

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1986 • \$4.00

*G*ALA
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

THE
WOMEN
OF

ELEVEN

*P*lus Bryant Gumbel
Interview, Elmore
Leonard, Billy Crystal,
Sex Stars of 1986
and More

Merry Christmas
Brooke XX



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



DREAM MATCHES

At the annual Midsummer Night's Dream gala at Playboy Mansion West, actor Lee Majors and his favorite date, 1985 Playmate of the Year Karen Velez (left), are obviously going strong after two years together, while Judge (*Ruthless People*) Reinhold and his wife, Carrie (inset below), enjoy the party. At



right, Hef and Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley chat at Bradley's annual Pro/Celebrity Tennis Classic while watching one of the celebs, Hands Across America promoter Ken Kragen (inset), play on the Mansion courts.



Christie at National Press Club

The first time Playboy Enterprises, Inc., President Christie Hefner was at the National Press Club was in 1979, when her dad was the guest speaker. Last August, she was the widely applauded speaker. Christie covered a wide range of topics, from censorship to feminist pornography. In one provocative statement, she quoted the dissenting opinion of the Meese commission's Judith Becker: "[The commission] began with the ultraconservative premise that a majority considered masturbation, oral/genital sex, premarital sex to be antisocial behavior.' I'm not going to embarrass those of you of the press by asking for a poll of your personal sexual behavior, but I would venture to say if the above-mentioned activities are all crimes, I may not be the only criminal in this room."



CAGNEY, LACEY AND TWEED

No, it's not a law firm. It's our way of heralding 1982 Playmate of the Year Shannon Tweed's recent appearance (below) in an episode of CBS-Television's popular *Cagney & Lacey* series.



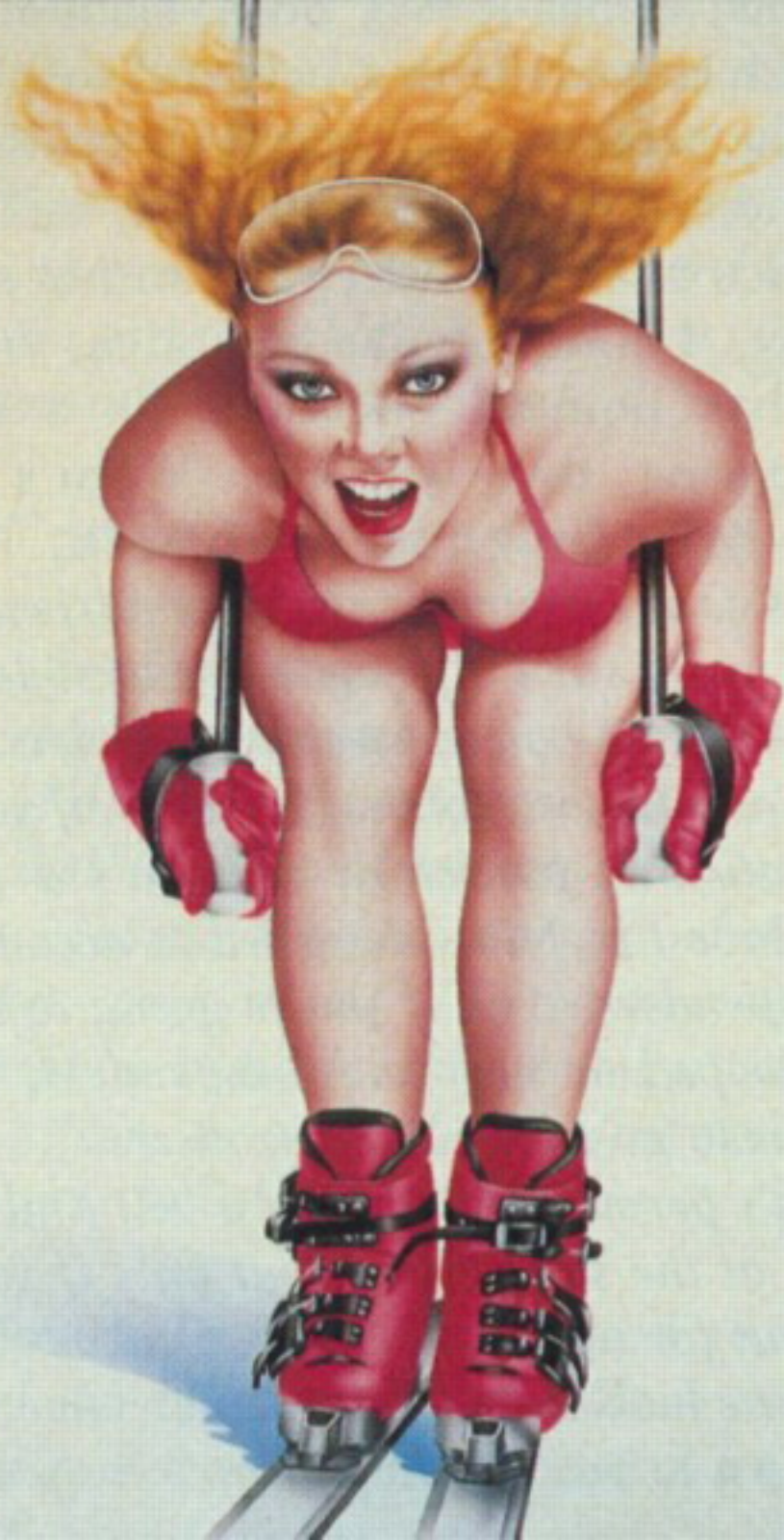
HONG KONG WELCOMES FIRST CHINESE PLAYBOY

Featuring Hong Kong movie star Olivia Cheng on its cover, the first Chinese edition of PLAYBOY sold out its entire press run of 50,000 in a scant 36 hours.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

On board the good ship PLAYBOY, navigating New York Harbor during the Statue of Liberty centennial celebration, are (inset below) Executive Editor G. Barry Golson and Contributing Editor Ron Reagan.





DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

What are the best and the worst parts of having sex?

One of the best parts of sex is afterward, the glowing feeling inside that you hope will last for a while. Talking about sex before, during and after is good, too. It is important to have good communication, so that sex isn't just a physical indulgence. The worst part is when sex is over and you don't want it to end, or if your partner just goes to sleep and you're still wide-awake and ready to talk. The second-worst part of sex is the wet spot, especially if you're the one who has to sleep on it!



Kim Morris

KIM MORRIS
MARCH 1986

The best part of sex is all of it. I like every part, especially foreplay and my climax. The first time I had sex, the best part about it was that it felt good. The worst part? We got caught! I guess I do believe in the old saying "There are only two kinds of sex: good and better."



Want an example of great foreplay? I like to dress up in my best lingerie and clean the house. He'll be sitting there and I'll be bending over trying to get the hard spots, like under the bed. I know I'm going to get it—sex, that is—and so does he.

Teri Weigel

TERI WEIGEL
APRIL 1986

On the plus side, you share something with someone that not everyone you know gets to do with you. You find out someone's intimate secrets. He makes love to you and it's not for show. It makes you feel so good, so alive. Someone you care about cares about you, and it's not just sex; it's love, too. Sharing is the best part. The worst part is when one party uses sex as a weapon, as a way to manipulate the other person. Or everything feels mechanical, as if the other person has done it so many times before that he forgets who you are. Great sex makes you feel young and fresh, no matter what your age really is—and besides all this heavy stuff, it's fun!



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

The best part for me is the physical contact and the emotion that comes out of it. Sex has to be a bit of a fantasy; it has to be separate from regular life and stir up my feelings. I'm the kind of person who looks for physical contact at every level. When I talk to a friend, I put my hand on his or her arm to make a point. It's a way of being connected, even non-sexually. So, obviously, the worst part of sex or any relationship is when that emotional feeling isn't there, not in my heart or in my head—when there is no exchange of emotion at all.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

The worst part of sex is when your orgasm doesn't last long enough. The best part of sex is the foreplay leading to your climax. It's a special feeling when you love the man you're with. It's the difference between having sex and making love. All your tension is released and you aren't afraid to tell each other your fantasies or even to act them out. If you are in love and you trust your partner, sex is just more satisfying; and that really is the best part, that emotional build-up.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Waking up in the morning and finding him still beside me is the best part of sex. I like to have someone I care about right next to me, and an empty bed means no cuddling in the morning. The worst part would be to wake up and find him gone, unless, of course, he'd gone off to work. Otherwise, the romance would be missing. I'm not sure if I've ever been in love in the sense that I've tried to build a relationship, sexual and otherwise, for all time. I've been crazy about guys, but that's not the same. Maybe when I do fall in love for real, I won't worry so much about being lonely.



Julie McCullough

JULIE MCCULLOUGH
FEBRUARY 1986

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.



T A N G O

DANCING, we have reason to believe, is the most civilized form of social intercourse; and the most scandalous of all dances is, unquestionably, the tango. Designed for sultry sophisticates who are unafraid to touch, it is pure libido dipped in *salsa*, scorched in Latin lust. Tango writhes and whirls and grinds and gropes with syncopated abandon. It's high drama accompanied by cervical whiplash and wanton disregard for shoe leather. In short, it is your best bet for cheap thrills under a flimsy veneer of *haute* style and impeccable manners. To demonstrate some of the more mesmerizing maneuvers of the fateful embrace, *PLAYBOY* called on that fleet-footed paradigm of civility Jay Leno, whose series of late-night NBC comedy specials debuted this fall. His lissome partner in sublimity is our 1986 Playmate of the Year, Kathy Shower. We asked Leno, properly slicked down for the occasion, whether he felt like Valentino. "More like Vaseline," he said. "But it's the look you want to achieve. It's also important to try to make your sideburns resemble Spock's." He offers special insight into the techniques pictured here, beginning with the pose below left. "One: Always approach the most beautiful woman in the room with a small gift, like, say, a Ferrari, a Rolls-Royce, maybe even a rose. [Tip: It's considered good form to bite a rose stem while tangoing. Practice at home first on barbed wire.] Two: Be forceful. Before you even say hello, place your arm around her waist and pull her ankle up your thigh. Women like this. Three: As you dance, hold her with only one hand, leaving your other hand free to wave to your friends. And four: When lifting her leg up to expose her underwear, a gentleman will always turn her away from the bus boys who are watching from the corner. Instead, find a mirror."

It's been said that a woman learns most about a man by dancing with him. So what has Playmate of the Year Kathy Shower found out about the sure-footed Jay Leno? "I think she's just happy I didn't drop her."

jay leno
and kathy
shower
practice the
latin rhythm
method



AMERICAN O

argentina's
literary giant
tells the
story of the
world's most
sensuous
dance

THE HISTORY OF TANGO

article By JORGE LUIS BORGES

RESearchers have painstakingly delved into the origin of that most sensuous of dances—the tango. I subscribe to every one of their conclusions, and, for that matter, to any other.

One popular theory holds that the tango originated in the Buenos Aires slums (this was promoted by moviemakers who thought that tenements had good photographic qualities). My own and, I like to think, more reliable sources hold that the tango originated in Argentine brothels around 1885. This theory is confirmed by the cost of the instruments on which tangos were first played—piano, flute and violin—instruments far beyond the means of the inhabitants of the shabby outskirts of Buenos Aires, whose music was confined to the guitar.

There is no lack of further confirmation: the lasciviousness of the dance steps and the sexual connotations of certain titles (for example, *El Fierrazo*, "the big rod") and the fact that, as a boy, I myself observed the tango danced on street corners by male couples—because decent women would have no part of such a wanton display.

(The upper classes were, naturally, appalled by the tango and referred to it as "that reptile from the brothel." But then, about 1910, it was made respectable by—of course!—Paris.)

The first tangos had no lyrics; or if they did, the lyrics were improvised and usually obscene. Some dealt with country life, because their composers sought popular subjects, and low life and the slums were not poetic material—not then. Other tangos were lighthearted bits of boasting. Later on, the lyrics chronicled the seamy side of life. Loneliness was a favorite theme, and there were also tangos of recrimination, tangos of hatred and tangos full of mockery or bitterness. Eventually, all the hustle and bustle of the city began making their way into the tango; and I can remember pieces that were called *The Rose Garden* and *My Nights at the Opera*.

Someone once remarked, "If I can write all the nation's ballads, I don't care who writes its laws." This observation suggests that popular poetry can influence sentiments and shape behavior. If we apply this thesis to the tango, we will find in it a mirror of our daily lives.

Musically, the tango may not be important; its only importance is what we attribute to it. This is not unjust, but it applies equally to everything under the sun—to our own death, for example, or to the woman who rejects us.

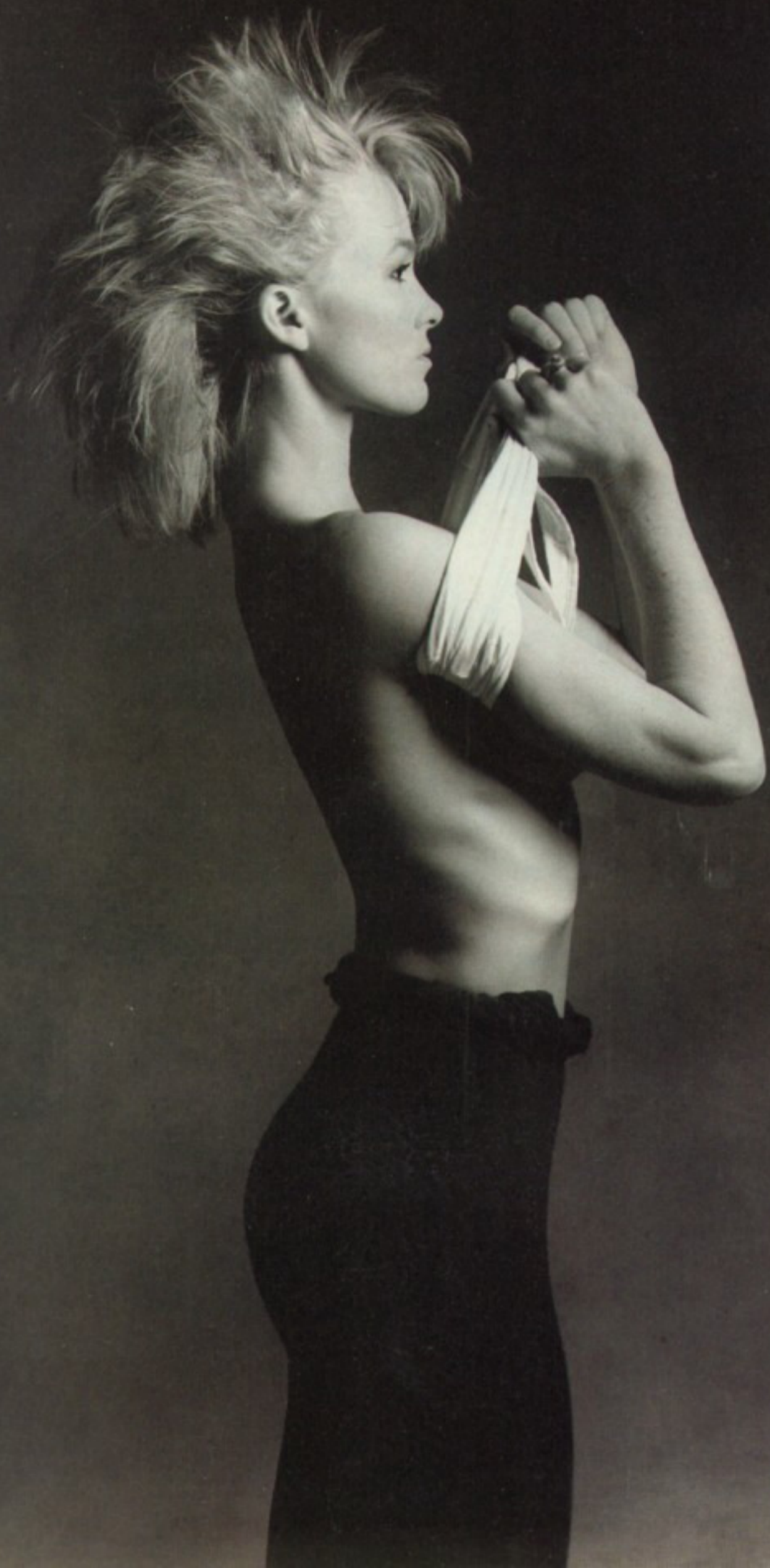
Dictionaries of music give a short, adequate definition both elementary and straightforward ("a dance of long, gliding steps and intricate poses, written in $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{4}$ time"), but a composer who correctly follows such a definition and pieces together a "tango" finds to his astonishment that he has constructed something that our ears do not recognize, that our memories do not cherish and that our bodies reject—for the tango, like all that is genuine, is mysterious. It might be said that without Buenos Aires evenings and nights, no tango can be made; and that, indeed, may be the only truth about the origin of the tango.

—Translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni





*"And then I realized I couldn't take another Christmas
Eve staring up little reindeer asses!"*

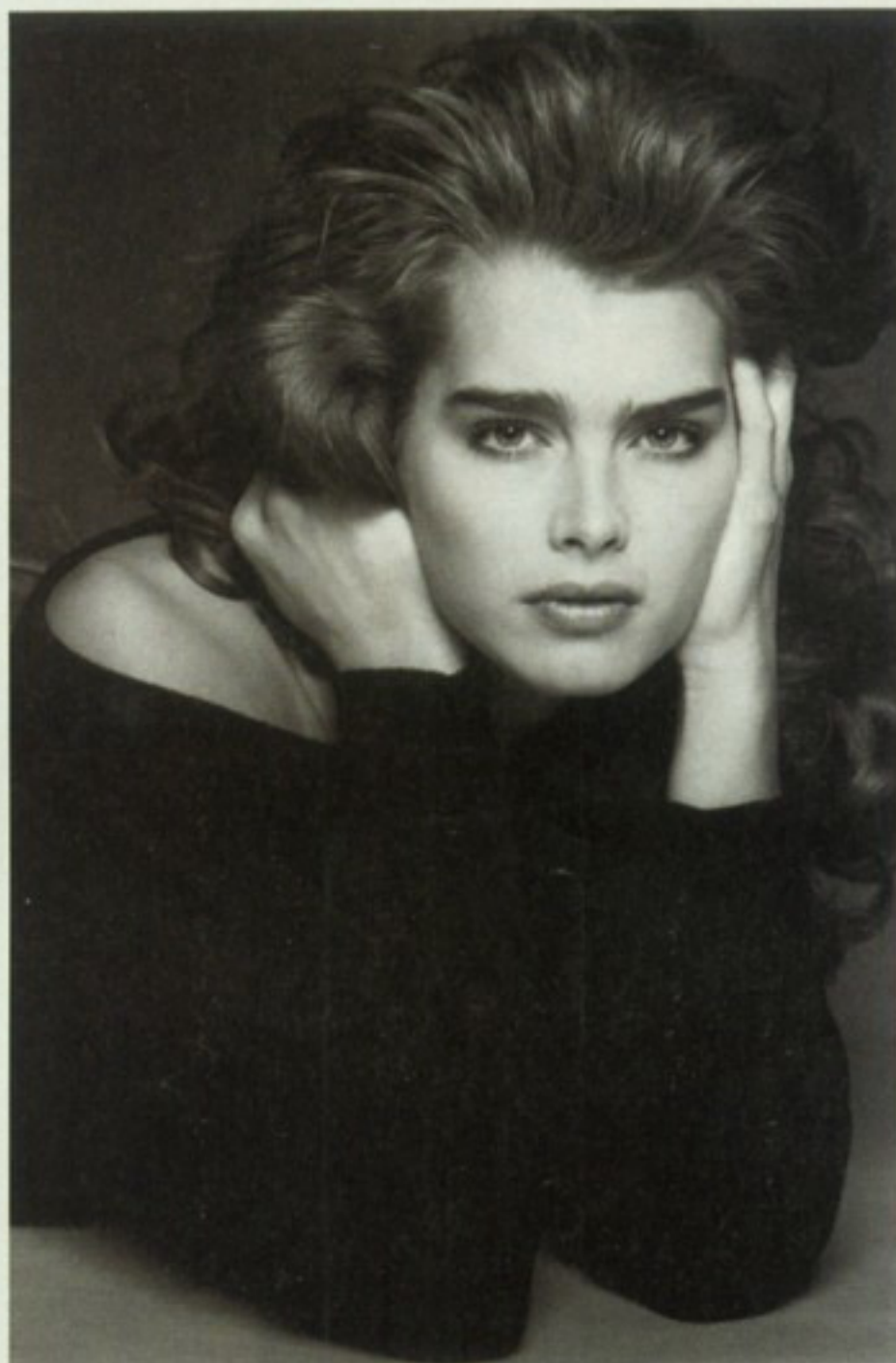


G O R G E O U S

GIRLS

a portfolio
by
Patrick Demarchelier

an appreciation
by
Bruce Jay Friedman



Brooke Shields

*eight women
caught
in the act
of being
beautiful*

NONE of the women shown here will have trouble finding a husband when she's past 30, despite the results of recent studies. And if she has one already, she will be

able to get a second one. All are Gorgeous Girls who will never have to worry about day-care centers or the best way to clean a refrigerator. Nor will you find them at The Salty Dog, being asked if they come there often. They are not that kind of woman.

The reason they all look so serious is that they are being photographed by Patrick Demarchelier, which is no small thing. You don't rush up to him and say, "Take my picture." You have to be a card-carrying G.G. before he will go near you. Demarchelier has photographed each of these women with a subtle interplay of light and shadow. It's not that other photographers use a klutzy interplay of light and shadow. No one is saying that. It's just that Demarchelier's is just a tad more subtle than the other fellows'. Which is why he's Demarchelier. Some guesses as to what these women have in common:



Melanie Griffith

- Each one likes a man with a sense of humor. If he has a sense of humor and is also connected to a banking family, that's good, too.
- Each has invested wisely. She has a portfolio with a nice mix of triple-tax-free municipals and real estate. An investment-broker friend she met in a disco—possibly through Vitas Gerulaitis—keeps a close eye on her portfolio and makes sure she doesn't lose a quarter. How would it look if he had to say, "I blew Paulina's modeling savings"?

Christie Brinkley

- Each feels she is just a little girl at heart.
- Each likes Jack Nicholson and believes that hunger should be eradicated.





Would these women like one another if they were thrown together in a room? Yes, but only if there were someone to loosen them up a bit. Not Demarchelier. If he walked into the room, they'd all get grim again and start striking G.G. poses. That's the effect he has. It would have to be some short guy in a caftan. He'd tell them some Halston gossip and they'd all start cracking up and become the best of friends. If no little guy came in, possibly Christie Brinkley would get things going. She looks like the cutup of the crowd. She's even managed a little bit of a smile in her photograph. In any case, Brinkley would tell them about a model who'd done something tacky on an assignment in Tangier. Once the ice was broken, the others would cut loose, each with her own story about a model *she* knew who was *really* tacky. Before you know it, the room would be Tack City, all taking turns grossing the others out and having the time of their lives.

*Jacqueline
Bisset*



Some nagging questions posed by these pictures:

- Is Janet Jones wondering which is a better career move—to appear tough or to appear vulnerable?
- What would Brooke Shields's career be like if it hadn't been shaped by her mom? Would it be flying all over the place or would it be on track?
- Why is Melanie Griffith constantly bending and stretching?
- Do Christie Brinkley's views on arms reduction differ from Patti Hansen's?
- Is it possible to catch Paulina in something other than a pensive mood? Does she hit the ground pensive and stay that way all day?

*Paulina
Porizkova*



Debra Winger

- How can Jacqueline Bisset be a normal individual one moment and then, all of a sudden, be thunderously beautiful?
- Will Patti Hansen's exposed half nipple set off a new half-a-nip craze? Will men go berserk wanting to see the other half, never stopping to consider that half is better than none?
- When Hollywood is called to account for its crimes of the Eighties, will it respond, quite properly, "But we gave you Debra Winger"?

Patti Hansen

For those who are intimidated by these women, it's important to remember that each had a father who told her to go to her room when she was naughty.



WOMEN OF 7-ELEVEN

LAST APRIL, the Southland Corporation announced that its 7-Eleven stores would no longer sell PLAYBOY. Did we get mad? Did we get even? No. We got down! "Hey," said Assistant Editor Bruce Kluger to Managing Photography Editor Jeff Cohen, "let's do a *Women of 7-Eleven* pictorial."

Cohen laughed and went to the PR Department. "Issue a press release," he said. "We're doing a *Women of 7-Eleven* pictorial." The PR Department laughed, and the press release was picked up by wire services in every town in the U.S. Some 100 7-Eleven employees from across the country sent in their pictures; we chose 13. You know why we are running this pictorial; they know why we are. PLAYBOY has always admired the girl next door. And sometimes the girl next door works at the store down the street. Behold, the *Women of 7-Eleven*.

