

JANE FONDA AND A CAST OF OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD EYE DAZZLERS BRING THE UNINHIBITED FRENCH COMIC STRIP TO THE SCREEN

IN 1962, Jean-Claude Forest, a young French illustrator, created a comic-strip heroine who would develop into a futuristic combination of Wonder Woman and our own Little Annie Fanny. The result: Barbarella (right), a science-fiction evocation of eroticism whose distaste for criminals and clothing is matched only by her penchant for passion.

# THE BIZARRE BEAUTIES OF "BARBARELLA"

Barbarella's early popularity was predicated on her ability to take misfortune lying down; but soon her thinly veiled jabs at contemporary morality established her as France's leading underground pop scene stealer. When *Evergreen Review* translated Barbarella's adventures into

English two and a half years ago, enough interest arose to entice Grove Press into publishing an anthology of her most sensual space sorties. And now, *Barbarella*—with Jane Fonda in the title role—comes to the screen in a \$3,500,000 Paramount film produced by Dino de Laurentiis and directed by Miss







Soon after Jane Fonda, as Barbarella, arrives on the planet Lythion, she is captured by the Concierge (Milo O'Shea), a sadistic executioner who kills his victims with kindness by subjecting them to his Excessive Machine—a contrivance that emits pleasure waves strong enough to leave his quarry dead with a smile on their lips. While O'Shea (below left) joyfully bangs out a tune—*Sonata for the Execution by Pleasure of Young Earthgirls*—on the machine's pianolike keyboard controls (enabling him to musically modulate the amount of induced euphoria), ecstasy impulses course through Barbarella's body, and malignant Milo happily anticipates his foe's rapturous demise. Barbarella, unlike any other of the Concierge's captives, turns out to be a glutton for this kind of punishment: When she proves simply too hot for the Excessive Machine to handle, the contraption blows its cool—and all of its fuses in the process. Not the least of Barbarella's added attractions are its way-out cosmic costumes, styled by Parisian designer Jacques Fonteray. Below, as Jane listens intently to husband Roger Vadim explaining the action of an upcoming take, she wears a see-through microleotard that is attractively abetted by body paint and plastic breasts, which will firmly support any earthwoman 380 centuries from now.







Fonda's husband, Roger Vadim. *Barbarella's* supporting cast is as lustrous as its leading lady. More than 30 of Europe's most exciting young beauties appear in the movie, while the male contingent is represented by such hot properties as David (*Blow-Up*) Hemmings, Milo (*Ulysses*) O'Shea, Italian comedian Ugo Tognazzi and French pantomimist Marcel Marceau. Barbarella, whose amorous encounters are abundant enough to bring blushes to the cheeks of Sexual Freedom League charter members, has an outspoken admirer in director Vadim. "She is neither immoral nor amoral," he says. "Immorality applies to someone who has lost her morality. Amoral applies to those who haven't any. Barbarella has a moral code—her own. Her attitudes about sex are as natural and matter of fact as the psychologists say the young generation's are becoming." The film, to be released late this summer, takes place in the year 40,000, when the kinkily attired astronette-adventuress is asked by the President of Earth to locate a missing scientist. Barbarella's journey—plotted by Vadim and Terry (*Candy*) Southern—hardly gets off the ground before she crash-lands on Lythion, the most perversely populated planet in the universe. The scientist she seeks is somewhere in Lythion's capital city of Sogo; and by the time Barbarella catches up to him, she has endured tribulations and triumphs more than worthy of the supersexed heroine she is.







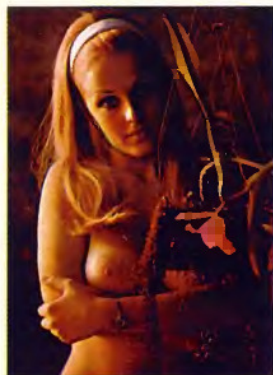
"We want people to laugh with Barbarella," Roger Vadim recently told an English journalist, "because she uses her body as a writer uses a pencil, as a means of self-expression." The girls of *Barbarella* are almost as accomplished in creative capriciousness as Miss B. herself. How they get that way is no mystery: To make sure Sogo's social calendar swings throughout the year, the city throws on an all-out orgy at least once each week. And before the wild get-togethers get under way, the girls assemble for an excitation session. Opposite page, Sogo's sensational sexpots cavort behind a plastic bubble that stimulates their senses and libidos, as they start to get in shape for the biggest society ball of the year—the orgy to celebrate the coronation of the Concierge. The waiting line forms to the rear of the bubble (above right), but the girls (above left) don't seem to want to come out. Once the festivities begin, wine flows freely—for left, screen newcomer Honey Autrum drinks from a grinning goblet cost in the Black Queen's image, while another Sogo-go girl (left) awaits her turn to imbibe. Barbarella, unfortunately, misses out on all the fun: Instead, Jane Fonda (top) gets a free ride to the Black Queen's torture chamber, courtesy of the Catch Man's ingeniously wrought ice sled. He is busy rounding up all those whose lives do not add up to one long total debauch. While Barbarella is being transported in the ice sled, she goes out on her limbs to convince the Catch Man she's as much given to syboritic sporting as any of Sogo's subjects. By the end of the gymnastic sleigh ride, the Catch Man—completely tuckered out—is as compliant and lovable as a well-fed poodle.





In an exclusive *PLAYBOY* shooting, *Barbarella*'s antagonists reveal themselves to be as sensual off screen as they are on. Anita Pallenberg, 24, who plays the Black Queen (above, left and right), was born in Rome, moved to Munich in 1956 and then returned to Rome in 1960—where she studied graphic arts for two years before landing a job at an ad agency. "After spending the better part of my life studying design," she says, "I suddenly found myself painting backgrounds and making coffee." So Anita promptly packed up, headed for Manhattan and became a *Vogue* photographer's assistant. Two years later, Anita—now a highly paid mannequin—quit New York for Paris, where she modeled for *Vogue*, *Elle* and *Lui* magazines. In 1965, she appeared in the German film *A Degree of Murder*—as a homicidal maniac—and was nominated as Best Young Actress at the Cannes Film Festival; Roger Vadim saw Miss Pallenberg's performance and signed her for *Barbarella*. Katuska Lanvin (opposite page, top), born in Avignon, France, combines the facial serenity of a Jeanne Moreau with the earthy allure of a Sophia Loren. An actress for less than two years, Katuska, 22, spends her spare hours dancing ballet. Although addicted to fashion, Miss Lanvin is in accord with the Mod look's unharnessed bustlines. "I will not wear a brassiere," says the 37-23-36—dimensioned miss. Bottom, a quintet of *Barbarella* beauties displays their in-the-flesh attractions: Left, Gara Granda; opposite page, left to right, Silvana Venturrelli, Carla Cassola, Judith Matak and Barbara Winer.









The Black Queen, as nefarious as she is camely, gets her kicks by sleeping most of her life away so that a Dream Machine can assist her subconscious in conjuring up bacchanalian revels. Awake, the Black Queen (audaciously acted by Anita Pallenberg) is usually bad news: Although she's forced to kowtow to Barbarella, right, she nevertheless makes life hell for the angel Pygar (John Phillip Law), whom she first blinds and then crucifies. The Black Queen's sleeping self is even more miserably malevolent: Below, in her dreams, she rapes the now-fallen angel.







The narcissistic sirens of Sogo are replete with the seven deadly sins—avarice, lust, envy, pride, gluttony, wrath and sloth—but they're still great to look at. Six of the sexiest are (from far left to right) Sadre Girodani, a fashion model; Italian screen star Tania de Paolis; Silvana Venturilli, a 19-year-old redhead getting her first big film display; Gara Granda, who modestly notes, "I was born in Macedonia like Alexander the Great, educated in England like Shakespeare and work in Rome like Michelangelo"; Beatrice Lanscat, a French artist whose paintings have been exhibited in Paris; and Gabriella Morganti, making her film debut.







Life on the planet Lythion is resplendent with carnality. For instance, Lythionians' appetite for sexual symbolism even extends to their household pets: Top left, Barbarella gets acquainted with a porti-colored omelette; above, Silvano Venturilli rubs green rabbits' feet for luck—and fertility. But not all is gorgeous and groovy on Lythion: Outside Sogo's city limits lies the Labyrinth, a colony peopled by Sogoons who've been banished there by the Black Queen because they were not physically perfect or not totally impure in thought and deed. Among the rejects the Black Queen should have looked out for is orchid-chewing Professor Ping, top right (played by French master of mime Marcel Marceau), a scientist who helps Barbarello sow the seeds of Sogo's revolution. Lythion's lissome ladies find the insurgence revolting, for not even their pop-op space styles can stem the tide of change. Seven of Sogo's most stylishly suited-up swingers are (bottom, left to right) Dione Bond, a lovely Angeleno whose monifist charms don't escape the Black Queen's notice; Beatrice Lanscot; Barbaro Winer, a former student of Syracuse and New York universities; Gara Grando; Marina and Lorianio Bartello, who form the film's most sinister sister act; and Katusko Lonvin. The movie ends on a happy note: Although the angel Pygor has been bedeviled by the Black Queen, he gets a new lease on life when Barbarello provides him with a highly personal cure, and soon they're both flying high (above right). One nasty, final surprise awaits Barbarello: Pygor saves the Black Queen from death and, when Barbarello protests, he says gently, "An angel has no memory." If Pygor doesn't watch his step, he'll get his wings clipped; angels may have less than total recall, but Barbarella never forgets a face.



