

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1985 • \$4.00

**Gala  
Christmas Issue**

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Is Back!  
Lookin'  
Better  
Than Ever**

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Genial  
Genius  
Bill Cosby**

**Special Report  
Why Drug  
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## BEAUTIFYING AREA CODE 805

At a recent Playboy Mansion West party celebrating the first anniversary of NBC's daytime soap *Santa Barbara*, the cast welcomed a new member—Miss May 1985, Kathy Shower (above, sharing birthday cake with Hef). Kathy will play a chauffeur who—no surprise—makes it big as a Playmate.

## THE NOMINEE FOR BEST VISUAL ASSETS. . .

One thing audiences loved about the sleeper hit of last summer, *Fright Night*, was the rock-'em, sock-'em special effects, and one of the most special of those was Miss July 1981, Heidi Sorenson (in her Playmate layout at right; getting ready for a fright below). All you Heidi fans, get out there and see the movie—you're sure to lose your head over her.



## SPACE ENTERTAINMENT

How will 21st Century spacemen spend their time? Judging from 20th Century Fox's upcoming epic *Enemy Mine*, with a spacy-looking PLAYBOY (above). They'll turn first, we hope, to *The Worlds of Playboy*.

## CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

USA for Africa brought in the millions; Rosanne Katon Walden, Miss September 1978, and husband Richard—founder of Operation California—worked to turn the money into aid for Africa. Below, they help supervise the first airlift.



## ADAM AND VENICE

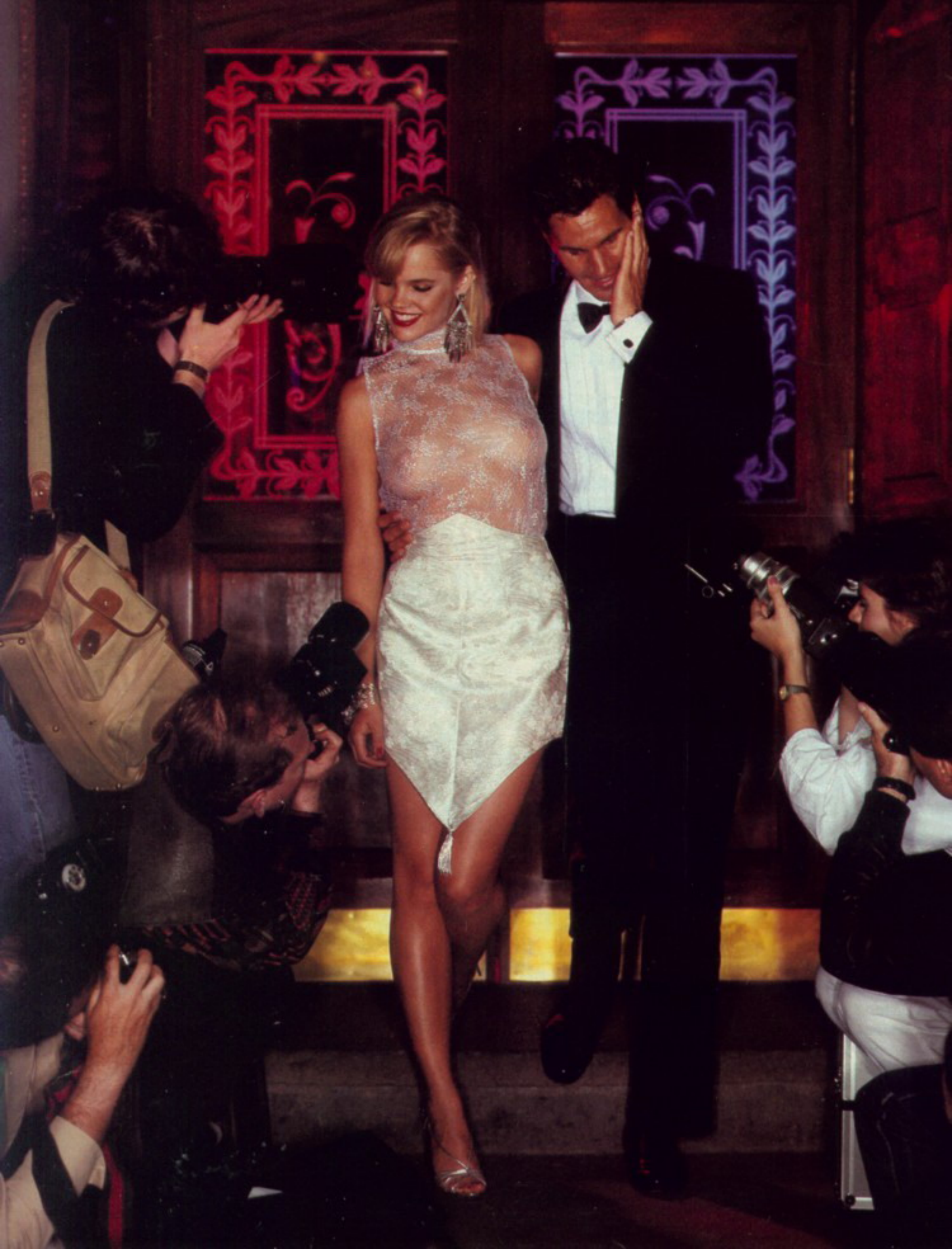
What's to say about Miss September 1985, Venice Kong? That she's beautiful and talented? That you'd like her to sit in your lap? It's all been said before. But here's something that hasn't: She makes her movie debut in Tri Star's new movie *My Man Adam*, and (above, with actor Charlie Barnett) makes quite an impression.







*"Frankly, Alison, the idea of a threesome really messes with my sense of romantic idealism!"*





At left, the lady is wearing a silver-and-white tasseled dress with a porous, patterned top, from Pilar Limosner; earrings and bracelet, by Eric Beaumont; shoes, from La Marca. Above, her dress is by Tony Chase; jewelry, by Kenneth Lane; shoes, from La Marca. His tuxedo is by After Six.

## Barely There

sight-seers, rejoice!  
here's the sexiest  
array of see-through  
fashion in the free  
world

Since the advent of central heating, clothes have become more than something to keep you warm. And, naturally, people have taken advantage of that fact. Especially women. These days, nothing seems to shock. Fashion—real, out-there, actually worn fashion—has become a laissez-faire market place. Here we see actual night people going about their giddy nightly business. We hope we get invited to the same parties.

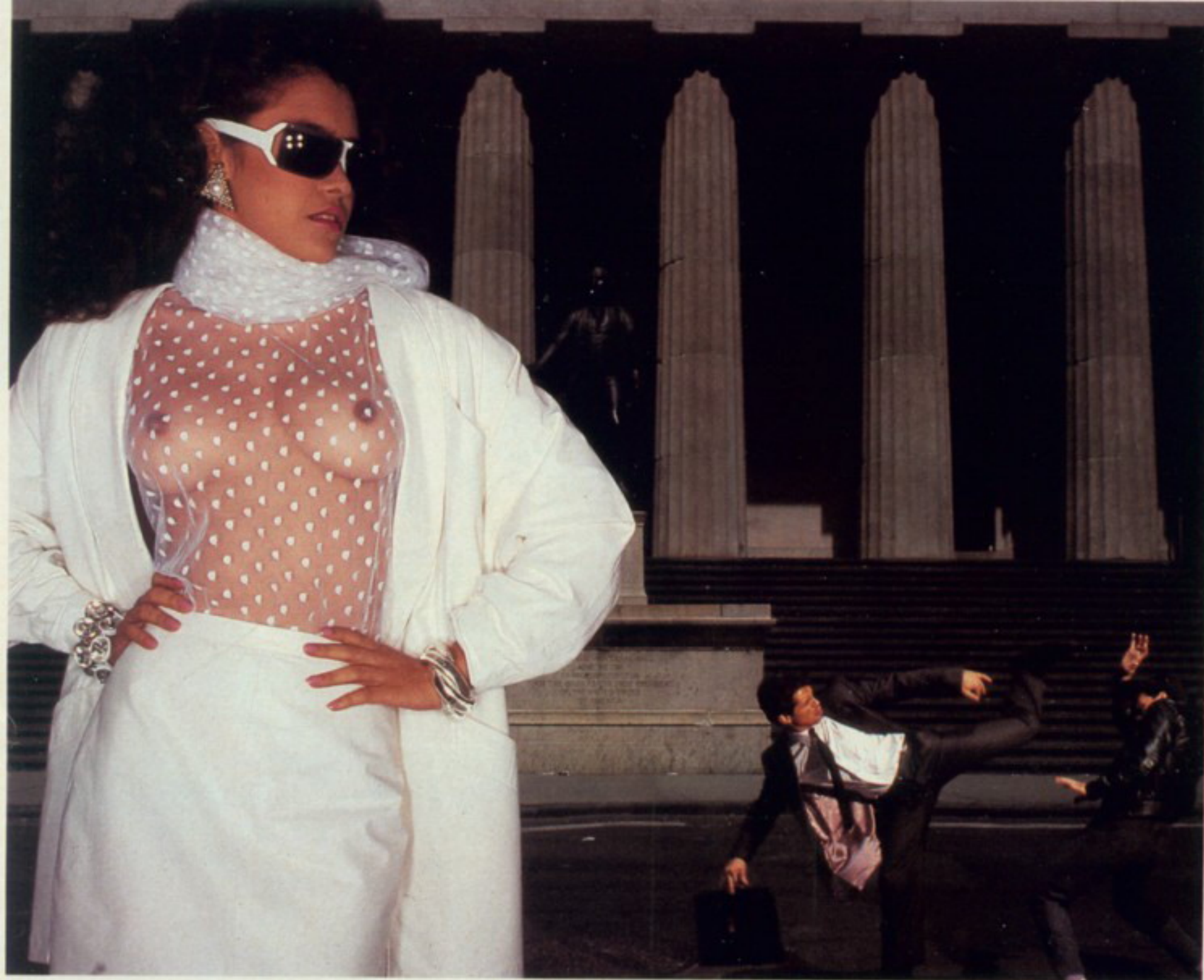


Above left, she is wearing a shocking-pink suit with unreadable lettering, by Stephen Sprouse, into which she tucks a dark cloud of a blouse with wrist accents, by Eleanor P. Brenner. The silver-latticework skirt, pink blouse and silver gloves opposite are from La Coppia; shoes, from La Marca.