BALTIMORE'S BEST
7
ELEVEN

look who's minding the store....



Women of 7-Eleven came to us from far and wide. Opposite is Michelle Frank—one of Baltimore's best. Also meet (clockwise from near left) Alora Axworthy (California), Rowena Burger (New Jersey), Joy McKendree (Illinois), Angel Colbert (New York), Tanya Phillips (Texas). "It's not right that 7-Eleven stopped selling PLAYBOY," says Rowena. "It's the classiest."





Although she pushes Slurpees for a living, California's Terri Minner (above) has a secret passion for chocolate shakes. Yvette Mohrien (top, near right), from Long Island, doesn't want her dad to see her picture here. "He's never seen me nude," she laughs. "He says, 'But I changed your diapers when you were a baby.' I say, 'Dad, I've changed since then.'" Yvette (whose deck-hockey teammates call her Killer) disagrees with Southland's *PLAYBOY* decision. "I don't think it's right," she says. "The religious groups seem to be taking over." Sharon Gordon (top, far right) is a mother of two from Utah. Now a manager with 7-Eleven, she's aiming to be a supervisor, where the "good money" is. Valora Sparks (right) is a 7-Eleven clerk from Beaumont, Texas. A red belt in karate, Valora is aggressive about the *PLAYBOY* flap. "It's ridiculous," she complains. "When customers come in, I tell them, 'Sorry, we don't have magazines with beautiful women. But we do have magazines on guns and war and violence.' Then I tell them where they can buy *PLAYBOY*."







Dallas 7-Eleven clerk Suzanne Sellers (above) appraises the censorship hassle in colorful Southern fashion: "It sucks! *PLAYBOY*'s been on the stand for years. I think 7-Eleven's just gotten uptight, cranky—you know, they got their panties in a wad." Below (on grass and inset) is Tanya Phillips, a part-time 7-Eleven clerk from Austin. "Those who want to read *PLAYBOY* are gonna read *PLAYBOY*," says Tanya. "So they may as well be able to get it at a convenience store."







Alora Axworthy (top, far left) works in Southland's loss-prevention department. "I go into different 7-Elevens and see if they'll sell me beer without checking my I.D. It helps the company keep tabs on its alcohol-sales policy." Joy McKendree (lying atop the car) was a 7-Eleven cashier when she posed for us. Not any more. "The job was the pits, so I quit," she says, adding that she hadn't been popular with her employers because before she left, she tried to organize a cashiers' union. On censorship, she's also outspoken: "In June, I was pulling *PLAYBOY* off the shelves, and in July, I was stocking them with violent videos such as *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Kids rent that stuff without any I.D." Say hello again to Terri Minner (above), our Northern California 7-Eleven clerk, looking more relaxed here. Terri admits that when she's not filling her time with aerobics, she's on the prowl for "men with small butts." At left, meet Angel Colbert, a clerk whose first name gives true meaning to the slogan "Oh, thank heaven for 7-Eleven."



From Lombard, Illinois, comes Heather McKee (far left, above), a part-time 7-Eleven clerk and full-time stripper. What do the two jobs have in common? "Absolutely nothing," she says. "Stripping pays better." Laurie Marie Donnohue (far left, below) is an assistant manager at a Duluth, Minnesota, 7-Eleven. Her only beef: "the rude people who scream at me just because they're crabby." Finally, meet 7-Elevener Michelle Frank (below and right), the raincoated gal we saw on the opening page. For true beauty, look at Michelle. And for a laugh, look at the 7-Eleven slogan on the cup she's holding.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG



FOR THE ladyfriend of a heavy-metal-music man, Laurie Carr is pretty low key. Texas-born and Wisconsin-raised, she lives by the code of the heartland (honesty, loyalty, family) and seems out of place at a Ratt concert—until she shifts into dancing gear. A new model, she has this to say about her present Carr-er: “I’ll think I know where my life is going, then it’ll turn 180 degrees. I was studying commercial art in Texas but found I didn’t like its business end. I guess I’d had one too many accounting classes. I realized it was time to do something radically different. A friend sent my pictures to PLAYBOY, I came to California, and now I’m a model.” Laurie wants to return to her drawing table one day. For now, commercial art’s loss is our gain.

KEYS

UNLOCKING THE
MULTIPLE MYSTERIES
OF LAURIE CARR

The classic Carr shows off her exiting form at left and her boyfriend, Ratt guitarist Robbin Crosby, at right. He toured the globe looking for someone like her; now they harmonize in Los Angeles.





Laurie's beau is a Ratt. She and Robbin Crosby, guitarist for the metal band its fans consider more rockin' than Dokken and motleyer than the Crüe, met in a Fort Worth record store. Theirs is a less head-bangin' affair than Ratt's pack of fans might expect. "I was a fan before I was a girlfriend. I even knew the lyrics to their songs," says Laurie. "But our relationship started after their last world tour, so I know Robbin as a person, not as a hard rocker. At times it's hard to do, with our schedules, but what I like is spending time together at home." Robbin, the Ratt romantic, says, "I've been around the world, and she's the sweetest person I've met. It took me a while, but finally I found her." Portrait of a thoroughly modern young couple.

"It's great to be appreciated physically," says Laurie, who should know, "but your looks are just something God gave you. I think that what really counts is what you do with what you've got."





W

hat kind of man appeals to this kind of woman? He doesn't have to be a hunk of heavy metal, though it might help. "I'm not turned on by outsides," Laurie says. "You get tired of that unless there is a person inside who turns you on." Laurie doesn't insist on any specific physical type as long as the guy's no slouch. "I want someone who works hard and plays hard, whatever he does. Too many people try to find fun by going out, when they could find it right at home. I'll tell you what really turns me on. When a man looks at me, you know—*that way*—and still sees me as an equal. You can communicate a lot with a look. Take my *PLAYBOY* layout—it shows a side of me I can't express in words. Some things just *can't* be expressed." Amen.

Listen up, shy guys: "A guy with confidence feels good about himself, and that makes him sexy. A girl can't limit herself—every guy has interesting qualities. All I want is to be treated as a lady."



I like to be stimulated intellectually. I can't be happy being judged solely on appearance," says Miss December. One of the keys to knowing her is knowing that her impulses pull her in different directions. "In fact, I'm modest. I never really considered myself the kind of person who'd pose in the nude. I had a very conservative upbringing. Meeting—and liking—some Playmates changed my ideas of right and wrong, and it was exciting to do the layout. How can you know what makes you happy until you've explored?" Artist, model, Ratt fan and homebody, Middle American girl in L.A., Laurie looks to her family for support, if not approval. "It's important to me that they've supported my decisions—even the ones they don't agree with."

Laurie defines herself thus: "Adventurous, even daring. I'm a person who is not afraid to accept responsibility for herself and her future." She thinks these pictures ought to say it all.



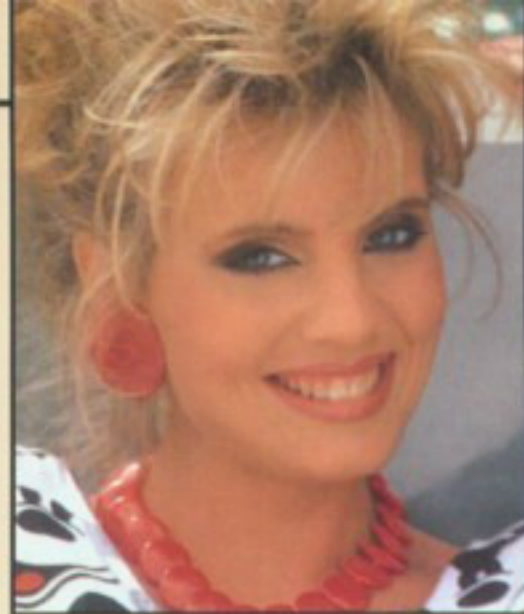


MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Laurie Can

BUST: 34 WAIST: 21 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 103

BIRTH DATE: 12-11-65 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas

AMBITIONS: To continue to grow and be respected, both personally and professionally.

TURN-ONS: music, sleeping late, creativity, champagne, being challenged.

TURN-OFFS: Dirty ashtrays, jealousy, pills, petty arguments, procrastination.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: RATT - wait a minute, I know these guys! :)

IDEAL MAN: Both confident and sensitive, he treats me like a lady but respects me as an equal.

IDEAL EVENING: would be a wild night out with good friends or a wild night in with the right man.

THE BEST THING ABOUT SEX IS: that it can convey emotions that words alone cannot always express.

I AM WHO I AM BECAUSE: I've taken risks in my life and have tried to learn from both good and bad.

Age 15

Age 17

Age 19



centerfold ? me?!.

senior picture

college Day!?!.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

In a new exposé titled *Santa Dearest*, written by a disgruntled elf, the truth behind the legend of the angel atop the Christmas tree has come to light.

According to the elf, things were not going well at the North Pole. Mrs. Claus was mad at Santa, the reindeer all had colds, the toys were packed in the wrong order, there weren't enough Cabbage Patch dolls and there was a powerful head wind from the south. Just as Santa discovered a hole in his red suit, the littlest angel came into his office with a Christmas tree.

"Hey, Santa," the angel asked, "what do you want me to do with this?"



Show this lady the best fur coat you have," the well-dressed young man told the manager of an exclusive Rodeo Drive fur salon.

The furrier brought out a magnificent sable. The woman loved it.

"Excuse me, sir," the manager discreetly whispered. "It's priced at \$65,000."

"No problem. Let me give you a check."

"Very good, sir," the furrier replied. "Today is Saturday. You may pick up the coat on Monday afternoon, after your check clears."

On Monday, the young man went back to the shop. "You have some nerve," the furious furrier said. "You don't have two cents in your checking account. What, may I ask, are you doing here?"

"I just wanted to thank you," the man said, smiling, "for the best weekend of my life."

At a recent Georgetown reception for a retiring diplomat, two State Department underlings struggled with small talk. Finally, one asked the other, "Tell me, Harry, what do you consider the two most interesting topics of conversation nowadays?"

"Sex and politics, I guess," Harry replied.

"I agree with you there," said the first, nodding. "What about the second topic?"

A well-tailored man walked into a brothel and handed the madam a roll of bills. "Give me the worst you've got," he said.

"Sir, for this much, you can have the very best we've got."

"Lady, I'm not horny, I'm homesick."

When the man collapsed in the subway, an ambulance was summoned and he was rushed to nearby Mercy Hospital. It was determined that he required coronary surgery, and he was immediately wheeled into the operating room.

The procedure went well, and as the groggy patient regained consciousness, he was reassured by a Sister of Mercy waiting by his bed.

"Mr. Wells, you're going to be just fine," the nun said, patting his hand. "We do have to know, however, how you intend to pay for your stay here. Are you covered by insurance?"

"No, I'm not, Sister," the man whispered hoarsely.

"Can you pay in cash?"

"I'm afraid I can't."

"Do you have any close relatives, then?"

"Just my sister in Minneapolis," he replied, "but she's a spinster nun."

"Nuns are not spinsters, Mr. Wells," the nun admonished. "They are married to God."

"OK," he said, managing a wan smile, "then bill my brother-in-law."

What are you getting so excited about, Joan?" the husband said. "It's just a little disagreement."

"No, Ken, we're simply not compatible," she insisted. "I'm a Virgo and you're an asshole."



Sally Weiman

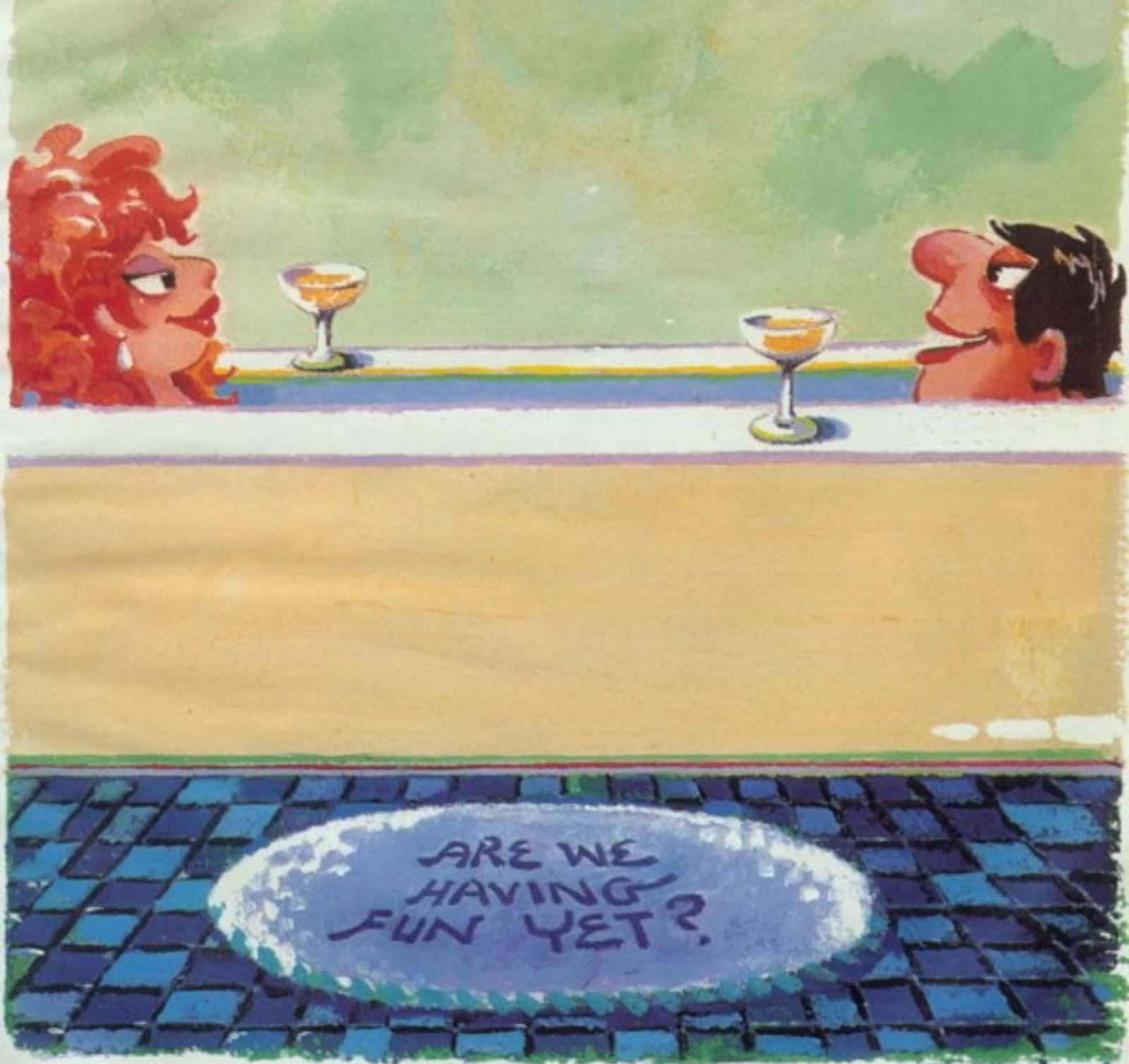
Times change. These days, when E. F. Hutton talks, he has his rights read to him first.

When a referee penalized Bruiser State five yards in a critical interconference game, the incensed coach ran onto the field to protest, but the official stuck to his position.

"You stink, ref," the coach hollered.

"Is that so?" the referee replied as he picked up the ball and moved it 15 yards farther downfield. "How do I smell from here?"

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.



Deomi

"Let's re-examine the traditional meaning of Christmas in light of the right-wing values prevalent in society today and whether a new rationale is needed in the context of contemporary life in New Jersey."



"Santa Claus loves me because I always cleaned my plates and became a big girl."

THIS YEAR, THE PUBLIC LOVES
A GAME-SHOW HOSTESS,
A FOOTBALL HERO, A SEX
THERAPIST, A ROYAL COUPLE
AND, YES, SOME GUYS
AND GALS FROM HOLLYWOOD

SEX STARS

OF
1986

HOLLYWOOD'S TOP GUN: TOM CRUISE



Two in Orbit

The popularity of Tom Cruise, hero of the ultrapatriotic movie *Top Gun* (with Kelly McGillis, inset), and of Vanna White, apple-pie-fresh hostess of TV's game show *Wheel of Fortune* (that's her poster, inset), may symbolize sex in the Reagan era: a return to innocence.

ALL-AMERICAN GIRL: VANNA WHITE

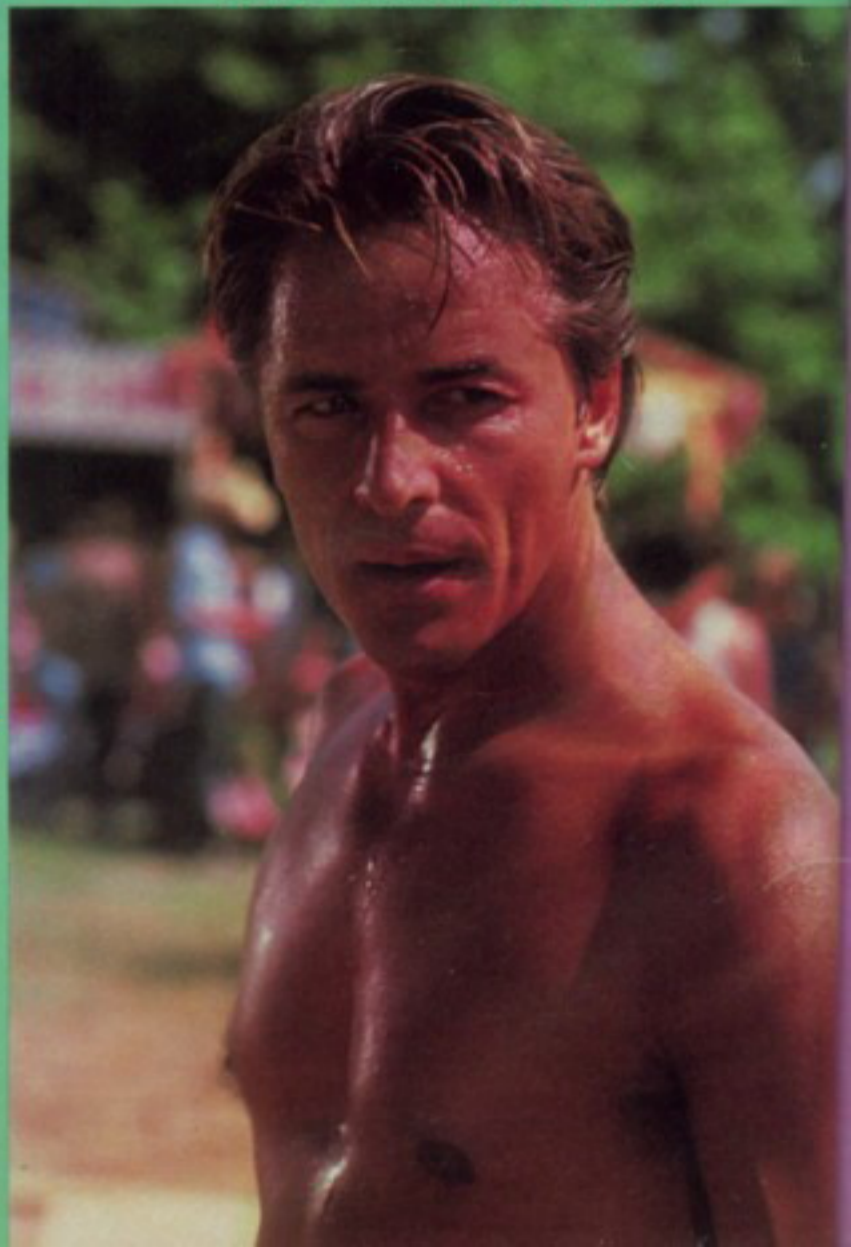


SEXIEST SIDE-KICK: CYBILL SHEPHERD



EVERYDAY SWEETHEART: KATHY SHOWER

VICE'S VIRTUE: DON JOHNSON



Networking

Television—prime-time and daytime—is home to these stellar personalities. Romantic sparks fly when Cybill Shepherd, as Maddie Hayes, matches wits with Bruce Willis, as David Addison, on ABC's *Moonlighting* every Tuesday night. Friday evenings over at NBC, Don Johnson continues to rule the ratings on *Miami Vice*; but fans of Kathy Shower, supermom and Playmate of the Year, may miss her on *Santa Barbara* this season: She has taken off to make films, beginning in January with *Bloodhounds*, opposite David Keith.



BADDEST MOMMA: GRACE JONES

SMOOTHEST SKIN: VANITY



SEXY SENIOR: DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER

FASTEST STARTER: WHITNEY HOUSTON

Video Visions

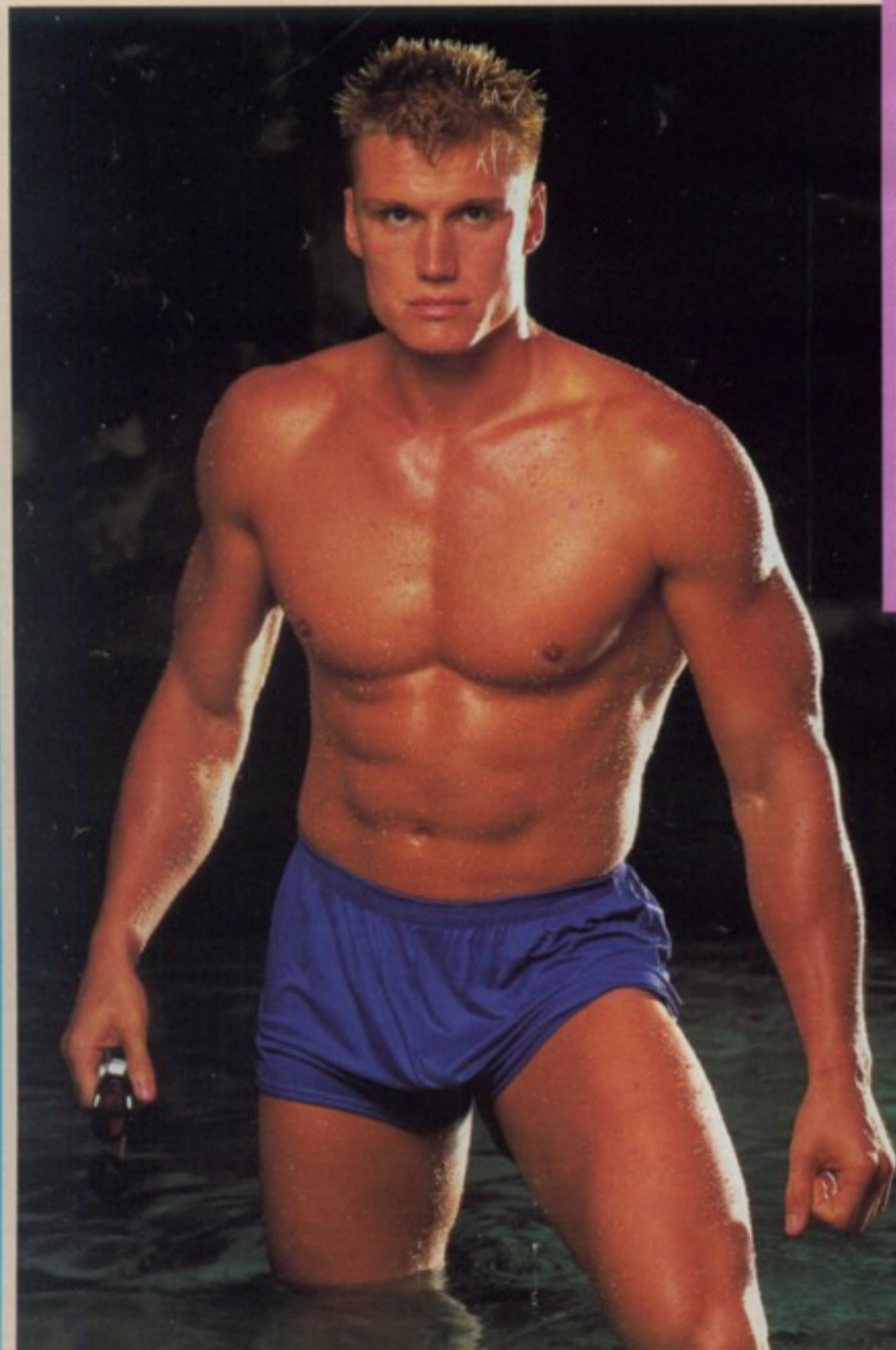
Now that one in every three TV owners has a VCR and more than 41,000,000 get cable, stars multiply via tape and satellite. Among them: MTV favorites Grace Jones (here in *Vamp* gear), Vanity, whose video boosted her *Skin on Skin* LP up the charts, and Whitney Houston, whose debut album was history's hottest. Lifetime cable's *Good Sex! With Doctor Ruth* inspired *Film Comment's* editors to pose Dr. Westheimer as a gatefold girl.





BIGGEST HUNK, TAKEN: ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

BIGGEST HUNK, AVAILABLE: DOLPH LUNDGREN

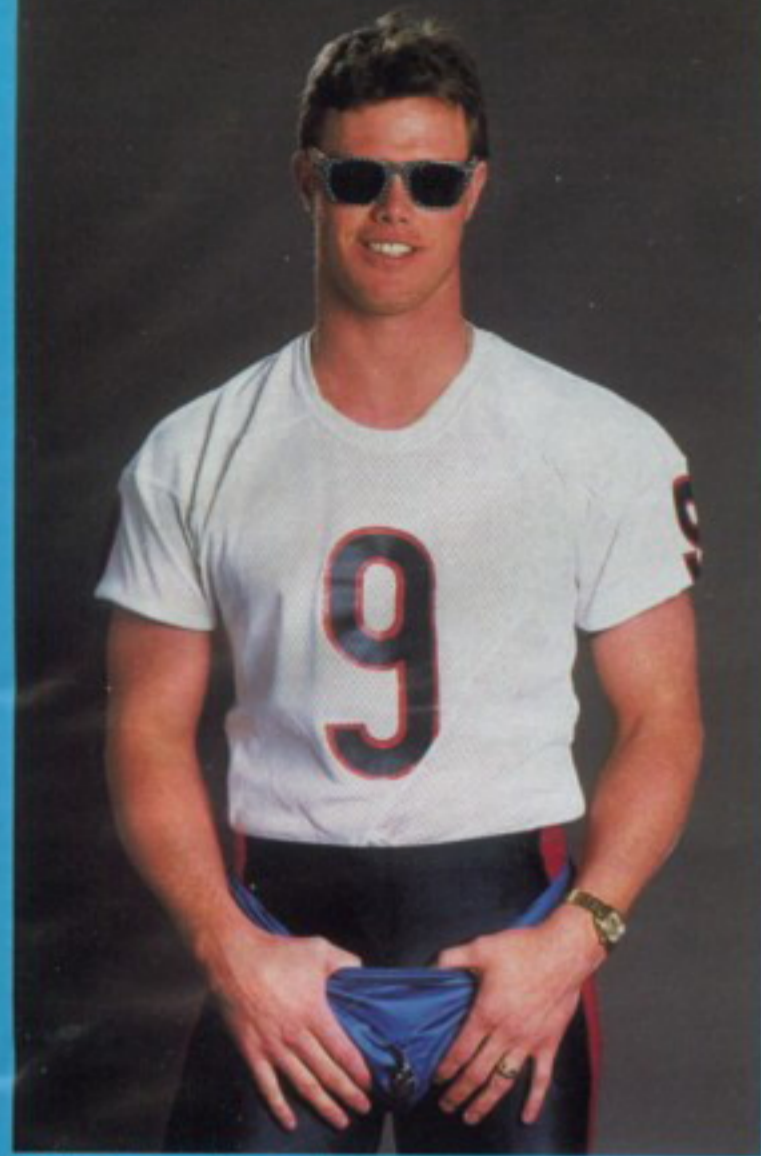


TOUGHEST MOMMA: SYBIL DANNING



Getting Physical

Actor/muscle man Arnold Schwarzenegger took himself off the eligible list by marrying Maria Shriver but was replaced by Dolph Lundgren, whose engagement to Grace Jones fizzled. Arnold's latest were *Commando* and *Raw Deal*; Dolph's next film is *Masters of the Universe*. Sybil Danning, the macha warden of *Reform School Girls*, also hosts her own *Adventure Video* movie series. "I show that women can be intelligent, beautiful and physically powerful," she says.



FOOTBALL HERO: JIM MC MAHON

Good Sports

The Bears' bad boy, Super Bowl champion quarterback Jim McMahon, may play around on the field, but he says the only key to this strategically placed padlock belongs to his wife, Nancy. Cubs ball girl Marla Collins was booted by management harrumphers after she bared all for a September *PLAYBOY* layout. But Marla's faithful fans, who had caught her on cablecasts from Chicago's Wrigley Field, pitched in with job offers. Shapely Heather Thomas has gone from being *The Fall Guy's* stunt-woman side-kick and a commercial spokesperson for a chain of health clubs to making movies (*Deathstone*, *Cyclone*).



FIT & FEMININE: HEATHER THOMAS

BELLE OF THE BALL: MARLA COLLINS



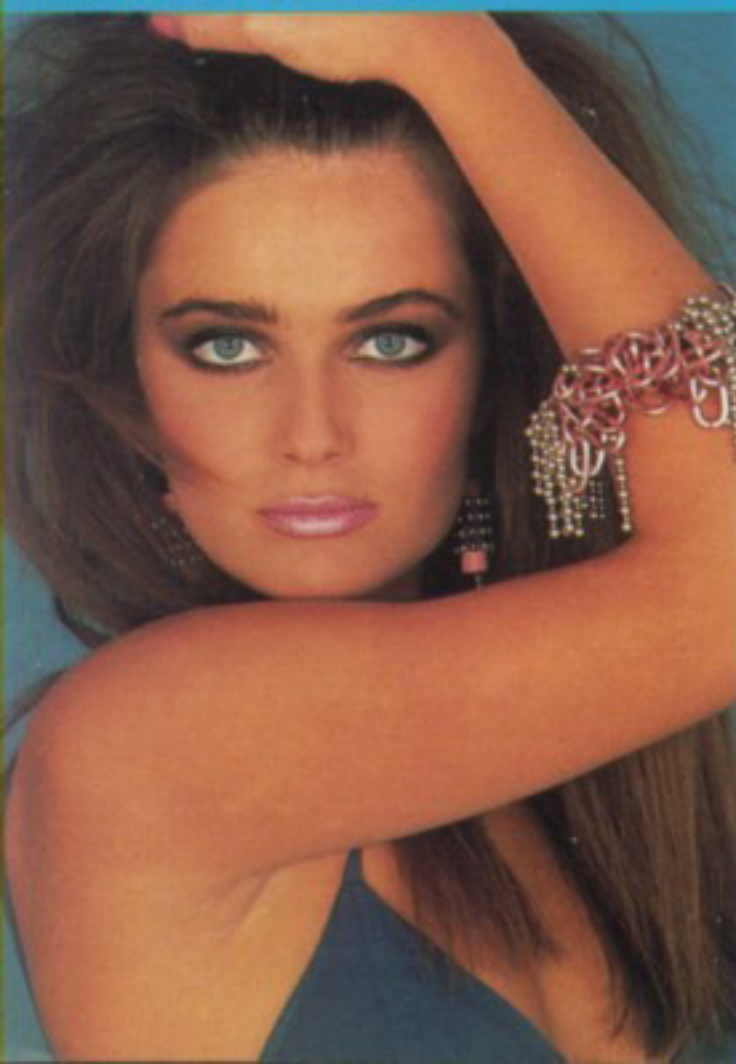
Cover Girls

A \$100,000 prize was June 1985 Playmate Devin DeVasquez' reward as *Star Search*'s champion spokesmodel. Also winners: this month's cover girl and Hollywood's Brenda Starr, Brooke Shields; last month's *Playboy Gallery* girl, Paulina Porizkova, a regular in *Sports Illustrated*'s annual swimsuit issue.

STARR-STRUCK STUDENT: BROOKE SHIELDS



BEST BATHING BEAUTY: PAULINA PORIZKOVA



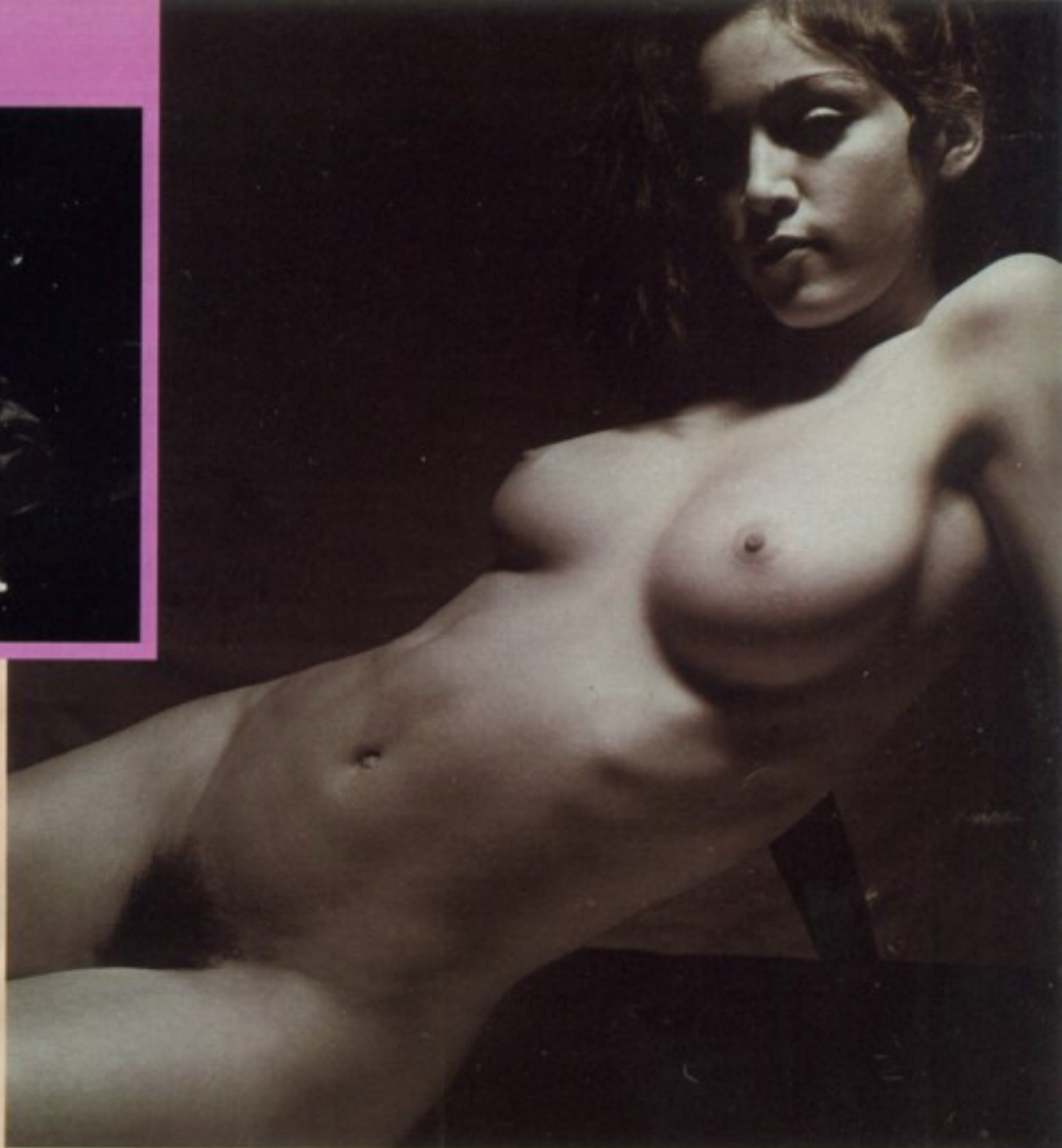
THE MODEL MOST LIKELY: DEVIN DE VASQUEZ

**MOST CONTROVERSIAL COUPLE:
MADONNA AND SEAN PENN**

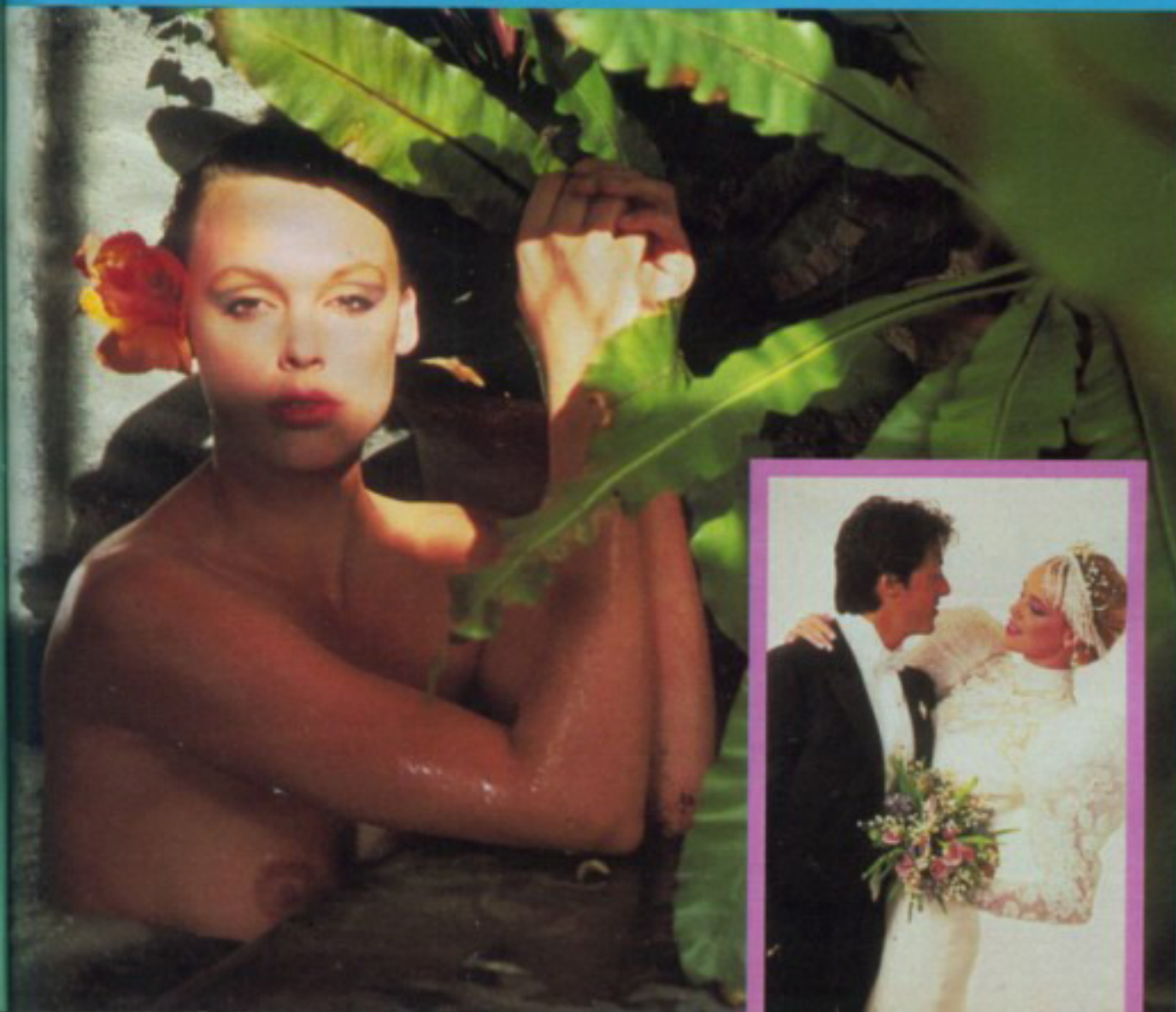


Rare Pairs

Rock-'em Madonna and sock-'em Sean Penn can't help making news, from art class to courtroom to concert stage to mixed reviews for their new film, *Shanghai Surprise*. PLAYBOY pictorial subject Brigitte Nielsen won Sylvester Stallone and roles in his movies *Rocky IV* and *Cobra*. But the courtship that really hooked celebrity watchers around the world was that of H.R.H. Prince Andrew, the duke of York, and his new duchess, the former Sarah Margaret Ferguson.



**MOST MACHO COUPLE:
SYLVESTER AND BRIGITTE STALLONE**



**MOST ROMANTIC COUPLE:
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK**



The Sophisticates

More overtly sexual in their appeal than either Cruise or White are Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger, who'll be teamed after Christmas in Blake Edwards' *Blind Date* (inset, opposite page). Willis is best known as Cybill Shepherd's partner in *Moonlighting* (inset, this page); Basinger has made four films in little more than a year, with *Fool for Love* and *9½ Weeks* already out, *No Mercy*, with Richard Gere, due soon.

PRIME PROSPECT, FEMALE: KELLY MCGILLIS



PRIME PROSPECT, MALE: ROB LOWE

Coming on Strong

Keep an eye on Kelly McGillis, who made her mark opposite Harrison Ford in 1985's *Witness* and scored again this year as Cruise's lady in *Top Gun*, and on Rob Lowe, who recovered handily from two flabby sports films (*Oxford Blues* and *Youngblood*) with a hit in *About Last Night*. . . .



SEXIEST SLEUTH: BRUCE WILLIS



WOMAN IN DEMAND: KIM BASINGER

THE PLAYBOY GALLERY







behind every successful monster, there's a woman

SIMPLY BEASTLY

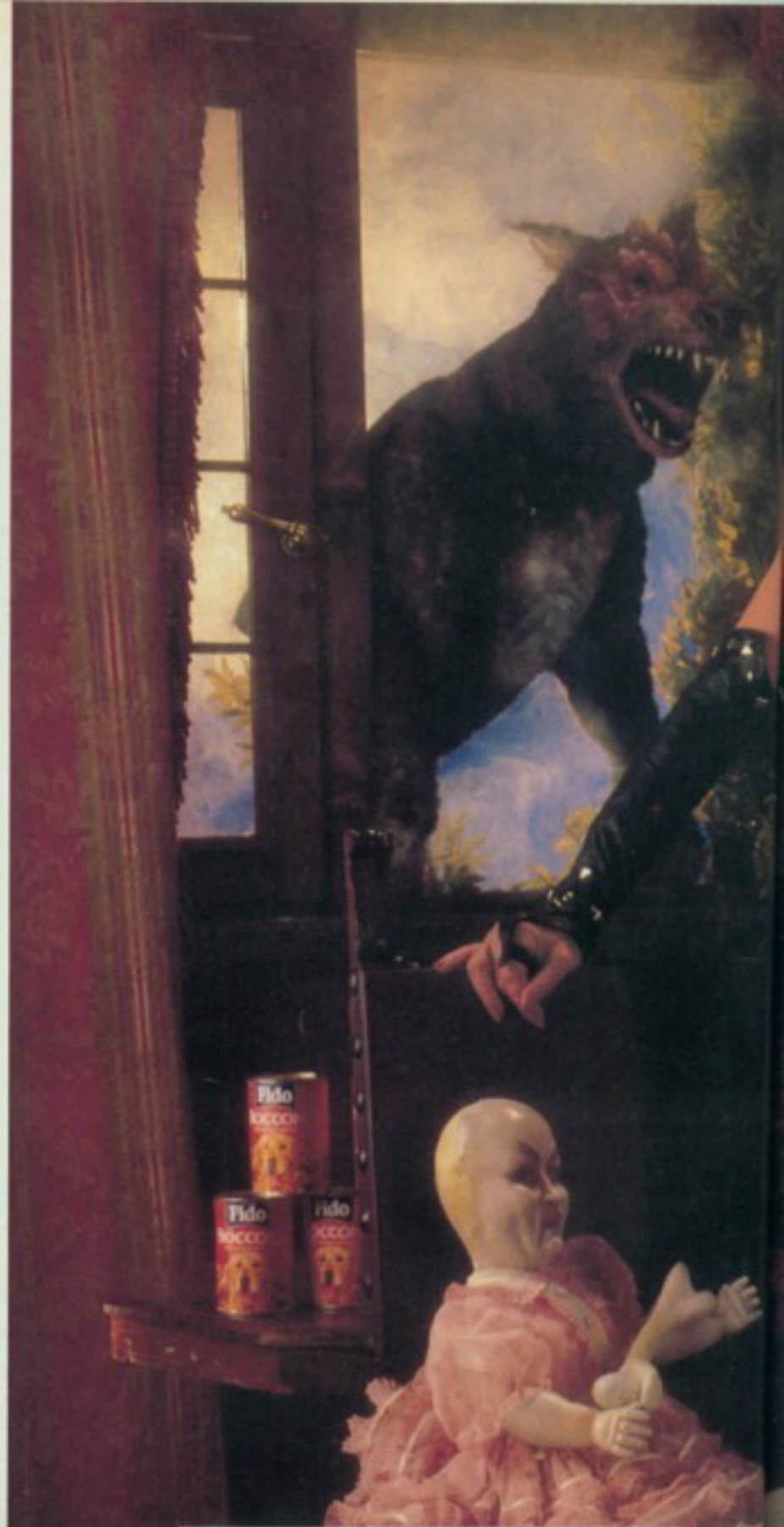
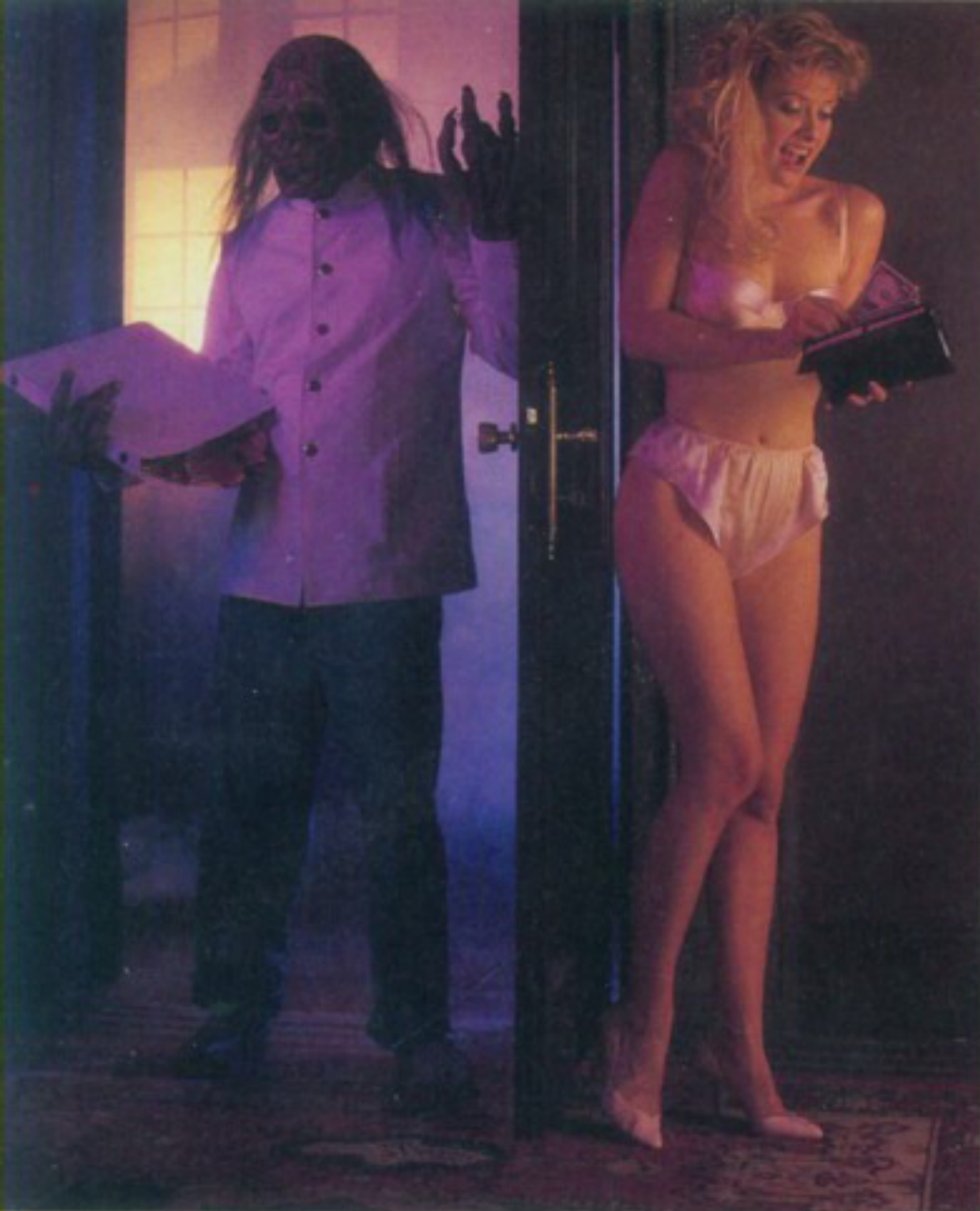


Like all horror-movie heroines, Barbara Crampton, 27, never knows what she's getting into. Is she merely a demure scientist (left), or could her unusual leisure-time reading habits (above) foretell something?

W

HEN Barbara Crampton landed the role of Megan Halsey in *Re-Animator*, last year's surprise horror hit, she had little idea it would become a cult classic. "We thought it would be either a hit or a piece of junk," she recalls. "We only knew that it was funny." Later, when it hit the theaters, *Re-Animator*—based on an H. P. Lovecraft story—garnered the type of rave reviews even experienced moviemakers dream of.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



For instance, the *Los Angeles Times* called *Re-Animator* "simply the best, funniest Grand Guignol horror picture to come along in ages." Even *The New Yorker*'s finicky Pauline Kael was impressed, both by the movie and by its female lead. "Barbara Crampton, who's creamy pink all over, is at her loveliest when she's being defiled," she gushed. Naturally, immediate plans were made to reteam Crampton with much of the cast and crew for a new cinematic effort called *From Beyond*.

In horror films, some of the characters are even slimier than agents. When Barbara's on a set, it's a case of beauty and the beasts.

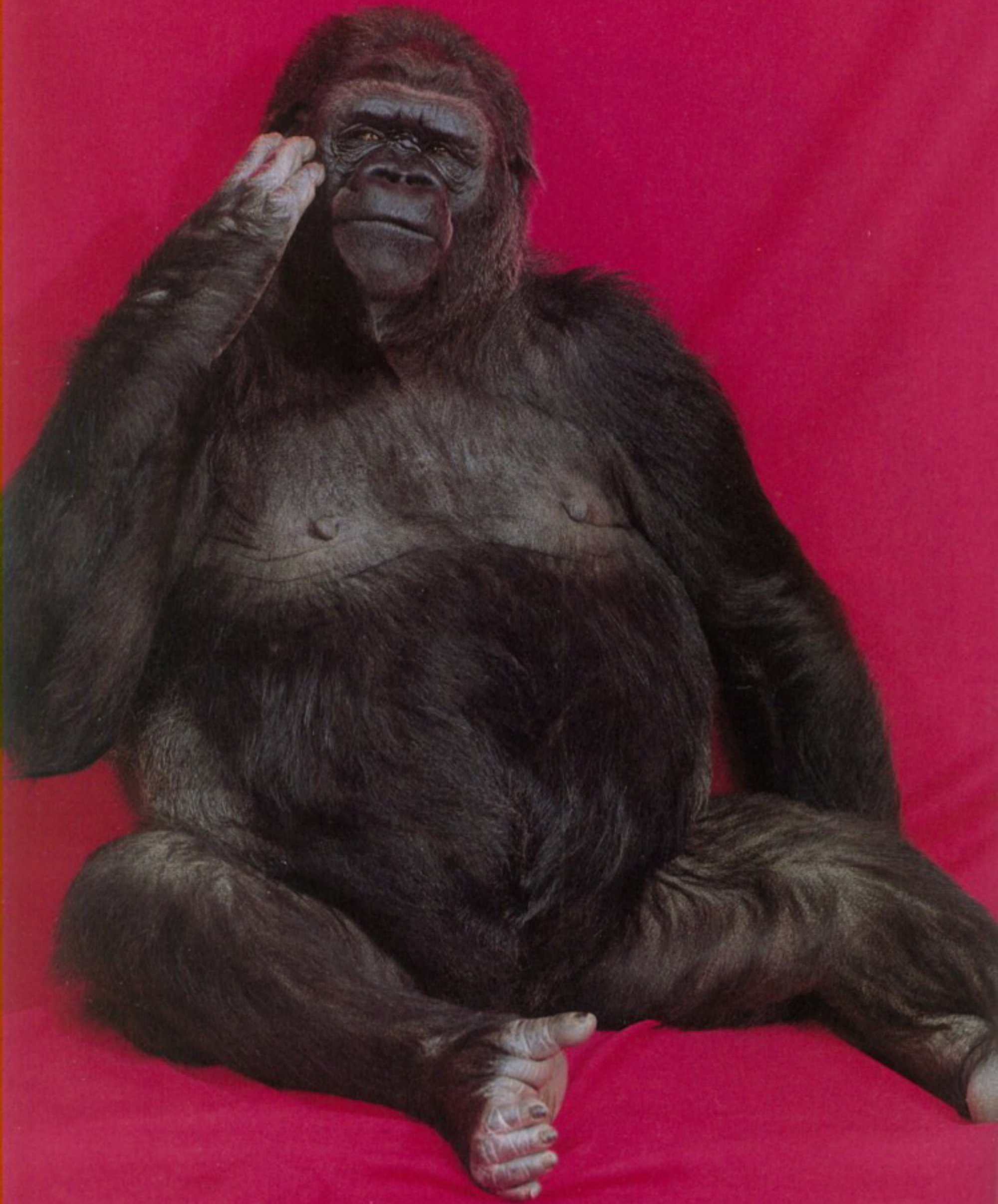




Director Stuart Gordon, who headed Chicago's Organic Theater before taking off to make films, shot *From Beyond* in Italy. So Barbara got to spend nearly three months in Rome. Her character, a repressed psychiatrist who gets in touch with her sensual needs at inopportune—and gruesome—moments, is also a departure: “She really lets go—violently.” But can *From Beyond* live up to *Re-Animator*'s promise? “It's different,” Barbara says. “But you'll laugh when you see it.”

Must all horror shows be rocky? Is the company Barbara keeps having an odd effect on her? Not unless she gets cold feet.





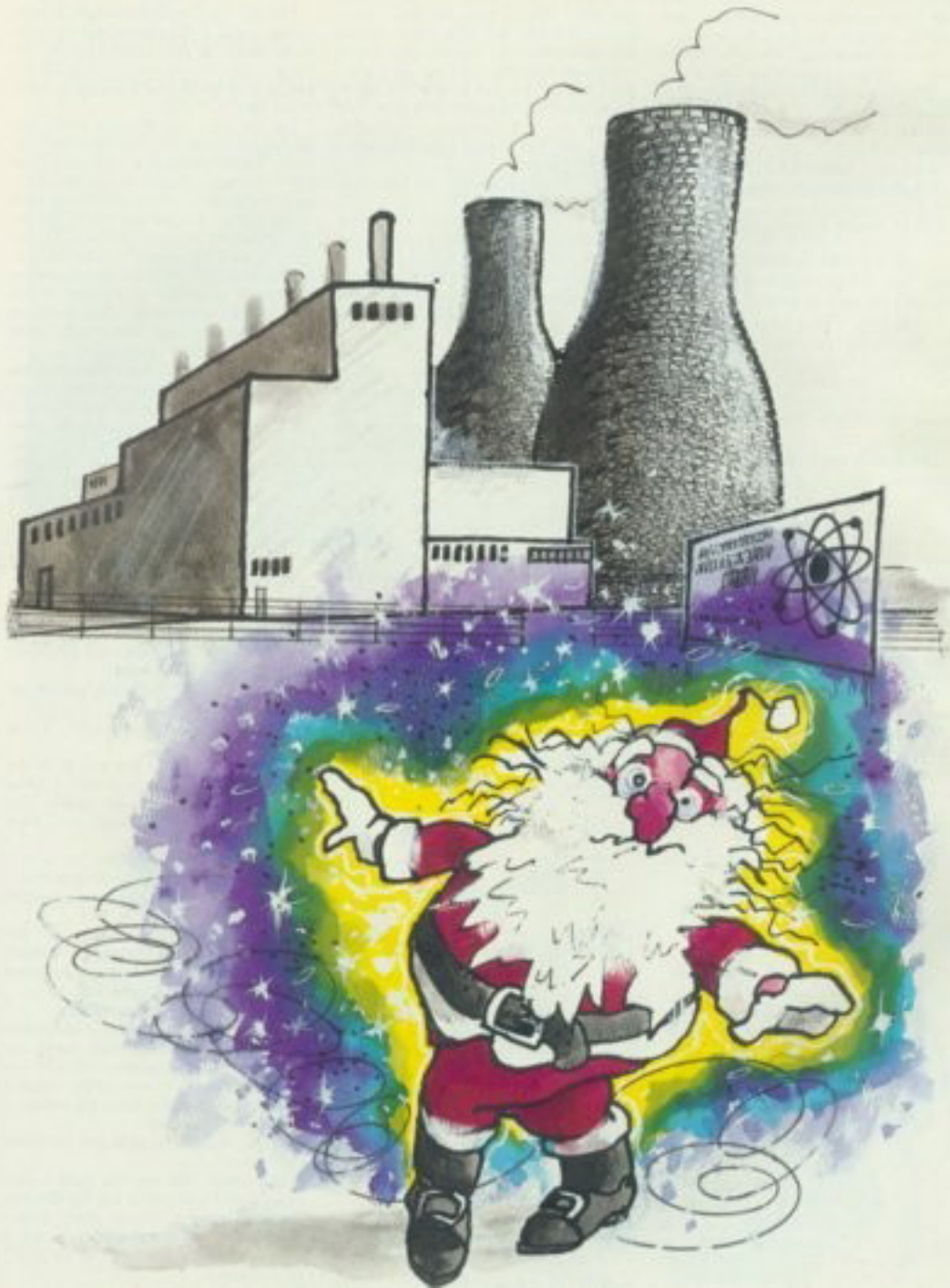


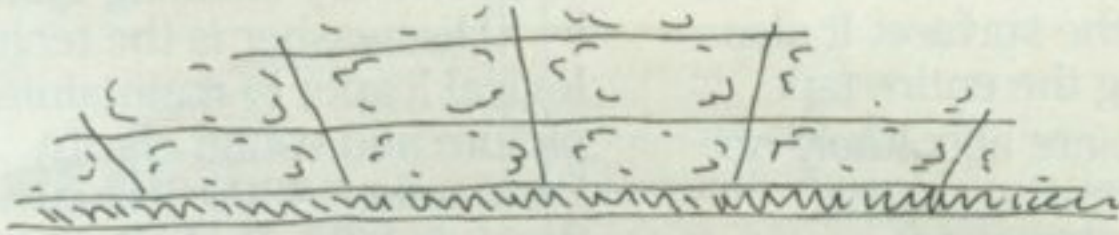


"The latest public-opinion poll indicates that 90 percent of the people do not believe in Santa Claus, and 75 percent of these people think he's doing a good job."



Stewart

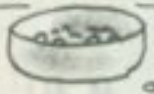




IN HEAVEN
THERE IS NO BEER.

BAR & GRILL

BAR & GRILL



ZEGGER



"Oh, the usual things, Momma—you know Tom always gives me clothes."



HOW TO STUFF A WILD CHRISTMAS STOCKING

If you're a grownup who still hangs his stocking by the chimney with care in hopes that Saint Nicholas soon will be there, then one of Nancy Deville's 10" x 20" satirical Christmas numbers with felt-appliqué flamingos should have visions of God knows what dancing in your head. Deville also sells other stocking styles, from a Beverly Hills Santa to one riding a rocket. You can order the one pictured here for \$50, postpaid, from Nancy Deville, A California Designer, at P.O. Box 381, Pacific Palisades, California 90272. Merry Christmas. Stock up.



THE FX IS IN

Toyota launched its line of 1987 machines at Mid-Ohio race track not long ago, and we were there to go *mano a mano* with other journalists in some mighty sexy wheels. The new Supra adds intercooled turbocharging and antilock braking to Toyota's road warrior, which now boasts a top speed of 156 mph. (We know. One of Ohio's finest nailed us doing 97 mph, and we almost became permanent residents of the quaint Holmes County jail.) But the Toyota that really caught our fancy was the new Corolla FX16 pictured above, a pocket rocket with sport suspension and a gutsy 1.6-liter, four-cylinder, 16-valve engine that gets you from zero to 60 in 9.4 seconds and tops out at 115 mph. The base price for an FX16 is about \$9500; a sporty GT-S version goes for about \$12,500.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

Most self-help books devoted to dealing with stress take a positive can-cope approach that reads great on paper but doesn't travel well when you're one on one with your C.E.O. So a company named A Sign of Quality, at 9025 East Kenyon, #216, Denver 80237, has produced an 8" x 10" etched-brass-on-solid-walnut plaque that's the best definition of stress we've seen yet. For \$55, postpaid, it's just what you need—a good laugh.

STRESS

The confusion created when one's mind overrides the body's basic desire to choke the living shit out of some asshole who desperately needs it!!!

GONNA BE NAUGHTY OR NICE?

It's just what you've always wanted to send: an X-rated letter from Santa that tells your latest lovely that maybe there'll be a little more ho, ho, ho in her life if she's a little more of a bad girl in bed next year—or something equally trashy. Each letter costs \$5, and Santa's maverick helpers who perform this service first send you a questionnaire to sharpen their nasty minds. For more info, write to The Naughty Elves, 177-F Riverside Avenue, Newport Beach, California 92663.





SERIOUS CALCULATIONS

Hewlett-Packard has just introduced the Business Consultant pocket calculator, featuring built-in programs for finance, general business, time/appointments and more—and if this doesn't get you onto the fast track to the top in your corporation, you'd better retire your pinstriped power suit and wing-tip shoes. The Business Consultant costs \$175, and we show it here teamed with Hewlett-Packard's new cordless printer (about \$150), which communicates with the calculator via an infrared beam. Pick a pair. Be somebody.

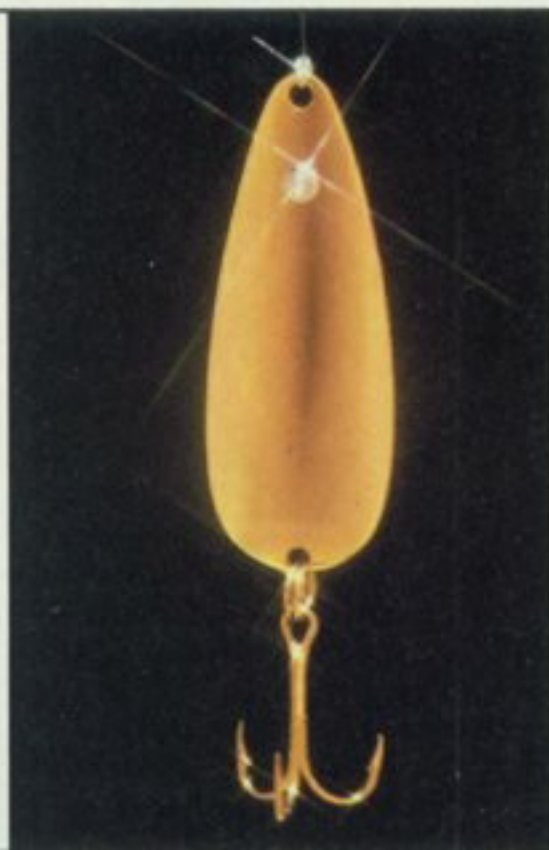
LOSING INTEREST IN VISA

If you're paying 16 to 22 percent annual interest on your VISA or MasterCard, has Will Hertzberg got a deal for you. For \$15, he'll send you his booklet *How to Get 12% Interest Visa & MasterCard*—and, yes, it does reveal information on states that set their credit-card limits just a few percentage points above the Federal discount rate. Hertzberg's address: 3960 Laurel Canyon Boulevard, Suite 150 P, Studio City, California 91604. Let's hope his mailman has a strong back.



YUPPIE GUPPY

Just when you thought the streams and oceans of the world were safe from the upwardly mobile-minded, along comes the Diamond Eagle, a four-inch-long 24-kt.-gold-plated fishing lure that's crafted like a fine piece of jewelry. In addition, the Diamond Eagle's eye is a one-half-point diamond, has Eagle Claw hooks and it even comes with a guarantee that replaces the lure if it's stolen, lost or damaged. All this for only \$29.95, postpaid, sent to Diamond Eagle, 29 East Madison Street, Suite 1000, Chicago 60602. What a fish story!

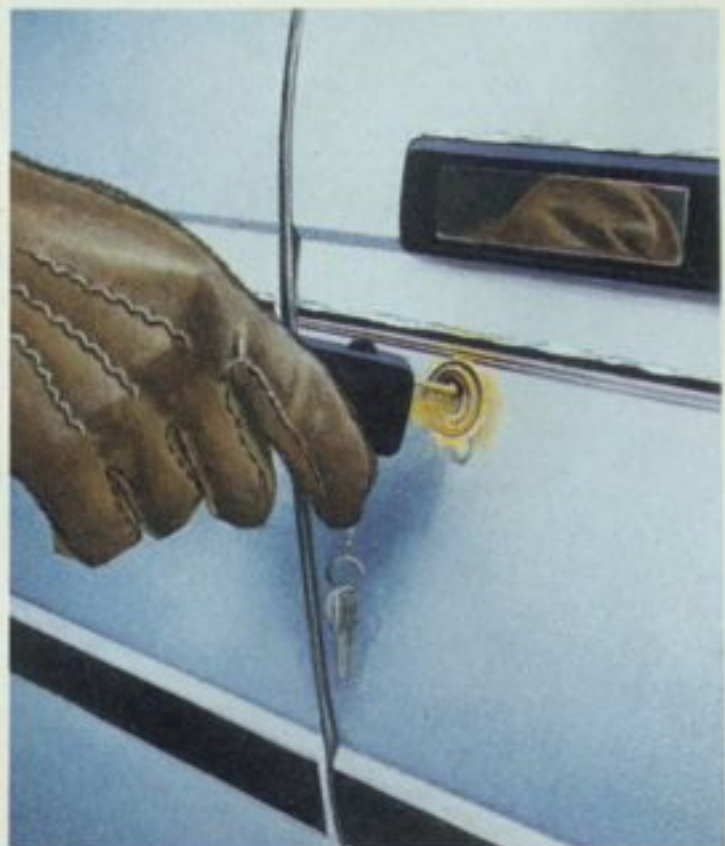
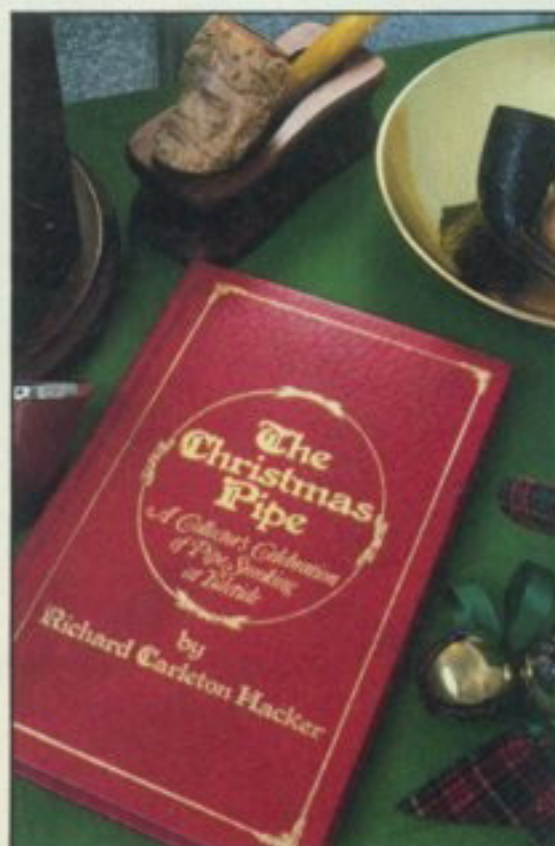


HOT TO GO

James Bond would love this—a small black battery-operated case housing a tiny flashlight and a heating element connected to a slim steel rod. When the rod is inserted into a frozen lock, it quickly heats up; and in about 30 seconds, the mechanism is thawed out and working again. No burned fingers or scorched paint from fumbling with matches or a butane lighter. All for \$5, postpaid, sent to The Davenport Company, P.O. Box 24, Willow Springs, Illinois 60480.

HOLIDAY PIPE DREAM

Rick Hacker, the author who had the pipe world puffing a few years ago with his lavish *The Ultimate Pipe Book*, has smoked up a new story just in time for yuletide. It's *The Christmas Pipe*, a signed limited edition (2500) with a gold-stamped cover and photos and illustrations galore, plus a chapter that chronicles such esoteric tobacco lore as "The Legend of the Christmas Pipe." Hacker's latest offering is available at pipe shops or from him for \$26.95, postpaid, P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213. It's a great fireside read. Light up.



Debbie Does Modeling

British model **DEBBIE TARRANT** is a familiar face on calendars and in advertisements. She has posed for Lord Lichfield, the queen's photographer and cousin. It's up to us to make her famous in America; we're doing our part.



© 1986 PIP / LGI

Miracle Worker

Actress **IRENE MIRACLE** made her first appearance on the big screen in *Midnight Express*. Currently, you can see her with Tony Curtis in *The Last of Philip Banter* and with Timothy Bottoms in *In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro*. In case you have to wait for either of these movies, we've devised our own visual miracle right here.



ALAN HOUGHTON



© 1985 GUIDO HARBARI / LGI

A Toothy Grin

This is not just another pretty face. Singer **PHILIP BAILEY** has a legion of fans, from his years in Earth, Wind and Fire, and since 1984, as a solo artist. Singing *Easy Lover* with Phil Collins didn't hurt, either. His recent album, *Inside Out*, was produced by the legendary Nile Rodgers, and it sped up the charts. Now, if only he can get to the right dentist, Bailey's life will be nearly perfect.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

B Is for Belinda

Former Go-Go **BELINDA CARLISLE** is back, bigger than ever, with a revitalized career, a top-20 album, a video, a new marriage and a tour that will extend into January. Says Belinda, "I've been eating right, keeping good hours, getting plenty of sleep. It's paid off."

© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL

Walking on the Wild Side

Here are two great musicians—left, **JOE JACKSON**, and right, **LOU REED**—who deserve more attention than they usually get. We're going to give it to them. Both of them had successful American tours; both had hot albums, Jackson's *Big World* and Reed's *Mistrial*. Reed also appeared at the Amnesty concerts. Jackson's next project is an all-instrumental album with orchestra. Catch them if you can, in person, on video or vinyl. It's worth it.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

It's a Wrap!

DENISE MARTEL is a singer and actress. She has appeared in various rock and fitness videos and on TV and currently is working on a movie titled *La Bamba*. It's not every actress who can look so inviting actually wearing her work. Denise can.



COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 33RD ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



PLAYMATES



MARILYN!



QUESTIONS



EVANGELICALISM

"EVANGELICALISM IN AMERICA" —THE MAN WHO TOLD IT ON THE MOUNTAIN EXAMINES THE RACISM AND SEXUAL REPRESSION THAT UNDERLIE RADICAL FUNDAMENTALISM—BY **JAMES BALDWIN**

DON JOHNSON OF *MIAMI VICE* TALKS ABOUT SEX, DRUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL IN A SENSATIONALLY FRANK **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"MARILYN!"—ALMOST 25 YEARS AFTER HER DEATH, WE DISCOVER NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED PHOTOS

"BEAUTIFUL HUSBANDS"—LOVE, MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE IN THE COUNTRY-CLUB SET, AS ONLY **JOHN UPDIKE** CAN BRING THEM TO LIFE

"FLACKS"—PR TYPES USED TO BE HARMLESS BUFOONS. NOW THEY CHANGE THE WAY THE COUNTRY THINKS—AND WORKS. AMONG THEIR CREATIONS: THE

TORT EXPLOSION AND THE U.S. DEFENSE-SPENDING BOOM—BY **ALEXANDER** AND **ANDREW COCKBURN**

"PLAYBOY'S TOP 40 PARTY CAMPUSES"—WHO SEZ THE FUN HAS GONE OUT OF COLLEGE? THE INSIDE DOPE ON THE BIGGEST ANNUAL BASHES, THE COOLEST TEACHERS AND STUPID FRAT TRICKS, COMPILED BY **WAYNE DUVALL**

PLUS: **JOYCE CAROL OATES'S** "QUESTIONS," ABOUT A HOT-BLOODED COLLEGE TEACHER CONFRONTED WITH A SUICIDAL STUDENT AND HIS DESPERATE DAD; **"THE BEST,"** *PLAYBOY'S* NOD OF APPROVAL TO THINGS THAT ARE SIMPLY WONDERFUL; **"THE BOOKSELLER,"** **ROALD DAHL'S** TALE OF POST-MORTEM BLACKMAIL; **"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW,"** BY **ANSON MOUNT**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; AND THE PROVERBIAL MUCH, MUCH MORE

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: NOT-TO-BE-MISSED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **PRINCE SIHANOUK** AND **LIONEL RICHIE**; UNFORGETTABLE FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **ROBERT COOVER**; **"COCAINE AND COLLEGE BASKETBALL,"** BY **ROBERT (SNOWBLIND) SABBAG**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF MAFIA PRINCESS **ANTOINETTE GIANCANA** AND ACTRESSES **DONNA MILLS** AND **JANE SEYMOUR**, PLUS A RETURN ENGAGEMENT BY **CARRIE LEIGH**; **"SEN YEN BABBO AND THE HAMMER OF CHRIST,"** A HILARIOUS YARN ABOUT EVANGELICAL WRESTLING, BY **CHET WILLIAMSON**; ADVICE ON HOW TO AVOID GOING BROKE IN *THE PANIC OF '89*, BY ITS AUTHOR, **PAUL ERDMAN**; AND MORE FEATURES TO MAKE LIFE MEANINGFUL, PROFITABLE AND JUST PLAIN FUN