

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1983 • \$3.00

**NURSES ARE
PEOPLE, TOO**

**WOMEN IN WHITE
OUT OF UNIFORM**

**SEX IN THE
AGE OF
NEGOTIATION**

**PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW:
KENNY ROGERS**

**SEX IN CINEMA
THE SILVER
SCREEN SIZZLES**

**HOW TO
IMPROVE YOUR
RACQUETBALL**

**WE ASKED
BUBBA SMITH
20 QUESTIONS
(AND WE SAID SIR)**



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

A FIFTH OF FESTIVITY AT HOLLYWOOD BOWL

Doc Severinsen (below) blows brassy blue notes for the first of two days of overflow crowds attending the fifth annual Playboy Jazz Festival at Hollywood Bowl. At left, m.c. Bill Cosby doubles on drums behind Hubert Laws; at right, Hef takes time out from toe tapping to pen a few autographs. Thanks for the thrill, Hef—you signed our sister page in the program.



THE EAGLE HAS LANDED AN H.M.H. AWARD

Despite intimidation by local Neanderthal arsonists whose quest for fire has centered on their building, Tom and Pat Gish press on with the Whitesburg, Kentucky, *Mountain Eagle*. Below, author Studs Terkel presents the Gishes with 1983's Hugh M. Hefner Award for Outstanding Community Leadership. Other winners honored were A.C.L.U. counsel Mark Lynch and the late civil libertarian Osmond K. Fraenkel.

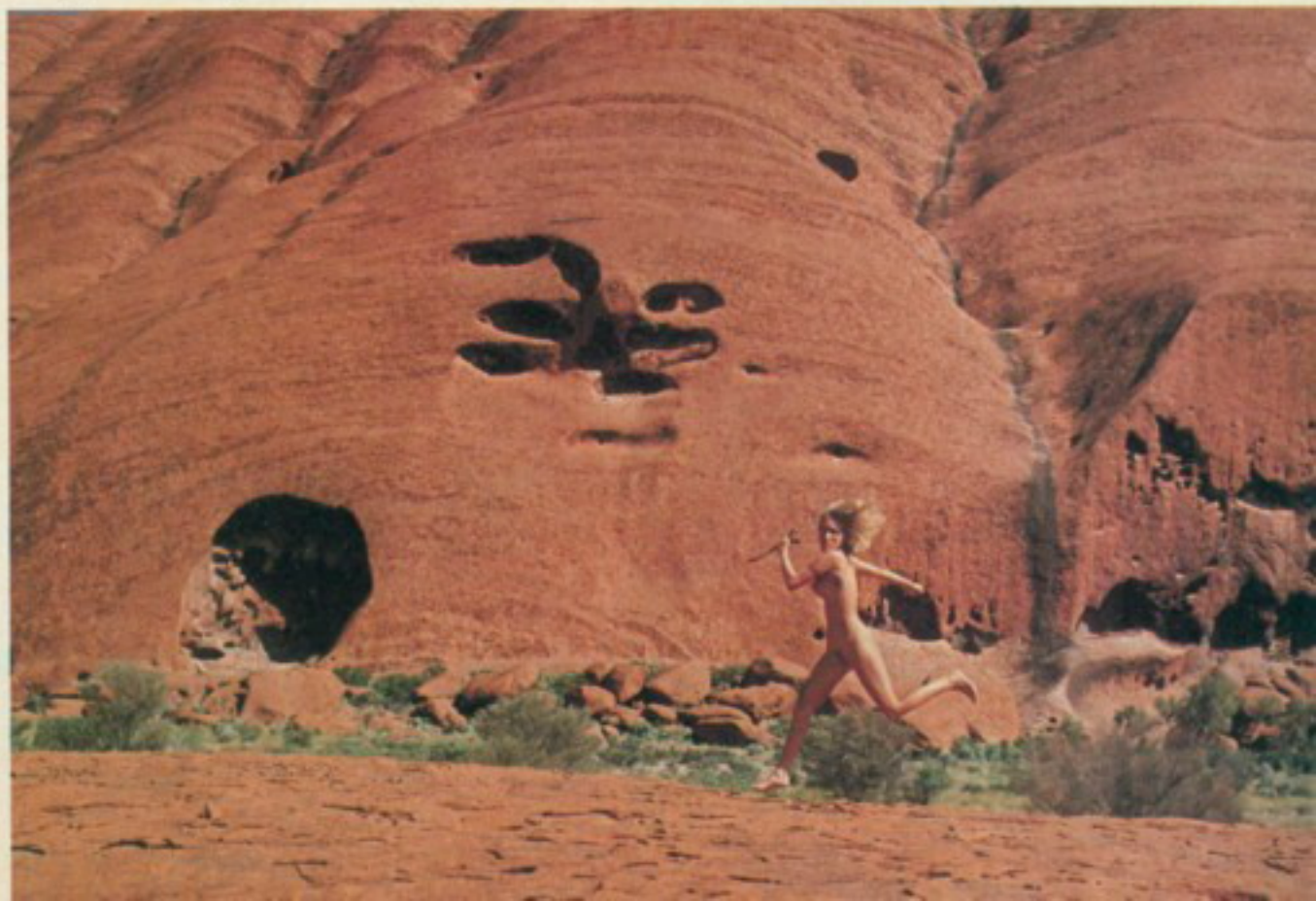


NOW, THAT'S WHAT WE CALL JAILBAIT

Above left: Adrienne Barbeau—we'd pay to watch her breathe. Above right: Miss September 1978, Rosanne Katon, who co-stars in *Women Behind Bars*, the play that's driving L.A. stir crazy. Women behind bars are like other women—except instead of ordering vanity license plates, they make them.

IN AMERICA, SHE'D HAVE A PORSCHE TO DRIVE

Last time we saw Ayers Rock, Princess Di was scrambling down it. This is another kind of royalty—Australian Playmate of the Year Amanda Dole, running through a tour of her country's outback. Photographer Rennie Ellis didn't know why she was in such a hurry, but we suspect some rampaging kangaroos—the photo came to us by pouch.









WOMEN IN WHITE

*their work is taxing, their training arduous, the aura surrounding them often mysterious—
but these professionals have an off-duty identity as well*

WORK only with extreme trauma and emergencies: gunshot wounds, knife wounds, car accidents, appendectomies. Mostly, it's street trauma—wounded people off the street. I worked through the big Miami riot late last year. The night it broke out, I hadn't been listening to the radio and I didn't know what was happening as I drove to work. About a block from the hospital, there was a police roadblock. They said they weren't letting anyone through because it was dangerous. I said, 'I've got to get to the hospital. They need me in the emergency room.' They let me go through. You don't want to know what it was like in the operating room that night."

That slice of reality is brought to you by Kathlyne Markham, a 26-year-old Florida nurse who, along with hundreds of others from around the country, contacted us when we publicized our intention to run a pictorial on nurses. And thanks to Kathlyne, her colleagues in nursing and in other allied professions whom you'll meet in this pictorial and many others who sent us their thoughts and feelings about their work, we received quite an education. First of all, we learned that these women are uniformly vocal in their demand for more respect and less stereotyping from both the general public and the medical profession. The second thing we learned was how little the general public understands how stressful and demanding nursing can be, even in the best-run hospitals. And the third thing: We were reminded that nurses are people, too. Away from their jobs, they are individuals as unique as they are similar when in uniform. They also happen to be, as a



"Any step we can take to give nurses more recognition should be taken, no matter what the risk," says Oklahoma City R.N. Susie Owens. "I think most nurses are tired of being stereotyped as submissive, silent, humorless and sexless."

Actually," says Sonya, "even with maximum voltage, the body shows only the slightest movement, if any."

A more significant illusion, and a far more common one, is that nurses often get romantically involved with doctors or patients. Rhonda LeSuer, a Mississippi R.N., echoed the words of nearly every nurse we interviewed: "Most patients aren't in the hospital to love; they're in there to *live*. And the nurses have too much stress even to *think* about getting involved with a patient."

Susan Blake, a four-year R.N. currently working in a Louisiana hospital's general surgical unit, described how unromantic it usually is when a nurse *does* run (text concluded on page 224)

group, perhaps the most expressive, eloquent and sophisticated women we've ever had the good fortune to photograph. For that reason, we're going to let *them* tell you about their lives. Along the way, you'll probably relinquish a few misconceptions about nurses garnered from grade-B movies and soap operas. And you'll see beauty on every page. But let's let the women enlighten you.

The first thing they'd like you to know is that some things you see nurses do on television bear no resemblance to reality. Sonya Montgomery, a Miami R.N., worked in a coronary intensive-care unit for two years and had many opportunities to work with the defibrillator—the device used to shock a patient's heart back to its normal rhythm—and she says the television portrayals are usually overacted. "On TV, when the paddles carrying the voltage are placed on the patient's chest, the body gets thrown around as if it were in an earthquake.



On this page, women in white at work and play. Floridian Nikki Nickerson, 28 (above left), became a registered nurse earlier this year after working for six years as a certified surgical technician, an emergency medical technologist and a registered medical assistant. She specializes in surgical nursing and spends her off hours practicing photography and ballet. Mississippi R.N. Rhonda LeSuer, 23 (above center), works in an intensive-care unit, as does licensed practical nurse Natalie Mahaffey, 28 (above right), shown regulating the flow of an I.V. solution en route to a Michigan hospital.



California R.N. Fatima Souza, 23, is also a professional stunt woman and has often been hired in a dual role. Above left, she attends to an injured actor. Above right, San Rafael student nurse Lisa Dalrymple, 21 (left), jogs over the Golden Gate Bridge with Toni Basey, 24, an R.N. in a surgical intensive-care unit. Texas licensed vocational nurse Margareta Jackson, 28 (below left), has worked in emergency rooms for five years. R.N. Kathylyne Markham, 26 (below center), works in the trauma unit of a Florida hospital. Susan Blake, R.N. (below right), is a New Orleans surgical nurse.



When she's off duty, Rhonda LeSuer (right) is an amateur artist. She also studies ballet. Sonya Montgomery (opposite page, top) is an R.N. on a cruise ship sailing from Miami.



Lisa McGlone, 25 (above), is a Massachusetts R.N. whose hobbies are photography and heavy-duty exercise. California's Lisa Dalrymple (opposite page, left) wants to specialize in genetic and family-planning counseling. Bree Jesser (opposite page, right) is a 28-year-old California L.V.N. who has spent most of her career on staff in mental-health centers. She's also an official Trekkie (*Star Trek* fanatic) who has her own personal *Star Trek* uniform.









Toni Basey (far left) spends her time off practicing and teaching gymnastics. She's also a cross-country runner. Fatima Souza (below) keeps herself in shape for the rigors of being a nurse and a stunt woman by weight lifting, jogging, swimming and aerobic dance. Margareta Jackson (left) likes to spend her spare time dancing, traveling and riding. She plans to return to school to get a degree in journalism.







Theresa Taylor, 28 (left), is a medical secretary who spends non-office hours swimming and painting water colors. Natalie Mahaffey (above) loves to play softball and says she's a "health nut": "Nurses should look healthy," she says, "because we set an example for our patients." Kathlyne Markham (right) is a nurse by night and a model by day. As for the myth that nurses are attracted to male patients, she says, "Not true at all. When a nurse is working, she's all business. I sure am. The hospital is no place to look for love." Susan Blake (below) is a bodybuilder.





Maria Baan, 32 (above), is a New York R.N. who also has a flourishing career as an actress (you saw her as a hostage in *Nighthawks*, with Sylvester Stallone). She likes to work off the tensions of her work by playing tennis and racquetball. Maureen O'Neely, 23 (below left), is a nuclear-medicine technologist from Indianapolis whose hobby is gourmet cooking. She's also an accomplished pianist. Nikki Nickerson (below right) is photographed as she sun-bathes on Caladesi Island, off the coast of Florida. Susie Owens (opposite page) likes to relax with dance aerobics.





"When I got onto the set, the director stopped me and said, 'Whoa, I want a real nurse.'"

into a former patient when she's off duty. "This guy introduced himself at my health club—I didn't remember him, but he remembered me—and we struck up a conversation. But right away, he started telling me how he had had a hard time going to the bathroom after his surgery; he went into all the details. It *really* turned me off. When I'm off duty, I need to forget about nursing and *relax*."

As for the myth that most of them are hoping to marry doctors, nearly all those we interviewed scoffed. Natalie Mahaffey, a licensed practical nurse in Michigan, puts it this way: "Some nurses fantasize about marrying a doctor when they're just out of nursing school, but the fantasy rarely lasts more than a year. After you've called enough doctors at four in the morning or while they're on a vacation or while they're at a big family picnic and seen them drop everything to come to the hospital, you realize that those guys are more devoted to their patients than to their families. If you're hoping to marry a man who'll be home for dinner, who'll spend plenty of time with you and the children, you realize that a doctor isn't the best possibility."

And the last misconception the nurses we interviewed would like you to get rid of is the idea that most of them are, to use the words of Susie Owens, an Oklahoma City R.N., "all ironclad white, submissive, silent, humorless and sexless. The classic question," she says, "when someone sees me away from work with my hair down is 'Are you *really* a nurse?'"

The best example of what we're *supposed* to think nurses should look like comes from Maria Baan, a New York R.N. who is also an actress (she has had roles in TV's *CHiPs* and the movie *Nighthawks*, among others). "I had been called by casting for a television show called *Nurse*, with Michael Learned and Robert Reed. I had originally been chosen to play a nurse, but when I got onto the set, the director stopped me and said, 'Whoa, wait a minute. I want a real nurse.' I said, 'I *am* a real nurse.' He said I didn't look like a nurse to him, so they gave me the part of a woman physician. That's happened to me twice. I've started looking at TV very closely to see exactly what a nurse 'should' look like. Most of the women cast aren't too attractive: plain, plump, middle-aged and rather

custodial-looking." We have no doubt that this pictorial will debunk forever the myth that nurses aren't attractive.

So now that you know what nurses are not, they want you to know what they *are*. The first thing they are is under stress. If there was one theme that was repeated often in interviews and the letters we received from nurses across the country, it was that they were under more daily stress than most people could endure.

Margareta Jackson, a licensed vocational nurse in Texas, speaks for most of her peers when she says, "The nursing field has suffered and will continue to suffer a tremendous rate of attrition until the pay and the working conditions of nurses compensate for the stress we have to endure." Part of the problem, says Jackson, is the tension that exists between nurses and doctors. "In many hospitals," she explains, "the relationships between doctors and nurses haven't changed in 50 years. There is no sense of family, of team."

Or, as Markham puts it bluntly, "A lot of doctors treat nurses like peons. But," she adds, "some of that is beginning to change, mainly because women won't put up with it anymore."

The other stress factor is built into the work itself. Sometimes it can be terrifying, as Bree Jesser, a California L.V.N., discovered: "Once, during my first week on the job at a new mental-health center, I was assigned to guard several patients while they went outside for exercise. I was teamed with another nurse, but she left to go to the washroom, and while she was gone, a female patient attacked me. She came at me with a flying karate kick, knocked me down and then started beating on my head. Fortunately, another patient ran into the hospital and told a nurse's aide that I was in trouble. He came to my rescue. But I had headaches and was very depressed for weeks after that."

And sometimes the stress comes from the constant struggle to confront death bravely. Nikki Nickerson, a Florida R.N., says, "The most upsetting part of my job is when a patient dies on the operating table. It's best to cry and not be ashamed to share your sadness with the other nurses and doctors. That helps you keep going."

We could go on, but we think by now you've gotten the point. These are strong and thoughtful women. That they're beautiful is almost secondary once you get to know them. But the fact is that they are. And they don't mind your knowing it.

"We work hard and rarely get much recognition," says Montgomery. "I don't think this pictorial will hurt the nurse's image as long as you let us tell our point of view. If you do, I think it could be a nice tribute to us. And you know what? We deserve it."

Sonya, we couldn't agree more.



"Bear in mind, Mrs. Davis, that you've come to me for counseling, not therapy. That means I do most of the talking."







PRINCESS FROM THE PAMPAS

don't cry for her, argentina

WHEN I GO TO France, they think I'm French. When I go to Italy, they think I'm Italian. Anywhere I go, that's where they think I'm from. It's amazing!" Veronica Gamba is deceived. We were talking with her in California, and she clearly wasn't from there. Such exotica is rarely home-grown. She is, as you may suspect, imported—from Argentina. Indeed, her ancestors were among the founders of the Argentine Republic, which makes her sort of a princess of the pampas. Her mother, who was living in Germany, met Veronica's father on a holiday in Argentina. Their subsequent marriage extended her vacation, and two little Gambas, Veronica

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



and her brother, cemented the union. When her father died, the family moved to New Rochelle, New York, and later to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where Veronica and her mother still live. Veronica has just wrapped her second decade. Since high school, she has been a fashion model working an international circuit that has included Houston, New York, France and Italy. Most of the time, she travels with her mother. The two are practically inseparable. "She's my best friend," Veronica gushes. "She's always for me, whatever I want to do. Anything! I can go to her and tell her anything. She gives me advice, I give her advice; that kind of a relationship. I think it's nice to have a friend, not just a parent."

The relationship does come in handy. For obvious reasons, there aren't too many girls who want to hang out with Veronica. "I get along much better with men than with women," she admits. "Women always think I'm out to get their boyfriends. I mean, I don't even have to open my mouth. All I have to do is walk down the street and they give me dirty looks. It's a weird feeling." We can see the problem. Veronica is intimidating. She's bright and self-assured. Her travels have left her with an insight that comes close to sophistication. Besides English, she speaks Spanish and Italian well enough to get by. And because she thought at one time that she would like to be a news anchor, she studied communications at Brown Institute for a year. However, when we met her, she had already decided that movie acting was a better game. So far, she has appeared in two small parts: one in *Smokey and the Bandit Part III* and the other in *Ladies' Night*, (text concluded on page 186)

Veronica proves she can handle both sides of the camera (below) in broadcasting class at Brown Institute. She already has her FCC permit. At right, pedestrian traffic backs up when she heads for the beach.



Cooling her bod on a hot day at Fort Lauderdale beach (above), Veronica somehow makes us a little warmer. The 'Vette at left makes a handy, if not quite private, dressing room for some minor suit adjustments. Riding the waves with a friend's strong hand at the tiller (right), she proves more than seaworthy while getting set for a Hobie Cat regatta. Some crew members work, apparently, and some are content to inspire working.



At right, Veronica is prepped by Footlights agency head Donna Phillips for a turn before fashion photographer Sandy McKee's camera in West Palm Beach. Below, fantasytime on the shore.






"My brother used to get PLAYBOY and hide it under his bed. I used to crawl under there and get it when he went to school. Then my girlfriend and I would look at it and laugh hysterically at the pictures. It's not that they were funny; it's just that that's what little girls do. I thought, Me get undressed? I'd never do nudes!"





A close-up photograph of a woman's legs from the knees down to the feet. She is wearing black lace stockings and black high-heeled shoes with laces. The background is dark and out of focus, showing some decorative elements like a white flower and a glass. A quote is overlaid on the image in a white, serif font.

"I like being a woman. I enjoy the idea of being pampered and of having that feminine quality. But I often wonder what it's like being a man."

"I sometimes wonder if I'm ever going to get married. I think I will, but I can't see it right now. I really can't. I can't even see the next guy I'm going to date. I'm a very picky person. But I'm not concerned about it, because right now, my career means more to me, and I wouldn't want to hurt the relationship because of it. I don't think a lot of people in show business can handle marriage."





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Veronica Lamba

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 112

BIRTH DATE: 10/28/63 BIRTHPLACE: Buenos Aires, Argentina

AMBITIONS: To become an Oscar-winning actress.

TURN-ONS: A well-defined body, fast cars, all types of dancing.

TURN-OFFS: Lima beans, rude people, waiting in line

FAVORITE MOVIES: Flashdance!!! Rocky III, E.T., Sound of Music, Tess

FAVORITE FOODS: Burritos, lobster, shrimp Wiener Schnitzel (PRETZELS with MUSTARD!)

FAVORITE PLACE: Southern California

IDEAL EVENING: Watching car races with friends

BIGGEST JOY: To be complimented on a job well done.

1 1/2 years old

8 years old

17 years old



Practicing already for a gatefold.

Hollywood, here I come!!

Goodbye, high school days!! 😊

PAMPAS PRINCESS

(continued from page 110)

in which she portrays one of Christopher Atkins' girlfriends. She's no dilettante in the performing arts, either. She's done children's theater, studied ballet for many years and is an accomplished tap dancer.

"I would like someday to win an Oscar," she declares. "I'd like to be given the opportunity to read for a role that might give me that, instead of having producers say, 'OK, the girl has a nice body. Let's stick her in a bathing suit and put her in a hot tub with eight guys.' I don't want those roles."

Frankly, Veronica hasn't had much luck with even one guy. She blames her travels for half the problem, her own jealousy for the balance. "I'm a very jealous person. Stupid jealous. I think it's a sickness. It's OK for me to look at other guys but not for my boyfriend to look at other girls. It's so sick. I should be put away!"

In the meantime, she gets her kicks from cars—the faster, the better. "I have fantasies about being a race-car driver," she

confides. "It's not only the speed, it's the enjoyment I get out of just looking at a car. I have very strange feelings when I look at a car that I like. It's a turn-on, kind of. I'm, like, awed by it. I've driven as fast as 120 miles an hour. It's like I'm going to die at any second; like I'm going to explode. I used to love to drive on the autobahn. Cars go by you like—*shuuuum!*"

"So far, I've gotten only one speeding ticket, and that was for doing 42 in a 30-mile zone. It wasn't even worth getting a ticket at that speed!"

We'll lay odds that it'll be a long time before Veronica settles down. "I just don't really know what I want yet. I'd like a relationship. I've always had a good one to one with my mother, and I'd like that with a man. But I also want to be independent. I'm not the type who can just marry a millionaire for his money. If I like somebody, it's for himself. If it came to that, I'd rather be the one with the money. I want my own, you know what I mean?"



"Julie's got a new job. The way it works, apparently, is they call her several times an evening when they need her."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What grounds do you think you have?" asked the attorney whom the woman was consulting about a divorce.

"My husband keeps bringing his work home with him night after night!" exclaimed his client.

"But that's hardly grounds for divorce," smiled the man of the law. "Why, I do that myself."

"Sure, I can see a man doing it if he's a busy lawyer," snapped the woman, "but my husband happens to be a pimp!"



*If Marie Antoinette had been sly,
She'd have lived till the sweet by-and-by.
She'd have saved her poor head
Through some mob head, instead,
If she'd only said, "Let them eat pie!"*

The San Francisco police are nothing if not responsive to the feelings of the local electorate. The word is that Dirty Harry has been replaced by Bitchy Gerald.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *glee-club groupie* as a girl who's into choral sex.

We've been told about a bordello that was the target of a recent drug raid—which only goes to prove that people who work in ass houses shouldn't get stoned.

*As for weirdness, the guy who's the tops
Is a kinky old butcher called Pops.
Since he thinks it's effete
To be beating his meat,
What he's into is licking his chops.*

It was while they were parked that the girl announced, "I'm hungry," and her date grinned and proceeded to unzip and display his organ. "No dice, smartass!" snapped the girl. "I was thinking of something more filling."

Conceivably, you've heard the sad story of the Greek sailor who got his upper torso wedged in a porthole and couldn't get it out to save his ass.

Was it—well, you know, good for you, too?" inquired the young man rather tentatively as they were dressing in the motel room. "What you should have asked for in that drug-store on the way here," responded the girl, "was a pack of amateurphylactics."

Young woman, I can certainly appreciate your wanting to change your surname if it's Dildo," stated the judge. "What name do you want to change it to?"

"Adcock," said the girl.

*A nurse once replied, with a laugh,
"You nerd!" to a doc on the staff
Who'd proposed, with a whine,
"If you don't sixty-nine,
I'd accept thirty-four and a half."*

How can you leave me?" asked the rejected lover. "I'm like putty in your hands!" "Precisely," replied the girl.

Look at me!" an elderly health faddist boasted to visitors. "I've aged like a fine old, carefully stored wine!"

"I certainly have to agree with that," confirmed the man's wife, with a shrug. "Henry's cork has been stationary for years."

*There's a sports-minded coed named Sue
Who's been coxing the varsity crew.
In the shell, Sue is great,
But her boyfriend's irate
When she calls out the stroke as they screw.*

A favorite delicacy on Fire Island last summer was reportedly cocked fruit tail.



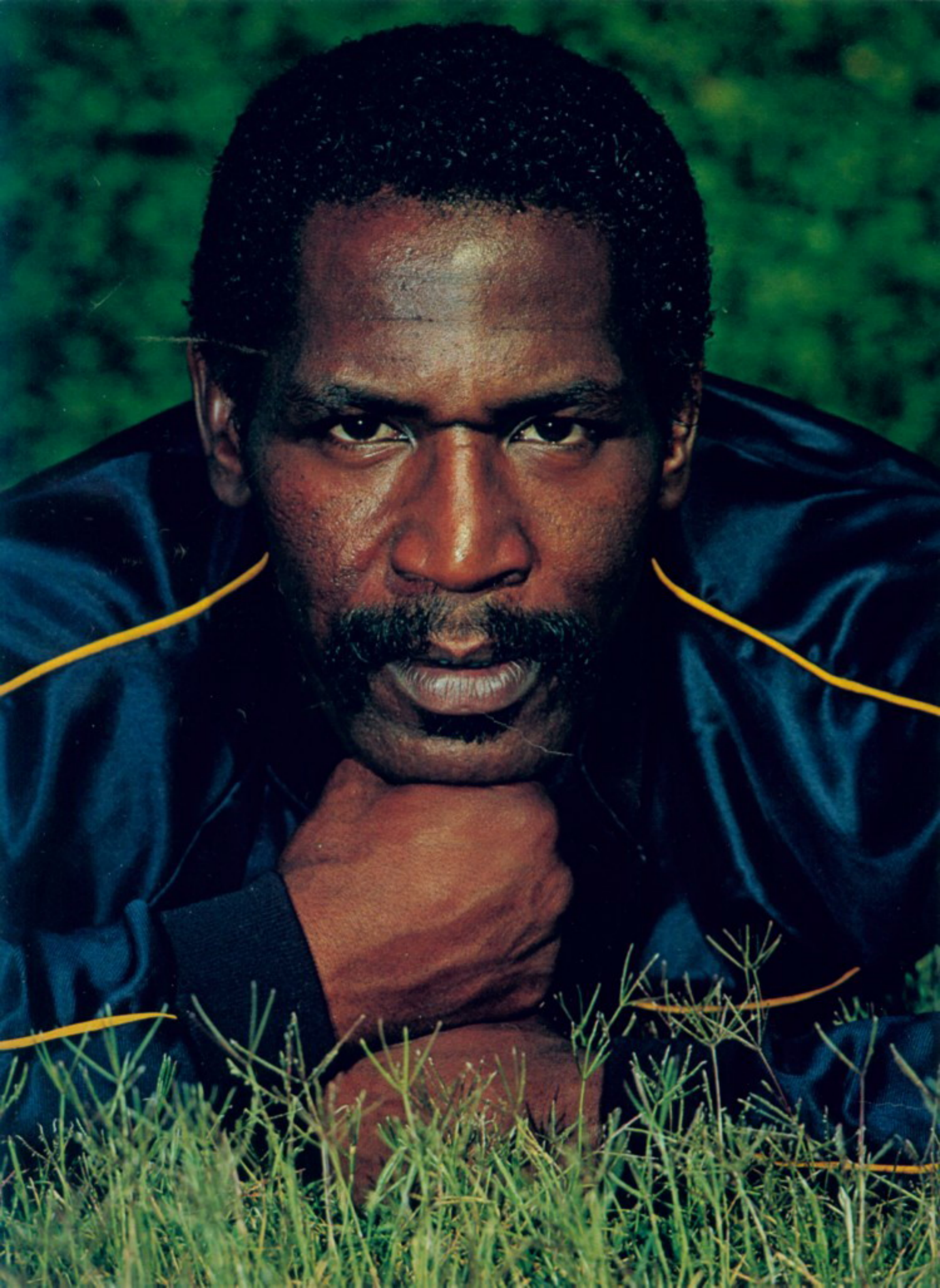
The most intriguing new church we've been told about is one the ecclesiastical authorities enigmatically decided to name Saint Frederick's of Hollywood.

My wife and I have been having some—well, some problems in bed," the drinker told the bartender, "so I knocked off work early this afternoon to go home and ask her to try out a completely new position. But when I got there," he went on morosely, "that position was already filled."

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.



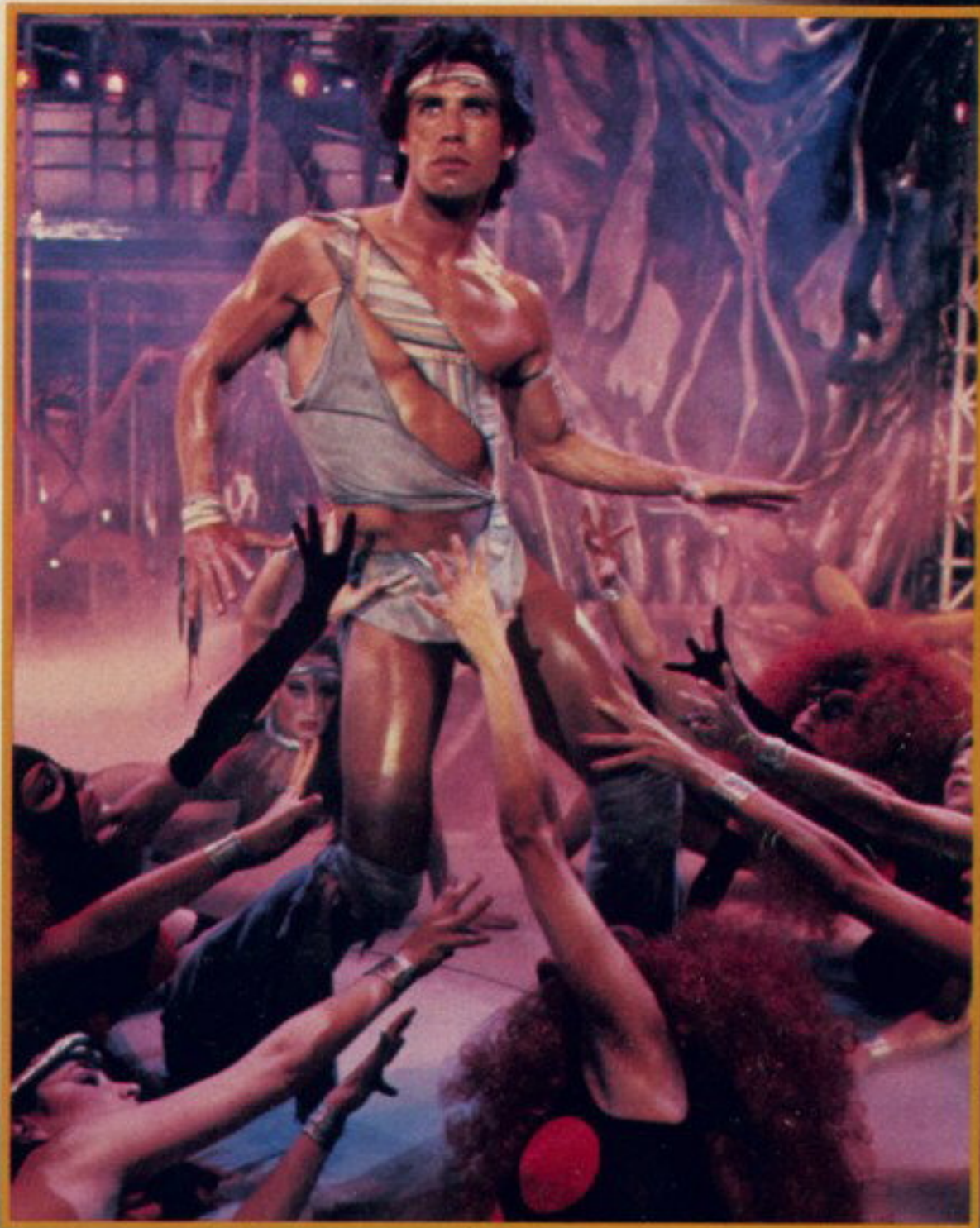
"Imagine. This all started with tea for two."



*Sex in
Cinema
1983*



COMEDIES, TEEN SAGAS AND
NEWLY POPULAR FOREIGN FILMS
HEAT UP THE SCREEN THIS YEAR



THE RIGHT MOVES: There's nothing like a hot beat to set audiences' juices flowing—and, studios hope, the turnstiles whirling. Marine Jahan (left) does the fancy stepping for Jennifer Beals in *Flashdance*; John Travolta (right) strives to keep Tony Manero on top in *Staying Alive*.



FORMULA FUN: We know what to expect from a *Star Wars* installment or a James Bond thriller: The *real* action takes place out of bed. Carrie Fisher displays more than usual for Jabba the Hutt in *Return of the Jedi*; Suzanne Jerome massages Maud Adams in *Octopussy* (below); and Sean Connery dallies with Barbara Carrera in *Never Say Never Again* (bottom).





HOT & HEAVY: Chemical reactions bubble in (clockwise from top) *Breathless*, with Richard Gere taking a dive for Valerie Kaprisky; *Chained Heat*, a women's-prison feature with Sybil Danning (left) and Linda Blair; *Fanny Hill*, a classy update of the classic, with Lisa Raines in the title role, here goading her meal ticket, Mr. H. (Neil Phelps); *Eureka*, with Rutger Hauer and Theresa Russell; *The Hunger*, in which Susan Sarandon (left) and Catherine Deneuve engage in racy rites of blood sisterhood; and *The Lonely Lady*, featuring the ever-popular Pia Zadora (here in carnal conference with Joseph Cali).





CRAZY KID STUFF: Skin is still in when it comes to youth-market pictures, as exemplified by (clockwise from left) *Hot Dog*, starring PLAYBOY's own 1982 Playmate of the Year, Shannon Tweed, here splashing around with Patrick Houser; the largely acclaimed *Valley Girl*, with Elizabeth Daily and Michael Bowen as supporting players in a contemporary twist on *Romeo and Juliet*; *Private School*, featuring Michael Zorek donning drag, the better to peek into the girls' showers; *Joysticks*, in which Miss May 1982, Kym Malin (left), Scott McGinnis and Kim G. Michel appear in the story of teenagers trying to save a video arcade; and *Spring Break*, a Florida-beach-front T-and-A extravaganza, title self-explanatory.





OLDER WOMEN: Nobody's calling them dirty old ladies yet, but Jacqueline Bisset carries on an affair with a kid who's her son's prep school roommate (Andrew McCarthy) in *Class* (top); Joan Collins goes after Michael Morgan in *Homework* (above); and *Ladies' Night*'s Lesley Ann Warren tries unsuccessfully to divert her attention from go-go-dancing hunk Christopher Atkins (below).





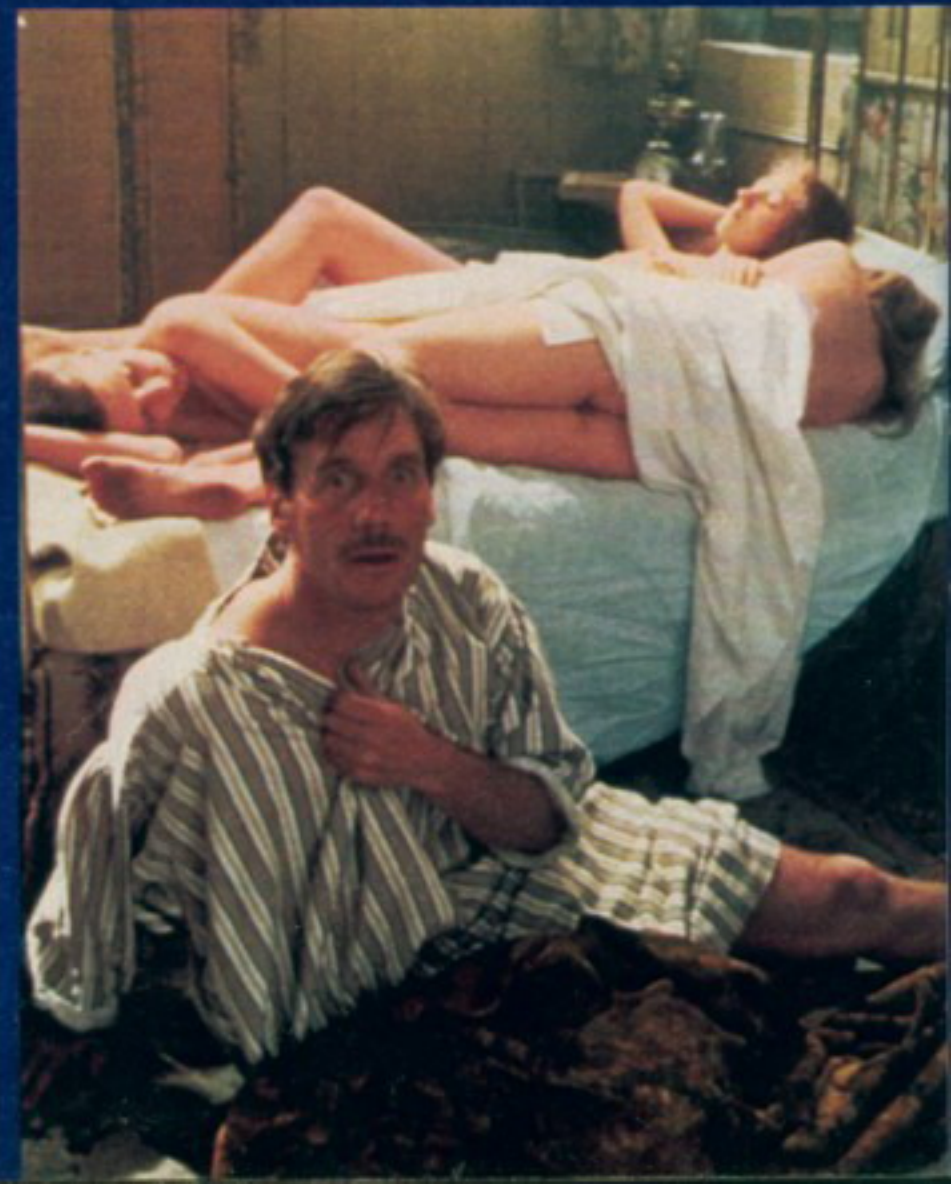
FOREIGN INTRIGUES: Red-blooded American moviegoers had reason to be grateful to film makers from abroad in '83. Examples, clockwise from above: France's *Tendres Cousines* (the David Hamilton picture previewed in a July 1981 pictorial, which at last is headed for these shores); Brazil's *Gabriela*, steamily teaming Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni; *La Nuit de Varennes*, a kind of French Revolutionary road movie, with Jean-Louis Barrault as the writer Restif de la Bretonne checking out *femme de la nuit* Annie Bell; *Heat of Desire*, originally released as *Plein Sud*, in which Clio Goldsmith turns Patrick Dewaere into a man of action; a sizzling scene from *Nana*, latest rendition of the Zola classic; and the first big hit to reach this country from New Zealand, *Smash Palace*, starring Anna Jemison and Bruno Lawrence in the story of a marriage disintegrating amid junk-yard auto wreckage.





X-PLOITS: A cut above the average adult feature are *In Love*, a romance directed by Chuck (Roommates) Vincent and starring Kelly Nichols and Jerry Butler (below), and *Blonde Goddess* (bottom), with Jonathan Ford as a Clark Kent-ish type who dreams up encounters with Susanna Britton.







ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH: Sex with a smile is the rule in some of the year's funnier films. On the opposite page, we have *The Wicked Lady* (top left), with John Gielgud as highwaywoman Faye Dunaway's Bible-spouting servant Hogarth chastising a pair of bridesmaids he has caught in a compromising position; *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life* (at top right, Graham Chapman is surrounded by heavenly chorus girls); *The Missionary* (bottom right), in which Python Michael Palin ministers to ladies of the evening; and *The Man with Two Brains* (bottom left), with Steve Martin checking out Randi Brooks (he's looking for a suitable body to house the brain with which he's fallen in love). On this page, the summer's comedy hit *Trading Places*, with Eddie Murphy and Barra Kahn (above left); Dan Aykroyd and Jamie Lee Curtis (above right). Curtis (bottom) is a knockout as a helpful hooker.





"Before we begin the invasion, let us congratulate General Nchh on a brilliant propaganda coup!"



*"It's nice to know we have
a viable alternative when none of us really feel like
playing bridge."*



Bruce Brown

"Your wife has told me all about you and you're just not the type to hit a lady!"

NOW YOU'RE COOKING!

Aside from not eating quiche, real men also have an aversion to slaving over a hot stove when they're throwing a party. That's where *The Clock Watcher's Cookbook* comes to the rescue. Its authors, Judy Duncan and Allison McCance, have selected more than 175 recipes that are easy to make and divided them into cooking times and preparation times. You do the dirty in advance and, come party time—*voilà!*—you're a guest at your own bash. Yankee Publishing, Depot Square, Peterborough, New Hampshire 03458, sells the book for \$9.95, postpaid. Eat up!



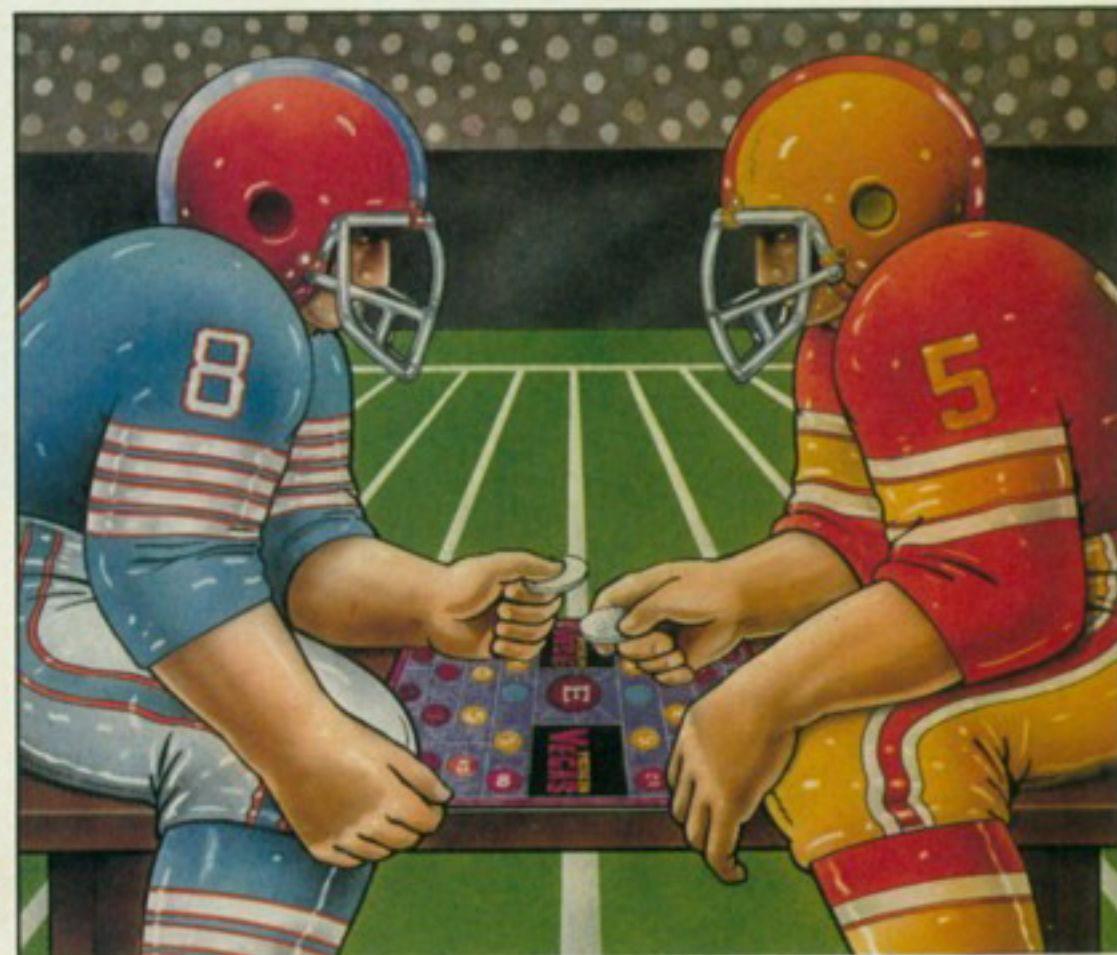
REFLECTING ART

Seagram's has put something special under glass besides fine liquor: four legendary sports events—the first Army-Navy game (shown), the Walking Derby, a Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance play and Canada vs. Russia in hockey, 1972—as reproduced from original oil paintings commissioned by Seagram's. Each is on a 17¼" x 20¼" mirror framed in wood and is available from Seagram's Seven Crowns of Sports Mirror Offer, P.O. Box 1607, F.D.R. Station, New York, New York 10150, for only \$19.95 per item, postpaid. Hang one up and hang one on.



THE WINNING HAND

We've got to hand it to the people who manufacture Hand on der Shticks. This crazy soft sculpture of a flexible hand on a stick (the fingers move any way you want them to) is good for anything from hailing a cab to a wild goose chase in an elevator. Satin sleeves and knit cuffs come in a variety of jazzy colors, and, no, the manufacturer (Kate's Way, P.O. Box 7645, Mammoth Lakes, California 93546) can't be held responsible if you flip out and flip a cop the bird. They're only \$15 each, so you may want to purchase a dirty dozen and organize a group grope or take 100 to a University of Texas football game, bend down the middle fingers and "Hook 'em, Horns!"



GREEN GROWS THE FOOTBALL SEASON

This fall, instead of sitting slumped in your easy chair, pick up financial yardage with Pigskin Vegas, a game for anyone who can tell a pass from a punt and who wants to add a little Nevada-type action to his gridiron predictions. Jokari/US Inc., 4715 McEwen Road, Dallas, Texas 75234 sells Pigskin Vegas (which comes in a handsome vinyl briefcase-type box) for \$24.95, postpaid, and that includes 120 chips. Since the game allows you to bet on every play, we recommend that you not sit in with anyone named Anson Mount.

BREATHE EASY

Oenophiles know that many wines benefit from being allowed to breathe before being served, but now Concept Development Associates, P.O. Box 30405, Bethesda, Maryland 20814, has gone one step further and has engineered the Rhyton Wine Breather—an electronic device that oxidizes tannins and drives off vino mustiness in minutes rather than hours. The cost: \$62.50, postpaid. Jeeves, this wine needs another 20 seconds under the Breather.



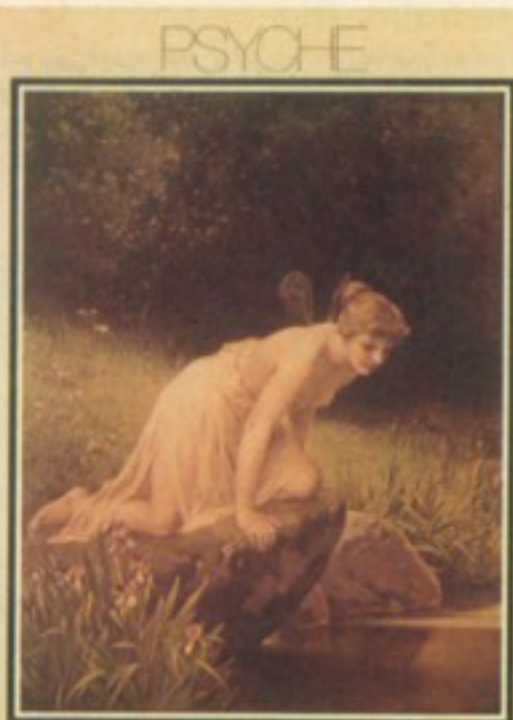
EXOTIC TOUR DE FORCE

The siren call of faraway places, from the Azores to Zamboanga, will be even louder after you've subscribed to *Unique & Exotic Travel Reporter*, a monthly newsletter available from P.O. Box 98833, Tacoma, Washington 98499, for \$24 a year. Recent issues cover a camel safari in Rajasthan, a junket to the volcanoes of the Northwest and Hilton International's first Gourmet Europe Tour. Guess which we picked.



WING IT!

No, this isn't the White Rock logo; it's *Psyche*, the allegorical personification of the human soul that Paul Thumann painted a few years before the 1893 Chicago World's Fair, where it was later displayed. Although no one knows what happened to the original painting (do you have a *Psyche* in your attic?), B. Anthony Collection, P.O. Drawer 279, Elberta, Alabama 36530, is selling 28½" x 21½" reproductions pulled from a stone litho for only \$29.50, postpaid. In mythology, you'll remember, the god Cupid also had the hots for *Psyche*. We can see why.



COLUMBIAN ART EXHIBITION
CHICAGO WORLDS FAIR-1893

CHIP SHOT

The next time a social or business situation calls for an exchange of cards, instead of handing over a crinkled piece of cardboard, try one made from real wood. Not only will everyone think you're in the chips but nobody throws a wood card away. The manufacturer, Elegance in Wood, 230 Pinehurst Avenue, Los Gatos, California 95030, offers about 100 of them, from mesquite to walnut and eastern red cedar to dogwood, at prices even Paul Bunyan could afford: \$35 per 100 for name only. (Write for info on the cost of addresses and logos.) "A wooden card! Say, isn't good old Davey a lumber baron?"



COLD CACHE

Looking for a place to stash your hard-earned lettuce? Try a head of lettuce. Lett-us-Hide looks like the real McCoy, but you can pack enough long green in it to choke a rabbit. It's only \$17, postpaid, from F. Frank Company, 17520 Daphne Avenue, Torrance, California 90504. The same company also sells U-Can-Hides, jars that only you know don't contain grape jam, mayonnaise, chili sauce or mustard. (The interiors of the jars are painted to make them opaque.) They're \$15 each or \$45 for the complete set. Spread the word.



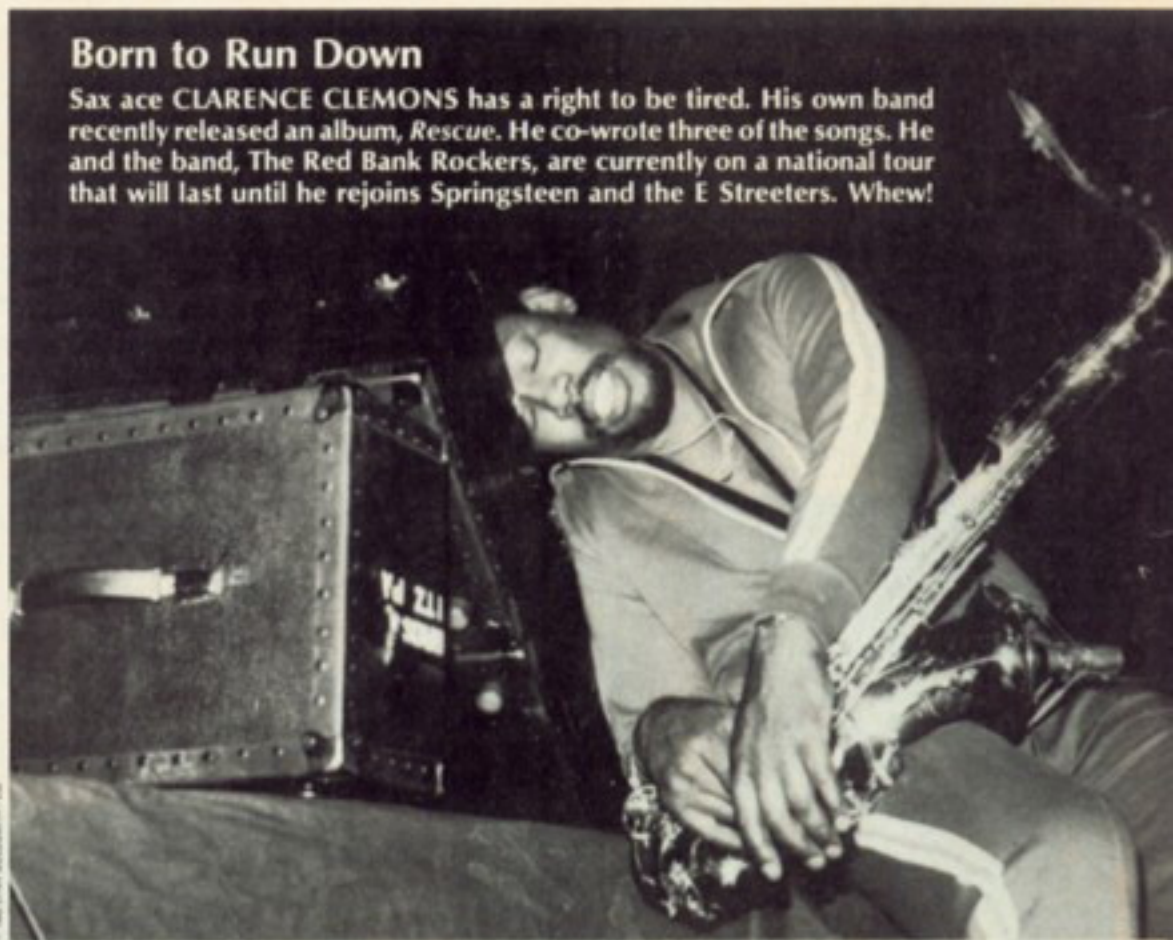
He Talks Big

JOE PISCOPO needs a lot of power to reach his syndicated-radio-show audience. *Joe Piscopo at Large* can now be heard on 250 stations. If you're planning to flash the airwaves, you've got to be well hung.



Born to Run Down

Sax ace CLARENCE CLEMONS has a right to be tired. His own band recently released an album, *Rescue*. He co-wrote three of the songs. He and the band, The Red Bank Rockers, are currently on a national tour that will last until he rejoins Springsteen and the E Streeters. Whew!



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Sweet Cheeks

Actress RANDI BROOKS showed up at a charity do to sample some of Mrs. Fields's delicious cookies. When she's not indulging, Brooks can often be found on TV and in the upcoming Chevy Chase epic *Deal of the Century*. We don't know about you, but we'd accept a nibble from this stranger any time.

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Tanked Up

On the left, we have ZZ Top bass player DUSTY HILL, who *looks* like he's on something. On the right, we have VAN HALEN, who *are* on something. What does it all mean? Heavy metal is alive and well. ZZ Top's album *Eliminator* rode high on the charts, and Van Halen were reportedly paid \$1,500,000 for an afternoon's work at last summer's US Festival. So these guys aren't complaining. But their neighbors might.



© 1981 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LG

Face That Launched 1000 Quips

Last summer, a new magazine called *The Movies* appeared, and actress/comedienne LILY TOMLIN graced the cover of the first issue. But as you can see from this photo, Ernestine, that authoritative voice of the communications industry, didn't think much of it.



Heels over Head

VICTORIA JACKSON is a comedienne, a gymnast, a poet and a highly unusual entertainer. You've seen her on *The Tonight Show*. You saw her last summer on the *½ Hour Comedy Hour*. You may even have seen her in a club. Here's what happens: She comes onstage, does a few warm-up cart wheels, flips into a handstand and begins to recite her free-form stuff. Either you laugh or you wonder. We laughed. After all, when's the last time you saw gymnastics done in high heels?

© 1981 MICHAEL JACKSON



COMING NEXT:

PLAYBOY'S DOUBLE HOLIDAY PACKAGE

THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 30TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUES

JOAN COLLINS, DYNASTY'S DREAM QUEEN, POSES FOR A SIZZLING, EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY PICTORIAL

WILLIAM MANCHESTER RECALLS CAMELOT IN THE MAKING, THE 1960 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, IN "ONE BRIEF SHINING MOMENT: THE MAKING OF THE KENNEDY LEGEND"

GEORGE V. HIGGINS HELPS US EAVESDROP ON AN UNUSUALLY REVEALING OFFICE-GIRL CONVERSATION IN "DEVLIN'S WAKE"

DAN RATHER TALKS ABOUT THE NEWS AND HIS FIRST TWO YEARS IN WALTER CRONKITE'S CATBIRD SEAT IN A NO-HOLDS-BARRED PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

PHILIP GARNER, CREATOR OF THE BETTER LIVING CATALOG, GOES BELOW THE BELT TO DEVISE A SEXIER VERSION, THE "BETTER LOVING CATALOG"

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER WEAVES A TALE OF LOVE, WAR AND POLITICS IN POLAND CIRCA WORLD WAR TWO; YOU WON'T FORGET ZINA IN "REMNANTS"

DR. HUNTER S. THOMPSON TAKES US ON A REAL TRIP, TO HAWAII FOR CHRISTMAS, AS THE GUEST OF THE ANCIENT GOD OF EXCESS AND ABUNDANCE IN "THE CURSE OF LONO"

DAVID HALBERSTAM MUSES ABOUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SPORTS SINCE THE BASIC IDEA CHANGED FROM MAKING A GREAT PLAY TO MAKING A GOOD BUCK IN "THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE FAN"

CRAIG VETTER ADDRESSES THE QUESTION OF THE DECADE—CAN THE MEDIA KILL SEX?—IN "THE DESEXING OF AMERICA"

BARBARA LEAMING ETCHES A PORTRAIT OF HOLLYWOOD'S LARGEST LIVING LEGEND IN "GENIUS WITHOUT PORTFOLIO: ORSON WELLES IN TINSELTOWN" (THE GOOD NEWS: HE'S WORKING ON A PICTURE AGAIN)

ANSON MOUNT RETURNS FOR ANOTHER PERFECT SHOT IN "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"

DONALD E. WESTLAKE BEAMS US ABOARD THE SPACESHIP HOPEFUL IN SEARCH OF A LOST COLONY IN "DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON?"

IRWIN SHAW, AS HE EASES INTO HIS EIGHTH DECADE, SUMS IT ALL UP IN "WHAT I'VE LEARNED ABOUT BEING A MAN"

DAVID SHEFF REPORTS ON THE WILD STORIES AND THE PARANOIA THAT SURROUND JOHN LENNON'S MEMORY, WITH EXCLUSIVE REACTIONS FROM HIS WIDOW, IN "THE TRASHING OF JOHN AND YOKO"

BUCK HENRY TELLS US "HOW I INVENTED PLAYBOY"

PLUS: "SEX STARS OF 1983"; A VISIT WITH MUHAMMAD ALI BY MARK KRAM; "PARTING ADVICE" FROM THE FATHERS OF DAVID CARRADINE, GEORGE PATTON, JR., PATRICK WAYNE, ARLO GUTHRIE, KATHY CRONKITE, PETER FONDA AND OTHERS; "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY'S EXERCISE BOOK"; "PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONICS GUIDE"; "THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HUNT"; FICTION BY ANTON CHEKHOV, GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ AND RAY BRADBURY AND POETRY BY JOHN UPDIKE; ANOTHER LOOK AT CHARLES MARTIGNETTE'S COLLECTION OF EROTIC ART; "PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS" AND "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; KURT VONNEGUT'S THOUGHTS ON CENSORSHIP; A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF MARILYN MONROE; "CHOICE CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST"; A TRIBUTE TO THE LOST ART OF SCREWING UP BY ROY BLOUNT JR.; A PREVIEW OF STAR 80, BOB FOSSE'S NEW MOVIE ABOUT THE DOROTHY STRATTEN TRAGEDY; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS

MY ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION





ALL ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION

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

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