

PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS JESSE JACKSON

# PLAYBOY

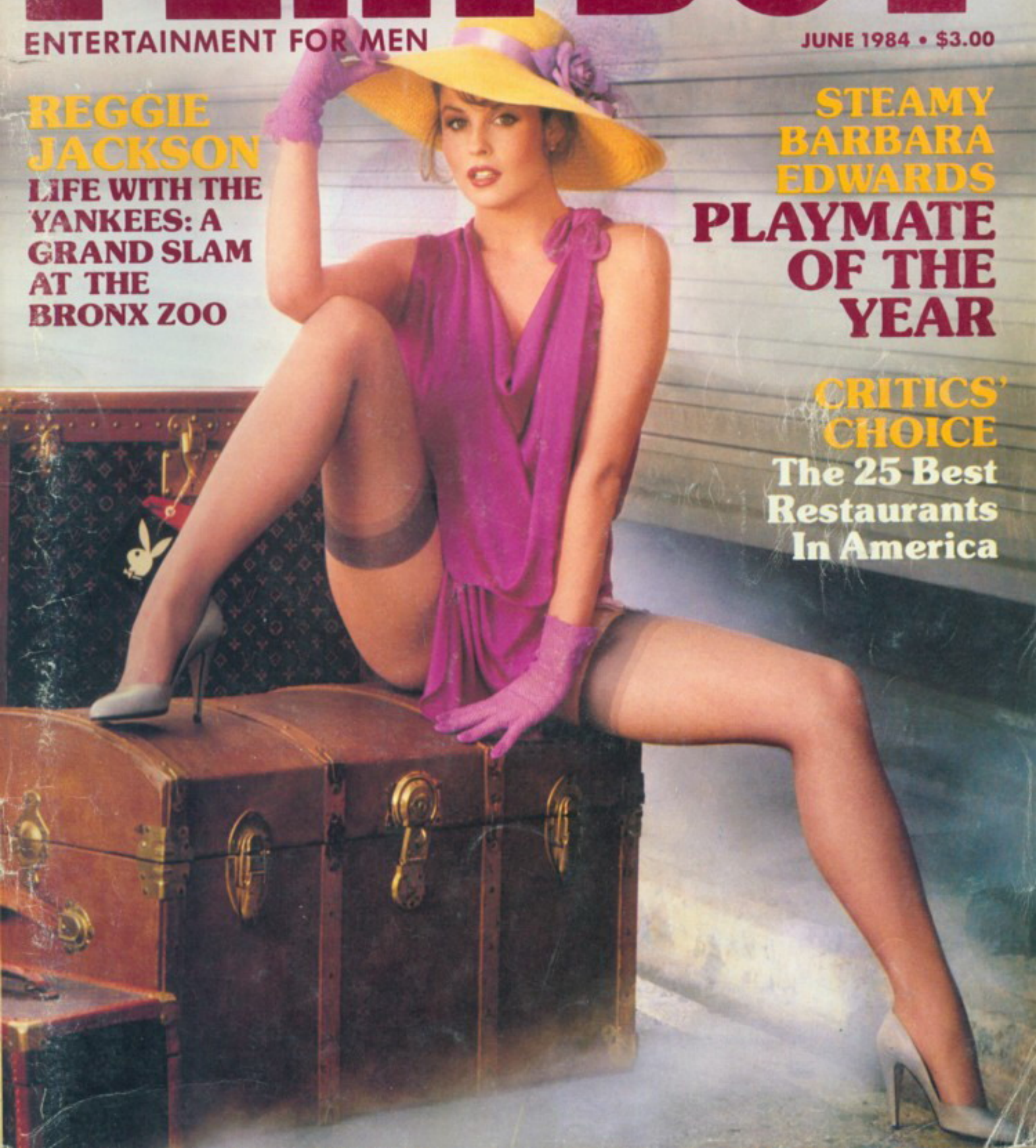
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1984 • \$3.00

**REGGIE JACKSON**  
LIFE WITH THE  
YANKEES: A  
GRAND SLAM  
AT THE  
BRONX ZOO

**STEAMY  
BARBARA  
EDWARDS**  
PLAYMATE  
OF THE  
YEAR

**CRITICS'  
CHOICE**  
The 25 Best  
Restaurants  
In America





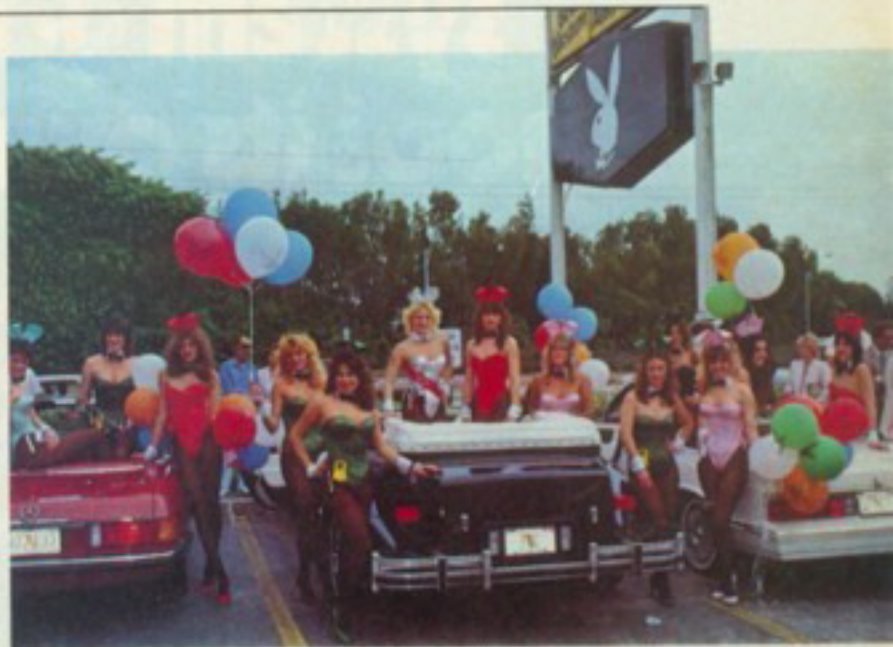
# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## THE WORLD'S HER ENCHILADA

Former L.A. Bunny Maria Richwine (left) still works under rabbit ears but now delivers lines, not drinks, as Carmen in Norman Lear's latest ethnic comedy on ABC, a.k.a. *Pablo*. Below, she joins co-star Katy Jurado for an impromptu game of "How big a star is Pablo?"



## A TICKER-TAPPING PARADE

Normally, the Orange Bowl parade is the biggest movable feast in Miami; but this year, the Bunny Brigade at our Playboy Club paraded through town to a new location not far from the city's international airport. Hop in the next time you touch down.



## A FESTIVAL OF PLAYBOY JAZZ

Ndugu Chancler (left) and Eric Bobo (right) join George Wein to announce the 1984 Playboy Jazz Festival, opening June 16 with a tribute to Eric's late father, Willie. Wein, shown with a jazzy proclamation from L.A. mayor Tom Bradley, will again produce the fest.

## ON YOUTH NIGHT OUT AT MANSION WEST, HOLLYWOOD'S HEARTTHROBS COME OUT TO PLAY

Actors Rob (Class) Lowe (left) and Michelle (Blame It on Rio) Johnson, here with *Class* production assistant Eric Breiman, were among the younger celebs at a party thrown by Hef. Lowe stars in Orion's new *The Hotel New Hampshire*; Michelle was one of the bright lights in *Rio*.



## SHE'LL LEAVE YOU BREATHLESS

Men have always been moved by Miss August 1980, Victoria Cooke (right). Now they're exercising more than their eyes in her new traveling muscular-fitness class, *Men in Motion*. It has bowled over Redondo Beach, California (above), and parts of Florida and North Carolina. The results? They're startling. Some of these men even breathe easily when Victoria's near.









