

BOY GEORGE: AN INTERVIEW THAT NEVER DRAGS

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1985 • \$3.00

**ROCK SINGER
VANITY
SHOWS HER
MOVES**

**DWIGHT
GOODEN
A ROOKIE'S
DIARY**

**THE PLAYBOY
ADVISOR
DOES IT
ON THE ROAD**

**HAGLER &
HEARNS
MOUTH OFF**

**PLAYMATE
OF THE
YEAR
KAREN
VELEZ**

**A STUNNING
PICTORIAL,
PLUS A
PULL-OUT
POSTER**



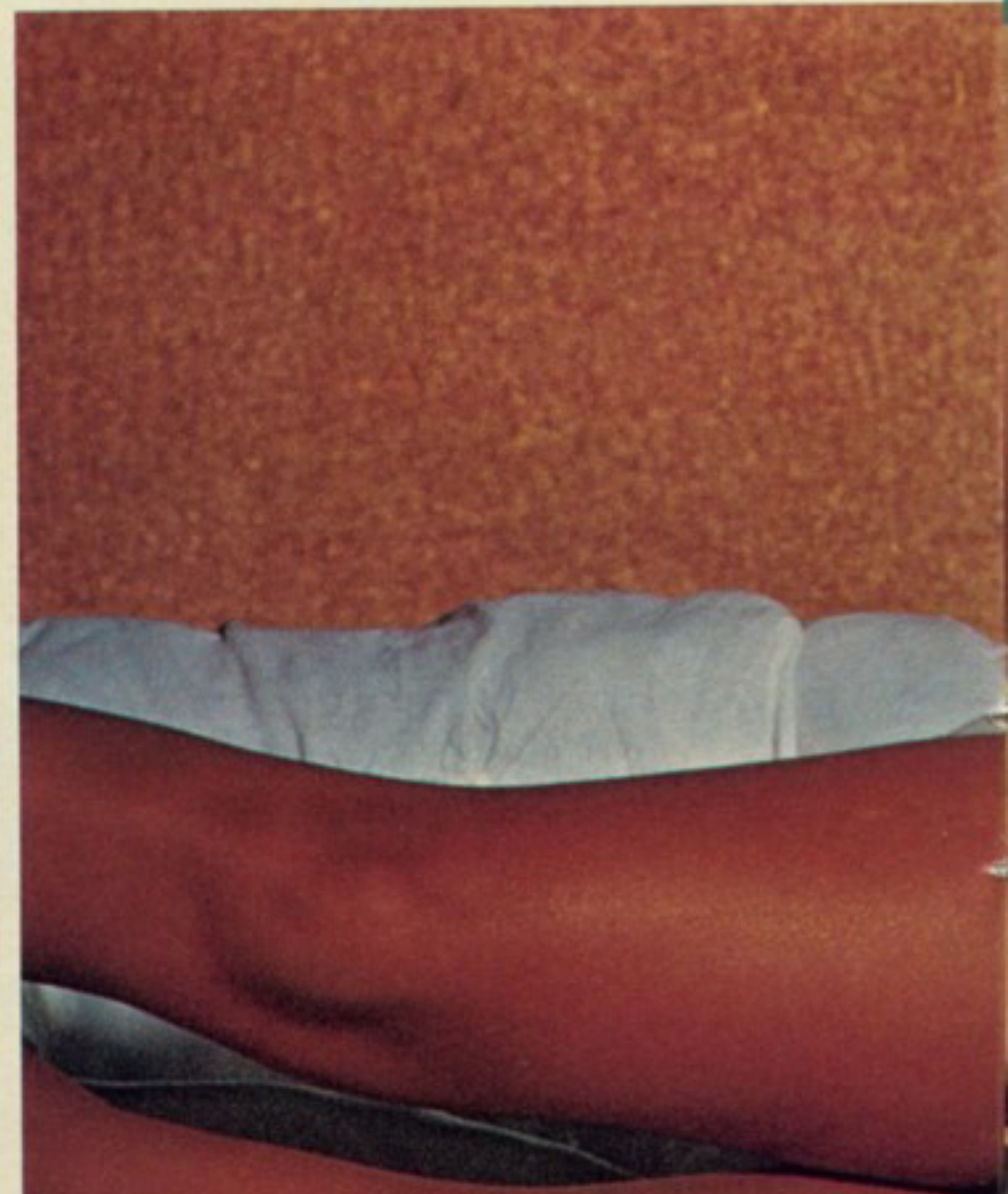


VANITY RARE

*she may not be one of
the seven deadly sins, but
she'll get yer ya-yas out*

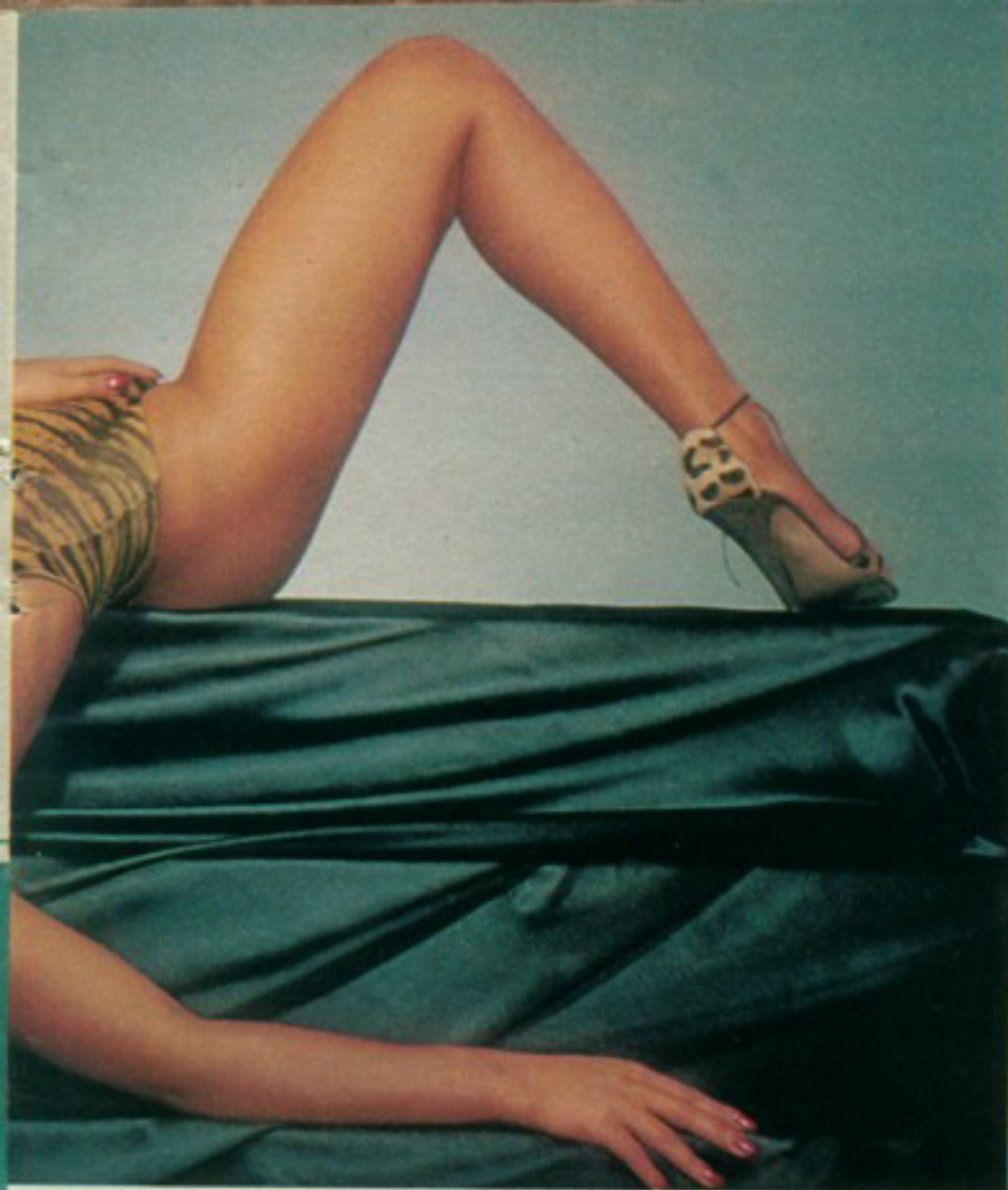
EVERYBODY knows Vanity—the woman whose name bespeaks indulgence and also sounds like a cologne. As Prince's consort, she led Vanity 6, a sexy trio who dressed in teddies and expressed great enthusiasm, via song, for large male organs. She later went solo with a Motown LP, *Wild Animal*, and a naughty single, *Pretty Mess*. Now there's more





