

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1982 • \$3.50

THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY

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A Spirited Playboy Interview

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Merry Reading

Gala Christmas Issue

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



TWEED STILL THE BOSS

Shannon Tweed's acting career is unfolding as fast as her November 1981 centerfold. On the heels of her casting as the beautiful Diana Hunter in CBS' *Falcon Crest*, our Playmate of the Year (above, with the easily amused David Selby, on location in San Francisco) is getting offers at every good turn.

THUMPTHING'S HAPPENING

With dozens of rabbits' feet (below) and the brassy chassis that go with them, it's no wonder the Playboy Mansion West is a lucky place to be. The event, a recent press conference to welcome 1982's Bunnies of the Year, saw Hef spending an afternoon with the B.O.Y.s to bend some satin ears and verify a couple of tall tails. The Bunnies thronged to Los Angeles from around the globe for a week full of fine times, including a guest shot on this year's first *Simon & Simon* episode on CBS, an evening at Hef's midsummer pajama party and enough prizes to stock a small mall.



WE TOLD YOU HE WAS A DOLL

In April 1966, Karla Conway was a soft sculpture herself—as our Playmate of the Month (inset). Now, as Karla Sachi, she keeps herself in stitches fashioning flexible facsimiles of friends and celebrities in her Kona, Hawaii, studio. "I call them life sculptures," she says, "or clones." Karla has made dozens of likenesses (to commission one for your very own, write to The Clone Factory, P.O. Box 1619, Keala Kekua, Hawaii 96750), but one of her favorites is of Hef (above). How to tell clone from real thing? Easy—the clone doesn't own PJs.

OUTRAGEOUS PAIR MEETS SAME

"Beats the hell out of being interviewed on *Good Morning America*" was Tommy Chong's reaction when Miss July, Lynda Wiesmeier, sneaked through a Playboy video session at Mansion West (that's Lynda at left, preparing to sneak). Cheech Marin (right) thanked the lord of the manor for the interruption.



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DEAR PLAYMATES

In the past, most of us picked up bits and pieces of sexual lore here and there, the best we could. Has that method changed? We decided to ask the Playmates whether they learned about sex at home, in school, from books or magazines or from friends.

The question for the month:

How did you learn about sex?

I learned about sex at school. My parents didn't tell me anything, but my sex-education class gave me important birth-control information. As a result, I've never taken any chances. They really stressed birth control, and they also talked a lot about being discriminating, not taking advantage of birth control. I was 13 or 14 then. Later, in high school, I took a child-development course. That class was great. That's when all the kids started interacting. We talked about sex.



Karen Price

KAREN PRICE
JANUARY 1981

I first heard about sex from other kids, and my reaction was that my parents would never do something like that. I was about nine then. But if you want the truth, I don't think I had a really detailed sense of it until I had sex for the first time. That experience wasn't so great; it was a little frightening, in fact. Later, I dated men who were a lot older than me, and that helped. They knew more, and I learned from them. I think the most erogenous zone in the body is the brain. And if you are with the right person, no matter how ordinary the sex may be, it's the best.



Cathy Larmouth

CATHY LARMOUTH
JUNE 1981

When I was six, my mother got pregnant. I was curious. I asked how babies were made and she told me. She was very surprised that I understood. I really did understand. I don't think it warped me to learn about sex at such a young age. I think the later you find out about it, the more hang-ups you have. A friend had sex explained to him by his mother pointing out dogs in heat.



Cathy St. George

CATHY ST. GEORGE
AUGUST 1982

My dad's an obstetrician/gynecologist, and my parents were very open about sex. They did not actually sit me down and tell me the facts of life, but throughout my childhood, I got the message that sex was OK, that it wasn't a sin, that marriage wasn't the only time for it. All my brothers and sisters were brought up the same way.



Lynda Wiesmeier

LYNDA WIESMEIER
JULY 1982

Would you believe it? I learned about sex from PLAYBOY. I swear to God! My dad kept PLAYBOY in the bedroom, and I guess I thought it was something the other kids would get a kick out of seeing. I almost got expelled in third grade for taking the magazine to school in my lunch box. I pulled it out at recess, and we were all reading the jokes and looking at the lovely ladies. I was going to parochial school, and the principal, the



teacher and the reverend of the church all predicted serious problems for me. They were wrong.

Marcy Hanson

MARCY HANSON
OCTOBER 1978

My mother told me about sex, and she also told me that if I ever wanted to have sex, I should do myself a favor and be protected either by using the pill or by making sure that the man I wanted to be with and I discussed sexual responsibility so that I wouldn't get pregnant. It was important to me that she was so forthcoming and honest, because young women often overemphasize the romantic aspects of sex. I love my mom for thinking about the practical side.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I was a slow developer. The summer I was 15 and baby-sitting a group of kids, my mom gave me *The Sensuous Woman* to read. She obviously thought I was socially retarded. As I began to read it, I thought it was horrible. I couldn't imagine doing any of those things. But as I read on, curiosity overtook the disgust. After I finished it, my mom and I talked, and since then, we've been able to discuss everything, even when I had finally had sex. Maybe we were so close because she raised me by herself.



Linda Rhys Vaughn

LINDA RHYS VAUGHN
APRIL 1982

If you have a question, send it to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll do our best.





"I sent out scratch-and-sniff Christmas cards to all my customers."

The Women of Playboy

*the answer to that constant query:
what sort of woman works for playboy?*



It took 109 of Playboy's female employees, a helicopter, four photographers, six assistants, 30 strobe lights, a special liability-insurance policy and a room in a luxury high-rise just to send holiday greetings from our house to yours. Below, some of the best and the brightest atop The Playboy Building.



P

LAYBOY ENTERPRISES has a new President. And wouldn't you know that male-chauvinist Chairman of the Board Hugh M. Hefner would throw his critics a curve by picking a woman? Not just any woman, mind you, but his own bright, beautiful feminist daughter, Christie. You've probably seen our new Ms. President prominently pictured in a recent issue of *Life* or *Fortune*, on the cover of *New York* or in your own daily newspaper—and that got us to thinking: Why not do a pictorial tribute to the rest of the distaff staffers here at Playboy? Not the beautiful Bunnies or the Playmates who are regularly featured on these pages but the nine-to-five women who work in the Playboy Building in Chicago and their counterparts in our offices in New York and L.A.

And why not? You never know until you ask, and when we did, Playboy women responded with enthusiasm.

Assistant Photo Editor Patty Beudet, who spends part of each week inviting celebrities to pose for PLAYBOY, confided, "I wanted to put myself on the opposite side for once." Joanie Schwabe, a publicist who frequently accompanies the stars of our



Trish Miller is the Executive Secretary who keeps Editorial Director Arthur Kretchmer's day as ordered as events permit; above, she takes time out to pose beside Chicago's Buckingham Fountain.



At right, boogieing on the Oak Street Beach, a mere block from our Chicago offices, are art intern Leslie Adams (left) and Sue Davey, who has put her master's degree in philosophy to work on a practical level in assisting her boss, who is PLAYBOY magazine's Creative Services Director.



pictorials on promotional tours, wanted "a souvenir issue that I was directly involved in."

"I was waiting for this," said Playboy Clubs International Customer Service Representative Fawn Hughes. "We *should* do our women. At least the women who do this pictorial won't be fired, the way some flight attendants were!"

Production Assistant Jody Jurgeto did it for the cold, hard cash, "to support my expensive ski habit." (Jurgeto is an award-winning skier.)

Art apprentice Elizabeth (text continued on page 145)



At left, John Mastro, the magazine's Director of Production, with assistants Kathy Dooley and Jody Jurgeto. Jody says she found posing for the shot above left "an ego booster. My mother was all for it, too." Kathy (above) was flattered to be asked to pose but steeled herself against teasing from photo finishers with whom she works ("Hey, Dooley, do you want a lot of freckles in this spot?").



Julene Roth (left and below) knows how to tame beasts. She's an Animal Keeper at Playboy Mansion West. Back in Chicago, Janice Moses (right) is an Associate Photo Editor, having worked her way up from a secretarial start 19 years ago: "I have an executive position that I earned with energy, talent and dedication, and I'm proud of it."



Susan Alden (above) is a Department Secretary with Playboy Productions in Los Angeles, while Debbie Saunders (right) toils in Chicago as Executive Secretary to PLAYBOY's Circulation Director. Before joining PLAYBOY, Debbie was intimidated by gorgeous women. Now that she has met dozens of them, she can befriend them. We'd say she's one of them.





Elizabeth Michaels (above and below), an apprentice in PLAYBOY's Editorial Art Department in Chicago, is proud to work for PLAYBOY: "My father reads it; I think it's a national institution." Native Angeleno Bjaye Turner (left) handles the demanding and varied assignments of Photo Coordinator at Playboy Studio West; on the side, she's a party caterer.





At left is Karen Ring, an ex-Bunny who now directs the Playboy Preferred program of special bonuses for Club key-holders. Below is Publicity Coordinator Joanie Schwabe, whose duties include producing electronic press releases (above). Observes Joanie: "I love my job so much I feel guilty I'm not looking for the possibility of something better elsewhere."







Elsewhere in this issue, you'll read about Playboy's video ventures. Above, two of the people who make them possible: Playboy Productions Marketing Services Manager Maryanne Coury (reprised below) and Senior Administrative Secretary Julianne Flynn (detailed opposite). Maryanne has a master's degree in psychology; Julianne's co-owner of a tanning salon.



From the top: Attorney Bess Hochman, counsel for West Coast operations; Gita Mehta, an Advertising Sales Secretary in our New York offices, who's a student of graphic design, an avid skier and scuba diver; and Associate Editor Kate Nolan. We asked Kate, who gets off her share of one-liners, what we should write about her. "Say that I like sky diving, taxidermy and hope to be a brain surgeon when I grow up." Such a cutup.





Striking a cheeky attitude above is Cheryl Pauli, Receptionist/Secretary in PLAYBOY's Photo Department. Among the supporters of her inclusion here: Dad and Hubby.



On the job at Playboy Mansion West (above) are LeAnn Moen and Amanda Raymond. Both are Administrative Secretaries, a title LeAnn (getting comfortable, left) combines with that of Editorial Coordinator. Amanda (seen again above left) wants to become a screenwriter.



Amy Payton-Engle (above), a Senior Accounting Clerk in our Chicago offices, admires her female working companions as "bright, energetic and fun. No room for airheads here."



If the face and the figure at right seem familiar, it's because they belong to Connie Kreski, Miss January 1968, Playmate of the Year for 1969 and a featured performer in a number of movies. Connie's now brightening our days by working as a free-lance stylist at Playboy Studio West in Los Angeles.





Assistant Photo Editor Patty Beudet (above and top right) is profeminist without being antimale. She defends her rights without ever jeopardizing her friendships with the reigning men in the Photo Department. Patty works on many pictorial features for the magazine; her favorites are *Sex in Cinema* and *Sex Stars*. Below is Margie Price, ex-Bunny and now Manager of the St. Louis Playboy Club, on the job in the Bunny dressing room. Margie told us: "Playboy has been my family most of my life. I can't imagine working for another company."





Michaels saw the photo sessions as much-needed relief from the nude-figure drawing she's done for years. "I've always had nudes sit for me," she explained. "It's a real ego boost for me to be the subject for once. And my husband's been chasing me around the house ever since!"

How many women *does* it take to run a monthly men's magazine, the *Playboy Guides*, *Games*, a chain of Clubs and now a home-video complex? Literally, (continued on page 292)

Amy Miller (below) is Senior Historian at Playboy Mansion West, where her duties include indexing a vast photographic record of the Playboy empire. At left, Amy in conference with boss Hugh M. Hefner.



"A sign on a bathroom door in Editorial confirms Phyllis Schlafly's worst fears: MEN AND/OR WOMEN."

802. Predictably, they are not cut from the same cloth. One of them studies Latin—as a hobby. Another is currently shopping for a Honda Super Hawk. Then there's the receptionist who likes drag racing. Trying to characterize these people makes one appreciate the problems Marco Polo faced describing the wonders of the Orient.

Working for Playboy is probably not something a woman—unlike some of the men here—decides to do early on. (Art Director Tom Staebler, for example, revealed in his high school yearbook that he planned to become Art Director of PLAYBOY.) Those women who *do* come aboard tend to have traits in common: tolerance, individualism and liberalism.

"Here's a company that sticks its neck out publicly. It stands for something besides its latest budget figures," said Associate Editor Kate Nolan, who admitted that she admires PLAYBOY for making no bones about its appreciation of beautiful women and its endorsement of recreational sex, knowing that at the same time, it supports abortion rights, Planned Parenthood and the Equal Rights Amendment. "When I was in high school in the Sixties, it was still considered naughty for the boys to read PLAYBOY—and positively daring for the girls. I'm sure it never occurred to me

then that any women worked here."

Nolan may be speaking for many, but it's a fact that a female Photo Editor supervises almost all Playmate photography; that the text accompanying all nude pictorials is edited by a woman; that one of the Clubs' Vice-Presidents is a woman; and that our Copy and Cartoon editors are female. In recent years, women, in escalating numbers, have leaped into significant roles at the magazine, the Clubs and, now, Playboy's video world. There are still men here to tidy up things a bit, make coffee, run the day-care center, but there's a woman's touch in nearly every Playboy product. In fact, a woman wrote this text.

Of course, there have been women behind Playboy's scenes from the beginning, albeit not always in top management. Playboy was always a place where a woman could work her way up. You'll recall that its founding year, 1953, was not exactly a boom time for career women. The domestically inclined Mamie Eisenhower was one of the most admired women in America, and men just back from Korea were making the workplace a little crowded. The few women who worked did not have great expectations.

Cut to a party on the North Side of Chicago. Among those present is young Hugh Hefner, who operates a new magazine on a shoestring, having moved from

the kitchen table to a modest office across from Holy Name Cathedral. Another guest is Patricia Papangelis, an associate editor at *Art Photography* magazine who knows something about publishing. What Hefner needs, though, is a secretary. He offers her a job. She says no, but a few weeks later, intrigued by the magazine's potential, she gives Hef a call and takes the job as his private secretary. Her duties include all the usual secretarial chores, plus proofreading and pasting up ads. Soon she's promoted to Editorial Assistant. (Others who worked their way up from secretarial jobs: Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry, West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski, Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses.)

Papangelis was among the first ten employees hired, and she's been here most of the time since, in a variety of posts. As she sees it, "Playboy has positively provided on-the-job training. I was able to better my position in a relatively short period of time. The fact that women stay here for many years is an indication of that kind of good treatment. Hef has always recognized individual rights, and those rights extend to women as well as to men."

When Papangelis decided to have a family, she was able to leave her job and return to work part time for ten years. Now her job title is Senior Editor (Administration). She's a boss.

"In my opinion, women here are treated as well as or better than in any other employment situation I've heard of. We're treated like adults; there are flexible hours and no dress codes," Papangelis pointed out.

"It's a first-name company," Senior Editor Gretchen McNeese noted, "from Christie on down. There are no Mr.s or Ms.s." Executive Secretary Trish Miller observed that plenty of work gets done but that "people work smart as opposed to hard." In other words, there's not a lot of wheel spinning and tail dragging.

When Playboy's women describe the workplace, there's an easy good humor. They say it's casual, pressure-free, comfortable. A sign on a bathroom door in Editorial confirms Phyllis Schlafly's worst fears: MEN AND/OR WOMEN.

Perhaps it's just as well that Playboy's women do have a sense of humor. It seems to be expected of them. When they look out the windows of Chicago's Playboy Building, they may see male guests in the adjacent Westin and Drake hotels waving to attract their attention. Occasionally, the most enthusiastic fans write their room numbers in soap on the windows. One woman of Playboy felt that such enthusiasm deserved a celebration. She called the hotel's room service and ordered a bottle of Dom Pérignon for that room.

It's true that working for a world-famous corporation brings some advantages and some disadvantages. There's



something about Playboy. We doubt that IBM's workers are regularly quizzed about their president or their board chairman or even about what's new in Selectrics. But for those who work here, life sometimes becomes an E. F. Hutton ad: When a Playboy woman speaks, people listen. A secretary claims that one of her friends won't go to parties with her because, sooner or later, the guests congregate around her to talk about Playboy. Rights and Permissions Manager Paulette Gaudet told a woman sitting next to her on a plane where she worked and the woman asked for her autograph. Another worker remembers attending a telethon and being tapped as a celebrity host, her celebrity status being based on her working for Playboy.

When Trish Miller posed for this pictorial in front of Chicago's Buckingham Fountain, a crowd gathered and she had to sign dozens of autographs before she could escape.

No wonder people like to work here. In the midst of the merriment, however, an occasional sidewalk fundamentalist will invite an employee to confess her Satanism before heading for the office in the morning. But there are some

things a Playboy woman won't do before her first cup of coffee.

There has been serious media interest in feminist criticism of PLAYBOY; we asked women here whether it is sometimes rough on their private lives to work in the ostensible belly of the beast. Publicist Schwabe remembers a ballet class at which another dancer sidled up to the bar and asked, "What's it like to work for a magazine that makes men rape women?" Joanie politely informed the budding ballerina that she didn't know, not having worked for such a magazine.

"In the beginning, a few of my feminist friends accused me of betraying my sisters," said Associate New York Editor Susan Margolis-Winter about her first few months on the job. "They thought PLAYBOY nudity was demeaning. I told them that if I thought so, I wouldn't work here. Taking your clothes off doesn't mean surrender—it can be a sign of strength. I admire a woman with the balls to bare her breasts."

Fiction Editor Alice Turner's excitement at being hired by PLAYBOY nearly three years ago was slightly tempered by apprehension that the members of her professional-women's media group,

especially her Ms.-magazine friends, wouldn't approve. When she told them, however, the universal reaction was "Good for you."

