

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1985 • \$3.50

**OUR  
LAST  
STAPLED  
ISSUE  
IT'S A  
KEEPER**



**MADONNA  
NUDE**

**UNLIKE A  
VIRGIN...  
FOR THE  
VERY  
FIRST  
TIME**

**PLUS:  
DAN JENKINS  
BILLY CRYSTAL  
ANSON MOUNT  
JOHN HUSTON  
ANDREW TOBIAS**

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

Take a quick look at the flying tumult on this page, then imagine it *moving*. That's as close as you can get to the excitement of the new Playboy Channel without flipping on your TV. Here are a few highlights from a fast-moving, sophisticated alternative to network TV.



In *A Night at the Moulin Rouge*, Marty Pasetta, director of 14 Academy Awards telecasts, takes you front and center at the sumptuous Paris show, *Le Bal du Moulin Rouge* (above). During its 95-year history, the famed night club has spotlighted *les can-canseuses*—semiclad dancers who have inspired men from Toulouse-Lautrec to Sinatra. Now Playboy Channel subscribers can get in on the fun.



Toastee Milton Berle fights back after Dick Martin and m.c. David Steinberg tear him up in the outrageous new series *The Playboy Comedy Roast* (above), while Grace Jones (inset) appears in a graceful *Playboy Video Magazine* interview and Morganna the Kissing Bandit (below) puckers up for two of her favorite things—baseball and the *Playboy Video Magazine*.



*Women on Sex* (above) is a sometimes shocking talk show produced by and for women, but a lot of guys love to watch. *Playboy's Candid Camera*, with Allen Funt (below), is *Candid Camera* with a hot new Playboy plus—sex added to the surprise.



Since cinematic sex is the next best thing to the participatory kind, the Channel now offers a new bimonthly series, *Sex in Cinema*—hosted by film scholar Arthur Knight—as well as its weekly Playboy Film Festivals. Fellini's *Satyricon* (above), a sexy art film, is a recent Festival entry.





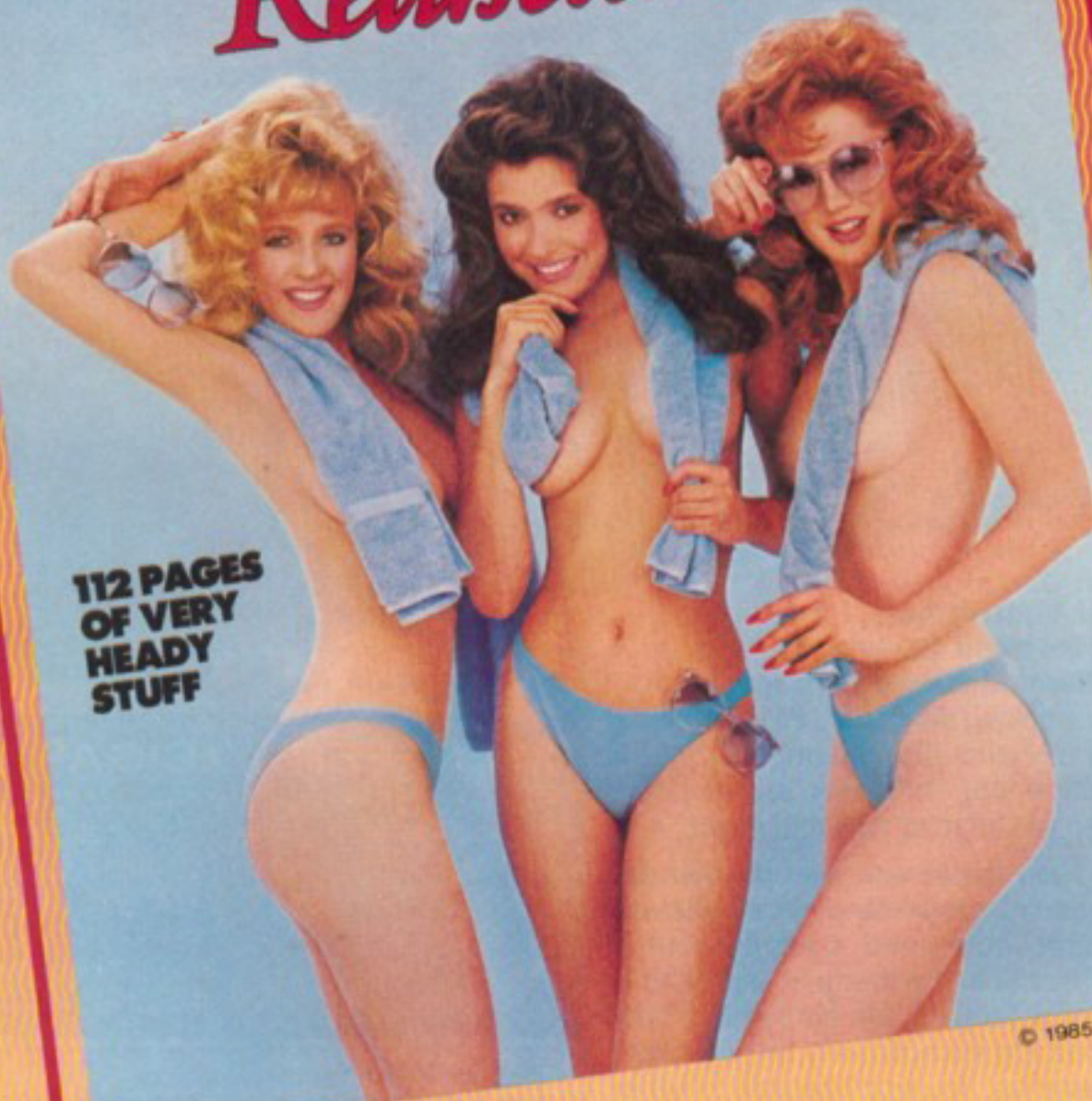




# HEADS UP!

PLAYBOY'S  
*Blondes,  
Brunettes &  
Redheads*

  
**\$3.95**  
Canada \$4.50  
U.K. £3.50  
38580 075



**112 PAGES  
OF VERY  
HEADY  
STUFF**

© 1985, Playboy.

To order by mail: Send check or money order for \$5.45 per copy (includes postage) made payable to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Canadian residents, add \$3.00, full amount payable in U.S. currency on U.S. bank only. Sorry, no other foreign orders can be accepted.

Do gentlemen really prefer blondes? Are redheads truly temperamental? Is there something mysterious about brunettes? Conduct your own personal research into these perennial questions with the aid of Playboy's Blondes, Brunettes & Redheads. This 112-page, full-color new special edition from PLAYBOY covers the full spectrum of tantalizing feminine hues, and features a dazzling array of Playmates, Bunnies, actresses, models and other alluring beauties. All gorgeous from head to toe.

**AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!**

# DEAR PLAYMATES

**T**he question of the month:

**Do you remember a time when you didn't think you were attractive?**

**I** never thought I was as attractive as other people thought I was, until PLAYBOY accepted me as a Playmate. I was a tom-boy. I hung out with the boys until I was 15 or 16. We'd go bike riding and they'd see a girl in shorts and they'd whistle. I'd be in shorts, too, but they wouldn't be whistling at me, because I was one of them, one of the guys. Then I grew up and started to do professional make-up after I went to beauty school. I deal in appearances all day long. I don't feel I look my best when I've gained weight, so I hit the gym. It's important to look *your* best, but it's not important to look better than anyone else.



*LesAnn Pedriana*

LESA ANN PEDRIANA  
APRIL 1984

**D**efinitely. I've never thought I was a ten—you know, a raving beauty. I still don't consider myself perfect, but in grade school, I didn't think I was pretty at all. I had wire-frame glasses and crooked teeth. I wasn't proportioned right. But to tell you the truth, feeling attractive wasn't really all that important to me. If I got a compliment, that was great, but I was never one to be really vain. I always felt that my insides were more important than my outside. I'm a confident person and I like the way I am, so I guess that makes me pretty on the outside, too. Becoming a Playmate simply boosted my self-confidence further.



*Patty Duffek*

PATTY DUFFEK  
MAY 1984

**S**ure. All through my growing-up years and high school, we were basically poor. I never had really nice clothes and we couldn't afford haircuts. My mom cut my hair. I felt awkward all through puberty. Then I turned 16, and my body began to develop and change. All of a sudden, I got a lot of attention. I was turning into a woman, and I didn't know how to handle it. I was embarrassed by my body, and I felt unattractive. I thought people were gawking at me. I *still* don't feel great about how I look unless I've got the right clothes on or have just had my hair and make-up done. I looked at the Playmates and thought they were absolutely beautiful. I've always wanted to be a Playmate.



*Debi Nicolle Johnson*

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON  
OCTOBER 1984

**I**n grade school. You know how your parents always tell you, "You're beautiful to me"? I thought I was ugly. I had really long hair, and my mom braided it every single day of my life. I was skinny and introverted. I was very shy. Even now, I occasionally feel ugly, usually because something is lacking in my life—sexual excitement, physical activity, a new project, something. If I don't have enough going on, I start to get depressed, and with that comes the feeling of being unattractive. Then I have to do something nice for myself. I may go shopping or get a new haircut or plan a night out with my friends or have a new date. That helps in the short run. For long-term good feelings, I have to start working on a new project.



*Liz Stewart*

LIZ STEWART  
JULY 1984

**Y**es. I was very, very shy. I hardly spoke to anyone. When people stared at me, I always thought they were doing it because something was wrong with the way I looked. I have the kind of body people look at, and for a long time, I didn't know how to handle that. Until I was about 18 or 19, I never wore make-up; I dressed down in baggy clothes so people couldn't see my body. I did not want to attract any attention. I thought people were looking at me because I was so ugly. But PLAYBOY makes Playmates look beautiful in print. I don't think I'm a ten or every man's dream. But I do have my days when I know I'm pretty.



*Roberta Vasquez*

ROBERTA VASQUEZ  
NOVEMBER 1984

**I** was so thin when I was in my teens that everyone made fun of me. People would see me on the street and want to feed me. I thought I was an ugly duckling, and having older brothers did not help at all. They teased me a lot. But then I got to high school and adolescence hit, and the feeling just wore off. The trick is to stay away from the mirror. It makes you too self-conscious. In the mirror, you pick out all your flaws. You get through the awkward period as you grow up, and then you realize it doesn't matter much anyway.

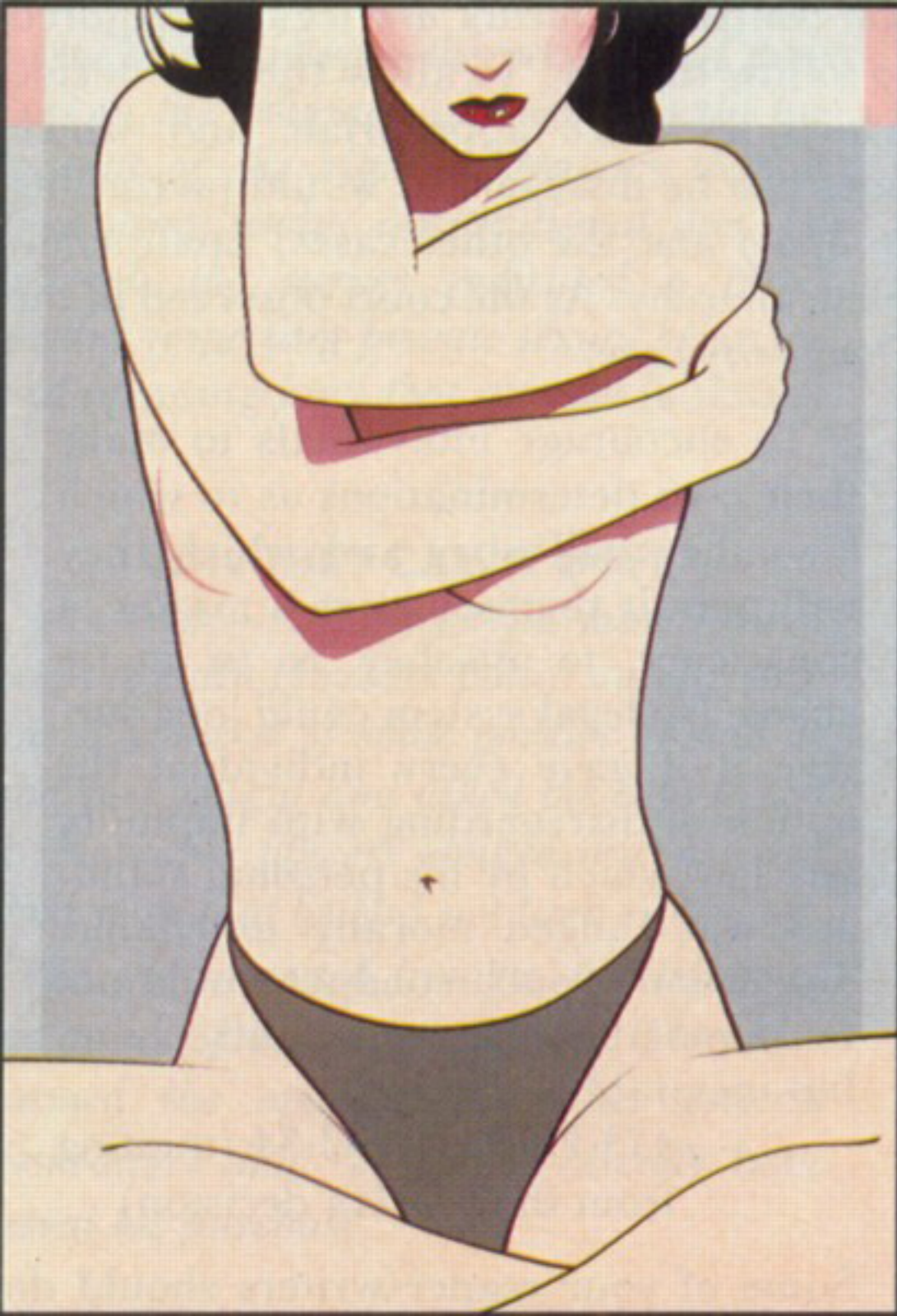


*Tracy Vaccaro*

TRACY VACCARO  
OCTOBER 1983

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







# RATING NIELSEN

*brigitte, the scrumptious star of "red sonja," has "rocky iv"—and stallone—waiting in the wings*

*personality* BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON



Brigitte calls Red Sonja "a female Conan" and she's fittingly teamed with Arnold Schwarzenegger (top) as Kalidor, who has to fight her to win her. Above, Sonja in battle garb, sword in hand, stands amid ruins of a war-devastated city called Habloc. We'd say the Force is with her. See opposite and following pages for our exclusive offscreen uncoverage of Brigitte.

HERE'S A GREAT DANE at large in Hollywood and, off screen or on, it may take more than a couple of cinematic supermen to tame her. The lady in question is a glorious example of Danish modern called Brigitte Nielsen, nearly six feet tall, redheaded or blonde or brunette as the spirit moves her and, at the age of 21, a top-rung European model who beat out hundreds of competitors for the title role in *Red Sonja*. Playing a character created by Robert E. Howard, the author of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND MARCO EMILI





the *Conan* series, in an adventure epic presented by Dino De Laurentiis, Brigitte follows in the footsteps of such earlier De Laurentiis discoveries as Jessica Lange. Not a bad start. Her co-star in *Sonja* is that *Conan/Terminator* hunk, Arnold Schwarzenegger. But talk about muscle: Privately, and on occasion quite publicly (cozying up with him in the pages of *People*, for example), Brigitte has also been discovered by Rocky's illustrious alter ego, Sylvester Stallone, a man who obviously knows a hot property



when he sees one. More later re Sly and Gitte (pronounced ghee-ta, with a hard "G"), as she's known to intimates. But how, you ask, does a girl make the leap from Copenhagen to a place in the limelight with the likes of Conan and Rocky? Being drop-dead beautiful is a big help. Walk with her through a hotel lobby or a smart Manhattan restaurant and you'll note that the ripple effect of her passage is about as understated as a flash flood. So it's hard to stifle a hoot of skepticism when she launches the standard wallflower-to-whistle-bait tale of an ugly-duckling childhood. "Yah, it's true," Brigitte insists in slangy, slightly accented English. "I was as tall as I am now, skinny like a match, my teeth all over. I wore braces and had a terrible time at school. All the other girls had tits and were going with boys, but I was very, very late developing."

Suddenly, at 15 or so, Cinderella began to sizzle. At 16, she bought a second-class train ticket to Hamburg en route to Paris, with the address of a modeling agency in

her pocket. "I arrived at five in the morning, all alone, and slept on the stairs in the snow with my coat around me, crying. When you're young, a stranger, where nobody speaks your language, you're treated like shit. But nothing has ever scared me."

Paris turned out to be just a stopover in a meteoric modeling career that led to Rome, Milan, New York, magazine covers, plus an idyllic romance with an Italian dancer named Lucca. "We had the most incredible relationship for two and a half



years. I lived with him and his family, which made things better for me. A model's life is very hard. You're away from your own family, hanging around with guys who take drugs, men with money and big cars. It's so easy to say yes, but I hated all that."

Denmark was still home, where she maintained close ties with her parents and a younger brother. And where, at 19, she met and married Kaspar Winding, a composer-performer whom she describes as "the most famous musician in Denmark. He's a genius. Everyone says he looks exactly like Mick Jagger; he played drums on recordings with The Rolling Stones and Donna Summer. He's writing songs now for Madonna and just finished the music for a film with Burt Lancaster. He's also been talking with Peter Martins about writing a ballet for the New York City Ballet." Career conflicts wrecked the marriage without noticeably diminishing Brigitte's admiration for the father of her son, Julian, *(text concluded on page 188)*



*“People think Scandinavians are sexually liberated, and we are—which means we don’t hide things.”*

a toddler who’s still back in Copenhagen with his dad. “It’s kind of a sad story, because I chose to be separated, but I know it’s right for Julian that I don’t take him around, traveling everywhere, and I still have a wonderful relationship with my parents and my ex-husband.”

Brigitte’s restless nature made her want to try new things. “With my husband, I had learned to listen to music. I had always sung in church; then, in Italy, I bought a guitar and a book to study and I wrote songs. I went to a record company there and said I wanted to sing for them. So I did two songs from *Hair—Aquarius* and another one—and they liked me. And I just left. Later, I auditioned for Warner Bros. Records in New York. But I was not ready. I was too young, always flying from one idea to another.”

She was back in Rome when she got the call to see De Laurentiis, who was casting

a movie called *Red Sonja*. “I said, ‘Who’s Dino?’ My God, I had no idea who he was. I wondered if he was doing something pornographic until friends told me, ‘No, no, he’s a big Hollywood producer.’ He had seen me on the cover of *Photo* magazine, in a topless picture by Marco Emili. So I flew to Rome and did the interview and met the director, Richard Fleischer, and I got the job. Out of the blue. Out of nowhere. Dino was very excited, I remember. He said I should come to his office right away, and when I went in, the script was lying there, and the contract, and Dino said, ‘The part is yours.’”

Her life changed then, drastically. Four weeks of sword-fighting lessons in London. Workouts with professional coaches, plus inside tips from her amiable co-star and new best friend, Schwarzenegger. A multi-picture contract with De Laurentiis. Nielsen had found her niche.

Her first day on the set was tough. “We had to start with the most difficult scene in the picture, where I see my parents killed. Then I’m tied up in a house; it’s a rape scene with lots of crying and screaming. I started out low-key until Dick Fleischer said, ‘Why not give it a little more?’ Pretty soon, I sent the birds flying away with my screaming. I love to act. It’s just great.”

Lack of inhibition, an asset in her new profession, works for Brigitte in more ways than one. “I’m a very outgoing person, very aggressive. In Italy, I’d go out dancing alone, because I love to dance, and if I saw a nice man, I’d go up and talk to him. But I would be the girl who went home by herself, while some shy little thing went home with a guy. People think Scandinavians are sexually liberated, and we are—which means we’re open and don’t hide things. But Danish girls choose.”

How she got together with Stallone is a story in itself. Having found out where her favorite actor was staying in New York, Brigitte simply stopped by his hotel, dropped off a note and an 8”x10” glossy to let him know that *Red Sonja* would be happy to make Rocky’s acquaintance. A photograph of Brigitte, you’ll notice, speaks volumes. She had scarcely gotten back to her own hotel room when the phone rang. “Hi, Sly Stallone here. Wanna meet for a chat?”

Many phone calls later, Brigitte has realized her longtime dream of moving to Hollywood. She’s also Stallone’s constant companion and, as we go to press, has just started her second film role, in *Rocky IV*. After a location trip, she logged a preliminary report: “It’s a good part, a wonderful part. Rocky’s fighting a Russian champion named Drago, whose wife, Ludmilla, is the very political person who’s planning the fight. That’s me. So we’re against each other in the movie—but very happy together in reality.”

Look elsewhere for predictions about the open road to romance in Hollywood, *Rocky* or otherwise. It’s a safer bet that Brigitte Nielsen has the beauty, energy and ambition to hang in there on her own, highly visible long after the smoke has cleared. When she’s relaxed enough to trust you and tell you to call her Gitte, she narrows her brown eyes, confiding that her late grandmother’s ghost is her guardian angel, abetted by other inexplicable forces. “Oh, God, I know it sounds stupid, yet when I’m very, very confused—I mean about feelings, not material things—I can ask for a sign, and it comes. Like a laser, a blue laser that connects to whatever my problem is, and out of this, I get an answer, for good or for bad. And it has always been the right answer. So sometimes I feel that I do have some special power.” *Red Sonja* couldn’t say it better.



