

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

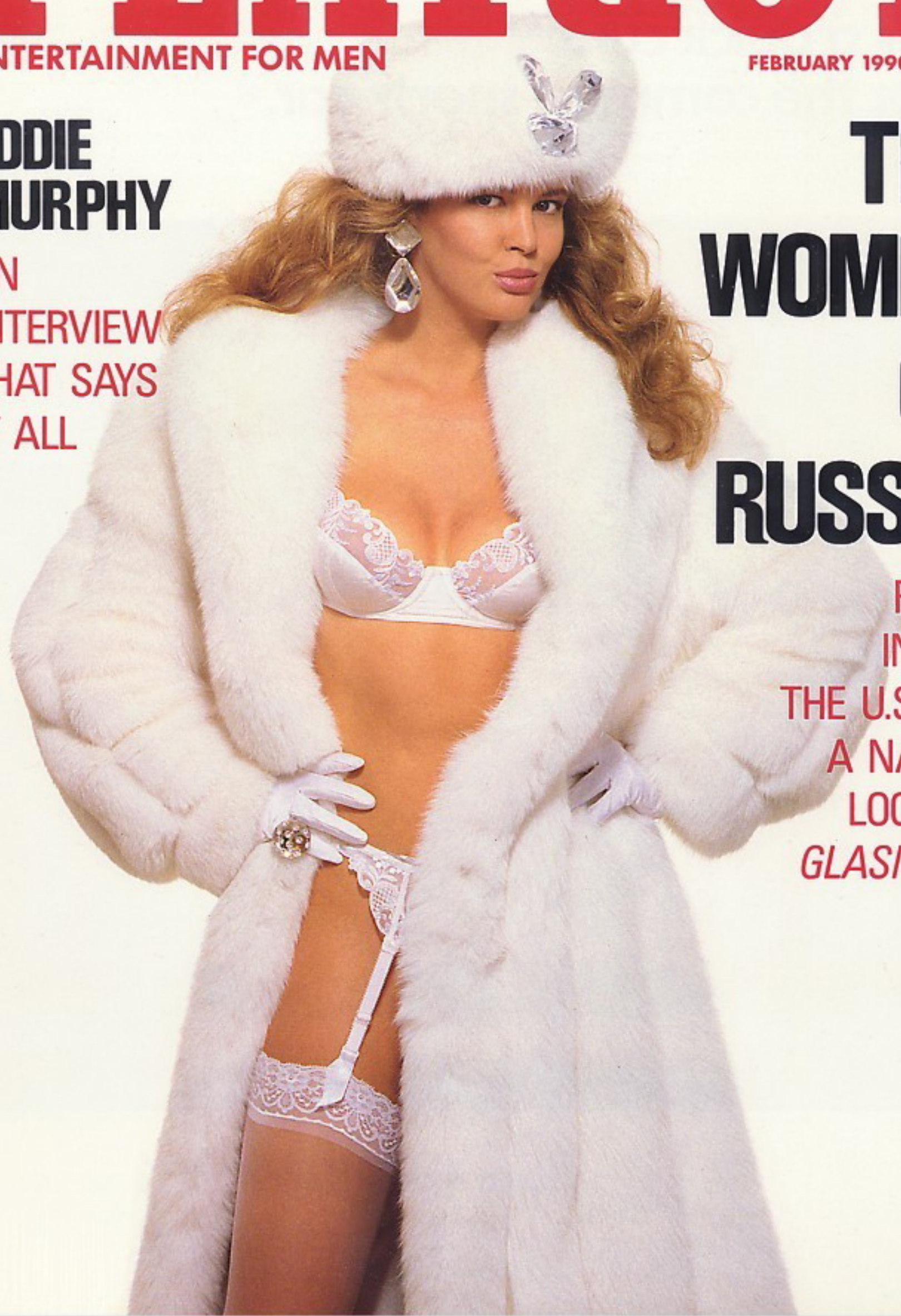
FEBRUARY 1990 • \$4.00

**EDDIE  
MURPHY**

AN  
INTERVIEW  
THAT SAYS  
IT ALL

**THE  
WOMEN  
OF  
RUSSIA**

FROM  
INSIDE  
THE U.S.S.R.,  
A NAKED  
LOOK AT  
*GLASNOST*



By ASA BABER

**T**his column is dedicated to every divorced father who has lost custody of his children after he sued for it. You will see that it speaks to a very dark fantasy that many of us have shared.

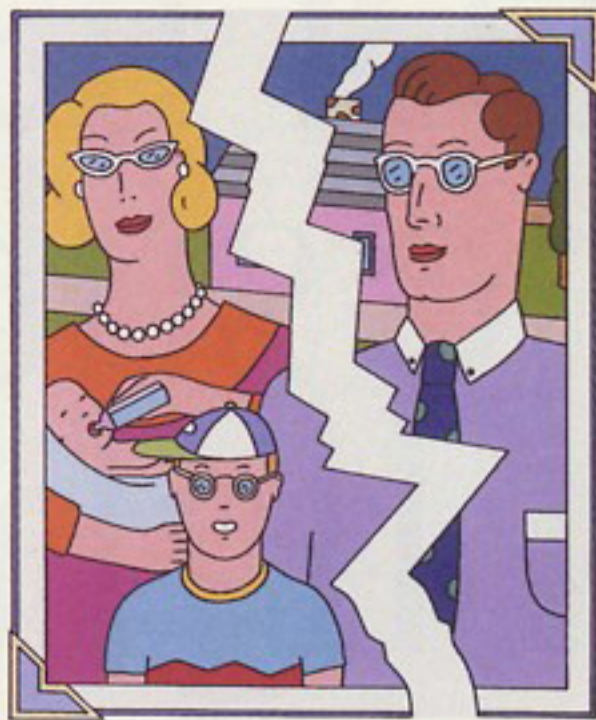
When a father loses custody of his children in divorce court, he feels as if they have been kidnaped. No matter how soft-spoken the judge or how slick the lawyers, it is a traumatic moment. Strangers come into the father's life and take his children away. Worse, these same strangers award custody of his children to his ex-wife—a woman he probably does not trust as anyone. To the caring father, that is a violent action.

Every father knows that the numbers are stacked against him when he enters the divorce/child-custody process. Fewer than three percent of all children in the United States live with their fathers only (while 21.4 percent live with their mothers only and three percent live with neither parent). On the face of it, these numbers prove that the disenfranchised father is a common character on the American scene.

The day inevitably comes when the divorced father has to say goodbye to his kids. That is a day of maximum pain. As I turned Jim and Brendan over to my ex-wife's custody, I felt angry and gypped (to put it mildly), and I was desperately worried about their future. How well would my boys fare without me? What would they think of my absence? I knew that I was qualified in every way to have at least joint custody of my children; I knew that I deserved equal treatment under the law but had not gotten it; I knew that I was a good father who spent a lot of time with his kids and who loved them totally. But there they were, leaving my life for all but a few weeks a year (*if* visitation were honorably enforced), and it hurt like hell.

I gave my boys one last hug, and as I walked away from them, I felt as though I had just lost every claim to masculinity I ever had. I couldn't protect my kids? I didn't even have a right to live with them? Then, by definition, I was not a man. The phrase battered father occurred to me, and it fit. I was in the middle of a certain kind of violence, and I had just lost the biggest fight of my life. I was ashamed of my fears and ashamed of my loss.

As the years went by, things got worse. Internally, I was struggling with a darkness that almost overwhelmed me. It was as if I had watched a kidnaper haul my two



## THE VINEYARDS OF VENGEANCE

boys into a car at gunpoint and speed away with them—and I had stood there and allowed it to happen. Born and trained for action, filled with the need to protect my sons, I had peaceably surrendered them to the system that had screwed me.

There were times when my self-image was so distorted that I was close to self-destruction. I raged inwardly at the injustice of the situation, but I still tried to be a good father from an awful distance. I paid more than my share of child support, wrote to my children and called them often, visited with them whenever I could, endured various disruptions of communications from the other side, and still the pain of the loss stayed in my psyche like a chunk of hot shrapnel.

Somewhere in the lower depths of that terrible time, I had a thought. "They were kidnaped from me," I said to myself, "so I'll just kidnap them back." That idea took hold of me and became my favorite fantasy. Having been dealt with unfairly by the courts, having had my rights as a father dismissed in a cavalier fashion, having my children raised in ways that I could not tolerate, I saw no way out of my pain other than revenge.

The fantasy grew: I would show up in their town, tell them to hop into the car, and away we would go, The Three Musketeers united again and forever, wrestling and singing, laughing and joking. "Why

not do it?" I kept asking myself. No one could execute a kidnaping faster or more efficiently than I could; no one could disappear more professionally if need be. After all, I reasoned, the three of us deserved to be together after so many years of cruel and unnatural separation. In one dramatic moment, I could redress my grievances, prove to my sons that I cared, show my ex-wife that I could not be muscled and ensure the safety of my boys. Such a deal!

Indeed, that is a common fantasy for many divorced fathers, it turns out. After talks with hundreds of men about this experience, I know that many of us go through the same cycle of fantasized vengeance. There are some of you out there who, as you read this, are saying, "All right, Ace, I'm going to go get my kids right now!"

I understand your eagerness. *But don't do it.* That eagerness is misplaced and that fantasy could be destructive to your children. Don't act on it. That's the message for today, as tough as it is for me to write it and you to absorb it. Don't bring even more violence and dislocation into your children's lives. Take the pain and deal with it on your own. That is your job as a man. Stay in touch with your kids, shield them from your sadness and be a great father to them every time you get the chance.

You and I have consumed the same bitter grapes, but we should remember Jeremiah's lamentation. "The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge," he wrote. Think about it.

It is our job as men to eat our share of the sour grapes of divorce and *not* pass them on to our children. Once the court has made its decision, it is our job to take a dive, to get fucked, to lose. Maybe one day we can get justice in the legal system. Maybe one day fathers will not be dismissible evidence. We should fight for that. But our children should not be fodder in that fight.

My sons eventually came back to live with me, and the courts had nothing to do with it. It was a natural progression. The grape I had eaten was poisonous and sour, but I lived. And every grape I ate was one grape they didn't have to deal with.

You there, you good man with an intense love for your children, don't turn kidnaper. If you remain constant with your kids, they will figure it out. Listen to Jeremiah instead of that voice inside you, and you and your children will thrive! Sooner or later, you'll be united again.



## OF MICE AND MOLESTERS

If you ever wondered how adult America talks to its children about sex, take a look at the programs designed to teach kids about the very serious issue of sexual abuse.

John Crewdson, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist, writes in *By Silence Betrayed, Sexual Abuse of Children in America*, "Most prevention programs refuse to call penises and vaginas by their proper names, referring instead to mysterious 'private zones' or 'places where your bathing suit covers.'"

"Red Flag, Green Flag, a multimedia program . . . has as its centerpiece a coloring book that contains a drawing of an androgynous child whose arms, legs, chest and other body parts are identified for what they are, while the region between the child's legs is merely labeled 'genitals (private parts).' Upon closer inspection, it becomes apparent that the child in the drawing has no genitals or private parts.

"*It's O.K. to Say No!* . . . mostly contains warnings about 'child molesters' who frequent public rest rooms and video arcades, with a few cautionary words about neighbors, teachers and baby sitters thrown in. But *It's O.K. to Say No!* never says what it's OK to say no to. In one story, a girl named Tina spends the night at the home of Lucy, her friend. After Tina's in bed, Lucy's big brother comes into her room and starts saying 'strange things' that make Tina feel 'uncomfortable.' But what things? Why does Tina feel uncomfortable? The reader never finds out. Because *It's O.K. to Say No!* and similar storybooks are designed for parents to share with their children, their squeamishness may be an acknowledgment that many parents

feel uneasy talking with their children about any aspect of sex."

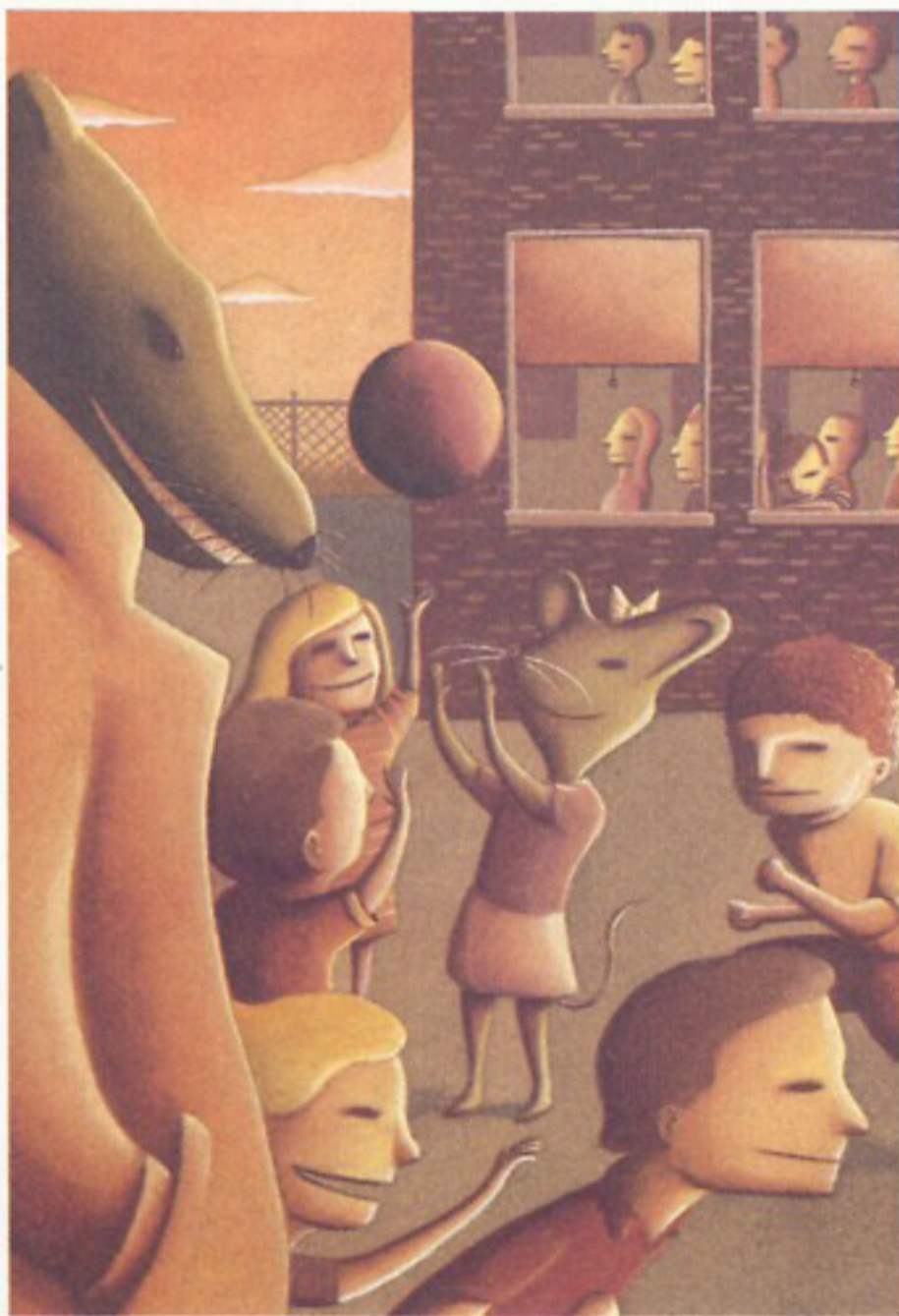
Cordelia Anderson, one of the pioneers in child-sexual-abuse-prevention programs, agrees with Crewdson. "We're saying that we want to talk to you about it, that if you have any

by teaching children to identify their private parts. But there is disagreement about exactly what these private parts include. The minimalist position defines them as the genitals or the body parts covered by underwear. A more expansive view includes the mouth and

the chest. And in some programs, physical contact on any part of the body that does not 'feel good' is a bad touch. One curriculum, for example, explicitly acknowledges that the hair is not a private part, while another uses role playing in which a four-year-old girl is congratulated for informing her teacher about the next-door neighbor who sometimes invites her into his house for milk and cookies, and then touches her hair. Thus, in the most inclusive view of 'bad touch,' children are taught that even a pat on the head should be reported to the authorities if it feels funny. . . . Hence, the programs teach that the 'yucky' kiss from Uncle Bill, the tight hug from Grandma or the unwanted squeeze from Aunt Jenny, which may not feel good, are therefore 'bad touches.' These touches are seen as an infringement on the child's rights that should be automatically resisted, and perhaps even reported. At best, this view disregards the deep affection

from which these physical expressions usually arise; at worst, it implies that something insidious lurks behind simple physical contact."

Some programs, in order to avoid the subject of sex altogether, use animals to try to impart their message. About Golden Books' *Never Talk to Strangers*, one of the best-selling children's books on the subject, Crewdson says, "The book uses what its publisher describes



questions about it, I want you to ask me about it, that it's not OK if someone does it to you, and that if it happens, it's not your fault. But what it means is so bad that I can't even say the words."

Neil Gilbert, co-author of *Protecting Young Children from Sexual Abuse*, also disagrees with the way sexual-abuse programs discuss "good touch, bad touch." "In introducing 'bad touches' that are sexual, many programs begin

as fantasy and humor to convey its message 'in a nonthreatening way.' The illustrations it contains show children in familiar settings—at home, at the store, at the bus stop, at the playground—when an unfamiliar and presumably threatening character appears on the scene. None of these strangers, however, is human. 'If you are hanging from a trapeze,' the book begins, 'and up sneaks a camel with bony knees, remember this rule if you please—never talk to strangers!' It goes on to warn children about grouchy grizzly bears, parachuting hawks, a rhinoceros waiting for a bus, coyotes who ask the time, cars with a whale at the wheel and bees carrying bass bassoons."

Crewdson continues, "The problem with such anthropomorphic presentations is illustrated by a filmstrip featuring Penelope Mouse, who has an otherwise unidentified 'strange experience' at her uncle Sid's house. When a group of schoolchildren who had been shown the filmstrip were later asked what its message was, they agreed that sexual abuse must be a serious problem among mice."

Is stranger danger and the message for children to always be on their guard really what we want to convey? Crewdson thinks not. "The real problem with sexual-abuse-prevention programs is that . . . very few of them warn children about the possibility of sexual abuse by relatives, and there are almost none that discuss parent-child incest. Those who design such materials defend their skittishness by pointing to the parent-teacher protests that have sprung up even when the most innocuous programs have been introduced into local schools. . . . Some parents oppose prevention programs on the grounds that they 'put ideas about sex in children's heads.' Others are concerned that sexual-abuse prevention might somehow be akin to sex education. Because many parents find it hardest to acknowledge the possibility that their children may be at risk from family members, sexual-abuse counselors argue that in most cities, an incest-prevention program would have no chance of gaining acceptance."

