

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1983 • \$3.50

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

**TV'S SEXIEST SISTERS
AUDREY AND JUDY LANDERS**

**STAR IN A MADE-FOR-PLAYBOY
PICTORIAL**

**THE PLAYBOY READERS'
SEX SURVEY**

THE RETURNS ARE IN!

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW:
DUDLEY
MOORE**

HOLIDAY HEAVYWEIGHTS

**ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER,
STEPHEN KING, TOM MCGUANE,**

**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.,
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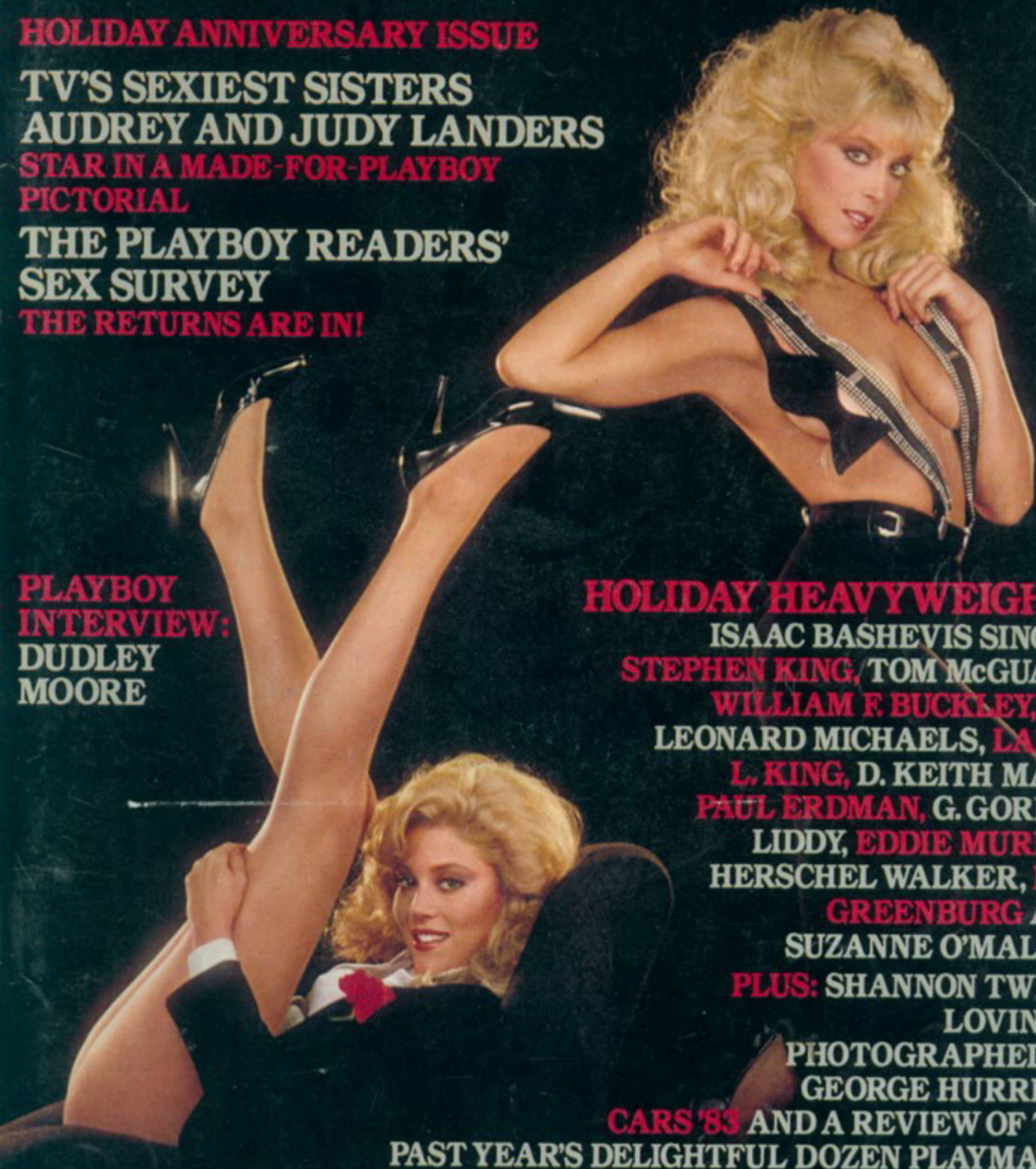
**LIDDY, EDDIE MURPHY,
HERSCHEL WALKER, DAN**

**GREENBURG AND
SUZANNE O'MALLEY**

**PLUS: SHANNON TWEED
LOVINGLY**

**PHOTOGRAPHED BY
GEORGE HURRELL,**

**CARS '83 AND A REVIEW OF THE
PAST YEAR'S DELIGHTFUL DOZEN PLAYMATES**



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



LAVERNE AND CARRIE LIGHT OUR FIRE

Above, Hef in his convincing portrayal of Hef, founder of the Playboy empire, tapes an episode of the ABC-TV series *Laverne & Shirley*. Laverne, played by Penny Marshall, and guest star Carrie Fisher get jobs as Bunnies in the Los Angeles Playboy Club and things get kinda hot. Hef turned in his usual fine acting job, though we think the producers of the show may have been remiss in overlooking his famous vocal abilities. As for Penny and Carrie, welcome to the hutch.

TANYA LAYS DOWN HER SPEARS

Below, Tanya Roberts, Charlie's last Angel and the star of our October 1982 cover, autographs a poster at the Chicago Playboy Club. Tanya dropped in during a promotional tour for the film *The Beastmaster*, in which she plays the spear-chucking slave girl Kiri.



JAZZ FESTIVAL

JAZZ DELUXE: WHAM, BAM, WHAT A JAM

Just in case you haven't finished your yule shopping, here's a thought from the posh Sakowitz catalog. For \$10,000 (to be donated to the National Association of Jazz Educators), six friends can attend the 1983 Playboy Jazz Festival, mingle backstage, brunch at Mansion West, become lifetime Playboy Club members and probably develop an understanding of polyrhythm.

SAKOWITZ • CHRISTMAS • '82

FOR ART'S SAKE

Art Paul, founding Art Director of PLAYBOY, shares a podium with Christie Hefner at a Playboy-sponsored black-tie tribute to him at the Art Institute of Chicago. More than 200 attended. Paul has left his full-time duties at the magazine to paint, compose music and serve as consultant to the Playboy empire.











BLONDE AMBITIONS

*judy and audrey landers,
tv's sexiest sister act,
are well on their way
to redefining prime time*



THE BEDROOM WALLS are pink silk, the bed a mauve-draped four-poster from a cheerleader's daydream. Two TV-acting types are trading overwrought lines as the smoky Los Angeles light slips in through lace-trimmed windows.

"I'm leaving you for Cliff," says Afton Cooper to J. R. Ewing, trepidation in her voice. "You can keep all that money and virility—I've found true love."

Now, J.R. is the meanest, most powerful son of a bitch in Texas, and he's pissed. Don't *nobody* talk to him like that. Besides, Afton's his mistress—rounded, blonde and shrewd, with a form that cries out to be fondled. And she wants to dump him for a simpering, no-account wimp?

"But, Afton, honey," he says with a strange squeak, "I'm tired of my killin' and dastardly ways. You come and sit right here on my lap—" In the middle of the line, this J.R. comes out of character for a second to adjust a frilly bra strap.

No, it's not *J. R. Ewing Meets K-Y Jelly*. It's a practice scene that will play half a dozen times before Audrey Landers, who plays Afton on *Dallas*, feels she's got all her inflections right. Then sister Judy (the other half of the sexiest sibling act on television) will toss down the J.R. script and they'll work on a scene from one of *her* shows. It happens all the time.

There's a long road between kitchen skits at home in New York to weekly TV in Hollywood, but the Landers sisters have made it in less time than it takes to say starlet fever. Older sis Audrey, in fact, *(text concluded on page 106)*

To our left and from the top, we have two positive numbers dressed to the nines, but don't worry—they're going to work their way down to zero. That's Judy on the left, Audrey on the right in each pose. On the facing page, the positions are reversed.



The Landers sisters will gladly visit your home—just spin your dial correctly. Audrey (above left) is a fan of the songstress she plays on *Dallas*, since Afton Cooper sings Audrey's material. Judy (above right) was a fine fixture of *B.J. and the Bear*.





"Being in PLAYBOY is a little scary when you first consider it," says Judy (at top in photo above). "I get butterflies wondering about what our grandparents may think. But I'm an adult—we both wanted to do it."





"I enjoy playing a villainess," Audrey says of her sly, foxy role in *Dallas* (she's at left in both lower pictures). "A villain can do the things you wouldn't dare do; a nice character has all kinds of limitations."

Audrey: "All those feathers were from down pillows, and they kept flying away all over everything." So maybe that's why all our photographers kept yelling "Get down!"





has 11 years of showbiz experience at the age of 23. She sang on Merv Griffin's show at 12, then slid into the soap *The Secret Storm* a year after that. She played opposite Broadway Joe Namath in *The Waverly Wonders*, did an entire programming day's worth of commercials, then landed the Afton Cooper role on her 21st birthday. She's the one who told J.R. last season just what he could do with those oil wells.

"Afton's the only woman ever to have dumped J.R.," boasts Audrey. "Nobody in his right mind would tell off J.R. Ewing. But she's an opportunist. She's going to set up all the little plots and subplots going on in *Dallas* this year. It's exciting."

While Audrey was singing with verve for Merv and splitting a show with Joe, little sister Judy (now 22) decorated walls with her back.

"Audrey's been an actress since I was a little girl," says Judy in a little-girl chirp. "She was the outgoing one. I was the wallflower. I'd go with her to rehearsals and sit in the corner. I would learn every single character's part from beginning to end. Pretty soon, I wanted to be an actress, too."

Keeping an eye on both blondes' ambitions was mother Ruth—former actress as well as manager and guru. When Judy was graduated from high school (a year early) in New York and headed for the City of Angels, Ruth got her an audition for *What Really Happened to the Class of '65?* Judy became Wanda the Bod for turgidity, not dramaturgy, but she's been working ever since.

Now Audrey emotes every Friday as one of *Dallas*' sizzling sexpots, and Judy flounces through yet another dizzy-blonde role in the syndicated *Madame's Place* (which stars a horny-old-bag marionette). Among Audrey's previous roles was that of Betty in a televised version of the *Archie* comic strip; Judy's characters have had names like Bambi, Bunny, Cookie, Boom-Boom and Stacks, not to mention the robust Wanda. It seems reasonable to suspect that these women owe their success more to T&A than to Stanislavski. Judy, in particular, is open to such criticism, but she bounces back without a jiggle.

"I have a little voice, and I've done three series and many, many other roles playing silly blondes. But I need to be working to be happy. If people think I'm like the characters I play, then that's flattering. In ten years, I'd like to be doing more dramatic roles—one or two movies a year—but I don't want to give up comedy. This role in *Madame's Place* is really the epitome of the dumb blonde. It's almost spoofing it, and I'm having a great time."

Audrey is more established in her

career than her sister is, but even she was initially hit with the T&A tag. "Afton is the first role I've ever played in which I am womanly," she says. "I've always played the typical teenaged, all-American character. But when I first read for Afton, I gave her a flirtatious, naughty quality that wasn't in the script. I think that helped the producers decide I could do more with the character than they had expected. I guess I'm growing up."

"For the first time, through *PLAYBOY*," Judy chimes in (she really does chime), "I want the world to know who and what we really are. For the people who see me as silly and airheaded—well, I don't think I'll come across that way in *PLAYBOY*. Most people see me as looking very wholesome. This is a little less wholesome."

Says Audrey, "It's something of an image change for us. It takes us into an area in which we can be a little bit more sophisticated, more seductive and sexy."

But the trip from wholesome to seductive can be arduous—and ticklish, for that matter. To get a wind-blown effect in their pictorial without running up enormous bills (the price of down keeps going up), the girls had some of the feathers glued to their bodies. Audrey recalls that they finished the session about 1:30 in the morning and had to be on the set at six A.M. "No matter how many showers we took, we still had feathers stuck to us."

The Landers sisters have feathered their résumés with so many credits, you've probably seen them more times than you could count. One of Audrey's more challenging jobs was working up affection for one of serial TV's flakiest guys—she played Ralph Malph's girlfriend on *Happy Days*. She was in a *Fantasy Island* episode called "Tattoo's Romance," and she was the title. "We played a lot of scenes sitting down but, finally, Tattoo [Hervé Villechaize] realized I was the wrong girl for him." Too tall, for one thing. Audrey's been heavenly in *Charlie's Angels*, undereducated in *Room 222*, hugged in *B.J. and the Bear* and sick in *Marcus Welby, M.D.* Judy is still remembered as Angie in *Vega\$* ("Did I do good, Dan?"), but she, too, has guested in dozens of series and months' worth of made-for-TV movies. She has just finished a stint as the quaintly named Stacks in *B.J. and the Bear*.

Film is the next destination for these two driven young ladies. They've just realized a special ambition, starring together in a feature film titled *The Tennessee Stallion*. Today, even as Audrey works up a Las Vegas act—she sings her own compositions when not seducing in *Dallas*—and Judy follows in

the tiptoes of Harlow and Holliday, they're polishing their skills for shots at the silver screen. Audrey met Lana Turner, one of her idols, not long ago.

"It was amazing," Audrey says. "I don't even know how to say this, but she told me she's a fan of mine. She was able to bring across in films so many of the values that I believe in—she's a beautiful, sexy woman, but she has retained her sensitivity and her vulnerability."

Should we look for a movie starring Audrey Landers as the sweater girl?

"Well, we've been talking about that. I'd never want to say anything until I knew for sure . . . but it would be spectacular."

Judy's part in *The Tennessee Stallion* is the more pivotal, and now she's starting a singing career. She and Audrey are working on yet another film project in which they'd play sisters. Sounds as though there's no room for men in all this skyrocketing.

"I don't think I'm ready for marriage yet," says Judy, "but I'm definitely a one-man woman. I've had only two boyfriends in my whole life. I'm a complete romantic."

So is big sis. "I can romanticize anything," Audrey laughs. "I guess that's the actress in me. If I fall in love with somebody, I don't fall in love a little bit. I mean, I am gone."


Neither is married; neither is engaged. Are those the sighs of 1,000,000 men heating up the page?

Through it all—the jobs and the jeers, the lines they hear and the ones they have to learn, the money and the double-take recognition in the street—they're really a pair of old-fashioned young women. Call them unaffected or just innocent—they're known as two of the kindest, most conscientious actresses in the most disingenuous business of all. They have just bought a house to share in Beverly Hills, decorated the bedrooms themselves (Judy's room is where our hypothetical *Dallas* scene took place) and they're excited as bubbles about it. They get up almost every morning to run, though even that has become more frantic than it used to be.

"One morning, we were running down one of the main streets, very involved in our own conversation," Audrey remembers. "Well, somebody was watching us. All of a sudden, we heard a screech of brakes, and there was a three-car pile-up. It's a good thing nobody was hurt. Now we run in parks and on side streets."

This is a sweet/sexy sister act that wouldn't hurt a soul or dent a fender, even by accident.



A close-up photograph of a woman's hair, likely blonde, is visible in the upper left corner. The background is dark, featuring a large, ornate crystal chandelier that is illuminated, creating a warm, golden glow and casting light rays. The overall mood is elegant and sophisticated.

THE GIRL WITH KALEIDOSCOPE EYES

*Lonny from Liverpool
is a fab fifth who proves
that some British imports
are as classy as ever*

THOSE EYES. Soft, brown and inviting. Lonny Chin's eyes seem to hide nothing. There's a disarming openness in her gaze that relaxes strangers and warms friends. Lonny wants to be liked, and she succeeds.

Her magic potion is empathy. Thoughtful and sensitive, she gives her all to brief encounters, feeling another's happiness or pain, understanding, giving her friendship willingly. It's a gift not easily refused.

Lonny spent the first six years of her life in Liverpool. Her father is Chinese/Jamaican. *(text continued on page 132)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



If you spend any time with Lonny, you get used to long silences during which she's lost in reverie. It's an old habit. "All my teachers used to say, 'Lonny is a smart girl, but she spends too much time daydreaming.'" And what does she dream about? "I think about life and about people. Why is an important word in my vocabulary. Another person can sit down and read a book for three hours; I can sit down and think for three hours. Right now, I dream about being a star. I want to be one."





her mother Welsh/Swedish. She had barely perfected her Liverpudlian accent when her family boarded a liner bound for the Canadian shore. The seven-day journey was not pleasant. "The entire family was seasick," Lonny recalls. To top it off, their destination was Quebec, where the preferred tongue was French.

Lonny learned enough

Lonny works hard at modeling. "When I do a job, I like to do it right. I want to be perfect. I know I can be a good model, and eventually, I'll be a good actress."





French to get her through the third grade; then it was moving time again. In a series of hops, the family went westward: London, Ontario; Calgary, Alberta; and, finally, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Lonny enjoyed the nomadic life. "I'm the type of person who's very inquisitive. I've always wanted to see and experience everything. I once forced

"I'm very much a mind person. I want to know why people do things, why they think a certain way. Someday, I would like to take a few courses in psychology."



The life and the people south of the Canadian border provided a bit of a shock for Lonny. "It's so much faster here. Girls here at 18 are like girls of 25 in Canada. Canadian women are innocent compared with those in the U.S. That's not good or bad; it's just different."



a boyfriend to take me to a strip show, just because I'd never seen one. And, once, when I got curious about bikers, I went to visit one of the places where they hung out, to watch them. Of course, I didn't know at the time that you just don't do that!"

A few months ago, Lonny moved to Los Angeles, where she is currently pursuing a career as a model. Very successfully. "I was lucky enough to be chosen as the first video Playmate on both the cassette and the disc versions that will be sold all over the world," she says. "We did some filming in the studio and a lot in Vancouver, especially in the store where I used to work. It was fun and a good way of letting people get to know me as a person."

At first, the pace of life in Los Angeles—the hard-core capitalism and the city-wide meat market—intimidated Lonny. "I was very nervous when I arrived," she admits. "But now, I've opened up. I have more confidence in myself; I've found that facing new situations makes you stronger. If you want to be a success, you have to deal with change." For a sensitive and shy girl from Liverpool, Lonny sounds like a survivor.



At left, Lonny lunches with our photo crew in Sun Valley; above, she gets set for a view of Playboy's new TV efforts. Lonny is our first video-cassette and video-disc Playmate; for the packaged version, rush to your video shop.



"I've learned a lot about people since I've been in L.A.," Lonny says. "I've grown up a lot, too. It's very competitive. Too often, that competition turns vindictive. I don't like that. I think I can have what I want and that I can do it the right way. I'm stubborn as a mule." Taking a turn on the rink, Lonny finds more stability on three points than on two.

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lonny Chin

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: Aug. 12, 1960 BIRTHPLACE: Liverpool, England

AMBITIONS: To be a professional fashion model.

TURN-ONS: nature, animals, honest people, true friends, colognes, pretty colors

TURN-OFFS: dirty fingernails, jealous women, liars, show-offs, heavy smokers, conceit

FAVORITE MOVIES: Splendor in the Grass, Lady Sings the Blues, The Godfather, French Connection II

FAVORITE FOODS: sushi, Chinese barbecued pork, calamari, fruit salads

FAVORITE PLACE: Playboy Mansion West

IDEAL EVENING: To have a home-cooked meal and spend the evening with a friend

BIGGEST JOY: To have had the opportunity to be a Playmate.

Age 4



my favorite baby picture

Age 12



me and my dog Kelly

Age 19



Trying to be sexy!!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Now that we're back at my place," the young man sounded out the girl, "do you want to play 20 Questions?"

"That sounds like fun," she replied.

"And maybe screw afterward?"

"That sounds like fun, too!"

"In that case," said the fellow, smiling, "I somehow think we've just skipped the first 19 questions."



It's rumored that a new patent medicine will soon appear on the market. It's called Preparation A, and it's for video-game addicts who have asteroids.

An uptight young lady gloried in her virginity and often berated a swinging girlfriend for her loose ways. "Until I'm married," she once declared, "I'm keeping my legs closed to all men!" But then, one fateful night, she met a fool and his money . . . and they soon parted.

The ultimate gesture to a guest in one San Francisco hotel is said to be sending a complimentary fruit to the individual's room.

"I think we'll have to find another baby sitter," announced the man. "That Sharon is just too worldly-wise for a teenager."

"But Timmy said she told him some sort of interesting story about animals last night," countered his wife.

"Yes—and when I pressed Timmy for details, he said it was about a wolf who was trapped into giving a mink to a fox with a beaver!"

Bumper sticker: SUPPORT THE GIRL SCOUTS. TODAY'S BROWNIE IS TOMORROW'S COOKIE.

Harvey is *too* much of a veteran pilot at this point," the stewardess confided to a sister crew member the morning after their layover. "When he attempted a second take-off with me last night, he couldn't gain altitude."

A savvy young hooker named Gail Got busted and lodged in the jail.

But the jailer got hot

To be lodged in her twat,"

And so Gail made the bail with her tail.

"There is no such thing," was the wry comment of an executive who had just been found responsible in a six-figure paternity suit, "as a free lunge."

"The reason I like dating Mortimer," the girl remarked primly, "is that he's on the up-and-up."

"And the reason I'm dating Don," her classmate said with a grin, "is that he's into the up and down."

Maybe you've heard about the young lady whose free-spirited attitude toward sex caused men to take her at sit-on-the-face value.

A flaky artist used to dump cans of paint onto a huge canvas lying on the floor and then have nude models slither around on it to form abstract designs. "Do you derive special enjoyment from using that particular technique?" an art critic asked him.

"Not really," the man replied, "but what is a lot of fun is cleaning the brushes!"

*It had snowed, and the man in the drift
Flagged her down and asked, "Give me a lift?"*

They sat in her Bentley . . .

She fondled him gently . . .

And the lift that he'd asked for was swift!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lubricated condoms* as bedroom slippers.



"Chuck and I were made for each other!" the coed announced happily during vacation to her best friend back home. "He's a B.M.O.C.—you know, a big man on campus—and in the double sense of being a big wheel and having a big whang!"

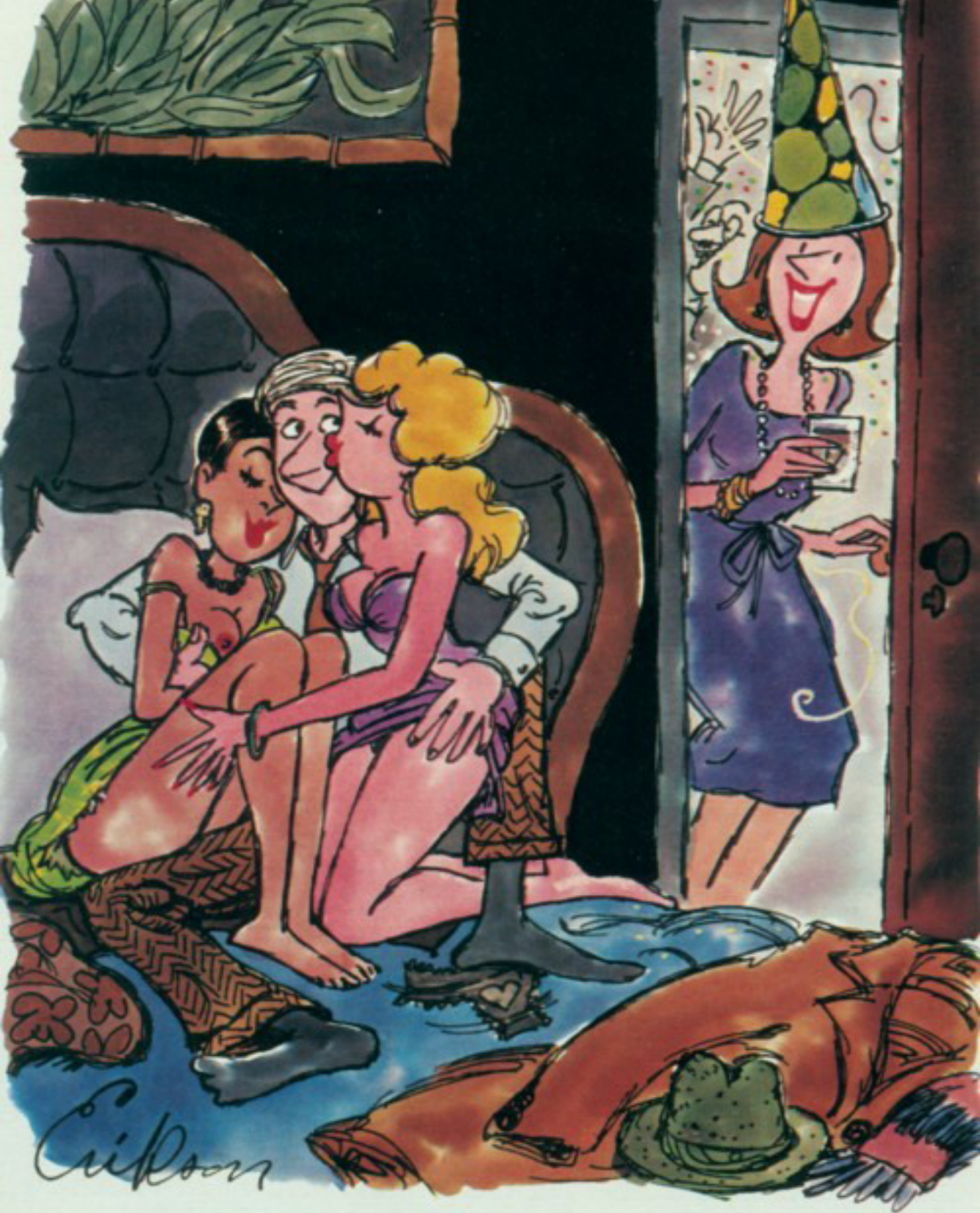
"And how do you fit in specially with him, Debby?" inquired the friend.

"I'm generally considered to be the female B.M.O.C. at Tech," said Debby, smiling.

"Female B.M.O.C.?"

"Best Mouth on Campus!"

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.



"Having fun, you two . . . er, three?"

PHOTOS BY

Hurrell



the magic he worked on Jean Harlow, Bette Davis and Maria Montez is still effective. Ask Shannon Tweed

GEORGE HURRELL sits in the darkroom of his San Fernando Valley house, working on his latest assignment—a photographic portrait of a Texas oil baron and his wife. With an X-acto knife, he scratches away at the gigantic 8" x 10" black-and-white negative, actually removing part of the man's cheeks, making him look slimmer, younger and, well, more glamorous. It's painstaking work—one slip will ruin the negative and send Hurrell



At the top, Jean Harlow in 1935; above, Hurrell takes a champagne break with pal Bette Davis, 1940.

into a sputtering rage—and it seems out of place for Hurrell to be doing it himself. He is, after all, one of the most famous men in photography, the legendary king of the Hollywood glamor photographers for more than 56 years, a man who can easily afford to have someone else do the drudgery—the developing, the retouching, the prints themselves.

Not Hurrell. Never mind that his



"How would you like to tussle with Russell?" That's what Howard Hughes asked when he promoted *The Outlaw*, a film so steamy for its time it was banned across the country. Hurrell's famous 1942 haystack shot of Jane Russell (above) caught almost as much flak from the bluenoses as the film did, particularly tagged with this caption: WHAT ARE THE TWO GREAT REASONS FOR JANE RUSSELL'S RISE TO STARDOM?

work hangs in galleries all over the world or that people pay thousands of dollars to put a framed Hurrell original on the wall. He has farmed out work before, only to have it end up in the hands of young technicians who lacked his drive for perfection. So, at 78 years



Hurrell's style is as distinctive as his models. He made Rita Hayworth (top left) one of World War Two's great pinups; another favorite subject, Bette Davis (top right), became a close friend. While Mae West (above left) could be uninhibited before a camera, screen temptress Maria Montez (above right) was usually much more modest. "That shot was about as sexy as we could get in those days," says Hurrell.

of age, he is still taking pictures—lots of them, in fact—and still maintaining the attention to detail that made him famous.


Since he shot his first portrait of a celebrity—Ramon Novarro, in 1927—Hurrell *(text continued on page 172)*



As an experienced model, Shannon is no stranger to a photo studio, but she found Hurrell's Old World charm special. "He was so cheerful, so professional," she says. "If I always worked for photographers who treated me the way he did, it wouldn't be work at all. Because of his age, you'd think he'd work slowly, but we shot for only two hours. He knew exactly what he wanted." Above, the artist and his subject.



SHANNON TWEED
Hurrell Photograph



SHANNON TWEED
Hurrell Photograph



"The new actresses don't have the sense of posing that the old stars did," says Hurrell. "There's no one around to train them—that's why Hollywood seems less glamorous. But Shannon is different. She knows how to pose and what to do with herself. What surprised me more than anything about her was her nice personality—the kind of personality that has an intellect to go with it. I was quite impressed with that."

“Hurrell, who seldom photographs nudes, thought Shannon would make a perfect subject.”

has taken some of the most memorable pictures ever to come out of Hollywood. The subjects' names alone are synonymous with film's golden era: Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bette Davis, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Jane Russell, the Barrymores, Humphrey Bogart and hundreds of others. His style, which combines his distinctive use of an 8" x 10" camera with creative lighting designs—using spotlights instead of strobes—has not changed for more than half a century. While the rest of the world clicks away with 35mm motor-driven cameras, Hurrell uses the old techniques to impress a new audience, including a spate of rock stars who have hired him to shoot their album covers. Not a small achievement for a man who started back with the talking picture.

Take what happened to our own Shannon Tweed. Hurrell, who seldom photographs nudes, thought Shannon would make a perfect subject; his instincts, as you can tell by these photos, are still impeccable. She came away from her photo session in awe. “He knew just what he was doing,” she says. “His techniques are his own. No one can copy him.” Shannon also got a quick lesson in the value of a Hurrell portrait. “I put one of the Hurrells in my portfolio and Lina Wertmuller took it,” she explains. “She was supposedly doing a movie in Rome, starring Sophia Loren, that she wanted me to be part of. The movie's since been canceled, but she was so fascinated with the photograph that she took it. She doesn't speak English very well and I didn't have the nerve to say, ‘Please don't take my Hurrell.’ She was so impressed with the picture that she was going to show it to Fellini that evening at dinner.”

Wertmuller has an eye for art. Some Hurrell photographs are priced as high as \$20,000 each.

Now that he's 78, Hurrell works mostly at home. The man who defined glamor for several generations lives with Betty, his third wife, in an unassuming part of the San Fernando Valley—“a good old flat, ordinary part of the valley,” he says, where you're more likely to find Laverne and Shirley than the girls Moon Unit Zappa sings about. It's about as close in spirit to Beverly Hills as New Jersey is to Manhattan.

His living there is not a matter of economics. It's just that Hurrell is so caught up in his work that he tends not

to dwell on the incidentals of his life. He's not sure when he married his present wife (it was in either 1954 or 1955) and he sometimes has trouble remembering the ages of his six children, but he can easily recall minute details about a photo he took before World War Two. “If you're like me, you don't pay much attention to anything except getting the work out,” he says.

There's another telling fact apparent in the house. “When my friend Helmut Newton was out here one night, he looked around and asked, ‘Where the hell are your photographs?’” Indeed, the walls feature only oil paintings, all originals by Hurrell and only one of them finished. The others could be considered works in progress—except for the fact that there is no progress. An unfinished portrait of his daughter—partially sketched, partially painted—has stayed that way for several years, and a still life that is a mere outline was begun in the Forties. The only photo to be seen is a snapshot of George and Betty in a perfect-posture pose outside a local restaurant. It's the kind of shot you can take with an Instamatic and get developed at Fotomat.

Why no Hurrell photography? “There's no place to put it,” he insists. “So much of my work is just people; after you've looked at them half a dozen times, you just get tired of looking at them.”

“I don't have a super ego inside my belly,” he says, patting his ample girth. “If I have a special talent, it's because I work hard at it and try my damndest. Maybe it's mostly sweat.” Lest that sound like false modesty, it should be pointed out that Hurrell is not necessarily a modest man. He can beam with pride while showing you some of his recent work. It's as if he's gained a certain wisdom with age that keeps the various aspects of his life in perspective.

As Shannon said after meeting him, “You want to sit at his feet and learn everything he knows.”

Meanwhile, his paintings stay unfinished because he can't find the time to put down his camera and pick up his palette. “All I ever wanted to be was an artist,” he recalls. “I always thought I'd give up photography and go into painting. As I went along, I kept finding out that I could paint only for fun. If you want to paint seriously, you have to do nothing but paint. I would have been happier if I had done it and probably

had a more exciting life, too.”

It was his desire to paint—plus bad health—that made Hurrell leave Chicago in 1925 for the burgeoning artists' colony in Laguna Beach, California. Laguna was also a summer playground for the rich from Los Angeles, and since he wasn't selling many paintings, he made extra cash by taking photographic portraits of the well-heeled vacationers.

At least one customer was satisfied enough to recommend Hurrell to Ramon Novarro. Novarro, who was under contract to MGM, wanted to become an opera star and thought a new set of portraits, giving him a more artistic image, would help. He was so pleased with the results that he showed them to Norma Shearer, another MGM star and the wife of the studio's reigning production genius, Irving Thalberg. Shearer, too, was in the market for a make-over: Despite her obvious connections, she found herself relegated to light, ladylike roles and wanted to make the switch to heavy drama.

“She was trying to get this sexy role that her husband didn't think she could handle,” recalls Hurrell, who was pleased to find a second celebrity seeking an image-altering portfolio. “I made her look like what was considered sexy in those days—a leg showing, a little shoulder. Today, it would be so tame you'd laugh at it.”

Shearer didn't laugh. Neither did Thalberg, who was so impressed with the pictures that he gave his wife the part she wanted and asked Hurrell to come to work full time at MGM as a still photographer. America was entering the Depression and Hurrell was a starving artist. When he found out he'd make \$150 a week at MGM, he jumped at it.

MGM's slogan in those days was “More stars than there are in heaven,” and Hurrell photographed them all. As the years passed, he bounced from studio to studio as the staff photographer or free-lanced from his own small studio on the Sunset Strip. His life was a parade of stars and his work was seen in newspaper rotogravure sections and magazines around the world.

Hurrell's success came from a combination of artistry, technique and unusual antics. Full of boundless energy and a quick-witted charm—both of which he still has today—he played music to get his subjects into the desired mood. If that didn't work, he'd jump around the room like one of the Three Stooges, even standing on his head to get a spark out of his more sobersided subjects. Other times, when he was dealing with some of the more naturally outgoing stars, the results were surprising. Mae West showed up for a photo session at Paramount one evening in 1934 with

(concluded on page 234)

"Hurrell would pick out a gown, West would put it on and, somehow, the damned thing would slip off."

50 negligees. Hurrell would pick out the color he wanted and Mae would put it on and pose. Then, with a mischievous glint in her eye, she'd let the negligee drop to the floor, leaving her, in Hurrell's words, "naked as a jay bird" while the shutter kept clicking. Hurrell would pick out another gown, West would put it on and, somehow, the damned thing would slip off again. "The publicity man who was sitting there went pink, yellow, green and blue all over," laughs Hurrell. "He locked the door, he was so scared."

With Jane Russell, it was the press agent who insisted that Hurrell shoot nudes. In both cases, Hurrell watched as the studios confiscated the negatives, either to keep them under wraps or to use them overseas and in South America, where nudity was more acceptable.

If anything else happened during those late-night photo sessions, Hurrell isn't saying. The usually loquacious photographer finds himself stammering if you ask about his romantic involvement with any of the stars. "Whatever went on was just between them and me," he says, ending the discussion.

Despite his popularity and success, Hurrell would wake up every so often with a realization: "I'd get bored with Hollywood and bored with movie stars. They're all a pain in the ass. So I'd go to New York. I wouldn't know what I

was going to do, but I would get there and figure it out."

What he usually ended up doing was commercial photography—pictures of soap and cold cream—for which he was extremely well paid. But it wouldn't be too long before he'd get a familiar nagging feeling.

"I'd get bored with New York," Hurrell says, "so I'd move out to the suburbs. I'd get bored with the suburbs and move out to the country. I'd get bored with that goddamned train ride in and out every day, and then I'd just get bored."

In retrospect, his bouts with boredom revitalized him. "I would rejoice in the thing that I had turned away from and love it again," he says. "I would only get bored doing the same thing constantly, and I still am that way. I have to move. I have to circulate."

Hurrell never circulated too far from photography, however, despite some tempting offers. "Joan Crawford wanted me to become a motion-picture cameraman, but I couldn't stand it," he recalls. "I was too energetic, too nervous. All a motion-picture cameraman does is sit on his big, fat butt—day in, day out, month after month, year after year. I lasted two and a half days. Today, I could probably manage it. Age has slowed me down, so I can sit still once in a while."

He may have slowed down a bit—

though he claims he's far from retiring—but the biggest change in his life was the end of the glamor era in Hollywood. Studios that no longer had actors under contract didn't have a vested interest in building stars. Photographers such as Hurrell were too expensive to keep on staff, and there was no one to teach the up-and-coming actors and actresses how to act, talk, dress and pose—in short, how to behave like stars. As a result, Hurrell finds the new crop of actors unappealing, boring, impatient and often difficult to work with.

"I've watched that big guy Tom Selleck," he complains. "His picture is all over the magazines. Jesus, there's a guy; if he only had some training, he'd be a dynamo. As an actor, he's the worst. I've never seen anything as bad."

He is equally feisty when it comes to Jane Fonda. "She's a good actress," he says, "but I think she limits herself. I think she could be a glamor gal if she went out and worked on it. It's just like the night of the Oscars. She looked like she had picked that dress off a Salvation Army-store rack and her hair looked like she hadn't combed it in a week. Even her make-up stunk."

Of course, Hurrell has photographed his share of the new breed of star, from Dustin Hoffman and Alan Alda to several seasons' worth of disposable TV stars. He's even done the Osmonds. But his work today is more wide ranging, such as the commission from the Texas oil baron who paid \$5000 for Hurrell to shoot three pictures of him and his wife or that from the clothing designer who flew in from Japan just to have a portrait by Hurrell. *Geo* sent him to Hawaii to capture Clare Boothe Luce; and *PLAYBOY*, of course, commissioned him to photograph Shannon Tweed.

Lately, however, Hurrell's work has been most visible on album covers for such artists as Aretha Franklin, Melissa Manchester, Chevy Chase, Keith Carradine, Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac. If Jerry Hall, Mick Jagger's girlfriend, has her way, Hurrell will eventually photograph The Rolling Stones. Hurrell and Hall met when he shot her for a French *Vogue* fashion layout, and they got along so well that she gave him tickets for the Stones' concert at the L.A. Coliseum so that he and Mick could get to know each other. The meeting never came off: Hurrell had to spend the day shooting Fleetwood Mac. "I've been kicking myself ever since," he says.

"There's no getting away from it; it's gratifying," Hurrell says of his new-found fame in rock circles. "There are only about 10,000 photographers in this town, and all of these guys are calling this old fart to make pictures for them. I'm enjoying life now more than ever."



"OK, now what are your hopes and dreams for the new year?"

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

The E.T. boom shocked film tycoons,
Their chairs they almost fell off.
The year's big heartthrob looked much like
A turtle with its shell off.



Ron hoped the Russian pipeline plan
Would never come to pass.
He'd rather see our allies cook
With lead-free, Red-free gas.

When fighting stopped, her troops became
Miss Thatcher's little helpers.
Three thousand stayed to baby-sit
With eighteen hundred kelpers.



Some cops are awed by TV stars,
But one proved more than spunky.
He ticketed *Tonight Show's* host
While crying out, "Heeeere's Drunky!"



When Miss Loren was put in jail,
She took it quite sedately.
Less calm were men who volunteered
To share her plight cellmately.



When NBC picked *Taxi* up,
Some network faces fell.
Would such a castoff bomb again
Or ring a Tinker bell?



Ann Landers, caught recycling some
Old columns of advice,
Was told, "Your wisdom drops like pearls,
But please don't drop it twice."

Fernando's holdout left him drained
Of strength till nearly June.
Or was he still exhausted from
His winter honeymoon?

Von Bülow's saintly pose in court
Could not prevent his fall.
The jury ruled that Claus was not
A Santa after all.



John Glenn was hyped for President,
But will he make the race?
Or will the trial balloon he launched
Drift up to outer space?



The hoop-la for the new Brit prince
Made Princess Anne turn grim.
Would she play royal kitchy-koo
Or take a swing at him?

At Wimbledon, Jim Connors found
His cheering section growing.
His key to popularity:
More play, less McEnroeing.

Heart surgery for Kissinger
Restored his active life.
Now some contend his ego, too,
Should undergo the knife.

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry personalities and events that made news in 1982

The L.A. Lakers won it all
With play both strong and steady.
Some other Lakers fared less well—
There was, for instance, Freddie.



Miss King drew cheers at Wimbledon.
Her stamina was great,
Assuring younger fans there still
Is life at thirty-eight.



In Washington, a page boy told
His secret of success:
When Congressmen gave him the eye,
He always nodded yes.



Dan Rather fought the ratings war
With sweat just short of blood.
He even learned to smile on cue,
Lest he sink into Mudd.

In Russia, Billy Graham heard
No talk of persecution.
Of course, he didn't hear from those
Who'd had their execution.



The paths of Liz and Richard crossed,
Which caused their fans to shout,
"Don't start again! The rules are clear:
Three marriages, you're out!"

A Buckingham intruder left
The guards with faces red.
He didn't have the pass required
To join the queen in bed.

A State Department language change
Helped put our allies at ease.
George Shultz, in English, has replaced
Al Haig and his Pentagonese.



To have a test-tube baby got
More common every day,
Though most agreed conception was
More fun the other way.



The year had both its ups and downs.
Some wept while others cheered.
General Dozier turned up sound,
But George Bush disappeared.

Ambassador Kirkpatrick was
Our nation's peace trustee.
But bouts she had with Washington
Resembled World War Three.

Playboy's Playmate Review



a roundup of the past delightful dozen

IF YOU FIGURE that about half of the world's four billion people are women, you'll understand our difficulty in choosing 12 of the most beautiful to grace our centerfolds each year. But it's a job we relish; and we're pretty good at it, if we do say so. Witness the pulchritudinous selection here. And just think: There are 1,999,999,988 girls to go before we collapse.





Miss April

Our equestrienne, April Playmate Linda Rhys Vaughn (left), has gotten serious about acting over the past few months, appearing in four Shakespeare roles with a community-theater group. She had major parts in *Hamlet* and *The Taming of the Shrew* and also played Lady Macbeth, though she was obviously cast against type. When not on the boards, Linda was on the road doing Playmate promotions.

Miss January

After her January appearance, Kimberly McArthur (right) made her movie debut in *Young Doctors in Love*, then took the first steps toward a singing career by recording a demo tape at a Houston studio. She describes the reaction to her centerfold as "wonderful, wonderful. I met lots of good people and learned a lot on my promotional tour. I'd be a Playmate all over again if Hef would only let me."





Miss October

Shy October Playmate Marianne Gravatte (left) has had little time to herself since appearing in our centerfold. Her already hot model's bookings increased substantially with the Playmate title, and Marianne has been touring constantly. She recently tested for the Mexican edition of *Vogue* magazine and will be seen on its cover soon. Obviously, it's only the beginning of beautiful things for Marianne.

Miss November

November Playmate Marlene Janssen (right) is doing just what she wants to do, which is touring and meeting people. "I like being one of PLAYBOY's ambassadors, and I think I'll be good at it." First stop on her travels was back home in Rock Island, Illinois, where Marlene got star treatment. After her tour, there will be more modeling and, with a bit of luck, parts in two upcoming motion pictures.

Miss February

The first love of February Playmate Anne-Marie Fox (left) is high-fashion modeling, which she really can't do from her beach home at Malibu; so it's off to New York, then Paris and Milan, where the fashion action is centered. Not that she's been idle; Anne-Marie has racked up nearly 50 modeling assignments since her appearance in PLAYBOY. In New York, she tells us, she'll also enroll in a few acting classes.





Miss July

July Playmate Lynda Wiesmeier (above) has practically been adopted by the readers of *Overdrive* magazine, a truckers' monthly for which she has done a cover and a poster. Lynda has also appeared in a *Ribald Classic* segment on The Playboy Channel. More movies and modeling are in the offing; we'll be watching.



Miss May

Kym Malin's career is in full swing. Since her May appearance, Kym (above) has done a TV show, *The Book of Lists*, with Bill Bixby and acted in *Mike's Murder*, a movie with Paul Winfield and Debra Winger. She has also been a guest on TV's *Real People* and is due next in Bob Fosse's *STAR 80* and in *Video Madness* with Joe Don Baker.



Miss September

All those contrails you've seen overhead belong to Connie Brighton (right), who has just completed a three-month tour of Japan, a two-week trip to London and several weeks in the Bahamas. The peripatetic Miss September also recorded her debut single, *The Clapping Song*, and has appeared on *PM Magazine* in her capacity as spokeswoman for Miami in the Miami's for Me ad campaign.

Miss March

Miss March, Karen Witter (left), took part of her Playmate earnings and treated her parents to a New Zealand vacation. To avoid the Hawaii commute, Karen moved to the mainland while touring for *PLAYBOY*. She's now taking a few courses at the University of California, Irvine to keep up her studies, and on a good day, she can usually be found at the docks at Newport Beach, hoping to thumb a sailboat ride.

Miss December

You met our December pride, Charlotte Kemp (right), only last month; she's the girl who loves flying, swimming, tennis and at least one of the Chicago Bears, and with any luck, she'll be in your neighborhood soon. Char's in the process of putting together her modeling portfolio—though so far, she's doing quite well without it, participating in many promotions around Chicago, her new home town.





Miss June

June Playmate Lourdes Estores (above) had to leave her beloved Hawaii following her centerfold appearance in order to tour for PLAYBOY on the mainland. But not before she had done an interview for *Honolulu* magazine and appeared in a local TV commercial. Currently, Lourdes is one of the managers of a band called Blvd.



Miss August

Friends of August Playmate Cathy St. George (above) tossed a big bash for her at Studio 54 in New York following her centerfold appearance. But she was back in L.A. modeling and taping a *CHiPs* episode before the smoke cleared. You may have seen her on the cover of the fall/winter 1982 *Playboy Guide* to electronic entertainment.

Playmates' Progress



Finding just the right model is the dream of any artist, and Pat Nagel seems to have found his in Cathy St. George (above), who has posed for many of Nagel's illustrations, regular features of *The Playboy Advisor*.

Kym Malin lent her obvious expertise to the annual "Most Perfect Body in Texas" contest, which she co-hosted this year with comedian Louis Nye (above). It was a homecoming for Kym, who won the title herself in 1980.



Kimberly McArthur moved closer to a country-singing career when she cut a demo ditty, *A Fool Such as I*, in Houston (above). Connie Brighton (below) takes a catamaran break in Miami after a tour of Japan, where she modeled and did commercials.



Charlotte Kemp (above) didn't sit out the pro football strike. She's been increasingly in demand as a model in her new home town of Chicago. Here she's being made picture perfect for a sudsy promotional campaign.

In the Ramona, California, community production of a Shakespearean revue, Linda Rhys Vaughn (above with Roger Swift) copped the roles of Ophelia in *Hamlet* and Katharina in *The Taming of the Shrew*.





At the 23rd edition of Hot Rod Show World in Atlantic City, Karen Witter (above) compared chassis with a 1967 Chevelle, which we think came in a distant second. Marlene Janssen (below) picked up some spare change as well as showbiz tips during a stint as girl Friday to Jan Berry, half of the legendary singing duo Jan and Dean.



After a long, hard day at the 19th wheel of a semi, a trucker likes to relax with a favored issue of *Overdrive*, especially when the cover model (below) is July's Lynda Wiesmeier, who has become something of a truckers' mascot.

OVERDRIVE

The Voice Of The American Trucker



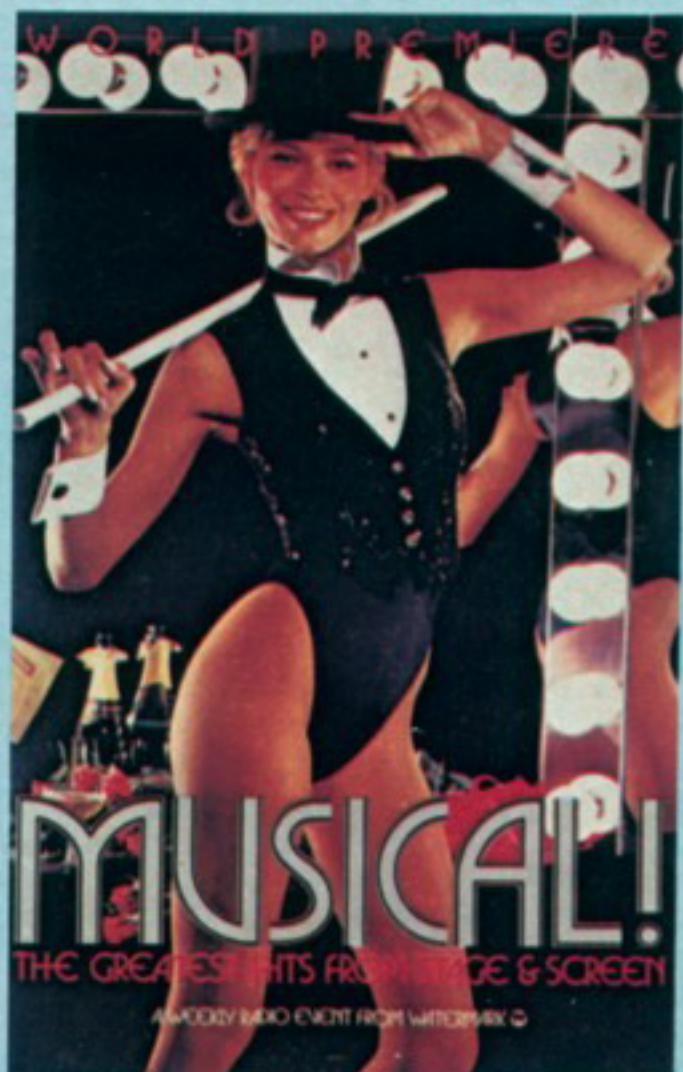
Under the protective, if slightly dazed, eye of an Army MP, Lourdes Estores (below) makes GIs and airmen feel right at home during an autographing session at Schofield Barracks on the island of Oahu in Hawaii. It's enough to make you re-up.



Punk-funk rocker Rick James needed a fox for the jacket of his latest album, and they don't come any better than February's Anne-Marie Fox (below), who's bound to boost sales.



Poster girl for the new syndicated radio show *Musical!*, which features the music of stage and screen, is none other than October's Marianne Gravatte (below), just about the hottest ticket in town since her appearance on these pages.





PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CORKING GOOD READ

In 1927, a Parisian wine merchant commissioned the writing of *Monseigneur le Vin*, a combination cellar book and guide to wine profusely illustrated with charming renderings and quaint line drawings. As that book is about as rare as a bottle of 1927 Lafite, Coward, McCann & Geoghegan has just come out with an abridged reprint called *The Wine Album* that's available in bookstores for \$15.95. Oenophiles everywhere are licking their lips.



TINY TRAIN OF THOUGHT

Whoever said that the difference between men and boys is the price of their toys must have had the Executive Trainer in mind. It's a custom-made Z-gauge Märklin train set complete with an electric engine and two passenger cars, all fitted into a rosewood-veneer attaché case. (Even the tiny street lamps light up.) The Executive Trainer costs \$800 sent to The Fine Tool Shops, 20 Backus Avenue, Danbury, Connecticut 06810. Those with lots of bucks—all aboard!



GAMES ADULTS PLAY

Charades is a party game for consenting children; Escapades is a party game for consenting adults—a very special party game, we might add, as some of the situations you and your partner have to act out include doing a striptease on a busy street and removing a chastity belt without a key. All this naughty fun can be yours for only \$10 sent to Feathre Luv Enterprises, 363 Albany Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02118. And while you're ordering, ask about its line of fur G strings. Frisky you!

CHOP SHOP

Wander down East Griffith Street in Galveston, Indiana 46932, and there at number 218 is the local head store—Larry & Lori's Guillotine Shop, a simple cottage industry that specializes in designer head choppers. (Relax, right-to-lifers, Larry and Lori Lawrence's guillotines aren't working models; the blades are dull and unweighted.) For indoor display, Larry and Lori recommend their Marie Antoinette Model I, an \$895 six-foot chopper made of hardwood that's ideal as a hatrack. But if you *really* want to keep ahead of the Joneses, go for the Robespierre, a 20-foot-tall \$3000 slicer with a blade that can be engraved with the owner's street address. Now, that's what we call being a cut above.



PRESIDENTIAL SMOKE

Ronald Reagan may not smoke, but that hasn't stopped Tarhan Imports, P.O. Box 56, Wilmette, Illinois 60091, from coming out with a block meerschaum pipe carved in the likeness of Mr. President himself. The pipe—which sells for \$118, postpaid—is slightly oversized and is meant for fireside chats, not for outdoor puffing. Reagan critics will probably think that the pipe is cold and bitter; Reagan fanciers, on the other hand, will find that it ages well.



CALENDAR OF THE BIZARRE

With *The Beastmaster*, *Conan the Barbarian* (or *Gonad the Bavarian*, if you prefer) and other far-out flicks making the rounds, Workman Publishing in New York has come out with the Boris Vallejo Fantasy Calendar for 1983—13 out-of-this-world illustrations by a master science-fiction and fantasy artist. Available for \$5.95 in most bookstores, Vallejo's strange, sexy images sure beat flowers or moonlight on the Matterhorn.



GLASS ACT

The next time you inherit money from a long-lost uncle or have an important occasion such as a birthday, a wedding or an anniversary to celebrate, consider contacting well-known glass-and-crystal artists Carol Iselin and David Sugar. They can take a full, unopened champagne bottle, for example, and turn it into an exquisite work of art (alas, you have to provide the champagne). The New Year's one pictured here would cost you \$500, but since each creation is different, you should first contact Iselin and Sugar at 315 East 72nd Street, Suite 16L, New York, New York 10021, and work out all the details. The vintage in the bottle may have been guzzled, but the container will linger on.



WHERE'S OUR BEEPING SKIS?

When the deep powder falls over misty mountain ranges, squeals of pleasure often turn to roars of frustration as fallen skiers dig for their buried boards. To the rescue comes Ski Hummer, a battery-operated noisemaking device that is activated when your skis come out of the bindings. Ski Hummers, which weigh less than one ounce, are available as a set for \$69, postpaid, from Powder Hounders, 706 Brumback Street, Boise, Idaho 83702. Mmmm! Help; we're down here! Hurry up and get us out!



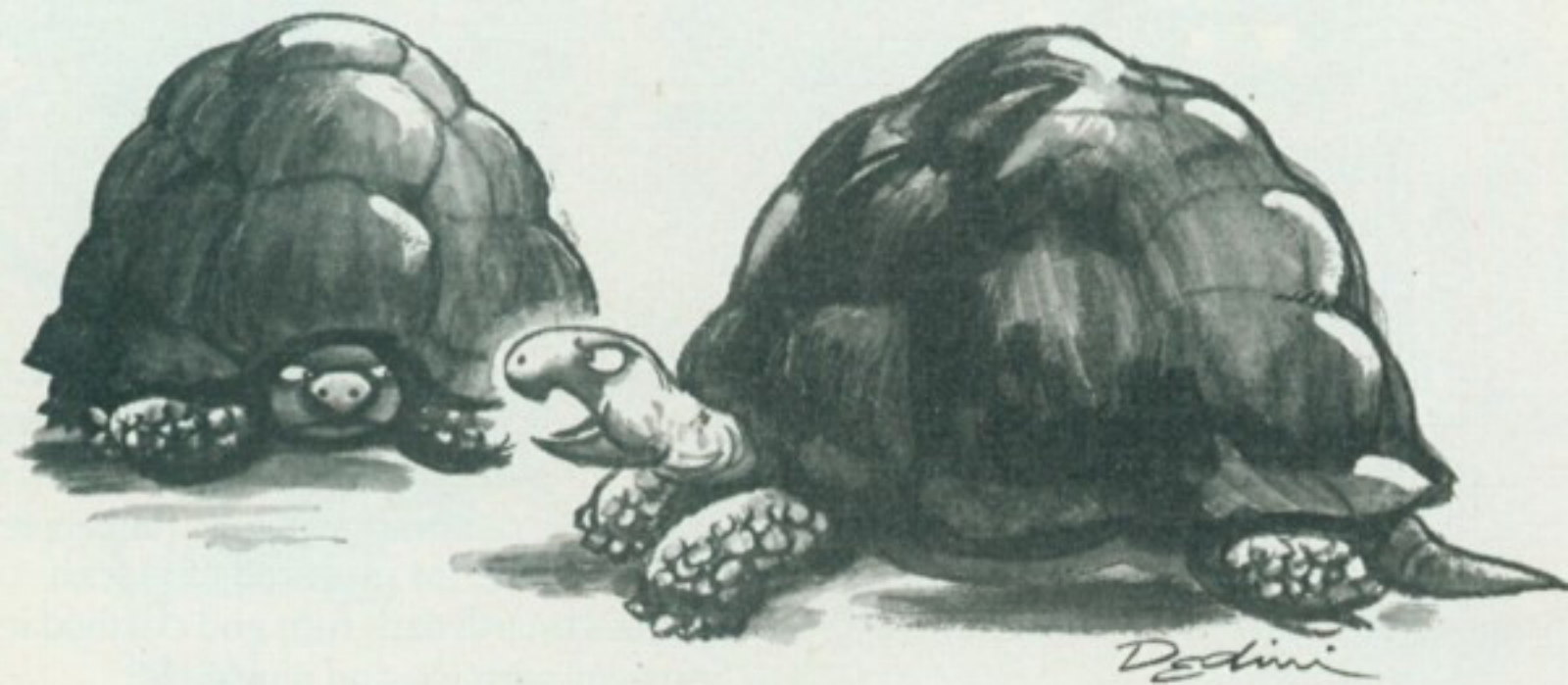
PITCHING PENNIES

The good news about penny stocks, of course, is that they cost, literally, pennies to buy. (Something called Dynasty Oil was listed not too long ago at one penny a share.) The bad news is that you can lose your investment—and also your shirt—mighty easily, as many offerings aren't worth even a penny. One guide to this tricky market is *Penny Stock News*, a newspaper for stocks under \$5 that's published biweekly for \$30 a year in Oakland Center, Columbia, Maryland 21045. If you're going to shoot a game of craps, now at least you'll know which dice are loaded.









"All right, I was unfaithful. But, damn it, that was over one hundred years ago!"



“Don’t forget, this medicine worked better on the rat than it did on the guinea pig, and I think he’s more like a guinea pig.”

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

HERE'S OUR HEROINE WITH WANDA IN THE RUGGED LANDSCAPE OF SAN RAFAEL, JUST ABOVE SAN FRANCISCO, WHERE REDWOODS AND HOT TUBS ABOUND. LIKE SAN RAFAEL ITSELF, THE HOT TUB HAS A YOUTHFUL APPEAL. IT'S HEALTHY. IT'S CLEAN. IT'S THERAPEUTIC. AND MAINLY YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU GET A GIRL INTO YOUR TUB, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL YOU'RE INTO HERS.

JEEPERS! THIS IS SUCH FUN. ALL TYPES CAN ENJOY HOT-TUBBING.

YEAH! DIG THE CUTIE PIE WITH THE FLOPPY EARS.

EVER SINCE WE GOT THE TUB, HE'S LOST ALL INTEREST IN "GO FETCH"!



OK, EVERYONE... OUT OF THE TUB! WE'RE LEAVING!

GOLLY! AND I WANTED TO MEET THAT ROBERT REDFORD LOOK-ALIKE.



WE'RE OFF TO ANOTHER HOT-TUB PARTY.



DID YOU WANT TO MEET ME?

I'M A PERFECT FIVE!

IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR REDFORD IS AN ED-SEL.



WE'RE GOING NORTH INTO THE HILLS OF SAN RAFAEL... HOT-TUB CITY!

BOY, SOME HILLS!

NORTH, FOOL!



WE'RE HOT-TUB PURISTS HERE. NO BATHING SUITS... NO SEX! JUST PURE MINDS AND BODIES.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! LOOK AT THE VIEW. I CAN SEE THE GOLDEN GATE.

SO CAN I!



IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY. WHEN I'M UP ON THE DECK, GIRLS LOOK THE OTHER WAY-

WHOSE TUB IS THIS?



BUT WHEN I'M UP TO MY NECK IN THE HOT TUB, THEY GO **WILD** FOR ME!

THIS TUB WAS CUSTOM-BUILT FOR ABDUL ABULBUL, THE BASKETBALL PLAYER.

Beware of Athlete's Foot - Mainly Abdul's



ABDUL HAD THIS FIVE-AND-A-HALF-FOOT-DEEP TUB MADE TO ORDER BECAUSE HE'S SO TALL.

FIVE AND A HALF FEET DEEP! **YIKES!!**



LISTEN, I LOVE DECORATIVE HOT-TUB PLANTS, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

ME JANE, YOU TARZAN.

WHICH WAY TO THE HOT TUB?

DON'T YOU LOVE TO SIT NUDE IN A HOT TUB?

OH, YASS! NOW LET'S TRY IT WITH WATER.

NO CHICKEN FIGHTING IN THE TUB!

FOUR OUT OF FIVE **WINS!**

IT'S SUPPOSED TO HOLD 400 GALS. ...WATER, THAT IS.

GREAT BEER PARTY, HARRY.

WHAT AN ERECTION. IS IT HARD TO MAINTAIN?

SUZY HELPS ME.

GET INTO THE TUB WITH ONE OF THE GALS AND RELAX ... KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

YEAH, LISTEN TO THAT HEAVY BREATHING.

WOW...LOOK AT THAT WHIRLPOOL ACTION. CAN YOU TURN IT DOWN?

IT'S NOT TURNED UP. THE ACTION IS SELMA AND BERNIE.

HEY! WHAT'S THIS PLUG-

WHY DON'T YOU RELAX LIKE EVERYONE ELSE, MAJOR?

YOU TRY TO RELAX WITH YOUR PRIVATES CAUGHT IN THE WATER VALVE.

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL SO GOOD IN THE TUB? THE WHIRLPOOL? THE HEAT?

VALIUM!

LISTEN! I CAN HEAR THE OCEAN.



MY REDFORD LOOK-ALIKE IS ONLY FIVE!

INCHES?



QUICK! THAT MAN NEEDS MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION.

JEEPERS!



HELP! I'M DROWNING, TOO!

HELP ME, TOO!

THERE CAN'T BE EVERYBODY DROWNING!

ME!

GLUB GLUB!



HAVE EITHER OF YOU BEEN BOTHERED BY THE INSECTS?

NO, BUT I SEE YOU'VE GOT A COUPLE MOSQUITO BITES.

IF YOU CAN GET THE CHICK TO THE HOT TUB, AND IF SHE'LL TAKE HER CLOTHES OFF, YOU ARE HOME FREE!

NOT TO WORRY. THIS TUB HAS A FIVE-YEAR WARRANTY.

LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY...YOU'VE TURNED OUR HOT-TUB PARTY INTO A HOT-TUB ORGY!

I'M SORRY! HOT TUBS SHOULD BE USED FOR GETTING CLEAN, NOT DIRTY.

WE'RE HAVING SPECIAL GUESTS NEXT WEEK. CAN YOU DO IT AGAIN?

HOW COME YOUR HEAD HAS WATER WRINKLES AND OURS DON'T?

I WAS HUNGRY.

I PREFER THE HEIMLICH MANEUVER OVER MOUTH TO MOUTH.

I PREFER MOUTH TO LUNG.

SO THIS IS ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.

NOTICE HOW IT IMPROVES MY BREATHING.

HELP! AIR!

END



New Girl in Towne

Actress PATRICIA GELLER has a familiar face. Maybe it's all her TV commercials, or maybe it's her recent stints on *The Jeffersons* and *Archie Bunker's Place*. No matter. Her upcoming role in Robert Towne's new movie, currently called *Tequila Sunrise*, should do the trick. We hear her performance is pretty sexy. Then you'll remember her name.



The Atkins Diet

From a basically simple help!-we're-stranded-on-a-desert-island movie titled *The Blue Lagoon*, CHRISTOPHER ATKINS got an amazing amount of mileage. Of course, co-star Brooke Shields didn't hurt his visibility. More recently, Atkins starred in *The Pirate Movie* and showed up on *Solid Gold* a time or two. Who says he's only a pretty face?

The Davis Cup

When actor BRAD DAVIS went to Paris to publicize his recent film, *Querelle*, directed by the late German *Wunderkind* Rainer Werner Fassbinder, he made a stop at the Tuileries. Everyone knows Paris is for lovers, and Davis, not one to break with tradition, got entangled. The lady in question is playing it cool.



Mind if I Butt In?

We've been known to appreciate a woman with good lines. We're artistically inclined. That's why this photo of MONIQUE VAN VOOREN caught our eye. We noticed the sculptured tush, too. We know Monique improves with time. We'll leave the tush to the ages.





Copping a Feel

We considered captioning this pic "The Secret Policeman's Other Other Ball," but then it occurred to us that guitarist ANDY SUMMERS of the Police might just be getting interviewed here. The rock press calls this the water-pressure pressure. They press and you spill. We've heard rumors that Andy's rubber duckie's been located. We hope he'll be a good sport about it.

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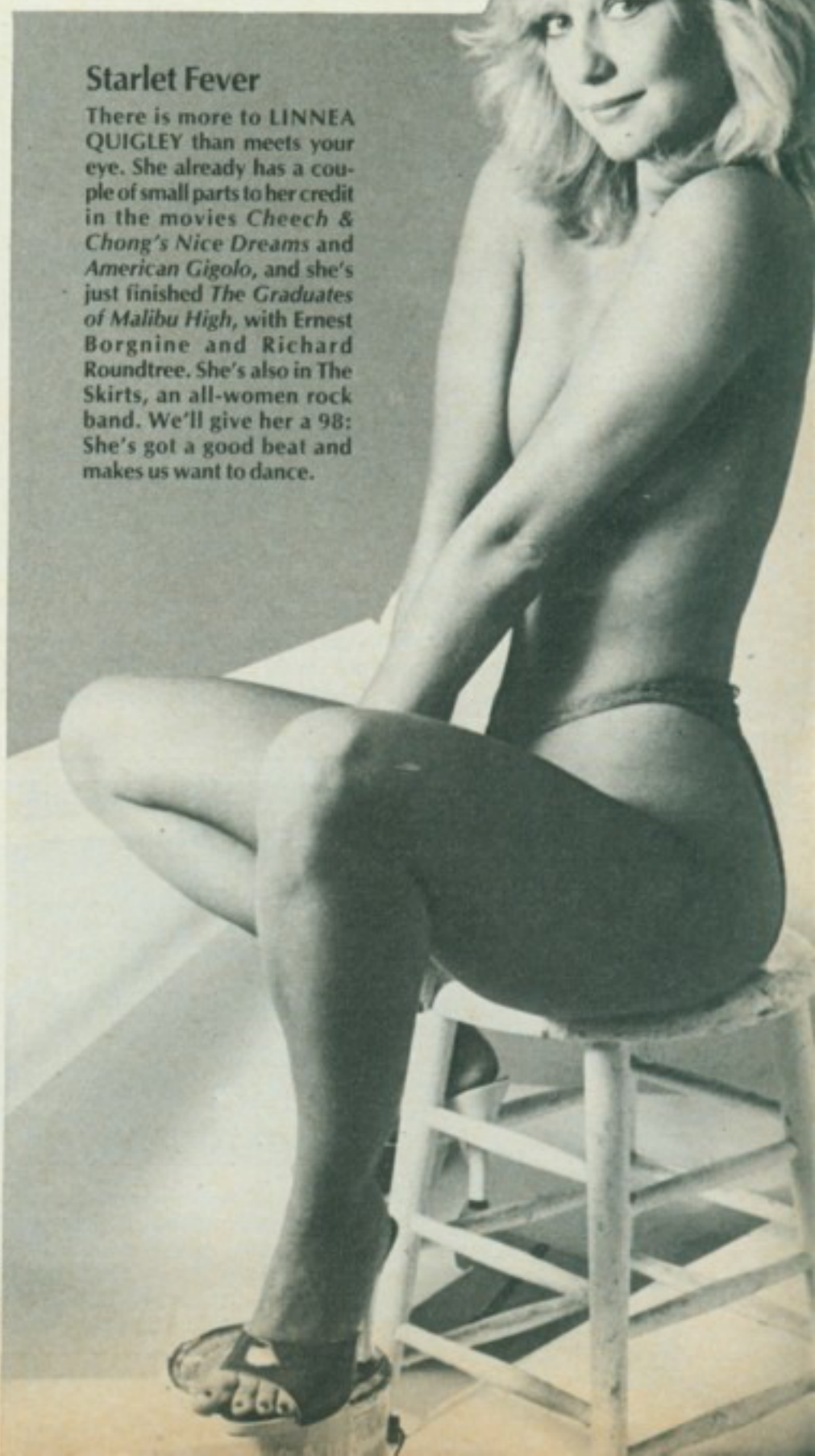


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Free the Indianapolis One

JOHN COUGAR gets a lot of heat from the rock press. They keep calling him a Springsteen/Segar clone. But the joke's on them after last summer's hit single *Hurts So Good*. In fact, in October, John had a number-one album and two singles in the top ten at the same time. That's more than a holding action.

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Starlet Fever

There is more to LINNEA QUIGLEY than meets your eye. She already has a couple of small parts to her credit in the movies *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* and *American Gigolo*, and she's just finished *The Graduates of Malibu High*, with Ernest Borgnine and Richard Roundtree. She's also in *The Skirts*, an all-women rock band. We'll give her a 98: She's got a good beat and makes us want to dance.

THE UNKINDEST CUT?

When Edward Wallerstein, an engineer with more than passing interest in medicine, told a female acquaintance that he was working on a book critical of circumcision, she suggested that he "smell an unwashed, uncircumcised penis" before writing it. Without taking the prescribed sniff, he went ahead and wrote the book anyway. *Circumcision: An American Health Fallacy* (\$14.95 from Springer Publishing Company, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003) takes a discerning look at the history, common beliefs and consequences of the procedure. While the operation would probably engender lively debate if it were performed in adulthood, it has become nearly as automatic for the newborn as the use of forceps at birth. But, for the most part, no one—including the physician—knows very much about it.

Wallerstein tells us that 12 years ago, when he began researching the topic, he was amazed by the dearth of good research. One of the few books on the subject in common use had been written in 1891.

"Since then," says Wallerstein, "I've read hundreds of articles, and the information in them is confused if not dead wrong."

There are several major advantages credited to circumcision: It is necessary for penile hygiene; it corrects a too-tight foreskin; it protects against V.D., some cancers and premature ejaculation while discouraging boys from masturbating—an effect that we're sure is undesirable.

Wallerstein has found no data that back up any of those claims, yet he estimates that 85 percent of all male infants in the U.S. are circumcised,

while in most other countries, the surgery is rare. "If the presence of foreskin caused common complications," he says, "then doctors in every advanced country in the world would be removing it."

Consider the foreskin—a few millimeters of highly erogenous tissue whose sole function seems to be to protect the head (glans) of the penis from irritation. Contrary to popular belief, Wallerstein says, the foreskin requires no special care in adulthood. "Simply clean under it. You have to clean earwax from the outer ear—should you cut off the ear?"

Some doctors believe circumcision is needed to correct an infant condition called phimosis, in which the foreskin cannot be retracted from the head of the penis. Wallerstein says that the foreskin is not supposed to be pushed back: At birth, it is connected to the glans; at a later age, the tissues separate naturally. The author also finds no truth in the belief that an intact foreskin keeps the penis from growing to its full size.

Because the foreskin is riddled with nerve endings, some have thought that it causes men to ejaculate prematurely. Wallerstein figures that if that were true, then statistics would show that uncircumcised men have a higher incidence of premature ejaculation. No such data exist.


The same can be said about venereal diseases and foreskin. Circumcision has long been thought to avert sexually contracted infections. But even though most men in the U.S. are circumcised, we are now in the midst of a V.D. epidemic. Presumably, if circumcision really did inhibit social diseases, we would have seen a precipitous drop.

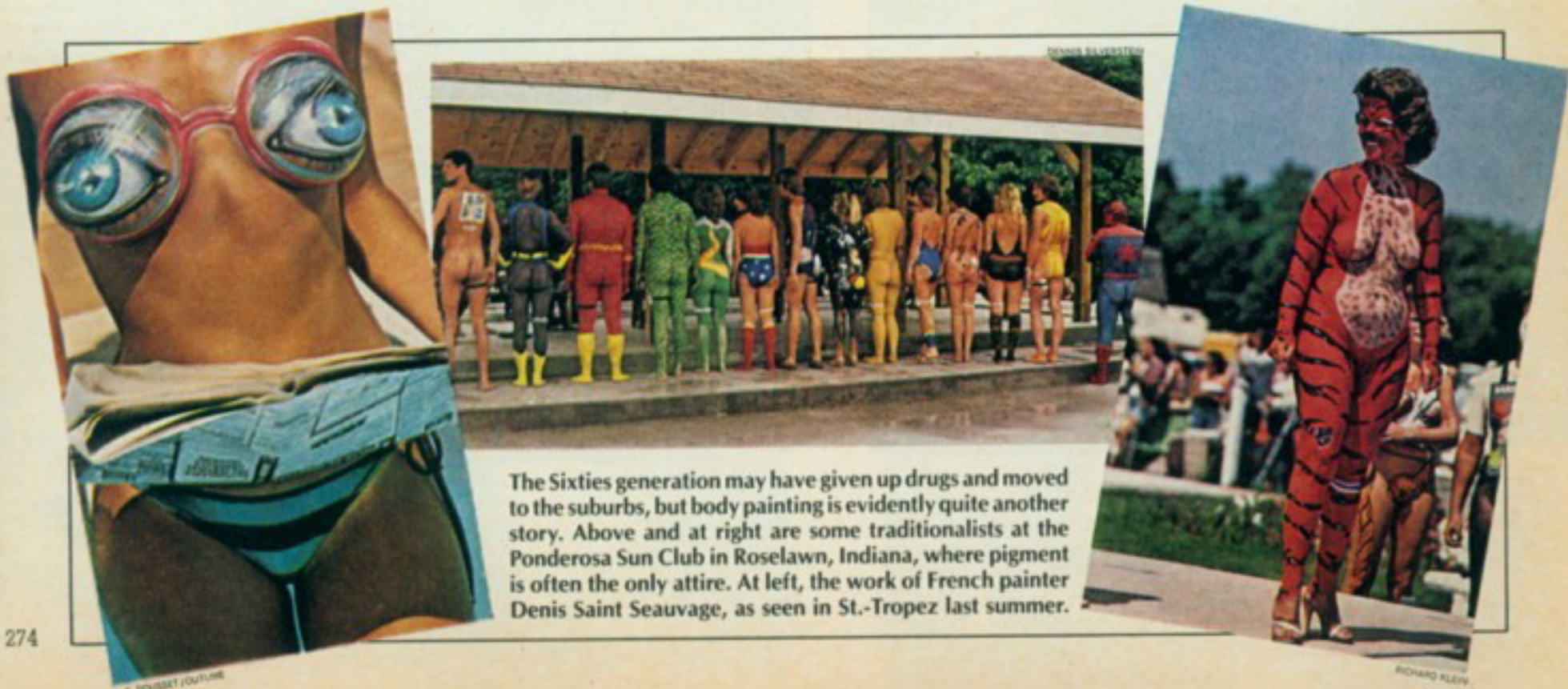
Wallerstein examined statistics to dispel the belief that smegma—the pasty substance formed between the foreskin and the glans—can be associated with cancer of the penis and cervical cancer in the sex partner of an uncircumcised man. He concludes that if that were so, those cancers should have occurred more often in Sweden, Norway, France and other countries in which circumcision is rarely performed. But he finds that the figures there are about the same as here.

Having been unable to substantiate any clinical claims of the operation's advantages, Wallerstein cast his jaundiced eye on the belief that it doesn't do any harm. He thought that was a weak argument for what is essentially a surgical procedure.

"Surgery is usually the last option," he tells us, concluding that the worst thing about routine circumcision is the element of risk. He lists infection, hemorrhaging, surgical injuries and even death as unfortunate side effects, quoting one doctor who put the annual death toll at 200.

He says that surgical errors can come into play—or, in fact, interrupt play—in adulthood: "There is no consensus about how much foreskin to remove. Sometimes, the doctor removes too much, and the adult male may have painful erections."

It is worth noting that while Wallerstein's book has been reviewed in a number of health journals, no one has seriously challenged his medical statements. In fact, the only real criticism from the medical community is that the charge of unnecessary surgery is old hat. Meanwhile, Wallerstein is hoping that his book will result in fewer circumcisions. 



The Sixties generation may have given up drugs and moved to the suburbs, but body painting is evidently quite another story. Above and at right are some traditionalists at the Ponderosa Sun Club in Roselawn, Indiana, where pigment is often the only attire. At left, the work of French painter Denis Saint Seauvage, as seen in St.-Tropez last summer.

NEXT MONTH:

"THE DELTA STAR"—POLICEMEN CECIL HIGGINS AND THE BAD CZECH ENCOUNTER JESUS ON WHEELS, WOODEN-TEETH WILMA, WINO ELMO MC VEY AND ASSAULT ARTIST EARL RIMMS IN ANOTHER TYPICAL DAY ON THE BEAT, FROM THE AUTHOR OF *THE ONION FIELD* AND *THE CHOIR-BOYS*—JOSEPH WAMBAUGH

"APPROACHING 1984"—WHEN THE LATE GEORGE ORWELL WROTE ABOUT BIG BROTHER AND NEWSPEAK AND ALL THAT JAZZ, HOW CLOSE TO THE MARK WAS HE? SOME ANSWERS FROM E. L. DOCTOROW

"THE DECADE-GAP QUIZ"—WHEN YOU HEAR THE WORD SCORE, DO YOU THINK OF SEX? DOPE? MONEY? SPACE INVADERS? YOUR ANSWERS REVEAL WHETHER YOU'RE A CHILD OF THE FIFTIES, THE SIXTIES, THE SEVENTIES OR THE EIGHTIES—BY LENNY KLEINFELD

SAM DONALDSON, ABC-NEWS WHITE HOUSE CORRESPONDENT AND ONE OF THE BRASHEST OF TELEVISION REPORTERS, HAS PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT PAST AND PRESENT OCCUPANTS OF THE OVAL OFFICE IN A TOPICAL (AND NEWSWORTHY) **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE PRICE AIN'T RIGHT"—IN A WORLD WHERE WAYNE NEWTON IS THE ECONOMIC EQUIVALENT OF 972.91 NURSES, THE SLOGAN "EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK" IS JUST THAT: A SLOGAN. IF YOU WONDER WHERE YOUR EARNINGS FIT IN, CHECK THIS REPORT—BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

"SECRET LIVES"—EVERY SO OFTEN, ONE POPS UP: THE STORY OF THE MODEL CITIZEN, GOOD NEIGHBOR, UPRIGHT FAMILY MAN WHO TURNS OUT TO BE A BIGAMIST, A RAPIST, A MASS MURDERER. WHAT MAKES THESE GUYS TICK? A FASCINATING STUDY BY LAURENCE GONZALES

"THE WOMEN OF ASPEN"—TEN PAGES OF PICTORIAL SPLENDOR IN WHICH WE SHOW AND TELL ALL ABOUT THE LADIES YOU'D MOST LIKE TO SHARE SITZMARKS WITH

"THE EDUCATION OF AN AMERICAN HERO"—WHEN HIS U.S. OLYMPIC HOCKEY TEAM BEAT THE RUSSIANS, JIM CRAIG BECAME AN INSTANT CELEBRITY. THINGS GOT TOUGHER AFTER THAT: CAREER SETBACKS, THEN THAT TRAGIC ACCIDENT IN WHICH A YOUNG WOMAN WAS KILLED. A POIGNANT PORTRAIT—BY PETE DEXTER

YAKOV SMIRNOFF, A BONA FIDE RUSSIAN COMIC, TALKS ABOUT THE REAL BORSCHT BELT, STRANGE SOVIET CUSTOMS, WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE SEX WITH A RUSSIAN WEIGHT LIFTER AND, SERIOUSLY, WHAT A BITCH IT IS TO GET THE HELL OUT OF THE COUNTRY WE LOVE TO HATE IN "20 QUESTIONS"

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—DESPITE THE BEST (OR WORST) EFFORTS OF THE MORAL MAJORITY, LOVE (AND LUST) LIVES. HIP, HIP, HURRAH!

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH ROBERT MITCHUM, JIMMY CONNORS, SISSY SPACEK AND GABRIEL GARCIA MARQUEZ; EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE POLICEWOMAN AND AVOCADO SALES-PERSON, ANGIE DICKINSON, SLIPS INTO SOME THINGS COMFORTABLE FOR THE NAUGHTY-NIGHTIE PICTORIAL OF YOUR DREAMS; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF "THE WOMEN OF SPAIN" AND, FROM THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF 007, "THE BOND BEAUTIES"; HODDING CARTER III ASSESSES THE EFFECTS OF REAGANISM; LAURENCE GONZALES AND ROBERT H. KUPPERMAN OFFER A CHILLING LOOK AT "THE TERRORIST THREAT AGAINST AMERICA"; **PLAYBOY EDITORS** ANALYZE STILL MORE OF YOUR RESPONSES TO OUR SEX QUESTIONNAIRE; EXCITING ESCAPADES FOR LITTLE ANNIE FANNY; NEW PAGES FROM LE ROY NEIMAN'S SKETCHBOOK; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH SEXY LADY GOLFER JAN STEPHENSON; ANDREW TOBIAS SHARES HIS FINANCIAL EXPERTISE IN HIS COLUMN "QUARTERLY REPORTS"; NORMAN MAILER TAKES US TO EGYPT IN THE TIME OF THE PHARAOKHS IN TWO EXCERPTS FROM HIS NEW NOVEL, "ANCIENT EVENINGS"; AND WE BRING YOU FICTION FROM JOHN LE CARRE, AMIRI BARAKA, DONALD E. WESTLAKE AND ROBERT SILVERBERG.