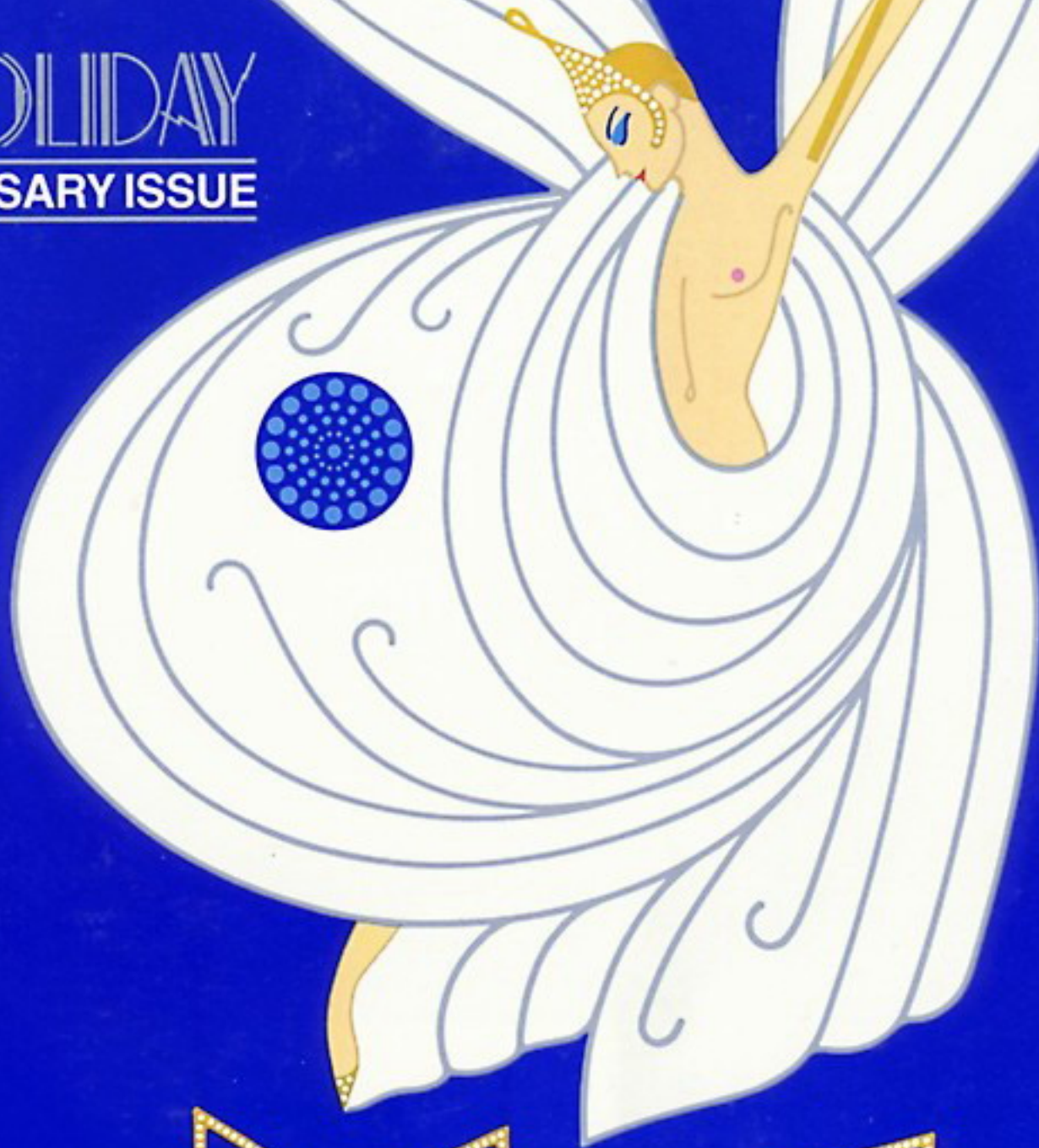


PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1987 • \$4.50

HOLIDAY
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



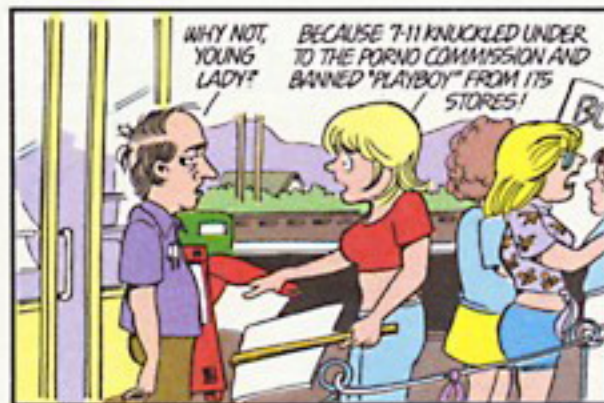
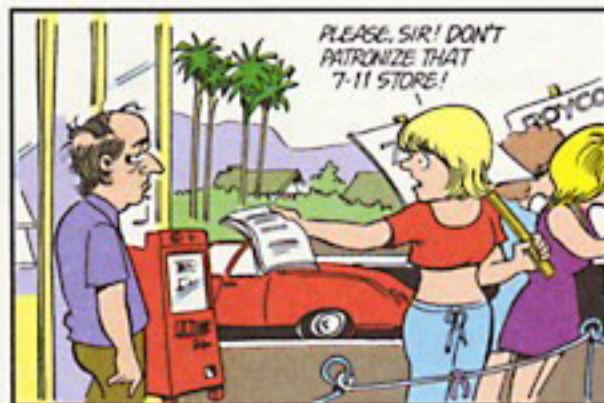
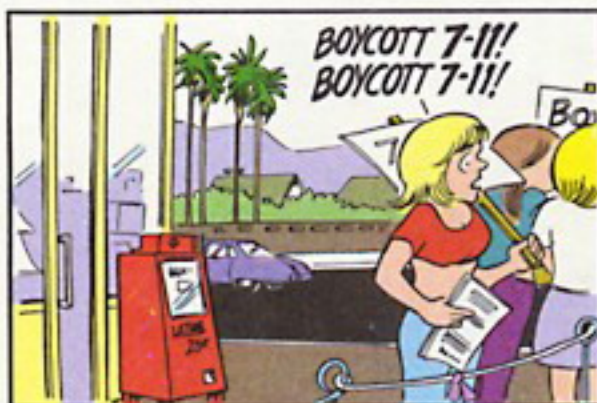
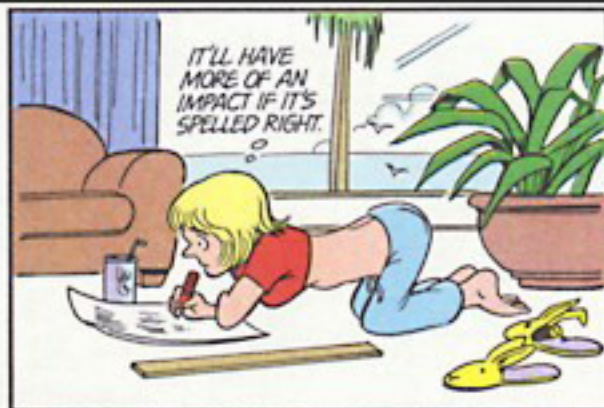
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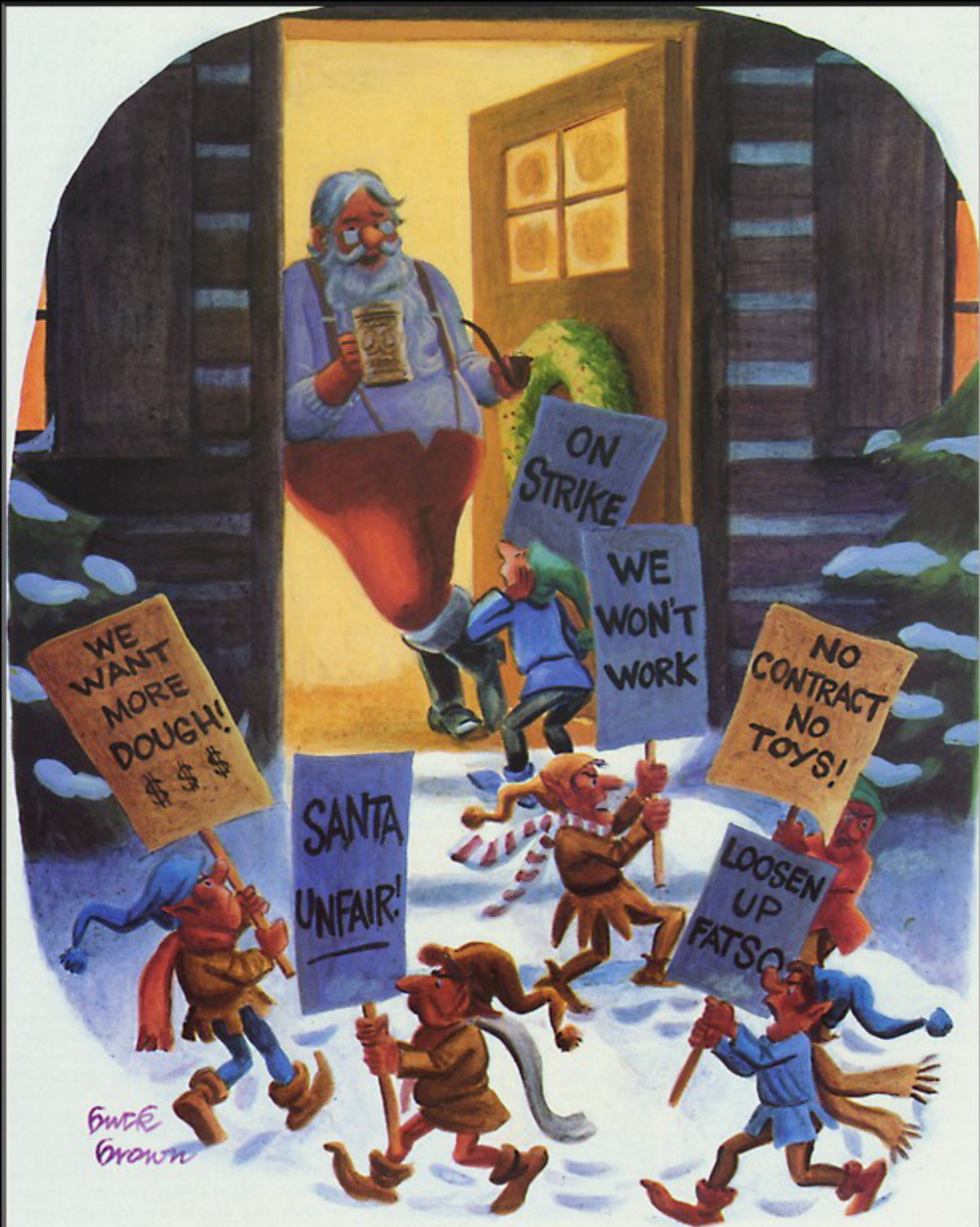
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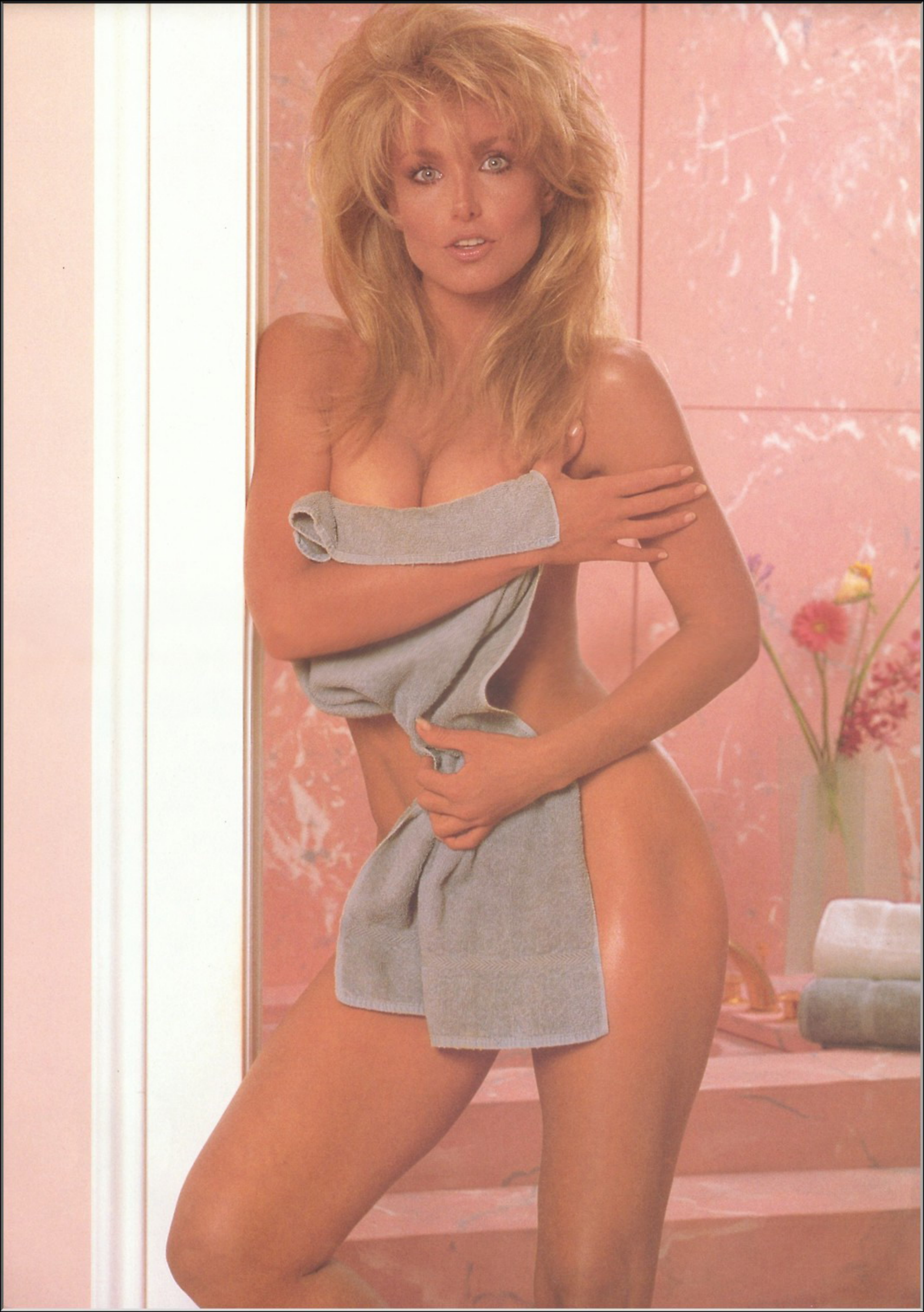
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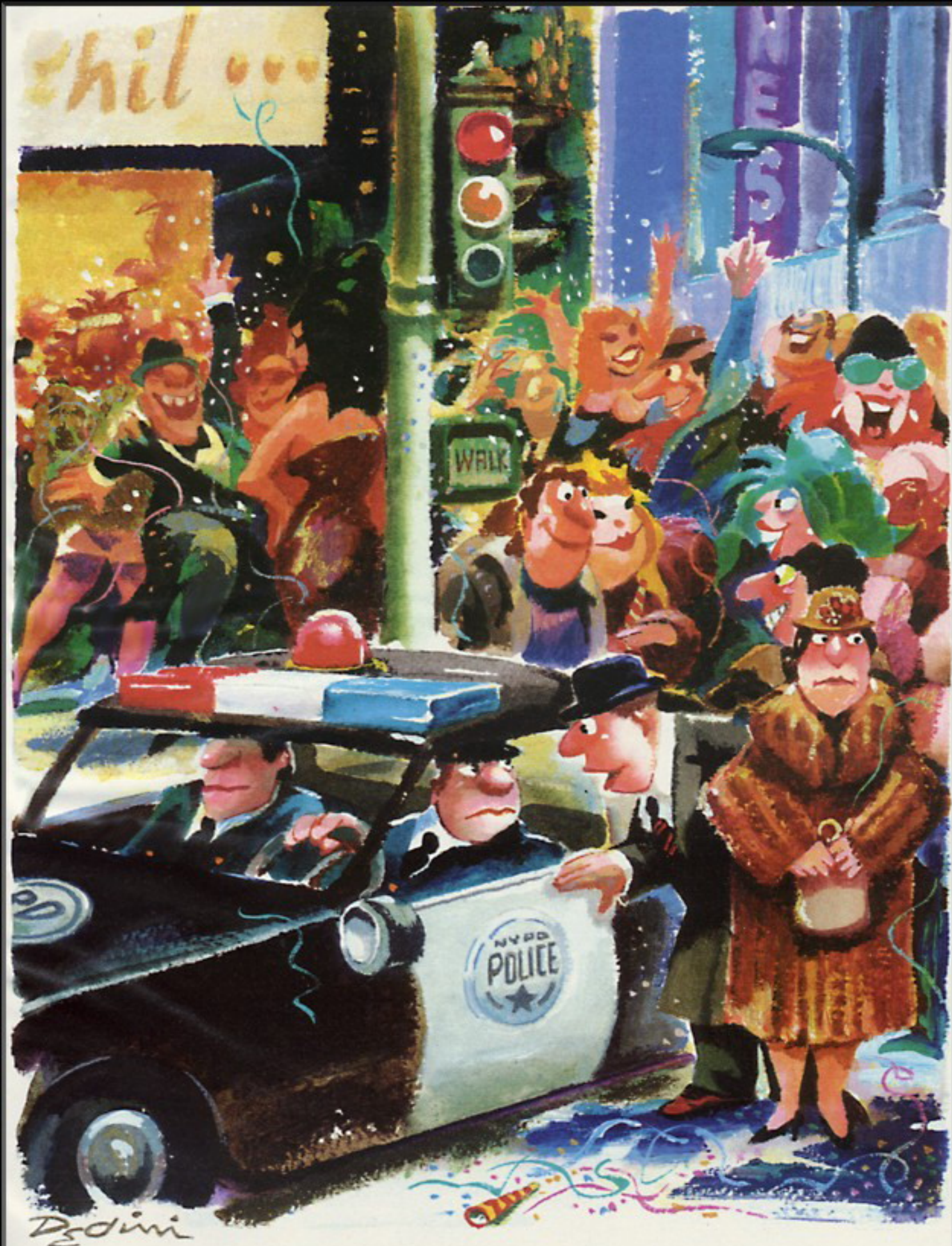