Gilbert concurs. "Nobody knows how many children are sexually abused by strangers. But most estimates indicate that 80 to 90 percent of reported cases of sexual abuse involve offenders known to the child." He believes that the available programs that purport to teach children about sexual abuse are at best social placebos that "may only bewilder small children while soothing

parental anxieties; at worst, they leave youngsters as vulnerable as ever but psychologically on edge—a little more aware of the dangers around them and a little less able to enjoy the innocence of childhood.

"The resources consumed by training preschool children might be used more constructively in programs designed to sharpen the vigilance of parents, teachers and other responsible caretakers of children. This approach would place the duty to protect chil-

dren closer to the family and the community, where it belongs."

We agree. But is it any wonder that adults who will not use straight talk when discussing sex—if they discuss sex at all—with their children will not only abdicate their own responsibility to their children but also insist that sexual-abuse-prevention programs be so obtuse that they do more harm than good?

Perhaps it is adult Americans who need sex education.

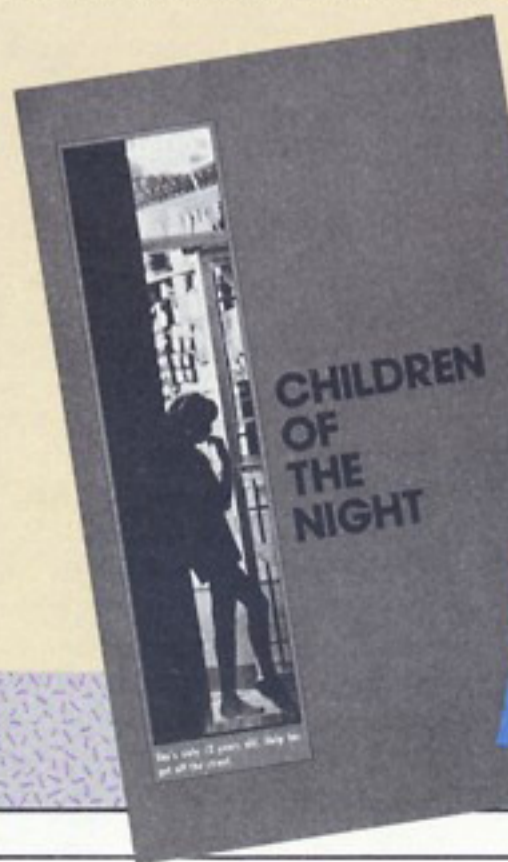


## CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT

Dr. Lois Lee sees the product of America's silence about sex. She heads Children of the Night—a volunteer program in Los Angeles that deals with child prostitutes and runaways. Most of the adolescents are from white, middle-class homes and about 80 percent have been sexually abused, often by a family member. Dr. Lee says, "Authorities estimate that about a thousand kids come to Hollywood every week. A kid who stays on the streets for a week is going to have a brush with prostitution. Eighty percent of the kids I see have worked as prostitutes."

Children of the Night supplies the basics: More than 50 adolescents every month receive clothing, emergency medical care, Social Security cards, counseling, a ticket home or housing referrals and help with placement in drug programs, schools, mental-health facilities and jobs. Most important, Lee is an adult these teens can trust.

The Playboy Foundation provided funding to Children of the Night when no other organization was willing to do so. Late last summer, a fund-raising benefit was held at the Playboy Mansion to raise money to convert the old Van Nuys post office into a 24-bed shelter. If you want to join the crusade for children, send a check to Children of the Night, 1800 North Highland, Suite 128, Hollywood, California 90028. Contributions are tax deductible.



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*what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

## SATURDAY-NIGHT BREATHING

AMSTERDAM—For reasons not altogether clear, premature babies seem to breathe better when fast music is piped into their incubators. Most premature infants suffer



respiratory problems and the music appears to increase their breathing rate. The babies were treated to the crooning of Perry Como without much effect, but, according to a researcher, "When we changed that to disco music, the breathing rhythm also improved. The beat seems to pull them along."

## CAR WARS

DENVER—To win the battle with fast-driving motorists, a Denver electronics firm has introduced a laser speed gun that could render police radar detectors obsolete. The International Measurement & Control Company, which made laser range finders for the military, says that its new speed-measuring device can be aimed at a specific vehicle over a long distance by means of a telescopic sight. However, it uses so little power—less than 1/35 the energy of a Lazer Tag game—it won't fry the motorist.

## HERE COMES THE GROOM

COPENHAGEN—Denmark has become the first country to legally recognize homosexual marriages. Calling the unions "registered partnerships," the official act

grants gay couples who say "I do" essentially the same rights as married heterosexuals. The measure was passed by the Danish parliament in May by a vote of 71-47 after a 40-year campaign by homosexual-rights advocates.

## YEAH, RIGHT

EDMONTON, ALBERTA—Local taxpayers and some other residents of Edmonton were surprised to learn that their police had been setting up prostitution arrests by paying for private individuals to have illegal sex. During the trial of two massage-parlor operators, testimony revealed that a detective had supplied several men, including the 19-year-old brother of a policeman, with \$672 for massage-parlor services, which included oral sex and sexual intercourse. The brother said that he visited the parlor twice to get evidence but that he did it only by way of "trying to help the police service." A defense attorney complimented another customer-witness on his "marvelous sense of public duty."

## BUSINESS AS USUAL

NEW YORK CITY—The Metropolitan Transportation Authority has decided not to ban masturbation, deviate sexual intercourse, sodomy or physical contact with others' clothed or unclothed genitals on the Metro-North Commuter Railroad—not that the M.T.A. approves of such activities. At a board meeting, the M.T.A. chairman noted that they are already prohibited under state law and "I just personally feel that this sort of thing isn't a priority for us. God knows, we have enough problems conducting mainstream business."

## SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL BUycOTT

LOS ANGELES—The Southern California affiliate of the American Civil Liberties Union is sponsoring a campaign to combat fundamentalist censors. The campaign, called a buycott, seeks to help embattled companies that advertise on shows targeted by the Reverend Donald Wildmon and his group CLeaR-TV for containing "incidences of sex, profanity, violence or anti-Christian stereotyping" ("The Playboy Forum," December). Wildmon advocates that his followers boycott the companies that advertise on the shows; the A.C.L.U. chapter asks that people against censorship send letters of support

to the companies and make an effort to buy the products that they produce. In addition, the group will boycott the next company that buckles under to censorship pressure and pulls its advertising from a TV program.

## CALL IN THE CLOWNS

TACOMA, WASHINGTON—An off-duty Army sergeant, threatened by neighborhood drug dealers while he was barbecuing in his back yard, put in a call to some fellow rangers, who rode to the rescue with an array of personal weapons. They took up defensive positions and traded more than 100 rounds with the attacking dopers without hitting anyone, raising the question of whether the soldiers were very good shots—or very bad ones. Two suspected dealers were arrested on weapons and assault charges and the cops confiscated the soldiers' guns. Commented one police officer, "The fact that nobody got hurt—it is kind of amazing."

## SEX ED

TORONTO—In an effort to reduce the incidence of AIDS and sexually transmitted diseases among young people, 47 of whom are infected with HIV, Toronto health



officials have decided to place condom machines in all high school rest rooms. A city medical officer commented that "teenagers believe themselves immune, infertile and immortal."

# THE SEARCH FOR SEXUAL FREEDOM

one man's story

The first letter from James David Moseley arrived last April.

"Dear Sir:

"The purpose of this letter is to ask for your help. I am being held in a Georgia prison for the crime of sodomy (*per linguam in vagina*). I committed this act in private with my own wife. She is over the age of 21. I was convicted under the Georgia sodomy statute for simple consensual sodomy—a law that penalizes nonaggravated, nonviolent sodomy between consenting adults with a sentence of up to 20 years.

"Although she was an accomplice, my wife was neither charged nor tried. I was sentenced to a total of five years. I'm to serve two years in prison and three more on probation. Probation in Georgia can be revoked for as little as a traffic violation, a D.U.I. or an arrest without conviction.

"My life has been virtually destroyed. I have lost everything, including my family. I am now a convicted felon, convicted of a sex crime. As a result, I will not be allowed to visit or have custody of my children. I cannot even be paroled to a Georgia halfway house, since Georgia will not accept convicted sex offenders in its halfway houses. The state will accept convicted murderers in the same halfway houses.

"I believe the Georgia sodomy statute violates the Equal Protection Clause of the 14th Amendment, is cruel and unusual punishment under the Eighth Amendment and violates the basic privacy guarantees of the Federal Constitution. I would sincerely appreciate your help."

Sodomy is against the law in 25 states and the District of Columbia. In 1986, the Supreme Court upheld the right of Georgia to prohibit and punish consensual sodomy between gays—the same law that had been used to incarcerate Moseley for heterosexual sodomy. Defenders of sodomy statutes always say the law is symbolic, that it is never enforced. The cold steel bars of the Metro Correctional Institution are very real, as Moseley would testify. How did this injustice come to pass?

After the initial letter, *Playboy* contacted Moseley at the Metro Correctional Institution in Atlanta and asked for more information. He sent a second letter and detailed more of the circum-

stances: "Thank you for your letters. You've restored some of my faith. I am an honorably discharged Navy veteran with a commendation for saving the life of another Navy air crewman. I am a member of the P.T.A. After finding evidence of my wife's infidelity, I went to see an attorney regarding divorce and custody of my two sons. He suggested I move out of the house. I rented an apartment but continued to spend three or four nights a week at the house to be with my sons."

One night, his estranged wife asked him to tie her up and have sex. He tied her feet and had oral sex with her but felt that something was wrong. He left.

"My wife brought the initial charges.

**"Had Mr. Moseley committed this crime with a deceased donkey in the public square, he could not have been sentenced to as long in prison. . . ."**

Her reasons? To get custody of our two boys. She is a vengeful, spiteful person."

According to newspaper clips sent by Moseley, his wife, Bette Roberts, believed that all's fair in divorce: She accused her husband of two counts of rape, two counts of aggravated oral sodomy and two counts of aggravated anal sodomy for allegedly violating her on two separate occasions in February 1988. The jury did not buy her story (in part because her own sister testified in Moseley's defense that she had an ulterior motive in asking to be tied up: She had learned that he had spoken with an attorney and wanted to stage a preemptive strike).

Moseley's second letter continued: "The prosecutor [a woman] made it seem like I had committed a capital crime—'*Your mouth touched her vagina!*' she screamed. I didn't even know what was going on. And I still can't believe all this. It was presented to the jury as though I were the lowest, most degraded piece of scum on earth because *my mouth touched her vagina*. I felt like some sort of human sacrifice to appease

Georgia's tribal gods. What hypocrisy! As though the prosecutor's mouth had never touched a sexual organ!"

The jury of nine women and three men found Moseley innocent, but Judge William H. Ison, "a self-described country boy," instructed them to find him guilty of the lesser charge because on the stand he had admitted having oral sex with his wife.

"It's on the law books," Ison said. "It's a criminal offense. I'm sworn to uphold the laws of the state of Georgia."

Moseley was sentenced to five years; the Board of Pardons and Paroles later ruled that he had to serve 30 months. At the same time it was releasing 3000 felons—including robbers and murderers—because of jail overcrowding, the state found a place for Moseley.

We contacted the Georgia A.C.L.U. and discovered that four lawyers were already working on Moseley's release. Clive Stafford-Smith, a lawyer with the Southern Prisoners' Defense Committee; H. Judd Herndon and Julie Edelson of the A.C.L.U.; and Michael Mears, mayor of Decatur, Georgia, filed a brief arguing that the ludicrous application of the Georgia sodomy law violated the equal-protection clause: "Let us review the state of play in Georgia and decide whether any conceivable person could think this aspect of the Georgia penal law reasonable.

"Mr. Moseley was eligible for 20 years in prison for his heinous crime. Had he committed the same offense with his wife after she was dead, he could only have received half the time. Had he had intercourse in the courtroom during the trial, his punishment still would have been less. Indeed, had he chosen not his wife, but committed his offense with a donkey, he could only have received one quarter the sentence. . . . Had Mr. Moseley committed this crime with a deceased donkey in the public square, he could not have been sentenced to as long in prison as for having oral sex with his wife. . . . The law is patently unconstitutional as applied to Mr. Moseley in this case."

In September, a judge overturned Moseley's conviction, in effect, saying the statute did not apply to married heterosexuals. Moseley gained his freedom—after 19 months in jail.

Who will be next?

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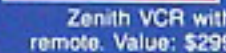
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# THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA

they are—you guessed it—red-hot

LAST SPRING, *Time* magazine reported that according to Soviet sociologist-sexologist Igor Kon, "things are changing" in the U.S.S.R., that "women's sexuality, which was previously denied, is starting to be acknowledged." Pretty encouraging news, right? But not the whole story. Here's what *Time* and the good doctor left out: *Soviet women are sexy, exciting, smart, beautiful, determined and bursting with life.* We ought to know—we were there. In an unprecedented expedition that took almost two years to plan and demanded the cooperation of more than 100 photographers, models, editors, liaison personnel, translators and government officials, *Playboy* made the journey to the Soviet Union's most famous stretch of soil—Russia—and discovered the biggest secret behind the iron curtain: Russia's women. For years, *Playboy* Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen had been getting pitches from independent photographers eager to make the trip to the land of the hammer and sickle, but it wasn't until Gorbachev made *glasnost* a household word that Cohen decided the time was right to take the gamble. Selecting Russian photographer Alexander "Sasha" Borodulin—the son of famed photographer Lev

Borodulin—to do the honors, Cohen at first sat Stateside, reviewing the film as it arrived via overseas mail. Captivated by what he saw, he eventually made the 6000-mile trip himself in order to get a closer look at just what it took to create a Russian pictorial. (For an account of Cohen's delightfully revealing adventures in the Soviet Union, see page 82.) Ultimately, we wound up with much more than just a pretty scrapbook. In many cases, we were able to put a few myths to rest. For example, almost all of our models confessed that they *adored* the U.S.—the country *and* its people. "I would like very much

to take a look at America with my own eyes and experience its sweet life," one told us. "I think Americans are *klëvye* [swell]," said another. They called us "businesslike, cute and neat"; they labeled us "hard workers, warmhearted and *good guys*." And they were *all* dying to meet us. As for sex, we had our sockskis knocked off as our stunning coterie of Russian ladies candidly voiced a sizzling sensuality that would make some Americans blush. "I worship sex—I place it on a pedestal," one model admitted. Another confessed, "The desire never ends." So let it be said that the Cold War has finally, blissfully ended and that beauty is beauty—*everywhere*.



*Zdravstvuyte!*—or hello—from Red Square (opposite). St. Basil's Cathedral provides a colorful backdrop for (clockwise, from top) Lena Fiveyskova, Larisa Litichevskaya, Olga Egorova and Natasha Protasova. While Natasha works as a salesgirl in downtown Moscow, her companions here are decidedly regal: Last year, Lena was crowned Miss 21st Century in a private beauty contest of the same name. And in the Moscow *Krasavitsa* (or Beauty of Moscow) pageant—the country's first-ever officially sanctioned beauty competition—Olga was voted Miss Discovery by Soviet home viewers. Above, a shot of Larisa nabbing top *Krasavitsa* honors, which included instant celebrity, a stash of cash and a car.

PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PLAYBOY BY ALEXANDER BORODULIN

Below, meet swimmer and would-be movie star Nana Kuchava. A descendant of Georgian aristocracy—a *knyazhna*, as they say—Nana likes men who can “make a feast out of life.” And here’s another look at pageant winner Larisa (right), who proudly declares, “I want to do good for my country.” Diplomacy at its best, *da?*



As you can see from her photo, Anya Alekseyeva (opposite, top left) prefers to ward off the Soviet chill the old-fashioned way: doing the bear-rug-and-fireplace routine. Top right is Nadya Ushkova, a student from Moscow’s Institute of Energy. “I like men who are smart and charming,” says Nadya. “Fools, I don’t like.” But her real love is her pet turtle, Nad’ka (translation: “little Nadya”). Beauty is also abundant along the Russian waterways. That’s Volgograd’s Larisa Tregubova (below Nadya), wading in the Volga River. We hear that Larisa is the odds-on favorite to be named the next Miss Volgograd—a title presently held by Lena Silina (whom you’ll meet later). And taking a break from pedaling along the Moscow are Lena Serkina (left) and Natasha Kozlova (right). Lena wants to “find success in marriage,” while Natasha says she is thrilled that “fewer and fewer people think that there is no sex in our country.”





Who's the lucky guy in traditional Georgian garb being kissed by Misses Fiveyskova and Litichevskaya? We never found out, but we're sure Georgia's not the only thing on his mind. Below left is Zhenya Manaeva, a Muscovite and aspiring clothing designer. An admirer of American dating techniques, Zhenya prefers men who are "smart, tall and entrepreneurial." Sasha Safonova (bottom left) has a philosophy on romance that's delightfully simple: "It's important for a man to be *khoroshiy*," she says. In a word, that means "good." And meet Marina Kozhuchova (below right), a Moscow model. If the poster is life-size, the father of the Soviet state was just about Marina's height—5'10".





Flanked by soldiers outside a space museum (left) is Aksana Prokopenko, a modeling student from "a really average Soviet family." About her future, Aksana waxes poetic: "The crooked line of fate will hopefully lead me to the right place." When asked about her ambitions, Natasha Berko (below left) declares, "I have a program maximum." In Americanese, that's "going for the big time." Languishing beneath the Pushkin fountain in Sochi's botanic gardens is Sveta Nikolaeva, a ballet fan and hair stylist whose idols are Mikhail Baryshnikov and Marilyn Monroe. And Vera Esina (bottom right), 20, has a special fantasy: to get a taste of the *sladkaya zhizn'*—"good life"—in the U.S. of A.







From the province of Krasnogorsk comes Nelle Hilchenko (below), an independent lady who prefers her men to be "outgoing, fun-loving and *laskovy* (gentle)." At left is Tat'yana Kaftunova, a rhythmic gymnast from Odessa and the current Miss Lux Model. On the subject of Americans, Tat'yana is passionate: "I love them to *terror*," she says. We think that means she loves us to death.



Moving clockwise around the opposite page from top left: Here's Larisa Tregubova again, this time in front of the war memorial honoring soldiers who died in the battle of Stalingrad (now called Volgograd). And as promised, here's 20-year-old Lena Silina, who is currently reigning as Miss Volgograd. (For those of you focused on vital statistics, Lena's *sis'ki* measure in at 104 centimeters—you do the conversions.) Settling in with *Pravda* by a window overlooking the Kremlin is Inna Tarasova, a 29-year-old model from Moscow. Inna's ambition: "To feel as good spiritually as I look bodily." Rounding out the page is Ekaterina Kirilova, a swimmer who frankly comments, "I don't smoke, I don't drink and I don't work." Her current unemployment is bound to change: She's gunning for success as a model—"inside or outside the Soviet Union."

ТАКСΟΦΟΝ



Checking in from a phone booth outside Lenin Stadium is Olga Sakharova (above), a computer operator from Moscow. Olga's keeping the sciences in the family: Her mom is a chemist and her dad is a physicist. Model Masha Shmerko (below) says hello from the Arbat Street district—Moscow's version of Greenwich Village.







Picnicking in the grass just outside Moscow (left) is Vanda Rudneva, a secretary-typist who doesn't mince words. On independence: "I hope my future husband understands I want to be a career woman"; on men: "I like attentive guys and dislike losers" (that last word communicated in almost perfect English); on sex: "Good men, you can never get enough of; bad men, I don't deal with." Vanda was Miss Moscow Komsomolets—or Miss Communist Youth—1988. Working clockwise around this page from above left are Luda Navolokova, a diehard Soviet patriot whose peeves include "stupid idiots who are in love with themselves"; Sveta Rutskaya (taking the Pepsi Challenge), a university student who's aiming for a "good position in society"; Marina Gotovtseva, who works with a joint-venture American-Soviet moviemaking company; Tanya Krasina, who thinks guys' looks are *vsë ravno* (all the same) but admits that good sex requires *zaryad* (a charge); and Sveta Tsegankova (in Cossack attire—well, almost), an avid reader and family girl who can't wait to raise a brood of her own. What kind of guys does she like? "All of them."





The green-eyed beauty above is Tanya Stepanova, a ski bum who's into architecture. "America is a smart nation," says Tanya, adding that she wouldn't mind becoming personally acquainted with a real live Yankee or two. Below, once again, are Misses Berko, Gotovtseva and Nikolaeva, soaking up the sun in Sochi on the Black Sea. And, finally, meet Lena Nosova (opposite), a bookkeeper from Moscow who's on the prowl for more inspiring employment. "It doesn't matter how little the job pays," she says, "just as long as it's creative." But Lena's real dream is to work abroad, a plan that doesn't seem to please the comrade on the wall. Do-vidaniya.



# MISSION: IMPLAUSIBLE

article

By JEFF COHEN

or how a *playboy* photo editor discovered the perils and pleasures of doing business in the age of *glasnost*

HERE I WAS, travel-weary and apprehensive, in Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport, holding a huge nylon duffel bag that was oozing women's underwear. Bras, panties, camisoles, the works. Up ahead was a Sherman tank of a Soviet customs inspector. What would she think of this American man, traveling alone, with suitcases containing women's intimate clothing and six pairs of high-heeled shoes?

I had spent much of the preceding three months trying to conceal my real purpose for this trip—to photograph the women of Russia for *Playboy*. Now the project seemed on the brink of disaster, betrayed by lingerie.

I had wanted to produce this feature for two years. Once Mikhail Gorbachev had turned his little crack in the iron curtain into a great open door to the West, I had wanted to march through it and capture, on film, one of Russia's most precious resources: its women.

The first order of business was to decide whether or not anyone should know that our photographer, Alexander Borodulin (Sasha to you and me), was working for *Playboy*. We settled on a strategy appropriate to U.S.-Soviet relations—just enough deception to cover our tracks.

Assuming that all phone calls into or out of the U.S.S.R. were monitored and the numbers recorded, we never spoke on my office phone. We similarly never referred to the models or the content of the photos. After Sasha did some preliminary test photos, we needed a system for getting the film from Moscow to Chicago. Mail in and out of the U.S.S.R. is regularly opened and censored, so Sasha gave the first film shipment to a rock group on its way from Moscow to New York for an American tour. Tom Clancy would have been proud.

The plotting intensified when it came time for me to make plans to join Sasha for the main shooting sessions. As *Playboy's* Managing Photo Editor, I had produced many pictorials, a memorable minority of which had been at places

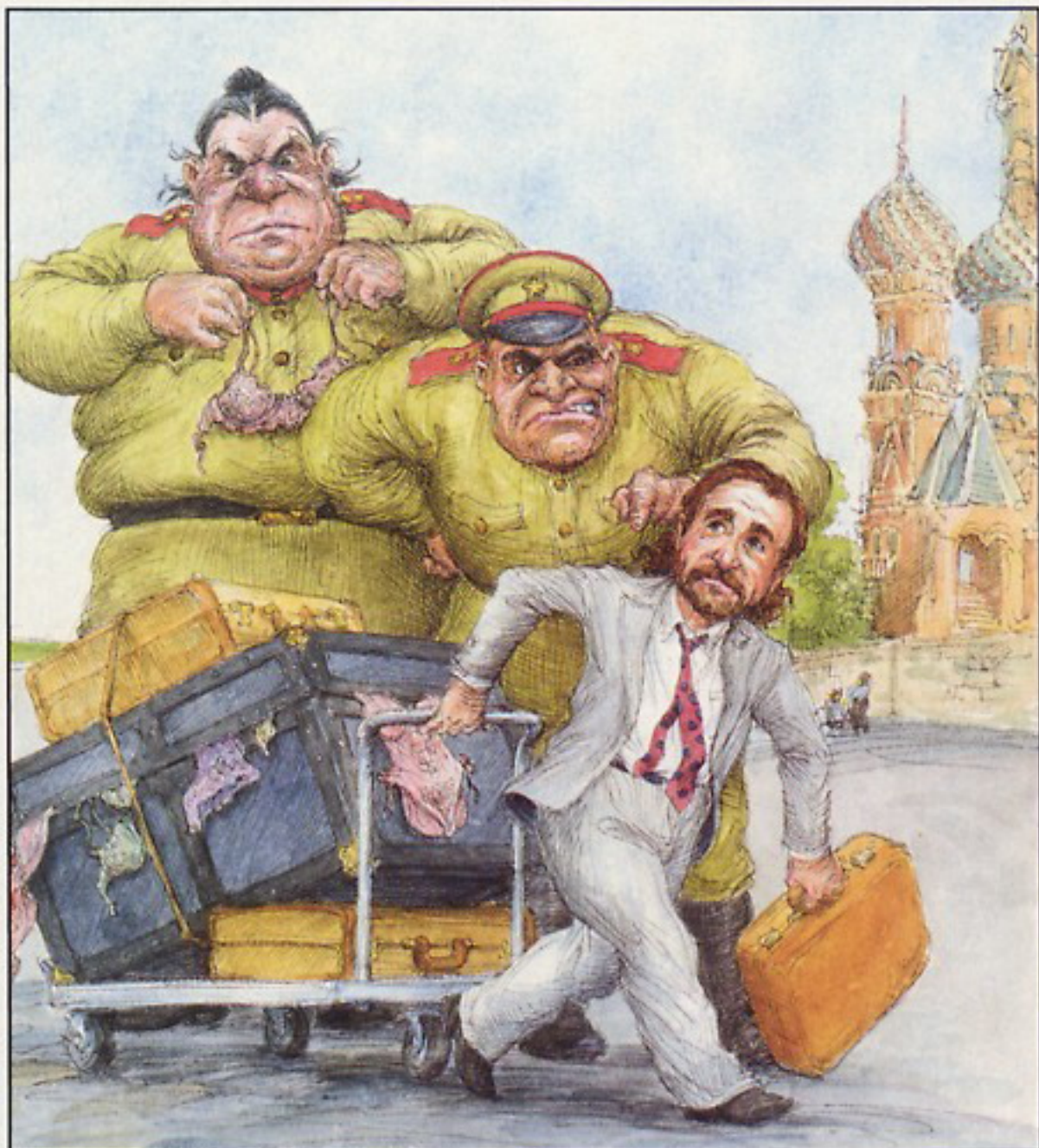
where I wasn't welcome. I had supervised shootings in the Ivy League; I produced *Women of 7-Eleven*. Proud as I was of this list, none of it seemed appropriate training for dealing with the K.G.B.

With Sasha directing the flow of paper through friends in the bureaucracy, the visa application process that normally takes six weeks took six working days. On the seventh, I was en route to Moscow.

All the skulduggery seemed like a great idea until I set foot in Moscow with

the duffel bag hemorrhaging women's underwear. I felt like Indiana Jones on his final crusade, having to pass the three tests of wisdom before reaching the Holy Grail: admission to the Soviet Union.

The first test had been passport inspection, where the Soviet sentry had stared me down as if trying to get me to confess to the Tylenol killings. I have no idea what he was looking for. Unlike customs officers at check points in Canada, for example, this lad had no computer



After working in secret for months to set up our *Women of Russia* pictorial, *Playboy's* Jeff Cohen arrived at the Moscow airport with women's underwear and high-heeled shoes spilling from his luggage. What, he wondered, would the customs officers think?

into which to plug my name. He stared. I did my best to stare back. Finally, he stamped my documents. The first test was over.

Next came a sterner challenge, the search for a luggage cart. A nearby porter was renting them for one ruble. I did not have a ruble, and there was no change office in that part of the airport. I offered him a dollar and reached for one of the carts. He recoiled. It's illegal, of course, for a Soviet citizen to accept foreign currency.

I remembered, happily, that I'd been advised by *Playboy's* Senior Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar to carry a sufficient amount of Russia's universal medium of exchange, Marlboro cigarettes. I gave the porter an unopened pack of Marlboros, which is akin to paying bus fare with Krugerrands. Still, he gave up the cart, so I was on to the last trial: the ordeal of customs check and the telltale lingerie.

She loomed ahead of me, this customs behemoth—imagine Mike Ditka's unmarried aunt. I presented my seven bags. She passed over the lingerie collection with no special heed. No comment, either, on the six pairs of high heels. But before long, she did find trouble: my video and still cameras. Yet all I had to do was give her the serial numbers. Seems she was more worried that I'd make a killing selling them on the black market than that I might, for instance, photograph Soviet women in American panties.

The gantlet passed, I was released into the land of Chekhov, Gorbachev and, it turned out, beautiful women.

Sasha had made reservations for me at the Rossiya, a quaint 3200-room Moscow hotel with all the architectural grace of a 21-story K mart. Just a hammer toss from Red Square, it made a convenient location for the Russian women to flock to.

Our destination for my first night in Moscow was a disco where they were crowning Mr. Moscow. The Soviets have recently discovered the beauty pageant, and they are seizing all opportunities to hold them. Given this mania for contests, Sasha figured that there might be some attractive women around scoping out the competition for Mr. Moscow.

The disco was in a distant part of the city, in one of the charmless vertical apartment complexes that the government provides for Moscow's 8,000,000 residents. There was no valet parking, no neon sign, no velvet rope and, until we arrived, no cover charge. But the guy at the front door gave us the eye and detected signs of a foreign expense account. He demanded 20 rubles apiece.

When I walked into the night club, I felt as though I'd fallen through a hole in the earth and ended up at the Rathskeller at the University of Wisconsin. These Soviet kids were wearing all variety of jeans, pleated pants, Italian suits, Missoni ties, Harvard, Columbia and N.C.A.A. Final Four sweat shirts and classic footwear from Nike and Reebok.

Two things distinguished these young people from their Western cousins, however. One, Bolshoi and Kirov companies notwithstanding, these kids couldn't dance. Two, they couldn't smile, at least not with the confidence of your average American kid. When a Soviet youth breaks into a grin, you are reminded of the dentalwork in an N.H.L. locker room.

While I was roaming the disco in a time-warp fog, Sasha was hard at work locating would-be models. His *modus operandi* was no different from that used by our staff when it searches for prospective Playmates in Atlanta, Dallas or L.A. You see an attractive young woman, give

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*"We posed our models  
in front of St.  
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In the new Russia, they  
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anything is possible."*

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the high sign to your female assistant and she moves in for a business conversation. We're working on a pictorial, we think you're very attractive, would you like to be a model? As Sasha predicted, the results were good that night. Even though we never saw Mr. Moscow crowned, we found four girls.

The disco closed around one A.M., which was about lunchtime on my jet-lagged internal clock. Ever the considerate host, Sasha suggested an afterhours hangout where we might get a snack. The night spot Sasha had in mind was located on a large boat anchored in the Moscow River. We were halfway down the gangplank when the door to the club opened and out popped two Soviet officers—chests bristling with medals and ribbons—in a T.G.I.F. kind of mood. When they saw that most of the people in my group were Soviets, however, duty called. Apparently, it was officially OK for outsiders to party until dawn in Moscow, but God forbid that a Soviet citizen should expect the same privilege. The

officers headed straight for our Soviet chauffeur and started interrogating him: Why was our group out so late? Who were his passengers? Where was he taking us? They asked to see his papers, and naturally, his license had recently expired. When that sin came to light, I wondered if we had eclipsed the boundary of prudent pictorials, and I was going to cash it in right there in Moscow.

Happily, Sasha's assistant Igor smoothed out the entire matter, using language he knew the military would understand: 50 rubles to each officer. From each according to his means, to each according to his needs.

Sasha selected our *glasnost* girls in a grand manner. Through an underground network of agents, photographers, models and street operators, he got the word out that he was looking for pretty young women to photograph. With Sasha's network operating at full tilt, they came to the hotel at all hours of the day and night. The models were bright and eager and full of excitement over their big career opportunity. As in most of Europe, posing nude was never an issue. All the women were comfortable with their bodies and had little or no shyness about undressing with people milling about the tight quarters of Sasha's room.

I was amazed at the freedom given us to go about our business. Sasha and I had decided that the natural opening photo for the feature was a group of our women in Red Square. We picked four of the sexiest models, poured them into skintight outfits and paraded the short distance from our hotel to the Kremlin. On our way, however, we picked up an escort; something about the suit he wore and the way he kept his distance—not too close, not too far—convinced us that he was a K.G.B. agent. We huddled and decided to employ the ultimate weapon: my video camera. What K.G.B. agent wants Westerners to see him on video tape? Sure enough, I pointed the camera in his direction and he disappeared, never to be seen again.

Even though we had shaken the agent, we were concerned that he might return with reinforcements. We kept on moving until we had left Red Square and found another angle on a shot with the girls and St. Basil's.

After shooting for a while, we made another assault on Red Square. As this was a Sunday afternoon, the place was teeming with people. We posed our models in front of St. Basil's and began to shoot. Crowds of tourists, soldiers, even Kremlin guards gathered, watched and pointed. But nobody stopped us, asked

for a permit or credentials or even questioned us about what we were doing. In the new Russia, these comrades must have thought, *anything* is possible.

If you rile the party, you're sent to Siberia; but if you're a good little *apparatchik*, you end up in the balmy climes of Sochi, a spa town on the Black Sea. After a few days in gloomy Moscow, we rewarded ourselves with a trip south, just as party leaders had done before us.

Unfortunately, there was a catch. In order to get to Sochi, we had to fly Aeroflot, which is Russian for winged hell. You can forget curbside luggage check. In fact, you can forget luggage check altogether—this was strictly do it yourself. After we muscled all of our bags and suitcases up the stairs into the plane, we entered a large cargo hold where everybody placed his belongings. The seats and the appointments were run-down and dirty. No in-flight magazine, air-sickness bag, emergency information, headphones, air jet or reading light. Flight attendants? Halfway through the flight, huge Soviet matrons stomped down the aisles distributing awful fruit punch in paper cups. Throughout the ordeal, my fellow travelers sat in silence; this was the first example of Soviet oppression I saw.

The redeye back to Moscow was even worse. We left at 11 o'clock, which turned out to be the perfect hour to turn the cabin lights up bright and blare canned disco music over the speakers. The lights and music stayed on the entire time. When we touched down—after two A.M.—and the plane rolled to a stop, they finally turned out the lights and we were forced to grope our way from the plane in complete darkness. As soon as I got back to my hotel, I canceled my Aeroflot flight to Frankfurt and rebooked with Pan Am.

Sochi itself was a different story; our hotel resembled a resort more likely to be in Acapulco. It had a recreational complex with tennis, basketball and volleyball facilities, indoor and outdoor pools, bowling lanes and—I wasn't ready for this—18 holes of miniature golf.

With all the high rollers and the foreigners in Sochi, there were also plenty of prostitutes. It is not uncommon for an attractive Soviet woman who is tired of the drunken harassment by the men in her life to begin selling her charms to the wealthy and generally more genteel Westerner or high-ranking party member. She can expect gifts, jewelry, perfumes and furs, not to mention visits to restaurants and hotels limited to those carrying hard currency. Most important,

she will have the opportunity to enter into relationships with educated men, which could lead into an entirely new world of opportunities.

In search of colorful backgrounds for our pictorials, we headed for the lush gardens in the middle of Sochi. We found the wonderful Pushkin fountain that had ornamental swans squirting water from their beaks and created a terrific watery environment for our model.

Dressed in a sheer skirt and a gauzy blouse, she stepped into the fountain, quickly got soaked and her charms were exposed for all to see. Mind you, we were in a well-trafficked area of Sochi's main park. Lovers strolled hand in hand, nannies with small children passed by and elderly couples sat on the benches and watched Sasha's circus. A park guide paraded a group of tourists past the fountain and explained something of historical significance. Amazingly, no one asked the obvious question: What the hell are you doing with a naked woman in the fountain?

We pulled a similar stunt at the hotel. For more than two hours, we photographed three seminude models in and out of the swimming pool, sliding down a water slide and lounging by the water. Bathers stared and some even pointed, but no pool guard or manager intervened, so we went ahead and took pictures. Try that at The Beverly Hills Hotel.

There can be only one explanation for this behavior. Soviet people must assume that if you're photographing models in Red Square or in a Sochi fountain, you have permission to do so or you're such a big deal that you have immunity from any local authority. Look straight ahead, go about your business, act cool and anything is possible. We did, and it was.

In the short span of ten days in the Soviet Union, I ran up against puzzling extremes. Nowhere have I found so many people so insistent on heavy tipping before they would budge an inch, nor have I ever encountered so many kind and generous people. Two stories illustrate.

Early in my stay, I found myself sitting in a restaurant waiting for Sasha and the rest of the entourage. I asked the waiter for a glass of water, and that's just what he brought—lukewarm water. "Any ice?" I inquired in my guidebook Russian. He told me that the ice machine was broken. Soon Sasha showed up and he, too, expressed a desire for some ice water. The waiter shrugged again and headed back toward the kitchen. Sasha, hand on his wallet, was up like a shot and followed

him out of the room. Moments later, both returned. "The ice machine," announced the waiter with a smile, "is fixed!"

Also during our Moscow stay, I was approached by one of the members of our group who had a favor to ask. It seemed he had a friend who had been studying English for ten years. Would it be possible, he wondered, for her to come by sometime, so that she could practice speaking the language? I agreed, and the next night, a very sweet Soviet woman presented herself, apologizing profusely for her terrible English, which was about ten times better than a Chicago schoolteacher's. We had a pleasant hour of conversation, she thanked me profusely and left.

Later on in our stay, I was told that the woman needed to see me again to properly thank me. I insisted that no special thanks were necessary, that the talk had been enjoyable for me, too. But, no, she must come to see me one more time. I agreed. She arrived carrying a small parcel in her hand. She asked me to unwrap it, and inside I found a beautiful hand-painted box that she insisted I take home to my wife. I was astonished, and deeply touched, at the value this woman had placed on her time with me.