Dressing up now means hardly dressing at all. This is especially true when taking in a little sun. Resortwear has a flimsy history, but women these days can drape themselves with fabric sun screen that may deflect some ultraviolet rays but still affords a clear view for the rest of us. Here we see the sheerest of solar fashion. Above left, a swimsuit-and-blouse combo—inappropriate for doing laps. Above right, a minimalist yellow outfit for modern submariners. Opposite: A sun dress for afternoons on the boardwalk when you don't want to block any breeze.







Above, her suit is by Michael Hoban for North Beach Leather; earrings, from Alexis Kirk; jeweled bracelet, from Kenneth Lane; silver bracelet, from Zoe Coste. The shades are from Xavier Danaud. Opposite: Her suit is Yves St. Tropez; blouse and jewelry, Yves Saint Laurent; glasses, from Optica.

See-through fashion has even entered the nerve center of the free world's economy. Above, we notice corporate interests fending off a venture capitalist's unfriendly take-over bid. The woman in white in the foreground is just clipping her coupons and watching her stock holdings fluctuate. Opposite: Women are not only entering the board room, they're taking it over. This executive is making a visual presentation. She's trying to make a couple of incontrovertible points. The one thing her attentive colleagues are not trying to do is dress her with their eyes.







Opposite: His white-tie dancing tux is from After Six. Her diaphanous skirt is from Norma Kamali; the blouse, from Eleanor P. Brenner; shoes, by La Marca. Above: Her sequined suit, which hardly needs a blouse, comes from Metamorphosis. Her demure earrings are available from Alexis Kirk.

What you wear is a way of telegraphing what you're up for. Take the couple at left. We'll call him Guido; we'll call her Babette. When Guido showed up at Babette's, he got an urgent message: She was primed for a painfully expensive restaurant and then some ballroom dancing. We see them doing a credible imitation of Fred and Ginger. Above, another couple (Gaston and Heloise) are doing research into what's cooking. While the chefs stew in their juices, Gaston nibbles on Heloise. The heat of the kitchen doesn't seem to faze them.



Above: Her hat and coat, by Andre van Pier; purple dress, by Lynn Bowling; shoes by Charles Jourdan; necklace by Eric Beamon; earrings by Wendy Gell. Luggage, by T. Anthony. Opposite: Her chiffon coat, from Tony Chase; hat, by Whittall & Shon; earrings, by Wendy Gell; shoes, by Andrea Carrano.

Don't believe it when you hear that the romance of train travel is dead. The lady above has outfitted herself with sensible on-board attire. There's nothing worse than being either too hot or too cold; hence, the lighter-than-air dress and the overcoat donated by the animal kingdom. At right, it's the end of the evening and the beginning of another transparent relationship. They both need a lift. They're off to her place, where she can shed her second skin and he can see what he's gotten himself into. The elevator operator has seen it all before.



C'EST MOI!





*our christmas  
carol, like miss liberty  
herself, is a gift  
from france to america*

**I**F YOU'RE FRENCH, maybe you've seen this lady modeling lingerie on tall Paris billboards. (Is Paris burning?) If you're a moviegoer, maybe you caught her line to architect John Cassavetes in *Tempest* ("I loove arsh-tect!"). If you're one of the little animals, maybe you've seen her at the Chicago Anti-Cruelty Society, where she does volunteer





# PHOTO

POLICE LE JOURNAL DANDY SUMMERS !!! KENNEDY LES ARCHIVES SECRETES



work. (She's the stunning-looking human with the lullaby voice.) And if you're none of the above, you're still lucky. You get to meet her now.

*Carol Ficatier (Fih-caht'-yay): A product of France, pleasing to the senses, mischievous, bright—descended from noble blood, even. See also beauté, émigrée, noblesse, enchanteresse.*

She comes from Auxerre, 20 kilometers from Chablis. It's pretty there on the Yonne River—a 13th Century cathedral, vineyards—but it's not bright lights, big city, and young Carol was *très motivée*.

"I was trouble in school," she says, "the clown of the class, always." Her accent is almost gone now—she's been working hard on it—but the English word animals, for instance, still comes out shaded by *animaux*. "And I did not work very hard. I modeled a little bit when I was younger—little magazines. Then, starting on my 18th birthday, I became a full-time model."

As she looked up just a year later at those fondly remembered (in Paris, anyway) lingerie billboards, Carol's attitude was "It is me, but it's not. I can be very objective. I am not looking at myself and saying, 'Boy, am I nice!' It's someone else, almost, someone

*Between stopping by her agency for a modeling job (top left) and taking orphaned pups to the park (bottom left), Carol finds time to pucker those lustrous lips. And there is luster in more than her lips (right).*





*"In France, sex is more healthy, I think. Here, you really are puritans. There is ugly pornography and then, for some, sex is like 'Don't come near me!' But when you repress in one way, something bad comes out in another way."*



else I know so well that I know all the flaws."

There were not enough flaws to keep her from moving on to high-profile assignments in Zurich, Hamburg, Milan, Tokyo and, after a few nights of nail biting, in the vigilante capital of the world. "New York, for French people—for a lot of people—it's a scary place," she says, covering her eyes.

"When I first came here, every time I opened my mouth, someone said, 'Oh! Are you from Fraaaance? Which country do you prefer?' I don't prefer. They're different. Now I can say a sentence without causing a commotion. That's nicer."



"A few days before I left Paris, there was a movie on French TV, *Death Wish*—Charles Bronson shooting everyone. I was thinking, My God, I'm so scared! But I loved New York at first sight."

New York reciprocated, and now, five years later, Carol is a *très* successful model, occasional actress and defender of





*"Looks don't matter in a man. Well, I can't say that. A man for me? Not necessarily superbright. I don't need dumb, obviously. Tender, kind. I want to be his companion, his lover, everything—but not dominated. I have my own identity."*



animal rights in her new home town, Chicago.

"I belong to The Humane Society of the United States and another group called Mobilization for Animals, which fight the abuse of animals in laboratories," says our Miss December, whose vegetarianism arises from a revulsion for any kind of killing. "What goes on in the (concluded on page 210)





MISS DECEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: CAROL FICATIER

BUST: 35 WAIST: 23 1/2 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 02/20/58 BIRTHPLACE: Auxerre, France

AMBITIONS: It's not important what type of job I have as long as I can continue to grow spiritually

TURN-ONS: Romantic and tender men, cuddling, jewels, tropical islands, soft music, wine!

TURN-OFFS: Cruelty, judgmental people, rudeness, Chicago winters, getting up early, littering.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Sophie's Choice, Elephant Man, Mask, Killing Fields, Amadeus, Cocoon, Tootsie.

FAVORITE FOODS: Chocolate, French pastries, Rice Krispies squares, fruits, cheese, Spinach pie.

FAVORITE PLACE: Venice, Italy

IDEAL EVENING: A traditional French dinner with my family and husband at home in France.

BIGGEST JOY: Helping people and animals is very fulfilling to me, also I love to see my family.



Proudly wearing my imported American bathing suit.

Looking just like Maman!

17 1/2 1st modeling job!

# C'EST MOI!

(continued from page 144)

laboratories—the testing done on animals—is atrocious. It's sick. But you couldn't fight that every day. You would cry all the time. So, at the Anti-Cruelty Society, I take the dogs out of their cages and take them for walks. I give them some affection. I would like to be part of a program called Pet Therapy, too—taking puppies to hospitals or nursing homes. It does wonders. Old people who haven't talked or shown emotion for years, they talk, they cry. One job I want to have someday is training animals to help blind people. I would like to help people and animals at the same time.”

Carol gets a little weary of constantly being asked her impressions of the United States, but she can't help mentioning a few differences between her home country and this one.

“I find American people much more friendly than the French. Women here are nicer with other women, for one thing. When I first got here, I would go to a restaurant and a lady would say, ‘Oh, you look wonderful; you're so pretty.’ And I thought, That's so *strange*! In France, if you look wonderful, another woman will check you out, but she will never tell you that you look nice. Also, I like the kind of fun you have here. American fun—whatever kind—it's more loud, there's so much more *noise*.

“Now, with sex, I must say I prefer the French. Americans are more repressed,” she says, taking pains to point out that her American husband is an exception. “The French are more open. Nude beaches everywhere; you can be topless anywhere. It seems to me that with French people, sex is more natural. It's something that is there, and it's nice, and let's not make a big deal out of it.”

Soon Carol will be studying the big deals we call the Boston Tea Party, Bunker Hill, the Louisiana Purchase (known in France as “*une grosse erreur*”)—those mightily important events about which Americans have forgotten all the details.

“I have to learn your history,” she says. “I'm going to try to be an American citizen. It's funny, you know? I am French. It's my background and, goddamn it, I'm French. But as far as America is concerned, you can't be both. America says, ‘If you become American, this is it. You *swear* you won't have anything to do with your other country.’ Which is a little drastic. The French, they say, ‘Tough. Who cares? To us, you will always be French.’”

Carol Ficatier, as French as the lilt in her voice and the mischief in her eye, is going to be one of those Americans to whom the rest of us point with pride.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After downing a dozen whiskeys and beer chasers, the wobbling patron called the bartender over for another round. "Sorry, buddy," said the barkeep. "You've had enough already."

"Oh, yeah? Then how come I can see that one-eyed cat coming in the door?"

"For your information, pal," the bartender corrected, "that cat is going *out* the door."

What do you *mean* you were kicked out of Disney World for talking to Pinocchio?"

"Well, actually, they kicked me out for sitting on his face," the secretary admitted to her co-workers, "and asking him to tell a lie."



The wealthy commodities broker could not believe his luck—the beautiful woman he had picked up in a bar turned out to be bright and sophisticated. Hoping to impress her, he took her back to his apartment to show off his art collection.

While she stood admiring one of his new acquisitions, the enthralled broker asked if she would care for some port or sherry.

"Sherry, by all means," the smartly dressed woman replied.

"You're not only smart, you're discriminating."

"Certainly," she said. "To me, sherry is the nectar of the gods. Just watching sherry shimmer in its decanter fills me with an otherworldly glow. Its sweet bouquet lifts me on wings of ecstasy. One sniff and a thousand violins throb in my inner ear; one taste and a symphony of pleasures explodes within me. Port, on the other hand, makes me fart."

Admitting that he still moonlighted to help pay his bills, the accountant explained that he had once gone deeply into debt after getting a girl pregnant.

"You had to pay her off," his friend surmised. "I see."

"No," the accountant replied. "But it cost me a fortune to keep that rabbit on life support."

A well-dressed man approached the drugstore counter and asked for a deodorant.

"Ball type?" the clerk asked.

"No. Actually, it's for under my arms."

The annual Big Animals *vs.* Small Animals football game had turned into a rout. Just before half time, the score was Big Animals 105, Small Animals 0.

The gorilla took a pass on his own 12-yard line. He was tackled immediately and thrown all the way back to the two.

"Wow!" yelled the mouse. "Who did that?"

"I did," replied the centipede.

"Where were you the whole first half?"

"Tying my shoes."

After half time, the second-half kickoff sailed to the rhino. He ran to the left, reversed, ran to the right and was smothered in his tracks.

"Who did that?" asked the excited hamster.

"I did," replied the centipede. But then he disappeared into a crowd on the side lines.

On the last play of the game, with the score 227-0, the giraffe took the snap from center, faded back and was sacked for a safety.

"Who did *that*?" asked the prairie dog.

"I did," said the centipede.

"What the hell were you doing since the second-half kickoff?"

"High fives."

"I felt sorry for myself because I had no women," the lonesome philosopher declared, "until I met a man who had no hands."



"D-d-doc," the patient stammered, "you've g-got to help m-m-m-me. My st-stutter is ruining my c-c-c-confidence."

An examination revealed the man's penis to be so large that its weight was straining his spine, which in turn strained his neck and vocal cords. The doctor recommended surgery to remove eight inches of the penis.

Although the operation was successful, the patient returned a few weeks later, again in a state of despair.

"At first it was great, doc," he said. "I had much more self-confidence. But pretty soon my wife began to lose interest, and now she wants to leave me. Please, doc, you've got to give me back the rest of my penis."

"S-s-sorry. T-too l-l-late."

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.



*"Oh, here's the mix-up—Miss Fowler, you're seated opposite Mr. Wilkinson!"*

country girl barbi benton  
bares a few  
gifts for the greeks

# BARBI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



LIVING ON a grand scale demands as much panache as it does cash. Without a sense of personal style, cruising the Aegean in a 50-meter yacht is just, well, showing off. As Beau Brummell once observed, no one should ever notice how well you're dressed. No one would ever accuse Barbi Benton of a lack of personal style. In fact, she's one of those people who can live well and make it seem almost folksy. Luxury, for Barbi, is just another word for comfy.

Y'all remember Barbi. She was the sparkly, shapely ingénue with the

An exuberant Barbi Benton, above and right, is understandably excited about a yacht cruise through the ancient Greek isles. At left, she is piped aboard by the captain and crew of the good ship Christina II, a charter from Valef Yachts, Ltd.





irresistible smile who got her showbiz start in 1968 on the set of *Playboy After Dark*. There she met Hugh M. Hefner, who was so smitten that she became his steady for some five years. Almost as enthusiastic were fans of *Hee Haw*, the country-music show on which she became a regular; since then, she has turned up with great frequency on such series as *Fantasy Island* and *The Love Boat*.

"*Love Boat* is my second name, you know," laughs Barbi. "I've done so many of those shows over the years that I've become identified with them. For me, it was the *Love Boat* School of Acting. But it was great. Aaron Spelling, more than any other producer, believed in me and gave me a lot of chances—before



At right, the whitewashed sparkle of an island village street complements the sensuous form of our American beauty. When the shadows grow long, the men of the village (above) gather at one of the local coffeehouses to swap old fishing stories and lift a glass or two. No women, just men. Barbi puts a definitive and welcome end to that old tradition.







I was ready. Because of that, it's been difficult for me to break into more serious parts. But I've done a few now, and I'm starting to get some recognition as an actress rather than simply a celebrity who does some television." Of course, Barbi

The two women in the picture at the top are dressed distinctively—Barbi in a little something she took along for the cruise, the older woman in traditional Grecian dress. Barbi's outfit above is Greek, too. But from another era, the golden age.







didn't depend entirely on the *Love Boat* School of Acting. She immersed herself in the study of the craft for six years, with classes twice a week, seven hours at a time.

"My acting coach, Milton Casallas, has a strict

If you take your own toothbrush, a yacht can be just like home. Barbi gets into the rhythm of the waves (opposite) on the afterdeck of the *Christina II*. Obviously enjoying herself (above), she cancels the papers back home and calls all able hands on deck.



policy: You sign up for Milton's class and you go to class twice a week unless you die."

Acting classes involve, among other things, rigorous self-examination, emotional control and sensory development. *(text concluded on page 210)*

At nightfall, even the most enthusiastic sailors wind down. Dropping anchor, Barbi retires to the master cabin, where soft bouzouki music wafts in over the sea from the islands. Somewhere there is strife. But there's none here. Not tonight.









# BARBI

(continued from page 166)

All to the good, says Barbi: "It's changed my life. I'm aware of so many more things than I was before. Listening to music, I hear so many more notes and instruments than I ever did. I smell things that I never have before. If I walk into a room, I can smell the curtains. I can smell dirty feet.

"I've also been going to classes at the Groundlings, which is a Second City-type group in Los Angeles. And we're doing improv. Working with the Groundlings has helped me, because it has allowed me to be very silly on stage.

"Well, it's all come to something. I'm very secure now with my acting, and that's all that I really care about. I want to be able to do good work when it's offered and not be embarrassed by the reviews.

"I don't want to be queen of the B's, and I'm turning down the roles that are being offered to me in that area, because they're not movies that I can take my parents to. I've done a few of them, and they're just not quality films."

There was a time, back in the early Seventies, when Barbi was best known for her appearances in *PLAYBOY* pictorials. So popular was she, in fact, that the myth persists that she was either a Playmate or a Bunny. She was neither. But her last *PLAYBOY* feature appeared in December 1973. Why did she decide to pose again now?

"Marilyn Grabowski, *PLAYBOY*'s West Coast Photo Editor, had approached me a number of times about doing another pictorial. I finally decided, Why not?"

Barbi has plenty of other things on her mind as well. She has recently discovered self-discipline and its attendant rewards. So now it's bed by ten, up at six, health food and lots of exercise. She had always been a sports fanatic, but now she has

moved beyond the pale. She skis expertly, runs up to 12 miles a day and thinks nothing of 200-mile bicycle rides. She has conquered the marathon and is eying the triathlon. Luckily, her husband, businessman George Gradow, is similarly motivated.

Music, too, is still a passion for Barbi. She has put a lot of study and training into her singing career and has come a long way. "I remember when I used to audition for the high school musicals and they'd say, 'You should be a dancer.'" As a country-and-western *singer*, she has developed quite a following in the U.S.A. And in the Scandinavian countries, she's considered a rock star.

"It's the only place I feel like Rod Stewart!" says Barbi, but the fact is, she once had, simultaneously, the top single and four albums in the top ten in Scandinavia.

"I love country music," she says. "And I love rock 'n' roll. But my next album is going to be new-age music. I spent a summer learning how to play the piano, and I am obsessed with it now. When I run in the morning, I write melodies in my head. I can't wait to get back to the piano to find the chords that I hear.

"Now I don't need to work with somebody else. That is the biggest release I've had in a long time. Before, I had to sit with somebody else. I would sing a melody and the other person would find the chords, and it was frustrating. Now I can find it myself, and it has opened up the world of music for me. When I come out with my next album, it is going to be unique. I am not going to be a carbon copy of anybody. I've always been looking for this kind of independence and have never found it—until now."



JONIK



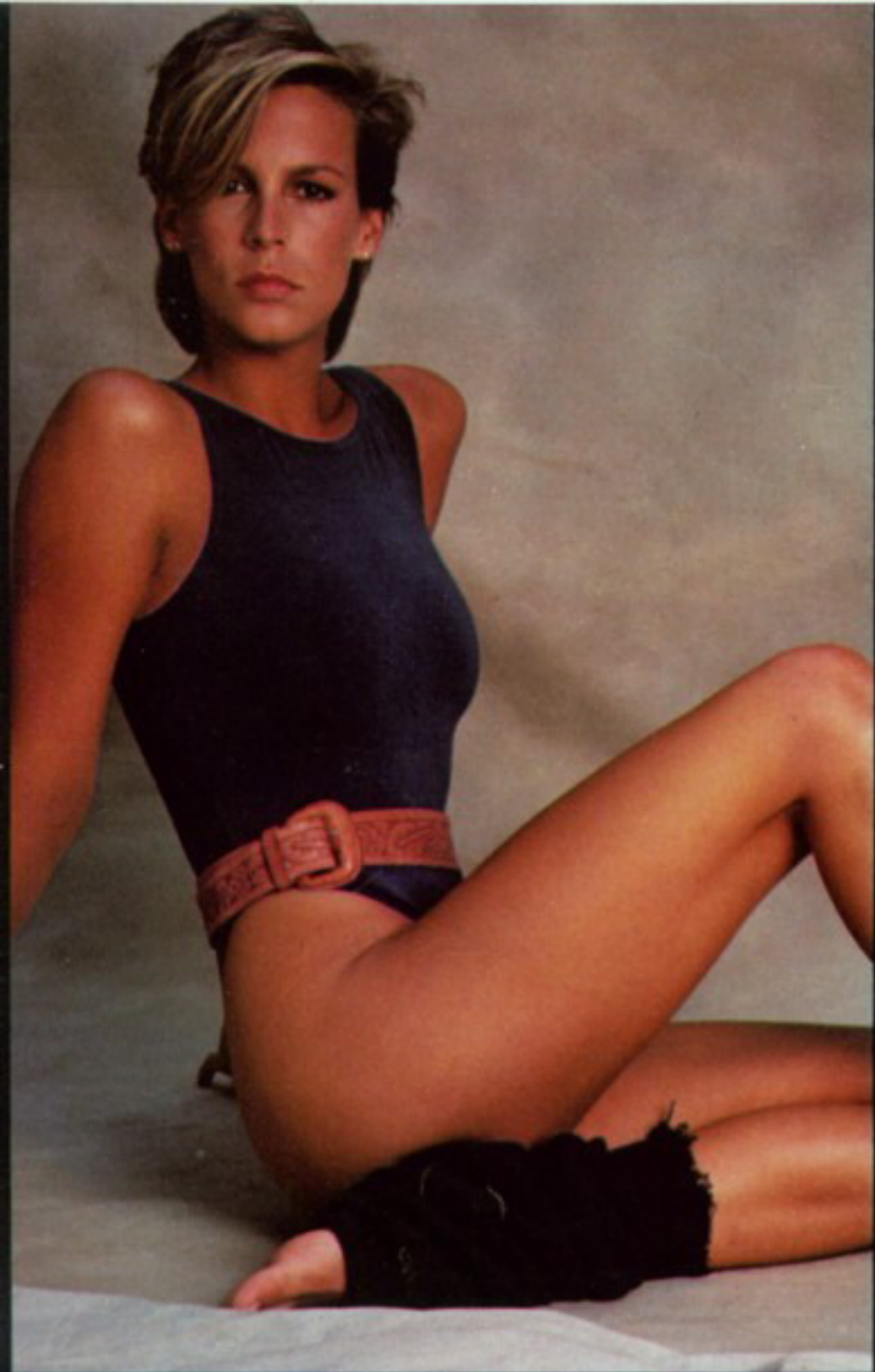
# SEX STARS OF 1985

good grief! is hollywood becoming  
just another marriage mill?





**GLITZKRIEG:** This year's hottest media darlings were musicians—both of whom broke hearts by tying the knot. Scores of reporters and photographers tried to crash the wedding of Madonna (left)—whose nude photos (like the previously unpublished one here) had just made the news—to actor Sean Penn. Bruce Springsteen (above) and his bride, Julianne Phillips, however, managed to elude the press.



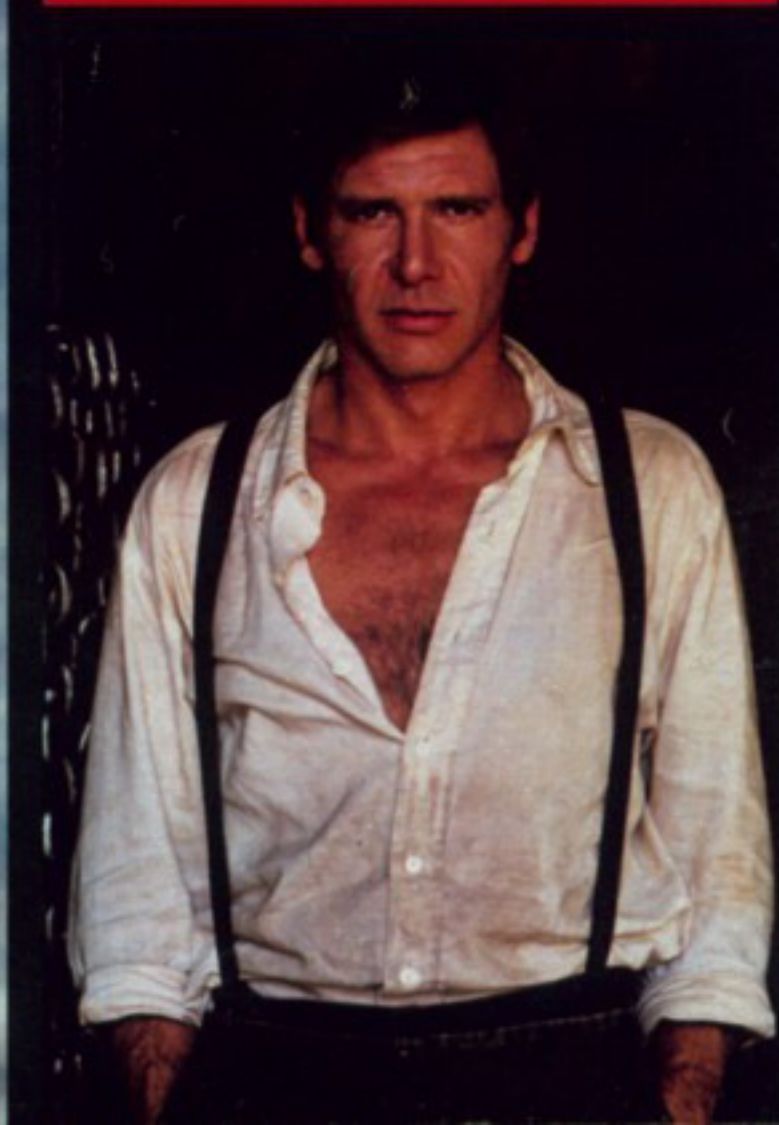
#### TRUE-BLUE GENES:

Stardom is definitely in the blood of these stellar performers. Jamie Lee Curtis (above left), the daughter of Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, sizzles in the otherwise lack-luster *Perfect*. Rae Dawn Chong, Tommy (of Cheech and) Chong's girl, has come a long way from *Quest for Fire* (above right) to this year's *American Flyers* and *Commando*. Tahnee Welch, the attractive alien from *Cocoon* (right), looks strikingly like her glamorous parent Raquel. That's something we probably wouldn't say about Nastassja Kinski (left), who undoubtedly inherited a lot of her histrionic talent from daddy Klaus. Nastassja, lately in *Maria's Lovers* and *Paris, Texas*, became a mother last year but is back at work with two films, *Harem* and *Revolution*, due.





**CHANGING SCENES:** Kathleen Turner (above) has been *Body Heat's* killer lady, *Romancing the Stone's* naive novelist, *Prizzi's Honor's* killer and is that novelist again in *The Jewel of the Nile*. Harrison Ford (below) blasted out of *Star Wars/Indiana Jones* thrillers to a serious role in *Witness*; soon he'll play an eccentric inventor in *The Mosquito Coast*. Kim Basinger (left), once an ingénue, is enmeshed in sex and violence in *9½ Weeks* and the upcoming *Fool for Love*.







**ROYAL TREATMENT:** Last year's reigning sex star, Prince (below), has kept a somewhat lower profile in 1985, but he's busy writing a sequel to the fantastically successful *Purple Rain*. His first lady, Vanity (above), was a redeeming feature of the film *The Last Dragon* and is now making *Never Too Young to Die*. Meanwhile, Prince's other princess, Apollonia Kotero (not shown), has landed a gig in the vineyards of *Falcon Crest*.





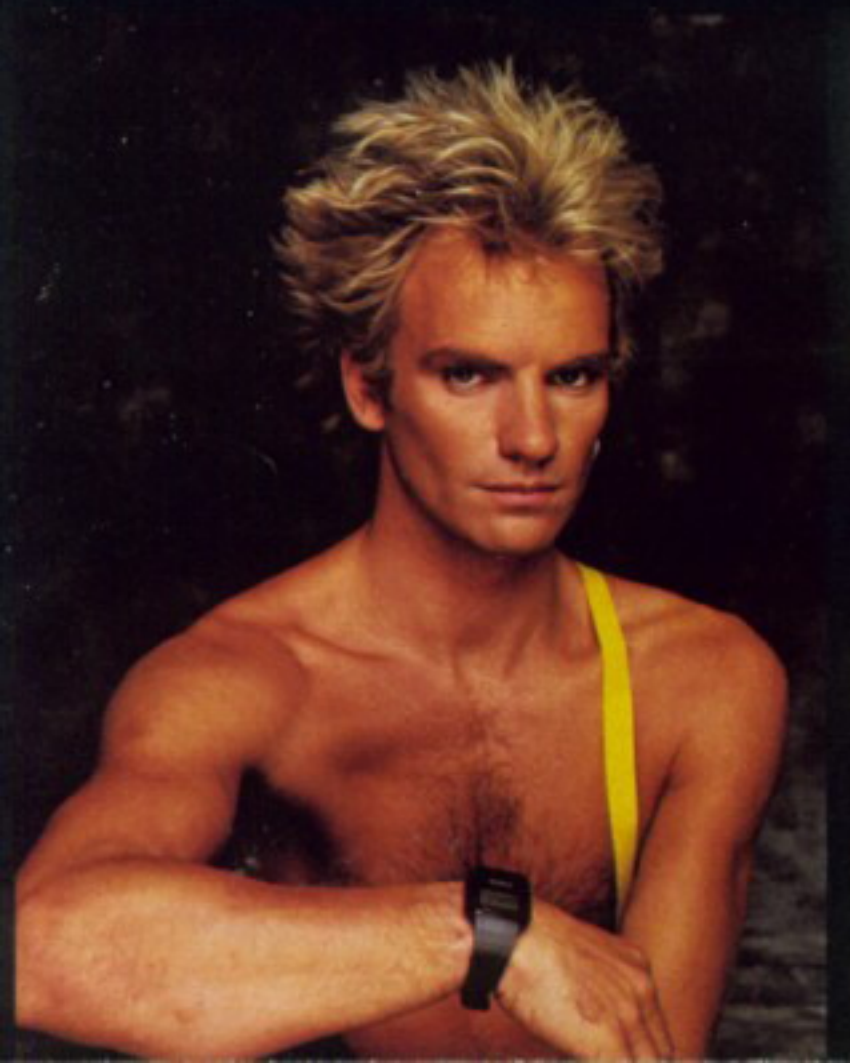
**SIRENS:** What would the movies be without their sultry sex goddesses? It's a cult whose priestesses have included Theda Bara, Greta Garbo, Hedy Lamarr, Ava Gardner—and, today, this arresting quartet. Barbara Carrera (left) is coming on strong as a new femme fatale in TV's *Dallas*; Kelly LeBrock (above), the titular *Woman in Red*, teaches teens the facts of life in *Weird Science*; Brazilian temptress Sonia Braga (right) plays several fantasy roles, including the title one, in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*; while Joan Collins (below), the demon doyenne of *Dynasty*, masterminded and stars in a CBS Television miniseries called *Sins*, due early in 1986.





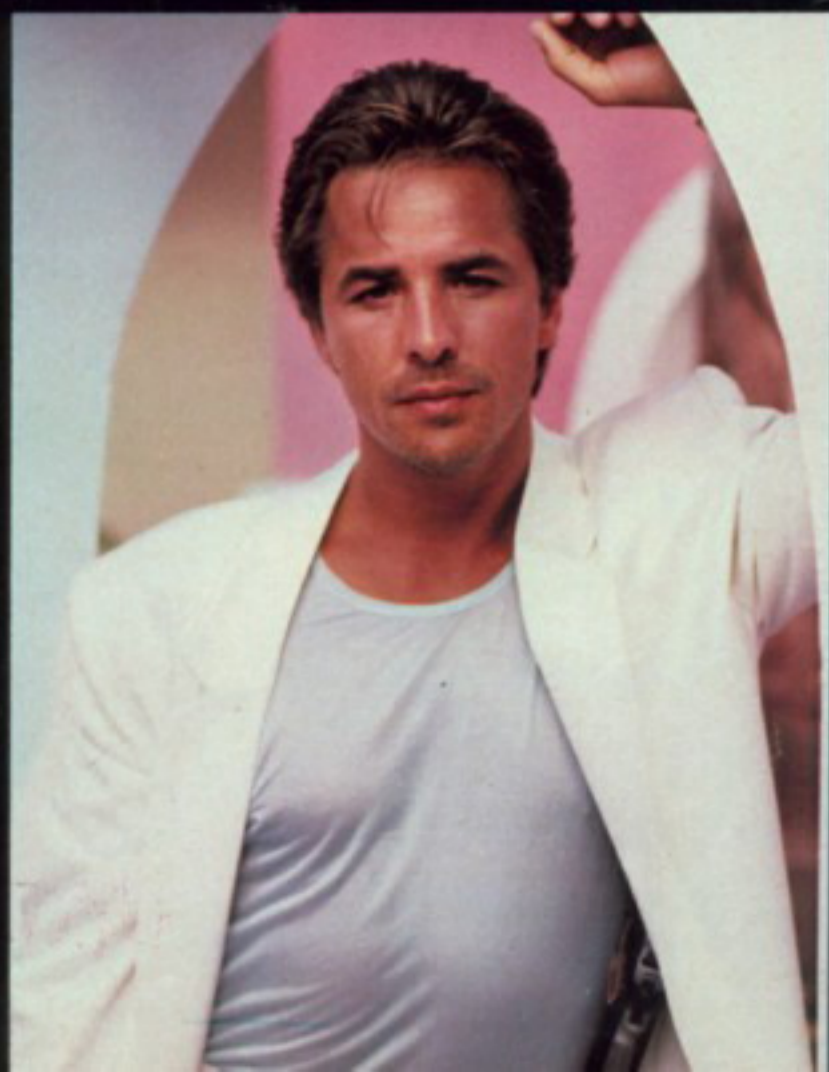
**BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN:**

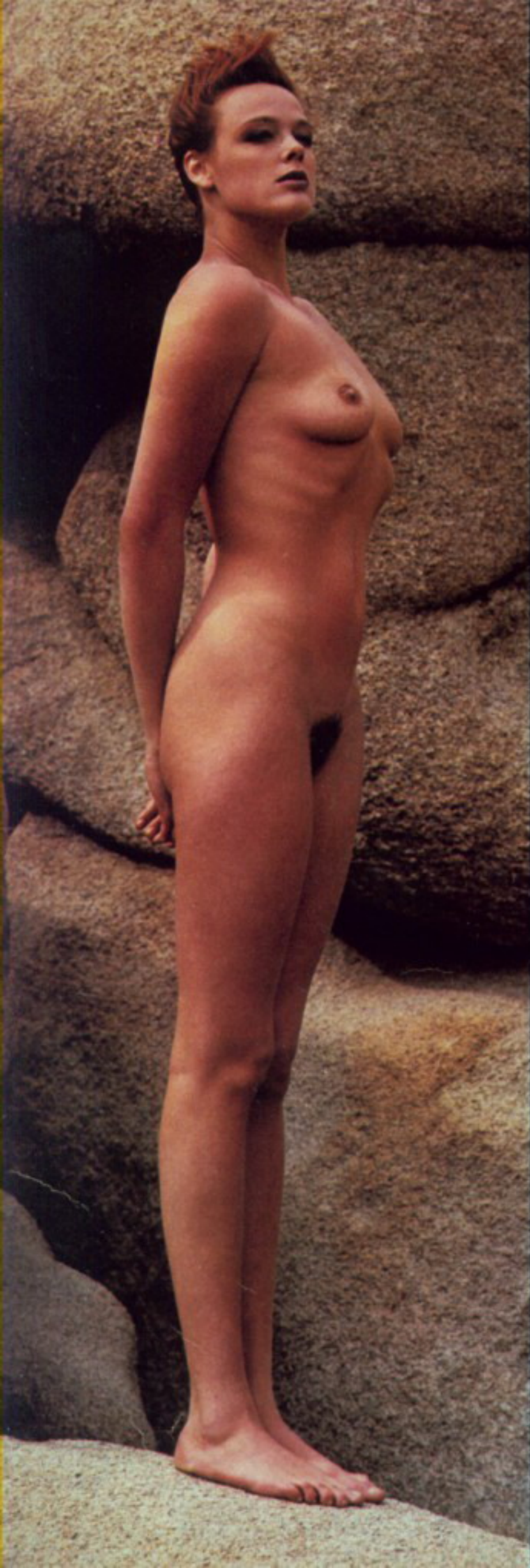
But let's lay another old saw to rest—these fair-hairs are far from dumb. Shannon Tweed (left), our 1982 Playmate of the Year, now has a recurring role in TV's *Days of Our Lives*. Lori Singer (above left) shone in *The Falcon and the Snowman* and *The Man with One Red Shoe*. Randi Brooks (above right) has recovered from the spell of TV's *Wizards and Warriors* to land movie roles in a horror film,





*Terror Vision*, and a comedy, *Hamburger*—*The Motion Picture*. Supermodel Christie Brinkley (right) married singer Billy Joel and expects his child in January; father of a three-year-old with his lady, actress Patti D'Arbanville, is *Miami Vice*'s Don Johnson (below right), one of the hottest performers in television. Theresa Russell does a Marilyn Monroe turn in *Insignificance* (below center), while Sting (below left) became almost simultaneously the latest incarnation of Baron Frankenstein in *The Bride* and Meryl Streep's luckless working-class stud in *Plenty*.





**LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION:** Adventure fare has been the key to success for Sylvester Stallone (above), whose *Rambo: First Blood Part II* was a socko surprise this past summer. A photo from her model's portfolio, dropped off at Sly's hotel, did even more for Brigitte Nielsen (left) than did her starring role in *Red Sonja*: It caught Stallone's attention, and they're engaged. Grace Jones (right) wowed 'em in the newest James Bond flick, *A View to a Kill*; Tina Turner (below right) did likewise in her first major movie role as Auntie Entity in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, opposite the actor *People* magazine this year dubbed "the sexiest man alive," Mel Gibson (below left).





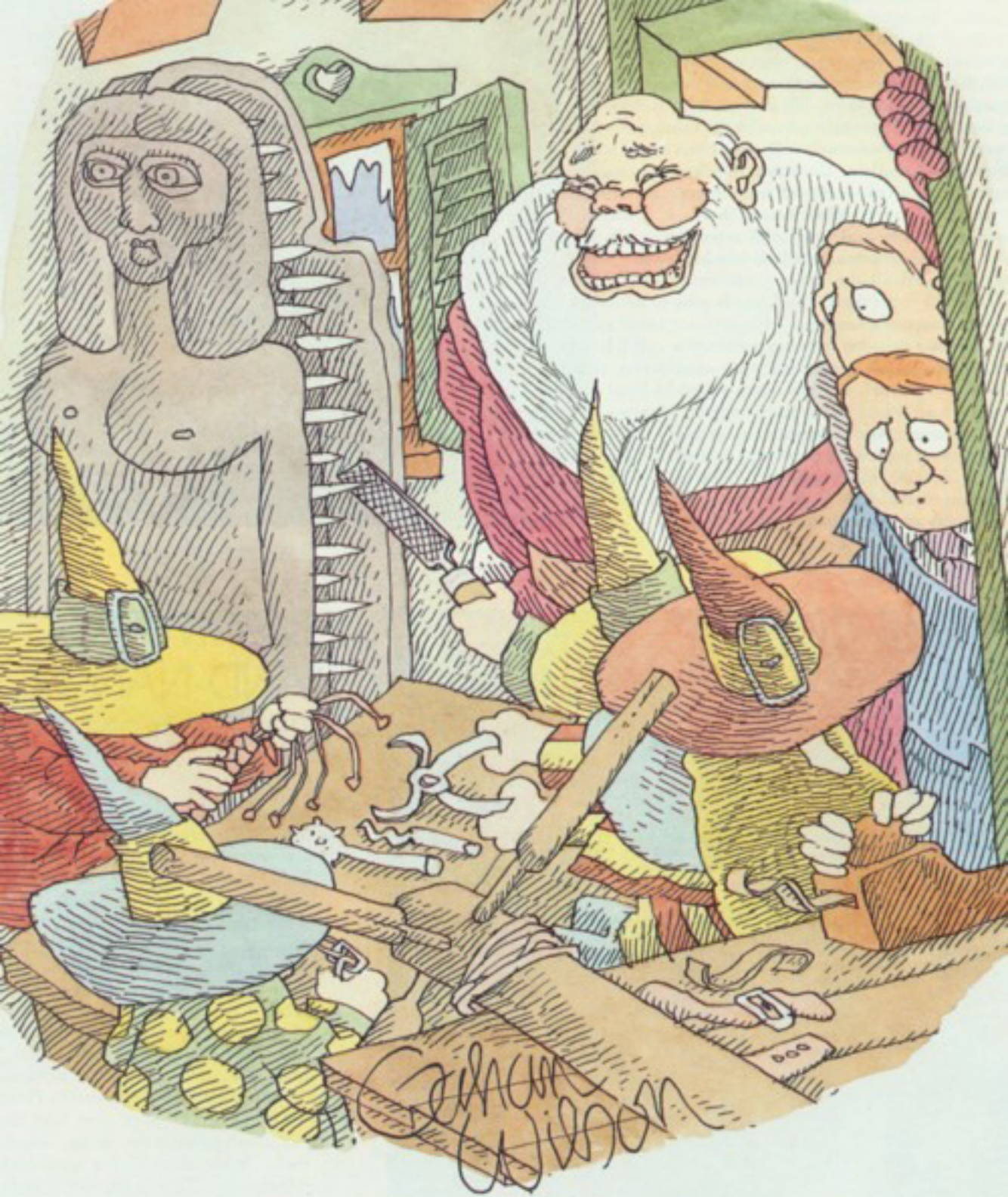


Don Madden

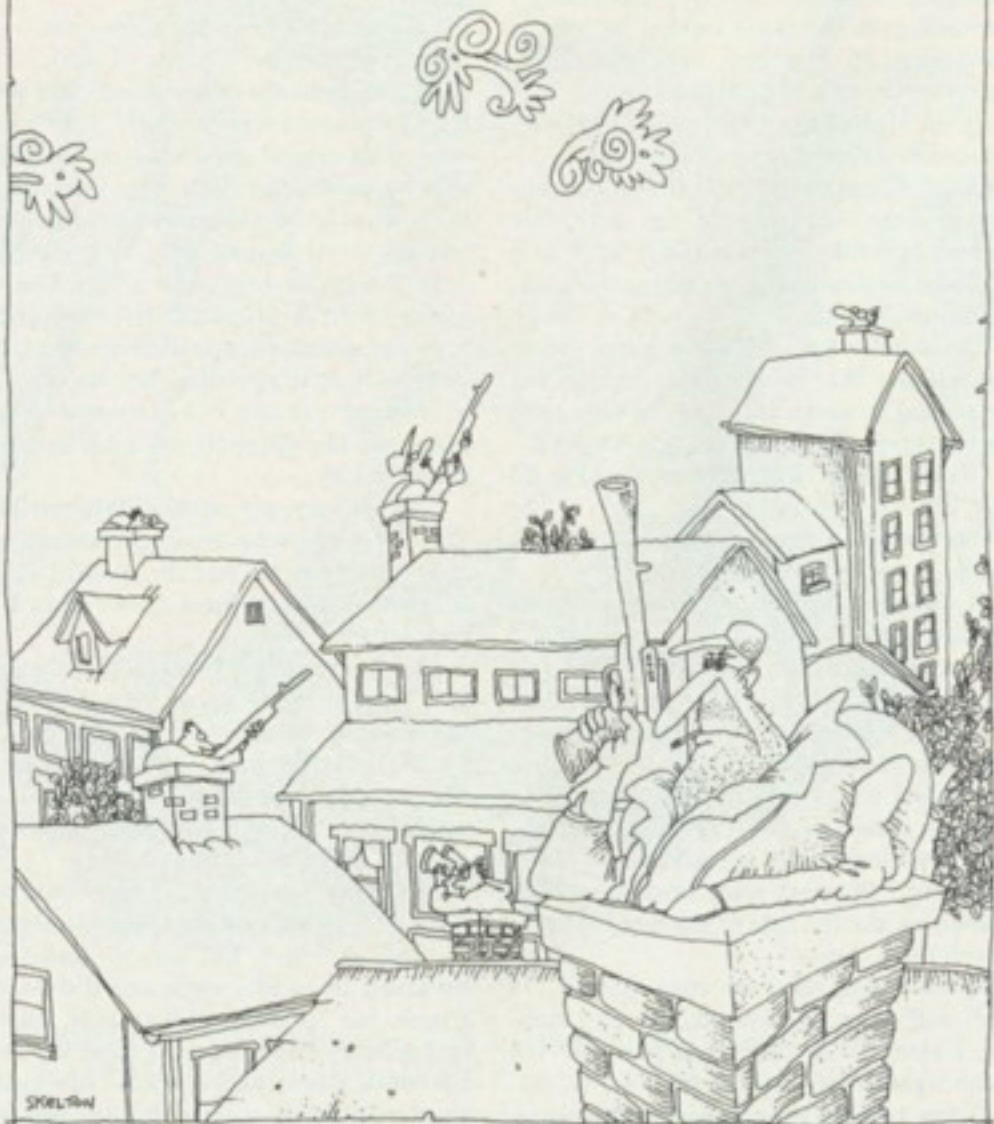
"Gosh, I thought we'd been too naughty."







*"And here's where we make toys for bad little boys and girls!"*



*The Santa Hunters*



SHOEMAKER





*"I'm sorry, we already have a Christmas fairy."*



To All  
Personnel:  
Have a  
Pleasant  
Xmas  
The Management

To All  
Personnel:  
Have a  
Pleasant  
Xmas  
The Management

To All  
Personnel:  
Have a  
Pleasant  
Xmas  
The Management

To All  
Personnel:  
Have a  
Pleasant  
Xmas  
The Management

M. Huber



*"It just seems that Christmas has changed a lot since I was a kid."*



*"See, I told you there was a Santa Claus."*

*Cliff Clavin*

PLINTH  
DOLL  
CO.  
VOICE-  
BOX  
CONTROL

MOMMA  
MOMMA

MOMMA  
MOMMA

MOMMA  
MOMMA

WANNA  
HAVE A  
PARTY,  
BIG BOY?

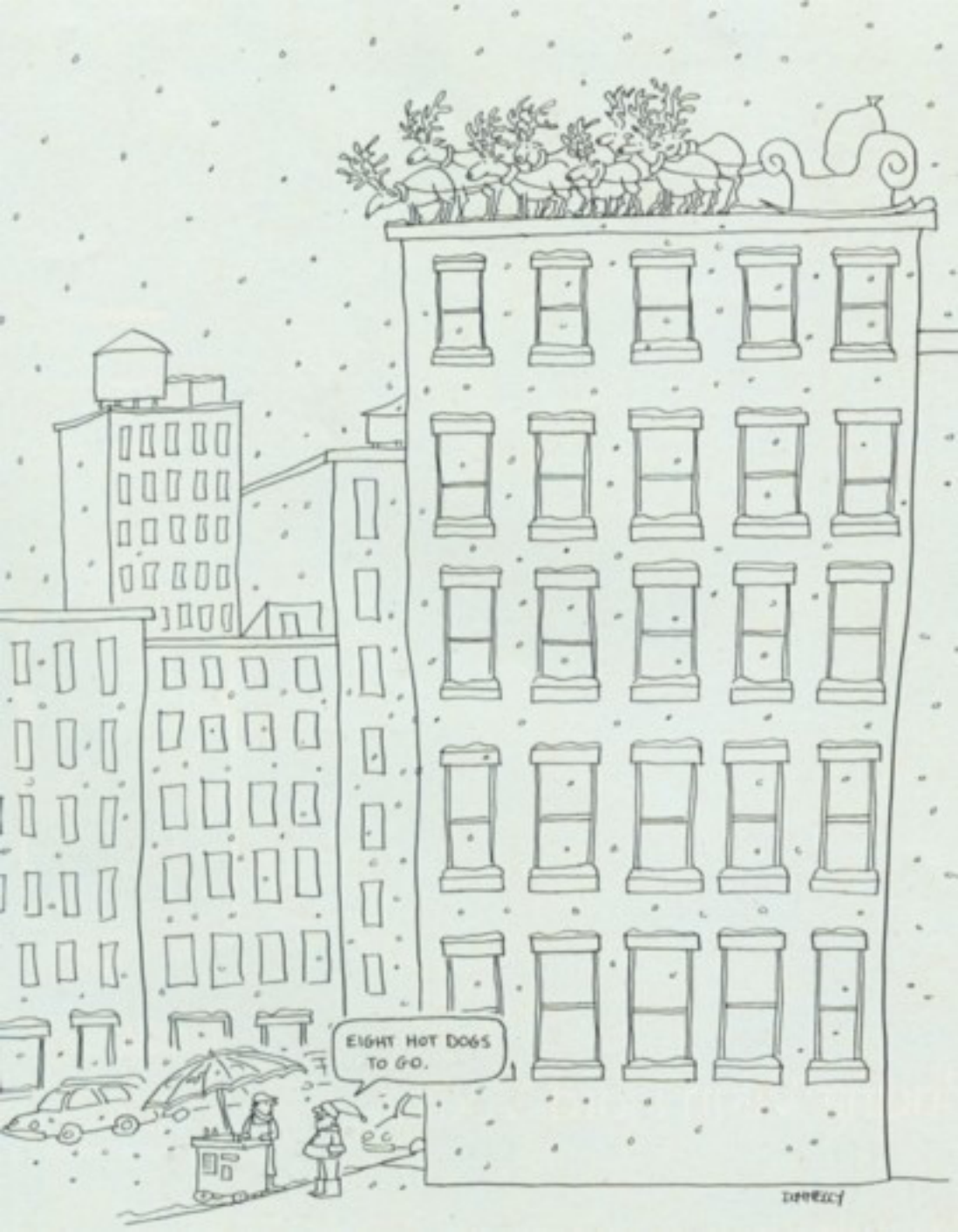
CHRISTMAS  
SCHEDULES







*"Good heavens, no, I'm not the real president—I'm just the president on the TV commercials."*



EIGHT HOT DOGS  
TO GO.



Dedini

*"Incidentally, what religion are the Davidsons?"*



*C. Barsotti*

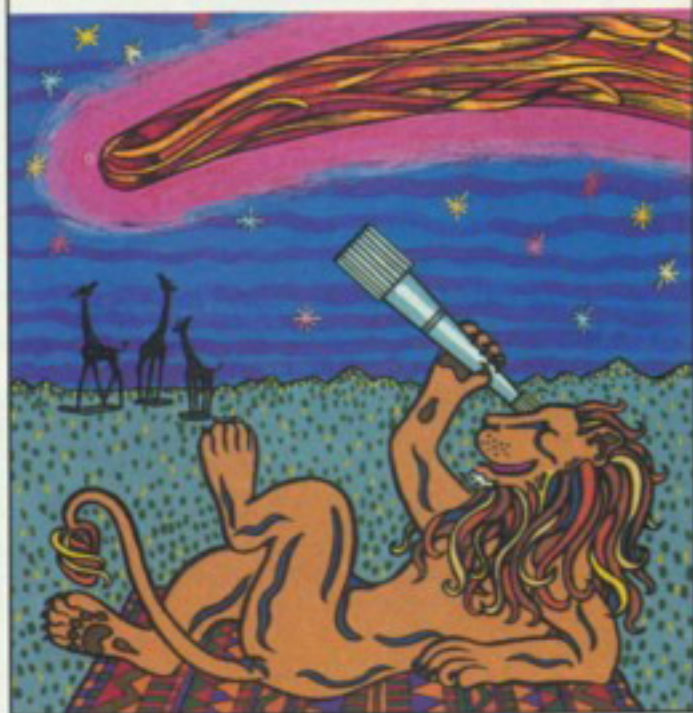
*"It's so nice for ol' Santa to meet someone whose whole attitude isn't take, take, take."*

**BOOP SHOW**

Who could forget Betty Boop, the saucy saucer-eyed, bob-haired cartoon flapper who made her debut as a restaurant entertainer in Paramount's 1930 Talkartoon *Dizzy Dishes*, gaining instant stardom as what some comic historians consider the first sexy cartoon character? Now King Features Syndicate has resurrected Betty, applying her pert, provocative image to everything from clocks, mugs and cosmetics to stickers and lingerie. Of course, it's the last that caught our fancy; a set of colorful Betty Boop undies in blue, pink or white sells for \$15.50, postpaid, sent to Movie Star, Inc., 392 Fifth Avenue, New York 10028. (Don't forget to state whether you're ordering small, medium or large.) Boop-oop-a-doop!

**GREAT LIGHT IN SKY, BWANA**

As most sky watchers already know, Halley's comet will be most visible in the Southern Hemisphere next March and April. For a clear view of this phenomenon, Mountain Travel, 1398 Solano Avenue, Albany, California 94706, has organized an 18-day safari in Botswana on which you animal watch by day and comet watch by night. Since there are no lights in the bush, your view is clear. The price: \$2150, not including air fare.

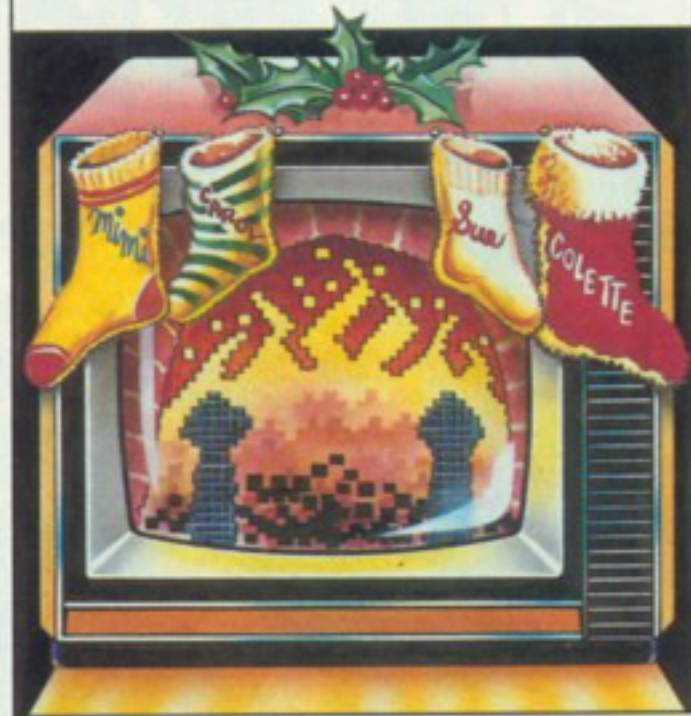


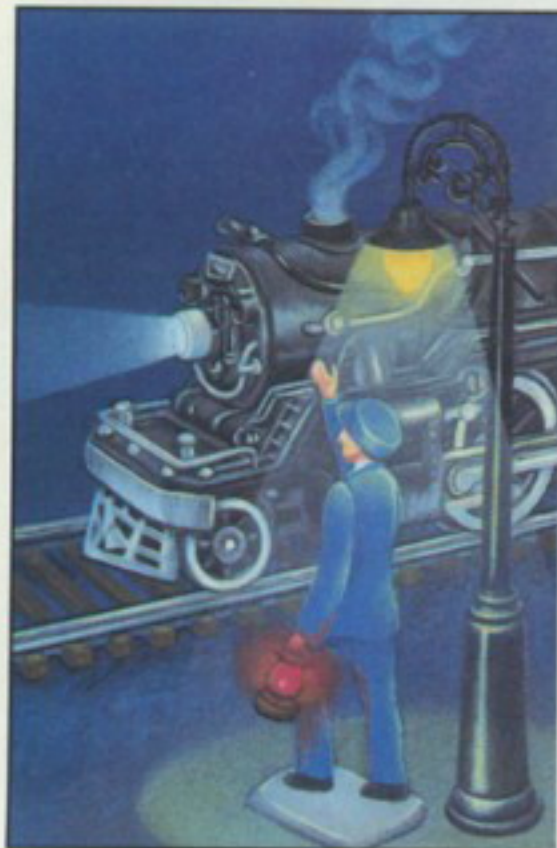
**END OF THE TRAIL**

Martin H. Schreiber has plenty of heavy-duty photography credits under his belt, including his being the man behind the lens for some of the Madonna shots we ran in September's sizzler of an issue. Luscious ladies, however, are not all that fascinates him—as the picture above attests. Schreiber, in fact, spent more than a year photographing the American cowboy, and the results of his labor of love are captured in *Last of a Breed*—a boxed, 16" x 21" signed and numbered limited (600) edition that contains 76 black-and-white photographs beautifully depicting what's left of life in the wild West. The book is available for \$425 sent to Cowboy Project Limited, 611 Broadway, Room 815, New York 10012. Giddap!

**VIDEO SHOPTALK**

Yes, Virginia, there is an alternative to doing your Christmas shopping among the teeming masses, and that's subscribing to Videologue, the first mail-order catalog on video tape. The price is \$9.95 for the first cassette (VHS or Beta), with no charge for additional tapes, says the creator, Videologue Marketing, 3409 Avenue H, Brooklyn, New York 11210. What's hot for Christmas? Oh, a Butler-in-a-Box device, for \$995, that operates by the sound of your voice. Take two.



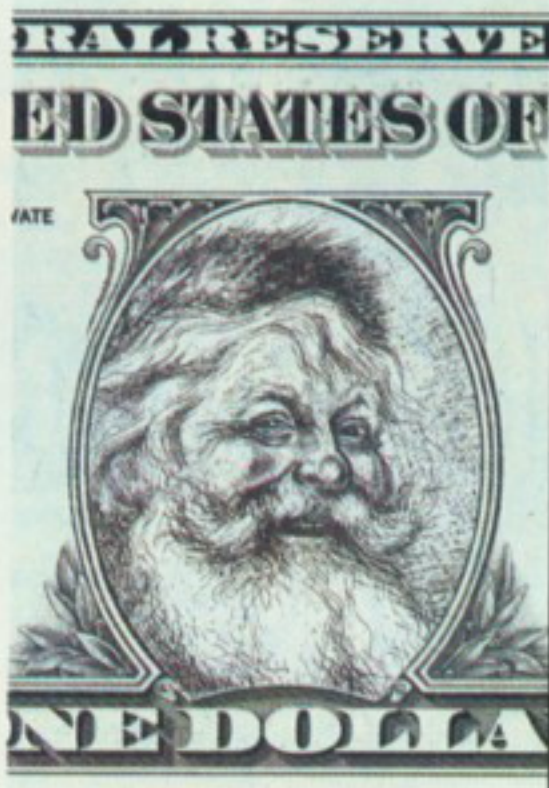


### CHOO-CHOO BABY

Remember when a Lionel train under the Christmas tree would get your heart beating faster than waking up next to Raquel Welch? Well, there are plenty of big guys out there who still have the hots for toy trains, and that's why Tom McComas and James Tuohy compiled the *Lionel Collector Series*—a \$150 boxed set of six hardcover volumes devoted to Lionel. TM Books, Box 189, Wilmette, Illinois 60091, is the publisher. Yes, the books are available individually, along with a \$6.95 Lionel calendar. And the company even appraises toy trains free.

### CHRISTMAS GREENERY

Yes, that's old Saint Nick with his picture perfectly affixed to a real dollar bill. Is it legal tender? You bet, says Thurston Moore Country, the company at P.O. Box 1829, Montrose, Colorado 81402, that'll do the same with your photo. Santa bills are \$3.95 each, while personalized bills made from black-and-white or color photos (no negatives or slides) are \$8.95 each. All the bills, incidentally, are mint-fresh and negotiable. Slip one to your doorman and you'll never have to hail your own cab again.



### L'ATELIER ALL THE WAY

Your little toy soldier may be covered with rust, but in France there's a toy company named Pixi that still makes wonderful, whimsical lead figures designed to be showcased in their own tiny room settings. Pictured here is our favorite, The Artist's Studio, a seven-piece set that includes the artist, his nude model, the patron, the fledgling artist and other assorted pieces. Schylling Associates, One Peabody Street, Salem, Massachusetts 01970, sells the set for \$84.95, postpaid, or \$100, including a glass-and-wood shadow box. Nifty.



### JOIN THE RATRACE

If you think you have what it takes to be a success, don't just sit there dreaming about owning a BMW; get into the Ratrace—"the game the social climbers play," says the manufacturer, Waddingtons Games, Inc. You start out in the working class, with \$200, then claw your way up to the middle class and then, perhaps, to high society. GRA-MIC Direct Marketing, Acheson Drive and Buffalo Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York 14301, sells the game for \$25. Climb!



### DREAM ON!

Just when you thought it was safe to return to the stationery store, along come more California Dreamers, a line of greeting cards famous for images and punch lines that are funnier than a barrel of Jay Lenos. (The one at left has a punch line that reads, IT JUST WOULDN'T BE CHRISTMAS WITHOUT CARDS.) Sexy, outrageous, offensive—there's a California Dreamers card for everyone. Our favorite? The one of a lady wearing nothing but a pair of panties on the backside of which is painted a city skyline and the inscription HAVE A NIGHT ON THE TOWN!



**Wham, Bam,  
Thank You,  
Anne**

We don't get tired of looking at ANNE CARLISLE. We rerun *Liquid Sky* or take another look at her 1984 *PLAYBOY* feature. Recently, she's been in *Desperately Seeking Susan* and *Perfect Strangers*. Now she's a holiday gift to you.



RICHARD FEGLEY



© 1985 ROSS MARINO

**A Little Lick**

We just like PHIL COLLINS. He makes good music. He seems like a decent guy. He doesn't look the rock-'n'-roll part at all. Amid all the rumors about the breakup of Genesis, his original band, we hear that a new studio album is definite for the group in 1986, with a tour to follow. Meanwhile, Phil has found a guitar he can really wail on.

**Semi-Demi**

With terrific reviews for her performance in *St. Elmo's Fire* under her shirt, actress DEMI MOORE has moved on to other projects, such as filming *My Summer Vacation*. We hope it's the kind of movie in which she can shed her flannel altogether for something, well, cooler.



ROSE SHOSHANA / SHOOTING STAR



© 1984 WAYNE MASUR / VISAGES

**Slip Him a Mickey**

We think MICKEY ROURKE should get silly. The next time you see him on screen, he'll be playing a stockbroker who's into S/M. Last time, he was Rambo in *Chinatown* in *Year of the Dragon*. Take a break, Mickey.



© 1982 NANCY ELLISON

## Kristel Clear

There isn't a film editor on the planet who would cut this KRISTEL. SYLVIA was in three movies this year: *Mata Hari*, *Red Heat* and the improbably titled *Tigers in Lipstick*. But things haven't changed that much from the time we all enjoyed her in *Emmanuelle* and *Lady Chatterley*. "I'm always amazed... the camera falls in love with me," she says, almost too modestly. After all, she's no optical delusion.

## French Bred

ISABELLE HUPPERT was an actress of note long before her fortunes got linked to *Heaven's Gate*. She made two films this year, *All Mixed Up* and *Signed Charlotte*, the second one directed by her sister. Look for her next in *Cactus*, but see her all wet first.



© 1985 PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## Billy's Idol

Are you wondering who the guy with the bouffant is? Wonder no more. Guitarist STEVE STEVENS is the music behind Billy Idol's leather, studs and sneers. Their most recent collaboration, *Whiplash Smile*, should be in the record stores right now. If you're into goose-pimpley menace with your music, these are the nasty guys to watch.



RICHARD FEGLEY



# COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 32ND ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



PLAYMATE REVIEW



HAPPY SUMMER



EVERYBODY, BROTHER



BELATEDLY, IMAN

**DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER, THE WORLD'S MOST GRAND-MOTHERLY SEX EXPERT, TALKS ABOUT OUR FAVORITE SUBJECT IN A DELIGHTFUL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"IMAN"—PETER BEARD'S ARREST ON TRUMPED-UP CHARGES KEPT HIS AFRICAN DIARY STARRING THIS TOP MODEL OUT OF OUR DECEMBER ISSUE. SORRY, BUT IT WAS WORTH THE WAIT**

**"MISS FORBES'S SUMMER OF HAPPINESS"—TWO YOUNG BOYS DISCOVER THAT THEIR STRICT GOVERNESS HAS A SECRET NIGHT LIFE IN THIS TALE BY GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ**

**"SOUTH AFRICA AT HOME: REAGAN AND THE REVIVAL OF RACISM"—HOW FIVE YEARS OF THIS ADMINISTRATION HAVE SET CIVIL RIGHTS BACK 20 YEARS—BY HODDING CARTER III**

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NEWS-MAKING PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WITH KATHLEEN TURNER, MICHAEL DOUGLAS AND SALLY FIELD; "FIRE ZONE EMERALD," A TAUT STORY ABOUT TWO PROFESSIONAL SOLDIERS WHO ARE OUT FOR EACH OTHER'S BLOOD IN THE JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA, BY LUCIUS SHEPARD; "YOUR MOST PROFOUND SKIN," AN EROTIC SHORT STORY BY JULIO CORTAZAR; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF VICTORIA SELLERS, THE BREATH-TAKING DAUGHTER OF BRITT EKLAND AND PETER SELLERS; FICTION BY GEORGE V. HIGGINS AND ROBERT SILVERBERG; "GIRLS OF ALASKA"; "WOMEN OF THE AIRWAVES"; E. JEAN CARROLL PROFILES JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP; "WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT MEN," BY SUSAN SQUIRE; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE**

**"EVERYBODY AND HIS BROTHER"—THE BROTHERS KEACH, CARRADINE, QUAID, EVERLY, STALLONE, HINES, SMOTHERS, ET AL. TACKLE ALL THE BIG BROTHERLY QUESTIONS—BY JEAN PENN**

**"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"—A CURTAIN CALL BY 1985'S DELICIOUS DOZEN; REFRESH YOUR MEMORY WITH THE LOVELIEST WOMEN OF MODERN TIMES**

**PLUS: "WHILE LENIN SLEPT," YOUNG RON REAGAN'S REPORT ON WHAT HE SAW WHEN WE SENT HIM TO THE SOVIET UNION; "PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW," BY ANSON MOUNT; D. KEITH MANO OPENS THE DOOR TO "THE LAST CLOSET: SEXUAL DOMINATION AND SUBMISSION IN AMERICA"; "KILLER," BY KEN KESEY; "WHY I'M ANGRY ABOUT FOOD," BY DAN JENKINS; AND MORE**