If you saw *Purple Rain*, you didn't see Vanity 6. That's because its leader and Prince's former paramour took a powder just before that film went into production. Top, Vanity and her partners from Vanity 6—Susan and Brenda. Above, Vanity in the video from her single *Mechanical Emotion*.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL POULIN



to the story. Vanity is starring in a new movie, and it's much better than her last one. You say we haven't mentioned the last one? Have you ever heard of *Tanya's Island*? We thought not. Vanity stars as Tanya. While her screen credit reads D. D. Winters, it's plainly Vanity in the Fay Wray part in a kinky update of *King Kong*. The plot? Put delicately, Vanity has a, er, touching relationship with a tall, blue-eyed, long-haired ape. At film's end, she and the ape participate in a major but not unpredictable transgression against nature. It's the kind of film you enjoy watching with a roomful of seriously demented or very wicked friends. We wonder why it hasn't become a cult classic.

Vanity has now graduated to a star vehicle in which the cast is, reportedly, entirely human. In *Berry Gordy's The Last Dragon* (for which Vanity performs on the sound track with the group DeBarge), she's a video jock at New York's hottest dance club. She falls in love with a black man named Bruce Leroy, who believes he is actually Chinese. (It's a martial-arts comedy; get it?) Bruce wanders off to find "the glow," and Vanity follows him and slips in and out of trouble about a dozen times. And we're game for whatever trouble she wants to get into.

A long time ago, Vanity's mother offered her a choice of modeling school or karate lessons. At the time, she chose modeling. From the smashing poses in our pictorial, it appears modeling school paid off.

By now, the story of how Vanity got her name is famous: She met Prince at the American Music Awards show. He swooned and later christened Denise Matthews Vanity. The ex-Miss Matthews thinks she reminds Prince of himself. Not here.





Vanity and the ladies of Vanity 6 revolutionized rock fashions with their racy, lacy lingerie. It all started, Vanity claims, when, as a child growing up on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, she would hide in the closet and try on her mother's neggies. We thank her for

coming out of the closet in later years, but we take special pleasure in these photographs, taken as she posed, against a stark, satin-draped set, sans lingerie, proving what we've always maintained to be true: Clothing does not necessarily make the woman.







"What the hell, sweetheart—if you want it, it's yours!"





KATHY GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

*miss may is probably the only tv
starlet who runs her own orphanage*



IN A HANCOCK PARK duplex not far from Beverly Boulevard, not far from the Hollywood Hills, not far from a whole block of neon boutiques, there is a little bit of Brookville, Ohio. You ring the bell, the door swings open and from then on, it's girls, girls, girls.

"There's no place like home," says Kathy Shower, model/actress/single mom, standing there in a yellow blouse and jeans, with a daughter attached to each leg. "Come in and sit down."

It's a dream of an apartment, a little girl's dream blown up to Panavision proportions, stuffed with toys and swathed in pastel shades. Kathy calls it The

"I want a man to complement—not complicate—my life," says Kathy, "one who will let me do the same for him. Sex for its own sake? Probably not."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY/STEPHEN WAYDA



Orphanage. "I'm the Kool-Aid lady on the block. The neighborhood kids are *always* over here, and I like it that way." She shrugs. "Makes it a little hard for dating, but that's OK. On the weekends, it's slumber-party time. We play Cabbage Patch dolls."

The girls—Mindy is nine and Melonie is six—entertain you with a soft shoe while Supermom, 32, runs to the kitchen. Rosie, the parrot—in this house, you will find only girls—fluffs her feathers and squawks, "Hello!" The phone rings every minute or so. Kathy returns with a pitcher of ice water and fills a glass for each of the girls. Melonie says, "Nobody pours water like you, Mommy." The girls retire to the Cabbage Patch and Kathy sits down next to you.

She had second thoughts about posing nude, she says. If offered a nude scene in a movie, she thinks she'd want a body double.

"I talked with the girls about PLAYBOY," she says. The girls spin in and out of the room, trading kisses for promises of Big Macs later on. "We talked about how pictures of a beautiful woman can be *art*, and they pretty much decided that if Mom did it, it was great." Kathy sits on the couch with her legs curled under her, like a little girl. "So



Fairly famous Angelenos don't generally bowl, but Kathy's popularity extends to both the bowling-shirted and the parachute-panted crowds. At the top of the page, she roots for Melonie as Mindy looks on. Above, with Jameson Parker (left) and Gerald McRaney on the set of "Simon & Simon." "They get along very well, which makes the show even more believable," she says of the men who play sibling sleuths A.J. and Rick. "They make it smooth sailing for their guest star."



An actor's lines are never down, not with dozens of ways to deliver this sultry come-on or that distressed yelp. At right, Kathy hones her emotive technique with acting instructor Brett Halsey (left) and fellow emoter Jim Welsh.



Between rehearsals for a show to benefit the veterans in Long Beach (below), Kathy muses, "I give more and get more back from things like this than from anything else. One of the veterans said, 'You made my Christmas.'"







"I called my best girlfriend and said, 'In "Scene of the Crime," I have to kiss this guy—open his shirt, work my way down, kiss his chest—and I'm nervous!' She said, 'You're complaining? Some of us work for a living, Kathy.'"

the other day, we were driving past a Coppertone billboard, and Melonie wanted to know why that dog was pulling down the little girl's pants. And Mindy said, 'Melonie, that's art!'" Kathy laughs. The girls, who have been hiding behind the couch, laugh even harder.

Kathy grew up in Brookville, a little town not far from Dayton, where the only TV work is in TV repair. A self-described ugly duckling, she never even had a date until she was as old as some Playmates. Hollywood called shortly after she became a swan. A stint on Broadway as "the second-lead blank" (Brookville girls frown on profanity) in *The Best Little Blankhouse in Texas* led her to L.A., but Kathy wouldn't leave Brookville for the bright lights. She would take it along.

"People don't know me until they've seen my house," she says. "Here's this girl doing Los Angeles—the New York-style work—but living Brookville, Ohio. My work is hard work, long hours, constant running, but I know I can always come back here, where it's Mom and the girls. Mine is the old story of the girl who goes from a small town to Hollywood, but it's been more grueling than glamorous. Still, I'm making it. I'm surviving."

Even thriving. You've seen Kathy—sometimes more than once—on *Three's Company*, *Scene of the Crime* with Orson Welles, *Airwolf*, *Simon & Simon* and in other appearances too fleeting to be remembered by anyone but a bleary tubeaholic, playing (text concluded on page 196)







"Don't sleep with someone on the first date—that's a rule I try to adhere to. How much can you know in that amount of time? But I guess every girl has the fantasy of meeting a stranger and being trapped on a train or in some snowbound cabin. And making the best of it. Without structure, with everything spontaneous. What happens happens. That would be very exciting."





MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kathleen Ann Shower

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 122

BIRTH DATE: 3/8/53 BIRTHPLACE: Brookville, Ohio

AMBITIONS: To expand my career as a successful television and commercial actress into major feature films.

TURN-ONS: Perfumed baths, men who make me laugh & love, cuddling, sleep - or staying awake with the right man.

TURN-OFFS: Profanity, untidiness, arrogance, men who say all the right things for all the wrong reasons.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Citizen Kane, Dr. Strangelove, Close Encounters, Doctor Zhivago, Fantasia, Being There.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chinese food, sushi, chocolate soufflés, Lava Lee cheesecake, mesquite-broiled swordfish

FAVORITE PLACE: Paris, France

IDEAL EVENING: Going to bed with a good book or a man who has just read one.

BIGGEST JOY: Having children, because it is a constant reminder of the child in me.



The sweetness of being 6.

Aren't second teeth grand?

My first glamor shot.

KATHY SHOWER

(continued from page 101)

lovers and strangers, vixens and vamps. She gets respect from Hollywood, certainly, but just about everything else comes from the kids. "I've got to start dating again," she'll say. "I'm single—very single." But tonight, the lady has more pressing concerns than dates or even work. How many neighborhood children will fit into one compact car?

"OK, let's go to McDonald's."

The girls applaud and outkick the Rockettes. Kathy goes to turn off the TV. On the screen, a pretty blonde is tumbling out of a speeding limousine.

"No matter what I do, no matter how hard the day may be," she says, "I'm a star to the girls. When I come home, they'll run up and yell, 'Mom, we saw you on television!'"

Mindy and Melonie watch, but Kathy doesn't. "I don't sit at home and watch when I'm on TV," she says. "It's probably the same thing a lot of people feel—I'm just not comfortable watching my picture on the screen. I've been lucky in the roles I've gotten. I don't usually get the blonde-bombshell bimbos. So it's not that I'm disappointed in the way it comes off. But I still think of myself as that gangly ugly duckling in Ohio."

That girl was the one all the other kids said had *personality*—adolescent code for "something less than killer looks."

"I didn't look . . . well, exactly the way I do now. I go back for reunions and they say, 'My, how she's changed.'"

These days, when she's not on the arm of the star of the show, where glamor girls go, Kathy is likely to be flying out of a fast-moving vehicle. That's the lot of the Hollywood blonde.

"Getting paid to fall out of a car is one of the things that make my best girlfriend yell 'Perspective!' I'll grumble a little about it, and she'll want to know if they need somebody to fall out the other side."

Kathy smiles. *Perspective* means knowing that most people have nine-to-five jobs.

The girls wrestle with their shoes and socks as Kathy talks about her most recent, most eye-opening appearance.

"I can't quite comprehend being Miss May, the glamorous girl of the month," she says. "But I want to be seen as a complete woman. I'm a single parent, acting and modeling, singing and dancing, pursuing a career and, at the same time, being mother, father, grandparent, teacher—all these things wrapped into one. *And* being very appealing to the male audience, being aware of my sexuality. Sexuality is hard to put into words; I guess the pictures will speak for themselves. What I want to get across is that there are many facets to a woman. Not just me, all women." She smiles. "We're a pretty good breed."

Rosie, the parrot, says, "All right!"



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was on a late-night Libertine Airlines flight that the captain announced, "We'll be landing shortly. Please fasten your seat belts, extinguish your cigarettes and return any female flight attendants to the upright position."

The most competitive—really competitive—guy we know entered a circle jerk and came in first and third.



Two hunters were forced by a storm to seek overnight shelter in a house occupied by only a homely farmer's widow. When they met again the following hunting season, one asked, "Tell me, did you screw that old bag we stayed with last year?"

"Yes," admitted the other, "I'm afraid I did."

"And you used my name—and told her you were me?"

"Yeah, I did that, too," laughed his hunting companion. "I didn't knock her up, did I?"

"No, no," smiled his friend. "It's just that she died yesterday and left me the house and a hundred thousand dollars."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *organ-grinder* as a homosexual with a chipped front tooth.

The sex show of Rose's now closes
With Rose in positional poses,
While the audience studs
Keep inserting their puds,
So that everyone's coming up Rose's!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *horny Soviet official* as a hard-carrying Communist.

As three little old ladies were enjoying a night on the town, they were accosted by a flasher. The first little old lady had a stroke. Then the second little old lady had a stroke. But the third little old lady refused to touch it.

While indicating a distance of about four inches between her thumb and forefinger, a newly qualified female Navy helicopter pilot explained a particularly rough landing this way: "You'd have trouble judging distances, too, if since the age of sixteen you'd been told that this was seven inches."

Our correspondent from Castro Street reports that the San Francisco police department is searching for two gays who attack women. Their M.O.? One holds the victim down while the other styles her hair.

Mr. Parks, I love your daughter and I want to marry her," said the young man.

"You should be told, son," responded the girl's father gravely, "that Debbie has acute angina."

"I already know that, sir," the fellow continued, "and great tits, too!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prostitute's fee* as the dough required to get into her cookie.



Abby Neiman

When a girl with a hung-over head
Found an elephant sharing her bed
In the dawn's early light,
She then groaned, "I was tight!"
"To begin with," the pachyderm said.

At a recent come-as-an-emotion costume party, the host quickly interpreted most of his guests' attire. The lady in red was anger; the man in green, envy. But one young gentleman arrived naked except for a pear tied to his penis.

"You're supposed to be dressed as an emotion!" exclaimed the exasperated host.

"But I am," insisted the guest. "I'm fuckin' dis pear!"

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.



Dedini

"I love Japan. All the buildings seem to have erections."

THE YEAR IN MOVIES



once again,
playboy goes in
search of the
screening of life
with its annual popcorn
awards—the good,
the bad and
the boffo

IT WAS a year for music, monsters and action. Old pros like Albert Finney and Pat Morita turned in magnificent performances. New-comers such as Adolph Caesar (as the black technical sergeant and murder victim in *A Soldier's Story*) were brilliant. An unknown, Dr. Haing S. Ngor, gave the performance of his life in *The Killing Fields*. But 1984 will be remembered as the year the kids from *Saturday Night Live* figured out movies. Bill Murray and Eddie Murphy redefined box-office bravado. *Ghostbusters*, a movie that Columbia executives had thought would do poorly, ate all the other summer films (including two from Steven Spielberg) alive. And as we went to press, *Beverly Hills*

Cop was closing in for the kill. It was a year for comebacks—what can you say when you see two old friends, HAL and Spock, brought back from the dead? And as for Clint Eastwood, well, he pulled a hat trick with *Sudden Impact*, *Tightrope* and *City Heat*.

Hollywood seemed to get into a

groove, or maybe a rut. Sally Field, Sissy Spacek and Jessica Lange were great in the Barnyard Trilogy—*Places in the Heart*, *The River* and *Country*. Next year, we will have the sequel, *Places in the River Country*. It seemed as if the world's screenwriters were reading the same phone-booth wall: FOR A GOOD TIME, CALL CARMEN. In 1984, there were five Carmen films—the opera version with Plácido Domingo; Carlos Saura's dance version with Laura del Sol; *The Tragedy of Carmen*, by Peter Brook; *First Name: Carmen*, by Jean-Luc Godard; and something en route from Paris called *Carmen Nue*, which is a skin-flick title if we ever heard one. Let's give it a rest, OK, guys?

BEST SIDE-KICK
Grace Jones
Conan the Destroyer



BEST VILLAIN
Everyone involved
in the making
of *Dune*



BEST STUNT
The White-Line
Beaver Scene
Footloose



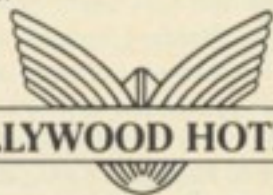
BOX-OFFICE GROSS-OUT
Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom



BEST TABLE MANNERS
Daryl Hannah
Splash



The rash of break-dancing movies created a national health hazard. *The Journal of the American Medical Association* reported that break dancing had contributed to broken arms and collarbones, torn knee ligaments, severe sprains of the ankle and thumb, patchy baldness and back injuries. Also, the docs warned, the fad was associated with twisted testicles, which could prove a real problem if left untreated. Twisted testicles? We thought that was how those guys learned break dancing—first you wound 'em up like rubber bands, and then you danced.



HOLLYWOOD HOTLINE

We love Hollywood stories, especially the ones about "there but for the grace of God go I" casting-couch blunders. Word has it that Columbia wanted to cast Sylvester Stallone in the title role of *Beverly Hills Cop*. He rewrote the script, turning it from a comedy into *Mad Max at Ma Maison*. Thank God for Eddie Murphy.

This year's Butch Cassidy-Sundance Kid Award goes to the casting director of *The Terminator*. Originally, Arnold Schwarzenegger was going to play the hero. (The role went to Michael Biehn instead, and Arnold made B-movie history as the heavy.)

And, finally, a Bushman in the can is worth two in the. . . In the South African comedy *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, a Coke bottle falls out of a plane, conks a native and sets off a chain of screwball-comedy gags as the Bushman tries to return the bottle to the gods. The producers are trying to find the Bushman to make a sequel, but their star, it seems, has vanished in the veld. Have they checked Ma Maison?

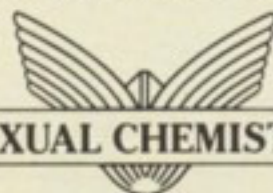


MAGIC MOMENTS

The year was filled with wonderful moments: The final fight in *The Karate Kid*. John Candy trying to play racquetball in *Splash*. Arnold slitting his eyeball in *The Terminator*. Our award for most daring bit of casting goes to the guy who called up Bubba Smith and offered him the role of an ex-florist in *Police Academy*. The contest for best musical moment in a year of movie music is a bit of a tossup. We liked the upside-down Mozart in *Amadeus*. We liked Tony Perkins playing *Get Happy* to a trussed up Kathleen Turner in *Crimes of Passion*. We liked Kevin Bacon teaching his friend how to dance in *Footloose*. Our Popcorn Award goes to the hauntingly beautiful, elegant, sensitive piano solo in *This Is Spinal Tap* called *Lick My Love Pump*.

Probably the best moments of the

year came from scene stealers. Bronson Pinchot as the *très gai* gallery aide Serge nearly upstaged Murphy in *Beverly Hills Cop*. Prince's main man Morris Day gets the Grand Theft Award for being spectacular in *Purple Rain*.



SEXUAL CHEMISTRY

Where are Tracy and Hepburn when you need them? Bill Murray and Sigourney Weaver, as the ghoul next door, were hot in *Ghostbusters*. (Our favorite dialog takes place when he shows up and finds she's possessed: "Are we still going out?" Later, when she moans that she wants him inside her, he refuses. "No, I can't. Sounds like you've got at least two people in there already. Might . . . be a little crowded.")

In *Police Academy*, Steve Guttenberg flirts with Kim Cattrall: "I'd give anything to see your thighs. I don't suppose you'd describe them for me?"

"Well, they're tan, of course. Very supple, well rounded and luxuriant to the touch."

We have a special Yeah, But Will It Work in Real Life? Award for the sexual repartee in *Purple Rain*: When Apollonia asks for Prince's help, His Royal Badness replies, "Well, for starters, you have to purify yourself in the waters of Lake

BEST REASON TO BUY BELL SYSTEMS
A Nightmare on Elm Street

BEST FREE LUNCH
Romancing the Stone

**BEST PUNK
ROCKER**
Tom Hulce
Amadeus

BEST MONSTER
Mr. Stay Puft
Ghostbusters

BEST BATHING SUIT
Janet Jones
The Flamingo Kid



Minnetonka." Right. And later he says, "Don't get my seat all wet." Just try those lines with a girl. Then send us the address of your hospital.



BEST LINES

We go to the movies for philosophical concepts and psychological insights—and to meet chicks. Our favorite moments of dynamic dialog follow.

Melanie Griffith in *Body Double*: "I do not do animal acts. I do not do S and M or any variations of that bent. No water sports, either. I will not shave my pussy, no fist-fucking and no coming in my face."

Robin Williams in *Moscow on the Hudson*: "I also sell vitamins. True Nature. It's a six-pack of health. It's great for sex. Gives you the dick of death."

Steve Martin in *The Lonely Guy*: "We can go to motels and listen to other people have sex."

Gregory Itzen in *Hard to Hold*: "It's tough bein' a star. Everybody thinks it's all tits and champagne."

Faye Dunaway in *Supergirl*: "I can make the sky rain coconuts with pinpoint accuracy, but I still can't control men's minds. . . ."

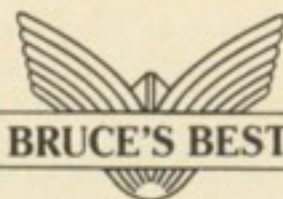
From *All of Me*, Lily Tomlin: "I'm going to come back from the dead."

Steve Martin: "And, uh, what makes you think you can do that?"
Tomlin: "Because I'm rich."



PORNUCOPIA

Americans spend an estimated seven billion dollars a year on pornography, roughly equal to the amount of money—give or take a billion or two—that Caspar Weinberger resisted trimming off the military budget. You don't suppose he buys all the X-rated videos for the Armed Forces, do you? Maybe Woodward and Bernstein should look into this. According to *Adult Video News*, the top ten best sellers of the year were *Insatiable II*, *Taboo III*, *The Young Like It Hot*, *Fleshdance*, *All-American Girls in Heat (Part II)*, *Firestorm*, *Dixie Ray*, *Hollywood Star*, *Surrender in Paradise*, *Every Woman Has a Fantasy* and *Suzie Superstar*. We asked the Playboy Advisor for his favorite films. His list, in no particular order, consists of *Nightdreams*, *Smoker*, *Every Woman Has a Fantasy*, *All-American Girls in Heat (Part II)*, *Stud Hunters* and *The Terminator*. He realizes that the last is not a porn flick, but since Bruce Williamson didn't include it in his ten best, the Advisor had to find a place for it.



BRUCE'S BEST

All of Me: Steve Martin and Lily Tomlin getting their bodies and souls mixed up in a madcap farce about reincarnation.

Amadeus: Music, music, music, with Tom Hulce starring in Milos Forman's superlative Mozart bio, based on the play by Peter Shaffer.

Careful He Might Hear You: Adult drama about a child-custody case, the best Australian import since *Breaker Morant* and koala bears.

The Killing Fields: Compelling true story of friendship between a *New York Times* journalist and an Asian colleague in war-torn Cambodia.

A Passage to India: It's no *Lawrence of Arabia*, but David Lean's adaptation of the E. M. Forster classic is traditional veddy British movie-making on a grand scale.

Romancing the Stone: Generally hilarious high adventure, with Kathleen Turner as a romance novelist whose wildest dreams come true with Michael Douglas.

A Soldier's Story: Murder in an Army camp way back when. Eyes right on Adolph Caesar, who walks away with it as the victim.

Splash: Wild, wet and generally wonderful, with Daryl Hannah and Tom Hanks generating sexy up-

THE YOU-NEVER-EVEN-CALLED-ME-BY-MY-NAME CUTE COUPLE
Karen Allen, Jeff Bridges
Starman

BEST ROLE MODEL
Melanie Griffith
Body Double

BEST BREAK FOR THE MEDICAL PROFESSION
Robert Taylor
Beat Street

BEST OLD FART
Noriyuki
"Pat" Morita
The Karate Kid

BEST BODY COUNT
Arnold Schwarzenegger
The Terminator

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS
Steve Martin
All of Me



scale chemistry. If you prefer *Ghostbusters*, be my guest. It's a close call.

A Sunday in the Country: From France with amour, a grand human comedy for all seasons, by Bertrand Tavernier.

This Is Spinal Tap: Irresistible deadpan spoof of every pop-rock follow-the-boys movie since the Beatles made it big in *A Hard Day's Night*.