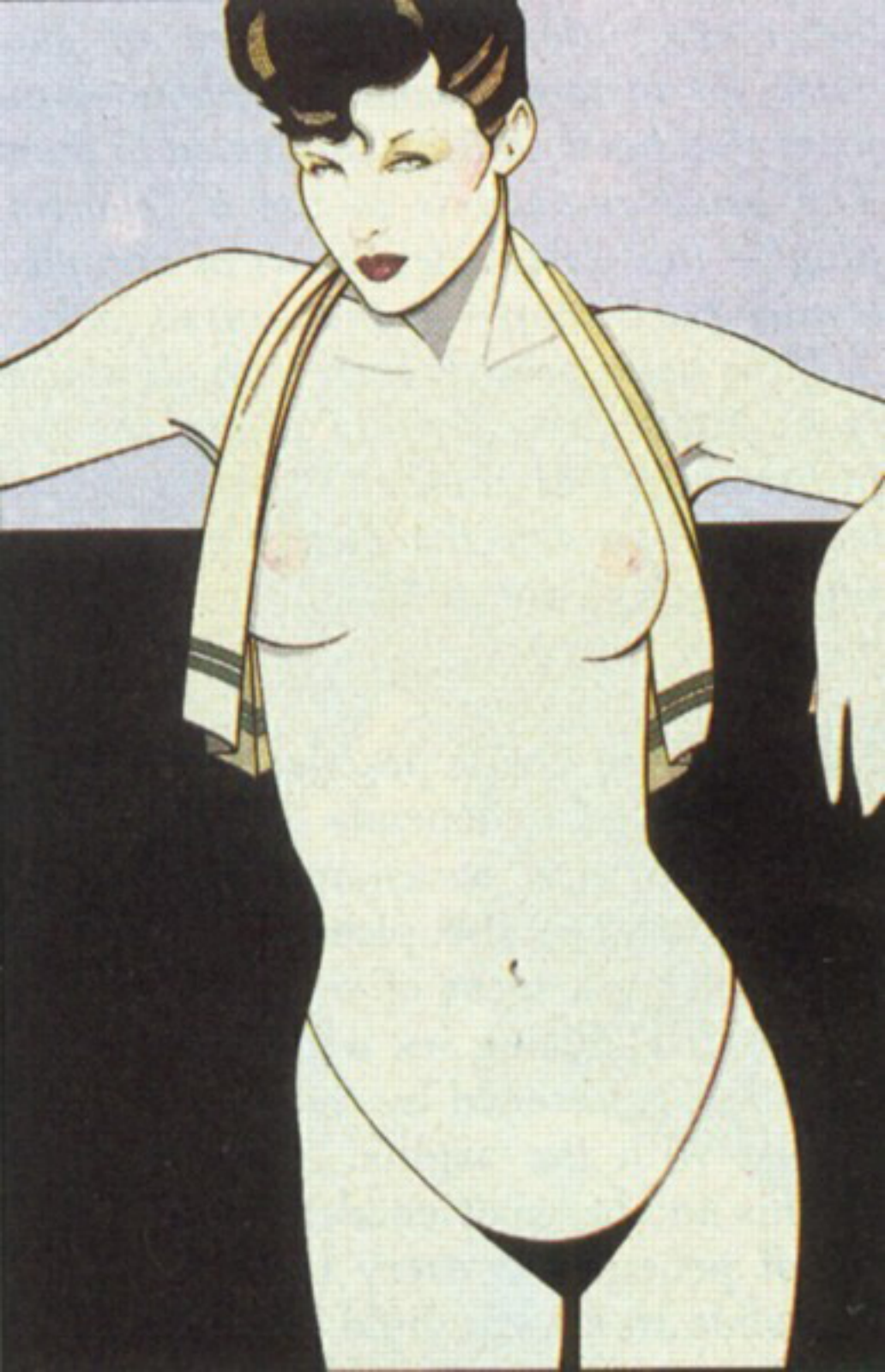




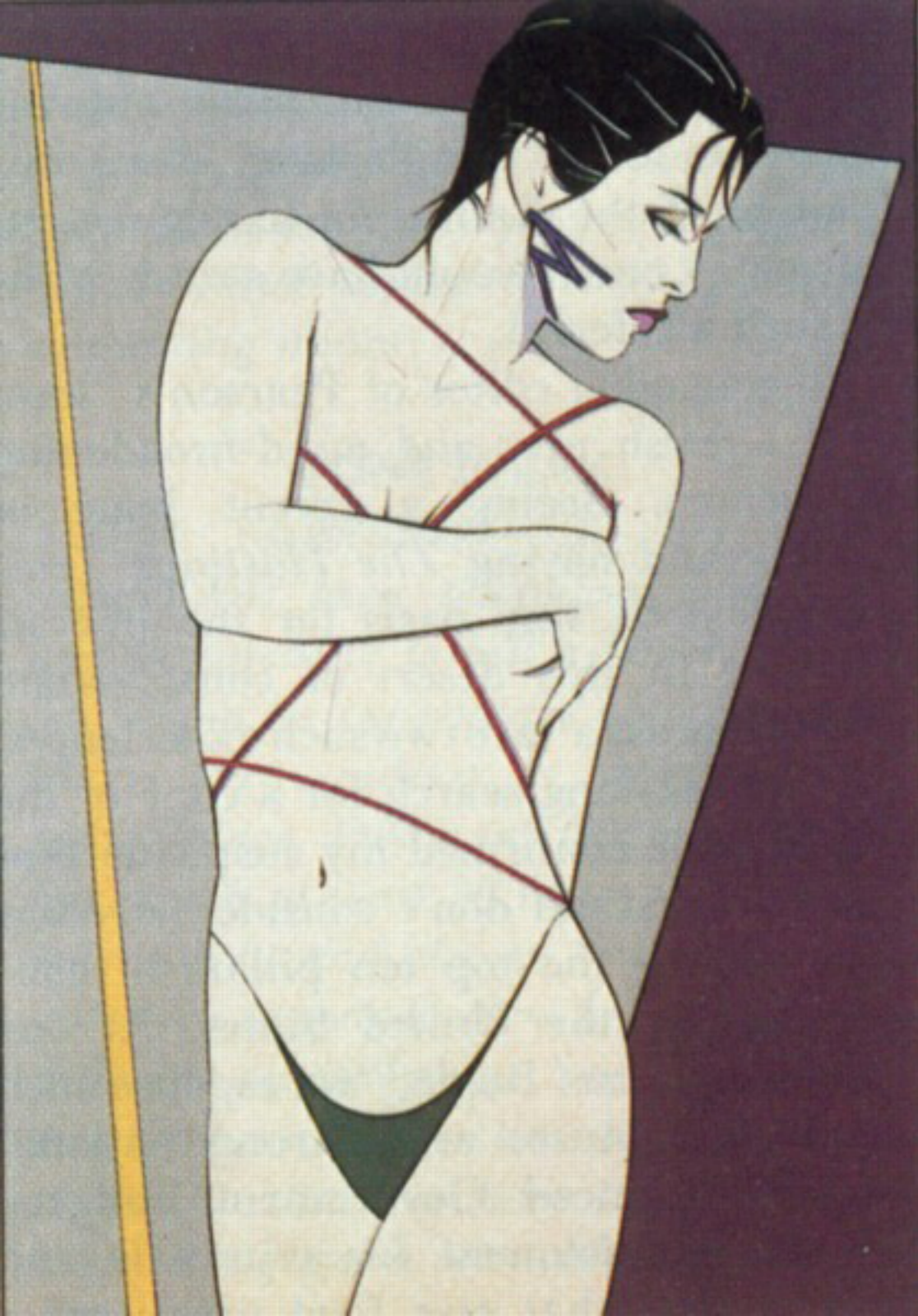














meet three of the extraordinary women from  
**EMMANUELLE IV**

THE INVENTIVE FRENCH are unleashing another in the series of *Emmanuelle* movies, again directed by top photographer Francis Giacobetti. The formula remains much the same: Young woman undergoes a convulsive initiation into the joys of love, sex and *haute couture*. This time, Mia Nygren—whom you see on this page—starts a sexual safari with

requisite stops at all the capitals of love: Paris, Biarritz, Rio, an Amazonian forest and the stunning Château de Larraldia, in its first nonarchitectural role. Mia gets in and out of tight spots and in and out of her laundry. And yet, in French hands, it comes off more as a serious inquiry into the nature of desire than as an episode in *Bateau d'Amour*.





Mia Nygren is 24 and further proof that Sweden is a wonderful place to come from. She is in real life a model who has been shot by photographers on both sides of the Atlantic, and it was her work for the house of Cacharel that got her noticed by the movie people. She likes plants and writes the Swedish equivalent of poems.









Dominique Troyes is a 24-year-old French person who comes to life in the stretch. She participates in one of the film's steamiest scenes, in which she and her admirer go for a swing during a rainstorm, sample some of that not-so-*nouvelle* cuisine and end up in a very muddled affair. Below, Dominique is perfectly clean in a Kenzo poncho, with boots by Paris' favorite foot man, Charles Jourdan. She hopes to do non-X-rated films. We wish her well but hope she will continue to model Japanese *couture*.





PHOTOS BY FRANCIS GIACOBETTI ©LUI



Meet Sophie Berger. She's 22, French and has wonderful hair. In the movie, she plays Maria, queen of the Brazilian jet setters, who has dedicated her life to the pursuit of physical pleasure. Nice work if you can get it. At left, Emmanuelle examines her ribs, trying to determine Sophie's choice. She has, in real life, a good-luck mouse tattooed on her right dorsal cheek—slightly out of view in this photo. Careful viewers will notice that she and Dominique share their boots—a nice comment on the French film community's spirit.











*"Nancy, are you really interested in me or in all my video games?"*

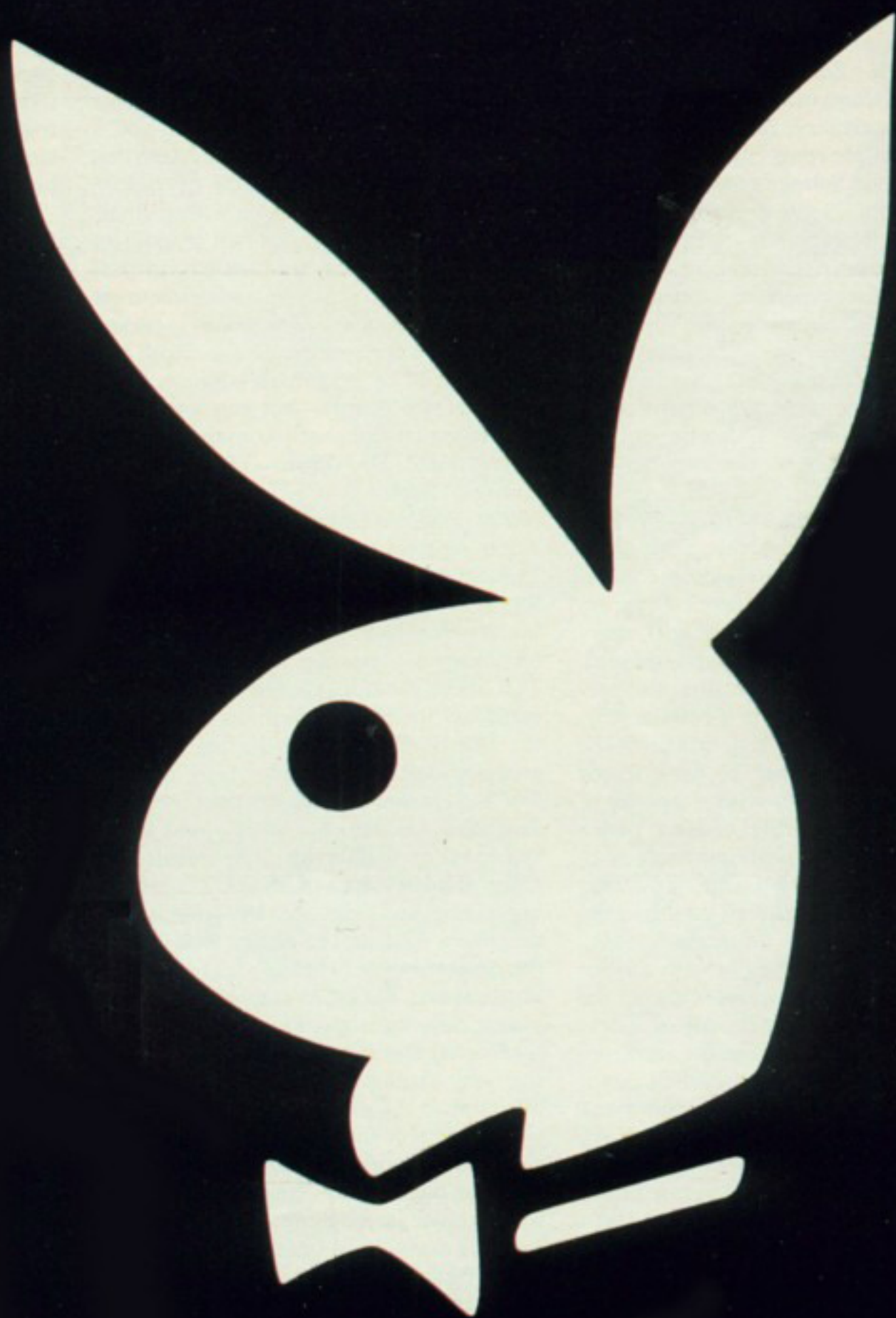


















*thoroughly modern tricia lange  
prefers old-style pleasures*

# RENAISSANCE WOMAN



**Y**OU KNOW WHAT I feel like? I feel like a race car right now that's revving up its engine and just waiting for the flag to drop. My rpms are way up." The sound coming from Tricia Lange's power plant is really more of a purr than a roar, but the analogy is apt, nonetheless. She has been at cruising speed ever since she left UCLA with a B.A. in English literature and began to pursue a career as a model and actress. With the confidence her sheepskin gave her, she was willing to invest everything in her pursuit. "I spent my last pennies on getting good pictures for my portfolio, because I knew that if I had enough to pay my rent, everything after that was going into my career. I especially want to do comedies. It's really harder, I think, to do comedy and slapstick than it is to do serious drama. You have to be smart to do it, because it's all in the timing." Tricia's long association with the world of letters hasn't gone to waste. "I keep a journal. I write songs. Sometimes, something funny happens and I think it would make a great scene for a movie, so I write it down." Career isn't everything for Tricia, though. For instance, she loves to

*"People who are not in this business can't understand how tough it is and why it takes so long to be successful in it. But my time is coming. Every job I get is bigger. They say that each year, fifty percent of your competitors just bow out of the picture."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





*With longtime best friend Laurie Martin (in striped shirt), Tricia returns to the scene of her undergraduate crimes, the UCLA campus (left and below), where she picked up a degree in English literature. Nowadays, she takes her education where she can find it, such as (bottom of page) on the set of ABC-TV's "Matt Houston," with Lee Horsley, star of the series.*



decorate, and her apartment is done in a delicate, feminine, old-world style: lots of lace, oak furniture and airy paintings of fantasy scenes. You get the impression that a fairy princess lives there—or, at least, a good witch. In a kitchen cabinet are her potions: bottles and bottles of vitamins, minerals and who knows what else. Perhaps frog toes. This, after all, is a girl who has her own costume set aside just for attending the local Renaissance Faire. She is also a student of what she calls "esoteric knowledge, things like astrology, yoga, meditation,

psychics, tarot cards and all that nonlogical, nonscientific knowledge." Her affinity for the ancient is an enigma, since she is thoroughly modern in every other way. While she wouldn't subscribe to the notion that she lived a previous life as a medieval maiden, her fantasies are clearly anachronistic and her pleasures unusual for someone born in Hollywood. "I don't spend much time in the sun. I love days that everyone else thinks are dreary. I belong in







*She's a maniac, this one, a real dancing fool. Tricia stays in shape for health and career (left) by moving it on the dance floor in the disco or studio. With years of ballet training under her belt, the footwork comes easy. "For disco, I go to the Nairobi Room downtown. I take dancing classes when I can, too."*



*At work (below), or, at least, what Tricia calls work, she turns on a "Buy me!" smile for photographer Bob Seidman while they block out a shot for Honda Fashions. She appears in the 1983 and 1984 catalogs. "The difficult part of modeling isn't lack of work, it's that from one minute to another, I don't know what I'll be doing. You can't plan anything. You have plans to go to dinner at eight and at nine you are still shooting."*












*"I don't really know how to put this, but inside I'm a lot different from the outside. I know I don't look like a serious person, but I am very serious and very intellectual. Nothing turns me on like a good conversation."*

England, in a lighthouse or a castle overlooking the cliffs somewhere. I might have liked to live during the days of King Arthur, Lancelot and Guinevere. I think armor could be a good turn-on. Really. There's a fantasy: a guy riding up on a white horse with armor on!" Perhaps it's the romance of the era that Tricia relates to. She is, after all, something of a romantic fantasy herself.





*"I feel that I'm bringing a lot to being a Playmate. I've accomplished a lot already and I don't see how the added exposure could do anything but help my career."*









*"A good relationship is more than physical and more than money and material things. It's somebody to talk to. Somebody who listens to you, somebody you can give advice to or get advice from. And, of course, an intellectually stimulating person. That's the best; that's what I want."*









MISS JUNE  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Tricia Lange

BUST: 36" WAIST: 22" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4-24-57 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, California

AMBITIONS: To accomplish what I set out to do. To make the most out of life.

TURN-ONS: Eye contact, smiles, intelligent minds, warm water, rock-n-roll music, fast cars.

TURN-OFFS: Cigarette smoke, traffic, smog, insensitive, insincere people.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Ebony Tower (Bowles), Changing (Ullmann), The World According to Garp (Irving)

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sting, David Lee Roth, Bowie, Michael Jackson, Billy Squire, Joe Elliott.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Skating, football, boxing.

IDEAL MAN: Sensitive, sincere, intelligent, stimulating, creative, successful & fun.

SECRET FANTASY: The power to turn fantasies into reality.



1 yr. old  
All cheeks!



10 yrs. old  
Keeping on my toes!



20 yrs. old  
College girl!



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat was the highlight of your vacation on that remote South Seas island?" the adventurous traveler was asked.

"Reversing an ancient tradition with a lovely maiden there," he replied, grinning.

"Just what did you do?"

"I pushed a volcano into a virgin!"

**A**nd this is Wanda, the veteran here," said the madam while introducing the new girl around the sexual establishment. "Wanda is—and has—one tough cookie."



**W**e've had our attention called to an article about a creative central European scientist whose penis was so huge that he had to resort to self-abuse. Its title is *Dr. Yankenstein's Monster*.

*There are really few singers a match  
For a baritone cocksman named Hatch,  
Who can belt out a song  
As he pumps with his dong,  
After earlier humming a snatch.*

**O**ur Unabashed Yiddish Dictionary defines *free love* as sex without gelt.

**W**riter's block and a frigid wife are a hell of a combination," the author sighed to a drinking buddy. "During the day, I face a blank piece of paper . . . and then, at night, I face a blank piece of ass."

**A**n enterprising pharmaceutical firm has developed an aphrodisiac for men in soft-drink form. It's called Doctored Pecker.

**W**e take our hat off to a shrewd fellow who convinced his date that his roommate had lent him his vasectomy for the evening.

**P**erhaps you've heard about the teenager who never went to any of her girlfriends' slumber parties because she was too busy slumbering around.

**I**T'S MIDNIGHT," read the station-break flash on the X-rated cable-TV channel. "DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR EROGENOUS ZONES ARE?"

**A** frontier tavern displayed a sign that read, \$20 TO ANY PATRON WHO CAN MAKE THE MULE OUT BACK LAUGH. The traveler had a drink, went outside, then called for the proprietor, who found the mule guffawing. "You seem to have a way with animals," the owner remarked when they were back at the bar.

"I reckon I kin make that beast do anything," responded the stranger.

"OK, then—for double or nothing, how about trying to make him cry?"

The stranger agreed, went back outside, then called again for the owner, who found the animal weeping copiously. "However did you do it," he asked incredulously, "first the laughing and then the crying?"

"It was simple," replied the stranger. "The first time, I told that there mule I had a whang bigger than his . . . and the second time, I showed it to him."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *queer magician* as a gay deceiver.

*Said a girl TV anchor named Hughes,  
"My device to boost ratings can't lose!  
While a news flash is hot,  
It is taped to my twat,  
And each night, I'm there spreading the news!"*



**T**he major problem with my marriage," the man told the counselor, "is that in situations of great emotion, my wife keeps her head—instead of giving it."

**V**isiting a whorehouse after a lengthy stretch in the slammer, the ex-con asked the girl he'd selected if she'd mind if he first just "looked a little."

"Be my guest," shrugged the pro.

"I simply can't get over it," the man remarked after a lingering inspection. "Why, there's been practically no change since '64!"

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a post-card, 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.*





DRIVER  
EDUCATION

SEX  
EDUCATION

L2T53





Hurrell 1-24

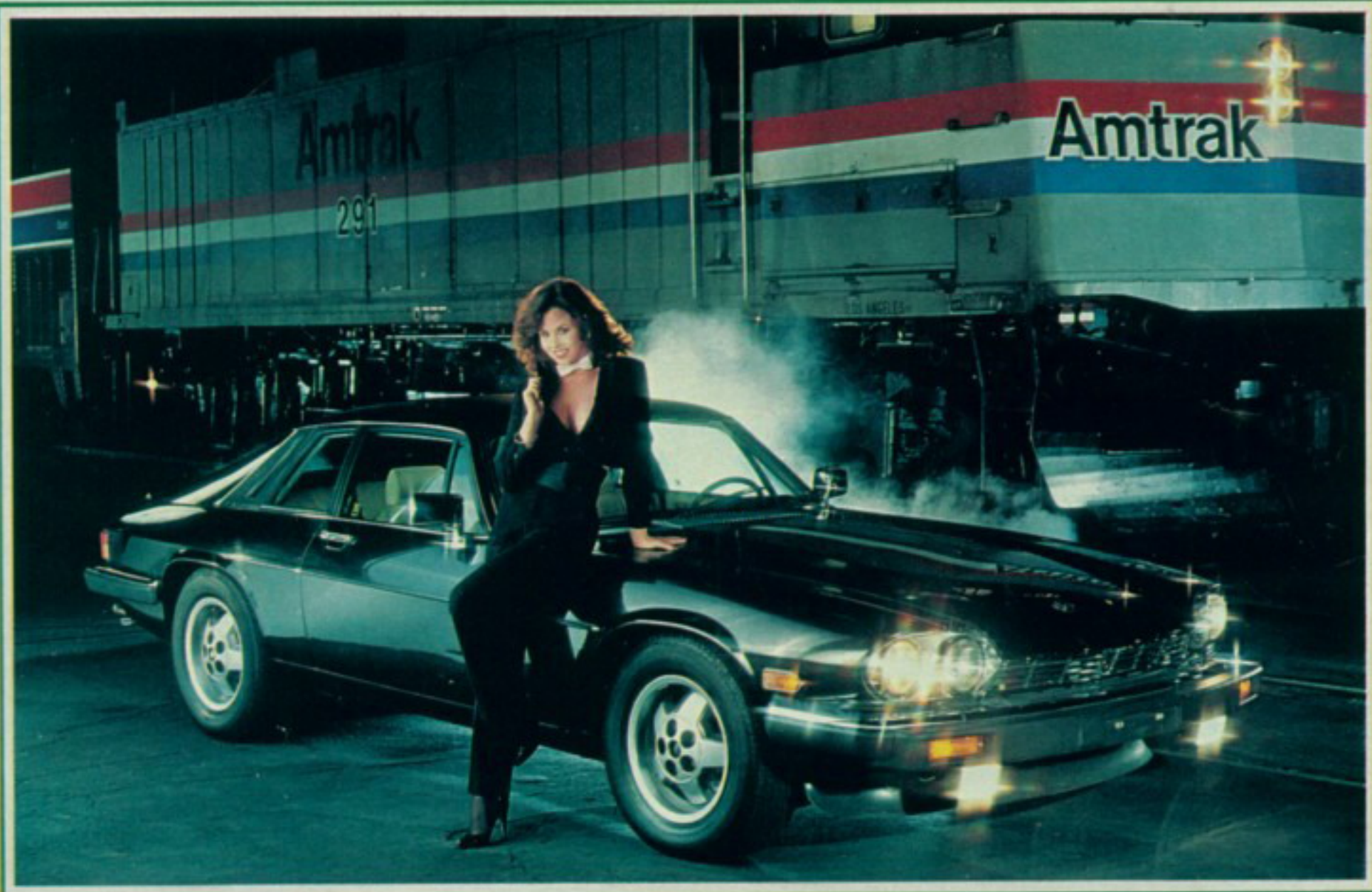






*barbara edwards' reign  
begins in a steamy fantasy  
aboard a classic train*

# PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



**A**LL ABOARD! Step lively; you don't want to miss this train. It's the PLAYBOY Express. And the principal passenger: none other than the 1984 Playmate of the Year, Barbara Edwards. She's about to embark on the fantasy adventure of her life, and yours, aboard a vintage rail car bound for . . . well, who cares where? Why not ride along? The railroad buffs among you will remember Barbara, an artist and model, as our Amtrakking September Playmate. Buff buffs will remember her as our coonskinned coed in her ivy-draped centerfold. In either case, she was clearly unforgettable. And when it came time to choose the choicest of the choice, the memory lingered on.

When we first encountered Barbara, she was just discovering her talent as an artist and exploring her possibilities as a model. There was really never any doubt of either, but she takes some convincing: Yes, Barbara, you have artistic talent. Yes, Barbara, you are beautiful. Yes,

*As Playmate of the Year, one should arrive at the station in style. We've taken care of that by giving Barbara one of the hottest machines around, the 12-cylinder Jaguar XJ-S—and a check for \$100,000 from Playboy Enterprises. Then her fantasy tour in a luxurious private car begins.*





When the lady in red boarded, it was clear she was no ordinary tourist. But she never spoke, and so they could only speculate. A contessa, perhaps? A baroness? And then there were the roses. From an admirer, no doubt. But the lady seemed to be alone. Was she? Smiling mysteriously, the lady vanished. Some said she was in 3C. But no one knew.



Barbara, you are the Playmate of the Year.

"You're kidding," Barbara exclaimed when informed of our choice. "You guys are kidding. I can't believe it. I'm going to call you back. Are you telling me the truth?" Then, she told us later, she hung up and cried.

When we saw her a month later at her West Hollywood apartment, three weeks of dawn-to-way-past-dusk picture taking had left her exhausted. Still, she was ecstatic. Things had been going extraordinarily well for her lately. Since we last checked with her, she had joined the Playmates, our singing group, in their latest edition. We thought she might have a few stories to tell.

"Oh, yeah, boy, I have stories to tell!" she laughed. "Where should I begin? Ah, just got back from Hong Kong. We were on tour there for three weeks. It was a nightmare at the beginning.

"You see, we had a really bad communication gap with the people over there. They didn't speak English and we didn't speak Chinese. Well, the first night, the sound man didn't turn on the music background for our show. We did the whole show *a cappella*—with egg on our faces."

Just the recollection has Barbara doubled up in gales of laughter.

"But that's nothing. I'll tell you, we've been so humiliated, I think Hef should make a special medal for us. Have you ever heard of the Alan Thicke show, *Thicke of the Night*? We did that show with three of our (text concluded on page 214)













*Outside 3C, the scenery sped by at 80 miles per hour. Inside, things picked up a bit, too. Our lady was obviously in a relaxed mood. The porter delivered a bucket of ice but said he saw nothing.*





*A while later, one of the passengers passed by on the pretext of looking for the conductor. He listened at the door for some time. He said he heard a soft voice singing, and there was laughter. No, he couldn't say for certain he heard a man's voice coming from 3C. But she was singing, and, after all, there was only one thing that could make a woman laugh like that. Wasn't there?*









*The mystery deepened as midnight arrived. The sound of two berths opening was distinctly heard in the adjoining car. Yet the lights were still on. They could be seen reflected on the hillside out the window. One thing was certain. No one in 3C was sleeping.*



*When the porter brought the towels, the door was opened a crack, and he noticed the lady's suitcase on the top berth. Rumors flew anew. Could she have lifted the heavy case by herself? Was the top berth, then, not to be used? There'd be no answers that night.*















*Inside 3C, there was no mystery. The lady knew who she was. She also knew her destination. And as for the identity of her traveling companion, if any, that was most definitely no one's business but her own.*













# PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*(continued from page 136)*

mikes turned off! And this was in front of all America!" This memory has Barbara falling out of her chair. "Some of the girls cried. I was the only one who laughed about it. Hey, might as well laugh. Anyway, we did a lot of good shows in Hong Kong. Once in a while, we'd pack the place. And the shopping was great. Some days, we'd wake up and the American dollar would be worth nine Hong Kong dollars. We overcharged all our charge cards. You go crazy! You get such bargains that you don't even think about what you're spending. I designed my own suits and dresses and had them made up. We got handmade snakeskin shoes for \$40. Can you believe it? Like \$200 shoes!"