With the photo shoots successfully concluded, I began packing for the trip home. I was leaving behind most of the clothing and sundries I'd taken over, so I was looking forward to a light load on the return journey. But with Sasha doing things in his usual big way, out came bags and boxes of souvenirs, and in no time, my luggage was crammed with hand-painted dolls, Soviet propaganda posters, scarves, fur hats, Lenin medals and banners, T-shirts, old lithographs and vodka.

The most problematic item I had to carry home, however, was an envelope containing ten rolls of processed film with images of nude Soviet women. Talk about sensitive souvenirs. Even as we speak, the K.G.B. is probably chilling an ice block in Siberia for the next Westerner who tries to pull off this kind of photo assignment.

Where to stash the film? After much thought, I settled on the April 10, 1989, issue of *Time* magazine—a special edition on the new U.S.S.R. It seemed very suitable: the nude U.S.S.R. safely sandwiched by the new U.S.S.R. Call it a blow for improved Soviet-American understanding. *Glasnost* forever!



FAMILY PLANNING CLINIC



"Daddy, there's something I have to tell you."

## A VALENTINE FROM TOM ROBBINS

KISSING is our greatest invention. On the list of great inventions, it ranks higher than the Thermos bottle and the Airstream trailer; higher, even, than room service, probably because the main reason room service was created was so that people could stay in bed and kiss without starving.

Mirrors are a marvelous invention, as well, yet their genesis didn't require a truckload of imagination, the looking glass being merely an extension of pond surface, made portable and refined. Kissing, on the other hand, didn't imitate nature so much as it restructured it. Kissing molded the face into a new shape called the pucker, and then, like a renegade fruit welder soldering scoops of muskmelon to halves of cherries, it combined puckers. Made them compatible. Interchangeable. Malleable. And animated them. Thomas Edison, turn off your dim bulb and take a hike!

Tradition informs us that kissing, as we know it, was invented by medieval knights for the utilitarian purpose of determining whether their wives had been tapping the mead barrel while the knights were away on Crusades. If history is accurate (for once), the kiss began as an osculatory wire tap, or oral snoop, a kind of alcoholic chastity belt, after the fact. Form is not always faithful to function, however, and eventually, kissing for kissing's sake became popular in the courts, spreading to tradesmen, peasants and serfs. And why not? For kissing is fun and kissing is sweet. It was as if all the atavistic sweetness remaining in civilized, Christianized, Western man were funneled into kissing and kissing alone.

Kissing is the supreme achievement of the *Western* world. Orientals, including those who tended the North American continent before the land developers arrived from Europe in the 16th Century, rubbed noses, and millions still do. Yet, despite the golden cornucopia of their millennia—they gave us yoga and gunpowder, Buddha and pasta—they, their multitudes, their saints and sages never produced a kiss. (The *Rig Veda*, a 4000-year-old Hindu text, makes reference to kissing, but who knows the precise nature of the activity to which the Sanskrit word alludes? Modern Asians have taken up kissing much as they've taken up the fork, though so far, they haven't improved upon it as they usually do with the things that they adopt.)

Kissing is the flower of the *civilized* world. So-called primitives, savages, Pygmies and cannibals have shown tenderness to one another in many tactile ways, but pucker against pucker has not been

their style. Tropical Africans touched lips, you say? Quite right, many of them did, as did aboriginal peoples in other parts of the world. Ah, but although their lips may have touched, they did not linger. And the peck is a square wheel, inchoate and slightly ominous. With what else did Judas betray our savior but a peck, terse, spit-free and tongueless?

Kissing is the glory of the *human* species. All animals copulate, but only humans kiss. Parakeets rub beaks? Sure they do, but only little old ladies who murder schoolchildren with knitting needles to steal their lunch money so that they can buy fresh kidneys for kitty cats would place bird billing in the realm of the true kiss. There are primatologists who claim that apes exchange oral affection, but from here, the sloppy smacks of chimps look pretty rudimentary: They're probably just checking to see if their mates have been into the fermented bananas. No, random beast-to-beast snout friction may give narrators of wildlife films an opportunity to plumb new depths of anthropomorphic cuteness, but it doesn't cut the cherub-flavored mustard in the osculation department.

Psychologists claim that talking to pets is a socially acceptable excuse for talking to ourselves. That may say something interesting about those of you who kiss your pets, but you shouldn't let it stop you. Smooch your bulldog if you're so inclined. Buss your sister, your brother, your grandpa and anybody's bouncing baby. No kiss is ever wasted, not even on the lottery ticket kissed for luck. Kiss trees. Favorite books. Bowling balls. Old Jews sometimes kiss their bread before eating it, and those are good kisses, too. They resonate in the ether. The best kisses, though, are those between lovers, because those are the consequential ones, the risky ones, the transformative ones, the ones that call the nymphs and satyrs back to life, the many-layered kisses that we dive into as into a fairy-tale frog pond or the warm whirlpool of our origins.

The fact that we enjoy watching others kiss is probably some sort of homing instinct. In any case, it explains the popular appeal of Hollywood and Paris. Who can forget the elastic thread of saliva that for one brief but electrifying second connected Yvonne De Carlo to Dan Duryea in *Black Bart*? And Joni Mitchell's line "In France, they kiss on Main Street" set thousands of the romantically fascinated to packing their bags for Orly.

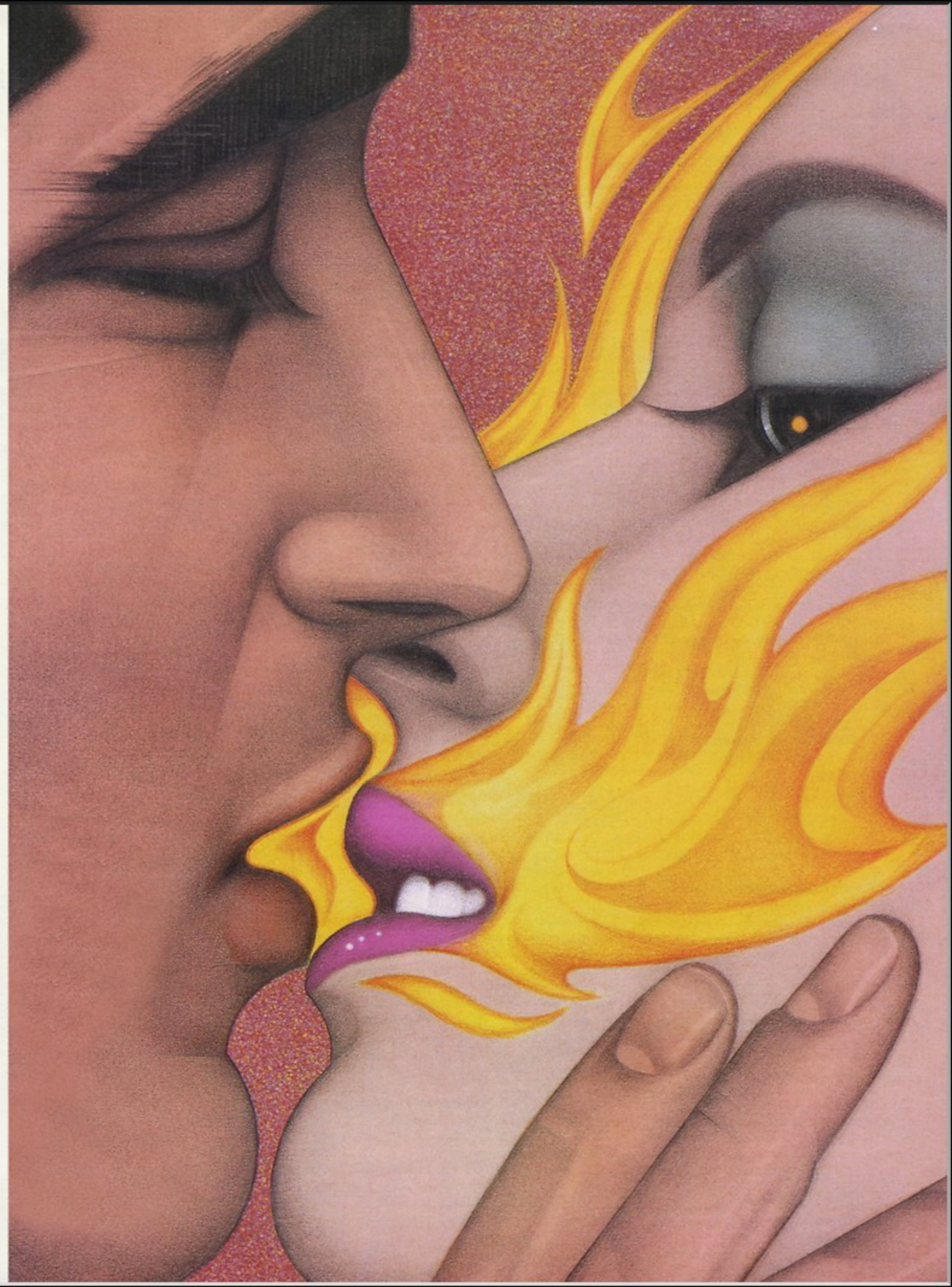
Where would lovers be without the kiss? No other flesh like lip flesh! No meat like mouth meat! The musical clink of tooth against tooth! The wonderful curiosity of tongues!

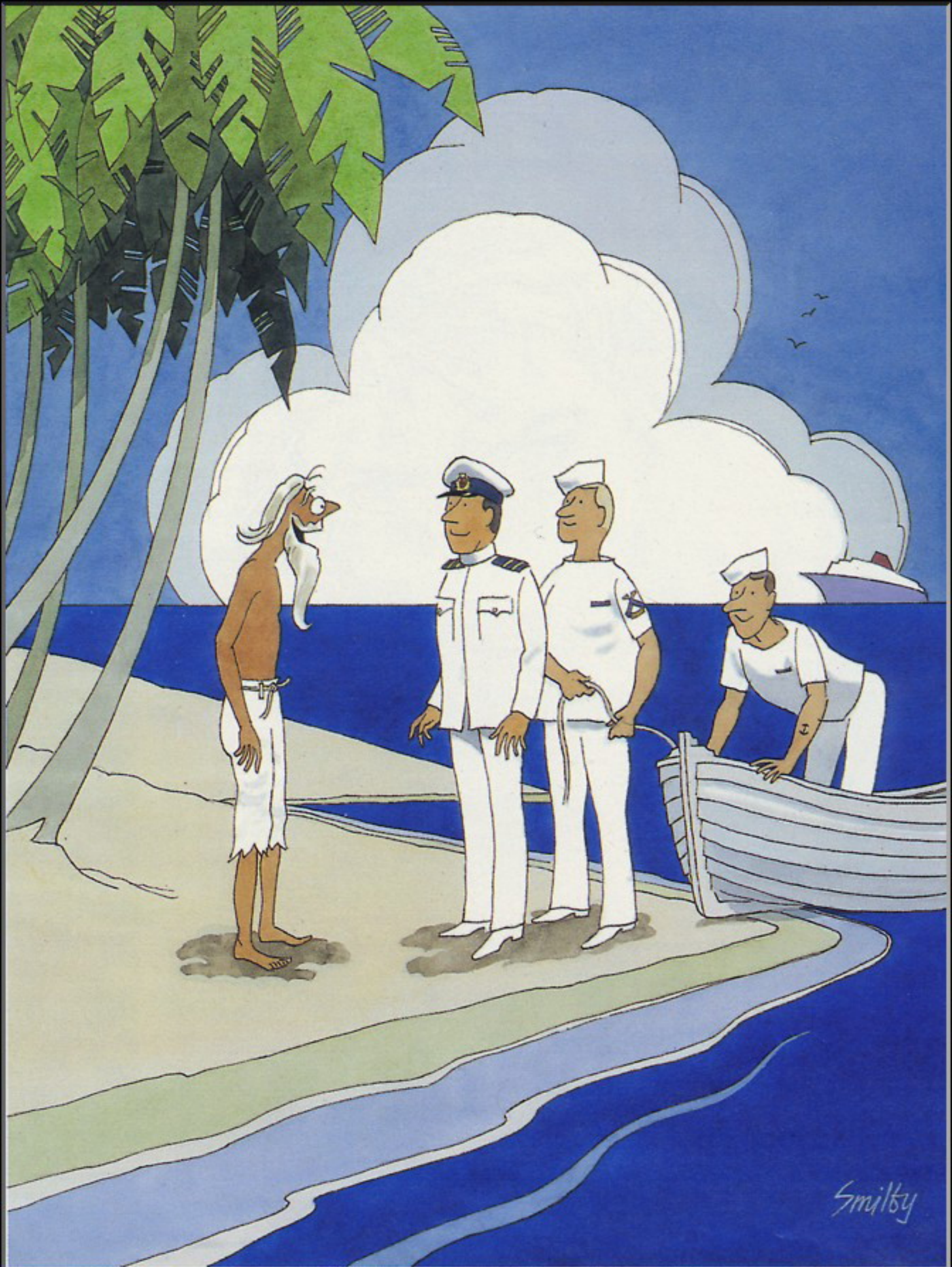


## THE KISS

LET'S TIPTOE  
THROUGH THE  
TWO LIPS

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM





*"Hugh Hefner? . . . Married? . . ."*



# Mukai

PLAYBOY IS PROUD TO PRESENT A PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS  
BY ITS RENOWNED CONTRIBUTING ARTIST DENNIS MUKAI



**D**ENNIS MUKAI plays with a traditional form, the human figure—the ultimate aesthetic challenge. While the contributing artists for *Vogue* use vibrant color and electric line to describe clothes, he uses the same tools to depict women. The resulting images have captivated both male and female viewers. “What takes it away from normal portraiture art,” says the 32-year-old Japanese-born, California-raised artist, “is the gestural play. Pinups were realistic. You could reach out and touch the skin of a Vargas girl. Here you are playing with the illusion, the art of design. For some artists, line and flat color are inspired. For me, it’s what is missing—sometimes there’s nothing

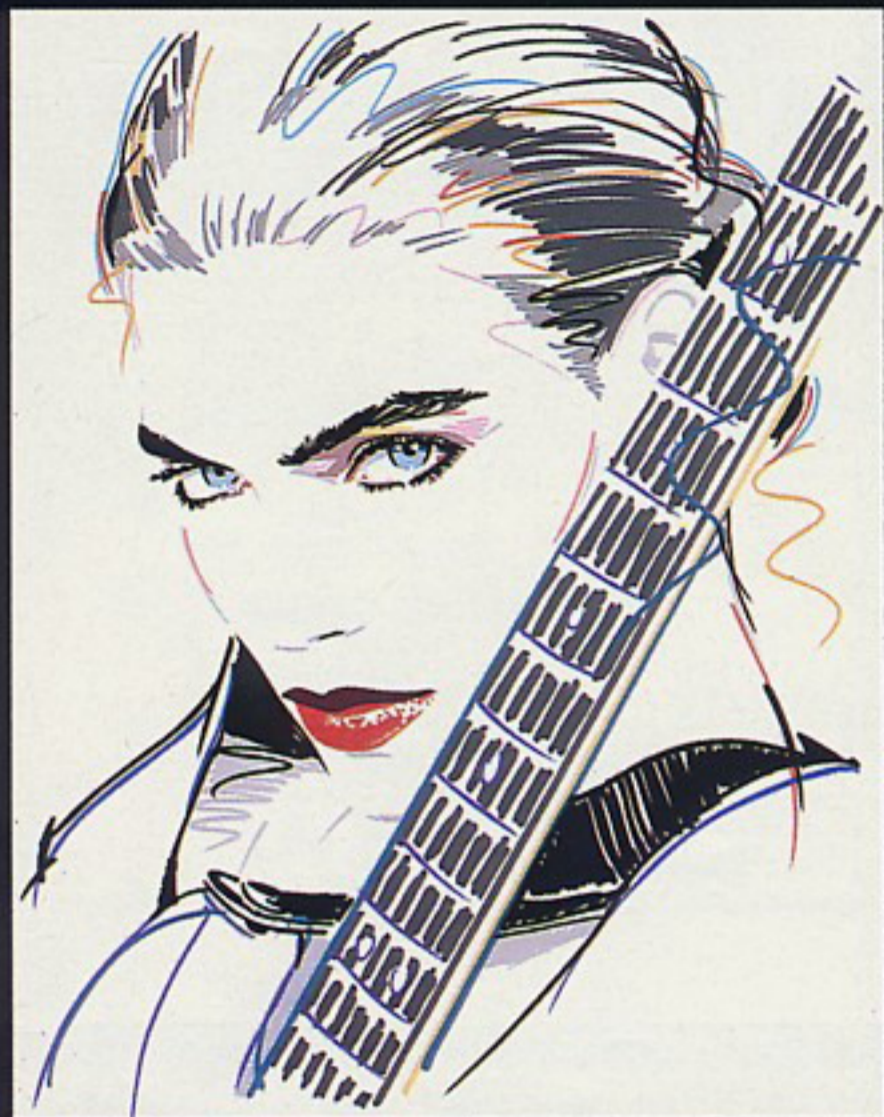
there and the eye has to fill in.” Mukai acknowledges that comparisons between him and his late teacher and friend, Patrick Nagel, are inevitable, flattering and occasionally frustrating. When Dennis was a student at the Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, he studied with Pat. Mukai was influenced by the subject matter. “Today, anyone who does a beautiful woman gets compared with Patrick,” he says. Like his late colleague’s, Mukai’s popular images have found welcome homes at *Playboy* (his paintings illustrate *The Playboy Advisor* each month), Mirage Editions and galleries throughout the world. There are important differences between the two artists, however. Nagel



Tom Staebler, Art Director of *Playboy* and Mukai's longtime friend, says Mukai's work is "magical and mystical. It's also spontaneous, full of life and verve. The beauty of these models is idealized without losing the individual characteristics. They are contemporary icons, coolly restrained yet human." Mukai works on a large scale: His canvases make an imposing display. Each patch of color becomes an impressionist painting.

idealized women, turning every one of them into a Nagel woman. "I don't want to just idealize them," says Mukai. "I want to keep the portraiture. A lot of it is what I am naturally attracted to—for the paintings to be compositionally strong, I need to use the power of full lips, intense eyes, a well-defined jaw line. These are the things I need to enhance." The rest is artistry. Both men and women buy his paintings. Men tend to buy the

portraits that stare you down; women are attracted to the softer, more lyrical images with sidelong glances. When asked by one reporter why he drew women, Mukai replied, "I prefer drawing women as opposed to still lifes and landscapes because women are mysterious, sexy and interesting." His paintings are a tribute to the irrepressible sensuousness of women, neither sexist nor sexual, but animated and vibrant. *Arigato*, Dennis.





Each painting has a name—*Nan*, *Diana*, *Ronnie*, *Kimberley* (yes, that's Mrs. Hefner at top right on the opposite page). Mukai not only paints but styles and photographs each model himself to capture her spirit and visual excitement. The result is art of a high order. Some of these paintings, incidentally, may well appear as graphics at your favorite gallery. On a smaller scale, you can see his work on the Advisor page each month.



miss february is a  
canadian all-star with  
an all-american dream

# B.C. BEAUTY



THE GREATER VANCOUVER Water District denies it, but there must be something in the city's drinking water. Vancouver, Canada's third largest city and the jewel of British Columbia, used to be a rugged lumber-mill town. Now its principal export seems to be beautiful women. One of *Playboy's* greatest beauties, 1980 Playmate of the Year Dorothy Stratten, was a Vancouver girl. Ditto the reigning Playmate of the Year, Kimberley Conrad, Mrs. Hugh Hefner, and seven other Playmates. Now comes Pamela Anderson, a native of nearby Ladysmith, who moved from tiny Comox, B.C., to Vancouver a couple of years ago and now steps onto our centerfold as British Columbia's newest jewel. As a towheaded teen in Comox (population 6000-plus),

Do you recognize the fountain? It's at the Pasadena mansion that was the scene of a *Dynasty* wrestling match between Joan Collins and Linda Evans. Its latest visitor is Miss February, Pamela Anderson, the pride of British Columbia.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA AND ARNY FREYTAG



Pamela first became famed as a volleyball player. She starred for the British Columbia Provincial Team, a squad of all-star spikers who took on the best prep volleyballers in the land. Shortly thereafter, the sports-minded Pamela took in a B.C. Lions football game in Vancouver and made a national spectacle of herself. Duded up in blue, the signature color of Labatt's Beer—she was then living in a house with a couple of Labatt's employees—she caught the eye of a national-TV cameraman. Football fans all over Canada called the network to inquire about the sideline stunner at the Lions game. Next thing she knew, Pamela was a Labatt's poster girl. "Things started happening fast," she says: other posters, print ads, TV commercials. To keep her wits about her, she kept a journal in which she recorded her experiences. "This is the beginning of a new life for me," she wrote. She moved from Comox to the big town across the Strait of Georgia. In Vancouver, she worked as a model and studied airline routes in her spare time. She got her certification as a travel agent, just in case her plans for an even bigger move didn't work out.

"Canada is more traditional than America," says Pamela. "Making love is more private—something you don't talk about. Down here, it's more . . . public. I'm not against that, but I am a Canadian. I don't just show it off all the time."









"Hollywood people are dreamers. Always grabbing for something big," says Miss February, newly settled in California. "I'm a dreamer, too, so I guess I belong here." Her patrons—one is the ex-mate of a pop diva—have arranged acting, voice and dance lessons for Pamela, who dreams of grabbing an Oscar. She now studies scripts the way she once pored over airline schedules, and more than one casting director has told her she is sure to go far. This, though, is her first big break. "I hope that when people see me in *Playboy*," she says, "they'll see more than the surface. I hope they'll see a Comox girl reaching for a dream."





"I may be a little old fashioned, but I like to have fun. One of my goals is to make love in every country in the world." Asked how close she is to her ambition, Pamela laughs. "I've got only two so far, but I told you—I'm a dreamer."







MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Pamela Anderson*



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pamela Anderson

BUST: 36 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: July 1/67 BIRTHPLACE: Ladysmith, BC.

AMBITIONS: To be a wonderful wife and mother, and win an Oscar.

TURN-ONS: Sincerity, honesty, strong arms, waffles and fried chicken.

TURN-OFFS: Possessive men, jealous people, insensitive people, split ends.

VALENTINE'S DAY PLANS: Cooking a great dinner for a special man, wearing my sexy little French-maid outfit.

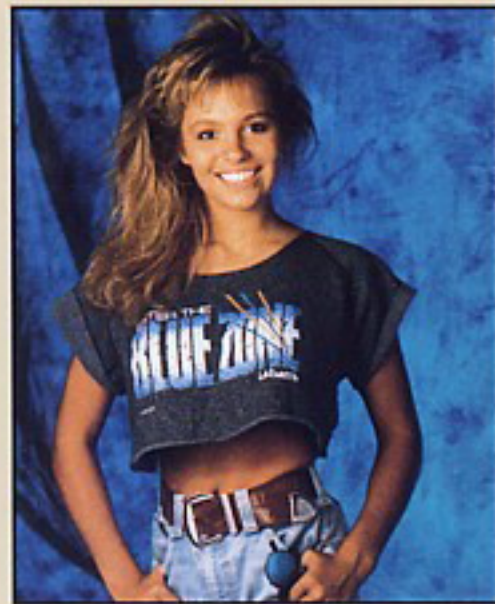
CANADIAN DATE: Taking the truck through the woods to the falls with a picnic basket full of beers.

AMERICAN DATE: Taking the limo to Le Dome.

BEING A PLAYMATE MEANS: The start of something big!



Pam and Brother "Blue Zone Girl" Gerry - #1 fan.



Fashion Statement

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man walked into a brothel and said he wanted a girl. "Harry, grease up Linda!" the madam yelled up the stairs. "That'll be a hundred bucks," she told the customer.

"That's a little too steep for me," he admitted.

"Harry, grease up Mary!" the madam shouted. "She's fifty bucks."

"Can't afford her, either," the man said sadly.

"Harry, grease up Sophie!" The madam turned hopefully to her customer. "Twenty-five dollars?"

"Sorry," he said, hanging his head.

"Well, how much *do* you have?"

"Two bucks."

"Harry," she ordered, "grease up!"



The teary-eyed widow asked the attorney about her late husband's will. "I'm sorry," he said, "but he left all he had to the Contented Home for Poor Widows."

"But what about me?" she asked.

"You were all he had."

What's the difference between a Seventh Avenue garment buyer and a pit bull? Jewelry.

As he conducted his investigation of a deadly five-car accident, Detective Cook spotted a monkey sitting on the hood of a wrecked car. When he was ready to leave, he put the animal in his car and drove toward the county zoo. "I wish you could tell me what happened back there," the cop mused. The monkey nodded its head. "OK, what happened?" Cook asked. The monkey raised its hands to its mouth in a drinking motion. "So they were drinking. Is that all?" The monkey shook its head and brought its hand to its mouth, pretending to smoke. "So they were drinking and smoking. Is that all?" The monkey shook its head and brought its hands together in a fucking motion. "Ah, they were drinking, smoking and fucking," Cook said. "And what the hell were *you* doing?" The monkey raised its hands in a driving motion and craned its neck over its right shoulder.

What's the most popular bra size in St. Petersburg? Thirty-eight long.

A guy went to his psychiatrist complaining that he woke up screaming every night from alternating dreams: First he would dream he was a tepee, then he would dream he was a wigwam.

"Doctor, what should I do?"

"Well, first of all," the doctor replied, "relax. You're two tents."

It was the year 2039 and medical miracles had become commonplace. Brian saw his friend Sam emerge from a doctor's office with a peculiar expression on his face.

"Is the news good or bad?" Brian asked.

"Both," Sam replied. "The good news is, I'm finally pregnant."

"That's wonderful. Congratulations!" Brian gushed. "What's the bad news?"

"My obstetrician doesn't do C sections."

Insiders report the real reason Exxon suspended its operation in Alaska was so that it could begin the cleanup of its service-station rest rooms.

One night, an angel walked into a bar and approached three men on barstools. To the first, the angel said, "If you believe in me enough to give me twenty dollars, I can promise you everlasting life."

"I'm an atheist and don't believe in angels," he said, getting up to leave.

The angel made the same offer to the second man. "Well," the fellow said, scratching his chin, "I'm an agnostic and I'm not sure if I believe in you or not, but here's twenty dollars."

The angel then walked up to the third man. "I'm Jim Bakker and I heard your offer," he said. "I don't care whether you're an angel or not—just show me the trick with the agnostic and I'll give you *fifty* bucks."

A woman with fertility problems was complaining to her husband of her hopeless desire to have children.

"Well, honey," he said consolingly, "we can always go for those frozen embryos."

"Frozen embryos!" she exclaimed. "I don't even like TV dinners."



Why don't masochists drink? It dulls the pain.

While sitting in the vet's waiting room with his cat, a man saw a woman walk in with a very handsome golden retriever.

"That's a beautiful animal, and so frisky," he said to her. "He can't be sick. What's he here for, a shot?"

"No, not a shot," she said.

"He's sick? What's wrong with him?"

"He has syphilis."

"Syphilis? How did he get syphilis?"

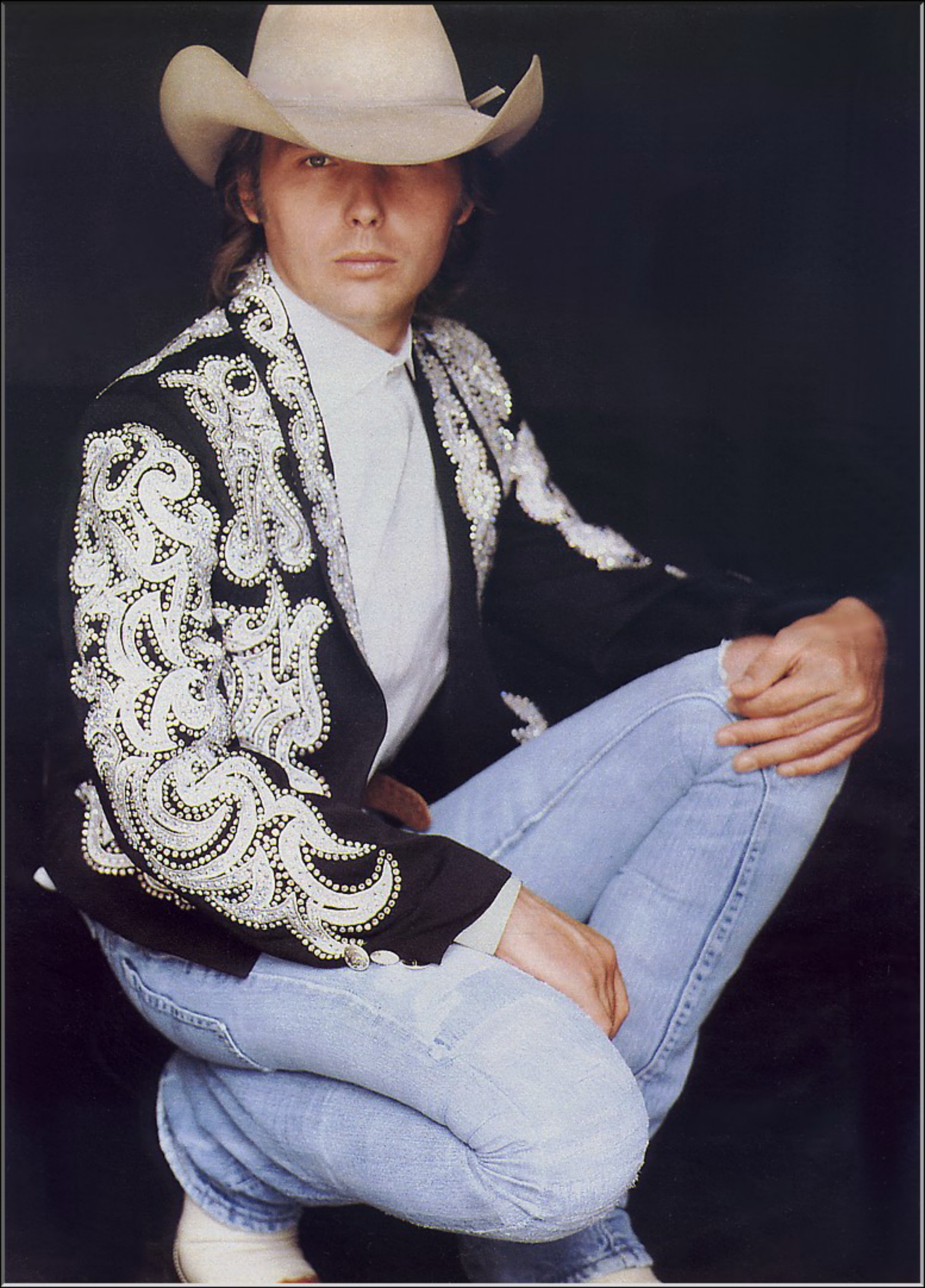
"Well, he *says* he got it off a tree."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"We're into foreplay. He's admiring himself."*





**B**Y THE TIME you hit 15, you lost count of the boys who've come in your hand. There are plenty you've jerked off intentionally, too. But you lose count of the ones who grabbed your hand when they needed it. The one who did it Christmas Eve in St. Patrick's to *O Come All Ye Faithful*. When it happened in a Stingray Corvette, you thought he was downshifting. Once, you got it waiting in line at a funeral. Some you couldn't call hand jobs. Some were thigh jobs. Boys pressed into you by the lockers and in elevators—elevator jobs. There was a dance called the fish, where you held each other close and didn't move your feet—fish jobs. *Silhouettes* was a good song for that. On *Daddy Cool*, the flip side, you could dry off and get ready for the next one. There were forearm jobs. Dry humps, wet humps. Everybody's smelled different. It smelled like ammonia, Chinese food and blue stuff your dad poured into the car. Vic's was green, oozy green, thicker than rubber cement. Smelled like lima beans. Even when you loved him, there was nothing positive you could say about it. All those sweet boys shaving once a week, grabbing your limp, unwary hand, pressing their dicks into it. Somebody's, Harry's maybe, had sparkles in it. Somebody's glowed.

Those years, you were always looking for something to wipe your hand on. It happened mostly in the movies and in cars. In the movies, you'd be distracted,

just something he needed and used. Afterward, it felt edgeless, like a warm clam. You slipped your hand away. You both pretended not to notice. You never mentioned it. But what do you do with a handful of jism at Loew's 83rd on a Saturday night when the lights are going up? Some passed you a battered handkerchief without looking at you. Some didn't. Then the lights would be up and you'd be stuck there, blinking. There you'd be with a handful of pearly, acrid, tacky jism leaking through the fingers of your cupped hand, and suddenly, after your power had made this possible for him, it was your problem. Where should it go? Into the popcorn container? Under the velvet seat with hard jism and gum? After a while, you didn't think twice about rubbing it on their coats. You liked watching it sink into their sleeves.

Nobody cared if you got off or not. After, they'd walk you home and you'd talk about the movie. They'd keep their hands in their pockets. At the apartment door, they'd want to kiss you good night but not know how. So you'd say, "Thank you for a lovely evening," just the way your mother told you to, and extend your dry hand. Some would ask you out again. Some wouldn't. It was impossible to tell which ones would. After a while, you learned to be wary of boys who folded their coats in their laps.

But the ones you liked. What a strange thing to be able to touch it and make it grow. It was magic. Your finger was a

"tongue," "wet," and watch it inflate like a pool toy. You loved the boys who groaned but loved best the ones who groaned and touched you back. Touched you harder the longer it went on. Kissed you. Touched your hair.

Harry was first. He told you you could get out of his car and walk home if you didn't. You were dying to anyway. You couldn't wait. So you pretended to sacrifice yourself. What kind of culture makes it possible for a boy to legally drive before he knows how to unhook a bra? Behind water towers, on deserted winter docks, in parking lots at night, on the living-room couch, behind the washing machines, up in attics, in maids' rooms on Thursdays. At the drive-in.

"That's a really shitty thing to do, Harry," you said. "I can't walk home from here." Then you unhooked your bra for him and prepared yourself for surprise. Who would have known you could laugh? It wasn't anything like *79 Park Avenue* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Who would have known it was fun? Why had you held out so long? Harry's was thick, pearly, thicker than its metaphor cream. You stared at the glitter in your hand. Each dot a baby. Each dot a wasted human being. Ten million sperm, more than the population of New York City. What wastrels. What squanderers. Such decadence. You left it on tennis courts, lawns of strangers, park benches, dry-docked boats, tool sheds. Your bed. Then his bed. Then his mother's bed. Then

# J I S M

close encounters of the sticky kind By PATRICIA VOLK

and suddenly, Eddie, Larry, Jeff or Steve would grab your hand and there it would be, the hardest, softest thing in the world. The most vulnerable, terrifying thing there was. Smooth, tingling, changing because of you and your power. Sometimes they'd slap your hand over it. Sometimes they'd squeeze your hand over it. Sometimes they'd use your hand to rub it. Your hand was neutral. The boy told it what to do. It wasn't part of you,

magic wand. You could touch it to the soft, pink doughboy helmet, the blind baby rat. You could touch it with your magic wand and—presto!—it would change into something else. After a while, you learned you could talk it up. You didn't have to use your hand. You used words. "Hot," you would whisper to Harry. "Lips." "Thighs." Then you'd watch it get hard. It would suck up its wheels and take off. "Mouth," you'd say. "Warm,"

the ultimate—your mother's bed. You worked yourself into frenzies. You could have lit the world. But no matter how much you got, you always wanted more. Like all guys, Harry was happy once he shot his wad. A couple of years later, you found out, though. Somebody was happy to teach you. Somebody couldn't wait to show you what was in it for you.

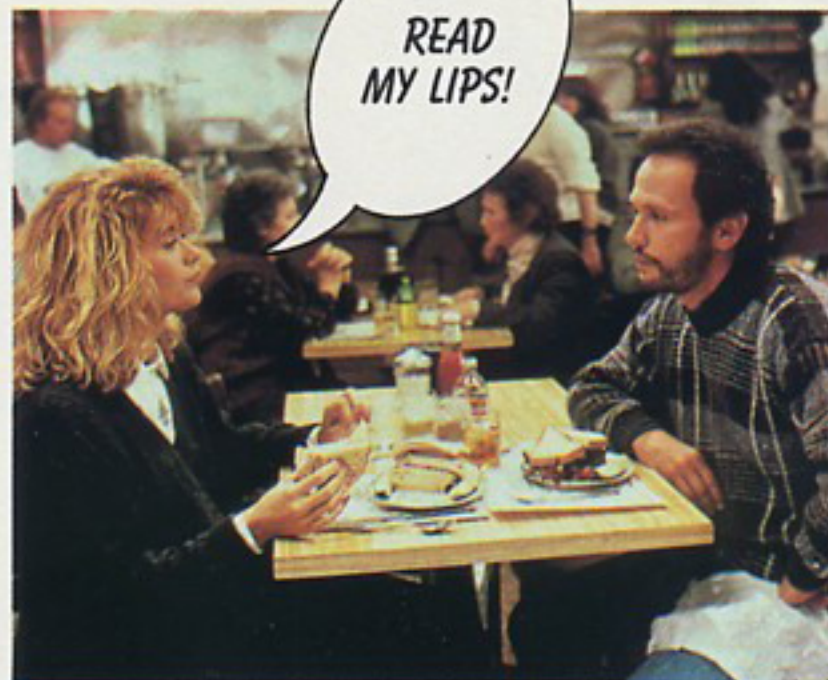




*"How would I love thee? Let me count the ways . . . faster, gentler, stronger, defter, cuddlier, snappier, sweeter, softer, spicier, stormier, quicker, quainter, quirkiest, tastier, stouter, richer, firmer, cheerier, wilder, giddier, dizzier, funnier, racier, rowdier, smarter, sneakier, hotter, quieter, kinder. . . ."*

**FRANK INCENSED**

Barney's Frank about being gay, but word that a male hooker the Congressman had befriended had run a bisexual prostitution ring from his digs (left) shook him.



READ MY LIPS!

**HOLD THE MAYO**

Everybody's favorite scene from *When Harry Met Sally...* has Meg Ryan expertly faking an orgasm for an incredulous Billy Crystal—and other patrons of a New York deli. One fascinated customer, who's played by director Rob Reiner's mom, tells her waitress: "I'll have what she's having."



I'VE BEEN SUCKERED

**LOWE PROFILE**

First he partnered a Snow White clone at the Oscars; two months later, Rob Lowe was accused of seducing a teen—and taping the action. The video everybody saw, however (below left), recorded a different encounter. Rob's next film: *Bad Influence*.

**Rob Lowe Sex Scandal — The Shocking Story Behind His Hotel Room Video With 16-Year-Old**

It was the worst blunder of Rob Lowe's life. He fell asleep after videotaping himself with an underage Atlanta...

**INDIA INK**

Pamella Bordes, ex-Miss India and an admitted callgirl, filled tabloids with tales of dalliance with high-placed Brits, Libyans and Saudi arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi.

MY DATES WITH VICE GIRL BY MINISTER



# THE YEAR IN SEX

the splits, the scandals, the pratfalls of 1989

## BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

It was a big year for ruptured romances, including the 13-year liaison between Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, during all of which, court papers revealed, she was married to another man, who lived in the Hollywood Hills house Clint gave her.

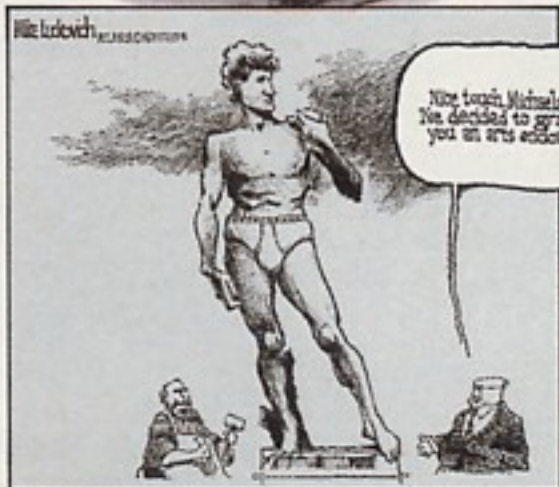
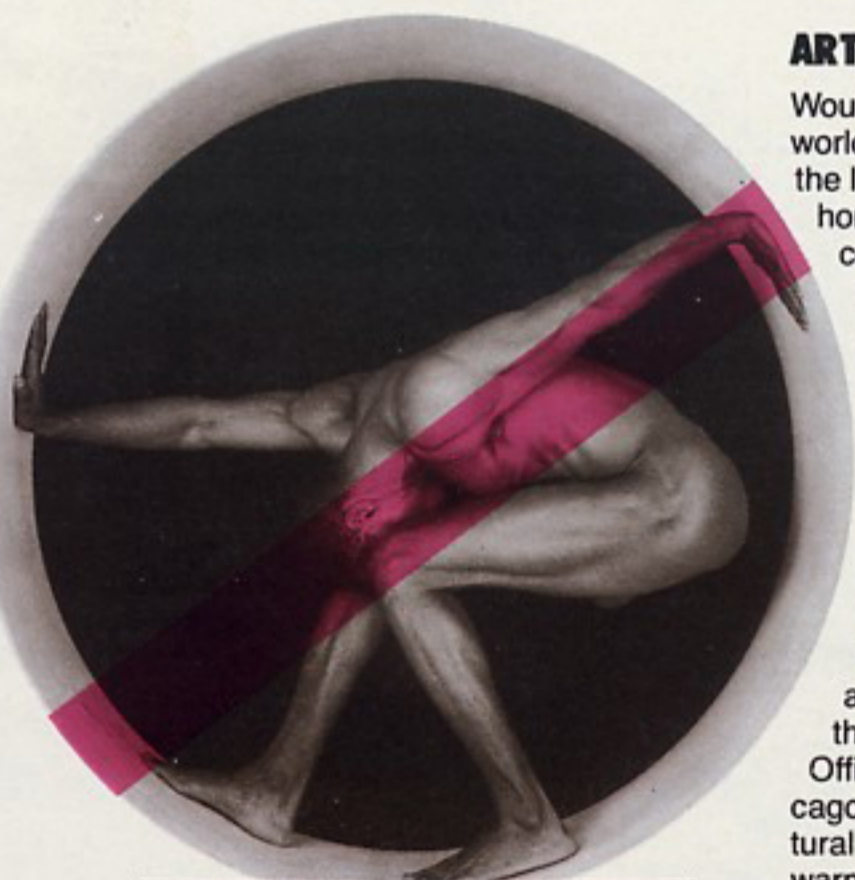
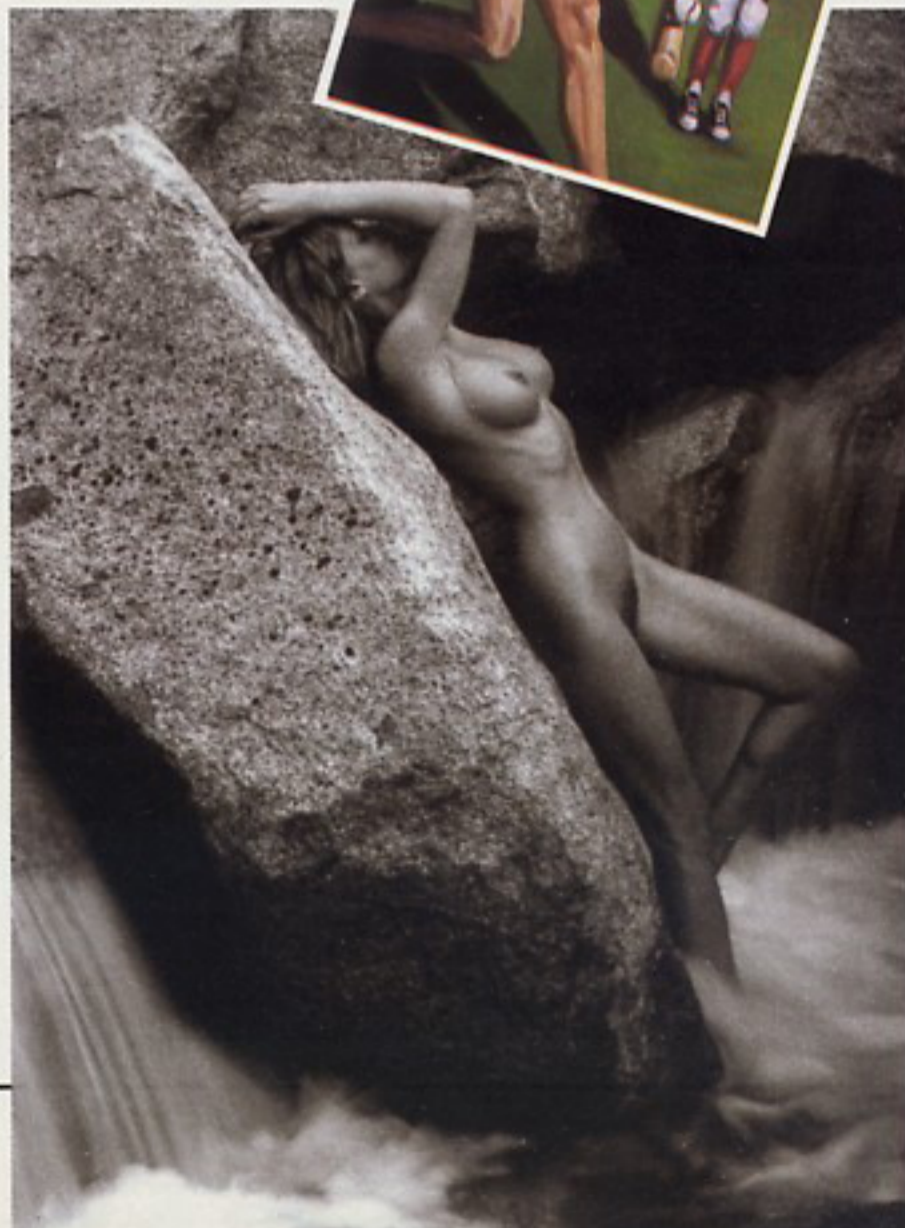


Clint vs. Sondra — Shocking Details of Bizarre Love Triangle

## ART ATTACK

Would-be censors have been battering the art world—with mixed results. An exhibit of photos by the late Robert Mapplethorpe (left), some of them homoerotic, was dropped by Washington's Corcoran Gallery, which feared loss of National Endowment for the Arts funds. Senator Jesse Helms did try, with some success, to ban Federal funding for "obscene" art; already the NEA has withdrawn a previously approved \$10,000 grant for an art show about the impact of AIDS.

Officials at the Chicago Public Library Cultural Center posted a warning sign near Eric Fischl's *Boys at Bat* but left the painting of the nude ballplayer (inset, right) on the wall. Officials at Yosemite National Park removed photos by ex-*Playboy* photographer Ken Marcus from a park gallery on the ground that his portrayals of nature, such as the shot at right, were all too *naturel*.





**SAVE WATER;  
SHOWER  
WITH  
A FRIEND**

And this one is guaranteed never to sing off key! The lady is actually a sculpture in marble dust and epoxy, a 12-year labor of love by Carol Feuerman, who coated the statue with 100 layers of paint.



**BREAKING UP IS A BIG ADJUSTMENT**

The marriage of chiropractor Bruce Oppenheim and Cybill (*Moonlighting*) Shepherd went out of alignment (grounds: irreconcilable differences) after 22 months of wedlock and the birth of twins, Ariel and Zachary.

**WHY WADE HIT ON MARGO**

The *New York Times* reports that when Wade Boggs took Margo Adams along with him on road trips, he batted .341. When Mrs. Boggs accompanied him, his average was .221.

Come to the city  
where Life was created.  
(And Playboy, too.)

I'VE  
BEEN  
CENSORED



Some people find it surprising that a city renowned for its architecture, its museums, its Board of Trade, its musicians - is also a power in the world of publication. But it is.

A city more famous for its hotels, given birth to a luxury city, the nation's premier black market. And what is...

**SHY TOWN**

Illinois tourism officials tried to yank this advertisement lauding Chicago's role in publishing history from *Time's* European edition. Happily for some 400,000 readers, the ad with its vintage Vargas girl ran anyway.

**LOVE AT FIRST BYTE**

M'Adam & Eve Erotica, an animated software program for Macintosh computers, comes complete with varied sound effects and sells for \$59.95 in stores or from Magnetic Arts, 6363 Christie, #2106, Emeryville, California 94608.



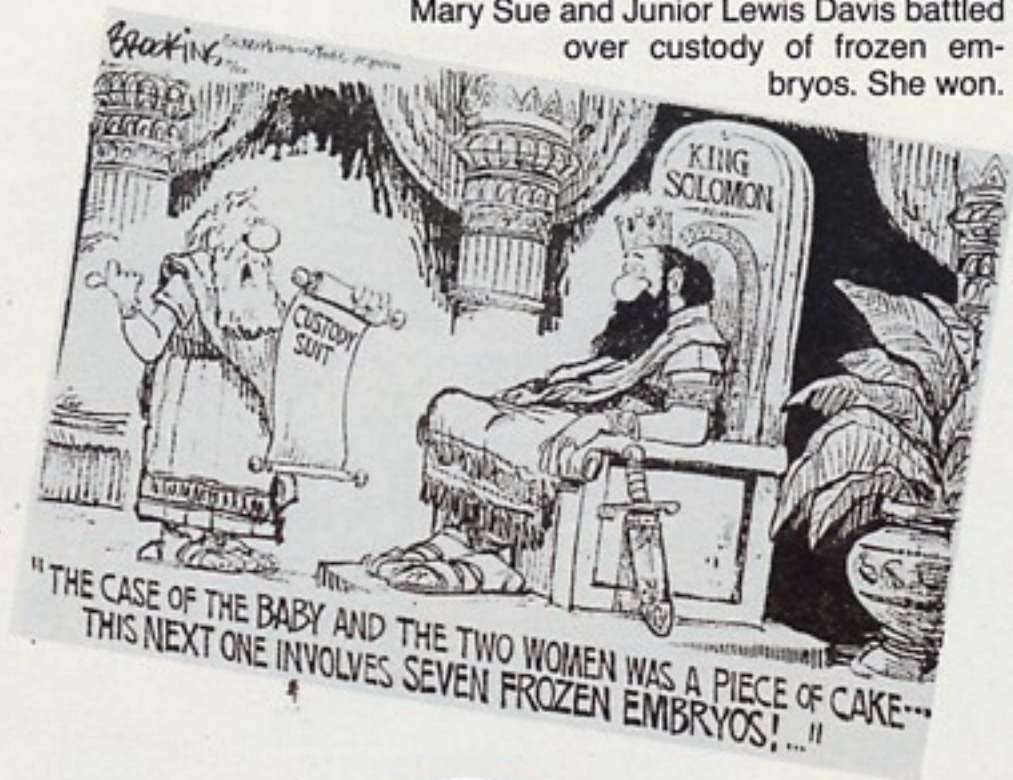
## ANDY'S GRECIAN FORMULA

After papers published nudes of girlfriend Dimitra Liani, Greek prime minister Andreas Papandreu divorced his American-born wife, lost an election and married the ex-stewardess.



## SHE'LL HAVE SEVEN EGGS, OVA EASY

Mary Sue and Junior Lewis Davis battled over custody of frozen embryos. She won.



## BREAKING UP IS A ROYAL PAIN

Britain's Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips made it official: After 15 years of marriage, they're separating. Earlier in the year, letters written to the princess by a royal equerry were stolen, to the titillation of tabloid readers.



## AT LAST, THE PERFECT BLOW JOB

The ideal escort for the lonely lady? Gregory is an inflatable bust that was marketed early this year by San Francisco's The Sharper Image.

## MOON OVER MISSOURI

Cher's on a roll, even though the Navy did a double take after eying the tattoo-revealing outfit she wore in *If I Could Turn Back Time*, a video shot on the U.S.S. Missouri. Her six shows at the Sands Atlantic City sold out—at a record \$200 per seat.





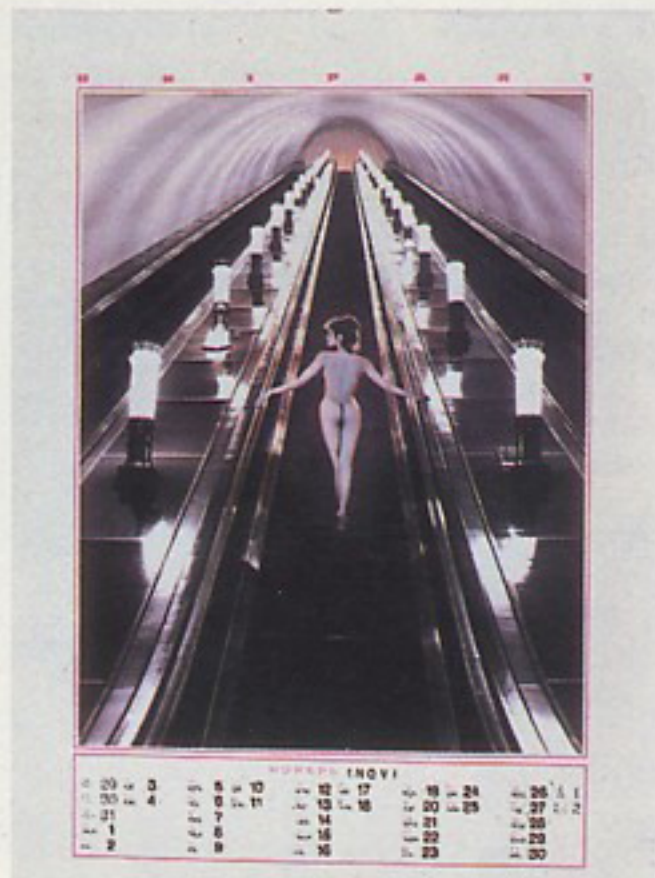


### BREAKING UP CAN BREAK THE BANK

Movie magnate Steven Spielberg and actress Amy Irving ended their marriage with, reportedly, a multimillion-dollar settlement. Gossips immediately linked the hot-shot director with other stars, notably Kate Capshaw and Holly Hunter.

### DIFFERENT SPOKES FOR DIFFERENT FOLKS

According to a *Bicycling* magazine survey, a majority of men think about sex while cycling. Most women, on the other hand, think about cycling during sex.



### HEY, THERE, GORBY'S GIRLS

Giving new meaning to the phrase boob tube, a model exits Moscow's subway. The photo's in a calendar shot by Queen Elizabeth's lensman cousin, Lord Lichfield.

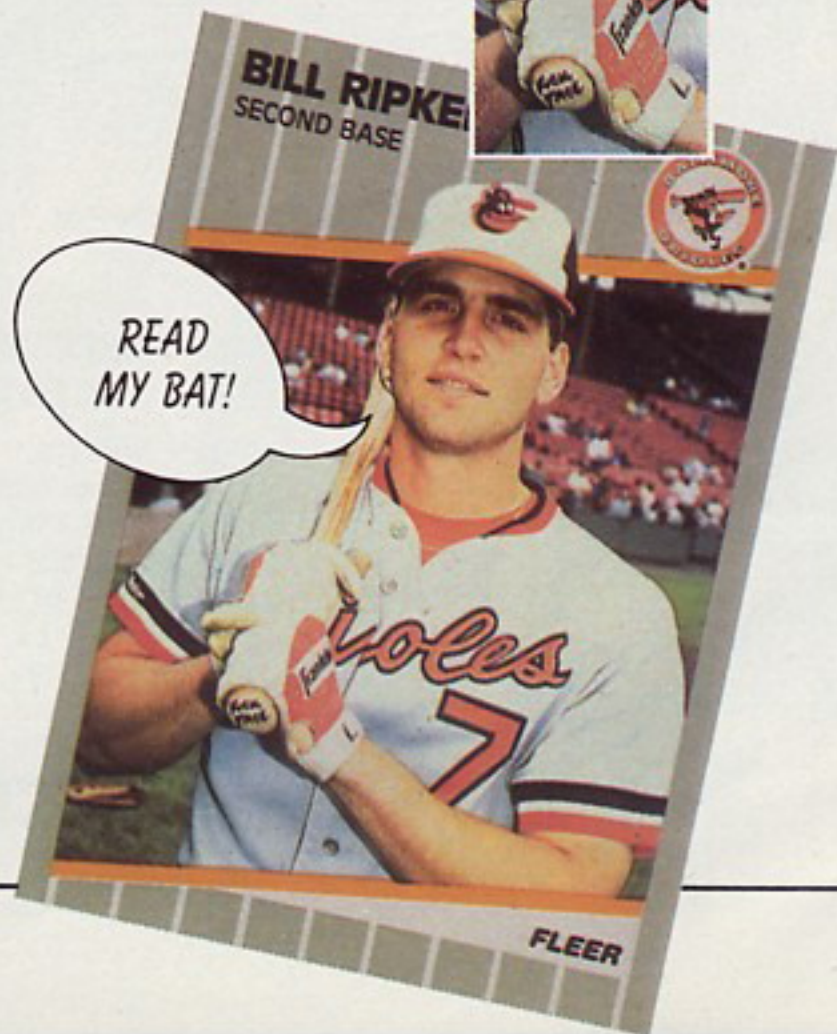
### NO! CALCUTTA!

Twenty years after it was first raised off-Broadway, the curtain finally came down on the nudie review *Oh! Calcutta!* at New York City's Edison Theater. World-wide grosses topped \$100,000,000.



### BUBBLE TROUBLE

Red-faced Oriole infielder Bill Ripken blames prankster scribblers for turning his baseball card into a collector's item. Fleer's, the bubble-gum folks, may have released as many as 3000 before noticing the offending words.





### CRACKER CRACKDOWN CRUNCHES HUNCH

Soul singer Bobby Brown speaks sizzling body language—but his “hunching” on stage with a woman recruited from the audience in Columbus, Georgia, got him arrested for lewdness.

### RUB-A-DUB-DUB, TWO GIRLS IN A TUB

What's a fan in Cannes to do when he tires of movies? Check out the Sexiest Bath Contest.



READ MY SUBPOENA!



### KEEPING UP WITH HIS JONESES

When Katherine Berkery filed suit claiming that Tom Jones had sired her son, Jonathan Jones Berkery, during a brief visit to New York in 1987, the singer agreed to unspecified sums in child support.



### BREAKING UP IS ANOTHER KIND OF CLEAVAGE

Screen goddess Raquel Welch told the *National Enquirer* that career pressures had forced her and her writer/producer husband, Andre Weinfeld, to separate. But they're still partners in Total Video, Inc., which is releasing her new diet-and-exercise tape.

### JACK IN THE BOX

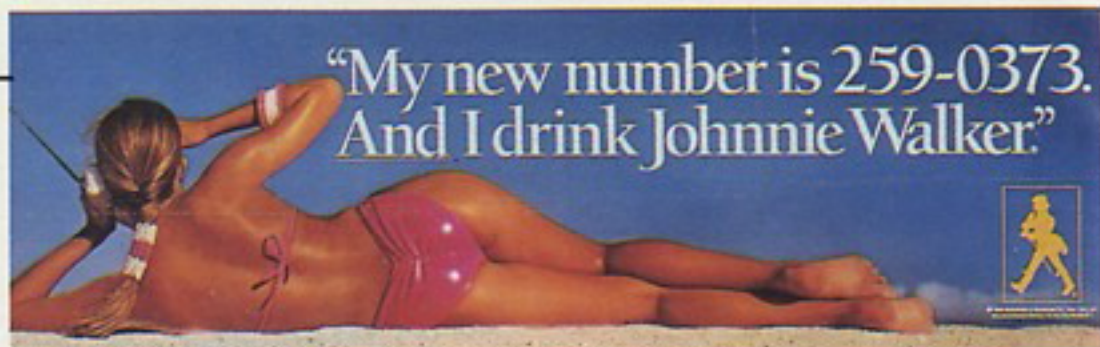
Karen Mayo-Chandler spilled the beans about her steamy affair with Jack Nicholson—and shed her clothes for a sizzling pictorial that took the chill off December for *Playboy* readers.





### HOT SEAT

Push those pedals and the world turns; his \$6000 Orbicycle, sculptor Ted Rosenthal says, "combines exercise and sexual stimulation" for those who are "busy, oversexed or on the run."



### A WALKER ON THE WILD SIDE

An omitted area code (213) caused phone snafus, but callers who try to ring this billboard beauty get a provocative message about where and how she drinks Johnnie Walker. Similar ads featured men; the response doubled company expectations.

### DRUG BUST

Acting on an anonymous tip, Greenwich, Connecticut, police stopped a car and arrested a male passenger after finding more than 125 vials of crack stuffed into the bra and panties that he was wearing.



### MR. MOM

After his death at 74, jazz musician Billy Tipton (in center of his trio, above) was revealed to be female—to the surprise of his/her fellow musicians, not to mention his/her three adopted sons.



READ MY BOOK!

### KISS 'N' SELL, OR OH, SHUT UP!

Confessional volumes litter bookstores as celebs churn out memoirs. Shelley Winters says Marilyn Monroe washed lettuce with Brillo. Klaus Kinski got V.D. more often than others get colds. Sammy Davis Jr. dug porn stars. Roseanne Barr recalls teen sex. Cyndy Garvey finds a sexy secretary and a sofa bed in hubby Steve's office. And Andy tattles on everybody, but you have to read the book to get the low-down on the dirt the late artist dishes out: *The Andy Warhol Diaries* were published minus index.



### PEPSI DEGENERATION?

Right-wing cleric Donald Wildmon, threatening boycott, got Pepsi to pull its Madonna commercials because he found her *Like a Prayer* video "repugnant to all Christians."

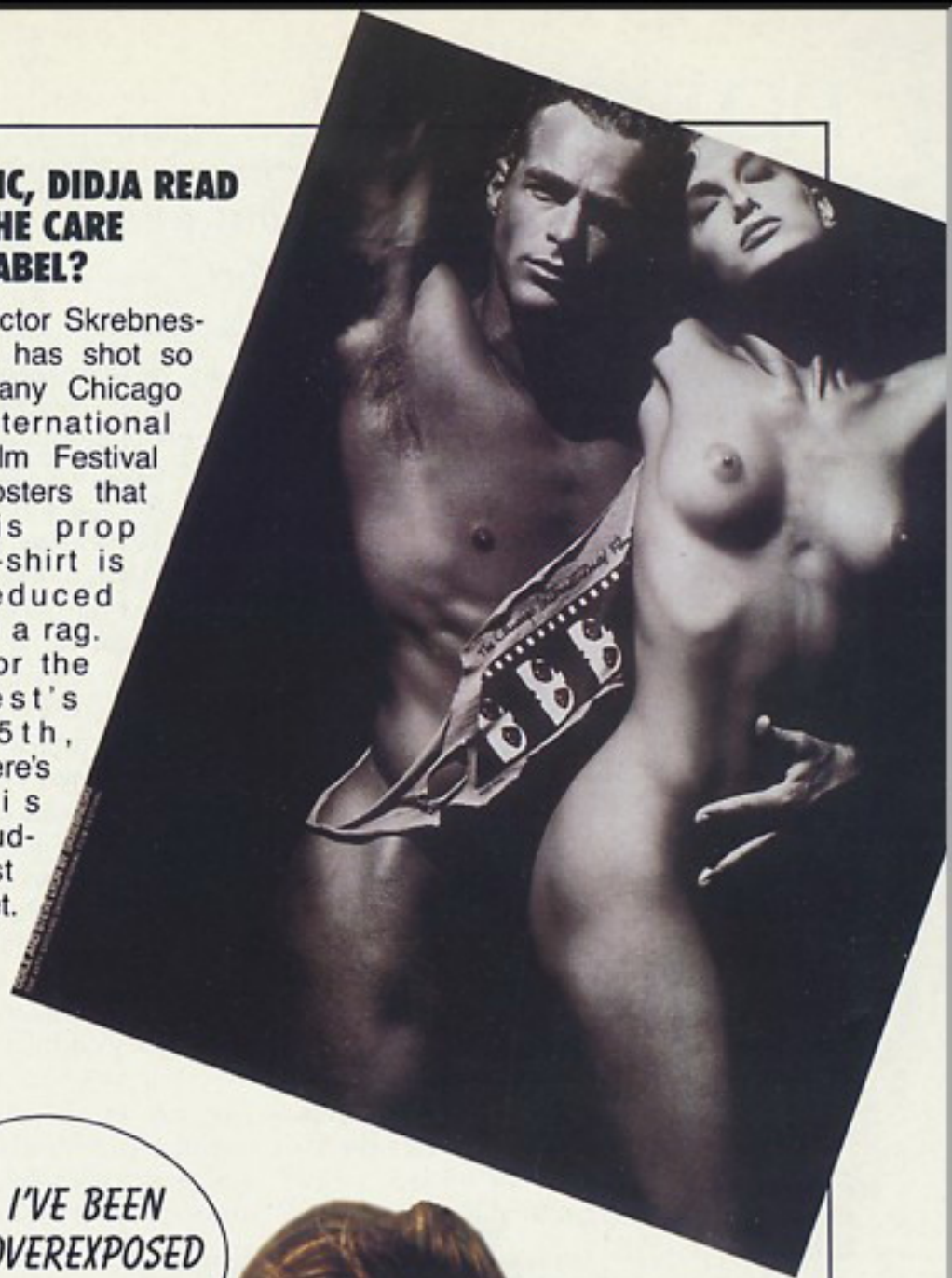


### SAYONARA, SOUSUKE-SAN

Japan's first political sex scandal helped topple Prime Minister Sousuke Uno from office when former geisha Mitsuko Nakanishi went public with her story of a five-month affair with the politico, during which he failed to show her proper respect as her patron.

### VIC, DIDJA READ THE CARE LABEL?

Victor Skrebneski has shot so many Chicago International Film Festival posters that his prop T-shirt is reduced to a rag. For the fest's 25th, here's his nudest yet.



I'VE BEEN OVEREXPOSED



### TORI! TORI! TORI!

We've lost count of porn superstar Tori Welles's credits, but they include such titles as *Night Trips*, *The Chameleon*, *The Outlaw*, *The Invisible Girl* and (inset, with Joey Silvera) *Coming of Age*.



### BREAKING UP REQUIRES A YARDSTICK

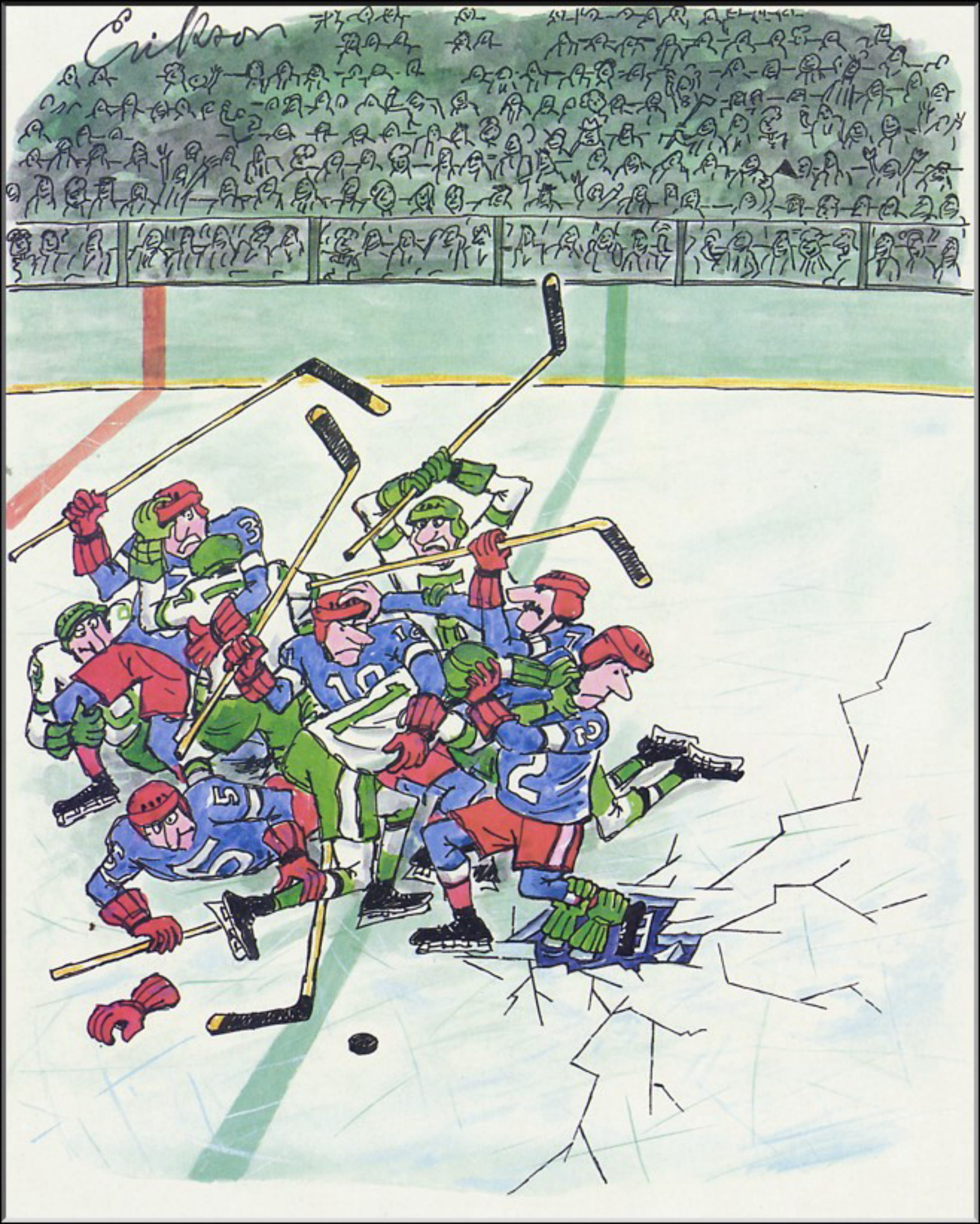
Olympic diving champion Greg Louganis (above left) tried to evict housemate/manager Jim Babbitt, citing fear of possibly embarrassing revelations. The judge let Jim stay—at a 500-foot distance.





*"I am a very happily married man. So, please, Angela,  
do not cut the thread with your teeth."*

Cribson



**D.A.D. Is H.O.T.**

D.A.D. hails from Copenhagen. The band just finished an American club tour, but you'll be able to find it on vinyl on its American debut album, *No Fuel Left for the Pilgrims*. "Rock and roll is cartoonish and we want to keep it that way," says D.A.D.



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

**She Feels the Earth Move**

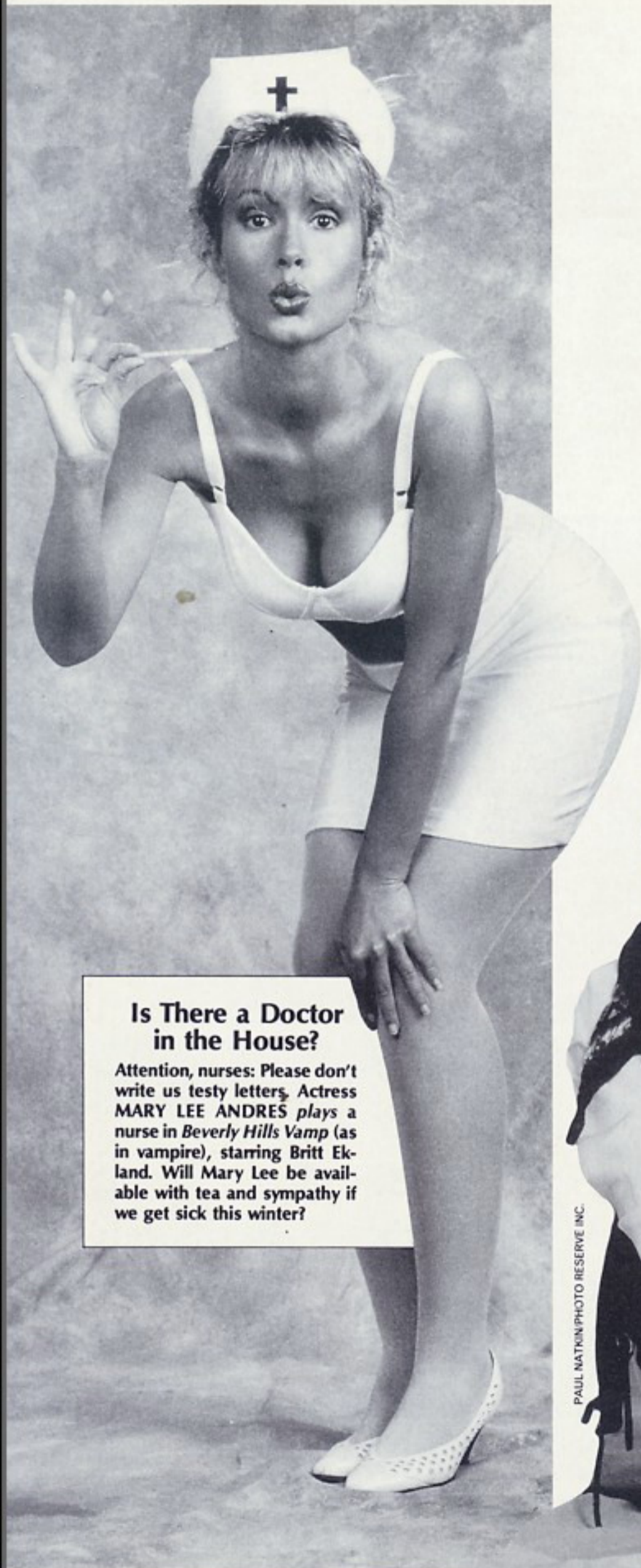
MARTIKA's cover version of an old Carole King tune *I Feel the Earth Move* was all over the radio last fall. She's currently working on a new album, and if you are in Miami in March, catch her at Calle Ocho, a Latin musical salute to spring. ¡Olé!



PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

**Is There a Doctor in the House?**

Attention, nurses: Please don't write us testy letters. Actress MARY LEE ANDRES plays a nurse in *Beverly Hills Vamp* (as in vampire), starring Britt Ekland. Will Mary Lee be available with tea and sympathy if we get sick this winter?



## Russell's Got Muscle

BRENDA RUSSELL's songs have been sung by Roberta Flack and Donna Summer. But when Brenda sings her own on *Get Here*, you can really hear their power. She's cooking up a new album.



## Zing Went His Strings

STEVE STEVENS' guitar work has been heard everywhere from Billy Idol's albums to the *Top Gun* sound track to Ric Ocasek's solo LP. Now on his own record, *Steve Stevens Atomic Playboys*, the guitar whiz wails.



PAUL NATKIN  
PHOTO RESERVE INC.

## Lights, Camera, Action!

Doesn't every actress dream of being wrapped in celluloid? LISA SAXTON certainly managed to get our attention. If you missed her big-screen debut in *Opening Night*, close your eyes and imagine your own four-star movie, while Lisa waits for the real thing.



© 1989 MARK LEIVDAL

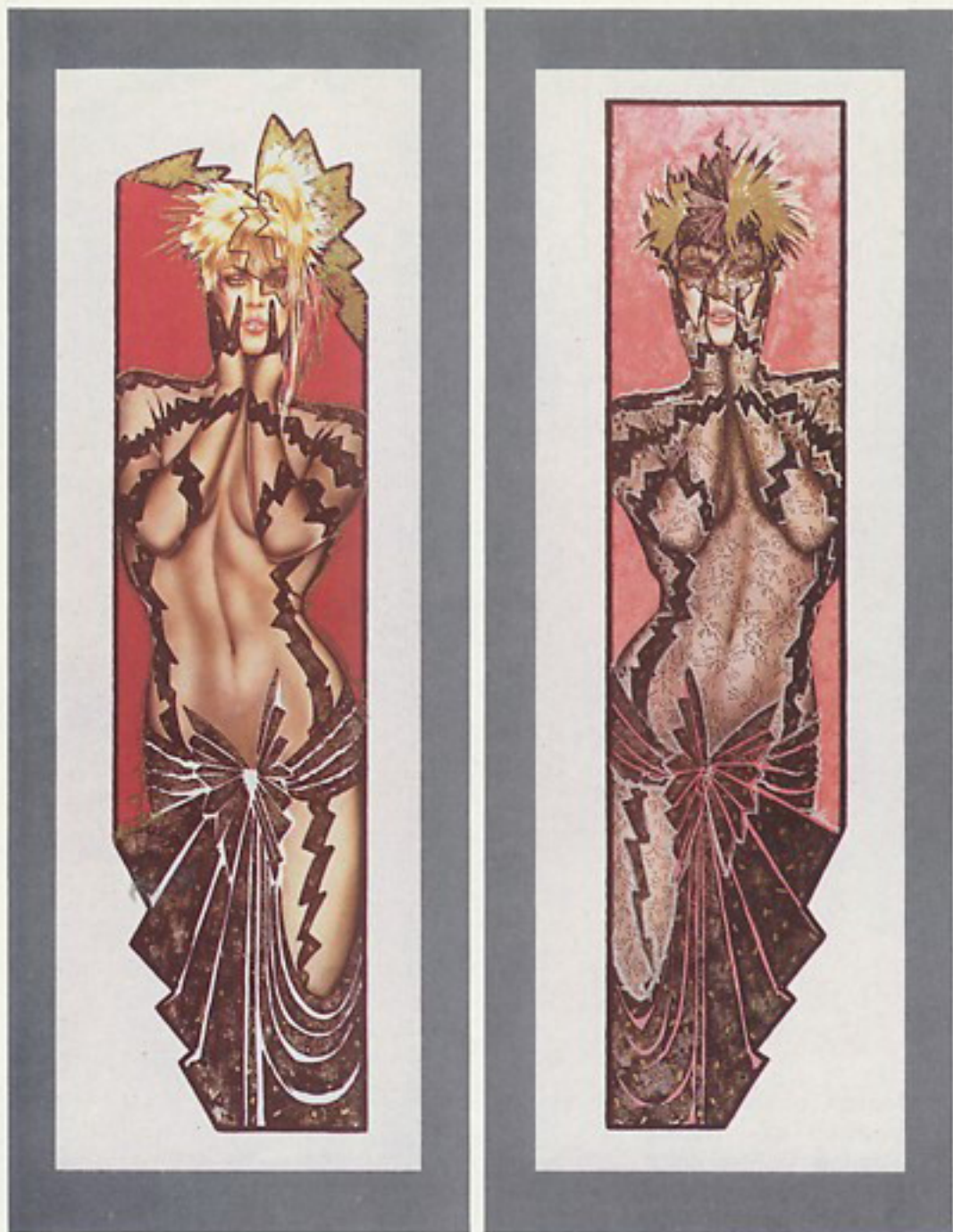
## A Rose Is a Rose Is a Rose

Every day, Guns n' Roses' AXL ROSE fights controversy and makes music. He says what he likes even if no one else likes to hear it. The band had four heady days in October opening for the Stones in L.A. and is now working on a follow-up album to *Appetite for Destruction*. These guys are too savvy to destruct.



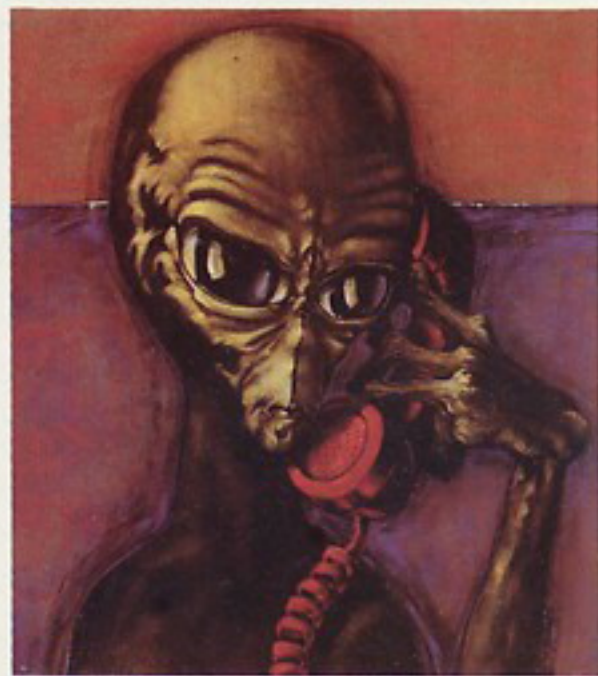
© NICK CHARLES





**OH! OH! OLIVIA**

Readers of this magazine need no introduction to the sensuous artwork of Olivia De Berardinis, a prolific California artist who has illustrated many features for *Playboy* with depictions of the female form. Now Special Editions Ltd., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, and Robert Bane Editions are offering two continuous-tone limited-edition lithographs. The one at left is titled *Friday Night at the Movies*; at right, *Saturday Night Live*. The 13" x 39" works of art can be purchased separately for \$395 or as a two-piece suite (numbered and signed) for \$700. For orders outside California, call 800-325-2765. Inside California, call 213-205-0555 or send \$5.95 for a catalog to Robert Bane Editions, 8025 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles 90046.

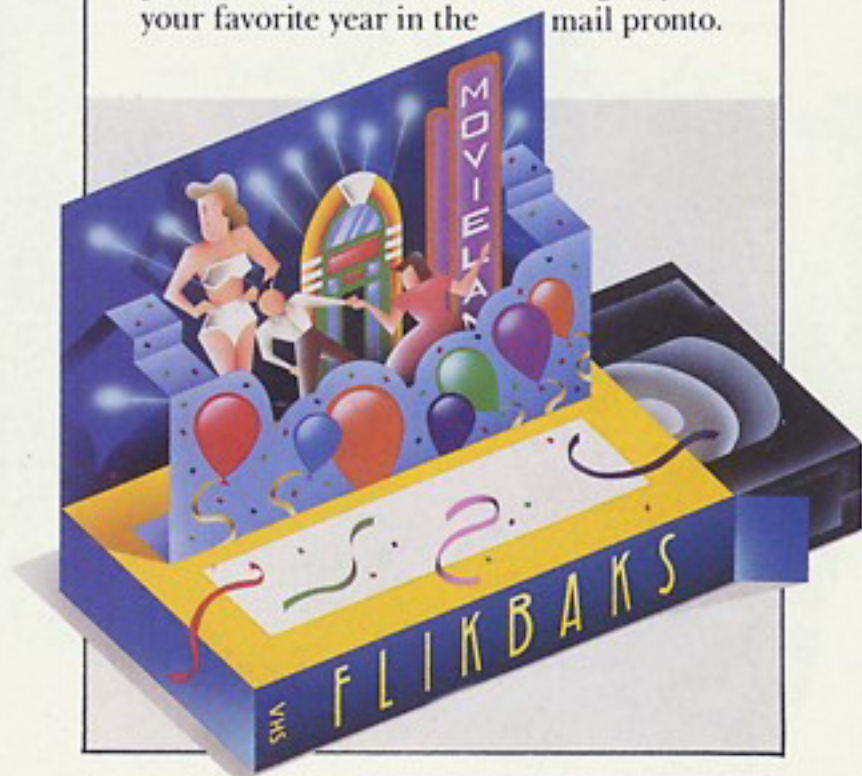


**HOW VERY STRANGE**

*Strange Magazine* has initiated the Strange Hotline, which can be reached by anyone with a touch-tone phone and dollars to spend on extra charges. Just dial 900-820-UFO1 and by pressing the 1 button, you'll be able to hear the Strange Story for that day, such as the latest alien sightings. Press the 2 button and you can hear the Strange News. Press 3 and you can leave a message about a strange experience you had. Press 4 and you can hear other callers' messages. We'll bet they're strange.

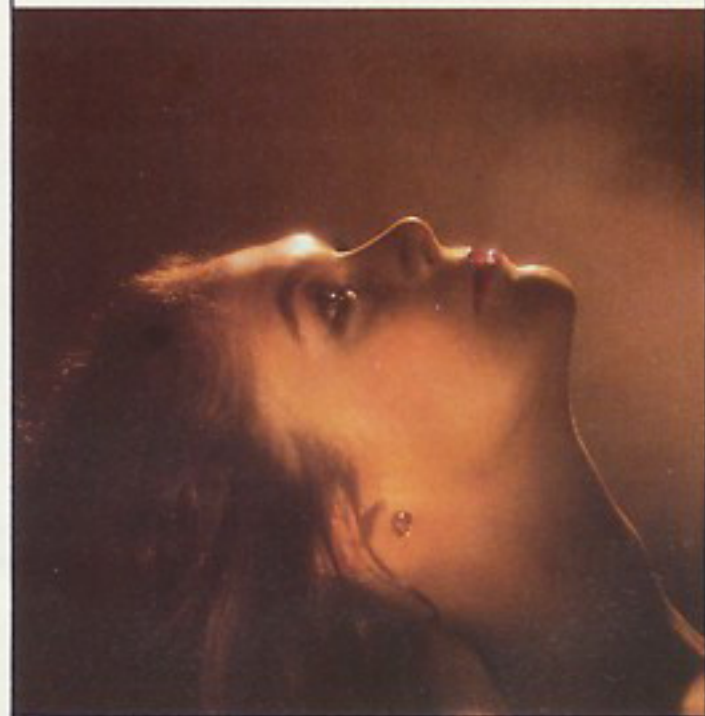
**FLIK FLAK**

Know someone celebrating one of those biggie anniversaries or birthdays such as the big 4-0? Instead of gifting him with a cake draped in black, check out Flik-Baks—30-minute VHS tapes showing newsreel footage from 1930 (60-year celebration), 1940, 1950, 1955, 1960 and 1965. The price for a FlikBak is \$19.75, post-paid, and a call to 800-541-3533 gets you your favorite year in the mail pronto.



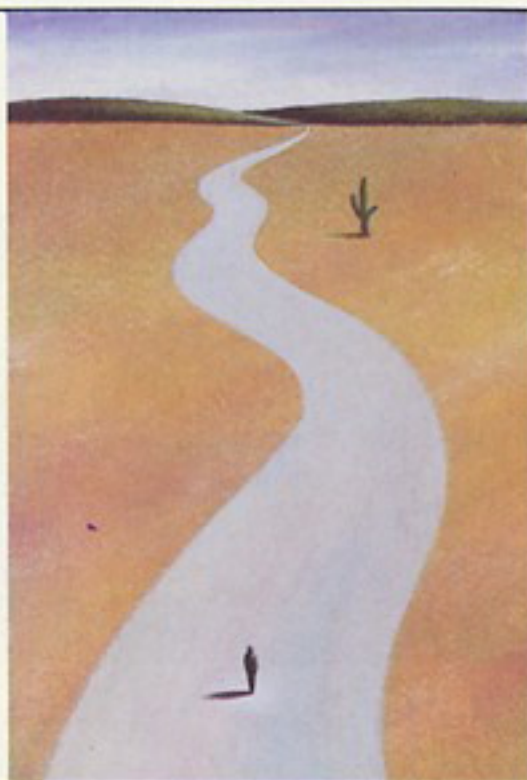
**LET THERE BE LIGHT YEARS**

For 30 years, Douglas Kirkland has captured on film the essence of some of the world's most beautiful women—Bardot, Monroe and Taylor, to name just a few. And his photos of male stars—including Nicholson, Welles, Wayne and Cruise—are just as revealing. Now Thames and Hudson has published *Light Years*, an oversized hardcover containing 100 color photographs of Kirkland's behind-the-lens encounters with the very rich and famous. At only \$45, *Light Years* is a shining tribute to one of the most talented photographers of our time.



## THE LONESOME ROAD

*Going Solo*, an eight-page newsletter for people traveling alone, debuted not long ago and it definitely contains a wealth of information for the peripatetic man or woman of the world who wanders the long and winding road from Addis Ababa to Zamboanga. Recent issues cover sailboating off the coast of Maine, working on a Montana ranch and exploring the Hebrides. *Going Solo* is published eight times a year; send \$36 to *Going Solo*, P.O. Box 1035, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02238. See you down the road.



## OFF THE LABEL, MABEL, WE'RE GOING HOME

Luggage labels have returned and King and Country, a British antique shop that specializes in "the finest antique sports and travel equipment," is offering a selection of five reproductions for only \$15, postpaid. King and Country's address is Alfies Market, 19 Church Street, London NW8, England. A handsome way to go.

## SACK TIME

"You're in bed and your lover comes out of the bathroom with rubber gloves and a surgical mask. . . . How do you respond?" is just one of the Situation Cards that you can pick in *Hit the Sack*, a risqué game of drawing and charades for adults that O.K. Games, Inc., P.O. Box 6668, Lynnwood, Washington 98036, is selling for \$29.95, postpaid. Creator Jack Olson says that game play can range from "mildly erotic to real down and dirty," depending on who's playing and the mood everyone's in. *Hit the Sack* is a board game—but once you've begun, you definitely won't be bored.



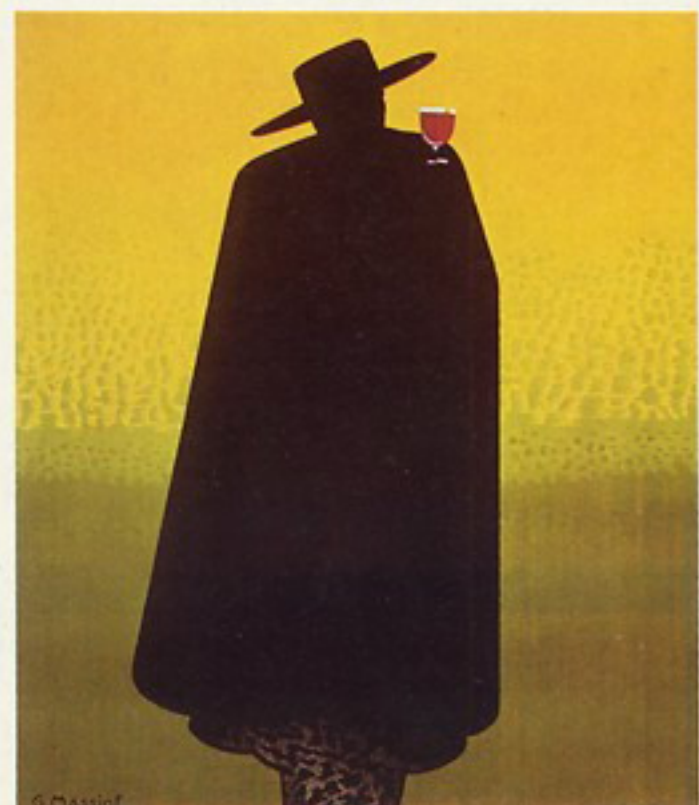
## ELECTRONIC SURF'S UP

In the cocktail lounges of Southern California, everybody's hanging ten—and, no, we're not talking about swizzle sticks dangling off the bar. *Urban Surfin'* has come ashore and this new video game incorporates a five-foot surfboard wired to a video screen. As you catch an electronic wave, the animated surfer on the screen reacts, duplicating your body English. Scribner Enterprises in Santa Ana (800-999-GAME) sells the game for \$2595, in case your surf—and stocks—is up.



## AS THE SPIRITS MOVE YOU

Not all the pleasure of fine *vinos* and liquors is to be found in the glass. *A Toast to Wines & Spirits*, an 11" x 16" softcover that sells for \$19.95, contains 45 illustrations (25 in full color) that capture the essence of the golden age of poster art. Satyrs, Devils, beautiful ladies and even the dashing Sandeman Don all await your thirsty eyes. Harry N. Abrams is the publisher. Better buy two; you'll want to cut up one for framing.



# NEXT MONTH



WORLDLY PLAYMATES



CARS 1990



TRUMP CARD



FAX FIGURES

**"EXES"**—A NEWLY DIVORCED, MIDDLE-AGED POLICE SHRINK FROM BROOKLYN THINKS HE'S TOO OLD FOR SURPRISES. THEN HE MEETS A CERTAIN BLONDE BOMBSHELL—EXCERPTED FROM A NEW NOVEL BY **DAN GREENBURG**

**TRUMP CARD**—THE ONE AND ONLY **DONALD TRUMP** ON HIS BUSINESSES, HIS BUILDINGS, HIS BILLIONS AND ALL THE GLITZ THAT MONEY CAN BUY. THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING TALKS ABOUT HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH, GREED AND HIS BEST DEAL EVER IN A HIGH-POWERED **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"WHY MEN CAN'T SAY 'I LOVE YOU'"**—THERE MAY BE AS MANY MOTIVES AS THERE ARE MEN. HERE ARE TEN VERY FUNNY ANSWERS TO THIS MYSTERIOUS QUESTION—BY **ALICE KAHN**

**"ROCK AND RACISM"**—A BEHIND-THE-STAGE VIEW OF APARTHEID IN AMERICA'S MUSIC BUSINESS—BY **DAVE MARSH**

**"INTERNATIONAL PLAYMATES"**—FORGET ABOUT CUSTOMS, JET LAG AND THE HASSLE OF LUGGAGE. TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL FARE FOR ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS AND JOURNEY AROUND THE

WORLD WITH THE CENTERFOLDS FROM *PLAYBOY'S* OVERSEAS EDITIONS

**"PARADISE CON PELIGRO"**—JOIN A *PLAYBOY* CONTRIBUTING EDITOR ON A MADCAP ROMP AS HE LOOKS FOR BEACH-FRONT PROPERTY AMONG THE COCONUTS AND PALM TREES IN SUNNY COSTA RICA—BY **REG POTTERTON**

**"PLAYBOY CARS 1990"**—A PANEL OF AUTO EXPERTS PREVIEW WHAT'S NEW FOR THE DECADE OF THE DRIVER

**"FAX AND FIGURES"**—WE INVITED THE WOMEN OF AMERICA TO PHONE IN THEIR PHOTOS. WE WERE OVERWHELMED. YOU WILL BE, TOO

**"JERRY JONES"**—THE DALLAS COWBOYS' NEW OWNER GETS TO KNOW HIS TEAM IN ITS WORST SEASON EVER—A PROFILE BY **JAMES MORGAN**

**PLUS:** THE LATEST IN CELLULAR PHONES, ELECTRONIC PAGERS AND FAX MACHINES DESIGNED TO KEEP YOU IN TOUCH; WHAT'S NEW IN SHIRTS AND TIES BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH EASY RIDER **DENNIS HOPPER** ON HIS BUMPY ROAD TO SUCCESS; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE