

WHAT TOM SELLECK KNOWS ABOUT WOMEN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1983 • \$3.50

**DYNASTY STAR
JOAN COLLINS
UNCOVERED**

**GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE**

**SEX STARS
OF '83**

Great Holiday Stuff

David Halberstam

Hunter Thompson

William Manchester

Isaac B. Singer

George V. Higgins

Anson Mount

**WE PUT THE
SEX INTO
FLASHDANCING**

**YOU CAN BEAT
WALL STREET**

**SPECIAL BONUS!
PLAYBOY'S GUIDE
TO ELECTRONIC
ENTERTAINMENT**



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



ADVISE AND CONSENT

Our West Coast Editor, Stephen Randall (with the headphones), can't quite believe his ears as he hears some spicy sagacity on the new Playboy Advisor radio show. Another person with incredible ears (and everything else) is Bunny Sandy of the L.A. Playboy Club, who joined Randall, producer Stephen Peeples (left) and Westwood One president and executive producer Norm Pattiz in the studio for the very best in aural sex and AM/FM Q. and A.

SOMETHING TO CHAUFFEUR HER EFFORTS

That's what up-and-coming actress Heidi Sorenson, Miss July 1981, deserved after making the jump to Hollywood from her native Denmark a few years back. Now she has it—a feature role in the TV movie *Sunset Limousine*, which stars John Ritter at the wheel of the titular limo. We always knew Heidi was driven to succeed.



IS THIS THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED DEPOSIT SLIPS?

It could be, if Rodney Dangerfield can resist Miss January 1982, Kim McArthur, in his movie *Easy Money*. Rodney plays a guy who will inherit \$10,000,000 if he gives up smoking, drinking, gambling and womanizing for a year. With Kim around, the first three should be the easy part.



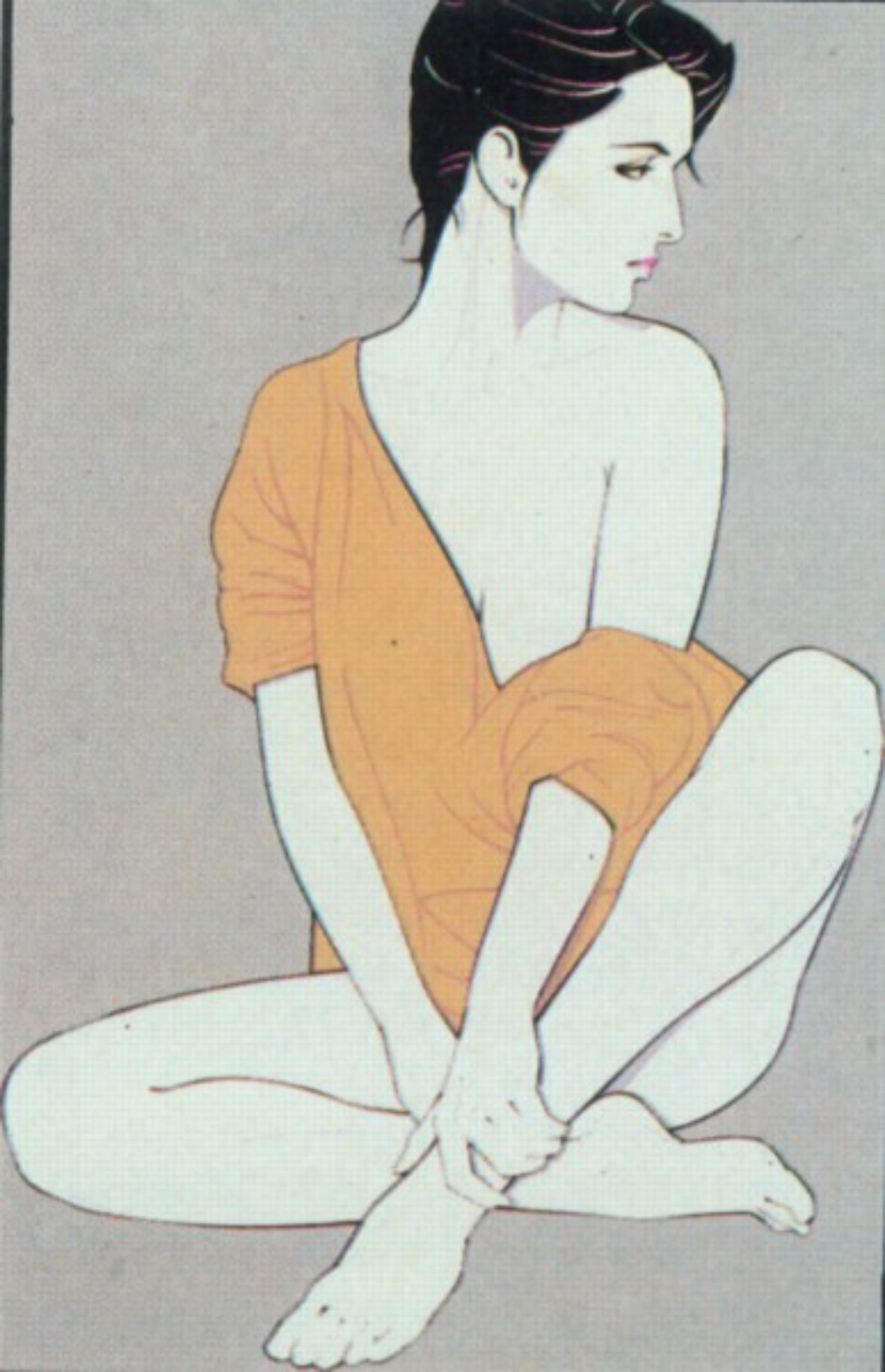
EVERYBODY LOVES SOME BUNNY SOMETIME

But some are loved more than most. All 16 Bunnies of the Year (elected by keyholder vote) were feted at Mansion West recently by Hef and Alan Thicke of TV's *Thicke of the Night*. Although great at formations, the B.O.Y.s are not a marching band.



GOOD SHEPHERD

Young Peter Billingsley (left) yearns for a Red Ryder Air Gun in the new film *A Christmas Story*, co-written by Jean Shepherd and based on his PLAYBOY tale *Red Ryder Nails the Hammond Kid* (December 1965). We can't give away the plot, but we bet it will charm you.



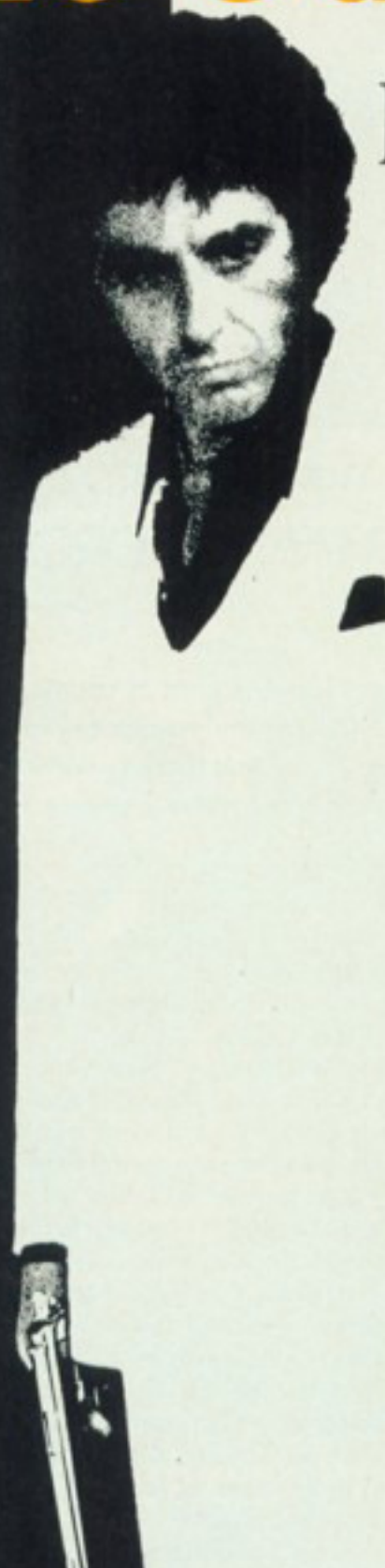
AL PACINO SCARFACE

In the spring of 1980,
the port at Mariel Harbor
was opened, and thousands
set sail for the United States.
They came in search
of the American Dream.

One of them found it on the
sun-washed avenues of
Miami...wealth, power and
passion beyond
his wildest dreams.

He was Tony Montana.
The world will remember him
by another name...
SCARFACE.

He loved the American Dream.
With a vengeance.



A
MARTIN BREGMAN
PRODUCTION

A
BRIAN DE PALMA
FILM

AL PACINO
"SCARFACE"

SCREENPLAY BY
OLIVER STONE

MUSIC BY
GIORGIO MORODER

DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY
JOHN A. ALONZO
A.S.C.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
LOUIS A. STROLLER



PRODUCED BY
MARTIN
BREGMAN

DIRECTED BY
BRIAN DE PALMA

SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON MCA RECORDS AND TAPES.

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**Coming in December
to a Theatre Near You.**









JOAN COLLINS

*two great photographers
meet one great star—
an exclusive portfolio*

HOW'S THIS as a plot line for *Dynasty*, ABC's soapy series of sex and corporate intrigue that's become a national mania: Alexis Carrington Colby—a woman so evil and conniving she makes J. R. Ewing look like Mother Teresa—decides to pose for *PLAYBOY*. The word goes out to Blake, her slick and sometimes sinister ex-husband, and Krystle, his stunning, goody-two-shoes second wife. Of course, Alexis will have to tell her two sons, the mentally unstable Adam (don't *(text continued on page 306)*

It took two of the biggest names in photography to do justice to TV's reigning sex queen. Above, George Hurrell's classic style captures Joan in black and white. Left, veteran *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer Mario Casilli works his particular brand of magic in color.

BLACK/WHITE PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE HURRELL
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





"Until now, when an actress turned 30, she kept it a secret," says Casilli, the man behind the lens for the series of color portraits.

"Joan will change that. It was exciting working with her. There's a little bit of animal in her that she lets sneak out. You feel as if you're with a panther."



Hurrell, who's no stranger to glamor, and Joan became instant friends for this series of black-and-white portraits. "Her sexuality is natural, both oncamera and off," he says.







"I haven't photographed anyone like her in ages," says Hurrell. "Look at that black hair against her pale skin. The other stars of today can't compare—in looks or personality."



"I was always pretty and gorgeous and sexy," says Joan. "But I prefer the way I look now to the way I looked in my 20s. My face is better now. A few lines, but what the hell." We agree.





“To me, I’ve got a great body. If it’s photographed right, it can look absolutely great.”

mention the word breakdown or he’ll fly into a rage) and the homosexual Steven, who had such radical plastic surgery last season that it allowed the producers to pull the ultimate in soap-opera *chutzpah*—to fire one actor and replace him with another without changing the character.

Let’s say Alexis gathers all of them, plus her daughter, her ex-son-in-law and assorted others, in her penthouse office overlooking Denver. What will she say?

“I’m appearing in *PLAYBOY*, with a modicum of tasteful eroticism, because I know that it looks good,” she’ll announce, sipping from her glass of Louis Roederer Cristal champagne. “If I didn’t look good, I wouldn’t do it. I’m far too vain. I’ve too much pride and I’m too intelligent to stand

there with fat arms and a big, fat belly.”

Blake looks stunned; Krystle is envious. Steven seems puzzled and Adam starts to have flashbacks to the mental hospital in Montana.

“To me, I’ve got a great body,” Alexis will say. “Sometimes, it looks terrific; and if it’s photographed right, it can look absolutely great.”

Sound like the Alexis we’ve come to know and fantasize about? Regular *Dynasty* fans probably will not be surprised to learn that those words were actually uttered—during a taping session for a forthcoming *Playboy Interview*—by Joan Collins, the English actress who has made Alexis into TV’s top sex symbol for men and an unlikely heroine for women. Those who have followed her more than 50 mov-

ies or her escapades that have scandalized Great Britain for years see it as a fitting role for their favorite legend. So when Joan agreed to pose for *PLAYBOY*, it was obvious that she deserved not one but two of America’s best photographers.

George Hurrell, perhaps the most famous name in Hollywood glamor photography, was the choice for the black-and-white series. He took his first photo of a film star, Ramon Novarro, in 1927 and, under contract to various movie studios, shot all the greats—Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bette Davis, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable and hundreds of others. As the star system died, he found himself in vogue with a new generation and, at 79, has taken album-cover shots for Aretha Franklin, Melissa Manchester, Chevy Chase, Keith Carradine, Lindsey Buckingham and Fleetwood Mac.

If Hurrell missed any stars along the way, it’s likely that Mario Casilli covered for him. One of the original *PLAYBOY* photographers who helped perfect the art of the centerfold (he has shot nearly 70 of them), he’s also one of the most sought-after celebrity photographers in the country, with nearly 50 *TV Guide* covers to his credit. Ironically, it is Casilli, the junior member of the photo team, who has known Joan longer, photographing her at what was the beginning of both of their careers.

“It was 1956 or 1957,” he recalls. “She had just come over from Britain as something of a Liz Taylor look-alike. She was much more quiet at the time and was nowhere near the lady she is now. She has grown in confidence and has really become her own person. I was impressed with her then, but I would never have guessed that she’d become such a star.”

For Joan, becoming a star was a long, bumpy ride. She entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts when she was only 15 and quickly made her movie debut in *I Believe in You*, with Laurence Harvey. Numerous films, most of them forgettable, followed. Of course, the quality of her work hardly mattered, since she managed, by dint of her colorful personal life and her penchant for speaking her mind, to become a star in spite of her career. Few saw or remembered her movies; no one forgot her well-publicized affairs. And if people did, Joan reminded them by writing her autobiography, *Past Imperfect*, in 1978. Even for a work by a woman long known as “Britain’s Bad Girl,” the book was so shocking and the uproar so loud that she demurely returned a \$100,000 advance to her American publisher to keep the book from being released here. She has since reworked it, toned some of it down and has agreed to let it be published early next year. Even her age is controversial. She tells interviewers she’s 48, but



“It’s from the Murrays . . . did we remember to send them anything?”

other sources see her as slightly more mature—say, 50ish.

To read *Past Imperfect* is to realize how anemic the plot lines of even *Dynasty* can be. Take, for example, Joan's first marriage, to English actor Maxwell Reed. On their first date, he drugged and raped her. Then, seven months into their marriage, he tried to sell her to an Arab sheik. Not even Alexis would have the gall to try that with Krystle.

After divorce number one, Joan learned to enjoy life. She had affairs with a string of famous sons: Charlie Chaplin's son Sydney, Arthur Loew's son Art, Jr., Conrad Hilton's boy Nicky and Rafael Trujillo, son of the then-dictator of the Dominican Republic. Terence Stamp and Harry Belafonte got their turns at bat, according to the book, while Richard Burton tried and struck out. Warren Beatty asked Joan to marry him—he even slipped her an engagement ring in a carton of chopped liver—and their ill-fated engagement was the talk of Hollywood.

Her second marriage, to singer-songwriter-director Anthony Newley, was an improvement over her first but was still stormy enough to be charted by the National Weather Service. Seven years and two children later, they split, and Joan fell into the waiting arms of Ryan O'Neal. A third marriage, to Ron Kass, who at one time headed the Beatles' Apple Records, was marked with tragedy when their youngest daughter, Katy, was hit by a car and suffered what doctors said was permanent brain damage. Joan and Ron dedicated their lives to helping her recover, and after years of both professional and home-grown therapy, Katy was able to resume a normal life. In fact, it was her recovery that allowed Joan the chance to work full time as Alexis, the only role in her career that has overshadowed her private life.

Veteran star watcher Hurrell is surprised that Joan has never before reached superstar status through her work. "She has everything—the face, the figure, the talent, the enthusiasm, the tenacity," he says. "The only thing I can figure out is that she probably had a lousy agent."

Casilli, on the other hand, thinks that the public was just slow to catch on. "Sometimes it takes the public a while to realize how exciting a certain character is," he maintains. "Now Alexis is a fantasy figure—rich, tough, sexy." After all, it says something about America that Alexis—who gleefully grinds her spiked heels into the little people on her climb to the top—has been accepted as a sexual fantasy rather than a threat.

Of course, there's one other important element to Joan's current success. She has put in years of hard work and has thrown herself into the role of Alexis—and that of Joan Collins the star—with enthusiasm

and professionalism. The lessons of other actors and actresses who turned out to be flashes in the pan have been noted and filed, as the longevity of her career attests. It's a career she runs singlehandedly, often without the help of a manager, a business manager or a press agent.

"She follows in the tradition of the stars of yesteryear," says Casilli. "She has an image and she knows how to exploit it. It's almost as if she's a product. During our session, she knew exactly what she wanted to look like and what she wanted to wear. She even does her own make-up—that's a lost art; none of today's actresses can do their own theatrical make-up."

Hurrell agrees. "She cares about her public. She's always dressed to the nth degree, always performing. She wants to look good for the public at all times. You don't see that anymore. And I like the way she speaks with such certainty. When we went to her house to show her the pictures, she didn't fiddle around. She knew exactly which pictures made her look good—she has a great eye for photography."

Joan admits that she has been inspired by the great stars she watched as a child, and after realizing that few, if any, women on television paid attention to fashion, she saw a chance to stand out.

"I was very positive that I wanted to make a statement with clothes," she explains. "I'm not Glenda Jackson. I can't just appear in an old serge skirt and a blouse."

"It's fun to see that glamor come back," says Casilli. "Joan has been so successful with it that I think we'll see a lot more of it from others in the future."

That doesn't mean that glamor has replaced controversy as a Collins trademark. Like Alexis, she seems to be able to have them both—and her photos in *PLAYBOY* are proof positive that elegance can be scintillating.

"The things I did in the *PLAYBOY* layout are unrevealing rather than revealing, because that's more interesting," she explains. "I can project sex by my face and my bodily attitude. I can switch it on."

Sex isn't all that gets switched on. People expect the outrageous from Joan, and she expects criticism from them.

"Everybody says, 'Oh, Joan, shocking girl. There she goes again, always doing the wrong thing, always shocking everybody and being controversial.' Everybody else rallies around, saying, 'Oh, God, she's so terrible.'"

Is this pictorial the wrong thing? Is it terrible? That's not what Joan told us.

"I can do what I want, and what I do is not shocking and is not bad," she insists. "In my own mind, it's OK. I've got a good body. I'd do it only if I knew I could do it. The instant I know I can't do it, I won't."



Bruce Brown

*"OK, let's slap the cuffs on 'em and ask
Mr. Scrooge where he got the drugs!"*





BACK TO BASICS

*our miss december is
a daughter of the
computer revolution*

ROUTE TWO winds along the Charles River in Boston before leaving behind the red-brick buildings of Harvard, the white sails and the flashing oars, the jogging scholars, to head northwest toward Concord. The shot-heard-round-the-world Concord. It had been years since any girl we knew lived next door to a national monument, but Terry Nihen (pronounced NI'-yen), our first Massachusetts Playmate in recent memory, does. Of course, Concord bridge is still there, but New England is changing. The Colonial houses are still there, tucked in the dense green New England forests. But at every crossroads, there is a computer company, another building with Data or Digital in the company name. Terry Nihen grew up in this region, in Acton, and *she* has changed. In a part of the country where every child goes on to college, if not graduate school, she opted to enroll in a technical-trade high school in nearby Lexington. "I wanted to try something new, to test myself against other kids. The school drew people from seven or eight towns. I was thrown in with a new crowd of very bright kids, just like that. I was studying something I was interested in." After graduation, she worked for a bank for four years. She added two more jobs to pay her way through a local community

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



"When I lived in the South, I found myself getting homesick. Atlanta was so new. I just had to come back. Boston has character, romance." Terry and friends take a surrey with a fringe on top down one of the old streets in Boston (above). An early-morning stroll takes her past the swan boats of Boston Common (below right). "But it's not all Victorian," she says. "There are nights I hang out at Spit, a New Wave club. Boston is as old or as new as you want it to be. It's alive."



"I get up about 6:30," says Terry. "I do some stretching exercises, have a light breakfast and go to work. I work until 4:30, then do some more exercising. My boyfriend cooks dinner. Afterward, we take in a movie or go bowling or ice skating." Or, shall we say, she attempts to go ice skating. Terry practices her recovery on a rink at left.

college. She changed direction and went to work for a firm she calls Digital-in-the-Woods. "I looked at other places that were too ultraprofessional. I've learned that what appears to be professional isn't. A preppie look isn't enough. I like something flexible. I get the work done *and* laugh." She worked in an employment-relations program: "I was relating not just to computers but also to people. The best of both worlds." Because her company had offices throughout the U.S., Terry decided to leave New England. She settled on Atlanta. She had apparently forgotten to pack the famous New England modesty—lucky for us. "I was a contestant in a bikini contest at a disco. First prize was a trip to Fort Lauderdale. Melinda Mays [Miss February 1983] was one of the judges. She suggested that I try out for Playmate. I was fairly rude about it. There were other girls in the contest who were better-looking. It had never crossed my mind that I could be mistaken for one of the women in PLAYBOY. But I thought about it for a day, then called her." There was no question in our mind that Terry Nihen deserved to be a Playmate. We had seldom seen a woman in such great shape. "I taught an exercise class three times a night. I got shin splints and had to cut down, but I'm still pretty active. I want to get into weight training. I don't want big muscles, just to get everything really hard, to be the best I can be."

As we talked with Terry, we revised our image of New England girls. "I liked Atlanta, but New England is home. I

And they didn't believe we were from PLAYBOY. During the shooting, we came across a bunch of sun-crazed picnickers who were having a pie fight.



Maybe we can call this the shot seen round the world: Terry poses for a picture just downstream from the famous little bridge in Concord. Until recently, the gristmill in the background of the shot below was in full operation. Say cheese.





missed the character, the history, the people. Everyone has the wrong idea about New Englanders. We're not cold. We're just not easy. In Atlanta, there were more people willing to open up, but there were also more people willing to take you to the cleaners."

After less than a year in Atlanta, Terry returned to New England to be close to friends and family. "My best friends just happen to be family. My sisters. My mother. They give me a lot of support." The result is an impressive blend of beauty and common sense, of warmth and intelligence. "I'm not flighty. I'm not boring. Being in *PLAYBOY* is a major compliment, but I have to view it realistically." We discussed her plans. She will put some of her Playmate money into a tax shelter. She may break down and replace the 1967 Le Mans with the jacked-up rear end that she uses for a car. She may try acting ("I've been told that I give a good show when I'm upset or very happy"). But in any event, she will do well.

"My friends say I have a good ear, meaning I can relate to their problems. I am very happy and willing to go out on a limb to help. It's worth it."







"My attitude toward modeling is a lot like my attitude toward exercise. You go as hard as your heart can go. I'll take it until I can't take it anymore or until it takes me somewhere else. I'm doing this mostly because of a dare."





"I can't remember a time when PLAYBOY wasn't in my house. My brother brought it home, and each copy passed from sister to sister. I don't know when I first thought of modeling as a career. I knew it was a clothes-on, clothes-off proposition. Just look at Vogue. Different magazine, same job. But I do know I couldn't have done this when I was 18. I was too impressionable. I would have looked at the pictures and just seen the outside. Now I know myself inside and out."





MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Terry Nihen

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 100 LBS

BIRTH DATE: 9-17-60 BIRTHPLACE: Concord, Massachusetts

AMBITIONS: To be healthy, happy and maintain a good sense of humor no matter what I do.

TURN-ONS: Down-to-earth, happy people; summertime; flowers; sleeping in till noon; smiling faces.

TURN-OFFS: Phony, inconsiderate, self-absorbed people; cold weather; being sick; procrastination.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind, Doctor Zhivago, Romeo and Juliet, any Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly movie.

FAVORITE FOODS: Lobster, shrimp, my mother's spaghetti & meatballs, anything chocolate!

FAVORITE PLACE: Cape Cod, my home.

IDEAL EVENING: Having a picnic on a moon lit beach with the one I love.

BIGGEST JOY: My boyfriend, family and children

4 Years old



Playing with my pickup sticks.

7 Years old



Me & my brother Michael.

14 Years old



My sister's wedding. (It was 110°!)

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As she delightedly unwrapped each Christmas present, the grateful mistress insisted on expressing her appreciation to her generous lover with a quickie. "Darling," the man panted after the fourth, "couldn't we consider a deferred-payment plan?"

Now, look here, Miss Patterson," the resident manager said to the provocative-looking new tenant, "about that take-a-number device you've gone and mounted on your apartment door. . . ."



Someday, yours may be the hand that rocks the cradle," the young man in the parked car told his date. "Tonight, though," he went on as he unzipped, "I'd like it to be the hand that cradles the rocks."

Following a threesome sex session, the girl relaxed contentedly for a few moments, then asked, "Was it good for you two?"

When pinched on the fanny, Monique Succumbed to a peeved maiden's pique
By exclaiming with verve
To her pincher, "Some nerve!"
"And in your case," he gloated, "some cheek!"

That new salesman I dated last night turned out to be hung like a bull—like, maybe with eight inches!" the typist confided during an office hen session.

"I wouldn't let myself be bedded by a nobody like that," commented a co-worker. "My own preference has run to individuals like the controller, the personnel manager and the senior vice-president for research and development."

"That's OK, honey," replied the first girl. "You can have the big wheels. I prefer the big axle rods."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bipartisan* as an A.C./D.C. politician.

Singles-bar lore: The difference between a dog and a fox in the eye of the beholder is a minimum of five drinks.

I met the kinkiest producer at lunch today," the Hollywood agent told his wife. "He spent most of the meal boasting about the conquests he'd made."

"So what's so kinky about that?" asked the woman. "Surely you've been in this business long enough to be blasé about the casting couch."

"Oh, I am, I am—but this guy happens to make nothing but animal pictures."

An outrageous young lady named Kyle Likes to flirt in a whimsical style:
She'll depanty, it's said,
And then stand on her head
To display her most quimsical smile.

Insult overheard in a bar: "You're such an asshole that you ought to be listed in the *Guinness Book of Rectums!*"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hula-Hoop* as a Hawaiian I.U.D.

Word has reached us that the Yellow Pages people have refused a listing for an outcall service for stockbrokers titled *Putz and Calls*.



"I'd like to have my money back," the customer stated firmly.

"What happens to be the problem, sir?" countered the sex-shop clerk.

"This love doll you sold me yesterday inflates with her legs crossed!"

My wife and I split up because we have too much in common," the solitary drinker confided morosely to the bartender.

"Izzat so?"

"Yeah—we both like to eat pussy."

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.



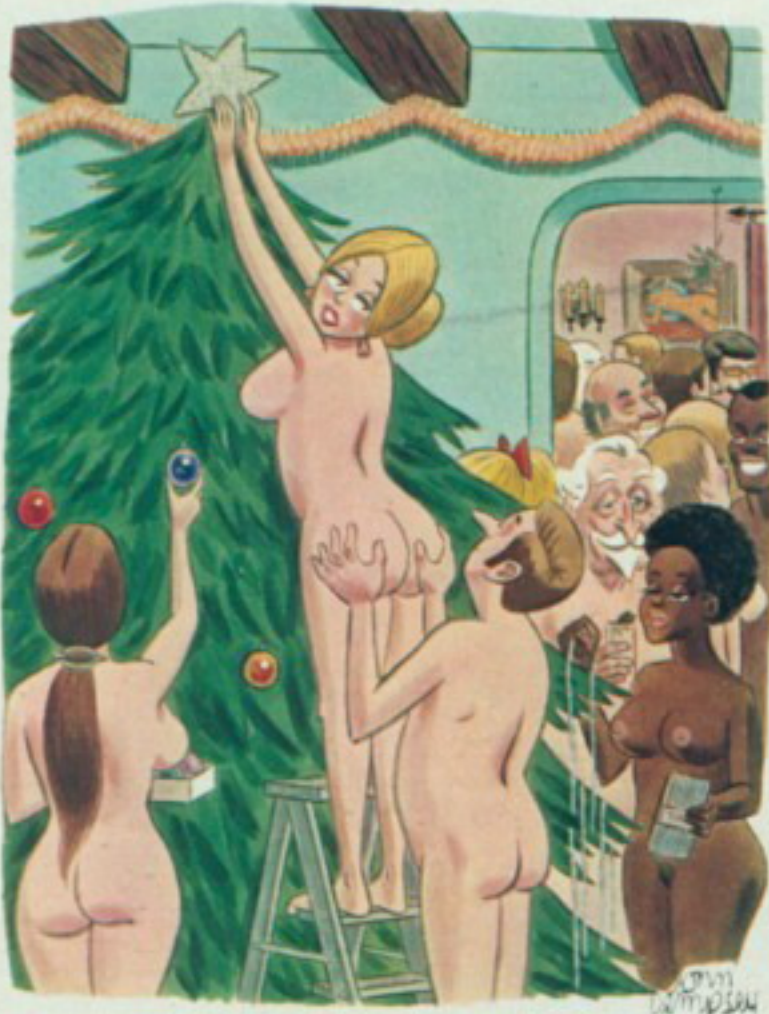
"Oh, dear! I thought you'd be in Moscow by Christmas!"

CHOICE CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST

*a compendium of wry
yulefoolery from
the pages of playboy*



"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."



"Just holding the ladder will suffice, Mr. Jacobs."



*"How'd you like to spend an old-fashioned Christmas
at Grandma's?"*



*"Then, one cold winter's night, I said to myself,
'What the hell am I doing up here in the North Pole with
a bunch of dumb-looking elves?'"*



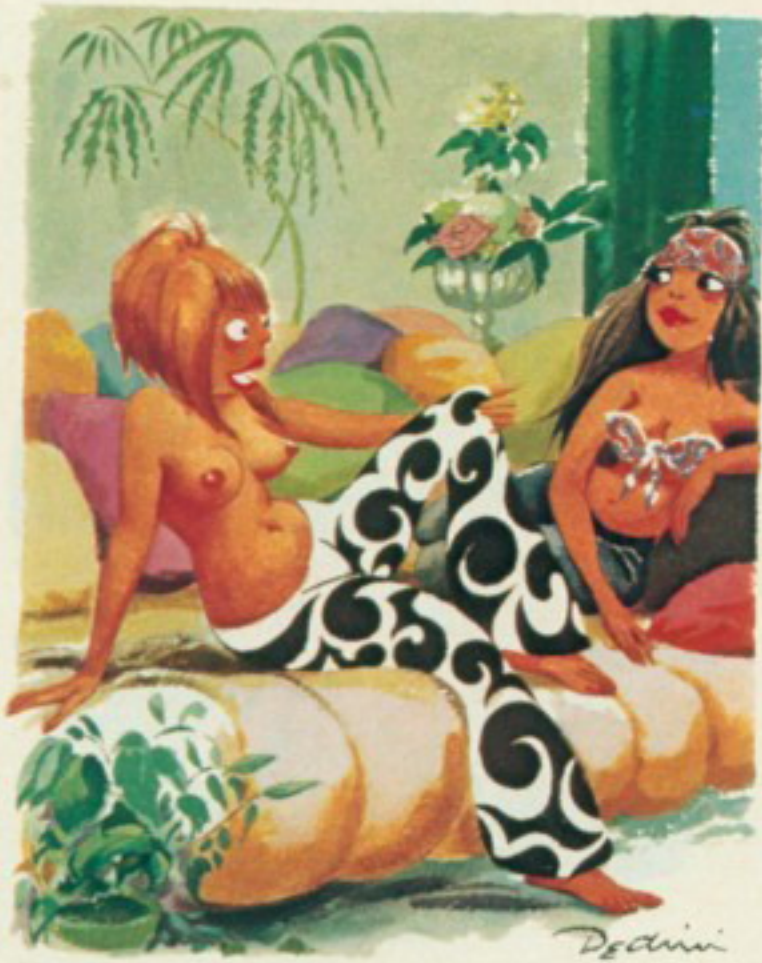
*"I hate for this moment to end, but we mustn't
monopolize the mistletoe."*



*"But, Nancy, couldn't you just leave cookies and milk for
Santa, as you always did before?"*



*"Nothing like chestnuts roasting on an open fire,
eh, Miss Blythdale?"*



"This year, I'm just giving fruitcake and vibrators."



"Well, the holiday season's upon us!"



"Think of all the years we wasted just swapping presents."



"Why can't he just go out and buy some Christmas cards like everyone else?"



"After all these years of giving, I said to myself, 'So why shouldn't I give myself a present?'"



"Memo to the Christmas office-party committee: 'Congratulations, etc., etc.,' signed B. J. Wilkens."



"Surprise, Grandmother! We've come to spend the Christmas holidays with you."

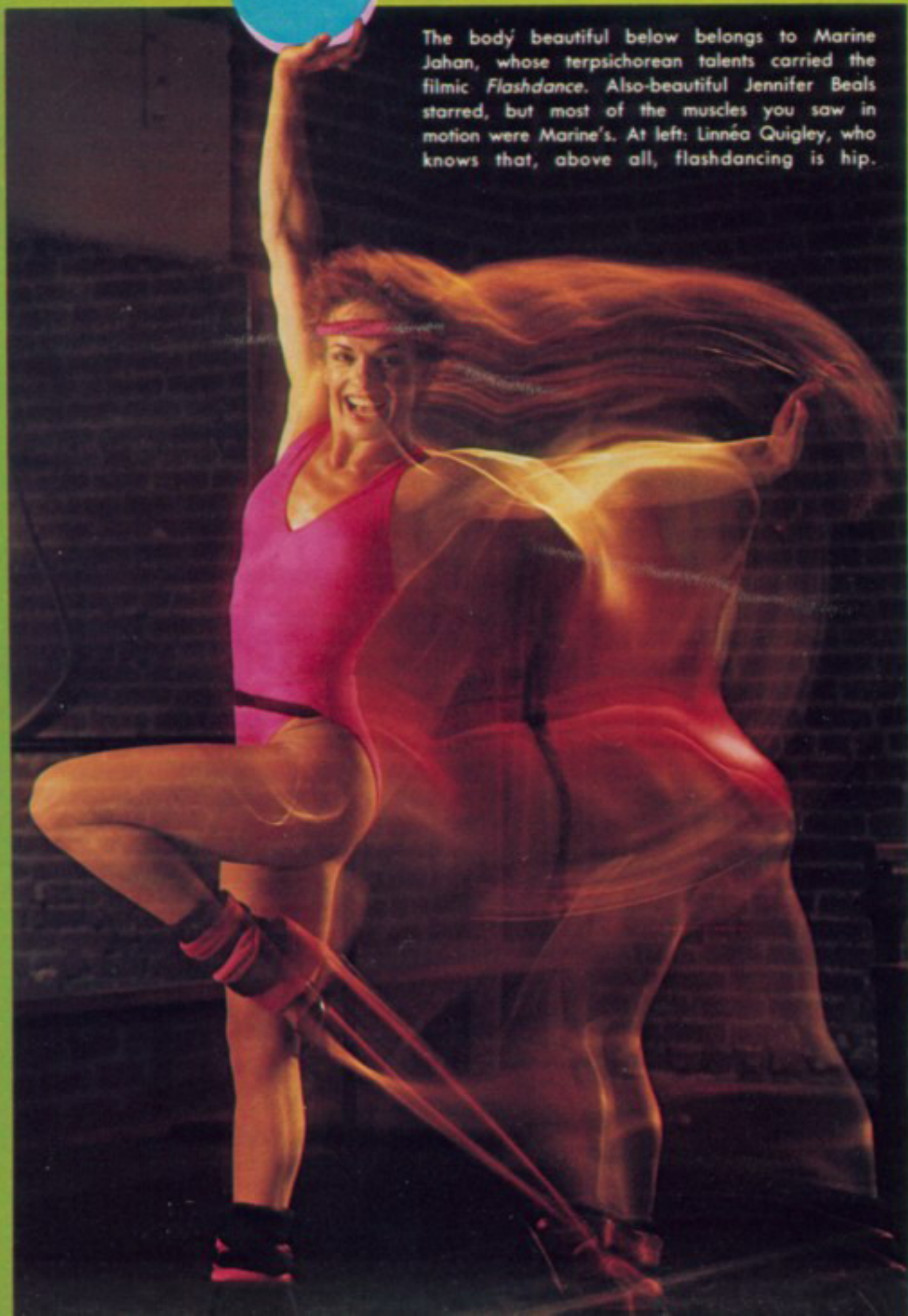


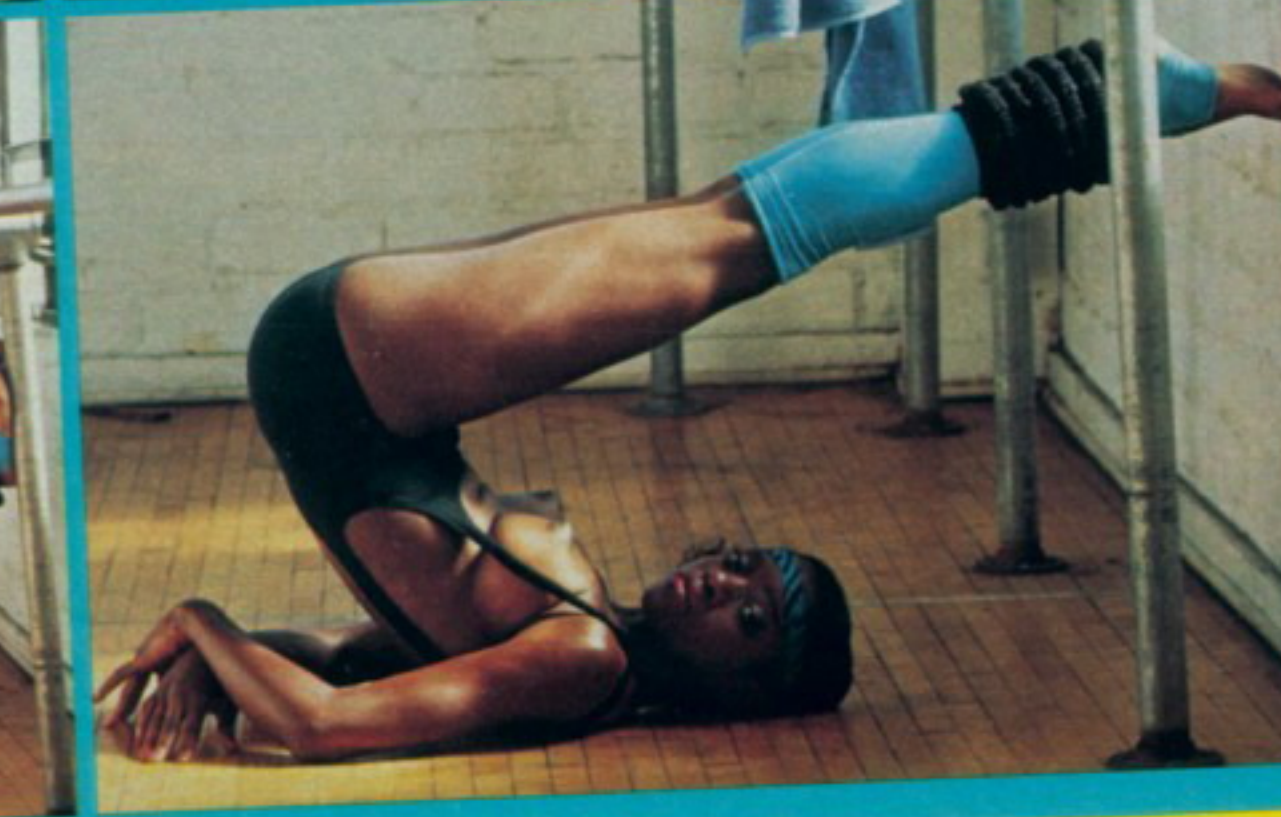
She's a *maniac* on the floor, and her dance is stripped-down, flashed-up. Come explore. You've seen the movie, heard the music, hyperventilated to the video. Zoom in, now, for a look at the women who make flashdancing the musical model of sensory overload. It has set off the last blast in disco's demolition, done more for torn shirts than Brando and made leg warmers seem more disarming than light sabers. Its practitioner kicks sparks. She may not be your basic girl next door; but, then, we're living in the age of flash.

Flashdancers

take your passion, make it happen

The body beautiful below belongs to Marine Jahan, whose terpsichorean talents carried the filmic *Flashdance*. Also-beautiful Jennifer Beals starred, but most of the muscles you saw in motion were Marine's. At left: Linnéa Quigley, who knows that, above all, flashdancing is hip.





A girl with a very stylish name and all the moves to match, Demetria Garrett (left) stretches her skills in a routine that must be worth at least 8000 words. The Dalmatian in the upper-right-hand corner doesn't belong to Demetria—it's just that whenever she works out, there has to be a fire-department representative on the scene.

What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object? When tawny Kim Arrow (right) bellies up to the barre, the answer is a revelation. It seems clear from our evidence that the irresistible force has come out in a superior position. Unfortunately, however, this year's Nobel Prize nominations are in.







Kathleen Carr's regimen (above) has obvious benefits in muscle tone and flexibility, though it's absolute hell on the wardrobe. The omnipresent mirrors that are part of flash-dance practice may have brought charges of narcissism, but they reflect well on Kathy.





Our flashdance finale features Tamara Rawlings (up and down and all around). Tamara sports the ultra-fashionable leg warmers that are the one indispensable part of a flashdancer's uniform. When it's down to bare essentials, the only thing you really need is feet of fire. Hence, of course, the leg warmers.





"I know when you've been good, and I know when you've been bad, so be good for goodness' sake!"



last year's creatures from outer space are out of it as musicians, dancers, bodybuilders and blondes take center stage

SEX STARS OF 1983

pictorial essay By JIM HARWOOD

THE SEX STARS of 1983 proved again that those old organs can still play mighty tunes if properly serviced. Although middle age is only a state of mind, the calendar can nonetheless exact an annoying toll on some of us. Thanks to **John Travolta**, however, we physical wretches could sit back on our cellulite and be happy we don't *have* to stay in shape for sex stardom, great though the rewards may be. To get ready for *Staying Alive*, Travolta trained for four months under **Sylvester Stallone**, pumping iron for two hours each day, dancing for three. In addition to a limited high-protein diet, he stuffed himself with multivitamins, mineral pills, zinc tablets and wheat-germ capsules. Then, when his 29-year-old body was finally transformed, Travolta accented the new shape by waxing off a lot of body hair and undergoing special sun tanning.

After all that, unfortunately, some critics squeezed their pale flab behind their typewriters and found him too old for the part of an ambitious young Broadway dancer. Said one, "Travolta does what his fans—at least his female fans—want: strut, dance and take a shower (seen from waist up). But the beefcake show worked better when he was younger and more beguiling."

Those female fans, however, didn't seem to share the critics' complaints, especially when Travolta and Stallone showed up together for the premiere, tuxes bulging. Seven years (text continued on page 212)

THREE FOR THE SHOW: Quickening pulses across the land this year are John Travolta (at left in his *Staying Alive* persona), whose reprise performance as Tony Manero thrilled the ladies, if not the critics (he'll have another chance opposite Olivia Newton-John in *Two of a Kind*); Nastassia Kinski (top right), whose offbeat sensuality shone through the murk of *Exposed* and *The Moon in the Gutter*; and Michael Jackson, whose videos *Beat It* and *Billie Jean* and show-stealing performance on Motown's 25th-anniversary special almost eclipsed his records (that's the *Thriller* album cover, right).



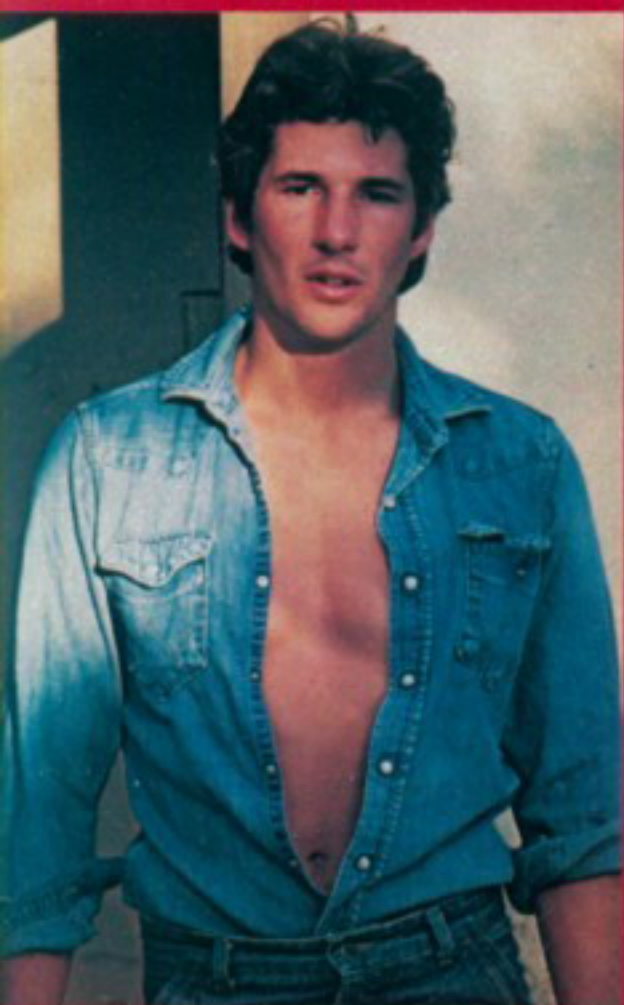


MEDIA MARVELS: From column mentions to *Time* cover stories, these are the personalities who kept the presses rolling in '83. In a class by herself is Joan Collins (below), smoldering star of TV's *Dynasty* and someone you'll see more of elsewhere in this issue. Brooke Shields (right) has so far this year made fewer headlines in movies than in matriculating—Princeton won—but *Sahara*, due out in December, may change all that. David Bowie (below right) rocketed back yet again, replacing Ziggy Stardust with a new straight image and scoring on wax, in concerts, films and video. The ever-popular Pia Zadora (left) kept typewriters ticking, albeit with less energy than last year, thanks to *The Lonely Lady* (not, this time, made by wealthy hubby Meshulam Riklis). Meanwhile, in Malibu, Rachel Ward set up housekeeping with bridegroom Bryan Brown, her spouse in TV's *The Thorn Birds* (below left)—and, it's reported, a Nancy Reagan favorite.

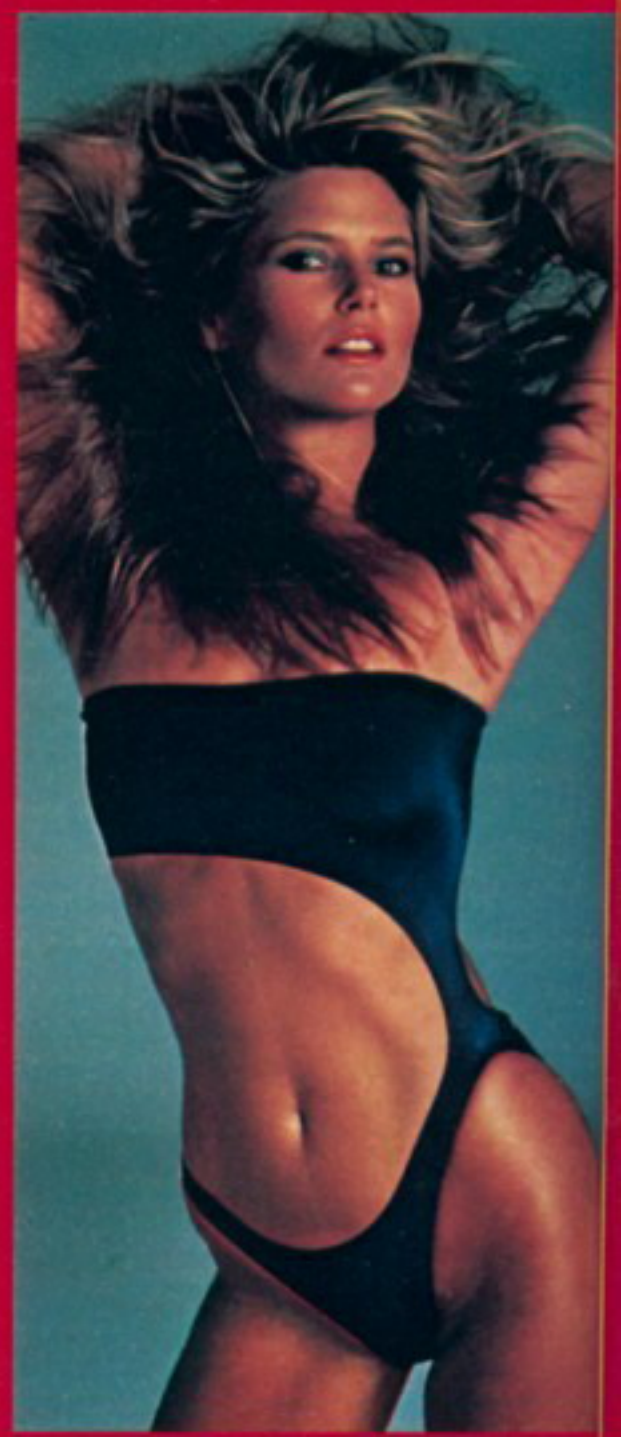


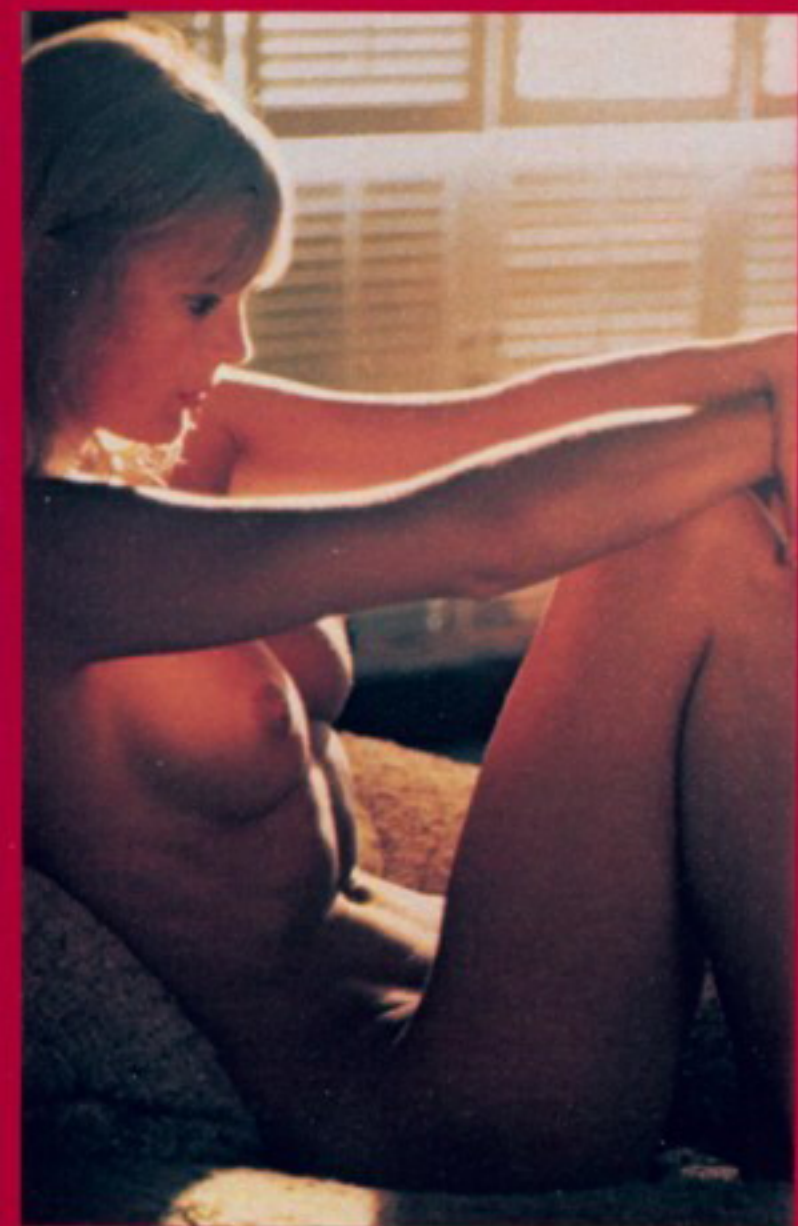


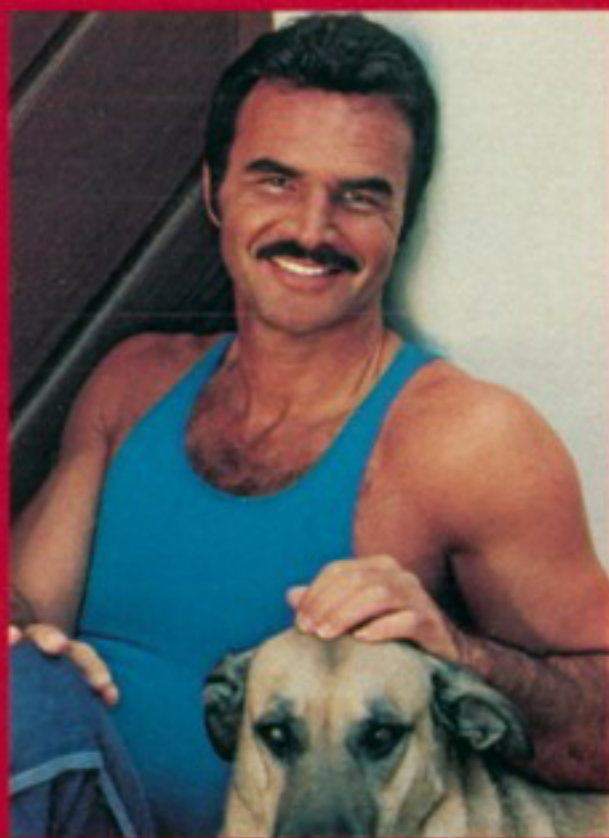
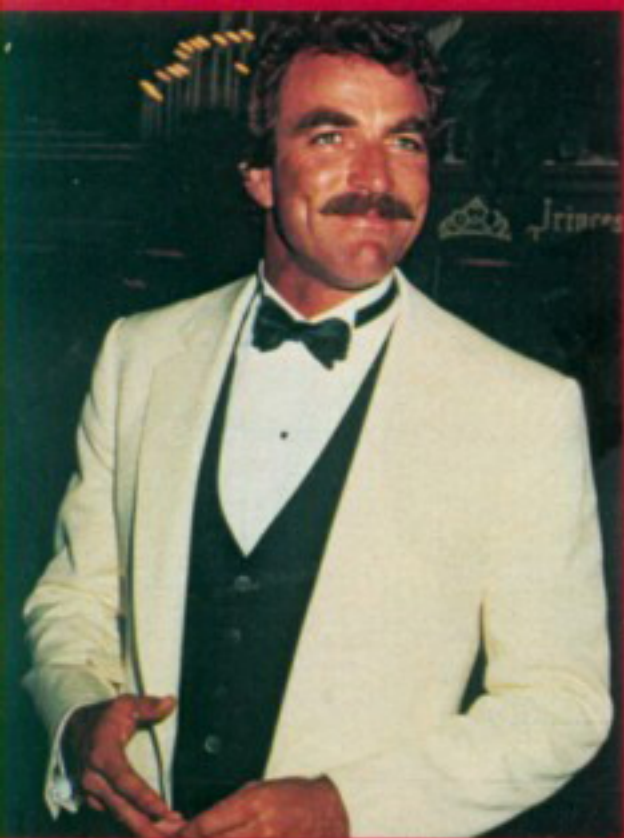
BREAKING THROUGH: Jamie Lee Curtis (above), after years of playing hapless horror-film heroines, shattered that mold with a startlingly sexy twist on the hooker-with-the-heart-of-gold role in the summer comedy smash *Trading Places*. That film also gave a second-stage thrust to the career of *Saturday Night Live* comic Eddie Murphy, seen above right getting a little lovin' from Olivia Brown in his earlier triumph as a wise-ass con in *48 HRS.* And *Flashdance*, unquestionably the year's biggest surprise hit, provided a socko screen debut for 19-year-old Chicago model Jennifer Beals (with Michael Nouri at right).



BODY PEOPLE: Working out, on- and offscreen, has come a long way since Richard Gere (far left) donned gravity boots for *American Gigolo*; despite staying in shape, this year he was *Breathless*. Also tuned up (clockwise from left): Mr. T, star of television's *The A-Team*; Tanya Roberts, whose *PLAYBOY* pictorial allegedly won her the title role in *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*; Shannon Tweed, of Hollywood's *Hot Dog* and *Of Unknown Origin*—also seen in a European Health Spa commercial; Victoria (*Dallas*) Principal, spokeswoman for a health-club chain; Linda (*Dynasty*) Evans, now a beauty-tips author; Christie Brinkley, who penned *Christie Brinkley's Outdoor Beauty and Fitness Book*, posed for this hit poster and made a modest movie debut; and Sylvester Stallone, down to fighting weight to direct *Staying Alive*.

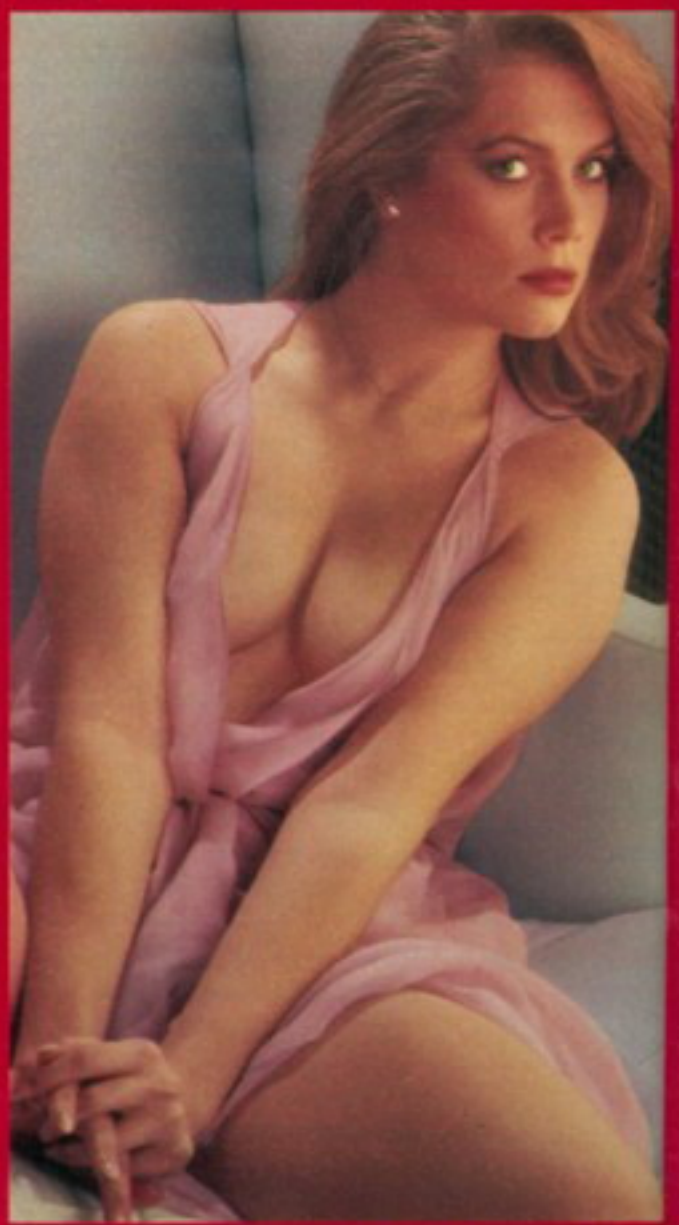


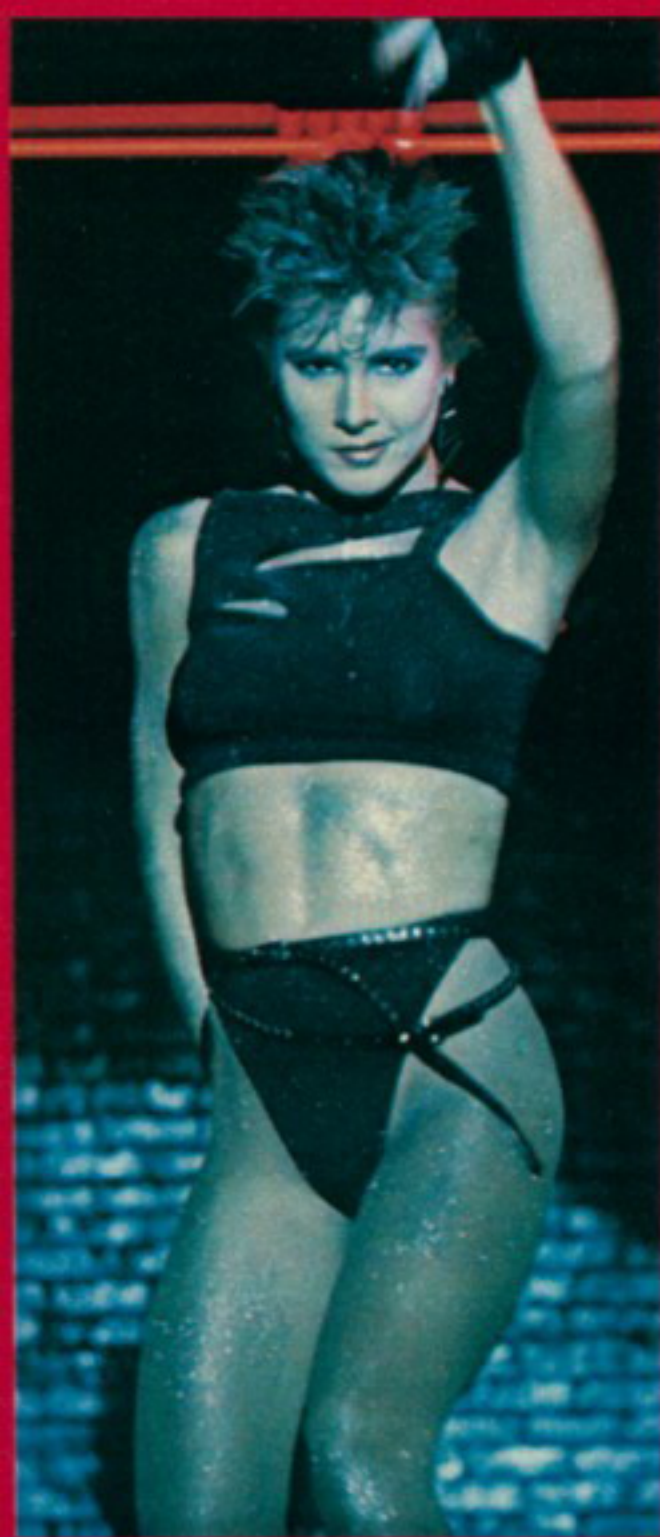




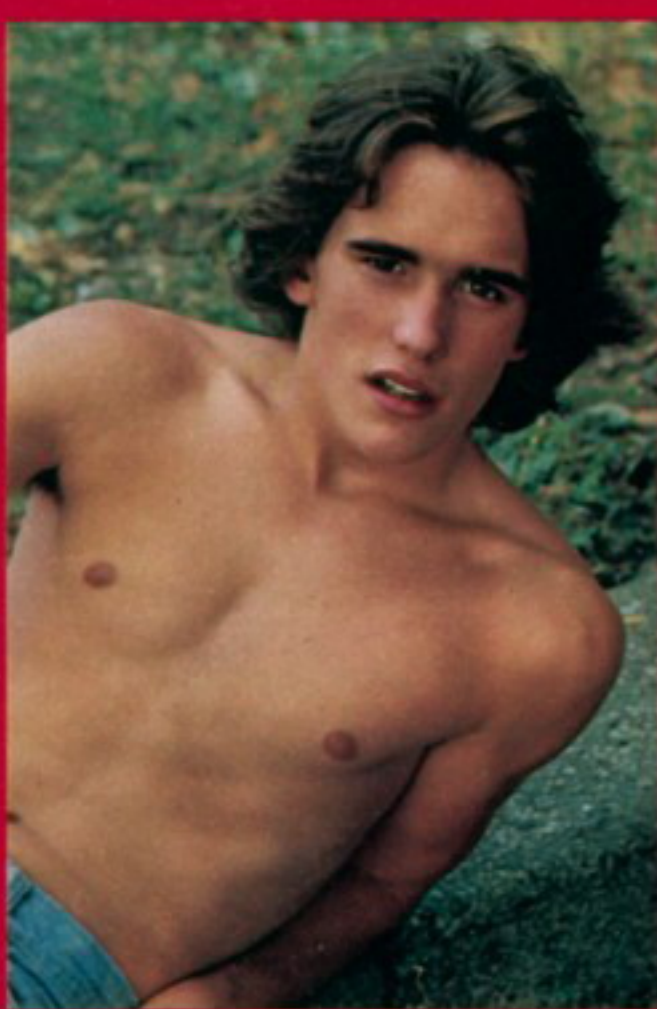
HUNKS: There's still a great deal to be said for just plain sex appeal, the kind that keeps box-office cashiers busy no matter what. Female fans still sigh for Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck (above left), despite the lukewarm reception given his *High Road to China* big-screen bow, and Burt Reynolds (above) managed to survive *Stroker Ace*'s crash with his image more or less intact.

HUSSIES: The role of the woman who's no better than she should be has always been a juicy plum for the ambitious actress. Among those now profiting thereby are Brazil's Sonia Braga (above right), an earthy cook in *Gabriela*; Kathleen (*Body Heat*) Turner (below right), a bitch in *The Man with Two Brains*; and Barbara Carrera (below), the villainess in *Never Say Never Again*.





FRESH & FLASHY: Talented Cynthia Rhodes went straight from *Flashdance* (left) to a bigger part in *Staying Alive*. Other hot young properties (clockwise from above): Valerie (*Breathless*) Kaprisky; Christopher (*Dallas*) Atkins, here doing his thing in *Heaven*; Arielle Dombasle, captivating in *Pauline at the Beach*; Matt Dillon, fresh from *Tex* and *The Outsiders*, now onscreen in *Rumble Fish*; and Linda Blair—obviously matured since *The Exorcist*—seen lately in *Chained Heat*.





BLONDE BOMBSHELLS: PLAYBOY's August cover girl, Sybil Danning (left), should wow fans in *Hercules*, *Chained Heat* and *Seven Magnificent Gladiators*. Above, a bouquet of Heathers—Thomas at left, Locklear at right—is blossoming on television; Miss Thomas (here in her hit-poster pose) in *The Fall Guy*, Miss Locklear in both *Dynasty* and *T. J. Hooker*. The beauty temporarily beached below is Randi Brooks of TV's *Wizards and Warriors*, who had a small but unforgettable part in *The Man with Two Brains*. And on the opposite page, the girl we (and several experts) predicted would make it big in Hollywood this year, Kim Basinger, now proving our point in *Never Say Never Again* and in *The Man Who Loved Women*.





older than his latest protégé, Stallone seems determined to prove that physical fitness is the ultimate solution for everything from boxing to boffing. If he and Travolta do team up for *Godfather III*, as discussed, their gangsters will probably eat low-cal spaghetti and save the cement shoes for working out.

The women have been busy building, too. **Jane Fonda**, at 45, has fashioned an entirely new career with a best-selling exercise book, records, video tapes and salons. Turning 41, **Linda Evans** also had a big beauty book on the market, as did younger **Christie Brinkley**, including her secrets for "navel maneuvers," a prospect that would enlist even the lazy.

With or without muscles, maturity has suddenly become sexy. It's truly amazing how many of today's sex superstars, across the board in film, television and music, are well into their late 30s, 40s or 50s.

One reason is that after the postwar baby boom, the audience itself has moved on in years, taking some favorites with it and rediscovering others. (The number of career comebacks in recent years—especially in soap operas—has been extraordinary.) If the trend continues, the Sex Stars of 1995 will be slipping into shawls instead of out of bikinis, and the word rocker will revert to its old meaning. Secondly, the younger members of the audience now seem totally confused about what is sexy. Given the relative enlightenment of society, they haven't had the fun of discovering smut that their parents did. That could explain why they are so excited by technology.

Still, the kids have good instincts. They are currently crazy about **Michael Jackson**, whose album *Thriller* was this year's multihit blockbuster, followed by a popular narrative record of *E.T.*, which brought him into collaboration with **Steven Spielberg**, with whom he now hopes to do a musical. Having been a singer since the age of five, Jackson often refers to his yen for an acting career, but Hollywood remains dubious about the thespian possibilities in the high-pitched voice that's otherwise so popular. And since he's a grown man who still isn't shaving, it's hard to predict that his pipes will drop lower any time soon.

Youngsters also continue to yearn for the sexpots close to their own ages, such as **Nastassia Kinski** and **Brooke Shields**, remaining entranced by their exciting private lives if not keenly interested in their recent films. Kinski dropped another bomb with *Exposed*. Better luck may lie ahead when she appears with **Jodie Foster** (an old friend with whom she's long been swapping dirty jokes) in *The Hotel New Hampshire*. On location, the two girls shared an infatuation with handsome **Rob Lowe**, who previ-

ously was the unlucky one who had to play **Jacqueline Bisset's** son instead of her adolescent lover in *Class*.

Filming *Sahara*, Brooke and mother **Teri** were busy fending off older, admiring sheiks and princes, concentrating on her upcoming collegiate career at Princeton, which she chose after Harvard refused Mom's demand that it promise to admit Brooke *before* she applied. Although she now concedes that her first boyfriend was **Robby Benson** and her friendship with **Christopher Atkins** was close but brotherly, Brooke is still awaiting her first big romance, which she remains hopeful will be just like in the movies.

Eddie Murphy captured the imagination of both younger and older audiences; his first two films, *48 HRS.* and *Trading Places*, were such smashes that they encouraged Paramount Pictures to nail down his services with an unprecedented \$15,000,000 deal. Although his co-stars in each of the first two hits got the romantic roles, Murphy is expected to get his chance soon enough.

Blonds are still popular, too—even slightly emaciated ones such as **David Bowie**. Always popular, Bowie has soared in the past couple of years, both dramatically and unexpectedly onstage in *The Elephant Man* and in music, which brought him a \$10,000,000 recording contract and more millions in concert appearances. Somehow, he also found time to appear in two movies, *The Hunger* and *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence*.

Some prefer more traditional blondes, of course, such as lovely **Kim Basinger**, whose long tresses made an astounding *PLAYBOY* cover in February (the rest of her was even more astounding in the layout inside). She co-stars with **Burt Reynolds** in *The Man Who Loved Women* and is **Sean Connery's** new woman in *Never Say Never Again*, his current return as James Bond. Oddly enough, she was spotted for the part by Connery's wife, whose taste is obviously as good as her husband's.

Inspiring other blondes who get tired of not being taken seriously, **Jessica Lange** became a rare double Oscar nominee this year for her performances in *Frances* and *Tootsie*. Ironically, in *Tootsie*, Lange portrayed a sexpot who didn't remove her clothes, but in *Frances*, she played a serious, troubled actress who bared all.

Twenty years ago, the sight of a naked woman onscreen was supposed to thrill the old man but threaten his wife, who was fearful that she couldn't compete with that perfection. The kids weren't supposed to care, because they were too young.

Now it's the women who are peering at **Richard Gere's** peepee in *Breathless*, while the men sit and sulk, convinced that none of that nudity is necessary to the plot, if there is one. One might suppose the younger generation had no such hang-ups; after all, the increasing leniency of the

film-rating system theoretically takes into account the fact that kids are better adjusted and more sophisticated sexually than they used to be.

Alas, it hasn't turned out to be so simple for those who make those sexy, R-rated films whose box-office survival depends on those between 12 and 17, who are supposed to attend with their parents but always manage to lose them along the way. Today's big studios have expensive market-research departments pestering kids all over the country with questions about what they want to see in films. A couple of years ago, the experts found out quickly enough that young boys like the idea of being seduced by older women; the result was the highly profitable *Private Lessons*, starring **Sylvia Kristel** as the seductress. The producers wanted to do a sequel called *Private School*, about two beautiful young girls competing to seduce a handsome older guy, which the research showed was an attractive concept for both boys and girls. Then it got complicated.

According to the initial research report, "Two sets of elements must be considered: raunchy sex that attracts the guys and puts off the girls versus innocent sex that attracts girls but is at best neutral for guys. . . . Girls don't mind nudity of females, as long as they like what's going on around them. . . . Girls are not interested in sex for sex's sake. . . . Girls like sex and raunch in context."

Encouraged by the last comment, *Private School's* film makers went looking for sex and raunch in context, selecting for the competitive leads pretty and innocent **Phoebe Cates** and spicy **Betsy Russell**, who clinched the part when she removed her top in the producer's office.

Not surprisingly, the finished product satisfied no one, despite constant tinkering with such major questions as how much pubic hair was too much. In other words, what the boys liked, the girls didn't, and vice versa, resulting in only middling box-office report cards.

All in all, simple sleaze is a lot more fun, especially when it's running rampant on television's prime-time soaps.

What *Dallas* started, *Dynasty* has now perfected, thanks to deliciously seductive performances by members of a seasoned cast who've been around long enough to know what sexy really is. At 50, **Joan Collins** fully deserved a career revival as the conniving Alexis Carrington, even if it did cost her a third husband when she split with producer **Ron Kass**. (Much the same thing happened when *Dallas's* **Linda Gray** left her husband of 20 years.)

Dynasty has also been a big career boost for lovely Linda Evans, who deserved more than the publicity she'd been getting as **John Derek's** third wife, whom he left for **Bo Derek**, whose public attention has now paled beside Linda's. And at 65, **John Forsythe** finds that his part as the

powerful, ruthless Blake Carrington has brought him more attention than did 30 years of playing nice guys.

Some youth is necessary on the tube, to give the old folks a rest if nothing else. At 22, beautiful **Heather Locklear** was *Dynasty's* darling slut, deserting a gay husband in search of new conquests, blackmailing Mom-in-law and having all sorts of similar fun. (Who could believe this Heather is the same sweet girl who's so wholesome on *T. J. Hooker*? Who, for that matter, could believe this is not the **Heather Thomas** who appears on *The Fall Guy*? Who cares? They're equally gorgeous.)

At 22, blond, beefy Christopher Atkins is joining *Dallas* to bed down J.R.'s wife, long-suffering Sue Ellen (Linda Gray), who shouldn't be suffering too much longer. Nor will Atkins' fans, since his contract calls specifically for him to bare as much of his body as TV allows. Having started in a loincloth with Shields in *The Blue Lagoon*, Atkins' body has been busy since, appearing in a magazine centerfold and as that of a male stripper opposite **Lesley Ann Warren** in a picture titled *Heaven*. In private, however, the bod still belongs to longtime girlfriend **Cindy Gibb**, who stars in TV's *Search for Tomorrow*.

Fourteen years older than Atkins, Lesley Ann is also nearly a decade beyond her housemate, **Jeffrey Hornaday** (and weary of talking about the age difference). But her years of experience proved plenty lucky for him when Warren's ex-husband, producer **Jon Peters**, dropped by to complain that he had to replace his choreographer for *Flashdance*. Warren generously suggested her current beau, and that's how Hornaday got his first big movie job, which turned out to be a major box-office hit (and nobody ever really complained that he used sexy **Marine Jahan** as a dance double for equally sexy **Jennifer Beals**).

All of which shows that Hollywood domesticity can be dandy at times. But back at the Peters house, Jon was having less luck with longtime ladylove **Barbra Streisand**, who had become a bit edgy with the pressures of her directorial debut on *Yentl*. Streisand built a fence at their ranch to separate her portion from his—and had his car towed away when he parked on the wrong side of it. That was Hollywood's best domestic dust-up this year, except for the subpoena **Jeff Wald** had served on ex-wife **Helen Reddy** during the reception after her wedding to drummer **Milton Ruth**.

There was even talk that Streisand was smitten with Richard Gere after he cooled his romance with Brazilian artist **Sylvia Martins**. But Gere's fans seemed more interested in whether or not he might rebound to his *Breathless* co-star, pretty

French import **Valerie Kaprisky**. Their steamy nude scenes, however, didn't seem to carry forward, though she said they were fun while they lasted—insisting that lovers in real life don't cover themselves with sheets and she wouldn't, either.

Meanwhile, Gere's previous screen dalliance, **Debra Winger**, found herself in a whirlwind courtship, while shooting *Terms of Endearment* in Nebraska, with none other than the state's handsome governor, **Bob Kerrey**, who once edged out **Tom Selleck** on U.P.I.'s list of the world's ten most eligible bachelors. Although Winger's wickedly foul mouth shocked many of the Nebraska locals, the gov didn't seem to mind, and the romance flourished at a pace somewhere between that of **Phyllis George's** marriage to Kentucky governor **John Y. Brown** and **Linda Ronstadt's** breakup with California governor **Jerry Brown**—though the latter pair can still be seen together sometimes, now that he's out of office.

Romance blossoms a lot on location. Before leaving her native England to film *The Thorn Birds* in Hawaii, **Rachel Ward** was warned by a fortuneteller that true romance was on its way. But surely, the soothsayer didn't actually mean Ward's *Thorn Birds* spouse, confirmed Australian bachelor **Bryan Brown**. After their first romantic scene beneath a waterfall by night, Brown's bachelorhood washed away quickly, and the pair were soon married. A few months later, fiery Bryan was threatening violence to whoever was feeding breakup rumors to the gossip mags.

Dan Aykroyd married a very pretty blonde, **Donna Dixon**, while equally pretty and blond **John Schneider** of *The Dukes of Hazzard* found a bride in L.A. newscaster **Tawny Little**, a former Miss America, who was previously one of Burt Reynolds' many ladies. As usual, Burt himself stayed free after a fling with his *Stroker Ace* co-star, **Loni Anderson**, who played the most improbable screen virgin since **Doris Day**. As Anderson was added to the list of Reynolds' wraps, *Stroker* was added to the list of his film flops. But with that many beauties and that many millions, Burt has probably stopped counting both.

One of the traditional side effects of marriage, of course, is a demanding little creature called a baby, something that brings pleasure even to Sex Stars. Among the new crop were sons born to **Lindsay Wagner** and **Jaclyn Smith** and a daughter to **Charlene Tilton**. At 34, Wagner is still shaking her *Bionic Woman* image for more serious roles and believes she's in better shape to be a mom than she would have been while adjusting to fame in 1975. Dad, incidentally, is an American Indian *A-Team* stunt man, **Henry Kingi**.

Smith, married to cinematographer **Tony Richmond**, takes baby **Gaston** with her everywhere, even into the shower; given Dad's occupation, she has already collected more than 1000 photos, plus video tapes, of the infant. Her parental enthusiasm must have rubbed off on her *Rage of Angels* co-star, **Armand Assante**, who rushed home after each day's shooting to be with bride **Karen McArn**, who was expecting their first child.

Tilton's tot caused her trouble with the tabloids after she refused them pictures of the baby. According to her, they retaliated with a series of stories alleging that her marriage to country singer **Johnny Lee** was falling apart. But home life is solid, the couple insists, and having the baby even caused Charlene to lose a lot of that baby fat that filled so much of the screen each Friday night on *Dallas*. It will be a few years yet before we learn whether or not the little girl really likes being named **Cherish**, one of the most precious baby names since **Cher** anointed **Chastity**.

Speaking of baby names, one of the year's most dubious predictions came from **Laurene Landon**, one of several lovelies appearing soon in a rash of Amazonian pictures. She has been quoted to the effect that once the world sees her scantily clad, athletic form dueling, wrestling and riding its way through a couple of dozen male victims in *Hundra*, women everywhere will want to name their little girls after that mythical heroine.

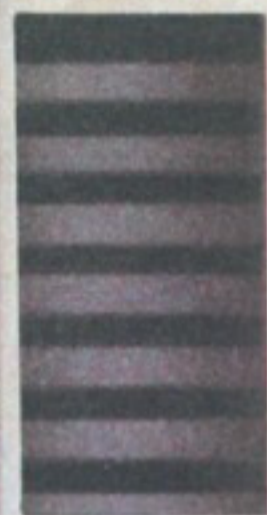
Somehow, we doubt it. But if Landon's right, then first grades a few years from now may be full of Hundras, sitting side by side with a lot of Sheenas (as played on film by tawny **Tanya Roberts**) and Ayeshas (brazenly portrayed by **Sandahl Bergman** in a new version of *She*, which starred **Ursula Andress** in 1965—though the name didn't quite catch on back then).

Or how about the melodic moniker **Ariane**, the name of a temptress played by statuesque **Sybil Danning** opposite **Lou Ferrigno** in *Hercules*? After reading the August *PLAYBOY*, however, future moms may simply christen their daughters Sybil in tribute to the Danning dimensions.

We're hoping, though, that a new generation of parents won't be too influenced by Sex Star names, inspirational though their bearers be. It's bad enough to think of thousands of sweet little girls' going through life known as *Hundra*. But for the little boys, it could be worse. Getting through school as **Mr. T** could be tough.

Little Annie Fanny's Workout Show

want to help annie with her exercise? surrre you do!



By **HARVEY KURTZMAN, WILL ELDER** and **SARAH DOWNS**

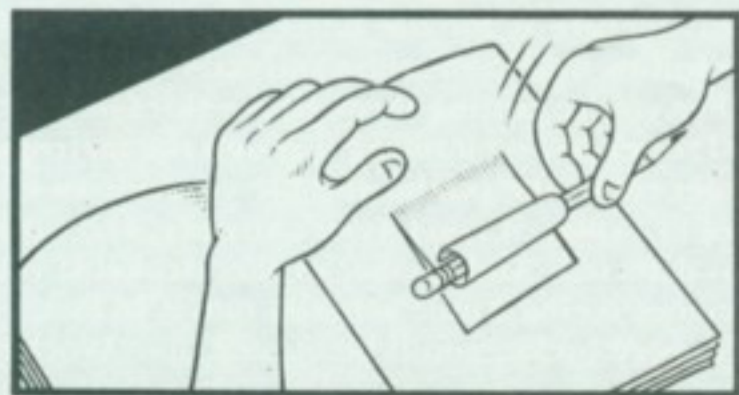
YOU KNOW ABOUT aerobics, don't you? It's exercise combined with dancing combined with skintight leotards with wocka-wocka necklines—tons of fun for everyone. More to the point, there are those who believe in doing aerobic exercises and those who believe in watching those who believe in doing aerobic exercises. This feature is for the latter group, those who truly appreciate great moves. No matter that you follow more sedentary pursuits. You can still have a good time participating in Annie's aerobics class, whether you're cutting through the skies in your Learjet or lolling by the quay on the fantail of your yacht at St.-Tropez or accelerating through the metropolis with your current inamorata on the cross-town subway. Just get rid of the bimbo and hie yourself away to some private place you can call your own. Take out this copy of **PLAYBOY**, if you haven't already, and turn to page 00. Slip on your leg warmers. Pop the paper flap. Curl as directed. And stroke, stroke, stroke. If you follow our instructions carefully, you'll have a wonderful experience seeing Annie actually *move*. In fact, you'll see her entire kinky aerobics class move. And if you're very, very lucky, you'll be moved, too. Wocka-wocka!



1. To see Little Annie Fanny and her buddies do their exercise thing, first detach the panel below along the perforations, leaving the top part intact.



2. Now roll Annie and the gang upward, like a window shade. (Be gentle; this is just the warm-up.) Take a deep breath and clean and jerk a pencil.



3. Thrust the pencil into your makeshift window shade. Roll it up and down, chanting, "One, two! One, two!" Both you and Annie are guaranteed fast results. Phew!





*“... And a train, and a skate board,
and a football, and...”*



"Let's get something straight. I don't exploit elves and I never have. In fact, I'm the only person who even employs them!"





BRINGING OUT THE ANIMAL IN YOU

While only a bonehead would hit the ski slopes or the cross-country trails without something woolly on his noggin, a real outdoorsman will also want to add a touch of the wild when keeping his numbed skull warm. And the wildest winter hats we've stumbled upon are those of the acrylic Soft Animal line created by designer Melinda Pierce. For \$24.95, postpaid, you've got your choice of a polar, brown or panda bear, as well as a raccoon or a rabbit. (The last, of course, is quite popular with snow bunnies.) One size fits all, says the manufacturer, Rocking Horse, c/o Cranborne Chase, 719 Warren Avenue North, Seattle, Washington 98109. Just don't wear them during hunting season.



STICK SHTICK

The walking stick enjoys its finest hour in *Cane Curiosa: From Gun to Gadget*, a 374-page coffee-table tome that celebrates, in more than 1600 photographs, the secret history of hundreds of canes housing almost every conceivable object, from a weapon to a violin. The author, Catherine Dike, who herself has an extensive stick collection, visited more than 75 private collections and 100 museums while assembling the story, and the result is such a fascinating accumulation of curiosa that it almost makes you want to walk with a limp. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Mail Order Department, Two East 91st Street, New York 10128, sells the book for \$72, postpaid. At that price, it's a bargain for all cane harvesters. There's even a 1976 Jimmy Carter Presidential-campaign cane pictured, with a giant-peanut-shaped plastic handle, that his followers can lust for in their hearts.

KILLER DISC

The Vidmax people, who brought you the laser video game *Murder, Anyone?*, have just committed another perfect crime in *Many Roads to Murder*, their MysteryDisc II, which is currently available in video stores for about \$39.95. *Many Roads* takes you back to 1938 and follows private investigator Stew Cavanaugh from a Harlem jazz joint to a private explorer's club in search of murderer, motive and method. There are 16 plot lines and solutions. Start tracking.



WHAT'LL YOU HAVE, HAL?

Owners of Apple IIe or Apple II Plus computers can kiss their drink-recipe books goodbye and belly up to Micro Barmate, a floppy disk that contains recipes for 220 drinks (with room for 35 of your own), all cataloged by name, by ingredients you have on hand or by category. Virtual Combinatics, P.O. Box 755, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966, sells the disks for \$42 each, postpaid. The morning after you've had your Micro sips, try a little hair of the dog that bytes you.





ROBOT TO THE RESCUE

Tetsujin 28, a 16"-tall Japanese-made metal robot, contains more tricks than a roomful of hookers. His legs open to reveal an elevator in one, and when you hit a button on his wrist—*kapow!*—you get socked with a flying fist. The Afton Toy Shop, P.O. Box 98, Afton, Minnesota 55001, sells Tetsujin 28 for \$59.50, postpaid. If he's not menacing enough, there's always Voltes V, who "can be transformed into five assorted military machines or one giant space-age tank." Now, *that's* what we call tough.

ROCKSHOTS FOR CHRISTMAS

This past September, *Potpourri* featured a dirty dozen Rockshots matchbooks in all their tasteless glory. Now Rockshots is back to take on the holidays with such seasonal subtleties as *HE SEES YOU WHEN YOU'RE SLEEPING* printed on the matchbook cover and so *CLOSE THE FUCKING BLINDS!* inside. Just \$7.50, postpaid, sent to it at 51 West 21st Street, New York 10010, gets you another indecent dozen that you can sprinkle under the tree. If Rockshots sets its tacky sights on Easter, we'll pass.



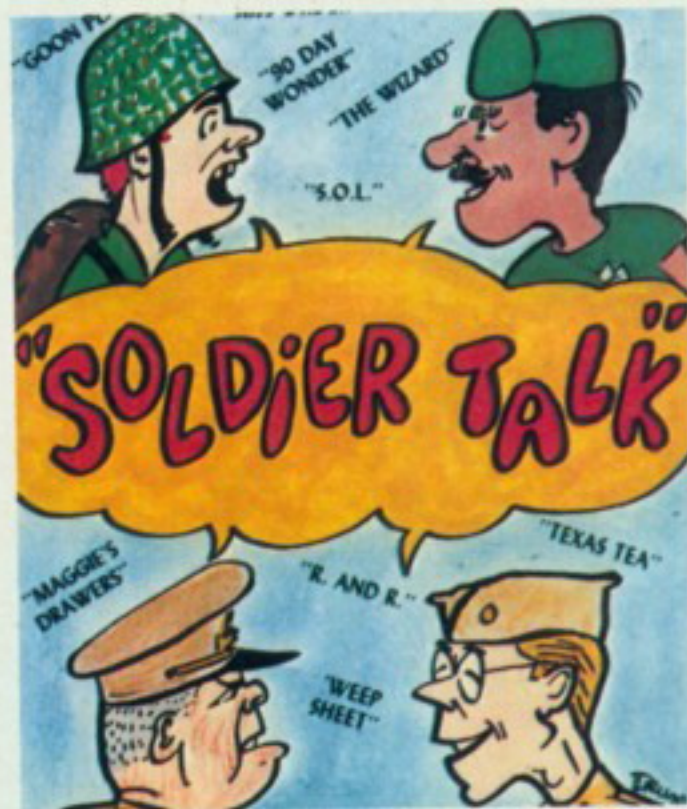
MOTHER KNOWS BEST

For the man who has everything but self-control, there's Mom, an 18" x 24" poster of the eternally watchful mother that you can hang over your desk or in your bathroom or bedroom and look at the next time you're up to something naughty and are psychologically seeking a scolding. (Keep those hands on top of the sheets, you dirty little boy.) The poster sells for only \$4.25, postpaid, sent to Love Your Mom Enterprises, P.O. Box 8887, Durham, North Carolina 27707. Now every day will be Mom day.



NOW HEAR THIS, JARHEAD

If you think Bouncing Betty is the nickname of a bimbo named Elizabeth, then you might consider ponying up \$5.95, postpaid, for *Soldier Talk*, an 88-page softcover alphabetical compendium of military slang from World War One to Vietnam that's available from D. Irving Publishers, 16 River Street, Braintree, Massachusetts 02184. (A Bouncing Betty was a German antipersonnel land mine that exploded a few feet off the ground, you Dogface Turtle.)



DECK THE HALLS

Why didn't we think of this? Instead of the kind of Christmas card you mail, It's A Good Deal, Inc., P.O. Box 10880, Chicago 60610, is offering Good Deal Christmas Playing Cards, featuring Santa Claus as the king, Mrs. Claus as the queen, Jack Frost as his namesake, twin elves as the jokers and a Christmas tree as the ace of spades. At \$3.95 per deck, postpaid, it's a good deal for holiday shoppers, and that means more Christmas cheer for all of us—any way you cut it.

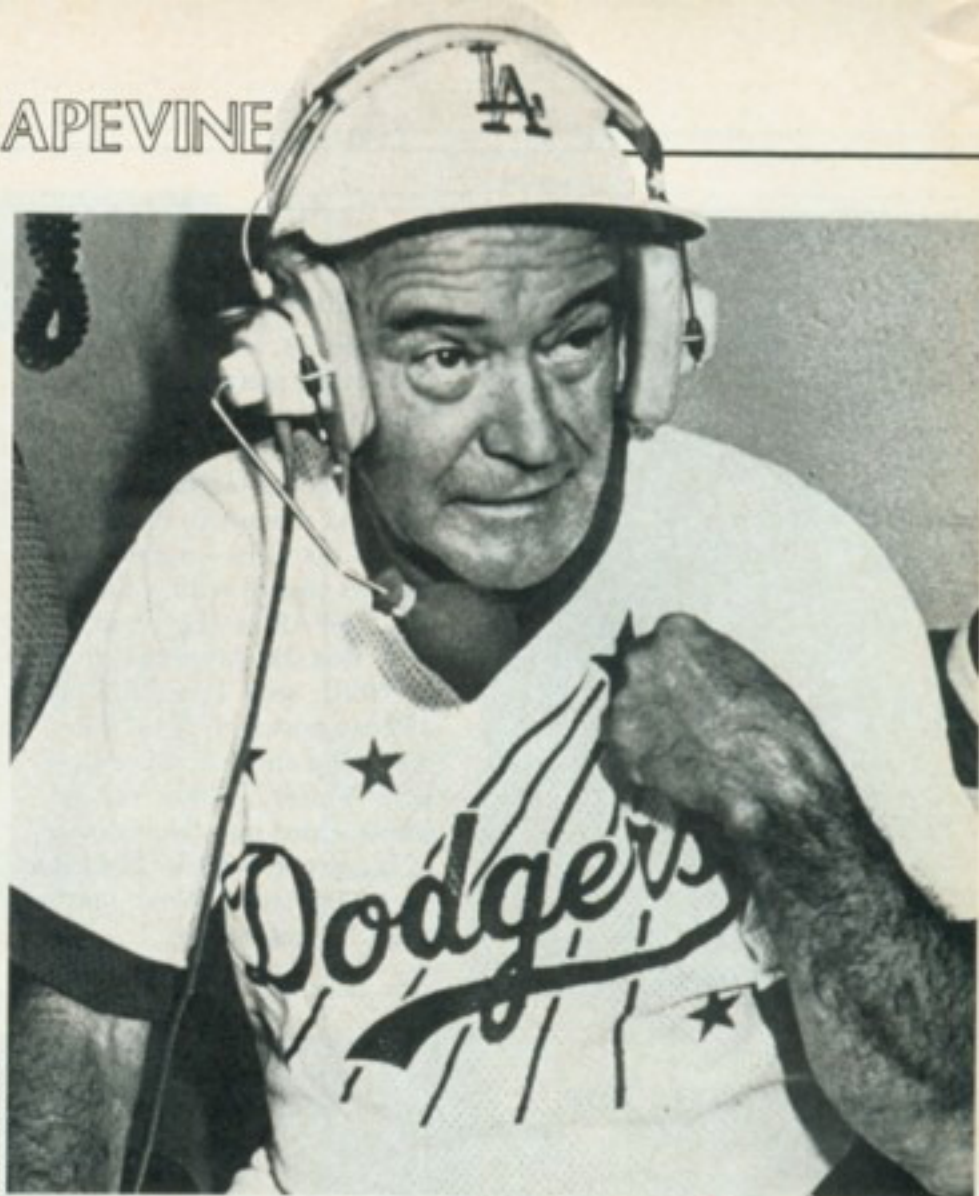


Party Doll

Listen, it isn't easy. CARLENE CARTER is the daughter of June Carter Cash and the wife of Nick Lowe. If that's not enough, Johnny Cash is her stepfather. When she performs or cuts an album or shoots a video, people watch her and the musical baggage she carries with her, like it or not. So buy *C'est C Bon* and give her a break!



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Lemmon Aid

Did the Dodgers commit an error last summer when they spent that bundle for Rick Honeycutt? They could have had Lemmon for less. Actor JACK LEMMON, with some fellow celebs, played a tough L.A. media team to a standoff, and now he's in shape to tackle the screen version of the Broadway play *Mass Appeal*. He'll play a drinking priest, so he'll hit a few doubles in that role, too.

Gorilla My Dreams

Fifty years have passed since actress FAY WRAY has seen her most famous companion up close. It just doesn't seem possible, but, as you can see, they're still good friends. We hear that the original Kong has forgiven Dino De Laurentiis for his 1976 remake—even if it made a monkey out of him.



COURTESY OF MFG GENERAL PICTURES



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The Marshall Plan

MARSHALL CRENSHAW is nervous. He's got the critics in his corner, and now he's trying to find his audience. His most recent album, *Field Day*, had a lot going for it, but not enough. However, when you describe your musical influences as rock-a-billy, soul, Phil Spector girl groups and the Beatles, the way Crenshaw does, it's only a matter of time. So give him a security blanket and hang in there until next time.



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None of These Girls Can Help It

What can we tell you? When two albums, *Wet* (left) and *Black Magic* (right and below), appeared on our doorstep from a Canadian label called Visual Vinyl, we immediately thought of our loyal *Grapevine* readers. The two women featured on *Wet* are—obviously—The Wet Girls; MICHELE's the blonde and SHERYL's the brunette. Look for the album, *Wet*'s third, out now. *Black Magic*'s real name is MARGUERITE. Her single, *Spellbound*, is selling well and she's currently working on an album. Three cheers for the picture disc!

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Alana Scarso



Marianne Shavette



Marlene Janssen



Kimberly Herrin



1984
PLAYBOY
PLAYMATE
CALENDAR



Charlotte Kemp



Melinda Mays

Wall Size
8 1/2" x 12 1/4"

Desk Size
5 1/2" x 7 1/4"



Lynda Wismerier

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Linda St. John



Kimberly McArthur



Shannon Tweed



Jana Tomasco



Heidi Sorenson

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA 30TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

RAY BRADBURY SPINS A YARN ABOUT A BOGUS TIME MACHINE THAT CAN REDEEM THE FUTURE IN "THE TOYNBEE CONVECTOR"

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

TRUMAN CAPOTE REVEALS WHY IT WAS SOMETIMES FUNNY AND SOMETIMES SAD BUT NEVER EASY TO MAINTAIN "MY FRIENDSHIP WITH **TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**"

ART BUCHWALD LOOKS, WITH HIS USUAL WRY HUMOR, AT ANOTHER SIDE OF RELATIONSHIPS: "WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?"

PLAYBOY'S ACE PHOTOGRAPHIC TEAM GOES ON SAFARI AGAIN TO CONDUCT "THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE HUNT"

GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ TELLS A HAUNTING STORY OF DEATH ON A HONEYMOON IN "THE TRAIL OF YOUR BLOOD IN THE SNOW"

MARIEL HEMINGWAY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF **BOB FOSSE**, STRIVES TO BECOME **DOROTHY STRATTEN** IN THE FILM **STAR 80**. WE SHOW YOU HOW IT WAS DONE IN A TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL

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: 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; FICTION BY **ANTON CHEKHOV** AND POETRY BY **JOHN UPDIKE**; ANOTHER LOOK AT **CHARLES MARTIGNETTE'S** COLLECTION OF EROTIC ART; "THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"; **KURT VONNEGUT'S** THOUGHTS ON CENSORSHIP; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; A TRIBUTE TO THE LOST ART OF SCREWING UP BY **ROY BLOUNT JR.**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE.

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **MOSES MALONE**, **DAVID LETTERMAN**, **PAUL SIMON** AND **CALVIN KLEIN**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF "THE GIRLS OF THE HEALTH CLUB" AND ALL-TIME FAVORITE "PLAYMATES OF THE YEAR"; AN EXCLUSIVE PORTFOLIO BY **LORD LICHFIELD**, PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE ROYAL WEDDING; A VISIT WITH **SYLVIA KRISTEL'S** SUCCESSOR AS **EMMANUELLE IV**, **MIA NIGRIA**; **HARRY CREWS** WRESTLES WITH A SUBJECT CLOSE TO HIS MANLY HEART, "THE VIOLENCE THAT FINDS YOU"; **CHUCK YOUNG** TAKES US TO PUNK-ROCK CLUBS FOR A ROUND OF SLAM DANCING IN "SKANKING WITH THE DEAD KENNEDYS"; **VANCE BOURJAILLY** ORBITS THE NATION WITH PRESIDENTIAL HOPEFUL **JOHN GLENN**; **E. JEAN CARROLL** WARMS UP TO THE SUBJECT OF "FRIGID WOMEN"; **ROY SCHEIDER** TELLS WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO SUIT UP WITH THE **DETROIT TIGERS** FOR A NEW MOVIE; **ASA BABER** SPINS SOME FICTION ABOUT THE **CHICAGO BEARS** AND THEIR NEAR MISS AT THE SUPER BOWL; **PETER NELSON** SCRIPTS AN IMAGINARY TV RERUN IN WHICH **BEAVER CLEAVER**, **DOBIE GILLIS** AND **DENNIS THE MENACE** TURN UP IN THE SAME PLATOON IN 'NAM, "GI PLAYHOUSE"; MORE FICTION BY **RAY BRADBURY**, **DONALD E. WESTLAKE** AND **ANDRE DUBUS III**.

MY ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION





ALL ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION

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