

HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

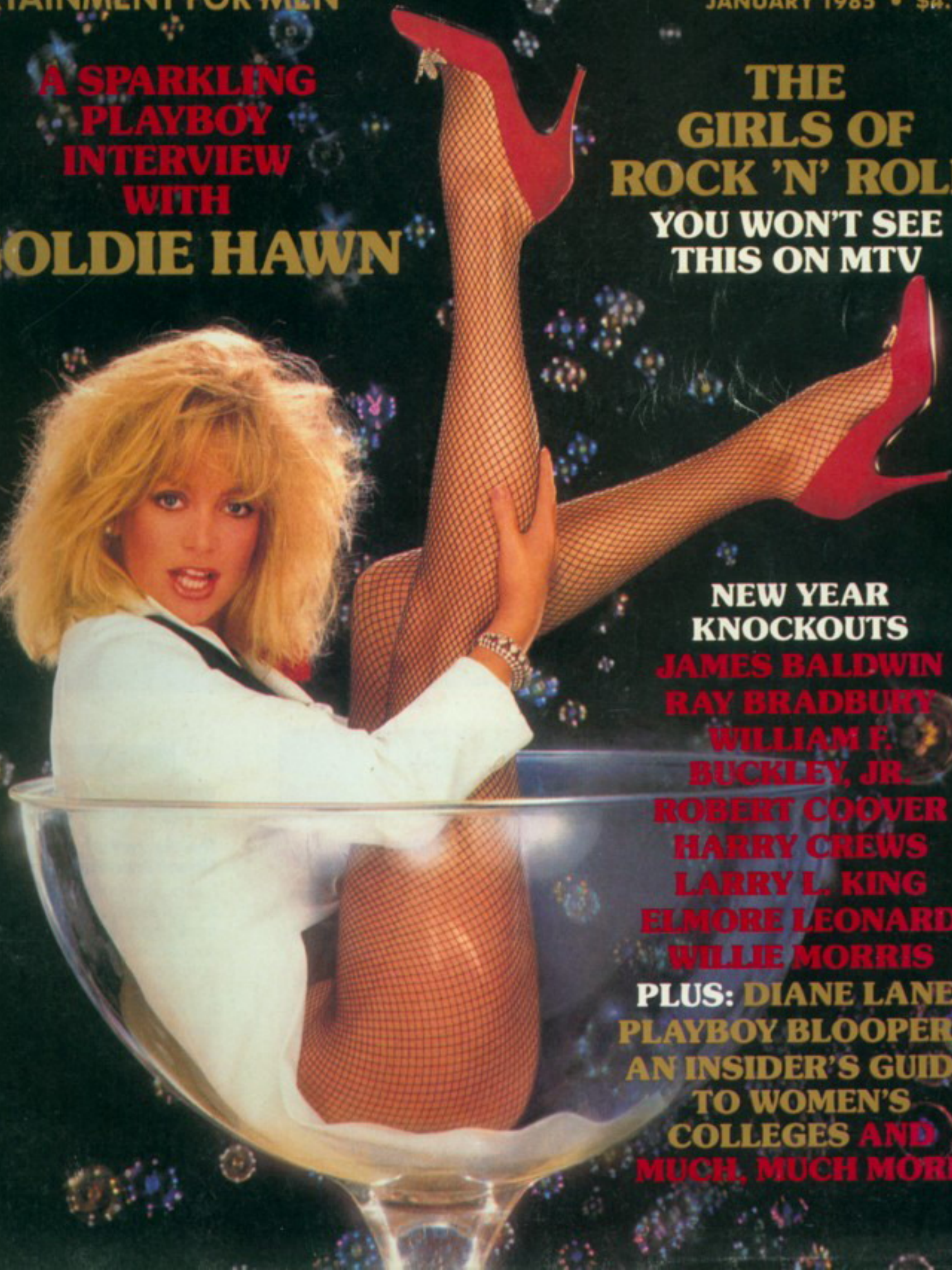
PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1985 • \$4.00

**A SPARKLING
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW
WITH
GOLDIE HAWN**

**THE
GIRLS OF
ROCK 'N' ROLL
YOU WON'T SEE
THIS ON MTV**



**NEW YEAR
KNOCKOUTS
JAMES BALDWIN
RAY BRADBURY
WILLIAM F.
BUCKLEY, JR.
ROBERT COOVER
HARRY CREWS
LARRY L. KING
ELMORE LEONARD
WILLIE MORRIS
PLUS: DIANE LANE,
PLAYBOY BLOOPERS,
AN INSIDER'S GUIDE
TO WOMEN'S
COLLEGES AND
MUCH, MUCH MORE**

MICHAEL KEATON
JOE PISCOPO MARILU HENNER MAUREEN STAPLETON
PETER BOYLE GRIFFIN DUNNE GLYNNIS O'CONNOR
DOM DeLUISE RICHARD DIMITRI DICK BUTKUS DANNY DeVITO

Organized crime has never been this disorganized!

JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY

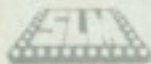


TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A MICHAEL HERTZBERG PRODUCTION • AN AMY HECKERLING FILM
MICHAEL KEATON • JOHNNY DANGEROUSLY [JOE PISCOPO AS VERMIN] MARILU HENNER • MAUREEN STAPLETON
PETER BOYLE • GRIFFIN DUNNE • GLYNNIS O'CONNOR • DOM DeLUISE • RICHARD DIMITRI AND DANNY DeVITO

TITLE SONG WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC MUSIC BY JOHN MORRIS SONG LYRICS BY NORMAN GIMBEL EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS BUD AUSTIN AND HARRY COLOMBY

WRITTEN BY NORMAN STEINBERG • BERNIE KUKOFF • HARRY COLOMBY • JEFF HARRIS

PRODUCED BY MICHAEL HERTZBERG DIRECTED BY AMY HECKERLING



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The Girls of Rock 'n' Roll

mtv, eat your heart out

YOU DON'T NEED TO go back to the Stones' *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out!* to know that rock 'n' roll has a lot to do with sex. A short list of typical titles: *Push, Push in the Bush, Hung Upside Down, Mama Told Me Not to Come, Then Came You, Easy Comin' Out (Hard Goin' In), It's Your Thing, My Ding-a-Ling, Why Don't We Do It in the Road?*, and, only for the lonely, *Beat It, Whip It* and *You'll Never Get Cheated by Your Hand*. A fast textual analysis reveals that rock 'n' roll's most popular word is baby, followed by kiss, my, ya-ya, yeah, yeah and yeah. Remember the Crickets, Buddy Holly's band? Waylon Jennings, who chirruped with them for a while, confirmed every parent's greatest fear when he said, "Rock 'n' roll meant fucking, originally. Which I don't think is a bad idea." (Better put that man in the Playboy Hall of Fame.) All of that was fine for Waylon and Willie and the boys, but the girls never seemed to get much of the action. There were feminine rockers even before Michael and the Boy. You had Little Eva; Diana Ross, Aretha, Tina and millions of -ellas and -ettes. Even Raisinettes, but they went stale in a hurry. On the kick-ass side, you had Grace Slick and Patti Smith and Chrissie Hynde. Linda Ronstadt actually won more platinum records than Elvis and The Who put together, but it was still a man's, man's world. Heavy-metallurgists, in particular, had an ornery attitude—if she can't suck the strings off a slide guitar, what's she doing backstage? But the times, as somebody said, a-change. Now there are more girls in the *guitarati* than ever before, and a few, inspired by pyromania or Jennifer Beals, are getting into heavy metal. *All* the women you'll find here have the two things rockers need, soul and sex appeal. We'll be focusing on the latter as personified by New Wave and old. Apollonia and Vanity. Stevie, Grace, Tina and even a few who aren't famous—yet. Consider it an attempt to fulfill a few rock-'n'-roll fantasies, in the spirit of rock's original meaning.

That's no biker fantasy to your left. That's Apollonia Kotero, 24, Prince's leading lady. "The character Apollonia plays in *Purple Rain* parallels who she really is," says a member of her band. "She came to Minneapolis as a spunky kid who wanted to learn." She sure learned to make the most of a teddy and garters (below, in a scene from the film). Former jingle singer Debra Raye (right) now fuses jazz and rock with San Diego's Aria.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



Already the best pair of singing twins since the Doublemintz, redheaded rockers Pam (left) and Paula Mattioli, 25, are at the center of a Florida phenomenon called Gypsy Queen. "I was into being Miss Natural and Pam was into foxed-out hair with loads of make-up," says Paula of their pre-Gypsy days. They settled on the Pam look and set about taking Florida by storm. You'll be hearing more about Gypsy Queen and about Natalie Pace (above right), of psychedelic pop's No Prisoners. Natalie, a copper miner's daughter and alumna of technopop's Communique, left her native Arizona for Hollywood's New Wave scene. She sings, writes songs and plays keyboards for No Prisoners. Below: Bettina Koster, who graduated from a German girl group called Malaria (didn't they do *Chills and Fever?*) to one with a more humanitarian name, In the Service Of.





Before Dale Bozzio (top left) became lead singer of Missing Persons, she was a Bunny in Boston. For a better look at Dale, see August 1982's *The World of Playboy*. Terri Nunn (center left), the only girl in Berlin—the band—is what promo people call “an ultravisceral lead singer,” and Grace Jones (bottom left) is simply ultra everything. Then there's our own Miss November 1974, Bebe Buell (above right, properly attired for Hollywood's Club Lingerie), who's been called “the *filet mignon* of rock.” Once the flame of Todd Rundgren and Elvis Costello, Bebe now has her own hot band, The B-Sides. It's time some smart A&R man signed Bebe and The B-Sides to a fat recording deal—their critically acclaimed independent work has been as fine as Bebe's fishnet.





Mischief's Becky LeBeau (left), who doesn't fancy men who are "into their bodies more than mine," likes getting into hot water to relax and getting down on the floor to perform (inset). Take a look at Freida Parton (above). The pose is Monroe's, but Freida shares name and endowment with her big sister Dolly. Below: Bass player Brinke Stevens and singer/songwriter Linnea Quigley of Linnea and the Skirts. They seldom perform sans skirts and shirts, but Skirt-chasing fans can hope.



Unless you remember Erocktica or haunt Manhattan's underground scene, you may not recognize nouveau rocker Khari Paige (above). Catch her act once and you will. For ten years, Tina Turner (below) has been on her own; she hit number one again with *What's Love Got to Do with It*. Hans Kung can relax; Tina's proof that soul is immortal.



Stevie Nicks (top) brought gypsies and witches out of the dark and onto the charts. Judi Dozier (above center), who won a beauty pageant singing *People*, plays keys for Billy Idol on such songs as *Flesh for Fantasy*. Even at 5'2", Pat Benatar (above) is big on volume and sex appeal.





Daughter-of-a-preacher-man June Pointer (above) joined sisters Anita, Bonnie and Ruth to turn a Gospel-rooted sound into Seventies successes ranging from Toussaint's *Yes We Can Can* to Springsteen's *Fire*. Bonnie has gone solo, but Ruth, Anita, and June (below) are harmonizing, and looking, better than ever in the Eighties. They're still great on vinyl, but don't miss their cabaret show—everyone needs a few Pointers now and then.



Back at the Club Lingerie, we find the Splitters' Dilithium Cristil (above and below), who sings and dances in the guises of Cleopatra, the Bride of Frankenstein and Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*. The Splitters do what might be called bijou rock, and Dilithium—a.k.a. Celena Allen—is the featured attraction.





Woman, thy name is Vanity (left). You've seen posters billing her as Miss Audio Visual 1984; you've seen her touring with Prince as the eponym of Vanity 6 (above) and reaching into his pants on the cover of *Rolling Stone*. Born in Niagara Falls, Vanity (D.D. Winters) took just 19 years to become Princess of the Minneapolis sound. Perth-born Cheryl Rixon (below), trained as a gymnast, is fast becoming famous for her onstage gymnastics. Her plans? "Using my fee from *PLAYBOY* to have my back tattooed." On the facing page, Cheryl shows why she's number one with a bullet.





AMERICAN IN PARIS

can joan bennett, a girl from a small town in the midwest, find happiness in the city of light? are you kidding?



JOAN BENNETT stops in front of an art gallery in Chicago. In the window are several prints by Erté. The women are sophisticated, elegant, glamorous, creative. The lines are flowing, graceful. Our Miss January reflects, "You have to wonder what kind of man he is to create something like that. I love to look at women, and his women are special. I'll buy that for my apartment when I *get* an apartment." There is something about Miss January that reminds one of Erté's women. She was raised in Glen Ellyn, a small town in the flatland outside Chicago. She is tough ("I can sing, dance and box. I hate a man who treats women as inferiors, who takes advantage. I'll stand up and rip his lip off, just pop 'im up the nose"). She is a street fighter. She entered a bikini contest at Mother's, a Chicago club, to earn money to put together a portfolio of photographs. John Casablancas, the head of Elite models, saw her and offered her a job. The next thing she knew, she was flying to France and Germany, with the beginning of a career as an international model. And that's where the comparison to Erté's women comes in. It's as though she belongs in Paris. "Glen Ellyn was always the same. I thought there should be more to life than traditional sex, going to college, finding a rich husband and ending up in the driver's seat of a station wagon—waking up to the sounds

We often ask Playmates to supply ideas for their picture stories. A surprising number have suggested that we do the photo session in Paris. We're talking romance. Joan wrote, "I have great friends there and lots of memories. No other city has so much charm and beautiful architecture." Turn the page for a look at her memories, magic in the making.





of kids playing with their Big Wheels every morning. I didn't want to let life go past." Less than a year after high school, Joan found herself looking for work in the cities of Europe. Every day, the agency would give her a list of "go-sees," photographers who were looking for models, and off she would go. She polished up her high school French (her mother is a French teacher) and waded in. "There I was, wearing my seven-dollar Michael Jackson watch, showing up for fashion shootings." She talks of the isolation, the adventure, the sudden passions that life overseas can lead to: "I was in a bus station, looking for something to read. The only books in English were by Roald Dahl. He's fantastic. It was like climbing onto an island of English. This trip, I discovered George Orwell. I know that he's good, that he's good even in the classroom, but I always remember books by where I read them. After the PLAYBOY shooting, I took a room in the Hôtel Le Montana, in St.-Germain-des-Prés, above the Café de Flore. Every morning, the sun floods through these ceiling-to-floor windows. I would order a room-service breakfast and read. I could hear the musicians who played at the café." Joan can talk with equal excitement

"I never unpack my suitcase," says Joan. "Everything is folded and ready to go. Last year, I traveled all over Europe. It seemed as if every few weeks I had to deal with a new apartment, new friends, new language, new money. I tend to avoid Americans overseas. I try to speak the language. I miss having deep conversations, but I get by." Below and right, she asks gendarmes for directions and shops for souvenir sketches.

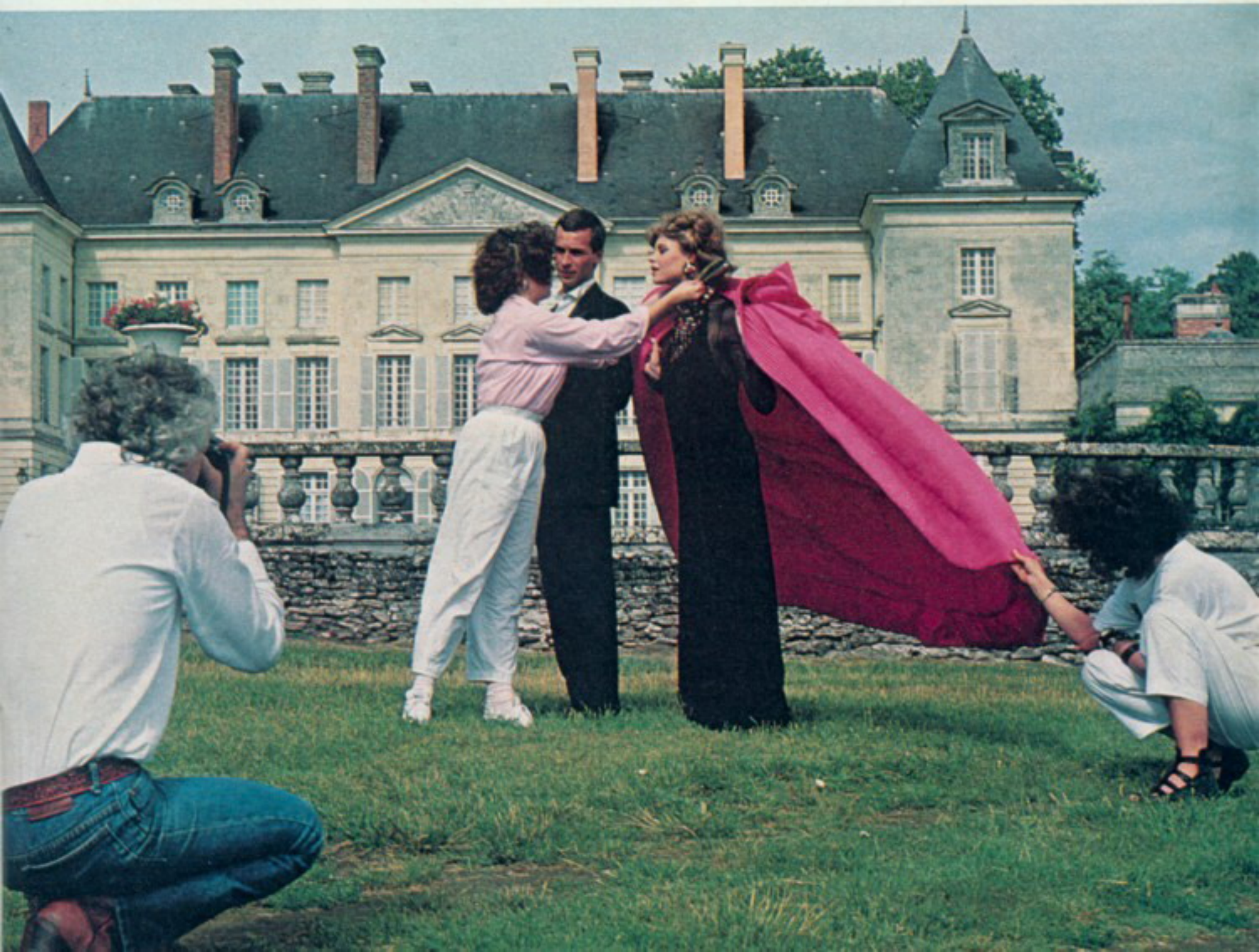




Joan and Abigail Wolcott, another model (left), spend the day visiting photographers. "I love go-sees," says Joan. "You get to the most interesting parts of the city, places tourists never go. It's a bit of adventure."



It's not likely that tourists end up in the offices of French Vogue or at the château of a marquis. Above, Joan goes over her book with Vogue art director Paul Wagner and head booker Daphné de Saint-Marceaux. Below, she models the 1985 haute couture winter collection of designer Louis Féraud outside the Château de Montgeoffroy, in Anjou, France.





"I grew up in a small town in the Midwest—the kind of place where you spent a week talking about how wild the weekend was. I like to have something new to do every night. I work out, see films, theater, friends. I like to argue. I like intensity."

"I'm very independent and restless. I don't like to stay in one place. I love to watch people, but I don't want to get to know them. I like to party with people, but I don't want to become attached to, or dependent on, anyone or anything. That's all."



about weekends in the country and the escape after a difficult shooting. She has an ear for sounds. "I spent a weekend at this spot that wasn't even on the map. It was a real break not to have to put on make-up every morning, especially when mornings began with a five-o'clock rooster crowing. I spent the days lying in the sun, listening to classical music and mooing cows. It's a nice combination." She laughs when she recalls her early social encounters. "There was a guy in Munich whose idea of a first date was going to a nude beach. I got to watch him play Frisbee with his dog. Very funny. The next day, I was sunburned in places you wouldn't believe." Being on the move makes romance difficult. "I met a fairly well-known man, and then an assignment made me leave in the middle of my feelings for him. You can't conduct a





Maybe it was the Paris light. Maybe it was the model. Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley was enthusiastic about the shooting. "Joan has a range of expression that's fantastic. She has a look that draws you right into the picture."





relationship looking at each other's pictures in magazines." Not that she will settle down any time soon. "I'll be his guest for dinner. He can wash the dishes the next morning." For the time being, Joan is committed to her career, shuttling between Chicago and Europe. Where will it end? *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley thought that Joan had more potential as an actress than any Playmate he's shot in recent years. Alas, Miss Bennett's ideas for the future don't seem to include Hollywood, unless they plan on making a *Rocky V* with a female lead and filming it in Paris. Joan recalls some of her early career plans. "Well, I took up weight lifting when I was 17, and everything was up north and firm. It was fun seeing results. I read a fascinating book on nutrition by Jane Brody. Perhaps I'll go to college and study nutrition and physical education. Maybe I'll go to college in Paris. . . ." Notice how Paris keeps coming up in the conversation? This is one girl who won't stay down on the farm.

*"In high school, I was voted the senior most likely to be a *PLAYBOY* centerfold. People said it could be a bad idea, but what if I turned 30 and regretted not doing it? That would be tragic. So, Glenbard West, class of '82, you'll be glad to know I didn't let you down."*



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Joan Bennett

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 8-30-69 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago

AMBITIONS: To live a full life and be proud of what I've accomplished.

TURN-ONS: a good argument, challenges.

TURN-OFFS: Talking politics, the American legal system, paperwork & red tape.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Everything by Roald Dahl. Animal Farm & Nineteen Eighty-Four, by Orwell.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Meryl Streep, Eric Roberts, Joan Rivers.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Gymnastics.

IDEAL MAN: Artistic, goal oriented, passionate about his work & his life, genius I.Q., long hair.

SECRET FANTASY: To win the Illinois state lottery.

3 yrs.

10 yrs.

17 yrs.



a problem child.



Not a care in the world.



Thinking of the future.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

There's a great old Victor Mature movie on the *Late Show*," the girl told her boyfriend. "Shall we watch it?"

"By all means, baby," he replied, "but how about after I've had a pre-Mature ejaculation?"

When a foolhardy chap who was found in a cocktail lounge with a top Mobster's girl was also found to have a packet of condoms in his pocket, he was dumped into the harbor weighted down with rubber cement.



Singles-bar line: "I don't actually have a sailboat, but I enjoy being blown ashore."

A proper elderly English couple visiting Australia decided to hire a car to take a look at the outback. "We know it's rough country, but it's safe and decent, isn't it?" the husband inquired of the rental-agency manager. Upon being assured that it was, the couple drove off.

Later that day, they returned, upset and angry. "You said it was decent country," the Englishwoman upbraided the rental agent, "but we hadn't driven too far when we saw a man in a field copulating with a kangaroo!"

"And not too long after that," complained her husband, "a one-legged aborigine leaning against a tree by the side of the road grinningly waved at us with one hand while he brazenly masturbated himself with the other!"

"Guv'nor," responded the Aussie, "yer wouldn't expect a poor bugger like that, with only one leg, to catch a 'roo, would you?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *North Pole* as an Eskimo's erection.

Said a cocksman named Quick with a snigger,
As his pecker grew bigger and bigger:

*If I slipped in your slit
With my tip on your clit,
I'd describe that as Quick on the trigger!"*

My husband never has time for sex with me," the woman complained to the marital counselor. "He's a Nobel Prize winner, and he's away a lot making trips to some special kind of bank."

It was truly a strange medical case. During a badminton tournament at a nudist camp, the impact of a viciously smashed shuttlecock effectively neutered one of the male players. A publication devoted to sports medicine published an article about the freak accident. It was appropriately titled "Two Stones Killed by One Bird."

Maybe you've heard about the swishy spy whose mission was to gain the confidence of certain gay officials on the other side. He was subsequently decorated by his government for having given AIDS and discomfort to his enemy.

*The classics have quite a mystique
For gay Oxford dons like McPeck,
Whose love for a hero
From Athens—young Spiro—
Involves boning up in his Greek.*

My mother," the young lady told the psychiatrist with some hesitation, "is a . . . well . . . you know . . . a madam."

"There is no reason for you to feel ashamed," said the shrink, "about her running a mom-and-pops business."



A young couple were engaged in a highly vocal discussion at one end of the bar.

"But it's less filling," insisted the girl.

"But you must admit it tastes great," countered the young man.

"Less filling!"

"Tastes great!"

An older and quieter drinker shook his head at the bartender. "Can you imagine," he remarked, "getting that excited about the merits of one of those light beers?"

"About a beer?" responded the barman, who had just moved back from the area of the animated discussion. "What those two are arguing about is oral sex."

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.



"Winslow, if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen!"



PLAYBOY'S BLOOPERS, BONERS AND F**K-UPS

*join the playmates
for a trip down
memory lane—but
look out for
banana peels*



Above, 1981 Playmate of the Year Terri Welles knows she's number one. Miss October 1976, Hope Olson (inset), smiles; Patti McGuire (November '76) tires (below right); and (below) Gig Gangel (January '80) bites Kym Herrin (March '81).



AFTER Warren Beatty, John Derek and Hef, the PLAYBOY photographer is probably the most envied man alive. He wakes up, kisses whomever, packs his aluminum suitcase and heads for the studio, where this month's Playmate is busy undressing, figuring out how best to impress him in her birthday suit. There may be a shortage of family doctors and bomb defusers, but we could start an employment agency with the guys who send letters every month—sheepish grins between the lines—saying, "Hey, you wouldn't happen to need another shootist, would you?" We wish we could hire them all, but there are only so many cameras in America. That's why we are presenting the collection of goofs you see here—to prove the life of a PLAYBOY photographer isn't all glamor and gratification. Though it is, we'll have to admit, almost always fun.





Miss Sweet Tooth (a.k.a. Miss February 1973, Cyndi Wood) snatches a little cotton candy. Above, January '82 Playmate Kimberly McArthur does the curly shuffle in kneepads—she'll be posing on her knees. Below, current Playmate Joan Bennett and a lucky local window washer.

Below: The cat with Missy Cleveland (April '79) gave up eight lives for this. Farther below: Cathy St. George (August '82) and Suzi Schott (August '84) mug for our Japanese edition, which can't show pubic hair.





Except for Miss May 1982, Kym Malin (left), who got puckish, not tuckered, the girls will tell you that our photographers' expertise left them all agape. To the right—a veiled look from our December 1981 Playmate, Patricia Farinelli. Sleepwalking clockwise from Patti, you'll find Marlene Janssen (November '82), Linda Rhys Vaughn (April '82), Kym Herrin, Patricia McClain (May '76) and Cathy St. George. And these are just a few examples of the excitement that rages through our photo sessions.





Phallic Object Department: At the upper left, we have Miss January 1976, Daina House, innocently revving up a candle for an elegant crystal-and-tablecloth shot. Funny thing, though—when she started, it was a birthday candle. Above, an exciting but exhausting new way to row your boat gently down the stream, compliments of Miss February 1975, Laura Misch. Laura's was one of our more expensive Playmate layouts, since she and the crew spent so much time going around in circles. The Wonders of Formula 409 Department: Making a clean breast of Cathy Larmouth at the upper right, Miss January 1968, Connie Kreski (see Cathy's right breast), and a photo assistant (see Cathy's left) help Miss June 1981 put up a good front (see both). This is the only shot in this whole pictorial that was a setup. In real life, Cathy's pristine. All the Playmates are perfect, in fact, and the evidence is all over these pages. Not one has ever suffered from fatigue, exhibitionism or even waxy build-up.



All those who can name the lady to our immediate right without reading farther, report to our offices for your lie-detector test. It took so long for us to match that floral pattern to the matchless Sheila Mullen that now we're the ones hiding our heads. Look up the rest of Sheila in our May 1977 issue—you'll be amazed that the woman ever wanted to cover her upper half. One of our most striking Playmates ever is the 5'10" Shannon Tweed (far right). A graceful, dignified Canadian, "Boss" Tweed became our Playmate of the Month in November 1981, then reigned as 1982's Playmate of the Year. "I really had always wanted to be a Playmate," she told a PLAYBOY writer at the time. "Every girl's fantasy is to become the most beautiful, desired woman in the world."



That's Miss May 1984, Patty Duffek, at the upper left, testing for a role in *Attack of the Killer Oranges*. Above, July 1982 Playmate Lynda Wiesmeier keeps a watch on the rind and lets the seeds fall where they may, while the aforementioned Miss Malin (left) takes advantage of the lift provided by her favorite straight-backed chair. We told you it was cold, Kym. At the lower left, Daina House returns. Playmates seldom use obscene gestures; Daina was probably just pointing out a bird.





With a smirk and gesture à la hubby Jimmy Connors, Patti McGuire (left) gets Mr. Bubble started. Below, Miss June 1978, Gail Stanton, shows her warm feeling for our photographer, who had trouble focusing on the job at hand.



Even *Splash* fans know that Daryl Hannah has nothing on Shannon Tweed (above). Shannon, that Atlantis-deco set cost almost as much as your Porsche. And you spit on it. Still, we can't look crosswise at such a pretty face (inset). Now we've come full circle, from nose-picking to eye-crossing, to meet Ashley Cox, Miss December 1977. You've noticed the sign, of course. In this pictorial, nothing turned out right.



Patrick Nagel

a tribute

NOT SINCE Alberto Vargas has an artist so captured the sensuous in lines so simple as did Patrick Nagel, who died last February at the age of 38. Every piece he created showed the same love of women. Every image had an unmistakable edge that took it out of the arena of minor illustration into the eternal. Nagel influenced a generation of illustrators.





Pat Nagel was a loyal friend and a valued member of the PLAYBOY family. As one staffer recalls, "He was taller and nicer than you had imagined him to be, a gentle genius. He did what he did because he loved it." We miss him. We miss his art.





in PLAYBOY in 1974.

His drawings of elegant, erotic women originally graced the pages of *Playboy After Hours* but soon appeared in *The Playboy Advisor*, *The Playboy Forum* and as accompaniments to major pieces of fiction and nonfiction as well. He created a look for the Eighties, one that combined the free-and-easy openness of West Coast design with the classical style of art deco. The images were oddly cropped, as in some Japanese prints. The figures were sophisticated, simple, stark and ultimately seductive.



Pat

Public reaction to Nagel's work was immediate. His career was in the ascendant. He was fast becoming a superstar. His work had been exhibited in galleries from coast to coast. Prints hung in The Louvre, the White House and the Smithsonian. He had done work for other magazines (*Harper's*, *Architectural Digest*, *Palm Springs Life*). He had done portraits of such famous women as Joan Collins. Shortly before he died, we asked him to create a special portfolio of erotic-fantasy images. We present them here as a final gift to our readers. Thanks, Pat.



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

Michael's tour made quite a stir,
But something deep inside us
Balked at making wealthier
A guy who's rich as Midas.



A nation staggered from the blows—
No pity or relief
As Clara bombed us senseless with
Her bellow, "Where's the beef?"



The L.A. games were really great
For shouting "U.S.A.!"
We'll do as well in '88
If Ivan stays away.



Mondale named a running mate,
His chances to enhance.
Chauvinists just looked at Fritz
And said, "Who wears the pants?"



The jury for De Lorean
Reviewed his choice of fates.
And ruled that he'd be better making
Cars than license plates.

When Burford sought the comeback trail
Opponents cried, "No chance!"
So back to pasture Annie went
(She'll share it with Bert Lance).

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock
Shook up the Milky Way.
Now they're making *Star Trek IV:*
The Search for Kirk's Toupee.



Six months from wedding day to birth
Was Caroline's creation.
It seems a princess can repeal
The laws that rule gestation.



John McEnroe toned down his act
As tennis brat unbearable.
Now Lendl reigns as king of boors.
All hail Ivan the Terrible!

Though Johnny Carson's marriage woes
May leave his wallet flat,
The monologs he's gained from them
Work out as tit for tat.

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry personalities and events that made news in 1984

With Farrakhan in Jackson's camp,
One wondered who was boss.
Was Louis Jesse's new guru
Or just his albatross?



The dollar boomed, while overseas,
Most money values sank.
The pound was light, the mark grew faint,
But mostly shrank the franc.

Once, to hear her scream and kvetch,
Our sex lives we forsook.
But now it seems Joan Rivers has
Become a babbling brook.

The ratings made a new taboo
Of blood and severed bones,
But kids were still addicted to
Their Indiana Jones.



For half a mil did Nixon give
His life a second look,
Concluding, as he had before,
That he is not a crook.



Attention must be paid, we know,
To Hoffman's Salesman's death,
But we kept seeing Dustin
In a long red-thequined dreth.

McCartney, nabbed for smuggling pot,
Drew just a yawn or two.
It seemed to most that Paul should face
A charge of *déjà vu*.

Ms. Bombeck wrote that raising kids
Can surely be the pits.
Still, motherhood's the mother lode
As Erm lives by her wits.



In '84, we rolled the dice
And learned our rights, to boot:
The rights to life and liberty
And Trivial Pursuit.

Ol' Ron, that card, he made us laugh
About his nuclear joke.
Perhaps he'll give the button, too,
A playful little poke.



Fuzzy wasn't fussy, was he?
Fuzzy'd drink awhile.
Fuzzy, buzzy, gulped and won the
Open by a smile.



Grace Jones and Annie Lennox led
A wave of rhythm blenders
Who zoomed to fame primarily
As benders of their genders.

There she was, our beauty queen.
What cad could e'er demean her?
The guy who sold the photos of
Her Junior Miss demeanor.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW



a roundup of the past delightful dozen

IF YOU ARE one of those connoisseurs who recall each year of centerfolds as a vintner recalls his vintages, we think you will agree that this was a *very* good year. If you've forgotten just how good it was, this roundup of the 1984 Playmates will remind you. Not only does it have bite *and* edge, it has, in the jargon of winetasters, both body and depth. We recommend that you sip—ah, *read*—slowly.





Miss April

Lesla Ann Pedriana (left) has started her own firm of make-up artists and bought a new car since appearing in *PLAYBOY* last April. She has also purchased two ferrets, named Fink and Taxi, and plans to train them for the movies. How many casting calls are there for ferrets, Lesla? "Not many, but when one comes up, I'll definitely have the best-trained ferrets in Hollywood."

Miss November

You may have seen Roberta Vasquez (right) on the TV series *People Do the Craziest Things*, walking up to strangers in the men's-underwear section of a department store and requesting that they try on a pair of shorts she had supposedly bought for her "boyfriend." Not surprisingly, not a single man refused to comply. Never underestimate the power of a Playmate.

Miss February

Since her centerfold appearance last year, Justine Greiner (left) has visited Hawaii, where she tried scuba diving for the first time. "It was kind of scary getting the hang of the breathing techniques," she reported. Justine still works at a large retail store in Beverly Hills (sorry, we can't tell you which one) and hopes to become a buyer in a few years.





Miss August

Suzi Schott tells us she has been "busier than ever in my life" making promotional appearances for PLAYBOY. She has also posed for a retailer of exercise equipment (making the equipment look very good, by the way). She's taking acting classes and, says the ex-secretary, she's "never going back" to a typewriter.



Miss September

Since Kim Evenson posed for *PLAYBOY*'s September issue, she's had a role in the third *Porky's* movie, *Porky's Revenge*. (She plays a Swedish exchange student who drives Pee Wee crazy.) She has also started body building: "I've lost a few pounds and my body's getting better and better." Stretches the imagination, doesn't it?



Miss October

When we caught up with fast-moving Debi Johnson (right), she had just returned from a week-long trip to Calgary and was on her way to Houston, where she and Miss January 1982, Kimberly McArthur, were scheduled to be judges in the Great American Strip-Off. Says Debi, "Being a Playmate is more fun than I expected, and my expectations were sky-high."

Miss March

Dona Speir (left) spent last summer in Europe, but now she's back in the States, taking a course in floral design (she wants to open her own flower shop). She appeared in last October's *Cosmopolitan* and had a part in a *Matt Houston* TV-series episode. She also bought herself a new Porsche but confesses that roller skates are still her favorite wheels.

Miss June

Tricia Lange (right) has appeared in segments of TV's *Mike Hammer* and *Blue Thunder*. She also has a part in a new movie, *Johnny Dangerously*, starring Michael Keaton. She's the poster girl for Bohemia Beer ("I get all the free beer I want") and, as if that weren't enough success, she has a new boyfriend, Carlos Cavazo, guitarist for the band Quiet Riot.





Miss December

At the time we reached Karen Velez (above), she had just been released from the hospital after an emergency appendectomy but expected to be up and around soon. Before that, she had been busy making promotional appearances for PLAYBOY in Canada and Connecticut—"I love Hartford." We're sure Hartford loves Karen.



Miss July

Liz Stewart (above) has a new West Hollywood apartment, which doubles as her photo studio. She assisted (and interpreted for) PLAYBOY Associate Staff Photographer Kerry Morris on assignment to photograph our Mexican edition's first native-born Playmate, Elizabeth Aguilar. As you'll recall, Liz speaks fluent Spanish.



Miss January

Our 30th Anniversary sweetheart, Penny Baker (left), has moved to California, is studying acting and has already appeared in an episode of TV's *Benson*. She guested on *Family Feud* and has appeared in commercials for Honda and Ford, too. She's also enrolled at UCLA, where she's taking classes in government and philosophy. Her life's a Plato cherries.

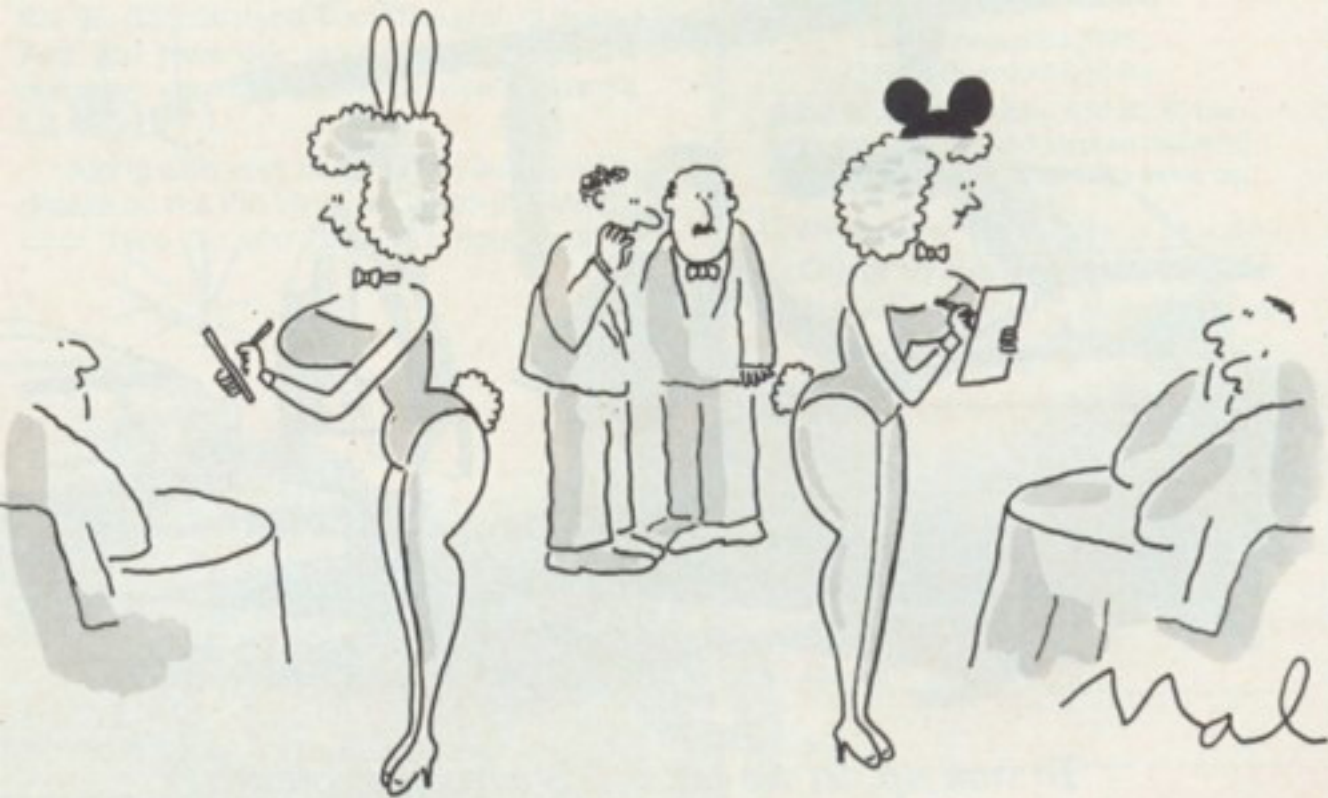
Miss May

Patty Duffek (right) still—believe it or not—fills in part time at Pioneer Chicken Take-Out in Phoenix, where she was working when we discovered her. "Customers come in and say, 'Are you really that Playmate?'" she reports, which explains why business is booming. Patty plans to return to college next fall to get a degree in business administration.





"My daddy can't come and play with you today and I'm supposed to keep an eye on you."



"You'd better talk to that new girl, Henderson."

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

SOLLY GETS ANNIE A GIG AS A SPEAR CARRIER IN THE OPERA CLASSIC *DIE WALKÜRE*, AUTHORED BY RICHARD WAGNER IN 1870... THE GOOD OLD DAYS BEFORE SEX. *DIE WALKÜRE* CONCERNS ITSELF WITH THE WARRIOR SIEGMUND, WHO HAS A CHILD, SIEGFRIED, BY SIEGLINDE, HIS KINKY TWIN SISTER. AS THE CURTAIN RISES ON THE DRESS REHEARSAL, WE SEE A TONSILS'-EYE VIEW OF ANNIE THROUGH THE MOUTH OF PRIMA DONNA MADAME GLOTTAL....



I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING IN AN OPERA, SOLLY... AND THE TENOR MAKES ME NERVOUS. GOOD VOCAL CORDS, BAAD HANDS.

HANG IN THERE, SWEETIE. I THINK HE DIES IN THE FIRST ACT.

BRÜNNHILDE... WO IST DU, MEIN LIEBCHEN?

HIER ICH BIN, MEIN VATER!

KOMMEN SIE HIER, MEIN APPLE STRUDEL....





ACH!



MAESTRO!
I ADMIT THAT
THE DIVA IS HEAVY.
YOU MUST NOT
THINK OF HER AS
A BODY. THINK
OF HER AS A
VOICE!

'ATSA NO VOICE
IS FALLING ON ME!
SHE'S A
TOO FAT! I'M A
TOO FLAT!
SHE'S GONNA
MAKEA ME A
SOPRANO! I QUIT!
CIAO!

BUT, SIGNOR PATATOOTI, WE OPEN TONIGHT! WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! WHAT IF WE USE THE DIVA'S VOICE AND HIDE HER BODY OFFSTAGE? THAT WAY, WE CAN SUBSTITUTE ANY BODY WE WANT, AND THE SUBSTITUTE BODY CAN LIP SYNC THE DIVA'S WORDS.



'ATSA
GREAT
IDEA! AND
I SEE
JUST THE
BODY!



OPENING NIGHT...

MACHEN
SIE SCHNELL
MIT DAS
VOLKS-
WAGEN...

HOYO-
TOYAH!
HOYO-
TOYAH!
ACHTUNG!
SHPITFIER!

SUCH
A
VOICE!

WHO
IS
SHE?



HOYOTOYAH!
BEI MIR BIST DU SCHOEN!
BEI MIR BIST DU EIN...

(LIP SYNC)

SUCH
TONE!

SUCH
VOLUME!



LISTEN TO THAT
AUDIENCE! THEY'RE
GOING WILD!

THEY'RE
GOING
WILD FOR
ME!

GET
OUT THERE,
SWEETIE, AND
TAKE YOUR
BOW!

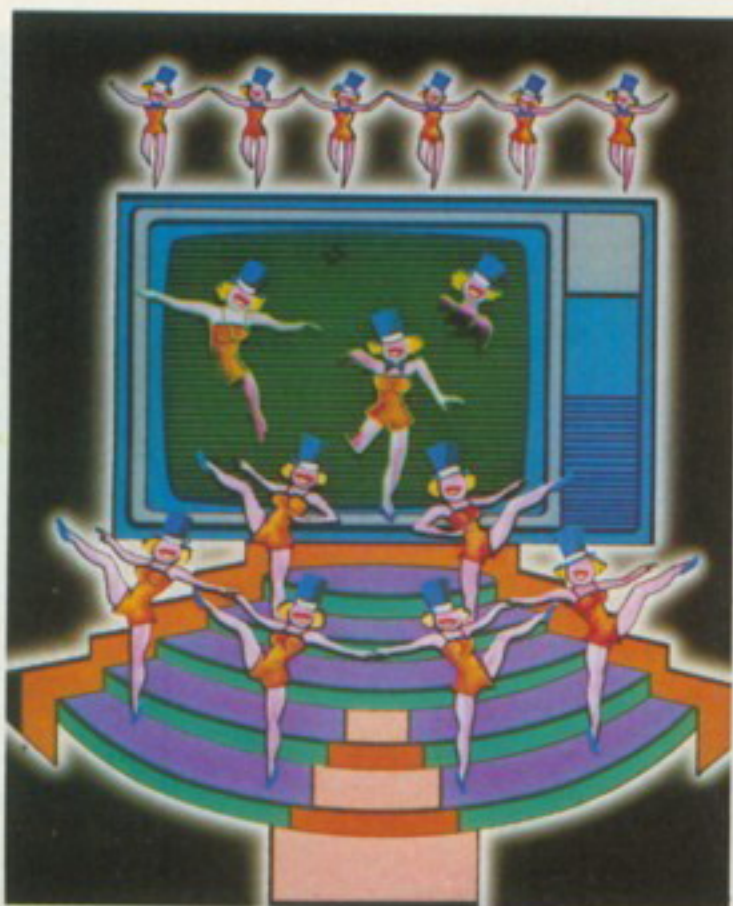
CLAP!
CLAP! CLAP!
CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP
CLAP!

EN-
CORE!
ENCORE,
BRÜNN-
HILDE
!



GOLD DIGGERS OF 1985

For those of you who go into cinematic withdrawal when such golden oldies as *Gold Diggers of 1933*, *They Drive by Night* and *Passage to Marseille* aren't scheduled on the *Late Show*, there's relief coming from Key Video of La Jolla, California, as it has just released, in VHS and Beta, 24 classic flicks from the Thirties, Forties and Fifties—including those mentioned above. Priced around \$60, they'll look nice on the shelf next to your autographed picture of Vera Hruba Ralston.



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

Years ago, the family motto was "Home sweet home." Today, according to Network Marketing, P.O. Box 26732, Lakewood, Colorado 80226, it's "He who dies with the most toys wins." And to prove the point, Network Marketing has created an 8" x 10" brass-and-walnut-finished plaque (\$21, postpaid) that we're sure all readers of *PLAYBOY* will want to hang on the wall—overlooking their 928S Porsches with the custom Recaro seats and the Escort radar detectors. Yeah!



THE HOME STRETCH

The Lovin' Spoonful used to sing *Do You Believe in Magic?* and you'll be humming that, too, instead of the denim blues after you try Stretch 'N Fit, a "miracle" product in a pump bottle that enables you to stretch the waistband of cotton jeans and cords 14 to 20 percent, depending on how many times you've previously washed them. If that's impossible to believe, here's more good news: The price for a bottle—which holds about 40 applications—is only \$8.50 sent to Stretch 'N Fit, 30100 Town Center Drive "O," P.O. Box 6900, South Laguna, California 92677. Wonders never cease.



CALLING ALL GOURMETS

Most pro football linebackers we know eat raw meat off a plate on the floor. But tell that to Mel Owens, number 58 of the Los Angeles Rams, and he'll have you in a culinary scrimmage, explaining the subtleties of fine dining. Owens is the president of Computer Marketing International, and what he markets is free dining advice that's available to anyone who calls his Restaurant Referral Hotline (800-LETS-EAT), whose operators provide information on the best places to eat in major cities throughout the U.S. Specifics on various categories, including price, entertainment and type of cuisine, are just a few of the gourmandial areas Owens' service can clue you in on. Sorry, restaurants staffed by topless waitresses aren't one of them; but next time you're in Denver and want tandoori chicken, try him.

CHIP OFF THE COMPUTER BLOCK

The Computer Museum may be a "non-profit, public institution chronicling the evolution of information processing," but The Computer Museum Store, at the same address—300 Congress Street, Boston 02210—stocks just about every item your technomind could desire, from Peter Laurie's *The Joy of Computers* (\$19.95) to a chocolate microchip (\$5.95). The store has a catalog. Byte.



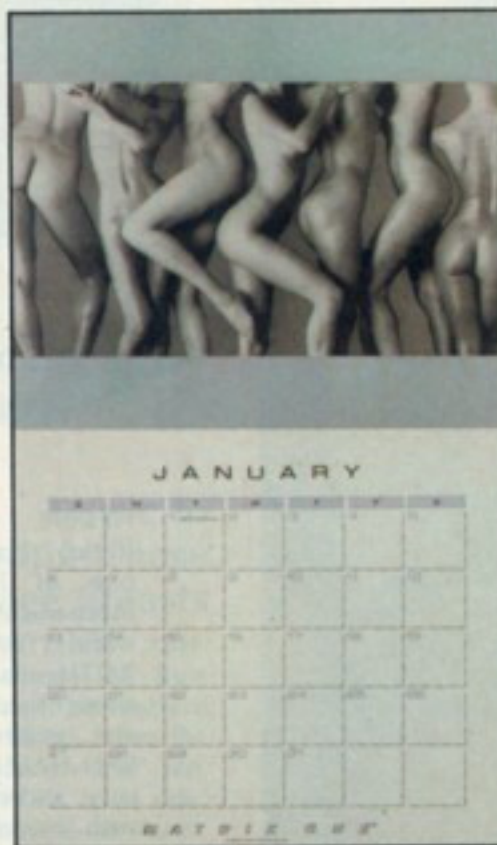
FREEZE FROM DOWN UNDER

From the land of Foster's lager come Frozen Moments, common domestic objects frozen in time (actually, resin and plaster) by Australian artist Geoffrey Rose. *Surprised Cereal*, *Wet Paint* and *Esca-paste*, shown here, go for \$100 each from Rose's Stateside rep, Aspen Enterprises, P.O. Box 419, Aspen, Colorado 81612. There are about a dozen more to choose from. Claes Oldenburg, eat your heart out.



ADDING T TO DESTINY

Here you are with the midwinter blues, and everybody at the health club is roostering about where he went on his Christmas vacation, in T-shirts with the names of Barbados, Rio and other fun sun spots emblazoned across the chest. Ah, but there is a Santa Claus, Virginia, as a company called Cheap Trips, Box 31104, Bethesda, Maryland 20814, stocks a variety of men's and women's T-shirts with status stop-offs from Acapulco to Zurich printed on them. One dollar gets you a catalog that contains info on colors, styles and prices (\$9.50 to \$10.50, plus postage). How could you travel cheaper?



THE WILD BUNCH

To inspire all you armchair Charles Atlases to build a better body, Matrix One, a fitness complex in California, has just released its first calendar (\$8.95, postpaid, sent to Stoller Productions, P.O. Box 691323, Los Angeles, California 90069), and guess what's waiting for you each month? Faceless females—beautiful and well built—power curling, pumping iron and doing other strenuous exercises. You'll just have to imagine what lies above all those potent perfect pecs. Or, for \$28, you can have an eye-catching 24" x 36" poster of the same leggy line-up for over your bed. Sweet dreams, Hercules.

HANGING TOUGH

No, *Dead Clients Don't Pay* isn't the name of a finance course in a school for morticians; it's the title of "The Bodyguard's Manual," a 112-page softcover, by Leroy Thompson, that's must reading for ex-Secret Service agents, Foreign Legionnaires and wild-eyed Walter Mittys who have always wanted to come on like Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson. Paladin Press, P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, Colorado 80306, is the publisher, and for \$13 (postage included), you can learn such useful facts as how to look (or not look) like a bodyguard and what type of bow-wow makes the best attack dog. Tough.





Ana One, Ana Two

If you saw John Derek's epic *Bolero*, starring that perfect ten, you will immediately recognize Bo's co-star, ANA OBREGON. To see her again, you'll have to wait for her next movie. But take a *long* look at Ana anyway. She's worth waiting for.

Prima Donna

Ghostbuster DAN AYKROYD and his very real lady, actress DONNA DIXON, were spotted twisting the night away after the first MTV Awards last fall. Danny was co-host of the extravaganza with the Divine Miss M. We think Donna's outfit is pretty extravagant, too.



**One Sings,
the Other
Doesn't**

HERBIE HANCOCK (right) boogies with one of his favorite mechanical ladies, while DAVID LEE ROTH (below) gets some feedback from ace guitarist EDDIE VAN HALEN. All had a very successful 1984, with hit records and Grammy awards. So expect more of that rock-'n'-roll music, any old way they choose it.





IAN WILSON/REX

Debbie Does Dallas

Not that Debbie, you guys! This Debbie is DEBORAH SHELTON and a former Miss U.S.A. She's currently on *Dallas*, playing Mandy, who just happens to be J.R.'s latest fling. Now she's our celebrity-in-the-making breast of the month. That's fame, right?



SCOTT WEINER/RETNA LTD.

Bodice Heat

This terrific-looking woman is MADONNA, whom you know from her hit single and video *Borderline*. If they left you wanting more, look for her first movie, *Desperately Seeking Susan*, with Rosanna Arquette.

Bra Zeal

The Mother of us all was *not* Eve. FRANK ZAPPA is back on the road—not as a composer of classical pieces, nor as a symphony conductor, nor even as the father of Moon Unit. With a re-grouped Mothers of Invention, Frank has been touring with The Dead. Here he is with a trophy.

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Music to Soothe These Savage Breasts

Singer MATTHEW ASHMAN, formerly of Bow Wow Wow and currently of Chiefs of Relief, takes the band's number-one fan, KAREN KELLY, for a ride. Said Matthew about Karen, "I think if she were in the band and not the audience, it might make life a bit difficult." Said Karen, "It's a pity I can't sing."

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NEXT MONTH



TEXAS BELLES



DISTANT REPLAY



SUTURE, PLEASE



SEX YEAR

"DISTANT REPLAY"—FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF MIDDLE AGE, THE EX-PACKER GREAT (AND AUTHOR OF *INSTANT REPLAY*) LOOKS AT WHAT THE YEARS HAVE DONE TO HIS LIFE AND THOSE OF HIS EX-TEAMMATES—BY **JERRY KRAMER** AND **DICK SCHAAP**

"EASY IN THE ISLANDS"—NOTHING IS, NOT EVEN MAKING FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR DEAR OLD MOM. A SUBTROPICAL TALE BY **BOB SHACOCHIS**

"EXCAVATIONS: THE DRAMA OF OPEN-HEART SURGERY"—UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL IN THE OPERATING ROOM WITH THE COUNTRY'S TOP CARDIO-VASCULAR SURGEONS—BY **WAYNE FIELDS**

"THE GIRLS OF TEXAS"—IN THE LONE-STAR STATE, THEY CLAIM THEIR WOMEN ARE PRETTIER THAN ANYBODY'S. MAKE UP YOUR OWN MIND

"THE FINE ART OF COCKSURETY"—ALI USED TO HAVE IT; SO DID **CHURCHILL**. SOME GUYS CAN WALK THE TIGHTROPE BETWEEN CONFIDENCE AND ARROGANCE, AND WHEN IT WORKS, IT'S DEFINITELY AN ACT WORTH WATCHING—BY **GARY A. TAUBES**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE FAINTLY RIDICULOUS

PLUS: **FREDERIK POHL'S** SHORT-SHORT STORY OF ALIENS AT THE END OF THE WORLD, **"THE SAVED"**; **EMANUEL GREENBERG'S** POINTERS ON AFTER-DINNER DRINKING, **"THE POWER SNIFFER"**; ADVICE TO TAKE YOU FROM OPENING LINE TO PUT-AWAY IN **"THE DATE: MOVES FOR THE MODERN WORLD,"** BY **D. KEITH MANO, PETE DEXTER, P. J. O'ROURKE** AND OTHERS; AND A SLAM-BANG **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH CONTROVERSIAL MOVIEMAKER **BRIAN DE PALMA**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEWS WITH **WAYNE GRETZKY, KRIS KRISTOFFERSON, JOHN HUSTON** AND **BOY GEORGE**; RIVETING FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**; AN EXPLORATION OF **"SEXUAL FANTASIES"** BY **DAVID BLACK**; ADVICE FROM ONETIME LONELY GUY **BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** ON **"HOW TO LIVE WITH ANOTHER PERSON"**; **DAVID HALBERSTAM'S** PORTRAIT OF THAT RARE MODERN ATHLETE, **"THE AMATEUR"**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**; AND, OF COURSE, MUCH, MUCH MORE