

INTERVIEW: BASEBALL'S SPITTIN' IMAGE, SPARKY ANDERSON

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1985 • \$3.50

**ROXANNE
PULITZER**

**WHAT A
PRIZE!
FOXY
ROXY
BARES
ALL**

**ANDREW
TOBIAS
ON MAN'S
BEST
FRIEND—
MONEY**

**HOW TO
LIVE WITH
ANOTHER
PERSON**

**GOLDEN
GATEFOLDS
25 YEARS OF
POMPEO POSAR**



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

FOR A BOOST IN THE RATINGS, WHO YOU GONNA CALL?

A recent *Cheers* episode featured a Playmate softball team. Here sports fans Jeana Tomasina, John Ratzenberger, Marcy Hanson, George Wendt and Ola Ray (left to right below) cuddle at the bar. Right: Playmates Victoria Cooke, Marcy Hanson, Denise Michele Kellogg, Susie Scott and Michele Drake meet Sherman Hemsley and Franklin Cover on CBS' *The Jeffersons*.



REACHING OUT TO NIGHT'S CHILDREN

February saw a star-studded benefit, hosted by Hef at Playboy Mansion West, raise almost \$50,000 for Children of the Night. The Los Angeles-based group plans to build a shelter for hundreds of street children, most of them runaways. Putting hands together in the effort were (left to right) Dr. Lois Lee, founder of Children of the Night, Hef and *Hill Street Blues*' Joe Spano and Betty Thomas.



CASTING FOR ALL THE RIGHT CURVES

Half the fun is in getting to the finished product. Pennsylvania sculptor Jack Thompson molds his figures by getting nude girls plastered (above, it's model Sydney Coale), then adding anything from a wolf's head to an artichoke. If you watch *The Playboy Channel's Playboy Video Magazine*, you may see Thompson in action.

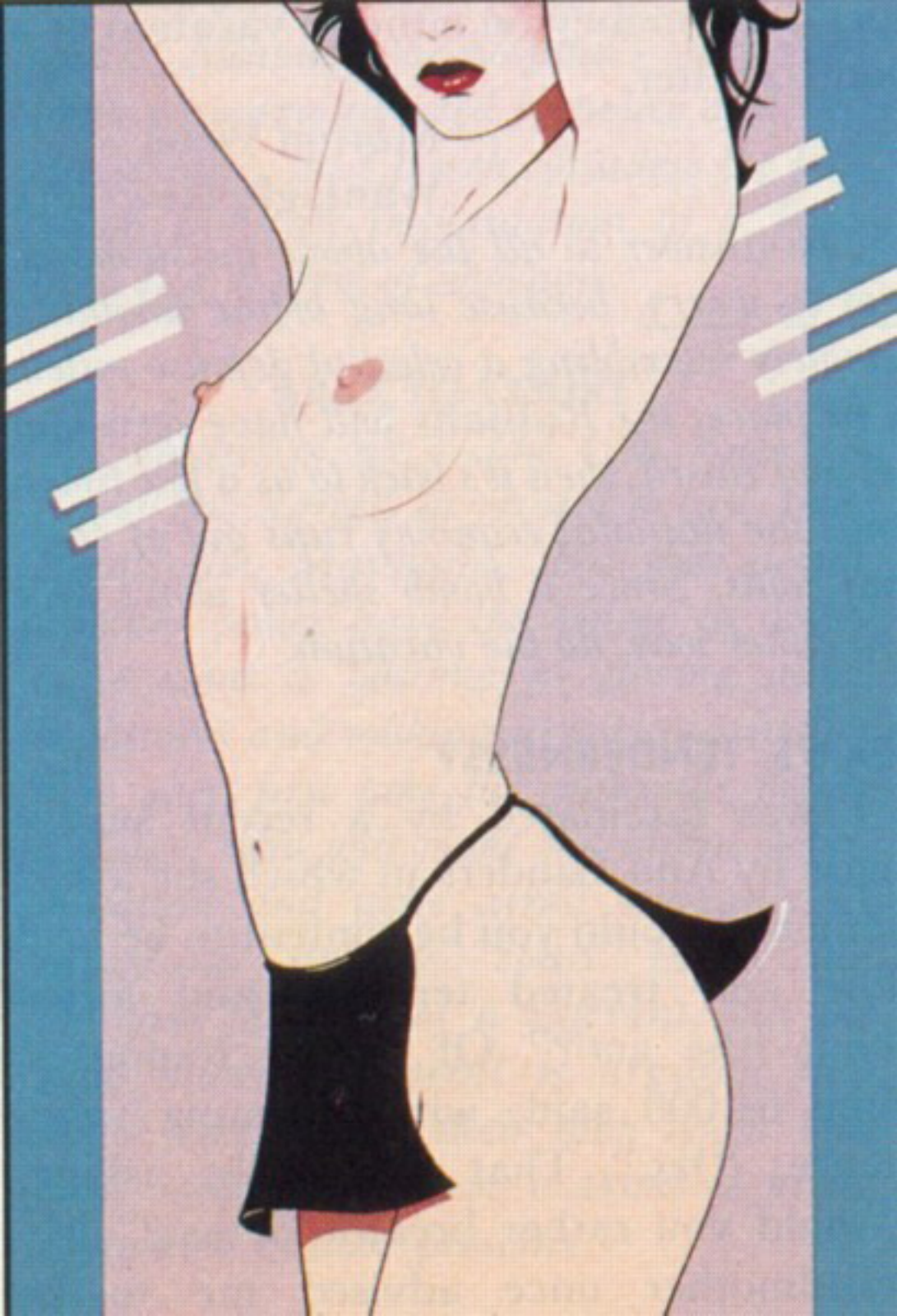


WHO YOU GONNA CALL? (PART II)

When the film *Into the Night* needed a world's worth of beauty, director John Landis turned to our Playmates. Men the world over dream nightly of (top row) Dona Speir as Miss Western Europe, Veronica Gamba as Miss South America, Heidi Sorenson as Miss Scandinavia and (bottom row) Lesa Ann Pedriana as Miss Asia, Susie Scott as Miss Eastern Europe and Carina Persson as Miss Australia.







PRIZE PULITZER

palm beach was never—well, hardly ever—like this, but the accusations in roxanne pulitzer's sensational divorce made it sound that way. the lady in the case shows us why

THE divorce trial was lurid, and when it was over in November 1982, the greatest name in American journalism—Pulitzer—had been publicly defamed in a welter of allegations that ran from incest and homosexuality to adultery, black magic, drug smuggling, drug abuse and threats of murder.

At issue was the inherited fortune of 52-year-old Herbert "Pete" Pulitzer of Palm Beach and the custody of five-year-old twin boys from his marriage to Roxanne, a 31-year-old former cheerleader from a small town in New York State.

Judgment came a month after the trial at the Palm Beach County Courthouse. Roxanne had asked for custody of the twins, alimony and child support in excess of \$12,000 a month but the December 1982 judgment awarded primary custody to the father and gave Roxanne \$2000 a month alimony for two years, plus the Porsche she had received from Herbert in 1978 and a jewelry collection valued around \$60,000.

In dismissing her claims, which he described as exorbitant, the judge said that Roxanne was a young and attractive woman who should build a new life. He said her demands reminded him of the country-music lyric "She got the gold mine, I got the shaft."

In October 1984, Roxanne's request for extended alimony was rejected by the Florida Supreme Court, and her last hopes vanished when the U.S. Supreme Court refused to hear the case. Several months earlier, she had decided to pose for *PLAYBOY* and to tell her side of the story. At her final interview with our reporter, **Reg Potterton**, she was still fighting for more frequent visitation with the twins, Mac and Zac; the Florida court had limited her to approximately four days a month.

Although Roxanne remains free-spirited in both her pictorial (she loved the idea of lampooning the more scandalous headlines of the trial) and her interview, readers will have to ponder for themselves the two lingering questions about the Pulitzer



trial: Who really got the shaft and why?

The trial ended two years ago. Why did you wait so long to tell your side of the story?

Apart from legal considerations—gag orders and so forth—I knew I was too close to the case to be objective about it in public. I was very angry and confused—I couldn't understand why people had lied on the stand, as so many of them had, why old friends had testified against me and why matters that should have been private between Herbert and me had been twisted and used against me. Now I can understand why people behaved the way they did—they had marriages to protect, children and careers to think about. And I was no bed of roses. You at *PLAYBOY* published an article that was funny [*The Pulitzers of Palm Beach*, June 1983], but even you pointed out that the public saw me as "a combination of nympho dyke, cocaine slut and black-magic voodoo queen."

We also said that those allegations turned out to be unproved, like most of the others in the trial—headlines without stories.

Which is exactly what they were. Complete bullshit from start to finish. Herbert wanted the divorce, and he wanted to win. For him, it was a war, and you know what they say about warfare: Truth is always the first casualty.

Could you give an example?

Herbert and I had dinner after the trial—a long time after—and I tried to get him to answer the one question about my alleged lesbianism that had most clearly hurt my case. A former employee of his testified that he saw me in a negligee on a bed in our house in the middle of the day with my closest friend, Jackie Kimberly. He said Jackie was naked, lying down. I was dying to get an answer about this from Herbert, and at dinner I couldn't let go of the question. Did the man make that statement because I'd once reported him for questionable activities in the Bahamas? Had someone gotten to him? Why did he say that? I mean, God, it just about finished me off in court. And Herbert just looked me right in the eye and said, "This is where you're hurting yourself, Rox. The trial's over, the trial was a war, and you lost." And I said that wasn't fair—the accusation was an outright lie and he knew it—and he said, "War isn't fair. When I go to war I go to win, and I do whatever I have to do to make sure I win."

We're surprised to hear that you had dinner with him after everything you threw at each other in court.

Why not? We were sleeping together before and after we went to trial. We were going to bed up until last summer. We probably still would be if I hadn't filed an appeal for an extension of alimony and more frequent visitation. As soon as I did that, he yanked the kids and got hostile. A cynic might think he'd resumed our sexual relationship to keep me from filing, but I'll

Is that the brass section of the New York Philharmonic? Or the Palm Beach Girl Scout Marching Band? Why am I holding a clarinet? Is it because they said at the trial I slept with a trumpet? Well, they said a lot of things. But what do they know? Let them eat crackers.



reserve judgment.

Did the lawyers know you were seeing each other?

They probably guessed. They were always ringing him up and warning him to keep away from me, but we'd leap into bed anyway. It was like old times. We had this running joke between us. He'd ask me, "What do you say to a little fuck?" and I'd say, "Hi, little fuck," and off we'd troop to the bedroom.

What about the cocaine abuse—was that bullshit, too?

Not entirely, but it was never on the scale that was suggested. At the peak of our use—and the peak lasted about two weeks—he and I did it maybe three times a week, maybe four. I don't believe that made me an addict, though the lawyers suggested I couldn't get enough of the damned stuff.



Anyone who thinks I'm advocating cocaine needs his sense of humor examined. This is a plug for a fine automobile, and here we are inside, hurrying home to Palm Beach and Herbert with a limoload of some of our favorite things. This is how I usually dress while shopping or riding around town. Doesn't everybody?

Damned?

Cursed, I should say. It's a truly terrible drug. At the time, you think it's wonderful; it gives you such confidence, such strength. But it's just a delusion. Cocaine was the catalyst for us; it made us do and say things we'd never have contemplated otherwise. Very scary. I think, My God, look at all the destruction it caused; look at what it did to us. But it was almost impossible to avoid cocaine in Palm Beach; it was everywhere—in clubs, restaurants, people's homes. People used it openly; there was no secret about it. You'd see them chopping up their lines and spooning it out of bottles. You felt ostracized if you didn't join in.

Palm Beach panicked when the case started. (text continued on page 144)



PREVIEWS TWO

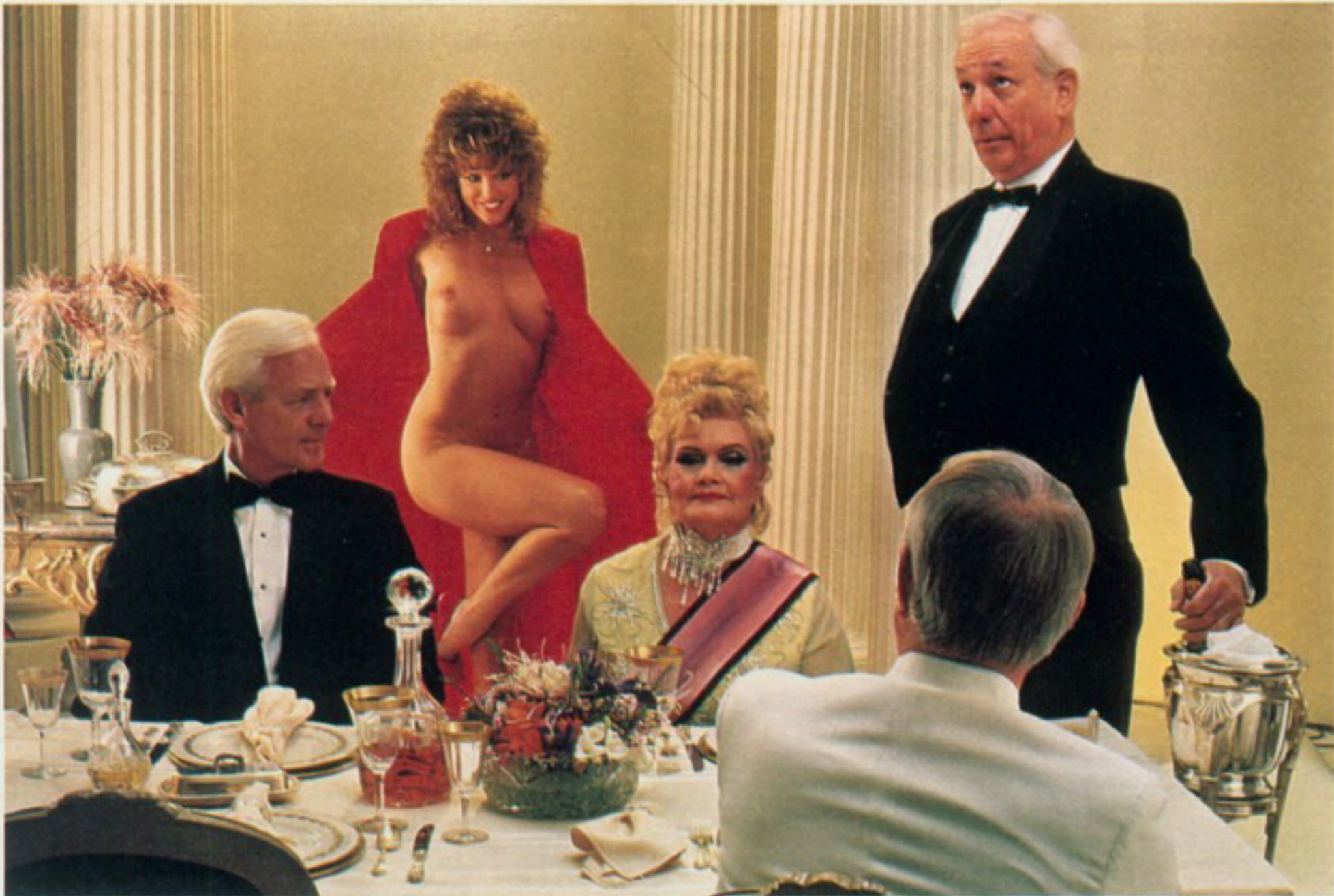
april

Albums

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12







Hi, there! You're probably wondering about the Kleenex at left. It's a private joke—about a friend of Herbert's who is married to a good friend of mine. You'll meet them in the accompanying text. You say there's a woman in my bed? Oh, *that* woman. Above: Yes, well, it sometimes got a bit boring at those stuffy Palm Beach dinners. Below: French baker, racing driver, OK; but who are all these other people—and why don't we have proper champagne glasses?







“Not talk about sex or politics? I was part of the Kent State generation!”

One of my friends was so terrified that they'd search her house that she took all her drugs and gear—grinders, bottles, papers and what have you—and buried them on King Hussein's Palm Beach property.

Does the king know?

I doubt it. I think my friend hid the stuff there because she figured nobody would dare look.

You say you didn't use it that much, but didn't you go to group therapy in Palm Beach and confess that you were an addict?

Correction: Herbert took me to group therapy and told everyone in a two-hour speech that I was an alcoholic and a cocaine addict. I went because he'd threatened to go ahead with a divorce unless I joined the group. Later I realized that a public admission of that sort could be useful in evidence, but whether or not he did it for that reason, I can't say. I know he called me at home afterward, crying and asking me to forgive him for saying what he'd said at the meeting. I went back to the group the next week, poked my head around the door and said, "Fuck you and thank you very much." End of group therapy. At his insistence—insistence! He stuck a gun in my face—I also checked into a substance-abuse clinic, but they had to let me go, because I had no symptoms of dependency and they said they needed the bed for a more deserving patient. I didn't find out until the trial, when the clinic records were produced in evidence, that one of the counselors had written across the top of the form, WE FEEL SHE IS A PAWN IN A PALM BEACH DIVORCE.

The psychiatrist at your trial said that the relationship between your husband and you was that of master and servant. Was that a fair appraisal?

I was 23 when I started dating Herbert. He was 44. You could say he swept me off my feet in all directions at once. My parents were divorced when I was three, so I'd never known my father. Herbert became my father, teacher, lover and best friend. He was a bit of everything, and I worshiped him. I didn't have a mind of my own—I just wanted to please him, to be the perfect wife, the perfect hostess. I was ready to do anything he asked or wanted. I had this belief—I still do to some extent, though I know it can do me great harm—that people don't have the right to say no or to make judgments about something unless they've tried it, so if he said, "Come on, let's do this," I'd think, Sure, why not? I never said no, whatever it involved. Whatever. He couldn't believe

he'd met a girl who was openly telling him her fantasies and was willing to try things he'd wanted to try for a lifetime. You can't have a more perfect sexual relationship than one in which both people are in consent, as we were, sharing their innermost fantasies. If it made him happy, it made me even happier.

Pulitzer testified in a deposition that you and he sometimes shared the same bed with another woman.

Herbert said that, he testified to it, but I denied it and I don't intend to discuss it here.

Perhaps you should, if only to remove any doubts about the suggestion.

Forget it. I know what I am, I know what I'm not, and that's all that matters.

You had been married before you met Herbert, hadn't you?

Yes, when I was 19. It lasted less than four years and we spent almost the entire time separated. I'm not proud about it, but I'm not going to make excuses, either. I was brought up to think I was supposed to be married, have children and lead a settled family life. Looks like I was wrong both times. But in my marriage to Herbert, the fact is that we both screwed up, we were both in the wrong; and if there'd been any justice in that Florida judgment, it would have reflected that point and the custody would have been on a 50-50 basis. I haven't given up the legal battle.

What do you want from the courts? They've rejected your request for an appeal on the alimony issue, and the U.S. Supreme Court won't even hear the case. What's left?

I'm asking the Florida court to give me more visitation. I want to see more of the boys; it's that simple. I want to be able to look them in the eye and tell them that I went as far as I could go, that I did my utmost. Equal visitation, open visitation—that's what I'd like. If I had custody, there'd be none of that four-days-a-month bullshit. Herbert could see them any time he wanted. He's their father, he always will be, and I don't want them to forget it. The trouble is, whenever I do something he doesn't like, such as go to the courts, he makes certain that I get my exact four days and not an hour longer. But if everything's going well and he's not feeling threatened, he'll let me see them every week. It's the old pawn routine.

Your husband paid the legal costs for both sides in the trial, but it was the judge who determined the fee that should be paid to your lawyer, Joe Farish. Didn't he get a lot less than he expected?

On December 28, the day the judgment

came in, I got a call from the Farish office, and as soon as I heard the secretary's voice a chill went through my body. I knew it would be bad news. Anyway, I drove to Joe's office in West Palm and found him with his feet up on his desk, talking on the phone and he was saying, "Can you believe it, I got only \$102,500, and for a case like that." And I was sitting there, heart pounding, waiting for him to get off the phone and tell me what happened. I could see the agreement lying in front of him.

Then he hung up and I burst out, "What happened to Mac and Zac?" I had been flipping through the pages of the judgment but couldn't understand the technical terms. Joe was reading another copy, so I said, "Who's the prime custodial parent?" and he said, "He is," at which point I guess I went into shock.

I just couldn't talk, couldn't believe it, but there it was. Farish picked up the phone again and I left—drove that car back across the bridge to Palm Beach in a blind panic, through the lights and the stop signs. I must have been doing 80. All I wanted to do was get home and lock myself in my room. The reporters were already there when I got back. I went inside, called my mom, who said she'd be down on the next plane, then went to bed.

You said earlier that you wanted to be the perfect wife, the perfect hostess. Why was that so important?

I wanted to be accepted socially in Palm Beach. Herbert's oldest and closest friend was James Kimberly, who was heir to the Kimberly-Clark paper fortune—the Kleenex people. Jim was nearly 70 when I met him and his wife, Jackie, who was about a year older than me. She had a great social flair—beautiful table settings, perfect floral arrangements. Eight pieces of silver and God knows how many glasses at each plate. And I'd be wondering which fork to use and what to do with each glass. She and I hit it off from the beginning, naturally, both of us being young girls married to much older men. We used to talk for hours; she taught me a lot, especially about the Palm Beach social scene. Herbert used to say, "Watch Jackie, see how she does it." And Herbert would tell me to read *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, the number-one fiction and nonfiction best sellers. If I did that, he said, I'd be able to talk to anyone about anything, to get through dinner without making a fool of myself. I wasn't supposed to mention sex, politics or religion. Not talk about sex or politics? I was part of the Kent State generation! I was at Kent State to pick up a friend the day those four students were killed. Nobody was going to tell me what to say. At the back of his mind, I think, Herbert respected me for being the way I was. I think he sometimes wished he could be that way himself, that he could say,

(continued on page 192)

“I was furious with Herbert, but that was typical of him, manipulating people like chess pawns.”

just once, “Fuck you, asshole!” but he was Mr. Charm. An excellent actor. He’d just smile at someone, make him believe he was the most important and wonderful human on earth, and afterward he’d ask me, “What was that guy’s name?”

Tell us about the early days, when you met each other.

I was going to Palm Beach Junior College and sharing a trailer with my brother. I’d seen Herbert at a few parties, we’d got on well, liked each other, and that was as far as it went. I had a boyfriend and Herbert was living with a girl. I refused to date him while we were both attached. Contrary to my public image, if you can call it that, I was never a great believer in two men at once—

Six or seven at a time, maybe?

Right! A football team! Girls, animals, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, OK, but never just two. But when I met Herbert, we had other people in our lives.

I’d planned to tell my boyfriend.

What about Herbert and his girlfriend?

They’d just come back from a safari in Kenya. She’d fallen in love with the place

and wanted to live there, so his plan was to send her back to Africa and give her some money to find a house for them both and he’d follow later.

Did you drive her to the airport?

No! Herbert did. The night before she left, he gave her a farewell party at a restaurant he owned in Palm Beach. I was sitting at the bar, having a quiet drink and wondering why my boyfriend, who was with Herbert at a table, kept giving me filthy looks. Then he suddenly came over to the bar, grabbed me and said, “Come on, we’re getting out of here.” Ugly scene, very embarrassing. We drove to his place and he was shouting, “You’ve been fucking Pete Pulitzer; he says you’re planning to go out together. He told me the whole story.” OK, our plan to go out together was true, but we most certainly had not slept together. I was furious with Herbert, but that was typical of him, manipulating people like chess pawns.

Why didn’t your boyfriend punch him in the nose?

Are you kidding? He was Herbert’s

insurance man! You think he was about to throw up all that business—those big hotels and what not? Herbert was his Fort Knox. To cut a long and sordid story short, we agreed to go out with each other once we were free. When I was staying with my mom in New York, Herbert called and asked me to have dinner with him at the Howard Johnson’s he owned in Miami. You can guess what happened. I ended up staying the night; we slept together for the first time. I flew up to my mom’s the next day. Herbert went fishing in the Bahamas. He called me every day, then sent his plane to pick me up, and I flew down and joined him in the islands. For the next six and a half years, except for one night when he went to Europe for a conference, we didn’t spend a single night apart.

And the wedding was six months later?

Herbert asked me to meet him at the Fort Lauderdale airport with a limo and two bottles of champagne, because he said he had some important things to discuss. He took a list out of his briefcase and started ticking off items: next week, hunting; move the boat to St. Augustine; fly to Europe; go to the ranch; take the boat to Daytona; fly to New York to meet your mother and stepfather; get married January 12. He said, “That’s the plan; do you have any objections?” And,

of course, I didn't—I couldn't have been happier.

Out of the trailer and into the mansion. Sounds like Cinderella.

More like *The Story of O!* Or maybe a combination of *Emmanuelle* and *Debbie Does Dallas*. They were some of his favorite movies—mine, too, I must admit. We had them all in our collection. We belonged to an X-rated-movie club in West Palm. We had an enormous collection of pornography—thousands of dollars' worth of dirty books, magazines, movies, paraphernalia.

Paraphernalia?

Sure, you know, those silly gimmicks they sell in those stores. Vibrators, inflatable dolls, all kinds of weird gizmos—ridiculous things. We bought them as jokes. At Christmas, we used to exchange six-foot stockings stuffed with porn, gourmet foods, lotions, wine. Oh, God, those Christmas mornings! We'd do the tree, lay out the kids' presents, open the champagne and give each other the stockings, rolling around on the floor at five in the morning and laughing hysterically.

Have you kept the porn collection?

That's a sore point. Farish still has all of it. I keep ringing him to find out what he's done with it, but he won't return my calls.

The New York Post later published a headline saying you slept with a trumpet. Did you?

Trumpet? It was the whole fucking orchestra! OK, let's be serious. No, I've

never fucked a trumpet—in fact, I've never been musical. How would you fuck a trumpet? Very carefully, I imagine. Every time I remember that headline in the *Post*, I think about suing.

Why?

To begin with, it wasn't a trumpet; it was an aluminum cylindrical cone that was presented to Herbert when we attended a séance. Among spiritualists, it symbolizes the trumpet sounded by the archangel Michael.

But did you sleep with the trumpet? The world wants to know.

If you mean, did I use it in a sexual manner, my answer is, "Go fuck yourself." The trumpet was kept in a closet in my bedroom—the same closet that held all our porn and my entire wardrobe and also served as a repository for all our accumulated junk, his and mine. So, in a sense, you could say, yes, I slept with the trumpet, because the closet was in the bedroom. At the trial, the lawyers tried to get the thing a lot closer to my bed than it actually was. That's the trumpet story. But I'm *still* thinking about suing the *Post*.

How would you characterize the reporters who covered your trial—in one word?

Scum.

Care to enlarge on that?

Big pile of scum. They feed on tragedy, they wallow in it—and they can be such whining hypocrites. There were times at the trial when I'd see a reporter who'd written something truly disgusting and

vicious and I'd want to wring his neck; then a couple of days later, he'd call up to apologize and ask for just one little interview to put things right. Just doing their job! I wish I hadn't given them so much help! But my great regret is that in presenting my case, I got down in the gutter instead of keeping my mouth shut.

Isn't it a bit late for regrets?

Definitely. My regrets, though, are about things that were told to me in confidence by Herbert and that I should not have repeated. But when I started getting scared about the possibility that I might lose Mac and Zac, I didn't think about it; I just got into the gutter with his lawyers and let it all rip. And I'm talking about important matters, deep, dark secrets, things from Herbert's childhood and his later life, things that should have remained between us no matter what. Those other issues—the cocaine, the marital misconduct—were trivial by comparison.

You're referring to the allegations about incest?

I won't discuss that. Let's just say that, like so many of the accusations in that trial, incest is one of those things that belong in the family.

We won't touch that one. What was the most important issue to you in the trial?

Mac and Zac. The custody. I couldn't get it into my head that I might lose them, not even when I sat in the courtroom listening to the evidence. I knew I was not a lesbian; I knew I was not an alcoholic or a drug addict. I knew I was not an unfit mother. And I took it for granted that

those were plain, straightforward facts and that when the trial was over, I'd be the custodial parent. Wrong!

You don't sound much like the woman described in the trial, who supposedly lived out all those strange sexual fantasies.

My fantasies involve a little of everything, but I'll tell you this: No fantasy—or experience, for that matter—includes one-night stands, or fuck-and-flees, as my girlfriends call them. I've never had a one-night stand. Not that they don't sound fascinating—stimulating, in fact. My problem is that I never get that physical, animal craving, that sudden lust that two strangers need when they meet and have the chance to carry it off. I get the mental input first, which is probably why I end up going out with some strange-looking people.

What made you decide to pose for PLAYBOY?

I wanted it to be a surprise for Herbert—he's been a subscriber for years. That's one reason.

Don't you think a lot of people will criticize you for posing?

I guess Herbert could say, "Look, she's everything I said at the trial—those terrible things were all true. Now she's got her clothes off in a magazine; she's a sex maniac." I guess he could take that approach, but it wouldn't be very honest if he did. I know what he thinks of my body.

Herbert likes me naked. I mean, you're talking about a man who liked taking me to bed at one o'clock every afternoon, rain or shine. "Hi, little fuck." I realize that some people will say, "Well, there you are; she's the shameless hussy they said," but I can't do anything about that, and I really don't give a damn what they might say.

I'll probably tell the boys before the magazine comes out, so they don't hear about it first at school, but they won't be surprised to see me with no clothes on. It certainly won't be the first time. I understand that some people lock themselves in lavatories and try to behave as though their bodies have no natural functions, but it was never that way in our house. All four of us got into the tub sometimes or showered together, and when the boys were younger, they used to touch my belly button and ask questions like "How did we

come out of that?" And I'd explain that they didn't and I'd tell them how they were born. That's probably why someone—a person who spends all day with an ear glued to Gospel programs—claimed that I behaved in a perverted fashion with the boys by running around in the nude and letting them fondle my body. That was an absurd and pathetic distortion of the facts, but I guess some people—maybe most—regard the body and its functions as unclean and disgusting. I don't. I don't believe in that unhealthy bullshit. I think our society is confused and stupid about this—we're all caught up in the same cycle of repression, guilt and shame. Well, fuck that. When we're all dead and gone, future generations will look back at us and our twisted mumbo-jumbo beliefs and say, "Oh, yes, they were the people who tortured anyone who was different."

You mentioned the allegations that you're a lesbian. Are you?

I hate even having to answer that, but no, and Herbert knew I wasn't a lesbian. I know I'm not. I simply prefer men. But I see nothing wrong with lesbians and I don't understand why other people do. At the trial, a lot was made of the accusation that I'd had a lesbian relationship with Jackie and that I'd offered to have an affair with Herbert's daughter Liza, from his previous marriage. Incredible! Liza and I were hardly friends, let alone lovers. When I was first with her father, she made it clear that I was an intruder in her relationship with him and that as far as she was concerned, she and I were engaged in a war that I could never win.

As to Jackie, she and I were extremely close friends. We met almost daily during the season, we shopped together, we were in and out of each other's houses, we'd talk for hours. We were practically the only people of our age in Palm Beach, at least among the group our husbands knew. She told me when we met that if I hung around with her, I'd get a reputation—but it didn't bother me. I hardly knew what lesbians were. I suppose I thought of them as big women who looked like men and wore combat boots, if I thought of them at all. But I liked Jackie, she was the best of company, and we had a lot in common.

Her husband was resentful of our friendship, I think, and a bit jealous of the time we spent together. What made it worse was the fact that if she got depressed and locked herself in her room, he'd have to call me over to the house to get her to come out again.

Would you describe your acceptance in Palm Beach society as immediate?

Hardly. We didn't get invitations to anything together until the day of the wedding, and then they started pouring in. Lunches for this, dinner for that. But it was hard for me to enjoy myself at a lot of those affairs because of the age difference—it was hard for me to be myself. Not that that stopped me from making Herbert choke on his champagne a few times.

How did you do that?

Oh, we'd be at some dinner and he'd be sitting at table 16 and I'd be at table three. I'd leave to go to the ladies' room, and on my way back, I'd catch his eye when nobody was looking and lift my dress up—flash him with a bit of leg or a boob, anything to make him laugh, especially when I didn't wear any underwear. I don't think he'll ever find anyone who makes him laugh as much as I did.

In many ways, you lived on the proceeds of a fortune that was built on tabloid journalism, the sort founded by the old man, Joseph Pulitzer, in the last century.

It's ironic, isn't it? I've never read anything about him, but I heard that he died all alone on a huge boat that he'd had soundproofed. His hearing had gone; he had no friends. It must have been a sad and lonely death. Herbert once told me he thought he'd probably die like that, alone.

But he has plenty of friends, doesn't he?

He likes to surround himself with people who have less than he's got, who are his inferiors, financially and mentally. They have to bow down to his opinion, even if they disagree.

Why?

So they can fly in his plane, go on the boat, stay at the ranch. He has to be number one, in control of all situations at all times. He won't do anything he's not good at, which was a source of considerable friction between us at times. I love to ski, for instance, but because he was no good at it, he'd say no to skiing.

Would you say he's a strong man?

He's a great manipulator; he's very good at what he does. He knows himself well, knows what works for him and what doesn't. He's got it down to a science. You have to respect that. He has a strong personality, but that doesn't make him a strong person. Once he sees a weakness in you, you've had it; he just bores in and tears you to shreds. But that's Monday-morning-quarterback talk. Most of the time we had together was the happiest time of my life, and I believe it was for him, too. That's all over now, but I've had to pay a heavy price for fulfilling Herbert Pulitzer's deepest fantasies.





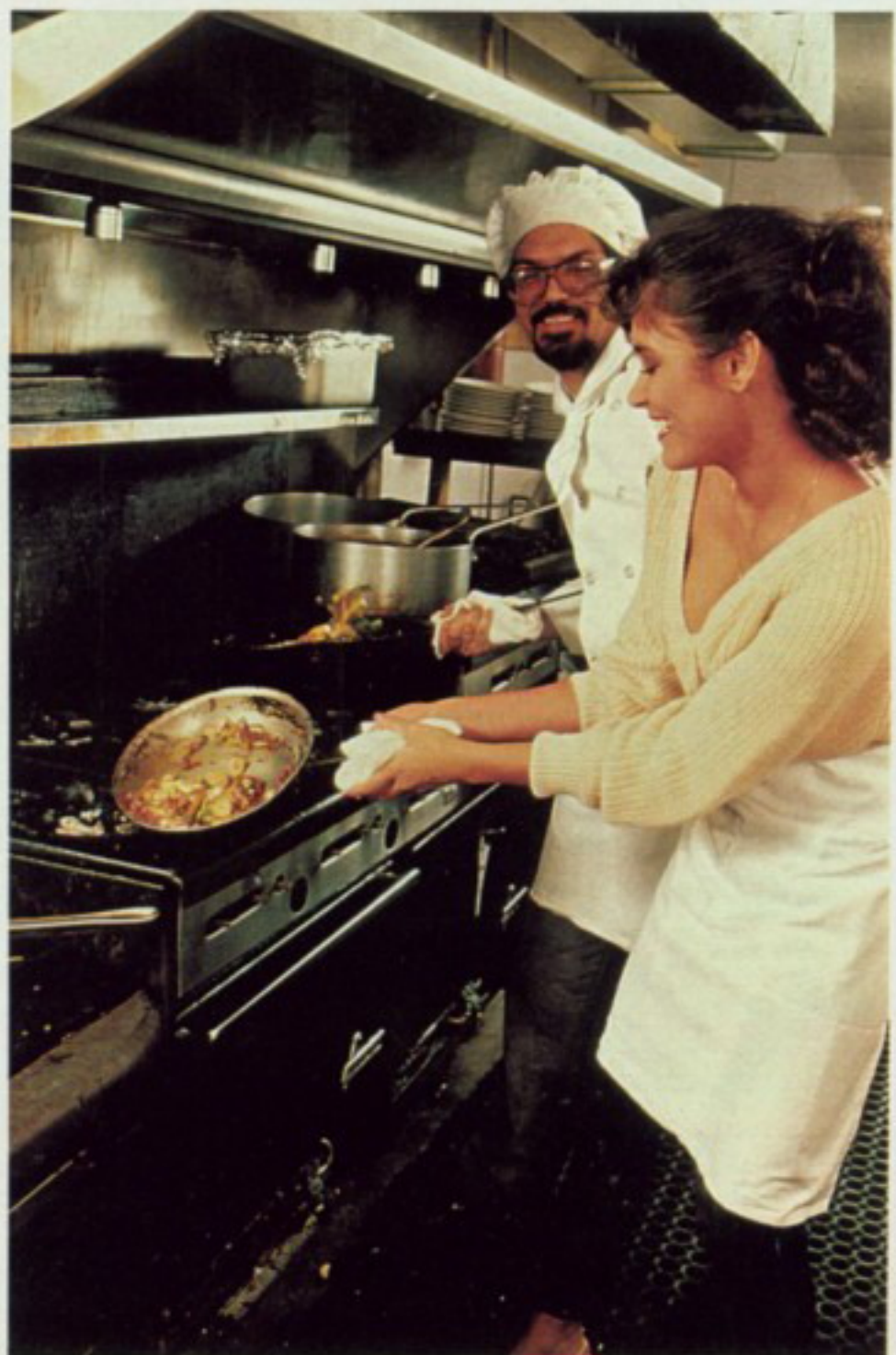
A close-up photograph of a woman's dark, wavy hair and a yellow zip-up jacket. The hair is voluminous and styled, framing the top and left side of the frame. The jacket is bright yellow with a silver zipper visible. The background is a dark, textured green.

DEVASTATING DEVIN

*miss de vasquez is half spanish,
half cajun and completely captivating*

WHEN DEVIN RENÉE DE VASQUEZ first visited Chicago, in September 1983, people who saw her asked, "Who is that pretty young girl?" Now they ask, "Who is that beautiful young woman?" We seldom get to watch a Playmate grow up, but our relationship with Miss June goes back several years. In 1981, while she was a sophomore majoring in accounting and marketing at LSU in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer David Chan scouted the campus for our *Girls of the Southeastern Conference* feature and Devin decided to apply. What prompted her? "Funny you should ask," she says with a laugh. "I had given a talk on nudity

"Down South, people tend to pass judgment. I'm different. Once I got out, I wanted to do everything. I like being feminine and sexy."



for my freshman speech class. It was at 7:30 A.M.; I woke a lot of people up with that speech. Basically, I view beauty as a gift, like having a good singing voice or the ability to dance. When I tried out, I had never even seen PLAYBOY, but I knew what it was. A friend and I just wanted to see who else was trying out. The next thing I knew, I was in the magazine." The rest is the kind of history that happens only down South. One of the other girls who posed—fully clothed—was kicked out of her sorority; another was evicted from her building. As for Devin: "I lost a student job with the state revenue department. I asked the person who fired me, 'What does this have to do with my job?' What hypocrites! How can they buy the magazine, then have the nerve to criticize?" Devin, of course, landed on her feet. After all, she'd been living on her own since she turned 16. "I never wanted to be taken care of. I have my own American Express card. I'm a grown-up person." After the *Girls of the S.E.C.* pictorial, Devin reviewed her priorities. "I realized I was trying to do too much. I had been holding down two jobs and going to school. I'd come home from work exhausted, and I was neglecting my studies. So I decided to go out and make



On the opposite page, Miss June struts her stuff with Dejan's Olympia Brass Band in New Orleans (top). The chef of the Olde N'awlins Cookery gives Devin some pointers on Cajun cuisine (near left) and The Wizard of the Well, a local street character (far left), offers to grant her a wish (to meet a handsome prince). At right: Son of a gun, we'll have some fun on the bayou.

enough money to finish college without having to worry about the rent." She began modeling, appearing in local TV commercials in Baton Rouge and in showrooms for Danskin in Dallas. In the fall of 1982, she landed a nonspeaking extra's role in *Dixie: Changing Habits*, a made-for-TV movie starring Suzanne Pleshette and Cloris Leachman. One day, she decided to visit Chicago, to see if the big city offered more opportunity. She called David Chan, packed her bags and arrived with \$50 in her pocket. "When I showed up, I was paralyzed with a sort of shyness. If people



"Even though I've moved North, I like being a Southern girl. I think the South has a nice approach to life. I wanted my pictorial to be hot and lazy. Not 'Here I am, come and get me' but rather soft, sexy. I'll always be a sweet little girl. Every woman should have a bit of the little girl in her. I like men who have a bit of the little boy in them, too. I like just talking about sex. It is stimulating—not doing anything but building up to it. Feeling the other person out, talking, being held are all important. The slow unfolding of sex is the fun part."



stared at me, I wouldn't take it as a compliment. I would wonder if I had food hanging from my mouth." The people, of course, were staring for a more obvious reason. Devin's exotic blend of Spanish and Cajun tends to hook people by the eyeballs. (Her smile, however, is all-American. "People don't ask me if I speak English," she laughs.) "The attention was kind of disconcerting. People kept asking me if I was Jenny on *All My Children*. Others thought I looked like Jennifer Beals or a dark Farrah Fawcett. Guys kept coming up to me and saying, 'You look just like Apollonia.' These days, I just want someone to come up to me and say, 'You look like Devin DeVasquez.'" Nowadays, Devin exudes confidence and poise. She is working for Elite, one of the top agencies in the world. "I know what I want out of life," she says. "You can put me into any situation and I'll adjust. I've discovered that what you give out is what you get back. I've been striving to be a better model, a better friend, a better



The press release for 1984's Chicago International Film Festival poster (above) asked: "What's black, white, gray and really steamy? It's Ken, Devin and Brian bathed in nothing but mystery," photographed by Skrebneski. The poster's aptly called "Triumph."







"The hardest part about being a Playmate is keeping things in perspective. I'm 21. I want to keep growing, to learn more about myself, my sexuality. I don't want someone to put me on a pedestal. I don't want to cut myself off from people who could be friends."



lover, and the results are starting to come back to me." She tells of a current relationship. He and she show up at parties together and exchange looks but not words, leaving other people to wonder what's passing between them. Sometimes she wears his clothes. They save their talking for late hours, over the phone, from two to four in the morning, from points across the country. The rest of the day, she is strictly business. She rises around 8:30, exercises and showers, then calls the modeling agency to check in. She spends the day visiting photographers or working on assignments. When she goes home, she cooks, reads, watches TV, exercises and writes poetry. Most of her poems are about love. "I'm a romantic," Devin admits. "I love to be loved and I'm very loyal, both in friendship and in romance." She also has a sense of humor. On a photo session in the bayou country, a seminude Devin was poling a small boat through what she desperately feared were alligator-infested waters ("I can't swim!") when she rounded a bend and came upon about 30 good ol' boys in a duckhunting camp. "Two of the guys were asleep when I floated by and I just want to let them know that it really happened—a crew from PLAYBOY was photographing a girl without clothes on, and they missed it." What are her plans for the future? Travel, for one thing. "I never knew my real father. My mother and stepfather moved around the country a lot—from California to Detroit. I struck out on my own at 16. Now I'd like to visit Madrid—my father's birthplace—and discover something about my roots." Other plans? "I would like to treat myself to a real vacation. Maybe Venice." She and her American Express card are ready to go, so get the name right, hotel clerks and maître d's: It's Devin Renée DeVasquez. You'll be seeing a lot of her.



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Denin Renee DeVasquez

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 6-25-63 BIRTHPLACE: Baton Rouge, Louisiana

AMBITIONS: To be loved and in love, living a comfortable life and having my own family

TURN-ONS: Shopping, Candles, Honesty, bubble baths for two, Strawberries & Champagne.

TURN-OFFS: Smoking, rude people, paying bills, Cheapskates, Getting up Early, Judgmental People, busy airport

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Thorn Birds, Out on a Limb, The Other Side of Midnight, Rich Man, Poor Man

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Prince, Madonna, Alabama, Billy Joel, Linda Ronstadt, Lani Luehlicke

FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, Bike Riding, Aerobics

IDEAL MAN: Warm, Sensitive, good sense of humor, well built, successful, intelligent, a gentleman

SECRET FANTASY: Being alone with my lover on a tropical island for a day!

3 yrs.

5 yrs.

16 yrs.



Having fun at my Birthday Party



feeling grown up with my dippy-de hair style



finished at last!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You should know," the businessman told the secretary he had just hired, "that it's a man's world. And that this," he added, tapping his crotch, "is the ultimate authority."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Miller," the girl came back with the sweetest of smiles, "and do you sometimes abuse your authority?"

Note to the boys in blue: The X-rated material confiscated in vice-squad busts is creating a brisk trade among local constabularies. Those in the know refer to it as hot bartered cop porn.



As three young men lounged on the beach rating girls, an average-looking brunette walked by.

"She's a five," said the first.

"A six," countered the second.

"No, she's a one," said the third.

Soon a good-looking redhead sauntered by.

"She's an eight," said the first.

"A seven," said the second.

"No, she's a three," said the third.

Finally, a gorgeous blonde strutted past.

"That's a ten, for sure!" exclaimed the first.

"An eleven, at least," insisted the second.

"No, she's a six," proclaimed the third.

"How did you come up with six?" the two astonished men asked.

"Well, I use the Budweiser scale," the third lad replied. "That's how many Clydesdales it would take to drag her off my face."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *DEA agent* as a dust buster.

My boyfriend gets a thick hard-on," the girl confided, "a really thick one!"

"In that case," giggled her horny friend, "he must be a barrel of fun!"

Sports tip: From now on, boxing matches in San Francisco will reportedly be conducted under the Queen of Marquisberry rules.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Scandinavian stud* as a Nordick.

Maybe you've heard about the mysterious chap who would lure prostitutes down alleys in Victorian London . . . and then drop his pants and masturbate. He came to be known as Jack the Whipper.

The little boy knelt by his bed and prayed, "Jesus, I need a bike." Jumping up, he ran to the window and saw that the driveway was empty.

"Jesus," he prayed again, "I *really* need a bike." Seeing that the driveway was still empty, the boy ran to the living room and removed a statue of the Virgin Mary. In his room, he carefully wrapped it in heavy paper, masking tape and a ball of twine, slipped it into a shoe box and hid it in the back of his closet.

"OK, Jesus," the boy said, kneeling by his bed once more, "if you ever want to see your mother again. . . ."

*It was June, and Miss Toon, in a swoon,
Met her man by the light of the moon;
And all night, as they played,
Lovely music was made,
For the chap kept his organ in Toon.*

Male line overheard in a singles bar: "If you assure me that you're wearing an I.U.D., I'll spring for the drinks."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *underhung theater reviewer* as a critic at small.

There's an automobile dealer who is desperately trying to persuade his in-laws to recall his frigid bride. He claims that there's something seriously wrong with her ignition.



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraband* as a group of Nicaraguan musicians.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraband* as a group of Nicaraguan musicians.

While they attended the funeral of a mutual friend who had been married eight times, one woman turned to the other and sighed, "They're together at last."

Her friend quietly inquired, "Which husband do you mean?"

"Husband?" the first replied. "I'm talking about her legs!"

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.



"Can't we go home now? This is the longest honeymoon I've ever been on."



"I knew this would be a fun party when the invitation came in a plain brown envelope."

pompeo posar celebrates 25 years
as the dean of playboy photographers

THE LENS OF LOVE

"Always I have admired the female body. When I was a boy of 13 or 14 in Trieste, there was a beautiful piazza in the center of town where I would go for walks with friends, and on one side of the piazza there were two statues of naked women. Even so young, I always stared at them when we passed."

—POMPEO POSAR

IN ITALY and Yugoslavia, at the time Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar was growing up there, a boy with an artist's eye didn't have many opportunities to view the nude female form. It was the late Thirties, early Forties, and there were no men's magazines, no nude bars and certainly no adult cable channel. There were, however, museums.

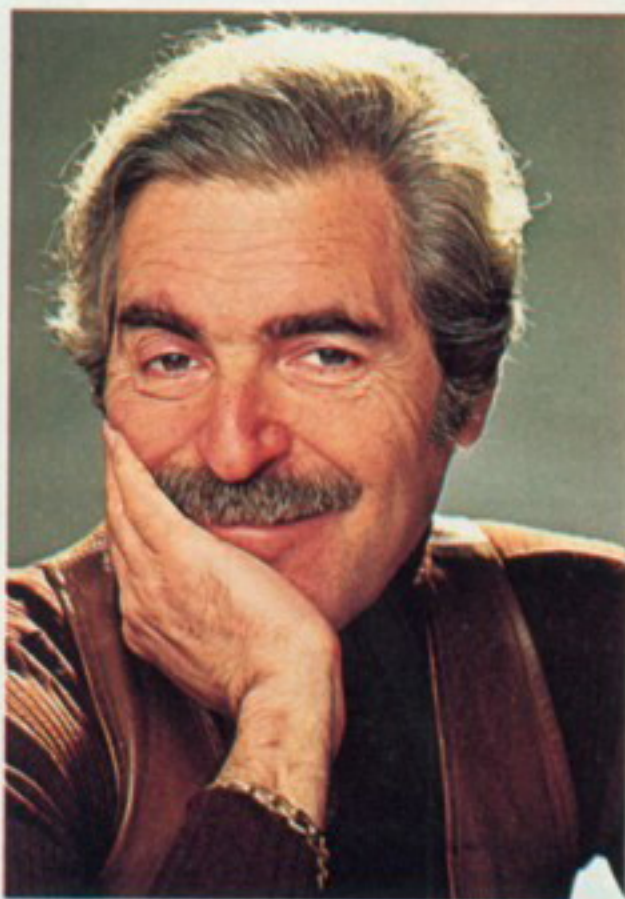
"I loved going to the museums in Europe," says Posar. "I'd stand for hours in front of pictures by Rubens, Titian and Raphael. I would lose all track of time, just drinking in the beauty."

It was a thirst that, fortunately for us and our readers, has never been quenched. For 25 years, we've dispatched Pompeo and his camera all over the world, trusting that wherever he went, he would return with striking pictures of the most beautiful women to be found. We haven't been disappointed.

Although his photographic talents are virtually unlimited—he has photographed 40 of our covers, to cite one example—Pompeo's specialty is the centerfold. He has photographed 60 Playmates—54 for PLAYBOY and six for our foreign editions—since he joined the magazine's staff in 1960; and in the process, he has created a style that is still a textbook for aspiring photographers. His many awards for photographic excellence attest to his stature in the profession.

Besides earning a reputation for PLAYBOY as one of the most photographically lush publications in the world, Posar has been a suave and capable spokesman for the magazine. Journalists who have interviewed him over the years have described him as "dashing," "Continental," "reassuring." All are astounded by his near-legendary success in getting his photographic subjects to shed their inhibitions, along with their clothes, for the camera.

In the cover story for the April 1985 issue of *American Photographer* magazine,



David Roberts describes the process by which a nervous Playmate prospect visibly relaxed during a few hours of working with Pompeo. At first she was shy about revealing her body, Roberts reports, but "by noon it had become routine for her to loiter at Posar's side, an open robe barely perched on her shoulders, as she scrutinized her nude Polaroid self along with the experts. I pondered this transformation and deduced that it was due entirely to what might be called Posar's 'bedside manner.'"

"I think," says PLAYBOY Associate Photography Editor Janice Moses, "that he makes the women relax because they know very well that he *likes* them and he appreciates their beauty, and he's very sensitive to their shyness."

One young woman who had posed for him told us, "I don't know what I expected a photographer for a men's magazine to be like, but I guess I expected something, well, *creepy*, you know? But Pompeo is *such* a nice man, he was a complete surprise. He got me to do things that I had never thought I'd do. There isn't a creepy bone in his body."

"I never want a girl to feel intimidated by my looking at her with my bare eyes," Posar says, "so I usually avert them when I'm not looking through the camera. I turn away and let her relax. That way, she has no fear. And if I do look at her, I say she's beautiful and I smile. That way, she has confidence in herself."

Pompeo's empathy with his subjects is so complete that he often strikes the poses he'd like them to assume—so convincingly that one model told him, "Pompeo, I wish I could take the photographs and let *you* do the poses."

Posar admits that to do his best job of capturing each model's special qualities, "I must (text continued on page 138)

People think Pompeo Posar (above left) even looks like the luckiest guy alive. He can't introduce himself without having every man within earshot offer to trade jobs. His Continental manner can undress the most beautiful women in the world. Since introducing himself to PLAYBOY readers (at left is Miss October 1962, Laura Young, the first centerfold he photographed), Posar has filled our pages with female loveliness from top to bottom (opposite page).





The times have changed, but Posar's eye for beauty endures, as shown by the four centerfolds on this and the facing page. Above, December 1963's Donna Michelle (left) and October 1968's Majken Haugedal illustrate two of the ways the Sixties saw what's sexy.



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

In the early Seventies, Posar posed February 1973 Playmate Cyndi Wood (left) in a gown originally worn by Ginger Rogers in a film with Fred Astaire. In 1976, during the C.B.-radio craze, he photographed every good buddy's dream girl Patti McGuire (right).



A generous sampling of the 40 covers Posar has photographed for PLAYBOY includes Miss December 1963, Donna Michelle (opposite page, as she appeared on the inside cover that month, in what we called our Tenth Holiday Issue), as well as his most famous (the shot of Patti McGuire on the November '76 issue, which contains the controversial Jimmy Carter Interview, now a collector's item). In the photo immediately above, a younger Posar shows model Paulette Lindberg how he wants her to pose for the February 1968 cover.



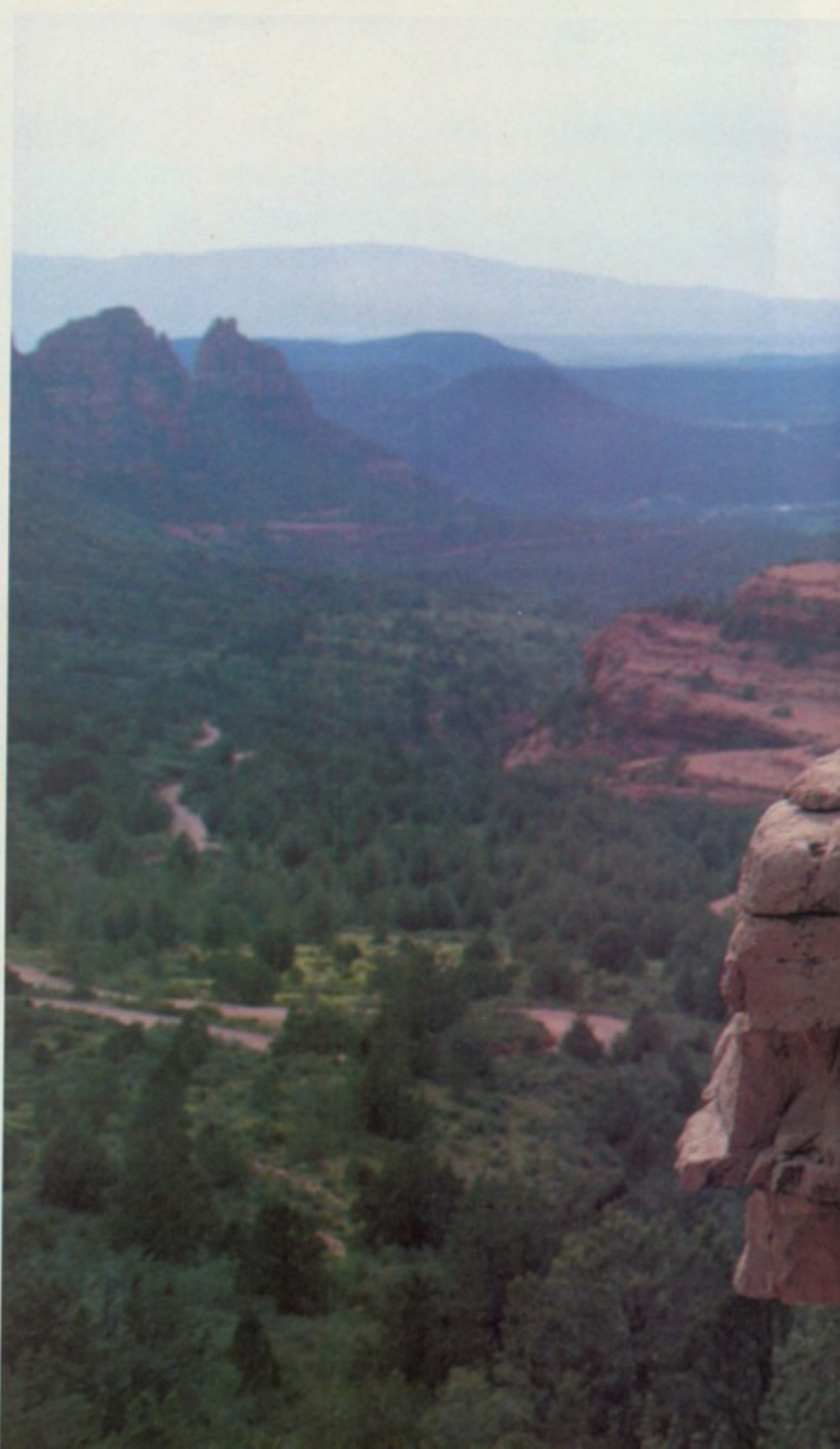


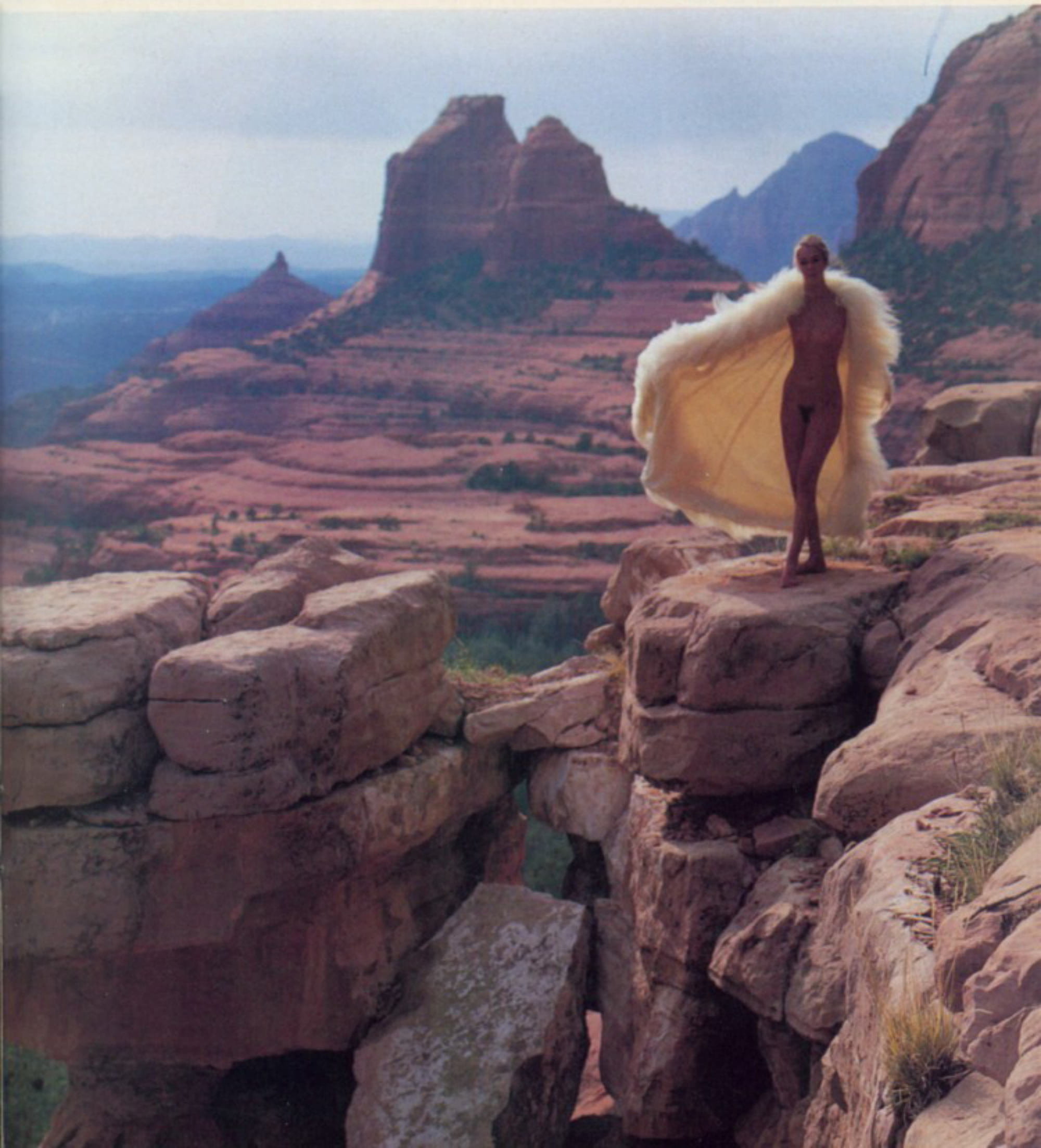
fall a little bit in love with her." That he never falls more than a bit is attributable to his 38-year romance with his wife, Melita, whose bikini-clad figure drifted into his view finder on a Zagreb riverbank back in 1944. They were married in 1947, shortly after he had completed his studies in economics and commerce at the University of Zagreb. Once, when we asked Posar, man to man, if he didn't sometimes feel frustrated by working with gorgeous women with whom his professionalism forbade further intimacy, he laughed and replied, "Sure, I get frustrated. But that just gives me more passion to take home to Melita."

That tact is typical of Posar, a European gentleman of the old school. He speaks softly, with an accent so lilting and elegant that, had he not become a photographer, he could just as easily have sold expensive sports cars on television. (One writer likened the Posar voice to "a soft and caressing Mediterranean melody.") But from the time his father, a food importer/exporter, "made the mistake" of buying his 15-year-old son his first Leica, Posar has never wanted to be anything other than a photographer. "I tried working for my father for a few years but finally realized I didn't want to be a businessman. The



Always willing to take risks to get the best out of his subjects, Posar made like a mountain goat (above) to frame October 1971 Playmate Claire Rambeau against the spectacular mountains near her home town, Sedona, Arizona (right). A consummate fast talker of the avuncular school, Posar has convinced women world-wide that cooperating with him will produce great pictures, among them (top, from left) a candidate for our October 1980 pictorial *Girls of Canada*; June 1963 Playmate Connie Mason; Marlene Appelt, whom he talked out of a cab and into the countryside for a whirl in August 1972's *Girls of Munich*; Playmate Majken Haugedal; and Madrid model Uschi Hu, who disrobed for *Ladies of Spain* (April 1983).









only thing important to me was photography." So in 1954, he and Melita came to America to begin a new life. Cleveland was the first city they visited and it was, then as now, Cleveland. "Nothing much to do in Cleveland at night, so I go to a bookstore to browse. I find an issue of PLAYBOY and love it. So I go buy every back issue I can find. I think to myself, I'd love to work for this magazine." Five years later, having settled in Chicago and developed a reputation as a free-lance photographer, Pompeo had an opportunity to shoot a few stills on the set of a new late-night television show called *Playboy's Penthouse*, hosted by PLAYBOY Editor and Publisher Hugh Hefner. During that and subsequent shows, Posar got some good photos of our boss and his guests, who included Sammy Davis Jr., Bob Newhart and the legendary singer Mabel Mercer. He blew up the photos and gave them to Hef, who liked them enough to offer Posar a job on the staff of the magazine.

Once he was hired, PLAYBOY's photo editors were quick to realize what an asset they had in a man who could not only shoot terrific pictures but converse in Italian, French, English and the



Posar likes to stretch the limitations of his indoor sets (above) but says, "I prefer to work, if possible, outside." The result is often a characteristic blend of naturalism and eroticism such as the alluring pictures of (at left) Patti McGuire; (top, left to right) June 1968 Playmate Britt Fredriksen making a hammock look good; 1974 Playmate of the Year Cyndi Wood making a Puerto Vallarta hacienda look good; and Vinka Skansi (kneeling) and Bobo Zivic adding scenic beauty to the Yugoslavian town of Hvar (in May 1981's *Girls of the Adriatic Coast*). In the next photo, Posar, on a hunt for the Bunnies of 1970, inspects the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel and (far right) watches a McGuire spoof of Bunny attire for Playboy Clubs run by him.

principal Yugoslavian languages and get by in several other tongues. Over the years, they delegated Posar to bring you *Girls of . . .* features on the Adriatic Coast, Rome, Munich, the Iron Curtain countries, Washington, Paris, the New South, the Riviera, Spain, Rio, Texas, Canada and Australia, not to mention several football conferences. One year, he logged 78,000 miles in the air and on the road. Along the way, he has also photographed his share of actresses, singers and otherwise famous women, a few of whom are pictured on these pages. But don't expect to hear any good gossip about these ladies from Pompeo. He *never* gossips. What did you think of Joan Collins, Pompeo? "She (text concluded on page 197)



Posar has hobnobbed with the famous, the infamous and the wives of both. He recounts his meeting with surrealist Salvador Dali (above) in 1973, when they tried to reproduce one of Dali's paintings on film (top): "The man was crazy. He asked me the English word for butterfly. I told him and he wouldn't stop shouting, 'Butterflyee! Butterflyee!' until I joined in." Among the noteworthy femmes Pompeo has photographed are (top, from left) singer-actress Jane Birkin; policewoman Barbara Schantz; Joan Collins (in earlier days, when she was Mrs. Anthony Newley); Vikki La Motta (ex-wife of boxer Jake La Motta); Rita Jenrette (then the wife of ex-Congressman John Jenrette); and (at right) actress Terry Moore, the erstwhile Mrs. Howard Hughes.





LENS OF LOVE

(continued from page 142)

was a very nice lady." Well, what did you think of Rita Jenrette? "Rita and I get along especially well. We are friends." You see what we mean?

The women, on the other hand, have things to say about him. Says Terry Moore, "He's totally wonderful, like a cavalier from the Old World; the last of his kind."

Ruth Guerri, Miss July 1983: "Pompeo was the first person I met at PLAYBOY, which was fortunate, because he made a very good impression. I was visiting Chicago with friends, one of whom was a male model, and we dropped his composites off at the Playboy modeling agency. The receptionist suggested I talk with Pompeo, and I did. That was about seven years ago, long before my centerfold appeared, and we've kept in touch. I know his wife, Melita, too; they're just super. It's rare to run across such natural people when you're in the modeling business, where you find so many fragile egos."

Posar's most recent Playmate, October 1984's Debi Nicolle Johnson: "I've been an admirer of Pompeo's work since I first saw PLAYBOY. When he introduced himself to me at the 30th Anniversary Playmate Search, I broke out with goose bumps. It's funny: Your dreams are usually better

than the real thing, but in this case, Pompeo was better than my dreams. Next to my father, he's my favorite man in the world."

We can tell a few stories about this unassuming virtuoso of the camera, too—about the time a photographer from Rio de Janeiro spent five months there looking for beautiful girls to pose for us but could locate only two who would pose nude, so we sent Pompeo, who came back after only three weeks with ten more; or the way he photographed and interviewed a mind-boggling 1700 hopefuls in five weeks during our 30th Anniversary Playmate Search and never showed fatigue.

Like all truly creative persons, however, Pompeo prefers to let his work speak for itself. Those of you who would like to see him in the midst of the creative process will enjoy the tribute to Posar on *Playboy Video Magazine Volume #7*, which will be available at video dealers' later this month. Due this fall is a Playboy special publication featuring the best of Posar's photos. Both will add perspective to 25 years of an incredibly romantic and successful career.

Perhaps Pompeo sums it up best when he says, "If I live again, I'd like to have the same wife and the same job." And if there's a PLAYBOY magazine in that next life, we'd sure like to have the same Posar.



"I've warned you about leaving the key in the ignition."



NJ 487
N 52 J

SH-894
NY WORLD'S FAIR 64

A B C D E F G H J K
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

NEW ROCK RECORD



*"Our task, ladies and gentlemen,
is to convince the American male that
driving a small car is no reflection on the
size of his genitalia."*



"For gosh sakes, Linzi, your mother's six and a half light-years away."



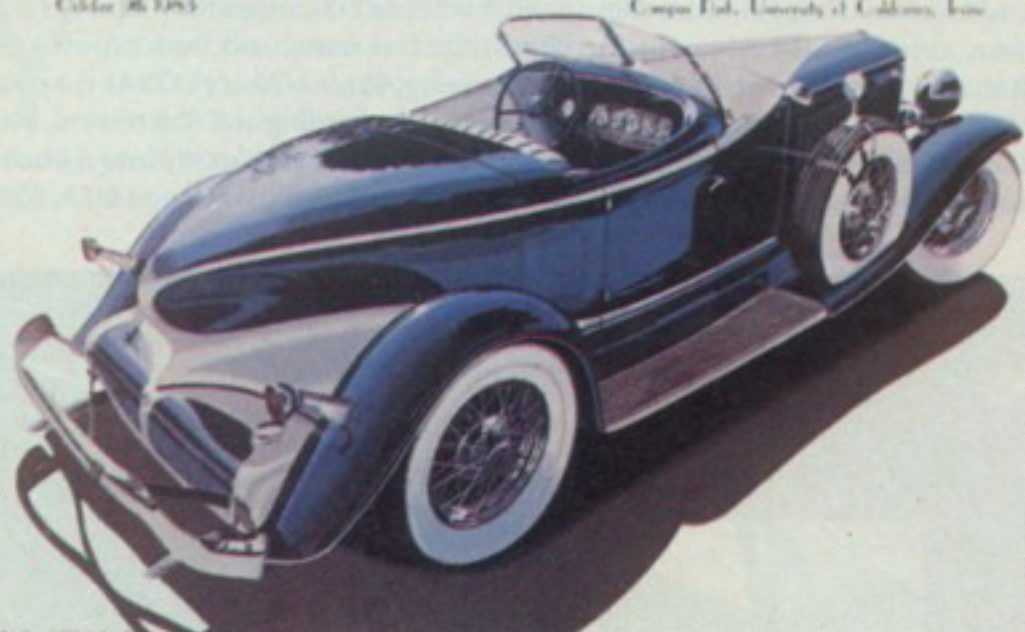
"So much for your theory of group therapy for the treatment of the sexually obsessed."



NEWPORT BEACH CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

October 30, 1983

Compton Park, University of California, Irvine



ART ON WHEELS

As all late-night-video freaks too well know, Earl Scheib paints cars. Ninety-nine ninety-five. No ups, no extras. Harold James Cleworth also paints cars. Ten thousand dollars. No ups, no extras. But while Scheib's canvas is—in most cases—the four-wheel flotsam and jetsam of the city streets, Cleworth focuses on such exotic machines as the Auburn boat-tail speedster pictured here, and his canvas is canvas. Fortunately, his superrealistic megabuck originals are also available as posters in shops across the country. (The Auburn goes for \$25 unframed, \$150 in a signed, limited-edition series.) Or send \$5 to McDougal Street, 12352 Laurel Terrace Drive, Studio City, California 91604, for a catalog. Fine cars! Fine art!

THE SIX SIDES OF LOVE

You say the Samoan basket trick no longer tickles your—or your girlfriend's—fancy? Then try Love Cubes, "the world's most romantic game for couples." Teasing, fondling, stripping . . . that's what Love Cubes is all about. Two acrylic cubes, a velvet bag and instructions are \$25, from Love Cubes, Ltd., P.O. Box 9469, San Diego 92109. If your date rolls WILD-SIDE, hang on to your socks: You won't be wearing them long.



GREAT HEAD

The next time you have an urge to decorate your apartment like a John Dempsey cartoon (you know—the one where a great-white-hunter type is showing some sweet young thing around his apartment and every inch of wall space is covered with wild-animal heads), instead of *kill-*ing something, simply drop Pete Rachel a line. His company, Wildlife Interiors, 3415 Kelly Street, Hayward, California 94541, specializes in all sizes of fiberglass mounts, from a pint-sized dik-dik for \$350 to a life-sized hippo for \$4000—and you can't tell them from the real things. (Eddie Bauer sporting goods is one of Rachel's clients.) Other mounts on Wildlife Interiors' extensive list include an Indian tiger for \$500, a huge white rhino for \$550, an elephant-foot umbrella stand/wastebasket for \$250 and a donkey for \$400. A donkey? Now, who'd want to put that up on the wall? Sancho Panza?



KING FOR A DAY

The duke of Edinburgh buys his bowlers from James Lock and the queen acquires her unmentionables from a very mentionable store—Rigby & Peller. All this is revealed in Nina Grunfeld's *The Royal Shopping Guide*, a William Morrow hardcover that tells you, for a price that a commoner can afford—\$15.95—"How and Where to Shop Like the Royal Family." The royal marmalade? It's from Frank Cooper. As if you had to ask.





WOOF VIDEO

Everyone is saying that TV has been going to the dogs, but this is ridiculous. Mike Milkovich, part owner of C.R.O. Satellite Services, 1125 Grand Avenue, Suite 701, Kansas City, Missouri 64106, has created a pilot *Dog TV* program designed to hold a canine's attention, and judging from viewers' reactions, the show is destined to be a howling success. Just \$21.95 gets you a 13-minute video tape in Beta or VHS. Coming programs will include *Midnight with David Doberman*. That should also be a bitch of a show.

SYMPATHY FROM THE DEVILISH

Condolences for a bad haircut, regrets for impotence—they're in *Special Moments*, 24 mail-ready greeting cards bound into a softcover Ballantine book that's only \$5.95. Our favorite? "Be My 100th Lover," with a hunk on the cover and a verse that reads: "Since the days of my pubescence I have parked my bold tumescence In fourscore and nineteen lovers—It's no small accomplishment! So come be my hundredth lover And I promise you'll discover That your time with me, Though short, will be The best you ever spent!"

*With Deepest Sympathy
on Your Haircut*



MAN WITH THE IRON GLOVE

Don't laugh. The next time you sit down for some heavy-duty labor/management negotiations or a no-holds-barred board-of-directors meeting, a stainless-steel chain-mail glove (left hand standard; right hand to order) just may come in handy. Allison Forge, P.O. Box 767, Brookline, Massachusetts 02146, sells the glove for \$99, postpaid, in sizes medium or large. (Large is *very* large.) And for \$2, the company offers a catalog containing many other oddball items. Far out!



DON'T LOOK NOW, MOMMA

Cockroach aprons, a nuclear-war card game, bottled bad breath—they're all in *Gifts You Wouldn't Give Your Mother*, by John Davis, a \$5.95 publication from St. Martin's Press that only the strong will survive. Want some truly sick buttons? Just drop Ephemera, Inc., a line at 275 Capp Street, San Francisco 94110. Any of the ones pictured—and plenty more disgusting, perverted ones that aren't—sell for \$1.10 each with a \$5 minimum order. Say, fella, does your mother know you're reading this, anyway?



DYNASTY PILES IT ON

TV's aristocratic family the Carringtons of *Dynasty* are expanding their power base further and, no, they haven't discovered a way to bottle infidelity—yet. Carrington House Carpets have just been introduced by Horizon Industries of Calhoun, Georgia, in six styles—Allegre, Empire, Krystina, Krystle Velvet, La Mirage and Touching. Like the TV Carringtons, each has its own personality. (Your decorator will supply samples and prices.) We can see you now, kicking up your heels on your new Carrington. You are *dancing* on the carpet, aren't you?





Boobs, Bangles and Beads

We've looked at actress LISA EILBACHER from both sides now and we're impressed with the beadwork. Lisa's midseason TV series *Me & Mom* calls for more conservative clothes, but she'll still be wearing the smile. When you play a detective, you need all the ammunition available. And Lisa, obviously, has more than enough.



Blackie Gives a Little Head

Right up front, we admit we have no shame. Here's the ever-popular BLACKIE LAWLESS of W.A.S.P. in concert with his ass out. But that's what you can expect from a guy who keeps a skull around for a prop. If this leaves you wishing for more, you can catch him in *The Dungeonmaster* at a theater near you. Heavy metal lives.

PAUL LARSEN - PHOTO BY BERRY

PAUL LARSEN - PHOTO BY BERRY

PAUL LARSEN - PHOTO BY BERRY

That Joey— Such a Card

The Ramones' last album, *Too Tough to Die*, was great, but you didn't buy enough copies. To get even, JOEY hopes you'll land on Boardwalk—after he has put up a few hotels.



Chaka Proof

It turns out that the extraordinary CHAKA KHAN voice and hair aren't her only socko parts. Now that the Grammys have recognized her music, we want you to recognize the rest of her.



Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy, Oh, Boy George

Said the lovely GABRIELLA PALMANO about this photo: "I just got my breasts out for a laugh. People are far too prudish about sex." Said the lovely BOY GEORGE: "I had a great time. I guess it shows that all the girls I go around with aren't gender benders."

More Is Leslie

We know you're asking yourself, "Where have I seen actress LESLIE BREMER before?" We can help you. How about in such movies as *Hardbodies* and *School Spirit* and *Return of the Living Dead*? Or maybe in your dreams tonight?



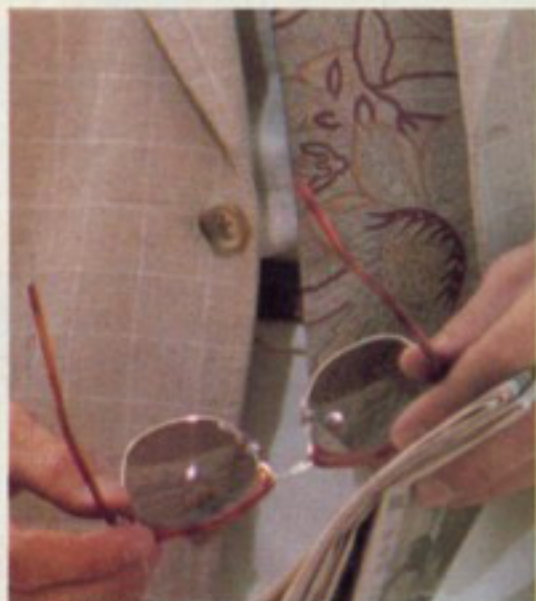
NEXT MONTH



GOOD HOPE



PERISPHERE HEIRS



CITY SUMMER



AMAZING GRACE

"THE REAL STUFF"—HERE'S EVERYTHING TOM WOLFE DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT AMERICA'S TOP AIR ACE, RECALLED IN HIS OWN WORDS AND THOSE OF HIS WIFE AND FLYING BUDDIES. FOR STARTERS, HE ADMITS HE ENTERED FLIGHT TRAINING PARTLY TO GET OUT OF K.P.—BY CHUCK YEAGER WITH LEO JANOS

"HEIRS OF THE PERISPHERE"—THINGS WERE NEVER LIKE THIS WHEN WALT WAS ALIVE. IN THIS STORY, MIK, DUN AND GUF FACE A VASTLY CHANGED FUTURE—BY HOWARD WALDROP

"KEEPING UP WITH MISS JONES"—GRACE, THE BAD GIRL IN THE NEWEST JAMES BOND MOVIE, A VIEW TO A KILL, POSES FOR SOME BAAAD PICTURES FOR US. WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER BEST FRIEND!

"THE SPIKE"—ONLY IN CALIFORNIA, WE SUSPECT, COULD THE GAME OF TWO-MAN VOLLEYBALL HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED INTO A PRO SPORT. BUT THE SERPENT ENTERS THIS SUBTROPICAL EDEN WHEN PLAYERS STRIKE WHILE THE SAND IS HOT. A SAGA OF CULTURE SHOCK—BY MIKE SAGER

"CONFESSIONS OF A VIDEO FANATIC"—IT STARTS INNOCENTLY ENOUGH. YOU BUY A VCR JUST TO

TAPE A COUPLE OF PROGRAMS A WEEK OR WATCH SOME RENTAL MOVIES. YOU END UP BUYING TWO MORE VCRS AND TAPES BY THE CASE, OWNING A COMPLETE LIBRARY OF MONTY PYTHON AND BECOMING AN EXPERT ON HOW OFTEN A LADY NEWSCASTER WEARS THE SAME DRESS—BY PAUL SLANSKY

JAMIE LEE CURTIS TALKS ABOUT MARRIAGE, DOPE, NUDITY, HOLLYWOOD AND PLASTIC SURGERY IN A FAST-MOVING "20 QUESTIONS"

"BREATHE DEEP"—A DOWN-ON-HIS-LUCK GAMBLER SENSES SOMETHING IN THE AIR IN VEGAS, WITH EXPLOSIVE RESULTS—BY DONALD E. WESTLAKE

PLUS: MISS JULY, THE DELECTABLE HOPE MARIE CARLTON; FASHIONS FOR "SUMMER IN THE CITY," BY HOLLIS WAYNE; A LOOK AT ORAL SEX AS POWER PLAY IN "WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?" BY SUSAN SQUIRE; A SURPRISING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW WITH HOT NEW DIRECTOR AND FORMER MEATHEAD ROB REINER, TALKING ABOUT FATHER CARL, EX-WIFE PENNY MARSHALL AND MUCH, MUCH MORE