When Barbara shows up at her Playmate of the Year party at Playboy Mansion West, we're going to give her even more nifty stuff. She's already seen one of her gifts, a brand-new 12-cylinder Jaguar XJ-S. "It's real fast," she warned. "Ssshewww. Goes up to 65 in first gear! It's a killer. You can't hear the engine at all. It's gorgeous!"

Barbara is so excited about the car, you'd think we never gave her a check for \$100,000. The truth is, she's trying to forget it. She has already decided she isn't going to blow a cent. She has consulted a number of investment counselors, and she plans to put most of it into real estate.

"I'm not touching one penny of the \$100,000. I'm going to live off the money I make on Playmate promotions and modeling. That \$100,000 is a lot of money to me. That's a fortune. I was used to having a nine-to-five job, and I worked hard for almost \$200 a week. And I could make that last. So I'm used to stretching."

Before her train leaves on an extended tour of her domain, Barbara plans to take it easy.

"I'm going to relax at home and get into my artwork. I just finished two paintings. And there are a lot of pieces I want to start work on."

She's also looking forward to her new responsibilities.

"I like doing promotions. It's such fun to meet people. I like to get out there and meet everybody. I like promoting PLAYBOY. I think it is one of the most exciting companies to work for. And just being out there promoting it, advertising the name, is just fantastic. I have a lot of fun. People seem to love PLAYBOY."

"You know, I feel as if I'd been chosen Miss America or Miss Universe. I mean, this is the biggest. Someone told me, 'You're the luckiest girl in the world' and, you know, I am lucky. But I feel I can also share it with all my sisters, the Playmates and other people. And as long as everybody is happy for me, I am, too."

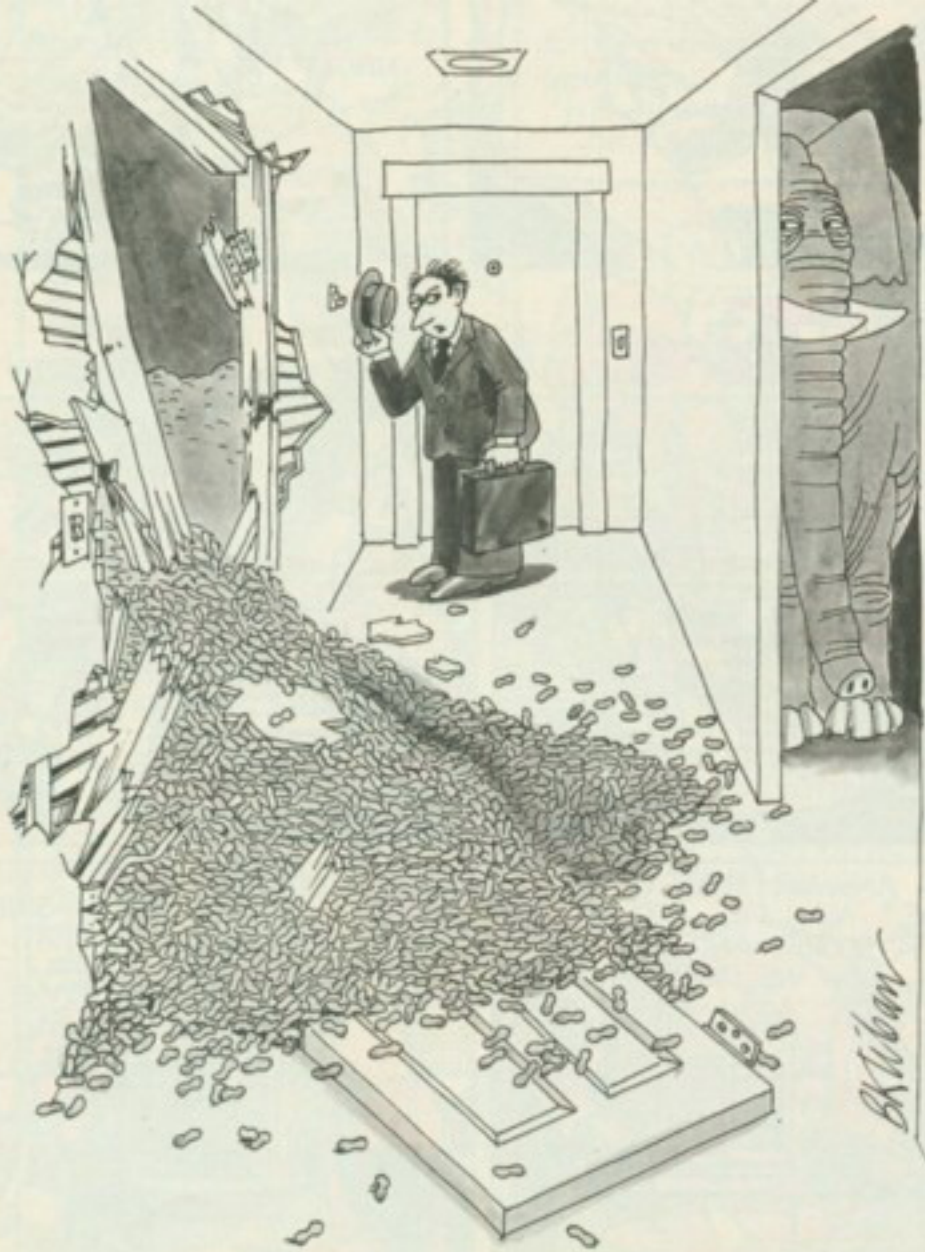






*"You'll have to stop drinking champagne out of ladies' slippers. You have athlete's mouth."*





*"Somebody's been at the peanuts!"*





*"I feel lousy about murdering the rightful heir to the throne. But I'm going to make up for it by being a darned good king."*





*mikeversians.*

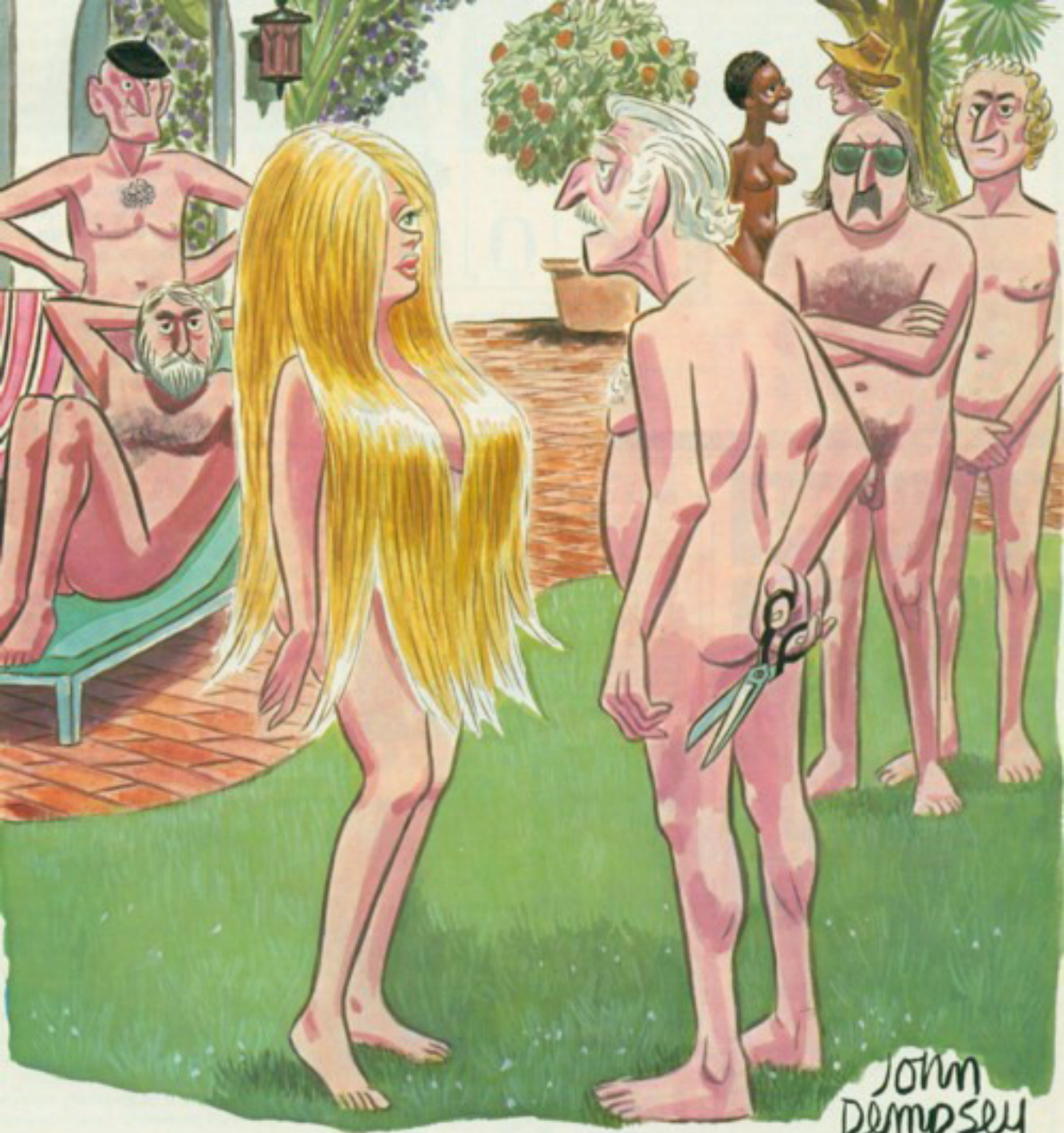
*"You'll find Uncle Trevor refreshingly unpretentious."*





*“Don’t forget we want to thank the other guests for their presents, too, darling.”*





JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"We've had a number of complaints about you, Miss Fox."*







## Our Blind Dates Were Never Like This

We don't know about you, but for us, the words blind date conjure up images completely different from those shown on these pages. These women are gorgeous, the stars of a movie called *Blind Date*. The publicity memo for the film gives the following details: "The \$4,500,000 thriller was shot entirely in Athens, Greece. It deals with the adventure of Jonathon Radcliff (Joseph Bottoms) in an alien city where people speak an unintelligible language and where in the peak of summer a killer is on the loose cutting people up in a surgical manner, using a pencil to make the incisions on the skin of his naked victims and a scalpel to finish them up. Jonathon Radcliff becomes obsessed with the idea that Rachel, a model who has been signed to do a commercial for



his agency, is actually Mary-Anne, his high school flame, who 15 years ago was raped before his very eyes. Following Rachel in an attempt to confirm her identity, Jon becomes blind during a strange incident. Trying to adjust to his new world of darkness with Claire Parker (Kirstie Alley), his girlfriend, always on his side, Jon has a meeting with a top neurosurgeon (Keir Dullea) who has developed a computerized unit that allows blind people to see. . . . The picture projected directly into the blind person's brain is merely one of a video game: bright outlines against a

black background." At left, Bottoms and Alley practice Braille foreplay. The memo goes on: "With his compuvision, Jonathon becomes an eyewitness to one of the hideous murders. . . . From that moment on, he is chased by the psychotic killer."



Somehow, we can't imagine any of these women as bright outlines against a dark background. They are too vivid in full color. Noelle Simpson (left) is a New Zealand-born actress who plays a tourist murdered by the psychotic killer of *Blind Date*. Alici Amoruso (above) plays one of the models in a commercial being filmed by Jon's ad agency. Whatever the product is, we'll buy it.





The cast of *Blind Date* has a distinct international flavor. The lovely Beatrice Vetterl (left) was born in Switzerland. Lana Clarkson (below) plays Rachel, the girl whom Radcliff mistakes for Mary-Anne, his high school flame, who, as we mentioned earlier, was raped before his very eyes. Obviously, Nico Mastorakis, the writer-producer-director of *Blind Date*, has an eye for beauty. See you by the popcorn stand.



In the movie, Swedish-born Anki Grelson (above) plays a model who is a close friend of Rachel's. Valeria Golino (below) plays a close friend of Radcliff's.

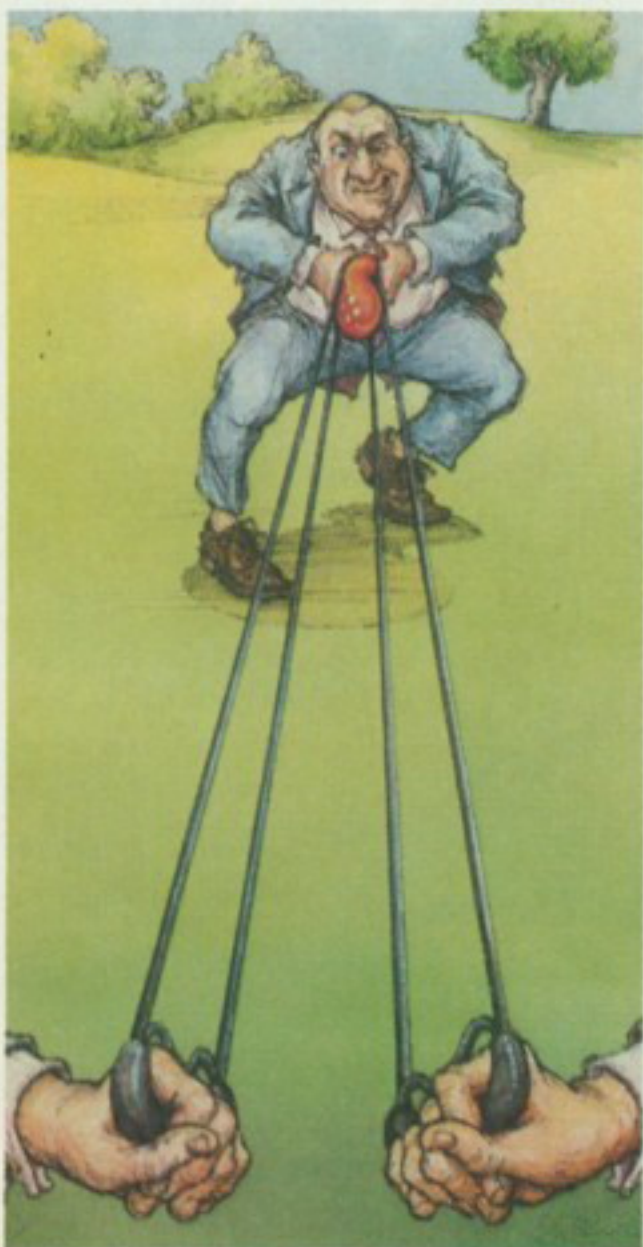






## UNSUITED FOR SUCCESS

Marketed as the first bathing suit that "lets you tan where the sun doesn't shine," The Unsuit, we've been assured, once and for all "does away with those ugly white strap marks that mar an otherwise beautiful tan." The secret is the suit's weave; if you hold one up to the light, you'll see it's as sheer as a fairy's wing—but on your body, it's opaque. Thus, tanning rays penetrate it while burning rays are filtered out. Saks, Bloomingdale's, Macy's and other department stores carry the suits in a variety of prints, including leopard and tiger, for about \$40, women's one-piece; \$37, women's bikini; and \$33, men's bikini. Look into it.



## FIRE WHEN READY, CURLY

Maybe it's just as well that The Three Stooges aren't around to get their demented mitts on the Winger Water Balloon Slingshot. (Knowing Larry and Curly, they'd probably fire Moe through somebody's window.) But for anyone looking for some good, clean fun, the Winger is the way to fly. All you do is fill a balloon with water, place it in the Winger's nylon pouch and streeeeettch the nylon tubing while two friends act as point men. Then, when you've got your angle of dangle and trajectory all set, you let loose and—twang!—your water balloon takes off for parts unknown up to 100 yards away. Order yours from Winter Sports Ltd., 2167 Buhl Avenue, North St. Paul, Minnesota 55109, for only \$21.95, postpaid, including 70 balloons. Fraternity wars, anyone?

## FROM MARDI GRAS TO FOIE GRAS

Aside from playing host to the 1984 World's Fair this summer, New Orleans will also be mother city to the first National Festival of American Foods & Cookery, a series of events from July first to 31 that includes a seminar on Cajun/Creole cooking, plus wine and food tastings and more at such eateries as Commander's Palace. For info, contact La Fête, 1100 Tulane Avenue, New Orleans 70112. It should be a gas.



## DOW JONES HITS THE ROAD

When the open road beckons, you can keep up on how your shares in Amalgamated Hockey Puck Mines are doing by ordering a copy of *The Why Didn't I Think of It First Guide to Business News and Stock Reports on American Radio Stations*. The 28-page booklet, which sells for \$5.50, postpaid, from Stock Guide, P.O. Box 1266 (P), Edison, New Jersey 08818, succinctly covers everywhere from Anniston, Alabama, to Sheridan, Wyoming. In Kalamazoo, it's WKZO at 5:25 P.M. Tune in.







### WATER MUSIC

Personal stereos are fine when you want to tune out the world while riding public transportation or lounging on the beach, but for those days when you feel like puddle hopping to music, Enticements Ltd., 777 Irvington Place, Thornwood, New York 10594, has a product that's really a watery groove: a basic black umbrella with—you guessed it—a battery-powered AM radio built right into the handle. If music doesn't brighten your day, the broolly's \$34.50 price should leave you singing in the rain.

### THE DRINKS AREN'T ON YOU

The Undrinkables aren't going to win any points with the bartenders' union, but anyone who'd like to make that one for the road something other than high octane can carry an exact nonliquid replica of a Scotch on the rocks, a martini, an old fashioned, a mint frappé, champagne with strawberry, a Shirley Temple or a glass of red wine, and no one will be the wiser. F. Frank Company, 19330 Van Ness Avenue, Torrance, California 90501, will send you your choice of fake cocktails—or the wine—for \$19.50 each, postpaid. A fake *Shirley Temple*. Now, *that's* wimpy!



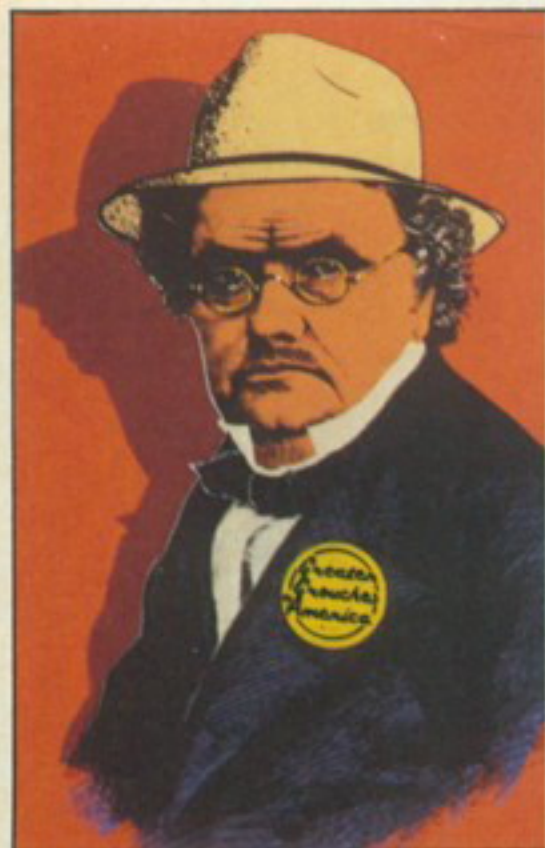
### DOCTORED DO-LITTLE

Don't give a fig leaf about Adam? Macintosh isn't the Apple of your eye? Then get a Do-Little, a desktop "computer" that does absolutely nothing. Its memory is zero K, and it won't print, play games or talk back to you. (When the boss asks you to compute something on it, tell him your Do-Little is "down." Maybe he'll think it's depressed.) Dynagraphic Merchandising, 4801 West Peterson, Chicago 60646, is the manufacturer; \$32.95 is the price. Peter McWilliams, watch your ass!



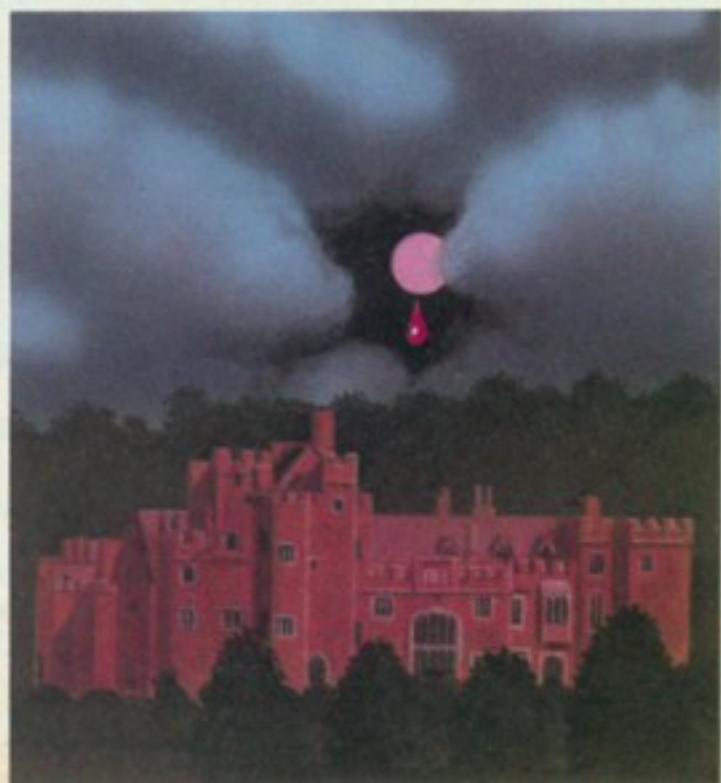
### THERE'S NO POLICE LIKE HOLMES

Ever since Sherlock Holmes Consulting Detective, by Sleuth Publications, Ltd., emerged from a yellow fog onto game shelves, it's been a killer success as participants attempt to solve ten cases, using a London map and other accessories. Now comes a supplement, *The Mansion Murders*, in which you try to learn who caused the Debutante's Defenestration and other dastardly deeds. The basic game is \$27; the supplement, \$12, both from *Games* magazine, 515 Madison Avenue, New York 10022. The game's afoot—again.



### CURMUUDGEON CLUB

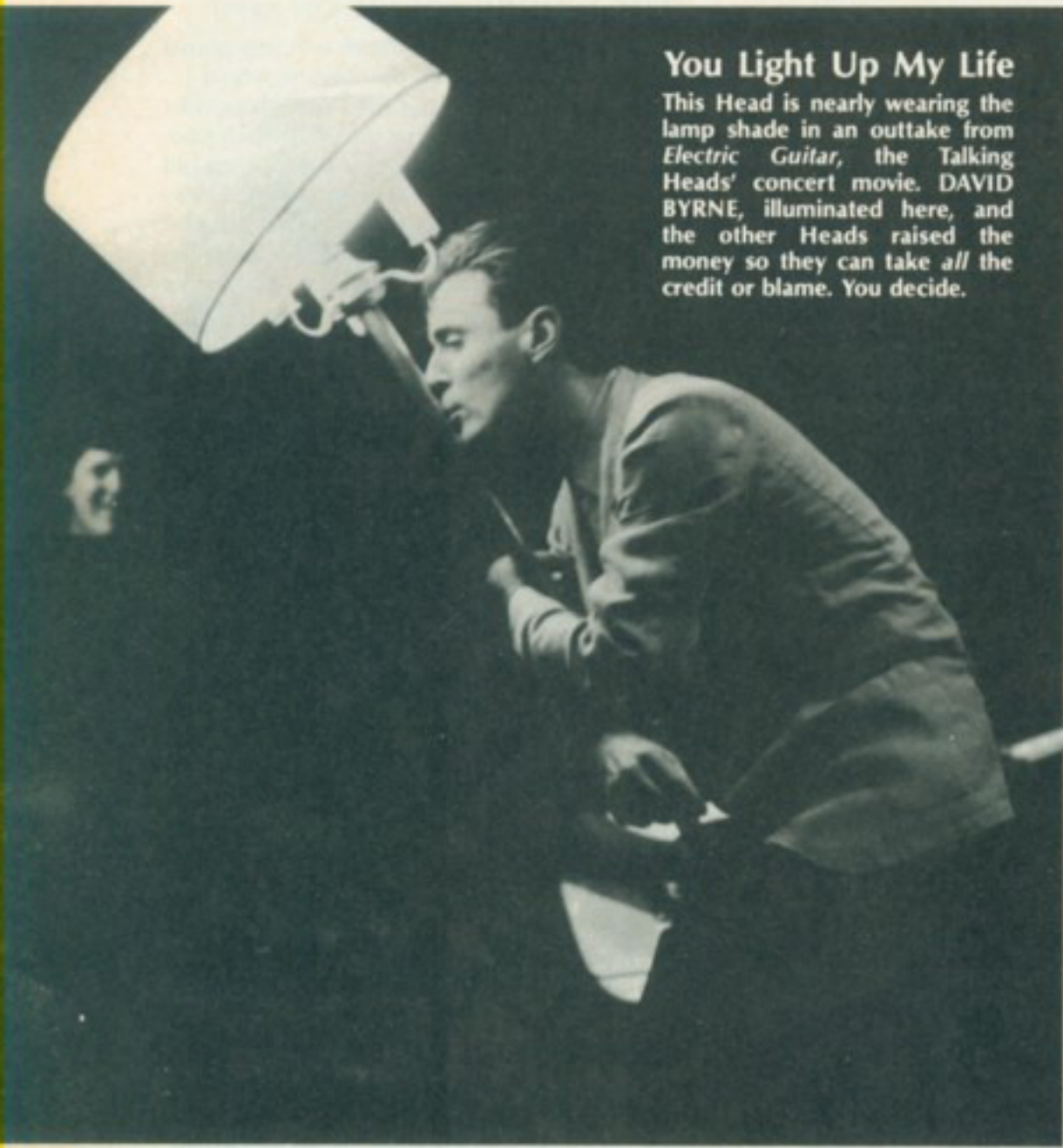
If you're fed up with gay rights for animals and designer clothes for cats and don't believe that everyone has an inalienable right to have a nice day, then have we got an organization for you—the Greater Grouches of America, a society for people who were born in a bad mood. Five dollars sent to Greater Grouches, 116 North Main Street, Lowell, North Carolina 28098, gets you a membership certificate suitable for framing, a button and a ballot for the 1984 Grouch Awards. In 1983, Ed Meese was elected Humanitarian of the Year.





**You Light Up My Life**

This Head is nearly wearing the lamp shade in an outtake from *Electric Guitar*, the Talking Heads' concert movie. DAVID BYRNE, illuminated here, and the other Heads raised the money so they can take *all* the credit or blame. You decide.



**Move Over, Alexis**

TV's other nighttime-soap-opera glamor bitch is *Falcon Crest's* SARAH DOUGLAS. She just happens to hail from Britain, too. Douglas warmed up for evil in *Superman II*, but she'll really have to hustle to outdo Joan for pure venom.



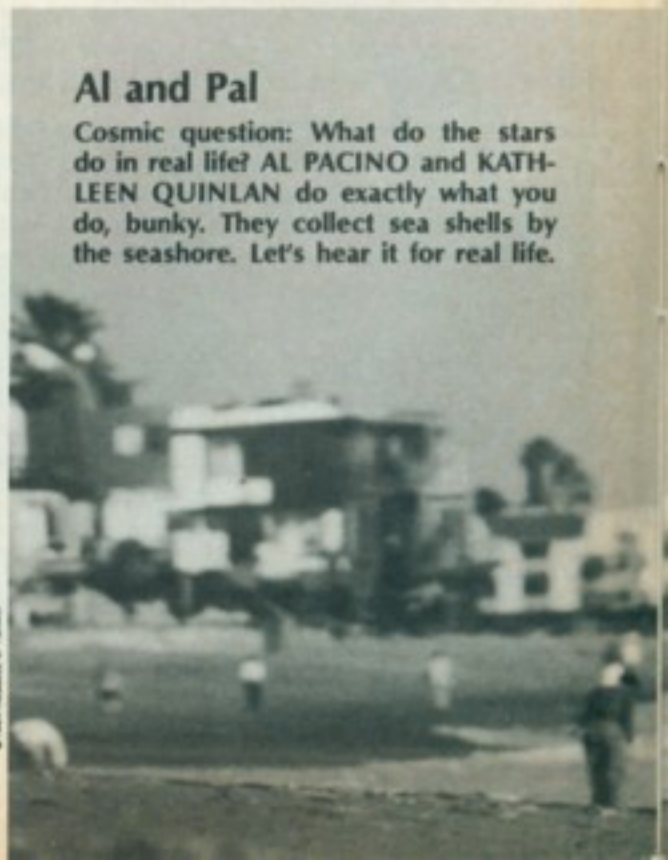
**The Police Line-up**

On the left, two real Policemen, STEWART COPELAND and STING; and, above, artist Lynn Curlee's rendering of the pair with fellow officer Andy Summers. Art and life ran into each other when Copeland and Sting went to see themselves on a gallery wall. Your turn will come soon when the poster goes on sale.

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**Al and Pal**

Cosmic question: What do the stars do in real life? AL PACINO and KATHLEEN QUINLAN do exactly what you do, bunky. They collect sea shells by the seashore. Let's hear it for real life.



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DAVID JAMES / SYGMA

### News from the Heartland

Recognize this face? You do if you saw *Footloose* last winter. You'll see her again soon in two more movies, *Kidco* and *Grandview, U.S.A.* Her name? ELIZABETH GORCEY. Remember it so you can say, "Oh, yes, I saw her in *Grapevine*." Call this a public-service announcement.



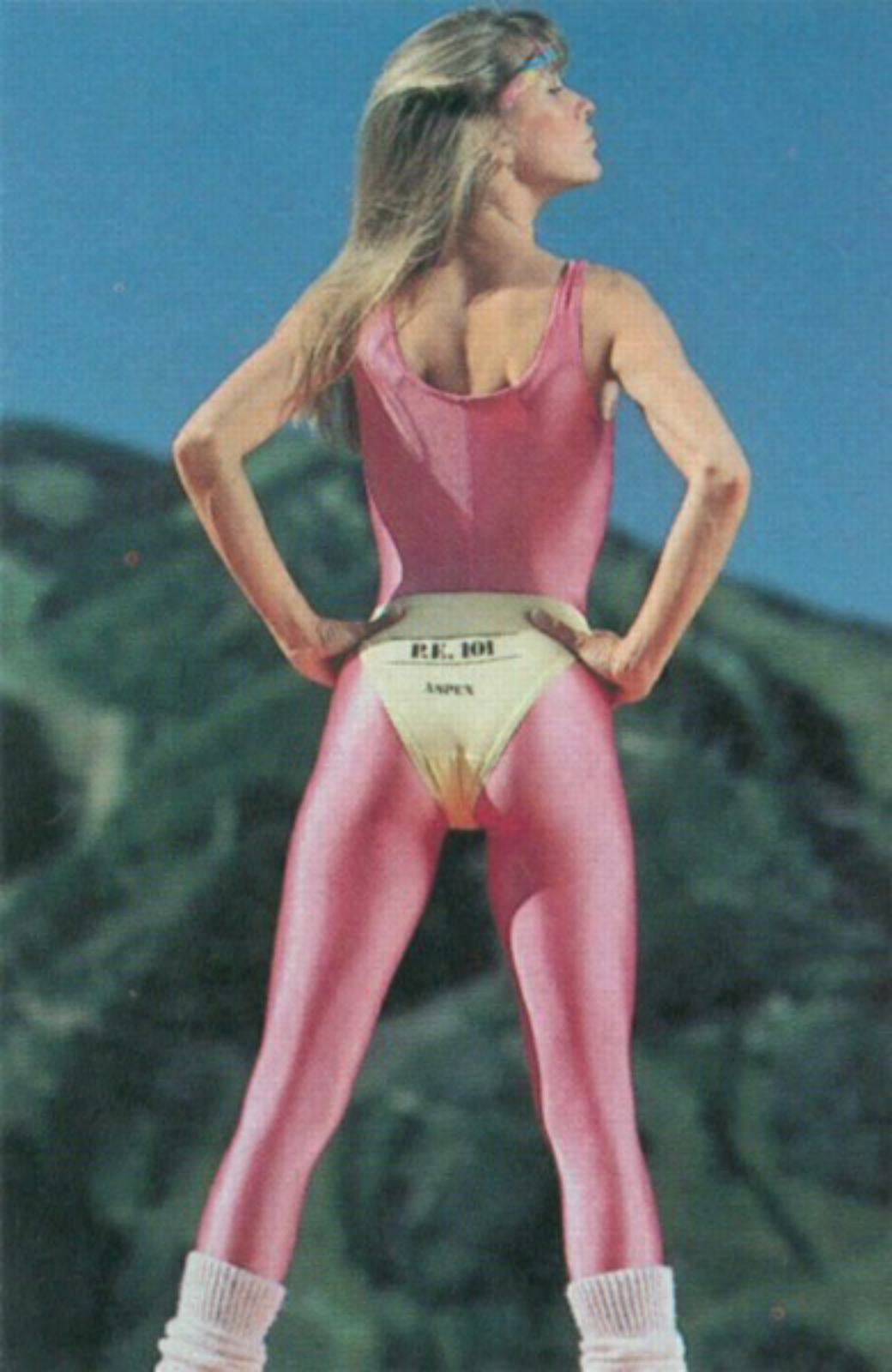
© 1984 JACO PULASKIAN

Oh, Gosh  
Oh, Golly  
Gee Whiz  
Wow!

What a piece of work is SUSAN SCHRODER. Once a cheerleader for the old Oakland Raiders, she has since gone Hollywood. Plan to see her in the action flick *Surf Gladiator*. It goes almost without saying that Susan is our celebrity (in the making) breast of the month.







P.E. 101

ANPEX









BO'S RETURN



GOLDEN GLOVES



BELUSHI'S STORY



BLONDE BLONDE

**"JOHN BELUSHI: THE WHOLE STORY"**—AFTER 18 MONTHS OF RESEARCH, AMERICA'S TOP INVESTIGATIVE REPORTER RECOUNTS WHAT REALLY TOOK PLACE DURING THE FINAL DAYS OF A CULTURAL HERO. FROM HIS NEW BOOK, *WIRED*—BY **BOB WOODWARD**

**"MONEY 101: WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW TO BE A FINANCIAL ADULT"**—TAKE IT FROM US, IF YOU DON'T CUT THIS PRIMER OUT AND FRAME IT, YOU'LL BE KICKING YOURSELF FOR YEARS. A TIMELY GIFT FROM *QUARTERLY REPORTER* **ANDREW TOBIAS**

**SHIRLEY MACLAINE** TALKS ABOUT HER LIFE AND LOVES, WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE **WARREN BEATTY'S** BIG SISTER AND HOW, DESPITE PASSING YEARS, SHE KEEPS KICKING UP THE BEST GAMS IN SHOWBIZ IN A FREE-SPIRITED **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**"THE WORLD'S A STAGE"**—AND EARTH ISN'T THE ONLY PLANET OF WHICH THAT'S TRUE, THE CREW OF THE GALACTIC PATROL INTERSTELLAR SHIP HOPEFUL DISCOVERS IN THIS HUMOROUS SCIENCE-FICTION YARN BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

**"LIFE AS A STANDING EIGHT COUNT: FIGHTING IN THE GOLDEN GLOVES"**—WHAT'S AN ASTROPHYSICS MAJOR FROM HARVARD DOING IN THE RING? LEARNING A LOT—BY **GARY TAUBES**

**"TRAVELS IN THE SINGLES NATION"**—*PLAYBOY'S* COMPREHENSIVE SURVEY OF THE BEST U.S. DATING BARS, A GUIDE TO WHERE THE GIRLS REALLY ARE—COMPILED BY **BRUCE KLUGER**

**"BACK TO BO"**—THE BEAUTIFUL **MRS. DEREK** IS A BULLFIGHTER IN HER NEW MOVIE, BUT THE REAL ACTION (AND YOU'LL SEE PLENTY IN OUR PICTORIAL) TAKES PLACE OUTSIDE THE RING

**FRAN (SOCIAL STUDIES) LEBOWITZ** TELLS ALL: HER IDEA OF THE PERFECT MATE AND PERFECT APARTMENT, HOW FAR ONE SHOULD GO ON THE FIRST DATE AND HOW TO TELL WHEN A BAKED POTATO IS DONE IN **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"BLONDE ON BLONDE"**—BEEN PICTURING YOURSELF IN SUMMER WHITES? WE MAKE THEM EVEN MORE ATTRACTIVE WITH THE AID OF **TERI (WE GOT IT MADE) COPLEY**