VIVA LA VIOLENCE

The inventiveness quotient for blood and guts was pretty high in 1984. Parents objected to the thuggee ritual in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* in which a priest removed a live, beating heart from a victim's chest. Spielberg scored again in *Gremlins* when Mom threw a pesky critter into the blender for a little monster mash and nuked another in the microwave. Who needs the MX missile when everyday kitchen appliances will do?

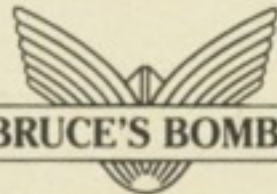
But when it comes to armaments, we do have one unexplained scene: In *Red Dawn*; a group of teenaged kids outfit themselves with weapons from a sporting-goods store and harass the whole Red army. The next scene has them ambushing a Red column with a couple

of mines. Now, we don't know what kind of sporting-goods stores they have in your part of the world, but land mines are not part of the standard hunting gear. What do you use 'em on—armadillos?



CREATURE QUIZ

They don't give Oscars to gizmos, gadgets and glops. We can see why. It was hard to decide which was the most disgusting organism to grace the silver screen in 1984. With Clint busy, Burt in bed, Bill in the Himalayas and Eddie unavailable, studios turned to creatures. Below, clockwise from far right, we have the stars of 1. *C.H.U.D.*, 2. *The Last Starfighter*, 3. *Gremlins* and *Return of the Jedi*, 4. *The Adventures of Bucharoo Banzai*, 5. *Ghostbusters* and 6. *Dreamscape*. Yecch.



BRUCE'S BOMBS

Best Defense: A real dud, with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy (paying his dues and collecting high interest, later, with his smash-hit comedy *Beverly Hills Cop*).

Bolero: A lot of bull. Even Bo Derek's generously displayed hide

couldn't save it.

Cannonball Run II: Good reason to keep Burt Reynolds off the road—and this time, he carried a couple of dozen celebrity chums along for his annual multivehicle mishap.

Dune: The worm turns, but probably not excitingly enough to turn a profit. Even if you *have* read the books, this over-budget, overwrought s-f saga's a loser.

Hard to Hold: Out of *General Hospital*'s suds into the sludge, pop star Rick Springfield hit *all* wrong notes in his big-screen debut.

Micki & Maude: Our man Dudley proving once again that Moore may well be less as a leading man.

The Razor's Edge: On a whim, Bill Murray does his Tyrone Power imitation. A close shave for Maugham readers.

Red Dawn: The 1984 war lover's handbook, assembled by John Milius, who spills everyone's guts in a bloody valentine to violence.

Rhinestone: The Sly and Dolly show, a classic mismatch set to music, sort of.

Sahara: Blood and sand and Brooke Shields, a blooming beauty who—as usual—deserves better.



OUR FIRST ANNUAL
CREATURE-FEATURE QUIZ
Can you name the movie? Answers above.



*the best came last, as miss december,
karen velez, took the title*

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



IN A WAY, Karen Velez is a lot like the Tahiti of myth and history. If you recall, when Fletcher Christian finally got shore leave from nasty Captain Bligh, he found an island of startling natural beauty—and beauties who were startling in their openness, in their lack of guile or pretense. That's Karen. She's only a visitor to Tahiti, but there's no coyness, no affectation about her. She's as direct as sunlight in the South Pacific. Reading between her lines will just give you a headache: She says what she means and, more than that, she is what she appears to be. You may find it hard to believe from the photographs on these pages, but Karen doesn't care a lot about her physical appearance. Not that she doesn't realize there's a reason men stop dead in their tracks when they see her. It's always just . . . a pleasant surprise. Looks, in Karen's case, are a bonus, like the brightly colored wrapping on a Christmas present. Her focus is inward. "When I was picked for Playmate of the Year, I was flabbergasted. 'You guys want *me*?' " Even then, it took a long time to sink in—though part of that may have been our fault. "I was told, 'Karen, you're shooting for Playmate of the Year.' They don't tell you you're actually Playmate of the Year until. . . ." She thinks for a second, then

"I'm not an exhibitionist. I never was. So when someone driving down the street takes a second look at me and I see it, my first impulse is to feel shy or embarrassed. But then I say to myself, 'Wait, that was really a compliment; there's no need for you to get embarrassed. What a stupid reaction that was!' "



Here's Karen comparing lines with the car Toyota has named the Playmate of the Year, the hot new MR2. All in a day's work for our Playmate of the Year was a trip to Tahiti, where these photos were shot. "I love the beach, so Tahiti fit me great."

"It's not a very fast life. You can go snorkeling, and the fishing, they say, is pretty good. You fish during the day and then, at night, it's piña coladas and Tahitian dances. I made a lot of good friends there. I'd like to return on vacation sometime."



realizes, "They've *never* told me!"

You have our apology, Karen. Things did happen very fast. Karen, you'll remember, was our December Playmate. She had barely had time to savor the limelight from that appearance when we decided she was to be the year's premier gatefold girl. And the next stop was Tahiti.

"We went straight to Bora Bora, a little out island, which is gorgeous. Although it was the most desolate, it was my favorite of the islands. No TV, no magazines, no phones. We'd stay in these little bungalows, and we just had the fan going and that was it. We were there during the rainy season, and it rained for half a day, then got hot (text concluded on page 202)







"I'm just happy-go-lucky, friendly to everybody. I really think that whatever you do to other people, good or bad, will come back to you the same way. If you give a lot of yourself, for some reason, things always seem to work out."





"One of the reasons I posed for PLAYBOY was to see if I was really as insecure about my looks as I thought I was. Maybe there was someone out there who thought I was all-right-looking. I was proving something that was important to me."



"I'm not easily impressed. I need to find something to appreciate within a person before I can see it on the outside. To do that takes lots of conversation."













Laren Delany

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 131)

as hell. But I loved it. Basically, it's paradise, just like they say."

Karen appreciates simplicity: It's the basics of life that seem to appeal to her the most, not the luxuries. For several months now, she has been dating Lee Majors of ABC-TV's *The Fall Guy*. It's easy to see why the fall guy fell, but even he was struck by her understated charm.

"When I met Karen, I didn't know she was a Playmate," Lee told us. "She had on baggy clothes, and I just remember that she was nice. Later, when we dated, I found her to be very intelligent, with a great sense of humor, and not at all interested in the entertainment industry, which was nice for a change. Even though I haven't known her very long, I find she is . . . comfortable. She's very quiet and unassuming—all the qualities she has are nice. We've never had an argument, but if we do, I can't wait to turn her over on my knee.

"I was very happy for her when she told me she was Playmate of the Year. When you look at it, it's quite an honor—most of the ladies in the country never dream of being in *PLAYBOY*. Well, to accomplish that and then be named Playmate of the Year—that's an honor. I think she will represent the magazine quite well."

A lot of our readers thought so, too. Karen's mail has mounted and she has tried to answer all of it. Her problem is that when she gets an interesting letter, she wants to give an interesting response. One letter she wrote in answer to a reader went on for 20 pages.

For the near future, Karen's interests will be sidelined while she is busy with the duties of the Playmate of the Year. But after that, well, she isn't worried. Something good, she is sure, will happen.

"I just run on my instincts, whatever they tell me. They've been right until now, so that's what I'm going to follow for a while longer."

And what do her instincts tell her the next step should be?

"I want to learn things, do things I don't know anything about. That's what I'm aiming for now—to find something to do that I've never done before that I can make money at and learn from."

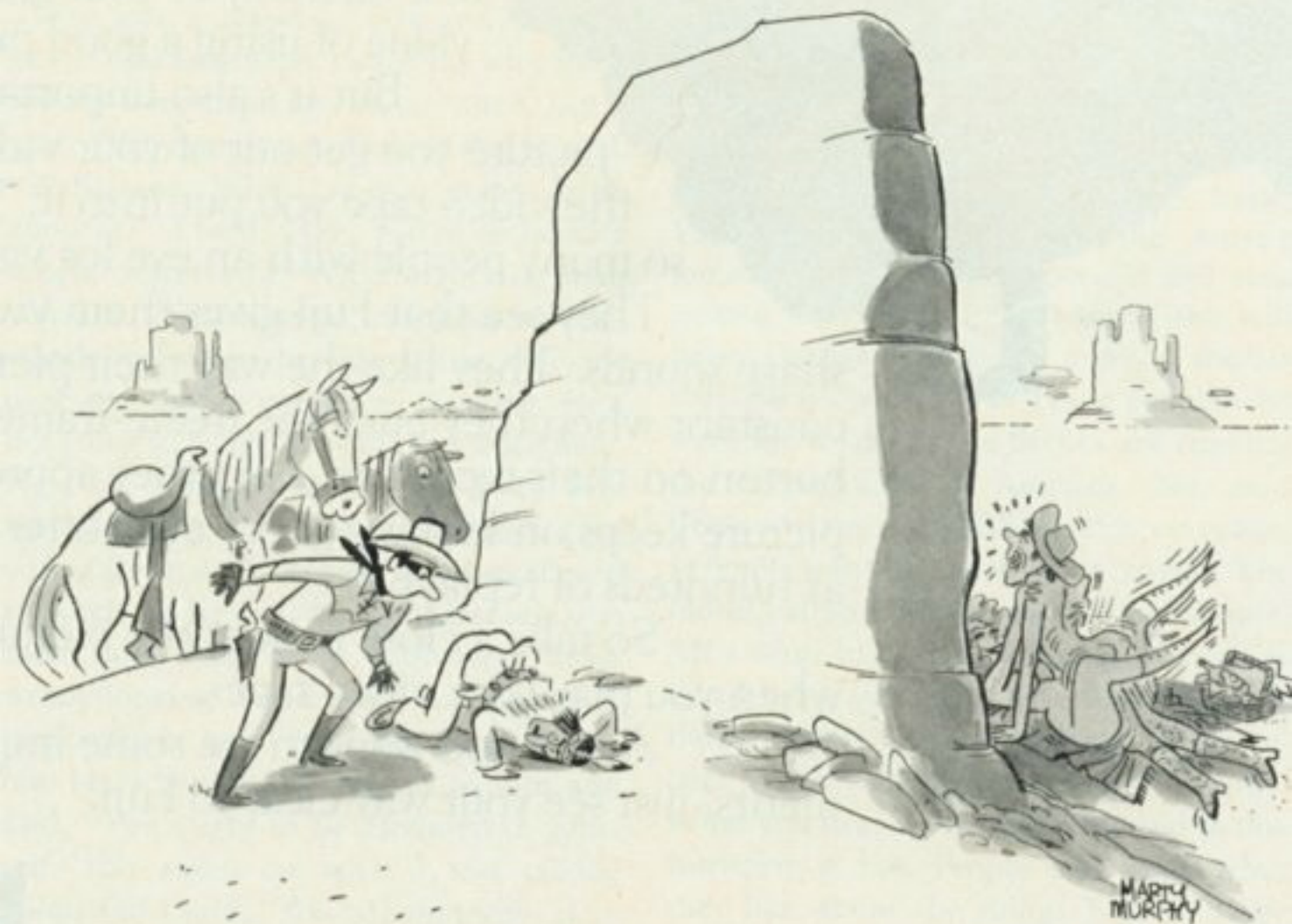
So that she won't have to rush into any decisions, we've given her a little breathing room in the form of a check for \$100,000. To carry it to the bank, she gets a spunky new Toyota MR2 mid-engine two-seater.

Levelheaded, as usual, Karen isn't going to blow the wad without a lot of thought. She isn't eager to return to the world of nine-to-fivers.

"Until I really know what I want to do with the money, I've decided to put it in the bank and *think* about it—let myself feel like I have a buck for a change."



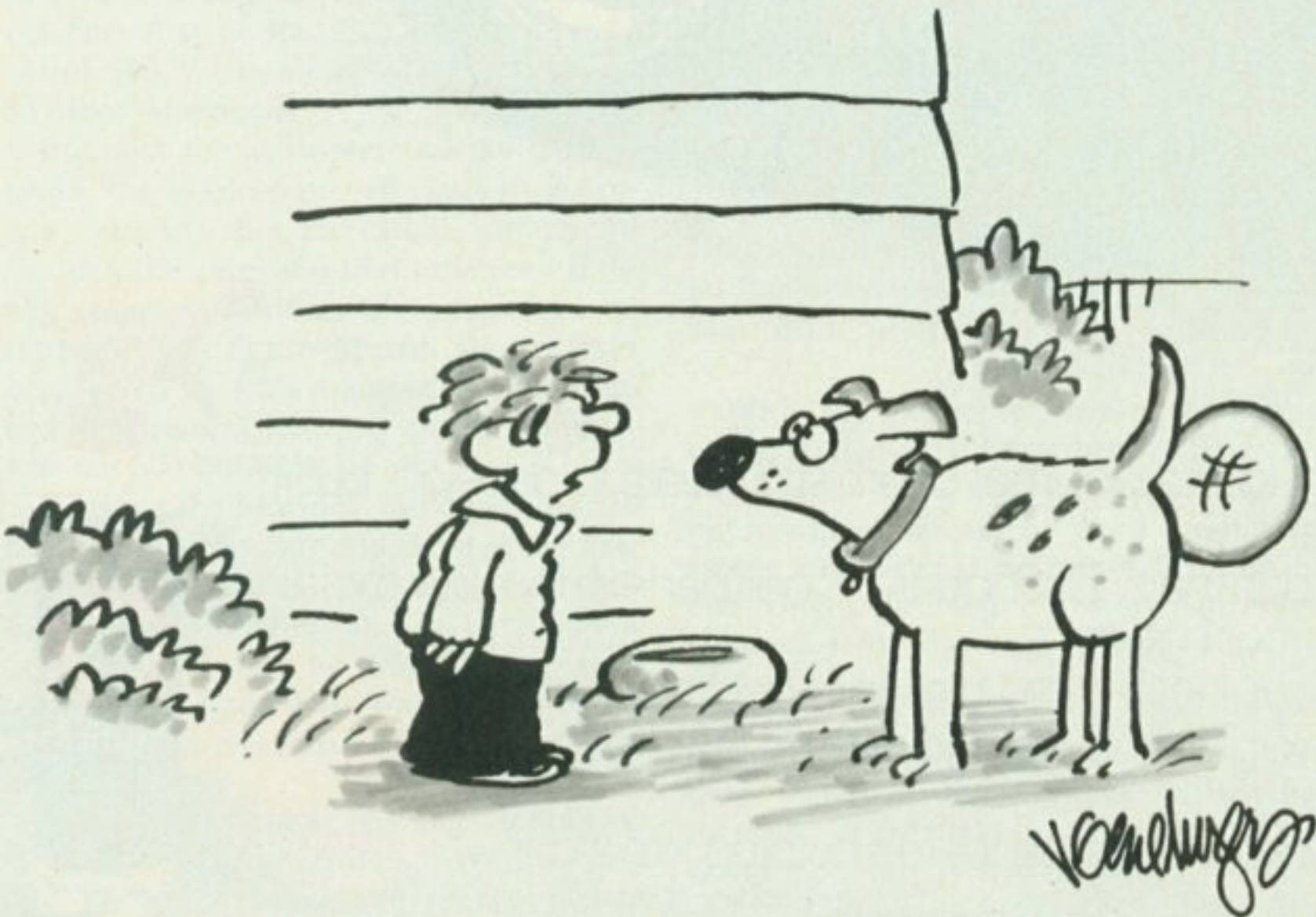




"Sound like big posse, Kemosabe! . . . Many horses! . . . Riding like wind!"



*"It's not a game called Illegally
Transferring Funds. It's what I'm doing . . . illegally
transferring funds."*



"You've been eating my bubble gum again, haven't you?"

SUPERSTAR EDITION



Their appearance in the pages of PLAYBOY made headlines and stirred avid curiosity and ardent controversy. Celebrities all, from the popular stars of film and television to pro football's cheerleaders, they are celebrated together for the first time in *Playboy's Newsmakers*. See the private side of some of the world's most beautiful public figures in this 112-page, full-color special edition.

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!



"Damn it, Miriam—you know weekends are for golf!"



"Quite frankly, I've always been against divorce because it has never been proven to be an effective deterrent to marriage!"



"Your husband couldn't be here, ma'am—this is a singles bar."

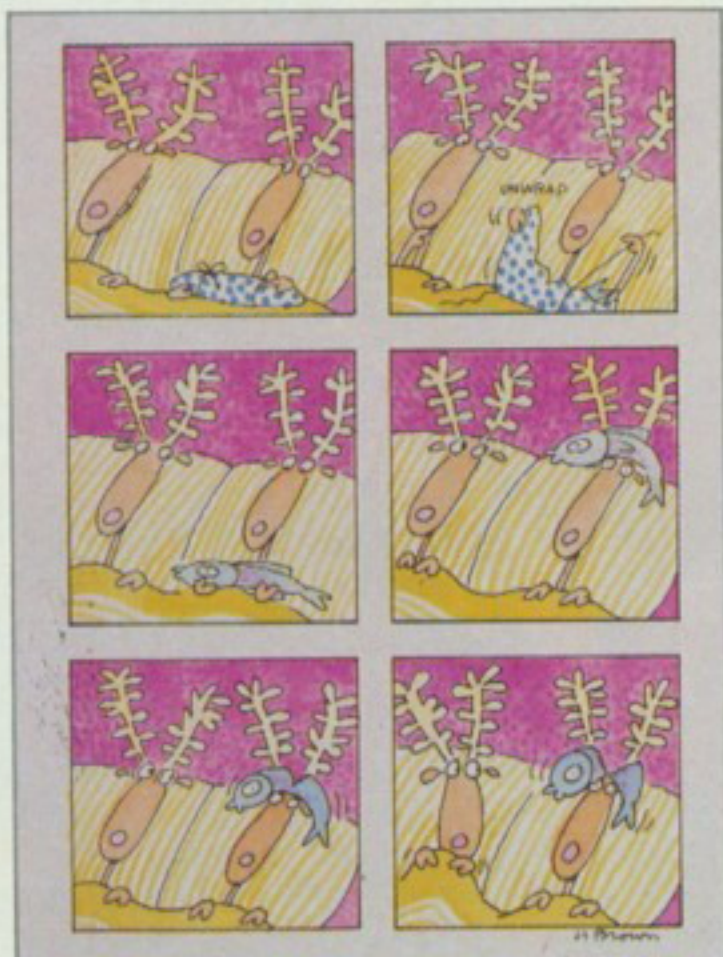
A REAL TREASURE CHEST

S.U.Y.T., as all seagoers know, doesn't stand for Show Us Your Tupperware. It's the international invitation for all nubile sailors of the fair sex to clear their top decks. To ensure that this happens, Show Us, Inc., P.O. Box 347, Pensacola, Florida 32591, is selling a 16" x 24" nylon knocker flag for only \$17.50, postpaid. Run it up your flagpole, Popeye, and see if the girls salute.



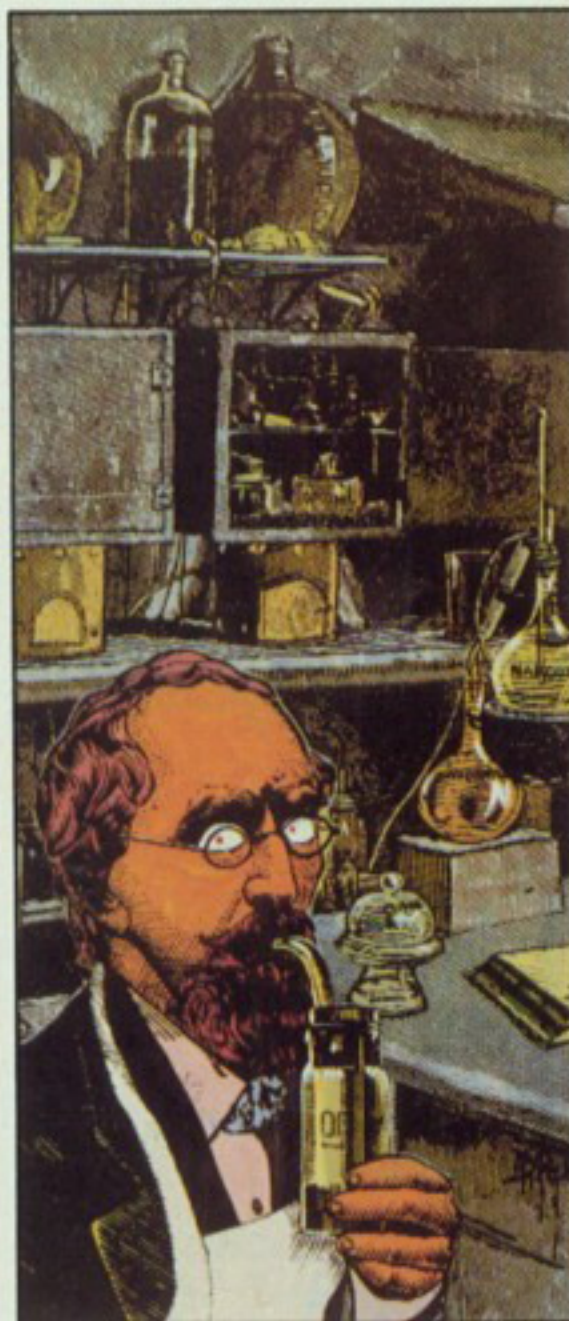
ANIMAL ACT

If you're looking for something gnu in adult cards, try a dirty dozen from Wild Kingdom, a greeting-card line that's as zany as a greased gorilla up a banana tree. A mixed bag of birthday greetings, best wishes and horny sexual hints is \$12 sent to OZ, 4400 Johnson Drive, Fairway, Kansas 66205. By the way, the punch line to the card shown below is NOT TONIGHT, DEER, I HAVE THIS SPLITTING HADDOCK. Hee-haw. Hee-haw. Hee-haw.



INTERNATIONAL FLAP

For the savvy traveler who's tired of clumsy maps and bulky Baedekers, there's The World Unfolds, city guides that open with one hand and contain info that's useful and up to date. The U.S.A. Unfolds (New York City, Washington, D.C., New Orleans, San Francisco and Los Angeles, plus Manhattan's subways) is only \$32.50, postpaid, sent to Pro Design, Inc., 58 Bank Street, New York 10014—as are Europe Unfolds (London, Paris, Rome, Amsterdam, Zurich and the Paris Métro) and The World Unfolds (Tokyo, Hong Kong, London, Paris, New York and the Tokyo transit system). You've got the whole world in your pocket.



THINK DOPEY

Not many of us are around who remember that prior to 1914, there were no legal controls on preparations containing marijuana, cocaine, opium or other drugs, and they could be purchased in apothecaries and grocery stores throughout the United States without a prescription. All that old dope memorabilia didn't die when people came to their senses; it ended up on the shelves of Cape Ann Antiques, P.O. Box 3502, Peabody, Massachusetts 01960, a store that specializes in such vintage oddities as cocaine-lozenge tins (\$90 each), ancient Cannabis Indica bottles (\$130 each), hashish posters (\$40 each), opium pipes (\$60 each), marijuana-related records from the Thirties (\$90 each) and other examples of narcotic exotica. Two dollars gets you Cape Ann's latest catalog. Incidentally, all the containers are *empty*—as if you didn't know.

LEGEND OF THE LEGION

"In our . . . permissive society, there are few remaining conversation stoppers. But any man who can say 'I served with the Legion' is guaranteed an audience." Yes, the Foreign Legion lives, and it's never been better served than in John Robert Young's new book, *The French Foreign Legion* (Thames and Hudson, \$24.95), which tells the history of the world's most famous fighting force in words and pictures (200 in color). To your bookstore, march!



EXPENSIVE ETCHINGS

Because 1985 is the 25th anniversary of Etch A Sketch, The Ohio Art Company, P.O. Box 111, Bryan, Ohio 43506, decided it would create a little bauble that you won't find in just any juvenile's toy box—a solid sterling-silver executive Etch A Sketch adorned with sapphires and topazes, at a price only the sheik of Araby could afford: \$3750. It's a wonderful doodle pad, but you'll have to visit the vault every time creativity calls.



LOOKING SNAKY

For those of you Yuppies who'd like to be the first on your block to step from your BMW sporting a pair of really exotic-skinned cowboy boots, we'd like to direct you to the Just Justin Boots Factory Outlet, 9090 Stemmons, Dallas 75247. Next to such pedestrian hides as ostrich, lizard and elephant, you'll find one that should definitely turn your upwardly mobile neighbors' heads—Indonesian water snake in black and white, gray or tan at a price that's not even close to that of a Rolex Oyster: \$185 a pair, postpaid. The boots are water repellent and, yes, Just Justin stocks both men's and women's sizes. Slick!



CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESARS

Caesars Pocono Cove Haven (Lakeville, Pennsylvania) and Pocono Palace (Marshall Creek, Pennsylvania) have unveiled an amenity that really pops our cork. It's a seven-foot-tall champagne-glass whirlpool for two that's part of Caesars' fantasy suite—a four-level love nest housing everything from sauna, fireplace and mirrored bed to a heart-shaped swimming pool. Rates range from \$470 (two nights) to \$1455 (seven nights) and include meals, entertainment and outdoor sports. The indoor sports are on you.



MUNCH A BUNCH

To some, April is the coolest munch—it's a huge jar of the same Jelly Belly gourmet jelly beans on which President Reagan noshes. And as the days grow short when you reach November, you'll be nibbling from a mammoth can of almond-pecan corn. All this if you belong to the Munch of the Month Club, Suite 4201, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018. A mouth-watering 12-month subscription is \$199.95, including delivery. However, if your stomach is bigger than your wallet, five months is only \$99.95, three months is \$69.95, while one month will set you back a mere \$24.95. Each month, you get a different munch, of course. No, a bottle of Bromo Seltzer isn't part of the deal.



Down but Not Out

Wouldn't it be nice if someone as beautiful as actress LESLEY-ANNE DOWN came out of the sea near your house? For more of the lovely Lesley-Anne, watch the miniseries of John Jakes's 18-hour *North and South*.



Ratt's Ass

This disturbed-looking individual is JUAN CROUCIER, bass player for Ratt. These guys are very popular—no kidding. Their last album, *Out of the Cellar*, went double platinum, and their next one is due out this summer. Ratt on!

The Adams Chronicles

TRISH ADAMS is an actress who has appeared on the soaps *Days of Our Lives* and *The Young and the Restless*. She's making an action film now, called *Modern Warriors*, in which the good guys beat the bad ones. We hope Trish is protected.



Dr. Ruth, Tell Me the Truth

Now, *this* is a team! DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER invited CYNDI LAUPER to visit her cable-TV show, *Good Sex*, last winter, and the talk ranged from A to Z. Dr. Ruth tried to find the hidden meanings in Cyndi's lyrics and Cyndi tried to find out how much is enough. We hear that there's no truth to the rumor that they'll tour together in a show called *Money Changes Everything*. But they should. We'd pay real money to see these girls having fun.

Laurie and Hardy

Dancer LAURIE BRISCOE has two-stepped her way through both the *20-Minute Workout* and PLAYBOY's own *Girls of Rock 'n' Roll* video. So we know she's got stamina. And a very cute T-shirt.



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With This Barber, It's Just a Little off the Top

We don't recommend hitting the gym dressed like this, but we did want you to work up a sweat over BARBRA BARBER. She's working on a movie, *Night Flights*, about a good girl gone wrong. We've looked at Barbra. She can't go wrong.

© 1988 MARK L. LEVITAN



© 1988 KROKUS

This Bunch of Krokus May Be the Next Sex Pistils

Why are these guys playing with their faces? No one knows. KROKUS complains it has a hard time being taken seriously because it's from Switzerland. We don't think that's the reason.

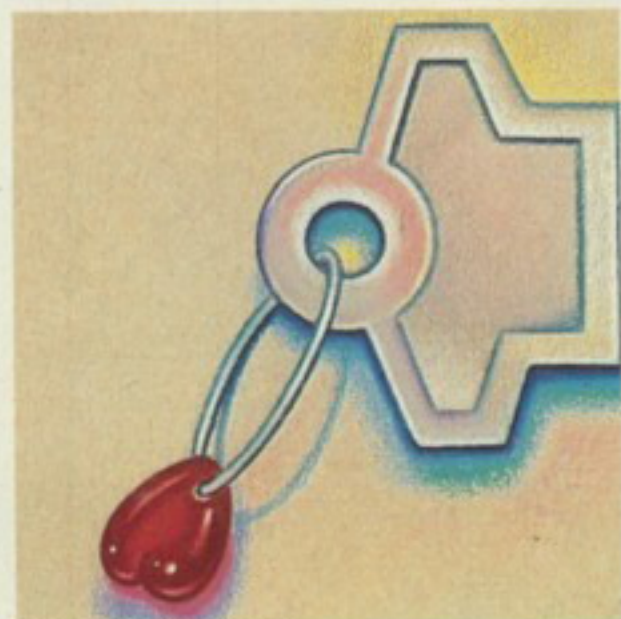
NEXT MONTH



SOUTHERN COMFORT



VETERANS' DAY



COHABITATION NARRATION



TOGETHER FOREVER

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"MORE TASTE, LESS OVERACTING"—WHO ARE THE LITEWEIGHTS AMONG TV'S JOCK ACTORS AND WHICH ONES ARE LESS FULFILLING? TUNE IN TO SEE IF OUR CRITICS DARE TURN THUMBS DOWN ON **BUBBA SMITH**—BY **ROGER EBERT** AND **GENE SISKEL**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: SYSTEMS"—WHICH MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES ARE REAMS AND WHICH ARE THE CREAM? LET'S BE SYSTEMATIC—BY **ANDREW TOBIAS**

"TALES OF THE INFORMATION AGE"—WE'RE USED TO THINKING BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING. FACT IS, HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME. NOR DOES HE REALLY EXIST. BUT THAT DOESN'T KEEP HIM FROM TAKING NOTES. A CHILLING REPORT—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"THE RAT-RACE DIET: NUTRITION FOR AN IMPERFECT WORLD"—YOU WORK HARD, DRIVE FAST AND EAT WHATEVER HITS YOUR MOUTH. MOST DOCS WOULD SAY CHANGE YOUR LIFE; OURS PRESCRIBES FUEL FOR THE FAST LANE—BY **STUART BERGER, M.D.**

"JO COLLINS: VIETNAM RETROSPECTIVE"—NEARLY 20 YEARS AGO, 1965'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR ENTERTAINED THE TROOPS. NOW, AT THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION, THE TROOPS RETURN THE FAVOR

PLUS: **TOM WATSON** IN A DEAD-SOLID-PERFECT "20 QUESTIONS"; **"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO ELECTRONICS"**; A MYSTERY-GUEST PICTORIAL TO WARM THE BRIEFS OF LEGAL BEAGLES AND THE COCKLES OF SCANDALMONGERS; AND MUCH, MUCH, MUCH, MUCH MORE