

INTERVIEW: PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY'S WHOLE STORY

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1984 • \$4.00

**SUZANNE SOMERS'
ALL-NEW PICTORIAL
REVEALS ALL!**

**GALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE**

Holiday Highlights
Steve Martin
**Bruce Jay
Friedman**
Ed McBain
Andrew Tobias
Robert Silverberg

**UNDIES
FOR THE
EIGHTIES**

**MARIO PUZO
BRINGS BACK
MICHAEL
CORLEONE**

**YOUNG
RON REAGAN
IN THE
ENEMY CAMP**

**CITIZEN HUGHES,
PART II**

**PLAYBOY'S
ELECTRONICS GUIDE**



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

A TALE OF TWO CITIES— AND LOTS OF PLAYBOY JAZZ

The Playboy Jazz Festival is becoming one of the most talked-about events on the musical calendar. Last June—declared Playboy Jazz Festival Month by L.A. mayor Tom Bradley—Hef and m.c. Bill Cosby (below, with Hef's brother,



Keith) hosted the best one yet. Now Elektra has issued an album of the 1982 fest, while RCA/Columbia has released two Playboy Jazz Festival video cassettes. Ray Charles warmed up for his festival appearance at a huge party hosted by Playboy and C.E.S. Publishing during Chicago's Consumer Electronics Show (right).



LEAVE IT TO A PSYCHOPATH

Only a nut would want to cut Ola Ray down to size. Ola, who gained a measure of stardom in Michael Jackson's *Thriller*, plays an unwilling acupuncturist in the movie *Fear City*. At right, she's comforted by co-star Jack Scalia after an attack by a scissors-wielding fiend. Above: an outtake from Ola's June 1980 Playmate layout.



WEREN'T OUR RABBIT EARS GOOD ENOUGH?

Habitues of the Playboy Clubs are used to seeing former Bunnies pop up in the big time, but this fall was a double treat—Lynne Moody (left) made her debut as Julie in the new CBS comedy/drama *E.R.*, and Julie Cobb (right) sprang into the same network's Scott Baio vehicle, *Charles in Charge*. We don't mind losing our Bunnies to the millions, but we're still waiting for CBS to call and say thanks.



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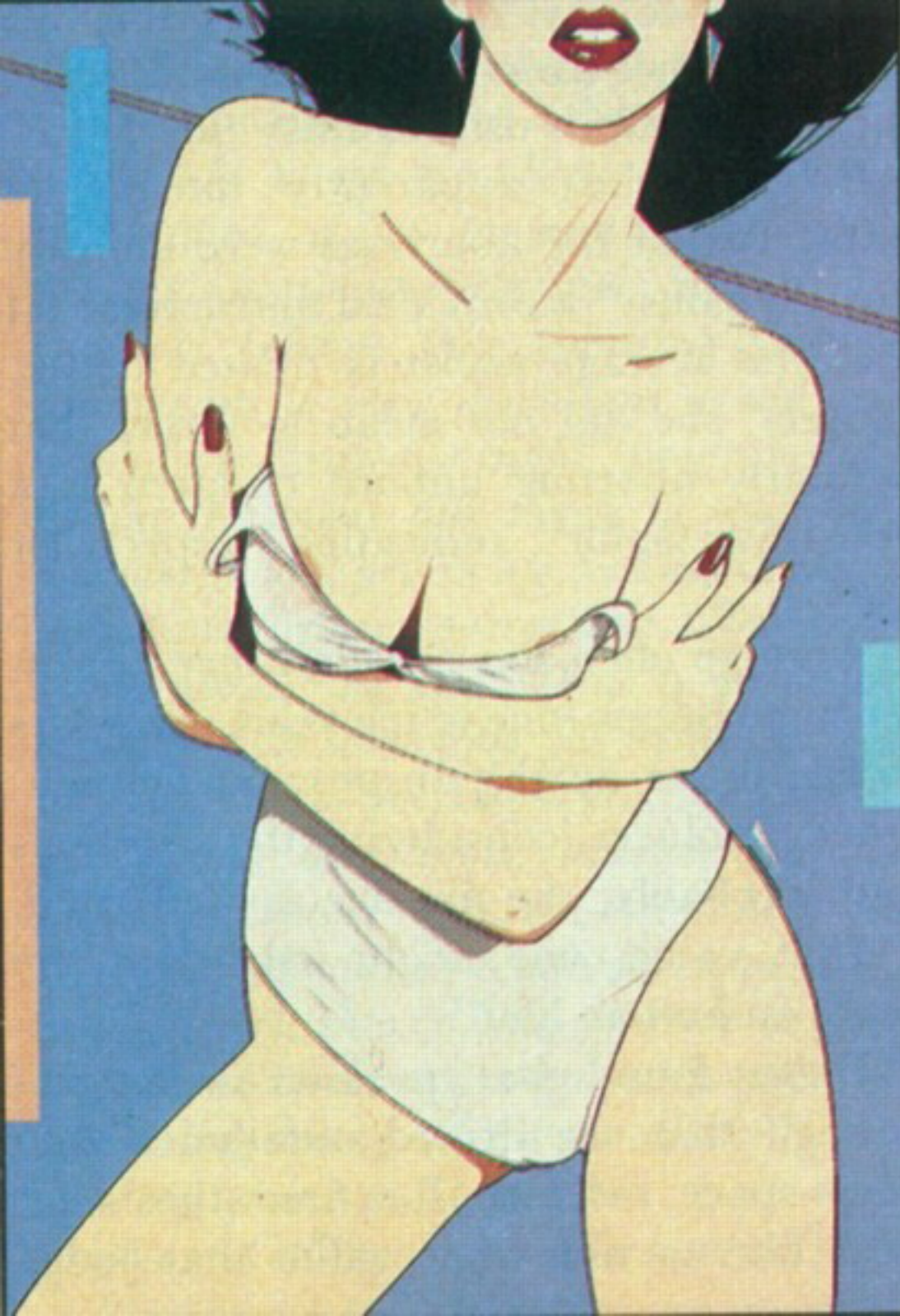
WRITTEN BY ROBERT J. AVRECH AND BRIAN DE PALMA DIRECTED BY BRIAN DE PALMA

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*the stylish miss somers
buries the hatchet and makes
a picturesque peace with playboy*

SUZANNE TAKE TWO

WHAT A DIFFERENCE a few years can make. The last time Suzanne Somers starred on these pages—back in February 1980—her show, *Three's Company*, was a certified hit and Suzanne herself had been crowned the jiggle queen of television. Suddenly, she was everywhere, from magazine covers to talk shows, as the public clamored to get a look at Hollywood's newest, prettiest face.

But to one PLAYBOY photographer, the face looked familiar. He remembered shooting a nude Playmate test with the same Suzanne Somers in May 1970 and passed that information along to ever-alert PLAYBOY archivists, who found the pictures.

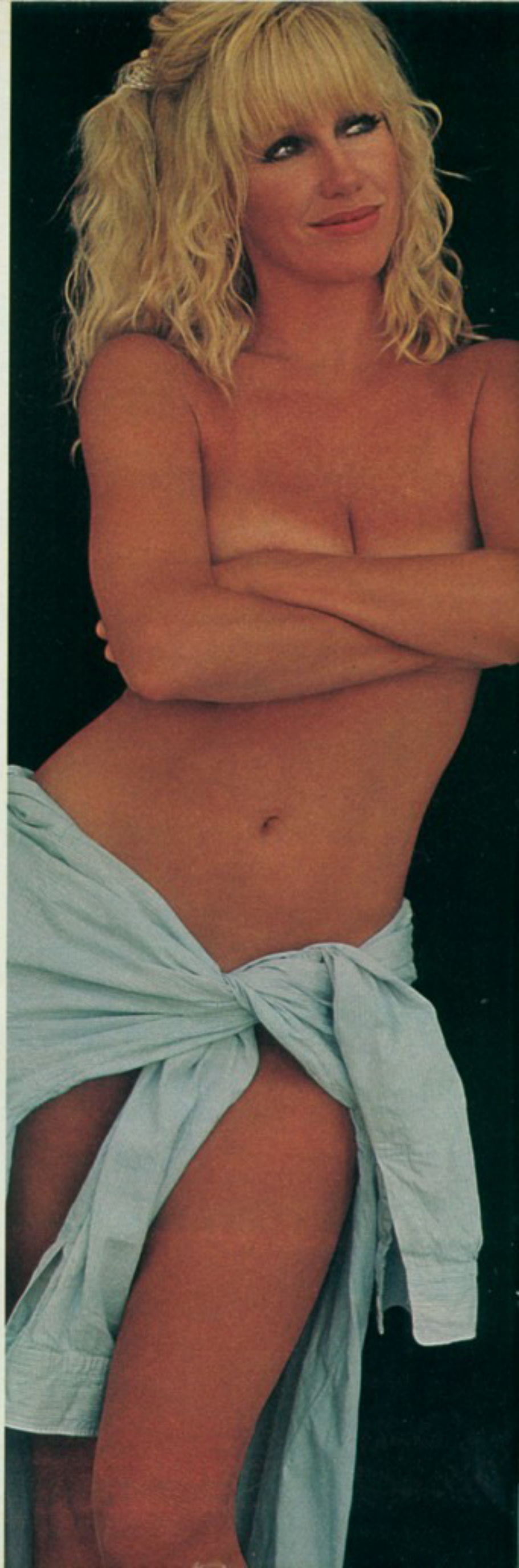
If Suzanne thought that she had already gotten all the publicity a new sex symbol could get, she was mistaken. The PLAYBOY layout was a best seller and caused a public sensation. Suzanne wasn't happy about it. Her manager described her as "very, very hurt and embarrassed." Suzanne complained to *People* magazine, "It makes me want to cry."

Much has changed since then. *Three's Company* has faded into oblivion, but it did so without Suzanne's presence. She had gotten into a messy contract dispute with the producers in 1981 and found herself not only making headlines once again but *(text concluded on page 252)*

The last time Suzanne posed for PLAYBOY was 14 years ago, though the pictures languished in a file until our February 1980 issue. "I'm in much better physical shape now," claims Suzanne. "And I'm more self-confident. I was very insecure in those days, didn't think a lot of myself. That has changed."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





"I love flirtatious entertaining," admits Suzanne, who often entertains Servicemen overseas. "When you're standing in front of 6000 sailors, if you enjoy men, you'll be flirtatious about it. It's exciting."

HAIR AND MAKE-UP BY: STEVE REILEY





It's no secret that Suzanne was not fond of her last appearance in *PLAYBOY*. "It came at a time when people didn't know who I was or what I was really about," she explains. "I have many facets that I'm gradually discovering, layer by layer."





"You know, I'm still a small-town girl," says Suzanne. "I like to cook and I love to do all those things that I was raised to do. But there's another part of me that loves all that's going on in my life right now."





"I'm attracted to a powerful man," says Suzanne. "Someone self-confident, in control and very funny. I tell my son, 'Whomever you choose, make sure she has a sense of humor. Long after looks fade, you can still laugh.'"



"I suggested this should be an everyone-nude shooting. No one thought it was a good idea but me."

also faced with a crisis that threatened to destroy her career.

In retrospect, the fates were kinder to Suzanne than they were to the show. She found immediate success with a brand-new career as a night-club headliner, and her Las Vegas revue is so successful that she often plays there 20 weeks a year. At the Las Vegas Hilton, where she now performs, she has broken all the house records except the one that is held—most likely in perpetuity—by the late Elvis Presley.

And, as you can see, something else has changed. Our most famous Playmate candidate is back in the fold at 36.

"This time, it seemed like a good idea," explains Suzanne. "I never thought the other pictures were very flattering. In fact, I was a little on the chubby side then. But I'm looking good now. I've been on the road with my night-club act, and that gets you into shape without your even knowing it. I felt that if I were ever going to pose, this would be the time."

Suzanne's manager/husband, Alan Hamel, a onetime Canadian talk-show host and commercial pitchman who quit his job to guide his wife's career, admits that when he learned that PLAYBOY was running Suzanne's Playmate test shots, he was "furious"—but not for long.

"After one week, I realized, Hey, this ain't all bad. From that moment on, I worked as hard as I could to turn it into a positive experience. In judo, you take the thrust of your opponent and use it against

him. We did that with the publicity, which was enormous. I think it gave Suzanne a texture that she hadn't had before the pictorial ran."

Suzanne has even incorporated her PLAYBOY debut into her act. "I had a song written about it," she says. "It's about the struggle of getting into show business, and one line is 'I was exposed to art but, being green, got exposed in PLAYBOY magazine.'"

Alan's strategy of accentuating the positive paid off. "The reality is that if you were to walk down the street right now and ask the first hundred people you met who they remember from PLAYBOY, I'll bet an awful lot of them would remember Suzanne," he says.

Now even more people will have a chance to remember her. The new pictorial, shot in Hawaii and at the couple's Palm Springs hideaway, is something that Suzanne is doing just for the fun of it.

"Alan persuaded me to do it," she admits. "By the time we finished talking, I thought, This could be fun, because I know I look terrific."

"We didn't sit down and search our souls on this one," explains Alan. "We really look at this as a great romp. Also, we like to do things that are a little unexpected. Just when everyone thinks that Suzanne is going to make a left turn, it's nice to have her make a right."

The type of photograph involved also appealed to Suzanne. "I've not often been

photographed in a natural setting," she maintains. "Most of my pictures over the past ten years have been very commercial and have had me in heavy make-up. I've not had pictures taken for which you really clean your face off—you know, just a little mascara, but that's it. And that intrigued me."

She was also intrigued by the fact that she would be posing nude for the first time in 14 years. "I found something really interesting while we were taking these pictures—that I feel sexier with my clothes on. There's some safety net to wearing clothes—there's something between you and me, and that's your garments and my garments."

"At first, I felt so vulnerable that I suggested to the photographer that maybe this should be an everyone-nude shooting, so that I wouldn't be the only one without any clothes on. No one thought it was a good idea but me."

That vulnerability was short-lived. "Nudity becomes very natural after you've spent four or five days with people and you're the only one nude. I realize when I look at some of the pictures today that it didn't even cross my mind that I was nude while they were being taken."

For Suzanne and Alan, the photo session was only the beginning of the fun. At this point, the couple is so used to controversy that a second round with the media about PLAYBOY is almost a sporting event.

"We know that the press is going to come knocking at our door and ask, 'Why did you do this when you bitched and screamed so loudly five years ago?'" Alan smiles. "It's going to be a great deal of fun dealing with the media."

Besides the media, Suzanne also has to deal with her family, including two stepchildren, Leslie, 23, and Stephen, 20, from Alan's first marriage, and her own son, Bruce, 18, from a previous marriage. Years ago, after her Playmate test session, Suzanne was informed by PLAYBOY that she had been selected as a Playmate. The magazine sent her a ticket from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

"One consideration that kept gnawing at me on the plane trip down was how I would feel about my son's seeing this in ten years," she says.

Alan, who had just begun dating Suzanne, drove her to the Playboy Building on the Sunset Strip. "I got out of the car, walked to the door, grabbed hold of the handle, stood there, turned around, got back into the car, and then I went to a phone booth and called to say, 'I won't be coming in, now or forever.'"

Forever proved to be shorter than Suzanne might have anticipated. And her worries about Bruce proved groundless. "As it turns out," she explains, "he saw the pictures anyway when PLAYBOY ran the test shots. You know what he said? He said, 'Mom, I think you look great.'"

This time, his response should be even more enthusiastic.



"When you said it would be a stag party, I thought. . . ."





THINKING BIG

*for karen velez,
two's company, but 12 is ideal*



KAREN VELEZ had been in Los Angeles only a short time, but she had already found the Bodhi Tree Bookstore. The Bodhi Tree is stocked to the rafters with metaphysical tomes. Eastern philosophies, sorcery, ESP—anything with a “psycho” in front or an “ology” in back that can alter one’s perception of reality.

Karen was there looking for *Peace of Mind, Volume One*. Naturally, it wasn’t on the shelf, but we browsed and talked all the same.

“I don’t think the average person would read anything that I’ve got on my bookshelves. I’m basically interested in things out of the

Honesty is important to Karen Velez, starting with herself. “I don’t put on a front. This is it. This is what you’re going to get tomorrow. But who knows what I will be next year?”

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On a family outing to the Miami Seaquarium, Karen is introduced to Lolita, a killer whale, by her handler. Keeping a safe distance are (left to right) Karen's mother, stepfather and grandmother. Raised primarily in Miami, Karen says, "I was born in Rockville Centre, New York, but we moved so much when I was younger that I probably lived places I don't even remember."



From Florida, it's a short, pleasant trip on a cruise ship (above) to Nassau. Even nicer if you can pick up a little spending change in the ship's casino. On the other hand, if you happen to drop a little change there—as Karen did—it can still be a lot of fun. Since no one who carries a clip board does any work, it's hard to tell what her job was at Omni Terminals (right) in Miami. But whatever it was, she sure looked good doing it.



ordinary. I like change. I don't like doing the same thing every Saturday night."

Karen knows about Saturday nights. In Miami, where she grew up, she sometimes had them on Tuesday or Thursday. That left little time for high school.

"By the time I was in ninth grade, I was skipping school and hanging out at my girlfriend's house, playing backgammon." By tenth grade, she dropped out.

"My mind gets to a point where it just stops, and I'm bored with everything. So I move on to something different."

The "something different" that time was Omni Terminals, a shipping-container-repair firm, where she made "good money" and rose to the position of vice-president. But greener pastures beckoned, so after five years she left.

"Anyway, I did graduate. I went back last year and passed my G.E.D. with flying colors. Got my high school diploma. Took six years, but I did it."

Not surprising, really. Karen can do anything she puts her mind to, as long as she's not asked to be ordinary. She intends, for instance, to have ten kids.

"I want ten children, yes. And I want one of those ideal husbands who don't exist anymore—someone to talk to and say, 'Hey, something is bothering me. Can we talk about it?'"

Such an entreaty from such a lady would be hard to ignore. Five bucks says she gets the chat—and the ten children.



Breezing around the Florida Everglades on a swamp buggy (left), Karen keeps an eye peeled for alligators or anything hungry. Back in Los Angeles (below), she finds eyes peeled for her. She's shopping for flowers in the plaza shops along Sunset Boulevard. The guy is just browsing.



Karen and her sister, Lisa, get a lesson in turkey stuffing from their grandmother (below). The two encouraged Karen to try out for Playmate.



In the cruise-ship discothèque (right), Karen thought the crowd was watching her because there was a photographer taking her picture. She was wrong. When the ship docks, Karen joins some divers at the equipment shack on a small island off the coast of Nassau.








"Of course, I've gotten hurt in relationships. And it's not always someone else's fault when I do get hurt. In fact, it's my own fault most of the time. It's expectations. You always expect people to be just the way you think they should be, and when they're not, you get upset. But people are what they are, and you have to accept that. And if you don't like it, then you don't deal with it."







"Love takes time for me. I don't meet someone and fall in love a month later. Sometimes it's not until we break up that it hits me, 'I didn't know I loved him so.'"



Karen is in no rush to tie the knot. "I want to be sure about the man I get involved with. I'll be content waiting until I'm 30 to get married and have children, if that's how long it takes for me to find someone I feel comfortable marrying. Because, when I do marry, I want to look at him and say, 'I want to be with you for the rest of my life' and have him be able to say the same to me."





MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Taren Foley

BUST: 37 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 1/27/61 BIRTHPLACE: Rochville Centre, N.Y.

AMBITIONS: To pursue a career that will enable me to be my own person & be financially independent!

TURN-ONS: The ocean & beach, sunshine, humorist quick-thinking people, animals

TURN-OFFS: Untruthful - egotistical people, Bills, Hangovers, Lies & Truans!

HOBBIES: Sailing, Horseback riding, Ceramics

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Jeffrey Archer, Stephen King, Shirley MacLaine

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Stevie Nicks, Al Jarreau, Linda Ronstadt, Dan Fogelberg

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Anything with Joan Rivers, Dynasty, My Big Line Soaps, Hill Street Blues

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? 20th - Because women finally can pursue their own individuality & potential!



What do you want from me?



Thanks for the straight bangs, Mom!



My favorite dress

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My husband has taken to spending nights away in the bush," the wife of a hunting guide told the marriage counselor.

"That's part of his work, though, isn't it?" said the domestic-relations advisor.

"Professionally, yes. But on the level of his personal life, the bush I'm referring to doesn't happen to be mine!"

Maybe you've heard about the fellow who moved to San Francisco but didn't get to know anybody there until he came out of the closet. Now he's up to his ass in new friends.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male hypocrite* as a fellow who says he wouldn't touch a particular girl with a ten-foot pole but is, in fact, perfectly willing to do so with a five-inch penis.

*She reacted, did novice whore Lee,
To her first fuck for dollars with glee!
She was bursting with pride:
"I'm in business," she cried,
"Since a John has his business in me!"*

How do you choose to be punished," the chief of the savage tribe asked the two captured white explorers, "with death or with *babalooboo*?"

"I'm too young to die, reflected one of the prisoners, so he replied, "I'll take my chances with that . . . that *babalooboo*, sir"—whereupon he was unmercifully buggered by a succession of warriors but managed to survive the ordeal.

"And what is your choice, other white interloper?" demanded the savage honcho.

"I won't suffer that indignity, thought the second explorer, so he took a deep breath and answered, "I prefer death."

"Then you shall die!" shouted the chief. "Death it shall be! Death by *babalooboo*!"

It was a gourmet cook specializing in veal scaloppine who raised eyebrows in a bar when he was overheard inviting another drinker to come around sometime to see how he beat his meat.

Even if your client's wife were, in fact, inept at fellatio, how would that justify my granting him a divorce?" asked the judge.

"On the grounds, Your Honor," responded the attorney, "of dental cruelty."

If you've never driven to this secluded cabin in the woods before, won't you get lost?" objected the girl.

"Of course not," countered the fellow, "because I have a superb sense of erection."

A wealthy elderly widower returned to his luxury apartment one evening and surprised a young female intruder ransacking his bedroom. "Please don't do that, mister!" she urged as his hand moved toward the alarm button. "If you don't, I'll let you make love to me!"

The oldster's sense of outrage subsided, and he was soon naked on the bed with the girl. But age does have its infirmities, and after making repeated unsuccessful attempts, he finally toppled over onto his side, exhausted and embarrassed. "I'm sorry, young lady . . . but it's no use," he gasped. "I'm afraid . . . I'm going to have to . . . buzz the security office . . . after all."

The first porno film with an all-midget cast will, naturally enough, feature full runtal nudity.

*At the Iron Horse Steam Baths, the cream
Of the gay rail elite live a dream!
How those Bruces are thrilled!
Their cabooses are drilled . . .
Then they're blown with a full head of steam!*



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hit man* as a fellow who goes to work when it's time to knock off.

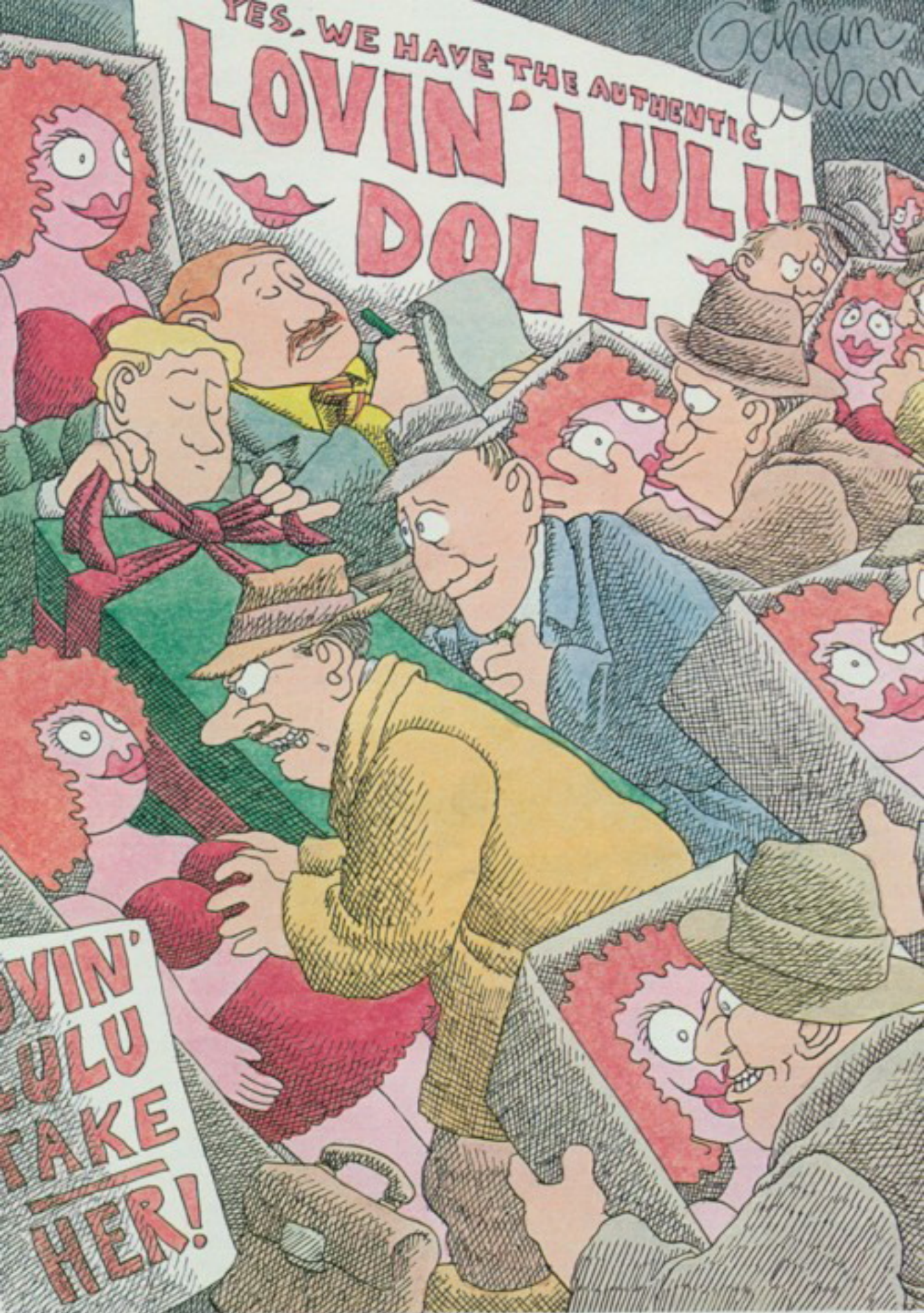
Plans are reputedly being made for a topless-bathing beach for the exclusive use of society matrons. Its location? Sag Harbor, New York.

It's always the same," the girl sighed to her roommate after returning in the wee, small hours. "Afterward, I feel so compromised, so cheap, so soiled . . . so absolutely wonderful from head to toe!"

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

YES, WE HAVE THE AUTHENTIC
**LOVIN' LULU
DOLL**



**LOVIN'
LULU
TAKE
HER!**

"So last Christmas it was those Cabbage Patch Kids."



"That's fine, but can it vacuum?"



Every woman has at least two sides (no, not her front and back—we're talking *moods* here), and her undies should reflect that. Take this duet of tie-side French lace panties by Valeria (above), for instance. On the left you have naughty and on the right you have nice.



Sweet Nothings

*you've come a long way, baby, from the days
your undergarments were unmentionables*

SOME SAY THAT clothes make the man, but a woman *definitely* makes her underwear. Which is to say that Raquel Welch can do a lot more for a black garter belt than can Shelley Winters. Or, put more simply, behind every great-looking negligee is a greater-looking lady. That's why we bring you eight pages of beautiful underthings worn by beautiful women. We want you to *pay attention*. It's Christmastime, and there's no more intimate gift for your favorite female than a set of gorgeous undies. Why? Because sexy women love wearing sexy underwear. Why? We don't know. But it's true. Take our word for it. Long after you've lost your voice in admiration of her, her sweet nothings will keep right on whispering for you, "You're beautiful."

In contrast to other articles of clothing, which we expect to stay where we put them, the best women's underwear always appears to have a life of its own. Sometimes it seems to want to slip down, as do the bikini panties by Donna Giambrone (below) and the gold-lamé bikini bra by Jackie Rogers (bottom). Other items, such as the Calvin Klein man-style briefs at right, tend to ride up (or in, as the case may be).









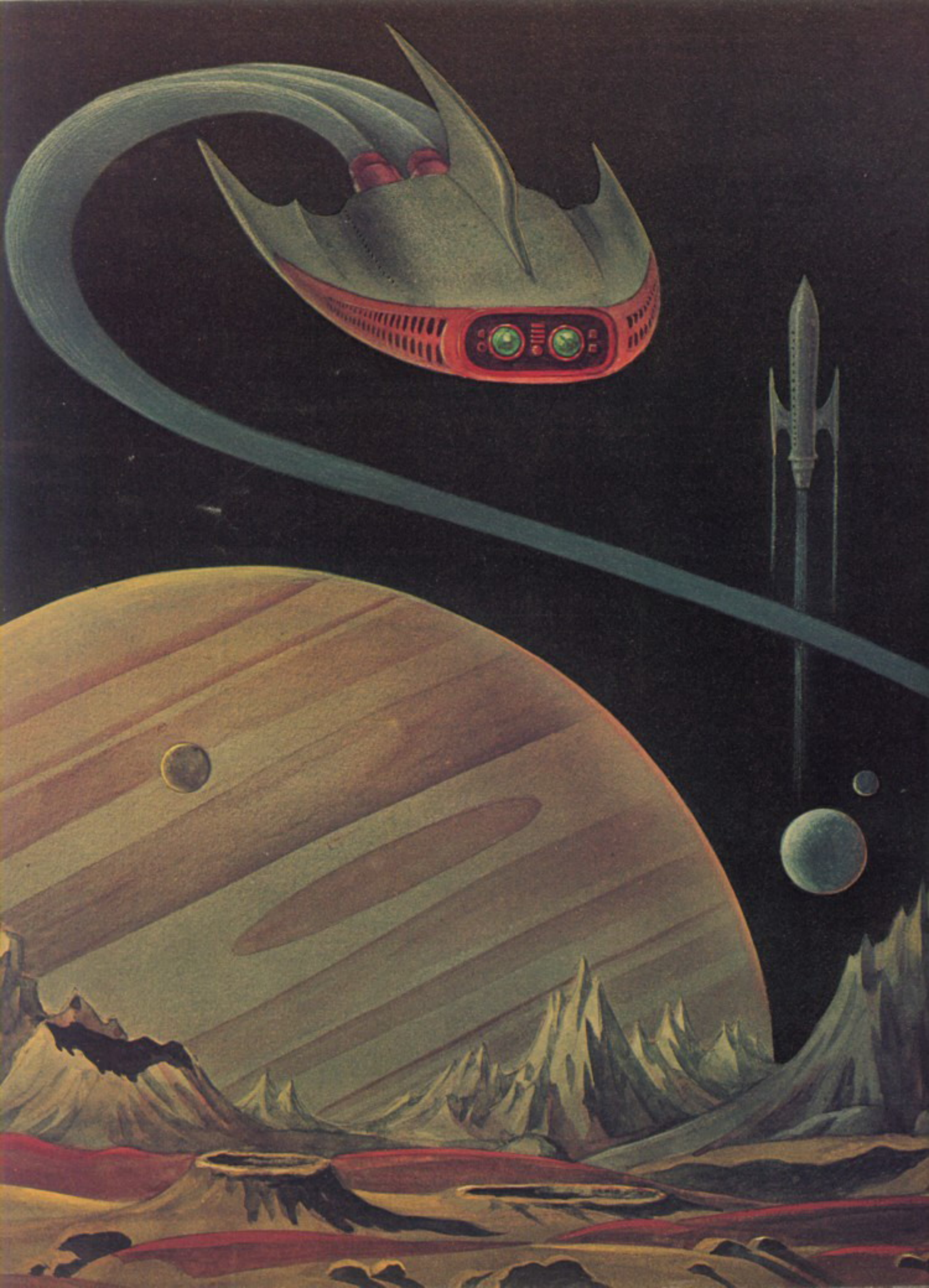
Here we have three excellent examples of live underwear, beginning with the bra and panties by Lejaby at left. Note that the bra is already losing its restraint and that our lovely young model is having to clutch her underpants to keep them from escaping. The light and lacy French undies by Donna Giambone (below) tend to float upward, while the bikini panties by Jackie Rogers (bottom) always try to snuggle close.



In ladies' underwear, fit isn't as important as function. After a long, hot day at work, your lady will appreciate these rather loose chiffon-top pants by Donna Giambrone. Their airy roominess makes them extremely comfortable as she converses with you on the phone.







THE ROBOTS

ARE COMING...

*anyone for a mechanical
jeeves that walks, talks,
serves drinks and cleans
up after parties?*



YOU RANG, MASTER?

modern living By DANNY GOODMAN

SCIENCE-FICTION FLICKS of yesteryear filled our imagination with mechanical monsters snatching unsuspecting earthlings off to the wind-swept seas of Venus. Elsewhere, armies of androids assumed the guise of our neighbors and slowly infiltrated our ranks with the hope of enslaving the human race. There are, indeed, armies of robots out there, but they're not



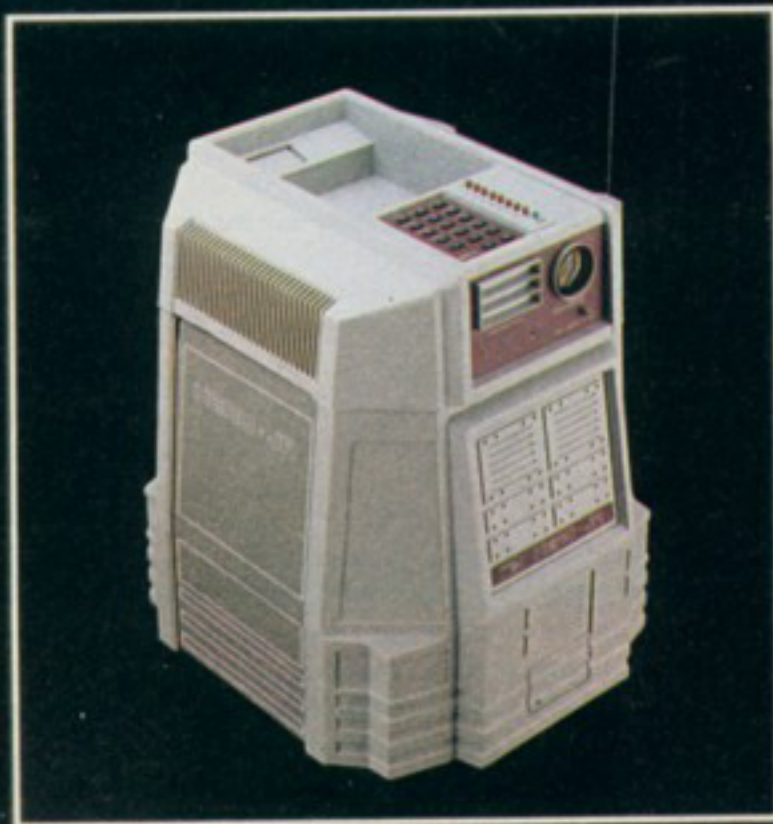
Above: The Tom Thumb of robots is Tomy's battery-powered Dingbot, a wacky little party stopper only five inches tall, that skitters along, stopping and chattering as it checks the road map it's carrying before moving on, \$10.

Below left: Equipped with sonar bumpers, an infrared system and an on-board computer, RB5X can sense when its batteries are low and automatically return to its charging station, by RB Robot Corporation, \$2295, plus \$1495 for the optional RB arm shown. Below center: Forty-four-inch-tall Hubot houses a SysCon personal computer, a 12-inch black-and-white TV and an AM/FM cassette, by Hubotics, \$3495. Below right: ComRo's Tot stands three feet tall; features include a rotating head, a spotlight eye and such accessories as a carpet sweeper and a tray, \$4495.





Above: Tomy's Omnibot can fetch a martini, wake you each morning and much more, \$275. Below: Hero Jr., a 19"-tall robot, sings, plays games and walks sentry duty; a 17-key keypad makes for easy modification, by Heath/Zenith, \$1000.



SEX STAINS OF 1984



just when androgyny seemed triumphant, along came prince—and the olympics—to restore our faith in bikes, bodies and the american way

text by JIM HARWOOD Arms outstretched, she spread her legs wide. He stood there, chest heaving. The girl grasped the short, firm pole caringly, longingly, then shared it with the other girl. Buttocks taut, he writhed, twisting from side to side, eager to cram every possible excitement into the moments that would never be the same again. . . .

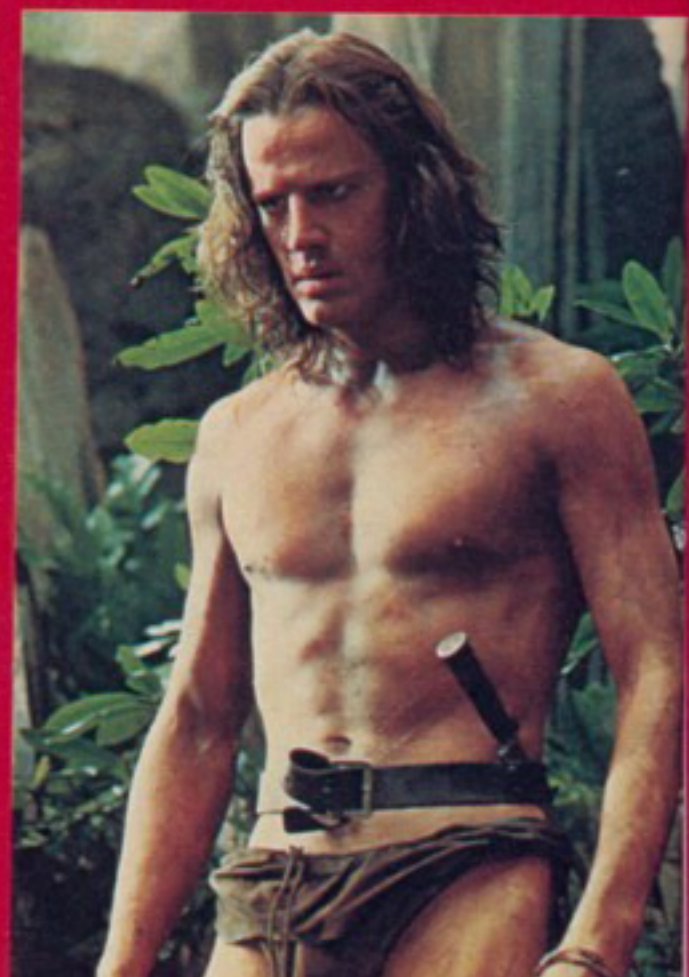
Every four years, it's good to have this kind of stuff back on television, even if only for a couple of weeks during the Olympics. True, some people really do care whether or not (text continued on page 210)

RIGHT ON: Prince, electrifying in *Purple Rain*, has muscled Michael Jackson right out of first place in our Sex Star derby. That's the liner photo from his earlier album, 1999, opposite. Daryl Hannah (below) blanketed screens with *Splash*, *Reckless* and *The Pope of Greenwich Village* in '84 release, while Kathleen Turner (right), the defrosted novelist of *Romancing the Stone*, returned in *A Breed Apart* and *Crimes of Passion*.



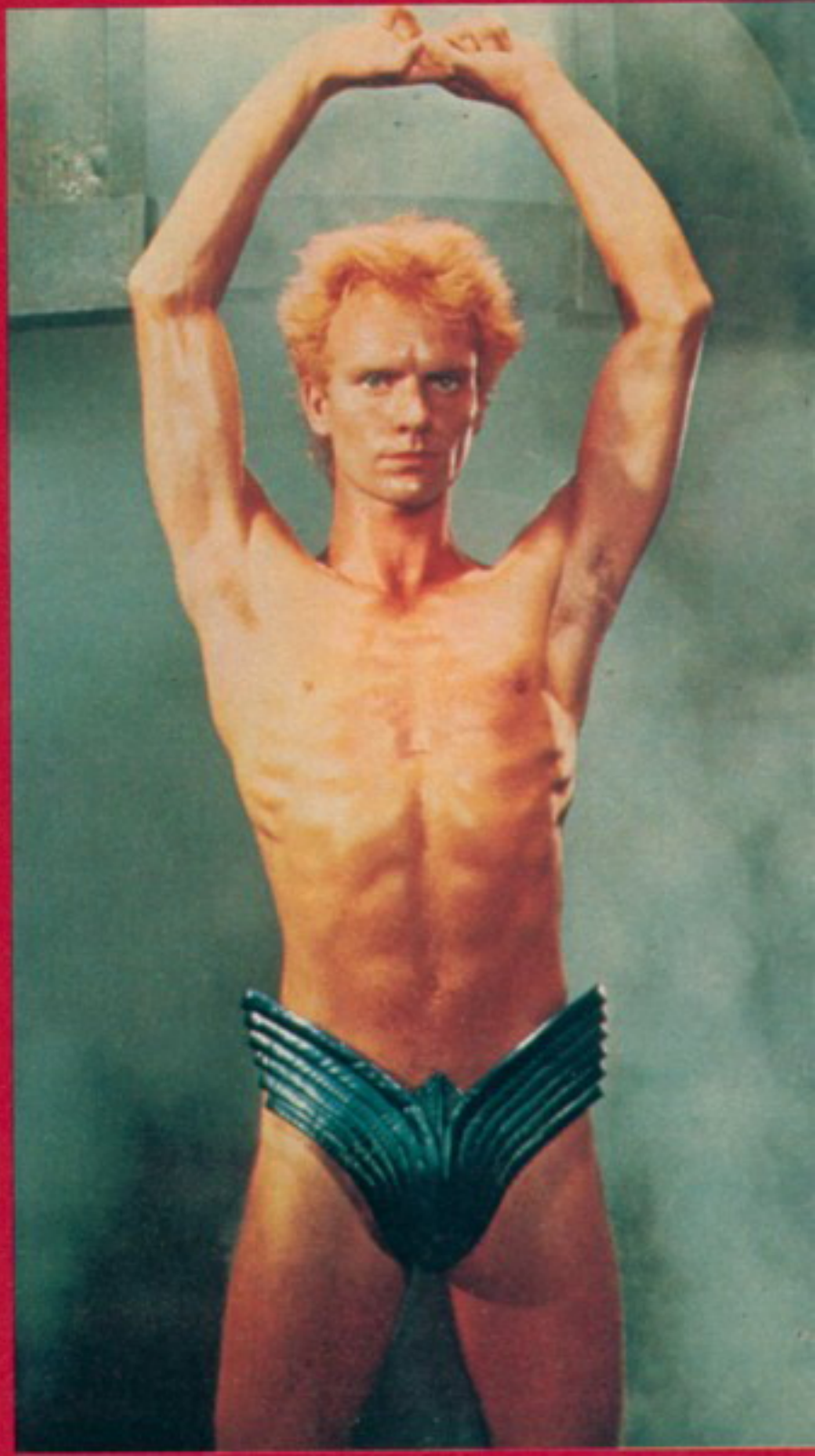


SAVAGES: Enough to bring out the beast in all of us are these popular stars, all in varying degrees of skin. Some say Grace Jones (above left) is the best thing in *Conan the Destroyer*; others give the nod to Conan himself, Arnold Schwarzenegger (left). PLAYBOY cover girl Sybil Danning (above center), who sizzles in *The Seven Magnificent Gladiators*, will coproduce and star in *Nemesis: Goddess of Revenge* and, swears her press agent, is to be "history's first blonde werewolf" in the forthcoming *The Howling II*. Tanya Roberts, another PLAYBOY cover favorite, went blonde (and had more fun than she did in *The Beastmaster*) playing the durable comic-strip queen in *Sheena* (above right), and French actor Christopher Lambert daubed on dirt for *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes* (right).



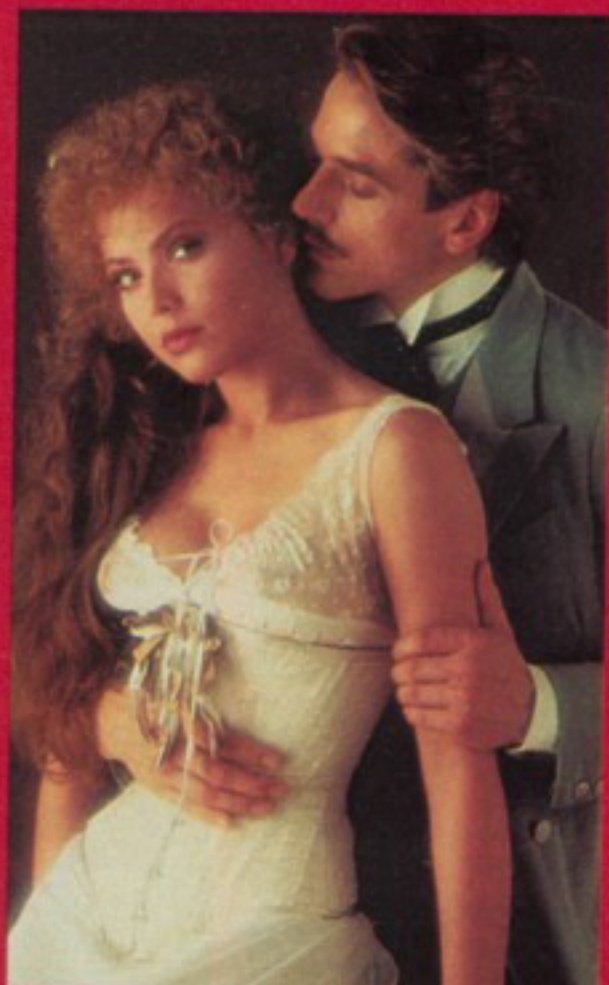
UNISEX SYMBOLS:

What with androgyny and cross dressing, gender confusion abounds in showbiz these days. Take Michael Jackson (right), who sometimes resembles Diana Ross's twin sister but nevertheless rakes in the bucks with records, videos and concert tours. Another rocker, Sting of The Police, reminds us, at least in his *Dune* film persona (below right), of David Bowie. Anne Carlisle plays both male and female roles in the cult-film favorite *Liquid Sky* but below is her own feminine self for PLAYBOY. The reigning example of sexual ambiguity, of course, is Boy George—but, we thought, why label *him* a Sex Star by including him?



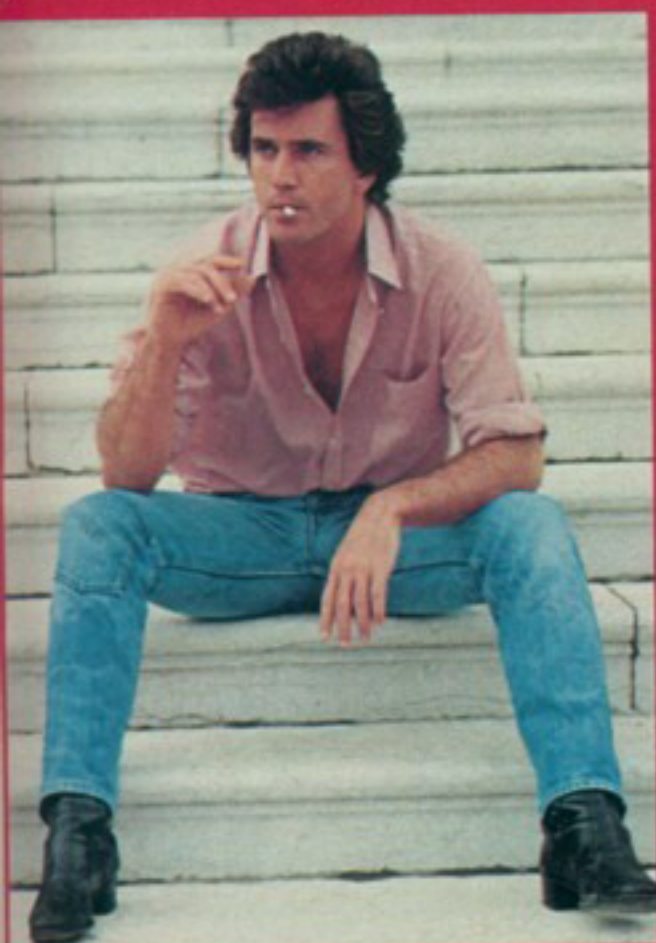


COUPLING: Good news, hetero movie fans—we may have seen the end of the buddy picture. On this page are a quartet of duets in steamy scenes. At left, Tom Berenger nuzzles Melanie Griffith in *Fear City*; above, Barbara Williams clinches with Steven Bauer (Melanie's real-life husband) in *Thief of Hearts*; below, Ornella Muti and Jeremy Irons in *Swann in Love*; below left, Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges in *Against All Odds*.



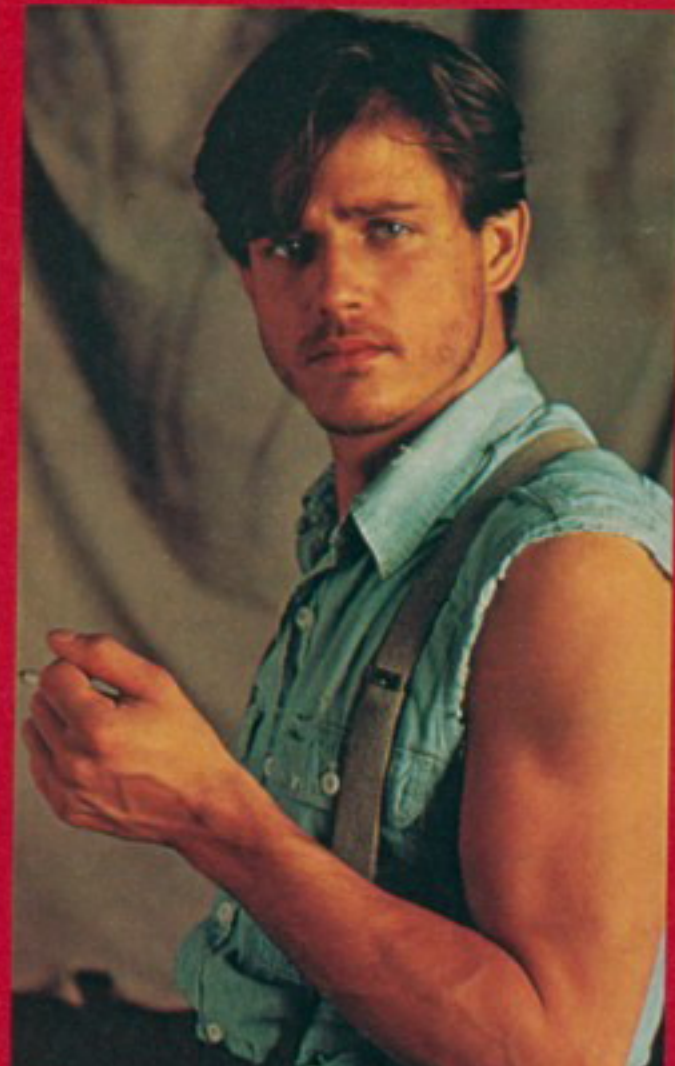
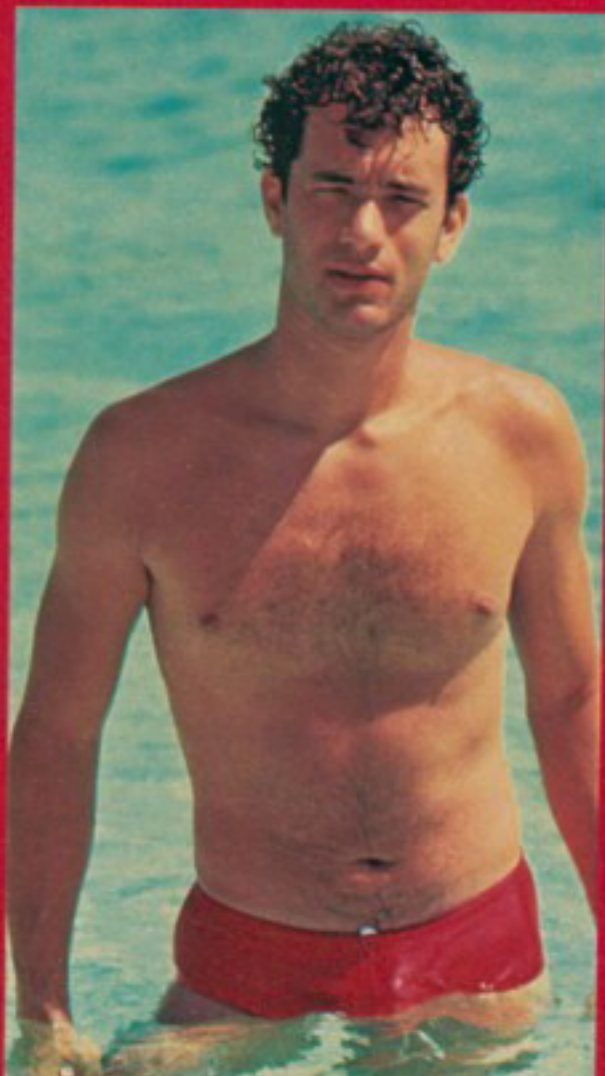


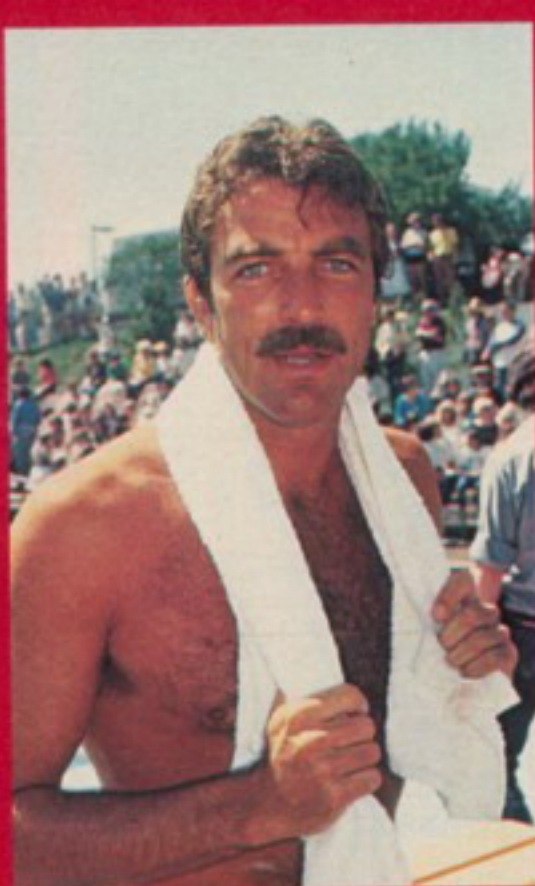
COMING ACROSS: Movies were, after all, the first jet setters, and films—and their stars—continue to crisscross the globe. Swedish-born, U.S.-seasoned model Mia Nygren (above left) inhabits the title role in *Emmanuelle 4*; Brazil's Claudia Ohana (above center) dittos in *Erendira*, filmed in Mexico from a story by Colombia's Nobel Prize-winning author Gabriel García Márquez. Our favorite Dutch treat (and Mia's predecessor as *Emmanuelle*), Sylvia Kristel (above right), is the seductive spy in *Mata Hari*. At far left below is England's ravishing Kelly (The Woman in Red) LeBrock; at near left below is Mel Gibson, who was born in the U.S. but made his reputation in Australian films; his next feature, *The River*, is billed as "pure Americana." Sissy Spacek co-stars. Below center is another Brazilian bombshell, Sonia Braga of *Gabriela* and *Kiss of the Spider Woman*; below right is that hunk from Holland, Rutger Hauer, whose latest releases are *A Breed Apart* and *Flesh + Blood*.





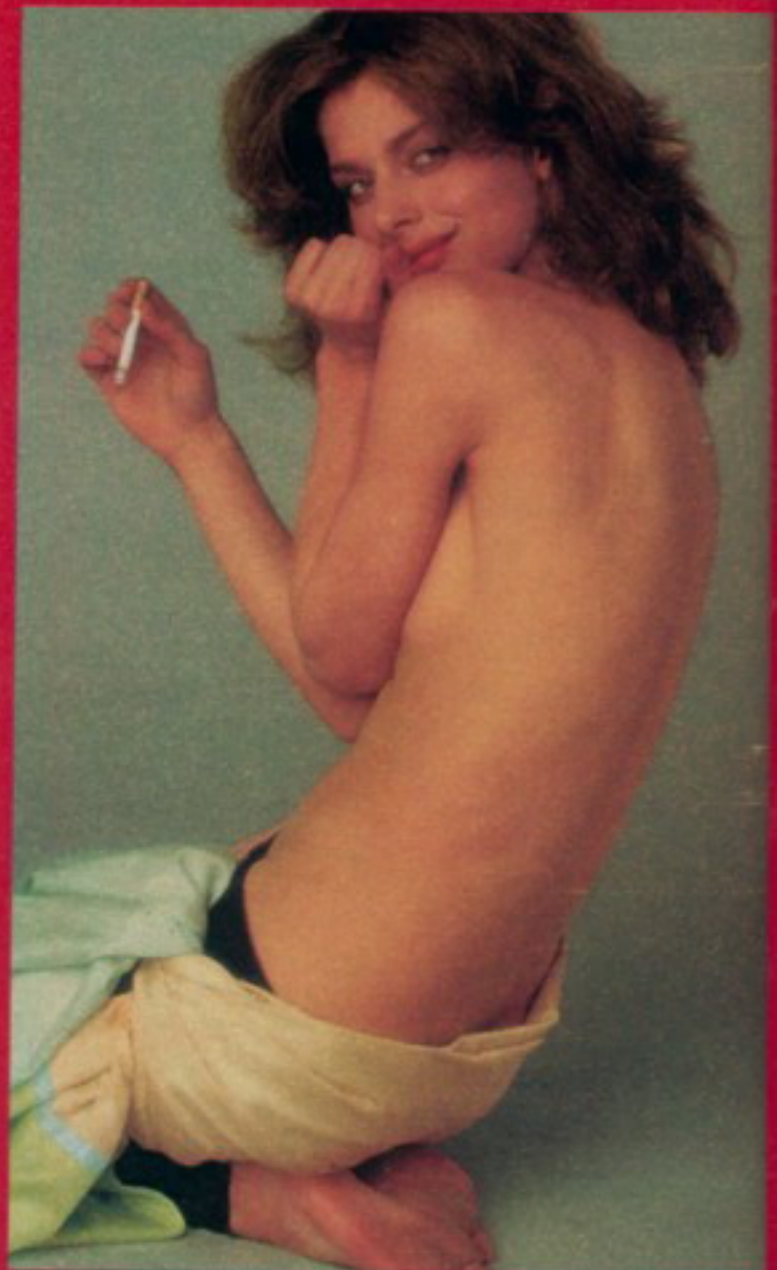
COMING OF AGE: We could have done an entire feature on the younger generation of stars who are peopling today's movie and TV screens. Here's a sampling of the hottest (clockwise, from above): Brooke Shields, everybody's favorite college sophomore, whose star aura helped her survive *Sahara*; Diane Lane, here in *Streets of Fire* but due momentarily in *The Cotton Club*; Linda Blair, who has done four films this year; Michael Paré, who stands out in *Streets of Fire* and *The Philadelphia Experiment*; Tom Hanks, whose comic touch sparks *Splash* and *Bachelor Party*; the increasingly gorgeous Jamie Lee Curtis, of *Love Letters* and *Grandview, U.S.A.* fame, who's opposite John Travolta in the forthcoming *Perfect!*, a picture about fitness; and our very own Miss June 1980, Ola Ray, who appears in the chiller *Fear City*.





MINT CONDITION: In Hollywood, fitness sells. TV superstar Tom (*Magnum, P.I.*) Selleck (above) hopes for a big-screen hit in *Runaway*; supermodel Christie Brinkley is diversifying into sportswear, a sample of which she wears at right. Robert Redford (below right) shows in *The Natural* that he's still got that old appeal. And while Richard Gere (below) couldn't resuscitate *Breathless*, he may shine in *The Cotton Club*.





COVER STORIES: Here are five news makers whose appearances on PLAYBOY covers boosted their careers (and our sales). In February 1983, we (plus Sean Connery, George Plimpton, Bob Fosse and others) predicted stardom for Kim Basinger (far left); she proved us right in *Never Say Never Again*, *The Man Who Loved Women* and *The Natural* and is due soon in *9½ Weeks*, based on a PLAYBOY story. Terry Moore (left) came out of virtual retirement to pose for our August 1984 issue; she has since made *Hellhole* and plans a TV movie, *Welcome Back, McGrath*. Nastassja Kinski (below left), May 1983's cover girl, had five films and a baby in 1984. Most controversial picture of the year was *Bolero*, with four-time cover star Bo Derek (right); greatest staying power was exhibited by *Dynasty*'s Joan Collins (below), our December 1983 cover.



one fellow gets his bicycle out in front of another's for a hundredth of a second. But there are equally good reasons for watching, and, for millions who will admit it and millions more who won't, the Olympic participants were truly the Sex Stars of 1984. You simply can't put that many perfect male and female bodies in skimpy garments and have it otherwise. The flame burns eternal.

The Olympics arrived just in time, fortunately, for it was getting a wee bit confusing elsewhere. Almost impossible to spell and equally hard to understand, androgyny took over the middle ground in the war between the sexes, with **Boy George** and **Michael Jackson** at one end and **Grace Jones** and **Anne Carlisle** at the other. Happily, though, there was a host of hetero holdouts, tenaciously exemplified by the likes of **Tom Selleck**, who protected himself with a lot of casual dating before showing serious interest in British actress **Jillie Mack**, and **Kathleen Turner**, who confessed (shortly before walking down the aisle with New York real-estate developer **Jay Weiss**) that she had a tendency to fall in and out of love with her leading men. Nothing, however, has been reported from the set of *Crimes of Passion*, in which Turner plays a kinky cruiser opposite **Anthony Perkins**.

Frankly, we have been waiting several years for Jackson to mature into full Sex Stardom, but the young man just seems to show no interest in growing up. And as loose as they are, we do have our standards, which include some reservations about a Sex Star who doesn't protest when people say he looks like **Diana Ross's** twin sister. Young master Jackson, however, must be paid homage after a phenomenal year of pleasing millions. Whatever he's putting out, the young ladies—and gentlemen—love it. Grace Jones thinks the far-out parents from the Sixties may simply have spawned even more adventuresome kids for the Eighties. Jones herself certainly looked adventuresome while filming *Conan the Destroyer*, landing several fellow cast members in the hospital with minor injuries from her enthusiastic interpretation of an Amazon warrior. She even made her brawny co-star, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, nervous. "She really hits hard," he lamented.

Jackson himself remains quietly religious, with no overt romantic interests. Boy George has conceded, "I just do not have a heavy sex life," while the most outrageous cross dresser of them all, the megaplump **Divine**, claims he doesn't have much time for men or women. "I'd rather go shopping," he insists.

Is this sort of thing catching? It's hard to say, but we were talking with one of Hollywood's lovelies the other day and she was revealing what her private love life had become. It seems that on an average evening, she and her handsome, charming boyfriend go out to dinner before returning home for a bit of romancing. Just as

she's getting turned on, however, he excuses himself and leaves the room, returning in a wig, nightgown, high heels and stockings. A modern girl, our friend readily accepts all this but confesses to some confusion about who is doing what in the bedroom—or, at least, who thinks who's doing what.

Alas, when we related all this to another starlet the very next night, she didn't seem surprised at all. One of her gentlemen callers, it seems, likes to bring his dress over and—after she's done his hair and make-up—suck her toes.

Sarah Douglas of *Falcon Crest* acknowledged that she had a bit of a problem explaining her transvestite friends to her mother. "I talked to my mom on the phone and I told her Kevin and Katy were there. 'Oh, they're a nice couple, are they?' said Mom. I said, 'Oh, it's the same person, Kevin by day, Katy by night. But he's getting it lopped off next week.'"

Onscreen, the sex changes that started a couple of years back continued, causing their own confusions among performers. Playing a young man in *Yentl*, for example, **Barbra Streisand** was somewhat hesitant about having to plant a big kiss on **Amy Irving**. But, as Irving related later, it wasn't so bad. "It's like kissing an arm," Barbra told Amy, which may have surprised **Steven Spielberg**, Irving's former fiancé and still-frequent companion.

Psychiatrists say this is all just an adjustment to sexual role playing and probably harmless enough if not overdone. For the sake of the straight-thinking, however, it was still heartening to note that Jackson's popularity was challenged by **Prince**, who bears a resemblance to Michael but has a mustache, a motorcycle and more all-round masculinity to go with them, especially when in passionate pursuit of lovely **Apollonia Kotero** in *Purple Rain*.

Ah, Apollonia. What a name. What a face. What a body. Her film debut in that picture made an impression to rival **Bo Derek's** a few years back in "10". "Before the night is through, you will see my point of view," Prince said; but the boys in the audience had caught on long before that.

Speaking of Bo (and aren't we always?), Hollywood had been waiting to see how the public would react to her latest, *Bolero*, at first rumored to be too sexy to release without an X rating. But then the film's financiers disclosed that they weren't bothered by the fact that the sex might be pornographic; they worried that it was just plain stupid, blaming hubby/director **John Derek** for overindulgence in photographing Bo's bod. So far, however, that's the kind of indulgence audiences seem to think cannot be overed. Certainly, an appearance by Bo in July's *PLAYBOY* wasn't ignored.

Even Walt Disney's studios matured (with a new, mature name, Touchstone Films) and decided to flesh out those cute, nippleless little mermaids that used to

grace the cartoons. Chosen for the chore, fortunately, was gorgeous **Daryl Hannah**, who had had some previous experience with nudity in *Reckless* and *Summer Lovers*. Still, Daryl didn't doff readily, pasting Band-Aids over her nipples and packing make-up over that.

Hannah's triumph in *Splash* was no comfort for **Diane Lane**, who had competed with Daryl for leads in that picture and in *Streets of Fire*, losing one but winning the other. "Great! She'll show her chest and I'll sing," Lane commented somewhat superciliously about the competitive split. As it turned out, not only did *Fire* fizzle but Lane's singing was dubbed by **Laurie Sargent** and **Holly Sherwood**, among others.

Whatever the trend of the moment, the public itself simply refuses to become too jaded. Nudity remains sexy, as *PLAYBOY* has proved repeatedly. Recent layouts of the likes of **Joan Collins**, **Kim Basinger**, **Terry Moore**, **Mariel Hemingway**, **Nastassja Kinski** and **Tanya Roberts** helped them tap into new levels of popularity never achieved with excessive modesty.

For the entire year, in fact, there was little to rival the revelation that Miss America, **Vanessa Williams**, had posed nude before winning the title. Although *PLAYBOY* passed up a chance to print the sexpic pictures, we were far from surprised at the crowds lined up for a look when they did appear elsewhere. The hubbub forced Vanessa to give up her crown, but it may have assured her of a showbiz career.

Even near nudity can be troublesome, as **Alice Zook** discovered out there in Bartonville, Illinois. A gym teacher for 20 years, poor Alice lost her job at the Limestone Community High School for showing her girls' phys-ed classes a video tape of exercises as performed by the male strippers at Chippendales, one of those nighteries that flourish by teasing women-folk.

Indeed, the females are still insisting on seeing their fair share of skin, even though, for a change, **Richard Gere** did not strip in a movie this year. But while touring Japan, **Rick Springfield** did respond dramatically to a female reporter's query as to whether or not he wore underwear: He dropped his trousers at the press conference. (Less dramatically, the answer was, he did.) And getting to the bottom of things, the fan mags discovered that **John Travolta** also wears undies, but inside out, so the tags don't scratch.

Panties, however, remain preferred for truly suggestive attire, as newcomer **Kelly LeBrock** proves wonderfully in *The Woman in Red*. Borrowing from the famed **Marilyn Monroe** photo, LeBrock lets the air from a strategically placed vent in a garage blow her skirt high above her head and dances delightfully, going back for an encore.

And for her big film debut in *Scarface*, **Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio** teases audiences in a flimsy robe that seems sure to

(concluded on page 214)

"Leave it to Linda Ronstadt to come up with one of the year's most interesting romances, with George Lucas."

fall open any moment as she oozes obscenities at big brother Al Pacino in one of the year's more unusual scenes.

On television, of course, *everything* is suggestion, and even too much of that is forbidden. Dealing with incest in *Something About Amelia*, ABC laid down firm rules about how the father, Ted Danson, should behave around the daughter, Roxana Zal: Certainly, the network said, they should never be shown in bed together.

TV censors certainly have to think clearly, given the medium's continuing determination to sell sex in one form or another. Or, as former ABC executive Lou Rudolph put it (reinforcing something said here earlier), "You can never underestimate the horniness of the American public."

This year, TV's emphasis was on how *others* sell sex, sending so many aspiring actresses into the streets to talk with hookers that the Johns couldn't get close to the curb. Their research (and the networks' interest) may have been inspired by the box-office success of *Angel*, whose star, Donna Wilkes, spent hours on the street, talking with the girls about picking up tricks of the trade. Returning to the small screen for the first time in three years, Farrah Fawcett had a ratings hit as a madam in *The Red Light Sting*. Others who played prostitutes included Loni Anderson in *My Mother's Secret Life*, Veronica Hamel in *Sessions*, Phoebe Cates in *Lace* and Jennifer Jason-Leigh and Ann Jillian in *Girls of the White Orchid*. Even demure Debby Boone joined Barbara Carrera and Kim Cattrall in *Sins of the Past*. (Don't you just love those titles?)

Naturally enough, the networks had another rule for all these shows: Hooking does not bring happiness. The ladies involved had to either repent and get out or suffer terrible consequences.

Either way, many women viewers protested that prostitution is not an ideal occupation, and the clamor continued for more shows about working girls of a different sort. This generated television's idea of a socially redeeming response, e.g., the female detectives in *Cagney & Lacey* (Tyne Daly and Sharon Gless), *Partners in Crime* (Loni Anderson and Lynda Carter) and such crime-busting stepsisters as police psychiatrist Lindsay Wagner in *Jessie*. Other TV cops were real cuties, like luscious Heather Locklear on *T. J. Hooker*. Although willing to try a padded bra, Heather drew the line at padded panties and bikinis, saying she's not wild about scenes designed "strictly to show off what's under the uniform." Fortunately, she didn't win all her battles.

Although their pique is often understandable, young actresses do have a way of quickly forgetting why they were hired for a show in the first place. Over on the decidedly male *A-Team*, pretty Melinda Culea kept demanding more important duties and soon found herself replaced (the so-called Suzanne Somers solution to a producer's problem). Luckily, Heather Thomas understands her station on *The Fall Guy* better and has been content to remain as Lee Majors' side-kick. "I'm lucky to be working," said she wisely.

Offscreen, of course, the women were holding their own in all sorts of relationships, none of them establishing a trend but all seeming to share a fundamental wariness of their mates.

Perhaps Morgan Fairchild summed it up best, explaining why she and Craig Denault don't live together after divorces for each. "You have to give up too much freedom," said she. "You put up with a man's bad moods, wash his socks, clean up his dinner plates—hell, if I loved someone that much, I'd marry him."

And there may be additional significance in the fact that sexy Maria Conchita Alonso, who was happy to share a bathtub with Robin Williams in *Moscow on the Hudson*, lives alone in a one-bedroom apartment in West Hollywood, papered with pictures of herself on magazine covers. "I've always wanted to be the center of attention," she explains.

Or the balance Julie (*Educating Rita*) Walters finds in her small flat in London: "I have phases of being promiscuous and phases of being celibate. When I'm not working, I'm more interested in sex and blokes."

Such candor, of course, is not always commonplace among the foreign ladies, who have a flair for the mysterious. After steadfastly refusing to identify the father during her pregnancy, Nastassja Kinski acknowledged after the birth of a boy that Dad was Ibrahim Moussa. (They made it legal a few weeks later.) One of the suspected fathers had been old beau Roman Polanski, who keeps turning up in the lives of many lovelies. Polanski also acted a small part in the directorial debut of beautiful Arielle Dombasle, raising questions about their relationship, but Arielle wasn't talking.

British rock star Adam Ant has a tattoo on his upper arm with a heart inscribed PURE SEX. And somewhere on the same arm was draped Jamie Lee Curtis, who got antsy for him after her breakup with longtime fiancé Michael Riva.

More romantically, Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay followed through on

their commercially based romance in *Risky Business* by deciding to live together, with Tom apparently having re-evaluated his initial decision that their love scenes in the movie "weren't all that much."

Another screen couple, Michael Paré and Nancy Allen, also followed their romance in *The Philadelphia Experiment* with one in real life, though Paré at the time had the embarrassment of a wife, who filed for divorce. And, after posturing as one of the industry's more arrogant newcomers, Paré suffered the additional embarrassment of having *Philadelphia* prove to be as big a flop as his first two pictures, *Eddie and the Cruisers* and *Streets of Fire*.

Although noting "I'm not very promiscuous," Daryl Hannah shared a house Platonically with one man, writer David Stenn, while continuing her long affair with rocker Jackson Browne while he was divorcing his second wife, Lynne Sweeney.

For others, marriage was as durable as their careers. Robert Redford celebrated his 25th wedding anniversary and the success of another picture, *The Natural*, while James Brolin chalked up an 18th year of wedded bliss and his comeback in a new TV series, *Hotel*.

Leave it to Linda Ronstadt, though, to come up with one of the year's most interesting romances, taking up with producer-director George Lucas after he split from his wife, film editor Marcia Lucas. After California governor Jerry Brown, writer Pete Hamill and songwriter J. D. Souther, Ronstadt found in Lucas another reclusive personality to match her own. And with multimillions coming in from nearly a score of hot-selling records, Linda need not fear that George would think she just loved him for his *Star Wars* millions (not to mention a few more of his nickels from *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*).

Speaking of those megahits, they all have something in common besides Lucas: Harrison Ford. And if Linda had been looking for a hermit, he would not have been a bad choice. Ford has been so successful in avoiding publicity—especially about his private life—that in a recent national poll, only one out of five people knew who he was. He was left out of this layout, in fact, because there just weren't suitable photos available.

Ford's zealous passion for privacy, unfortunately, is fraught with danger, mainly because it leaves the field open for people like us to speculate. Maybe he's secretly androgynous. Maybe he once posed nude or, even worse, appeared partially clothed on Alice Zook's video tape out there in Bartonville.

If so, it's certainly easy to understand why the high school-gym girls might have been crushed when the tape was seized by their elders. But they probably got over it soon enough. After all, they still had the Olympics to look forward to.



Playboy's 1985 Playmate Calendar



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Veronica Gamba



Justine Coyner



Penny Baker

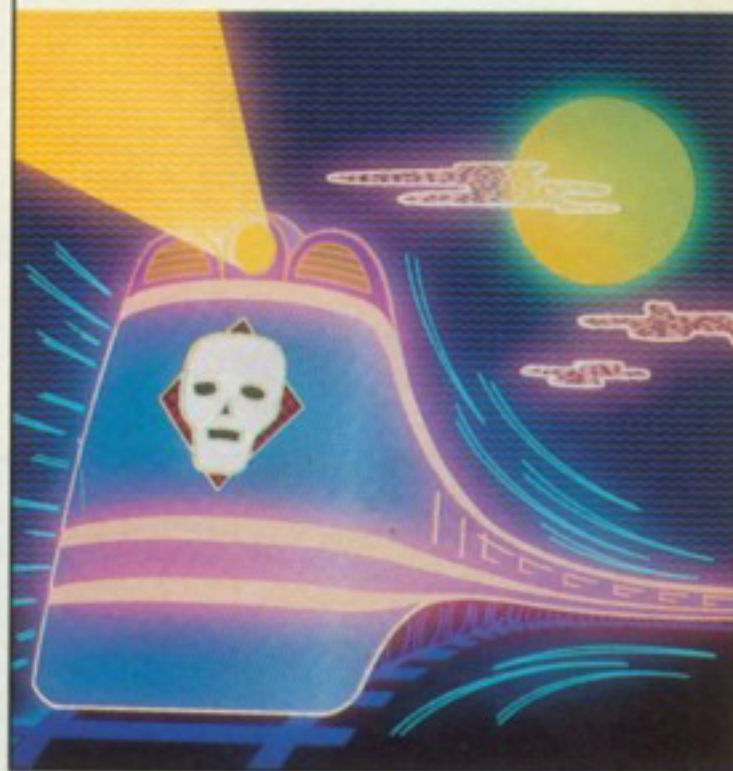


OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL RAG DOLL

Bid your feathers, beads, grass skirt or bikini goodbye if you're going native in the tropics this winter. Milady's hot-weather wardrobe can consist of nothing but a Bag of Rags—a collection of "flirty, floaty featherweight fashion ties in a rainbow of tints," says the manufacturer, Bag of Rags, at 208 West 29th Street, New York 10001. A booklet included with the Bag gives the owner 18 tying tips, but most wearers have some pretty wild and crazy wrap sessions of their own. And the \$15 price is as sinfully cheap as the Bag of Rags is sexy. Enjoy!

EVIL RIDES THE RAILS

Everybody knows that Amtrak trains can be murder, but now the 20th Century Railroad Club, 509 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago 60607, regularly perpetrates an ersatz crime on rails in the form of Murder on the 20th Century—an overnight mystery train trip to Indianapolis (with a stay at a hotel), plus first-class dining and bar service and *death*—all for \$225. Don't want to play sleuth? Just go for the ride.



THE QUESTION OF ROCK

The trivia craze just keeps rocking and rolling along. We now have two new competitions—the Solid Gold Music Trivia Game and Vintage Rock 'N Roll Trivia—that should have musicologists' noggins humming over such questions as "What is the only song in which the background singers repeat the word *mush*?" The Solid Gold game is played with a board that resembles a jukebox, and the price is a song—about \$15 at most game and department stores. Vintage Rock 'N Roll Trivia is in the form of a cassette with 12 complete games of 25 questions each, plus score pads as part of the \$10.95 price. A voice asks the question, gives the point value and—after a pause—gives the correct answer. Orders for Vintage Rock 'N Roll Trivia should be sent to Literary Games, Inc., P.O. Box 416, Lake Bluff, Illinois 60044. (Trivia answer: Johnny Horton's *North to Alaska*. Everybody knows that.)

SOMETHING TO PINE FOR

O *Tannenbaum*, you look lovely when you're trimmed, but all that shopping and *schlepping* leave much to be desired. That's where the wood choppers at Brookfield Nursery and Tree Plantation come in, as they'll ship you a five-foot-tall white-pine Christmas tree, boxed and guaranteed fresh, for only \$29.95, including U.P.S. delivery. Their address is P.O. Box 151, Blacksburg, Virginia 24060, or call 703-552-TREE and put it on plastic. At last, a reason to be jolly.





MORE BEAR MARKET

Abiner Smoothie, protagonist of Dennis Kyte's *The Last Elegant Bear*, the instant classic published months ago by Simon & Schuster, definitely hasn't gone into hibernation. His elegance has returned and he's now a 20"-tall stuffed bear by Gund that comes dressed in a wing-collar shirt, black tie and dressing gown—plus the ever-present chocolate-chip cookie in his paw. Talk about cute! One young lady we know swore she'd even mug a child to own one. And the price is nothing to growl at: \$65 in better toy and department stores. You old softy, you.

THRILLA GODZILLA

Just when you thought it was safe to go out on the street again, here's Godzilla, back in time to celebrate his 30th anniversary in the form of an eight-inch-tall radio-controlled monster that loves to rush about at parties, snapping at ladies' ankles. Godzilla is \$47.50, postpaid (including batteries), from The Afton Toy Shop, P.O. Box 98P2, Afton, Minnesota 55001. And that price includes a cardboard Eiffel Tower that he can knock over. More Godzilla news: Rumor has it the Japanese are releasing a son of Godzilla soon. We can hardly wait.



WASHINGTON SHUFFLE

Pick a card, any card, from a Politicards deck and you've dealt yourself a winner—maybe. On each card is a devastating caricature, done by artist Donald Gates, of one of our nation's biggies. Reagan, Bush, Mondale and Kennedy are kings; Nixon, Ford, Byrd and O'Neill are aces; and Roger Mudd and Dan Rather are jokers. The price is also a laugh—\$10 sent to The Kamber Group, 1899 L Street N.W., Suite 800, Washington, D.C. 20036. Wayne Newton's the five of spades. What's Newton doing in politics? Doesn't he own the country?



HOLLYWOOD FRAME-UP

There's gold in them thar Hollywood Hills, and it's in the form of the old posters that have ended up in the Motion Picture Arts Gallery—a store at 133 East 58th Street, New York 10022, that merchandises former flick flacks' work as it would old masters. The Belgian-released *Casablanca* poster pictured here is \$800, but for a mere 50 grand you can have a 1929 Austrian poster of Louise Brooks in *Diary of a Lost Girl*. We'll take two.



ENGLAND SPOKEN HERE

For all you Anglophiles too lazy to take advantage of the dollar-to-pound ratio, there's *London Outlook*, a bloody good eight-page newsletter published ten times a year. Food, drink, shopping, theater—there are more than enough tips and tidbits to keep all but the most jaded armchair traveler from nodding off by the fire. *London Outlook's* Stateside address is Janic Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 498, Millwood, New York 10546. The price: \$45 annually—a blooming bargain.





One of the Weavers

We think SIGOURNEY WEAVER is an exceptionally fine-looking woman and an actress of increasing range. So last summer, when she KOed the competition in two arenas, it came as no surprise to us. *Ghostbusters* was a big hit onscreen and *Hurlyburly* made it to Broadway. Weaver is our celebrity breast of the month. To all her recent achievements—bravo!



War of the Roses

What would you do if you were singing onstage and a bunch of girls kept coming up during your song and giving you flowers? Where to put them? ROD STEWART solved this concert-etiquette problem neatly while touring to support his *Camouflage* album. Would a rose by any other name smell so sweet?



Getting to Nona

Here's what singer NONA HENDRYX says about herself: "I don't think of myself as a female. I don't think of myself as a black female, and I don't think of myself as a rock artist. I'm interested in the new and the untried, and I don't mind accepting the consequences." With Nona, what you see is what you get!

Hanging Out at a Barre with Linn

This beautiful young woman makes a strong case for heredity and environment. LINN ULLMANN is the daughter of actress Liv Ullmann and director Ingmar Bergman, so her flair for the theater arts comes naturally. Currently modeling as well as studying acting and dance, Linn has her eye on the future. We've got our eye on her and now you will, too.



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The Galloping Gourmand

This adorable fellow is called FATTY BUSTER BLOODVESSEL, and he's the lead singer in the group Bad Manners. We don't think either name is a mistake. Fatty says his one serious aim in life is to eat 30 Big Macs in one sitting. We'll let the picture speak for itself. It looks as if he's on his way to a world record.



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Rags to Riches

Let's hear it for LITTLE STEVEN, a.k.a. Miami Steve, a.k.a. the Boss's main muse. He may be dressing like a gypsy, but he's writing songs like a prince. If you've listened to *Voice of America*, you know we're right.

About the duds:

We call it New Jersey chic.



COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 31ST ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



PLAYMATE REVIEW



SMART REDEFINED



HOT ROCKERS



NAGEL REMEMBERED

"REDEFINING SMART"—DOES KNOWLEDGE TODAY MEAN RECOGNIZING THE NAMES IN *PEOPLE* MAGAZINE? AN INQUIRY BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

"ROCK-'N'-ROLL SWEETHEARTS"—BE HONEST, NOW: HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE JUNE POINTNER, FRIEDA PARTON AND TERRI NUNN IN *PLAYBOY*?

"COMPANIONS: THE WOMEN AND DOGS IN MY LIFE"—A SWEET CELEBRATION OF TRULY MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS—BY WILLIE MORRIS

"PAT NAGEL RECALLED"—BEFORE HIS LIFE WAS CUT SHORT THIS PAST FEBRUARY, HE WAS ONE OF *PLAYBOY*'S FAVORITE ARTISTS. A TRIBUTE

"TRAPPINGS OF SUCCESS"—WHAT ONE POSSESSION MAKES YOU FEEL YOU'VE MADE IT, AND WHY? JEAN COX PENN PUT THAT QUESTION TO TOM BRO-

KAW, GORE VIDAL, MARVIN MITCHELSON AND OTHERS. THEIR ANSWERS MAY SURPRISE YOU

"YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS"—AN EROTIC RETELLING OF THE *CASABLANCA* STORY—BY ROBERT COOVER

"IF YOU KNEW SUSAN"—A WORDS-AND-PICTURES VISIT WITH HOLLYWOOD'S MISS BLAKELY

PLUS: A LOOK AT "SEXUAL AMBIGUITY IN AMERICA," BY JAMES BALDWIN; DAVID HALBERSTAM'S PORTRAIT OF THAT RARE MODERN ATHLETE, "THE AMATEUR"; HARRY CREWS'S VIEWS ON "SONS"; "TO HELL WITH WHOLESOME," A REPORT ON THOSE NEW PURITANS, BY LARRY L. KING; FICTION BY RAY BRADBURY AND ELMORE LEONARD; "20 QUESTIONS" WITH DIANE LANE; THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY"; AND "PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NEWS-MAKING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEWS WITH WAYNE GRETZKY, KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, JOHN HUSTON, MIKE WALLACE AND BOY GEORGE; RIVETING FICTION BY GEORGE V. HIGGINS AND DONALD E. WESTLAKE; "DISTANT REPLAY," REMEMBRANCES OF GAMES PAST, BY JERRY KRAMER AND DICK SCHAAP; "EXCAVATIONS: THE DRAMA OF OPEN-HEART SURGERY," BY WAYNE FIELDS; "THE LAST DAYS OF VIETNAM," RE-CREATED ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PULL-OUT, BY DAVID BUTLER; AND MORE