*“And if mine beats yours, you hand over your wallet, right?”*







*bunny-turned-banker venice kong  
has said her jamaican farewell*

# CARIBBEAN QUEEN



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY  
GATEFOLD PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

**T**HE MORE FUN Venice Kong is having, the higher her voice pitch goes. On especially playful days, you're not sure whether it's Venice or Memorex. She's just naturally bubbly and effusive, though you wouldn't have thought so if you'd met her eight years ago.

"When I first came to America, I went through a year's worth of culture shock. I stayed in my apartment for one year. I wouldn't venture out. Chicago was too cold, and every time I said something to someone, he would go, 'What?' because I had a very thick Jamaican accent. Plus, in Jamaica, you walk down

*Venice and her constant companion, Templeton (above), are making a life for themselves in Los Angeles, far from her home in Jamaica. "I just take it one day—well, one month—at a time."*



the street and everyone says, 'Hello,' 'Good morning,' 'Good afternoon.' In this country, you look over your shoulder to see if someone's going to mug you. Getting used to it was weird."

When Venice (rhymes with increase) finally ventured out, she found herself at the Chicago Playboy Club applying for a job as a Bunny. She had very interesting references: Both her mother and her aunt had been Bunnies at Playboy's resort in Jamaica. She got the job without any trouble. But Chicago didn't get any warmer. So she left.

Now firmly rooted in Los Angeles, Venice is still struck by the differences between Jamaican and American life.

"When I first went to Chicago, people would ask, 'What are you?' When I said Jamaican, they would say, 'Yes, but are you black, white, Chinese—what are you?' I just couldn't comprehend that, the prejudice between the races. Jamaicans aren't very prejudiced, because everybody is all mixed up—you know, half of this, half of that; blacks, Orientals, Indians, whites—and their motto, which you learn in school, is 'Out of many, one people.'"

Venice remembers her childhood in Jamaica with fondness.

"We weren't rich, but we weren't poor. My father's family owned a bakery and a small market in St. Mary. My mother moved to the United States to find work when I was about six.

"I used to work in my aunt's clothing store. I got ten bucks for working three months, and that was a big deal.

"After you graduate from school in Jamaica, there's not much to do, especially in a small town like St. Mary.

"But it's a wonderful place to grow up. I'd recommend it to anybody. But it's hard, especially if you want to be a capitalist like me!"

For the past few years, Venice has



*Venice finds California beaches (top left) as warm as the sands at home. As a volunteer worker with Operation California (center left), she helps Rosanne Katon Walden, actress and Playmate, and French singer Jean-Paul Vignon provide food and medicine to Third World countries that need relief. Rosanne's husband, Richard Walden, founded the charity. One of the rewards of doing good is the chance to meet stars such as Julie Andrews (left), who supported an effort to aid Ethiopians in a benefit held at Tramp, a Los Angeles club.*



TE-314 OYS



been making her way in the world of banking and investments. It's a radical change from Bunnydom, to be sure, but she's handling the shift.

"I like to have fun, but when I go into the bank, I'm Miss Conservative. After all, people come to me with the money that they've saved all their lives and want to know that it's safe, and I have to give them that impression."

Venice does that in two ways: She tailors her wardrobe to the bank atmosphere and she knows what she's doing. Proving that when you look like Venice, however, is something of a problem.

"It's funny. People come in and ask, 'Where's the guy who works here?' And then I start talking to them and they say, 'Wow, she knows what she's doing.' After that, it's OK!" Venice is counting on banking to become a major part of her career. She'd like to do more modeling but feels her security is in the ledger columns. She's at an age when decisions have to be made.

"I mean, 24 is not the oldest age, but it's kind of a time when you have to start thinking about the future.

"Right now, I think I'm a typical L.A. girl. I talk L.A., hang out L.A. style. But at the same time, I go home and listen to Bob Marley. We eat Jamaican food on Sunday, but I'll still go out for hamburgers. It's fun having two different cultures. I like my life."



*"I'm not the type to climb trees anymore; but back home in Jamaica, I used to be a little tomboy. Now everyone says I'm prissy. I'm not, really. It's true that I'm conservative, but I like to think I have an open mind."*













MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: VENICE KONG

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 12-17-61 BIRTHPLACE: ST. MARY, JAMAICA

AMBITIONS: TO GET AS MUCH OUT OF LIFE AS I CAN  
WHILE HELPING OTHERS GET WHAT THEY WANT

TURN-ONS: SAUNAS & MASSAGES, WINDOW SHOPPING,  
CUTE, CUDDLY ANIMALS, SUN-BATHING

TURN-OFFS: SMOKY ROOMS, NEGATIVE PEOPLE  
WAITING IN LINES, DISORGANIZED PEOPLE

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: DIANA ROSS, BOB MARLEY,  
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, BILLY OCEAN

FAVORITE FOODS: EGGS BENEDICT, CURRIED CHICKEN,  
FRESH-SQUEEZED O.J., CROISSANTS

FAVORITE PLACE: ASPEN, COLORADO

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: MIAMI VICE, THE COSBY SHOW,  
ALL MY CHILDREN, JEOPARDY, SIMON & SIMON

IDEAL MAN: INTELLIGENT, FUNNY, SUCCESSFUL,  
HONEST, SENSITIVE & LOVES DOGS!



HURRY AND TAKE  
THE PICTURE!

"I LOVE L.A."

SAY CHEESE!

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As they reminisced on the veranda on a warm summer evening, one fading Southern belle turned to the other and said, "Betty Sue, do you remember the minuet?"

"Why, honey," Betty Sue replied, "I can't hardly remember the ones I screwed!"

On Hill Street, they define *coitus interruptus* as a cop-out.



Curious about an odd-looking machine in the corner of the bar, the patron asked what it did. The bartender explained that it provided a full-scale medical exam based on urinalysis. The customer gave it a try. After he inserted a quarter and provided a urine sample, the machine whirred and out came a print-out that read, YOU NEED GLASSES.

The man blinked. "This machine is bullshit," he said, "and tomorrow I'll prove it!"

That evening, the indignant man collected urine samples from his dog, his daughter and his wife. He mixed them together, added a few drops of motor oil and then, for good measure, masturbated into the cup.

Returning to the bar the next day, he approached the machine, inserted a quarter and poured in the contents of his cup. A moment later, the print-out appeared: YOUR DOG HAS FLEAS, YOUR DAUGHTER IS PREGNANT BY A HAITIAN DRUG USER, YOUR WIFE HAS A BOYFRIEND, YOUR CAR IS ABOUT TO BLOW UP AND IF YOU DON'T STOP JERKING OFF, YOU'LL GO BLIND.

In Hollywood, they define *coitus interruptus* as an outtake.

"So what's the problem?" the bartender asked. "You say your girlfriend's bright, beautiful and a great lover."

"Yeah, but she's kind of psychic," said the depressed customer. "You know—precognitive."

"If she's happy in bed," the bartender reasoned, "who cares?"

"That's just it," the man sighed. "She keeps yelling the name of the guy she's going to sleep with next."

Mrs. Van Winkle defined *coitus interruptus* as a Rip-off.

After 45 years of marriage, Sadie's husband, Sidney, died suddenly. According to his wishes, Sadie had his body cremated and placed the remains in a small urn.

Several weeks later, Sadie came home wearing a full-length mink coat and an eight-carat diamond ring. She went into the living room, removed the urn from the mantel and carefully tapped Sidney's ashes into a small dish on the coffee table.

"Sidney, my beloved Sidney," she began, "I wish to talk to you. Sidney, do you remember, for forty-five years you promised me a mink coat? Well, here it is, Sidney. Do you like it?"

"And, Sidney," she continued, "do you remember, for forty-five years you promised me a diamond ring? Yes? You remember? Here it is, Sidney. Do you like it?"

"Well," Sadie exclaimed, puffing Sidney's ashes into the air, "there's the blow job I promised you for forty-five years."

Defining *coitus interruptus*, Sam Goldwyn once said, "Include me out!"



Vampires define *rigor mortis interruptus* as a stake-out.

When a persistent pain didn't ease after several days, the gay lumberjack made an appointment to see his proctologist. During the examination, the physician was shocked to find a bouquet of flowers lodged in the man's rectum.

"Where in the hell did these come from?" the doctor asked, removing a yellow rose.

"I'm not sure," said the lumberjack, smiling. "Why don't you read the card?"

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.



JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"Notice any difference in me? I've started eating eggs laid by hens that scratch around in the dirt and get screwed by roosters."*

# PART I:

## THE LEE FRIEDLANDER SESSIONS



# MADONNA

*a look at our material world's most ethereal girl—  
before she was a superstar*

ON STAGE, in flashy trash and laser light, her sneer says, "Toy with me, I'll toy with you." On screen, she is Susan of the streets, canny and in control. On MTV, she is the belly button America loves. Once a Lower East Side gadabout, she is this season's sex symbol. And like Marilyn Monroe before her, Madonna Louise Ciccone did some nude posing before she got famous. These photographs were taken by two well-known art photographers during numerous sessions in 1979–1980. Madonna was working as a nude model while forming a band.

Since we turned down those nude photos of Vanessa Williams, some people will ask why we're publishing these. It's simple. We think Vanessa genuinely didn't know what she was doing, didn't know her photos might be published. More important, we didn't want to destroy her career. Madonna, on the other hand, posed repeatedly for two noted photographers who routinely publish what they shoot. The results—seen here for the very first time—attest to Lee Friedlander's and Martin H. Schreiber's talent and to Madonna's unusual beauty.









For those of you living in sound-proof booths, Madonna's first two albums went platinum. Her *Virgin* tour has Michael Jackson and Prince stewing in the musical background. *Desperately Seeking Susan* made her the hottest young actress in Hollywood. Best of all, her onstage contortions and Boy Toy voice have put sopping sex back where it belongs—front and center in the limelight.

"I was curious to try my hand at the nude." That's how Lee Friedlander, a man with three Guggenheim fellowships and a 1981 Medal of Paris to his credit, recalls his reason for making pictures of Madonna.

So here you are, Lee Friedlander, curious about the nude. A painter friend of yours recommends a model, one Madonna Louise Ciccone.

"She seemed very confident, a street-wise girl," says Friedlander. "She told me she was putting a band together, but half the kids that age are doing that. She was a good professional model."

A photographer of the natural world as well as of the social landscape, Friedlander had certain things in mind in trying the nude.

"There's something perfect about the nude," he muses. "Each kind of subject is different. Say you want to photograph a rose in black and white. You have to portray the rose—approach it so that it doesn't look like concrete. Whether the subject is a rose, a tree or a nude, you look for something unique."

Madonna is something unique. You've seen her exude a very sexual furor in the movies, on TV, in videos, on tour. And now you've seen the world's number-one Boy Toy as a rose in black and white.











## PART II:

# THE MARTIN H. SCHREIBER SESSIONS

The Photographing the Nude course at New York's New School was founded by Martin H. Schreiber, whose students spent February 12 and 14, 1979, cutting their photographic teeth on a "beautiful, intelligent, unconventional" lady named Madonna.

"She was skinnier six years ago," says Schreiber, whose book credits include *Bodyscapes* and *Last of a Breed*. "There was something special about her; that's for sure. I think she's quite beautiful now, but she had a different kind of beauty then."

Schreiber's advanced-photography students met a girl who had to be paid in cash for her modeling work because she had no bank account but who clearly had inner resources.

"I don't think she really knew what she wanted yet," recalls the photographer, "but she had some ideas. She was experimenting. She would do whatever it took to get where she wanted to go."

Which was up. Around that time, her experiments led her to front for a band called the Breakfast Club, and before long, she would parlay a new blonde 'do, a set of pipes made for pop music and the kittenish bod you see here into the Image. She would become the complet Toy.

This was to be an Eighties Boy Toy, however, not some frosted cupcake. The voice and body are her bona fides, but Madonna's secret may be her satirical bite. She knows a lot of this Image stuff is bullshit; she knows that *you* know. So as long as we're all in on the gag, let's enjoy it.

The Image would make Madonna the hottest star of 1985, but things were less warm in 1979.

"It was cold in my studio. I














had two heaters on Madonna," Schreiber remembers. "But she was laughing, having a good time. There was no hesitation on her part. 'Here I am. It's no big deal'—that's the way she was. I was fascinated by her."

Schreiber's fascination—he knew his model somewhat better than Friedlander did—may be the reason his photos of her seem a little more street-wise (there's that word again). Friedlander was making studies of an anonymous nude, while Schreiber was discovering a persona. "With a lot of nudes, I don't photograph faces," the latter says. "But with her, I wanted to include that face. Madonna had such a face."

Still does. She had yet to fine-tune Madonna Louise, a girl without a checkbook, into Madonna, a phenomenon without a need for one. Still, while her face and form were beautiful, Schreiber was more interested in shooting the inner Madonna than her now-famous innie.

"The nudes I've done are lovely," he says without a blush. "There's something wonderful in a beautiful form that happens to be someone's body. One of my roles is to make people look at nudes differently—I'm trying to make people feel less uptight about their bodies, because we're living in a puritanical age."

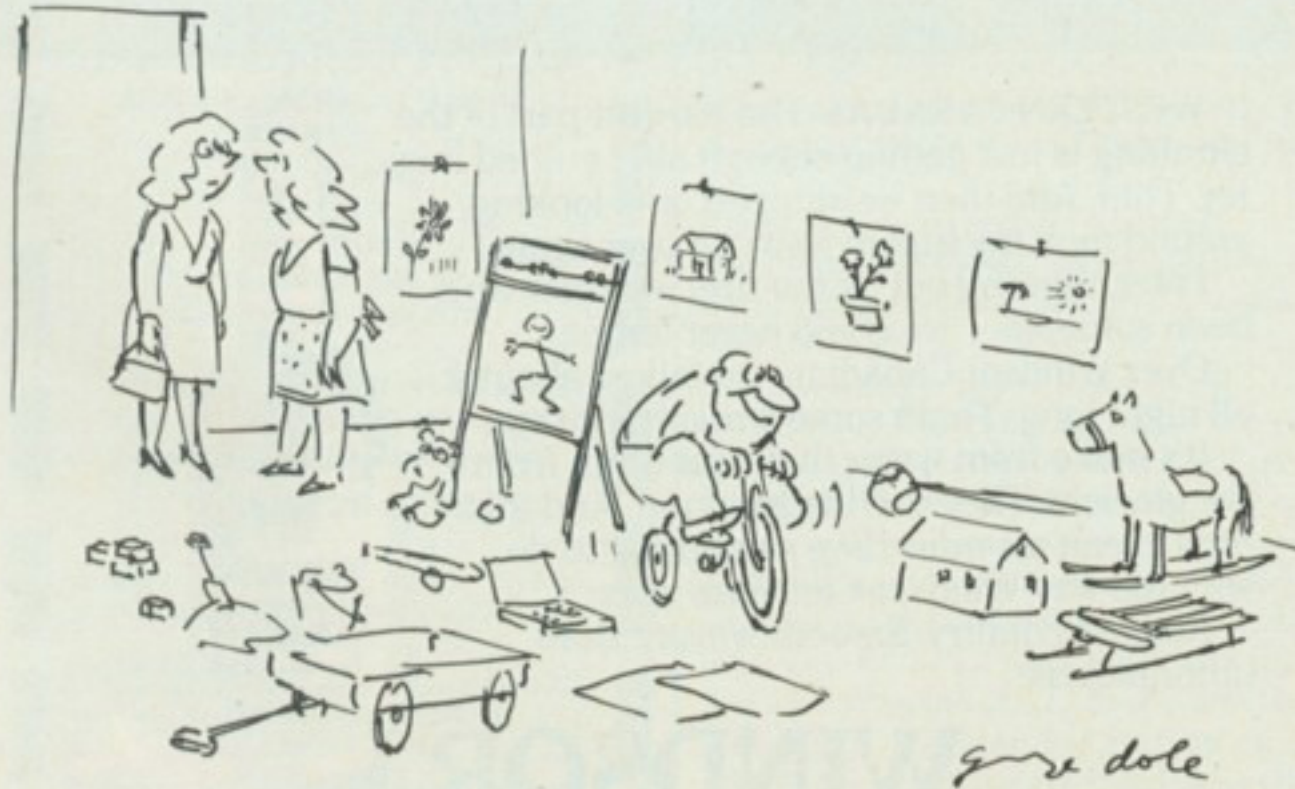
Sounds like a song cue, doesn't it? We're living in a puritanical age, in a material world. Her records would have you think she's just a material girl, but the year she spent as an artist's model left a record of a different Madonna—an ethereal young woman who could laugh off the chill of obscurity. Madonna knew she'd be hot before long.







*"Now, we're not going to hurt each other, are we, doctor?"*



*“He’s determined to have all the things he was deprived of as a child.”*



*"Is this something you learned on the crusades?"*



*"I was going to let you off with a prison sentence, but you've been so unpleasant I'm going to make it death."*





BRIAN  
SAVILLE

*"No, no blindfold. From now on, I'm taking charge  
of my life."*



*"I don't know if I'm as good in bed—I've never  
tried to type in bed."*



*"Gentlemen, there are many perks that come with being chairman of the board. One of them is being able to fart whenever I want to."*

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER  
WITH APOLOGIES TO FRAZETTA

**A**RNIE SHPRITZWASSER COMES BACK INTO ANNIE'S LIFE AS A THIEF, A SELLSWORD, A SLAYER, A GREASER AND AN ALL-ROUND NICE GUY. HE'S PLAYING COHAN THE BARBARIAN, A MYTHIC STUD WHO POKES AND STABS HIS WAY THROUGH THE HIBERNIAN AGE, WHEN THE SWORD IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEN IS, AND THE PENIS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD IS.



BACK, OR, BY THE GREAT GOD CROM, YOU SHALL TASTE MY STEEL!

BY THE GREAT TARIM'S BLOOD, STEEL HASN'T BEEN INVENTED YET!

COME WITH ME, WENCH, OR, BY THE GREAT SPIDER OF ISHTAR, YOU'LL BE DRAGGED!

BY THE GREAT LEAPIN' LIZARDS, I COME!

GETTING OFF!

CUT!



GIVE ARNIE A FRESH COAT OF OIL! HE'S LOSING HIS SHINE!

HOWZABOUT A COAT OF FUR?! I'M FREEZING MY TAIL OFF! HOW LONG MUST I RUN AROUND NAKED?

ALWAYS, THE PUBLIC ONLY WANTS TO SEE MY MUSCLES.

JEEPERS, MINE, TOO, ARNIE!



ROLL 'EM!

COME, WENCH, AWAY TO THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS!

HELP! COHAN!

THIS WAY TO THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS I'D TURN BACK IF I WERE YOU !!

UN-HAND MY WENCH, OR, BY THE GWEAT SKWEDWIVER, I'LL WUN YOU THOUGH!



WE WILL VENTURE INTO THE MAGIC MOUNTAINS AND SEEK THE TREASURED MOGOMBO! BUT FIRST I WILL TEACH THIS SCUM TO MONKEY WITH MY WENCH!

HOLD! WHO DARES TO TRESPASS ON THE DOMAIN OF UFO!

JINKIES, WE'RE LOST! IT'S UFO, THE FLYING SORCERER! HE IS THE GREATEST WIZARD OF ALL TIME, WITH SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO BEWITCH THE MIND AND SUMMON THE DARKEST DEMONS OF HELL!



BY THE HOLY MANTLE OF MITRA, COHAN, YOU SHALL NOW WITNESS WITCHCRAFT YOU'RE NOT LIKELY TO FORGET!

PICK A CARD AND PUT IT BACK IN THE DECK!



I DIDN'T SEE IT, RIGHT?

EIGHT OF HEARTS!

BY THE MANTLE OF MITRA, HOW'D HE DO IT?

HELP! COHAN!

DOROTHY, WHERE ARE YOU?



AND NOW, BY THE GREAT HOODED DRECK, I SHALL TEST THE SHARPNESS OF MY BLADE ON YOUR PUTRID PROBOSCIS!

BY THE VENOM THAT DRIPS FROM THE FANGS OF THE SPIDER GOD, I WILL TEMPER MY BLADE IN YOUR BOILING BLOOD.

BY THAT VILE CLOUD OF RANCID DOG'S BREATH THAT ISSUES FROM YOUR SNOUT, I SHALL DICE YOUR LIMBS AS WOULD A BENIHANA CHEF WITH A WARING BLENDER!

BE IT KNOWN, BY CROM'S ALL-SEEING WISDOM, I AM RUBBER AND YOU ARE GLUE. WORDS BOUNCE OFF ME AND STICK TO YOU!

CAN YOU SPEED THIS UP? I HAVE TO VISIT THE LADIES' ROOM.



HI-YAH!

WENT!



YAH! HYAAH!

WENT!



HIYA!

COHAN! A MINUTE!

WENT!  
WENT!  
WENT!



## UPWARD MOBILITY

*Mobil Travel Guide* hosted a gala weekend at The Greenbrier in West Virginia for the winners of its coveted Five-Star awards for hotels, motels, inns, resorts and restaurants not long ago, and *PLAYBOY* was invited to sit in on the celebration. New to the list was Marriott's Rancho Las Palmas, near Palm Springs, while such establishments as Ernie's in San Francisco have earned Mobil's culinary kudos for decades. The *Guides* sell for \$7.95 each. Don't leave home without them.



## THE LEGEND RIDES AGAIN

Since 1985 is the 30th anniversary of James Dean's death, Schott Brothers, a leather company at 358 Lehigh Avenue, Perth Amboy, New Jersey 08862, that makes a mighty smooth line of leather goods, has created a replica of the black jacket Dean owned and wore on and off the set during the filming of *Rebel Without a Cause*. It goes for about \$375, and a card to Schott will get you the name and address of a nearby retailer. Ride.



## BODY STOPPERS

With Labor Day and the end of the long, hot summer looming on the horizon, we thought we'd give you another excuse besides hitting the beach for getting the lady in your life out of her clothes. SeX Marks the Spot Temporary Tattoos are just what you'd expect them to be—one-color transfers that are applied with alcohol prep pads. For \$5, postpaid, sent to Temptu Marketing, 157 Hudson Street, New York 10013, you'll get a stock of such stopper signs as **LOADING ZONE**, **THIS END UP**, **MERGE**, **YIELD**, **DO NOT ENTER**, **SLIPPERY WHEN WET**, **FRENCH SPOKEN HERE** and **U.S. 69**. Where you park them, of course, is up to you.

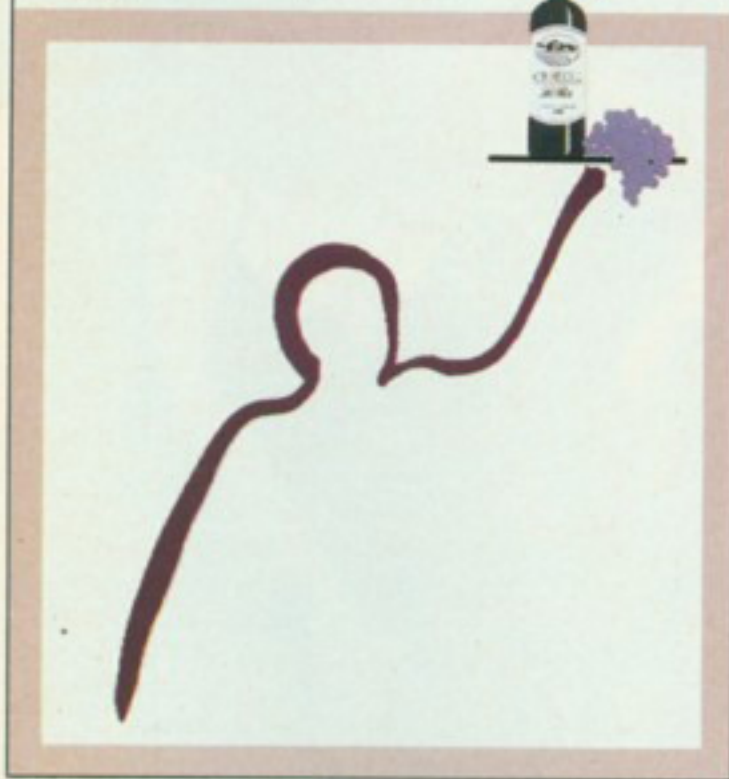
## CAMP COUNTDOWN

Juveniles have been enjoying astronaut training and space-shuttle simulations at The Space & Rocket Center for several years. Starting September 20, adults who have always wanted to go into orbit on something other than double martinis can also sign up for a three-day camp session that includes weightless training, plus learning how to operate the shuttle's life-support system and mock remote-control arm. Finally, strapped into a cockpit simulator, campers will experience countdown and blast-off and then will fly the craft as a computer tracks their imaginary orbit through the heavens. The cost of all this spacy fun is \$300 per person, which includes everything (training, meals and housing) but transportation. The Space & Rocket Center, Tranquility Base, Huntsville, Alabama 35807, is where you sign up. Go for it, Buck.



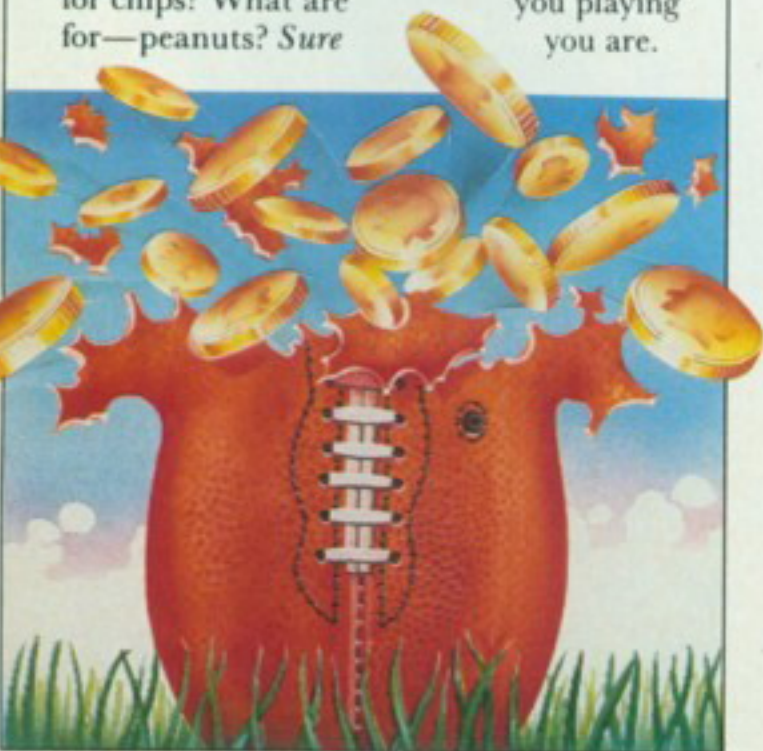
## GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

How many wine buffs know exactly what's in their cellars? Very few honest ones. The Micro Wine Companion computer software from Rhyton (available through a company called The Wine Enthusiast, P.O. Box 39, Pleasantville, New York 10570, for \$52.45) can help. It sorts by appellation, producer or shipper and year—and you can punch in occasions such as PICNIC and it will call up appropriate selections on your screen. The Apple (or IBM) of a vinophile's eye.



## VIDEO'S NEW KICK

A new board game called The Big Payoff has just come down the field, and the munch-and-guzzle gridiron of videaside quarterbacks will never be the same. The Big Payoff allows opposing players to wager chips on the outcome of each televised play. Order it from Payoff Enterprises, P.O. Box 69064, Portland, Oregon 97201, for \$21.95, postpaid. Not playing for chips? What are you playing for—peanuts? Sure you are.



## LOVE HANDLES

No, this isn't the entrance to some Parisian *maison de plaisir*; it's one of six erotic bronze door pulls (admit it—you *have* always wanted an erotic door pull) that architect-turned-sculptor M. B. Robinson has created for well-heeled roués. Each measures 12" x 4½" x 3" or 4", and the cost of about \$400 per handle is just steep enough to keep horny Yuppies from putting them on every door. Orders can be placed with Robinson at P.O. Box 7725, San Diego, California 92107. (Each door handle takes about four to six weeks to complete.) Or write for a flier and just look at the pictures.



## VIVA VARGAS

Marilyn Monroe, Greta Garbo, even Shirley Temple—in his long and prolific life, Alberto Vargas painted them all, and now he's being honored and memorialized in the first-ever retrospective of his life's work, on exhibit at the San Francisco Art Exchange, 458 Geary Street, San Francisco 94102, through August 31, 1985. And after the show is over, Vargas will live on in the form of *Memories of Olive*, pictured at left. (Olive Thomas was a Ziegfeld showgirl in the Twenties.) A 20" x 24" poster goes for \$27, postpaid; a deluxe, limited-edition (250) lithograph is \$500.



## AUDIO CLIFFS HANGERS

Cliffs Notes, the company that has plucked many a procrastinating undergrad from the brink of scholastic disaster with its capsulized commentaries on famous works of fiction, has just introduced Cliffs Cassettes and, no, it's not just an audio spin-off of the same ploy. Each \$7.95 Cliffs Cassettes is an entertaining blend of dramatized passages, orchestrated music and critical commentary designed to inspire the listener to read the work. *Hamlet*, *The Odyssey*, *Great Expectations*, *Frankenstein* and *Lord of the Flies* are just some of the titles. Listen up.







© 1985 RICHARD E. AARON / THUNDER THUMBS

### Resuscitating a Survivor

SURVIVOR's new single and video is called *The Search Is Over*. The photo was shot during the two 20-hour days it took to make the video. When will the guys make a new album? "You have to see how long a record sells," says Frankie Sullivan. It looks to us as if the search is still on.

### English Muffin

*Saturday Night Live*'s PAMELA STEPHENSON is beautiful and funny—every man's dream combination. She has also been naughty, most recently as the villainess in *Superman III*. Once she gets dressed to the nines, she is, in the words of Billy Crystal, "mahvelous."



© 1985 DEBORAH FEINGOLD / OUTLINE PRESS

### Cleaning Up

You can see actress LESLIE HUNTLY in her movie, *Hamburger*, or when she appears on *The Young and the Restless*. Better yet, maybe she'll come and dust your cobwebs.

© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN



### The Moore the Merrier

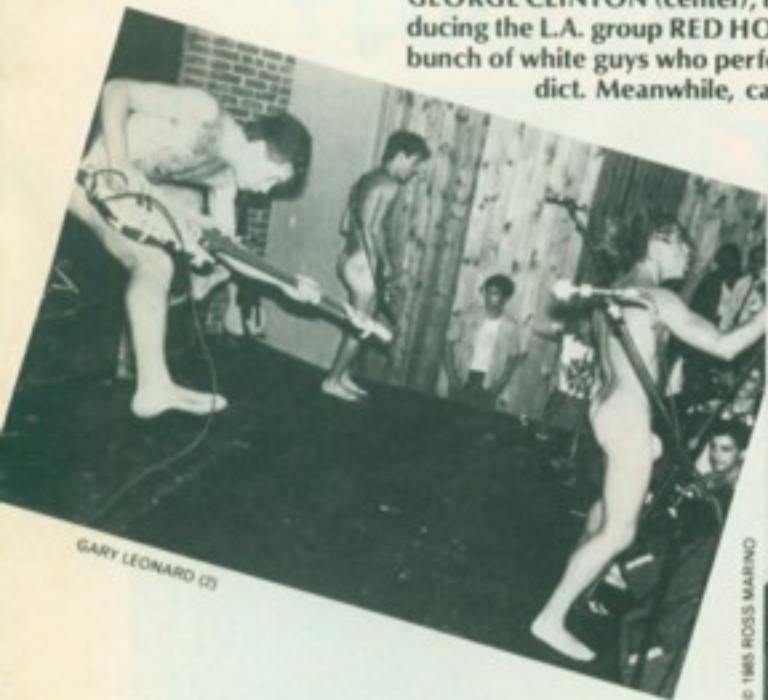
Suppose you were a famous guy having a 50th birthday and the people who loved you didn't want you to spend most of your party picking the wax off your cake. What to do? Take a leaf from DUDLEY MOORE: Get your friends to send over 50 UCLA coeds instead. That would really be a surprise. Much cuter, too.



© 1985 ROBERT MATHEU

## George's Pack of Pickled Peppers

GEORGE CLINTON (center), the high priest of funk, took on perhaps his strangest assignment yet, producing the L.A. group RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS (left and right) in Detroit. Is the Motor City ready for a bunch of white guys who perform wearing only an Argyle sock for warmth? We await the public's verdict. Meanwhile, catch the album *Freaky Styley* and see what George wrought.



GARY LEONARD (2)



© 1985 ROSS MARINO



## Going for the Gold

How to get TRIUMPH up for a gold record? Simple. Remove the presenter's clothes. Honored for *Thunder Seven*, the boys are all smiles.



© 1985 ROSS MARINO

# “NEXT MONTH, IT WILL BE EASIER TO TAKE ME OUT”



OCTOBER PLAYMATE CYNTHIA BRIMHALL

STARTING IN OCTOBER, WE'RE GOING TO SAY SO LONG TO THE STAPLE IN THE CENTERFOLD. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO LIKE THE INSPIRING PRESENCE OF THE PLAYMATE ON YOUR CORK WALLS, THE GATEFOLD WILL COME OUT OF THE MAGAZINE UNTORN AND AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO THINK THAT *PLAYBOY* HAS AN ENDURING QUALITY, THE MAGAZINE WILL HAVE A RIGID SPINE, THE BETTER TO STAND ERECT ON YOUR SHELF. THIS IS OUR LAST STAPLEBOUND ISSUE. YOU MAY WANT TO KEEP IT IN A SPECIAL PLACE—ALONG WITH THE ONE COMING NEXT MONTH. THEY'RE BOTH BOUND TO BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS.

**“THE SELF-CRUCIFIXION OF CATHLEEN CROWELL WEBB”**—HAS SHE TOLD THE TRUTH YET? EXPERTS SEE HER BEHAVIOR AS TYPICAL OF THE NEWLY RELIGIOUS CONFRONTED WITH THE BIGGEST SIN OF ALL: SEX—BY **EDWIN AND ELIZABETH BLACK**

**JOHN DELOREAN**, WHO NEVER TOOK THE STAND IN COURT, IS GRILLED FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE ABOUT HIS DRUG CHARGES, HIS FAILED AUTO EMPIRE, HIS DIVORCE AND HIS BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIANITY IN A SIZZLING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW

**“YUPWARD MOBILITY: NEW EIGHT-PAGERS FOR**

**YUPPIES”**—WE'VE BROUGHT BACK A CLASSIC FORMAT TO CAPTURE THE REAL SEX DRIVES OF THESE SUCCESS-DRIVEN TYPES—BY **GERRY SUSSMAN**

**“CONSUMER THERAPY”**—MORE HELP FOR THE ABOVE. HAVE WE GOT AN ADVICE COLUMN FOR YOU!—BY **MARK O'DONNELL**

**PLUS: “PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW”; “GIRLS OF THE PAC 10”; PETER BEARD'S PROVOCATIVE PHOTOS OF STUNNING MODEL IMAN; BUCK HENRY'S “FAREWELL TO THE STAPLE”; “20 QUESTIONS” WITH ROSANNA ARQUETTE; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE**