

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1986 • \$3.50

LIPS

PORTALS OF DESIRE

MICHAEL
DOUGLAS
INTERVIEW

CAN SEX SURVIVE AIDS?

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Last fall, Hef made a comeback to Chicago. On the seventh floor of our headquarters (left), he met a cottontail cutout who recognized him—who wouldn't? At Steinmetz High (below), he found his name on the Roll of Honor, which salutes students who served in the Armed Forces. In our Photo Studio (below right), he shook hands with Staff Photographer David Mecey as Photo Director Gary Cole looked on. Later (right), Hef saw a mobile reminder of the start of something big. He left town with a suitcase full of memories for his forthcoming autobiography.



Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll, which dazzled our readers in January 1985, is now wowing cabaret audiences in *three dimensions*. The world's most beautiful rockers will be headlining at the Maxim Hotel/Casino in Las Vegas through the first half of 1986; they're planning gigs in Monte Carlo and at Honolulu's Outrigger Hotel. For those who don't get out much, Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll are now on video cassette, too.







DEAR PLAYMATES

The question of the month:

How do you handle sexual rejection?

I just don't take it personally. I figure we're not right for each other. I may ask myself for a minute, "What's wrong with me?" But that passes. If he doesn't want me, he's going to disappoint me in the long run, anyway. He's going to lead me on and reject me later. That would be much worse. I guess I like my independence. I like being on my own. I think every woman should experience that before she settles down. A woman has to know herself first. I don't think I'll get rejected by the right guy for me.



LesAnn Pedriana

LESA ANN PEDRIANA
APRIL 1984

Sexual rejection never bothered me too much, because I'm not insecure about my sexuality. If someone didn't feel like having sex with me at a particular time, I assumed it was bad timing, not some defect of mine.

But being rejected by someone you have loved over a long period of time can be devastating, especially if you're young and without sufficient self-esteem. Everyone has periods



when she isn't feeling sexy. In an involved relationship, you have to ride with the ebbs and exult in the flows. It may be temporary. If it isn't, I don't get down on myself. I feel I've been consistent and it's his problem, not mine.

Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

If I'm the one doing the rejecting, there is usually a good reason. Say he's interested in having sex and I'm not; I say I'm not feeling well and want to go to sleep. Or I try to explain that I'm interested in being friends, not lovers. If I were the one who was getting rejected, I don't think I'd go to pieces. I'd figure he had his reasons. I wouldn't want to sleep with a man who didn't want me. I don't want anyone to do me *that* kind of favor. I like to feel good after sex, and that wouldn't happen if I thought some man was just going through the motions.



Patty Duffek

PATTY DUFFEK
MAY 1984

Well, that has happened to me. I was interested in a man, more interested than he was in me. We were friends and I wanted more. He didn't. Once I knew it, I pretended that I didn't really want to, anyway. But inside, I was really hurt. I kept asking myself, "Why? Is there something wrong with me?" I always assume it must be me. The truth is, that kind of rejection could be about bad timing, not about me. And in this case, it was. He was involved with someone else at the time. After it happened, he left a message on my answering machine: "It's not you, honest." I respected him a lot for telling me. Also, to be truthful, being a Playmate makes you feel pretty cocky and pretty special. Getting rejected can come as a big surprise.



Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

Nobody can stand feeling rejected, and sexual rejection hurts more than other kinds. I've never been rejected outright, knock on wood. But I have been in the position of caring about a man whose feelings for me changed. He just wasn't interested in the relationship anymore, period. I was really hurt, and I carried the bad feeling around for a long time, probably longer than I should have, but I couldn't seem to get over it. I asked myself all the questions: "What did I do wrong? What do I lack? Is it my physical appearance?" What? You didn't think a Playmate would worry about these things? Look, *all of us* worry about how attractive we are.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

I don't believe there is such a thing as sexual rejection if two people are in a relationship and honestly care about each other. I've never been in a sexual situation with someone I haven't cared about. Now, if a good friend came on to me, I'd sit down and talk to him. I'd tell him I'm involved with someone else and that I'm not interested in complicating my life. No sneaking around for me, but I'd want to keep his friendship if it were possible.

