

INTERVIEW: A SOUL-SEARCHING SHIRLEY MAC LAINE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

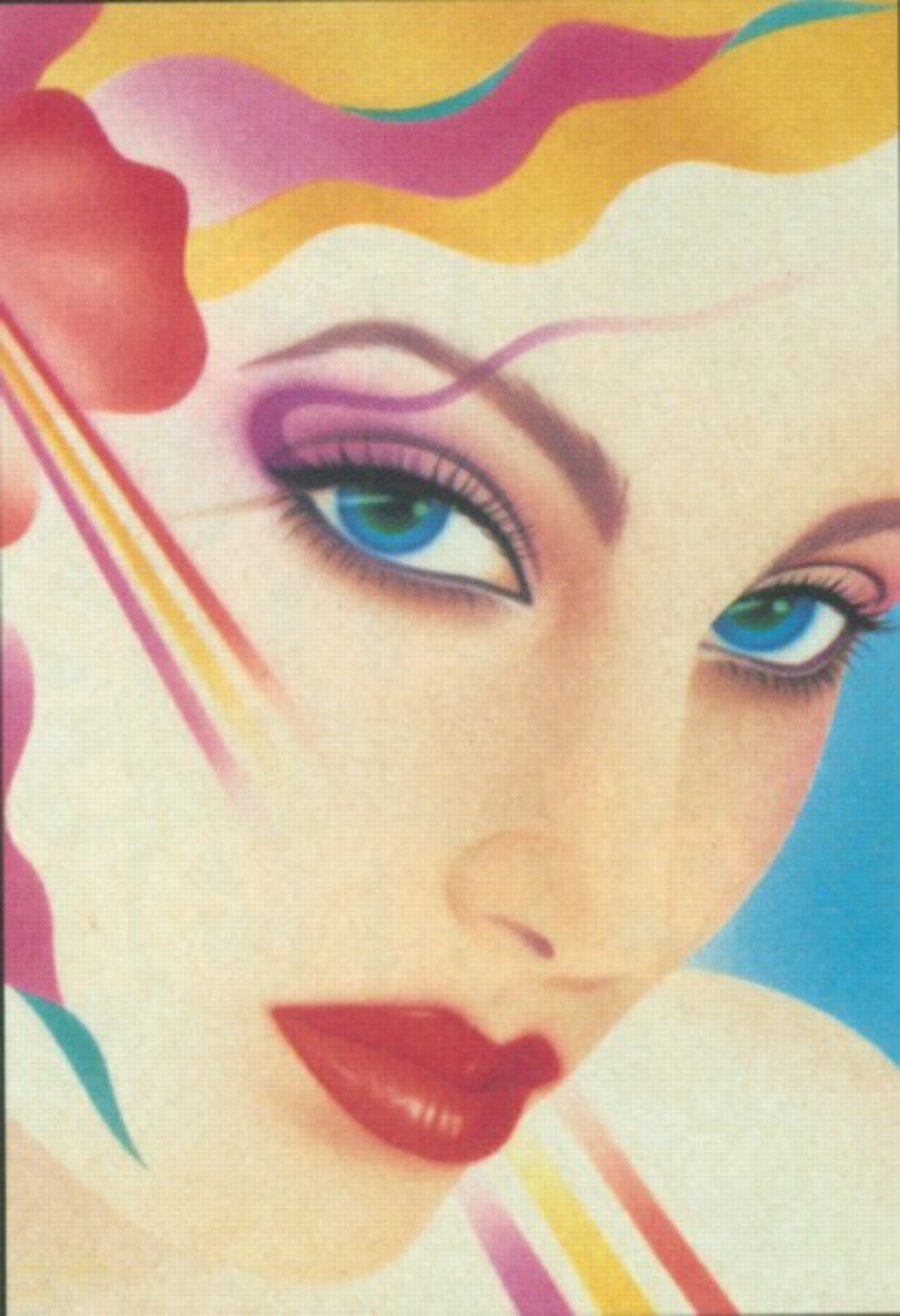
SEPTEMBER 1984 • \$3.00

**GIRLS OF
THE
BIG TEN**
**Let's Do It
Again**

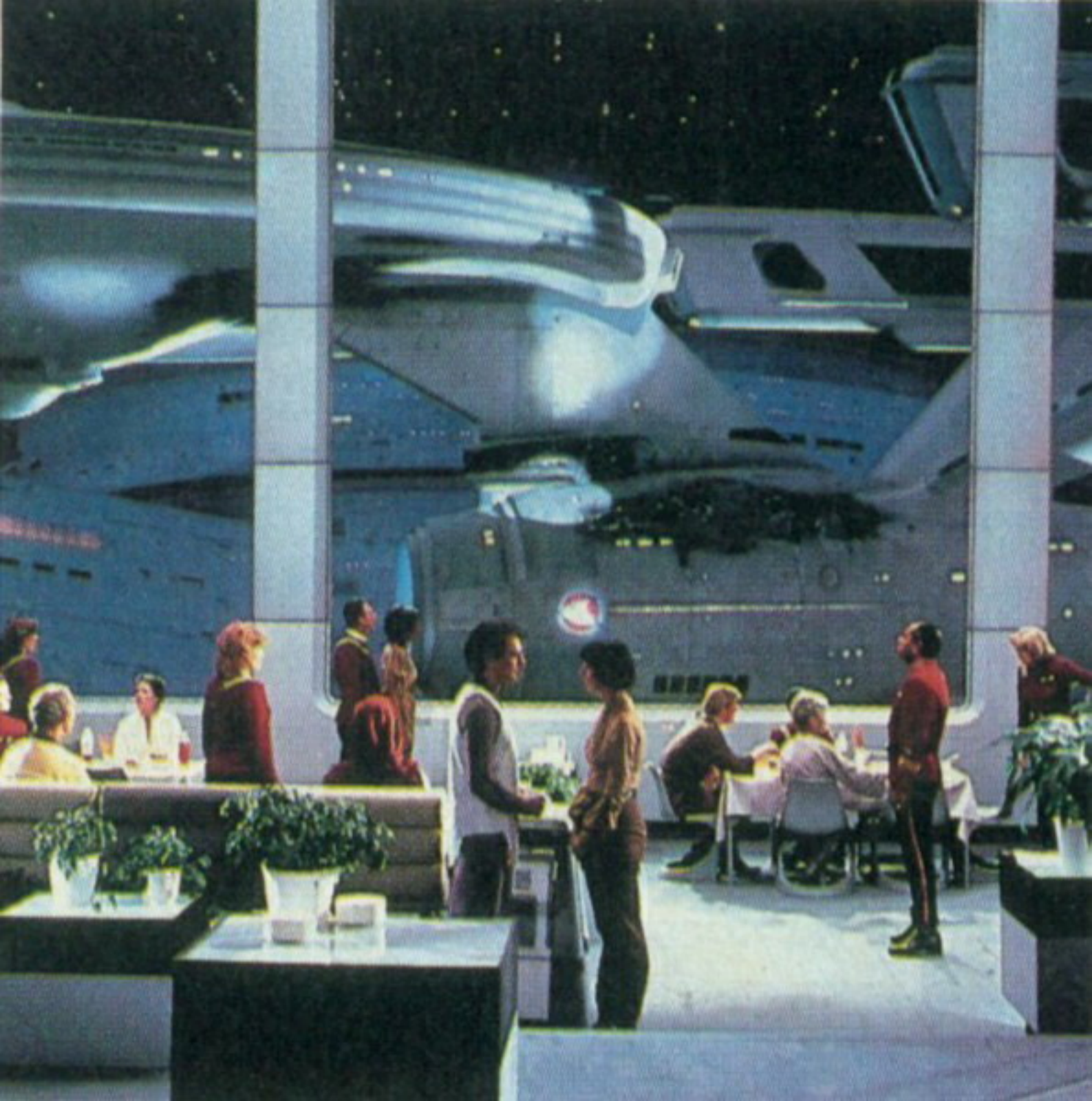
COCAINE
HOW
DANGEROUS
IS IT?
A SPECIAL
REPORT

REQUIRED
READING!
PLAYBOY'S
COMPLETE
CAMPUS GUIDE













"liquid sky's" spectacular anne carlisle,
a bisexual smash on the cult-film circuit, offers
some new wave words and pictures

CULT QUEEN

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON



AT FIRST GLANCE, you can't quite believe that the tawny, long-legged beauty in front of you is the same Anne Carlisle who portrays both Margaret and Jimmy in the freaky, phenomenal *Liquid Sky*. The real-life Carlisle has a Park Avenue air and totes a chic outsized carry-all, looking more like a Ford model than like a far-out underground superstar. Anne, it turns out, fits both descriptions. She's a cultural chameleon with 1001 ideas about identity, happy to be registered at Ford, even happier about her current celebrity as a punky New Wave Manhattan model whose sexual partners are zapped into the cosmos the instant they reach orgasm. "People are disappointed sometimes, especially kids in the street," she says. "They've seen *Liquid Sky*, then they see me and can't believe I'm not Margaret, even though I look very different from that."

Anne in person is a bona fide Connecticut Yankee, born and bred in exurbia, according to some thumbnail biographers, to respectable Republican parents. An OK description, according to Anne herself, "if you want to be really simplistic about it." Her folks now live in Florida. Carlisle père works for the county, her mother's in college administration and they're both evidently crazy about *Liquid Sky*. "They have video parties (text concluded on page 182)



Re-creating for PLAYBOY her dual role as Margaret (top) and the androgynous Jimmy (above), a heroin addict making his fashion statement as a David Bowie look-alike, Anne approved the results: "The make-up is better than it was in the film, more colorful, jewellike." Onscreen, both characters merge after a carnal close encounter that vaporizes Jimmy and prepares Margaret for her final ascent into outer space aboard a flying saucer. Hmmm.



Balling Margaret spells oblivion for many horny friends, among them her lesbian roommate (Paula E. Sheppard, above left) and a former teacher (Bob Brady, above center, once Anne's real-life drama coach). Above right, New Wave model Margaret is spiked up for a photo session. Below, ringed in neon on a surreal rooftop, Anne does a reprise for *PLAYBOY*, commenting, "It's poetic, very nice, as if she's trying to get to something."







Playing a variety of characters is the essence of acting for Anne. So *PLAYBOY* let her imagination run free for the shots on these and the following pages. As the lady in black—and out of it—photographed in an ornate mansion (opposite), she personifies “a wealthy, bored woman, a little decadent and in a rather randy mood.” Above, Anne gets provocative with a marble imp.



Lip service is reciprocal for milady and the imp (below). But *Liquid Sky*'s bright star found a vintage doll (above) even more exotic: "I visualize it changing into a person [opposite], like characters you give birth to who take you over."





“‘I absolutely believed I was a man, so then people started to treat me differently.’”

and show it to their friends. Which I never expected, believe me. I don't think my mother understood for years what I was doing. You grow up with this image of your parents, then discover how wrong you were. I expected to be an outcast, but I wasn't. Despite a lot of stuff in it she didn't like, my mother's reaction was that it's a very artistic movie, teaching people something, and everyone should see it.”

Mrs. Carlisle's view was shared by a slew of critics who have hailed *Liquid Sky* as “visually bright and arresting” (*The New York Times*) or “dazzling, funny, shocking and disturbing” (*San Francisco Chronicle*) and, to top them all, “the funniest, craziest, dirtiest, most perversely beautiful science-fiction movie ever made” (*New York* magazine). Young audiences have flocked to see for themselves, breaking box-office records at theaters in New York, Chicago, Boston, New Orleans and Philadelphia, and it's still going strong. While not everyone comes away enchanted, there's general agreement that Anne Carlisle is the new queen of the Cs—a cult-film sensation who's also co-author of *Sky's* screenplay (with Nina T. Kerova and producer-director Slava Tsukerman, a 45-year-old Soviet *émigré*).

How does a nice girl from Connecticut get caught up in such shenanigans? Simple, reports Anne. “Slava came to me and said, ‘Let's write a script about a New Wave model who gets visited by an alien from outer space,’ and that's where we started. I wrote a great deal of the screenplay. It *wasn't* just a question of helping with dialog, though Russian sentence structure isn't quite the same as ours.”

Carlisle's own sexual, psychological and professional evolution has not been simple at all. Around the age of puberty, she moved with her family to Florida, took up painting and teenaged rebellion and finally left for New York to study at The School of Visual Arts. While there, making video pieces as exercises, she met an acting instructor named Bob Brady. She wound up as his assistant, but she also decided she'd been miscast for the roles she was playing in real life. “I had this long curly hair and wore *wool*, you know? Preppie skirts and blazers, like a girl going to art school. And because of the image I presented, I got hit on a lot. You don't have to do much to invite that, of course, in New York. But I found myself embodying a lot of feminine gestures, putting myself in the position of wanting to please, being a victim.

“I didn't know how to handle all that, so I cut off all my hair and started noticing

other women in the New Wave doing the same thing.” Ask her to define New Wave and Anne will tell you that one of the essentials is change. “The idea is that change is healthy. Experimenting with your looks is one reaction to society's categorization of genders.”

During one experimental period of her life, several years ago, Anne wanted to see what it was like to become a person of no particular sex. “I got a job as a bike messenger, working with guys, and tried very hard not to let them fix my bike for me when it was broken. I wasn't trying to *be* one of the boys; I was just *not* being one thing or another.”

There's little chance of mistaking her for a fella when you see her perched on a twin bed in a Manhattan hotel suite, projecting on the wall slides of the photographs she's just done for *PLAYBOY*. The pictures set her to reminiscing about the days when her hair was a veritable rainbow of social trends. “I was with a New Wave modeling agency called LaRocka. Very much a nighttime thing; we did shows in the clubs. I had purple hair, blue hair, black hair with a red crest. There was a period of very *intense* club life, living high, which got to be a little much. But when it became clear that this was self-destructive—and it took quite a bit to force me to admit it—I started making a little Super-8 film, very surreal and poetic.”

She addresses every subject head on, including skeptical questions about the relative merits of *Liquid Sky*. The film may look like pure camp to some people, Carlisle allows, though she herself pitches camp, aesthetically, on rather high ground. “Mostly, I think the movie was a brave thing to do. I'm proud of it. Because it's so complex, working on many different levels at once, it's sometimes difficult for people to get . . . you can see *Liquid Sky* over and over again and read it differently every time, as a comedy or a tragedy or anything you want.”

Inevitably, the question arises: Does the real Anne Carlisle view her roles as autobiographical? “I used a great deal of my own past in certain situations as Margaret, but she's not me. I went to see the movie again recently, in fact, and got very angry at her. Margaret is a victim, and since I'd had a lot to do with writing the character, I guess I felt a little angry with myself for having created yet another victim.

“Jimmy also comes from me. I was a tomboy when I was young, like most girls. But playing Jimmy, getting into his own inner monolog as a male, was a great experience. I sensed the kind of pressures

men are under, which I don't think women usually understand. On the set, I found that people related to me differently when I was Jimmy. I absolutely *believed* I was a man, so then people started to treat me differently. It was just great, a power trip. And I loved being powerful, though it was frightening, too. Jimmy's such a negative character that I found myself saying insulting things to women, and they'd just giggle and look up at me adoringly. . . .

“No question, the movie *is* about sex, even though the title's a reference to drugs. I think it was in India, in the 14th Century, when opium was widely used by royalty and everyone, that liquid sky was an elegant literary term for it. But sex also is like a drug—a dangerous drug when it's offered in trade for something—and women are brought up to think that way. So *Liquid Sky* really concerns sex roles and how they have been destructive to the relationship between men and women.”

By the time she'd finished *Liquid Sky*, Anne found herself so steeped in those heady omnisexual creative juices that she couldn't turn Margaret and Jimmy off. Nowadays, she can leave the fantasy to audiences and focus on more practical matters. “Having a successful film has made all the difference for me. I signed with the William Morris agency, which gives me contacts and access to people I couldn't meet before. I was always outside the industry, and now I'm inside.” And the jaunty tilt of her chin emphasizes that *inside* is a far cozier place to be.

While other offers ferment, she already has a second feature film in the can: a suspense drama called *Blind Alley*, directed by Larry Cohen. “Larry approached me after seeing *Liquid Sky*, but *Blind Alley* is a totally different kind of movie. I play a young mother. She's a feminist who lives in New York and works in a thrift store, repairing clothes, but her main thing is being a mother.” In this film, her sexual identity is less critical than the fact that the woman's child has witnessed a murder, and the young lover she has picked up on the street turns out to be . . . well, I mustn't give too much away.

In any case, Anne of the once-purple coiffures is likely to keep reappearing as a screen presence in a career spiced with infinite variety. “I still have some wild clothes in my closet and know I can put them on again if I want to. I'd rather not define my image, because people should change with the culture. You have to be in touch with what's going on, and that's not simply being ‘hip’ or ‘with it.’ I want to be free to play many kinds of people. That's what being an actress *means*, right?”

Unless I'm wrong, sooner or later this fair lady/fey laddie from the New Wave will make it in mainstream moviedom, confirming Carlisle as *Liquid Sky's* ultimate cultural fallout.





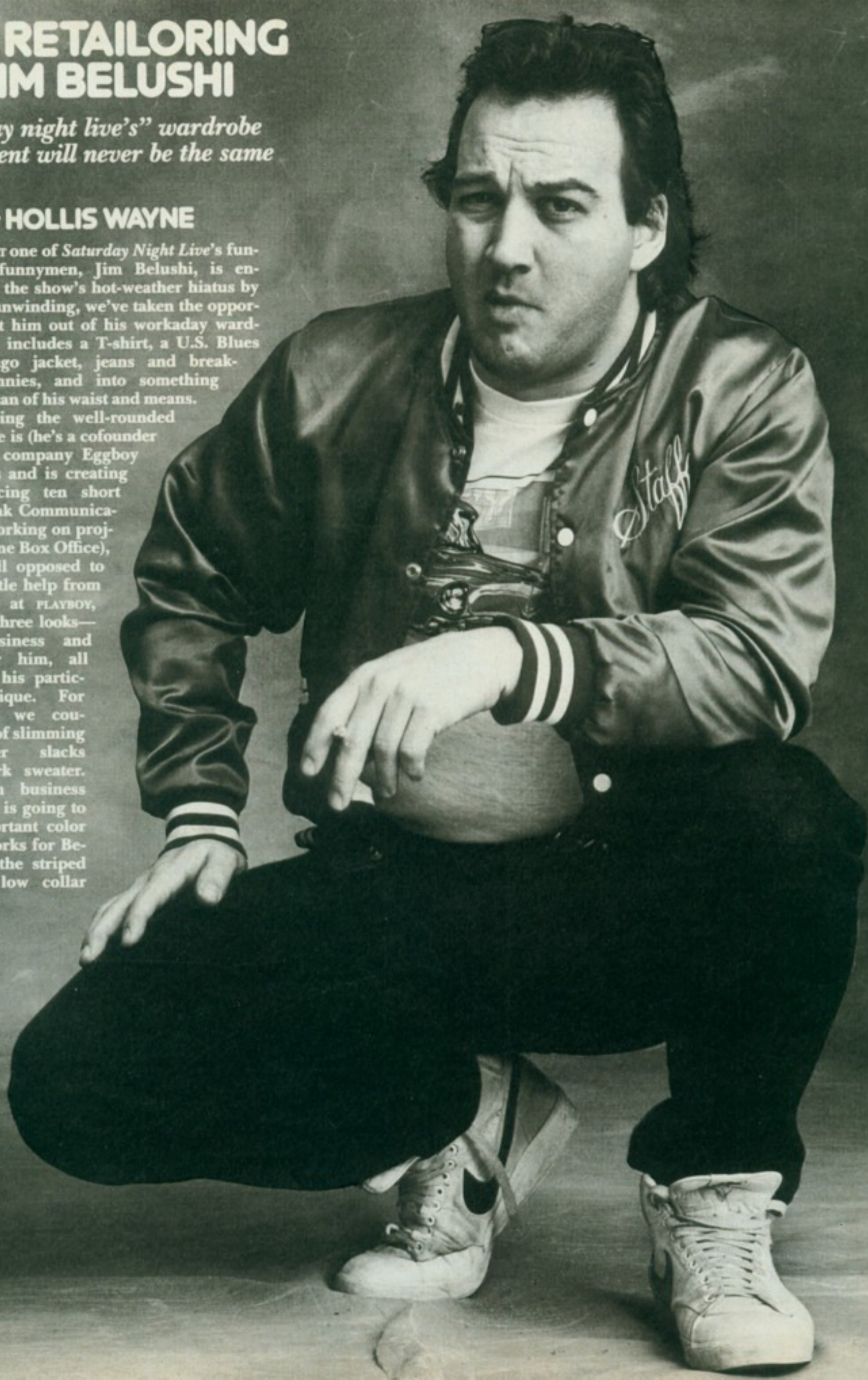
"I had a great time, Babs. I didn't meet any movie stars, but I spent a hell of a night with a Hollywood stunt man."

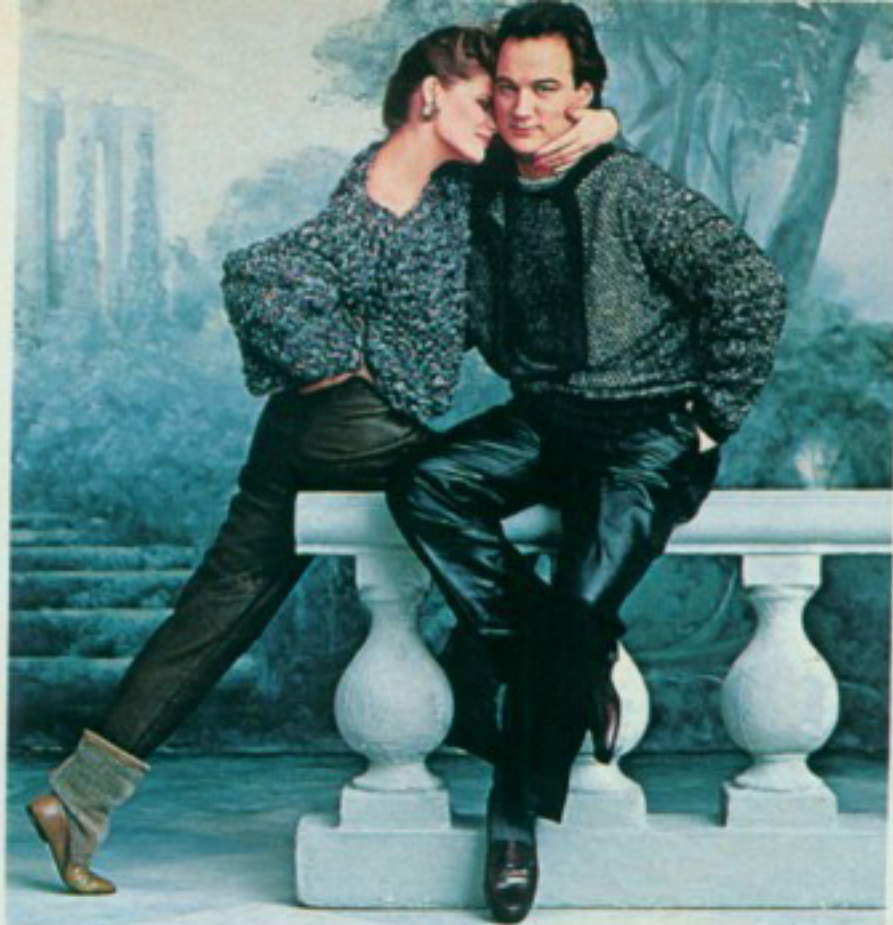
THE RETAILORING OF JIM BELUSHI

"saturday night live's" wardrobe department will never be the same

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

NOW THAT one of *Saturday Night Live's* funniest funny men, Jim Belushi, is enjoying the show's hot-weather hiatus by selectively unwinding, we've taken the opportunity to get him out of his workaday wardrobe, which includes a T-shirt, a U.S. Blues Club Chicago jacket, jeans and break-dancing tennies, and into something befitting a man of his waist and means. Belushi, being the well-rounded talent that he is (he's a cofounder of the film company Eggboy Productions and is creating and producing ten short films for Oak Communications and working on projects for Home Box Office), wasn't at all opposed to getting a little help from his friends at PLAYBOY, who chose three looks—casual, business and formal—for him, all tailored to his particular physique. For casualwear, we coupled a pair of slimming black-leather slacks with a dark sweater. The brown business suit (brown is going to be an important color this fall) works for Belushi, and the striped shirt and low collar





slim his chest. Last, Belushi slipped into a dinner jacket with peak lapels and vertical-striped trousers that made his legs long and lean. His comment when he dropped by and we showed him these pictures: "Hey, guys, I look *hot!* You captured meeee."

Left: Party time, anyone? Yes, that's Belushi in some casual garb that includes an alpaca/silk/linen pullover, about \$365, and a crew-neck, about \$240, both by Gunter Maislinger; plus leather slacks, by Geoff Williams for *Stratège/Pour Le Sport*, about \$175; and loafers, by Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, \$295. (The lady's outfit is by Anne Pinkerton and Nuance.) Below: Yesterday, a pirate captain; today, a captain of industry in a suit, by Christian Dior Grand Luxe, \$545; shirt, \$85, and silk tie, \$43, both by Alexander Julian; belt, by Jeff Degan Designs, about \$200; and pocket square, by Shady Character, \$6. (Her dress is by Adrienne Vittadini.) Right: Belushi's formal night moves include a dinner jacket, by Bill Blass for *After Six*, about \$320; striped trousers, from *The Robert Wagner Collection* by Raffinati, \$75; formal shirt, by Rick Pallack, \$60; cummerbund, about \$75, and bow tie, about \$25, both by Ermenegildo Zegna; and studs, from *Sointu*, \$110. (The lady's fur by Ervin Rosenfeld for Szor-Diener; dress by Jonathan Hitchcock for Reuben Thomas.)







GETTING EVENSON

it's not easy to catch miss september, but it might help if you're the tarzan type

FANTASIES? Oh, I have lots of fantasies." Kimberly Evenson mentally inventoried her store of daydreams, searching for one that might not be too revealing. "One of my favorites is being out in nature, feeling really healthy and being with the greatest guy, somebody like—Tarzan. Maybe that's a common fantasy, but it's a great one if you think about it." Kim would make a proper Jane, all right. She's at least as tough as any urban ape man. "I've always been an



Kim has found that a little time and travel can be very broadening. "I used to be really shy, and I've just broken that barrier. Back in Minnesota, forget it—I wouldn't say anything!"



Running into the line (above) in the regular Sunday touch game in Suffern, New York, Kim breaks for daylight, then attempts an illegal forward pass, for which she's temporarily benched (below) in a four-wheeler on the side lines.

athlete. I love sports. I was always the fastest runner. I'd play football with the boys and they'd never catch me. In soccer, I'd always be put against the biggest, fattest monster on the field. I didn't care; I'd just go for it. They'd call me an animal!"

Going up against it seems to turn Kim on. She likes to flex her muscles and test her resiliency. Each time she pushes the limit, she learns something. "I like to win, even if it means getting hurt. But I almost never get hurt. I've got these bones that just seem to bounce when they're supposed



to. If I twist an ankle, it just twists right back. I've always been tough."

Born an Army brat in Bremerhaven, Germany, Kim grew up in Minnesota. She was 12 when her parents separated, and a few years later, she moved with her mother and her two siblings from Minnesota to Rockland County, New York. She was understandably disoriented and—because her mother was busy taking care of three children, going to law school and paying the rent—rather undisciplined. Kim had a taste for adventure and none for academics.

"I love my freedom too much. What I didn't like about high school was the fact that you had to be ready for it and you had to be there *every* day! I'm the kind of person who will just get up and go somewhere, take a plane! If, of course, I'm in a situation where I can do that."

Following her escape from high school, Kim decided to challenge Manhattan. A few parts in small productions while in high school had convinced her that she'd like to be an actress, and she knew some study in New York City would be in order. To finance her acting classes, she modeled and took part-time jobs, including one as a Bunny at the Playboy Club.

"That was fun—I loved the costume. I was a Door Bunny, because there weren't any jobs open on the floor. Unfortunately, I was working from ten at night until five in the morning and then going to school at seven. I was *exhausted*. So I had to quit after a few weeks. I just couldn't handle it anymore. But I had fun." Establishing



Life in Rockland County, New York, has an almost Rockwellian flavor to it; it's just the place for a country girl like Kim and her brothers and sisters. At left, she visits a used-book store in Nyack with her older sister, then shows her younger half sister a few skating tricks (above). That's her half sister and brother (opposite, bottom) getting a line on some unsuspecting fish. Below, a tired Kim stretches out.





"I went to Grenada to do some test photography. I was there when the Marines were there. Yeah, word got around. In fact, we had a pretty big audience for one of the shots we did at the shore. They let us use their military equipment. I had guns and cartridge belts and everything."

herself in the Big Apple gave Kim confidence. She learned a lot about the show-business world and quite a bit about show-business people. "In the acting business in New York, there are many so-called managers, producers and agents who will promise you the world for a small fee. Those were approaches I stayed away from, because I wasn't hearing any solid promises. I knew talent would get me success faster than anything they could offer."

When she was offered a ticket to Los Angeles for her Playmate shooting, Kim heard the siren call of the cinema and decided to uproot again. That move, though, will be a little more difficult. "Right now, I'm going to have to adjust to coming out to L.A., getting an apartment, getting a manager, going to school—and being farther from my mother. I've always been real close to her. Before, I could always run back home from Manhattan. Now I'll have to work very hard and make lots of money so I can call her long-distance." Kim's not at all worried about her future, though. "I've got this thing inside me that says, 'If you want something, just go for it.' I've been thrown into so many new situations that I feel that if I got thrown some more, I could take care of myself." We don't doubt that for a minute.



After seeing the results of the conflict in Grenada and being there during the occupation of the sleepy Caribbean island, Kimberly has definite ideas about social justice. "What really ticks me off is violence. I hate war! I also hate seeing anybody left out. Everybody should be in. Everybody! You know how sometimes a mean kid will say to another kid, 'You can't play with us'? Well, I think everybody should get a chance to play."





"I like a lot of attention, but I'm not really the jealous type. If there's another pretty girl around, that's fine with me. If I can learn something from her, well, that's even better, in my book."





Kim's specific about the kind of man who attracts her. "My tastes in men? Well, as far as looks are concerned, I've always liked dark-haired, kind of rough-looking guys who wear blue jeans and can handle anything. And who love women!"

GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS / ADDITIONAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberly Evenson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 11/3/62 BIRTHPLACE: Bremerhaven, Germany

AMBITION: To be the biggest star on the silver screen.

TURN-ONS: cute guys, rock 'n' roll, nature, fast cars, motorcycles, adventures

TURN-OFFS: cigarettes, fighting, times when things don't go as planned

FAVORITE MOVIES: Rocky, The Godfather, The Deer Hunter, An Officer and a Gentleman, Greystoke

FAVORITE SPORTS: football, soccer, swimming, climbing mountains and, recently, surfing

FAVORITE PLACE: In the water, or in bed, or anywhere in nature

IDEAL EVENING: Starting with a good day on the beach, then cruisin' to a rock concert, then to a party, ending in a cozy place

BIGGEST JOY: Getting the news that I will be cast for a part in a movie

Age 4

Age 10

Age 16



Looking cute for Mommy.

In my favorite blouse.

Still with baby fat.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What's so funny about my breaking out a new prophylactic for our repeat performance?" the puzzled Londoner inquired of his American-tourist date.

"It's just that I can assure my friends when I get back home," giggled the girl, "that I saw two versions of the changing of the guard."

Rumor has it that in his next film, Clint Eastwood will play a cop working undercover at a busy metropolitan airport in an improbable disguise. Its title? *Dirty Hare Krishna*.



The end really came for me," the woman explained to the divorce attorney, "when I found out that my husband had been secretly decorating his penis for years with inscriptions in invisible ink. It seems that the jerk took a certain kinky delight in putting words in my mouth!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tearing off a quickie* as gunning the jump.

My mind," cried the astronaut, "whirled
While joy currents eddied and swirled!
There was great copulation
At that stellar space station!
It was sex that was out of this world!"

The equivalent of guys' playing pocket pool, it's occurred to us, is girls' playing the slots.

It was after a less than enthusiastic bit of love-making that the woman snapped, "You're just lucky that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to you!"

"I sure am!" retorted her husband. "They'd probably charge me with breaking the minimum-wage law!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *corporate virgin* as a girl who is new to the firm.

Hyperconservatives in Israel are said to be opposed to the issuance of a visa to an entertainer called Goy George.

Maybe you've heard about the small-town streetwalker who visited New York and had several flops on Broadway.

I was misquoted!" the politician insisted angrily. "What I said was that establishing and standardizing procedures for conjugal visits in our prisons was a *thorny* problem."

Said a crusty old colonel named Waters
To his sheltered and virginal daughters:

"If you're offered a buck
To go out for a fuck,
Just insist you're restricted to quarters."

During an interplanetary social-exchange visit, a Martian couple suggested to the guest earthling couple that they swap spouses. When one pair were alone and the Martian male had stripped, the woman from earth noticed that his penis was quite small. But he proceeded to twirl a finger in one ear, which caused his organ to lengthen dramatically, and then do the same thing in the other ear, which made his organ thicken in similar fashion.

"How was your session, dear?" the earthwoman subsequently asked her husband.

"Not too satisfactory, I'm afraid," he replied. "Not only did that Martian babe turn out to have a very large vagina; she also distracted me during the act by tickling my ears like crazy!"



Where did you spend your honeymoon?" the girl was asked.

"On a Caribbean island," she replied, "but from the way my husband performed, it seemed more like Mount Rushmore!"

The difference between a masseuse and a cocksman who shares the contents of his little black book is that the girl is a layer-on of hands, whereas the guy is a hander-on of lays.

My blind date last night was a real cultured gentleman," reported the girl.

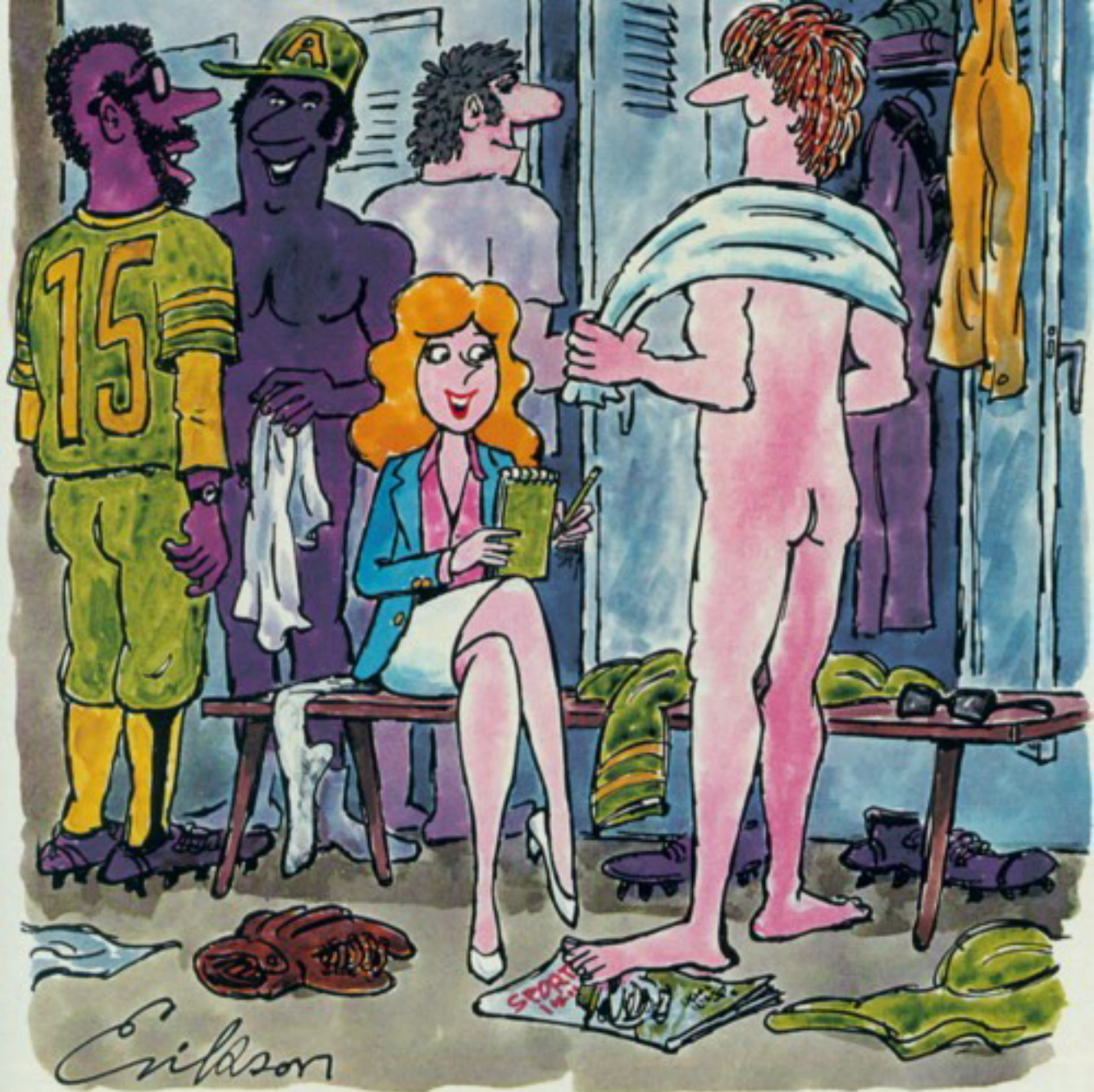
"What did he do," asked her roommate, "take you to the opera or discuss vintage wines?"

"Neither one of those things. After he'd gone down on me, he told me I smelled like caviar!"

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.



Graham Wilson



"No wonder you score so often!"





GIRLS OF THE BIG TEN

*returning our conference call,
the coeds who put the heart in the heartland*



M IS FOR MICHIGAN, Wolverines' lair; *I* is for Iowa—Hawkeyes gawk there; *S* is for State on a couple school bios; East Lansing's *S* is Michigan's, Columbus', Ohio's; *I*'s for Illini, who bubble Champaign, while *MSU*'s Spartans are much less Urbane; *N*'s for Northwesterners, paying tuition as *OSU*'s Buckeyes reach football fruition; Wisconsin's girl Badgers may bite—it's inherent; Indiana's young Hoosiers can boast a Knight errant; *M*'s Minnesota, where Gophers are gilt; and *P*'s for Purdue, where girl Boilers are built. Put them all together, they spell *MISS, I'M NO WIMP*. That's the introduction we hit upon for this age of the *macha* matriculator. If you're hitting up on any of this year's *Girls of the Big Ten*, forget the "slice of brie, jug of Perrier and thou" routine. As you've noticed by now (if, like a sensible person, you scanned the pictures first), the coeds are changing. Today's college girl is likely to prefer strength to chic, nuclear policy to unclear poetry and Indiana Jones to California Cabernet. And the Big Ten girl is more levelheaded than most, though that's her only lack of curvature. Our big group of tens includes future doctors, lawyers, politicians, anchor women and ranchers, as well as Katherine Leigh, whose ambition is to be "a rich, powerful woman." (She's got the last part down already.) Step right up, meet the students of success. It's OK if you offer to carry their legal tomes and microengineering manuals. Just remember—no wimps need apply.

How about a little sun, skin, study and splash with the Ladies of the Large Handful? Take it from the top with Minnesota's Elizabeth Murtha (above), who likes her males "down to earth" and loves "hairy chests" but has yet to take up primatology. Iowa's Molly Neuenswander (lower left on the facing page) alternates water-skiing and hitting the books—that's how she developed such balance in her studies. Going clockwise from Molly: Jill and Mary Beth Foley are Ohio State's sexiest sister act. Asked why she posed for us, Northwestern's Leslie Gugino told the *Chicago Tribune*, "We're all sex objects. Men are, too." Maybe so, Leslie, but we couldn't find any who'd stack up to you. Lorile Benson, who makes any apparel look splendidly designed, is an apparel-design major at Illinois; and Terri Beck of Michigan, a body-building biologist, says it's fraternity sisterhood or bust.





She may hike temperatures, but you won't catch Purdue's Colleen Derry (above left) making boilers. Colleen runs and paints for recreation—male Boilers run up behind and pant in appreciation. Ohio State junior Melissa Ann Boyce (above right), who says she's "Daddy's little girl," keeps Daddy proud and loose ends tied by combining prelaw with waitressing. She wants "to become a well-rounded person." That's no tall order, Melissa; it's *parfait accompli*. An exceptional girl, both physically and philosophically, Michigan State's Kara Jordan (below) likes men who eat quiche.





O Canada—glorious and free! Nancy Canada (above) is a Newfoundland native studying business at Ohio State. Like the R.C.M.P., she generally gets her man. Iowa's Elizabeth McDowell and Stefanie Krug (below left) keep Hawkeyes peeled when they're not learning law and special ed, respectively; Iowa's Linnette Postel (below right) majors in—get this—therapeutic recreation. Where do we register?





Aspiring actress Marea Pond (above left) turns Indiana men from cream to crimson every time she jogs cross-campus. She's developed a passionate following, which is why all those Hoosiers are hurryin'. Art aficionada Kristen Mason of Wisconsin (top right) just wants to live a full life, but Minnesota's Katherine Leigh (bottom right) has ambition enough for two. "I'm power hungry," says she. "I can't wait to set the world on fire."



Indiana's Valerie Bowman (top left) answers college men's prayers by falling out of the Bloomington sky. She's a prelaw pianist whose other forte is sky diving. Mary Fauquher of MSU (bottom left), a prospective PR woman, likes men who are "open to suggestion." Looks like she's found one. Watch your tone with Iowa's Christine Penniman (above right), who keeps hers with weight lifting—she leaves out-of-shape sweat suitors hung out to dry.



Northwestern's Larissa Klavins (above left) loves football, which amounts to masochism in Evanston. She eases the pain with dreams of a political career. The lady is a trampolinist—classmate Cheryl Graham (above right), a trampoline champ of Chinese/Norwegian descent, wants us to reproduce her paintings now that she's been a PLAYBOY work of art. Gopher It Department: Angela Wood (below left) is a Golden Gopherette who dances through the Minnesota winters, and Paige Seyffer (below right)—the best ad OSU ever had—goes for "aerobics, cats and jocks."





Future anchor woman Monica Keys of OSU (above left) once met boxing's Angelo Dundee, who knew a knockout when he saw one. Purdue's Monica Purvis (above right) studies "supervision technology" with an eye on corporate law. Wisconsin's Michelle Mislivecek (below), who carries a double major in econ and poli sci, has good taste. She hates "profit-hungry capitalists and prep clones," loves rock 'n' roll.

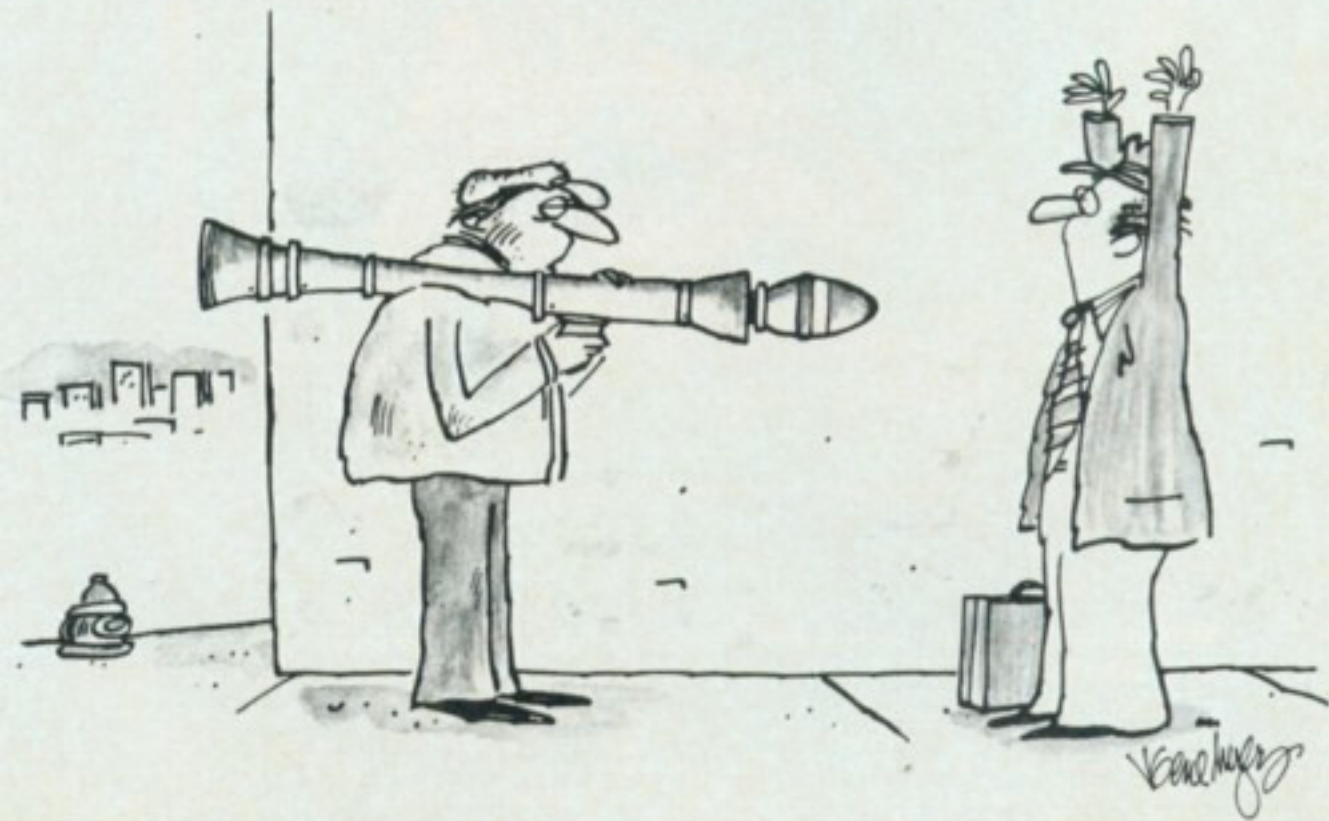




You've got it, flautist: When she's not singing or playing the flute in a band, Illinois' Shannon Johnson (above left) mulls over careers. "I'd rather be a singer than a chemist," says Shannon. "I could leave being a lawyer as a fall-back profession." Michigan's snazzy Kari Bazy (above right), once she picks up her J.D., plans to drop the legal biz for showbiz. Another budding barrister is Lari Middlekauff of MSU (below left), who recreates swimmingly wherever the buoys are. Purdue's Jennifer Anderson (below right) has a rallying call—"Here I come, world!"—to go with all her "sun bathing and partying." Then there's Iowa barn burner Sherry Klemesrud (facing page). After school's out, she tells us, she may chuck pharmacy for modeling. If that's true, Sherry, we hope you're always down on the pharm.







"Handguns are illegal around here."

GADGETS

INFORMATION, PLEASE



Left: Gulf+Western's Sensaphone monitors such home conditions as temperature and unusual sounds and automatically calls to let you know that something's amiss, \$249.95.



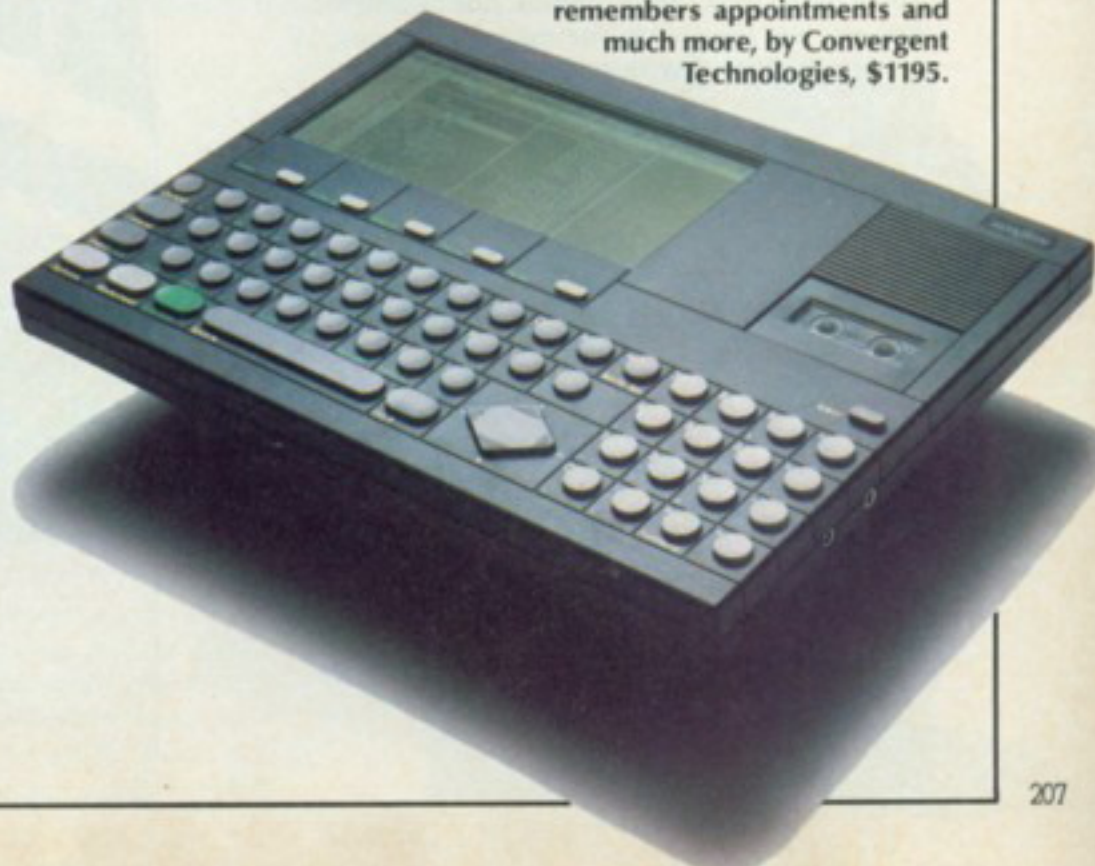
Above: The Vivitar 5600 flash informs you via an LCD how far the flash is effective and other useful info, about \$290 with a motorized zoom head.



Right: Spinning out of the turn is The King, a hand-held race-track computer that handicaps the ponies after you've programmed in posted odds, distance, info about who's running, etc.—and it even manages your bank roll, by Crown Sports System, about \$3000.



Below: Just about everything you need to take your office act on the road is incorporated into the WorkSlate, a three-pound personal computer that makes calls, remembers appointments and much more, by Convergent Technologies, \$1195.



Above: The PriveCode electronically screens incoming calls by requesting a previously assigned access-code number that matches the one in its memory bank, by International Mobile Machines, \$299.95.

WITTING HEIGHTS

We've been carrying the torch for gorgeous Karen Witter ever since she appeared as our Playmate of the Month back in March 1982. And her 1984 Olympic contribution, a 24" x 32", five-color portrait poster titled *The Right Stuff*, rates a gold medal, too. You can get a signed *Right Stuff* for \$17.50 or an unsigned one for \$12.50 sent to Cardone Productions, P.O. Box 10606, Marina Del Ray, California 90295. Sorry, Karen's inscription doesn't include her home address or phone number, guys.



THE OFFICE CARD

If your business card is burning a hole in your pocket, you can turn it into a rosewood-framed 11½" x 7½" battery wall clock for only \$99.95. Or you can go for gold or silver wood frames for only \$39.95 each, postpaid, sent to Embosograph Display Manufacturing Company, 1430 West Wrightwood, Chicago 60614. The process takes about six weeks. Since Senior Editor David Stevens has been with the magazine almost 19 years, what's a few more weeks to him?



PRESENTS PURR-FECT

Yesterday, it was Cabbage Patch Dolls; today, it may be Dreebles. Dreebles are furry creatures about the size of a tennis ball that look as if they escaped from *Gremlins* or *The Muppet Show*. But when you pet them, they purr (thanks to a tiny microchip and a five-year battery tucked inside), and even squeak when squeezed. A company called—what else?—Prrrl Ventures, P.O. Box 884806, San Francisco 94188, sells the Dreebles for \$19.95 each, postpaid. And as if all that weren't cute enough, each one comes with its own pedigree papers that you fill in.



LATEST PHONE KICK

The phone industry is enjoying something of a renaissance, with new electronic wonders ringing everyone's chimes. And the look of phones has changed, too, with basic-black Ma Bell specials being reborn as Mickey Mouse, a pair of red lips and other curious styles. Football fans haven't been forgotten, as Specialty Phones, Inc., 742 Cedar Way, Oakmont, Pennsylvania 15139-1994, is selling a Phona-Football that looks like an ordinary pigskin except for a built-in handset and a ring that resembles a referee's whistle—for only \$244. And for fishermen, the same company even makes a Phona-Bass that looks like a mounted-bass trophy for the wall and announces incoming calls with "the sound a fisherman's reel makes when a bass strikes." Now, that's weird.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

No, Ande Rooney isn't a commentator on the TV show *60 Minutes*. It's a company that manufactures metal reproductions of vintage signs, such as the LAY OR BUST POULTRY FEEDS pictured here. That one will set you back only \$18.50, post-paid, but Rooney has others in its \$1 catalog, available from Ande Rooney, Ltd., P.O. Box 758, Port Ewen, New York 12466. That's chicken feed.



LAY OR
BUST
POULTRY FEEDS

THE TAPE MAN COMETH

There's good news tonight for videophiles: When your favorite tape, such as *Playboy Video*, goes bonkers from over-play, check with the National Cassette Service, 7710 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046, before you kiss it goodbye. N.C.S. repairs both VHS and Beta tapes, and its prices, which begin around \$10, make salvage economical. Just like Old Man River, our copy of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* now just keeps rolling along.



GIRLIES ON PARADE

Back in the dark ages before there was PLAYBOY, a legion of men's magazines strutted across the newsstands of America, turning on their readers with such features as "From Bop to Bumps!" and "What You Don't Know About Babes You Know." Although such titles as *Titter*, *Flirt* and *Beauty Parade* may have died, the old issues haven't faded away: A.R.S. Productions, P.O. Box 882, El Sobrante, California 94803, stocks hundreds of them, and \$2 gets you a shopping list. How you gonna keep them down on the farm after they've seen Betty Page?



SOMMELIER IN YOUR POCKET

The next time a sommelier has you groveling for his advice, simply whip out your Wizard of Wine pocket computer and blow the bastard's vintage mind. The Wizard of Wine displays ratings and usage guidelines for the well-known wines of France, Italy, Germany and the United States. All you do is punch in your choice and the year, and W.O.W. tells you how it rates and whether or not it's too old to drink. Wizards are \$44.50 from Fads, Inc., 400 South Edwards, Mount Prospect, Illinois 60057. That's the price of a good Bordeaux.



GONGA DIN

You may not want to swing with the 80", \$19,000 Paiste gong that Emerson, Lake and Palmer use in their act, but for \$53, you can summon your guests to sup in style with the petite seven-inch model shown here. Yes, the dinner gong is staging a comeback (some old friends of ours claim that they never knew it went away), and The Magni Company, 2401 East 17th Street, Santa Ana, California 92701, is in the movement's vanguard. Its catalog lists a variety of wall and table models that come complete with mallet. It's more genteel than yelling "Come and get it, fat ass!"



Getting Some on the Sly

But can he *play* that balloon? This photo made us howl, and we hope it signals the return of SLY STONE. After taking his fans higher and higher musically, he took himself lower and lower with drugs. Now he's clean, and rumor has it that he may reunite The Family Stone and tour. We're ready to boogie again.



QUARTILLA GALELLA LTD

Rockettes on a Roll

It's not every day that you get a first-string team like this one in the same room. We salute the collective talent of (left to right) TONI BASIL, MARTHA DAVIS, GRACE SLICK and CYNDI LAUPER. Among them, they've sold a whole lot of records. It pleases us greatly to see Grace right in the middle of this contemporary crew, still hanging in, in a big way, with a bunch of girls who just wanna have fun.



STEVE GRANITZ/CELEBRITY PHOTO



© 1984 JUEL BERMAN

Fran-tastic Forever

We like to check in with singer/actress FRAN JEFFRIES every couple of years. Her first PLAYBOY photos ran in February 1971. Then, in September 1982, when she was 45, we did it again. She looked great at 45 and looks even finer at 47. Says Fran, "Women over 40 are looking real good." Amen!

Pompons and Circumstance

You first saw actress KAREN KELLEY in *Hardbodies*, a piece of exercise-and-beach fluff, at your local moviehouse last spring. Now you can see her in *Give Me an F*, a piece of exercise-and-cheerleader fluff. Yeah, team!



Hark! What Buds Through Yonder T-Shirt Break?

We don't have to tell you that actress DONNA WILKES is cute. You can see that for yourselves. We can tell you that she was recently in *Angel* and before that in *Jaws II* and on TV in *The Incredible Hulk*. She has already completed a TV pilot, so if things go well, you may have Donna in your living room one day soon. What a deal.



Gimme an O

This disheveled siren is actress SANDRA WEY. You're going to know her *much* better when the further adventures of *The Story of O* get to a theater near you, sometime soon. It's an easy choice this time out: Wey is our celebrity (in the making) breast of the month.



NEXT MONTH



SAYONARA, SMITH



BROADWAY BABES



FASHION FORECAST



FROZEN FOOD

"REAL MEN/REAL WOMEN"—AFTER OUR INTREPID INVESTIGATOR RECOVERED FROM PROFILING **WILLIAM HURT** AND STUDYING FRIGIDITY, WE SENT HER TO A WORKSHOP TO LEARN WHAT MALES AND FEMALES REALLY WANT. THE MORTIFIED COLLEGE BOY, THE SPINOLOGIST, THE EXECUTIVE SECRETARY AND THE SWINGING SEXOLOGISTS HAD SOME REMARKABLE ANSWERS FOR **E. JEAN CARROLL**

"BABES ON BROADWAY"—TODAY'S DESCENDANTS OF **SARAH BERNHARDT** AND THE **ZIEGFELD GIRLS** ARE JUST AS TALENTED AND JUST AS BEAUTIFUL. CHECK THIS PICTORIAL AND BELIEVE IT

"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO FALL AND WINTER FASHION"—THE RIGHT STUFF FOR SARTORIAL SUCCESS

"THE EDUCATION OF REGGIE SMITH"—JAPAN, AS A PLACE IN WHICH TO PLAY OUT ONE'S BASEBALL CAREER, MAY BE THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN. A BITTERSWEET SPORTS REPORT BY PULITZER PRIZE-WINNING WRITER **DAVID HALBERSTAM**

"IN PRAISE OF FROZEN FOOD"—THERE'S SOME TASTY STUFF IN YOUR GROCER'S FREEZER THESE DAYS. OUR WEST COAST EDITOR, IN FACT, PREFERS IT TO HIS OWN (OR HIS WIFE'S) COOKING. TRUE CONFESIONS—BY **STEPHEN RANDALL**

DAVID LETTERMAN, THE MAN THE BABY BOOMERS SPEND THEIR *LATE NIGHTS* WITH, REVEALS WHO MAKES HIM LAUGH, WHY HE GAVE UP BEER AND WHY HE BELIEVES CELEBRITIES ARE OTHER PEOPLE IN A FAST-MOVING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"PLAYBOY'S SCRAPBOOK OF POLITICAL SEX"—VERY CANDID CAMERA SHOTS OF **NANCY, FRITZ, RONNIE, GARY, JESSE** AND **TRICKY DICK**, COMPILED BY THE INIMITABLE **GERALD GARDNER**

PLUS: AN EROTIC RETELLING OF *CASABLANCA* BY **ROBERT COOVER**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE'S HOTTEST SEX STAR, BRAZIL'S **SONIA BRAGA**; AND A MUSCULAR **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **JACK LA LANNE**