"I said I've decided to have all the shit made in Taiwan!"

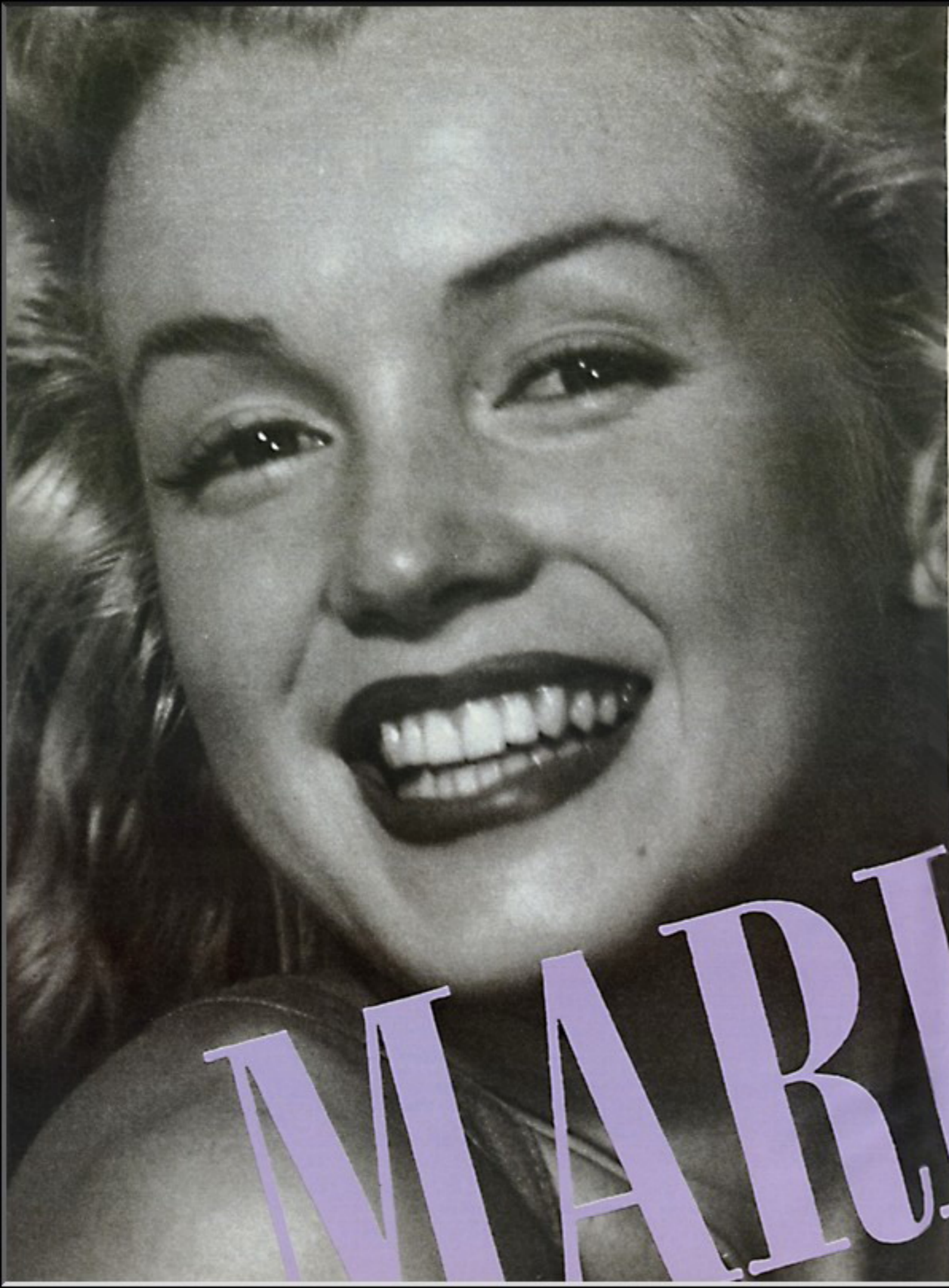


THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





"Get Ed Meese on your radio—all these people must be breaking some laws!"



a loving tribute by Hugh M. Hefner

IT DOESN'T SEEM possible, but it has been almost a quarter of a century since Marilyn Monroe died. Marilyn and I were born the same year (1926) and we grew up in the same sexually repressive America of the Thirties and Forties. Nudity became a sym-



Calendar artist Moran and his sexiest model.

"The urge to go nude was her most public whim," reported *Time* magazine.

"I dreamed

on,' she recalled, 'and all the people there were lying at my feet.' Years later, she posed nude for Christendom's most famous calendar, and from that moment on, she was the only blonde in the world."



Our number-one cover girl.

freedom to both of us, and it played an important part in both of our lives.

When PLAYBOY published that Tom Kelley nude as our first Playmate of the Month (though we called her Sweetheart of the Month in our initial issue), the future of both the actress and the publication seemed assured and were forever after interconnected. I

wrote of her on that occasion, "She can put more sensual appeal into a simple glance or movement than any *Oomph, It, Snap, Crackle* or *Pop* girl in Hollywood's sensual history. She's as famous as Dwight

Eisenhower and Dick Tracy, and she and Dr. Kinsey



"Sweetheart of the Month."

have so monopo-

I was standing lized sex this year [1953],

up in church without any clothes some people in high places are investigating to

Marilyn Monroe

In Marilyn's hands, the simplest of props—a domino mask, a satin cape—somehow suggested an exotic mood. Here she's a torera, as captured by Moran on film and in pastels.



EARL
MORAN

make certain no antitrust laws have been bent or broken."

We continued to chronicle her career throughout the decade. In the December 1960 issue, we devoted a pictorial toast to her titled *The Magnificent Marilyn*. It included a provocative photo of her having breakfast in bed shot by Hollywood glamor photographer André de Dienes; a

sophisticated series of black-and-white stills taken by Milton Greene while she was in New York studying with Lee Strasberg; and a previously unpublished double exposure from her original nude calendar shooting that resulted when Kelley, understandably disconcerted, neglected to change film between poses.



The 19-year-old Norma Jean, who struck Moran as his best—and sexiest—model ever, was starting a career that would soon make her the most famous woman on earth.





We had been planning a December 1962 pictorial of Marilyn, shot by Lawrence Schiller and William Read Woodfield, of the nude swimming scene for the never-completed 20th Century Fox film *Something's Got to Give*, directed by George Cukor and co-starring Dean Martin. Agnes Flanagan, Marilyn's hair stylist, reported, "After she

made the swimming sequence, she asked me, 'Do you think it was in bad taste?' I told her there was nothing suggestive about it at all. Her figure was more beautiful than it had ever been. A perfect body like Marilyn's looks beautiful nude, and beauty is never vulgar. Her animal magnetism, though sometimes flamboyant, always had an appealing,



Above and on the facing page are two of artist Earl Moran's figure studies of the world's finest figure. Moran used his photos of Marilyn as guides for his celebrated calendar pastels, one of which appears at left.

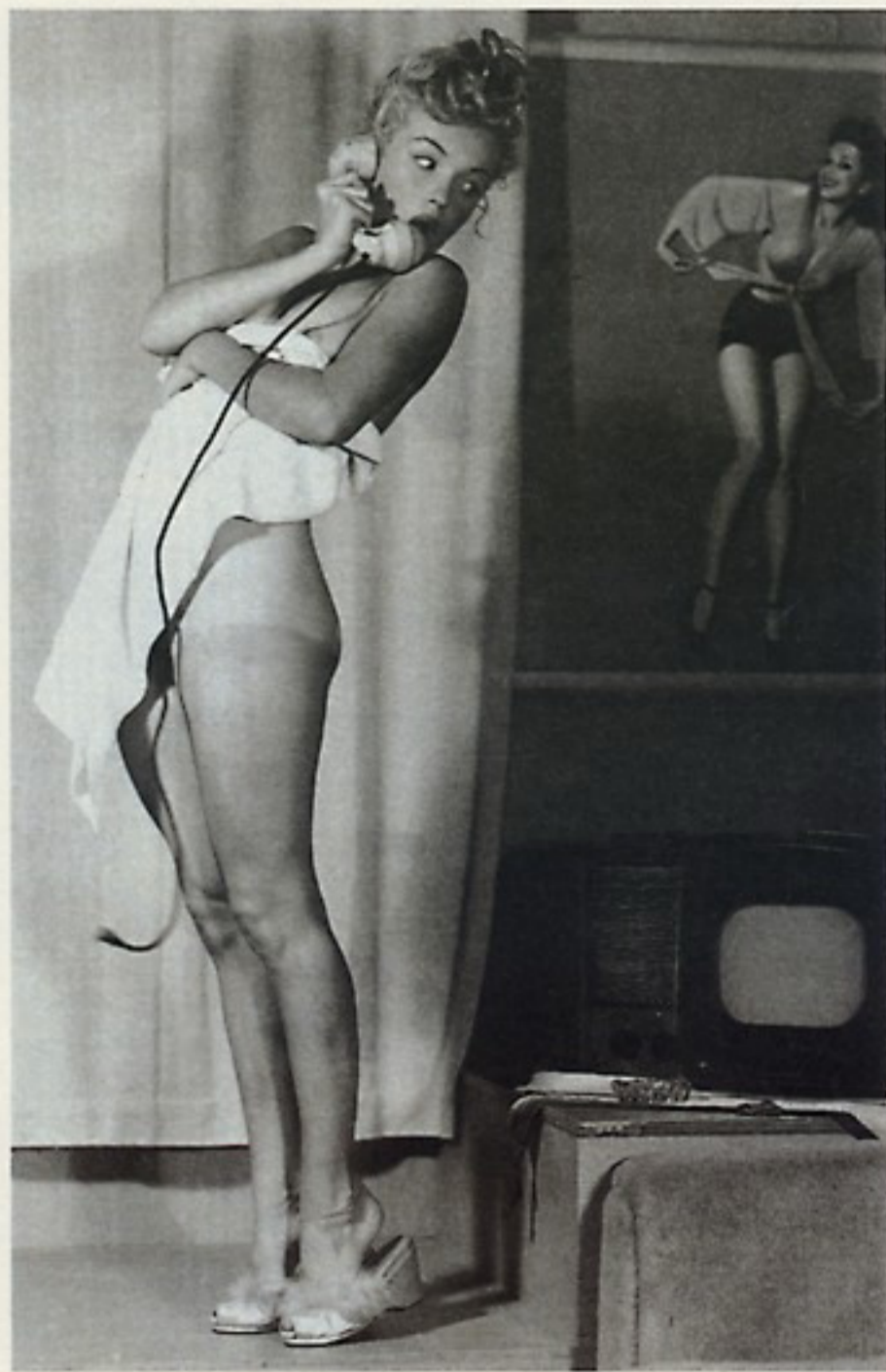
childlike quality which seemed to be poking fun at the very quality she symbolized."

I had intended to shoot a very special 1962 Christmas-issue cover of Marilyn posing with a white fur that would prove to be more revealing when the reader opened the magazine to a reverse image shot simultaneously from the



rear. Those plans never materialized, because Marilyn died of an overdose of barbiturates in August of that year.

Playmate Sheralee Connors posed for the two-sided December 1962 cover, and we postponed the nude swimming-pool pictures a year, publishing them in the January 1964 issue as part *(continued on page 214)*



Later, with the world watching, she would purr a sexy "Happy birthday" to her President, J.F.K., marry two famous men, win respect as actress and comedienne; but Marilyn's career began in the studio of Earl Moran.







MARILYN Above, Earl Moran's vision of Marilyn Monroe with nothing on but the TV; on the reverse side, the famous Tom Kelley calendar photo that appeared in PLAYBOY's first issue, December 1953.



MARILYN

(continued from page 94)

of a 14-page tribute titled *MM Remembered*, which included a reprint of the original *PLAYBOY* calendar pose and a striking semi-abstract portrait of her painted by Willem de Kooning during the period of his world-famous *Woman* series.

In the years that followed her death, Marilyn Monroe's stature and fame simply increased throughout America and the world.

Clark Gable remarked during the filming of *The Misfits*, which proved to be the last film that either of them would complete, "She's something different to each man, blending somehow the things he seems to require most."

Billy Wilder, who had directed her in *Some Like It Hot*, observed, "There will never be another one like her. . . . She had flesh which photographs like flesh. You feel you can reach out and touch it."