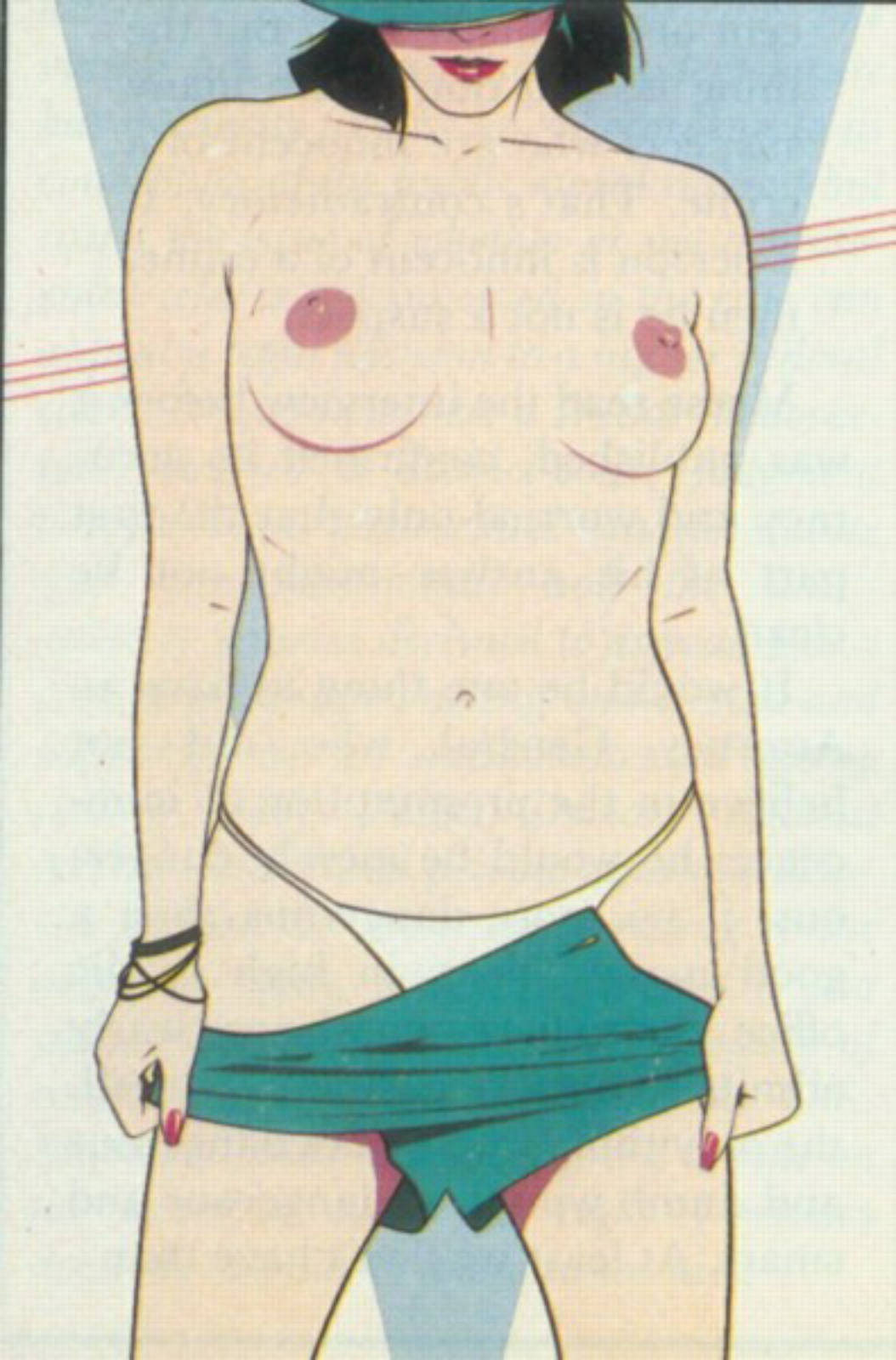


Debi Nicolle Johnson

DEBI NICOLLE JOHNSON
OCTOBER 1984

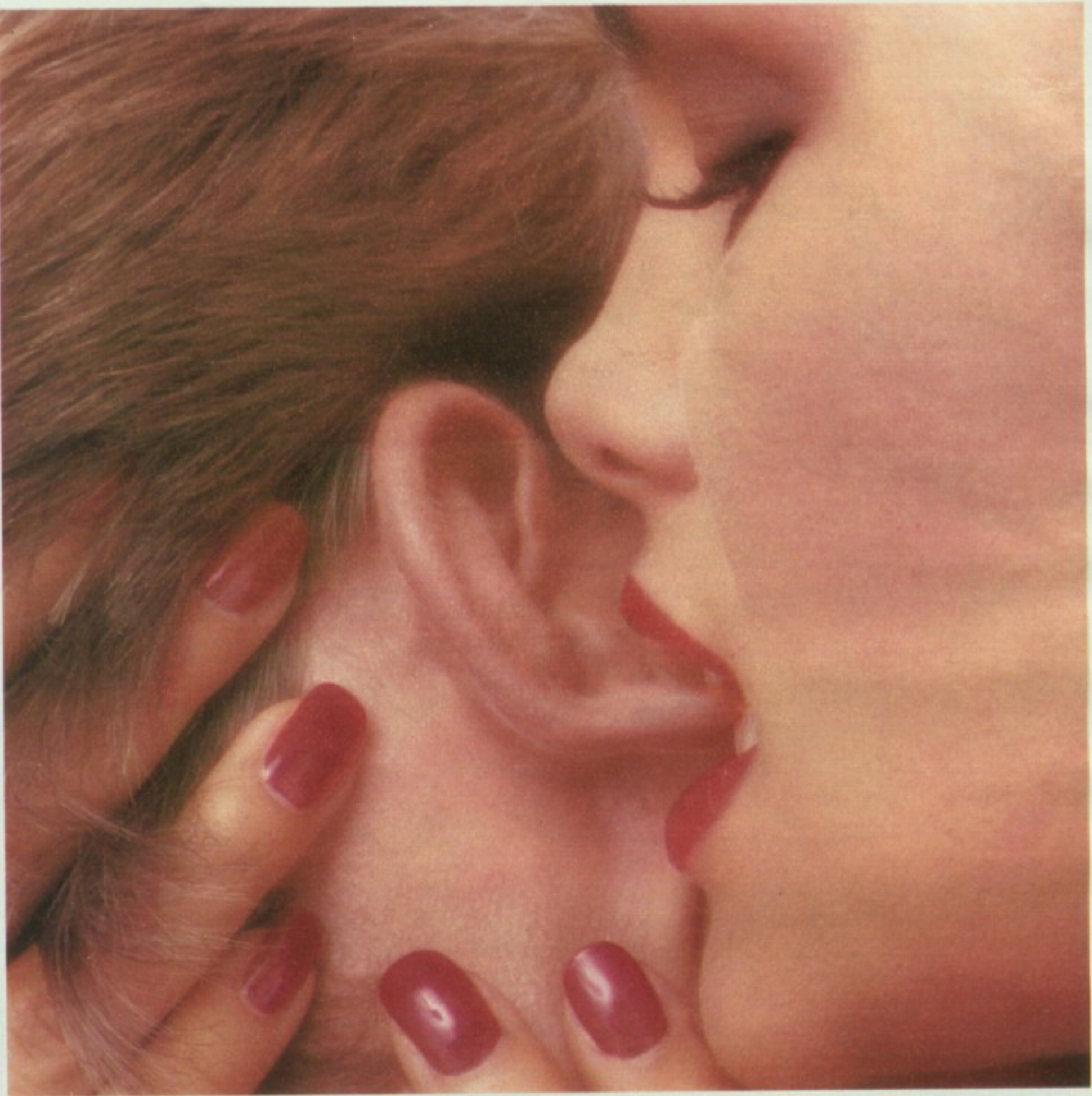
Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.







Lips



Her er mouth. Full,
juicy, smiling
or pouting.

Kissing is the greatest act of intimacy. If she nibbles on you, she's making a commitment, confessing a need, asking a question. Lips make promises you hope she'll keep. Her mouth gives you a taste of things to come.







It's time to talk. She calls you late at night. Her voice is drowsy. She's deep in the sheets. Her mouth whispers into the phone. Her breath comes in shudders. She tells you about the things her mouth wants to do to your body. Your imagination is going wild. Whew! It's time for a cigarette.





She's not teasing anymore. The room begins to spin. It's your turn to surrender. She sucks your fingers. Your heart pounds. She's dressed to kill, and she's going to get you. Slowly she unbuttons your shirt. Before you close your eyes, you take a last, lingering look at those incredible lips.







BY WATER'S LIGHT

*the famed nature photographer captures
another kind of beauty—underwater*

photography BY BRETT WESTON



"A friend suggested I photograph underwater nudes," says modern master Brett Weston. "I love water and shadows and light. I didn't know what would happen until I watched through the glass. Nature is slow to change, but these forms were fleeting, like a person's face. You can't say, 'Hold that.' It's gone. All I can do is capture that moment."

BRETT WESTON's swimming pool is painted as black as a darkroom. At one end is an optically perfect window through which the 74-year-old photographer, huddled in a hot concrete room, aims his lens at the submerged figure: a nude woman, her body swathed in flickering patterns of refracted light. The world-renowned photographer clicks the shutter, and the moment is frozen.

Weston, son of master nature photographer Edward Weston, is one of the most avidly collected of modern-day photographers. He's known for abstract yet precise shots of landscapes and of natural and man-made scenery. Less known is that, for the past seven years, he has been photographing underwater nudes—and, except for the first photo overleaf, this is their first publication.



"I'm on the outside, looking in, like being at an aquarium. I am a Peeping Tom. I've used many models. Dancers and gymnasts are best. My favorite was a very fine swimmer, like a seal, alive and at home in the water. It was exciting, but almost everyone can look interesting in the water, because of the distorted, exaggerated light."



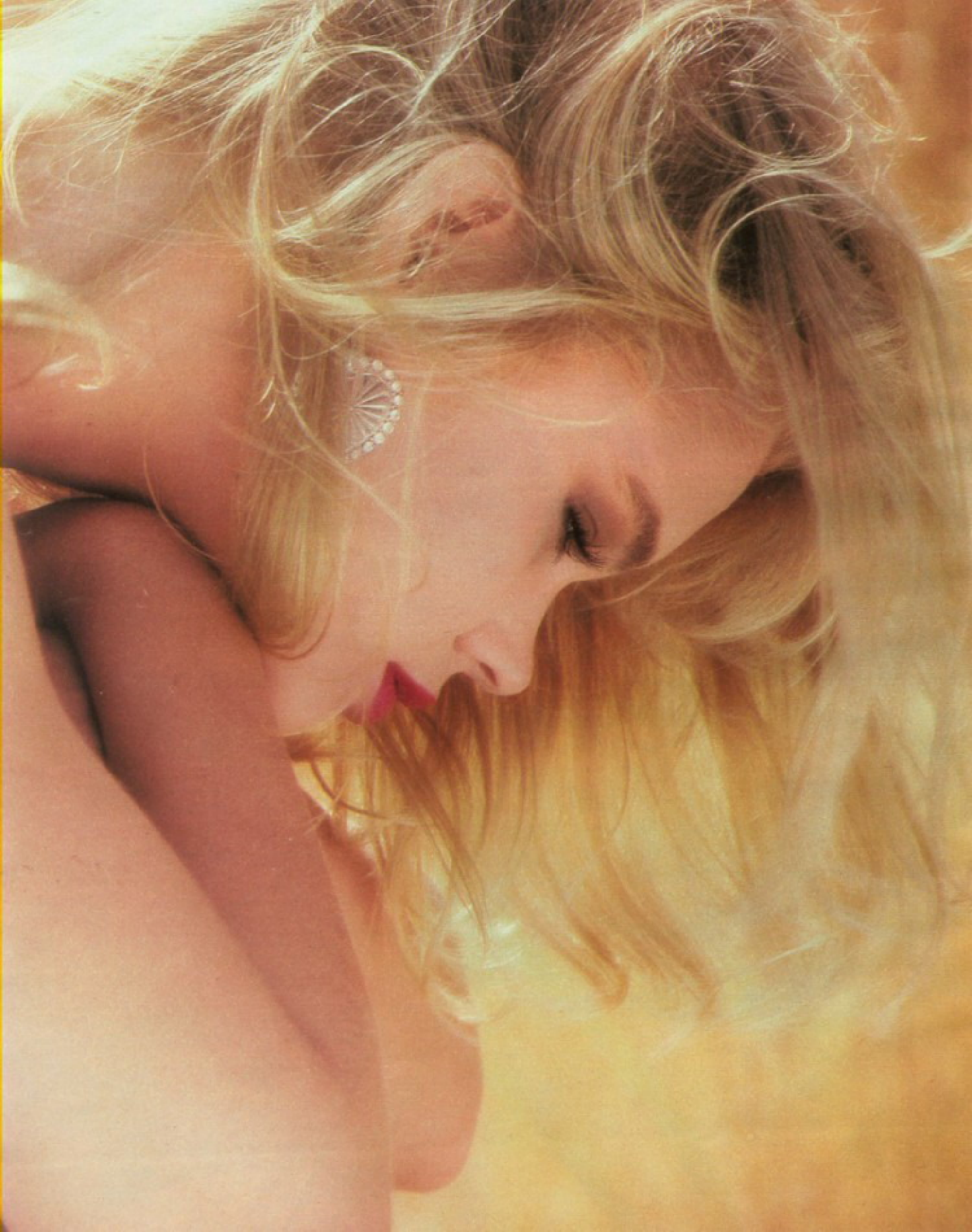
"Photographing women is a detached experience, for the most part. The sexuality is there, but it is secondary to the form. I'm not on the make, though I've had a couple of girls pose who were friends, and I'd jump into the water with them—then to the bedroom, with champagne, fire and soft music. But normally, they're just form and beauty."





Rowland
Wilson

"How come we always have to watch what you like?"



RETURN OF THE COVER GIRL

miss julie shows some inside moves



I 'VE ALWAYS FELT that I have little eyes, a mouth full of teeth and ears that I call elf ears. They kind of poke out." That's *her* opinion. We certainly didn't notice any flaws when Julie McCullough showed up for our salute to *The Girls of Texas* last February. In fact, we tucked her ears under a Stetson and put her on the cover. It was the first time she'd ever seen a copy of PLAYBOY. Although she was born in Hawaii, Julie was then, and is now, living in Texas. But as the daughter of a Marine Corps lifer, she has moved



While Julie's uniform (top left), from Warbabies in L.A., isn't exactly what you'd call regulation, it's certainly appropriate for a "military brat." And as the rest of the pictures show, she looks great in mufti, too.





"This sounds kind of silly, but I've always liked to be just cuddled. I like holding hands and little kisses. I always like to be hugged. I enjoy that a lot. That makes me feel so warm." She says it more convincingly than Leo Buscaglia.







"No, no, I have nothing against sex. I think it has its place. It sounds old-fashioned, but if I make love to someone, I want it to be someone I'm in love with, someone I really care a lot about." Chalk one up for romance.



around a lot. "It bothered me when I was younger; but as I look back, I appreciate it, because it taught me how to get along with different types of people. If you make good friends, you never lose them." During most of her childhood years, Julie thought she wanted to be an artist. "I really love to draw," she says, "but I could never see myself as a starving artist. So I realized art would have to be more of a hobby than a career. And then, in high school, I started entering pageants, and I got (text concluded on page 174)



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Julie Michelle McCullough

BUST: 36 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 1/30/65 BIRTHPLACE: Honolulu, Hawaii

WHAT'S YOUR MOST DANGEROUS SECRET? Although I enjoy water sports, I can't swim

WHAT'S THE MOST BORING DATE YOU CAN IMAGINE? A blind date; they usually brag too much or don't talk at all

WHAT PERFORMERS DO YOU ADMIRE? Johnny Carson, Sally Field, Bruce Springsteen, David Bowie

WHAT'S YOUR IDEAL MAN? Someone with lots of love to share, hard-working (no matter the career choice)

WHAT SCHOOL COURSES WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE OVER? French, Drama, Typing

WHAT'S YOUR BIGGEST FLAW? Wasting too much time

WHAT'S THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD? an actor/actress - because you can be anything you want to be - or at least "act"

Age 12

Age 15

Age 19 like it.



West Virginia Snowbound

Teenage Tomboy

Taking a bite of the bunny

COVER GIRL

(continued from page 92)

a couple of Miss Photogenic awards. And everybody would tell me, 'You should try modeling; you should try modeling.' And all of a sudden, it's like, 'Hey!'"

PLAYBOY's cover picture, and the less covered picture inside the magazine, caused a furor in Julie's home town of Allen, a rural community 26 miles north of Dallas. A local pastor, announcing that he planned to preach a sermon on the subject, was quoted as saying—we kid you not—"The easiest thing to do is jump on Julie." He went on to say that he saw her appearance in PLAYBOY as part of a larger problem, that of "general moral disintegration in the fiber of the nation."

Fortunately, Julie's family took a cooler view. "I think it's the best publicity she could get," her stepdad told reporters.

So now it appears that Miss McCullough has the modeling bug. After all, a cover is the professional model's dream, and she had hit the jackpot her first time out. "That's what I want," Julie admits. "I want more covers. I want covers of other magazines as well."

Although modeling is hard work, Julie has found that it has fringe benefits—such as the trip to Venice at carnival time that she got to take as part of a PLAYBOY pictorial shoot. You'll see the results in next month's issue.

Does Julie look forward to a high-powered career? "Success, to me, is being happy at what I do," she says. "It's important to me to be able to achieve something on my own. I don't necessarily have to be rich. All through high school, I worked as a grocery-store checker. I liked knowing that whatever money I had, I earned. I still do. I don't like people giving me things."

It's hard to imagine how Julie could avoid being given things. Long, hard stares, for instance. Or a yellow Lamborghini. But she's cautious in her affairs and definite about her standards.

"I want an open and honest relationship with a partner who wants just as much out of life as I do. If he doesn't, we'll have nothing in common. I don't want a partner who has no enthusiasm for his career or anything else."

Such alliances are usually made with serious futures in mind, but balloon mortgages and the prospect of years of paying for orthodontia don't scare Julie one bit.

"Yeah. I want a few kids," she says wistfully. "I've always been real family-oriented. I want to be the grandmother whose house everybody will come to for Christmas. That's the way my grandma's house is now, and I want to be just like her." If Grandma's like you, Julie, introduce us.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The Ozarks family sent their daughter to New York City to visit her cousin. After a day of sight-seeing, the two decided to commemorate the occasion with a professional photo.

In the studio, the photographer made a few adjustments in the girls' positions, then disappeared behind the camera under a black cloth.

"What that boy a-gonna do?" the country girl asked.

"He's going to focus," her city cousin replied. "Bofus?"

The *Revised Sports Dictionary* defines *mixed doubles* as Boy George playing tennis alone.



Alice was becoming frustrated by her husband's insistence that they make love in the dark. Hoping to free him of his inhibitions, she flipped on her reading lamp one passionate night—only to find a dildo in his hand.

"Is *this*," she asked, pointing to the instrument, "what you've been using on me for the past five years?"

"Honey, let me explain."

"Why, you sneaky bastard!" she screamed. "You impotent son of a——"

"Speaking of sneaky," her husband coolly interjected, "maybe you'd like to explain our three kids."

The *Revised Sports Dictionary* defines *tailback* as what a player gets when he gives a hooker \$100.

When the new arrival at the mental ward said he was Napoleon, the psychiatrist decided to let him confront a gay patient on the ward who also claimed to be the emperor. After the two patients had spent some time alone, the shrink called the new arrival into his office.

"Can you tell me your name?" the doctor asked.

"I," the new patient said, "am Napoleon the First, emperor of France."

The doctor called in the other patient, who appeared disheveled but happy.

"And who are you?" the doctor asked hopefully.

"*Sacrebleu!*" the other said. "You do not recognize the Empress Josephine?"

Despite acts of great heroism, three British soldiers returned from the Falkland Islands without being decorated. Their captain called them into his office to explain.

"Bit of a cock-up in the medals department, chaps," he said. "So the regiment has decided to give you ten pounds sterling for each inch of measurement between any two parts of your bodies. Private, which measurement for you?"

"Tip of me toes to the top of me head, sah!"

"That's £720. Well done, private. Corporal?"

"Tip of one hand to the tip of the other, me arms outstretched, sah!"

The captain took the measurement. "Six feet, two inches—£740. Very good, corporal. Sergeant, how about you?"

"Tip of me prick to me balls, sah!"

"Very well. Drop your trousers, then." The captain put his tape measure at the end of the man's penis, then looked up and asked, "Where are your *balls*, sergeant?"

"Goose Green, Falklands, sah!"

I don't think the women's movement has made a damn bit of difference with most men," Lisa complained. "My guy couldn't possibly live without me. If I don't cook, we don't eat. If I don't clean house, we live like pigs."

"I go for the Rambo type," Jenny said. "If I don't cook, we eat nuts and berries. If I don't clean house, he burns it down. And I can always throw the jerk out and know that, somehow, he'll survive."



The *Revised Sports Dictionary* defines *two-point conversion* as breast-implant surgery.

We hear that the IRS, responding to public demand for an honest tax code and a reduced Federal budget, will accomplish both goals by adopting the following 1040 short form:

1. How much money did you make last year?
2. Send it in.

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.



Buck Brown

*"From the moment we met, I could think of —
nothing but making wild, passionate love to you. And
that's probably why I can't remember your name."*



WOMEN OF

A L A S

go north, young man, go north



K**A**

CITY GIRLS are one thing, Alaskan women another. Have you ever noticed how the songs of George and Ira Gershwin and Cole Porter always seem to be about women climbing into and out of taxicabs? Elegant, bejeweled, fancy women are fine, if the lighting is right. In Alaska, women

Head 'em up, move 'em out. Cynthia Roxanne Eubanks takes a dog team for a run up Hatcher's Pass. Her husband is a gold miner. Looks like he struck it rich.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY



have probably known the animals whose coats they are wearing. Can you imagine any of these ladies buying snail forks at Henri Bendel? Are they less captivating because they don't fit the chichi stereotype of a *Vogue* cover? High heels just don't cut it here in the tundra. These women have taken the notion of femininity to a new frontier. We like the contrast of hot with cold. We think of women at home in a world where the nights



Debra Lee Johnson (above left), who has lived in Alaska for 18 years, is a vice-president of a dairy-distribution firm in Anchorage. She enjoys snow skiing, fast cars, clear skies—and playing pool. You have to do something indoors in the long winter. We found Romona Shatswell (above right), an aspiring artist, behind the bar at the Red Dog Saloon in Juneau. She told us, "It has a sawdust floor, bears on the wall and a really great crowd."





Getting away from it all in Alaska means chartering a bush plane from K2 Aviation and heading for Mount McKinley. Lisa Sinclair (left) is ready for the wild. She is a licensed emergency medical technician. Above, the girls of The Great Alaskan Bush Company, a strip club that's an institution in Anchorage, display their home-grown product. Tokyo-born June Bongirno (below) is the new owner of Sugar's Sandwich Shop in Juneau.





are six months long. Goose down and goose bumps. PLAYBOY has been sending its staff to Alaska for a long time. We've photographed porn star Constance Money on a float plane and a lady forest ranger on a glacier. Ansel Adams showed us the black-and-white wonders of the wilderness. Here, PLAYBOY's David Mecey and Stephen Wayda add color and some of God's most beautiful creatures. Let the rest of the world take taxis.



One gets the idea that women in Alaska spend all their time outdoors. Who needs *Miami Vice*, anyway? Her job at a health club in Anchorage offers Laura Reno (above left) a fringe benefit: keeping in shape for skiing, hiking and kayaking. When she's not writing poetry, Julie Ann Peterson (above right) works out with free weights so she'll be prepared for cross-country skiing or hiking in the area around Talkeetna.



Kelly Newby (above) works in her family's commercial-fishing business in Anchorage. She enjoys horseback riding and camping with her boyfriend. Pilot Pamela Tarver (below) likes winter camping at Swan Lake at the foot of Mount McKinley. You have to get there by plane or by snowmobile. Angella Jensen (right) is a senior in telecommunications at the University of Alaska in Anchorage. Her hobby is video and still photography.







Graham
Wilson

"So much for your idea of having a pet!"

THE YEAR IN

SEX

what went on (and off) in 1985

TALK ABOUT sending mixed signals: Society in 1985 appeared to be in the throes of sexual schizophrenia. Consider: Just when rock musicians were developing a social conscience and even getting married, some politically well-connected Washington wives were shrilly accusing rock 'n' roll of turning the nation's kids into sex-crazed delinquents. The Reverend Jerry Falwell's *Moral Majority Report* inveighed against "the infiltration of sex into the American home"—instead, presumably, of keeping it on the streets, where it belongs—but as far as we know said nothing about the display of born-again Christian Cathleen Crowell Webb's semen-stained panties on national TV. Network censors OK'd family-planning spots only if there were no references to contraceptives, but ran Calvin Klein's steamy perfume ads intact. A Gallup Poll showed that more than half of the

American public believes premarital sex is OK, but busybodies came close to shuttering a privately funded clinic at a Chicago high school because it offered contraceptives to students. We didn't hear so much about herpes in 1985—the best story on that subject was the one about the \$10,000 a female sufferer collected from her lover's homeowner's insurance. AIDS, the year's big story, seemed to be propelling victims out of the closet and onto the obituary pages at a frightening rate. The panic reached such levels that the media claimed that people just weren't Doing It anymore. So we were cheered when a Scottish scholar informed the British Association for the Advancement of Science that humans are earth's horniest mammals—"10,000 times more sexually active than the rabbit"—and estimated that there are a billion acts of sexual intercourse per year in Britain alone. Now we know why there'll always be an England.

SPIN ONE FOR THE TIPPER

Prominent Washington wives, notably Senator Albert Gore's, Tipper, and ex-ad-agency owner Pam Howar (inset), are censoring rock groups such as W.A.S.P. (that's lead singer Blackie Lawless, left), demanding warning labels on records.



DID THE CURSOR MOVE FOR YOU, TOO?

Adele Aldridge of Magnetic Arts, 215 Bridgeway, Sausalito, California 94965, couldn't tout her *Erotica* software in computer mags, so we'll oblige.





SUN BLOCKERS FOR KNOCKERS

Here's the latest development on the nation's clothes-optional-beaches battle front: Sun worshipers in Florida, around the Fort Lauderdale area, are sporting Kinis, colorful adhesive pasties, to keep from getting, ah, busted by the law. They come in three sizes from St. Tropez Sun Products, Inc.



HAIL, MARY, FILL 'ER UP

Some 4000 demonstrators picketed the New York opening of Jean-Luc Godard's *Hail, Mary*, starring Myriem Rousard (above) as Mary, a gas-station attendant engaged to a cabby.



CANOE BELIEVE IT?

Here's a switch: Detroit mayor Coleman Young wants the loin-cloth (welded on by prudes in 1961) removed from this statue by sculptor Carl Milles before returning it to a renovated Cobo Hall.

TWO, FOUR, SIX, EIGHT, WHAT IF IT EJACURATE?

Celebrants make the good times roll with a giant phallus at Japan's annual Jibeta fertility festival, which is held at the Temple of Kawasaki Daishi, near Tokyo.



STOPLESS

The photograph below arrived on our desk with a caption alleging it to be part of a serious study of the fashion industry in St.-Tropéz. We—and, *sans doute*, the photographer—were more intrigued by the *double-entendre*.



A RUBBER A DAY . . .

Grandpa used to call them safes, and prophylactics figure heavily in gay-oriented safe-sex campaigns designed to combat the spread of AIDS, the ailment that has affected thousands and panicked millions via cover stories in nearly every major U.S. magazine (above right). The motherly character at right symbolizes the L.A. CARES (Los Angeles Cooperative AIDS Risk-Reduction Education Service) campaign, which also published "Mother's Handy Sex Guide," an explicit brochure blasted as obscene by county supervisors. The campaign also includes educational billboards, television spots and special video clips to be shown at gay bars.



UNZIPPED CODES

Postal service to this Florida clothing-optional resort has resumed after an 18-month lapse during which the local postmaster complained that "the sight of naked bodies is offensive to our mail carriers." Now residents must promise to cover up en route to the mailbox.



Don't forget your rubbers.



... ON THE OTHER HAND

Contraception is still the condom's main function, but some people don't want to talk about it. TV censors even nixed an information offer from the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists. So manufacturers find inventive ways of getting the message across: a plane circling Wrigley Field, a Condom Awareness Day at Berkeley.



GIVING HAT

That's using his head: An English bobby preserves decorum at the British Open golf championship as an unemployed stalker, 26-year-old Michael Stock, rushes onto the 18th green. Say, mate, could this be the reason they call it Open?

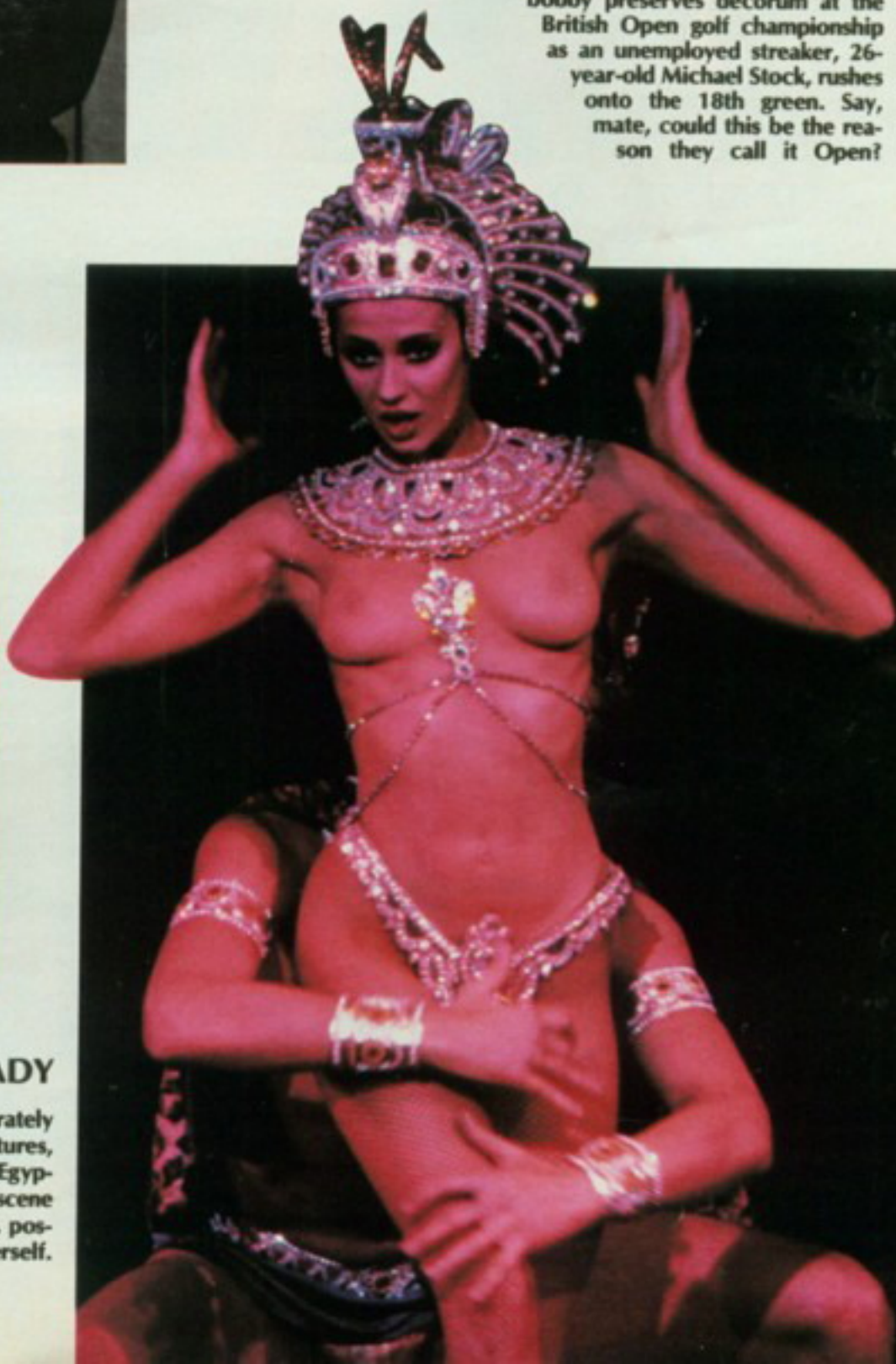
GETTING A HEART ON

Here's the latest in sexual gadgetry: the Heart Throb, a joy-button buzzer that can be worn alone or during intercourse. Batteries, amazingly, are included with the product, which was designed by a woman who got bored with her career in the computer field. It's available from Contact Sports, Inc., P.O. Box 641, Cupertino, California 95015.



MY PHARAOH LADY

The current spectacular in the topless but otherwise elaborately costumed tradition of the famed Parisian night club Lido features, according to our correspondent from the Champs Élysées, "Egyptian, Christmas and Tahitian themes." We conclude that the scene at right is from the Egyptian section of the Panache revue, possibly taking place just before Cleopatra makes an asp of herself.





MS. CONGENITALITY

A contestant in the Ms. Nude '85 pageant (above) sashays around in lieu of a talent competition, which entrants unanimously vetoed. This year's event, taped for *Sexcetera . . . The News According to Playboy*, took place at San Francisco's Civic Auditorium, where an impatient audience first endured male strippers.

JERRY'S BUM STEER

A judge ordered Jerry Falwell to pay \$5000 to gay activist (and ex-Bible-college classmate) Jerry Sloan, who proved the Moral Majority leader maligned a gay church. A tape Sloan got from *Old Time Gospel Hour* H.Q. revealed Falwell calling the church "a vile and satanic system [that] will one day be utterly annihilated and there will be a celebration in heaven."



HIX NIX CHIX PIX

When Jackson Hole, Wyoming, residents complained the phone-book cover below was sexist, the directory company offered stick-on replacements with a bucking horse—while collectors snapped up the original.



YOUR BACK SEAT OR MINE?

More than 3000 California singles have signed up for membership in the Freeway Singles Club, which, for \$35, offers stickers with identifying numbers. See somebody you like on the highway? Write to his or her number in care of the club, which forwards all letters. At least one marriage has been credited to the service; founder Ruth Guillou, a Huntington Beach widow, plans to expand to 18 states.



COMING HOME

Adult theaters are hurting, but sales and rentals of sexy video cassettes are booming. Sharing the Critics' Adult Film Awards best-picture honors: *Good Girl/Bad Girl* (right), starring Joey Silvera and Colleen Brennan, and *Raw Talent* (bottom right), with Cassandra Leigh and Jerry Butler. Sweeping the Adult Film Association of America's awards was *Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star* (center right), with John Leslie and Hillary Sommers. Porn's first miniseries, *Taboo American-Style*, is an incest saga in four episodes. That's Tom Byron and Raven in the brother-and-sister routine at center left. *Sex Drive* (bottom left) is a racy take-off on *Pump Boys and Dinettes*.



PLAYBOY'S TIPS ON ADULT FILMS

Chances are, you're already familiar with the adult-film field. But if your idea of a porn movie stars masked Latin lovers balling blowzy blondes in sleazy motels, you've got a surprise coming. Today's films, many aimed at couples who watch at home (making liberal use of PAUSE and FAST FORWARD buttons), often boast plots and production values of a quality that, if not matching Hollywood's, stands up to most TV. Here are some others we liked:

- Trashy Lady*: Gangster trains gun moll.
- Corporate Assets*: J.R. should have these girls in his executive suite.
- The Gräfenberg Spot*: The Mitchell Bros. return, with a splash.
- Bordello*: Brothelkeeper fights take-over.

If it's unadulterated heat you're after, rent anything by the Dark Bros. (*New Wave Hookers*, *Let Me Tell Ya 'bout Black [or White] Chicks*). To introduce a lady to the explicit-sex genre: *Every Woman Has a Fantasy*, *Urban Heat*.





"I hope you don't mind . . . it's not for me, it's for my daughter."



"It's nothing serious, just a mild rash. Offhand, I'd say you have an allergy to lipstick."



"I don't mind your playing the aggressor, dear, I just wish you wouldn't refer to it as Trivial Pursuit."



*"No matter how often I fly, I still dread
take-offs and landings."*



JOHN
DEMMSSE

"Goldang it, deputy, I asked you to round me up a little pussy!"



高岡

"I take it you're not in the mood. . . ."



Gerry Marcus

"You can't exactly blame her; it is only a three-day cruise."

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

MAIL-ORDER ARDOR

The cover of Voyages' catalog is a romantic still life of a champagne bottle, two glasses and a wrapped gift on a night stand next to a satin-sheeted bed. But if what's inside the gift box has been purchased from Voyages, the occupants of the bed will have a night that's anything but still. Voyages sells tasteful and original sex toys—and even its lingerie, such as the Birds of Paradise feather bra/bikini (\$38.50), pictured here with rabbit-fur mitts (\$49.50 each), is a turn-on. Voyages' catalog is \$3.50 sent to Voyages, 330 Townsend Street, Suite 16, San Francisco 94107. And they offer customers free counseling on simple sex problems and suggest products that may better get you through the night.



PLAYING FOOTSIE

Blake Carrington would love this: a Chairman of the Board model Foot Couch made of tufted kid leather on a marble base that will support your Gucci loafers in a style to which you've always wanted to become accustomed. The Foot Couch Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010, sells the Foot Couch for \$35—and if that price is a step out of line, they also have an oak/leatherette J. R. Ewing model for \$17. Save it for sneakers.



ELUSIVE IMAGE

"Riding a wave of the 21st Century renaissance" comes the 3-D Light Gallery, a store in the DeWitt Market Place, Seneca Street, Ithaca, New York 14850, that specializes in holograms of every description, from jewelry to custom artwork. Two dollars gets you a color catalog and a sample hologram. *Stocking Tops*, the 8" x 10" one pictured below, sells for \$100, post-paid. Or there's *Nude Behind the Door*, which is only \$60. Take two!



THE SPY'S THE LIMIT

From the demented minds at TSR, Inc., who conceived the famous role-playing game *Dungeons & Dragons*, comes *Spy Ring*, a "party in a box" in which each guest is given the role of a secret agent with a mission to fulfill. You may be a traitor, or you may have secrets to sell. Then, whenever you think you've accomplished your sneaky goal, you tell the host and then get on to something more important, such as uncovering the phone number of the blonde leaning over the punch bowl. *Spy Ring* sells for about \$17 at game stores. It's a cheap excuse to throw a party.



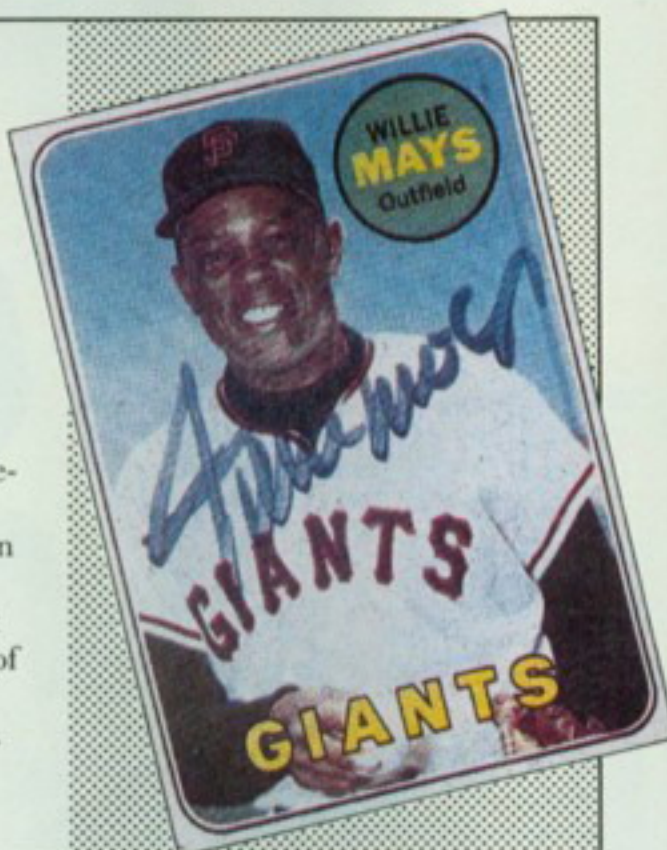


GO WITH THE FLOW

Apparently, the psychedelic Sixties will never fade away, for along has come Nimbus, a colorful kinetic plaything containing oils, glycerin and water in layers of cyan (which is a color between green and blue), magenta and yellow that ebb and flow every time you flip Nimbus' 9" x 7" frame. (The actual color panel is 5" x 7".) Groton Limited, 43 Bradford Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742, sells Nimbus for \$25, postpaid. No, it doesn't come with a free subscription to *High Times*.

IT'S THE TOPPS

The *Topps Baseball Cards* book is a thing of beauty and a joy forever to bubble-gum-chomping followers of the great American pastime. Between its hard covers, organized by year, are more than 21,000 full-color reproductions of Topps cards from 1951 through 1985, plus lifetime statistics of more than 4000 baseball players and even year by year quizzes to see how well you retained all that info printed on the flip side of the cards. Available in bookstores for \$79.95—including a foreword by Willie Mays. A sure hit from Warner Books.



EVERYTHING'S COMING UP ROSES

Roseland of California is a service whose time has come—and not any too soon, what with Valentine's Day about to make its move on your little black book and your wallet. Roseland guarantees overnight delivery of a dozen one-day-old roses (most roses sold in flower shops are four to five days old) to almost anywhere in the continental United States for \$36.95, including shipping. The service, 1-800-84-ROSES, is just a phone call away—and, of course, you put the purchase on a credit card.



YACHTSALUCK

You'd think that the Aussies would settle back and let us lick our wounds after they took away The America's Cup in yacht racing several years ago. But nooooooo; now they've gone and added insult to injury by releasing a limited-edition (10,000!) 40" x 25" *Killer Keel* poster. It's a sellout down under, but masochists here can still obtain one for \$25 sent to KK Enterprises, G.P.O. Box 993H, Melbourne 3001, Australia. Skipper Dennis Conner should order a dozen.



CREATURE COMFORT

Sly Ubcreet is the Monster Under the Bed. He guards the gateway between daylight and the dark world where monsters live. A friendly but eccentric soft sculpture, Sly demands respect. He enjoys saltines in bed, and he's a hopeless toe sucker. *Your* toes. His creator, Chareen Kinser Designs, definitely isn't a sucker: Sly costs \$200 sent to Grand Designs, P.O. Box 14154, Chicago 60614. Fortunately, he's a limited edition. We don't want too many of his kind around.



Our Funny Valentines

Can we pick the starlets, or what? On your left, PAT DEPRIET, who recently appeared on the big screen in *Centerpoint*, and on the right, TRICIA BROWN, an actress, stunt woman, fire eater and wrestler, who did Ruth Gordon's stunts in *Maxie* and appeared in *Fear City*. A bouquet of roses to each.



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© 1985 ANDY PEARLMAN / SHOOTING STAR (2)

Pushing It to the Maxi

And you thought the gang in *Frankie Goes to Hollywood* was *outré*? Meet THE MAXIS and keep your ears open for their soon-to-be-huge hit, *Maxi Goes to Cricklewood*.



© 1985 PIP / LGI

Casting Crouch

Rock's bad boy, DAVID LEE ROTH, is going the movie-mogul route. His first movie, *Crazy from the Heat*, calls for 150 women, described in the casting-call fliers as having "an unusual character face or a beautiful body, or if you have an unusually beautiful face or a character body." Here are a few shots of the producer at work.



© 1985 SUZIE RANDALL / U.S.A. HOME VIDEO

Sybil Danning

SYBIL DANNING isn't stepping out with Rambo. She's the hostess for a new action/adventure series of home videos, called Adventurevideo. You can expect everything from martial arts to Westerns. Go, Sybil!

PATRICK DEMARCHELIER



Brooke Shields

Is the winter getting you down, bunky? Here's our Grapevine pick-me-up, BROOKE SHIELDS. When our Miss Brooke isn't out hyping her book, *On Your Own*, or selling her new line of sports clothes, or hanging out with current flame George Michael, she hits the beach. Very gracefully.

Boys in the Bath

This rowdy gaggle of musicians is BON JOVI, and it includes David Bryan, who went under so we could get this shot. The boys deserve to relax. Their record *7800° Fahrenheit* went gold, they toured the U.S., Japan and England, and now they're back in the studio, working on a follow-up album. Cheers.



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NEXT MONTH



REAL DEVIL



LOCKUP BOOK



DI STAFF DJS



SUNNY VALENTINE

SALLY FIELD TALKS ABOUT HER CHILDHOOD, HER BATTLE FOR HOLLYWOOD RECOGNITION, COMING OF AGE AND COMING TO TERMS IN A STARTLINGLY CONFIDENTIAL **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"THE DEVIL IS REAL"—SETTLE DOWN FOR ANOTHER GOOD TALE OF LOW-LIFE SKULDUGGERY, THIS ONE INVOLVING COUNTERFEITING, FROM THE PEN OF NOVELIST **GEORGE V. HIGGINS**

"EXECUTIONERS"—NOW THAT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IS BACK IN VOGUE, SOMEONE HAS TO PUSH THE BUTTON. MOST DON'T WEAR BLACK HOODS ANYMORE, BUT THEY MAY BE PULLING THE WOOL OVER THEIR OWN EYES—BY **JOHNNY GREENE**

"NOUVELLE PLASTIQUE"—EVERY BUSINESS IN AMERICA IS TRYING TO HOOK YOU ON ITS CREDIT LINE. CAN WE EXPECT THE VATICAN EXPRESS CARD (DON'T LEAVE ROME WITHOUT IT) AND SIMILAR GOODIES?—BY **KEVIN COOK**

"CARNIVAL IN VENICE"—THE CITY'S COBBLESTONES AND CANALS EXUDE ROMANTIC INTRIGUE. A SENSUOUS PICTORIAL VISIT

"A VALENTINE TO BUNNIES"—HIGHLIGHTS OF A QUARTER CENTURY AND A LOOK AT WHAT'S SURPRISINGLY NEW IN **PLAYBOY** CLUBS (ALL THIS AND RABBITS, TOO)

"YOUNG MEN, OLD MONEY"—WHERE TO TAKE STOCK OF AMERICA'S FUTURE CORPORATE TITANS? TRY THE DARTMOUTH CAMPUS DURING FRATERNITY RUSH WEEK—BY **E. JEAN CARROLL**

"THE LOCKUP BOOK"—THEY MAY HAVE GONE THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, BUT THESE TWO CAN'T LET LOOSE OF THEIR BOYHOOD BASKETBALL RIVALRY. A TAUT TALE BY **GREG DONALDSON**

"THE JOCK AS PRESIDENT"—IS THE PROSPECT OF AN EX-GRID STAR OR A FORMER BASKETBALL PLAYER IN THE OVAL OFFICE DAUNTING? MAYBE NOT. A THOUGHTFUL VIEW BY **GEOFFREY NORMAN**

PLUS: "PLAYBOY GUIDE: THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"; **ANDREW TOBIAS'** QUARTERLY REPORT ON **COMPUTER FINANCIAL GAMES**; A ROCKING "20 QUESTIONS" WITH **DAVID BYRNE**; "WOMEN OF THE AIRWAVES," A STATIC-FREE PICTORIAL; **BROCK YATES'** TEST DRIVE OF THE **FERRARI TESTAROSSA**; AND THE PROVERBIAL MUCH, MUCH MORE