

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1987 • \$4.00

**BRIGITTE
NIELSEN
STALLONE**
WARMS UP
WINTER

THE LOST
CHAPTER OF
CATCH-22

JESSICA HAHN
PART TWO:
THE COVER-UP

HOT INTERVIEW:
GORE VIDAL

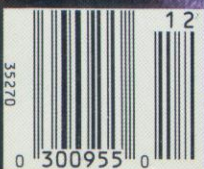
**SEX STARS OF
SEX-CRAZED
1987**

WHAT MEN
NEED TO
KNOW: THE
ULTIMATE GUIDE

ALA

**CHRISTMAS
ISSUE**

PLUS: GAHAN WILSON,
RAY BRADBURY, ED
MC BAIN, JUSTINE
BATEMAN, DENNIS
QUAID AND, LAST
BUT NOT LEAST, MORE



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PLAYBOY

vol. 34, no. 12—december 1987

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COVER STORY

When Brigitte Nielsen split from ex-hubby Sly Stallone, she didn't want to talk about it. Still, her face and figure speak volumes, as you'll see in *Gitte the Great*. This cover photo was produced by West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski and shot by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Gitte's dress is from Addictions, Los Angeles, and her jewelry is courtesy of M Gallery, Los Angeles. The Rabbit is as handy as ever.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I have started sharing fantasies. Some of them are pretty normal; some are pretty weird. Do you have any information on typical fantasies? How can we tell what's normal and what's not?—K. L., Miami Beach, Florida.

A paper published in *The Journal of Sex Research* stated that 88 percent of the women studied had experienced a sexual fantasy. The researchers found that the subjects of the eight sexual fantasies most frequently experienced, without regard to sexual satisfaction and in order of mention, were an extramarital affair (41 percent), reliving sexual experience but not first sexual experience (39 percent), different position for coitus (38 percent), current sex partner (36 percent), sex in rooms other than the bedroom (35 percent), new sex partner (34 percent), more affectionate sex partner (30 percent) and sex on a carpeted floor (28 percent). Rounding out the top 15 were having sex in a motel and pretending to be with a former partner (27 percent each), reliving first sexual experience and sex on a beach (26 percent each) and having multiple orgasms or oral sex or being sexually uninhibited (25 percent each). Out of all these fantasies, only two were associated with satisfaction or dissatisfaction with a partner. If you liked your current partner, you tended to fantasize about him or her; if you were dissatisfied, you tended to fantasize about a more affectionate sex partner. As for normal behavior—you've already crossed that line by sharing your fantasies. The researchers found that only 25 percent of sex partners were aware of their partners' fantasies. When asked what they thought their partners' reaction might be if they learned about the fantasies, they gave the following responses: acceptance (47 percent), trying harder to please (27 percent), damage to ego (26 percent), feeling hurt (25 percent), jealousy (18 percent), feelings of inadequacy (18 percent) and sexual arousal (15 percent). This is a classic example of the sexual hypocrisy of American culture. Everybody fantasizes, yet almost everybody thinks that if his or her partner found out, he or she would feel hurt or under pressure to perform. If a fantasy arouses you, why wouldn't it arouse your partner? All power to you for sharing.

I have a question of the utmost importance that deals with the very fibers of etiquette. Thorough searches through the archives of manners and morals have failed to solve this very serious social problem. I'm hoping you can help. Is the monogram on a sock to be worn on the inside or the outside of the leg?—D. R., Lawrenceville, Georgia.

My goodness, life must be slow in Lawrenceville. We're assuming that this is a query asked in earnest, so we'd have to say that the monogram should be worn facing outward. Otherwise, why bother paying extra money for



something decorative but useless that no one else can possibly see and appreciate? On the other hand, monograms are *déclassé*, so you might want to wear them on the inside so no one will see them. Or just toss the socks into the same drawer as the underwear that has your name sewn on little labels.

I am involved with a wonderfully stimulating, sensitive and caring man. We make love every available waking minute—and, oh, what a time we have! His kisses, his licks, his soft strokes make my body tingle, and this crescendoes into erotic waves of throbbing passion as he brings me from one orgasm to another and still another. We play for hours, and never once have I been able to get enough of this wonderful, loving man. My problem, you ask? It is simply this: When our lovemaking carries me to that erotic peak of near insanity, just as the waves of orgasm overtake every trembling inch of me, I scream. I can't help it; it's uncontrollable. My breasts pulsate and the screams just slip from my throat. My lover is appalled by this; his first instinct is to grab a pillow and push it into my face to muffle the noise. He frantically urges me to stop, insisting that the neighbors will hear (I live in an apartment). Needless to say, this puts a bit of an edge on my excitement. My spontaneity leaves me and I usually end up feeling self-conscious and embarrassed. What should I do? I don't want to stop making love to this man; he brings me endless hours of pure joy. Is there something wrong with me?—Miss P. S., Lindenwold, New Jersey.

No, there is not necessarily something wrong with you. Many people react verbally when they achieve orgasm. We can under-

stand your boyfriend's concern, but we don't think this is anything for you to be embarrassed about. We suggest that you soundproof your walls—or move into a house in the suburbs—so you can wail away. Or turn up the stereo until your teeth vibrate. If the neighbors don't complain, you're home free.

Your advice to P. R. (*The Playboy Advisor*, September) about making copies of tapes recorded with Dolby C noise reduction is quite logical. Unfortunately, it also happens to be wrong. The proper way to dub tapes made with Dolby is to turn the Dolby circuits in both decks *on*, not off. Otherwise, you run the risk of dull or overemphasized treble in the tape copy. This is because the Dolby NR systems work by boosting weak high frequencies in recording, then cutting them back to normal in playback, on the basis of the level recorded on the tape. A small error in level sensing at the playback end throws the process off, so that the highs are cut back either too much or not enough. Dolby C NR is especially sensitive to this, because it uses more boost and cut, over a wider frequency range, than Dolby B. Tape copies almost always come out with a slightly higher or lower level than the original. If you make that copy with both decks' Dolby circuits off, this difference alters the copy's Dolby calibration, so it won't sound right in playback. If you copy with both decks' Dolby circuits on, then the playback deck's Dolby circuits are operating on a properly calibrated tape, giving the flattest response. The second deck then makes a Dolby-encoded tape that is properly calibrated for the level at which that deck is actually recording. This also gives you the chance to switch noise-reduction systems, making the copy with Dolby B NR, dbx or none at all; this causes no frequency-response problems. Your advice to P. R. is correct, however, for tape copying with dbx noise reduction. The dbx system is not level-sensitive.—I. B., New York, New York.

A spokesman for Dolby said that when using two decks to dub, leave the Dolby on. With a single dubbing deck, leave the Dolby off.

Where does sexual guilt come from? I met a girl recently who was so hung up about sex that she refused to engage in any kind of lovemaking at all. How do you deal with a person who is convinced from the outset that she won't enjoy something?—R. G., Hartford, Connecticut.

Let's define terms. An article in *Archives of Sexual Behavior* defines guilt as "a generalized expectancy for self-monitored punishment for violating or anticipating the violation of internalized standards of socially

acceptable behavior." In simple English: Even if you feel good doing it, you know that tomorrow you'll hate yourself; and if you don't, then you'll make yourself hate yourself. Guilt is something you choose. Studies have shown that people with a lot of sex guilt generally have "less sexual experience, less of a tendency to participate in certain sexual acts, such as intercourse, cunnilingus and petting to orgasm." Never have so many felt so bad about so little. You might think that sex education would help, but people who suffer sex guilt are less able than others to receive sex-related information. Some researchers say that guilt is associated with moral development: If you are at a level where you "conform to law and order and place importance on meeting obligations and maintaining society's rules," you tend to have a high level of sex guilt. If you "value such rights as life and liberty and believe in rules for the welfare and protection of all people" (if you view life in terms of self-chosen principles), you have less sex guilt. M. Gerrard and F. X. Gibbons suggest that "sex guilt may limit sex experience, that limiting sexual experience allows the person to avoid the moral reasoning associated with that experience and that their avoidance in turn limits moral development on these specific sexual issues." Sharon Propper and Robert A. Brown recently tried to determine whether or not parental attitudes affected sex guilt. Earlier studies revealed that if your parents had a negative attitude toward sex, you would be more likely to experience sex guilt. Propper and Brown found that restrictive family upbringing significantly raised the level of guilt in members of the group other researchers had found to have low guilt—the people who based their moral reasoning on interpersonal contracts rather than conforming to law and order. You and your girlfriend might discuss her attitudes, those of her parents and those drawn from your own past. Experience is the best teacher and the best cure. Have patience.

I hear that half of the new-car buyers in this country don't even test drive before deciding on a car. I can't imagine anyone's buying a car he's never driven; but for those with better judgment, have you any tips on doing it right?—T. D., San Francisco, California.

Here's how to test: Before driving, adjust the seat, safety belts, mirrors and steering wheel, then check visibility all around. Check the location, ease of reach and operation of all important controls. Start the engine; shift into gear; move forward, backward; maneuver this way and that to see how the car feels at parking-lot speeds. Once out of the lot, allow time for the engine to warm and yourself to get accustomed to the controls. Drive the way you will as an owner—up and down hills, in traffic, on freeways—not just around the block. Then (in a safe place) try the throttle response, the steering, the handling and the brakes.

The salesperson will want to ride along

and demonstrate every marvelous feature, but don't let him distract you from the business of touching, feeling and sensing whatever you can in the time you have. If he rattles on, ask him (politely) to save it for the showroom. If possible, try all the candidates on your shopping list back to back, on the same roads, on the same day, for valid comparisons. If a dealer can't offer the model and power train (engine/transmission) you want for demonstration, make an appointment to go back when he can—or try another dealer. And there's nothing wrong with returning for a second or third drive in the same car as your list narrows to a precious few. Sooner or later, you'll know which car is best for you, and you'll be glad you took the time to do it right. We can't prevent you from buying without driving first if you're so inclined, but we can tell you our reaction when a salesperson refuses us a drive: We make a break for the door.

I love skiing in Colorado but hate having to deal with the crowds and delays during the change of plane in Denver. Is there any way to get to the slopes without stopping at Stapleton Airport first?—G. N., Boston, Massachusetts.

Here are a couple of suggestions: (1) Get a job on Wall Street as an investment banker, make several million dollars and buy your own jet. A Lear will set you back about \$3,500,000; but to have any status in places like Aspen, you'll need a bigger Gulfstream—the plane for real men with \$17,000,000 or so. Assuming that you're in a hurry to ski this season, though, you might also consider (2) avoiding Denver and the rest of Colorado by flying to Utah instead. After all, Alta and Snowbird are less than 25 miles from the Salt Lake City airport, which is not only uncrowded but also rarely closed by snowstorms. If you don't want to take our advice (and, in fact, we often don't—we love to ski in Colorado), you should be aware of the fact that several of the state's top ski resorts will have nonstop jet service this winter from major cities around the country. Steamboat, for example, has nonstop flights from Dallas, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco on American Airlines, and from Minneapolis on Northwest. Crested Butte has announced several nonstops via Continental, as well as a daily nonstop from Dallas on American. Both United Express and Continental Express (formerly Rocky Mountain Airways) are now full-fledged subsidiaries of their eponymous big brothers, by the way, so if you do have to change planes in Denver, we'd suggest trying to stick with the same carrier on your connecting flight. If you're paranoid about losing your luggage, try carrying your boots onto the plane instead of checking them. Even if your skis go astray, you'll look cool at the bar.

Why is it that if a man reaches orgasm in less than two minutes, he's called a premature ejaculator, while if a woman

reaches orgasm in less than two minutes, she's called hot and responsive? It seems unfair.—E. O., Dallas, Texas.

We think you're on to something. Why is it that a man who takes two hours to reach orgasm is called a stud, while a woman who takes two hours to reach orgasm is called frigid or the victim of an insensitive lover? Sexual stereotypes don't take into account the infinite variety of lovers. Leave your stop watch and box of labels at the bedroom door and you'll have a lot more fun.

I know that men complain about condoms' cutting down on sensation. Have you ever heard the woman's side? My girlfriend says that when we use condoms, she experiences discomfort. Is there an explanation?—D. W., Denver, Colorado.

A nationwide survey by the makers of CondomMate found that as many as 67 percent of the women who utilize condoms experience some degree of dryness or discomfort. Nevertheless, the majority of the women surveyed (60 percent) don't believe that condoms significantly reduce pleasure. Almost three quarters of the obstetricians and gynecologists surveyed considered "vaginal dryness during sexual intercourse a problem associated with the use of condoms; dryness that results in vaginal discomfort and the increased risk of condom breakage." CondomMate is an artificial lubricant designed to be used with condoms. You should be able to find it at your local pharmacy.

The letters you have published regarding the Venus butterfly (*The Playboy Advisor*, March, June, August, September) are great. However, it is obvious that none of the writers have been paying attention to the dialog and story line of *L.A. Law*. In each episode in which Stuart and Ann experiment with the technique, the session is always preceded with a line of dialog indicating that Stuart has to call room service before they begin. I can only guess what he needs from room service. Since I can assume that ice is readily available, it would seem that the "missing ingredient" is something more exotic. Whether it is food or some device can only be told by the writers. Let's hope that someday they will tell us.—R. A., Furlong, Pennsylvania.

You have a point. We will reopen our contest. In 200 words or less, describe an act of room-service sex, something that requires the assistance of hotel help. (Clean sheets are not enough.) We'll publish the best descriptions.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to *The Playboy Advisor*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Have you ever had sex on a first date?

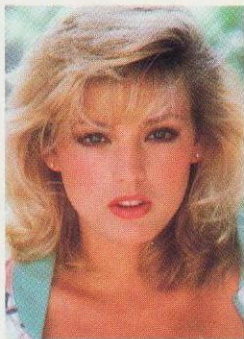
I don't date strangers. I only go out with people I've known for a while. I did sleep with my boyfriend on our first "official" date. We have a very lustful relationship. Sex is important to me, and it matters to me that my partner is sexual, too. Generally speaking, I don't think sex on a first date is a great idea, because you give up too much intrigue too soon. Also, if you don't know or care about a man and you sleep with him, you may have nothing to say in the morning, and that's a waste of time.



Julie Peterson

JULIE PETERSON
FEBRUARY 1987

I did it once and I ended up living with the guy for a year. But it's not something I'd do anymore. If I choose not to have sex on the first, second or third date, it makes the sex, when I finally have it, even better. If a guy can't wait and quits calling me, that's his problem. I don't have time to worry about him. Some guys are as transparent as cellophane. Some guys are better than that. It's about luck, really. Sex on a first date isn't the best way to start off a relationship, and there is a health scare now, so I don't do it.



Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
JULY 1986

Yes. But it's a rare occurrence. I'd much rather get to know someone first. I think sex is very intimate, and the more you know someone, the more fun you can have with him. You can have fun with a guy on a one-night stand, too, but if you want a relationship, you have to wait. If I cared about someone and wanted to see him again, that would make the sex more meaningful. I don't think men are only looking for sex, but those who are make it pretty obvious. That is not to say that you don't wonder about sex on a date. It's in the back of everyone's mind. And your date could have an infinite number of endings.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

There are guys I just want to have sex with and guys I want to see in a different way. If you sleep with a guy on a first date, the focus is on the physical, not on communicating. I can read a guy pretty well. I stare into his eyes when I'm turned on. I wouldn't go into a bar and just go home with someone—not in the disease-ridden Eighties. I need to know about someone. Maybe he's a friend of a friend. I know pretty much what I'm getting myself into. I'm particular. If I want to have sex with someone, I definitely know if the chemistry is there; I'm the kind of person who does what she wants to do, with no regrets. I don't wake up in the morning feeling shitty if it's something I wanted to do. It was something we both wanted, and if, for some reason, he isn't going to see me again, he's not worth wanting.



Kimberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
MAY 1987

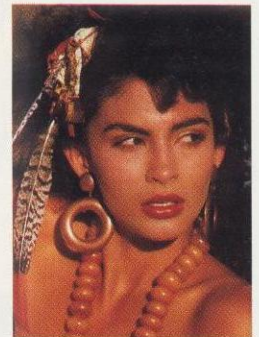
I haven't. I've never had a one-night stand. The reason is that, to me, that kind of intimacy means giving my energy to someone. It's not the act of sex I'm giving, it's me, my deepest emotions. To give myself to someone like that means that he has to be special. It also means that I'm pretty sure I'm not going to get dumped on and that he will call me again. There have been times when I've had an extra glass of wine and I've thought, I want to be with this guy, but I don't follow the feeling. I get pragmatic instead. Some men take a kiss at the door as rejection. I find that attitude revealing.



Luann Lee

LUANN LEE
JANUARY 1987

Nope. I've had sex on a third or fourth date, but never on a first. I've never found anyone so appealing that I could open up to him and just say, "Hey, baby, here I am." I really have to get to know him better than that. If I'm giving a part of myself to someone, he'd better be in my life for a while. I am a romantic. It would be terrible to go out on a first date, do it and then never see him again. I'd rather wait awhile and get to know him. Can he be open with me about his thoughts and feelings? That's more important than the sexual thing.



Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JUNE 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.





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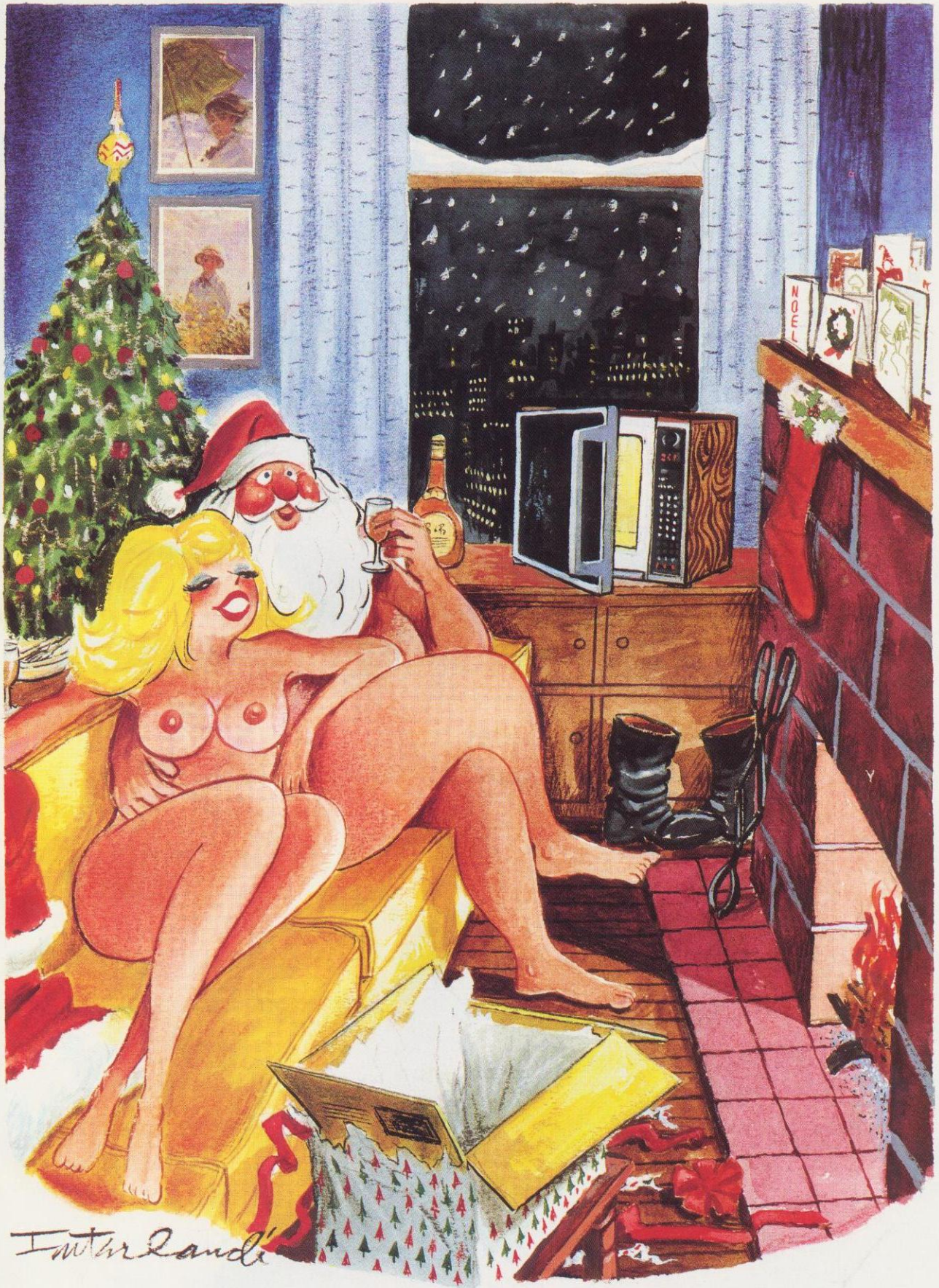
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"Funny how it worked out. I show up with a microwave oven; you've got a couple of frozen dinners on hand; we're both horny. . . ."



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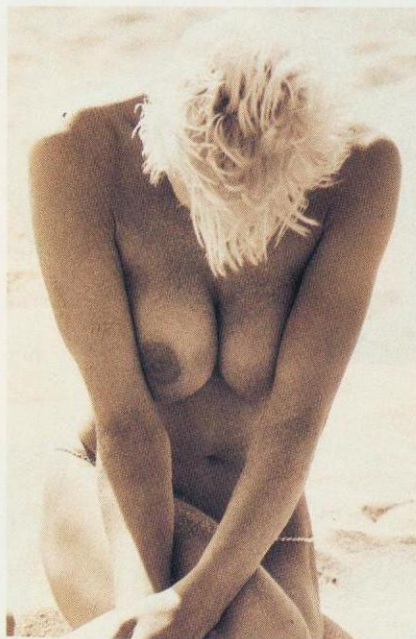
G I T T E G R E A T

SANS STALLONE, SHE'S THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE

BRIGITTE NIELSEN is one very busy woman. She's an actress, of course, the star of such films as *Beverly Hills Cop II*, *Red Sonja*, *Rocky IV* and *Cobra*. Then there's her career as recording star; she recently cut her first pop-rock album, *Every Body Tells a Story*, which includes two songs she co-wrote and has already been released in Europe.

Naturally, she plans a series of music videos to help push the album. And then there's TV—Italian TV, at least, where

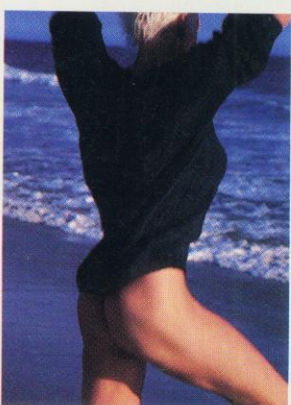
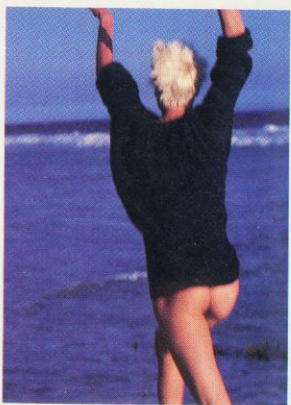
she's just finishing a 14-week stint co-hosting *Festivale*, a popular weekly variety show on which she sings, chats with celebrities and screens her videos. "It's wonderful publicity," she says. But most of all, Brigitte is busy being half of one of Hollywood's steamiest divorces.



B

ack in 1985, it was big news when Gitte (pronounced *ghee-ta*) met Sylvester Stallone. She had gone to New York to discuss her first *Playboy* pictorial (*Rating Nielsen*, September 1985) and to promote her first film, *Red Sonja*, when she discovered that Rocky himself, her longtime heartthrob, was also in town. Although married to a Danish musician and the mother of an infant, Gitte was not shy about getting to meet Stallone, leaving, she admits, eight messages a day at his hotel for five days running. When words failed and Stallone didn't respond, Gitte resorted to visual aids, sending her picture to his hotel room. That, naturally, got Stallone's attention. Within four months, they were engaged; nine months later, they were married. And, of course, 18 months later, they were embroiled in a divorce so messy that several tabloid editors thought they had died and gone to heaven.

"SEX ON THE SLY?" headlined *People* magazine, which managed to cram all the rumors about the divorce into one juicy paragraph: "Gitte is said to have been sleeping with (1) her *Beverly Hills Cop II*



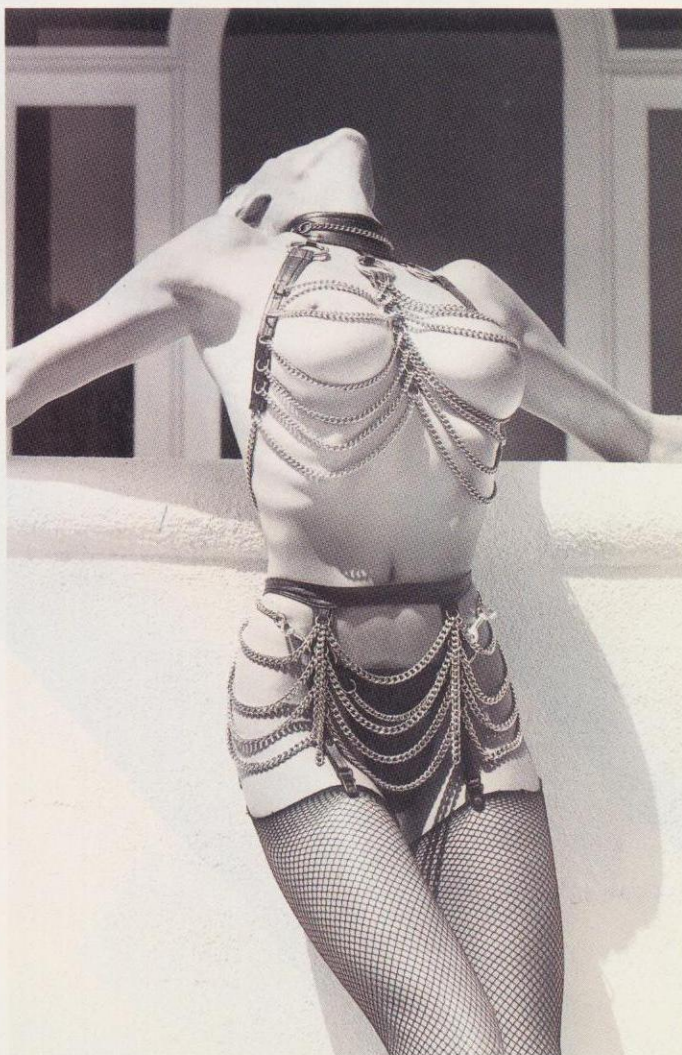
director, Tony Scott; or (2) her secretary, Kelly Sahnger, whose new breasts and improved nose were a gift from her boss; or (3) *Cop II* co-star Eddie Murphy; or (4) all of the above. . . ." The relentlessly tacky *New York Post*, not surprisingly, staked out the Gitte beat with a vengeance. *Paparazzi* caught her cavorting in the French seaside resort of St.-Tropez with banker Lucas Rossi, whom the *Post* described as "a well-known Italian playboy" and "a lusty Lothario," adding, "Brigitte's public display of togetherness with her Riviera Romeo comes just a month after European papers blamed the breakup of the Stallone marriage on a possible relationship between her and Miss Sahnger."





Given the enormous amount of attention she received, Gitte, who is now 24, also proved quite adept at side-stepping, well, personal queries. Her comments on the divorce have been exceedingly brief. "We are not here to talk about my private life," she told *People*. And even though she had obviously given liberally of her time for this *Playboy* pictorial (her third), nailing her for an interview was not so easy; and getting her to answer questions about what had gone wrong was a challenge that would daunt Rambo. Our first phone conversation lasted a generous five seconds. "I'm very busy right now," she said with Nordic firmness. "Could you call me later?" She was in a San Fernando Valley recording studio, putting the finishing touches on her album. Calls went back and forth; sometimes Gitte explained how busy she was, while other times the excuses fell to Kelly Sahnger (yes, *that* Kelly Sahnger). "Call back in 15 minutes" was the usual request. Fifteen minutes later, it turned out, Gitte had already left the studio.

She was gone, but we were not forgotten. A mere five minutes later, our phone rang and it was Gitte, who sounded as if she were calling from an empty high school gym. She was, in fact, taking time to talk while on the high-risk San Diego Freeway, prepared to spill all on her car's speaker phone, as she headed toward home in her Mercedes.









W

hat are we going to talk about?" asked Gitte, while the cellular-phone signal faded in and out as the car passed between the hills. The usual stuff, we told her: her career, the pictorial, the divorce.

Suddenly, we weren't talking with Gitte anymore. And we weren't on the speakerphone. Kelly Sahnger, the most infamous secretary since Fawn Hall, had picked up the car-phone receiver and was lecturing us about discussing the divorce. "It's totally against what she wants to do or what I think she should do," warned Kelly. "She doesn't want to *ever* talk about it."

We pressed the issue but struck out. "I don't want to sound mean or anything," said Kelly, sounding mean, "but there's no use in even talking about Sylvester. It's just that she won't do that. It's old news. Why even bother to bring it up? Sylvester Stallone is out of her life."

And, apparently, out of our interview, which turned immediately to Gitte's career news—"I love the fact that I have both acting and music," said Gitte, speaking for herself this time, "because they are such different things. In acting, you always portray somebody else. In singing, you are you—you bring your personality, your feelings, your emotions out of you," she confided. "If the album is a hit in Europe, we definitely have a go-ahead here in the U.S. I wouldn't want to release it here if it's not good." Unfortunately, the vagaries of the L.A. cellular-phone system soon proved as formidable a challenge as Gitte. The signal faded in and out, questions and answers had to be repeated and there lingered the anxiety that if we forgot and mentioned you-know-who, we might risk causing a 12-car pile-up on the 405. At one point, the signal disappeared entirely.



M

inutes later, we were relieved when Gitte called back to answer our question on why she had chosen to do the *Playboy* pictorial. Actually, it wasn't Gitte. "This is Kelly again," said a familiar voice. "Brigitte and I were talking, and she doesn't want to say why she did *Playboy*."

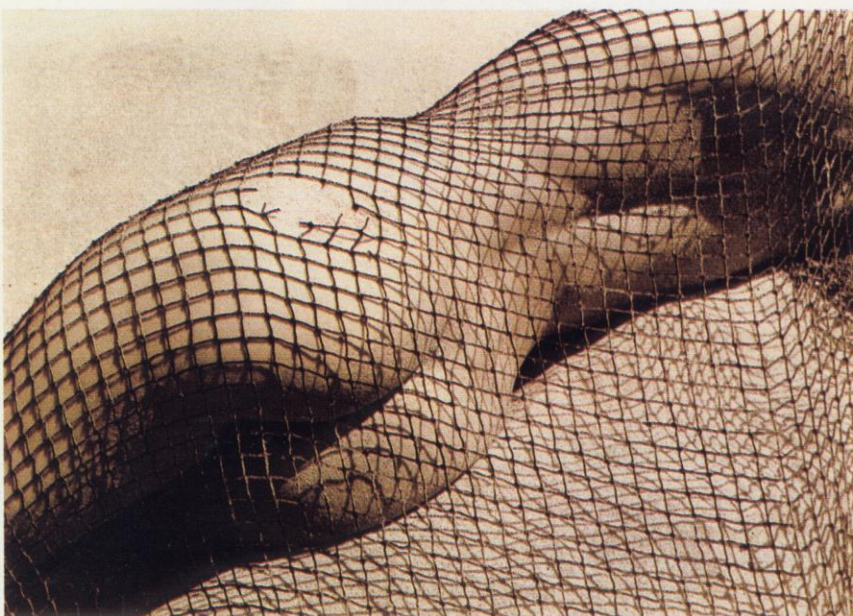
"I have a reason," Gitte broke in, "but it's not anything I'd like to talk about. It's very personal."

Having already learned how to adapt to these sticky situations, we artfully dodged the issue with a truly tough question: Where will you be living now as a permanent home base?

Gitte confessed that she planned to stay in L.A., and now that she was no longer *chez Rambo*, she'd buy her own house. (By the way, the tabloids estimate that she's sitting pretty from the pay-out dictated by a prenuptial agreement she and Stallone had signed.) "I love the weather and I love the opportunity to be a success. People have really respected me here."

We could tell that Gitte was beginning to tire. After all, her day had started at eight that morning with business calls and meetings, and she had spent the afternoon and much of the evening in the recording studio. She was on her way home at 9:30 P.M. to change for an important dinner meeting, and the next morning, she'd be leaving for her lengthy European stay.

Do you like this pace? we asked. Don't you need more time to unwind? The phone made some



strange noises. The Mercedes was apparently getting closer to home, entering a hilly area that's death to car phones. Gitte said, "Hello?" plaintively, and then we were disconnected once again. It was, we supposed, life in the fast lane.









M E E T

I
N D I A

FOR INDIA ALLEN, life has offered up very few surprises—which, when you think about it, is one of the logical benefits of having a psychic for a mother. “My mom is a really good psychic,” India says. “She has always told me, ‘Your picture is going to be seen everywhere.’ In high school, I really didn’t believe her, because I was real tall and real thin.” But Mom, a full-blooded Algonquin Indian who has looked into the future for various celebrities and has attempted to help police solve crimes, was more specific—she even “saw” her daughter’s pictures on these pages and urged her to try out as a Playmate as soon as India turned 18. “I didn’t have much self-confidence then,” admits India, who’s now 22. “My mom thought I had a pretty body, but I was chicken.” But four years of modeling all over the United States and Europe “has really toughened me up,” she says. “It’s amazing that being rejected can give you so much confidence, but I’ve really got all the confidence in the world now.”



miss december's name
isn't the only exotic
thing about her

At school, I was a jockette. I played field hockey and tennis, and I was real good at basketball. When you're tall, you get recruited for every sport," says India. "I never thought I would be a beauty queen. I got busty in my sophomore year, but the rest of me just stayed straight all the way down. I didn't get any curves at all, and I still don't have many."





Still, India didn't give much thought to *Playboy*, despite Mom's early-warning system. The idea resurfaced when her agent sent her to do a small role in a short film parody of *Beverly Hills Cop II*, playing, appropriately enough, a Playmate in the Playboy Mansion West scene. One of the other actresses, who was perhaps overqualified for the part, was Monique St. Pierre—*Playboy's* Playmate of the Year in 1979. Even though India and Monique became fast friends during the shoot, India was stunned when one of the producers mentioned Monique's stint as P.M.O.Y., and even more surprised when he suggested that India should consider giving *Playboy* a call. India turned to Monique for advice, and Monique, after looking through India's portfolio of modeling assignments, turned from friend to unofficial agent, taking her to *Playboy's* West Coast photo studios on Sunset Boulevard for test shots.





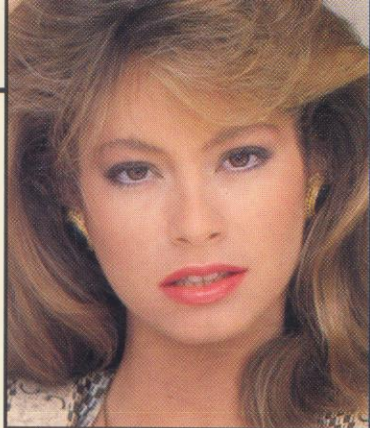


Once I walked through the doors at Playboy, I felt as if this was where I belonged," says India. "It was really weird." There's been no flak from other quarters, either. Her mother, naturally, is thrilled; her father, who took some of the early photos that helped launch her modeling career, is equally pleased. And her fiancé, veterinarian Bill Garfield, surprised India with his enthusiastic support. "He's a real health fanatic," she says. "That's why he has such a good attitude about it—he's such a body person. His body's perfect." So, apparently, are his scruples—the couple met when India was 18 and he was 35, an age gap so large that he refused to date her. It was only after four years of long-distance friendship that he reconsidered. They now live together and plan to marry in the spring. Once again, India's mom saw it coming. "She always hinted that we would end up together," says India. And, as we've discovered, mothers definitely know best.

My mom named me after a legendary old Southern woman, India Allen, who was born with hair the color of India ink, just like I was. Mom worried that the name was too exotic, but for modeling, it was perfect."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Linda Allen

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 127

BIRTH DATE: 6-1-65 BIRTHPLACE: Portsmouth, Virginia

AMBITIONS: To Buy my own Animal Hospital and have a successful modeling career.

TURN-ONS: Washboard Stomachs, Smart men, animals, new corvettes, '65 mustang conv.

TURN-OFFS: Hurt Animals, Drugs, Rude people, TRAFFIC and smog.

FAVORITE BOOKS: JAMES HERRIOT'S DOG STORIES, The Eighth Commandment, Dune Series

FAVORITE MOVIES: THE QUIET MAN, REAL GENIUS, Dr. Strangelove, TALE RIDER.

I'LL KNOW I'VE MADE IT WHEN: I have more work than I can handle, hopefully modeling!

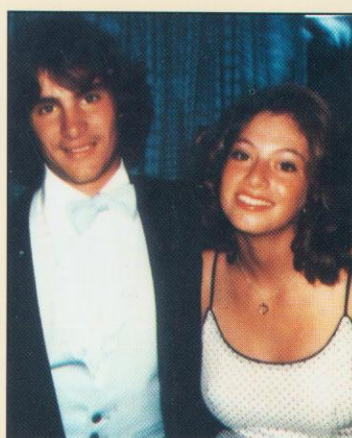
IDEAL WEEKEND: TAKING a motorcycle trip up the coast of California and staying in CARMEL. (Paradise)



10 yrs. old



17 and trying Junior Prom to Pose!



(TOO BAD I can't Dance)

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When I drink, *everybody* drinks!" a man shouted to the assembled bar patrons. A loud general cheer went up. After downing his whiskey, he hopped onto a barstool and shouted, "When I take another drink, *everybody* takes another drink." The announcement produced another cheer and another round of drinks.

As soon as he downed his second drink, the fellow hopped back onto the stool. "And when I pay," he bellowed, slapping three dollars onto the bar, "*everybody* pays!"

Dad," the 13-year-old boy asked, looking up from his social-studies text, "what did you do during the sexual revolution?"

"Well, son," his father replied, "I guess you could say I was captured early and spent the duration doing the dishes."



Morris had been down on his luck for months and, though not a devoutly religious man, had begun to visit the local synagogue to ask God's help. One week, out of desperation, he prayed, "God, I've been a good and decent man all my life. Would it be so terrible if You let me win the lottery just once?"

The despondent fellow returned week after week. One day, Morris, nearly hopeless now, prayed, "God, I've never asked You for anything before. I just want to win one little lottery."

As he dejectedly rose to leave, God's voice boomed, "Morris, at least meet Me halfway on this. Buy a lottery ticket!"

After making a daring escape from the penitentiary, the convict eluded bloodhounds and police roadblocks and dodged helicopter searchlights on his way to see his wife. Finally sneaking in a back entrance, he knocked on the door and smiled triumphantly as she opened it. "Where the hell have you been?" she blared. "You busted out more than four hours ago!"

Rumor has it that the descendants of the Elephant Man have offered \$10,000 for the remains of Michael Jackson's nose.

The old man had lived all his life in a little house on the Vermont side of the New Hampshire-Vermont border. One day, the surveyors came to inform him that they had just discovered that he lived in New Hampshire, not Vermont.

"Thank heavens!" was his reply. "I didn't think I could take another one of those god-damned Vermont winters."

How many surrealists does it take to change a light bulb? Two—one to hold the giraffe and the other to fill the bathtub with Jell-O.

When the usher noticed a man stretched across three seats in the movie theater, he walked over and whispered, "Sorry, sir, but you're allowed only one seat." The man moaned but didn't budge. "Sir," the usher said more loudly, "if you don't move, I'll have to call the manager." The man moaned again but stayed where he was. The usher left and returned with the manager, who, after several attempts at dislodging the fellow, called the police.

The cop looked at the reclining man and said, "All right, what's your name, joker?"

"Joe," he mumbled.

"And where're you from, Joe?"

"The balcony."

A driver, obviously drunk, was heading the wrong way down a one-way street when a policeman pulled him over. "Didn't you see the arrow, buddy?" he asked.

"The arrow?" the confused driver said. "I didn't even see the Indians."



Wally Swiman

After 20 years' obedience to his vow of silence, the Trappist monk was called into the abbot's study and told that he could utter two words. "Bad food," he said softly. His superior nodded and dismissed him.

Twenty years later, the monk was again summoned by the abbot. "No heat," the monk said, head bowed.

By the time he was called again, a new, younger abbot had been appointed. The monk, an old man now, entered the study waving his cane. "I quit," he declared.

"So be it," the abbot said. "I hear you bitch too much, anyway."

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. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.

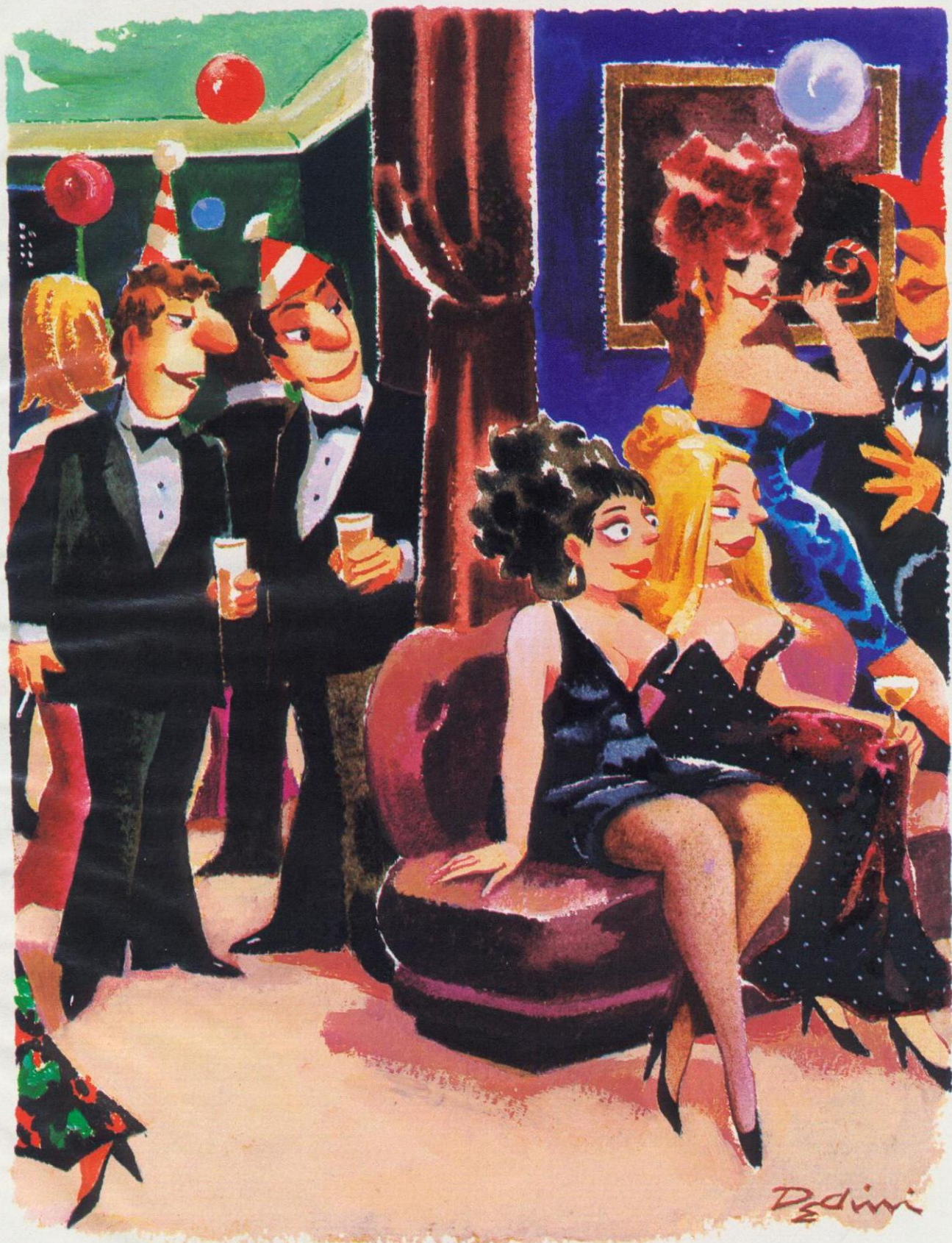


Buck Brown

"Get a load of ol' Rudolph, the brown-nosed reindeer!"



"Why, thank you! I'd love to dance!"




"One pumps iron, the other is recovering from a damaged relationship. Easy does it."



SEX
TARS
OF 1987

KEVIN COSTNER and SEAN YOUNG
Torrid Twosome



this year, hollywood had
a lot of competition—
from amateurs

text by
JIM HARWOOD

FOR A WHILE, it seemed as if the Sex Stars of 1987 would turn out to be a ram-bunctious bunch of overnight sensations who might never be heard from again. Fortunately, a few experienced veterans came off the side lines to make the year a memorable mix of high-jinks rather
(text continued on page 168)

LEADING LADIES & GENTLEMEN

Movie screens are beginning to steam up again, thanks in no small part to such stars as Sean Young and Kevin Costner (opposite), who are obsessed with each other in *No Way Out*, and ever-sexy Kim Basinger (right), most recently paired with Jeff Bridges in the goofily romantic thriller *Nadine*.

KIM BASINGER
A Now Kind of Blonde



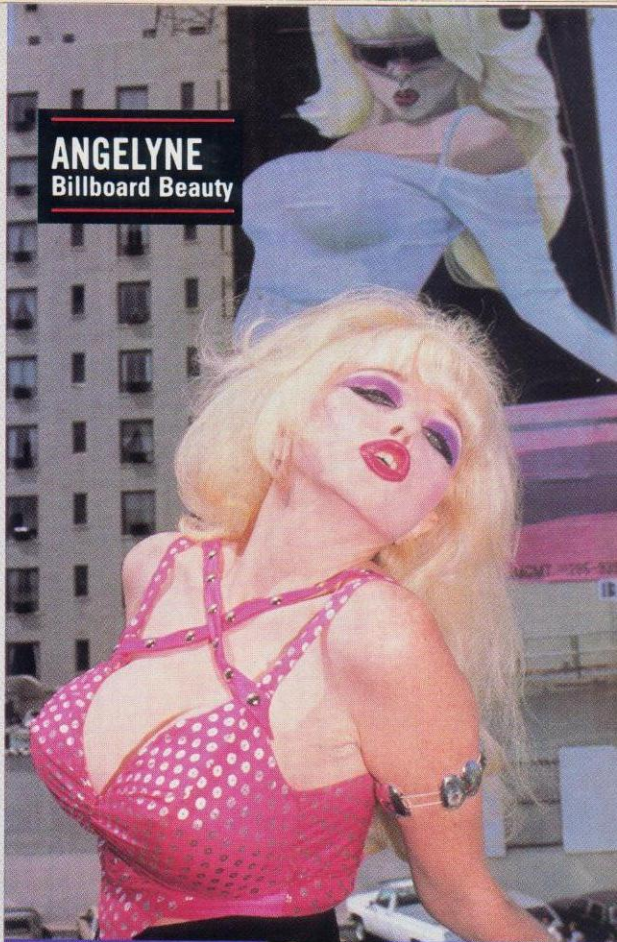
VANNA WHITE
Fortune's Favorite

MEDIA DARLINGS

One could scarcely open a periodical in 1987 without encountering Vanna White (left), *Wheel of Fortune's* popular letterwoman, whose May *Playboy* issue was a sellout. As for Gloria (*Ms.*) Steinem (above), she brightened our year by posing in a mini for *Vanity Fair*. We're glad you've finally caught up with us, Gloria. If you hadn't had great gams, you'd never have become a funny Bunny. A lady named Angelyne (top right) had herself immortalized on billboards and an 85-foot mural, while model Paulina Porizkova (bottom right) had a new calendar and *Playboy* layout.



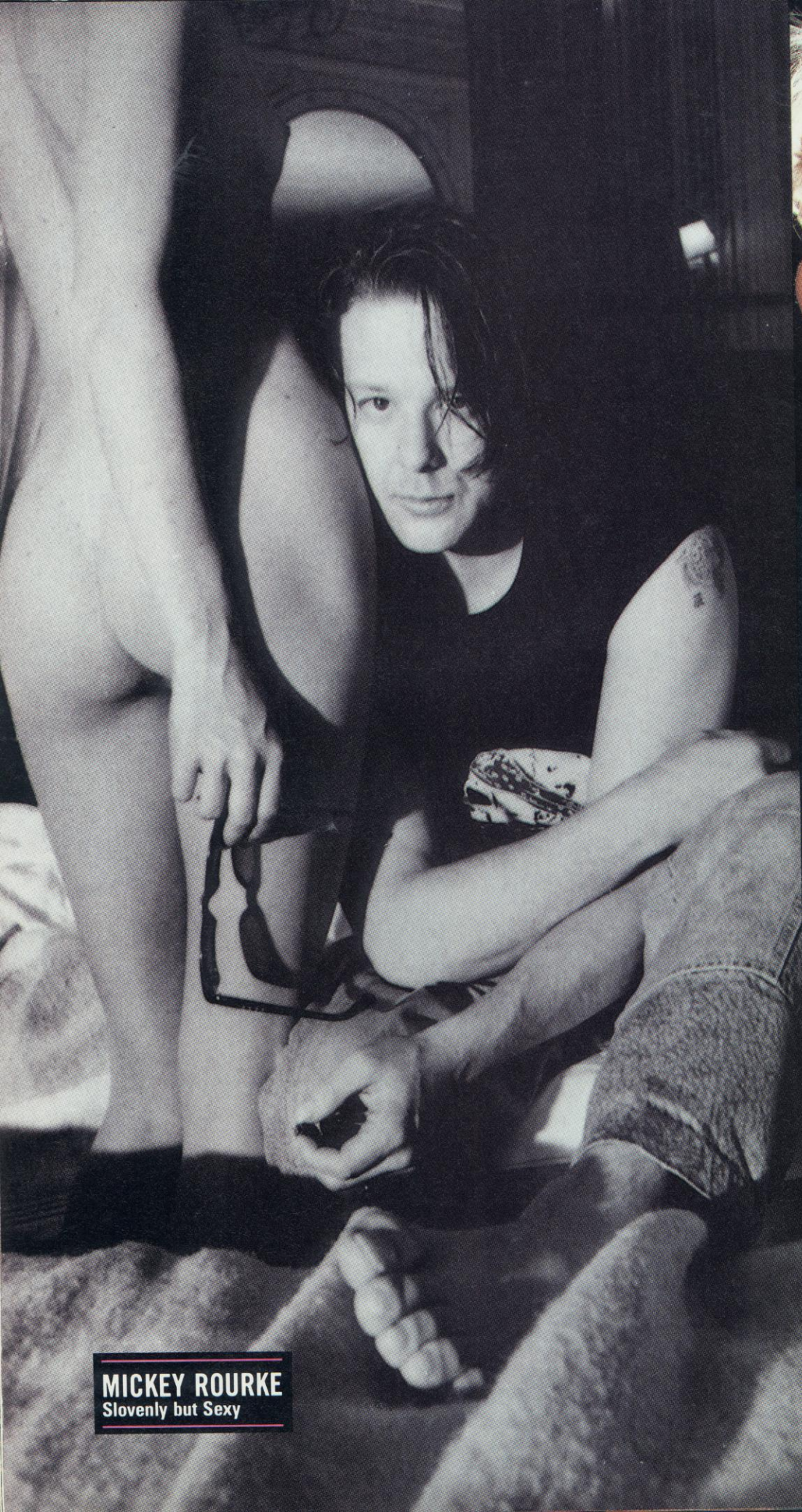
GLORIA STEINEM
Most Liberated Legs



ANGELYNE
Billboard Beauty



PAULINA PORIZKOVA
Page Turner



MICKEY ROURKE
Slovenly but Sexy

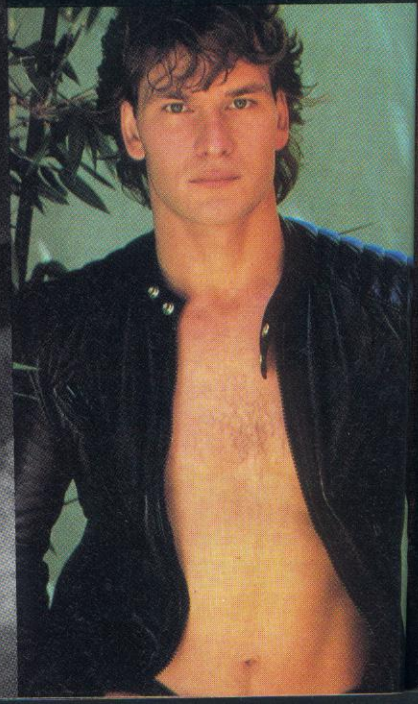


MICHELLE PFEIFFER
Most Be-Witching

SCREEN PRESENCE

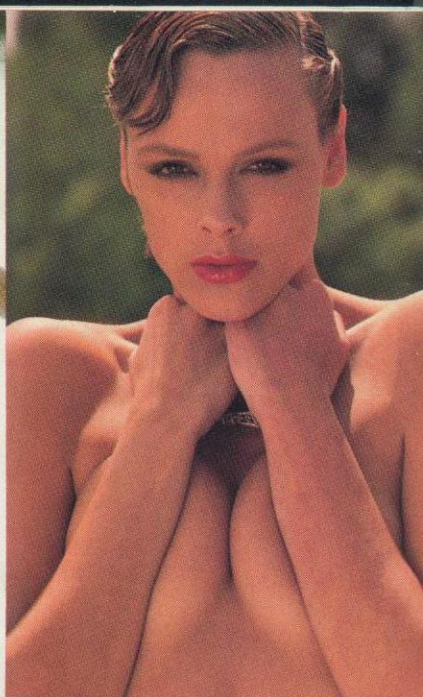
How does he manage it? Mickey Rourke (left) can look like a slob in such films as *Angel Heart* and *Barfly*, but he still turns on the ladies. Michelle Pfeiffer (above) enlivens *The Witches of Eastwick*, as well as the zany spoof *Amazon Women on the Moon*, while Patrick Swayze (below), previously cast as a tough, outdoorsy kind of guy, transforms a Borscht Belt hotel dance floor into an erogenous zone in *Dirty Dancing*.

PATRICK SWAYZE
Dirtiest Dancer





SONIA BRAGA
Milagro's Miracle

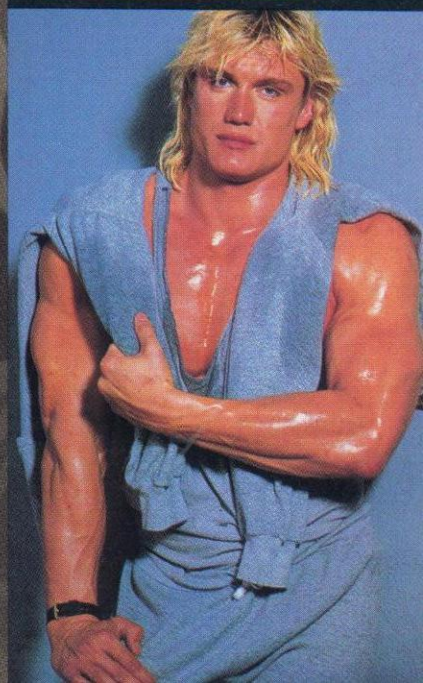


BRIGITTE NIELSEN
So Long, Sly

FOREIGN LEGIONS

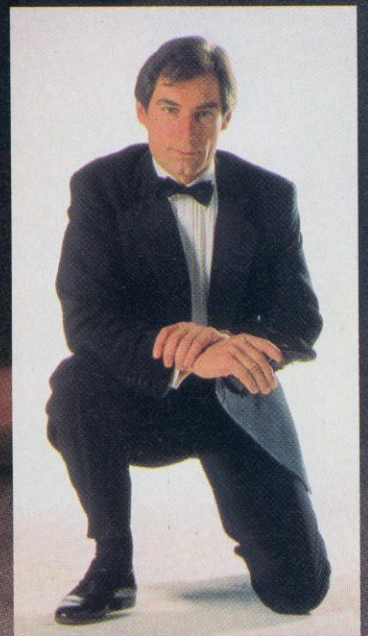
Brazil's spectacular Sonia Braga (left), owner of one of our favorite foreign bodies, stars in Robert Redford's upcoming *Milagro Beanfield War*; great Dane Brigitte Nielsen (above), split from husband Sylvester Stallone, has lots of movie offers (not to mention a sizzling pictorial in this issue). And super-Swede Dolph Lundgren, no longer Grace Jones's main man, conquers all as the superhero of *Masters of the Universe*.

DOLPH LUNDGREN
Dis-Graced





BOND AGAIN You've been under a rock if you aren't aware that 1987 marks the 25th anniversary of 007 movies, duly noted with a *Playboy* retrospective (September) and a new film, *The Living Daylights*, starring Timothy Dalton (below) as Bond and Maryam d'Abo (left) as his musical Bondswoman.

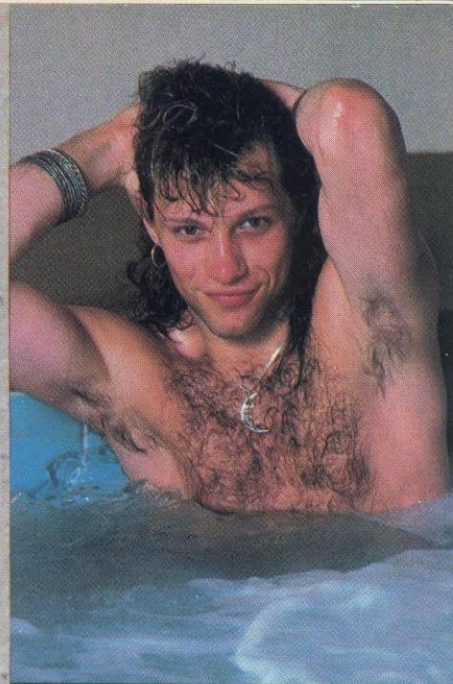


MARYAM D'ABO
Comeliest Cellist

TIMOTHY DALTON
Heir Apparent



MADONNA
Queen of the Road



JON BON JOVI
Teens' Dream

THE BEAT GOES ON

Music's charms do more to inflame than to soothe when it's Madonna (left) on stage; her round-the-world tour was a near sellout wherever she went, filling such giant arenas as Houston's Astrodome and London's Wembley Stadium. (In her movie *Who's That Girl*, though, she took a fall.) Jon Bon Jovi (above) drew the lion's share of the year's groupies, while Whitney Houston (below) scored with a second top-selling album.

WHITNEY HOUSTON
Pop's Top

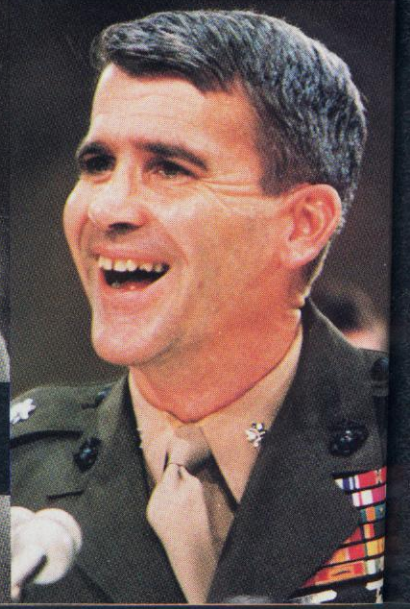




GARY HART
Losingest Weekend



FAWN HALL
Sexiest Shredder



OLIVER NORTH
Soap Killer

DONNA RICE
Hart Stopper

HEADLINERS Some of the year's sexiest stories featured people who popped up on television newscasts, not sitcoms. Donna Rice (far left) is a Miami party girl whose past has been revealed to be much more colorful than she would like to admit. Donna, who has been described in the press as "Wild Rice" and an "action girl," helped torpedo the Presidential ambitions of candidate Gary Hart (top left) when they were observed during an all-night stake-out at his Washington town house. It later turned out that Rice, the ex-girlfriend of a convicted drug dealer, had accompanied Hart on a swinging cruise to Bimini. Fawn Hall (center left) shredded heaps of documents, then smuggled other papers from the office of her boss, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North (bottom left), in her blouse; this fueled sniggering speculation about their relationship that both denied—and that has never been confirmed. But the year's hottest story was that of former church secretary Jessica Hahn (right), whose revelations about the sexual and financial misdeeds of TV evangelist Jim Bakker led to his downfall and to the near demise of his multi-million-dollar PTL empire. Jessica has told her complete story exclusively in the pages of *Playboy*.



JESSICA HAHN
Avenging Angel

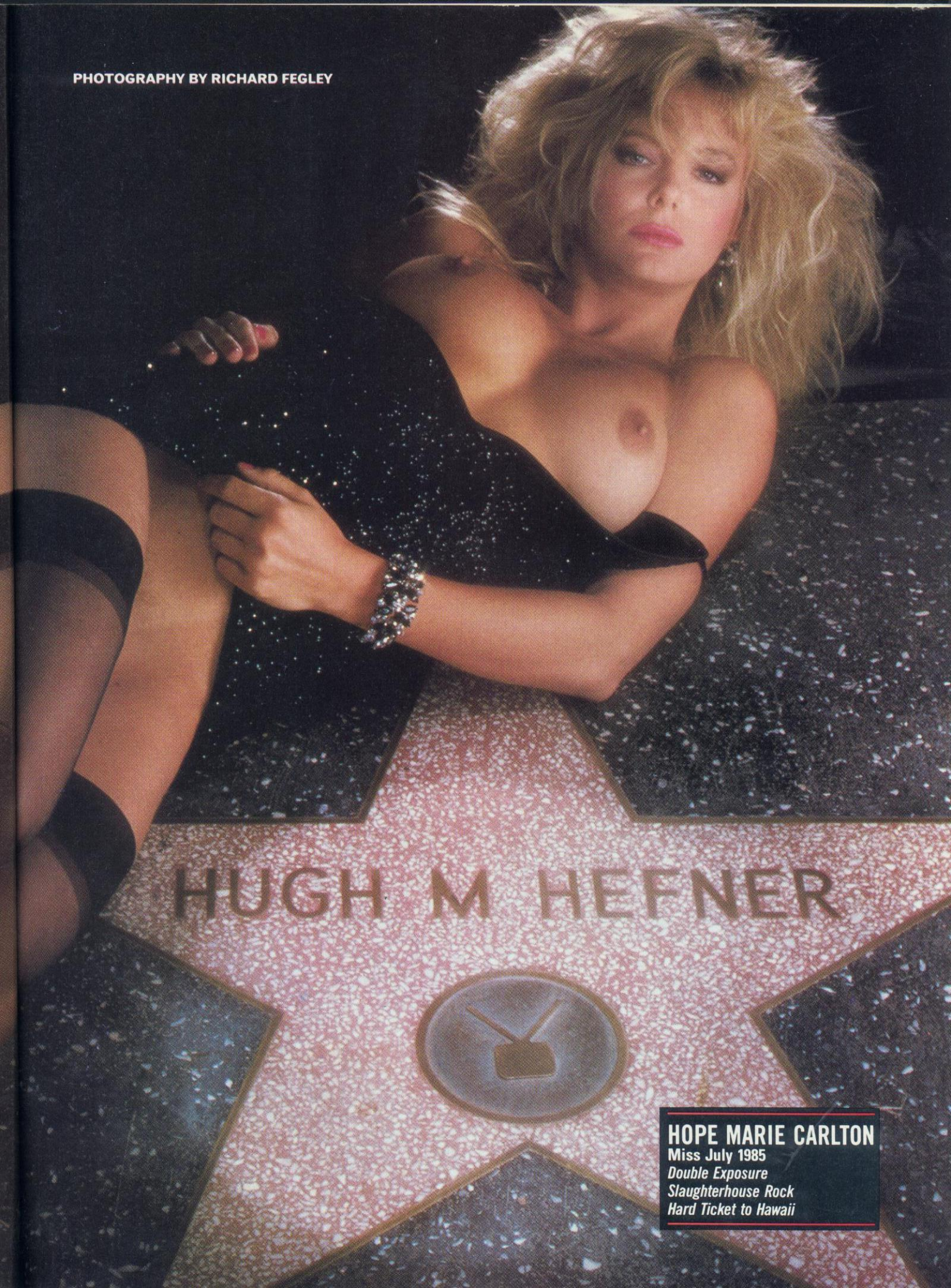
PLAYBOY'S LAYMATES *in the Movies*



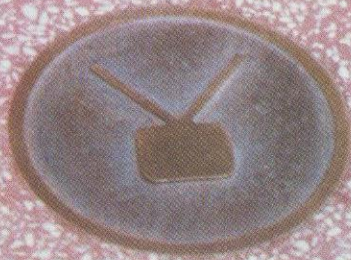
JULIE MCCULLOUGH
Miss February 1986
Big Bad Mama II

From the beginning, *Playboy's* Playmates have appeared in movies. Think of Jayne Mansfield and Stella Stevens. This year, though, there's a bumper crop. The eight gatefold girls on these pages have been in more films than we have space to list. Other Playmates are also making cinematic waves: 30th Anniversary Playmate Penny Baker, for example, is Charity in *Million Dollar Mystery*; Heidi Sorenson is the mayor's best girl in *Roxanne*; Ava Fabian, in *Dragnet*, plays Dabney Coleman's companion, Ava; Susan Scott stars in *Student Confidential* and Pamela Bryant in *Tiger Shark*; Yuliis Ruval, a.k.a. Lillian Müller, is in *Stewardess School*. Independent film maker Andy Sidaris features a veritable stock company of Playmates, among them Hope Marie Carlton, Cynthia Brimhall, Patty Duffek, Dona Speir and Roberta Vasquez, in his secret-agent movies *Hard Ticket to Hawaii* and *Picasso Trigger*. Catch a *Playboy* centerfold on the screen soon!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



HUGH M HEFNER



HOPE MARIE CARLTON
Miss July 1985
Double Exposure
Slaughterhouse Rock
Hard Ticket to Hawaii

KIMBERLY EVENSON

Miss September 1984

Kandyland

Porky's Revenge



DEVIN DE VASQUEZ

Miss June 1985

Can't Buy Me Love

House II: The Second Story



SHANNON TWEED
Playmate of the Year 1982
Code Name: Vengeance
Steele Justice
Lover Boy



DONA SPEIR

Miss March 1984

Into the Night

Picasso Trigger

Hard Ticket to Hawaii



REBECCA FERRATTI

Miss June 1986

The Silent Assassin

Gor

Outlaw of Gor



KATHY SHOWER

Playmate of the Year 1986

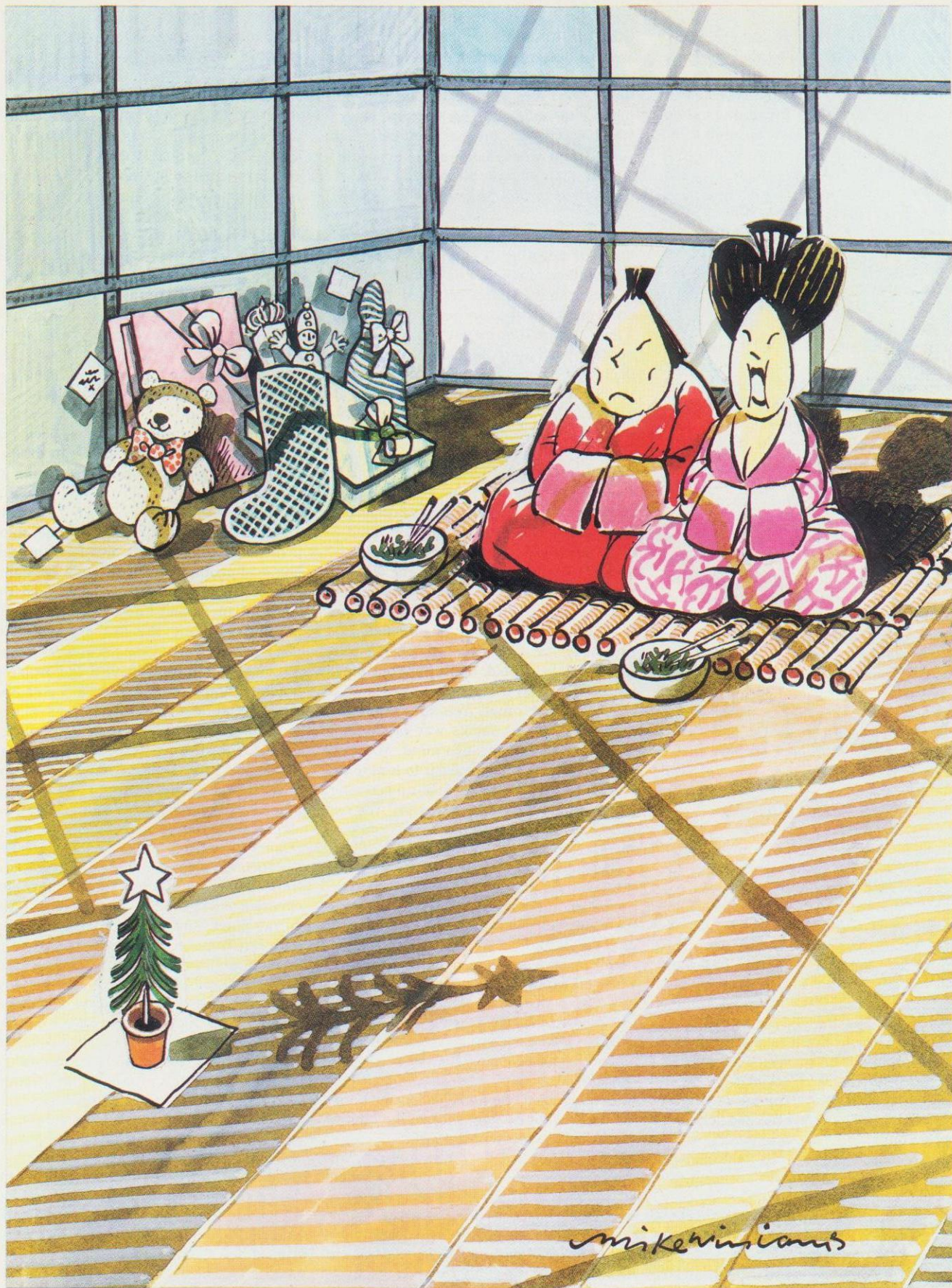
The Further Adventures of Tennessee Buck
The Woman Who Loved Too Much



"Oops. I'm afraid I'm at the wrong party."



"I'm a romantic old traditionalist when it comes to Christmas, Miss Bishop—holly, mistletoe, a roasting log fire, a black garter belt. . . ."



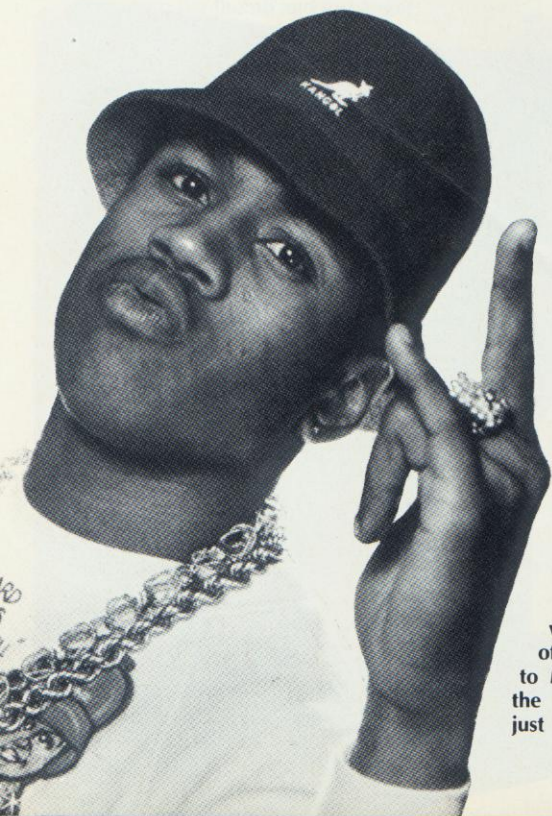
"OK, so it's a Christmas tree . . . it still beats me why people in the West get so excited about them."



© KERMANI / GAMMA-LIAISON

Hizzoner

The mayor of Carmel is a busy guy. From governing the locals to meeting the Pope to owning a restaurant to playing golf, CLINT has most of his days already made. For you moviegoers, the mayor will put down his gavel and start shooting in 1988.



The Ninja of Rap

Master rapper LL COOL J got the gold for his second album, *Bigger and Deffer*, and then hit the road with the Def Jam '87 tour. Says LL about the future, "There hasn't been a rap star yet. . . . There will be . . . when one of us is standing next to Michael Jackson at the Grammys, getting just as many as he is."

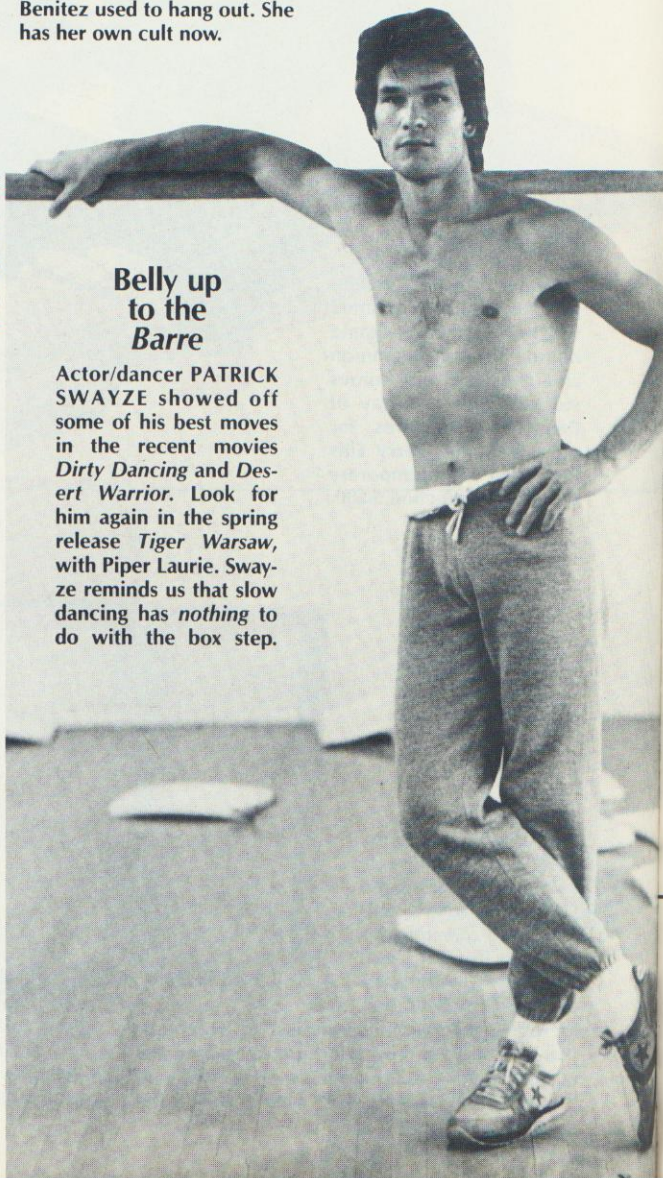
PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



© 1987 LYNN GOLDSMITH / LGI

Jamming with Lisa

Singer LISA VELEZ' group, Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam, shot up the charts with its album *Spanish Fly*. A New Yorker, Lisa got her start at the Fun House, where Madonna and Jellybean Benitez used to hang out. She has her own cult now.



NANCY MORAN / SYGMA

Belly up to the Barre

Actor/dancer PATRICK SWAYZE showed off some of his best moves in the recent movies *Dirty Dancing* and *Desert Warrior*. Look for him again in the spring release *Tiger Warsaw*, with Piper Laurie. Swayze reminds us that slow dancing has *nothing* to do with the box step.

Getting Cured

ROBERT SMITH, lead singer for The Cure, has no major worries. The band's album *Kiss Me Kiss Me* went gold. The Cure's North American tour was a smash and the boys are now giving Europe its chance to rave. So if something's ailing you, save on your doctor bills. Go for The Cure instead.



PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.



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Deck the Halls

Our season's greetings come unwrapped, of course. Actress KAREN RUSSELL has appeared in the movies *Dragon Fly*, *Modern Girls* and *Hell Bent*. If we were naming things, we'd call Karen heavenly and raise a glass to holiday cheer.



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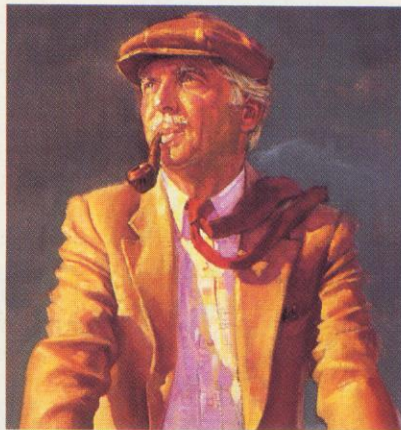
The Eyes Have It

Actress ARLENE JULIAN appeared on the big screen in *Mankillers* and on TV in *The Young and the Restless*. Now she's doing some man-killing in *Grapevine*. Don't look for clues. Arlene gets away with murder.

COMING NEXT: PLAYBOY'S GALA 34TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



MINIS



SURGEON



AIDS



REVIEW

"PANIC IN THE SHEETS"—AN ENLIGHTENED LOOK AT HOW AIDS AFFECTS ROMANCE, BY CELEBRATED BACHELOR/AUTHOR/PHYSICIAN **MICHAEL CRICHTON**

SUSAN DEY, SIZZLING STAR OF TELEVISION'S HIT SERIES *L.A. LAW*, TALKS ABOUT **HARRY HAMLIN**, ANOREXIA AND OUTGROWING THE IMAGE OF **LAURIE PARTRIDGE** IN A LIVELY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"DUELING SIXTIES"—TWO FORMER *RAMPARTS* EDITORS, **PETER COLLIER** AND **DAVID HOROWITZ**, FIND THAT DAZZLING DECADE AT THE ROOT OF MANY OF THE EIGHTIES' EVILS. AGING *ENFANT TERRIBLE* **HARLAN ELLISON**, HOWEVER, BEGS TO DIFFER

"KRAZY KAT"—WHEN THE CLASSIC CARTOON FELINE AND COMPANION **IGNATZ MOUSE** ASSUME THREE DIMENSIONS, THEY DISCOVER THE JOYS OF SEX. A WITTY YARN BY **JAY CANTOR**

"THE SURGEON"—HE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL IN A NIGHT'S EMERGENCY-ROOM WORK; THEN THE THANK-YOU GIFT FROM THE SAUDI PRINCE ALMOST GAVE THE DOCTOR A CORONARY. AN ENTERTAINING STORY FROM THE PEN OF **ROALD DAHL**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: RUSSKI BUSINESS"—IS THIS WHAT BEING IN THE RED MEANS? THE SCOOP ON WHAT THE K.G.B. TAUGHT HIM ABOUT MONEY FROM **ANDREW TOBIAS**

PLUS: **"THE CURSE,"** A HAUNTING TALE OF A BARTENDER'S MEMORIES, BY **ANDRE DUBUS**; A PICTORIAL HURRAH FOR **"THE RETURN OF THE MINISKIRT"**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"**; A **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW** WITH **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER** AND **"THE BEST"** FOR THE NEW YEAR

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: PHOTOS THAT EXPLAIN WHY BRITS GO GAGA OVER **"PAGE-THREE GIRLS"**; **"WHY SPY?"** AND **"GOING DOWN ON THE TITANIC,"** TWO VERY DIFFERENT PIECES BY THE INIMITABLE **WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.**; **"THE GIRLS FROM DOWN UNDER"**; FICTION BY **GEORGE V. HIGGINS** AND **ROBERT SILVERBERG**; NEWS-MAKING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV** AND **OLIVER STONE**; A SMART BROKER'S ADVICE ON **"WHEN TO GET OUT OF THE MARKET,"** BY **JOHN D. SPOONER**; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **JUDGE REINHOLD**, **THERESA RUSSELL**, **JOHN CANDY** AND **ED HARRIS**; **"THE YEAR IN SEX"**; AND MORE