"Flesh impact" is Wilder's term for the effect. In *Some Like It Hot*, released in 1959, her impact was all at once incendiary and luminescent. Similarly, for soul impact, Wilder and his writing partner, I.A.L. Diamond, gave Marilyn the most elegiac line of her career: "Story of my life—I always get the fuzzy end of the lollipop." Norman Mailer, in his artful biography, likened her psyche at that moment to a "fragile shell." He wrote, "She is in the unendurable position of protecting an exquisite sensitivity which has been pricked, tickled, twisted, squashed and tortured for nearly all of her life." As she throatily boop-boop-a-doos her way through the tune *I Want to Be Loved by You*, her vulnerability is in full view. Wilder said of this performance, "When Monroe is on the screen, the audience cannot keep their eyes off her."

The celebrated photographer Philippe Halsman articulated the Monroe photogenic appeal this way: "Her inferiority complex, her pathetic, almost childlike need for security are the very things that made her irresistible." Sir Laurence Olivier, her co-star in *The Prince and the Showgirl*, noted that she was "happy as a child when being photographed."

The observations are valuable. On an ethereal level, her relationship with the camera may well have been the only fulfilling one she knew. In her unfinished autobiography, Marilyn recalled her earliest nude-modeling experiences: "Sitting naked in front of a camera and striking joyous poses reminded me of the dreams I used to have as a child."

Her childhood, as we've seen belabored elsewhere, was disconsolate. She never met her father, barely knew her mentally unbalanced mother and, in a futile attempt to discover herself, was married—albeit briefly—at the age of 16. She longed to emulate her idol Jean Harlow and was deeply bereaved by the star's death. Ironically, the cinematographer

who shot her first Fox screen test said of Norma Jean Dougherty (nee Mortenson, a.k.a. Baker), "She radiated sex like Jean Harlow." Throughout her life, she craved attention and drew it implicitly. Marveled a press agent, "She had such magnetism that if 15 men were in a room with her, each man would be convinced he was the one she'd be waiting for after the others left."

Beginning in 1946, when she was 19 and a hungry ingénue with the Blue Book Modeling Agency in Los Angeles, Norma Jean became a regular visitor to the Sunset Strip studio of the calendar artist Earl Moran, who, along with George Petty and Alberto Vargas, elevated the pinup to high art. He created his work by first photographing his models, and then, based on the print he found most provocative, he etched a charcoal outline to be fleshed in with pastels. The final sketches were both whimsical and coyly suggestive, a combination evocative of the tame prurience that tweaked America in those more innocent times.

PLAYBOY recently discovered a remarkable trove of never-before-published Moran photographs, seminude portraits of Norma Jean that predate the famous Kelley nude-calendar shooting. Over four years, posing almost monthly at the rate of ten dollars per hour (each session lasted two hours), she and Moran captured moments so indelible and engaging that it is a wonder they have never previously emerged in their original form. Here she demonstrates a visceral ebullience that perhaps tells more about her difficult youth than do the reams of ponderous psychoanalysis manufactured every year since her death. There is an unshackled, euphoric quality on display in these pictures. We hear stories of how young Norma Jean was an astute study as a model. She asked innumerable questions of her photographers, intricate questions about the emotional nuances achievable in the poses she struck. She would then immediately concentrate her sensuous magnetism before the cameras.

"Emotionally, she did everything right. She expressed just what I wanted," Moran has said. "Her movements, her hands, her body were just perfect."

If her life, as has been suggested, was an endless yearning for approval, her sessions with Moran and all of her other photographers must have felt positively liberating. Mailer wrote, "She becomes the artist when she takes a pose: She paints the picture into the camera, and few photographers will fail to pay her homage."

"I liked my body," she would later write. "People have curious attitudes about nudity, just as they have about sex. Nudity and sex are the most commonplace things in the world. Yet people often act as if they were things that existed only on Mars. I thought of such matters as I posed. . . ."

Her professionalism in posing is a

theme that resonates. It was a passionate exercise for her, one she conducted with conscientious self-scrutiny and astonishing poise. "I'll focus on her," lensman Earl Theisen explained, "and then, looking in the finder, I can actually see the sex blossoming out, like it was a flower. If I'm in a hurry and want to shoot too quickly, she'll say, 'Earl, you shot it too quick. It won't be right. Let's do it over.'"

Gloria Steinem recently contributed to the ever-burgeoning speculative necrology of Marilyn Monroe with an insightful and unique biography. Attempting to conjure an alternative life for this promising woman had she not become a sex goddess, Steinem postulates, "A student, lawyer, teacher, artist, mother, grandmother, defender of animals, rancher, homemaker, sportswoman, rescuer of children—all these are futures we can imagine for Norma Jean." (Note: The addition of the E was an affectation Marilyn adopted as a model, perhaps in an effort to glamorize herself.)

The impulse to fantasize over what might have been, however intriguing, seems to unnecessarily denigrate what she actually was. Marilyn Monroe did, at some point and in every sense, swallow Norma Jean whole. Her identity quavered privately, but stardom was always her dream. She bolstered a sorrowful life by inventing a new one for herself. Marilyn was self-created, exultantly so, and she always understood the implications of the creation.

"I have always had a talent for irritating women since I was 14," she wrote, essaying a mixture of dismay and pride. "When I see women frowning in my direction and cutting me up among themselves, I really feel sorry—not for them but for their menfolk. I have a feeling that such women are poor lovers and sexual cripples. The only thing they are able to give a man is a guilt complex."

It was her modeling, in fact, that sparked Hollywood's interest. She had briefly fretted for her steadily rising acting career when the Kelley calendar nude became public knowledge. "I thought this

would push me into the cold again," she recalled. Her fears were instantly allayed; the nude was integral in her glimmering ascendance in Hollywood. The actual upshot: "Everybody in the studio wanted me as a star in his movie. I finally went into *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and, after that, *How to Marry a Millionaire*. I liked the fact that I was important in making them a great financial success and that my studio cleaned up a fortune, despite that its chief had considered me unphotogenic. . . . I liked the raise I finally received to \$1200 a week."

Newspaperman and screenwriter Ben Hecht cannily asserted after her death, at a time when the film community was fraught with guilt, "Marilyn had been wrecked by the circumstances of her life since the age of five. The truth about Marilyn Monroe is that she was saved by Hollywood. Fame saved her. The spotlight beating on her 24 hours a day made the world seem livable to her. . . . It was the only world in which she could thrive. The real world held only hobgoblins for her, terrors that harried her nights."

A producer, she related in her memoirs, once brusquely advised her, "All you have to do is to be Marilyn Monroe." Yet nothing could have possibly been more challenging or intangible. More than any other figure in show-business history, she was, and is, a symbol. She is the celestial enigma with which every incandescent blonde has since been (usually unfavorably) compared. Her style was both timeless and matchless, her elegance ineffable.

As Diana Trilling deftly eulogized her, "She was alive in a way not granted the rest of us. She communicated such a charge of vitality as altered our imagination of life, which is the job and wonder of art."

Marilyn was art, purely and utterly. The palpable honesty we cannot help seeing in these poses is as bracing a tribute to her dreams as we can hope to encounter. If the story of her life was, indeed, to cling to the fuzzy end of the lollipop, she left all the sweetness for the rest of us.



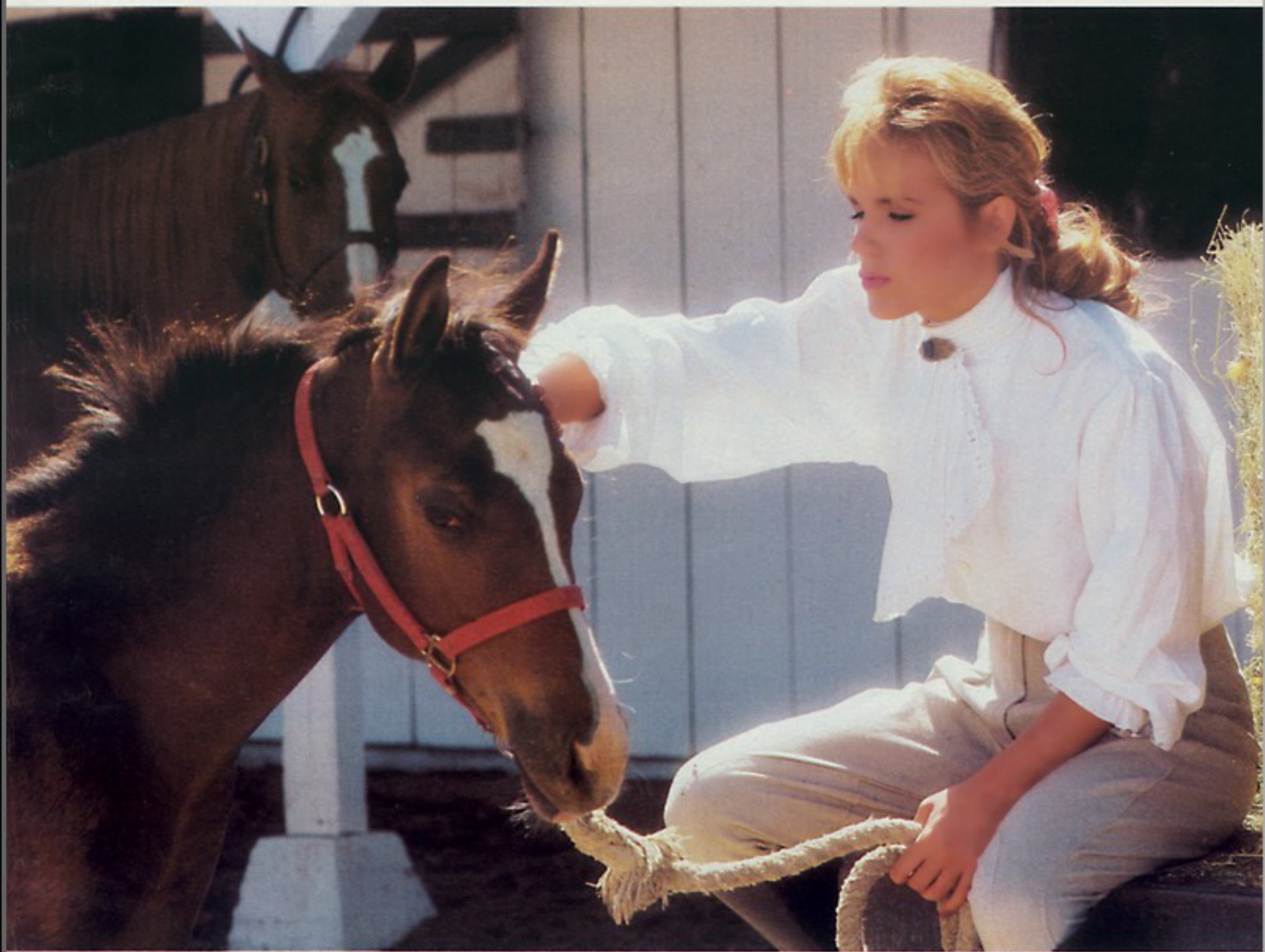


"To hell with the sands of time—I think I'll stay to breakfast!"





"I'm daring. I had to be when we shot these pictures. That horse—that big, powerful Arabian—tried to kidnap me. We jumped a few fences. But I respect power. That's a definite turn-on for me."



LUANN LEE doesn't waste time. Get a good look as she gallops past, because Miss January never occupies a space for long. A Valley girl with a Wall Street turn of mind, Luann was graduated from Thousand Oaks High School a year early (of course), then turned the full force of her attentions to the challenge of making it big, Yuppie style. She wanted to be a singer, but not a poverty-stricken one. So she got down to business first, becoming, at 21,

one of the youngest Metropolitan Life insurance agents in the company's 114-year history. She left the Met to be a national sales rep for one marketing firm, then became national marketing director for another. At which point she put money in the bank and went back to singing. Sounds easy, doesn't it? Now, at 25, she's lighting up Las Vegas' Maxim Hotel as the newest of Playboy's Girls of Rock & Roll. And she's starring—VCR owners, rejoice—in the fourth *Playboy Video Centerfold*,



"Guys who tend to sit around will just sit around when they're with you. Athletic guys tend to be athletic with you. I like that. I like to be seduced—but only by a guy who knows how to do it with finesse."



available now if you hurry. Luann makes the most of her investments, both of time and of money. Guess what she bought last month. "A hundred and twelve thousand pounds of sugar," says the fledgling commodities trader. "Sugar futures have to go up only a few pennies for me to parlay that into a chunk of money. Cotton may be next." This is the consummate late-Eighties woman. "I'm pragmatic," Luann says. "I didn't want to starve to be a singer, so I followed the business route. Now I'm singing

again. Things have worked out wonderfully. Working hard when it's worktime and playing when it's playtime—that's the way to be a Yuppie." She is actually a Yguppie—a young, gorgeous urban professional—with two bits of advice for PLAYBOY readers. The first: When you're hung over, try an Agatha Christie novel and popcorn. "This is my theory," she says. "The mystery keeps you engrossed, while the popcorn gets to your stomach and absorbs everything." The second: Bid those sugar futures up.





MISS JANUARY PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Janet Lee

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: LUANN L. LEE

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 1/28/61 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Monica, Calif.

AMBITIONS: TO BE THE BEST I CAN BE. TO BE A GENUINE, RELIABLE, SENSITIVE FRIEND. TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

TURN-ONS: EROTIC PERFUME, SENSUOUS CLOTHING, LAUGHTER, POWER, A GOOD LISTENER, CLASS.

TURN-OFFS: NARROW-MINDED PEOPLE, INDECISION, PEOPLE OF WEAK CHARACTER.

EXTRACURRICULAR PURSUITS: SINGING, BARGAIN SHOPPING, READING MURDER MYSTERIES, CLASSICAL MUSIC.

FAVORITE FOODS: PASTA, VEGETABLES, ALL THAI FOOD.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: BETTE MIDLER, JOHNNY CARSON, STEVE PERRY, AL JARREAU, CHAKA KHAN.

FAVORITE INVESTMENTS: A RELATIONSHIP WITH A GOOD MAN! REAL ESTATE, FAITH IN GOD, COMMODITIES MARKET.

IDEAL MAN: SENSE OF HUMOR, DIRECTION, UNDERSTANDING, INTEGRITY, SEXY, HANDSOME, CONVERSATIONALIST.



PLAYING IN THE WATER at the age of 16



FIRST MODELING JOB - age 24



PLAYBOY'S GIRLS OF ROCK & ROLL

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The English nobleman returned home unexpectedly and surprised his wife receiving the energetic attentions of her lover. The enraged husband reached for his shotgun and aimed it at the encroacher. Just then, the gentleman's butler touched him on the shoulder. "Remember, you're a sportsman, sir," he whispered. "Get him on the rise."

"I'm not saying my date was an airhead or anything," a guy told his roommate, "but she thought nirvana was where *Wheel of Fortune* contestants stand."



A couple matched by a dating service began their introduction by phone. After ten minutes of conversation, the fellow said, "I'm nine inches long and four inches around. Interested?"

"Interested?" she replied. "I'm *fascinated*. So how big's your dick?"

Three bulls were grouching about the expected arrival of a fourth one. The first bull raged that he had been on the ranch for 20 years and had 20 cows and was not about to give up a single one to the newcomer. The second bull, with ten cows, insisted that he wasn't giving up any of his, and the third bull, with five cows, wasn't budging, either.

The next day, a truck pulled up and the rancher led out the biggest, blackest, meanest bull the others had ever seen.

"Well," said the first bull, "twenty cows are really a strain. He can have some of mine."

"Ten are really too much for me, too," said the second.

The third bull, however, stood kicking up dirt and snorting. The two others looked at him as if he were crazy and one said, "Look, five cows aren't worth getting beaten up for."

"To hell with the cows," the third said. "I just want him to know I'm a bull."

Let me slip into something more comfortable," the fashion model purred to her new boyfriend. Returning a moment later in the nude, she assumed a runway pose and asked, "How does it look?"

"Honey," he said approvingly, "on you it looks good."

We're told that the unofficial police term for a two-bit hooker is a quarter-pounder.

As a young executive parked his car in a singles-condominium parking lot, he heard a whistle. Looking up, he saw a stunning redhead beckon him from a third-floor balcony. She called seductively for him to join her in apartment 313. Barely believing his luck, the young man rushed into the building and up in the elevator. The woman greeted him in a sheer black negligee and offered him a martini. As they sat on her sofa, she began to rub his leg suggestively and, in response to his obvious state of excitement, told him to make himself more comfortable. When the flushed young man had removed his stiff penis from his trousers, she asked if she could touch it. When he nodded in approval, she smacked it with her hand and said, "Maybe *that'll* teach you never to park in my spot again!"

You think *your* wife's a lousy cook," the banker said, wolfing down a plateful of complimentary hors d'oeuvres at a local tavern. "*Mine* uses the smoke detector as a timer."



Two girls were walking along the road when a toad croaked, "Kiss me and I'll turn into a handsome Texas oilman."

One of the girls stooped over, picked the toad up and stuffed it into her purse.

"Aren't you going to kiss him?" the other asked in amazement.

"Texas oilmen ain't worth a hoot these days," she explained, "but a talkin' toad's worth a fortune."

An elderly man walked into the church and took a seat in a confessional.

"Father," he said, "I am making love twice a day to an eighteen-year-old girl."

"Mr. Solomon, you're Jewish," the priest replied. "Why are you telling *me*?"

"I'm telling everyone!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



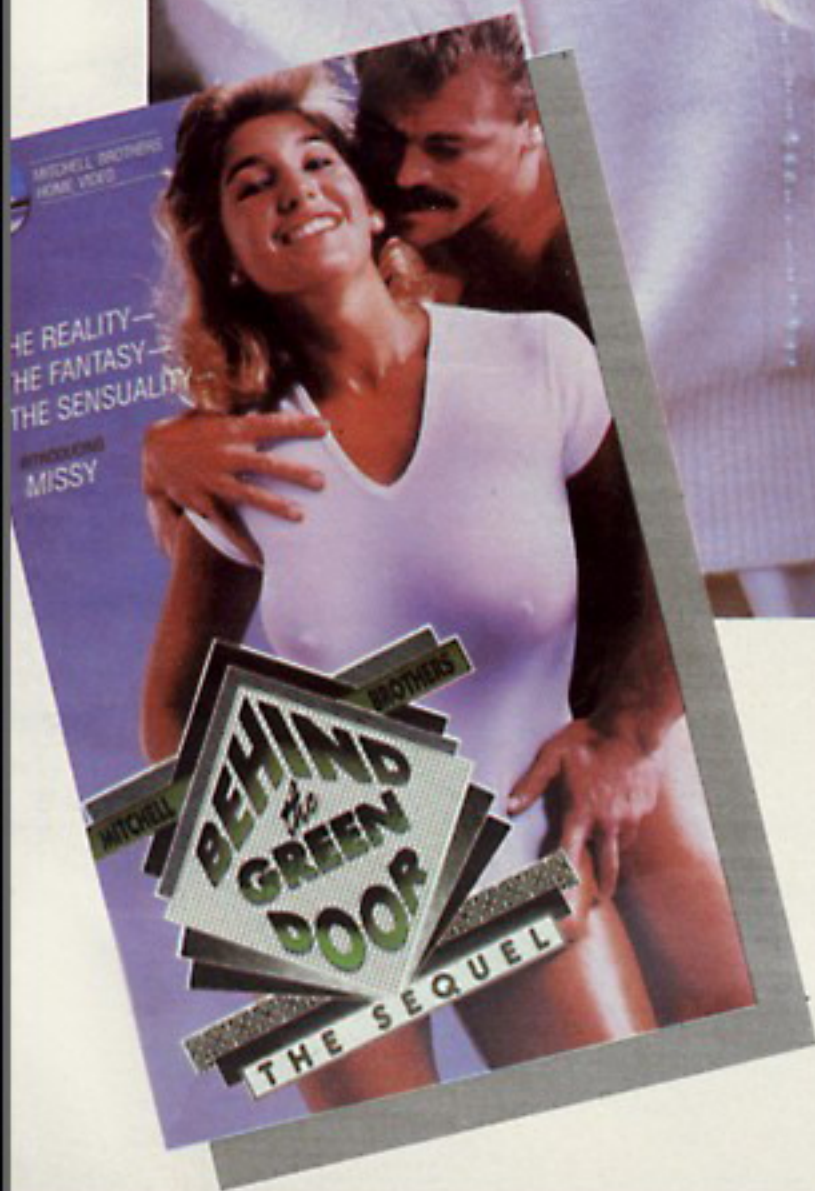
JOHN
DEMPSY

"You told me to stay sober to drive you home safely, and I am, aren't I?"



Meet Missy, Republican Porn Star!

surprise: the star of the x-rated *behind the green door—the sequel* is a sweet girl with impeccable g.o.p. credentials



In an unusual career move, the former Elisa Florez of Senator Orrin Hatch's staff has become a porn star called Missy in *Behind the Green Door—The Sequel* (left). "When I worked for Senator Hatch, I was very drab-looking," she says, illustrating her point with a photo from the Senator's 1982 campaign (top right). "Now I'm a sumptuous new person."

NOT LONG AGO, Elisa Florez was stumping for Ronald Reagan as a diligent Republican National Committee operative and working the phones in the office of conservative Utah Senator Orrin Hatch, a strait-laced Mormon. Today, she can be seen on video screens across America, being ravished by hooped and hairy-thighed man-beasts and a



Behind a different set of green doors, Missy poses for these exclusive PLAYBOY photos. She arrived in our Chicago office for her shooting carrying an armload of attractively packaged safe-sex samplers, which she handed out to staffers. "We all have to have a social conscience when it comes to having sex nowadays," she said, sounding—not surprisingly—rather like a politician on the campaign trail.



swarm of lusty vestal virgins wielding industrial-strength vibrators. For Elisa Florez has lately become Missy, star of the campy "safe sex" porn film *Behind the Green Door—The Sequel*, the follow-up to the 1972 X-rated classic. What do we have here? Another wholesome girl from the heartland, corrupted by drugs and sold into the flesh trade? Don't bet on it, says 24-year-old Florez, who prefers the moniker Missy. She insists that she is still a political activist, but now she campaigns for freedom of sexual expression and the judicious use of latex in the age of AIDS. "You've heard of Reagan's freedom fighter? I am," declares Missy in her characteristically blunt but sweet way, "a freedom fucker." America is a land of born-again and quick-change artists. We are all well acquainted by now with the stories of the virile athlete, the holier-than-thou Congressman, the celebrity drug fiend who suddenly changes his sex, confesses his craving for boys, finds God—or does

Will Missy become known as the new Marilyn Chambers, who made the original *Green Door*? "Marilyn is incredibly beautiful and very sexy, and she did something outstanding when porn was socially unacceptable," she says. "But she's an individual and so am I, so you can't make a comparison. She and I might make an R film together, though. I won't make another X-rated one; I've made my statement."







"From now on, you guys take your orders from me, see?"



B

JANE SEYMOUR

NCHANTRESS

ONCE THE WICKED
QUEEN OF TV DRAMA,
OUR HEROINE CASTS
A BEAUTIFUL SPELL

By **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**



Whether she's wetting down (as at left) or climbing the storied walls of her stately home in Bath (above), Lady Jane shows photographer Richard Fegley the inimitable style that moved one admiring director to call her "a dangerous actress."

HER BEWITCHINGLY wicked portrayals of a string of naughty ladies have cinched Jane Seymour's title as the queen of the miniseries and made-for-TV movie. One critic dubbed her "the epitome of evil" in ABC's memorable *East of Eden*, from which she segued to roles as Hemingway's racy Lady Brett Ashley in *The Sun Also Rises*, as identical twins (one a psychotic) in *Dark Mirror*, TV's remake of an Olivia de Havilland classic, and as a predatory sexual adventuress in last year's *Crossings* (a girl so bad, says Jane, "she makes Alexis on *Dynasty* look good"). Next: a stunning change of pace as Sir John Gielgud's niece in Herman Wouk's *War and Remembrance*, a sequel to *The Winds of War*. It's the role originated by Ali MacGraw, and ABC and I are betting on Jane to wow 'em in the lavish 30-hour follow-up, which promises to be the most costly in TV history.

Taking a page from her own book, *Jane Seymour's Guide to Romantic Living*, milady (right and opposite) sashays in and out of a gown created for her by London designer David Emanuel. For television, Jane assumes other selves in the miniseries *Crossings* (below, with Lee Horsley) and in the upcoming, monumental *War and Remembrance* (at bottom).



During a hiatus from the arduous shooting schedule of *War and Remembrance*, Jane returned for R&R to St. Catherine's Court, the sumptuous English manor house she shares with husband David Flynn and their two children. There, Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley and *PLAYBOY*'s West Coast Photo Editor, Marilyn Grabowski, found her surrounded by family, friends, horses, antiques and her highly prized costume collection—all accouterments of the romantic living about which she could, and *did*, write the book. The Flynn's other home, in California, is so splendidly stylish that *Architectural Digest* paid them a visit there last summer. A Harley Street gynecologist's daughter who began her career as a dancer with the prestigious Kirov Ballet, Jane was forced by a knee injury to stop dancing; she took up acting instead. Moviegoers will recall her, at 22, as the virtuous Solitaire to Roger Moore's 007 in *Live and Let Die*. She languished for a while in such potboilers as *Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders* until her luminous star quality began to glimmer in *Somewhere in Time*, opposite Christopher (*Superman*) Reeve.



Lounging at home from balustrade to bed, like a Victorian vixen or any of the classic heroines she seems a natural to play, Jane luxuriates (here and overleaf) in heaps of gauzy finery by Emanuel, who also designs regal trifles for Princess Di.



Now firmly established as a bicontinental love goddess, Jane declares herself mellowed by marriage and motherhood, though she's still determined, ambitious and self-sufficient. "I'm capable of doing everything by myself, but . . . I like having a mate and I like it to be a man, *and* I like him to be manly." As a financial consultant to top showbiz personalities (including Goldie Hawn and Warren Beatty), husband David, who wed her while she was playing Constanze in Broadway's *Amadeus*, handsomely fills the bill. What we see is what Flynn gets, a face and figure that prompted one smitten cinematographer to rave, "Wow . . . if Bo Derek is a ten, this lady is a ten and a half." Hard to believe

she ever portrayed "a female monster" in a TV *Frankenstein*, but that's just more evidence to support the theory that when she's bad, she is very, very exciting, highlighting her exceptional beauty with subtle bitchiness, like a latter-day Bette Davis or Joan Crawford. When she's good, she is also pretty impressive, and the new Wouk maxiseries should prove the point from Beverly Hills to Bangladesh. She takes it all in stride, scorning reminders that her huge successes on the tube far outstrip the big-screen movies she has left for dead. Her eloquent riposte: "Most feature films today are for 17-year-olds, prize fighters and vigilantes . . . the best roles are in TV." And England's unplain Jane has a richly earned reputation for playing them.





MAX, HAVE WE GOT A GIRL FOR YOU!

we zapped 20 minutes into the future to come up with the one thing max headroom *doesn't* have

NOW THAT you've just read all about his successes, you probably think that Max Headroom's got it all, right? Not quite.

Despite his charming exterior, Max, it appears, is a loner: no computer-generated babe to gently charge his electrofield; no companion with whom to share program time once the test pattern has clicked on for the night. Nobody, that is, until now. After all,

even Frankenstein had a bride. And Pee-wee had a big adventure. We figured Max should have a compatible interface. She'd have to be everything Max is, of course—smirky, quirky, a bit plastic-looking. But, more in keeping with the PLAYBOY tradition, she'd have to be beautiful.

So here she is, ladies and gentlemen of the airwaves—turn on to Maxine Legroom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

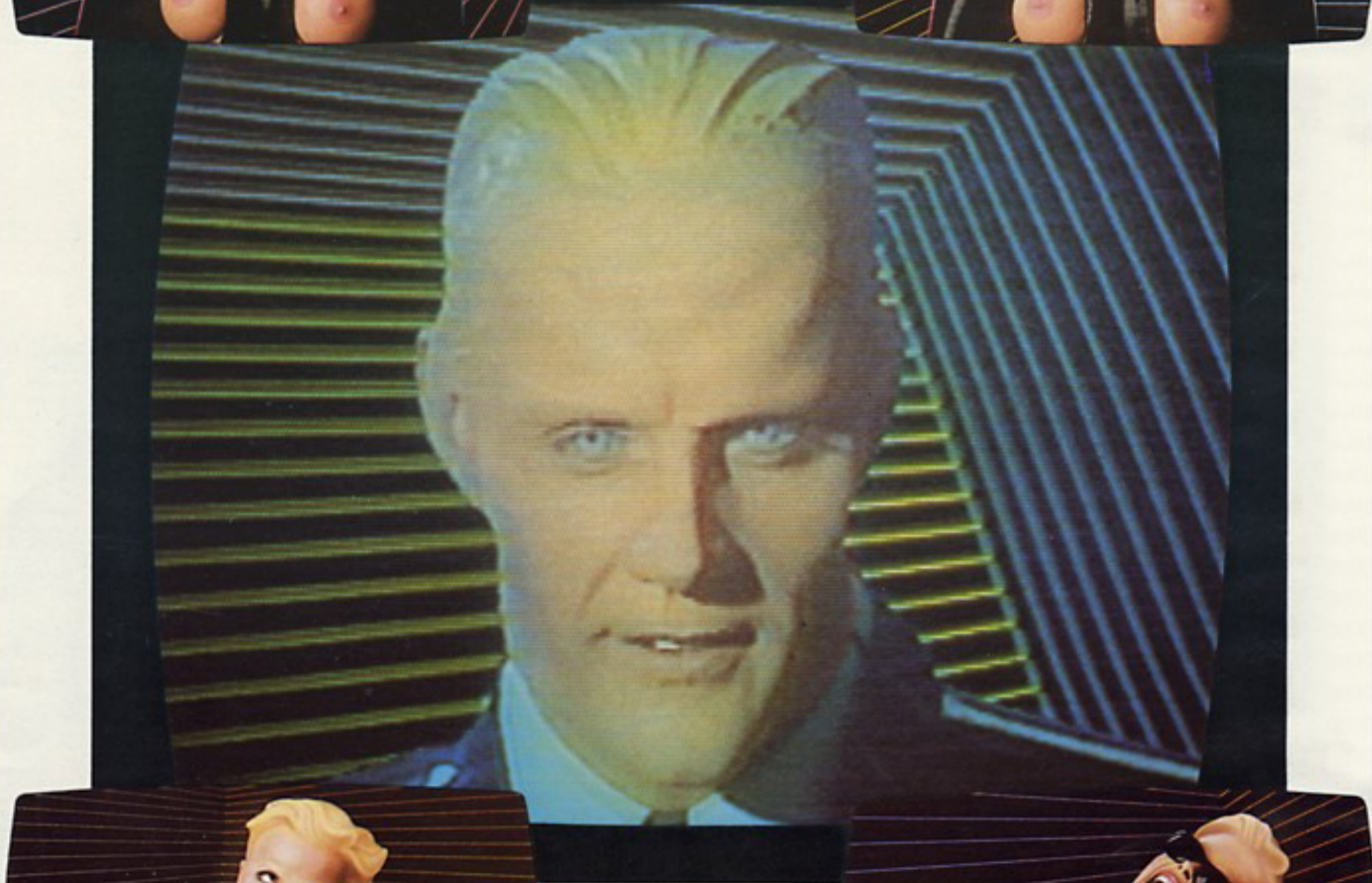
PRODUCED BY KERIG POPE/MAKEUP BY ART ANTHONY/WARDROBE BY BRENDA JOHNSON/KALIBRÉ JEWELRY, COURTESY OF POMPIAN



MAXINE: "It's great to be *PLAYBOY*'s first computer-generated Playmate. And I can hardly wait to go on line with Max Headroom. I'd like to mangle his mainframe and interface my floppy function with his hardware. Oh, gosh, did I actually say that?"



MAXINE: "If I met Max? Gee, I don't know. First thing, my tint would probably go completely red. Then my vertical would zap out a whack. But once I'd warmed up, our joint reception should be compatible. I've got binaries he'd love to take a byte of."



MAXINE: "Max has proved that there *is* a future in TV. And when I say in TV, I mean *in* TV. I don't plan to model my career after his, mind you. I may be more user-friendly than he is. But for the time being, you can tell the press we're on the same wave length."

MAXINE: "My mom is behind me 100 percent. She's one of those solid, state-of-the-art model parents who believe that kids should tune in and turn on whatever and whenever they want. My dad's different. He sees things only in black and white."

MAXINE LEGROOM

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MINUTE



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Maxine Legroom

BUST, WAIST, HIPS, HEIGHT, WEIGHT: Vary
with mood and screen size.

BIRTH DATE: Yesterday.

BIRTHPLACE: Industrial Lust & Magic.

AMBITION: To be reprogrammed as the first
3-D hologram foldout.

TURN-ONS: Laser massages, electrical storms,
high-tech lingerie.

TURN-OFFS: Hackers, signal scramblers,
guys who dump their programs
with a single stroke.

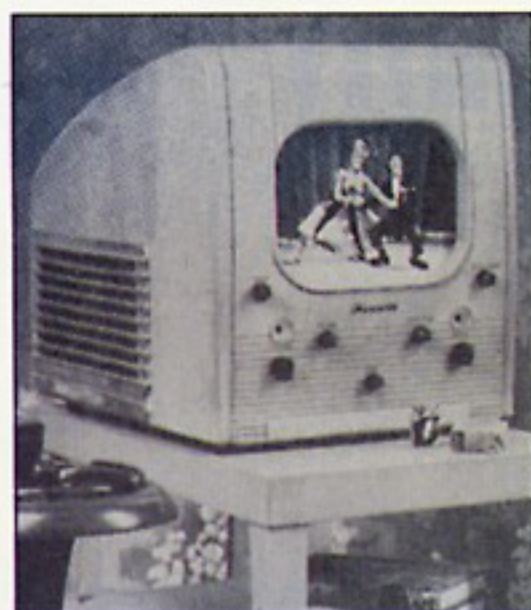
FAVORITE BOOKS: What's a book?

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Betty Boop, Barbarella, the Jetsons.

FAVORITE SPORT: People watching.

IDEAL MAN: Max Headroom from the neck down.

SECRET FANTASY: To spend an evening in
Paul Shaffer's synthesizer.



1943/My earliest incarnation, as a V-2 scientist's synthetic polka partner.



1984/My first close-up. Hair of the dog!



Late 1984/The basement tapes--my programmer finally finds my boobs!

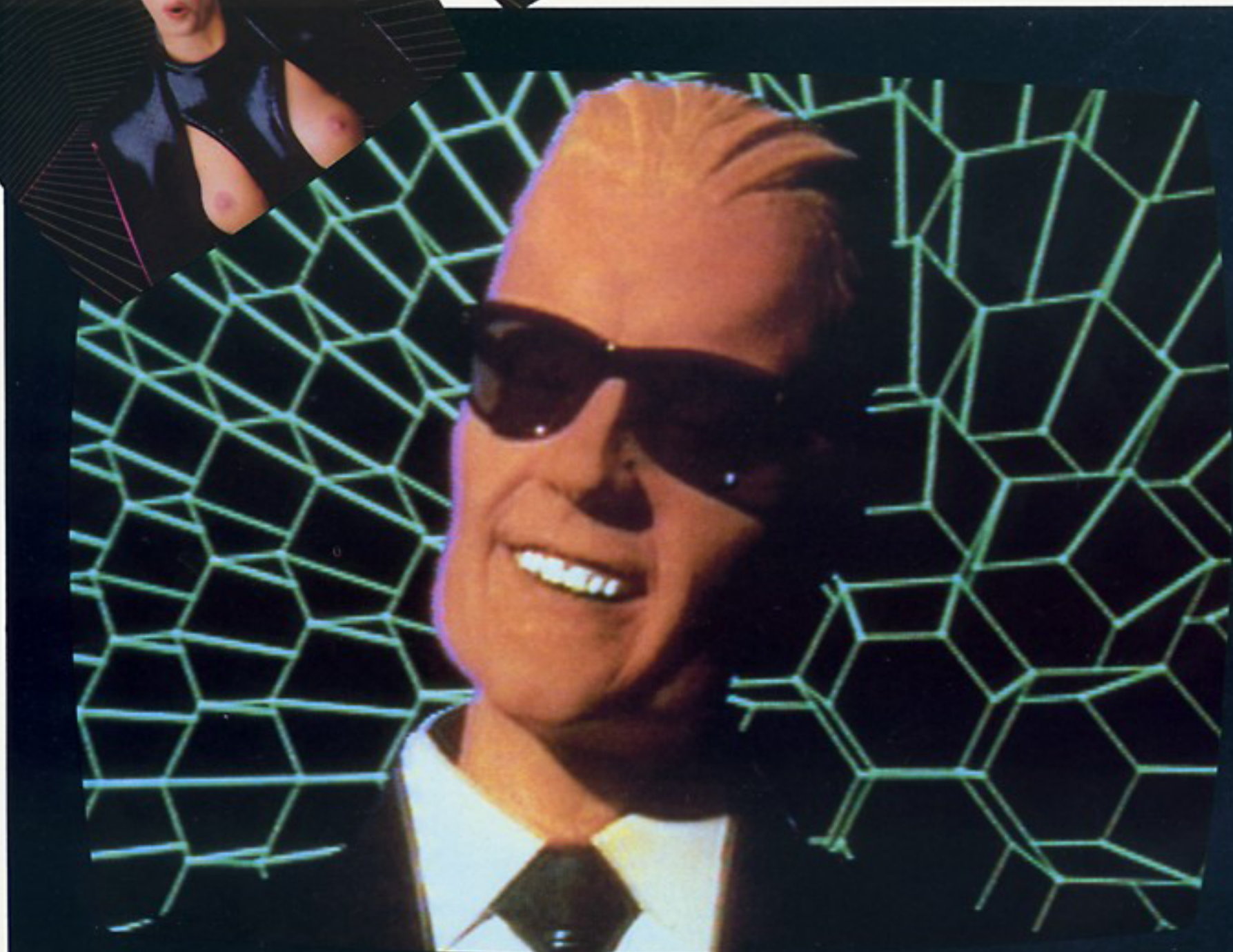
MAXINE: "Beneath my state-of-the-art skin beats a good old-fashioned Midwestern analog. I don't believe in computer dating. Or dating computers. I'm advanced; that's not the same as fast. No print-outs on the first date: I want to know where a guy's modem has been. Sure, peripherals are important. But till you've sifted his data base—as they say, garbanzo in, garbanzo gas out. No way I'm going through life as a half-hour episode in Max's career."

"d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-..."

"d-d-d-d-dore Max Headroom!"

"I ad-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-..."

MAXINE: "I've always known that I was a little, well, *older* than most girls my age. Twenty minutes, to be exact. So when Max came along, I knew he was the man for me. The way I figure it, he has opened the door for future computer-generated generations. Now, if someone would introduce us."







Miss October

1-900-720-0070

Since her centerfold appeared, Katherine Hushaw (left) has taken up a career as a still photographer. She also visited the National Gallery of Art "to be face to face with paintings by Georgia O'Keeffe, my favorite artist." She says of O'Keeffe, who died last year at 98, "I want to live that long and be surfing up to the last minute."

Miss November

1-900-720-2160

Donna Edmondson (right) made her first trip to New York City, to be interviewed by the *Times*, and came away impressed. "It's so big; the buildings are so tall. I jogged along the East River and visited the UN headquarters, but I didn't see nearly enough. I want to go back for a shopping spree—that's every woman's dream, I guess."

Miss August

1-900-720-1076

Ava Fabian (left) has been busy acting in films (*The Whoopee Boys* and *Terminal Exposure*) and rock videos (including one for Olivia Newton-John) and promoting the latest album of her favorite band, Cheap Trick. Oh, yes—someone stole the hubcaps off her 1966 Mustang. "Whoever you are, guys, please return them."





Miss March

1-900-720-2660

"It's been a great year," says Kim Morris. "I modeled for a poster, but when a feminist protested, it was banned from San Francisco's BART system. Then I was named a spokesperson for a chain of 24-hour fitness spas and also for a company that makes hunting scents and lures. To top it off, I got married."



Miss February

1-900-720-4720

Julie McCullough has moved from Texas to Hollywood, and "out here, my modeling career has taken off." So has her love life. She's been dating actor Scott Baio and has received "very nice fan mail" from a couple of N.F.L. football players. However, says Julie, "I'm not really into huge guys." Luckily for Scott.



Miss May

1-900-720-6300

Christine Richters (right) says becoming a Playmate led to her being reunited with her father, whom she hadn't seen for 16 years. "A guy in the city clerk's office found my birth certificate, ran it through a computer and wrote telling me where I might find my dad. I called him and we're getting reacquainted, thanks to PLAYBOY."

Miss January

1-900-720-7292

After her centerfold appeared, Sherry Arnett (left) became a poster girl for Michelob Light beer. The perks: "I get to travel a lot and all the beer I can drink." She has also "been traveling like crazy to about 75 cities" promoting her Playmate video (our first), which made it to number three on *Billboard's* chart and went platinum.

Miss April

1-900-720-9606

Teri Weigel (right) landed lead roles in two films, *High Heels* and *The Light on the Shore*, and her centerfold video roamed the charts for 18 weeks, peaking at number six. When we talked, she'd just returned from Monte Carlo, performing in *Playboy's Hit Parade*. While there, she dated Monaco's Prince Albert.





Miss December

1-900-210-1222

When we checked in with Laurie Carr, she'd returned from a vacation in Mexico, where she'd been priming her tan for a scheduled *Playboy Video Centerfold*. She'd already had two appearances in the *Fantasies* series on The Playboy Channel, and she's being considered as a 1987 cover girl.



Miss July

1-900-210-5210

Canadian readers who have already pinned up her centerfold can also find Lynne Austin on the latest posters for Schooner beer, distributed north of the border. Lynne's goal for next year is to help Hooters, the Clearwater bar she helped make famous, open several branches around the country.



Miss September

1-900-210-5577

Rebekka Armstrong (left) has been actively promoting her Playmate centerfold video (number three) and taking on a few select modeling jobs, including ones for the Playboy swimwear catalog and Frederick's of Hollywood. She also looks forward to answering her phone calls from readers: "Hey, guys, I want to hear your voices."

Miss June

1-900-720-0010

In the past few months, Rebecca Ferratti has been in demand as an actress in music videos, making appearances in half a dozen of them, including the latest from The Gap Band, Eddie Murphy and The Beach Boys. Next up are two film parts—one in *Three Amigos!*, with Chevy Chase, and another in *Gor*, with Klaus Kinski.



TOP 40 PARTY COLLEGES

a ranking by those who know best—the students themselves—
of the nation's most dedicated good-time campuses

compiled by Wayne Duvall Yes, it's cleanup time. Drinking-age limits have been raised, AIDS is scaring the bejesus out of casual sex and recreational drug abuse is, thankfully, being cracked down on. All to the good, we say. But, we wondered, how are college students reacting? Are campuses really turning into monasteries? Or is there a parallel universe out there where kids are doing what kids have always done?

We decided to poll the undergraduates themselves. Not the freshmen who've already decided which investment bank they're going to interview for—this was *social* research, folks. Over a

six-month period, we interviewed campus club leaders, dorm rush chairmen, fraternity presidents and other campus social lights at more than 250 colleges nationwide and asked them if the partying was really over. The answer, from California to Rhode Island, was "Hell, no!" We were inundated with candidates for leading party schools and then compiled this list of the top contenders.

So here, as a reminder that life goes on even in solemn times, is the definitive ranking of fun schools as selected by the students.



1. CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, Chico
2. UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI, Coral Gables
3. SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY, San Diego
4. UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, Burlington
5. SLIPPERY ROCK UNIVERSITY, Pennsylvania
6. UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT, Storrs
7. WEST VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY, Morgantown
8. PLYMOUTH STATE COLLEGE, Plymouth, New Hampshire
9. MERCER UNIVERSITY, Macon, Georgia
10. UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, Charlottesville
11. STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, Cortland
12. COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY, Fort Collins
13. ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY, Tempe
14. UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, Las Vegas
15. BOSTON UNIVERSITY, Boston
16. CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, Mount Pleasant
17. SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY, Carbondale
18. BALL STATE UNIVERSITY, Muncie, Indiana
19. OKLAHOMA STATE UNIVERSITY, Stillwater
20. CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE UNIVERSITY, New Britain
21. UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND, College Park
22. UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI, University
23. WEST GEORGIA COLLEGE, Carrollton
24. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS at Austin
25. MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, Cambridge
26. UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS, Lawrence
27. KANSAS STATE UNIVERSITY, Manhattan
28. GLASSBORO STATE COLLEGE, Glassboro, New Jersey
29. UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA, Gainesville
30. EASTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY, Richmond
31. UNIVERSITY OF IOWA, Iowa City
32. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, Norman
33. BROWN UNIVERSITY, Providence, Rhode Island
34. OHIO UNIVERSITY, Athens
35. UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS at Amherst
36. UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA, Athens
37. LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY, Baton Rouge
38. UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI/Rolla
39. REED COLLEGE, Portland, Oregon
40. FAIRHAVEN COLLEGE, Bellingham, Washington

HONORABLE MENTION

AUBURN UNIVERSITY, Alabama • CLEMSON UNIVERSITY, South Carolina • COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, New York • DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, New Hampshire • GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, Washington, D.C. • IOWA STATE UNIVERSITY, Ames • KENT STATE UNIVERSITY, Ohio • MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY, East Lansing • PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY, University Park • PURDUE UNIVERSITY, Indiana • RUTGERS UNIVERSITY, New Jersey • TRINITY COLLEGE, Connecticut • UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, Tuscaloosa • UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO AT BOULDER • UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND, Kingston • UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE AT KNOXVILLE

1. **California State, Chico:** Normal people have moved out of the area because of the partying. "It's so hot here that it'll make your skin bubble."

2. **University of Miami, Coral Gables:** Campus location a plus; students have access to (and can afford) most party refreshments. "We have sex in hot tubs. Preferably in groups."

3. **San Diego State:** The most beautiful women in California and the place that made the beach party legendary. "School is a nice thing to do between parties."

4. **University of Vermont:** Students drive Saabs with ski racks; the school boasts the most beautiful women in the East. "We'll make any excuse for a party."

5. **Slippery Rock University:** Move over, Penn State; this little school has an infamous party rep. "People here like to get naked and run around."

6. **University of Connecticut:** New England's most uncontrollable parties.

7. **West Virginia University:** Once dubbed a "quintessential party school" in Lisa Birnbach's *Colleges Book*; students claim, "Anything goes here. People think we're drunken hillbillies. They're probably right."

8. **Plymouth State College:** Chock-full of phys-ed majors and future nail pounders. "Instead of doing something constructive, we party."

9. **Mercer University:** Small, private Southern Baptist school with a genteel party rep. "We get 'em from all over—sunny Florida, lusty Georgia, you name it."

10. **University of Virginia:** Home of the Tilkas—the exclusive and honorable society (circa 1800s) made up of the best drinkers on campus. "If you come here, you're expected to party."

Campus Nicknames

publicly given or self-imposed

Many of our campuses are called (or call themselves) the Zoo. Some other interesting monikers:

BOSTON UNIVERSITY: B Screw U.
CENTRAL CONNECTICUT STATE: The Bitchin', Dukin' Blue Devils.
COLORADO STATE: The Ram Slammers.
OHIO UNIVERSITY: The Bong Cats.
UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA: Sodom of the South.
UNIVERSITY OF RHODE ISLAND: U.R. High.
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT: Groovy UV.
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA: The Wahoo Crush.

Colleges that don't need nicknames:

1. BALL STATE
2. SLIPPERY ROCK

BEST STUDENT BODY DESCRIPTIONS

We asked for thumbnail sketches of campus populations. Here are some we liked.

Guys:

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE's "C&W rednecks in cowboy hats with chaws in their mouths."

COLORADO STATE's "crewcut, Bermuda-shorts Yuppies who aspire to be cartoonists."

SAN DIEGO STATE's "surfers trying desperately to become corporate executives."

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO's "young lacocca types with no facial hair and a dresser drawer full of Argyle socks."

Girls:

COLORADO STATE's "tall, tan, blonde and bubbly future housewives in shorts."

REED COLLEGE's "radical-feminist hippies, rugby women and mother goddesses."

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA's "cross between the corporate whiz and Joni Mitchell gone surf."

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA's "shorts, Converse high-tops and a T-shirt wrinkled from last night's sleep-over."

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI's "genuine hard-bodies."

WAKE FOREST's "good-looking Southern belles who are naughty on the side."

COOLEST TEACHER AND COURSE

who says school can't be fun?

FAVORITE PARTY TEACHERS:

- The econ prof in the South who regularly cuts his own class to play golf.
- The business-law prof in the Southwest who supposedly teaches frats how to "get around the law. . . ."
- The knockout at a New England college who teaches marriage and sexuality and lectures on "the best way to give a blow job."
- The glass-blowing instructor at a Kansas university. (Twelve students actually major in this.)
- The teacher at a Rhode Island campus who—clad in leather—rides a Harley-Davidson chopper into the classroom. On Halloween, grad assistants carry him to class in a coffin.

FAVORITE PARTY COURSES:

- The one-time course offering at a

Southwestern school dubbed *How to Get Maximum Pleasure from Your Sex Life*.

- At a Midwestern college, Poli Sci Pop Culture—"We listen to Jim Morrison music."

- The touchy-feely psych course at an Eastern college in which you "daydream, hum and meditate"; and the soc class in which you buy your grades with play money.

- At IOWA STATE, Courtship and Marriage, affectionately known as Woo and Screw.

- The MIT course actually titled *Creative Seeing*.

- The Midwestern college oceanography course "that's had the same test for the past ten years."

- A PURDUE sex-ed class that shows porn movies.

- The course at the University of Vermont listed as *World Food & Population*; students call it *Pop & Crops*.



BEST PARTY CAMPUS TRADITIONS

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE: Humming competitions. **GLASSBORO STATE:** Taping kitchen utensils to athletes' bodies. (Why? "Oh, it's just something to do.") **MICHIGAN STATE:** The Ugliest Male Contest—a charitable fund-raising event. **MIT:** These techies like to drop rubber balls and pumpkins from the roofs of tall buildings—just like Galileo and Letterman. **PLYMOUTH STATE:** Medieval Forum Festival—"People spend a weekend running around in tin cans and tights. They look uglier than a can of smashed frogs." **PURDUE:** The Nude Olympics—200 students of both sexes run bare-assed through the snow; girls stand near ice patches "to help pick up those who slip." **UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT:** Cow tipping—freshmen kneel next to a cow while cronies tip it over.

BEST

VIRGIN LEGENDS

BROWN: If students visit all six campus libraries during their first year, they'll remain virgins for life.

IOWA STATE: In order to be a full-fledged coed, a girl has to be kissed at the campanile bell tower at the stroke of midnight. If she's a virgin, the bricks will crumble. *Note:* The tower's still standing.

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA: At a bar called The Field House, any visiting freshman virgin will supposedly leave happier and wiser.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND: If a virgin graduates, the metal statue of the Maryland Terrapin will spring to life and fly around the mall until gunned down by the R.O.T.C.

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS: The statue of the Indian Metawampe will drop its spear if a virgin graduates.

Most notorious make-out spots

"The national trend has moved away from casual sex—no more screwing in the periodicals section of the library."

—UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA STUDENT

The hayloft in the barn is old hat to the Eighties college student. In fact, unless there's an element of danger involved in a make-out spot, it's downright boring. Ask the gangs at Reed and Trinity. They've found some creative uses for the chapel. Some other popular places:

BROWN: The 13th floor of the science library; the "piano lounge" in the grad center.

CALIFORNIA STATE: Bidwell Park's lava pits (a.k.a. Bear Hole and Salmon Hole). "A lot of eruptions happen there."

GEORGETOWN: Atop Yates Field House, with its "lovely skyline view."

LOUISIANA STATE: The 14th and 17th holes of the golf course.

SAN DIEGO STATE: Atop the 140-foot Hardy Bell Tower.

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA: Burge Hall, "the Party Education Center."

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: The ten-meter boards at the pool.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI: The wooded area surrounding William Faulkner's home.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA: The steps of The Rotunda—Tom Jefferson's old haunt.

BLOWOUT PARTY OF THE YEAR

Saint Patty's Day, naturally, is a runaway choice for big bashes—such as the one at the University of Missouri/Rolla with the famed eight-man, quarter-keg Hop, Skip and Puke competition. We found some holidays we never knew existed.

CALIFORNIA STATE: Pioneer Days—"nine days of celebrating, vandalism and world-class rowdiness."

EASTERN KENTUCKY: The annual rugby-team party, traditionally held at a scuzzy bar, during which participants have been known to slide naked across the wooden floor.

MERCER COLLEGE: Qaddafi Sucks parties.

MIT: Steer roasts run by the "smut and lust committees"—they show *Mary Poppins* and porno films simultaneously.

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: The Aphrodisiac Jam—boxer shorts and teddies required.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA: Kill-a-Keg Parties: "A guy once mixed alcohol and dye, then dropped in a goldfish. Whoa. Talk about Technicolor blow-chow."

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT: Hawaiian Party at Sigma Nu—they had an ice fountain with punch running through it and a "lei hut" in the middle of the floor.

11. **State University of New York, Cortland:** A haven for partying jocks and God's-gift-to-the-world body-builders. "We're so hot, you have to take your shirt off. And most girls do."

12. **Colorado State:** Agricultural majors put in more time on the ski slopes than in the field. Students from other campuses trek here to party. "We've got women coming out of the woodwork."

13. **Arizona State:** A consistent winner in party-school polls. Students' goal: to be thin, tan and popular. "Most of the guys here are in permanent heat."

14. **University of Nevada, Las Vegas:** The 24-hour party school in the 24-hour town. "Most of the women here don't wear bras and like good times."

15. **Boston University:** Birnbach rated this one as the most promiscuous school. The word from a Harvard student: "BU? Yeah, they're into wild parties and rampant sex."

16. **Central Michigan University:** To calm this crew down, they once had to hire a crew of extra cops. It didn't help. They're proud that their parties "usually make page one."

17. **Southern Illinois University:** All other Illinois schools bow to this one; most college handbooks pick it as well. Why? "We'd put our sexual temperature at about 105 degrees."

18. **Ball State University:** It may be small, but it boasts a girl-to-guy ratio that men love. Students also have party-till-you-can't-see bashes. "If you need a place to fall into the gutter, this is it."

19. **Oklahoma State:** Despite its location, the waters aren't still on this Okie campus. "Good ol' boys doin' the two-step and partyin'."

20. **Central Connecticut State:** Coeducation here means that hitting the books coexists with hitting the party circuit. "We like to call ourselves the round-the-clock party connection."

21. **University of Maryland:** This school is the town, and this town rocks. "We don't know where we're goin' after we graduate, 'cause we don't know when we're graduatin'."

22. **University of Mississippi:** Rich kids who have mint-julep-on-the-veranda parties. "They call us the country club of the South."

23. **West Georgia College:** Students' long-term goal: "To get the minimum grade-point average so Mom and Dad will let us stay in school." Short-term goal: "To scrape up enough money to buy a case."

24. **University of Texas at Austin:** You gotta shell out the bucks, but the parties are "lavish and wild." Rumor has it there's not a single unattractive girl on campus.

25. **MIT:** The big surprise is that these mild-mannered nerds by day are explosive, high-tech partiers by night. "We're frenzied and sweating and absolutely insane."

26. **University of Kansas:** Sometimes called Snob Hill, this campus is loaded with "Frisbee throwers with that pseudo-California look who go all out during Waste Yourself Week at the beginning of school."

27. **Kansas State:** The agricultural party school that projects a good ol' hell-raising party image. "We're wild Western-campus kids in a half inch of cowshit."

28. **Glassboro State College:** Small, suburban but jumping. "We're animalistic. It's the law of the jungle here."

29. **University of Florida:** Its annual football game with Georgia has been dubbed the world's largest cocktail party. "Face it, the closer you are to the equator, the crazier you get."

30. **Eastern Kentucky University:** The surrounding town is usually kept awake by the students' explosive bashes. "Hell, we're a bitch in heat."

THE GREENEYS

You may have thought Hollywood screenwriters make up all that stuff you see in campus-fraternity movies. Not so, according to our correspondents out there in the field. . . .

Stupid frat tricks: ARIZONA STATE: We've heard variations on this, but the Fijis claim they once sent their favorite sorority a box of doughnuts. The next day, when they were sure the doughnuts had been eaten, the frat sent the girls a photograph of themselves wearing the very same doughnuts.

COLUMBIA: Frat brothers like to drop ping-pong balls on the floor and pick them up with their butt cheeks.

KANSAS STATE: If you strike out at a Beta Theta Pi party, you'll wake up with a mannequin in your bed.

KENT STATE: One frat brother lies face down on the floor, playing surfboard, while another stands on his back; the rest whistle the theme from *Hawaii Five-O*.

MIT: T.E.P. whipped up a Penis Party a few years ago. The punch bowl had a large wax penis at the center and little penises floating in the punch around it.

SLIPPERY ROCK: Members of one frat reportedly like to strip and tie one another to trees. When girls come by, "they can touch us if they want."

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI: Wearing G strings and selling banana-raisin bread in the rain; demanding that pledges get body parts autographed.

Top men's animal house, nationwide: S.A.E., by a head over Fiji.

Top women's animal house, nationwide:

The Chi Omega girls'. More than once, we've heard that little ditty "Chi O, Chi O/It's off to bed we go. . . ."

Animal house contenders: STATE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, CORTLAND: The Beta boys call their house The Tit Pit.

CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY: The South Main Street frats whose partying, *twice* in 1986, caused the county prosecutor to issue restraining orders—sort of a martial law.

GLASSBORO STATE: The Zeta Beta Tau boys who like to trash their living quarters and were evicted four times in three years.

OHIO UNIVERSITY: S.A.E. frat members have thrown refrigerators and stereos off their balcony ("The guy was pissed that his tape ended"), torn apart a log cabin for kindling and given a 21-moon salute to the housemother next door.

WEST GEORGIA COLLEGE: The Chi Phi boys are known for a party punch that is "strong enough to remove the paint from the broomstick they use to stir it."

THE ANIMAL HOUSE MEMORIAL AWARD:

To the University of Florida and Penn State frats for actually *having* toga parties.

MOST HISTORIC STUNT

CLEMSON: Students once tarred and feathered a guy for getting engaged. **FAIRHAVEN COLLEGE:** Students secretly spiked brownies at a faculty party. A faculty member allegedly got wasted. **MERCER UNIVERSITY:** Kappa Alpha stuffed cue balls in a cannon and shot them out of the administration building's windows. **MIT:** Ingenious techies hoisted a cow onto some nearby gas-storage tanks. The National Guard was called out to take it down. **PLYMOUTH STATE:** A "moose-type football guy" put a pan on his head and dove through a window. ("People just stood there and watched. Nobody knew why he did it, but who's gonna argue with him, right?") **SOUTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY:** Springfest '86—a couple was visible next to the stage, happily humping to the beat of the band. **UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT:** They still talk about 1975, when some men's dorms went coed and they threw an End of the Urinal party, at which the guys removed all of the urinals from the dorms.

We asked the students what kind of fashion trends were being set on today's party campuses. The beach look (complete with JAMS and Wayfarer sunglasses) was quite popular, but we thought these deserved mention.

The Let's Get Practical Fashion Award: To Georgetown for its beer goggles.

Party campus fashion

The Halloween Costume Award: To Southern Illinois and Ohio universities—both had guys who dressed up as penises and recruited a bunch of costumed sperm to run in front of them.

The Fashion Surprise of the Year Award: The return of tie-dye.

The Fashion Nostalgia Award: San Diego State actually brought back the freshman beanie.

Fashion Quotes of the Year: From a guy at the University of Tennessee—"Our one rule is, no socks! If you wear socks, you are just low." And from a University of Missouri trend-setter—

"No one dresses up here. Not unless they have a job interview or something." The fashion word from Clemson—"You know a girl's a freshman when she carries a pocketbook."

The Not Too Subtle Fashion Award: To the Rutgers fraternity boys who wear cone hats that say, ORAL SEX.

31. University of Iowa: Forget the farm-boy image: "We're the rockin'est, most decadent party fools in the Midwest. We're radioactive and burnin' down our core every day."

32. University of Oklahoma: National center for future oil tycoons who party in jet-set fashion. Their rationale: "We're not concerned with the rest of our lives, so we fuck as well we may up now."

33. Brown University: Students have preparties to gear up for the actual bashes. "We may be Ivy League, but we dance constantly."

34. Ohio University: Famous for its Halloween blow-out, the school has a trick-or-treat image: The frats do the tricking and everyone does the treating. "We have uncontained eruptions."

35. University of Massachusetts at Amherst: There are so many parties at "Zoo Mass," students say you can imbibe for free from Friday to Sunday. "We're out in the middle of nowhere, with nothing to do but party."

36. University of Georgia: These farm boys supposedly come from "partying families" who've passed the tradition on to the kids. "No matter what you're lookin' for, it's here if you want it."

37. Louisiana State: Known for "don't-give-a-shit attitudes," LSU extends a special invitation: "Just bring a bathing suit and baby oil."

38. University of Missouri/Rolla: Known for its Saint Patty's Day explosion, which is more than your average brawl. "We have to party. The women are prick teasers who take engineering courses and cuss with the guys."

39. Reed College: The surprise party school of the usually quiet great Northwest. "There's high sexual energy here. You can even get sensuously involved with your studies."

40. Fairhaven College: A return to the psychedelic Sixties. "We're into sharing lovers here—in different combinations."

REPRESENTATIVE SCHOOL SONG We thought we'd give students a chance to pick songs or lyrics that best represented them, and we're sorry we did. **CENTRAL MICHIGAN:** "Save my life—I'm going down for the last time" (Head East); **COLORADO STATE:** *I Drink Alone* (George Thorogood); **KANSAS STATE:** *Back in the Saddle* (Aerosmith); **PLYMOUTH STATE:** *Jailbreak* (Thin Lizzy); **REED COLLEGE:** *The Sun Is a Mass of Incandescent Gas* (children's song); **SAN DIEGO STATE:** *Sit on My Face (and Tell Me That You Love Me)* (Monty Python); **SOUTHERN ILLINOIS:** *No Way Out* (The Jefferson Starship) and the lyric "I think I'll be here forever / But I'm having a good time"; **ALL OTHER SCHOOLS:** *Why Don't We Get Drunk and Screw* (Jimmy Buffett).

MISCELLANEOUS NOTABLES

The Honor Roll Award (for the Most Interesting In-Class Exchange): We know we've heard it before, but we like it. To the teacher of the West Virginia University human-sexuality class who said that sperm was mostly glucose and to the girl who raised her hand and asked, "So how come it tastes so salty?"

The Sis-Boom-Bah Award: To sports fans at Kansas State and MIT. Kansas boys throw plucked chickens onto the gym floor during basketball games and conduct after-game car-rammings in the parking lot. As for MIT, the engineers apparently know how to rig huge balloons that self-inflate in the middle of a game and also how to mix chemicals that weld shut the gates to Harvard Yard.

The Recordkeepers' Award: 1. To the sororities of LSU who outdid the fraternities in

a 1986 beer drink-off, consuming 150 more cases than the brothers. The Kappa Kappa Gamma ladies got best of show. 2. To San Diego State for "one of the lowest grade-point averages in the CSU system." 3. To the frat boys at the University of Nevada who keep tabs on their "brother-getting-laid ratio."

The Favorite Party Game Award: To Trinity College for Drink One/Wear One.

Best School Motto Award: Clemson's rise-and-shine (and party) maxim: "Wake and bake."

The "Nice Try" Award: To University of West Virginia and Mercer College for sending us letters and petitions urging us *not* to include them here.



MOST MEMORABLE SCANDAL

BROWN: Could have happened anywhere, but it happened here: the student prostitution ring. **REED COLLEGE:** A protest against a visiting Bible thumper in which students climbed into

trees, "flaunting our nudity." **UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT:** That off-campus party that featured a woman called Hoover—nicknamed for the vacuum cleaner, not the President.



"It was a wild New Year's party—we started off with finger food and ended up with oral sex."

Don Madden



"Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!"



THE TASTE BEYOND BOLD.

RUMPLE MINZE PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS. IMPORTED FROM GERMANY. ENJOY IN MODERATION.

100 Proof Liqueur. Imported by The Paddington Corp., New York, NY, U.S.A.

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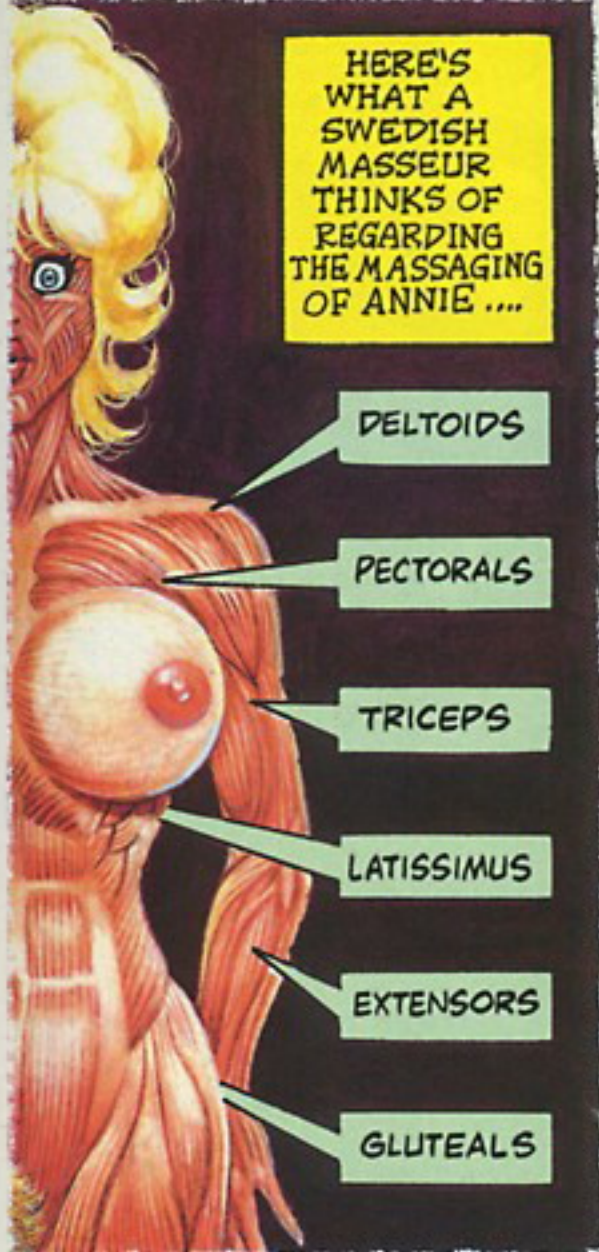
To send a gift of Rumple Minze anywhere in the U.S., call 800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

Ciparon



"It takes pretty sophisticated electronics these days to keep tabs on who's naughty or nice."

HERE'S WHAT A SWEDISH MASSEUR THINKS OF REGARDING THE MASSAGING OF ANNIE ...



AND HERE IS WHAT A SHIATSU MASTER THINKS OF...



HERE'S WHAT ANNIE THINKS OF...



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

NOW FOR SOME CONTROVERSY. AT ISSUE IS MASSAGE ... IS IT GOOD FOR YOU OR IS IT JUST A POINTLESS INDULGENCE? ANNIE BELIEVES IN THE UPLIFTING EFFECTS OF THIS PRACTICE, AND IF YOU DON'T, YOU SHOULD TRY A MUTUAL MASSAGE WITH YOUR FAVORITE PERSON. AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, FANTASIZE THAT YOUR PARTNER IS DOLLY PARTON OR SYLVESTER STALLONE. AND IF **THAT** DOESN'T WORK, GIVE IT UP ... YOU'RE DEAD!

I LOVE MY MESSAGES, INGA, BUT THEY'RE GETTING TO BE TOO EXPENSIVE.

NOW WE EFFLEURAGE, PUSHING THE YUICES TO THE CENTER OF THE BODY.

LET OUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING

SQUISH!
SQUISH!
SQUISH!

YOIN OUR YYM OPEN YUNE TO YANUARY



NOW, PETRISSAGE...WE PUSH THE YUICES BACK.

CERTIFICATE OF RELAXOLOGY

CERTIFICATE OF BUTTCK-OLOGY

SPLASH!
SPLASH!

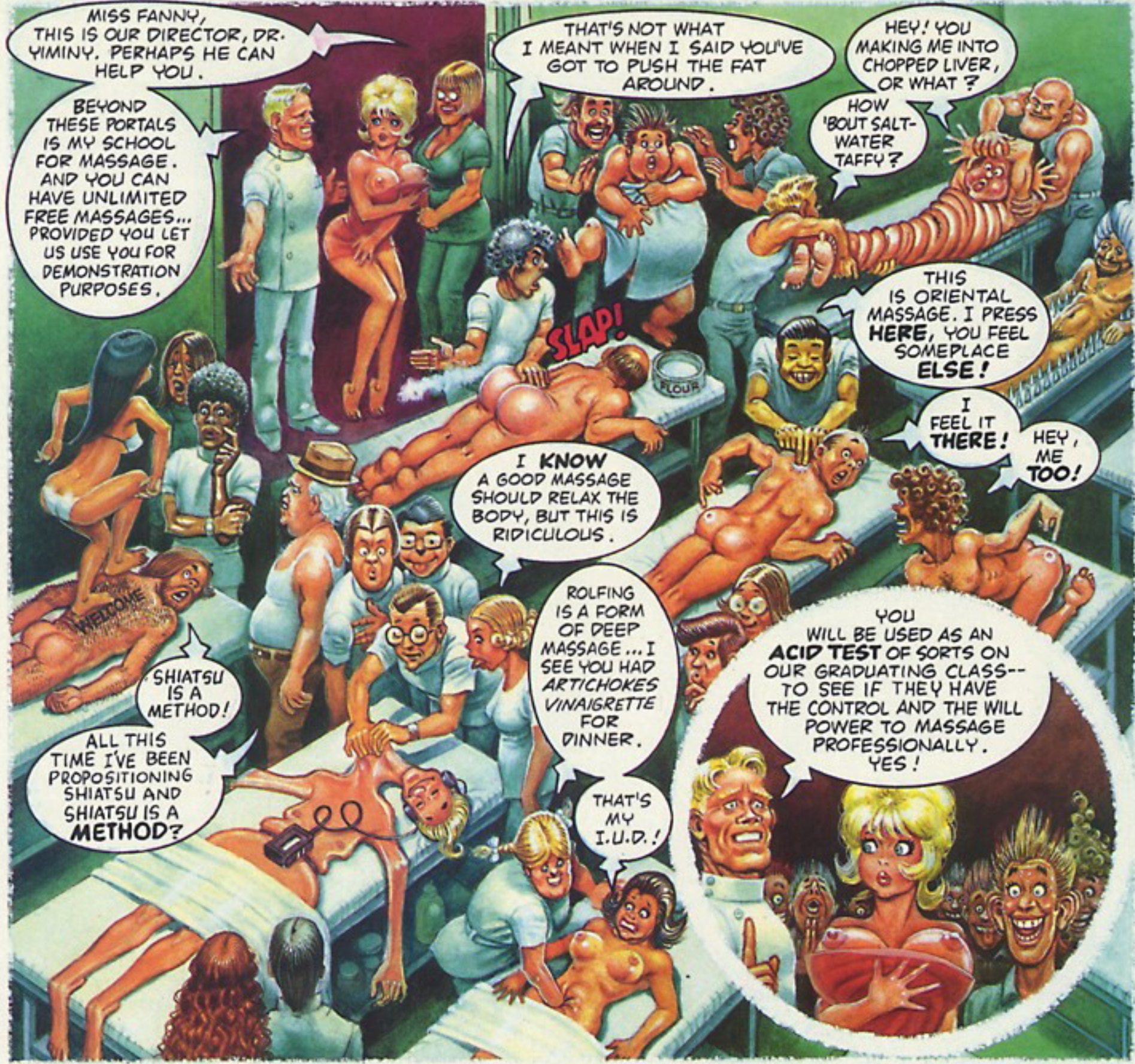


JEEPERS, I THINK I'M GETTING SEASICK.

IF YOU CANNOT AFFORD OUR MESSAGES, MISS FANNY, I HAVE A SUGGESTION.

CERTIFICATE OF BIGBUCK-OLOGY





MISS FANNY, THIS IS OUR DIRECTOR, DR. YIMINY. PERHAPS HE CAN HELP YOU.

BEYOND THESE PORTALS IS MY SCHOOL FOR MASSAGE. AND YOU CAN HAVE UNLIMITED FREE MESSAGES... PROVIDED YOU LET US USE YOU FOR DEMONSTRATION PURPOSES.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT WHEN I SAID YOU'VE GOT TO PUSH THE FAT AROUND.

HEY! YOU MAKING ME INTO CHOPPED LIVER, OR WHAT?

HOW 'BOUT SALT-WATER TAFFY?

THIS IS ORIENTAL MASSAGE. I PRESS HERE, YOU FEEL SOMEPLACE ELSE!

I FEEL IT THERE!

HEY, ME TOO!

I KNOW A GOOD MESSAGE SHOULD RELAX THE BODY, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS.

ROLFING IS A FORM OF DEEP MESSAGE... I SEE YOU HAD ARTICHOKE'S VINAIGRETTE FOR DINNER.

YOU WILL BE USED AS AN ACID TEST OF SORTS ON OUR GRADUATING CLASS-- TO SEE IF THEY HAVE THE CONTROL AND THE WILL POWER TO MESSAGE PROFESSIONALLY. YES!

SHIATSU IS A METHOD!

ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN PROPOSITIONING SHIATSU AND SHIATSU IS A METHOD?

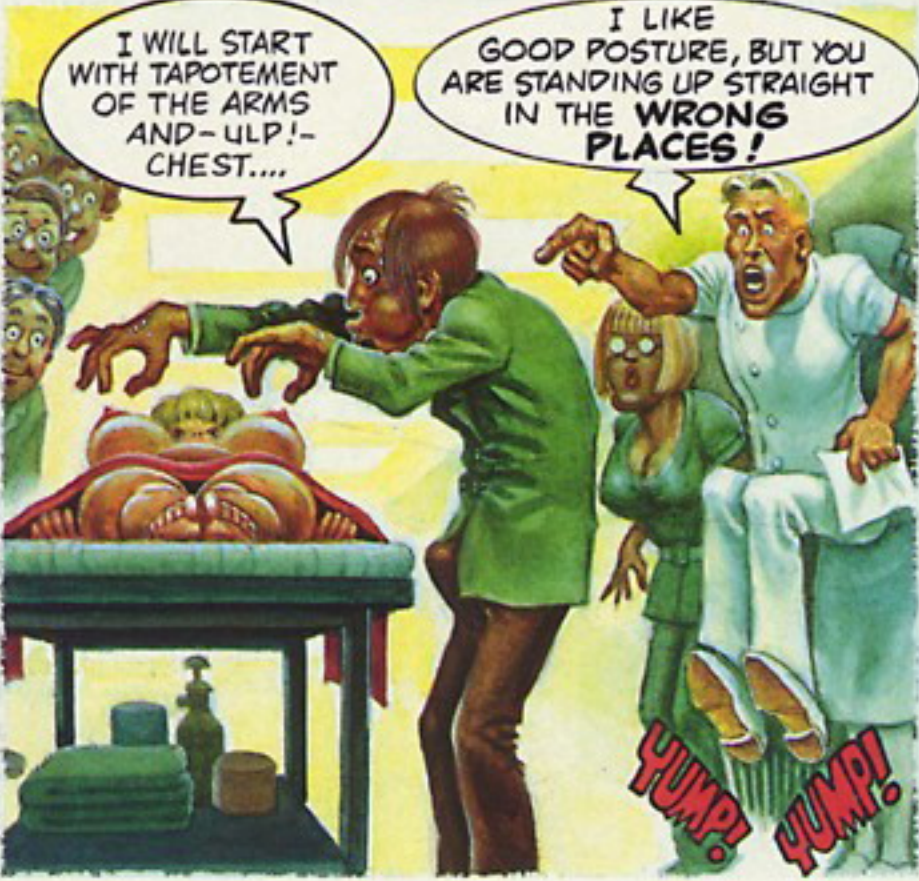
THAT'S MY I.U.D.!



NOW, IF WE'RE READY, THE TESTS WILL BEGIN.

STUDENT YOHNNY YONES... MESSAGE !!

YES, DOCTOR!



I WILL START WITH TAPOTEMENT OF THE ARMS AND-- ULP!-- CHEST....

I LIKE GOOD POSTURE, BUT YOU ARE STANDING UP STRAIGHT IN THE WRONG PLACES!

YUMP! YUMP!



YONES, OUT! YOU FAIL THE ACID AND THE FLACCID TEST.

STUDENT YESSE YAMES, YUMP TO IT.

YESSIR! STARTING WITH A GENERAL MASSAGE POSITION, I'LL MOVE TO A DEEP-STROKING POSITION--

YEE WHIZ!



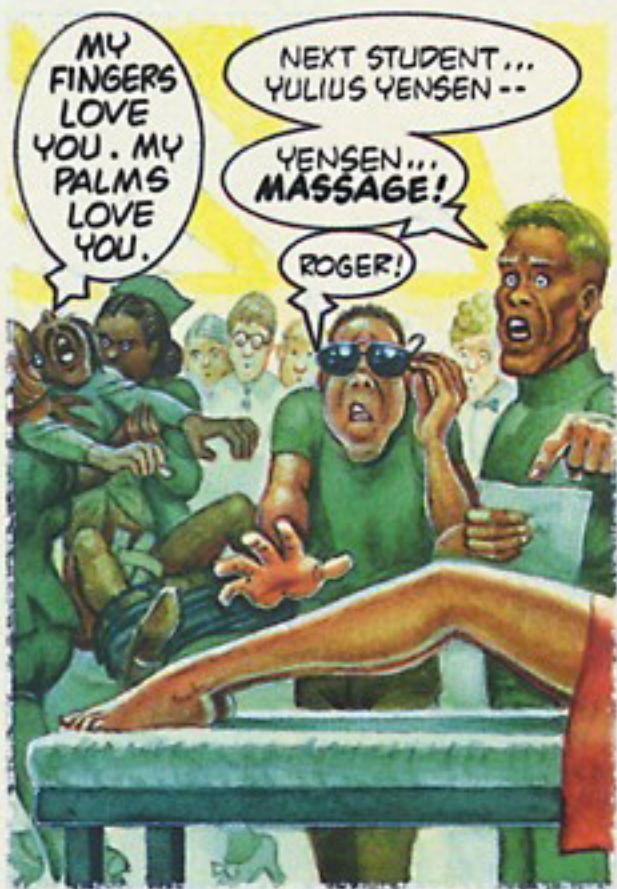
AFTER WHICH I'LL SWITCH TO THE ... AHM ... THE MISSIONARY POSITION!

YOW!

YAMES, OUT! YOU HAVE FAILED THE ACID TEST.

YUMP!

YUMP!



MY FINGERS LOVE YOU. MY PALMS LOVE YOU.

NEXT STUDENT... YULIUS YENSEN--

YENSEN... MASSAGE!

ROGER!



I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE CLASSIC SWEDISH KNEADING.

LOOK AT THAT COOL FOOL, YUL.

TA TAA TAA--

WAY TO GO!



NEXT, I DEEP MASSAGE--

NO, NO, DON'T GET UP, MISS FANNY.



DR. YIMMINY... I SAW THE STUDENT, YULIUS, TAPING HIS EYES SHUT BEHIND HIS GLASSES. HE'S WORKING BLIND.

YULIUS-OUT!

I GUESS HE FAILS THE ACID TEST.

TSK TSK, MISS FANNY... YOUR MUSCLE TONE IS A BIT POOFY.



THEN AGAIN, PERHAPS MISS FANNY IS TOO ACID A TEST....

YEEPERS!

WHAT'S THIS COMING OUT OF THE TUM-TUM-FEATHERS?

END



CARRIE ON!

Carrie Leigh, the lovely first lady of Playboy Mansion West, is life-size in Hef's world every day (lucky him)—and now she can become a part of yours, too, as she has recently posed for the 26" x 74" poster pictured above. Sonoma Portal, 605 Broadway, Sonoma, California 95476, is offering it for \$11, postpaid—or you can find lovely Carrie hanging about your friendly neighborhood poster shop. (Don't you wish!) Carrie will be appearing again in our February issue. Better check it out!

Minding Her T's and A's

This T-shirt is a tight fit for actress KATHY CHAFFIN but a real treat for the rest of us. Kathy appeared on a couple of tough-guy TV shows—Mickey Spillane's *Mike Hammer*, *Magnum, P.I.* and the now-defunct *Black Sheep Squadron*. She also made the big screen in *Stewardess School*. She's made a permanent impression in her underwear.



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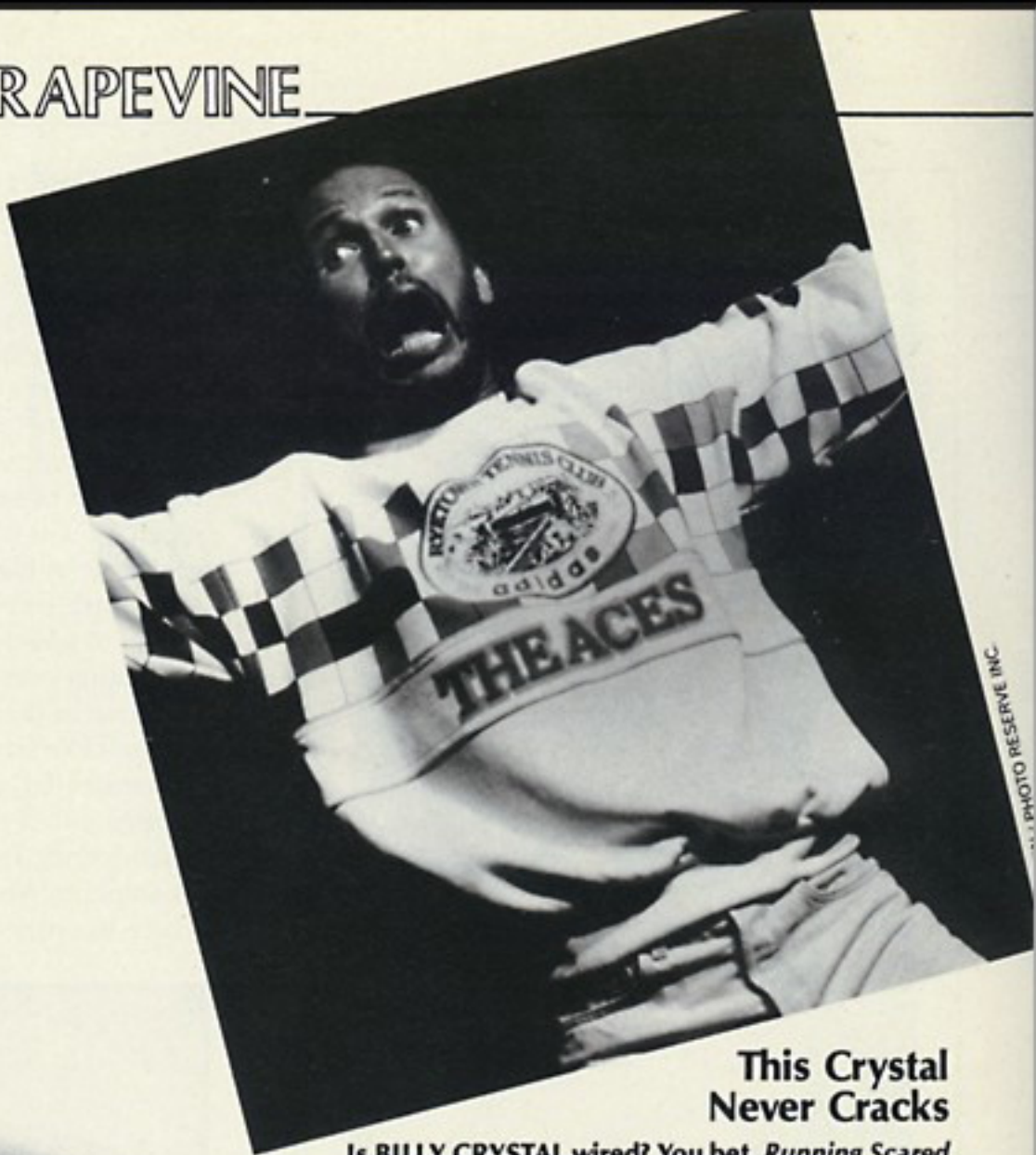


PHOTO RESERVE INC.

This Crystal Never Cracks

Is BILLY CRYSTAL wired? You bet. *Running Scared* was a hit. His HBO special, *Billy Crystal on Location—Don't Get Me Started*, was hip. His short story in *PLAYBOY* last month was a riot, and now he's making *The Princess Bride* with Rob Reiner, from William Goldman's novel. Go, Billy!



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Bonnie's Bonny

Have you checked out BONNIE TYLER's album *Secret Dreams and Forbidden Fire*? It had a successful run on the charts last year. Bonnie doesn't perform live very often, and she hardly ever tours, so we decided to flash this sexy shot in your direction.

Simply Great

MICK HUCKNALL, lead singer of the group Simply Red, may have come from England, but his roots are in Detroit with the Motown of the Sixties. Check out the band's debut album, *Picture Book*, and catch them in concert, if you can. They're Red-hot.

PATTY BEAUDET



Shouldering Her Beauty

SONYA TUCHMAN is a top European model who has made her U.S. screen debut in *Spring Symphony*, with Nastassja Kinski, and is in *The Ace of the Aces*. We know she's aces. We can spot class even when a lady's under-dressed.

MARK LEIVDAL



© 1986 ROBERT MATHEU

The Talking, Singing, Dancing and Directing Head

DAVID BYRNE has all the cobwebs out. Byrne's movie *True Stories* premiered last fall, along with two albums (one by the Talking Heads) and a paperback. But bassist Tina Weymouth has just had a baby, so the T Heads probably won't tour for a while.

© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL

Take Us Out to the Ball Game

Actress KELLY ANN SABATASSO has been on your big screen in *The Witching* and on your small one in *Mickey Spillane's Mike Hammer*, but, even more important than that, she's Miss Softball America. Which leads to a bunch of getting-to-first-base jokes.



NEXT MONTH



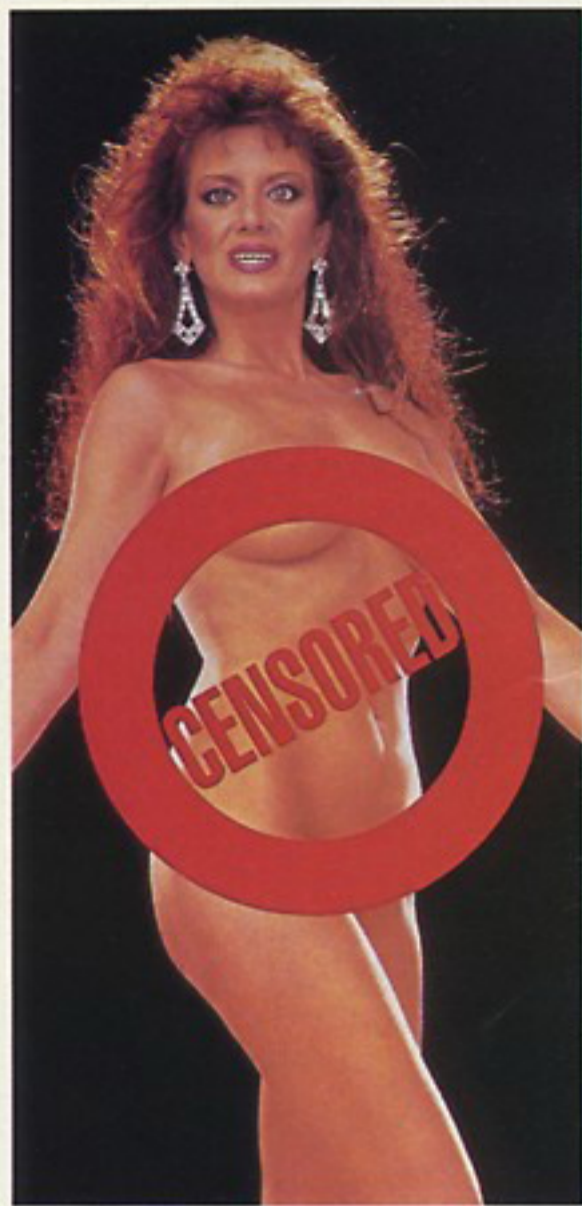
MAFIA PRINCESS



LAST ROUTE



IMAGINATIVE INTERMISSION



SEX YEAR

"COCAINE AND COLLEGE BASKETBALL"—IN THE WAKE OF **LEN BIAS'** DEATH, THE AUTHOR OF *SNOW-BLIND* TAKES A HARD LOOK AT THE DANGEROUS MIX OF DRUGS, PRESSURE AND PROFIT IN AMERICA, THE WORLD'S FIRST SOCIETY TO MAKE HIGHER EDUCATION SUBSERVIENT TO SPORTS—BY **ROBERT SABBAG** PLUS: **"THE VIEW FROM COURTSIDE"**—A NOTED COLUMNIST ASKS BIG-TIME COLLEGE BASKETBALL COACHES, AMONG THEM LOUISVILLE'S **DENNY CRUM** AND DUKE'S **MIKE KRZYZEWSKI**, WHAT (IF ANYTHING) CAN BE DONE TO REMOVE COCAINE FROM THE SPORT—BY **THOMAS BOSWELL**

"THE MAFIA PRINCESS"—HER LIFE STORY BECAME A BEST-SELLING BOOK AND A TV MOVIE. NOW **ANTOINETTE GIANCANA** REVEALS EVEN MORE

"THE LAST ROUTE"—THE VETERAN FOOTBALL PLAYER THOUGHT HE WAS JUST MARKING TIME IN HIS LAST GRIDIRON GAME. HE WAS WRONG, AND HOW. A TAUT STORY BY **D. KEITH MANO**

"FLIGHT PAY"—HOW TO GET MAXIMUM MILEAGE FROM FREQUENT-FLIER PROGRAMS, BY THE EDITOR AND THE PUBLISHER OF *THE BUSINESS FLYER*, **JANE COSTELLO** AND **JOHN HOLLAND**

"INTERMISSION"—WITH ENOUGH IMAGINATION, A GIRL CAN BECOME **KATHLEEN TURNER**, **DOROTHY LAMOUR** AND **PATTY HEARST** IN THE TIME IT TAKES TO GO TO THE LOBBY FOR POPCORN. AN INVENTIVE YARN BY **ROBERT COOVER**

"DON'T PANIC"—CONCRETE ADVICE ON HOW TO AVOID THE DISASTERS HE PREDICTS IN HIS NEW BOOK *THE PANIC OF '89*—BY **PAUL ERDMAN**

"ETERNAL LEIGH"—BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND, THE FIRST LADY OF PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

PLUS: A NOTEWORTHY *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **LIONEL RICHIE**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF ONE OF YOUR FAVORITE SOAP SIRENS; **"BACK-COUNTRY SKIING,"** FOR ALL OF YOU WHO ARE TIRED OF STANDING IN LIFT LINES, BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**; **"THE YEAR IN SEX"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE