Johnny Carson show.



STICK IT IN YOUR EAR: Lonely ladies may enjoy an audio visit ("You'd like me to lick your pussy?") via cassette from Jeremy, thanks to Allan Epstein of, naturally, Beverly Hills.

IS THIS WHAT THEY MEAN BY AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS?

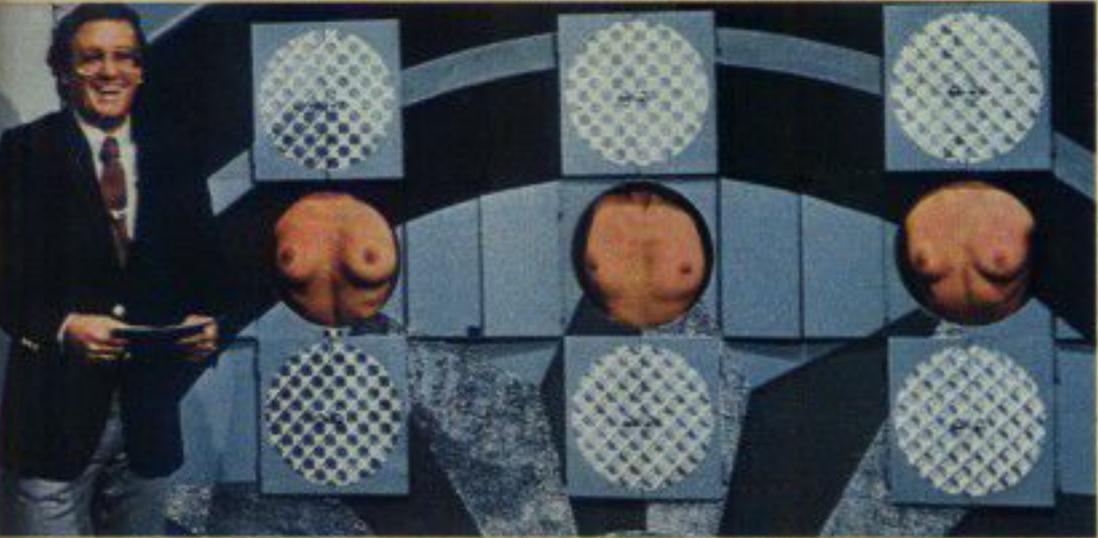
X MARKS THE PLOTS: "Adult" tapes now account for an estimated 60 percent of the video-cassette market; among the top sellers (below) are a combination of porn-movie classics (*The Devil in Miss Jones*) and several new, ah, comers (*Roommates*, *Night Dreams*).



I LOVE IT WHEN YOU TALK FORTRAN TO ME, BABY: We suppose some people *do* use computers to balance bank accounts, but the makers of erotic software have come up with programs that are more fun, such as *Zesty Zodiacs* (below), *Street Life* and *French Postcards*.



AT LAST, A TV TITLE TO BELIEVE IN: *Everything Goes*, a show you may have caught on The Playboy Channel, calls on contestants to identify the bare essentials of folks they've met clothed earlier in the program. The losers, doubtless, feel like boobs. The happy m.c. below is Kip Addotta.



BEHIND THE GREEN ROOM: Nobody warned Chicago's WMET-radio news director Mark Scheerer of porn star Marilyn Chambers' penchant for doing interviews in the buff, but he survived a look at history's most overexposed pubes.



NOW YOU SEE 'EM, NOW YOU DON'T: When Showtime, a pay-TV service, produced an item titled *Bare Touch of Magic*, the let-it-all-hang-out version below left aired in the U.S., the cover-up in Canada.

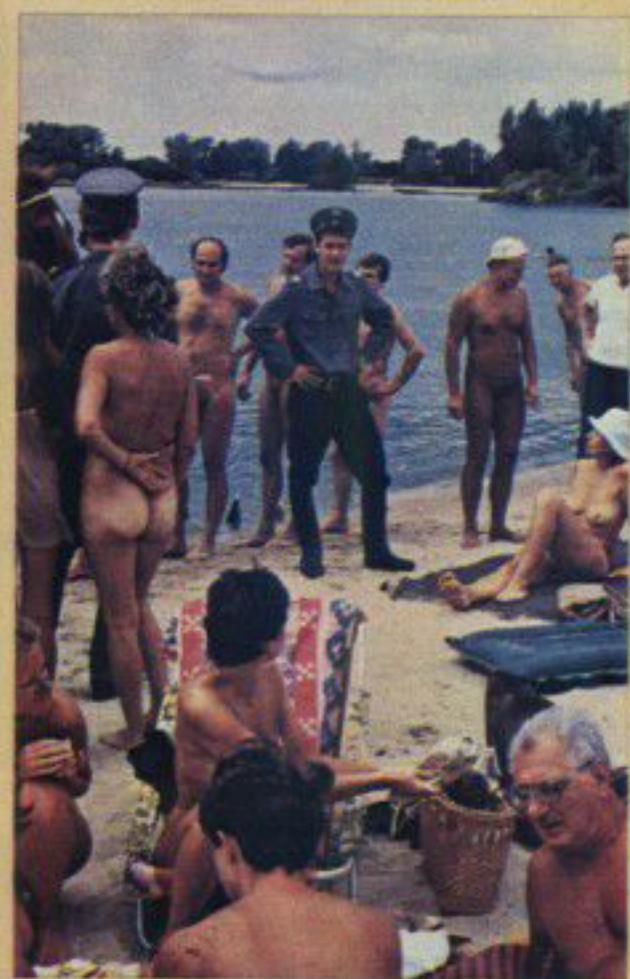


DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL! To celebrate government decontrol of French radio, a couple made love in the studio while reporters delivered the play by play. Below, the *après-amour* press conference.



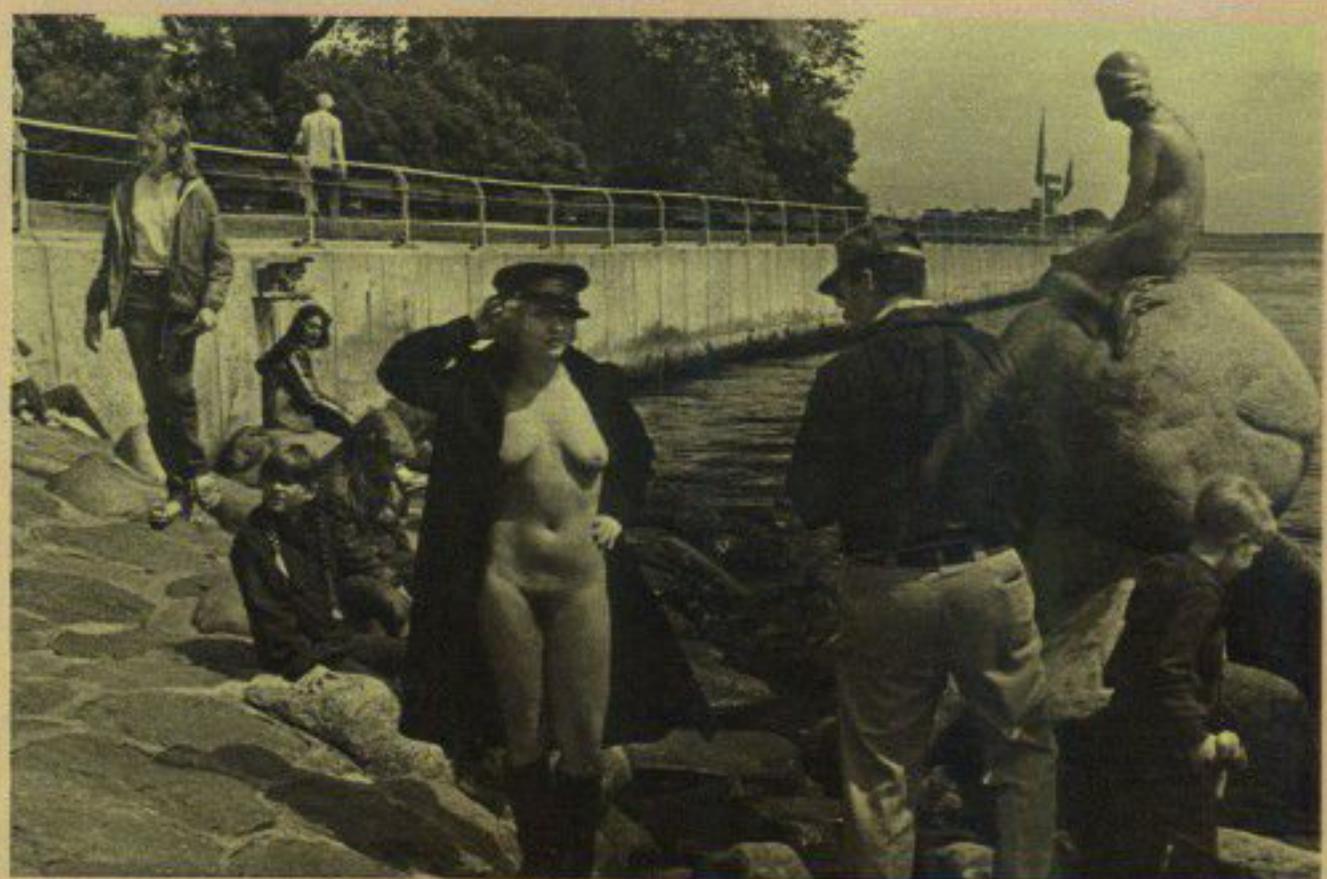
ABOUT THOSE HUDDLED MASSES. . . . Spanning the continent with his camera, Craig Blankenhorn posed couples having a ball in memorable sites. It started as a gag (not with a spoon), but some shots became greeting cards.

WHO INVITED HIM? Martial law didn't stop everything in Poland; you can still skinny-dip there if you don't mind cops and don't wear a Solidarity button, either.



GIVE THE LADY AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE: Recruit Lisa Vanasco wanted out of the Army, so she stripped in front of a Times Square recruiting station. It worked. Take note, Judy Benjamin.

NO MORE MELANCHOLY DANES: As everybody knows, the legendary little mermaid in Copenhagen harbor doesn't wear much. Neither does this Danish pastry, who's flashing, we suspect, at a photog's urging.



OH, YEAH? TAKE THESE, ARGENTINA! Prince Charles may have been on hand at Southampton to welcome troops coming home from the Falklands on the liner Canberra, but they whooped it up for the greeting from the unidentified (sorry!) bird below.



WHERE'S THE RABBIT?

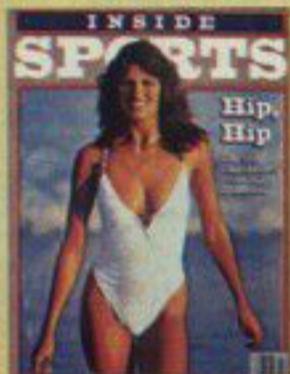
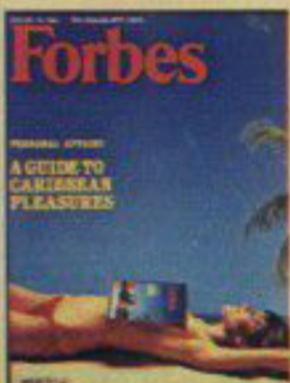
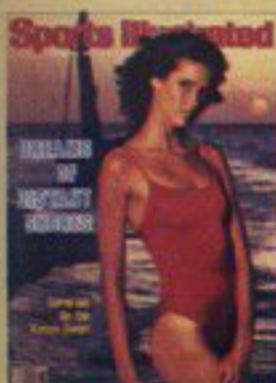
June 7, 1982 / \$1.50
Newsweek

Art Imitates Life
The Revival of Realism

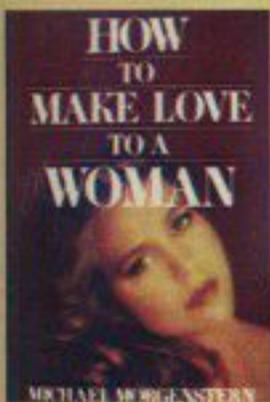


William Bailey's Portrait of S

WHAT? USE SEX TO SELL MAGAZINES? NEVER! We just thought you'd like to see some examples of the covers publications that *don't* bill themselves as "entertainment for men" have been putting on the nation's newsstands. Defense rests.



THEY RECALL BOOKS, DON'T THEY?



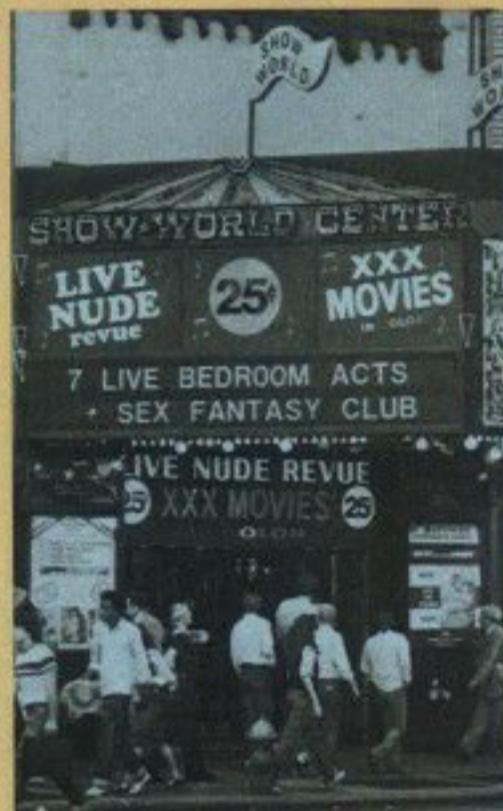
AND HOW NOT TO. . . After lawyer Michael Morgenstern was booked for allegedly slugging his girlfriend and breaking her jaw, the sales of his new book, *How to Make Love to a Woman*, doubled.

WE LOVE NEW YORK...AND PARIS

NOW, THAT'S A PRESS CONFERENCE: To hype a Sexpo '82 exhibit in Manhattan (below and right), planners threw in some live entertainment. Which may be why Sexpo later got busted.



WHO SAYS TRICKLE DOWN DOESN'T WORK? It was revealed this year that the Times Square joint below asked for, and got, a loan from the Small Business Administration in 1977.



RENT THIS SPACE: Here's a medium we'd like to massage. For an Advertising Strip Tease party (right), a Parisian restaurateur recruited human billboards.



BOIS HUMBUG: We warned you about Paris' gender-bending hookers. Now, we hear, transsexuals like the one above infest the Bois de Boulogne.



SWAY IT AGAIN, SAM: Porn queen Samantha Fox plans a three-day bare-a-thon in New York. Below left, she shows how it's done.



SO YOUR SEX LIFE IS COMPLICATED? In Broadway's *Torch Song Trilogy* (above right), queen Harvey Fierstein's lover is married.



HEAVENLY DAZE

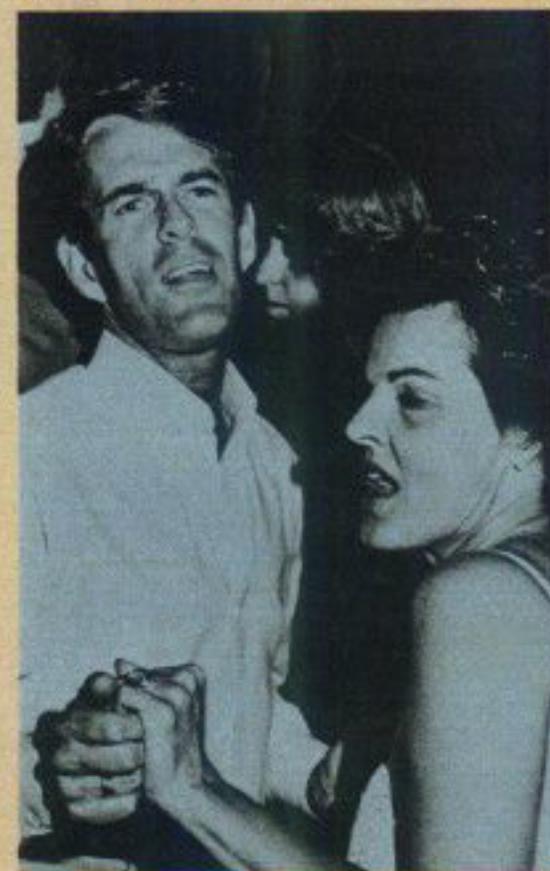
SO YOU THINK YOUR HONEYMOON WAS LOUSY? The Reverend Sun Myung Moon told 2075 couples he wed in Madison Square Garden (right) that they'd have to wait to sleep together until he says it's OK.



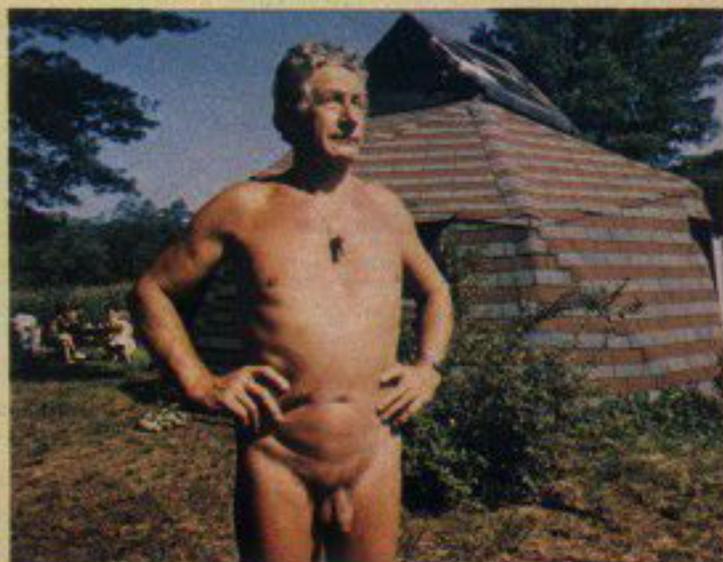
GRAND DESIGNER JEANS: In Italy, the Church fights unemployment by founding factories; products include Father Corrado Catani's Jesus Jeans.



SHAKE IT, ANITA! We all remember what Anita Bryant used to say about homosexuals, but here she is, discoing with gay evangelist Russ McCraw.



THE PIPES OF PAN: Kenneth Walker is senior minister of the Church of Pan, founded when Rhode Island naturists couldn't find a pastor for a nude wedding. Thirty families now belong.



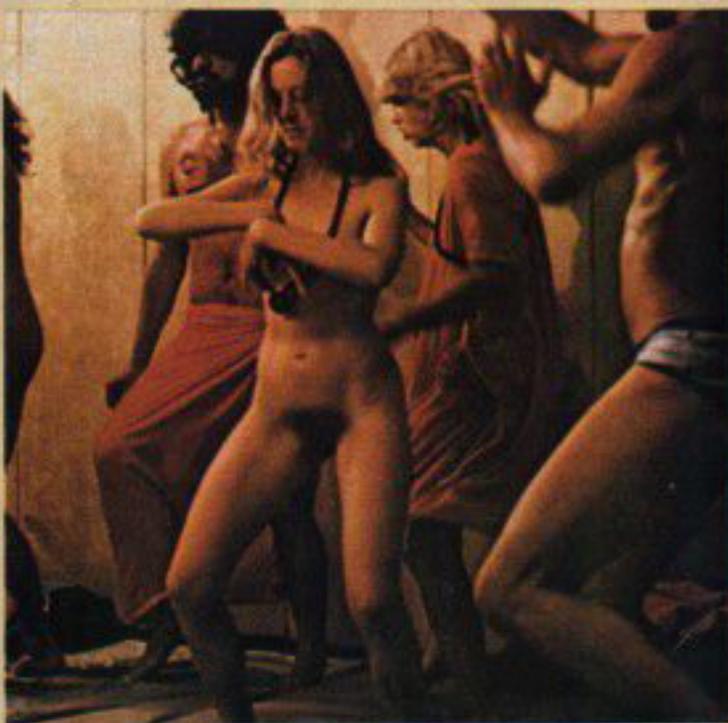
BET THEY HAVE GREAT CHURCH SOCIALS: It's back to nature and back to God for missionaries Gary and Carole Jackson (with sons, below), leading Bible study at a nudist camp in Florida.



GOLDSTEINS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH: Screw's Al Goldstein always makes a dramatic entrance at the Adult Film Association awards. This year, as Superman, he rose above protests.



WHO'LL SERVICE THE SERVICEMEN? This place was declared off limits by Great Lakes Naval Base after complaints the reverend seduced swabs.



THE ASHRAM THAT ATE ANTELOPE: Tales of Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh's ashram in India (left) initially worried folks in Antelope, Oregon, where Bhagwan's followers incorporated their own town. There's still "dynamic meditation" (below), but land reclamation is emphasized.

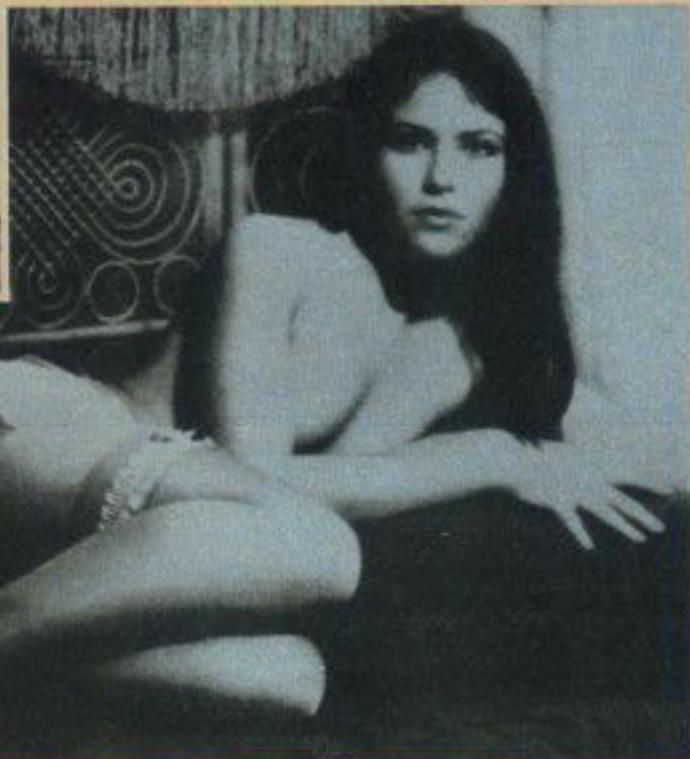


Bhagwan's Experiment
ASHRAM IN POONA

SEX-SCANDAL SWEEPSTAKES



ROYAL BLUSH: What's a guy to do when he gets home from the wars? Head for a little R&R, of course; and if the guy is Prince Andrew and he knows a cute actress named Koo Stark, star of the skin flick *Emily* (below), he invites her along to a secluded island. Randy Andy's mum, the queen, was not amused.



THE HORN OF A DILEMMA: Our Outstanding Performance in a Steamy Divorce award goes to Roxanne Pulitzer (with pits, below), who admitted to sleeping with a trumpet but denied charges by hubby Peter (below left) of sex with Jacquie Kimberly, wife of Kleenex heir James (they flank Roxanne). There's more, but we've run out of space. See text.



SEX-TRIAL SOCIALITE: I SLEPT WITH A TRUMPET

JUST KIDDING, GUYS: For a while there, it looked as if we'd have another full-blown Washington exposé this year, but then former page Leroy Williams confessed that he'd been lying about a homosexual sex ring involving Congressmen and teenaged pages.



LESS THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR AT BLOOMIE'S: The coo-some twosome at right are Vicki Morgan and the late Alfred Bloomington, whose estate she sued for \$5,000,000. The palimony action, with charges of bizarre sex, displeased widow Betsy, Nancy Reagan's best pal.

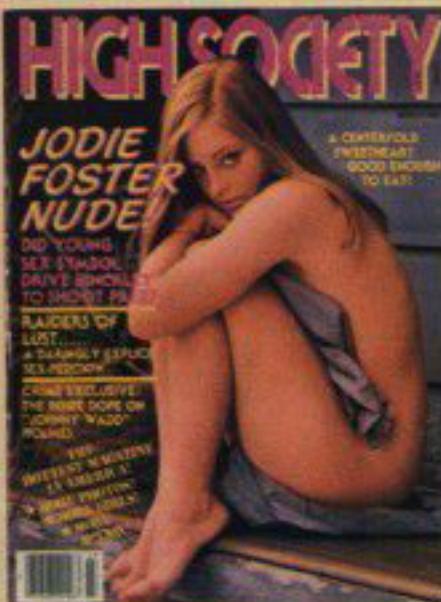


HERE COME DE JUDGES

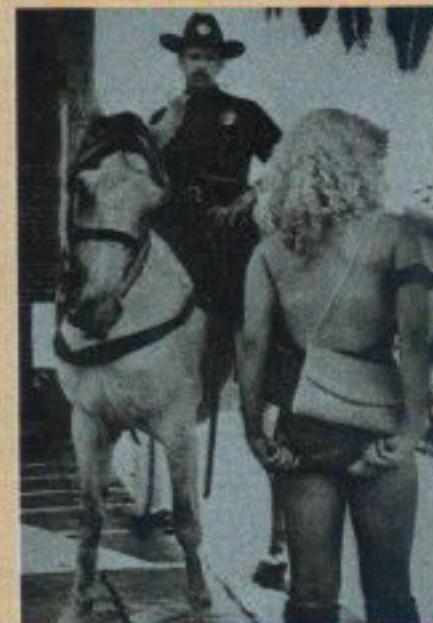
KINKY HINCKLEY REPORT: We all knew that John W. Hinckley, Jr. (bottom right), was hot for Jodie Foster, but even we blinked when the would-be assassin ordered, from a mental hospital, her nude pix.



GUY WE'D MOST LIKE TO PICK UP THE CHECK: Robert N. Parker, a University of Illinois official (above), was convicted of embezzling some \$600,000 in state funds to lavish on club B-girls near Chicago.



NICE PIECE OF HORSEFLESH, HUH, OFFICER? Police from the City of Angels kept a lookout for the city's fallen angels this year with a mounted-patrol vice squad.



NO BUSSES: To speed foot traffic on the Milwaukee Road commuter-train platform, the town fathers of Deerfield, Illinois, established a no-kissing zone. Violate me, baby!

PHYSICAL-FITNESS BUFFS



YOU SWAB THE WET SPOT: A transatlantic sailing race is serious business, but this all-girl French crew (left) takes time for fun in the sun en route to New Orleans.

HERE'S MUD IN YOUR... Just when we thought we'd come to the end of the mud-wrestling craze, Chippendale's, that outpost of the *outré* in L.A., made it coed.



CAREFUL OF THOSE HUEVOS, RANCHEROS: More than 10,000 spectators showed up for the sixth annual National Reno Gay Rodeo (below, wild cow milking) despite (or maybe because of) official attempts to block it.

OMIGOD, PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY WAS RIGHT! We never paid much mind to the anti-E.R.A. propaganda about unisex rest rooms (there's a lock on the door of the one bathroom in the old homestead), but now here comes Health Works (below), billed as "L.A.'s only cosexual bath club."



THAT'S NOT MY RIP CORD: We seem to have spotted a trend here; our offices were showered this year with photos of sky-diving teams in minimalist attire. This one has just dropped in on a nudist resort in Florida.



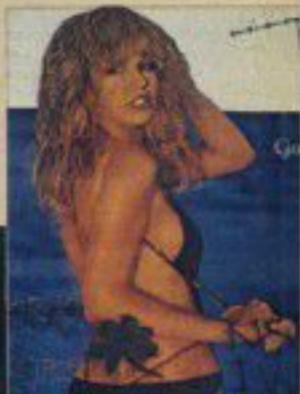
ANYTHING FOR A BUCK

NO WONDER THEY'RE BULLISH ON WALL STREET: The porn flick *Wanda Whips Wall Street* (right) was actually financed by brokers; below, star Veronica Hart greets some Wall Streeters.

OUR KIND OF GOING-OUT-OF-BUSINESS SALE: Next, Veronica announced she was retiring from the screen to sell the stuff she models below right.



PROMISE HER ANYTHING... but give her billboards, movie roles—maybe even a Golden Globe? Zillionaire Meshulam Riklis has his pretty wife, Pia Zadora, bending over backward.



GAG ME WITH A WHAT? Frank and Moon Unit Zappa's hit *Valley Girl* spawned, not surprisingly, T-shirts. But Frank wasn't cut in, so he sued.



WHO SAYS ONLY SISSIES HAVE DOLLS? Not Brooke Shields, who may make a bundle from her likeness (with painted-on panties).

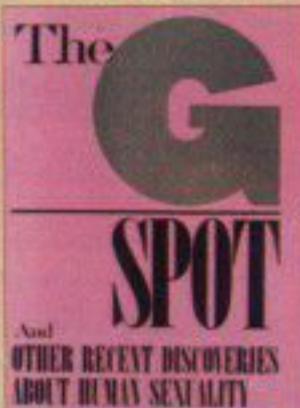


WHADDAYA MEAN, MY THREE MINUTES ARE UP? Aural-sex girls Leslie, Lori and others of their ilk have numbers to get you off, by phone.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

COME SPOT, COME: The book was a best seller, but most folks agreed the quest for the G spot was more fun.

WHITE MALE, GOOD CONVERSATIONALIST, LIKES CHINESE FOOD, INTO YOGA, HAS MEDIUM-SIZED BLISTERS: Someday, someone will find a cure for *Time*.



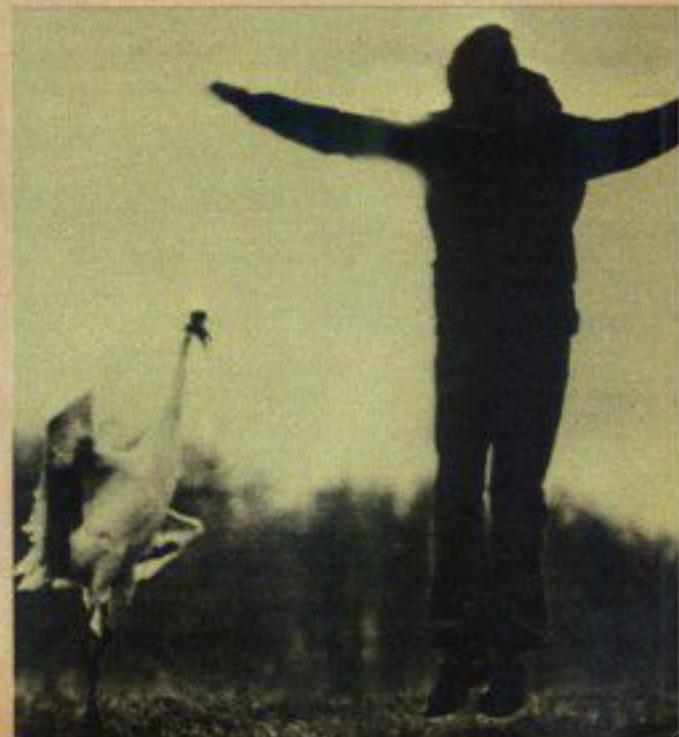
WHOOOPS, MY DEAR: It took a mating dance with George Archibald, director of the International Crane Foundation, to persuade Tex, a rare whooping crane, to lay an egg, Baby Gee Whiz.

Chicago Tribune, Sunday, September 19, 1982

A social register for herpes sufferers

By Gene Castellano

BRENT DECK HAS a better idea... for herpes sufferers. The Framingham, Mass., mechanical engineer has started a dating service for people who have the fast-spreading and incurable social disease—even though he'd rather not call it a dating service. Deck would like to have his company, New Day Introductions, known as "an anonymous social register for our members." Estimates of the number of Americans suffering from herpes range to 30 million, and to make them aware of his service, the 27-year-old Deck has begun distributing fliers to physicians across the country. There is no fee to receive the initial four-part questionnaire (dealing with values, interests, attitudes and background). Once you've filled out your copy of the



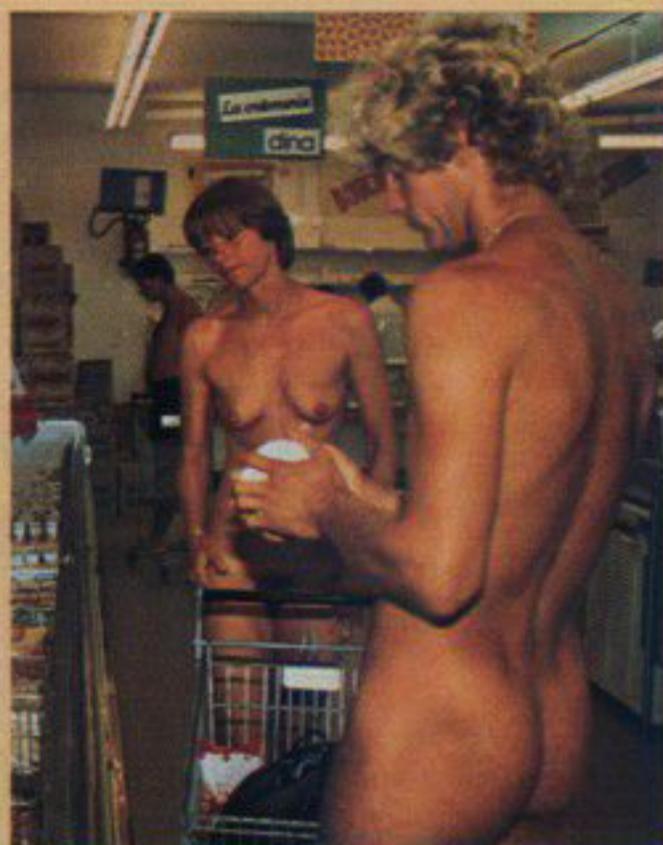
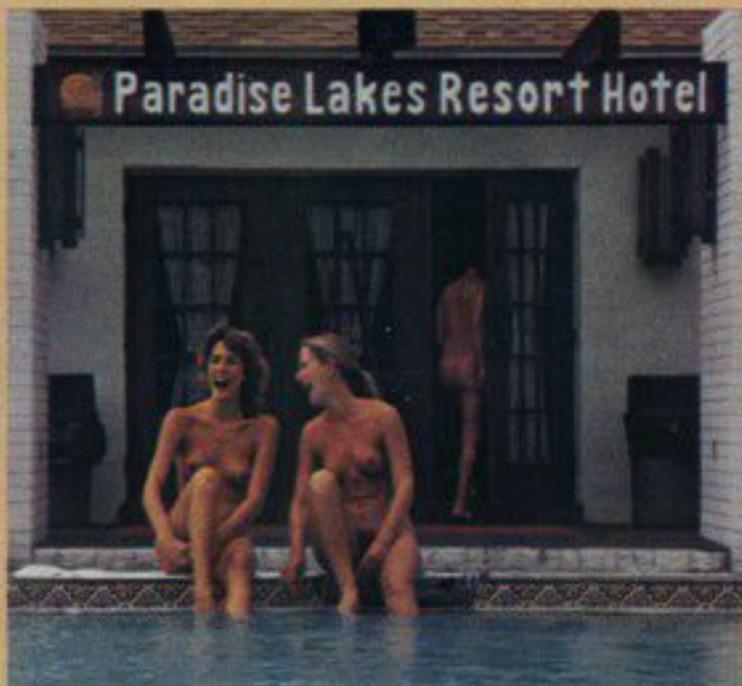
ALL THE NUDES THAT FIT WE PRINT

YEAH, BUT DO THEY TAKE PETS? Paradise Lakes Resort Hotel, just north of Tampa, offers tennis, swimming, volleyball, canoeing, movies, a hot tub, dancing, cocktails—and a minimum of valet service.

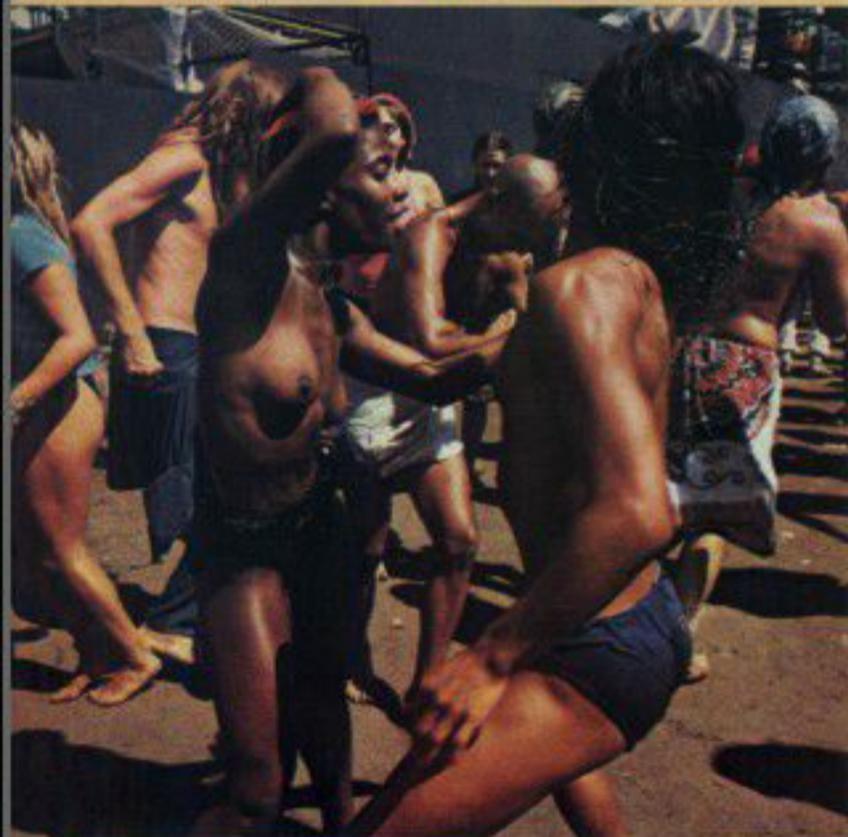
OEUFS, PAIN, POMMES DE TERRE, HUILE. . . . Tired of dressing to go to the supermarket? Take a slightly longer trip—to the south of France, where, in the holiday village of Cap d'Agde, skin is in.



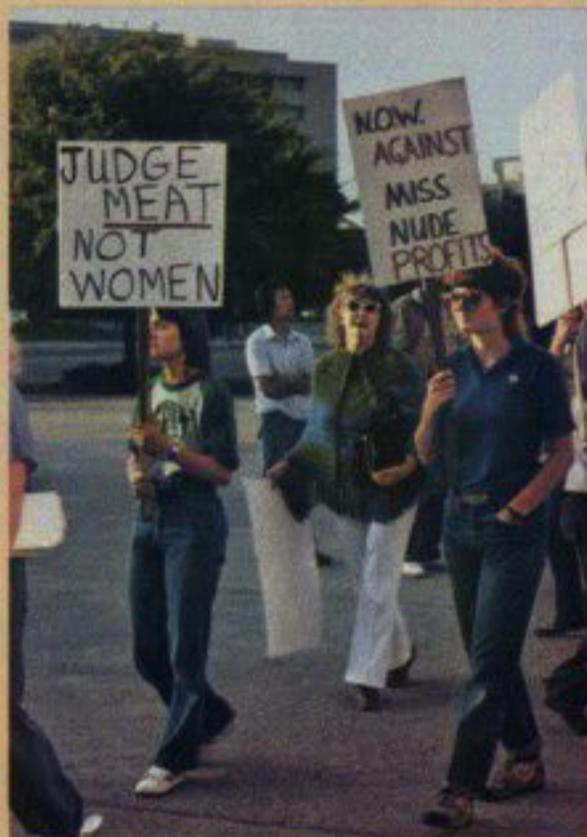
WOODSTOCK LIVES: And the beat goes on at the Us Festival, the Woodstock of the Eighties (below), which drew hordes to San Bernardino.



BERT PARKS, EAT YOUR HEART OUT: Despite militant protesters outside, Brenda Dee Burkhart is obviously delighted to be Ms. Nude America (below). Said a judge, "She deserved to win. A great ass, a great smile."



AND YOU FLUNKED ART APPRECIATION: Hottest ticket in California is the Festival of the Arts at Laguna Beach, with its living statues (below).



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? After all the trouble naturists have gone to to make nudity respectable, these contestants at Ponderosa Sun Club have gone and painted on clothes.



IT'S A DRAG

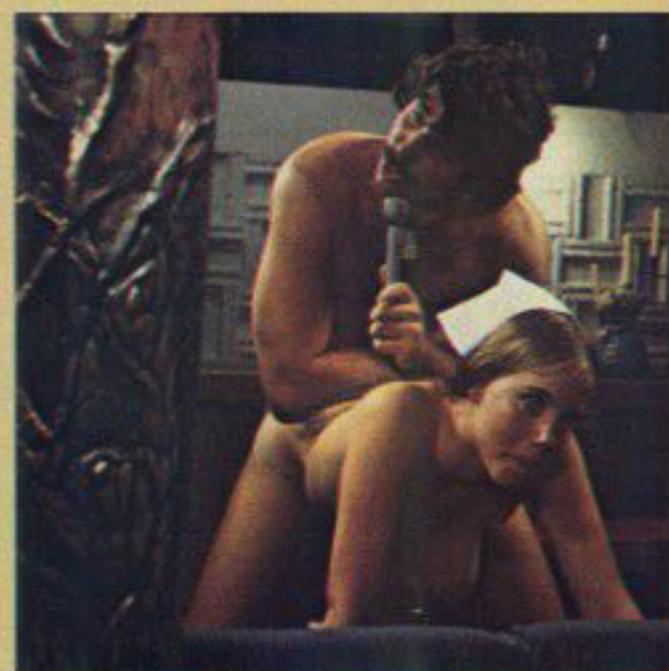
SKIRTING THE ISSUE: To make a hit movie in 1982, guys almost had to don women's clothes. Examples (below, from left): Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*; Eric Idle in *Monty Python Live at the Hollywood Bowl*; Steve Martin in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*; Robert Preston in *Victor/Victoria*; Hector Elizondo in *Young Doctors in Love*; Robin Williams, John Lithgow in *The World According to Garp*.



TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE HAVING FUN



A DECADE OF DECADENCE: Only ten years ago, Linda Lovelace and Harry Reems made, er, headlines with *Deep Throat* (left), in which he also Reemed Carol Connors (right). Where are they now? Carol's in *Desire for Men* (below right); Harry stars in *Harry Reems in Society Affairs* (below left); director Gerry Damiano (bottom) has just made a sex documentary, *Consenting Adults*; but Linda, who now calls herself Marciano, is on the picket line (below).



An alderman—a wealthy cit—
Called one day on a man of wit.
“Dear Dick,” he said, “to me, ’tis clear
You’re always gay and full of cheer.
Yet if what I have heard be true,
Fortune has been unkind to you
And has denied the only blessing
Every man thinks worth possessing.
The bawd, by habit, will dispense
The pounds to others; you, the pence.”
“Alas,” replied the smiling beau,
“How boldly do my patches show!
And on my brow I bear the curse
Of poet with an empty purse.”
Replied the cit, “I think to please ye:
The sickness known, the cure is easy.
What say you of a wealthy wife?
Could you endure the married life?
A woman with ten thousand pound,
Young, blooming, rosy, fair and round?”
Astonished, then, and mystified,
The beau most ardently replied,
“If such a marriage could be got,
I’d scarce refuse to tie the knot.
But I’m afraid you’ll never find
An heiress of that generous mind
Who wealth and title will omit
And wed a beggar for his wit.”
“You’ll dine with me!” his friend
Averred.
“I have three girls—but mum’s the word.
We’ll have for dinner beef and fish
And wine as good as you can wish.
My girls, how they can dance and play!
They are, like you, forever gay.
My wife, you know, is long dead since,
And I live merry, like a prince.”
With this, our Richard was content.
Home with the alderman he went,
And though he there had often been,
He never had the daughters seen.
Downstairs they came, and Richard
Swore
He’d not beheld such charms before.
Sweet virgin beauty, every grace
Alike adorned each smiling face.
His soul, so ravished with delight,
Began to stiffen at the sight.
And now they all at dinner sat
And passed the time with merry chat.
By turns, the sisters he surveyed,
To each his sprightly wit displayed
And flattered each with fervent word
Until her heart was deeply stirred.
The father cried, “To tell the truth,
Thou art a most bewitching youth!
The hearts of all you’ve swiftly won;
I wish I had you for a son.
And now, my friend, and daughters dear,
To my next words please lend an ear:
I hope, dear Richard, you’ll agree
To take a wife among the three.
Ten thousand pounds to each I’ll give
(And add to that while I still live),
And she on whom dear Dickon pitches
Shall not complain for want of riches.”
Dick, at this strange discourse amazed,

Upon the father sharply gazed.
He knew not what to say or think;
Was this inspired by too much drink?
But no; the father sober seemed
As on his children joy he beamed.
And now the daughters thought it fair
That Richard should his mind declare.
On this, the charming girls withdrew
And left poor Dick in quite a stew.
Choose he must from the lovely three;
Which beauty pleased him most? thought
he.
“Each formed alike for heavenly joys,
I know not how to make a choice.
When three bright ladies of the sky
To Paris, as umpire, did apply,
He bade them all their robes unpin
And stripped each goddess to the skin.
But now such freedoms will not pass;
The very thought offends a lass,
And though we flatter, fawn and beg,
The saucy thing won’t show a leg.
Your daughters, sir, are heavenly fair,
But how their beauties to compare?
I freely own I can’t discover
Which would be the sweetest lover.
Perhaps I could by questioning arts
Disclose the secrets of their hearts.”
“By Venus!” cried the hearty cit,
“Here is the way of doing it:
Each maid wears nothing but a mask
While you your thrusting question ask.
The masks will all their blushes hide
And still preserve the maidens’ pride.”
With this, the father was content
And for his charming daughters went,
To whom he told what he had said
And hoped they would not be afraid
To undertake this daring task
And answer what their friend would ask,
Lay modesty and clothes aside,
For, shortly, one would be the bride.
With roguish smiles and quick consent
They doffed, and gaily down they went,
Their pretty silken masks in place
To hide each fair, inquisitive face.
Dick, at the sight, could not resist
And boldly each fair sister kissed.
These kisses set his heart afire
And in him raised such strong desire
That he stood trembling and amazed
As on their rosy charms he gazed.
“Now, since you generously submit
To make a trial of your wit,
Forgive me, fair ones, then, if I
Your knowledge with a question try.
And pardon me if to your ears
The question something odd appears:
Whether the mouth that’s in your face
Or the one you keep in a hidden place
The elder is? And each, as well,
The reason why must frankly tell.”
The masks their coloring cheeks concealed
While blushing necks their shame revealed.
The first-born daughter said, “In truth,



I think the elder is my mouth,
Since that’s where rows of teeth have
grown
And yet the nether mouth has none.”
The second said, “The mouth of love
Is older—for the mouth above
Upon its lips no hair can show,
While I am bearded down below,”
And added with an air quite sage,
“Is not the beard a sign of age?”
The youngest sister sprightly said,
“I’m but a young and silly maid,
But yet I think the mouth above
Is elder than the lips of love.
’Tis by their cravings they evince:
My upper mouth was weaned long since
And lives by bread and fish and meat;
My lower mouth longs for the teat.”
Richard, at this, embraced each fair
But for the youngest did declare.
He loved her for her pretty wit—
For shamelessly displaying it.
He married her in great content
And never did his choice repent.

