

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1989 • \$4.00

## BROADCAST NUDES!

## TV NEWSCASTER BARES ALL



PLUS: GOLF IN ALL ITS GLORY, INTERVIEW WITH BARRY DILLER AND A VIETNAM VET GETS STRAIGHT TALK FROM AFGHAN VETS



*"Dear Diary: I fear Roderick suspects . . . !"*

this just in: phoenix newscaster is amazing arizona

# SHELLY JAMISON TV NEWS KNOCKOUT



*I had this horrible dream—a real nightmare—that the magazine came out, I was fired from Channel Ten and wound up autographing pizza boxes at a Pizza Hut opening. I thought, Hell, I don't want to lose credibility—I want to gain exposure.*

—SHELLY JAMISON, October 1988

**NEWSCASTER** [smiling]: Good morning, Arizona—here's today's top story: In a move that has shocked co-workers, bosses and friends, Channel Ten newscaster-producer Shelly Jamison has bared all in an exclusive pictorial in this month's *Playboy* magazine. A local television personality known best for her intelligence, enthusiasm and good looks, Jamison kept the details of her magazine debut, ah, entirely under wraps from the hard-working news team at the local CBS affiliate. . . .

That's right, Shelly Jamison, newscaster, has become Shelly Jamison, news maker. And for the time being, that suits her just fine.

"I've been in the business long enough to know you want a good sound bite—a good explanation as to why I did this," Shelly told us last October during a whispered interview at her desk at KTSP, Channel Ten in Phoenix. "But, to tell the truth, I'm not really sure. I know I wanted to expand my horizons, I wanted something more. Instead of being the reporter, for once I felt like being the subject.

"Face it," she continued with a half-smile, "I'm a product—whether I'm reporting on TV or appearing nude on the pages of *Playboy*. Plain and simple: I'm a package."

"When I was a teenager, I was always a show-off," says Shelly (keeping up with the news, above and opposite). "And becoming a TV anchor was not a farfetched idea. A lot of today's newswomen were formerly Miss This or Miss That. And I was once Miss Arizona Boat Show," she confesses. "It was cheesy stuff, really: You put on a bathing suit and stood next to a boat." Eventually, Shelly was introduced to the news business by her stepfather, then one of the town's top talking heads. "Now he's the weekend anchor for the NBC affiliate in Phoenix," she says, laughing. "He's my competition!" Not here, at least.





Although her news job has put her in the spotlight countless times, Shelly (on and off the set, below) admits that posing under the *Playboy* lights was something entirely different. "It was this whole psychological thing," she says. "First, they dressed me up in this sexy outfit—push-up bra, panties, the works—and then slowly had me undress for the camera. For the first six rolls of film, I was pretty uptight," she says, giggling. "Then I started to warm up." Happily for all.











Far from plain *or* simple, the Shelly Jamison package arrived at *Playboy* in a somewhat roundabout way. When the magazine announced its 35th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, Shelly sent in some bathing-suit shots—just as a goof, really—and more or less forgot all about it. “That is, until I got a call from the Photo Department,” she recalls, “telling me they were interested and asking me to send more shots—nudes. I hung up and started to giggle. I called my parents and grandparents; I sat down and talked (text continued on page 167)





# SHELLY JAMISON

(continued from page 80)

to my husband, Ron. He said, 'If you send those nudes, they'll call you in for sure.'

"So we tore down the living room, took the lamp shades off the lamps, put the baby in the baby swing and began to shoot. Ron took out his *Playboy* collection—there's a stack of them a mile high by the bed—and told me how to pose. It was like he was Pompeio [Posar], Jr."

Obviously, Ron's lensmanship cut the mustard: One look at Shelly's shots and *Playboy* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen whisked his Arizona discovery off to Chicago for a bona fide test shoot. "But he told me I shouldn't try for the Anniversary Playmate," says Shelly. "He convinced me that my job as a newscaster might make an interesting story. . . ."

Interesting is putting it mildly: Shelly is

more than a popular talking head. Wearing the proverbial "many hats," she churns out 16-hour workdays ("Nobody should have to wake up at three-thirty A.M.!), not only producing the station's noon newscast but also serving as on-camera field reporter for the morning and evening news. "As producer," she explains, "I whip the show into shape—everything from deciding how much time the weatherman gets to giving that first segment punch. But I really like the reporting," she adds, "meeting new people, wringing them out for information. That's what the job calls for."

*NEWSCASTER:* So how did the twenty-six-year-old, down-home, native Phoenician get herself into the center of such a media storm in the first place? For Jamison, the tale begins when she was a child.

[Roll video of Jamison family scrapbook pictures.]

*JAMISON VOICE-OVER:* As a kid, I was always



"I think we've been at sea too long, Olaf."

the little show-off—"Let Me Entertain You" and all that. My parents divorced when I was eight and my mom remarried a man who was the top anchor for the ABC affiliate in town. One day, he asked me if I wanted to go with him to work. When I got there, I took one look around and thought, This is great! From that point on, I knew I wanted to be in TV news reporting. . . .

Indeed, when the news bug bit, it bit hard. Majoring in broadcast journalism at Arizona State University, Shelly filled her afterschool hours with internships, serving as a tape editor and news writer for various local stations. Fresh from graduation, she waltzed into Channel Ten and a just-vacated position. "My title was assistant producer," she says, "but, to be honest, I was a grunt. They paid me near minimum wage to do things like paste scripts together. The job was fun, but I still dreamed of being an anchor—and I let everyone within a hundred-mile radius know exactly that.

"Everyone told me that I'd have to start small, at a little station somewhere else. I thought, Fuck that, and began producing my own stories on my own time. Week after week, I'd take them to my producer, each time changing my make-up, my hair, my voice. And each time, it was close-but-no-cigar."

But in August of 1986, Shelly gave it one more push. The station was replacing a regular anchor and needed a one-week fill-in for the morning news cut-ins (four brief local updates during the *CBS Morning News*). "Frankly, I just beat them down," she says, laughing. "And when they actually said yes, I was elated, scared and sick to my stomach."

As is her style, however, Shelly turned her newscast debut into an exercise in self-improvement. Watching a video replay of herself directly after her first segment, she decided to make changes for the second one, 40 minutes later. "In that first cut-in, I looked stiff and nervous and my eyes looked like piss holes in the snow," she remembers. "I knew I was much better than that, so I fixed my hair and make-up and the way I carried myself. And I got better each day."

Her weeklong stint as a morning anchor sparked a new determination in Shelly, and she stepped up her treks into her bosses' offices. Eventually, they agreed to let her join the Channel Ten news team as an on-camera reporter.

**NEWSCASTER:** But now Jamison has placed it all on the line with her *Playboy* appearance. [Roll video of exterior of Channel Ten.] Despite her four and a half years of loyalty and service, it is unlikely that station managers will take warmly to Jamison's newfound popularity.

"I can tell you exactly what they're going to say," snaps Shelly. "They'll tell me that my credibility is shot—that viewers will now think, How can I believe her about the

Central Arizona Project if she's in *Playboy*? She must be dumb. That's so hypocritical. Connie Chung is a looker and her credibility isn't questioned. But my appearance in *Playboy* will be considered crossing the credibility boundary. That's crazy. *Playboy* is an institution—like *The Wall Street Journal*. Besides, I'll still be talented. I'll still have a good voice. I'll still be smart. I'll still be good-looking and I'll still be good in front of a camera. There's your dichotomy."

When Shelly talks of an imminent dismissal, she isn't bluffing: "Right before the magazine hits the stands," she warned us last October, "I'll have already cleared out my desk." The problem, according to Shelly, stems from the news industry's preoccupation with image. "On one hand," she says, "news ratings are based on popularity; at work, we're constantly being reminded of our numbers, the people we reach. And in *Playboy*, I know I'll be seen by more people than my bosses could ever dream about. But on the other hand, Channel Ten is not the kind of station to take advantage of the publicity and suddenly put me up on billboards or on the sides of buses," she says, sighing. "No, I'm pretty positive I'll be fired—if not, at least yanked off the air."

And just suppose Shelly's suspicions

come true—if suddenly, overnight, she finds herself back on the sidewalk with little more than a résumé and a smile?

"I'm not going to curl up and die if I'm fired," she says with typical confidence. "I was always a big ham and, now that I've done news, I know I can do anything. Hand me five things on a platter and I'll tell you which one's good.

"I'd love to be an anchor for *Entertainment Tonight*," she confides, blushing. "I know it's not considered as serious as a news job, but it's glamorous, high profile and has great exposure—if you'll excuse that word popping up again.

"But when it comes down to it," she concludes, "this is exactly what viewers want when they tune into the news. They want to reel from the day's big shocker—to be amused by it, to feel it. Then the next day, they're back in front of the TV again, looking for another story. That's what the news is all about, isn't it?"

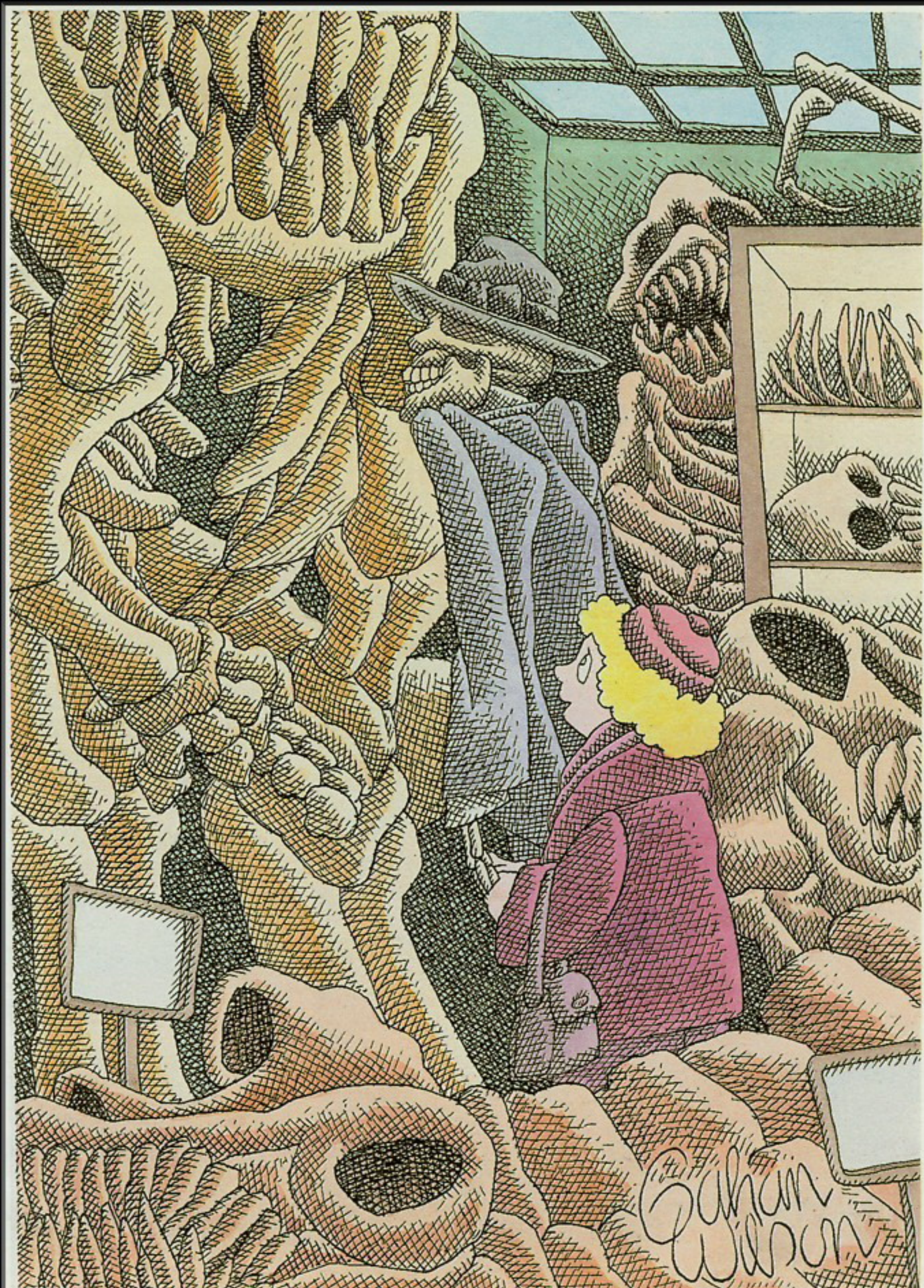
**NEWSCASTER:** Although the end of her story has yet to be written, one thing can definitely be said of Shelly Jamison, Phoenix' newest rising star: She had the courage to put herself in the very spotlight she has so often aimed at others. And to this reporter, at least, she looks darn good. . . .

Film at eleven.

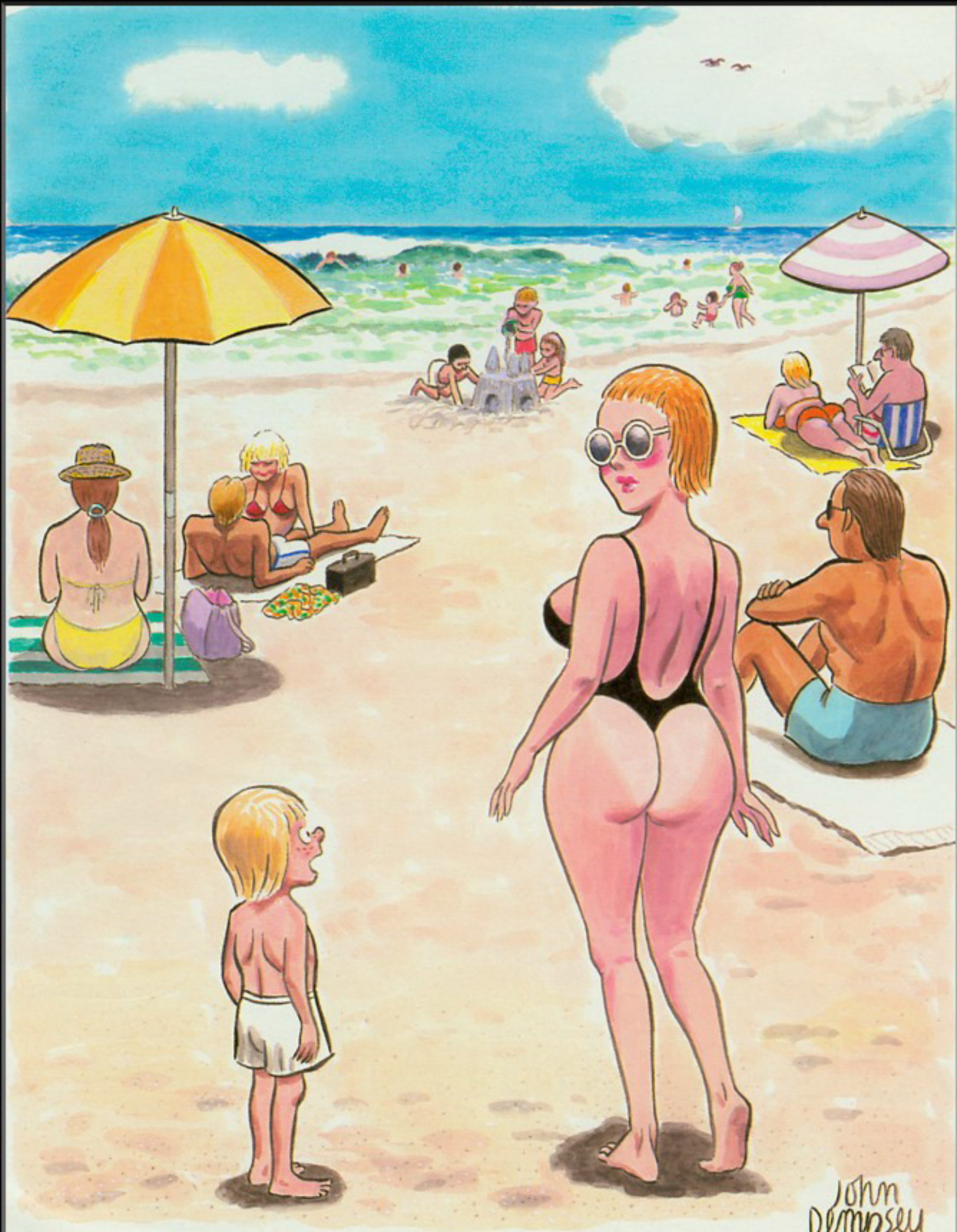


MARTY MURPHY

"Whoa! You mean, like, you actually were a World War Two bomber pilot?"



*"You really like this place, don't you, Harry?"*



John  
Dempsey

*"Hey, lady—your butt is eating up your bikini."*



*"We don't advertise—our salon has grown by word of mouth."*



ERIKA ELENIAC is sitting in the living room of her mother's airy suburban home in the San Fernando Valley. Of course, in a manner of speaking, it's also her fiancé's house. And to cloud the issue further, the house technically belongs to a man who is both Erika's future father-in-law and her potential stepdad. Confused? "I know it's bizarre," confesses Erika with a shrug. "I have a very interesting life." That's true. Almost everything about Erika is interesting. Take, for example, her career. As she sits, wearing a floppy straw hat, pink T-shirt and shorts in the living room jointly claimed by her mom, boyfriend and future father-in-law, she talks animatedly about *Bay Watch*, a two-hour NBC-TV pilot about lifeguards that she recently

after some stormy seas,  
miss july wants to  
be captain  
of her own ship

# ERIKA



"I think sex is very important in expressing love," says Erika. "Some men have a hard time expressing affection—they just can't get all kissy and huggy. For them, sex is the only way they know how to show they love you."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





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"My father was in the Navy and I love the sea," says Erika. "The jacket I'm wearing in my gatefold shot is actually mine. I wore it to my test shooting and *Playboy* added the sailor's hat." Erika started acting and modeling when she was ten years old, posing for ads, such as the one for Nexxus above, and appearing in everything from industrial films to TV shows to *E.T.*, in which she plays Elliot's girlfriend. Her most recent job was as a rookie life-guard in the NBC pilot *Bay Watch*.