"Everybody knew it was a good job," said Turner. "PLAYBOY has a reputation in publishing as being a good place to work. I know firsthand."

"When I'm speaking publicly, I'm sometimes asked the stock question: How can you, as a woman, work for a magazine that has made millions of dollars exploiting women? I insist on answering. I explain that before I took this job, I did some research. I obtained a stack of all the men's magazines and I read them. Many offended me, but PLAYBOY didn't. I tell the critic to do the same thing, and if he or she still thinks after that that PLAYBOY exploits women, then I'll listen to that opinion. The problem is that most critics haven't even looked at the magazine. I have loyalty and affection for PLAYBOY, but I try never to be defensive."

"Defensive? Are you kidding?" asked a receptionist. "It's gotten to where I don't like to tell people where I work, because they're *too* interested. I'm so tired of answering all the questions: Are you a Bunny? Have you ever been in the magazine? Can you get me a subscription? How's Christie? How's Hef—or Hugh, as the real nerds say. I tell people I'm a supermarket checker or that I work in a medical library. Once, I told someone on an airplane that I worked for Bell Telephone, but that didn't work, because the guy gave me a rant against Ma Bell for half of the flight."

A secretary says that she always tells the truth but she figures, "Give the people what they want," so she embroiders her tales with a cross-stitch of Warren Beatty, a snippet of a famous rock group and a bald reference or two to a fine meal that she's had at Ma Maison. Sometimes it's not easy being a celebrity.

One woman remembers experiencing one of the clicks—those little epiphanies that alert a woman to latent sexism—that author Jane O'Reilly once described. She was zipping through traffic and was stopped by a traffic cop. Automatically, she reached for her new issue of PLAYBOY with the hope of avoiding an ugly confrontation by presenting it to the patrolman. Who should saunter up to the window but a policewoman? I'm doomed, she thought, and then—click!—she offered the magazine to the officer anyway. What ensued was an animated discussion of their jobs and mutual congratulations for having made it in what was once a man's world.



"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past. How come nobody bobs for apples anymore?"



In Charlotte's Web



*this kemp wouldn't tax anyone;
she's a free and lively spirit*

CHARLOTTE KEMP is good company. Mature beyond her years, she can expound on almost any subject. And when she does, it's with a breathless enthusiasm that can run up to 1000 words per minute. At that speed, some mouths tend to emit pure babble, but not Char's. Even at maximum output, her thoughts are perceptive and pertinent. Born in Omaha 21 years ago, she leapfrogged around the Midwest with her family—to Detroit, Keokuk and Toledo—until she took off for Indiana University. After two years as a psychology major, Char dropped out to pursue a modeling career in Chicago. She found that that notoriously chilly city turned considerably warmer after she had made two early discoveries: her roommate and best friend,

Charlotte's a young sophisticate who practically oozes glamor yet says, "I'm not interested in a glamorous life. The things that I really value are not that glamorous."



"It'll be a long time before I consider having children. Even then, I don't know. Maybe I'll adopt four or five. But I haven't yet done a quarter of what I want to do."

October 1975 Playmate Jill De Vries, and her boyfriend, Chicago Bears defensive back Gary Fencik. Now, after almost a year on the Big Shoulders, she's a diehard Chicagoan. "The pace is a lot faster than I'm used to," Char says, "and I just love it. In Chicago, there are a hundred things you can do at any time of day. After I'd been here a month or so, I got depressed, thinking, Oh, this is going to take me over and I'll get lost in the shuffle. But I found you just have to keep up with the pace and, above all, you have to take care of yourself." Char takes care of herself by playing tennis, swimming and running along the picturesque Windy City lake front. When she has to get somewhere fast, she mounts her trusty moped—weather permitting, of course. Currently, she's preparing for even faster transport with flying lessons, soon to be augmented with lessons in parachuting, just in case. Fortunately, her energy level is sustained by her love of food. One of her favorite pauses is in the kitchen, where she's

Char and roomie Jill (below left) move a Bear clone into their apartment. Later (below), Charlotte and the real thing absorb some culture at an outdoor Chicago art fair.







"I've learned a lot in the few months I've been in Chicago. You learn to be considerate, because there are so many people who aren't, and also to be understanding, because there's so much you disagree with but have to accept."



been known to whip up gourmet-quality dishes for friends or, in their absence, for herself. Gregarious and extroverted, Char makes friends quickly. It's a trick she picked up from all those moves during her childhood. "I regret sometimes not having permanent roots, but in each place I've lived, I've made friends I still talk to and write to. I try to write to at least five of them a week." While her future plans include a return to school and possibly some acting, the present holds plenty of interest for her. After all, she's got her sports, cooking, modeling and Fencik. If that's not enough, Char says, "I haven't met half the people that I want to meet."



Feminine but not a feminist, Char says, "Women sometimes can be vicious. I think that tendency is showing up more and more. Women are independent now, so they are becoming competitive."







At the lake front (left), Char adds her own architectural wonder to Chicago's already imposing skyline. A Char-baked cake (above) is the center of attention at a birthday party for boyfriend Gary Fencik of the Chicago Bears. At the controls in her flying classroom (below), Char declares, "Flying is very tranquilizing for me. My head floats along with the plane."



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Charlotte J. Kemp

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 116

BIRTH DATE: 1/27/61 BIRTHPLACE: Omaha, Nebraska

FAVORITE FOODS: Calamari, Quiche, Bril, Seafood in general, paella

TURN-ONS: Men who eat quiche, Chicago Bears, San Sebastián

TURN-OFFS: Sunday-morning radio, gossipy hairdressers, Asparagus

FAVORITE BOOKS: Any novel by Robert Ludlum

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Martin Mull, David Bowie, Muddy Waters, Buddy Guy, John Cougar

FAVORITE PASTIMES: Tennis, sailing, reading, needlepoint

IDEAL MAN: I have never found him but give me a chance...

SECRET FANTASY: To eat at every three-star restaurant in the world!



4, 5, 6, 17 yrs.

Good times!

Smiling thank goodness with André. That's over!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A physician who was trying to determine the cause of his patient's total exhaustion finally decided to question him about his sex life. "How many times a week do you have intercourse?" he asked.

"Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday," the fellow answered.

"I think you'd better cut out Thursdays," advised the doctor.

"I can't," the man replied. "That's the only night I'm home with my wife."

When Superman goes down on Lois Lane, he obviously changes metallurgically from the Man of Steel to the Man of Tungsten.



A devastating fire in a Sicilian woodwind-instrument factory might be referred to, we suppose, as a Mediterranean flute fry.

There's a tavern in London that's staffed
By a barmaid who's tops at her craft:

In her striving to please,
She serves ale on her knees,
So that patrons get head with their draft.

"Are you the manager?" the woman asked the man who had answered the telephone at the male-escort-service agency.

"Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "but my actual title is staff director."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tax-exempt TV preachers* as windfall prophets.

I wouldn't mess with that Gerald if I were you," one regular at a gay bar warned the belligerent limp-wristed drinker. "He happens to have a lavender belt in karate."

And, of course, you've heard about the girl who thought premarital sex was immoral—so she slept with only married men.

A large number of used prophylactics were found in the parking lot after last week's dance," the high school principal announced with some severity at a faculty meeting. "Are there any comments or suggestions?"

"Perhaps the name of the affair should be changed," responded a laid-back young male teacher, "to the junior prong."

The newest Congressional caucus is one composed of gay legislators. They call themselves the Oral Minority.

A daredevil skater named Lowe
Leaps barrels arranged in the snow
But is proudest of doing
Some incredible screwing,
Since he's jumped 13 girls in a row!

My husband exhibits the symptoms of a sort of Pinocchio syndrome," one woman confided to another. "When he lies to me about his playing around, his penis gets bigger and bigger. Sometimes," she went on with a sigh, "I think that's all that's saved our marriage."

Our Unabashed Classical Roman Dictionary defines *promiscuous slut* as a *box populi*.

The seven-piece bedroom set this joker told me he had in his pad," the girl reported to her roommate, "consisted of a cot and half a dozen rubbers!"

Saaay," giggled the girl hitchhiker as the rig operator shifted position and began to perform oral sex on her, "you truck drivers really do know the best places to eat!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *female pubic depilation* as shaving the point spread.



Mother Goose had it all wrong, Grandpa," snickered the precociously worldly wise youngster while being read to by the old gentleman. "It was the cock that rammed up the mouse."

As a final humiliation, Henry VIII permitted the executioner who would shortly decapitate her to have access to Anne Boleyn in the Tower of London for sexual purposes. As she placed herself in position for the blow the following morning, Anne said, in a loud, clear voice, "Headsmen, strike true!" Then she added, in a mutter so low that only he could hear it, "I trust, sir, that you take better head than you give."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



John
Dempsey

"And now, for being such a good boy. . ."



Louise and Me

an american actress embarks on her own mission to moscow

text by Sydne Rome

Ohio-born Sydne Rome, one of the most popular stars of European films, has just become the first American actress to win a starring role in Soviet cinema. Sydne plays Louise Bryant, lover and wife of John Reed, in the \$50,000,000 Mexican-Italian-Russian coproduction of "Ten Days That Shook the World," Reed's account of the Russian Revolution. (That's Sydne, in her Bryant persona, above.) Directed by the eminent Russian direc-

tor Sergei Bondarchuk, the project took three months and literally a cast of thousands to complete. During that time, Sydne had the opportunity to observe firsthand Russian movie-making techniques, which at times included the recruiting of genuine Russian generals to give orders to the troops assembled for the picture. She also had the opportunity to study her character in the historic locations where Louise had lived and worked with Reed. For



In the dunes of Provincetown (left), a recumbent Sydne revives the air and likeness of unconventional Louise Bryant, who herself had posed in the dunes decades earlier (above). Bryant's nude pose is remarkable considering the mores of the time.



Although Sydne was chosen for the role of Louise Bryant because of her acting talent, there are similarities in their lives that make the casting appropriate. Something of an adventuress herself, Sydne has spent the past 12 years working in Europe and being married to an Italian photographer. Louise spent her early days in the artists' community of Provincetown, romancing both writers John Reed and Eugene O'Neill.





PLAYBOY, Sydne agreed to re-create her movie persona, from Louise's real life in Provincetown to her fantasies about Russia. What follows are her impressions of Bryant and her feelings about this historic opportunity.

Although Louise Bryant predated by decades what we think of as the sexual revolution, she was a true forerunner of our times. She spent her early 20s in Portland, Oregon, and the bourgeois

Long afternoons in the sun-splattered coastal town left much time for fantasy. Louise's idea of revolutionary Russia was more romantic than realistic. She saw a Russia of crystal palaces rather than one of political strife.





lifestyle of that community was in constant conflict with her personality and her drive. Louise was unusually attractive and irresistibly drawn to the physical, sensuous aspects of life. Knowing that she had to leave Portland or be stifled, she took charge of her destiny by meeting, entrancing and, ultimately, following journalist John Reed to New York and then to Provincetown, Massachusetts, a community of East Coast bohemians. There, *(text concluded on page 224)*

During the early days of the revolution, in 1917 (left), Louise, played by Sydne, and John Reed, played by Franco Nero, join the Russians in the streets. The \$50,000,000 film is based on American Reed's book *Ten Days That Shook the World*.



Acting out the fantasies of Louise Bryant (left and below), Sydne shows a sensuousness that is all hers. As the lead actress in the film, Sydne was treated "like a queen." She found present-day Russians friendly, if unmotivated, with a deep sense of the romantic. "They take love and romance very seriously; it's all they have."





An amazing breadth of expression in face and body is what makes Sydne Rome such a delight to watch on the screen. And it's that same quality that made her such a success in front of the still camera for these fantasy scenes. Europeans will see her portrayal of Bryant in February; American audiences, soon after.





“It is a tribute to her charms that she was able to keep O’Neill and Reed simultaneously involved.”

in the dunes and the sea air, she was no longer confined by society’s mores and eagerly let her spirit take over her life.

Not surprisingly, Louise took to Provincetown even more than Reed did. He had liked the structure and the urban atmosphere of Greenwich Village, while Louise felt more alive in the country. She would stay on in Provincetown for weeks after Reed had left. With her friends, dreamers and adventurers, she would lie in the sun and sand and fantasize that she was in the hot, erotic Sahara. At other times, she and her friends would sit and talk for hours of Russia, which seemed far away, romantic and emancipated. Reed, of course, was excited about the political implications of the revolution, but Louise, charged by the dunes’ sensuous atmosphere, would thrill to the exotic and romantic images conjured up by a country in revolt.

Provincetown’s atmosphere encouraged more than mere fantasies, however. It was there that Louise decided to have an affair with Eugene O’Neill. It is a tribute to her charms and her skill that she was able to keep O’Neill and Reed, who were friends, simultaneously involved with her without hurting either one. By convincing O’Neill that she and Reed lived like brother and sister, she enticed the playwright into a relationship that enabled him to sleep with his friend’s wife without losing respect for either party. And by giving Reed no reason to question her feelings, she never aroused his suspicions.

Still, Louise was not really a manipulator; she was, rather, a romantic dreamer. When she listened to Reed talk about going to Russia, she did not focus on pictures of food lines, committee meetings and workers’ strikes but fantasized instead about ice palaces, beautiful winter clothes and mystical northern lights.

Those flights of fancy were not, however, indications of a shallow, weak or irresponsible woman. She not only was physically secure enough to pose naked in the dunes, which was then a daring act, but was intellectually sure enough of her talents and abilities to get an assignment from the first feminist magazine in this country to go to Russia and report on what the Russian women were experiencing. Ultimately, she wrote not just an article about her experiences but an entire book, *Six Red Months in Russia*. Thus, in spite of the fact her dreams and her manner were almost

totally apolitical, she managed to become involved in an area in which few women had ever been involved and to hold her own against political giants amid the issues of the day.

Recently, I had the privilege of portraying Louise Bryant in the film *Ten Days That Shook the World*, directed by Russia’s finest director, Sergei Bondarchuk. I lived in the Soviet Union for three and a half months and enjoyed not only an intense cinematic experience but also a rather unsheltered and extremely human day-to-day Soviet existence. As a result, I came to understand to the best of my ability America’s most mysterious and most politically threatening competitor. Because I was to play Louise in the movie, I spent a great deal of time getting to know about her life and came to feel a great kinship with her, regarding her almost as a mentor and an inspiration. Because I am an American who has built a career in Europe, has never shied away from difficult journeys and has always felt it important to be free and uninhibited, I couldn’t help noticing similarities in our lives.

My work, like Louise’s, has taken me all over the world, giving me the opportunity to savor many cultures, peoples and situations. I have played the lead in 28 major European films, have been privileged to work with Europe’s finest directors and actors, have made record albums that have had world-wide success and have performed in my own television specials. There is only one great frustration in my professional life, and that is that I have never had the chance to work in my own country—perhaps playing a girl from a place such as Upper Sandusky, Ohio, the small town where I spent most of my childhood.

And though I sometimes feel that being an American actress in Europe is a handicap, I am always grateful for its fabulous fringe benefits. Unable to remain close to my roots or my home town, I have had to become something of a fearless adventurer prepared to fit into many worlds without being judgmental. But while I have always been regarded by other people as adventurous, I was humbled by Louise’s courage and accomplishments—it was so much harder to travel and to be an independent woman back then that I knew she was much braver and much more of a trail blazer than I.

Then, when I stood in the same places

she had stood in Russia and in Provincetown, re-creating her actions and movements, I felt a bit haunted, as if Louise had started living inside my body. That kind of schizophrenic reaction is not an uncommon one for an actress, but I had never before experienced it as profoundly.

I gradually began to understand why she had such a hold on me. An actress plays characters by calling up aspects of her personality that are not necessarily close to the surface but are demanded by the part. Then, when the role is done and those aspects are no longer justified, she pushes them back into her psyche. But Louise Bryant never censored herself. She was so unfettered in her feelings and so secure in herself that she didn’t need an excuse to summon up repressed parts of her personality. She let all her multiple personalities, thoughts and wants come to the forefront whenever they needed to. That, I believe, is why she was so free and so fearless.

Now, even though I am no longer playing her, Louise still inhabits a part of my being. She has taught me that it is possible for us to live out our dreams as long as we have faith in the future and a sense of romance and adventure. While people had always told me that I appeared to be fearless, I knew myself that deep down, I was apprehensive about the future. After going to Russia and giving myself over to Louise’s spirit, however, I learned that you can and will be happy if you choose to be. So, rather than waste time worrying about what is going to happen, I now try to face life with a positive and open attitude. Tomorrow, I’ve discovered, will take care of itself, especially if today is lived properly.

Louise also taught me not only that independence and courage are important but that life is meant to be shared. Romance, I learned, means more than going from one man to the next; even total abandon is more meaningful and satisfying when balanced against an ideal love that is lasting. Her spiritual love for and commitment to John Reed put her relationships with other men and her constant travels in a more balanced perspective: Although she insisted on having it all, she never once lost her sense of priorities. Even though she was a true American, she did not hesitate for a moment to go to Reed in Russia, quietly enduring great hardships and braving grave danger, because her commitment to him was the deepest, most important value in her life. And that, to me, is what remains most inspiring and most memorable about Louise Bryant—for though that sense of commitment, like all sincere commitments, now seems to be out of fashion, it can still clarify the confusion in which we often find ourselves.

LEROY NEIMAN

• SKETCHBOOK •





BROOKE SHIELDS CAME TO my New York studio with her mother, Teri. She leaned on my drawing table and looked me straight in the eye, unblinking. There was not a hint of mistrust or defensiveness about her as we talked of travel, art classes, dating and her horse, Cobalt. She was a delightful combination of innocent sophistication, youthful appearance and mature intelligence. She wore no make-up; her color was natural and wholesome. I decided to do the head study first to familiarize myself with her beauty. I switched from charcoal to water colors to sketch the exercises that are part of her daily routine, and suddenly, she changed into a sexy, agile, feline creature, completely different from the schoolgirl who'd sat quietly before me a few minutes earlier. As a student at the school of the Art Institute of Chicago, I had frequently visited John Singer Sargent's life-size nude *The Egyptian Girl*, painted in 1891. When I met Brooke, I couldn't help comparing her with that painting. Although her body is in the same stance, Sargent's model appears shy, with downcast eyes and palms turned out. My rendering of Brooke shows her eyes forward, hands turned lovingly inward—a portrait of a self-assured, beautiful young lady looking ahead to an adventurous life. This was the first time she had posed for an artist. She said she loved doing it. So did I.

—L.N.



Two artists at work: Brooke Shields, exhibiting qualities that have made her a star, poses for LeRoy Neiman. They are obviously pleased with the results.

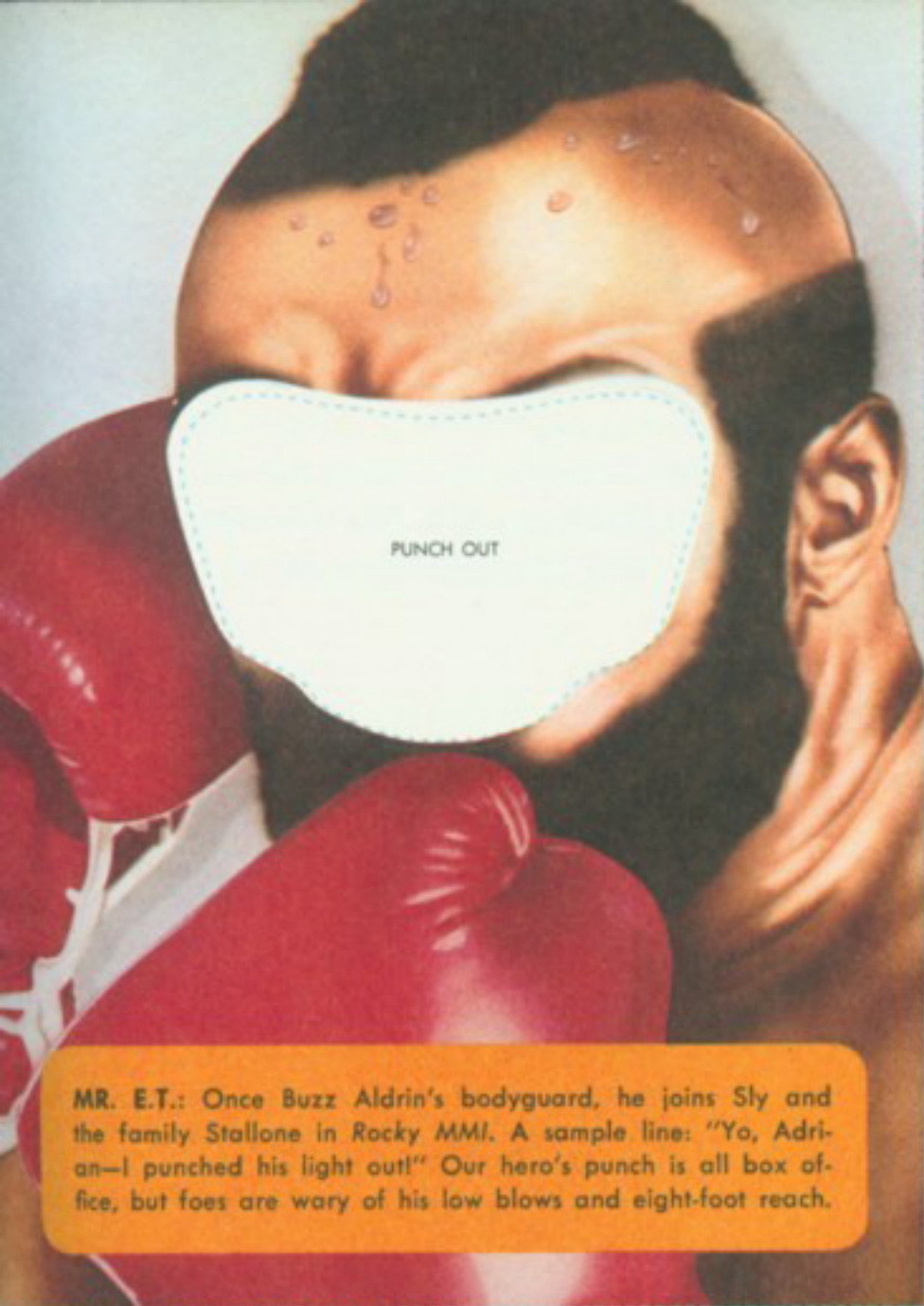


LeRoy Neiman
'92

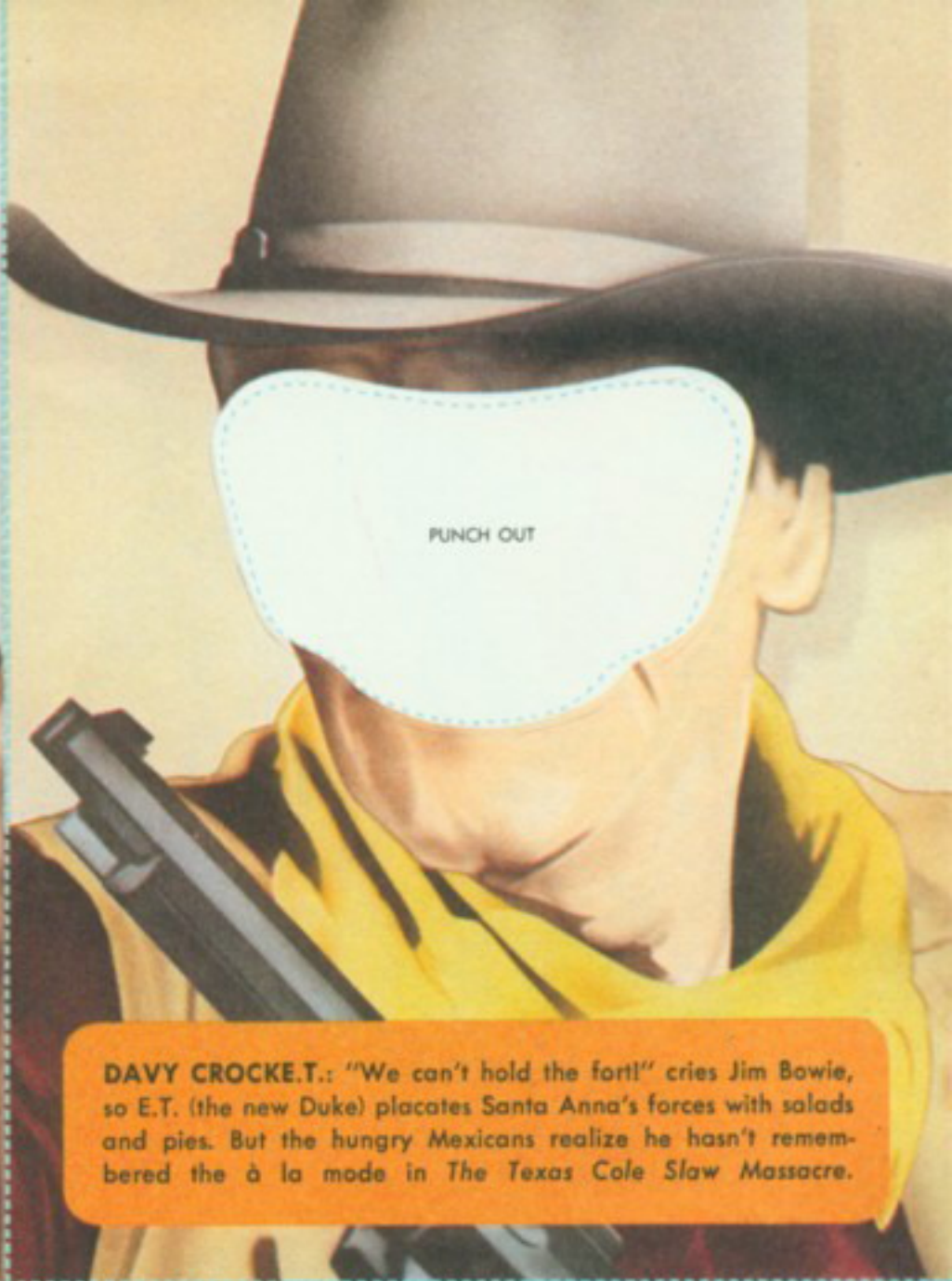
SEX STARS OF 1982



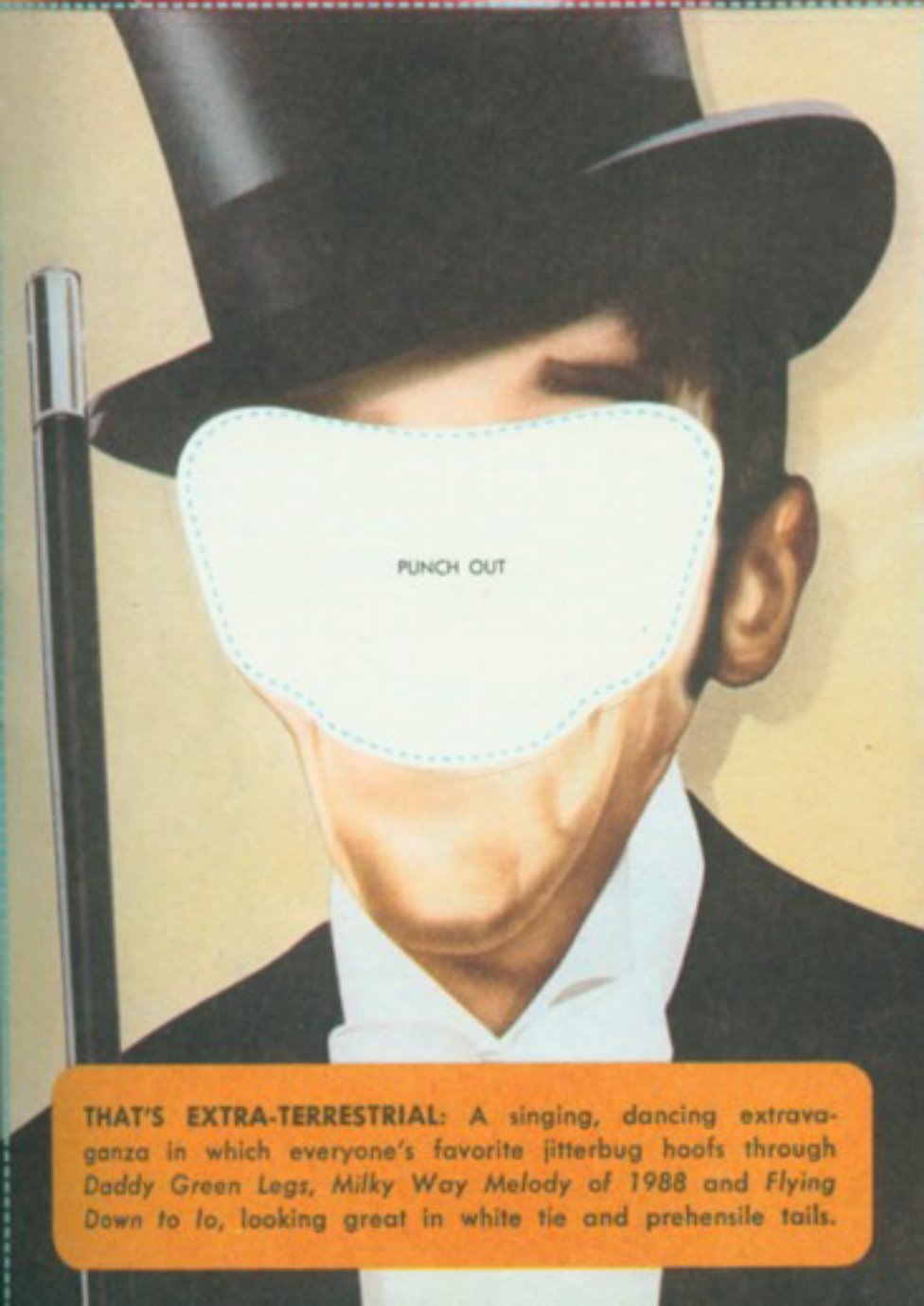
E.T.—THE EXTRA-SUCCESSFUL: Agent "Swiftly" Yoda tells us E.T. just may be in every movie of the Eighties. Want a sneak preview? OK, first tear along the perforations and separate the four cards on the opposite page. Now punch out the faces of those old stars. To really get into it, you might shout, "This looks like a job for !" when confronting Superman, or, "In your face, muthahl!" while punching out Mr. T. If you mess up, go out immediately and buy another PLAYBOY. Place the cards one by one over E.T.'s rugged good looks for our feature presentation. Flip each card for another star turn by E.T. Voilà (French for "Check it out")—the future of the movie business.



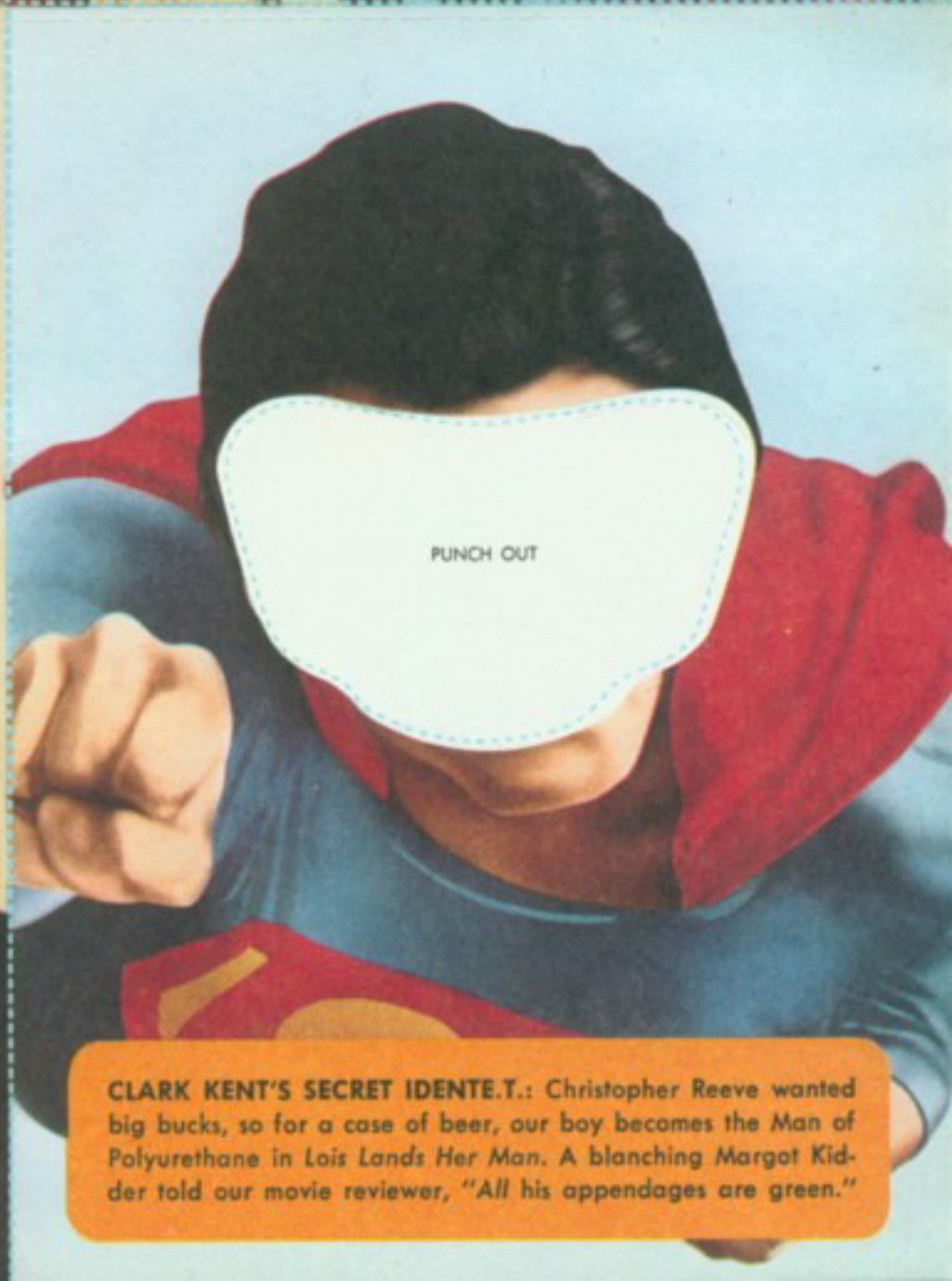
MR. E.T.: Once Buzz Aldrin's bodyguard, he joins Sly and the family Stallone in *Rocky MMI*. A sample line: "Yo, Adrian—I punched his light out!" Our hero's punch is all box office, but foes are wary of his low blows and eight-foot reach.



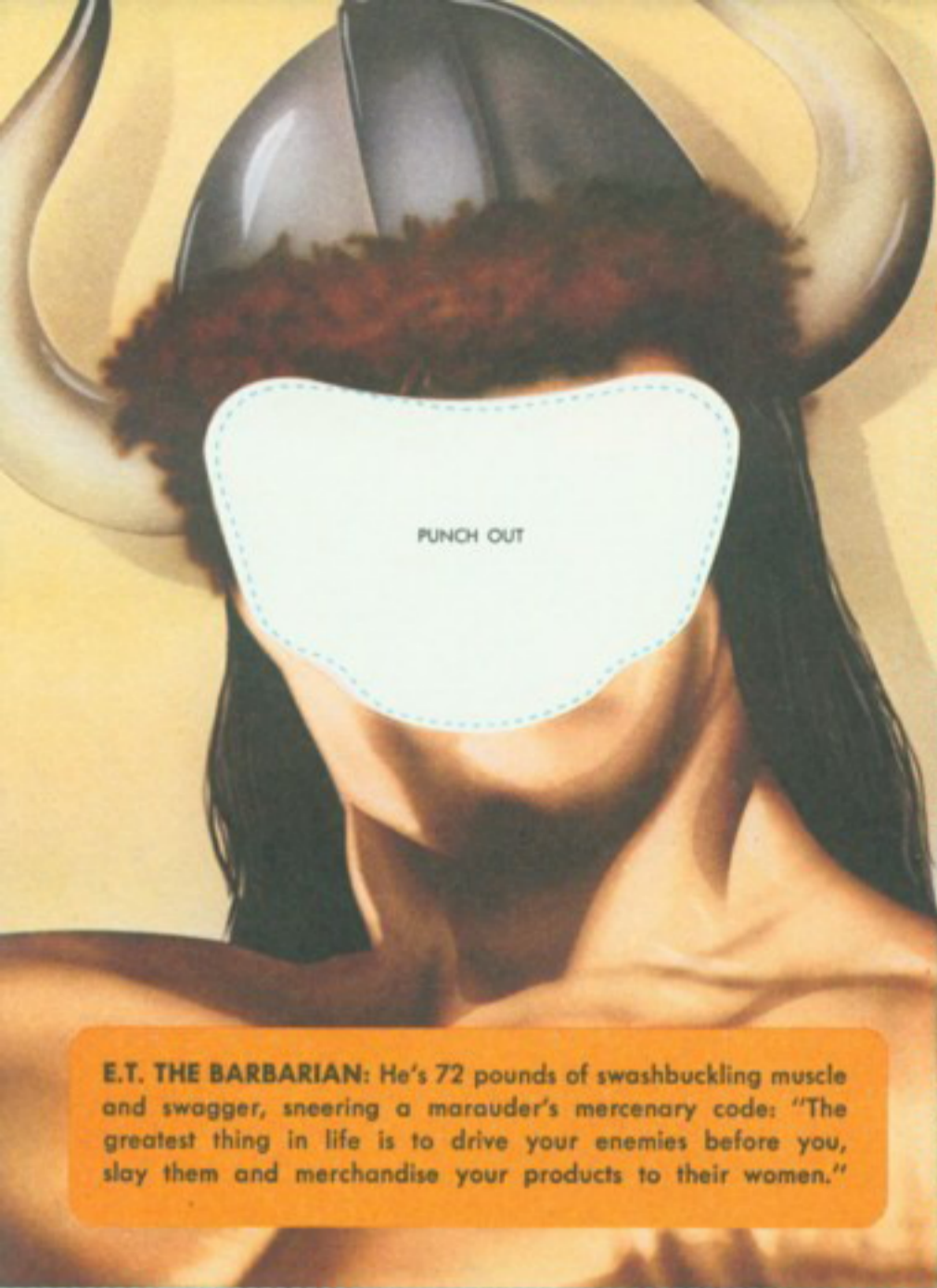
DAVY CROCKET.T.: "We can't hold the fort!" cries Jim Bowie, so E.T. (the new Duke) placates Santa Anna's forces with salads and pies. But the hungry Mexicans realize he hasn't remembered the à la mode in *The Texas Cole Slaw Massacre*.



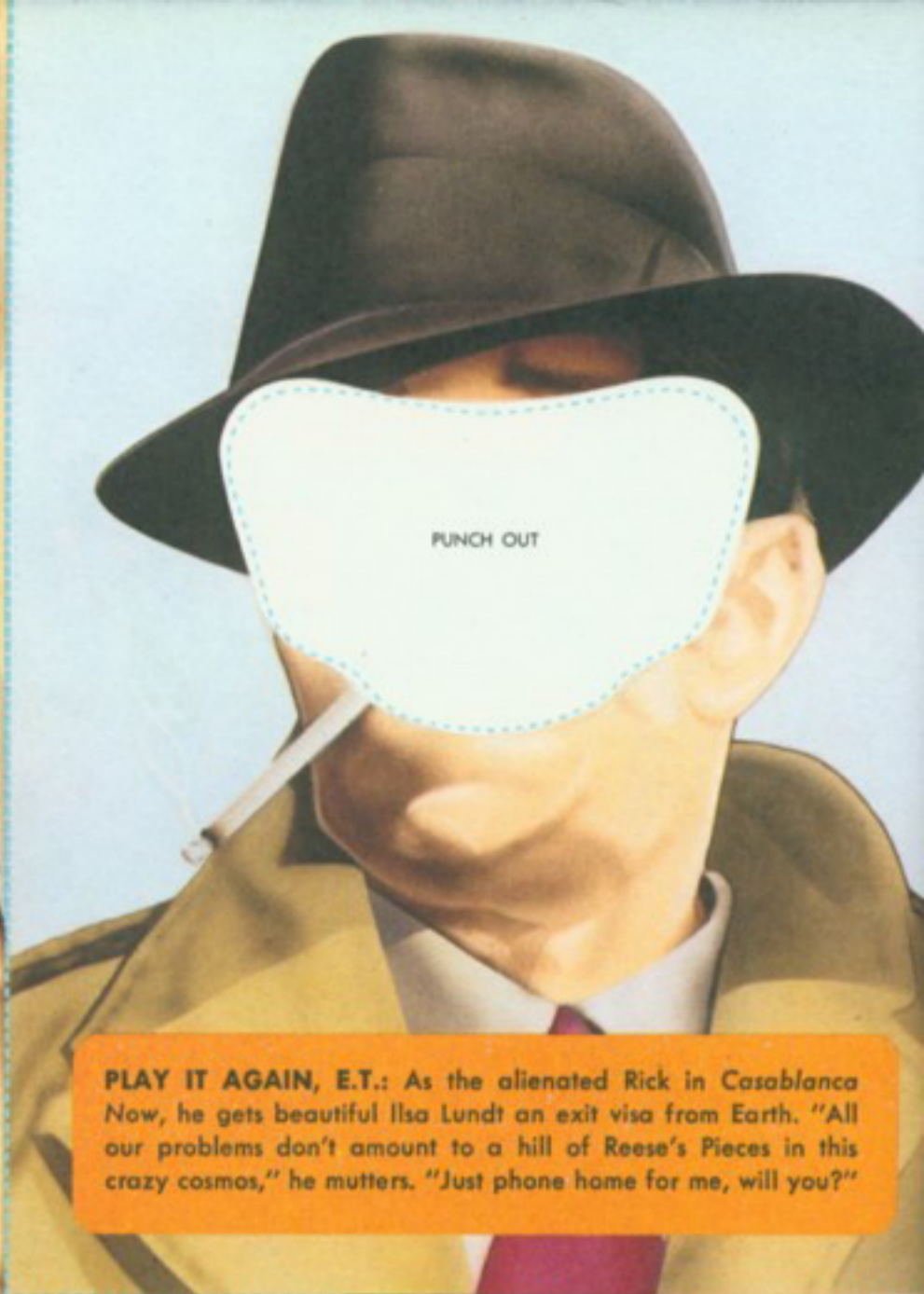
THAT'S EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL: A singing, dancing extravaganza in which everyone's favorite jitterbug hoofs through *Daddy Green Legs*, *Milky Way Melody of 1988* and *Flying Down to lo*, looking great in white tie and prehensile tails.



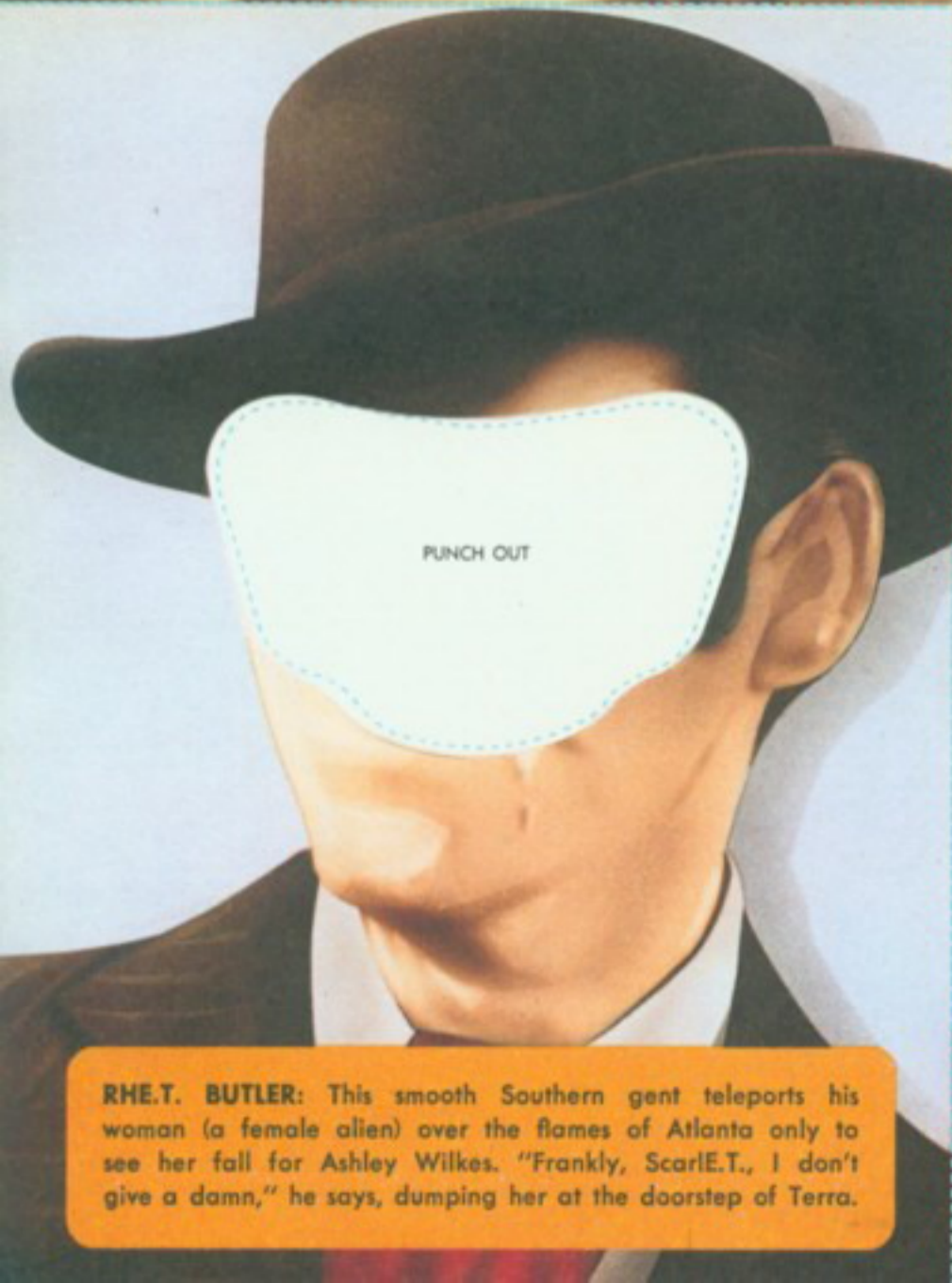
CLARK KENT'S SECRET IDENTETE.T.: Christopher Reeve wanted big bucks, so for a case of beer, our boy becomes the Man of Polyurethane in *Lois Lands Her Man*. A blanching Margot Kidder told our movie reviewer, "All his appendages are green."



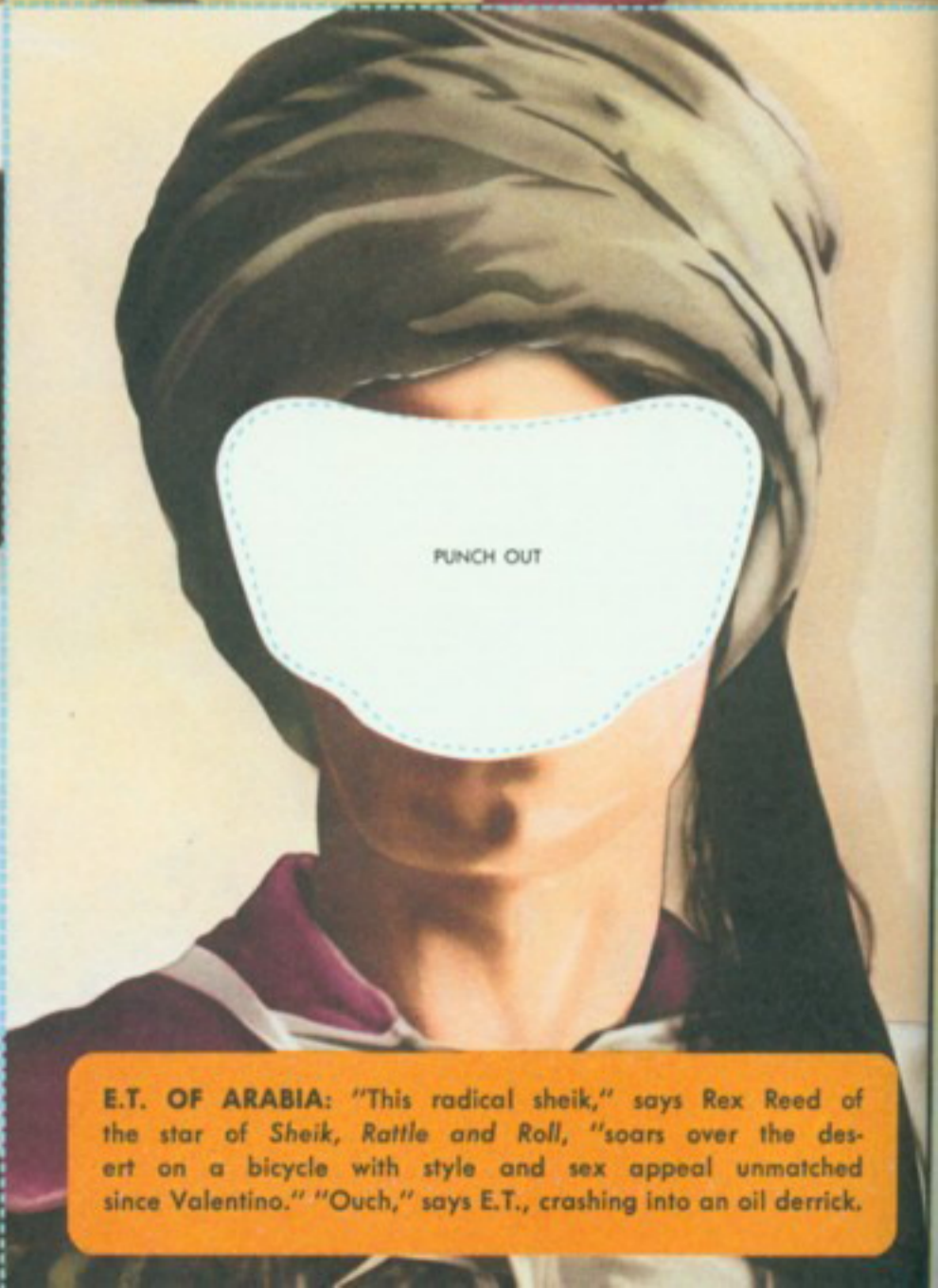
E.T. THE BARBARIAN: He's 72 pounds of swashbuckling muscle and swagger, sneering a marauder's mercenary code: "The greatest thing in life is to drive your enemies before you, slay them and merchandise your products to their women."



PLAY IT AGAIN, E.T.: As the alienated Rick in *Casablanca* Now, he gets beautiful Ilsa Lundt an exit visa from Earth. "All our problems don't amount to a hill of Reese's Pieces in this crazy cosmos," he mutters. "Just phone home for me, will you?"

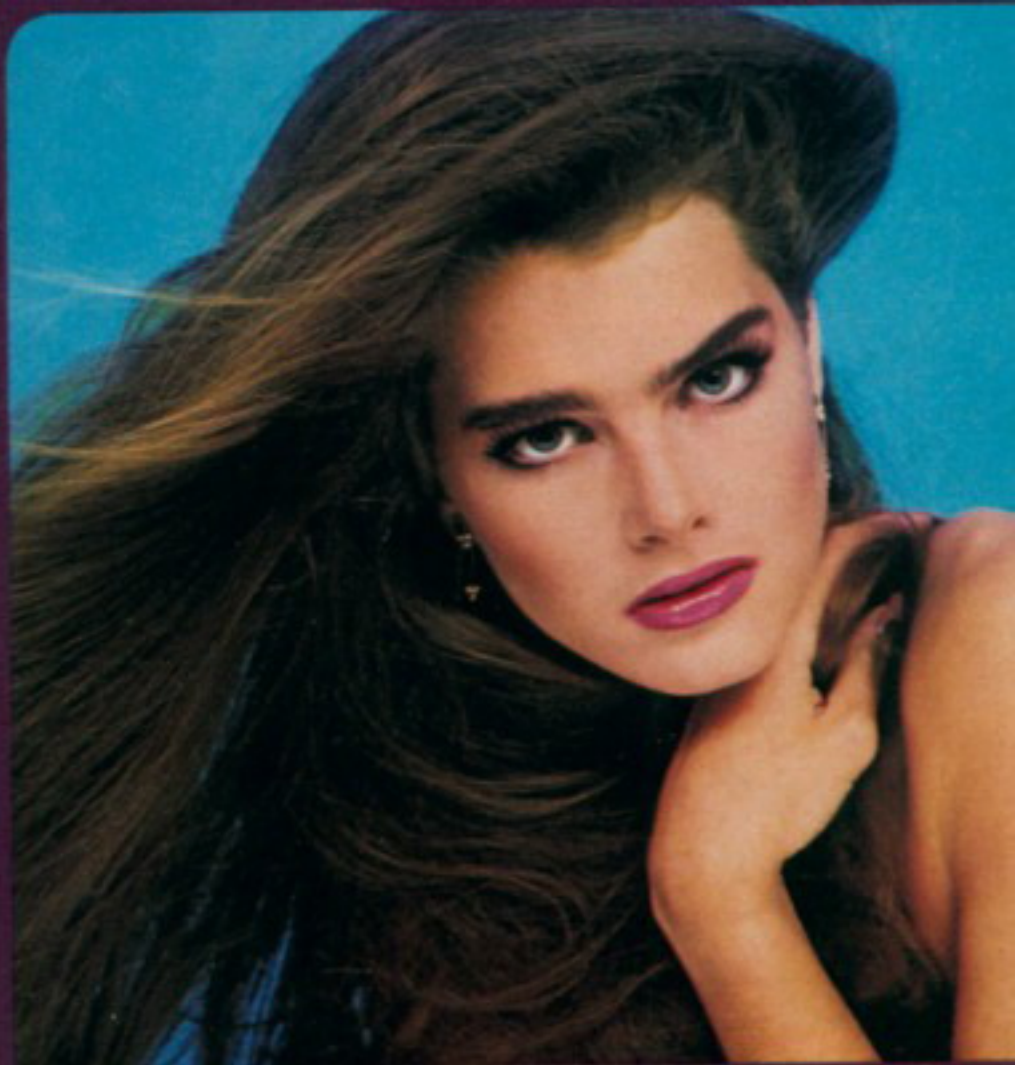


RHE.T. BUTLER: This smooth Southern gent teleports his woman (a female alien) over the flames of Atlanta only to see her fall for Ashley Wilkes. "Frankly, ScarIE.T., I don't give a damn," he says, dumping her at the doorstep of Terra.