PLAYBOY



annie & albert

by J. Michael Leonard



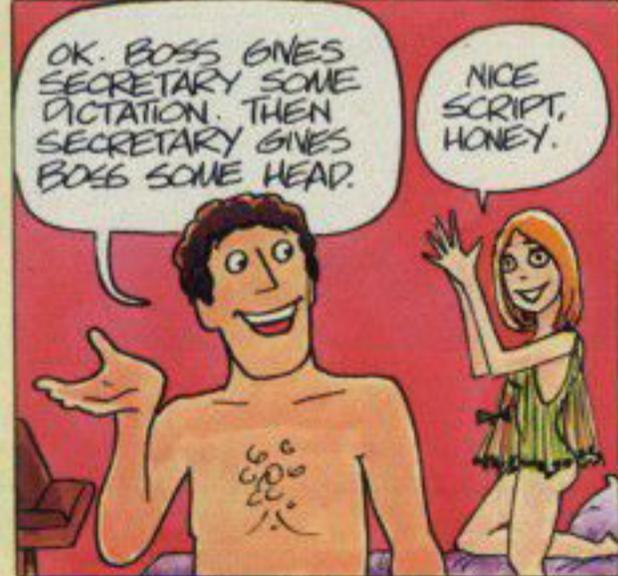
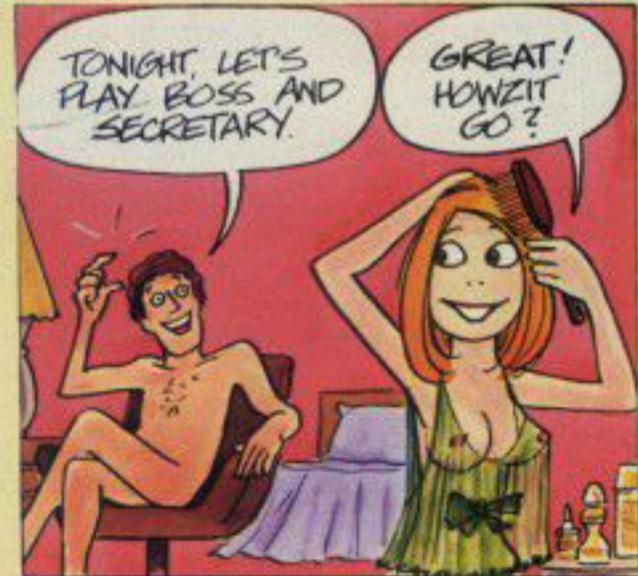
THE LONER

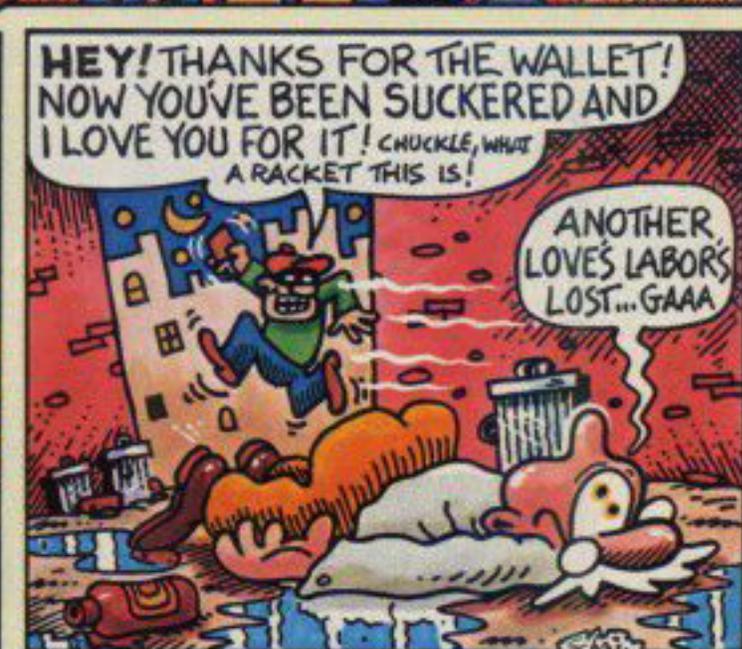
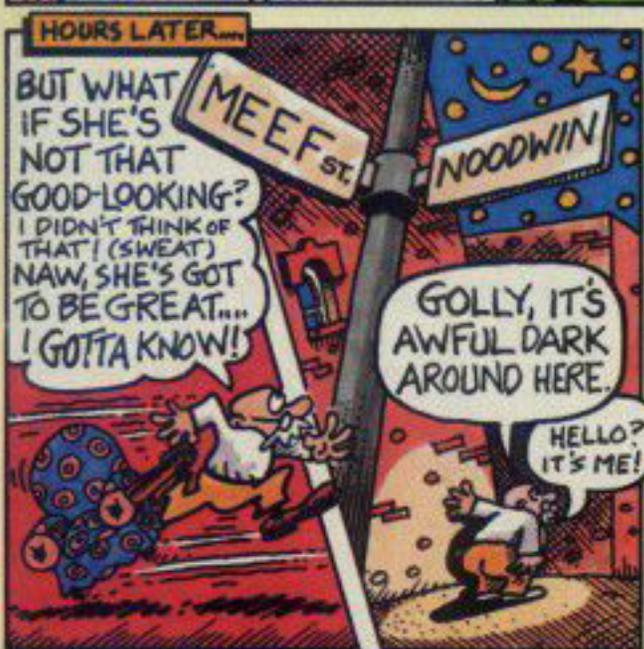
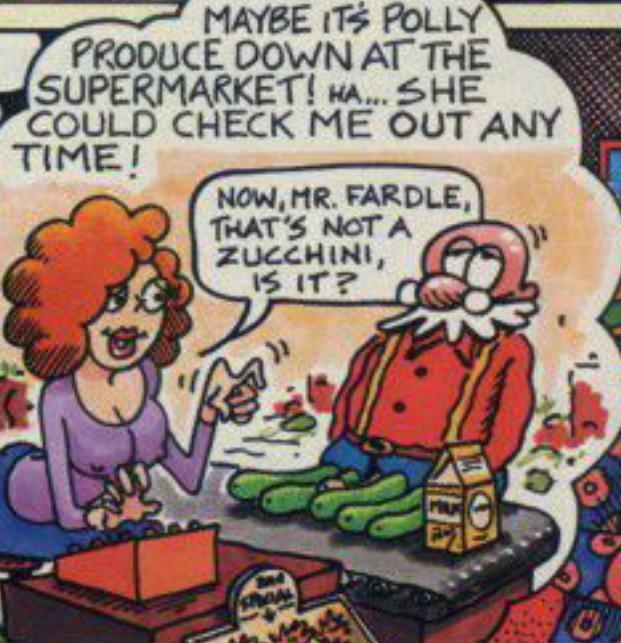
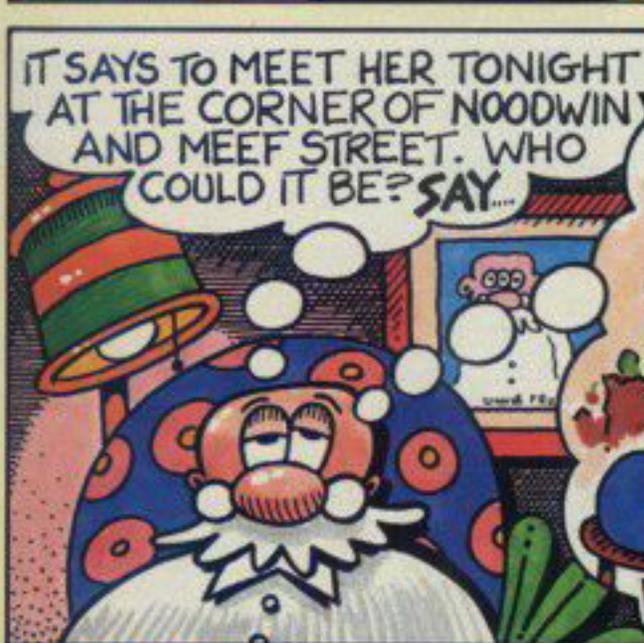
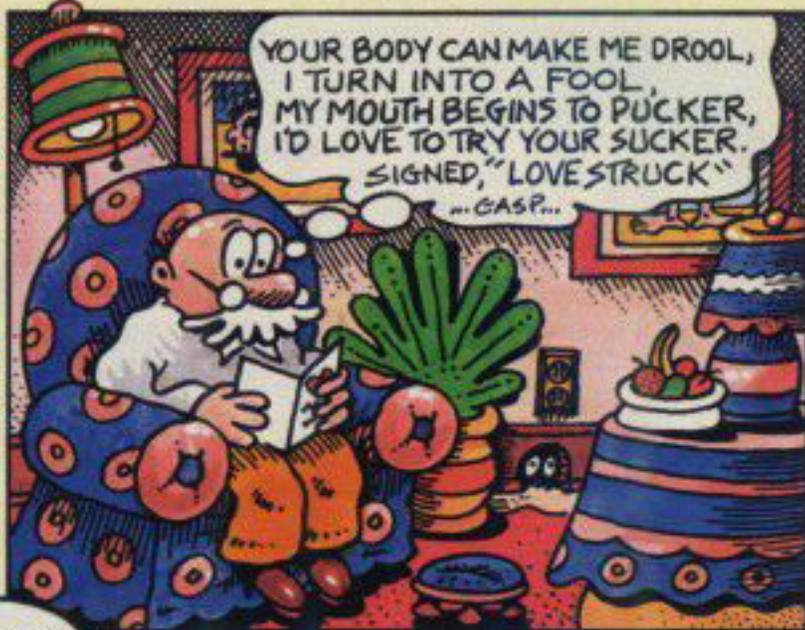
by FRANK BAGINSKI + REYNOLDS DODSON



Our Secret Fantasies

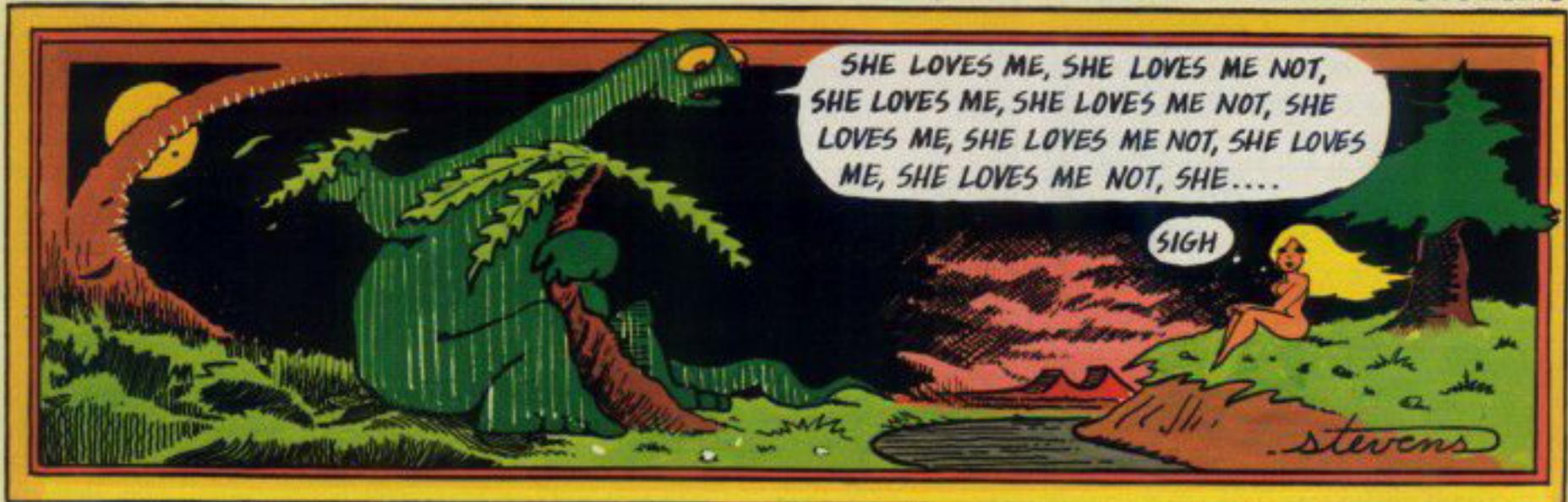
by Mort Gerberg

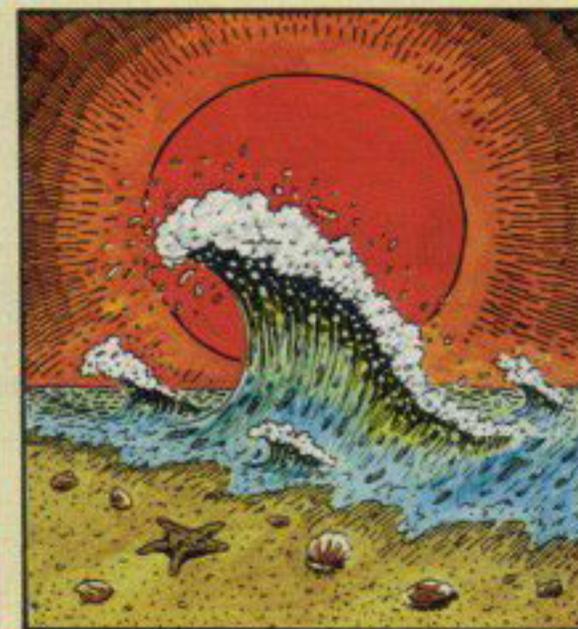
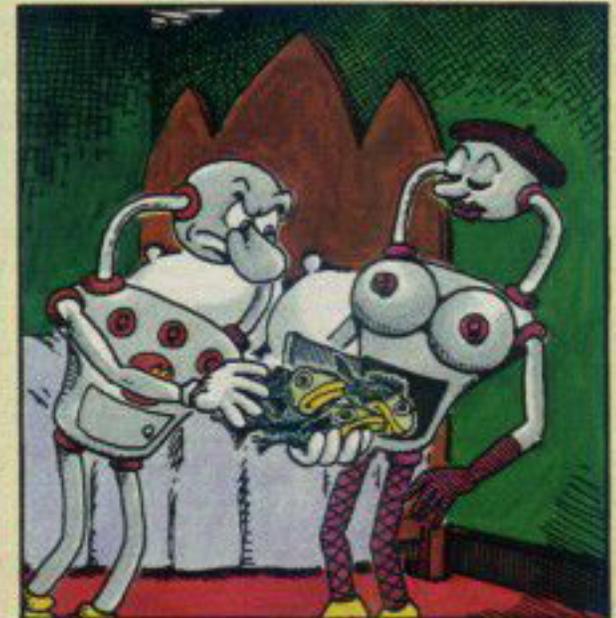
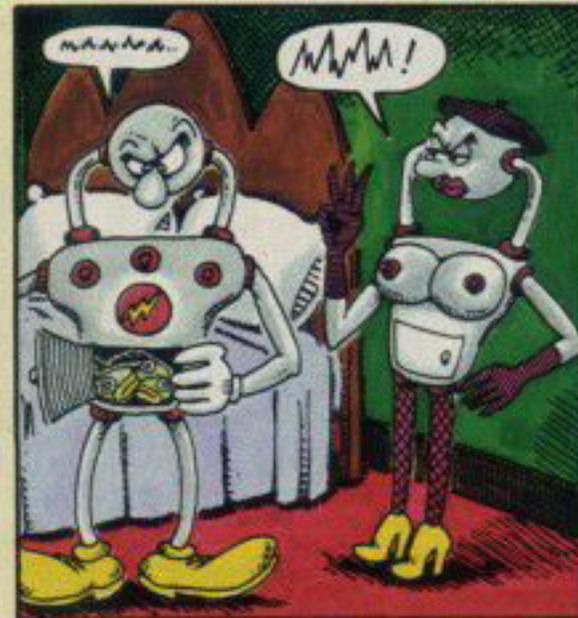
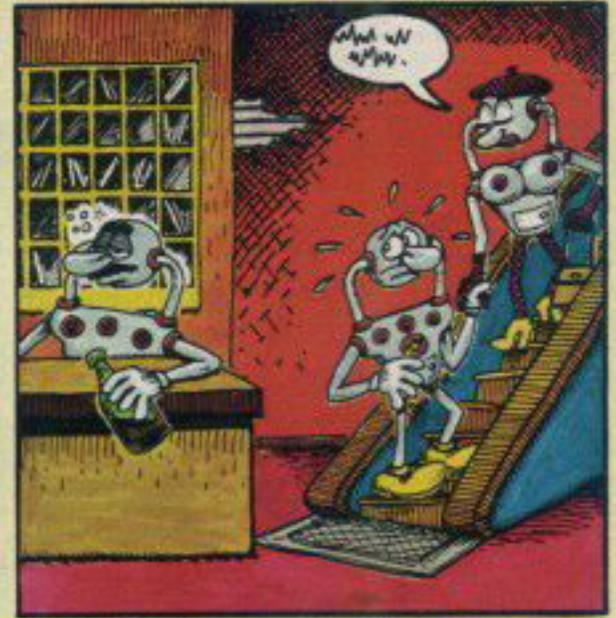
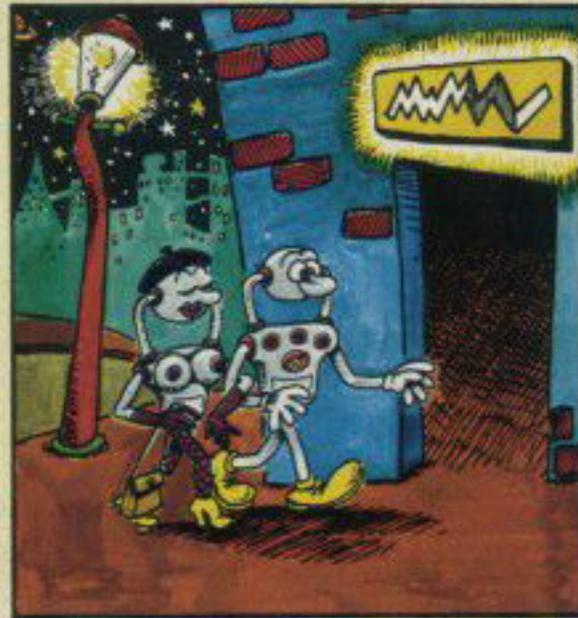
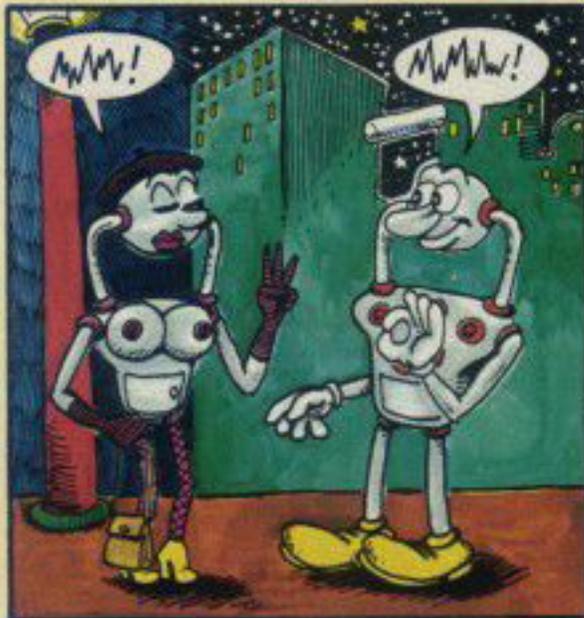
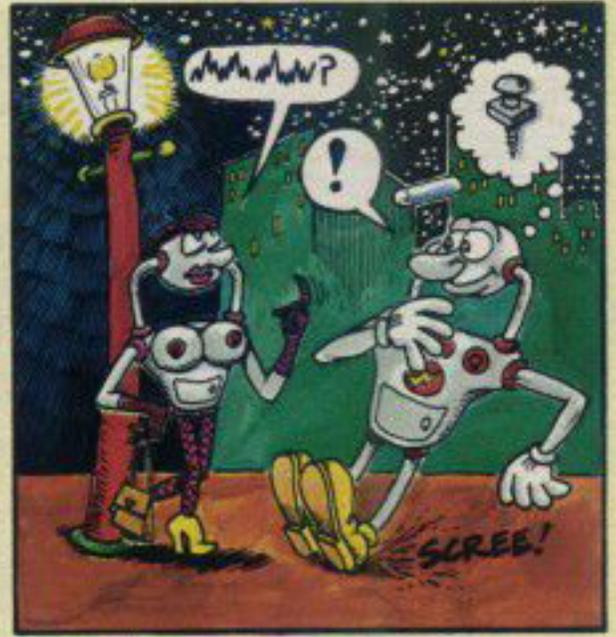
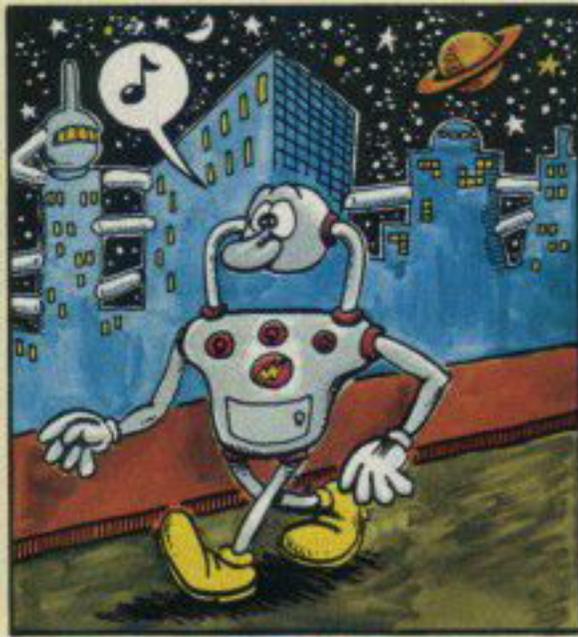
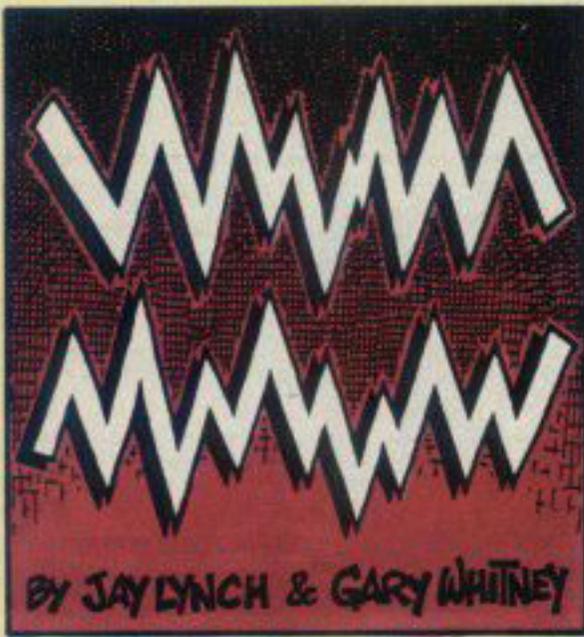


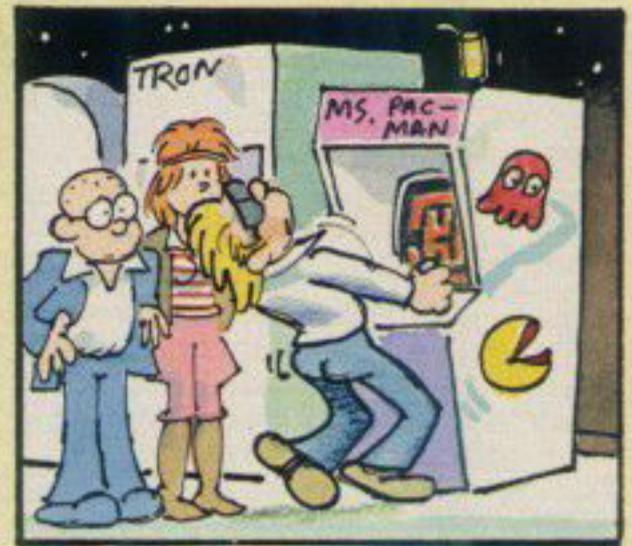
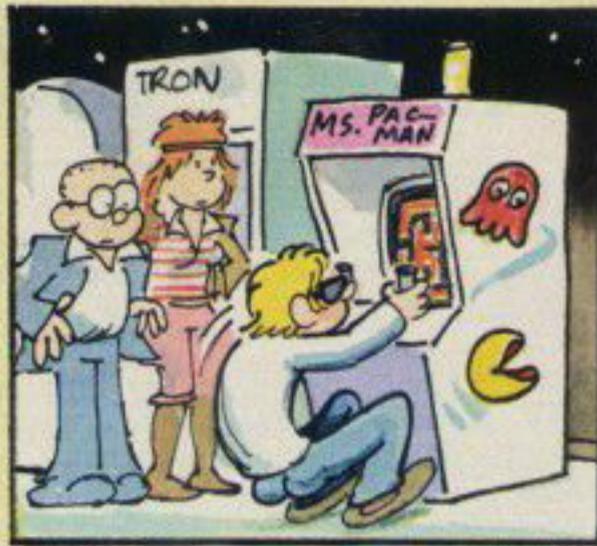


TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

by Chris Browne & John Stevens

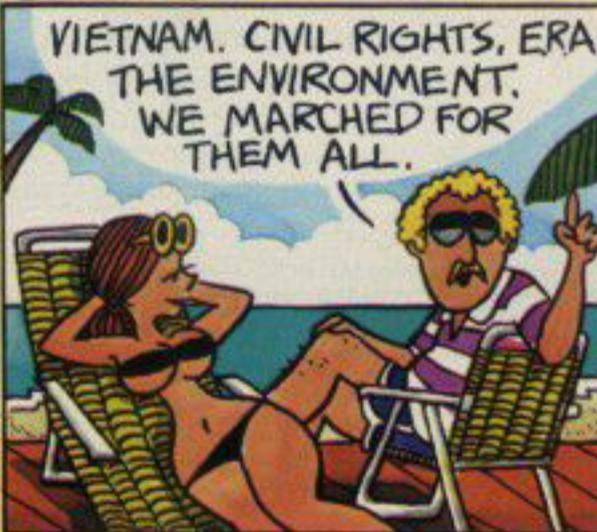


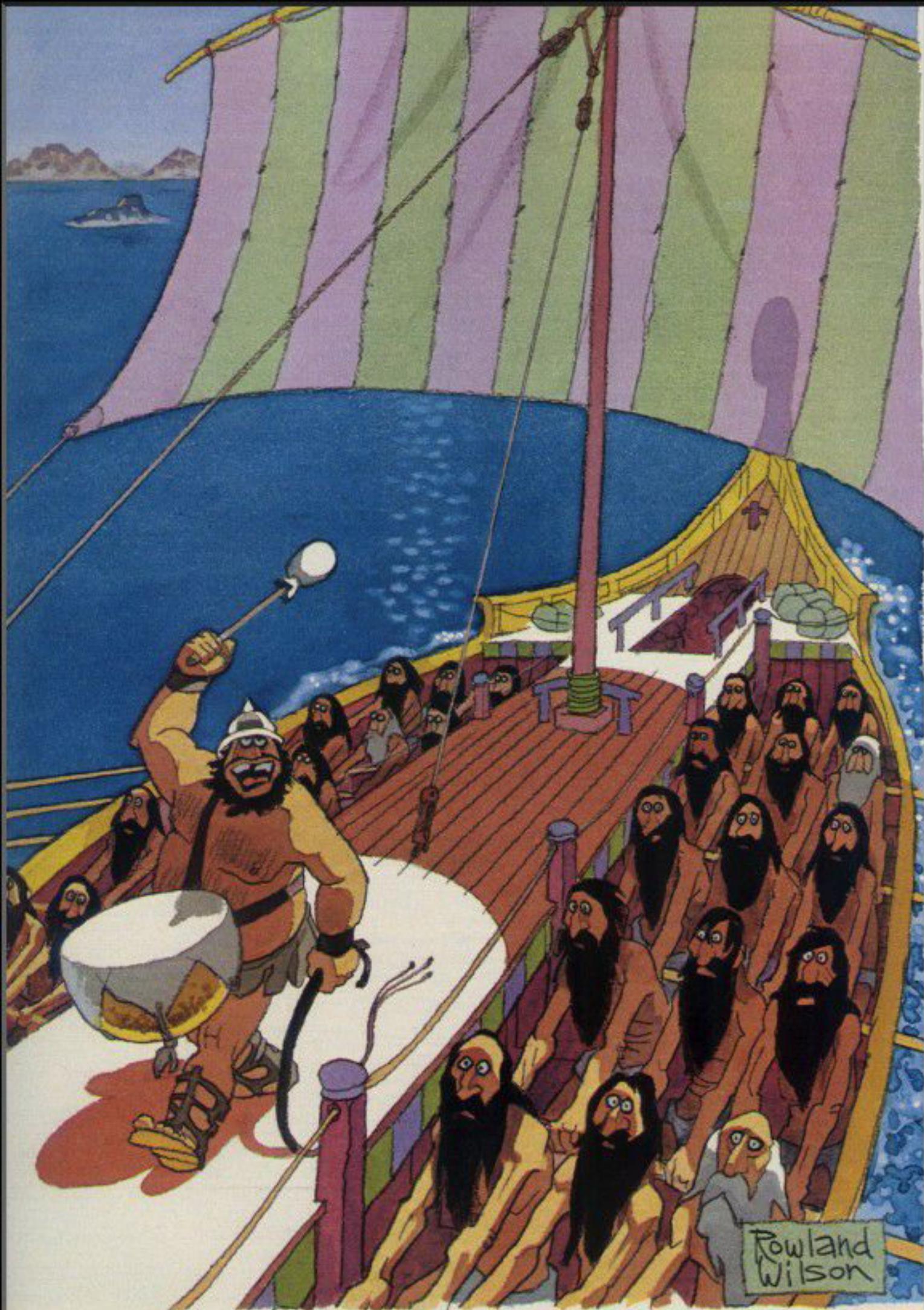




Saturday Nite Live

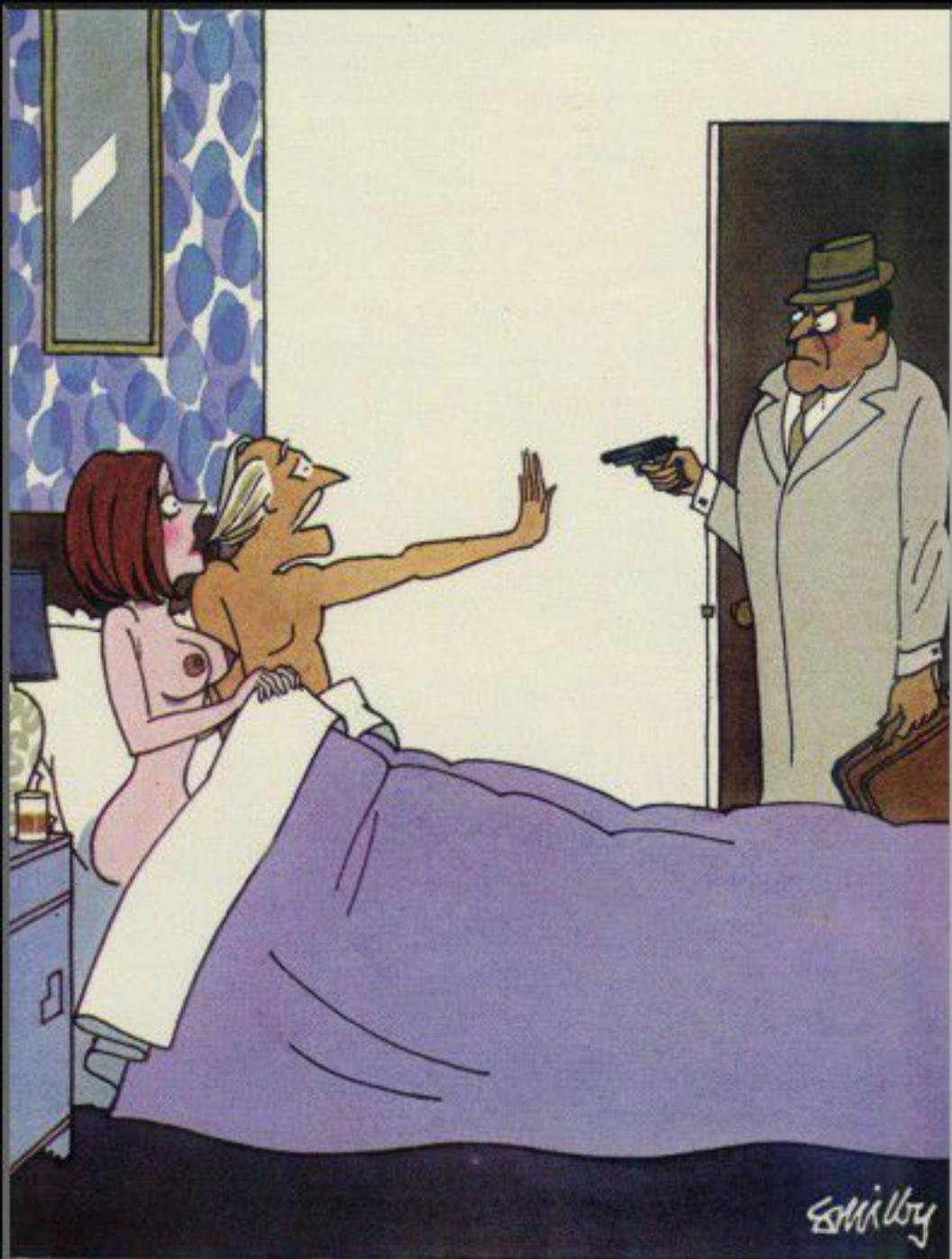
BY BILL JOHNSON



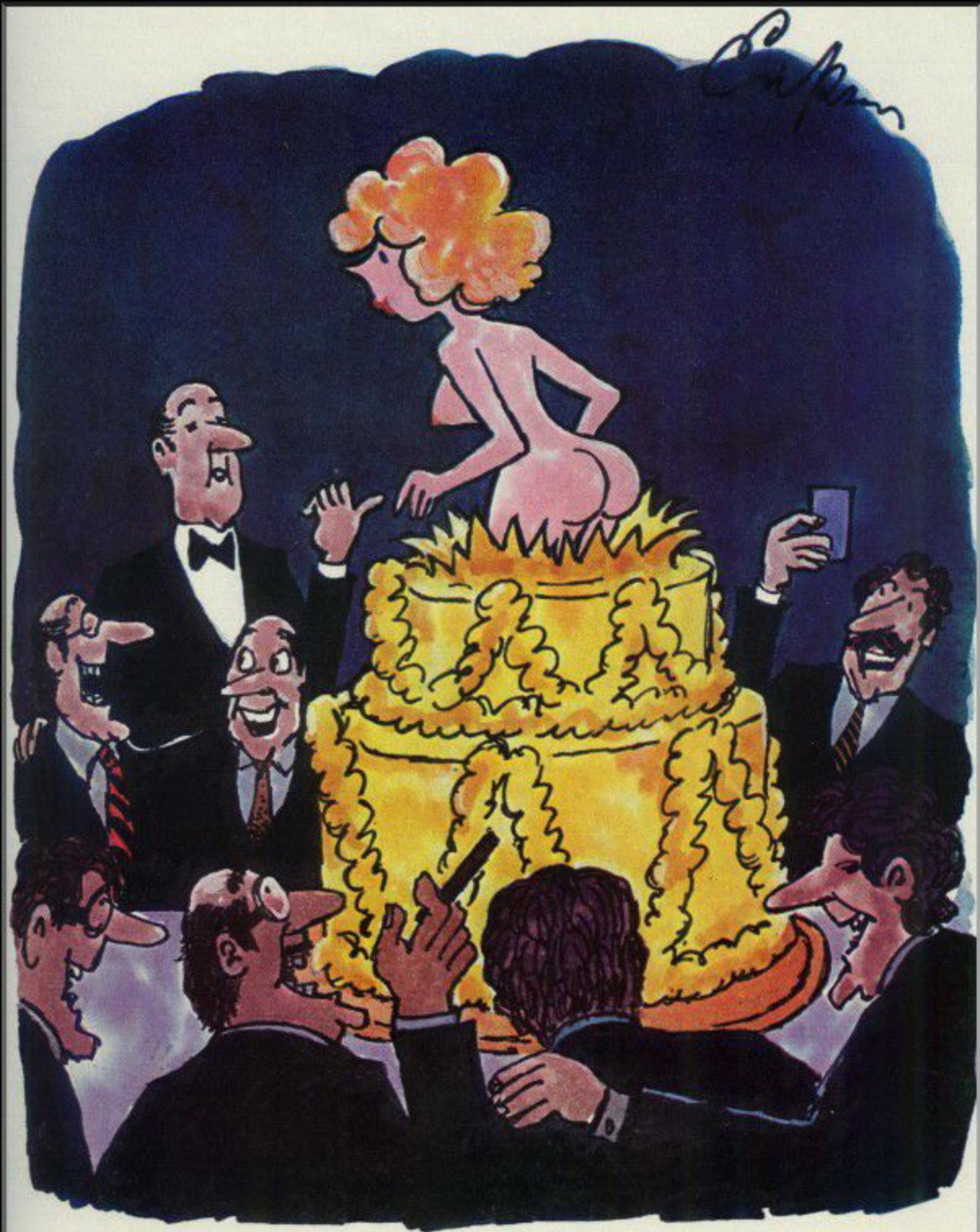


Rowland
Wilson

"Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream. . . ."



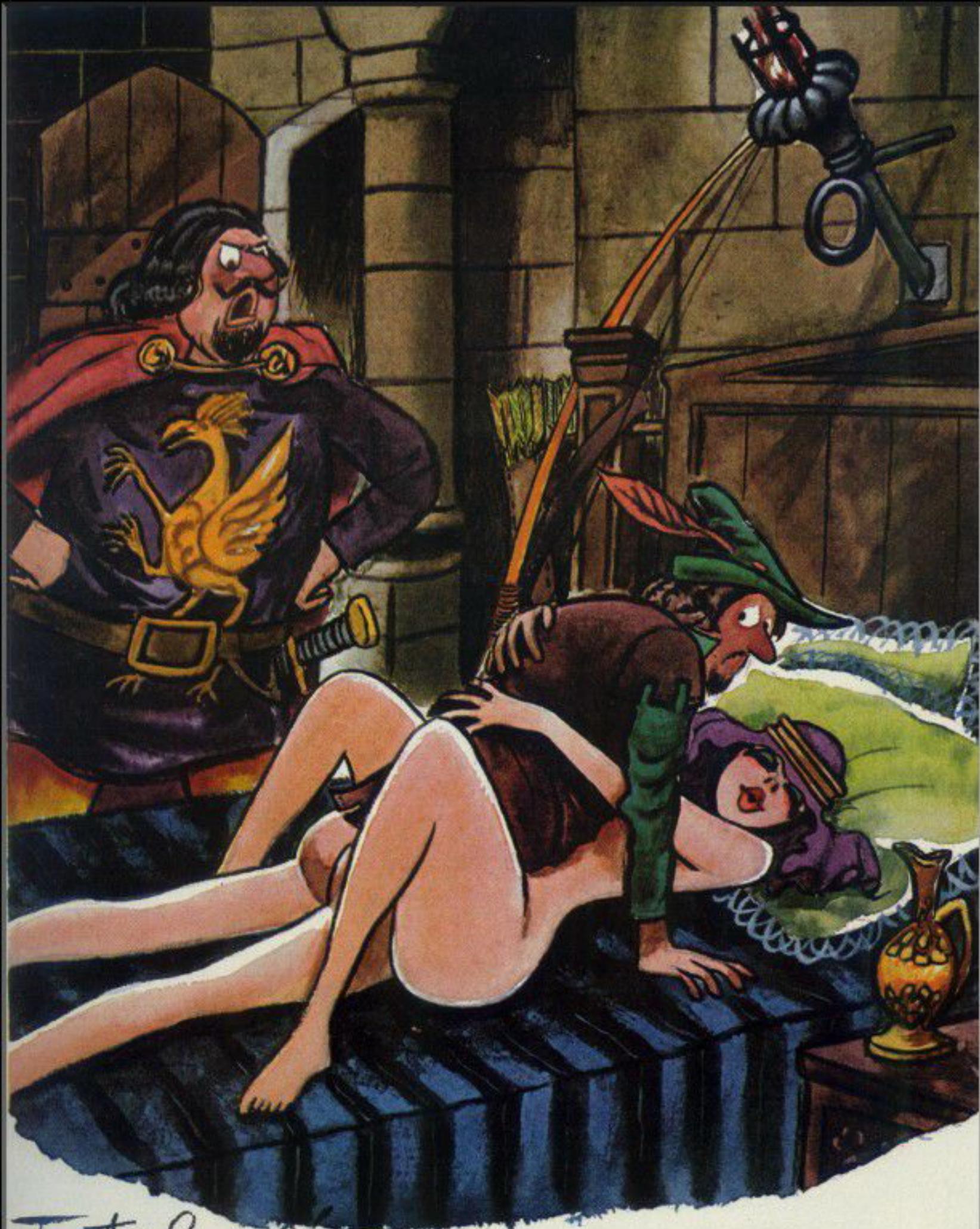
"Stay your hand, sir, I have diplomatic immunity."



"Down the hall. First door on the left."

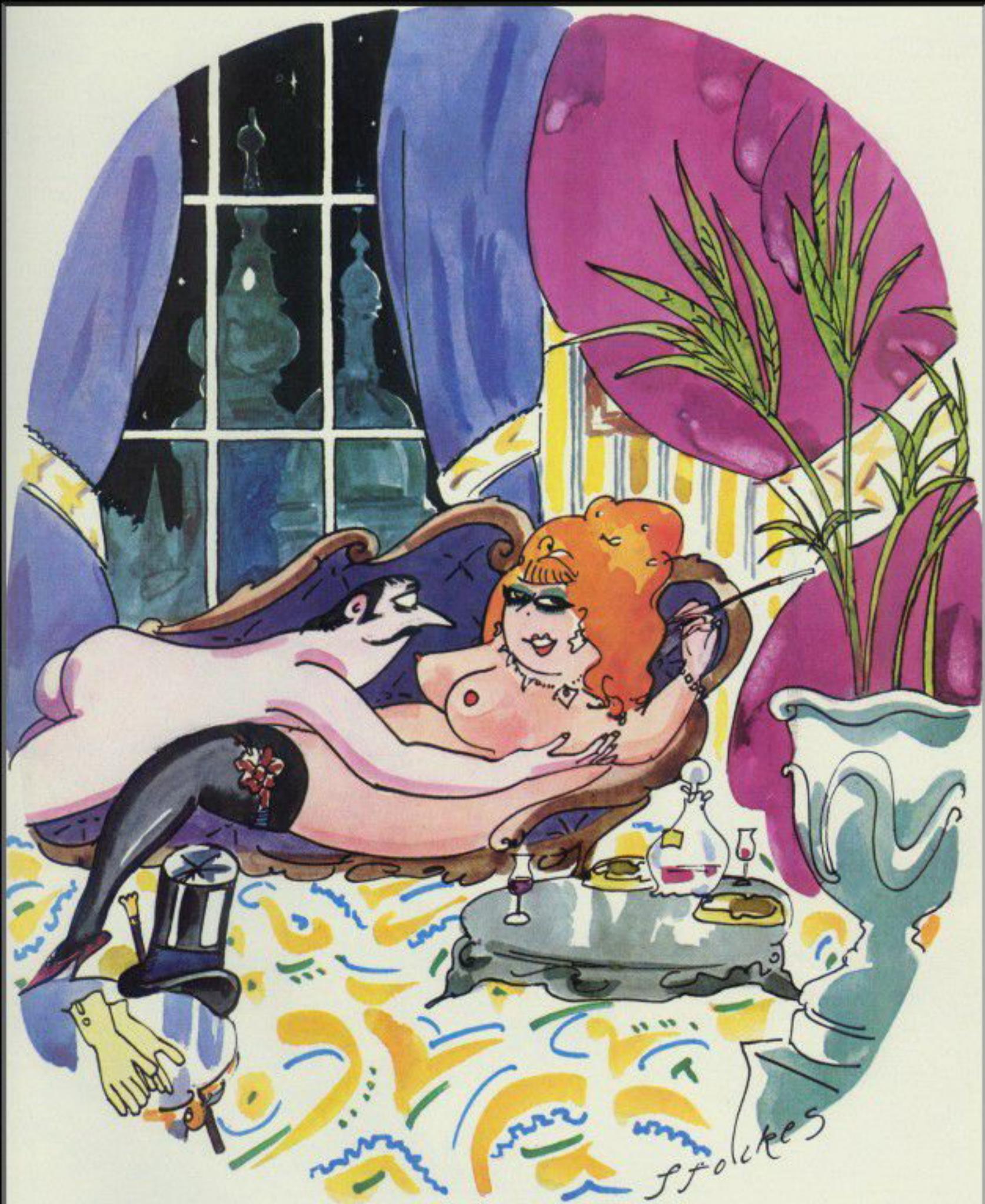


"Of course I relate to you as a person. You don't think I'd do this to some animal, do you?"



Intarlander

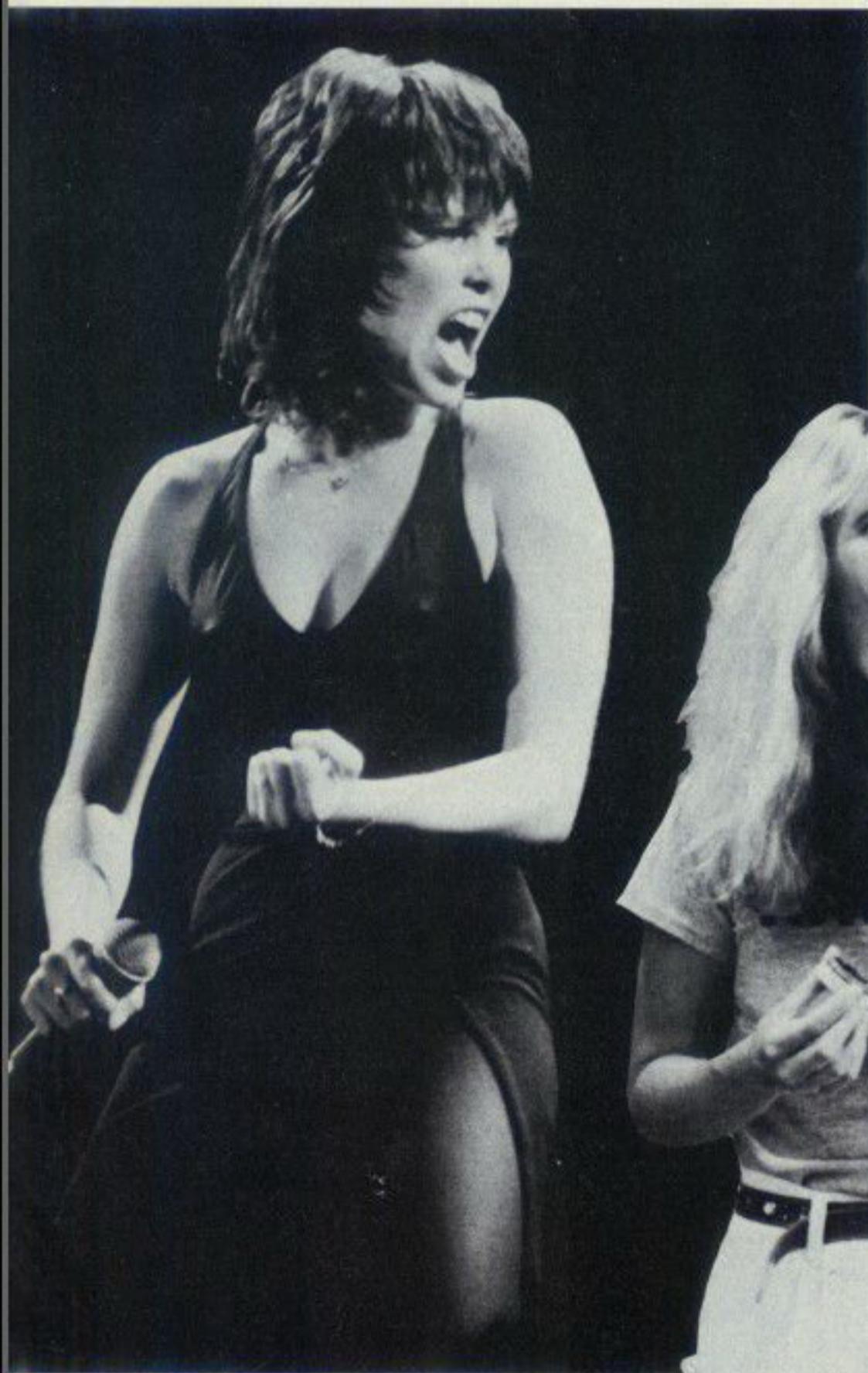
"And how much of this goes to the poor, Sir Robin?"



*"I know we were made for each other, Franz. I was also
made for half the crowned heads of Europe."*

Making a Couple of Points

After marrying her guitarist, Neil Geraldo, and surviving an onstage collapse, PAT BENATAR has resurfaced with an album titled *Get Nervous*. The *Hit Me with Your Best Shot* girl has added politics to her sex riff and now sings, "I need more than your bedside manner." We're not surprised; you can stretch that spandex just so far. Now she can try to stretch her range.



I Remember Momma

Who says TV's a cultural wasteland? Here's the man who made Chuck Barris famous. Is this an outtake from *The \$1.98 Beauty Show*? No doubt you remember the retiring RIP TAYLOR. He's polishing his act with one of his favorite props. We'd call this X-rated number *Ripped to the Tits*.

Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?

If you answered yes, then pop singer KIM CARNES doesn't care that her sequel to the ever-popular *Bette Davis Eyes* bombed on the charts. The album, *Voyeur*, just didn't have it. We never thought imitating Rod Stewart was a sure thing. After all, it hasn't worked that well for *Rod*.





Grabbing a Bite on the Run

Say it isn't so. Rumor has it that The Who is packing it in after 20 years of road work. Its recent tour, billed as the final one, proved that the guys didn't die before they got old. They stayed hot. Just take a look at PETE TOWNSHEND. A man for all generations.



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Taking the Balls on the Rise

JIMMY CONNORS is Mr. Everything in tennis again. He surprised us at Wimbledon and astonished us at the U.S. Open. This picture catches him in a moment of deep humility: thanking the fans for sticking by him.



Shedding Light on Day

You've seen actress ALEXANDRA DAY on TV, but not like this. She has appeared on NBC's *The Devlin Connection* and in a movie of the week with Gregory Harrison titled *The Fighting Chance*. We know celebrity breasts of the month when we see them.

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