finished filming. In it, she plays a rookie lifeguard, along with actors David Hasselhoff and Parker Stevenson, and if NBC likes the pilot, Erika will have a regular berth on a prime-time series. If not, as she points out with equanimity, it's just another job. Most fledgling actors would fret about their show's future, but not Erika. At 19, she's a pro—with nine years of modeling assignments and acting jobs on her résumé, including a role as Elliot's girlfriend in *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*. Besides, Erika, after a rocky start in life, has learned to take her problems in stride. Those problems began when she was young and her parents divorced, leaving her on her own much of the time. "I chose to be the girl you didn't mess with," she explains. "I was into heavy metal. I didn't have a lot of direction in my life, so maybe I partied too hard." In the San Fernando Valley, as in many other places, if you party too hard, you pay the price with drug and alcohol







problems. "I was going through so much pain," Erika recalls. "I had a boyfriend I had no business being with, and I felt not good enough, abandoned." But when she was 17, someone new entered her life. On wheels. His name was Steve Ferguson, and he'd been a quadriplegic since a diving accident seven years earlier. The two ran in the same social circles, and Erika had definitely noticed Ferguson, but not just because he was wheelchair bound. "I'm like most of us when it comes to people in wheelchairs," she says. "I didn't want to stare, but he's very good-looking." Two years ago, after breaking up with her other boyfriend, she ran into Ferguson on the Venice boardwalk. "I guess I was a brazen little brat," she recalls with a laugh, "because (text concluded on page 155)"

"I was watching *The Brady Bunch* when Marcia was getting kissed and skyrockets went off," recalls Erika. "I swear, when I had my first real kiss, there were skyrockets, too."









*Erika Eleniak*

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH  
MISS JULY



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Erika Eleniak

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 9-29-69 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, Cal.

AMBITIONS: To be a successful, happy person. One day I'd like a house in the country and happy babies.

TURN-ONS: Water, cool, sunny days, sunsets, the beach, happy people, holidays & chocolate-covered strawberries.

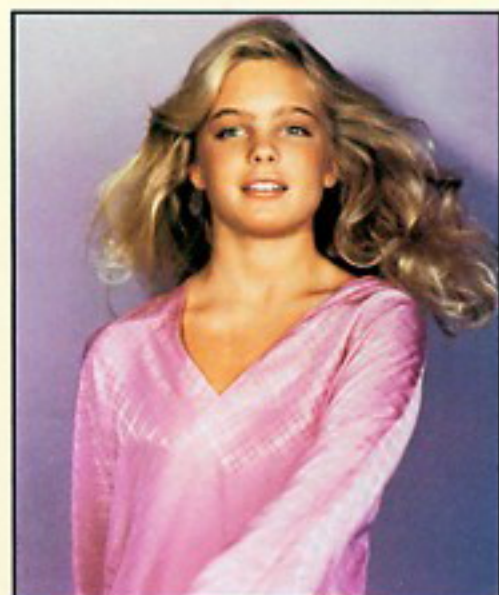
TURN-OFFS: Smog, complainers, narrow-minded people, drugs, arguing and traffic!

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Rod Stewart, Stevie Nicks, The Grateful Dead, Elvis, Aerosmith, The Red Hot Chili Peppers, Ice-T & rappin' Dr. Beek

FAVORITE MOVIES: The Godfather Saga, 9½ weeks, The Color Purple, LA Bamba, Sophie's Choice, Fatal Attraction & MASK.

I'LL KNOW I'VE MADE IT WHEN: I am completely satisfied with who I am and where I am, inside and out.

IDEAL WEEKEND: Going to the Colorado River with my Honey - We'd have lots of fun in the sun, wild nights and when we were together, endless laughter.



trying to be Christie Brinkley at 13!



My Honey 'n' me at the prom



DO I know how to play dress-up, or what?

# ERIKA

(continued from page 104)

I walked up to him and said, 'I think you're really cute and I just wanted to say hi.'" Ferguson, who is 23, made some big changes in Erika's life. First, he introduced her to A.A., and she has not been drinking for more than two years. Then, he and Erika plotted to introduce his father to her mother. "Why don't you have your dad drop you off at my house one day?" suggested Erika. "Boom!" she says now. "That's all it took." The two have been an item ever since, and Iris, Erika's mother, now rents a house owned by Robert, Steve's father. "It can get a little claustrophobic," admits Erika. When her first fling at living with Steve didn't go smoothly, she decided to take a breather and move out. However, her room at her mother's had been Steve's room while he was growing up, and just sitting among his memorabilia was painful. Besides, his father was a constant presence around the house, so Erika found other, though equally illogical, living arrangements; she moved in with Steve's mother. Needless to say, *that* didn't help her forget Steve, and it provoked not a little sarcasm in her own mother: "Sure," she cracked, "go and stay with my boyfriend's ex-wife." Eventually, Steve and Erika ironed out their differences and Erika moved back in with him, but she recalls that period with wide-eyed amazement. "It was so *weird*," she says, showing a flair for understatement. Now they're one big Eighties type of extended family. If Erika and Steve get married first, which is likely, her father-in-law will be dating her mother. If Iris and Robert tie the knot first, Erika will end up marrying her stepbrother. "I'm getting used to it," she says. Despite the wheelchair and the soap-opera family arrangements, Erika and Steve lead a rather typical life. "More than any other boyfriend I've been with, Steve takes me places and does active things. He has a boat and races it, and he drives a van. We're just like any other couple, except that Steve doesn't stand up when we talk, he sits down. And I get the common question, 'Can he have sex?' Yeah, absolutely. Steve has taught me so much," she says. "I've never laughed so much in my life. From the time I get up in the morning to the time I go to sleep at night, I'm laughing." She is also very busy. Her manager keeps sending her on auditions (just in case *Bay Watch* doesn't pan out), her fiancé keeps taking her on trips and she has scarcely enough time to hang out at her mother's, where she can do her laundry, visit with her 15-year-old sister and talk things over with Mom. "A.A. has really made me aware of my feelings. I don't want to hurt anymore and I don't want to be under anyone's thumb. I want to take charge of my own life and I want to be a good person. I've already started acting that way."



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As he deplaned from Air Force One, President Bush stumbled, fell down the steps, hit his head and went into a coma from which he did not awaken for three and a half years.

"Where am I?" he asked when he finally regained consciousness.

"You're in the hospital, Mr. President," a nurse responded. "You've been unconscious for more than three years."

"Oh, my God!" Bush cried. "How has Quayle done?"

"Oh, fine," the nurse reassured him. "We have peace and prosperity—even the mail comes on time."

"Hmmm. Tell me, how much does it cost to mail a letter these days?"

"A hundred yen."



A French couple was in the throes of heated lovemaking when the phone rang. The man said, "I'll get it, my petite *chouchou*; the phone is at my end of the bed, anyway."

During a heated World War Two battle, three GIs were captured by the Germans and held under guard in a farmhouse. After several days of detention, the three planned an escape. Breaking a board in the rear of the building, they waited for the sentry to pass. When he did, the sergeant squeezed out, ran across a field and dived into some bushes. The sentry heard a rustle, turned around and shouted, "Who goes?"

The sergeant thought for a moment, then replied, "Meow."

"Ah," the sentry murmured, "only za cat."

The two remaining Americans waited for the sentry to pass again. As soon as he did, the corporal dived for the bushes. Hearing the rustle again, the sentry yelled, "Who goes?"

"Meow," came the reply.

"Ah, only za cat," the sentry said, resuming his march.

Finally, the private made a run for it and dived into the bushes. "Who goes?" demanded the sentry.

The private thought, then confidently replied, "Za cat."

Two friends, shopping for over-the-counter remedies in a drugstore, stopped to talk. "My mother-in-law says this is the most effective hemorrhoidal ointment on the market today," the first said.

"Why should you listen to your mother-in-law?" the second asked.

"Because besides being my mother-in-law, she's also an asshole."

Remember," the doctor told the elderly couple, "no physical exertion for the mister. And that includes sex. It could kill him."

That night, to avoid temptation, the old man slept downstairs on the couch. But at three A.M., he woke up horny and started for the bedroom. Halfway up, he met his wife.

"Oh, honey," he said, "I was just coming up the stairs to die."

"And I," she replied, "was just coming down to kill you."

Have you heard about the baseball star who signed a contract so lucrative that he asked for a uniform with an unlisted number?

A pianist was hired to play background music for a movie. When it was completed, he asked when and where he could see the picture. The producer sheepishly confessed that it was actually a porno film and it was due out in a month.

A month later, the musician went to a porno theater to see it. With his collar up and dark glasses on, he took a seat in the back row, next to a couple who also seemed to be in disguise.

The movie was even raunchier than he had feared, featuring group sex, S/M and even a dog. After a while, the embarrassed pianist turned to the couple and said, "I'm only here to listen to the music."

"Yeah?" replied the man. "We're here to see our dog."



*Meloy Niman*

Three little boys were bragging about their fathers. One said, "My dad's so fast he can shoot an arrow from his bow and get to the target before the arrow does."

"That's nothing," the second boy said. "My dad's so fast he can shoot a deer at five hundred yards and get to the deer before it falls."

"So big deal," the third said. "My dad works for the Government and gets off work at four-thirty, but he's so fast he gets home by three forty-five."

A Hollywood producer made his chauffeur stop at an upscale Sunset Boulevard night spot and told him, "Go in there and get me a thousand-dollar whore."

The chauffeur did as he was told and came out with a screenwriter.

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.



*"She's a Yuppie—anybody asks her, she says 'Yup.'"*



Rowland B. Wilson



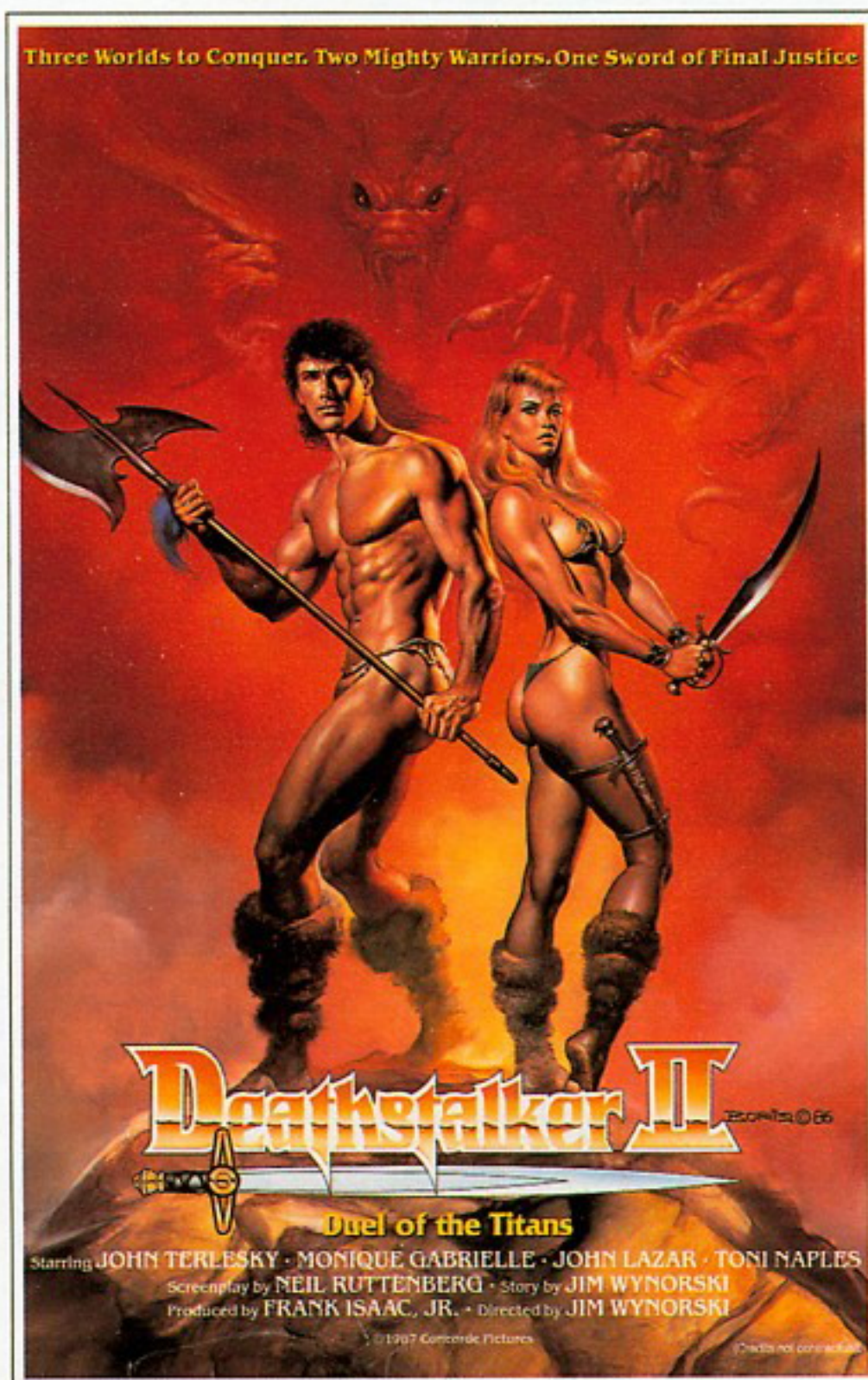
*"I don't think of it as raising hemlines—I think of it as raising consciousnesses."*

# B - M O V I E

# B I M B O S

they're wild! they're dangerous! they're the chain-saw-wielding cuties of camp cinema

text by JOE BOB BRIGGS



NOW THAT you've opened to these pages for the 84th time and you're finally gonna read the article, let me tell you what I know about the gals who work in B movies. I've seen about 39,000 of their pictures, give or take a few Oklahoma triple features, and that comes out to about 784,000 nekid breasts. Those are not very impressive figures to the editors of *Playboy*—I realize that—but it has led me to a few conclusions about what makes a great Queen B.

There are only two kinds of B-movie starlets: the kind about to get cut up by the maniac psycho demonhead creepola sex-deviate corpse-grinders or the kind that *are* maniac psycho demonhead creepola sex-deviate corpse-grinders. The first kind get all the publicity, like Jamie Lee Curtis in *Halloween*, or Heather Lagenkamp in the original *Nightmare on*

*Elm Street*, or, going back to the Fifties, all the slinky Mexican bimbos who had their necks drained in the *El Vampiro* movies. In fact, the woman I consider the very first queen of the B's—Bettie Page, star of lots of domination-and-bondage flicks in the Forties and early Fifties—was so enthusiastic about being a victim that she would hand the restraining ropes to her master. Marilyn Burns, probably the best pure-dee screamer ever to work in the business, was so effective in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* that you never were quite sure which would be more fun—

watching Marilyn escape from the clutches of the cannibal butcher family or watching Marilyn *not* escape.

But if you really know your B-movie sleaze, it's not the bimbo in peril who holds your (continued on page 158)

Monique Gabrielle, who tempted Tom Hanks in *Bachelor Party*, battled her own evil clone in *Deathstalker II*. Now she'd like "to play a nun in full habit, with only my face showing." Our advice: Kick the habit—why cover your assets?







We like the progression of Bobbie Breesee's career. The music teacher became a Playboy Bunny, then made her movie mark in *Mausoleum*, sporting a pair of carnivorous breasts. Now she has moved on to *Evil Spawn* and *Surf Nazis Must Die*.



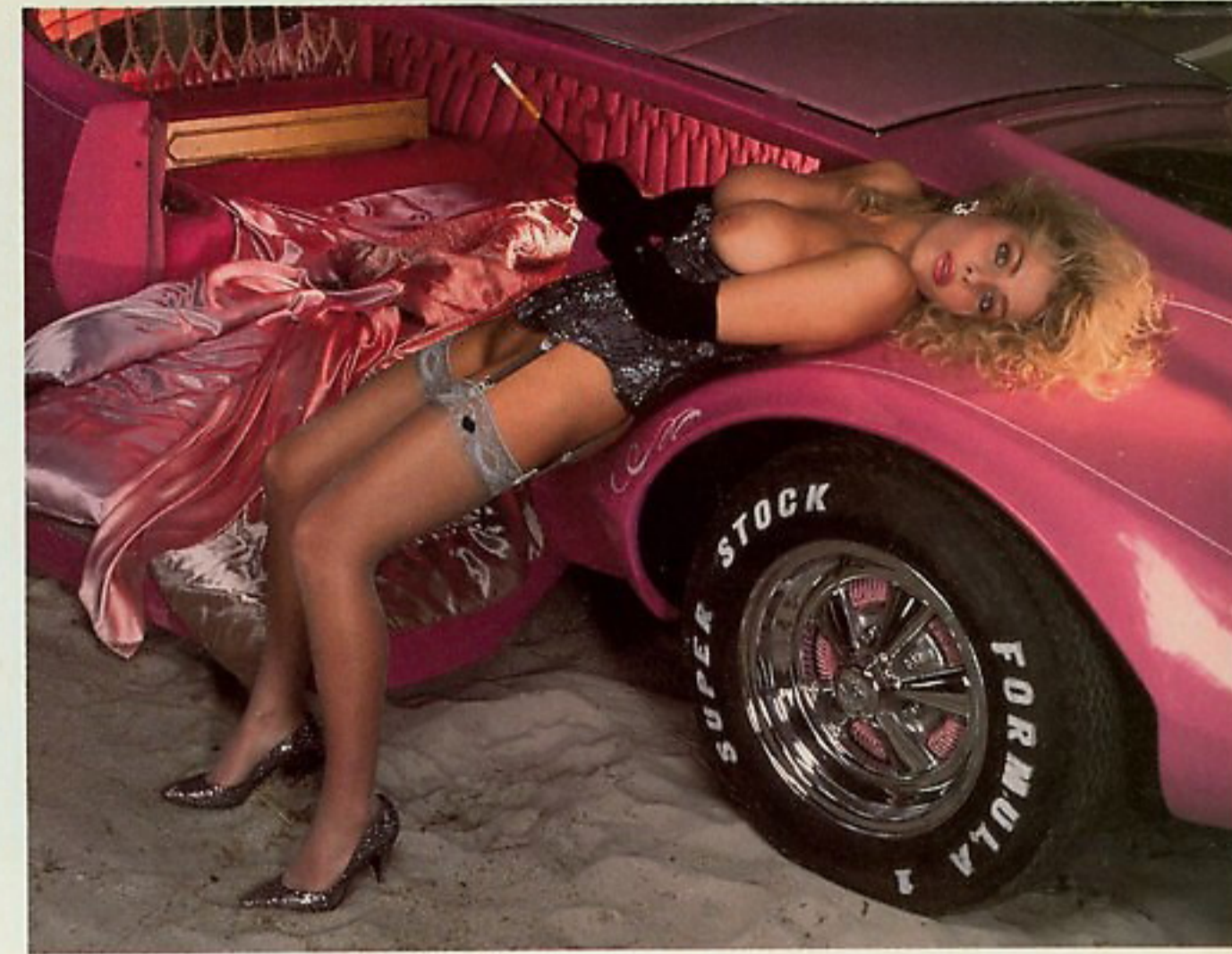


POLICE

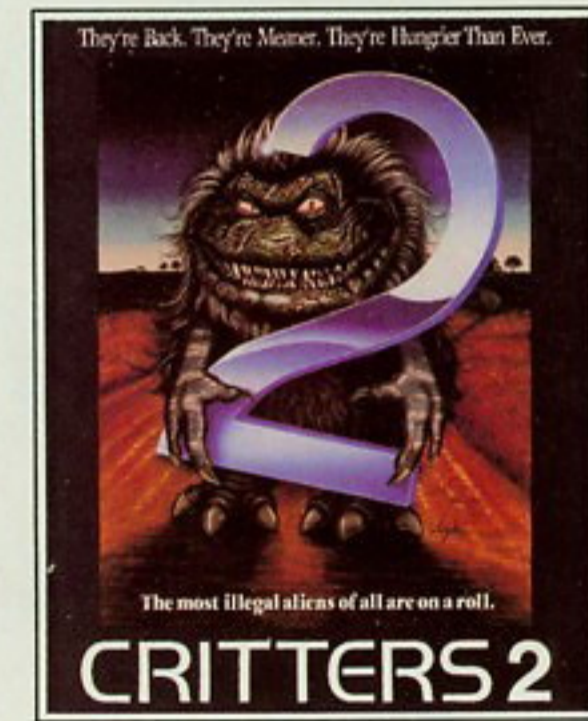


Queen B Linnea Quigley (left) has *Creepozoids* and *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-rama* among her many movie credits; “fully recovered Mormon” Christina Jensen (right) appeared in *Death Stop 395*.



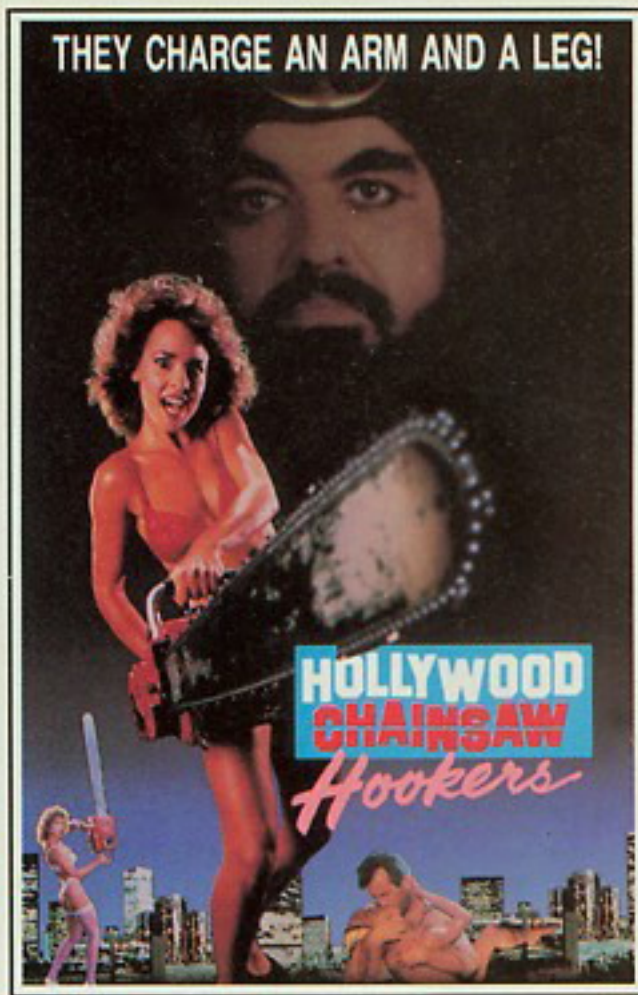


In *Critters 2*, Roxanne Kernohan (left) made the transformation from an all-male alien bounty hunter into—get this—a *Playboy* centerfold. Talk about special effects! Suzanne Slater (above), an exploding-head victim in *Chopping Mall*, would “like a part in a really sexy, steamy movie, like *9½ Weeks*.”



An alumna of adult movies, Ginger Lynn Allen (right) says, “I don’t take my former career too seriously. I’m one of the few porn stars who don’t claim to have done it against their will.” Now she plays a fantasy rocker in the s-f sex comedy *Dr. Alien*.





Michelle Bauer (below) carved a niche in *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers*, then made *I Was a Teenage Sex Mutant* (a.k.a. *Dr. Alien*). *Rock-a-die Baby's* Becky LeBeau (right) is launching a video series on "naturally voluptuous women." First subject: herself.





*Cool*  
**Bath Tub Buggy**  
*Joe Oberberg*  
*SHOW CARO*

# B I M B O S

(continued from page 130)

attention. It's the second kind of B-movie queen. Dangerous women. Scary women. Black widows. The kind that invite you into some dark place where your head says "No, no, no" but your body says "I believe I will." This is the drive-in-movie queen of the Eighties, a demon in high heels.

Of course, it's not a new character. Mamie Van Doren, the first B-movie superstar in the Fifties, was the ultimate fantasy older woman next door, always coming over to borrow a cup of sugar wearing spiked high heels, a cashmere sweater three sizes too small, and looking like she'd been shot through the back with a couple of Cruise missiles. But touching Mamie, at least in the Fifties, would have been too much like touching your mom, so she always had an evil heart (or at least a slutty one), and the star, like Russ Tamblyn in *High School Confidential!*, was never allowed to follow where his raging hormones led. Mamie was bad news, bad business, bad luck. And every guy who saw her wanted her.

Mamie's two enormous talents set the look of the B-movie queen for two decades: soft, fleshy, top-heavy—and deadly. The hungry man-killers of the Russ Meyer movies (Kitten Natividad in *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*, Tura Satana in *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!*, Lorna Maitland in *Lorna and Mud Honey*) were some of the finest devouring sex-machine she-wolves ever seen. None of these women was the girl next door. They were the girls next planet. We would never meet these women in our lifetimes. But this kind of fantasy reached its limit in the early Seventies, when Chesty Morgan starred in *Deadly Weapons*, the story of a woman who doesn't just beckon men with her 73-inch hooters—she beats them to death with 'em. (The sequel, *Double Agent 73*, has Chesty getting a camera implanted in her left breast so she can infiltrate a dope ring.)

But these holdover Fifties-era Amazons were already being replaced by the new queens of the B's, beginning with Barbara Steele in the early Sixties. Her body was sleek, her hair jet-black, her eyes tinged with madness, and in Edgar Allan Poe movies like *The Pit and the Pendulum*, her live, trembling body, sometimes seen in dark outline underneath a white negligee, was fascinating even when you suspected that it was the body of a zombie. This became the formula for successful B-movie vixens, and it holds true today. Every B-movie queen's performance has to answer these questions:

Would you like to possess this woman? (The answer should always be yes. Otherwise, the movie is over.)

Now that this woman is acting a little

crazy, would you still like to possess her? (The answer should still be yes.)

Now that this woman is scheming, conniving, attempting to control the man who loves her, would you still like to have her? (If the movie is working, we say "Yes!")

Now that you know that this woman has been sent by the Devil, do you want her? (Here, the answer can be "Probably. Make that yes.")

Does it matter that this woman is not alive but a beautiful zombie raised by the Devil? Do you still want her? (The kinky say "Yes." Some of us say "Whoa!" Most of us say "I don't know, maybe.")

How about when it's revealed that she's not really a woman but a horrible 12-headed lizard with a three-foot tongue and a tail? (The correct response is "Uh-oh.")

Now, I don't think we have to be psychiatrists to see what's going on here. There's a bunch of guys out there in Exploitation Movie Land who have been around the block seven or eight times, and if the dark-eyed beauty in an aerobics leotard dances into view and says, "Why don't we spend some time aardvarking in a hot tub?" there *has* to be *something* wrong, but you're not gonna find out what it is until it's way past too late. This is life. This is reality. This is what we expect.

Sure, there are always a few gals who are naïve blonde bimbos, offering free sex and a life of ease. But listen to me: *They don't last as B-movie stars. They're boring.* They don't have the ability to pick up a machine gun and blast their way out of prison like the gals in the women-in-cages movies of the early Seventies (*The Big Doll House*, *Caged Heat*). They can't claw their way to the top of the roller-derby world like Claudia Jennings, 1970's Playmate of the Year and the undisputed B queen of the Seventies, in *Unholy Rollers*. In fact, at one time, Nancy Sinatra made a bid to become a B-movie queen, in the great biker movie *The Wild Angels*, as Peter Fonda's old lady. Nancy had the miniskirt, the body, the long, lanky hair, but she didn't have the toughness of Claudia Jennings or the menace of Barbara Steele. She didn't make you squirm.

Now to the Eighties. The Eighties are different. In the Fifties, outer-space monsters tried to eat our women, and men had to save 'em. In the Sixties, women picked up ray guns and fought off evil bikers right alongside their men. In the Seventies, women dropped the men and started fighting for themselves. (This is true even in the cheerleader and stewardess movies.) But in the Eighties, the era of genetic DNA mutant monsters, the enemy is *inside* the woman and it's attacking everyone around her, *as well as her*. The outer-space monsters are now inner-space monsters. The Eighties are the decade of special effects, so not only does any self-respecting queen of the B's look good in a Jacuzzi, and in a

bikini with a machine gun strapped across her chest, she even looks great in full-body special-effects zombie make-up. That is what now determines the great ones, the true superstars.

Clare Higgins, a raven-haired British actress with a cruel mouth and laser eyes, is one of those women who can transform themselves from beauty to ugliness simply with their *attitude*. In *Hellraiser*, she's so hungry to have kinky sex with her dead lover that she picks up men at singles bars, takes them home to the attic and clubs them to death with a hammer so that her zombified womanizer can drink their blood and once again make her a love slave. Not only does she make love with a bloody, pus-faced zombie seem sexy but, in the sequel, she loses her skin, walks around a house dripping blood on the white carpet, is little more than a pulsating picture out of a medical journal *and still has sex appeal*.

And there are other superstars as well. Linnea Quigley, in *The Return of the Living Dead*, is a punkster who does an eerie moonlit dance on a tombstone while she and her friends are being turned into ravening zombies. That one scene is so memorable that, even though she has girl-next-door looks and once played Linda Blair's deaf-mute little sister in *Savage Streets*, she has been a queen ever since. She's at her best when she's on the offensive—as a blonde punkster in *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-rama* or a demon-possessed zombie stripper in *Nightmare Sisters*, rock-and-rolling her

way into a guy's heart so that she can show her fangs at the last moment and bite off his . . . excuse me, there are some things too grisly for even *me* to mention.

And if Linnea's big "discovery" moment was the tombstone boogie, Monique Gabrielle's was the scene in *Bachelor Party* where, as the ultimate dream date, she offers herself to Tom Hanks. (Tom turns down the offer and marries Tawny Kitaen, instead.) Monique has a pouty, come-to-Momma meltdown look in her eyes that she can evidently turn on and off at will, but she can also play innocent heroines. In *Deathstalker II*, she plays both—a princess in distress and the princess' greedy, man-eating evil clone. I have to admit, though, the clone is much more interesting.

Every Queen B pictured here has her "moment," and usually, it's something extremely nasty. Michelle Bauer is always perfect as the privileged rich bitch who takes her pleasure with men and tosses them aside. After a memorable debut as the cave bunny in *Phantom Empire*, she pushed a whole banana down her throat in *Nightmare Sisters* and assaulted a guy sexually until he was dead in *Sorority Babes in the Slimeball Bowl-o-rama*. Shame on you, Michelle, and thanks.

The stunning Roxanne Kernohan's big scene is in *Critters 2* when she is transformed on camera from a male space alien into a totally nude *Playboy* Playmate. (Barbi Benton—Hef's old pal—invented the gimmick in the original *Deathstalker* when a male warrior is transformed into her

look-alike. It's so painful the guy grabs his breasts and screams until the process is over.) Bobbie Bresee launched herself into B-movie history in *Mausoleum* when her breasts start *eating* her lovers. (You had to see it.)

Ginger Lynn Allen may be one of the first porn stars to successfully cross over into R-rated movies, which she did in *Dr. Alien*. Marilyn Chambers tried it in the great David Cronenberg film *Rabid*, but for some reason, she never clicked with drive-in audiences. Traci Lords tried it last year in *Not of This Earth* but didn't have the acting skills to be convincing. One thing the ex-porn stars seem to have in common is that, once they're in the "legitimate" arena, they don't want to take off their clothes anymore. This tends to have a depressing effect on B-movie box office.

Becky LeBeau's smiling, open baby-doll face makes her one of the few natural blonde-bimbo types, a role she's very comfortable with. (Watch her as the clumsy stripping telegram messenger in *Not of This Earth*.) Christina Jensen is the latest bright-eyed beauty queen to seek her fortune in B movies. And Suzanne Slater is such a drop-dead beauty that she's the only memorable thing about *Chopping Mall*, where her principal purpose is to get her head exploded.

These are the Queen B's. And from what I've learned of 'em in the movies, we shouldn't go near their hives.

Right.





# GRAPEVINE

## Class and Sass

Here we have GREGG GIUFFRIA and the lovely RITA posing during the filming of the House of Lords' video *I Wanna Be Loved*. We love Rita for flashing us and you'll love the band when it plays your city. The album, also called *House of Lords*, is the first release on Simmons Records, Gene Simmons' label. Rita doesn't appear in concert, so you'll have to make do with *Grapevine*. Aren't you glad we're on the job?



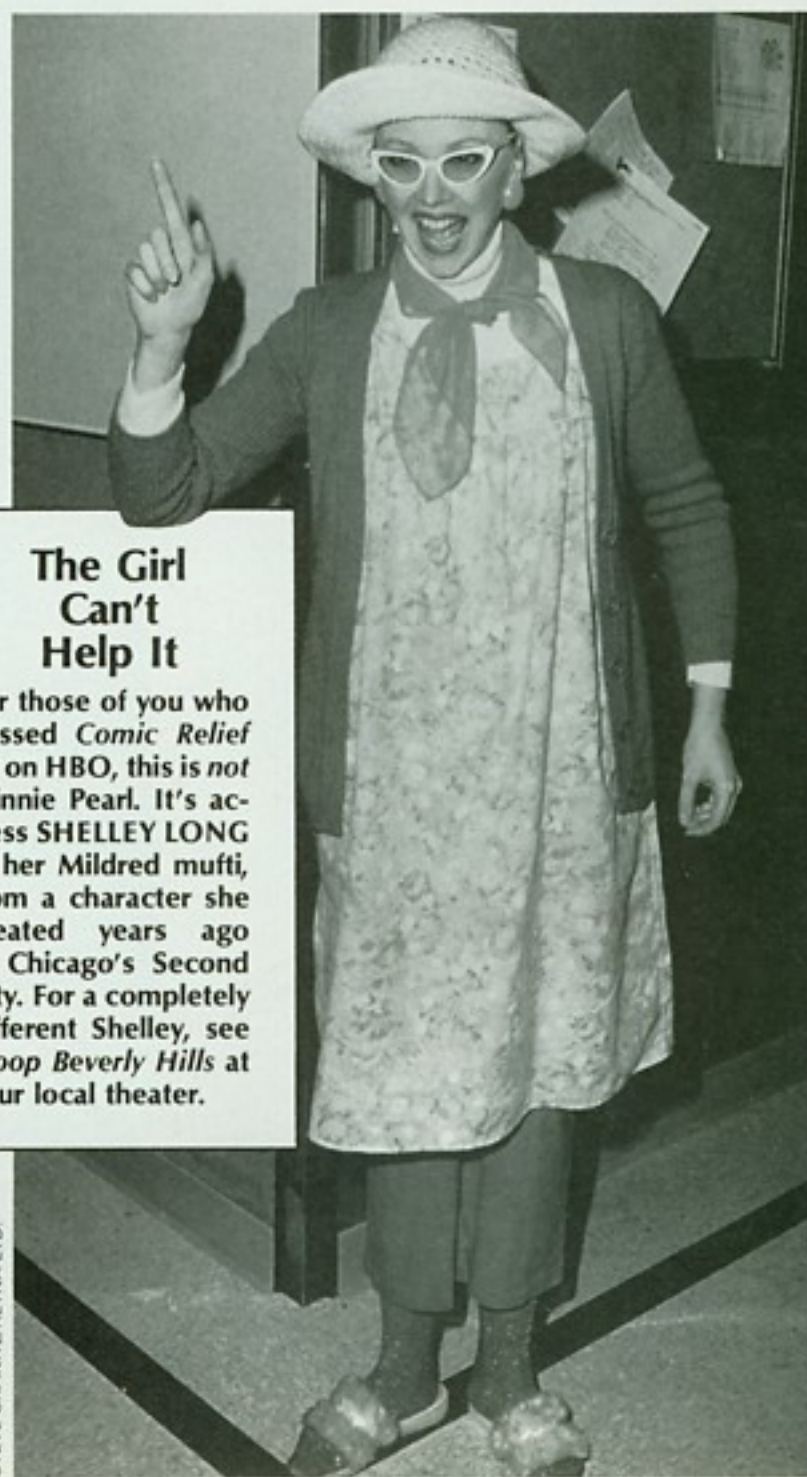
© ROBERT MATHEU



© TOM SHEEHAN/LFI

## Tom Waits for No One

Singer/songwriter/actor/humorist/raconteur TOM WAITS has spread his considerable wings past albums and concerts to include *Big Time*, his filmed musical vaudeville minstrel show, and the anxiety-over-marriage movie *Cold Feet*, co-starring Sally Kirkland.



## The Girl Can't Help It

For those of you who missed *Comic Relief III* on HBO, this is not Minnie Pearl. It's actress SHELLEY LONG in her Mildred mufti, from a character she created years ago at Chicago's Second City. For a completely different Shelley, see *Troop Beverly Hills* at your local theater.

STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD.



### At Home on the Range

Has the Canadian band COWBOY JUNKIES ridden into your concert hall yet? When they arrive, go see them sing and play country blues. Or go out and buy *The Trinity Session*, a spare, clean album without showbiz glitz that includes Lou Reed's *Sweet Jane*, Patsy Cline's *Walking After Midnight* and the Cowboys' own *Misguided Angel*. Ride 'em!

### At the Heart of Her Matter

Actress LISA MELI was first spotted in *One Crazy Summer* on the big screen and in TV's *General Hospital* and the now-defunct *Spenser for Hire*. We spotted her right away behind this balloon looking too cool for words.



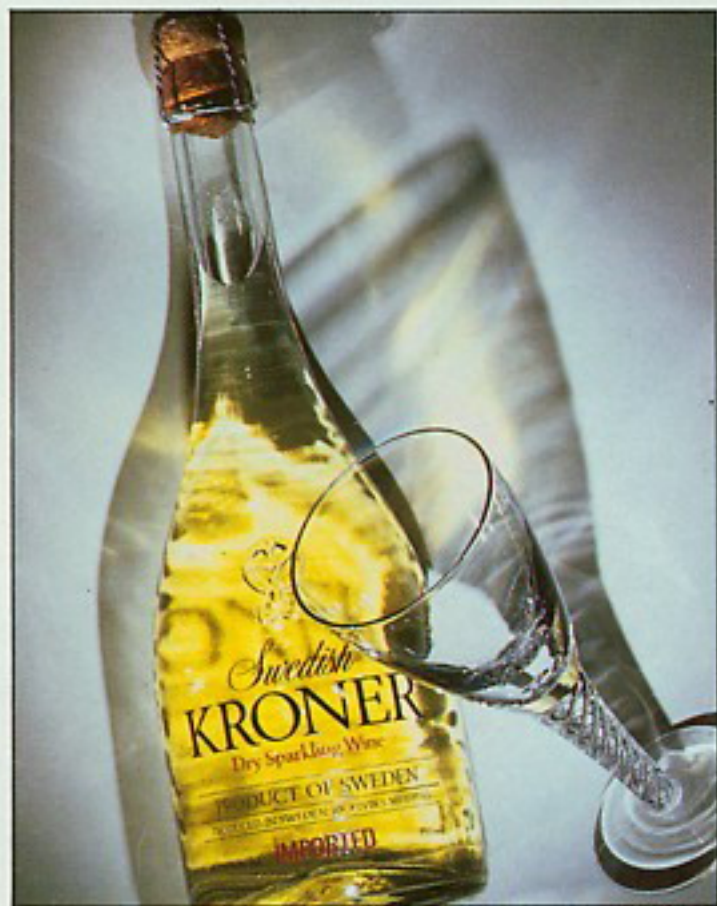
### Just a Couple of Dancin' Fools

Do these girls know how to have fun or what? MADONNA and her pal actress/comedienne SANDRA BERNHARD are dancing the night away at an AIDS benefit in L.A. Besides her new album and Pepsi commercial, Madonna is working on *Bloodhounds of Broadway*, due soon, and *Dick Tracy*, scheduled for spring 1990. Sandra's off-Broadway show *Without You I Am Nothing* will be made into a movie.



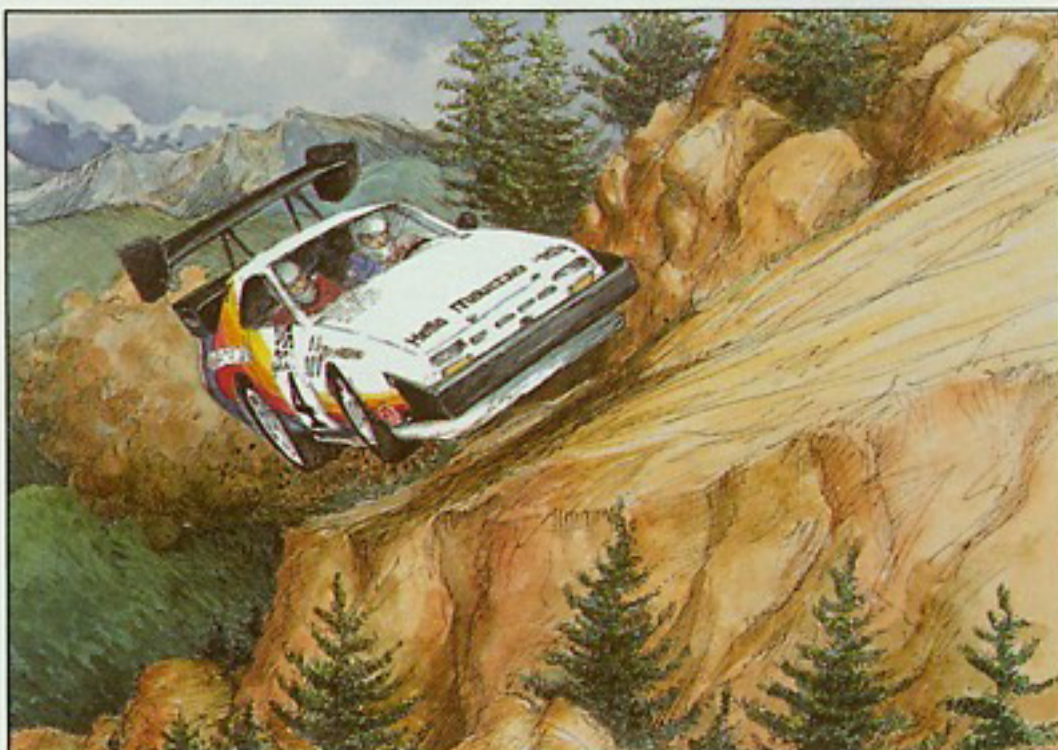
## GENTLEMEN PREFER BLOND

Yes, the hottest new Swedish import is a natural blond but not the kind you'd expect. Kroner Dry Sparkling Wine has just hit the stores, and if you'd like to try a refreshing new *vino* at a refreshingly low price (about nine dollars a bottle), this is the one to sample. Kroner's ingredients—*chardonnay* grapes from France, *durello* from Northern Italy and *macabeo* from Spain—are picked and pressed in their respective countries and the juice is then transported to Sweden for fermentation. And Kroner's packaging—a handsome beveled-glass bottle—is nifty, too.



## SOMETHING TO BRAGG ABOUT

We've been a fan of artist Charles Bragg for years, so we're happy to see that lithographs from his Art Heaven series are now available at Dyansen Galleries across the country. *Rembrandt* measures 27" x 27" and is available in a limited edition of 300 for \$975 each. (There's also an edition of 100 that has been remarqued by the artist that sells for \$1500.) Call 212-925-5550 for more info.



## RACE TO THE CLOUDS

The Pikes Peak Auto Hill Climb, America's second-oldest motorsports challenge after the Indy 500, will be off and running this July ninth, as an international assemblage of drivers once again attempts to conquer the peak's 12.4 miles and 156 turns before arriving at the summit 14,110 feet above sea level. *Playboy* rode the top third of the mountain during practice runs last year with rally driver Rod Millen in his Mazda RX-7, fittted with a turbocharger, four-wheel drive and road-gripping Bridgestone tires. And believe us, "road-gripping" was on our mind as Millen took the Mazda to within six inches of the edge of hairpin turns with such colorful names as Bottomless Pit and the Devil's Playground. His speed at the top was 112 miles per hour—which is pretty amazing, since we traveled sideways most of the way up. Thanks, Rod. A great ride!



## HOT SPOT!

Aside from playing Woody Boyd, the bartender on *Cheers*, Woody Harrelson is one of the owners of Son International, a Los Angeles company that designed Sonspot—the world's first and only round beach towel. Sonspots are big (about six feet in diameter) and hot—so hot, in fact, that Son International got Springmaid into the act to facilitate production. The towels, which are made of Brazilian cotton, are available in ten patterns, including Club Tango, pictured here, at retail stores nationwide for about \$50. Your spot or mine?

### ADVENTUROUS HAT TRICK

For the next time you brave the Amazon or cross the Sahara on a camel, there's the Ultimate Hat, a preshrunk, floatable cotton-duck swashbuckling style with a wide brim, tie-down capability and brass snaps and grommets. Ultimate Products, 9300 North 16th Street, Tampa, Florida 33612, sells the Ultimate for \$31.95, postpaid, including a guarantee that if your hat wears out, it will be replaced free. How can you go wrong, Frank Buck?



### UPWARD MOBIL

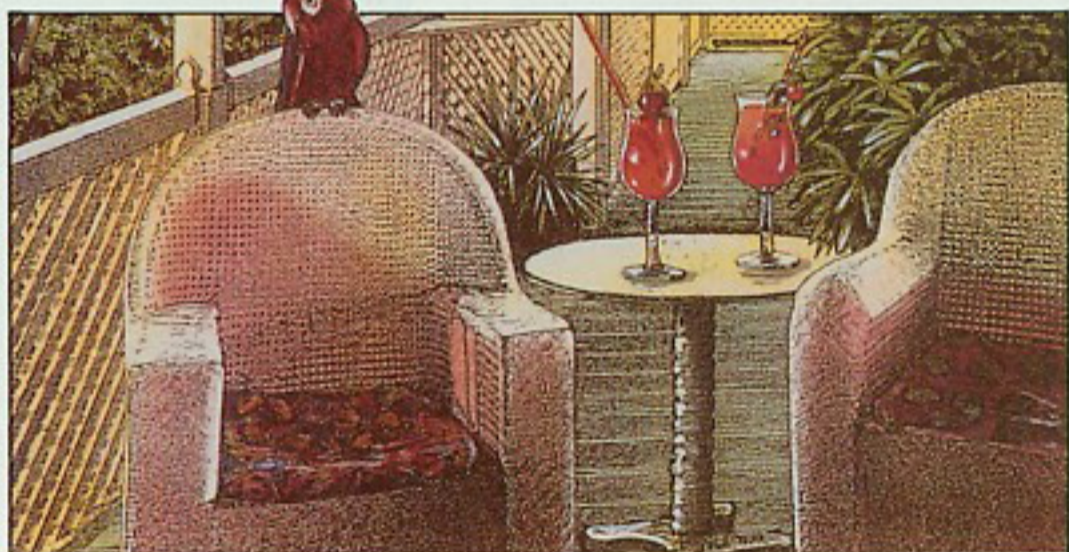
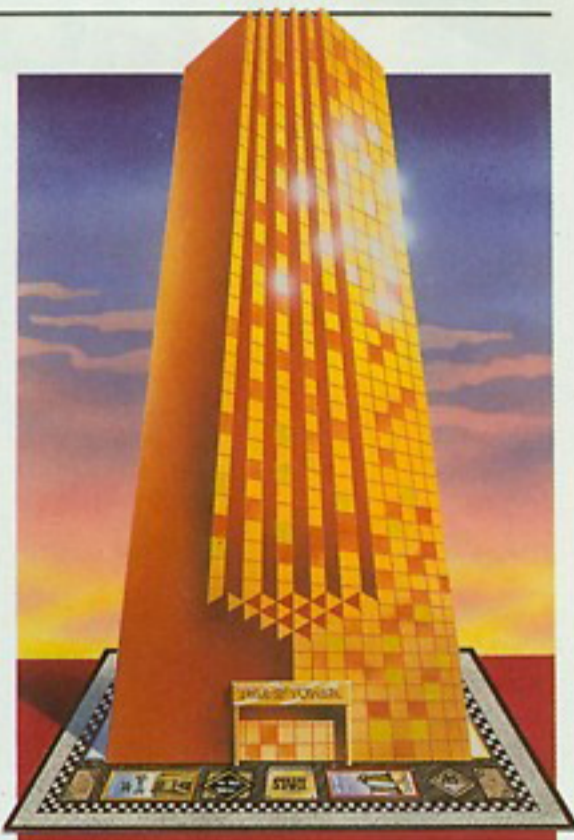
Mobil Corporation has just introduced a series of compact travel guides that cover five U.S. cities—Boston, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Washington, D.C. Pertinent information on star-rated accommodations and restaurants, walking tours with maps, shopping, entertainment, sports and recreation tips, plus much more, is included and the guides are paperback-sized, so they slip easily into a jacket pocket. The price: \$5.95 each.

**Mobil  
Travel  
Guide**



### TRUMPED AGAIN

Trump The Game has just hit the stores and, like the man himself, it's definitely a winner. As you may have guessed, the object of the board game is to accumulate megabucks by wheeling and dealing for big-ticket real estate, such as luxury hotels or high-roller casinos. The catch is that if you pay too much for a property, you'll be trumped in the end and lose your shirt. Milton Bradley, the manufacturer, is offering Trump The Game for \$25. Appropriately, at the ceremonial closing of the deal, Donald Trump rolled 14-kt.-gold dice on the first copy of the game. A very nice touch.



### TIPPLING IN THE TROPICS

Charles Schumann, the owner of Schumann's, "the thinking man's bar," in Munich, West Germany, is the author of *Tropical Bar Book*, a handsome hardcover guide to the lore and lure of such Latin liquids as rum, famous Cuban cocktails, colodas, punches, tequila and mescal. The publisher of *Tropical Bar Book* is Stewart, Tabori & Chang, the price is \$19.95 and the book's wonderful hand-colored engravings, by Gunter Mattei, won a special award.

### THE LEGENDARY JONES BOY

Back in the early Thirties, golfer Bobby Jones filmed 18 golf lessons in conjunction with Warner Bros. For years, these amazing black-and-white films were thought to be lost. Now they've resurfaced, and SyberVision, an audio/video company in Pleasanton, California, is offering the three-hour *Bobby Jones Limited Collector's Edition* on VHS or Beta for about \$250. Subjects covered include everything from big irons to the putter—plus vignettes with Hollywood stars of the era. SyberVision's number is 800-456-7557. Fore!



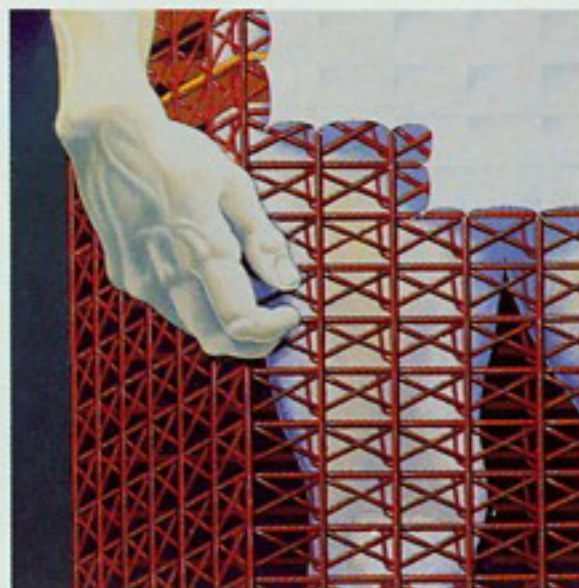
# NEXT MONTH



FISCAL FEMMES



REDUNDANT ROBBERS



ERECTOR SET



FRENCH TOAST

**"THE MODERN MAN'S GUIDE TO LIVING WITH WOMEN"**—FROM BATHROOM ETIQUETTE TO RULES OF COMBAT, EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SHARING YOUR DWELLING WITH YOUR LIVE-IN LOVE—STRATEGY BY **DENIS BOYLES**

**JOHN CANDY** DESCRIBES HIS EROTICA COLLECTION, THE BIRTH OF THE SHMENGES AND HOW SIZE FIGURES AS A SEXUAL WEAPON—IN A HEARTY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**"OFF WITH THEIR CLOTHES!"**—PLAYBOY'S TONGUE-IN-CHEEK TRIBUTE TO THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. *VIVE LA FRANCE!*

**"TOO MANY CROOKS"** SPOIL THE PERFECT BANK HEIST . . . OR DO THEY? FIND OUT WHO GETS THE DOUGH IN A TALE ABOUT BEST-LAID PLANS THAT GO AWRY—BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

**"RAGING BULLY"**—AN INTIMATE PORTRAIT OF WORLD CHAMP **MIKE TYSON** IN PREVIOUSLY UNREVEALED STORIES ABOUT HIS CHILDHOOD, HIS BATTLES WITH **ROBIN GIVENS** AND HIS PENCHANTS FOR VIOLENCE AND FREEWHEELING SEX—FROM THE KNOCKOUT BOOK *FIRE AND FEAR*, BY TYSON'S LONGTIME CONFIDANT, AUTHOR AND EX-BOXER **JOSÉ TORRES**

**"WOMEN OF WALL STREET"**—PLAYBOY TAKES STOCK OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT IN A PICTORIAL THAT WILL JUMP-START YOUR TICKER. TEXT BY WALL STREET WIZARD **LOUIS RUKEYSER**

**JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP** TALKS ABOUT WHY HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS WON'T BUY HIS MOVIE, TELLS US THE REAL REASON HE THROWS TANTRUMS ON STAGE AND DECIDES THAT MISERY ISN'T THE ONLY ROUTE TO SUCCESSFUL SONGWRITING IN A FORTH-RIGHT **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"IN PRAISE OF PATIENT WOMEN"**—A SINGLE MAN IS UNABLE TO CELEBRATE HIS NEW-FOUND FREEDOM. THE PROBLEM: AN ELUSIVE ERECTION. THE SOLUTION: LOTS OF LOVING—ESSAY BY **PATRICK ANDERSON**

**"THE GENEVA SEX ZOO"**—MEET THE IRREPRESSIBLE BAND OF PARTY BOYS, LED BY **JOHN TOWER**, WHO NEGOTIATED THAT ARMS TREATY WITH THE SOVIETS—BY **MARK HOSENBALL**

**PLUS:** INDIANAPOLIS COLTS' RUNNING BACK **ERIC DICKERSON** GETS FITTED BY TOP DESIGNERS FOR OUR FASHION GUIDE TO CUSTOM-MADE SUITS; THE *CREME DE LA CREME* IN ATTACHÉS; PLAYMATE **DIANA LEE** AS 007'S TITLED LADY IN *LICENCE TO KILL*; AND MORE