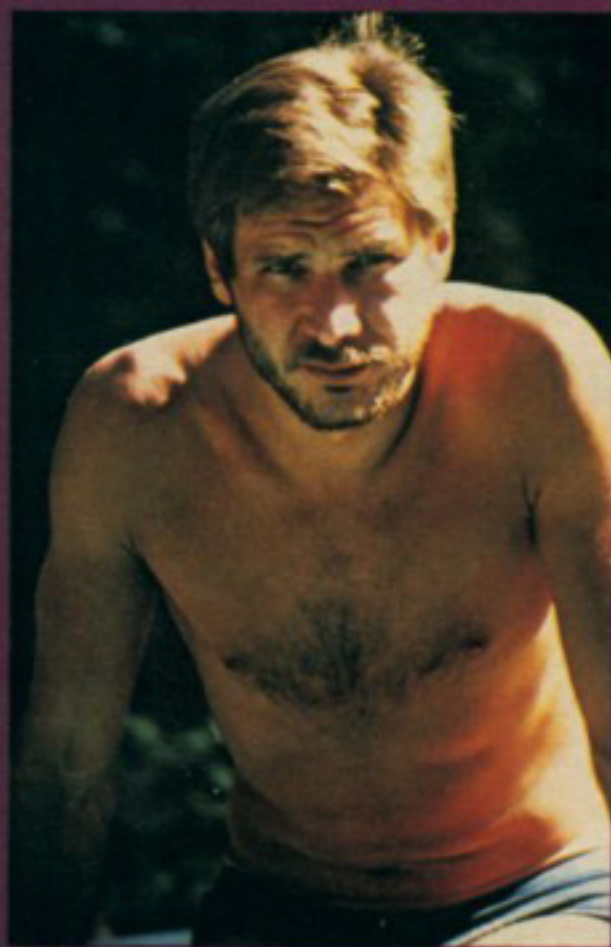


E.T. OF ARABIA: "This radical sheik," says Rex Reed of the star of *Sheik, Rattle and Roll*, "soars over the desert on a bicycle with style and sex appeal unmatched since Valentino." "Ouch," says E.T., crashing into an oil derrick.

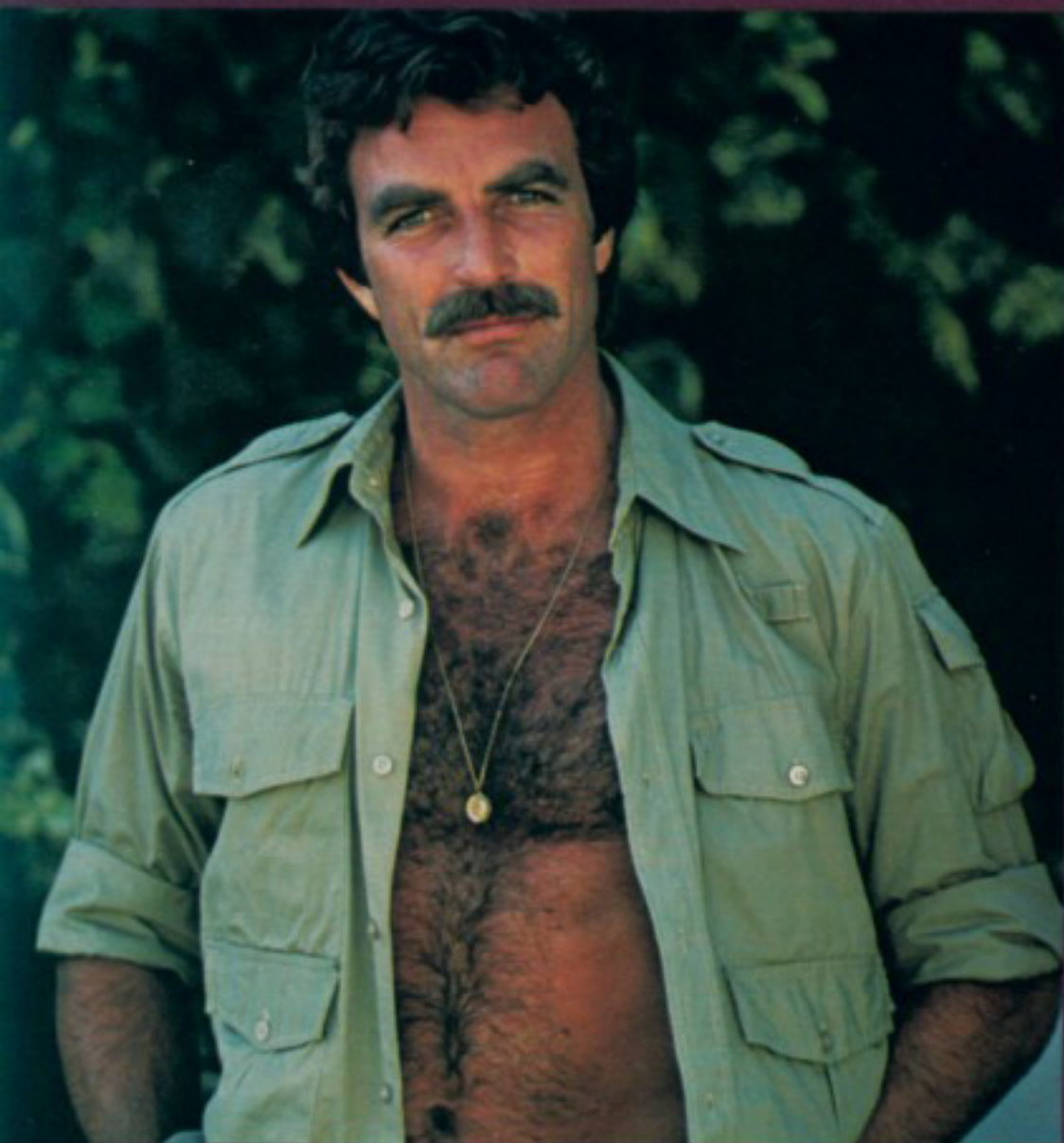
onscreen, they were a collection of nuts, bolts and critters from outer space; offscreen, they were the same vulnerable creatures of heaving flesh and overheated blood we've come to know and love

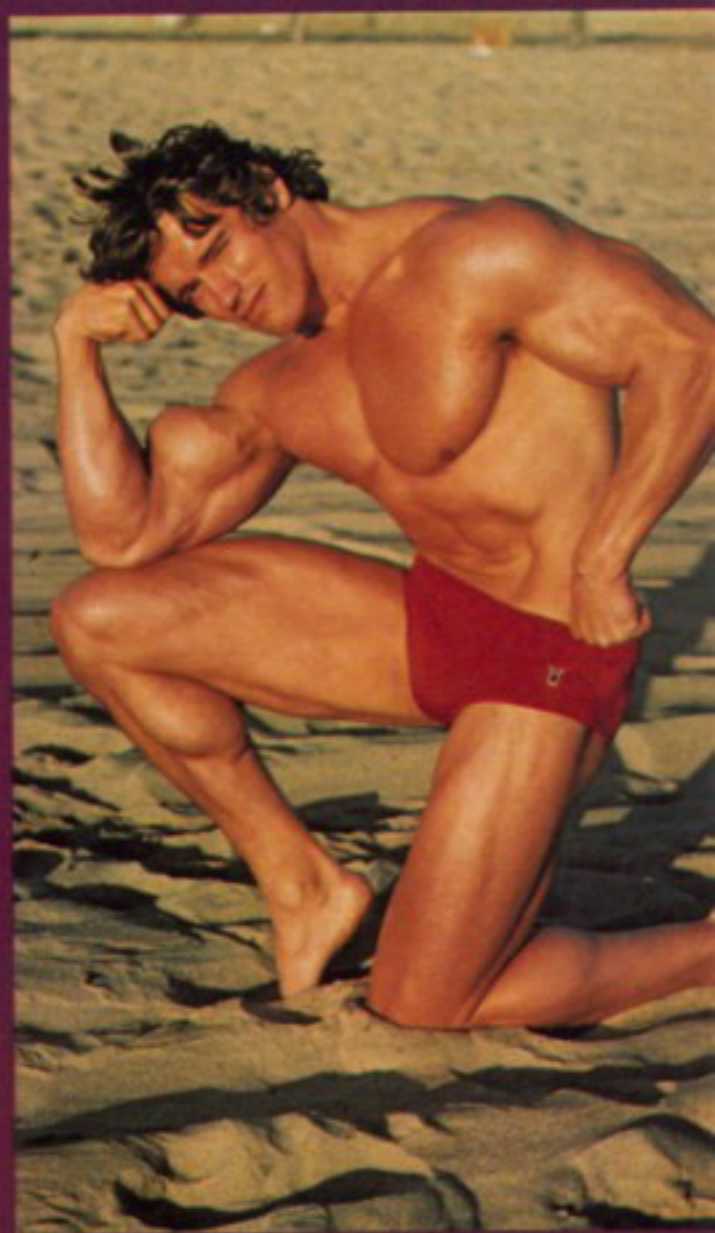


MEDIA DARLINGS: The guy for whom the girls sighed in 1982 wasn't exactly your standard matinee idol, but he had an undeniable charm. E.T. the Extra-Terrestrial from Steven Spielberg's hit movie of the same name, won box-office and critical championships hands—appendages?—down. (For some new roles for the adorable alien, check insert.) Holding up the dis-taff side were Brooke Shields (top right), everybody's favorite underage sex bomb, who made news by retrieving nude photos for which she'd posed in her rasher childhood; and the bounteous Dolly Parton (right), madam of *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.



FLYING HIGH: Soaring above the crowd in every sense of the word are Richard Gere (above left), a naval air cadet in *An Officer and a Gentleman*; Harrison Ford (above right), that fearless ace from the *Star Wars* series, who did most of his hovering over a futuristic Los Angeles in *Blade Runner* this year but will soon, we trust, emerge from Han Solo's deep freeze; and Tom (Magnum, P.I.) Selleck (below), due momentarily as a World War One pilot in *High Road to China*.





BODIES BEAUTIFUL: "When you've got it, flaunt it" might well be the motto of these shapely stars (clockwise from top left): Sybil Danning, picked by critic Roger Ebert as 1982 Cannes sex symbol of the year; Sandahl Bergman and Arnold Schwarzenegger, the dynamic duo of *Conan the Barbarian*; Barbara Carrera, the sinister sex therapist in *I, the Jury*, ready to play opposite Sean Connery in his proposed return to Bondage; Leon Isaac (Penitentiary et seq.; *Body and Soul*) Kennedy; Sylvester Stallone, here in his third incarnation as Rocky Balboa, who followed that one-two-three punch by drawing *First Blood* later in the year; and Victoria (Dallas) Principal, whose face and figure, tastefully exposed in a long-running series of television commercials, have inspired thousands of sweaty hopefuls to join a chain of 225 health clubs across the nation.





SEX ONSTAGE: Savoring the high every performer gets from the applause of a live audience were Raquel Welch (left), socko in Broadway's *Woman of the Year*; Richard Pryor (right), getting a grip on himself in *Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip*; Gregory Harrison (below right, in his go-go outfit from the TV special *For Ladies Only*), who wowed matrons in an L.A. revival of *The Hasty Heart*; the indestructible Mick Jagger (below), back in England with the Stones (first time in six years) to pack Wembley Stadium; and Anita Morris (far left, below), whose performance in this see-through outfit in Broadway's musical smash *Nine* was so hot that CBS wouldn't let her do her thing in it on its telecast of the Tony-awards presentation.





TORRID TWOSOMES: Love is still Hollywood's favorite four-letter word. Just ask Jacqueline Bisset and ballet star Alexander Godunov (above); Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson (top right); *Reds*-hot lovers Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton (bottom right); and Harry (*Making Love*) Hamlin and Ursula Andress (below), the happily unwed parents of a strapping two-year-old son.





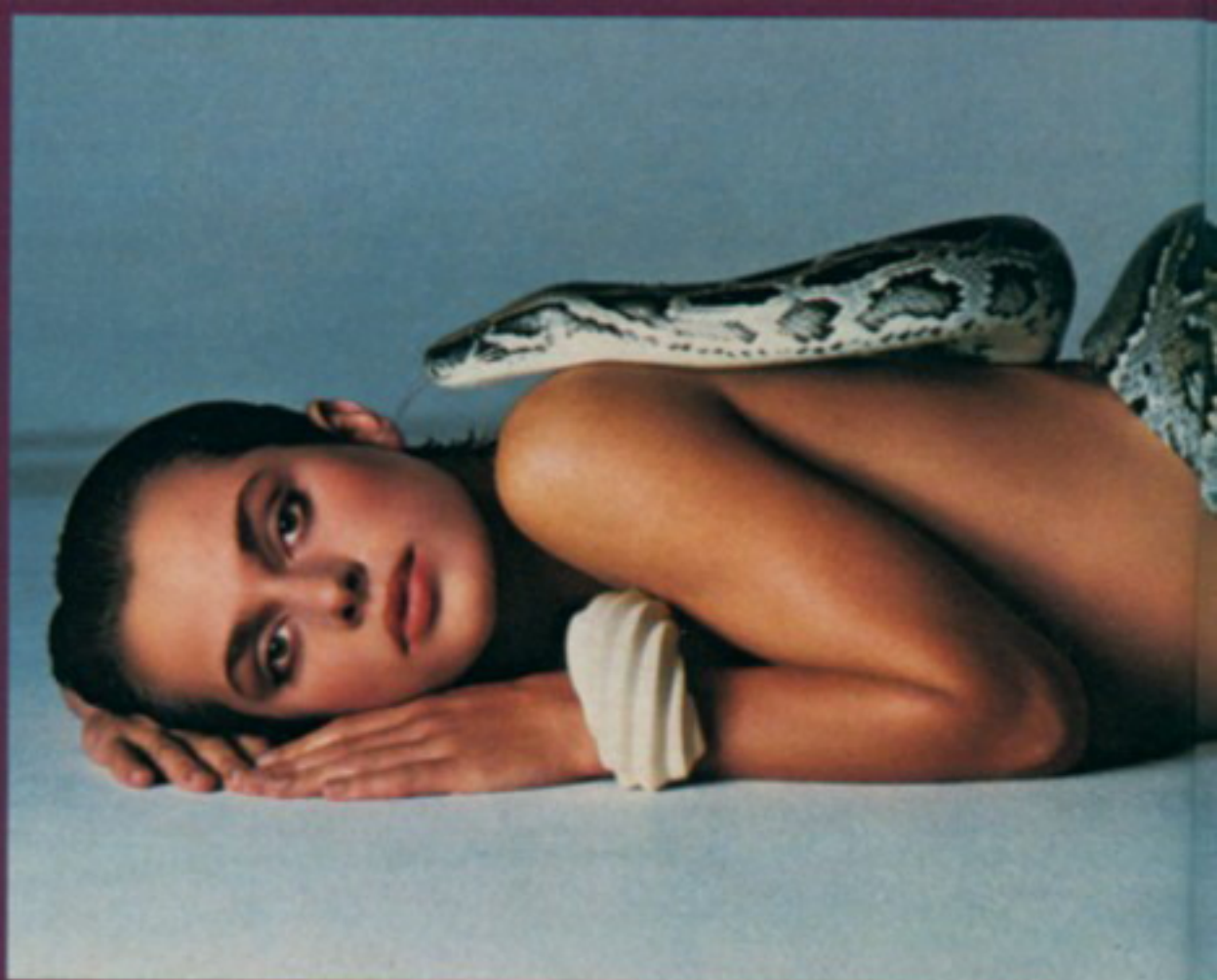
UP, UP AND AWAY: Here's a sextet of lucky ladies whose careers have really taken off. Mariel Hemingway (top left) will follow *Personal Best* with the role of Dorothy Stratten in Bob Fosse's *Star 80*; Maud Adams (above) plays the titular Octopussy in the newest Bond film; Rachel (Sharky's Machine; Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid) Ward (below right) snagged the coveted part of Meggie Cleary in the nine-hour televersion of Colleen McCullough's novel *The Thorn Birds*; Debra Winger (below center) proved in the summer's hottest romance, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, that her *Urban Cowboy* performance was no fluke; Susan Sarandon (bottom left), late of *Tempest*, is due in the steamy vampire film *The Hunger*; Ann Jillian (center left) graduated from *Sugar Babies* and *It's a Living* to portray Mae West on TV.





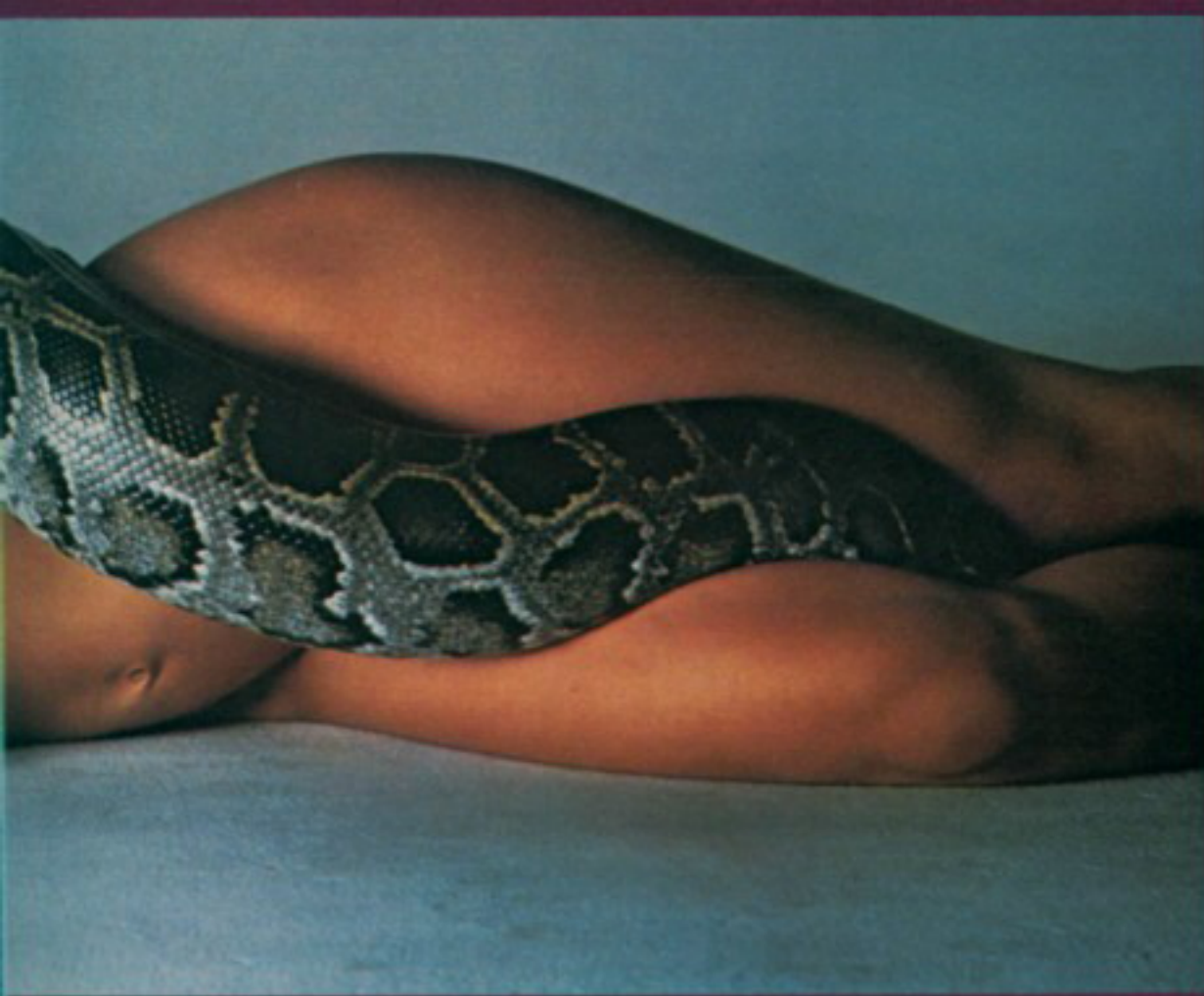
SUPERSUDSERS: Now that soap operas have spilled over into prime time, nighttime viewers are becoming used to the kind of heavy-breathing stuff that housewives have long enjoyed. Helping fuel those fantasies are *Dynasty's* Pamela Sue Martin (top left), who's come a long way, baby, since her days as TV's Nancy Drew; Morgan Fairchild of *Flamingo Road* (top right), whose foray into film, *The Seduction*, was less successful than her tube series; Linda Evans (bottom right), a former resident of *The Big Valley* (and one of the ex-Mesdames John Derek), now hot in *Dynasty*; and Anthony Geary and Genie Francis (left), whose wedding on *General Hospital* broke viewing records. Like many real-life unions, the video version was short-lived. Genie has since decamped, presumably for greener dramatic pastures.





PASSPORTS TO SUCCESS: A favored few stars from overseas continue to win acclaim from American fans. Outstanding among them: Nastassia (*Cat People*) Kinski (daughter of German actor Klaus Kinski), seen above in Richard Avedon's celebrated snake-on-the-ass photo; Holland's Rutger Hauer (top right), the compelling villain of *Nighthawks* and *Blade Runner*; Brazil's Sonia Braga (below far right), who'll be seen opposite Marcello Mastroianni in the MGM release *Gabriela*—perhaps the first U.S.—





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD AVEDON

backed film to be shot with sound track in Portuguese; Italy's Laura Antonelli (below near right), the beauty incomprehensibly jilted for a neurotic drab in *Passione d'Amore*; America's Sydne Rome (below near left), who went the other way, geographically speaking, to film a John Reed—Louise Bryant bio in Europe (see more of Sydne elsewhere in this issue); Dutch-born Sylvia Kristel (bottom far left, in a scene from *Lady Chatterley's Lover*); and Mel Gibson (top left) of Australia's *The Road Warrior*.





NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK: Fan magazines have been devoting plenty of ink to Pia (*Butterfly*) Zadora (bottom left), who may have set a record for column inches measured against moments onscreen; Donna (*Bosom Buddies*) Dixon (above left); teen heartthrob Matt (*Tex*) Dillon (above center); top-ranked model Christie Brinkley (above right); and Christopher (*The Pirate Movie*) Atkins (below, in a spoof of Avedon's Kinski pose that seems to indicate he finds the whole thing a dreadful boa). In a class by herself (opposite) is our Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed, who scarcely has a moment free these days, what with being our first video Playmate, acting as hostess on *The Playboy Channel* and appearing in a continuing role as Diana Hunter on CBS' prime-time television series *Falcon Crest*.





DOES YOUR television lose its flavor in the bedroom overnight? Do you often find yourself switching from channel to channel, hoping (ever in vain) to find late-night entertainment with a little more spice than Johnny Carson dressed up as a bag lady or the rampaging reptile in *Son of the Thing That Ate New Hampshire*? Don't despair. The antidote to your television doldrums is here. Dr. Playboy has just arrived with a potent prescription: the new Playboy Channel, available on more than 180 cable-television systems throughout the country; the Playboy television magazine, available to more than 600,000 over-the-air pay-TV subscribers in ten major cities; and *Playboy Video*, cassettes and discs that bring you up to 90 minutes of the best of the electronic PLAYBOY, plus special features available only to home-video-cassette and -disc buyers. If you like PLAYBOY magazine, you'll love The Playboy Channel, which brings to life many

join us as we ride the new wave in adult home entertainment with video cassettes, discs, cable and on-the-air pay tv

PLAYBOY *Video*

OFF ON POWER
V HOLD | H HOLD | BRIGHT | CONTR | CAM - 1



BRIGHTNESS | CONTRAST | BRIGHTNESS | CONTRAST
CONRAC | CONRAC
VCR - 1 | VCR - 2





of the magazine's most popular features: the Playmates, for instance. We do our best in this magazine to convey the personalities of these lovely ladies through photographs and words, but with the added dimensions of movement and sound, our television profiles of Playmates will give you a, shall we say, more well-rounded view.

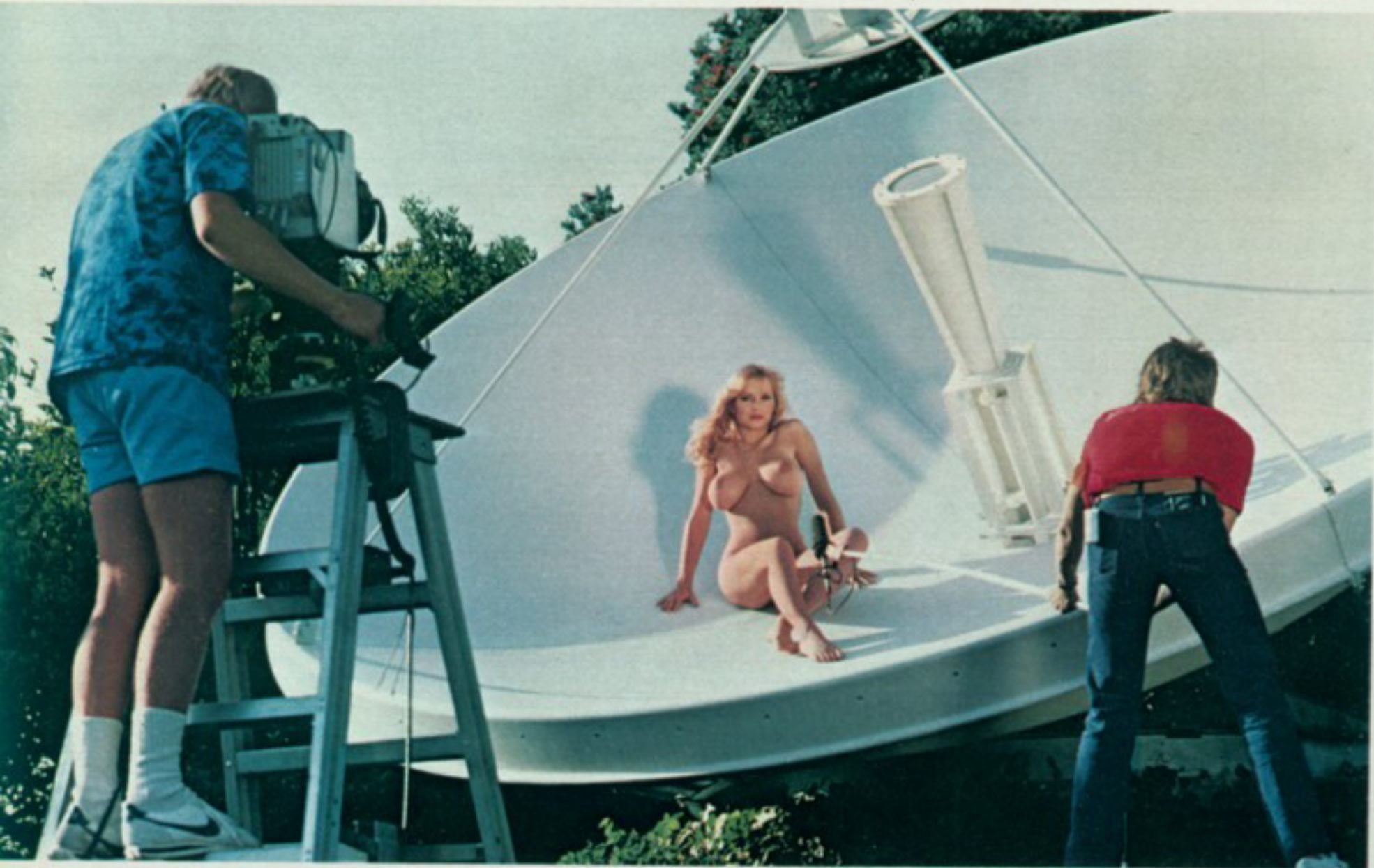
Take another example: You've seen our pictorial coverage of the annual New Year's Eve pajama party at Playboy Mansion West. But (believe us!) photographs and written words cannot fully convey the sensuous and frolicsome atmosphere that prevails when several hundred of Hollywood's most beautiful people get together in their nighties under the moonlight with good food, good drink and no holds barred. This year, Playboy Channel subscribers (and their ladyfriends) are invited to don their pajamas and join the party—via a Playboy Channel Special—to *(text concluded on page 236)*



VIDEO PLAYMATES: Sexy centerfolds from the magazine come alive in video versions of Playmate pictorials. Among those to enter your living room via TV are (on monitors, from left): Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed, Patricia Farinelli, Linda Rhys Vaughn, Karen Witter.



A VIDEO DISH: The magic of modern communications is what it's all about, so Kimberly McArthur, Miss January 1982, poses in an earth-station receiver (below). On The Playboy Channel, Kimberly and other Playmates deliver station breaks; that's what we call a pause that refreshes.



A DATE WITH A PLAYMATE: Below, Playboy video crews at work (this is work?) filming live-action centerfold stories. At left is Lynda Wiesmeier, emerging from the pool on the grounds of Playboy Mansion West; at right is Kelly Tough, embodying living proof that it's not all done with mirrors. Lynda was PLAYBOY's Miss July 1982 and Kelly was the magazine's Playmate of the Month for October 1981.





PREVIEW PLAYMATE: At left is an advance look at PLAYBOY's Miss January 1983, Lorraine "Lonny" Chin, who has been chosen as the first *Playboy* Video Playmate. Lonny is a premier attraction on volume one of *Video*, which is now on the market in disc, VHS and Beta formats. Like the first issue of the magazine, the first *Playboy* Video cassette and disc are likely to become sought-after collector's items.

RIBALD CLASSICS: One of PLAYBOY's long-running attractions (a tale from the *Decameron* ran in the first issue of the magazine, in December 1953), the *Ribald Classic* is receiving a loving visual translation for TV. At right, Gina Calabrese gets ready for a scene in *The Ring and the Garter*, based on a bawdy story by Casanova. Playboy's video version preserves the erotic mood of the original.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS: Next to the Playmate, PLAYBOY magazine's most talked-about feature is the *Playboy Interview*, so, naturally, it's a vital ingredient of the electronic PLAYBOY as well. Now you can sit in on conversations with such personages as Brazilian actress Sonia Braga (top left), star of *Lady on the Bus* and the forthcoming *Gabriela*; author-political aspirant Gore Vidal (above left); singer-dancer-actress Fran Jeffries (above center); country musician Merle Haggard (who entertained Playboy video staffers aboard his boat, top right); and John and Bo Derek (above right), who need no introduction. Also quizzed for video have been humorist Art Buchwald, Nobel Prize-winning physicist Hans Bethe, actresses Barbara Carrera and Sylvia Kristel, television host Dick Cavett and comics Cheech and Chong.



LIVE ENTERTAINMENT: Playboy video cameras will capture the best in live performances, from rock to jazz to improvisational comedy. Events already recorded include the fourth annual Playboy Jazz Festival at the Hollywood Bowl (left) and a special appearance by Manhattan Transfer at Playboy Mansion West (above), plus a visit to Los Angeles' famous Comedy Store.



MODERN LIVING: You expect it from PLAYBOY—advice on fashion, food and drink, cars and gadgetry that's just plain fun. You'll get it in the magazine's video version, too, in irresistible live-action photography. Above left, a fashion shooting takes place at The New York Botanical Garden; above center, behind the scenes on some automotive coverage; at right, Playmate Missy Cleveland demonstrates toys for the tub (batteries and Missy not included).



PLAYBOY PICTORIALS: Video crews, like magazine readers, have checked out Jake La Motta's ex, Vikki (above), whose story helped make our November 1981 issue a top seller. At right, a prospect for the upcoming *Girls of Aspen*—magazine and video versions.

MOVIE TIME: R-rated erotic films—no X fare included—complete an evening's entertainment on The Playboy Channel. Subscribers can relax in the comfort of their own bedrooms (left) and view such classic cinematic fare as *The Stud*, with Joan Collins and Oliver Tobias (below), and *Emmanuelle II*, with Sylvia Kristel and Umberto Orsini (bottom). (For Collins' comments on *The Stud*, see page 30.) Also on tap for videophiles: a *Movies at the Mansion* series hosted by Hef, complete with pipe and a Playmate or two.



welcome in 1983 without having to worry about who's going to drive home when the festivities are over.

The birth of The Playboy Channel this winter is the result of Playboy Productions' taking over the creative management (in partnership with Rainbow Productions) of what was once Escapade, the nation's largest adult pay-television channel. The transition process began last January, when Playboy presented the first of a series of magazine-format shows called The Playboy Channel, as well as an erotic movie, *Vanessa*, on what was then the Escapade Channel. Since then, ten editions of the electronic magazine have aired and have successfully set the tone for the kind of innovative, eclectic and sophisticated programming for which The Playboy Channel will be known.

The electronic magazine, which in some ways is modeled on the printed one, brings you a monthly Playmate who tells you about her life (while our cameras follow her every beautiful movement); interviews with such news makers and celebrities as Gore Vidal, John and Bo Derek, Art Buchwald, Dick Cavett, Jake and Vikki La Motta and nuclear physicist Hans Bethe; a *Dear Playmates* feature in which our centerfold girls discuss how they feel about men, dating and relationships; visually plush dramatizations of the *Ribald Classics*; and reviews of movies and music (the latter accompanied by hot film footage of live performances by such stars as former New York Bunny Deborah Harry, Manhattan Transfer, the J. Geils Band, Buddy Rich, the Tubes and the Motels). For news on the light side, there's *Playboy on the Scene*, with hosts Peter Tomarken and Shannon Tweed. Shannon, 1982 Playmate of the Year and a regular on the channel, made history as the video Playmate on our very first show.

If initial reviews of the electronic magazine are a good indication, we're headed in the right direction. "This is a class act," wrote *Multichannel News*, the Bible of the cable industry. *Time* said, "A lot of folks like to watch late-night TV, and Playboy [is] turning out something different." U.P.I.'s Kenneth Clark wrote, "It's a big, slick production."

Or, as one cable-industry observer put it, "It's the only class act in adult programming in the country, by far."

To ensure for our viewers that Playboy television productions will have the visual attractiveness, style and wit characteristic of PLAYBOY magazine, Playboy Enterprises has enlisted the services of Paul Klein as President of The Playboy Cable Network and Don Silverman as Supervising Producer.

Klein, who as head of programming at NBC initiated such blockbuster shows as *Holocaust*, *Shōgun* and *Centennial*, will be responsible for the over-all supervision of Playboy's home-video, pay-television and cable-channel operations. Silverman, a former producer for Paramount Television and director of daytime programming for ABC-TV, is a three-time Emmy winner (for *The Dick Cavett Show*; *Rape: The Hidden Crime*; and *Organized Crime in America*, a three-hour *NBC White Paper*).

Says Klein, "We want to use the concepts of the magazine—the entire scope of the magazine's lifestyle and interests—as the foundation for a television atmosphere that will make our viewers feel that they're getting something very good, very private and very special."

Of course, the guiding light behind the Channel will be Hef. As he puts it: "We want to create a special communication with a special audience—an urban, adult, sophisticated audience—just as we did when we started the Playboy Clubs in the Sixties. In a way, The Playboy Channel will be like an electronic Playboy Club."

A Club, we might add, with a wide variety of acts. The Playboy Channel's programming already includes music and comedy specials, in-depth interviews, lifestyle documentaries, game shows and, of course, specially selected adult films.

Already scheduled for December and January are three one-hour specials on Playmate sports competition, a special called *The Playboy Years*, a series of half-hour shows on aerobic dance presented by Playmates, filmed highlights of the 1982 Playboy Jazz Festival and a "surprise special" that we think will blow your socks off. Also premiering soon will be *Loving*, an ongoing audience-participation panel show in which two psychiatrists, a moderator and special guest experts will discuss lifestyle and love problems—such as jealousy, sex at the office and homosexuality. And, as Klein says, "There's much, much more in the works. Like the magazine, The Playboy Channel will have a *Playmate Review* every January. Again like the magazine, we'll do an annual review of *Sex Stars* and *Sex in Cinema*. We're planning a multipart special on *The History of Sex in Cinema*. One of our regular features will be *Sunday Night Movies at the Mansion*. It's been a tradition for 15 years for Hef to show movies to his friends in the Playboy Mansion Living Room, and we think it's about time Playboy fans got a chance to sit in. Hef will be the host and introduce the films."

Shows in the planning stage include a 3-D movie starring several Playmates

("We'll provide the glasses," says Klein, "so our subscribers won't have to run out to buy them"); specially produced 30-to-90-minute dramas based on original PLAYBOY fiction ("PLAYBOY fiction has long been a source for movie and television scripts," says Klein, "such as the movies *The Fly* and *The Hustler* and plots for television shows such as *Duel*. Now we can do some of it ourselves"); and, he says, a show "about, by and for women." Both comedy and drama aimed at women are currently on the drawing board.

In addition to those completely new programs, The Playboy Channel will, from time to time, show excerpts of the best entertainment from the early *Playboy Penthouse* and *Playboy After Dark* television shows, including rare film footage of jazz and comedy greats from earlier decades. "Probably the best way to describe the mix we'll have," says Hefner, "is the way you'd describe the things you need for a proper wedding: something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." We think you'll find it something special.

One of the unique aspects of Playboy's video effort is its emphasis on original programming—most existing services rely principally on theatrical-release movies. However, The Playboy Channel will transmit some erotic, R-rated cinema classics as well. Already booked, for example: Sonia Braga in *Lady on the Bus* and *Eu Te Amo*, Richard Harris in *Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid*, Joan Collins in *The Stud* and Sylvia Kristel in *Emmanuelle II*.

So how can you get The Playboy Channel in your own home (if you don't have it already)? If you're living in a city not serviced by one of the cable systems that carry The Playboy Channel, our shows may be available to you via over-the-air subscription TV, through outlets such as ON-TV in Los Angeles, Chicago, Dallas-Fort Worth, Miami-Fort Lauderdale, Portland and Phoenix and similar services in Boston, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Washington, D.C., Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Oklahoma City and St. Louis. If you're among the more than 10,000,000 people throughout the world who own a video-cassette or -disc player, you can enjoy the Playboy video experience by purchasing the cassettes and discs of *Playboy Video*, which are distributed through CBS-Fox Video and are even now on sale in thousands of video stores world-wide.

Television programming for grownups has just grown up. With The Playboy Channel and *Playboy Video* cassettes and discs, you, too, can put a little groove in your tube.







*"Ma'am, I just bring the toys. I don't necessarily
want to play with them."*



"Sorry about all these damn quarters, Miss Lavona, but my wife thinks I'm out playing Pac-Man. . . ."



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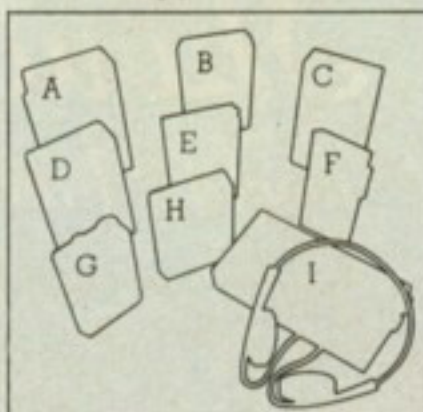
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*"I'm afraid only the manger is available.
Some people are in there now, but I'll be happy to
throw them out for you gentlemen."*



“OK, but I never heard of anybody getting frostbite there.”

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SNAKE EYED

If somebody told you to check out the lady with the snake around her neck, you'd probably assume the circus had rolled into town. But it's just the reptile bow tie that designer Jan Michaels has created for anyone who wants to shed his conservative fashion skin. Michaels' leather bow-tie collection ranges from the whip-snake one shown (\$15, plus \$12.50 for the matching earrings) to a black-leather-studded model (\$18) for formal S/M dinner parties. Michaels' address is Number 16 Dodge, San Francisco 94102, and most of her bows have matching earrings, cuff links and tie clips.

LATEST BEAR FACT

Remember Sebastian Flyte, the tipsy young aristocrat in *Brideshead Revisited*? When he wasn't communing with spirits, Sebastian spent most of his time with Aloysius, his true-blue-blooded Teddy. *Brideshead* may have gone on to TV reruns, but Aloysius is still around, as the North American Bear Company, 645 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60611, has just come out with a 20"-tall likeness of him for \$39.50, postpaid. Unlike his owner, he's plush, not a lush.



CARRY ON, BUSINESS TRAVELER

Several years ago, we featured a savvy newsletter called *Travel Smart* in *Potpourri* that contained intelligent, pleasure-oriented travel tips. Now Communications House, *Travel Smart's* publisher in Dobbs Ferry, New York 10522, has introduced *Travel Smart for Business*, a monthly newsletter for cost-conscious executives who want to keep abreast of air discounts, hotel bargains, new restaurants, etc., that pertain to the business community—all for \$96 a year. A recent issue, for example, reveals "One of NYC's Deepest Secrets: A Good \$28 Hotel Room," tells you where to sell or buy airline coupons and clues you in on Amtrak's Northeast train routes. How can you stay home?

INSTANT LIQUIDITY

Cross-country skiers, joggers, hikers, marathon enthusiasts and other sports participants who need fluid intake during physical exertion will wish to strap on Aquarius, a lightweight one-liter sack that delivers a spray or a mist with each squeeze of its trigger. Plasmatics, Inc., 46 Old Camplain Road, Somerville, New Jersey 08876, sells the Aquarius for only \$31.25, postpaid. Wear it suspended or backpack style—and, no, we don't recommend that you fill it with cold gin.



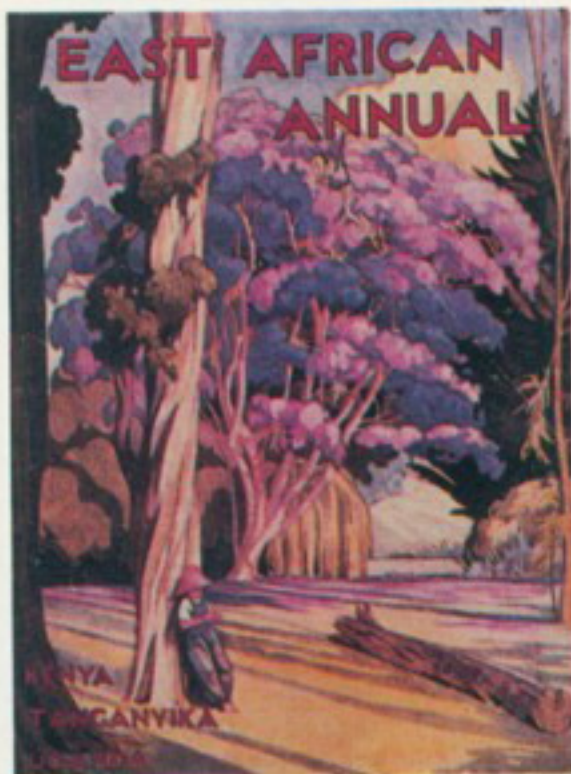
THE ORIGINAL POP TOP

According to legend, the giant jack-in-the-box magically provides inspiration for gentlemen of waning years and is a tool of imagination to lasses of all ages. Front Porch Toys, a cottage industry at P.O. Box 4938, Portland, Oregon 97208, custom crafts 13"-tall giant jacks in oak or koawood boxes for \$165, postpaid. And the price includes your choice of sleeve color and facial expression. Each is more a work of art than a toy, so pop the top and maybe you'll get real lucky.



COVER STORY

All too often, an art book gets a quick once-over and is then given shelf space, never to be seen again. But we'll bet your issues of *Captain Billy's Whizz Bang* that that won't happen to *Great Magazine Covers of the World*, a 384-page collection of about 500 magazine covers from the *Illustrated London News* of 1888 to recent *PLAYBOY* creations. *Great Magazine Covers* is at bookstores, or send \$68 to Abbeville Press, 505 Park Avenue, New York 10022.



NOT JUST ANOTHER PRETTY SKI FACE

At first glance, a semirigid-foam Ski Face attached to your skis seems nothing more than a wacky way to get a few laughs in the lodge. But according to the manufacturer—Ski Faces, Inc., 2888 Bluff Street, Boulder, Colorado 80301—it also helps prevent you from crossing your tips and act as a vibration-dampening device. There are six Ski Faces to choose from: the Snow Skier shown, Snow Dog (a hot dog in a snow bun), Snow Shark, Snow Snake, Snow Bunny and Snow Face. The price of any pair is \$21.95, postpaid. Snow for it!



CLUED INTO CLUES

A crackling fire, a robe and slippers and a copy of *Clues: A Journal of Detection*, and whodunit fans will be settled down for a long winter night's reading. The magazine, which comes out semi-annually at \$10 a year, is just one of the mystery and spy publications from Popular Press, Bowling Green University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403, whose list includes *The Detective Novel in Britain—1914–1940* (\$14.50) and *Ten Women of Mystery* (\$22.50). Ten! You should be so lucky!



FRENCH PIPS AND SQUEAKS

The next time you sit down to a friendly Saturday-night poker game, pull out a pack of French Nudes playing cards and see if anybody complains about your stacking the deck. On the face of each card is a sepia-toned reproduction of a saucy turn-of-the-century French *fille*. A deck of 54 cards will set you back only \$4.75, postpaid, sent to Thurston Moore Country, P.O. Box 1829, Montrose, Colorado 81402. OK, Harry, we'll raise you two nipples on that big pair.





*"So I'm about halfway down some sooty chimney
in Council Bluffs, Iowa, when I suddenly say to myself,
'Who needs this shit?'"*



*Kimberly
McArthur*

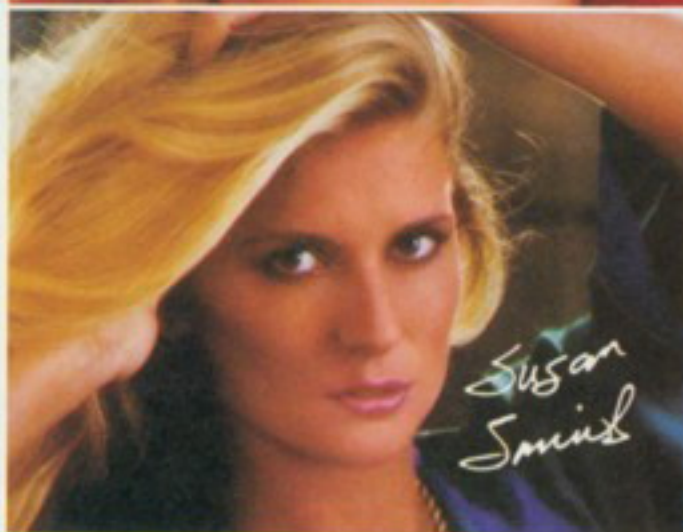


*Kimberly
Herrin*



*Karen
Price*

Playboy's 1983 Playmate Calendar



*Susan
Smith*



Anne-Marie



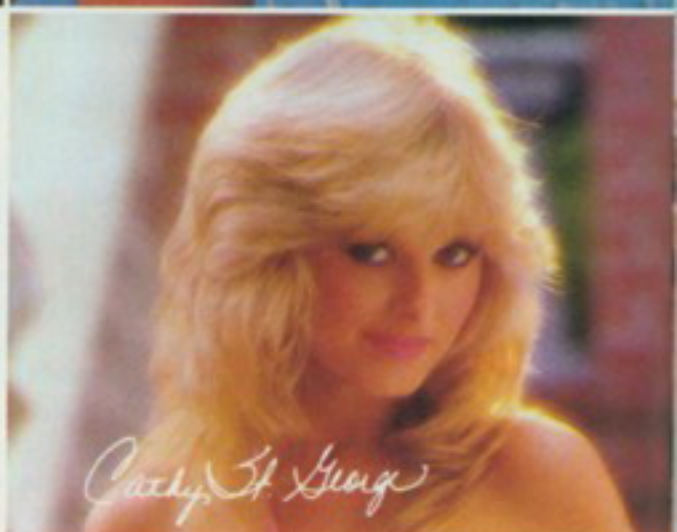
*Heidi
Sorenson*

Gift yourself
and
others
with
America's
Favorite
Calendar.



Desk size
5 1/8" x 7 1/4"

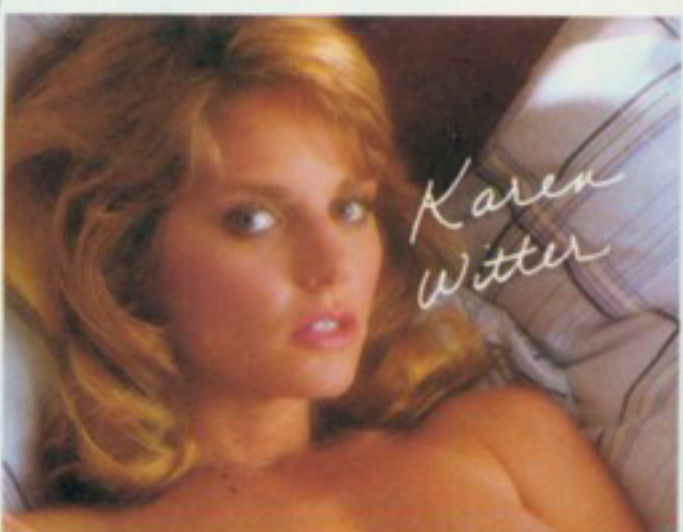
Wall size
8 1/2" x 12 1/2"



Cathy St. George



*Linda Phys
baugh*



*Karen
Witter*

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*Sylvia
Cozart*



*Lynn
Malen*



*Shannon
Tweed*



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

THE ANCHOR HEAVES. THE SHIP SWINGS FREE. THE SAILS SWELL FULL. TO SEA, TO SEA.
 -THO'S BEDDOES 1830
 AN OCEAN CRUISE SURE MAKES YOU HORNY.
 -LOVE BOAT 1982
 ANNIE AND ACCOUNT EXEC BENTON BATTBARTON FIND THEMSELVES EMBARKING ON A PROMOTION-FREEBIE THREE-DAY CRUISE, LURED, LIKE OTHER ROMANTICS, BY THE ETERNAL CALL OF THE SEA, AND SOME HOT TV EPISODES.



GOLLY, IT'S LIKE A SCENE OUT OF LOVE BOAT... DEDICATED COUPLES, RENEWING THEIR VOWS... THINKING TENDER THOUGHTS ABOUT EACH OTHER!



KISS!

FIRST DAY

I WAS HOPING TO CATCH UP ON MY REST AND RELAXATION, BENTON.

BUT ANNIE, DEAR, YOU'LL MISS THE BAHAMARAMA COCKTAIL HOUR, AND YOU'LL WANT TO CATCH THE HOTDOGORAMA BY THE POOL... BUT NOW YOU MUST RUSH OFF FOR THE GIRLTALK-ORAMA.

I'VE GOT TO RUSH OFF TO THE BATHROOM-ORAMA.

LADIES, I'M HERE TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS.

IS THERE A BEAUTY SHOP WHERE I CAN GET A PERM?

WHERE'S THE COSMETICS SHOP WITH THE TAX-FREE PERFUMES?

WHERE CAN I GET A SAILOR FOR A QUICK BADA-BOOM?

COME, ANNIE, SWEET... ELSE WE MISS THE GET-AQUANT-ORAMA.

SIGH.

HUP, HUP!

BINGO!



GET-AQUAINTORAMA TIME! THIS GROUP TAKES OFF PERSONAL ARTICLES AND THROWS THEM IN THE CENTER OF THE FLOOR. THE OTHER GROUP PICKS THE ARTICLES BLIND AND DONS THEM—

CAN'T I JUST LIE ON DECK AND READ?

TOUR THE ENGINE ROOM, MISS?

HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO MEET PEOPLE, ANNIE?

-SEE THE CREW'S QUARTERS?

EXAMINE THE LIFE-BOATS?

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS TRIP SO I CAN CATCH UP ON MY SLEEP.

HOW CAN YOU THINK OF SLEEP WITH THIS FANTASTIC VIEW?

OH! YASS!

... THE VAST PLAIN OF THE OCEAN, FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE... NO PEOPLE... JUST THE CONSTELLATIONS BLAZING ON ALL SIDES LIKE ELECTRIC LIGHTS. YOU CAN ALMOST REACH OUT AND TOUCH THEM.

YOU CAN, SIR. THOSE ARE THE LIGHTS ON THE M.S. STARWARD AND TWELVE OTHER SHIPS DOING THE WEEKEND BAHAMA RUN.

SECOND DAY

A DECK B DECK POOP DECK

I WOKE YOU SO THAT YOU WOULDN'T MISS THIS. THE CAPTAIN HAS OPENED THE WHEELHOUSE FOR INSPECTION.

ISN'T A WHEELHOUSE SUPPOSED TO HAVE A BIG STEERING WHEEL WITH HANDLES?

MODERN SHIPS HAVE ELECTRONIC CONTROLS, MISS. ... **PUSH** BUTTONS. THEY USED TO HAVE WHEELS WITH HANDLES.

BIIG HANDLES!

YIKES!

PUSH! PUSH!

EXCUSE THE MATE, MISS. SOMETIMES HE WORKS TOO HARD AND PUSHES THE WRONG BUTTONS.

TIME TO CHANGE FOR SHUFFLEBOARD. THEN WE EAT. THEN WE SHOOT CLAY PIGEONS. THEN WE EAT. THEN THE SLOT MACHINES! THEN EAT! THEN LATE BUFFET! THEN EAT—

HUP! HUP!

PUSH!

EITHER THE SHIP IS ROCKING OR I THINK I LOVE YOU.

ENJOYING THE DISCO-RAMA, ANNIE?

I'M SO TIRED, BUT THE OFFICERS ARE SO CUTE, I CAN'T STOP DANCING.

DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE THAT WOMEN ARE TURNED ON BY UNIFORMS?

NO WAY!

WAIT! I'LL TAKE OFF THE UNIFORM AND GIVE YOU MY BODY!

PLEASE. TAKE OFF THE BODY AND GIVE ME THE UNIFORM.

DR. A MILD AND CRAZY DRUG!



LAST DAY

SWIMORAMA TIME, ANNIE! TIME TO GET INTO YOUR SWIMORAMA T-SHIRT AND INTO THE WATER WE GO!

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE LAST NIGHT IS CALLED DESPERATION NIGHT?

YEAH. I GET DESPERATE OVER ALL THE MONEY I'M SPENDING!

HELP!
HELP!
HELP!

SIGH.



DON'T THESE T-SHIRTS LOOK MARVELOUS WET, ANNIE? - LIKE A COMBINATION OF POLYESTER AND SARAN WRAP?

ANNIE? ...ANNIE! WHERE ARE YOU?

COULD SHE HAVE JUMPED INTO THE WRONG WATER?

..NAH!

PUSH! PUSH!



-SHE'S PROBABLY IN HER CABIN, RESTING.

I WANT SOME HOT LOVE-

WHO'S MISTER MOORE? A LADY IN CABIN TEN KEEPS YELLING FOR MOORE!

ATTENTION, PASSENGERS! ON THE STARBOARD ARE THE CELEBRATED POO-POO ISLANDS, AND ON PORTSIDE, THE EMINENT MEXICAN OIL SLICK.

THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!
THUM!

STOP!

DON'T!

STOP!

DON'T!

STOP!

DON'T!

STOP!

DON'T!

AHH, THE OCEAN...SO SILENT, SO DEEP-

I SAID, AHH, THE OCEAN...SO SILENT-

WHA?

HAH?



ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN BATTBARTON AND HIS ACTIVITIES. THAT'S AS BAD AS BEING BACK IN THE CRAZY CITY!

JEEPERS, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND.



LOOK AT THE FRIENDLY NATIVES... INNOCENT AND NAKED AS BABES!

FIRST ONE REACHES HER GETS TO BALL HER BOODIE OFF!



WELCOME TO CLUB CRUSOE, SWEETIE. I'M ARNIE FROM CINCINNATI.

I'M PHIL FROM FRENCHTOWN, NEW JERSEY!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS...I'VE GONE FROM LOVE BOAT TO FANTASY ISLAND ...OR MAYBE I'M IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN, HONEY, STOP OR GO?

YOU MUST JOIN OUR ACTIVITIES.

-YOU SWING, MAN?

-YOU SMOKE, MAN?

VIRGIN SACRIFICE TONITE

PANTY-RAID ACTIVITY

CUNILINGUS ACTIVITY

FIND-BOAT-PEOPLE ACTIVITY

JOCK-STRAP-RAID ACTIVITY

A LIVING LIMBO BAR! HOW GROSS!

YEAH, ME NEXT!

SPIN-THE-BOTTLE ACTIVITY

ME NEXT!

ARE YOU SURE THAT'S SKINDIVING, HARRY?

LIMBO ACTIVITY

SKINDIVING ACTIVITY

GOOD FORM!

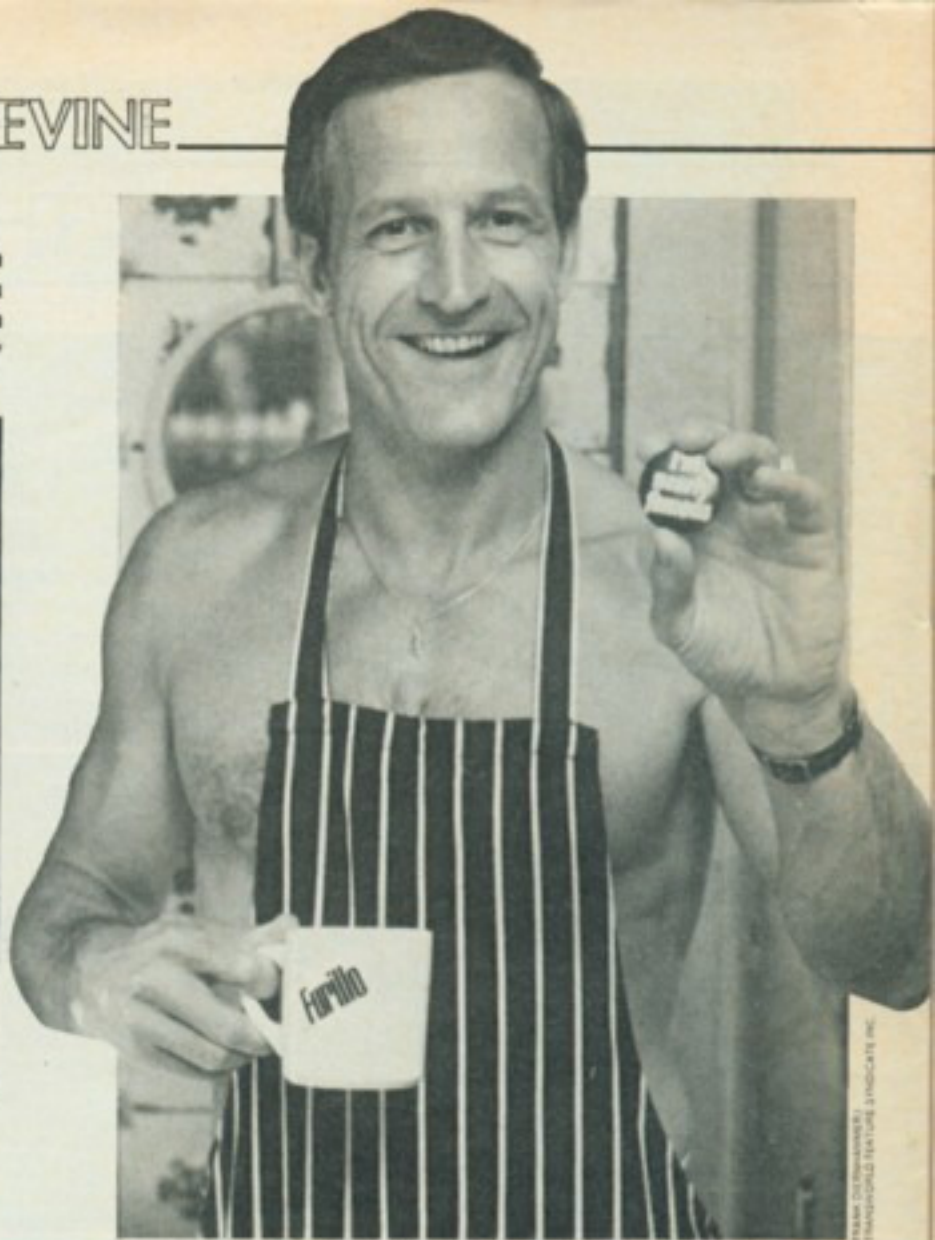
END

Congressional Aides

We would have given a couple of bucks to be in on this conversation. With only Elizabeth Ray of the famous troika missing (she was probably taking a typing test somewhere), it's kind of titillating to think of the secrets to which RITA JENRETTE (left) and FANNE FOXE (right) may be privy. After all, they were both close to reliable sources.



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FRANCIS: DANIEL TRAVANTI; PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK F. FERRARO; STYLING BY FRANK F. FERRARO

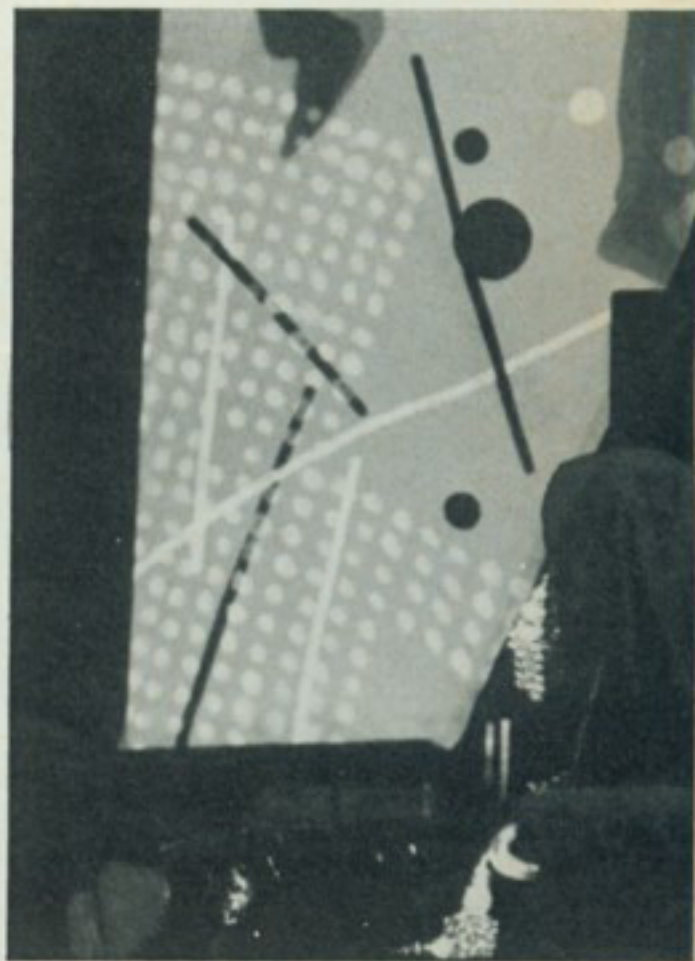
The Melon Foundation

Last August, MARILYN MICHAELS got silly on the pages of *PLAYBOY*, and it's clear that the experience hasn't made her camera-shy. We know when to bow to a master: She's the celebrity breast of the month—hands, er, under.



Pizza Man Delivers

DANIEL J. TRAVANTI is lots of people: To Joyce, he's Pizza Man; to Phil, he's Francis; and to the rest of us, he's the glue that holds the first-rate *Hill Street Blues* regulars together. In case you can't read it, Travanti's button says, I'M ALMOST FAMOUS. Our captain's too modest.



© 1987 BETTY BURNS GALELLA

Two's Company

Jack Tripper's most recent roommate, PRISCILLA BARNES, has settled into the *Three's Company* apartment, and the show's going strong in the ratings. This roommate has a job (she's a nurse) and a pretty classy hobby (the violin), too. Those details make for a touch of the real world—but not too real. Barnes can take our pulse or tap our fiddle any time.



© 1981 DOUGLAS KIRPLAND



© 1981 STEVEN SANDOZ

Another Vote for E.R.A.

Well, the joke's on all of us: Actor DUSTIN HOFFMAN makes an unusually attractive woman in his upcoming film *Tootsie*, co-starring Charles Durning, Jessica Lange and Teri Garr. Judging from this photo, though, we think he's getting tired of hearing it. In case you've missed all the publicity, *Tootsie's* in drag. Eat your heart out, boys.

Low Key

This photo gives new meaning to the words get down. ELTON's bullish on performing again, and his latest American tour sold out—something for which other rock acts would trade their jeans. A fitting tribute to the master of flash.



© 1981 BOSS MARINO

Looking for a Smooth Landing

LAURENE LANDON is getting ready to take off in *Airplane II: The Sequel* with the old crew: Robert Hays, Julie Hagerty and Lloyd Bridges. If they've saved some laughs for part two, we predict a perfect touchdown for this fanciful flight.

STEVE SCHWARZ/STOMA



NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA 29TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

E. L. DOCTOROW RE-EXAMINES THE BOOK THAT SCARED THE PANTS OFF US IN 1950 TO SEE HOW CLOSE **GEORGE ORWELL** CAME TO AN ACCURATE FORECAST OF THE FUTURE—"APPROACHING 1984"

STEPHEN KING WEAVES A SUPERNATURAL STORY ABOUT A CONTEMPORARY GENIE OUT OF THE BOTTLE—"THE WORD PROCESSOR"

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER SPINS A YARN ABOUT A YOUNG WRITER'S ATTEMPT TO EDIT A MANUSCRIPT FOR AN OLDER POLISH JEW IN "WHY HEISHERIK WAS BORN"

GEORGE HURRELL, ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST CELEBRATED GLAMOR PHOTOGRAPHERS, REMINISCES ABOUT SOME OF HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS AND TAKES ON AN ENVIABLE NEW ASSIGNMENT—PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, **SHANNON TWEED**

DAN GREENBURG AND **SUZANNE O'MALLEY** COME TO GRIPS WITH A PROBLEM THAT HAS PERSISTED THROUGH THE MILLENNIA: "HOW TO SURVIVE THE HOLIDAYS WITH YOUR PARENTS"

G. GORDON LIDDY, OF ALL PEOPLE, TURNS OUT TO HAVE A TERRIFIC SENSE OF HUMOR—WHICH HE SHARES WITH US IN "TEN THINGS THAT MAKE ME LAUGH"

DUDLEY MOORE TALKS ABOUT HIS LONG-PLAYING CAREER, HIS FAVORITE MOVIE ROLES AND THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN IN HIS LIFE IN A FREE-WHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

THOMAS MC GUANE INTRODUCES US TO A MAN AT THE END OF HIS TETHER IN "LIKE A LEAF"

PETER KAPLAN LIMNS A PORTRAIT OF THE HOTTEST NEW COMIC ON THE SHOWBIZ SCENE, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE*'S **EDDIE MURPHY**

GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ DRAWS US INTO A SURREALISTIC TALE WITH "THE TRAIL OF YOUR BLOOD ON THE SNOW"

DAVID STANDISH AND **JERRY SULLIVAN** TAKE US ON A TRIP TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF "FREDERICK'S OF THE YUKON"

PLUS: "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"; **CHARLES MARTIGNETTE**'S PORTFOLIO OF EROTIC ART; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** DIPS HER TOE (AND THE REST OF HER) INTO A HOT TUB; RESULTS OF THE **PLAYBOY QUESTIONNAIRE**; "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; "THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"; "DESIGNERS' CHOICE," BY **DAVID PLATT**; AND MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **ROBERT MITCHUM**, **JIMMY CONNORS**, **SISSY SPACEK** AND **GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF "THE GIRLS OF ASPEN," "THE GIRLS OF SPAIN" AND, FROM THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF 007, "THE BOND BEAUTIES"; **HODDING CARTER III** ASSESSES THE EFFECTS OF REAGANISM; **ROY BLOUNT JR.** PONDERES THE VAGARIES OF SALARIES AND DECIDES "THE PRICE AIN'T RIGHT"; **LAURENCE GONZALES** AND **ROBERT KUPPERMAN** OFFER A CHILLING LOOK AT "THE TERRORIST THREAT AGAINST AMERICA"; **ANSON MOUNT** PASSES "20 QUESTIONS" TO **HERSCHEL WALKER**; **ANDREW TOBIAS** SHARES HIS FINANCIAL EXPERTISE IN HIS COLUMN "QUARTERLY REPORTS"; **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**, **D. KEITH MANO**, **LEONARD MICHAELS** AND **LARRY L. KING**, IN THEIR SEVERAL WAYS, DEFINE "STYLE"; **NORMAN MAILER** TAKES US TO EGYPT IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOS IN TWO EXCERPTS FROM HIS NEW NOVEL, "ANCIENT EVENINGS"; AND WE BRING YOU FICTIONAL OFFERINGS FROM **AMIRI BARAKA**, **DONALD E. WESTLAKE** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG**.