

WHAT MEN AND WOMEN REALLY WANT FROM EACH OTHER

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1984 • \$3.00

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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## A COUPLE OF WOLF-WHISTLE STOPS WITH THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

When 1984 Playmate of the Year Barbara Edwards makes a whistle stop, the whistles never stop. Barbara was introduced to the press—and the press was duly impressed—at a May first cocktail party, hosted by Hef and attended by a bevy of Playmates, at Playboy Mansion West (above). Another great Southern California institution, USC's Sigma Chi fraternity, made Barbara (right) an honorary Sweetheart of Sigma Chi (from the song of the same title). If that's Greek to you, suffice it to say that it's almost as sweet as being named Playmate of the Year.



## OLDER VIKKI, YOUNGER LOVER

When Phil Donahue tackled the issue of older women/younger men relationships, who better to turn to than Vikki La Motta and Peter Athas (below right), featured in May's *Hello, Young Lovers* pictorial? So what do you think, folks? We want to hear from you. Is it all an elaborate hoax, or is Vikki actually 53 years old?



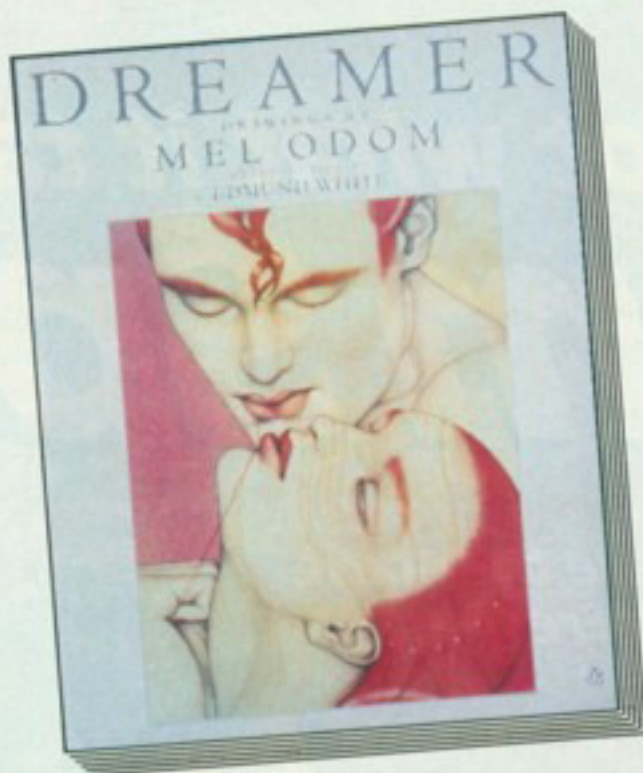
## WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL THEM NERDS?

In the current movie *Revenge of the Nerds*, Lisa Welch (below right, in a scene from the film, with Julie Montgomery, and at right, in her gatefold incarnation) plays a cheerleader. Now, most high schoolers consider cheerleaders members of a non-nerd elite. Does that mean the nerds *don't like* 1980's Miss September? Good luck, nerds, but we're going to be rooting for Lisa.



## HAZZARDOUS DUTY FOR RHONDA AND DAINA

Here's how to watch *The Dukes of Hazzard*: Ignore the flying metal and look for Rhonda Shear (above)—disqualified as Louisiana's Miss Floral Trail queen for appearing (clothed!) in our *Girls of the New South* (April 1977)—and Miss January 1976, Daina House (below).



## THE ILLUSTRIOUS ODOM'S BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Unless your fingers have been sleepwalking through *PLAYBOY*, you're familiar with Mel Odom's ethereal gifts. He's one of our finest illustrators, and his new book—*Dreamer*—will be published by Penguin in November.



*Liberty's head was displayed at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878. Visitor admissions helped pay for construction of the rest of the statue.*



*Culver Pictures*

# WE'RE PLEDGING MILLIONS TO HELP A LADY IN DISTRESS.

*She's fallen on hard times. But all America is rushing to her rescue. People are digging deep into their pockets to provide the millions of dollars it will take to restore the Statue of Liberty in time for her hundredth birthday in 1986.*

*A number of major U.S. companies have volunteered their help. The Stroh Brewery Company is proud to be one of them.*

*On Saturday, October 13, 1984, we'll sponsor a 5-mile "Stroh's Run for Liberty" in over 120 cities across the U.S. A portion of every runner's entry fee will be donated to the fund for restoring the Statue of Liberty and neighboring Ellis Island.*

*We have a special reason for wanting to be part of this great national undertaking.*

*Bernhard Stroh built a small brewhouse in Detroit in 1850, bringing from Europe a family brewing tradition already generations old. Today's Stroh Brewery Company is still family-owned. But we've become the third-largest brewer in America.*

*The way we see it, Stroh is living proof of the fulfillment of the promise Liberty stands for.*

*People like you and companies like Stroh will raise \$230,000,000 to restore Liberty.*

*Let's make sure America's best-loved lady is decked out in her very best for her birthday.*

*The Stroh Brewery Company brews Stroh's, Schaefer, Old Milwaukee, Schlitz, Schlitz Malt Liquor and other fine beers.*



## STROH

*We haven't lost the family touch.*

ONE DAY last summer, a very pretty foot was sticking out of a car window in the VIP parking lot just after the Chicago Cubs had won their first double-header in almost four years. A well-oiled fan gently patted it as he waddled by and noted, "Nice foot."

It was a better day for Cubs fans than many of them may have realized. The appendage in question was and is attached to the more widely acclaimed corpus proper of Seka, a.k.a. the Platinum Princess, star of such erotic classics as *Lust at First Bite*, *Inside Seka* and, recently, *Sunny Days*. She's a baseball fan, for God's sake.

Seka is not your average down-at-the-heels porn actress. She markets her own line of erotic products (Pearl Productions, Ltd., 664 North Michigan Avenue, Suite 1010, Chicago, Illinois 60611). Most of all, she is a bona fide video phenomenon—just like Boy George and stereo television.

As she explains it, Seka experienced the transcendent financial pleasure of being in the right place at the right time. She starred in a group of films produced by Caballero Control when the home-video market began to boom, about five years ago. Caballero unleashed nearly all of its titles on the video market and, suddenly—in video stores, at least—Seka's films outnumbered those by Marilyn Chambers and other sex deities by a wide margin.

At the same time, maintains Seka, another pertinent phenomenon was in the budding stage: Women had begun to rent and buy erotic videos. While no one seems to keep track of those sales figures, Jimmie Johnson, president of the Adult Film Association of America, claims that women have formed a substantial chunk of the porn audience since the mid-Sixties. Johnson did a marketing survey of his own California theater chain, Pussycat Theaters, and found that more than half of his customers were couples. He claims that female viewership was way up last year for the theatrical release of *Talk Dirty to Me*, directed by Sam Westin, whose first flash of fame came from producing the award-winning nonerotic film *One Potato, Two Potatoes* in the Sixties. Our own informal poll of video-rental outlets revealed that both women alone and couples are renting video porn in substantial numbers. Female rental clerks said that female customers often ask them to suggest titles. Male porn stars Jamie Gillis, John Leslie and Richard Pacheco draw huge female crowds at personal appearances, and Seka claims that 40 percent of her fan mail comes from women, usually asking for advice. One point on which porn-industry insiders agree is that producers of erotica would be fools to ignore the female market today.

That's why Seka is exploring a new genre of film—erotica that is made to appeal to women. Her title role in *Sunny Days* is her first attempt to reach a female audience.



## DAUGHTER OF THE VIDEO REVOLUTION

According to erotic-cinema owners these days, sex is a four-letter word:

**Seka. Her name on a marquee guarantees profits. Meanwhile, her films, videos and erotic products reap a six-figure annual income. Now she's out to swell that figure by proving that girls just wanna have fun . . . and porn.**

She'll soon produce her own feature, tentatively titled *Goodbye, Dolly*.

When we invited her to talk about her new projects, Seka arrived looking less like a porn star than like the Presbyterian-church-league pitcher she once was. The trademark Harlow-colored hair had been cropped short and sat like a perky meringue above her ingénue's face. She has very pretty ears and hands and, as the Cubs fan noticed, nice feet. She looked slender and boyish in striped peg pants, but her lucrative curves showed as the stripes curled around a firm set of buttocks and angled drastically toward a firm and narrow midsection, above which her ample bosom projected memorably. She

wore a safari shirt. No lace. No garters.

It's not surprising that the first female touch in *Sunny Days* (which boasts a female producer) that Seka mentioned was the everyday clothes worn by the actresses. "The women aren't little Barbie dolls running around in garter belts and nylons. They wear jeans and shirts—like the girl next door. There's more realism in this film than in any I've seen in a long time. And that adds to the fantasy, because it becomes something that is not outside the realm of possibility."

The realm of possibility may interest some women, but others would lock up all erotica for its sexual politics. Seka says politics is not the problem.

"I do what I want on film. Men have had the upper hand in erotic films for a long time, but that's really changing with the presence of female producers and directors. The antiporn groups seem to be made up of women who simply don't understand sexuality. They don't understand the concept of being turned on mentally. I don't think they're aware of themselves sexually."

Maybe that's true. Maybe Seka and Women Against Porn are pursuing the same end—a comfortable sexual atmosphere for both sexes.

"Women in porn can't be dummies anymore," Seka said, explaining how the female image is changing in porn films. "They know how to please themselves not only sexually but in their nonerotic onscreen lives as well. You get a whole person—not just a body. That appeals to me and to other women. It appeals to men, too."


Wasn't there some risk, we wondered, that if films appealed to women too specifically, their partners might prefer to watch a baseball game?

Echoing what the sex experts say about female sex fantasies, Seka agreed that the difference between male and female erotic tastes boils down to the fact that women want to see a story, while men can get off on wall-to-wall-sex films.

"I've made some of those films," she said. "No beginning, middle or end—just hello, how are you, let's fool around. That type of film doesn't do anything for me." But men are not so limited, she added. Many are excited by the very fact that a woman can pick out a porn video.

"A couple can watch it together and the man will get off on it because the woman is getting off on it," she said. And that's how Seka envisions her films' being used—by couples who want to be turned on together.

"The highest compliment I get is from the fan who says, 'I liked that film and it was very good—but it took us three days to finish watching it.'"

Let's hear it for the PAUSE button. 



# DEAR PLAYMATES

**Y**ou remember the old expression "Talk is cheap," don't you? Well, that may be especially true when you're trying to romance a woman. It seems that most women these days have heard all the good lines. We asked our Playmate advisors to tell us how they separate the phonies from the genuine articles.

