

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1983 • \$3.00

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS

BASEBALL'S ROWDY GENIUS

EARL WEAVER

THE FUNNIEST WHITE
MAN IN AMERICA

ALBERT BROOKS

PLAYBOY READERS
VOTE FOR
EXPERIMENTAL SEX

HELLO, MUDDA,
HELLO, FADDA,
HERE I AM
IN CAMP COMPUTA

JOHN SACK
REPORTS ON
LIFE AMONG
THE NERDS

**CARRIE
FISHER**
ANSWERS
20 QUESTIONS

SAVING BOND'S WOMEN

A LOVING LOOK
AT 007'S
SULTRIEST
CO-STARS



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

DOC, PLAYBOY AND ALL THAT JAZZ

In June, *The Tonight Show's* MORE TO COME artwork will remind you that it's Playboy Jazz Festival month in Los Angeles. In this year's fifth annual festival, June 18 and 19, Doc Severinsen and the Tonight Show Orchestra will perform at the Hollywood Bowl with such other jazz honchos as Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, Count Basie and Carla Bley. Bill Cosby returns as master of ceremonies. Below: Doc goes to a commercial.



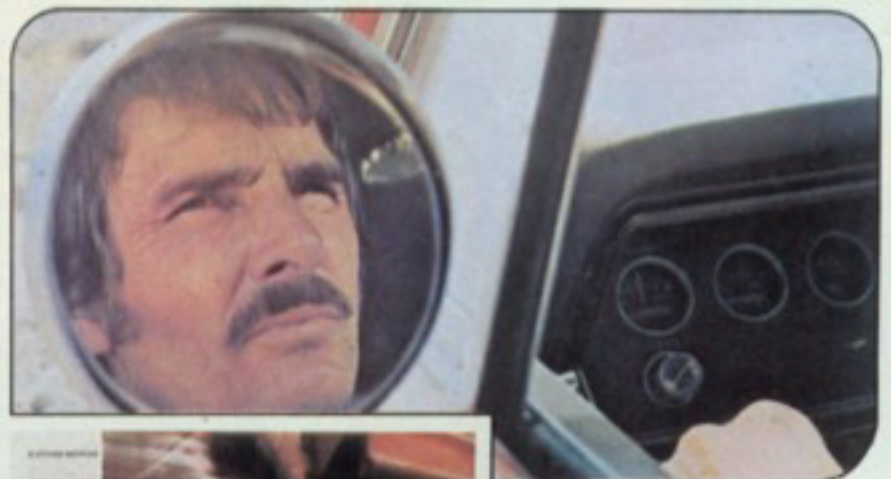
LOOK UNDERWATER FOR KYMBERLY

Sea & Sea USA, makers of underwater-camera equipment, snapped our scuba-diving March 1981 Playmate Kymberly Herrin sans aqua lung for a breath-taking poster, above. Scuba-doo.

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

The fact that our cover price makes us a considerably better deal than most feature films hasn't kept film makers from perusing our table of contents for ideas. Here's some proof—three films based on work that first saw light in *PLAYBOY*. Below left, Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson appear in a poster for the Universal film *Stroker Ace*, based on the October 1973 story *I Lost It in the Second Turn*, by "Stroker Ace," nom de plume of authors William Neely and Bob Ottum.

Below right, Roger Moore as James Bond amid (from left) Gillian de Terville, Carolyn Seaward, Mary Stavin, Carole Ashby and Tina Robinson in a scene from MGM/UA's *Octopussy* (see 007 pictorial elsewhere in this issue). Its underpinnings were Ian Fleming's two-part story of that title in March and April 1966 and Fleming's *The Property of a Lady*, which ran in the January 1964 *PLAYBOY*.

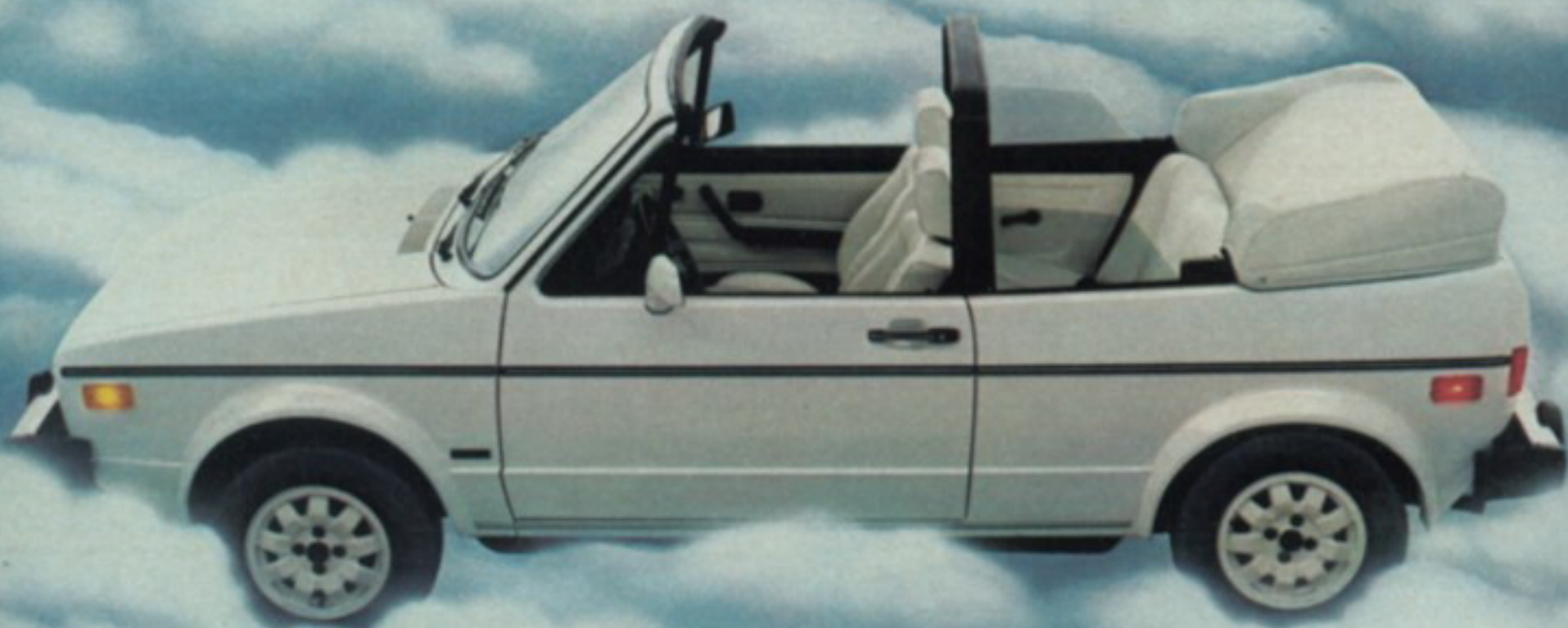


Director Steven Spielberg's maiden movie, *Duel*, starring Dennis Weaver, was originally made for TV but was released to movie theaters this spring. You guessed it: *Duel* appeared here previously, as a story by Richard Matheson in April 1971.









*\$10,945. Mfr's sugg. retail price includes a 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Transp., tax, license, dealer prep add'l.

Introducing the Wolfsburg Limited Edition Convertible. It's a German engineer's idea of heaven.

What could be more heavenly than a Volkswagen Convertible equipped the way this one is?

Just take a look inside.

The seats are our special sports seats that wrap around you and help hold you in.

(We had the seat fabric specially designed just for this car.)

Doors and door panels are white. The steering wheel is leather. And the transmission is our smooth five-speed manual gearbox.

It has four white alloy wheels.

And on top there's a white top: it's hand fitted, triple layered, and almost noiseproof.

But the real magic isn't anything

you can see. It's the precise control we engineer into every part of every VW.

There will be but a limited number of these remarkable cars built, so visit your VW dealer soon.

Heaven won't wait.

Seatbelts save lives.



Nothing else is a Volkswagen



Rowland
Wilson

THE SPY THEY LOVE TO LOVE

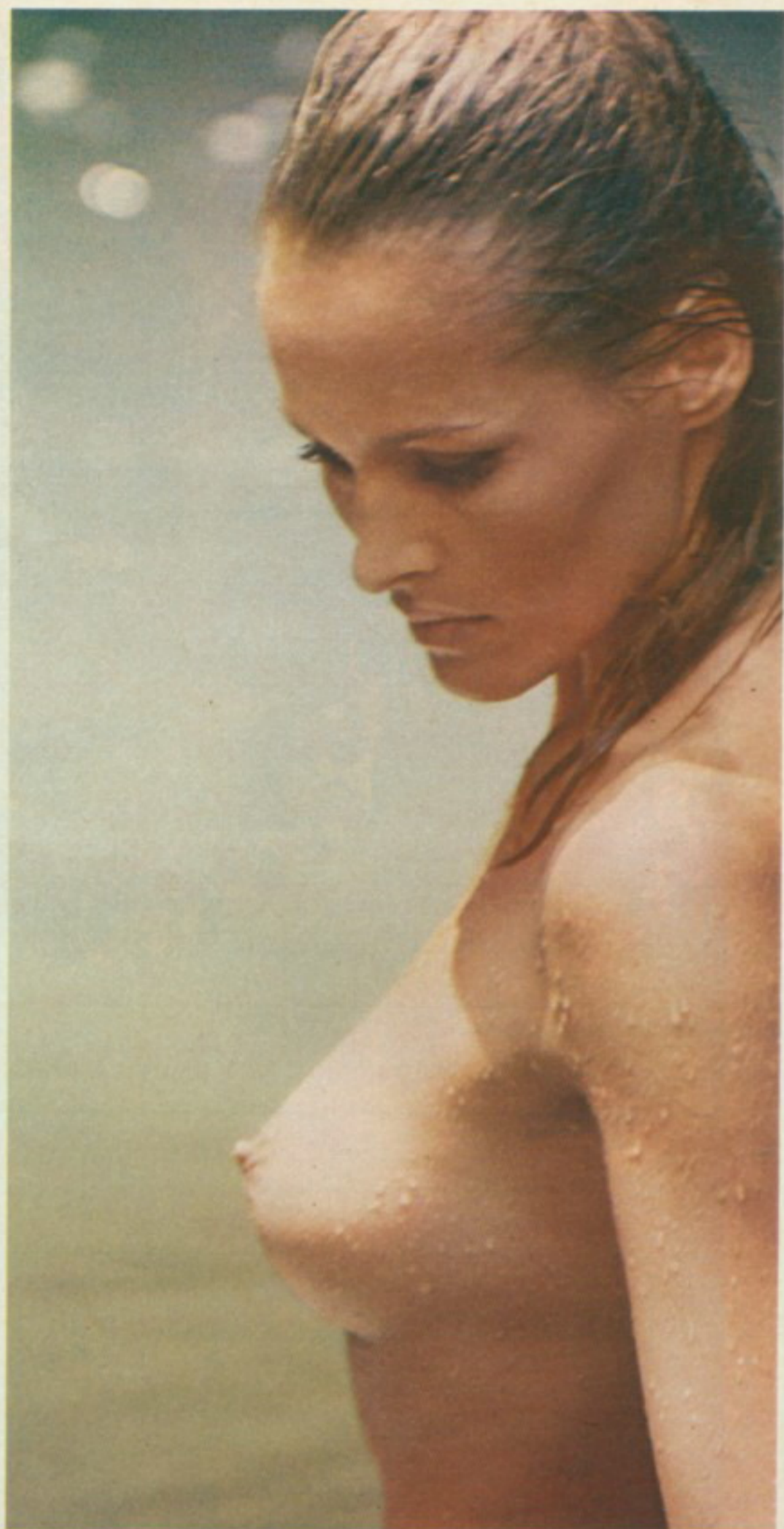


*a tribute to 007's
beauties of the past—
and a look at those you'll
be seeing this year*

UNLESS, LIKE Rip van Winkle, you're just coming up for air after an extremely long nap, you're already aware that there'll be two James Bond movies vying for screen space in 1983. It's been 20 years since Sean Connery quaffed his first vodka martini ("Shaken, not stirred") in *Dr. No*, ten since Roger Moore took over with *Live and Let Die*. Rumor has it that Moore's kid thinks Connery is the real Bond. You can cast your own vote at the box office: Will it be Moore and Maud Adams in *Octopussy* or Connery, Barbara Carrera and Kim Basinger in *Never Say Never Again*?

At PLAYBOY, we've always felt a special affinity with Bond; you originally read several of Ian Fleming's thrillers in our pages. In this pictorial celebration, we recall the beauties of Bond's past, salute the newly arrived—and test your B.Q. (Bond quotient) with a quiz.

If you think you've seen some of these ladies on PLAYBOY's pages before, you're right. Among our earlier belles-of-Bond tributes (below): cover stories in November 1965 (left), July 1979 (right).



First of the spectacularly successful James Bond movies was *Dr. No* (left), a 1963 release starring Sean Connery as Agent 007, the spy with a license to kill, and the incomparable Ursula Andress (re-peated above), as a sweet young Jamaican girl by the name of Honeychile Rider. She reminded Bond of Botticelli's famed Venus.

From *Russia with Love*, which came out in 1964, brought us Daniela Bianchi (below), as Corporal of State Security Tatiana Romanova, the girl on a mission from Moscow who fell for Bond. At right, the lady who has always been in Bond's corner: M's assistant, Miss Moneypenny (Lois Maxwell).



Shirley Eaton was the unfortunate whose gilt trip was her undoing in *Goldfinger* (1964). Connery, again as Bond, got there too late to rescue those golden globes. Fresh from a roll in the hay, at right, is Honor Blackman, as the naughty lady who bore Fleming's most inspired moniker: Pussy Galore. At bottom right: Margaret Nolan, who gave Connery a poolside rubdown in *Goldfinger*.



One thing that struck us while taking this trip down the memory lane of our Bond files was how much time 007 spent having his back rubbed. There's one such scene in nearly every flick. Below, Connery and Claudine Auger in a poster for 1965's *Thunderball* that showed more Sean than usual.





Fleming's novel *You Only Live Twice* was first published in *PLAYBOY* in 1964 (above); 1967's film featured Mie Hama (left), as Kissy Suzuki, Bond's diving-girl bride; Akiko Wakabayashi (below, with Connery), as Aki, secretary to top spy Tiger Tanaka (later done in by a poisoned thread), and Hisako Katakura (right), merely a passing fancy.



Diamonds Are Forever, in 1971, was Connery's first return to Bondage. He swore he'd chucked the role after making *You Only Live Twice*, and the 007 film for 1969, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* (also based on a thriller that premiered in *PLAYBOY*, back in 1963), starred George Lazenby. Lazenby actually looked more like the Bond described by Fleming, but audiences couldn't accept him and Connery was rehired. Below and bottom left, he gambols in Vegas with Jill St. John, as Tiffany Case, and catches up on his reading in the tub. Hard to believe he was once a chorus boy in *South Pacific*. Below center and right, we bring you better looks at St. John and at Lana Wood, who played a brief Bond interest, Plenty O'Toole.





The Man with the Golden Gun appeared in *PLAYBOY*'s pages in 1965 (above) and reached the screen, again with Moore, in 1974. Bond was fetchingly flanked (below) by Maud Adams (left), as Andrea, mistress of Scaramanga—the titular guy with the gat, played by Christopher Lee—and by Britt Ekland, as secretary Mary Goodnight (right). For ten points, name another Golden Gun villain. (Answer: Hervé "Tattoo" Villechaize.)



Roger Moore made his bow as Bond in 1973's *Live and Let Die*, in which Jane Seymour, as Solitaire (above), refused to let her spirits be dampened by the machinations of the villainous Mr. Big (Yaphet Kotto). Also in Bond's bed, albeit not for long (left), was former New York City Playboy Club Bunny Gloria Hendry. There's a more glorious view of Gloria below.





The *Spy Who Loved Me*, released in 1977, introduced Bond (Moore again) to Major Anya Amasova, played by the beautiful Barbara Bach (left). There was a Fleming book titled *The Spy Who Loved Me*, but it had jolly little to do with the film. Neither did the picture below of Miss Bach, except that it does depict Bondage. The film makers used their imagination, and so did famed photographer David Bailey, who shot Bach for a *PLAYBOY* layout.



Moonraker, which was launched onto the world's screens in 1979, teamed Moore with Lois Chiles (left), as Holly Goodhead. Hers, as far as we can tell, is not a name that sprung from Fleming's pen. Although he was surrounded by a batch of Bond beauties (right), Moore ended up making it in weightlessness with the chilly Chiles. Unfortunately for Bond fans, Corinne Cléry (far right), a far more *simpatica* performer in the role of a helicopter pilot for bad guy Hugo Drax, got bumped off early in the flick. The movie Drax, played by Michael Lonsdale, wanted to breed a master race in space; in the book, he was a rocketeer who cheated at cards at a private London club.



For Your Eyes Only, which came our way in 1981, showcased (from left) Max Vesterhalt, Kim Mills and *PLAYBOY*'s Be a James Bond Girl contest winner Robbin Young in minor roles and, as an ersatz countess, Cassandra Harris (with Moore below). Carole Bouquet was the leading Bondswoman in the movie, in case you'd forgotten. (Among the five short stories constituting the book *For Your Eyes Only*—no relation to the movie—was one, *The Hildebrand Rarity*, from *PLAYBOY*, March 1960. It was, in fact, Bond's debut in our pages.)



Octopussy came out as a two-part novelette in *PLAYBOY* (right) in March and April 1966, two years after the author's death. The movie *Octopussy* also draws from another Fleming story, *The Property of a Lady*, which ran in *PLAYBOY*'s January 1964 issue. Roger Moore returns as Bond; his principal adversary, Octopussy, is played by Maud Adams (below). She heads an all-girl army, which sounds promising. Also involved: a traveling circus, Fabergé eggs and nuclear terrorism.



The title *Never Say Never Again* is an obvious play on the repeated retirements of this film's star, Sean Connery, from the cinematic Secret Service. Nonetheless, here he is again, back in the saddle with newcomer Kim Basinger (below and bottom) and the exotically lovely Barbara Carrera (right). This picture is loosely based on *Thunderball* and has Connery playing Bond at his own age (52), Basinger reprising the Domino role and Carrera as 007's sultry archnemesi, Fatima.









SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS

can a hometown girl find happiness in her own home town? she can if, like ruth guerri, she's got the right stuff

HANGING OUT with Ruth Guerri is a tonic. If she were bottled, the label would say, DR. GUERRI'S ELIXIR—CHEERS YOU UP, MELLOWS YOU OUT; GETS THE BLOOD FLOWING AND QUICKENS THE PULSE; FEEL FREE TO O.D.

Just looking at Ruth makes you want to blow the rent on a boxcar of ice cream. She's a threat to clear thinking, an invitation to irresponsibility.

How can such a girl make a living? Why, by modeling, of course—which is what she's been doing for the past seven



ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG/STEPHEN WAYDA



"When you're modeling, you get caught up in it all. You see the pictures in your head and you push yourself to the limit, doing the best you can and often risking life and limb just for a perfect picture."

During our shooting of Ruth on horseback (below), leaves blew up from the track, spooking the horse. Her head went down and Ruth flew off, barely missing being crushed by the animal. "I was on the ground and they were still taking pictures! I had to get back on so we wouldn't miss the right shot. I didn't even feel it until later on that evening. I was shaken up and I had a few bruises, but I was OK."



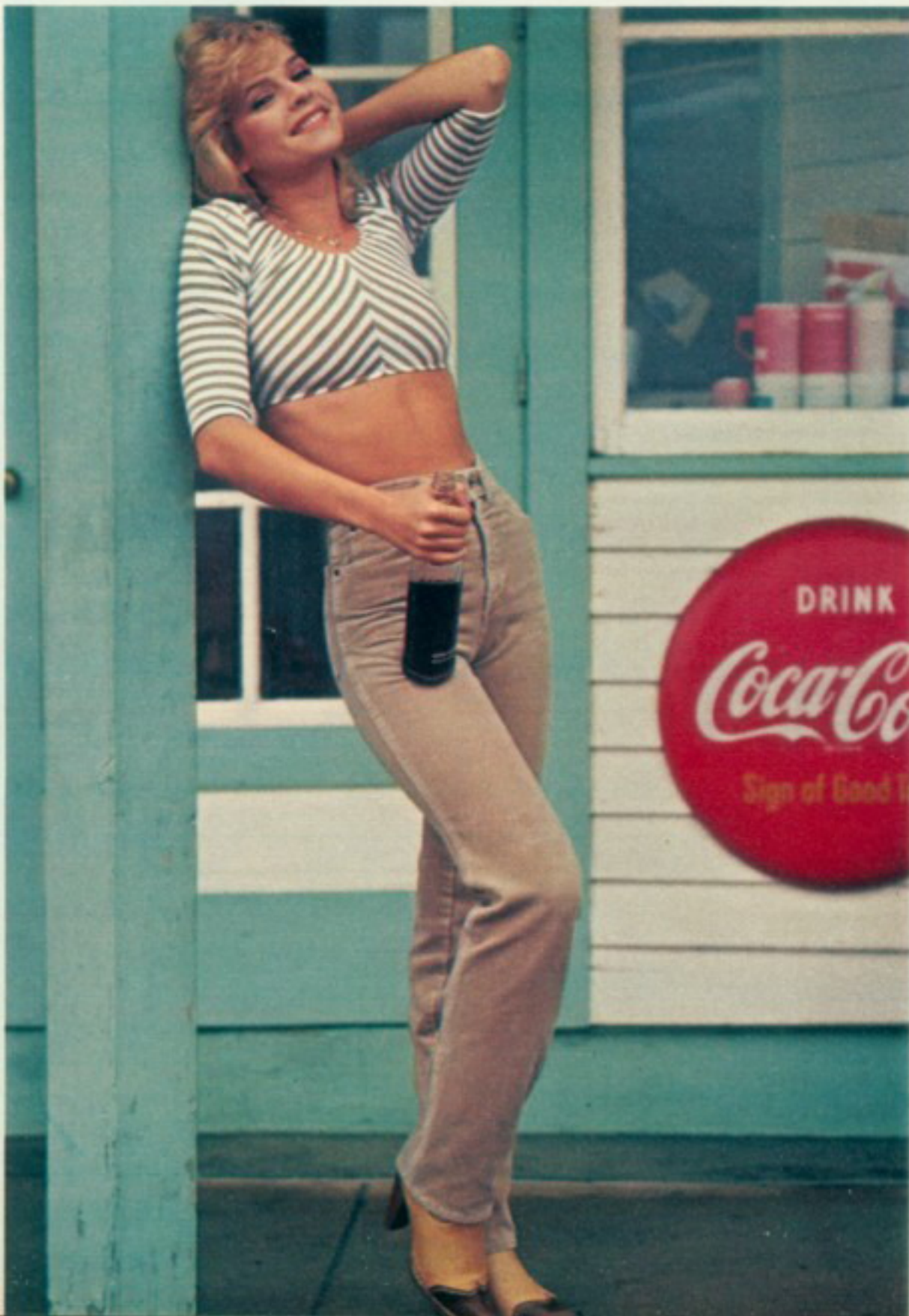
years in and around her home town of St. Louis. She got the bug right after high school. A brief foray into clerical work convinced her: "Nine to five I could not do. I found myself coming in late and leaving early. I just couldn't spend eight hours a day in an office when it was so beautiful outside." Her longevity in the modeling

business is remarkable, especially since she works out of St. Louis, a relatively small market. Luckily, a while ago she found an angel named Anheuser-Busch, from which she gets many assignments, mostly catalog and promotional work. Still, at 26, she is at the upper edge of her professional life.

"Most of the ads in St. Louis require a young look," Ruth says. "When I scrub down, I can look 16, but soon somebody is going to come to me and say, 'Now, Ruth, you're 35; you can't pass for 16 anymore.' Before that happens, I'd like to get out gracefully. I'd like to have some kind of little business of my own. Right now, I'm thinking



High above St. Louis at six in the morning, Ruth circles the Gatefold—er, Gateway—Arch in the Busch hot-air balloon. She descends and deflates (above right) in time for a quick soft drink (below) before heading for a modeling assignment (below right). A St. Louis native, she says, "It's a very friendly town. I do enjoy traveling, but I think I'd always like to keep a base in St. Louis; there's a warm feeling here."



about a bar/restaurant in midtown. I've been talking to some people and it just may come together."

As a child, Ruth was a tomboy. With two brothers, she had to be. She developed fearlessness and athleticism, not to mention a finely toned body. She keeps it that way with the help of a horse or two.

"I have one race horse now. There were two, but we had to take one of them off the track because of a bad leg. So I found myself breaking a race horse in to a riding horse. It's great exercise. I had to do it on a jockey saddle because the horse just wasn't used to the weight of a Western. A jockey saddle is really just a piece of leather, and the stirrups are right up around the horse's neck. I fell off a lot! She's a good horse. The best she ever did was third place, (text concluded on page 114)







What's the life of a model from Missouri? "I usually have about three bookings a week. The rest of the time, I just kind of keep myself on ice so that I'm available for anything else that comes up. That's frustrating for me, because I really have no patience."





"For as long as I can remember having relationships with men, I've looked for one that would last forever, like in the romantic novels I read as a little girl. I decided I would try for that, however long it took. I still believe in it. I don't sit around waiting, but I do think it exists."



though, and she usually went off at about 75 to one. She made a great tax shelter!" As a horse trader, Ruth makes a good model. "I tend to look at how pretty the horse is rather than at conformation," she admits, then quips, "I want a perfect horse. I've seen pictures of Secretariat, so I know what a perfect horse is!" Keeping active keeps Ruth happy—and wonderfully optimistic. Her free time is spent decorating her house in the woods or putting in time on a '76 Eldorado she is helping to restore. When she feels down, her remedy is to chastise herself: "Now, Ruth, you're being

silly; you've got a lot going for yourself, so snap out of it. "You have to pull yourself out of a depression," she advises. "You can't depend on someone else to do it. I like to cook, so I'll pull out a cookbook and look for something really outrageous to prepare. Or I'll buy make-up or wash the car or put rubber snakes in the mailbox for my boyfriend. Anything but sitting around doing nothing. If you accomplish something, you just naturally feel better." Good advice, to be sure. But for our part, we find things get a whole lot better when we're around Dr. Guerri.



"I've been working for a long time now. I think I could live away from people for a year or so—maybe go island hopping in the Caribbean, sell sea shells or sling drinks for a living, then come back and be very happy. I know that probably sounds irresponsible of me, but it would be fun."

"You have to sift through what people are saying, what they're promising or offering you. I used to be very naïve. I trusted everyone and thought that deep down, everyone was good, but I found out that isn't true. I guess learning that lesson is just a matter of gaining a little maturity."



MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Ruth Guerri

BUST: 35 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 2/12/58 BIRTHPLACE: St. Louis Mo.

AMBITIONS: To be really happy in what I choose to do in my career

TURN-ONS: T. Spring, Good music, Picnics, Thunderstorms

TURN-OFFS: Crowds, Dishonesty, Smoking, Marring

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Graduate, Murder on the Orient Express, What's Up, Doc?

FAVORITE FOODS: Barbecue, Escargots, pasta, Hot dogs, Frost Loops

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Edgar Allan Poe, John Irving

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Burton Cummings, Steely Dan, The Police, Pat Benatar

IDEAL EVENING: A quiet, cozy evening at home with a home-cooked meal, candles, a fire, Champagne and, of course, my favorite men.
 1 yr. 5 yrs. 13 yrs. ♂



My real birthday suit!

My June Cleaver pearls!

Perpermanent!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Let's go topside now," suggested the wealthy yachtsman after an intensive bout of lovemaking in the cabin.

"Anything you want, commodore," purred the callgirl, "but first, I'd really like to get some air."

Sure, Pedrito, you were awarded the bull's ears, tail, horns and hooves in the arena today," the matador's wife shrilled at him, "but next time, ask the judges for the part you could *really* use!"



I have the strangest feeling that we've done this before," the girl remarked to the fellow she'd acquired at the singles bar.

"So do I," the bed partner agreed. "It's a phenomenon known as *déjà blew*."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hokeypokey* as a special lockup for transvestites.

A conceited young flasher named Wier Always leers as he makes his thing clear.

There are viewers who drool
At the size of his tool,
So possession's nine tenths of the leer.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *petroleum jelly* as a sport coating.

Because there may be future cutbacks in benefits," the man told his wife, "I stopped by Social Security today to check out my situation. They'd misplaced my file, but I convinced them I was old enough to qualify for retirement in the near future by unbuttoning my shirt and displaying the white hair on my chest."

"You're a blundering fool!" snarled his wife. "If only you'd thought to drop your pants and shorts, you could have qualified for immediate disability!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vasectomy tie-off* as a lover's knot.

I became pregnant and had to have an abortion," the client told her handsome attorney, "because of a defective diaphragm."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Well," the woman murmured, "you could start by revisiting the scene of the accident."

And then there was the naïve preppie who thought that the G spot was the place on her polo shirt where the gator was sewn.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *penis* as a bone of contentment.

Dietary warning: It's perfectly safe to suck a Florida orange, but when you suck a California one, it sometimes sucks back!

A beach boy who loved to have fun
Kept screwing a girl in the sun.

While his ass, being bare,
Cooked to medium rare,
The girl kept exclaiming, "Well done!"

With all the male singles moving in," one older apartment dweller remarked to another, "this building is going condom!"

Two swishy roommates who had had a falling-out were berating each other. "You can kiss my ass goodbye!" hissed one.

"And you," hissed back the other, "can bid my tush buns *voyage*!"



I was interviewed in depth this afternoon for a secretarial job," the girl told her roommate.

"What does that mean? For more than an hour, maybe?"

"No. By more than seven inches."

Among the saddest losers we've heard of recently is a tourist who contracted herpes from kissing the Blarney stone.

The hooker was indignant when her customer, after a blow job, suggested an old-fashioned bang. "Look, Mac," she said angrily, "I'm saving *that* for Mr. Right!"

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.



David Levine

*"You've satisfied my immediate needs. Now I feel
the kitchen needs painting."*

EROGENOUS PARTS
 A PORTFOLIO
 BY FRANCIS
Giacobetti

join us on a world-class photographer's
 tour of women's sexual geography

The Strongest None the idea
 has to be started when very excited
 slowly at first then stronger and stronger
 its maximum pleasure when that come 100%
 PS Can be torqued also

Notes: Before to create me
Dancing with the same rhythm of 10%
Making love
After for tenderness 100%

Strong language
from me on 90%

Breast
Have to be squeezed while
Having Orgasm 90%

APPROVED

APPROVED

APPROVED

APPROVED



THE FRENCH ARE DIFFERENT from the rest of us. First of all, they dress better. They also talk faster and move their hands a lot. Their jobs allow them to spend most of the afternoon in smoky cafés, where it takes them an hour to drink a tiny cup of coffee. The worst thing a French-

man can do is lose an argument. The best thing a Frenchman can do is think about women. This he does all the time. Thinking about women takes on a sacred dimension for him. Much of the French language is used to describe the intricacies of women: how they walk, how they look when draped in clothes, how they might look without them. Frenchmen know from a very early age that women are going to occupy most of their waking hours and some of their sleeping hours as well. It goes with the territory. Francis Giacobetti's name doesn't sound French, but the person who owns it is relentlessly Gallic in his tastes. And he has adopted his adopted country's obsession with women. (Note his remarks on the pictures below. He does not treat his subject lightly.) Unlike most Frenchmen and most Americans, Giacobetti can indulge his interest and get paid for it. That's because he's a photographer—one who continually redefines what film can say about women and who discovers which of their secrets can be coaxed to show up on emulsion. His experiments established the pictorial style of France's *Lui* magazine. And then he turned to the movie camera and directed *Emmanuelle, the Joys of a Woman*. We asked him to describe what it is he does and he replied, "I take pictures of thousands of women with not many clothes on them and I steal from them tenths of seconds and sometimes a little part of their lives. They become my most beautiful trips and my softest landscapes." He takes his work seriously. Turn the page and see.

Clitoris
To be touched gently
"s'il vous plaît"
and with the mouth too
90%

APPROVED

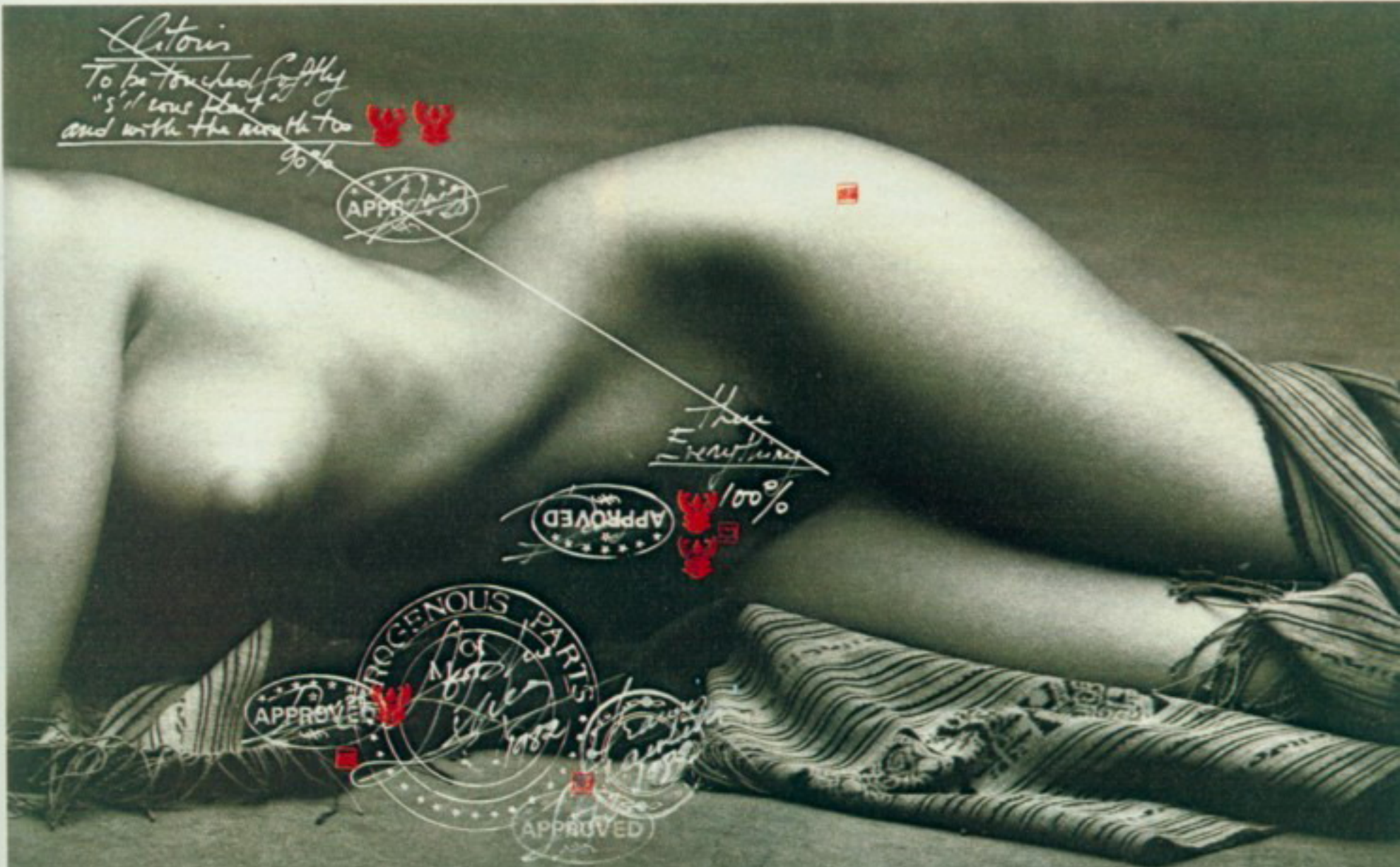
then
the
heart
100%

APPROVED

PROGENOUS PARIS
of
1978

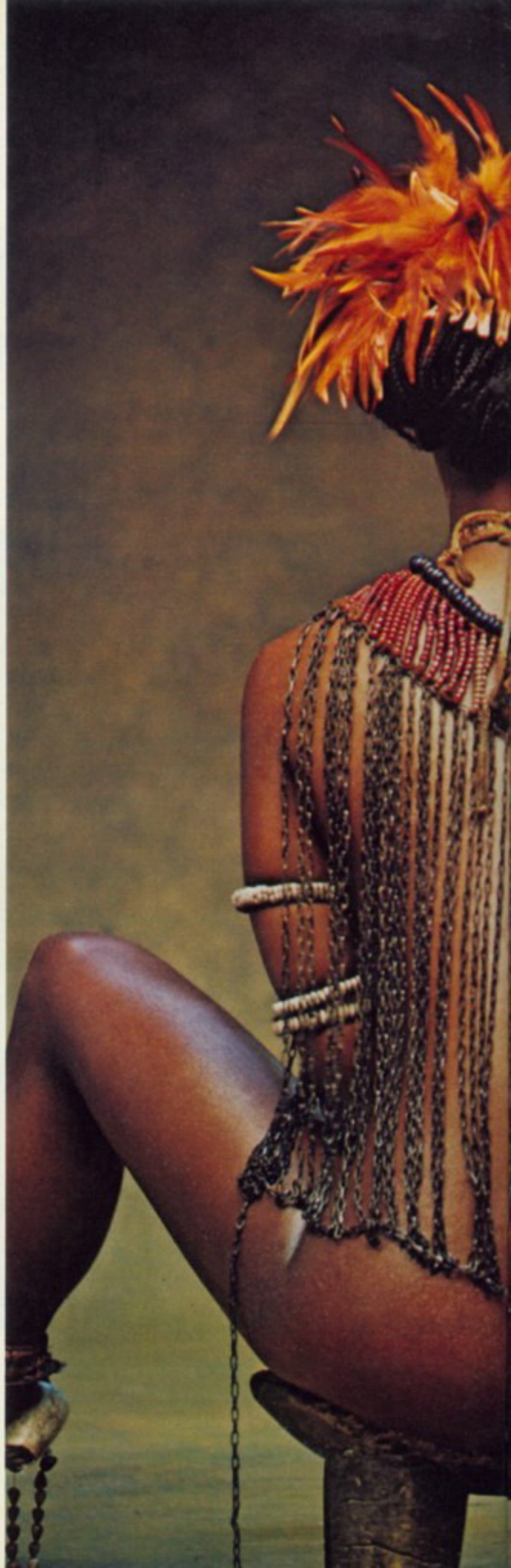
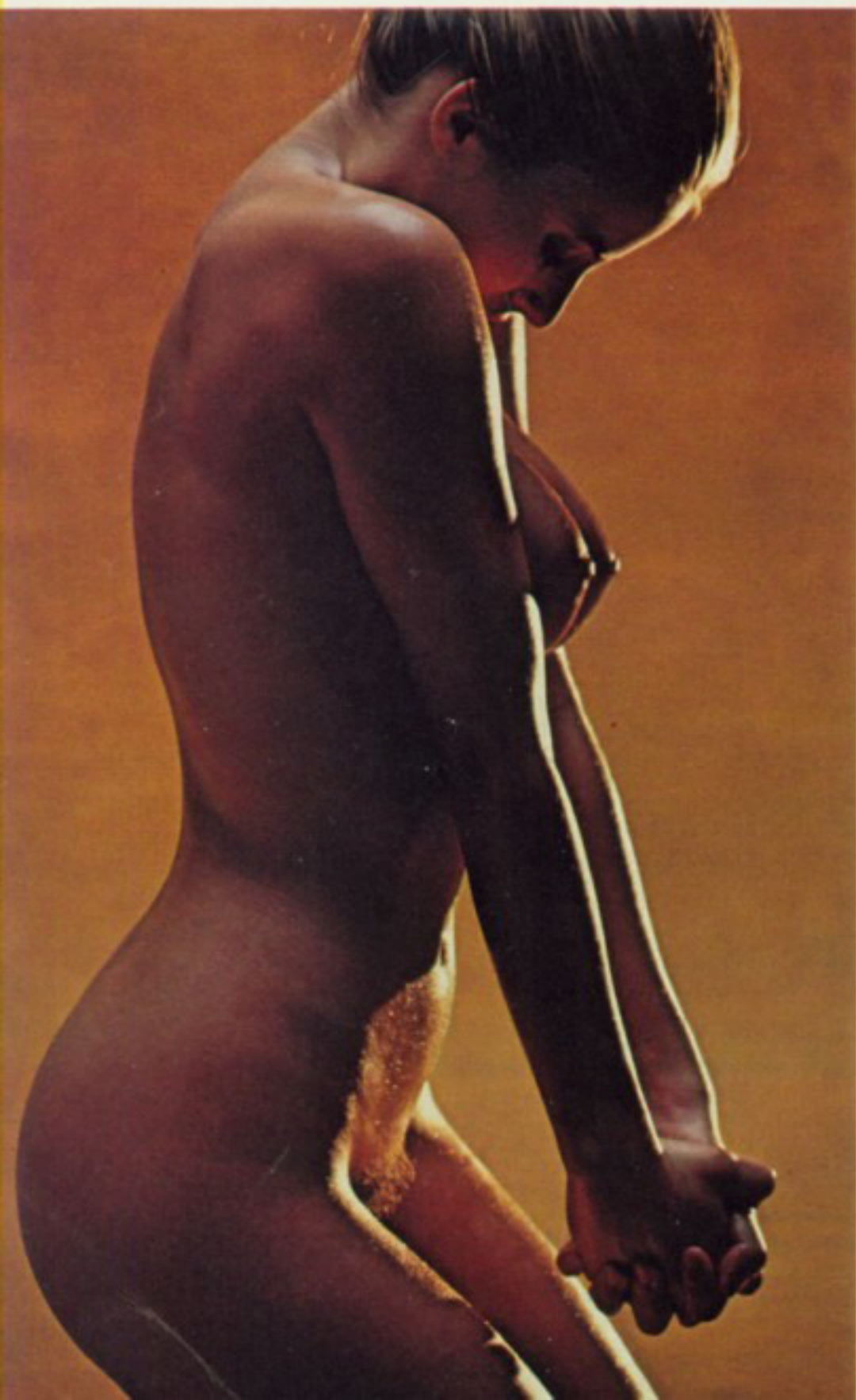
APPROVED

APPROVED





Above, Giacobetti considers his own Afghan invasion. Actually, he finds veiled women more inviting than threatening. Below, a bodybuilder extends our understanding of the word taut. In the center, Giacobetti explains, "It is not the idea of exoticism; it is the idea of virginity and making love with one's instinct." Unlike garbled sentences, some photos don't require translation.





Above, the Afghan rebel opens a dialog with the non-Moslem world. Giacobetti says, "I know it is forbidden. I know it is a sin, but I have always wanted to sin." Below, Giacobetti looks for jewels everywhere. And apparently, they show up in unusual places. At bottom, Giacobetti dresses his model in his own clothes. We're sure they look much better on her.





"I like women and I like them to like women," Giacobetti says. We're not sure women spend this amount of time going over one another's garments (above) looking for labels, but he's onto something here. Women make friends quickly, and they tell one another all their secrets. Men like to listen in.





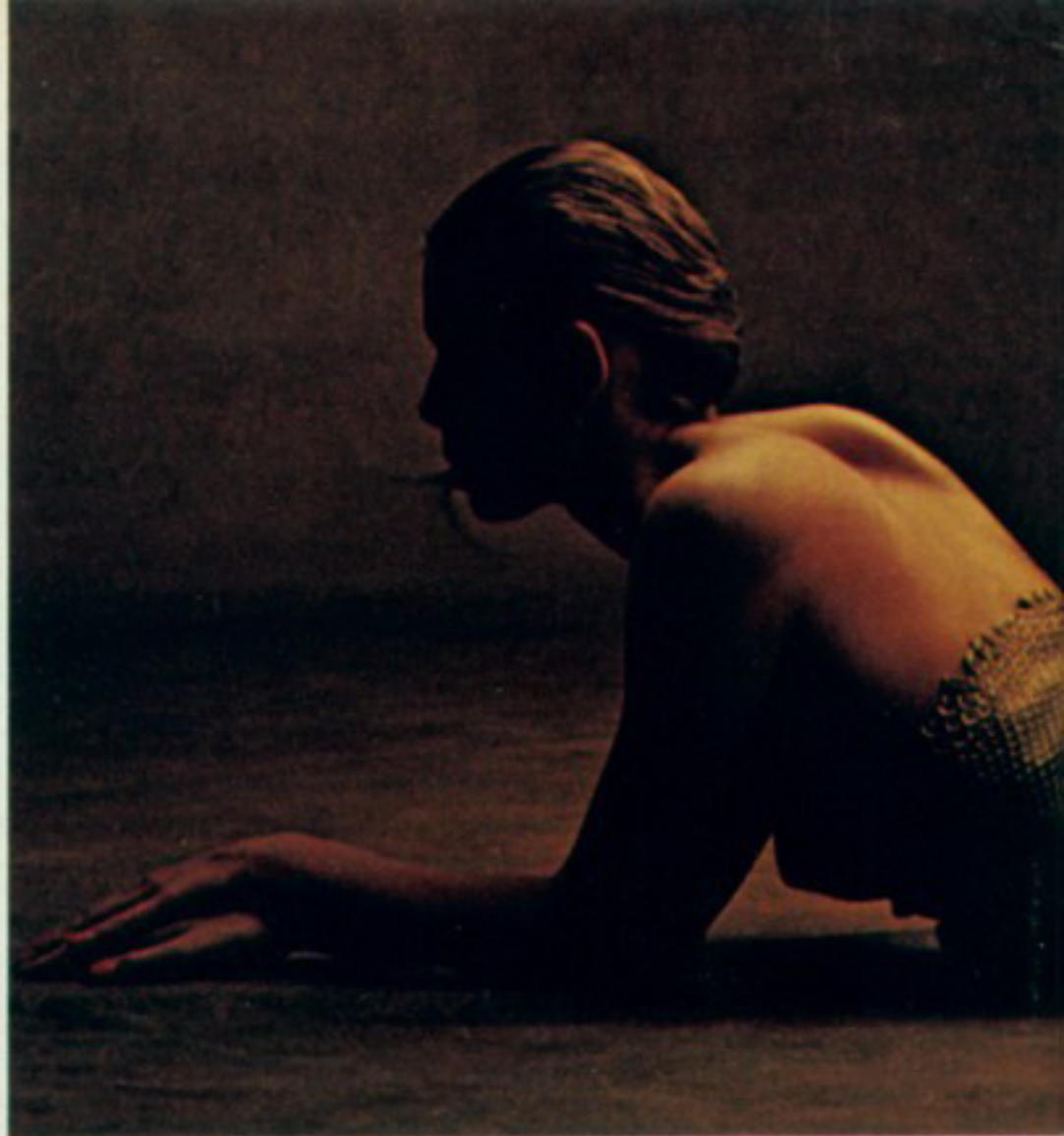
It is arguable that all musical instruments are feminine. This bass clarinet (below) caught Giacobetti's eye and started a whole slew of visual possibilities. He says, "I like love. I like music and I like women who make love with music." Yes, and to paraphrase Randy Newman, "You can leave your shoes on."

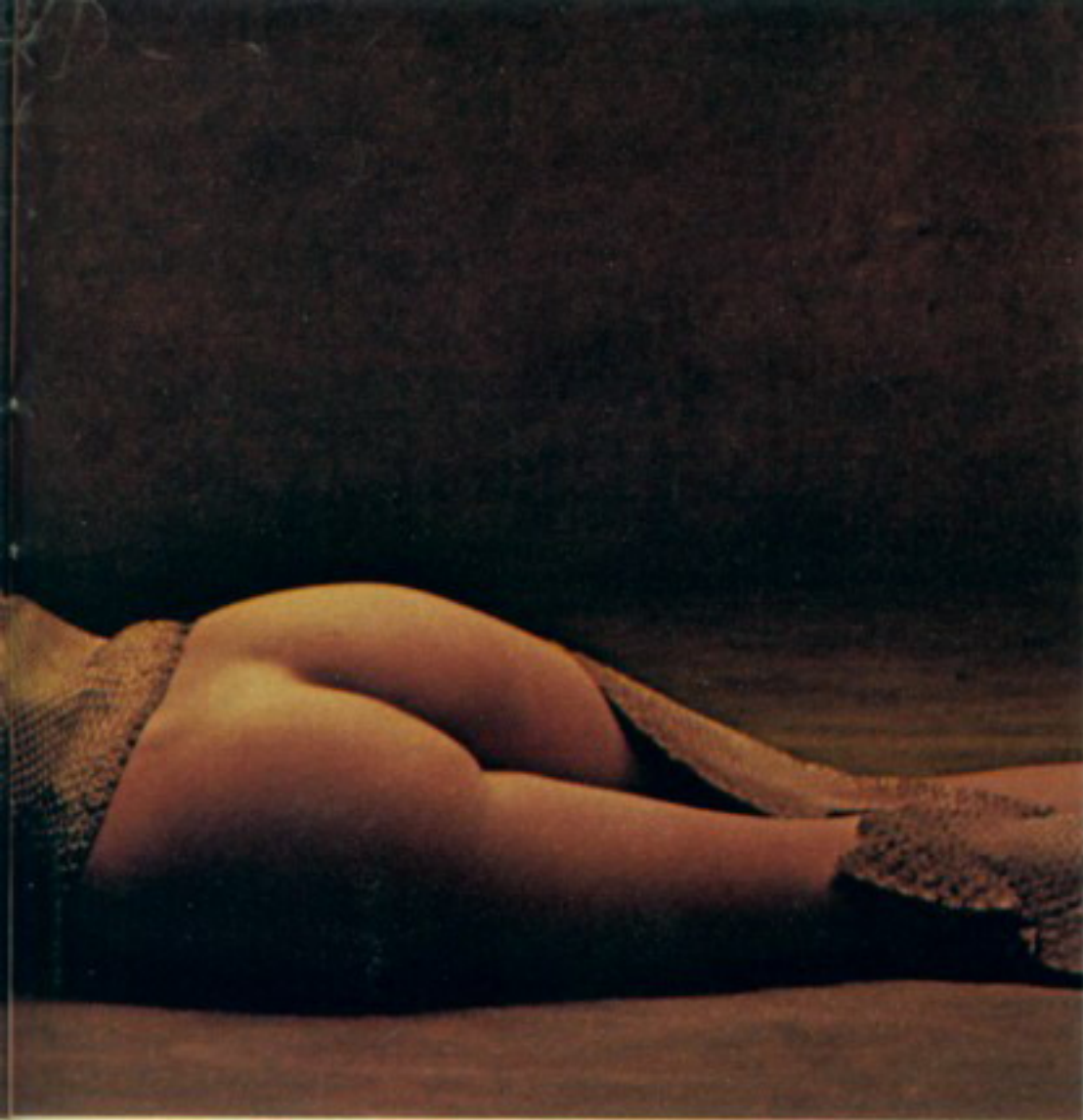




Women are full of surprises. They can be one thing on the outside and something else on the inside. Consider the woman above. Consider her clothes—how their colors and their textures complement her hair and her skin. You might not suspect that she would raise her skirt and show you what's underneath. But that's exactly what she does. To Giacobetti, she's "never quite a woman, still a little girl."

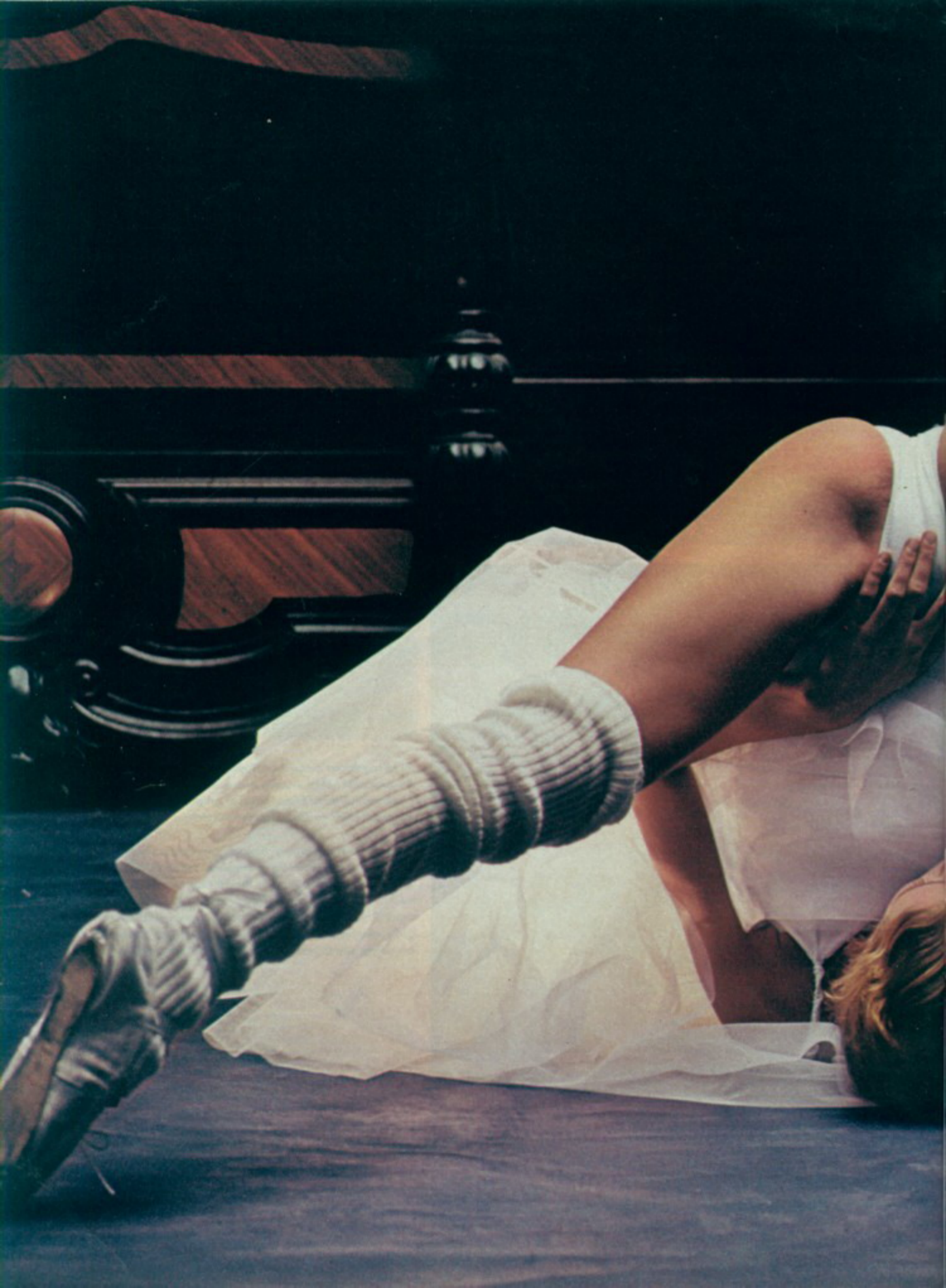
Above right, Giacobetti toys with the notion of the woman as snake. "The tongue is the kiss," he tells us. "It is the most important thing, because it is for love and tenderness. But they say women are all vipers." We don't think she'd bite.





At left, a variation on the serpent theme. Some women have tongues and some women have tongues. That's how they can form words and foster lasting relationships. This woman is very active in Giacobetti's imagination. And in ours.

On the next page, a dancer prepares. Giacobetti is charmed by the contrasts of crinoline and leg warmers, elegance and obviousness. He thought about this picture and said in a language not his own, "Here, rigorousness looks natural; naturalness looks like a young girl; and the young girl looks like a caress." That's the sound of a Frenchman brooding about women and how we succumb to them.







PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

CLUB TO BEAT

Instead of whaling the bejesus out of your favorite driver the next time your golf game suffers in the rough, simply haul out your Wildwood Club and make like the Marquis de Sade. You can pound a Wildwood, bite it or stick it into a tree and the damn thing keeps coming back for more. (No, it doesn't walk on water.) And Wildwood's price is also tough to beat—it's \$29.95, postpaid, sent to StamShak Inc., 14242 N.W. Seventh Avenue, Miami, Florida 33168. Being weighted, your Wildwood is a great warm-up club, too.



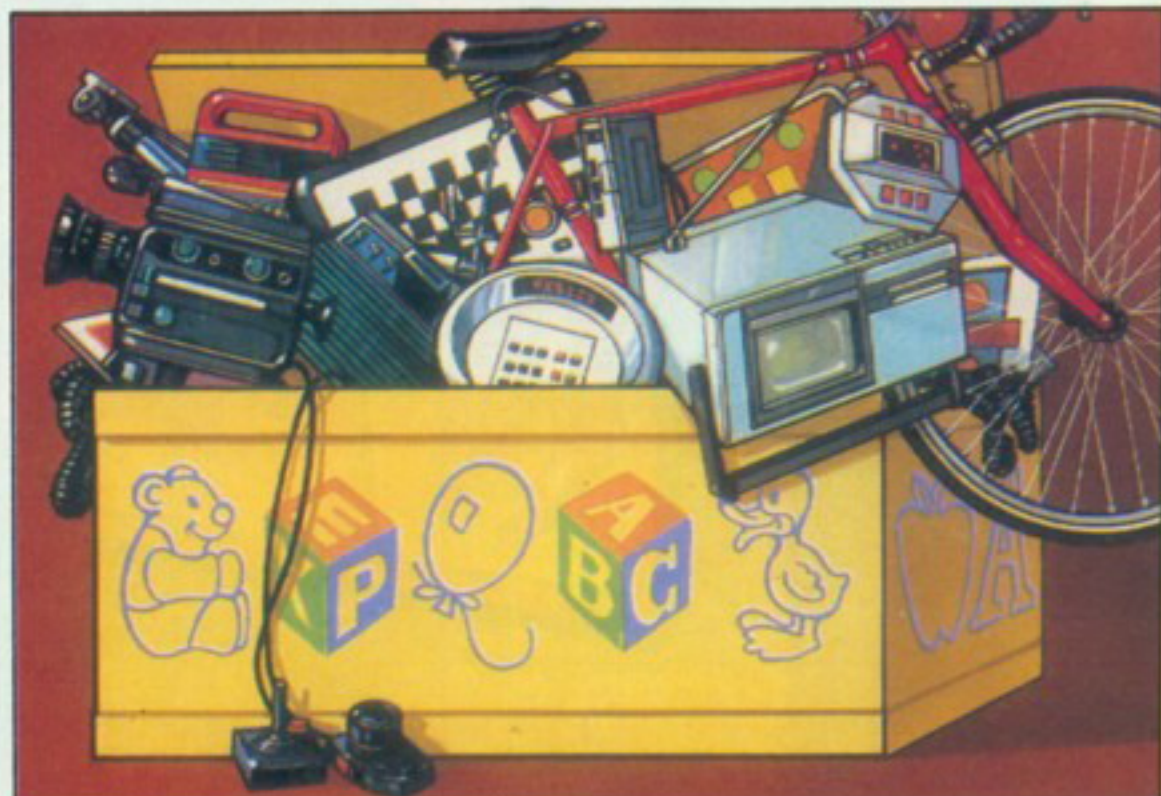
HOME IS THE SAILOR

If your idea of a big night on the town is to go down to the docks and watch sailors practice tying knots, then *Sea Heritage News*, a quarterly tabloid newspaper crammed with the lore and lure of the briny, may be right up your hornpipe. Twenty-five dollars sent to the *News* at 254-26 75th Avenue, Glen Oaks, New York 11004, gets you a subscription, a marine print, a cassette of sea chanties and—get this, skipper—a scroll proclaiming you a lieutenant commander in the *S.H.* fleet.



WEATHERING HEIGHTS

Ever since Bogey and the boys got together at Rick's Café Americain in *Casablanca*, the ceiling fan has been synonymous with a more easygoing era, when you were cooled by paddle blades rather than blasted by air conditioning. There are plenty of ceiling-fan manufacturers around, but Airmaster Fan Company, 150 W. North Street, Jackson, Michigan 49202, is the only one we know that makes an outdoor model that's designed to be used over hot tubs or anywhere you want to keep cool and beat the weather, too. The price of an Autumaire outdoor fan—as shown here sharing this young lady's shower—is only \$145 F.O.B. the Airmaster factory. That's a breeze.



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

As Ed McMahon would say, *everything* you ever could possibly want is in *The Complete Book of Adult Toys* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), an oversize \$12.95 softcover that authors David Lachenbruch and Craig Norback have crammed with sources for a variety of stuff from a brass, personalized chewing-gum holder (\$18) to a Piper AeroStar 602P (\$376,860) that can fly 1300 miles between refueling stops. Our hard-boiled favorite is an egg peeler that Hammacher Schlemmer in New York sells for \$10. Eggs extra.

RING IN THE NEW

When the phone rings at the Belcaro Barbershop in Denver, the customers and cutters hear *Shave and a Haircut*. And at Allyn's Bridal Store, the phone comes alive to the *Wedding March*. Those are just two of 30 tunes—from *Charge!* to *O Canada*—that a micro-processor gadget called Phone-Tunes plays once you've hooked it up. More good news: The price for silencing Ma Bell is only \$52.70 sent to Citation Marketing, 999 18th Street, Suite 1000, Denver 80202. That rings *our* chimes!



SUPERSPENDER SERVICE

Executives who loathe the tedious flight from New York to L.A. or San Francisco can now kiss their red eyes goodbye. FirstAir Airlines has inaugurated a flight plan in which about 20 biggies fly from coast to coast surrounded by all the corporate comforts of home. That includes four conference rooms, secretarial service, air-ground phone use, market reports, great food, a private landing/take-off area and more. The price? \$1500 per person one way. Way to fly!



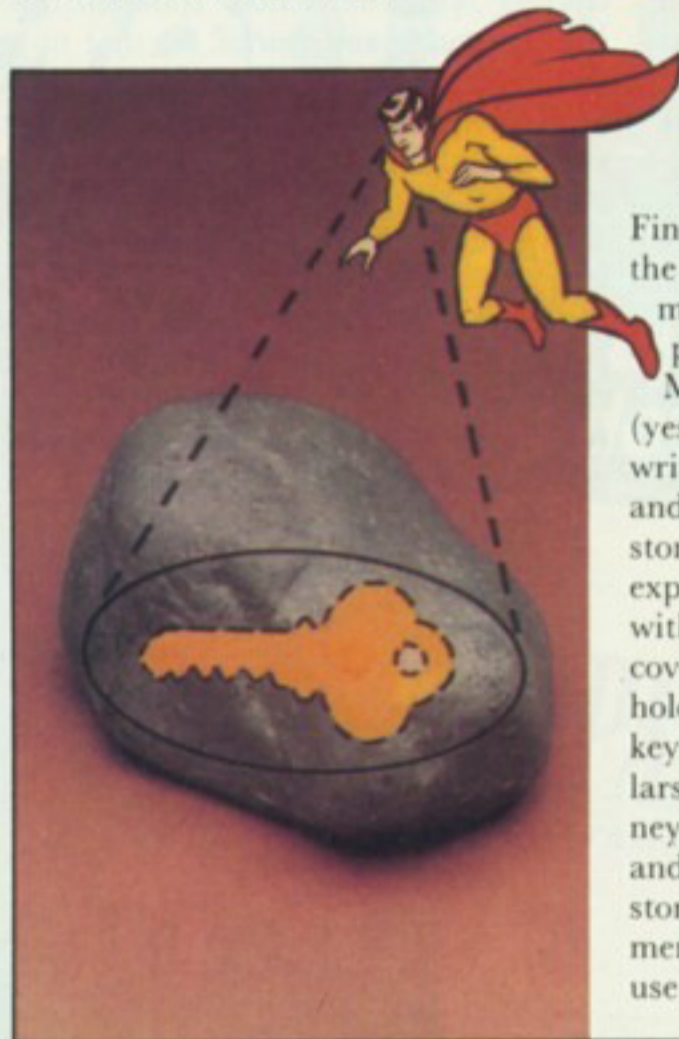
TENNIS PARTNER, ANYONE?

From the land of Saabs and Bjorn Borg comes Tennis Partner, a Swedish-made, weather-resistant, PVC-surfaced training aid that returns a ball to you at the same speed and the correct height to practice and improve serves, volleys, ground strokes and slam shots. Tennis Partner requires a space no larger than 13' x 8', so it goes anywhere from an apartment to a garage. And its \$299.95, postpaid, price (sent to Kassal Enterprises, P.O. Box 92, Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey 07604) isn't a ball buster, either.



ROCK AND A HIDING PLACE

Find a better hiding place for the house key than under the mat and the world will beat a path to your door. That's what Mary Ellen Pinkham has done (yes, she's the same lady who writes household-hint books) and her invention, The Keystone, is exactly what you'd expect it to be: a synthetic rock with a secret compartment covered by a tiny door that will hold as many as four spare keys. Keystones go for five dollars each at selected J. C. Penney's, Macy's, Bloomingdale's and other major department stores. If you live in an apartment building, you can always use it as a doorstop.



GOLDEN FLEECE

The *Goldbook*, a multilingual guide to the best of Beverly Hills, has already found its way into the sweaty palms of lotus land's needy rich. And all 162 gilt-edged pages can be yours, too, for \$35 (\$45 if you want the deluxe leather-bound edition) sent to The Goldbook, P.O. Box 11193, Beverly Hills, California 90213. If the \$1750 sterling-silver tennis-ball canister from Bulgari seems too paltry, there's Michael Landon's seven-bedroom "Little House" on more than seven acres overlooking Beverly Hills that's going for a mere \$13,000,000. That tallies up to just a million bucks a bathroom.



It's in His Kiss

You ask, "What can Kiss do for an encore?" Go back to what worked before, apparently. GENE SIMMONS has dusted off his old clothes, and, as you can see, everything still fits. Now, if he can locate the fog machine. . . .



SCOTT DOWNIE



© 1983 BETTY BURKE GALELLA

Randi's Dandy

You've seen actress RANDI BROOKS on TV a couple of times recently, as a bewitching but wicked witch in the *Wizards and Warriors* series and also with Stacy Keach in the CBS-TV movie *Murder Me, Murder You*. Our eyes are glued to Randi's . . . ah . . . career.



Punk Fu

Actress and former L.A. Rams cheerleader PATTY KOTERO and martial artist GREG PATSCHULL are making a film together described by Greg as "Rocky meets Bruce Lee and takes on the punk world." And you thought there were no new ideas left in Tinseltown!

DAVE SIEGEL

Let Your Fingers Do the Talking

Here we have **TERRI NUNN**, singer in the rock group **Berlin**, getting her tonsils palpated onstage. Berlin was involved in a controversy with radio stations over its song *Sex (I'm A)*. Terri explains: The song was improvised with Berliner John Crawford and was played for Terri's mom. Mom said that if they were going to sing that stuff, they ought to give it 100 percent. Since then, Nunn says, the radio protests have *made* fans for Berlin.



© 1983 PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE



What? We Worry?

These two guys are still busy after all these years. **PAUL MC CARTNEY** (left) is obviously cracking under the strain of producing his first film, *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, and **PHIL COLLINS** (right) wants you all to know that his fingers are ready to drum with Genesis again and then to go on tour with Robert Plant. It's reassuring to know that rock icons have a silly side.

© 1983 ROSS MARINO

A. NAVZET/GAMMA-LIAISON



Italian Art

Actress **ELEONORA VALLONE** (daughter of Raf) has signed to play Marlon Brando's sister in the film *Al Capone*. Not yet known in America, Vallone says she's apprehensive about acting with Brando, but "I love being afraid; it's the only thing that excites me." Just looking at her excites us.



FOOTBALL



DANNING



STEPHENSON



CARNAL

"THE NAVY VS. PAUL TRERICE"—WHEN HIS SON DIED ON THE U.S.S. RANGER, **BILL TRERICE** STARTED ASKING QUESTIONS. THE ANSWERS, SUCH AS THEY WERE, WERE FRIGHTENING. A TRUE STORY OF HORROR AT SEA—BY **BRUCE HENDERSON**

"MUNDO'S SIGN"—A MARINE BIOLOGIST, SOME NATIVE FISHERMEN AND A SEA TURTLE ARE JOINED BY FATE IN A CARIBBEAN ADVENTURE YARN—BY **BOB SHACOCHIS**

SYBIL DANNING, **LOU (HULK) FERRIGNO'S** CO-STAR IN *HERCULES* AND **LINDA BLAIR'S** IN *CHAINED HEAT*, POSES FOR A SIZZLING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL. SOCKO!

"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW"—YOU READ IT HERE FIRST: NOT ALL THE BLOODLETTERING THIS SEASON WILL TAKE PLACE ON THE FIELD—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"TIMOTHY HUTTON HAS GROWING PAINS"—AT 22, HE'S ALREADY A STAR. A NICE KID, TOO, BUT HE'S FINDING LIFE A BIT CONFUSING—BY **BARBARA GRIZZUTI HARRISON**

"CARNAL DREAMS REVEALED"—ANOTHER REPORT FROM THE NOTED **DOKTOR BEY**, WHO HAS INVENTED A VCR TO IMMORTALIZE EROTIC FANTASIES—BY **DEREK PELL**

"THE PERSONAL TOUCH"—WHEN JOE DECIDES NOT TO RENEW HIS SUBSCRIPTION TO *SNOOP*, HE GETS A NASTY SHOCK. A CAUTIONARY TALE BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**

"ARMAND IN A SEA OF SKIN: A SEXUAL MEMOIR"—THE TIME WAS THE SIXTIES; THE PLACE, SAN FRANCISCO. BUT TO THIS DAY, ARMAND'S PROWESS REMAINS ASTONISHING. A MASTER'S TECHNIQUE RECALLED BY **BILL BARICH**

JAN STEPHENSON, THE MOST SPECTACULAR TWOSOME ON THE LINKS, REVEALS TO US THE REASONS GOLFERS MAKE BETTER LOVERS IN A HARD-DRIVING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

MY ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION





ALL ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION

<http://thephoenix-forums.com/showthread.php?t=1689962>

<http://www.hornybb.org/viewtopic.php?f=20&t=2024423>

<http://www.redbitch.org/xxx-magazines/2311524-man-magazine-archive.html>

<http://www.rapcentral.co.uk/forum/man-magazine-collection-t44065.html>

<http://pornxchange.org/xxx-magazines/54526-man-magazine-collection.html#post117245>