The question for the month:

**How can a man convince you that he really loves you?**

**I** need romance and gestures to convince me. He can tell me, he can call me, he can send flowers, he can show little kindnesses.

Once, a guy slept on my front doorstep to prove to me that he loved me, and the next morning, I must admit I was convinced. I let him in. I believed he was through with a former lover. So what could I say? I said, "Good morning—and don't forget the newspaper." That was pretty romantic, don't you think?



*Lorraine Michaels*

LORRAINE MICHAELS  
APRIL 1981

**H**e can convince me by accepting me as I am, and that includes being bitchy, moody and not always perfectly put together. There are days when I'm just a country girl. I get pleasure out of sitting on the back porch with my legs open, you know? Those are my roots.

The performer, Playmate side of me is there, too, but not always. I want to be free within the confines of a relationship. I realize that's difficult, so I need a very secure individual.



*Azizi Johari*

AZIZI JOHARI  
JUNE 1975

**H**e can't do it with words, but he can do it with his behavior. He can impress me with his seriousness by sending me flowers, writing me poems, thinking of really romantic things to do. I'm not especially impressed by material things, but I am impressed by the way a man treats me in front of other people. I also think I can tell about a man's real feelings by the way he acts sexually or by what his eyes say to me. The convincing comes from all kinds of behavior, not from anything in particular. It would come from something I sensed about his feelings.



*Alana Soares*

ALANA SOARES  
MARCH 1983

**H**e can convince me he loves me by not being jealous. He can convince me by letting me be my own person and helping me be my own person. See, it's kind of tricky. In the first few months of a relationship, nobody wants any freedom. You're too wrapped up in the newness and the thrill. Then, all of a sudden, you may wake up and say, "I want to go to Acapulco with my girlfriends," and he says no, because you never said that to him before. He has to trust you and you have to trust him. If he doesn't, who is he in love with, anyway?



*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

**D**on't tell me that you love me all the time. That actually bothers me. Show me instead. How? By trying to get to know me, by being interested in me. I haven't been in love very often. As I get older, I'm finding out more about love. It goes both ways: He accepts you; you accept him. You have to talk about everything and have common interests. I like attention, flowers and little cards, for instance. But I don't like the word convince. If it's love, then great, let's go for it. I don't think love needs "convincing."



*Marlene Janssen*

MARLENE JANSEN  
NOVEMBER 1982

**T**he best way to prove your love for me is by being monogamous. It's perfectly OK to look—it would be unnatural not to—but be faithful to me. I'd much rather have a man show me he loves me than tell me. We don't have to sit down and make a lot of rules, such as "I'm not going to date anyone else." We just don't date anyone else. I treat him the way I want to be treated, and vice versa. I never stop trying to keep the relationship fresh, and I hope he'll be working to bring new things to the relationship, too.



*Susie Scott*

SUSIE SCOTT  
MAY 1983

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.







Rowland  
Wilson

*"OK! That's it! No more Mr. Nice Guy!"*





# THE GIRLS FROM BRAZIL

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON

TRYING TO analyze the chemistry of Sonia Braga's sex appeal is no simple task. It may be easier to explain electricity by trapping fireflies in a bottle. The quick solution, perhaps, is to steal a line from the late Kenneth Tynan, the acerbic but perceptive English critic, whose first face-to-face encounter with Greta Garbo moved him to rhapsodize, "What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober." Substitute Braga for Garbo and you're getting warm.

Indeed, warm is too cool a word to summarize the accolades from journalists smitten by Sonia. After she brought the Cannes Film Festival to its knees in 1981, *Newsweek's* Jack Kroll hailed her as "the most life-enhancing movie star in the world." Later, Kevin Thomas of the *Los Angeles Times* extolled her "blinding sexuality," a hint that any man might plunge gladly into darkness if he could grope his way to Sonia.

My own first glimpse of Braga was at New York's Studio 54 in 1978. She wore a long, black, glittery gown held up by thin spaghetti straps that seemed to beg to be nibbled away. She danced like a panther in heat, jet hair flailing her shoulders, and all the dark young *caballeros* around her looked as frenzied as Latin lovers are supposed to be. The occasion was a party to celebrate the New York premiere of *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*, a comedy largely responsible for bringing Brazilian movies into (text continued on page 214)



Co-starred with Raul Julia (above) in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, Sonia calls him beautiful. "I do a movie within the movie, about the Forties. I based my character on Dale Arden in *Flash Gordon* comics. You remember?"

*in their new films and in this tandem photo exclusive, sultry sonia braga and claudia ohana reveal what makes cinema novo sizzle*

TO CALL Claudia Ohana a "new" Sonia Braga would be unfair to both actresses, yet there are obvious parallels in their careers. Both became national idols in their native Brazil by starring in TV soap operas. Braga's was the original TV version of *Gabriela*, which established for the first time that an earthy, frizzy-haired native Brazilian woman might be accepted as a sex symbol in a land where gentlemen traditionally prefer blue-eyed Nordic blondes. Ohana's breakthrough was—and is—in another television saga called *Love Is Paid with Love* (or *Amor com Amor se Paga*, sounding better, somehow, in Portuguese). She's still shooting the series and seemed to be heartily sick of it when she showed up in New York on a brief promotional junket. "I'm the star," Claudia sighed, "an innocent girl who always sacrifices herself, which is not very interesting"—except to millions of Brazilians, that is.

Her fifth feature film, *Erendira*, had yet to be released in Rio de Janeiro but was already establishing Ohana as a new world-class wow in much the way that *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands* had made Braga synonymous with steam-heated sensuousness. Claudia's title role, in a screenplay written by the Nobel Prize-winning Colombian author Gabriel García Márquez, features her as a teenager forced into prostitution by her greedy, flamboyant grandmother (Irene Papas). Directed by Ruy Guerra, the movie got mixed reviews in (text concluded on page 214)



In her title role as Erendira, a legendary teen-aged prostitute, Claudia Ohana meets an amorous lad named Ulysses (Oliver Wehe) and discovers the healthy joys of nonprofit sex. The kinky script is by Gabriel García Márquez.







Made in Manhattan by Richard Fegley, these photographs illustrate the reason a brand-new tropical heat wave seems to be building up around Claudia Ohana (above and left). Even when she cools it, Claudia's pretty hot. While filming *Erendira* in Mexico, she was chained to a bed, stark-naked, in a sunny public square. Did that faze her? "Not much, though people came to stare," says Claudia. Wouldn't you?



Fegley's photo sessions with Sonia Braga (above) are a languid montage of *la dolce vita* by a Brazilian boom-boom girl who's terribly fond of Rome. She's also mad about Fellini: "His *Nights of Cabiria* is my all-time-favorite film. Yes, I have a dream—to do a movie with Fellini." Meanwhile, Sonia has few regrets; one of them is that her *Spider Woman* role doesn't give her a single scene opposite sexy William Hurt.



Sonia's success springs from more than luck. Says she, "All my life, intuition has put me in the right place at the right time."

# CLAUDIA OHANA

(continued from page 87)

the U.S., though Claudia was OK'd by critical consensus as "charming . . . exquisite . . . gorgeous . . . soulful," and lots more, all of it true.

A discreet journalist does not ask Ohana her opinion of Braga, or vice versa. Officially, they are not rivals. They are simply two irresistible forces emanating from a physically immense country once known mainly for exporting fruit, nuts, coffee and bad news. Even so, you look at Claudia and remember Sonia. They might be sisters—soul sisters, for certain. Claudia, at 21, is more than a dozen years younger—dark and graceful, with luminous eyes and a dewy bloom on her cheeks.

Innocence, however, is not what Claudia is all about. She has a child with director Guerra, who's 53; their daughter, Dandara, is named after the wife of a black Brazilian revolutionary. Shrugging off conventional queries about unconventional lifestyles, Claudia laughs a bit derisively about her last role before *Erendira*. The movie was called *Paraíba no Rio*. "Again, I was pure and wholesome. I played a blind flower girl who's kind to a poor man, like the girl with Chaplin in *City Lights*."

*Erendira* may be the key to changing all that. Claudia had a film offer in France last year but couldn't accept it because she was pregnant, and her portfolio contains some photographs taken in Italy for another tenuous project with director Lina Wertmüller. There's also an American director keenly interested in her. But Claudia would like her next move to be in theater. "A film actor limits himself too much. To be a great actress, you need to go on the stage, too. In my profession, I'm not *here* yet. I have just arrived, maybe."

All available evidence suggests that Ohana has arrived on the right track. Born into a family on the inside fringe of show business—her father is a painter, her mother a prominent film editor who died five years ago—she's not yet seasoned enough to seriously challenge a bombshell such as Braga. But there is plenty of room in the movie world for more than one South American sensation. As demonstrated in their own words and in Richard Fegley's exclusive photographs for *PLAYBOY*, both Braga and Ohana are articulate, exceptional stars whose screen triumphs may do much to reshuffle the balance of trade between Beverly Hills and Rio.



# SONIA BRAGA

(continued from page 86)

the mainstream and making Braga an instant international star. Her subsequent films have been *The Lady on the Bus*, Arnaldo Jabor's provocative *I Love You* and the recent *Gabriela*, opposite Marcello Mastroianni. Despite mixed reviews for the pictures, her public is still aroused whenever Braga lets off steam. The next scheduled eruption will be *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, made in English in Brazil, starring Sonia in several roles as a movie-within-a-movie dream girl who fires up the fantasies of two jailbirds, played by Raul Julia and William Hurt.

Why do we dig her? Let me count the ways. I'll go back and recall the third (or was it the fourth?) time I met her, while doing a cable-TV interview in a New York hotel suite a couple of years ago. We had an offcamera translator, a serious language problem and a cameraman so entranced by Sonia's body English (well, body Portuguese, to be exact) that he had us hang around afterward while he spent ten minutes just photographing her *hands*. Her hands are exquisite, and she uses them—palms up, for the most part—as signal flags indicating everything from "So what?" to "God help us" and "Gimme a break."

We talked, back then, about her reputation as the Marilyn Monroe of South America. Palms raised, Sonia acknowledged some kinship. "I've always been inspired by what you call sex symbols, especially Marilyn Monroe. Mostly, I identify with her *off* the screen, as someone who was a frail, simple, fragile person, really very shy."

Like MM, Sonia also created a minor sensation early in her career by taking off her clothes. That historic unveiling was not for a calendar, however, but in a Brazilian stage production of *Hair*. "My grandfather came to see *Hair*. I was 18, performing nude, and he was the first person to stand up in the theater and applaud me."

She concluded that interview by talking about men, women, love and marriage. "When I speak of an ex-husband, it doesn't mean I was married, with a piece of paper. All my exes are friends. I have a lot of friends. But I'm not sure I'll marry. The qualities I look for in men are the same ones I like to find in women—for a man, coping with his fragility; for a woman, coping with her virility. So fragility and virility cannot be used as weapons against each other. In terms of motherhood, I don't know. I wouldn't peer into a crystal ball. I'm ready and able. But the point is, I don't believe in independent production when it comes to maternity."

Flash forward to early 1984 and a fast, frenetic stopover at Kennedy Airport. En route to a holiday in Rome, Sonia had just



"Honestly, Norman, you choose the damndest times for 'knock-knock' jokes."

gotten off a plane from Los Angeles, where she'd been doing her *PLAYBOY* layout and looping her voice onto the sound track of *Spider Woman*. She was dressed in khaki traveling clothes, with a sleeveless T-shirt, complaining—in vastly improved English—that she was “jet-lagged.” To me, she looked as vibrant as ever.

She was also slightly high from having seen 40 minutes of the unfinished *Spider Woman*. “It’s a surprise how good it is. I think it will be the best movie I ever made. Have you read this *Spider Woman*, a famous book in Brazil? They also made it into a play. William Hurt and Raul Julia together are great. Can you imagine a man like Hurt pretending to be gay? He’s a homosexual in jail with Raul, a political prisoner. The Brazilian people will love it. Brazilian people love things that are political and things that are gay.”

Her uninhibited flow of conversation was hardly affected by TWA’s announcement that her Rome flight was over-

booked. Sonia airily dismissed the threat, positive that everything would be all right (and it was). She was holding some seminude Polaroids up to the light, oblivious of the eager, curious stares of several male fellow travelers.

“These I like very much, these not so much. . . . Did you see the pictures of me published in Italy? I was not amused . . . they made me so angry.” She referred to an Italian men’s magazine full of outrageous misinformation, among other things. “They have me saying I fuck all my leading men in my movies! What crazy lies; they just *invent* everything!”

Our audience of eavesdroppers was raptly attentive by the time Sonia switched subjects to speak of Brazilian politics. While her films have successfully challenged a once rigid tradition of censorship, Sonia continues to be an outspoken advocate of freedom in every form—a defender of women’s rights, actors’ rights, workers’ unions and every individual’s right to self-

fulfillment. Jet lag or no jet lag, by take-off time, she had improvised a vivid personal manifesto worthy of Jane Fonda.

Her mood was relatively calm when we met again for lunch in a Manhattan restaurant one sweltering summer day. She was just back from Rome and thought she might want to move there for a while. But first, she’d spend a month in New York polishing her English (which was getting better all the time). Sonia was wearing jeans now, with a printed beige blouse, and had a long gold snake snapped onto her left ear. “You like this snake biting my ear? It’s very expensive. I bought it in Rome. But I bought only one.”

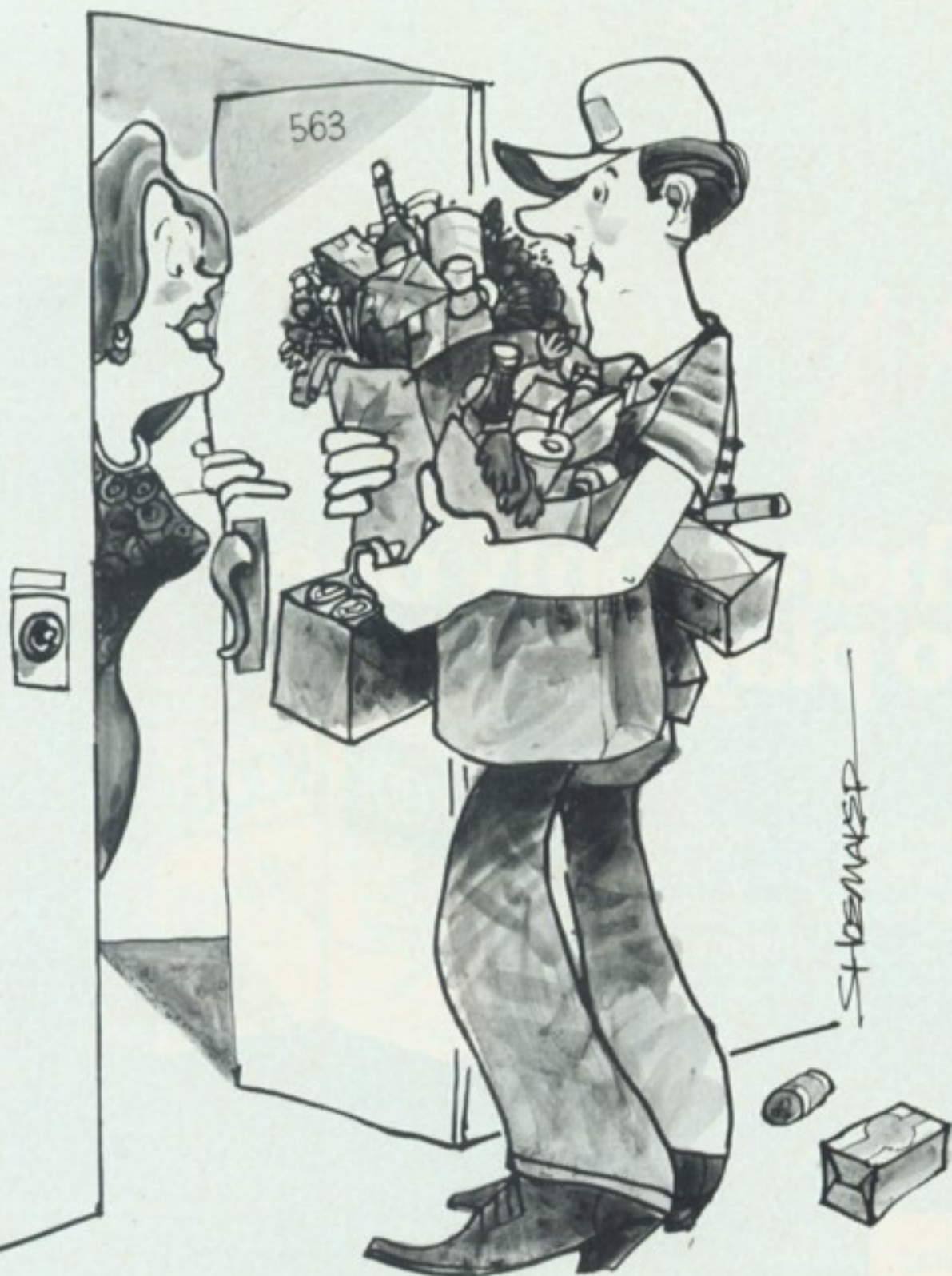
Rome, she confided, ought to be good for her, because everyone there was crazy about soccer. “They’re just like Brazilians. In my country, you cry when you lose. It’s like losing your father, losing a friend. The loss is a metaphor.”

While she might make a lightweight subject sound serious, Sonia also had a knack for treating serious subjects lightly. Group therapy, when she described it, unexpectedly assumed the air of a weekend outing. “I live alone in Rio and had to go to see what it *was*. I went one day a week for six months, because we talked, talked, talked so much—and I *love* to talk. Besides, I must learn everything through experience. I had no school after I was 14. My college was movies, just movies.”

Her fondness for talk propels Sonia into conversations with travelers, fans, even total strangers who approach her on the street. Here’s one star who doesn’t mind going public. “People don’t bother me. Maybe I bother people with my talk. I *am* the people. When a person like me becomes an actor and begins to live life as a star, it’s no longer real. I *love* it when people stop and recognize me.”

In the wide-open world of Sonia Braga, even she sometimes seems like another person to the woman behind the myth. “That one up on the screen, my professional self, she’s not me. She’s like my best friend sometimes. *She* thinks about her career, about sex, many things . . . she knows what she did for me also, and I know it. Too many actors think all the time about I, I, I . . . only themselves. Better to speak of the economy, philosophy, flowers. But not drugs. I am against drugs. Look at me. I have energy. I speak, I dance, I get high on life. . . .” She paused, swiftly pressing a slender palm to her cheek. “Oh, my God, you don’t wear a watch. You will miss your next appointment. What time is it?”

Much too late. But who cared? Getting high on Braga is fantastically easy to do. And before Sonia’s through with you, all the effusive praise of her sexy, spontaneous, life-enhancing aura begins to smack of simple common sense.



“Of course I’m excited to see you. . . . How do you think I rang your doorbell?”





# Deborah's Song

*when miss johnson saunters along manhattan streets, the natives are more than restless*

**D**EBORAH NICOLLE JOHNSON is moving along the sidewalks of New York, singing, "Oooh wah, oooh wah, bebop ditty / Talkin' 'bout the girl from New York City." "Maybe you could work that into the title of the Playmate pictorial, hey? Well, if not the title, how about the opening paragraph?" Consider it done. Heads are turning, and Miss October is literally stopping traffic.

A 14-year-old boy stops in his tracks and shouts, "You are a real woman. The rest are imitations."

Debi laughs, then chides herself for reacting. "It's hard living in this city. I get lots of comments. I try not to react. If you say the right thing, they

*"I first saw PLAYBOY when I was 12. What's that—sixth grade? A kid was passing around a copy. I thought the Playmate was the epitome of beauty. I always hoped I would grow up to be special enough to be chosen."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR





*"There is such a difference between expectation and reality in New York City. You've seen 'That Girl,' with Marlo Thomas. She lived in an apartment by herself. It was clean. Right! When I moved to this city, I lived with five girls. Finally, I found a place and lived by myself—with no furniture. Just one skinny mattress in the corner. After a year, I was able to buy a coffee table."*



*Debi works for a company that sells children's clothes to major stores. At left, she practices a sales pitch on a co-worker. "I'm definitely not the hard-sell type. I ask, 'Do you like this?' I don't like to be intimidating and I don't like to be intimidated. When the product is good, the client can see that it is." Above, she makes her rounds.*



come after you. If you say the wrong thing, they come after you. I have never learned how to flirt. If I see something I want, I go after it. But I listen. I guess I'm still insecure. When you stop hearing compliments, it means you're dead." Where were we? Oh, yes, talking about the girl from New York City. "Well, originally, I'm from Torrance, California. My father was a hod carrier. I grew up with a lot of love, in a very protected atmosphere. I have three brothers. Two are policemen; the third is a Marine Corps drill sergeant. They used to sit on the front porch, cleaning their BB guns, when my dates came over." After high school, Debi got a job as a flight attendant with TWA. "I saw all of the United States, plus Mexico, the Bahamas, Aruba; you name it. What no one realizes is that the job is very lonely. You spend a lot of time in hotel rooms, exhausted." She changed careers to selling children's clothes, and now her days are filled with people. "I make customer contacts, do line presentations and take orders. Then I usually go to the health club. I follow a very rigorous workout schedule: 45 minutes of talking,

*"The most amazing thing about New York is the street life. Maybe so many people are out because they live in tiny apartments. If there's no room at home, they hit the streets. I could spend the rest of my life sidewalk shopping, watching the action on Columbus Avenue."*



*Above, Miss October hangs out with a few of the boys of summer—Ron Darling and Doug Sisk of the New York Mets. "I don't consider myself an athlete. I exercise and snorkel. The sports that men play I leave to the men. I like to watch."*

*Debi describes herself as very romantic, emotional, caring, considerate and loving. Her idea of an ideal evening: "A candlelight dinner, slow dancing and cuddling up in strong, warm arms. I like being soft, subtle, feminine. Fantastic."*

"I think femininity is a feeling. If I want to be sexy, I have to feel sexy. I will wear lingerie all day, the finest lingerie I can afford. It's a secret sensuous feeling. I'm not one of those sporty types who wear men's boxer shorts. No way. I like style, what can happen with clothes. Look at these pictures. You can see what happened to my clothes. I took them off." We see her point. There are the five basic senses. And then there is the fashion sense. Miss October has it.



then 15 minutes of exercise." She laughs. "No, I really do exercise, but it's very social. I like to jog and to ride my bicycle through Central Park. Then, depending on my mood, I will eat, shop or take a long walk. I love to watch people, and the Upper West Side is the best theater in town. Every now and then, I see stars from soap operas. I'm so curious, I look to see what they're eating or what they're buying. I know it's silly, but I can't help it." Has she ever considered an acting career? "No, not really. You know what I'm really interested in? Make-up and special effects. When I saw *The Exorcist* and the rest of the audience was throwing up and screaming, I was asking myself, 'How are they doing that?' When the arrow went through the guy's chest in *Friday the 13th*, it was terrific. I went out and bought some books that explained how such effects are achieved." The conversation turns our thoughts to lunch. We ask Miss October if she can recommend any great New York restaurants. "I'm not one for great food," she responds. "Give me a hamburger any day. Or frozen yogurt. I'm a fool for frozen yogurt. I could spend all evening at some of those sidewalk cafés—watching, being watched." We







*"I wanted the pictorial to focus on a fireplace, a bearskin rug, champagne and snow. Doesn't that sound romantic?" Even without the fireplace, the bearskin rug, the champagne or the light snow, it sounds good to us.*





"High school was very difficult for me. I was going from child to woman. The change in my body was uncomfortable. It caused so much attention. It's taken me years to get used to looking this way. I'm really quite shy. I don't do drugs, smoke or sleep around. About the worst I could be accused of is this bit of decent exposure."



ask Debi what made her audition to be a Playmate. "I saw the ad for the 30th Anniversary Playmate Search and thought, What the hell. I can still remember the day Robert Fowler passed a copy of PLAYBOY around the classroom. My nickname back then was Lurch. I took a look at the Playmate and thought for sure I would grow up to look like that. If Robert is still out there, reading this, hi. It was worth the wait. This has been an incredible experience for me." And for the rest of us. We watch her leave. She walks down the streets with the same energy John Travolta had in *Staying Alive*. Heads turn. People talk about her, the girl from New York City.



MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: debi nicolle johnson

BUST: 35 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5 WEIGHT: 102

BIRTH DATE: march 13, 1958 BIRTHPLACE: torrance, California

AMBITIONS: to travel and experience as much of the world as possible

TURN-ONS: roses, diamonds, champagne, summer nights, being treated like a lady

TURN-OFFS: needles or any kind of shot, humidity, being rushed

FAVORITE MOVIES: fantasia, the wizard of oz, the hunchback of notre dame, the graduate, e.t., rocky

FAVORITE FOODS: strawberries, quiche, tortellini alla panna, veal marsala, cheesecake and a good hamburger

FAVORITE PLACE: the french riviera

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: ann-margret, dan fogelberg, donald fagen, lionel richie

BIGGEST JOY: to have been honored with the title of miss october.

2



mom's idea of "room for growth"

14



isn't puberty wonderful?

22



my 1st glamor picture

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**H**as your purchase of a king-sized water bed improved your sexual relationship with your wife?" the therapist asked his patient.

"Not really, I'm sorry to report," answered the man. "Now she insists that she has to wait for the tide to come."

**O**ur Unabashed French-English Dictionary defines *B-girl bistro* as a *café au lay*.

**W**hy are you hitting on me?" the girl in the singles bar inquired.

"I suppose it's narcissism, in a way," the fellow replied.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I see a lot of myself in you!"



**A** burglar who disposes of his loot through a contact he meets under cover of gay group-sex sessions could be said, we suppose, to have a daisy-chain-link fence.

**W**hile Cecilia, called Cess, will undress,  
She may then, says her boyfriend, regress;

And if asked what he'll do

When she's nude but won't screw,

"I'm successful," he grins, "sucking Cess!"

**I** happen to have come across the most wonderful specialized sex shop!" one spinster excitedly told another. "It features inflatable lap dogs!"

**W**ord has reached us about an outwardly demure young lady who, when aroused, is more than willing and even insists in a repeat sexual performance from a date. Her nickname among guys in the know is Little Goody Two Screws.

**S**ays an airlining wanton named Vi:

"I'm a pantyless stew when I fly.

To a muffer's delight,

I'll take head on a flight,

So the guy can have pie in the sky."

**A**nd, when this Oriental stunner began to disrobe," the tourist recounted, "a current of electricity shot through me!"

**W**hat working-class British gays use for outings is, of course, a peter lorry.

**P**erhaps you've read about the school-system-assignment official who faces charges of eating a sub in his office.

**I**'m very much afraid," the woman told the marital counselor, "that we've reached a point where food is more important to my husband than sex."

"And how is that manifested?" intoned the domestic-problems guru.

"The bum has just had the walls of the dining room lined with mirrors!"

**W**hat was it like for you, baby?" the young man inquired smugly over a postcoital cigarette.

"I'd say like December seventh, 1941," said the girl in the motel room.

"Because I bombed you sexually out of your mind, right?"

"Well—not exactly. It's because this one with you has been a date that will live in infamy!"

**I**t isn't widely known, but the most skilled American dildo makers are the peckerwood whittlers of the rural South.

**T**he defendant plastic surgeon did a poor breast job on my client," the attorney stated in court, "so now, when she's finished removing her blouse and bra, I'll offer in evidence exhibits A and B."

**W**hat makes you say that the groom must be a once-a-night man?" was the question.

"Because, look," was the reply, "the bride is carrying a bouquet of batteries!"



**A** shrewd little cocksman named Canning  
Haunts singles bars, carefully scanning

All the girls in a hunt

For a pushover cunt,

Which he says is "cuntingency planning."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *paleface* as oral sex performed by an albino.

**J**ust a minute—why have you taken out your penis?" demanded the young woman in the parked car.

"I just want to give it a breath of fresh air," replied the young man smugly.

"I guess it needs some, at that," retorted his date, "because it strikes me as being somewhat short of breadth."

*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.*





# STUCK ON MEMPHIS

*putting fun and funkiness back into furniture*

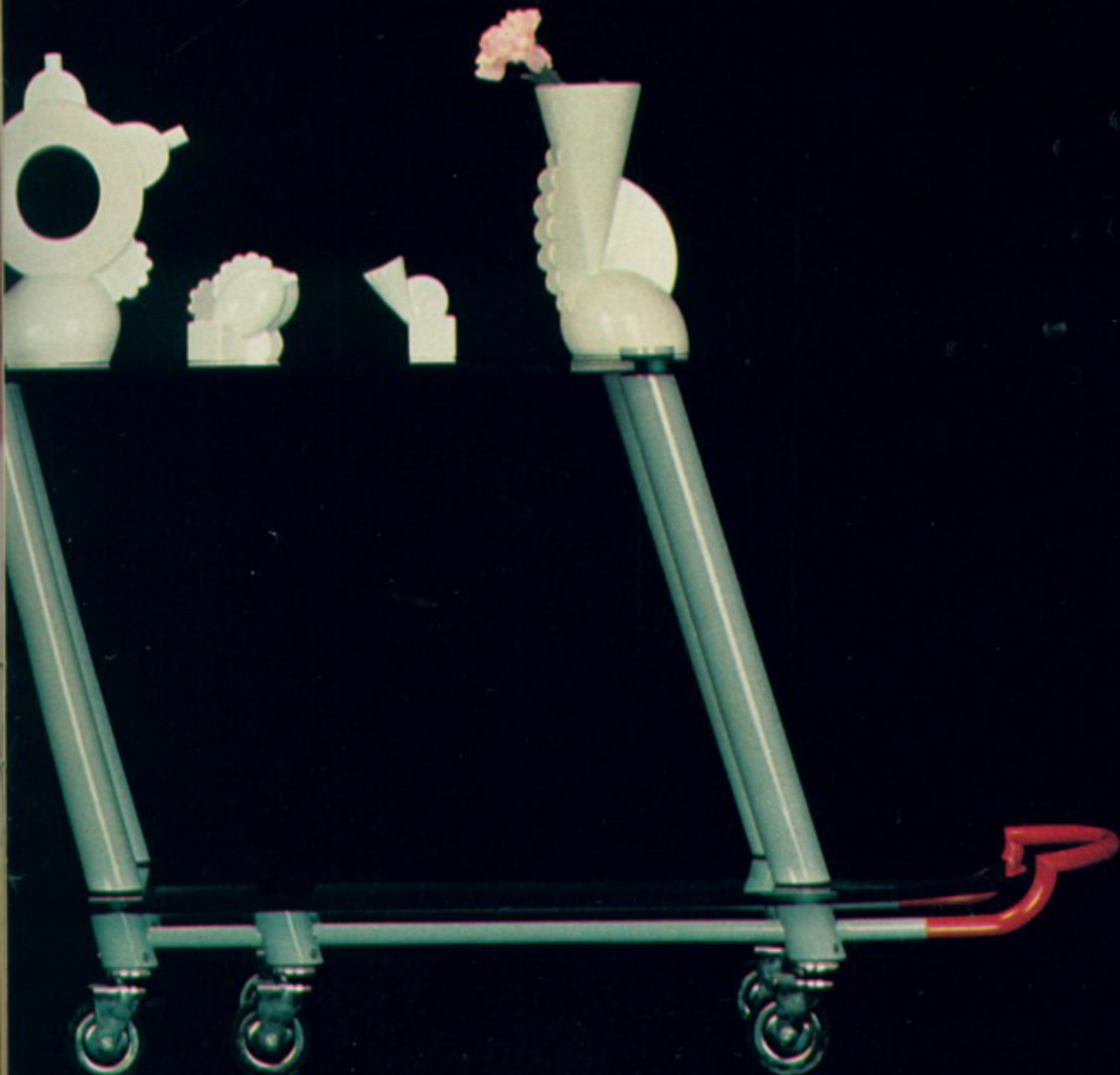
*modern living*

Above right is the canted Hilton cart, \$2650. On the top shelf is a series of porcelain objects designed by Matteo Thun, including, left to right, an improbably shaped Chad teapot, \$320; a cloudlike Michigan salt shaker, \$80, and Ontario pepper box, \$80; a Superior toothpick holder, \$80; and a Ladoga vase, \$200. The lady, of course, is Susie Scott.

IN 1981, a collaboration of about 30 international designers started a movement of Fifties-inspired, one-of-a-kind furniture that took the name Memphis. Ettore Sottsass, the group's leader, says its point was to "get rid of institutional rhetoric." (The name comes from the Bob Dylan lyric "Stuck inside of Mobile with these Memphis blues again.") It was also intended to introduce into the home objects that are unstrained and fanciful—not unlike the sleek lines of 1983 Playmate of the Year Marianne Gravatte and Playmate Susie Scott. Memphis' materials are an unlikely marriage of such things as marble, glass and plastic. Colors are a frenzied rainbow. This is furniture you can sink your eyeteeth into.



Above: Gentlemen, be seated on this Michele de Lucchi-designed Lido sofa that's finished in plastic laminate, painted wood and metal. The sofa's seat (not Marianne's and Susie's), back and armrests are upholstered in cotton, \$6300.







Above: Michele de Lucchi's metal Oceanic table lamp will throw light on just about any nook or cranny you—or Marianne—would like to see lighted, \$930.





Above: Behold the Peter Shire-designed Bel Air chair, an adventure in fantasy furniture that will, like Marianne, turn on sitters and lookers alike, \$6700. Left: The old rocking chair will no longer get you after you've settled down with Marianne and Susie in this George James Sowden-designed Oberoi chair, \$3120.

SARD

ST. JAMES

EXT

# Babes of BROADWAY



# RAOR

*new york, new york . . . where some glamorous go-getters  
give their all to prove what the song says: if  
you can make it there, you'll make it anywhere*

*text by* BRUCE WILLIAMSON



**W**HEN PLAYBOY editors began to beat the publicity drums about a proposed feature called *Babes of Broadway*, we weren't sure what kind of response to expect. Would we be shunned as sexists invading the Great White Way, or would stars and starlets throng to us like moths to a flame? Or would we merely be inundated by off-off-Broadway hopefuls and part-time waitresses who save their tips to subsidize acting-singing-dancing lessons? To all the above questions, the answer turned out to be yes. We were turned down, turned on, knocked in the aisles, bowled over and sent to our thesaurus to dig up new adjectives in praise of the beautiful (also comely, exquisite, fair, the thesaurus said), talented (also accomplished, gifted, endowed) and exciting (also alluring, bewitching, fetching, enticing) young showstoppers who agreed to show and tell us what it's like to be a Broadway baby circa 1984.

Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag, in effect our casting director, had to pick the likeliest babes from a long, delectable list. He gave his chosen subjects the kind of collective rave review they might dream of getting from an influential theater critic. Says Arny, "I can't remember when I've photographed a group of women so vital and exciting. They're *involved* in so many things and really have their acts together. Working with them was a pleasure."

Showtime, folks—meaning time to raise the curtain on some babes taking bows in front of Freytag's camera.

*Click.*

Well into the second act of *42nd Street*, a (text continued on page 142)

There may be a broken heart for every light on Broadway, but you'd never guess it while ogling the leggy, live-wire would-be stars gathered a stone's throw from Sardi's on West 44th Street, locale of many a smash hit. Heading our cast is Karen Ziemba (left center), who has the lead role in David Merrick's long-running musical *42nd Street*. In the show, she finds sudden success. Life does imitate art. Anna Nicholas (at Karen's left elbow and in photo above) muses with flute, learning patience while she waits for her big break.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





"You're going out there a youngster, but you've got to come back a star!" So says Jerry Orbach to Karen Ziemba in *42nd Street* (above). Karen's overnight success onstage exudes some of the pixy quality she reveals for *PLAYBOY* (at left). "A kind of sexy innocence," she calls it. And who'd argue with an ingénue who's already got a star on her dressing-room door?



When she isn't inspiring standing ovations eight shows a week, Karen (below, in blue) studies voice and acting, relaxes by playing softball in Central Park with the Broadway Show League. Ziemba at bat (above) looks due for another hit, this time a clean single that helped defeat a semi-tough team from *La Cage aux Folles*.





The fine-feathered bird at right (and onstage, above) struts her stuff as one of the showstopping Cagelles in *La Cage aux Folles*, a boffo big-time musical comedy based on the French movie about two très gay lovers running a transvestite night club on the Riviera. But boys will be girls. By the way, did we mention that this bewitching beauty's first name is Sam?



The Broadway babe on deck is actually Sam Singhaus (below at far right, with *La Cage* star George Hearn). While auditioning for the show, says Sam, "I pretended to be Miss Florida and secretly called myself Bunny." Hmm. Above, in catcher's position behind Karen Ziemba, Sam finds that he still enjoys being a guy.





Laine Jastram (left) has been making ends meet with movie jobs, from *Beat Street* to *The Muppets Take Manhattan*. Married to a New York dentist, Laine calls her *PLAYBOY* debut "a total turn-on for him." Sultry Ivy Frank (below and bottom) runs her own dance studio and performs with a group called The New York High-Voltage Broadway Cheerleaders. Have pompons, will travel. Obviously a body electric, at work or play, Ivy likes to move.



Stylish, petite Donna Williams (right) is an actress with big dreams and a small, successful side line as a clothing designer. Both Bloomingdale's and Henri Bendel buy her line. "I like eveningwear . . . very, very sexy but elegant," says Donna, who tries out ideas on a mannequin (below) and enjoys slipping into something attractively loose. She also did costumes for the movie *New York Nights*.









Another New York High-Voltage Cheerleader, well-rounded Linda Russo (left), improvises between gigs. Maryland-born Catherine Cooper (above), here purring through a delectable fantasy in the back seat of a Rolls, understudies three top roles in *A Chorus Line*. Color her lucky.



Unstoppable enthusiasm keeps actress-singer Kasey Cameron (below) in top form, "doing a lot of body work" while she studies, makes rounds and models lingerie to pay the rent. Her routine includes checking "the trades" (above, with actress Anna Nicholas) for clues to jobs.





A statuesque showroom model when she finds nothing better to do, New Jersey-bred actress Christina Belton (above) claims distant kinship to Jayne Kennedy. Seems logical. Lead dancers Belinda Andretti (below left) and Cindi Thomas (seated) do two shows a night in a topless revue at Manhattan's glittery Café Versailles, hoping that's how to succeed until Broadway or Hollywood beckons. Says Cindi, "I didn't work and dance away my childhood, then go to New York, to wait on tables."



Blonde and buxom Debbie Hinchcliffe (above and right) is a delightful, definitive Broadway babe with a strong competitive streak. Says Debbie, "I don't give up. My mother started me dancing at the age of three. She's really thrilled about my being in *PLAYBOY*, but she's scared about my being in New York. I have to phone home every night." Home is Connecticut. Debbie has auditioned for *42nd Street* and *Sugar Babies*. But her heartfelt goal is "to do the tits-and-ass number in *A Chorus Line*."





tap-happy smash hit in its fifth year on Broadway, the wide-eyed heroine tells a hard-bitten director, "Show business isn't for me. I'm going back to Allentown."

The director (played by Jerry Orbach) looks as stung as if his ungrateful ingénue has threatened to set fire to the flag. "What was that word you said? Allentown? I'm offering you a chance to star in the biggest musical Broadway has seen in 20 years, and you say *Allentown*?"

That's the cue for one of the big production numbers, the vintage take-home tune *Lullaby of Broadway* (words by Al Dubin, music by Harry Warren) and a golden opportunity for Michigan-born Karen Ziemba to grab the spotlight, dancing her way to "the hip-hooray and ballyhoo" that are the essence of showbiz. As the third Peggy Sawyer since *42nd Street* opened in 1980—chorus girl Peggy zooms to stardom because the leading lady's leg is in a cast—Karen herself has enjoyed a meteoric career since her arrival in Manhattan some five years ago. "This is the best role on Broadway," she declares with enthusiasm. "It's what theater is all about. I'm not from Allentown, but virtually the same sort of thing has happened to me."

Today, she's starring in the Big Apple, yet Karen served her apprenticeship in the classic manner, taking bread-and-butter jobs as waitress and theater usher before she landed in the chorus of a touring company of *My Fair Lady*. Then came the national company of *A Chorus Line* and her first Broadway gig in the same show, cast against type as the Hispanic hooper named Morales. She moved up to *42nd Street* about a year ago, when the Peggy Sawyer in residence left to have a baby. "Everybody's having babies," Karen notes, "but I'm not ready for that. I've got too much to do." She was recently married, however, to actor Bill Tatum, a regular in the TV soap opera *Edge of Night*. They met in an Equity Library Theater production of *Seesaw*. "He had the lead. I was just a chorus girl and had to help him with the dancing. I'd hate to say Bill's not coordinated, but he's no Baryshnikov." With unfailing humor, Karen recalls their first liaison. "I wore a garter belt and hose, because I wanted him to think I was sexy. And when I got undressed, he said, 'What's this with the hardware?'"

As the granddaughter of retired New York City Opera mezzo-soprano Winifred Heidt, who was also a singing star on radio, Karen considers her talent a family heritage. "My grandmother sacrificed a lot to become an opera singer. And my mother is a beautiful woman who always encouraged me but taught me humility at the same time—too much so, my husband thinks. He says you've got to let people know what you're worth. Well, I'm a very good dancer and actress. And right now, my ambition is to originate *that* role. Not

just to take someone else's place."

*Click.*

Enter Catherine Cooper, a sultry blonde who earns top pay but lower billing at a theater down the block, where she's understudy for three key roles in *A Chorus Line*, Broadway's longest-running show—and where she used to share a dressing room with Karen Ziemba. "Catherine is a terrific actress," notes Karen.

Catherine won't argue the point. When she isn't playing Cassie, Val or Sheila, she's singing backup vocals in an offstage booth. "People say they think of me as an actress who happens to dance very well," says Catherine, who studies hard and bides her time. "I played a barfly character named Harmony Devine on a soap, *One Life to Live*. I've spent so many years of my life dancing, now I really much prefer to act. As Val says in the show, 'It's fabulous to find out you can talk, too.'"

Born in Maryland, Catherine attended the same ballet school that claims Shirley MacLaine as an alumna. She joined a ballet troupe, got married, divorced, migrated to Manhattan (not necessarily in that order) and nowadays considers *A Chorus Line* a solid base for professional upward mobility. "Life is more giddy if you're on the road. People are thrown together; there's more sleeping around. In New York, you just go to work and lead your own life. I'm generally at home asleep by midnight, but I'm not *here* for the social whirl. If that's all I wanted, I'd go somewhere else."

Meanwhile, Catherine's photo fantasy for *PLAYBOY* allowed her to vent some of the energy she usually channels into hard work. "Who *wouldn't* want to be wearing an expensive fur in the back of a Rolls-Royce? That's Joan Collins time, the kind of stuff that makes people tune in to *Dynasty*."

*Click.*

Unique among the babes of Broadway because he is, in fact, a guy, Sam Singhaus danced for three years at Radio City Music Hall ("I partnered Rockettes") before he got his first legit role as one of the suitors in *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*. (That musical, a resounding flop, starred Debby Boone.) When he got to the final auditions for *La Cage aux Folles*, Singhaus had to dance all day wearing high-heeled shoes and a girlfriend's dress. "With *Tootsie*, *Torch Song Trilogy* and *Boy George*," he notes, "this is the age of gender confusion. You get used to it."

Sam declares he felt "honored" at being picked as the Cagelle to appear in *PLAYBOY*. "I couldn't wait to tell my father and all his golf buddies." Sam's dad used to be a football coach in Florida, which may explain why Sam feels that playing in the Broadway Show League with the *Cage* baseball nine "helps balance things out." Even so, he admits to being drawn to fashion magazines nowadays, studying the

way top models do their make-up. Sam does his own. Eventually, he expects to get out of drag and into pop music. "For now, though, the show has opened a lot of doors. And as our director, Arthur Laurents, keeps reminding us, we're *not* drag queens; we're actors playing women."

*Click.*

She's taking her bar exam, just in case, but Anna Nicholas moved to New York from Boston because "I want desperately to do theater. . . . You have to develop that part of you that makes you a real actress, which means working in a fine play with a strong director." Meanwhile, like many of her peers, Anna has to settle for what she can get—recently, a youth-oriented comedy called *Hot Resort*, filmed on the Caribbean island of St. Kitts. "I'm the brainiest of four girls who go there on a cruise ship full of geriatric cases."

As an actress, Anna still doesn't have an agent, though she was signed by a prestigious modeling agency after *Cosmopolitan* picked her to be a make-over subject. "Someone from the magazine stopped me on the street and said, 'Hey, we can make you look really exotic.' Since then, I've done a slew of commercials."

*Click.*

"I get work because I hustle to find it," declares Laine Jastram, "and once they hire me, I'm usually upgraded to a speaking role or what's known as a silent bit." Laine's film credits so far include the latest Muppets movie ("I'm the blonde producer who goes screaming down the hall, with Animal chasing me"), *Beat Street* ("I don't know why I keep getting into these break-dance movies") and something called *Model Behavior* ("It's not X-rated or anything, more like a sex spoof. I play a showgirl who just has a real good time").

Although Laine herself has near-perfect teeth and a figure to match, she met her dentist husband in New York while having a cavity filled. "He *loves* my appearing in *PLAYBOY*. His ideal for years has been to be with a girl who's been in *PLAYBOY*, and now he's got his wish."

*Click.*

Before she joined The New York High-Voltage Broadway Cheerleaders, who have entertained Mayor Edward Koch and performed in a Cavalcade of Stars benefit at Madison Square Garden, native New Yorker Ivy Frank danced solo on a Pacific Air Force tour of Korea, Japan, Okinawa and the Philippines. "It was hectic," she recalls. "Those guys hadn't seen a girl in a long time. I couldn't even go to the bathroom without being cornered. But PAC-AF had made me an honorary general in the Air Force, thank God, so I outranked most of them."

Linda Russo also dances with The High-Voltage Cheerleaders, "going anywhere that has anything to do with New York." Between bookings, she takes modeling assignments and works as a hostess in a  
(concluded on page 146)

*"I've been dancing for 18 years. What I want now is to dance and be happy and get paid for it."*

restaurant called Hobeau's. The dance group's immediate aim is to become city mascots representing the Big Apple. Meca, of course, still means Broadway. Ivy sums it up succinctly: "I'm ready. I've paid my dues. At 27, I've been dancing for 18 years. What I want now is to dance and be happy and get paid for it."

Click.

Down in a Greenwich Village loft, Donna Williams thrives as a superchic latter-day bohemian who divides her time between acting and designing *haute couture*. She doesn't like to name them, but several rreally big pop stars perform while wearing her threads. So far, Donna prefers her fashion sense to her film credits (*The Bubble Gum Murders* wasn't really her style). She speaks Japanese fluently and had a TV following in Tokyo. "I worked on *The Taka Chan Show*, a comedy that was like a Japanese spoof of *Superman*." The money she makes as an actress, says Donna, "gives me an overwhelming feeling." You might call it her favorite yen.

Click.

Working at Ben Benson's Steak House on 52nd Street is only a stopgap job for ambitious, effervescent Kasey Cameron. "I'm not going to be a waitress my whole life, I swear. I'm a good actress and a terrific singer. I have a big, phenomenal

voice, like Barbra Streisand's and Liza Minnelli's. But people see me and think I'm an ingénue."

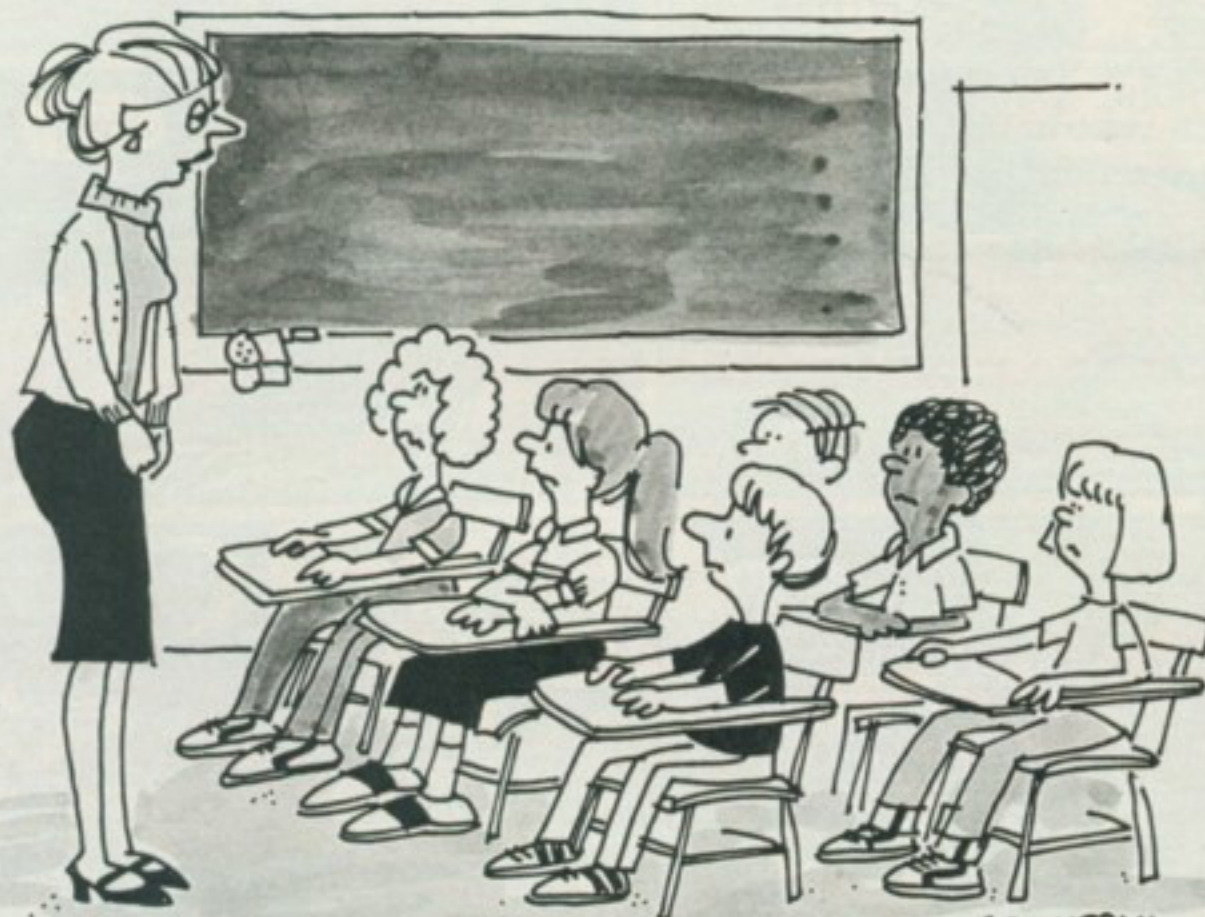
Ambitious though she is, a girl has to draw the line somewhere. "I turned down a role in *Porky's* because they wanted me to soap up a flaccid penis," Kasey reports. "But I do lingerie modeling for Berlei, and I'll tell you why I'm here in *PLAYBOY*. Because I hope someone will see me and think, Well, this girl has a good body . . . maybe she has some talent, too."

Click.

Like countless actress-models who have to be ready for anything and everything, Christina Belton itemizes "special skills" on her professional résumé. Among her listed talents are "roller skating, tennis, mime, baton twirling, Southern, street and West Indian dialects, licensed to drive standard-shift car and motorcycle." Thus far, her limited credits include such film bits as "attending Miss Piggy's wedding" and "being a mourner in *S.O.B.*"

Physically, Christina appears to be richly endowed, though one old acquaintance claims she has no head for business, "or she could have been a star a long time ago." Even so, in showbiz, a girl can go pretty far with Belton's basic equipment.

Click.



*"My name is Miss Jenkins. Don't give me any lip. I'm a mud wrestler on weekends."*

Dancing for tourists and tired businessmen in an ooh-la-la cabaret show called *Paris, Je t'aime* isn't quite the same as being the toast of Broadway; but at the Café Versailles, blonde Belinda Andretti occasionally gets mash notes, phone calls or bottles of vintage champagne from stage-door Johnnies. "If a waiter says some guy wants to meet me, I peek through the curtain first," says Belinda. "Of course, if he's ugly, I don't go out." Generally, she's too tired to be a girl about town. She'd rather be Debra Winger or Meryl Streep. "And I'd love to be in a James Bond movie." Meanwhile, she studies at the Lee Strasberg studio to get ready for the time when "your knees go. . . I'm tired of dancing, anyway, and want to do movies or straight theater."

Belinda's sentiments are echoed by Cindi Thomas, who shares the Versailles spotlight and never dreamed she'd wind up in New York dancing topless. "Two years ago, I said I'd never be able to do it. But you can't be embarrassed about anything you do and still do it full out. Now I find it's nice, rather sensuous." Cindi is married to a male performer in the show and figures she has another decade to dance. "This fall, I'll start auditioning for Broadway, because you can be an actress for the rest of your life."

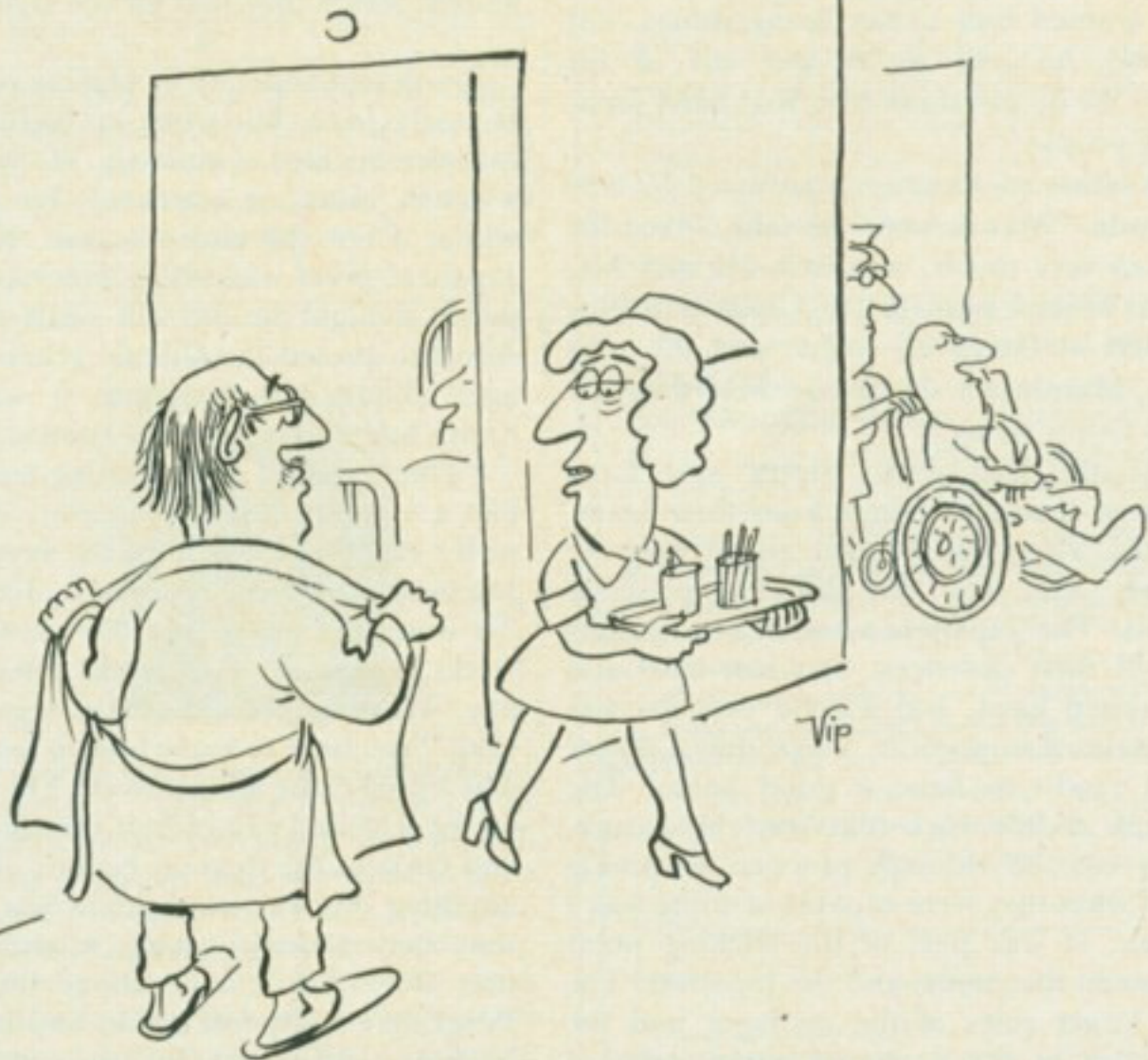
Click.

Debbie Hinchcliffe tap-dances a bit and practices plenty but goes to auditions ("I pound the streets in cold, sleet and rain") hoping no one will ask her to sing. "Not with *this* voice; the only thing I could really sing well would be *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*." That notion elicits a giggle and a squeak from Debbie, whose high-pitched vocal beep tones are like nothing heard onstage, onscreen or elsewhere since the late Judy Holliday knocked 'em dead in *Born Yesterday*. If they ever get around to putting *PLAYBOY's Little Annie Fanny* on film, Hinchcliffe ought to be a front runner for the title role.

"People typecast me in sexy dumb blonde roles, which I'm pretty good at. But I'm not dumb," says Debbie, who worked in the computer industry and spent a year on Wall Street, sneaking off to auditions during lunch hours until she realized she was a babe whose heart belonged to Broadway—her first love. "Romance? Forget it. I don't have time for that stuff. I don't want children. I want an Afghan hound and an Akita and two parrots. Men will always be there, even when I'm 50. I'll still have a figure and can get a face lift if I have to."

Debbie strikes a theme common among Broadway's ambitious, dedicated new generation of women, who put marriage low on their list of priorities. In general, they prefer top billing to top cooing. And if you think that's something new in actresses, fella, better check your program.





*"That's an ugly swelling you have there,  
Mr. Cosgriff."*



*"Hey, Mac—you know you got a flat?"*





**ROCK VIDEO OF AGES**

Those of you who want to add *Throbbing Gristle Live at Kezar*, *Public Image Live in Tokyo* or *The Residents in The Mole Show / Whatever Happened to "Vileness Fats"* to your burgeoning rock-video collection can contact Playings Hard to Get, P.O. Box 50493, Pasadena, California 91105. It's a mail-order firm that boasts the "largest selection of music video tapes legally available," and its \$3 catalog certainly attests to that. In addition, it offers tapes of music-oriented flicks such as *The Wild, Wild World of Jayne Mansfield*, *The James Dean Story* and *How to Stuff a Wild Bikini*, the last featuring four—count 'em, four—PLAYBOY Playmates. Yeeew!

**TRAVELER'S CHECK LIST**

*Tales for Travellers* is an idea whose time has come: a decent dozen unabridged short stories—including Rudyard Kipling's *The Gardener*, William Trevor's *Going Home* and Edith Wharton's *Roman Fever*—packaged in a box set, with each folded like a road map for easy commuter reading. What's even more pleasant is the price: just \$9.50, postpaid, sent to Tales for Travellers, 333 Randolph Street, Napa, California 94559. How civilized.

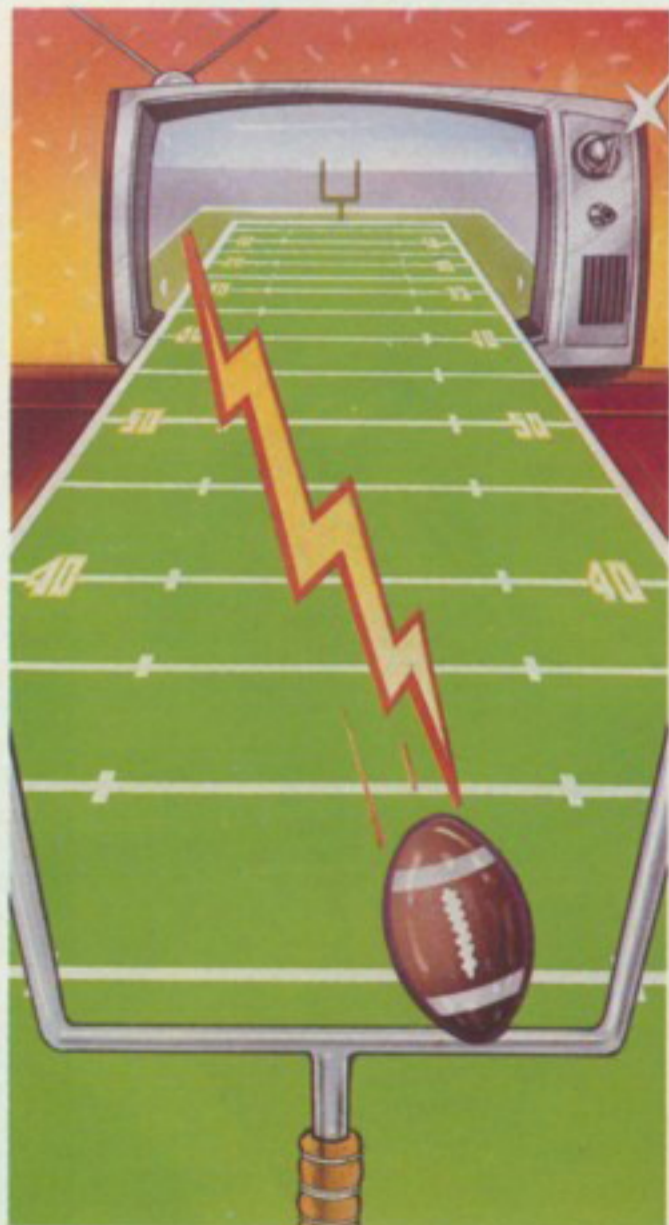


**FLING THING**

Man's second-oldest outdoor sport—flinging a flat rock across a body of water—has gone high tech in the form of Orbiter World-Class Skipping Stones, molded, silver-dollar-sized skimmers that take off like flying fish and skip 25 to 35 times before going under. A container of 20 stones, plus a rubber mold for you to make more, is only \$7.95, sent to Orbiter Stones, P.O. Box 1161, Tacoma, Washington 98401. Hop to it.

**ANYONE FEEL A DRAFT?**

The next time you and the gang get together for an afternoon of pro pigskin and brews, try adding a little financial excitement to the proceedings with the American Draft Game, in which up to six "coaches" "draft" teams from the entire N.F.L. pool of players. Week-to-week standings are tabulated on the basis of the accumulated points scored by the players on each coach's "team," and the championship goes to the coach who has an eye for the top potential players on the basis of their previous performance. Best of all, the game is simple and the price is right: \$14.95, sent to American Draft Game, 233 Southeast Rogue River Highway, Grants Pass, Oregon 97527. We'll take Walter Payton, Walter Payton, Walter Payton and Walter Payton. Your turn, Bubba.



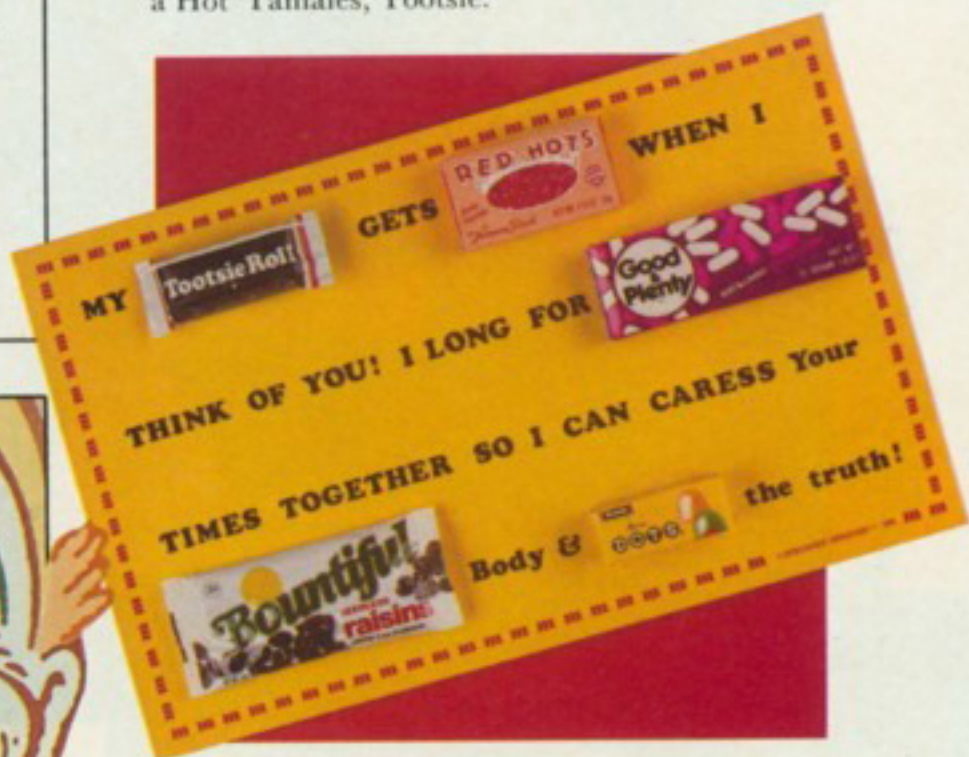


### THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

If you've ever wanted to take off and make like a junior birdman aboard a military jet, have we got a two-day junket for you. For \$2500, Chapin Chalmer Travel Services, P.O. Box 1509, Placentia, California 92670, will put you aboard an AT-6 military trainer (flown by a veteran pilot) for a day-one orientation program of formation take-offs and flying. Day two is when the fun really begins; that's when you climb aboard a two-place T-33 jet fighter for an aerial adventure that includes a simulated combat sortie. We'll watch.

### EAT THIS!

Want to let your Bit-O-Honey know that you've got the Red Hots for her? Or are you into a Dynamints divorce from a real Milk Duds? Munchable Messages, 732 Elm Street, Winnetka, Illinois 60093, customizes your sentiments—from Sugar Babies greetings to Sour Balls goodbyes—for a price that's not too Munch: only \$16.95 per message on a 10" x 16" card. (Quantity announcements go for less per card, so write for details.) If that doesn't give you Good & Plenty enough Raisin to order, you definitely ain't a Hot Tamales, Tootsie.



### LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH

"The end of childhood is when things cease to astonish us," wrote Eugène Ionesco; and if that's true, anyone who writes away for *The Whole Mirth Catalog* is going to be young forever. One dollar sent to it at 1034 Page Street, San Francisco 94117, gets you two mail-order catalogs crammed with more goofy yoks than a Three Stooges movie. Ron Reagan paper dollars, a giraffe mitten, an asparagus pen, a fairy-godmother rubber stamp—say, who owns this company, anyway? Jerry Lewis?



### EAGER BEAVER

Before *Little Annie Fanny*, there was *Goodman Beaver*, a young, blond and naïve man-child whom Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder brought to life in *Help!* magazine back in the early Sixties. Kitchen Sink Press, Two Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968, has republished four black-and-white Beaver stories, parodying such diverse topics as Tarzan, TV, Superman and America's fascination with guns, in a softcover volume for \$10.95 or a signed-and-numbered hardcover one for \$26. We all know that from little acorns, bouncy, buxom blondes doth grow.

### RABID TO THE RESCUE

No burglar would believe a sign that reads DANGER! MAN TRAPS!, but he just might think twice before going for the family jewels found on a premises posted with BREAK IN/MAKE HIS DAY!—an 11" x 14" metal sign depicting a rabid-looking Doberman, which B & D Associates, P.O. Box 13230, Las Vegas, Nevada 89112, is selling for \$6.95, postpaid. For the wild bunch, B & D also stocks a cold-eyed gentleman staring you down with a snub-nosed revolver while issuing the invitation BREAK IN/MAKE MY DAY! It seems like overkill to us.

### BREAK IN



### MAKE HIS DAY!



**Gloria in Excelsis**

As most of you know, author/editor/feminist GLORIA STEINEM had a 50th birthday party, which was also a fund raiser for the Ms. Foundation, last spring in New York. It was a very chic gathering as well as a sentimental one, though the photographers were out in droves. More than one of them caught this happy moment between Steinem and her sister. You'll get no editorializing from us. If 50 looks like this, we say, "Right on!"



**Idol Threat**

Say what you will about his act, but BILLY IDOL is hot. It started with *Rebel Yell*—the song and the video—and kicked into high gear last summer, when he had three albums on the charts at the same time and a tour that broke records all over the country. He was even seen autographing a fan's breast. Ah, fame!



**A Miller's Tale**

We'll let you take a good long look at actress MINDI MILLER and decide for yourselves: Is it environment or heredity? Miller appeared on TV in *Flamingo Road* and in the films *Paternity*, *Hercules 1983* and Brian de Palma's new *Body Double*. Now that we've seen her again, she'll be appearing regularly in our fantasies.



## Say Hello to the Boys and Their Toys

This slightly disreputable group of guys is the SCORPIONS, a heavy-metal band whose most recent album, *Love at First Sting*, reached the top ten last spring. In spite of the fact that the band has had trouble with airplay because of questionable lyrics, singer Klaus Meine says, "We all like girls. . . . Sometimes, though, the animal does come out."

## OK, Let's Hit It: We Wanna Alana

You'd think that she would be gun-shy, but ALANA HAMILTON STEWART says she wants a new husband and another child. "I want a bigger family, and I will never go back to the life I had with Rod. Living out of suitcases wasn't for me," she says.



## It's Better to Gibb

This wet look belongs to actress CYNTHIA GIBB. If you missed her on *Search for Tomorrow* and haven't yet spotted her on *Fame*, discover her now and feel better.



## Ann, for the Jillianth Time

We've developed a soft spot for actress ANN JILLIAN. She's so cute that we always feel like giving her, er, cheeks a pinch. You have to begin somewhere, right?



# NEXT MONTH



SEA LORE



CHRISTIE BRINKLEY



LIFE ITSELF



CINEMA SEX

**"CITIZEN HUGHES, PART ONE"**—YOU'VE READ ALL THE FACTUAL—AND FANCIFUL—ACCOUNTS OF THE BIZARRE BILLIONAIRE'S LIFE AND TIMES, BUT NONE IS MORE ASTONISHING THAN THIS PORTRAIT OF POWER GONE WILD. AN EXPOSÉ THAT'S SURE TO HAVE POLITICAL REPERCUSSIONS IN THIS ELECTION YEAR—BY **MICHAEL DROSNIN**

**"SEX IN CINEMA—1984"**—OUR ANNUAL GUIDE TO WHAT'S BEEN GOOD, BAD AND BEAUTIFUL ON THE SILVER SCREEN, FROM MARIA CONCHITA ALONSO TO PIA ZADORA. BRING YOUR OWN POPCORN!

**"WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA"**—HE HAD THE BEST JOB ON EARTH—*PLAYBOY'S* TRAVEL EDITOR—AND CHUCKED IT TO SAIL AROUND THE PLANET. A WISE AND WONDERFUL REPORT ON EVERY MAN'S FANTASY ADVENTURE—BY **REG POTTERTON**

SUPERAGENT **LEIGH STEINBERG** TELLS HOW HE MADE QUARTERBACK **STEVE YOUNG** FISCALLY FIT IN A MILLION-DOLLAR "20 QUESTIONS"

**"LIFE ITS OWNSELF"**—IN A TALL TEXAS TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF *SEMI-TOUGH*, **BILLY CLYDE PUCKETT** RETURNS TO HELP RECRUIT A MOBILE HEISMAN TROPHY NAMED **TONSILLITIS JOHNSON**—BY **DAN JENKINS**

**"VETERANS OF THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION"**—IT'S TIME WE HONORED THE HEROES OF THE LEAST CIVIL WAR SINCE THE ONE BETWEEN THE STATES, SAYS **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

**"THE BIG KILL"**—DREAMS DIE HARD, BUT THE WORK ETHIC THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE BASIS OF THE AMERICAN DREAM IS BEING REPLACED BY THE DRIVE TO HIT IT BIG *JUST ONCE*—IN THE SINGLE STROKE OF GENIUS THAT CAN TURN A PET ROCK INTO AN AVALANCHE OF GOLD—BY **WILLIAM BRASHLER**

**PLUS:** A NEWS-MAKING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH SALVADORAN PRESIDENT **JOSÉ NAPOLEÓN DUARTE**; **"VEDDY BRITISH, VEDDY BRINKLEY,"** STARRING THE FASHIONABLE **CHRISTIE BRINKLEY**; *PLAYBOY'S* MUSIC POLL 1984; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE