

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1991 • \$4.95

*Holiday
Anniversary
Issue*

**LEE
IACOCCA
INTERVIEW
THE CHAIRMAN
SPEAKS HIS
MIND**

**NEW FICTION BY
JOHN UPDIKE
ED MCBAIN
MARGARET ATWOOD**

**DANGER IN THE
DATING ZONE:
HAS YOUR LOVER
HIRED A PRIVATE EYE?**

**PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE
BASKETBALL PREVIEW**

**PLAYMATE
STACY ARTHUR
MRS. OHIO
1990
MISS
JANUARY
1991**

**HOW TO
TOSS
A GREAT
NEW YEAR'S
EVE BASH**

**SIZZLING
PLAYMATE
REVIEW**

**PLAYBOY PICKS
THE CAR OF
THE YEAR**

**THE HISTORY OF
JAZZ AND ROCK**





"Myrna hates wild parties, but she tries to be a good sport about it."



HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

a master turns his eye on voyeurism

THERE ARE THOSE who like to watch. Photographers do that for a living. A good one is happy—sometimes even eager—to explain what it is that he does. A great one knows when to shut up. Helmut Newton is a great photographer. Even when he was among the pouts and poses that shooting fashion demands, he elevated the form beyond its winsome artifice. He didn't blink when the careful ironies and subtleties reflected through the lens of his camera back at him. He has always been receptive to the disturbing, visually arresting images that insist themselves upon us. Helmut Newton is a man in search of erotic emergencies. When we asked him if he would like to explore voyeurism—that most personal of photographic tasks—he responded with the images you find on these and the following pages. Here you will see a man whose camera doesn't shudder when it encounters a woman with a proud bosom and impressive thighs as she exposes herself to her surprised, cigar-smoking older friend. Join him as he peeks into a dressing room where glamorous women talk about the men in their lives—and underthings.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON

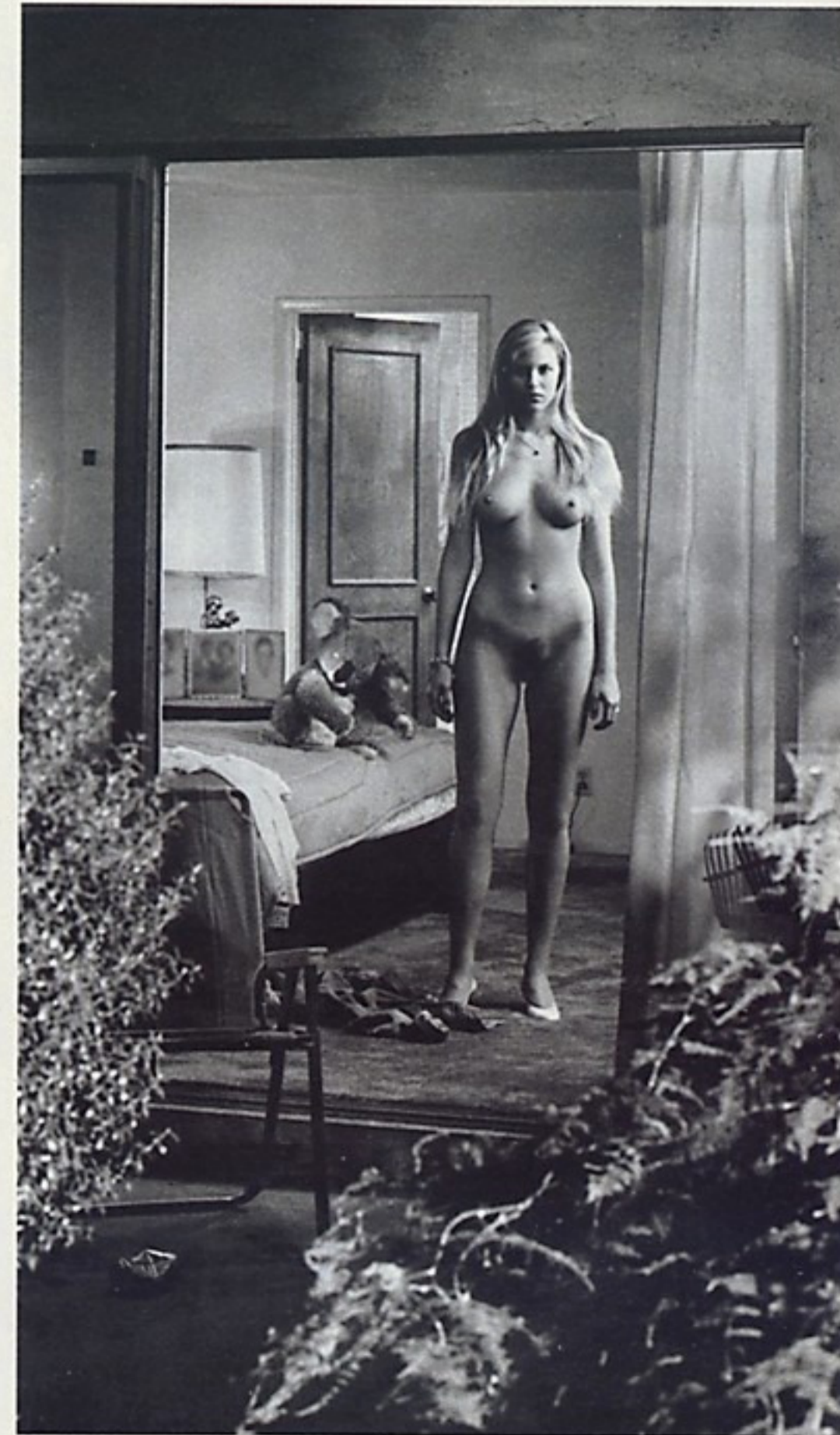




Discovery is at the heart of all voyeurism. We can watch and watch, waiting for something to happen. He who watches seizes the initiative to watch. He then turns over that initiative to those he watches. Voyeurs sometimes wait a long time before sparks start flying. Voyeurs wrongly think they can get to know a couple and can even predict their impetuosity. Sometimes even the couples themselves wait and watch. And watch and wait.



Hence, it's best every once in a while just to grab a piece of fabric and pull it aside. To seize the view, so to speak. Then there are those times when a voyeur doesn't have to work at all. A woman will just present herself full length by an open door. Matter-of-fact style. Which is not to say it takes the mystery out of anything. Nor has the portable video camera, as Newton poignantly points out, spoiled the spontaneity. Some scenes are meant to be played over and over again, until the electronic information on the tape fades and crackles, just as the real, human memories do.



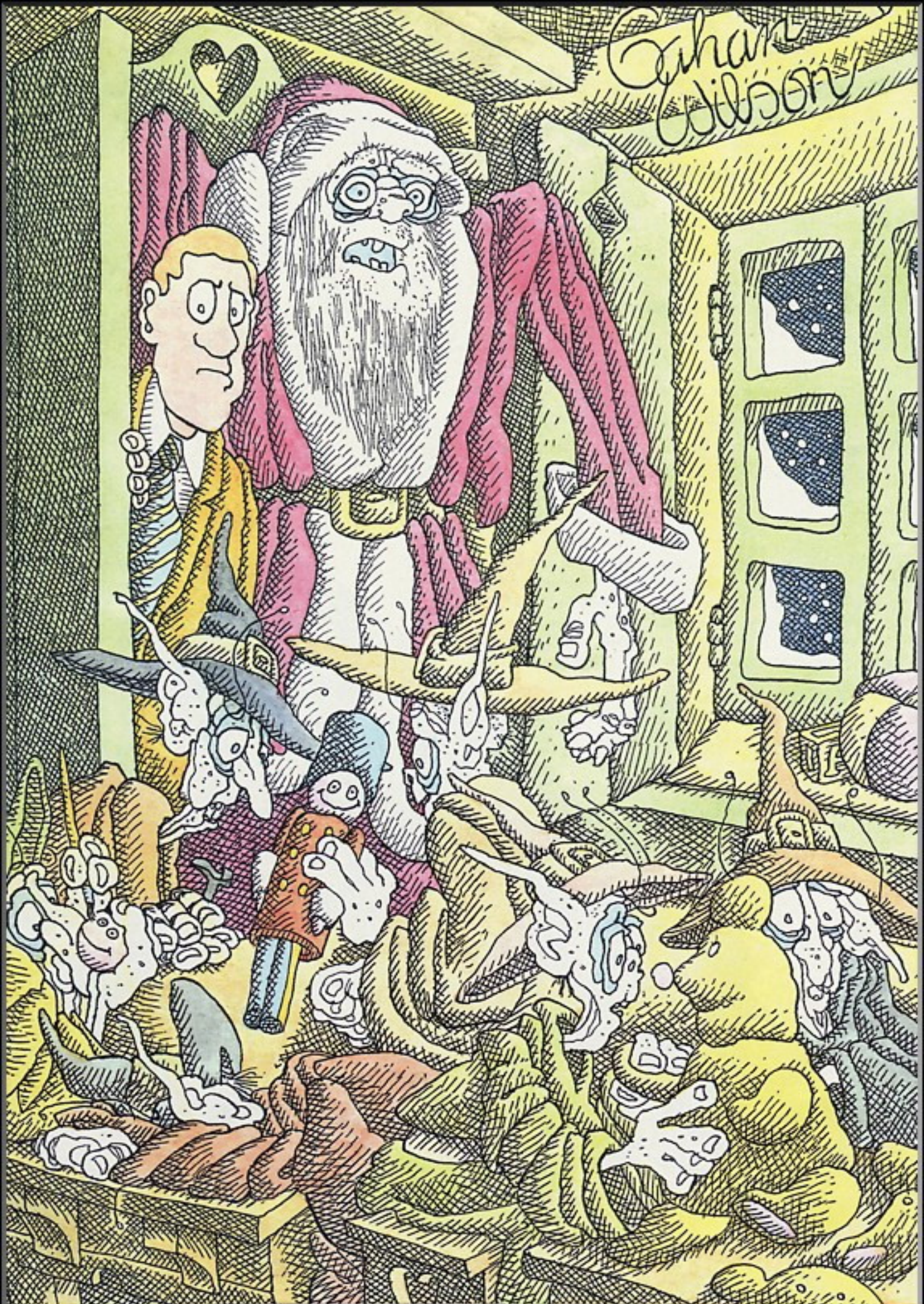
JEWELRY COURTESY OF FRED, BEVERLY HILLS





ON

Stephen
Ludwin

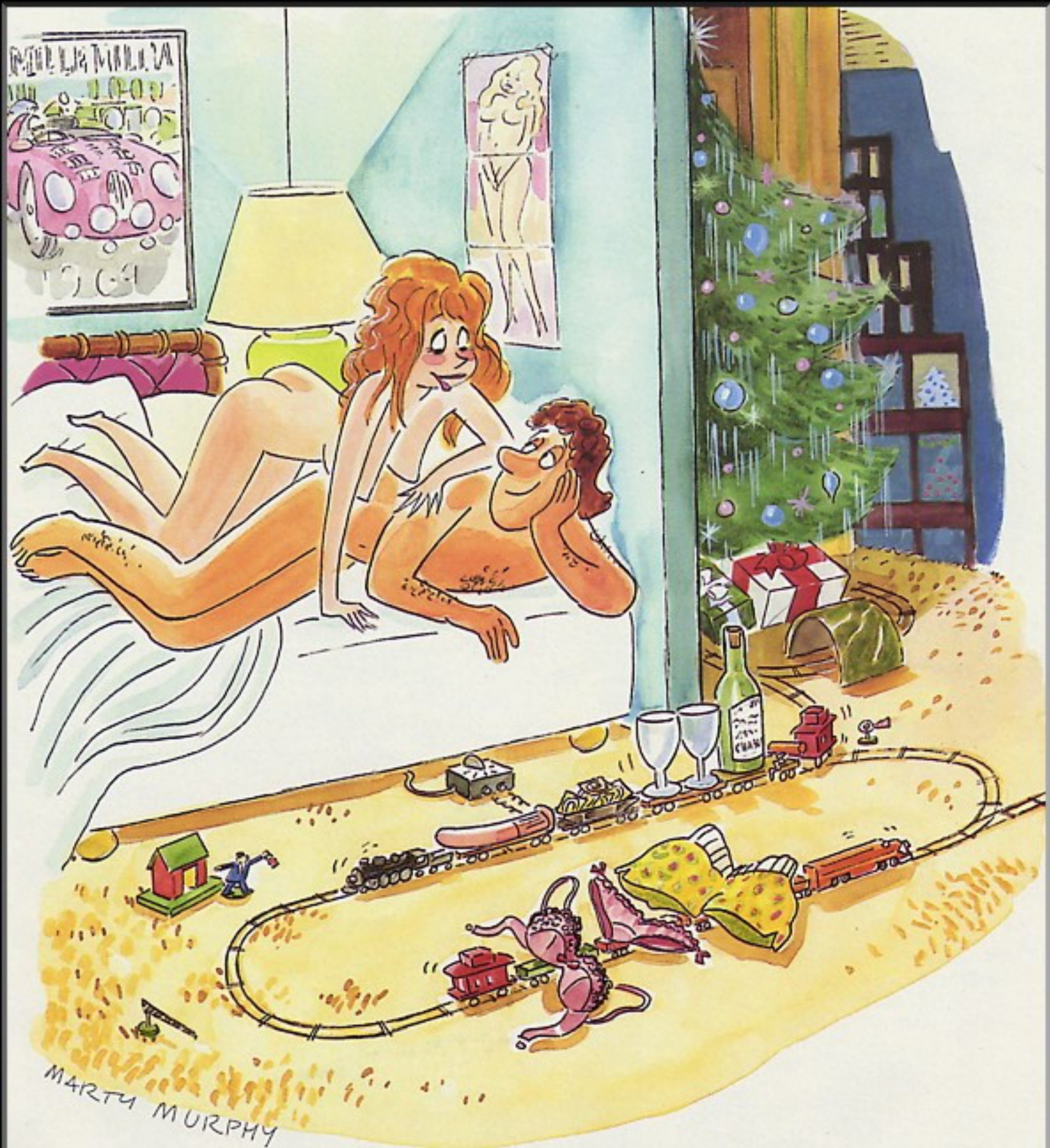


"The place hasn't been the same since that hole in the ozone opened up!"



DEDINI

"Sex sells. Year in, year out."



"I love the way you make a little game out of everything!"



"When what to my wondering eyes should appear but a little old man and eight tiny reindeer!"



BUCKEYE BEAUTY

my-oh, my-oh, my-oh—look who we found in ohio



IT IS precisely two P.M. in the little township of Sidney, Ohio, a gingerbread hamlet 30 scenic minutes north of Dayton's city limits. As the clock strikes the hour, *Beautiful Dreamer* chimes from the Shelby County courthouse bell tower. For Sidneyite Stacy Leigh Arthur, it is a fitting song—*perfectly* fitting, in fact. For although Stacy is a small-town girl by day—watching after the kids, running errands, checking in with the Main Street ceramics studio she and her husband own—by night, she dreams of hitting the big time. Funny thing is, Stacy's dreams keep coming true. Yes, our Miss January is actually a Mrs.—a double Mrs., to be exact. First and foremost, she is Mrs. James Arthur, devoted wife of a local businessman who divides his time between renting out commercial space and being a Stacy fan. But she is also Mrs. Ohio, a title that was bestowed upon her last June at a state-wide competition held near Columbus. The pageant's youngest contestant and the only one ever to win the crown on her first try, Stacy will travel to Moscow this month. There she'll represent the Buckeye State in the Mrs. America pageant, which will take place concurrently with the Mrs. U.S.S.R. pageant, both to be globally televised. Ohio is crossing its fingers; Sidney is beside itself. Talk about your hometown girl making good. A high school bride, a mother at 19, Stacy settled in Sidney two years ago after a decidedly nomadic childhood. "We moved from Illinois to Michigan six weeks after I was born," explains Stacy, "and then *six more times* before I was fourteen. And it was always small towns," she adds, tossing back a thick forest of blonde hair and laughing. "Small towns with guys who constantly wanted to find out what the new chick looked like." In 1987, Stacy had a baby, opened her studio and, for a while, all was well. But in



Her victory in the Mrs. Ohio pageant (above) brought Stacy instant stardom: She rode in Sidney's Fourth of July parade, got kudos from the governor's office—and became a Playmate.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





"I had no problem taking my clothes off for the camera," says Mrs. Ohio, Stacy Arthur. "I just walked into the studio and took off my robe; I had nothing on but my earrings. It was a bit of a turn-on, actually," she adds candidly. "That's why the pictures are so sexy."









"Sure, I'm a dreamer," says Stacy. "I've been dreamin' all my life. And I love storybook endings—I'm *always* watching *Cinderella* with the kids." What are Stacy's yet-to-be-fulfilled dreams? "To make it as a country singer," she says. "It's a tough field to break into, but the *Playboy* experience has renewed my confidence. And, oh, yeah," she adds, "I'd *love* to be interviewed by Arsenio Hall on his TV show."



one of the few not-so-happily-ever-afters of her life, her first marriage hit the rocks in 1988 ("It was a mutual thing," she says. "No hard feelings"). That's when she met Jim Arthur—also newly single, with children—who was buying the building in which her shop was located. An admirer, Jim proposed to Stacy the day her divorce was final; they were married four months later. Learning that Stacy had always been a fan of beauty contests, Jim decided to help her enter some and became her manager. "Without him, I wouldn't have been able to make it," she says now. "He always (text concluded on page 199)



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Stacy L. Anthony



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Stacy Leigh Arthur

BUST: 36D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 6-4-68 BIRTHPLACE: Naperville, Ill.

AMBITIONS: To accomplish many things, but, most of all, to become a successful country singer.

TURN-ONS: Sensitive, well built men; roaring fires; fast cars; great food; fur rugs; sexy music.

TURN-OFFS: Rude, conceited people; overbearing people; stress; my own impatience.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Sigourney Weaver, Sylvester Stallone, Reba McEntire, Lori Morgan, Arsenio Hall.

FAVORITE FOODS: Lobster, shrimp & pizza grinders on the Columbus, Ohio, OSU campus! Yum-yum!

SMALL-TOWN LIFE: The good: no traffic, \$1.50 movies, family dinners. The bad: closed-minded, non-supportive people; slow drivers, ha! ha!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION: To be a more positive, confident person, & after my experience with Playboy, it should be easy!



My Confirmation
"Sweet Innocence"



Animal lover
at heart!



"Really, I am a
good girl!"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two friends went off on their annual hunting trip to the north woods. As they sat around the campfire late one night, a huge animal suddenly crashed through the underbrush, heading right for them. One of the men dashed for safety behind a large boulder, but the other began to try to outrun the growling beast.

"What the hell is it?" the sprinting fellow screamed. "A bear?"

"How the hell should I know?" his companion yelled back. "I'm in textiles, not furs."

Our theological sources tell us the Vatican is coming out with a Catholic version of *Playboy*. The centerfold will be the same, but you have to pull it out at just the right moment.



A customer walked into a neighborhood bar, sat on a stool and ordered a whiskey with a beer chaser. Six silent hours and many whiskeys and chasers later, he looked up at the bartender and finally said, "Nice weather we're having."

"Hey, pal," the bartender snarled, "you wanna drink or you wanna bullshit?"

One food company is considering marketing a new cereal with a picture of Andrew Dice Clay on the box. It'll be called Nut 'n' Bitch.

According to insiders, the rivalry between Jimmy Swaggart and Jim Bakker extended even to their dogs. Witnesses report that Swaggart insisted in their last face-to-face meeting that his was smarter.

"Mine can do every trick in the book," Swaggart boasted.

"Let's see," Bakker demanded.

"Here, Bowser. Sit," Swaggart commanded. "Lie down. Play dead. Roll over. Sit up. Speak. Shake hands." The animal performed faithfully as asked.

"No big deal," Bakker sneered.

"Oh, yeah? How about this?" Swaggart said, as he ordered his dog to jump through a hoop, walk on its hind legs and crawl on its belly. "Top that, big shot."

"OK. Here, Rover." Bakker patted his dog's head, looked heavenward and closed his eyes. "Heel!" he commanded. The dog immediately jumped onto Swaggart's lap and put his paw on the stunned minister's forehead.

A young man was browsing in a record store when he spotted two CDs he wanted. With money for only one, he stuck the first CD down the front of his pants and paid for the other.

As he walked out the door, the store manager stopped him, stared at his crotch and asked, "Would that be a record in your pants?"

"Nah," the young man replied, "but it's nothing to be ashamed of, either."

Why did Exxon stop offshore drilling? All its oil was already on shore.

An elderly couple were killed in an accident and soon found themselves being given a tour of heaven by Saint Peter. "Here is your oceanside condo, over there the tennis courts, swimming pool and golf course. If you need any refreshments, just push any of the service buttons located throughout the area."

"Jeez, Helen," the old man hissed when Saint Peter walked off, "we could have been here five years ago if you hadn't heard about that goddamn oat bran."

Social scientists predict that before long, the Japanese will own so much of Manhattan that commuters traveling through the Lincoln Tunnel will be asked to leave their shoes in New Jersey.



When the school bus stopped at the backwoods junction, the third grader jumped down the steps and ran to his waiting mother. "Momma, Momma, we went swimmin' today!"

"That's nice, Jethro."

"And y'know what?"

"What, Jethro?"

"I got me the biggest pecker in the whole, entire third-grade class."

"That's nice, Jethro."

"Why you think that is, Momma?"

"I reckon it's 'cause yer seventeen, Jethro."

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



"Nicole! This is supposed to be a sit-down dinner party!"



"I hope you enjoyed the party, Henderson—by my reckoning, it finished eleven hours and seventeen minutes ago."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

NOW IS THE TIME for all good men to come to the aid of their Playmates. In past years, readers have helped us choose the Playmate of the Year—who reigns for a year as the most beautiful woman on earth and gets a fast car and \$100,000, to boot—by taking part in a nationwide telephone referendum. Now you get to do that and more. In addition to putting in your 200 cents' worth (calls cost two dollars per minute; regular long-distance rates apply in the U.S. Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico), your call to the 1991 Playmate of the Year hotline will open a world of Playmate possibilities. Don't turn to the pictures yet, because this is news—this year, as in the past, callers can go on record by nominating their



Playmate of the Year 1990 Reneé Tenison appreciated every caller who loved her a year ago. Her successor for 1991 may be waiting for you by the phone right now.

choices for P.M.O.Y., but they can also hear messages from their favorites and leave messages for the ladies. Playmates will answer some calls personally (if it happens to you, remember your manners—it's fine to ask her out, just don't pant). You can play Playmate trivia games and win prizes, including a trip to the Playmate of the Year party at Playboy Mansion West. In the unlikely event that you don't yet have a favorite Playmate of 1990, we present a refresher course to help you make up your mind. Our *Playmate Review* features 12 of the world's irreplaceable resources, so take your time deciding. Phone lines are open. The number is 1-900-420-3900. Pick a favorite. She just may win.

HELP US CHOOSE! CALL THE PLAYMATE HOTLINE, 1-900-420-3900

Many callers will speak with their favorite Playmates personally—and tell their buddies about it for weeks—but that's not all. Drum roll, please. This year, through the miracle of AT&T technology, one lucky

entrant will be selected at random to join our Playmate of the Year at Playboy Mansion West, in April, at a party honoring her. Whether you win or lose, the Playmates thank you for your support.



MISS JANUARY—01



MISS DECEMBER—12



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS MAY—05



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS JULY—07



MISS JUNE—06



Miss June

BONNIE MARINO

Centerfold stardom hasn't changed the quiet home life that Bonnie (left) leads in Stockton, California. After charming the press and wowing the masses during a summer storm of public appearances, Miss June returned to her job as a medical assistant and her role as wife of the West's luckiest construction worker.

Miss September

KERRI KENDALL

Kerri (right) used her Playmate pay check wisely. "I had my wisdom teeth removed," reports the sultry San Diegan. She also bought a sensible car, a 1990 Toyota Corolla.

"My first car—when I drove it off the lot, I got chills." Money matters little to Kerri, who values something more vital: "I've had *fun*," she says.





Miss February

PAMELA ANDERSON

Pamela (left) jump-started her acting career by gracing our centerfold. Since then, she has been seen on TV's *Charles in Charge* and *Married . . . with Children*; her movie debut is in a new film starring *Wiseguy*'s Ken Wahl.

"These are the things I always hoped for," says Canada's Valentine delivery to the U.S. male.

Miss July

JACQUELINE SHEEN

When we caught up with her, Jacqueline (right) was house hunting in Malibu—from the driver's seat of her BMW. "I knew *Playboy* was going to change my life," she reported via car phone.

Since posing for us, Jacqueline has visited France, Mexico and Japan, planned a safari and become engaged.

Miss May

TINA BOCKRATH

"People really read *Playboy*. They don't just look," says Texan Tina (left). Want proof? On her Playmate Data Sheet, Tina wrote of her wish to see Egypt; a travel firm soon offered a free trip. Tina hasn't gone yet—she's busy signing autographs all over the U.S. and delivering news on *Playboy at Night*.





Miss January

PEGGY MCINTAGGART

Peggy (left) is talented—catch her in the new film *Millennium Countdown*—and funny. When actor Gary Busey introduced his handsome son Jake, who's younger than the 29-year-old Peggy, she asked Gary, "Want a baby sitter?" Jake and Peggy are now a hot item—anyone who comes near Peggy naturally heats up.

Miss April

LISA MATTHEWS

Where has Lisa (right) been? "Illinois, New Jersey, Michigan, Tennessee, Las Vegas, Hawaii, Italy." Whom does she play in the movie *Hudson Hawk*? "Pretty girl in the car." Is there more to life than film vehicles? "I want to be a college professor, but by the time I get out of school, I'll be forty!" she says.





Miss March

DEBORAH DRIGGS

When Oprah Winfrey's TV show tackled the topic of "Mail-in Seduction," special guest Deborah (top left) represented both sides. Deborah now stars on Playboy at Night's music-video show *Playboy's Hot Rocks*, seducing the camera in videos. She also studies acting. "I know I can play sexy, but I want to act."

Miss November

LORRAINE OLIVIA

Lorraine (right) was cheering her team at an arena football game when *Playboy* spotted her. "I never dreamed of being a Playmate," she says, "but opportunity knocked."

Playmatehood hasn't changed the Chicago Bruisers' loveliest fan: "I still want to be a third-grade teacher. That was my favorite grade."

Miss August

MELISSA EVRIDGE

"I was nervous at first," says Melissa of her Playmate photo session, "but I got over it." Before long, Miss August, a junior at the University of Kentucky, was enjoying her sudden celebrity.

"Yesterday, the mailman brought me this big bag of fan mail," she says with a grin. "It was so heavy I could barely lift it."





Miss October

BRITTANY YORK

The philosophy of London-born, Hong Kong-raised Brittany (left) is simple: "Let's go!" Not long ago, she went bungee jumping in California. Bungeeing the normal way, from a bridge, would be scary enough for most of us; Brittany jumped from a hot-air balloon. "I love challenges," she says.

Miss December

MORGAN FOX

Morgan (right) is the best ad her Vancouver health club will ever have. She'll also appear in a rodeo scene in a new cable series, *The Adventures of the Black Stallion*, and plays a go-go dancer in the upcoming film *K2*. Morgan occasionally sits in as a voice of the Vancouver radio station CFOX; sadly, those fans can't see her.



KLIBAN

goodbye to our dear friend hap. . . .
long live his ingenious cartoon art

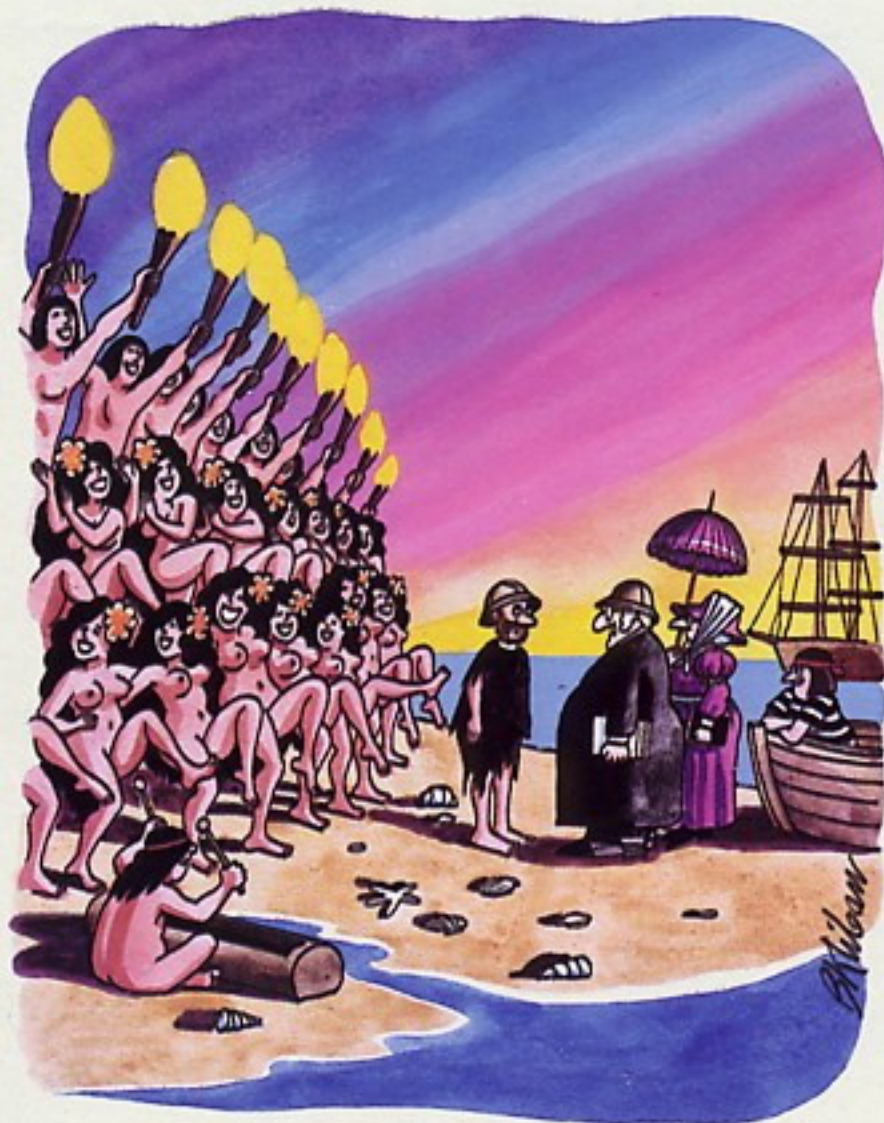


KLIBAN: SELF-PORTRAIT

HAP KLIBAN, who died this past summer, was known to most people as the cartoonist who became a one-man industry by drawing striped cats. Naturally, most people thought he loved cats, and he did love his own cat, Cow. What he hated were letters from cat lovers telling him "something really funny" that their cat had done. He hated cute cat letters and he hated lawyers. Way more than car mechanics, agents, art schools, the East Coast, snow, bamboo musical instruments, ancient ruins and anyplace with pine trees. He also hated almost every restaurant he ever entered, but when he found one he liked, he stayed. He loved Big Sur, Hawaii, the sun, the beach, chess, books and guns. Yes, guns. He loved to shoot mud, not decoys. He liked the way it splattered. He also loved sleeping late, hanging out with his wife and friends, painting water colors and drawing cartoons. He sold his first cartoon to *Playboy* for \$35 when he was just a beatnik with a drawing board. Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry was leafing through his notebooks, came across his cat sketches and persuaded him to do a book. At present, four books of his cartoons are in print. Explaining his work is like trying to answer the Japanese journalist who asked, "Explain to me, strange humor." What can you say about "Turkish Vibrating Soup" or "Better Living Through Ply-wood"—Kliban captions? The cartoons on these pages all appeared in *Playboy* and give some taste of his work. But just a taste. Hap had a vision beyond imagining. He did better than march to a different drum, he walked to it. —DON NOVELLO



"How do you spell Martian?"



"Christianity? I thought you said to teach them choreography!"



"Not tonight, dear . . . I have a headache."



"I know! Let's wreak vengeance on the forces of evil!"



"Room service? This is 407. We'd like orange juice, coffee, toast and honey . . . lots and lots of honey!"



"It's not easy, Martha, being married to a nymphomaniac!"



"I just had a great idea! We could start serving food!"



"Someday, Orville, man, too, will fly!"



"You know, Ed, we really should walk to work more often!"



"Please don't stop! I love a good tune on the kazoo!"



"All I sell is cheeseburgers, but I sell a lot of cheeseburgers."

Sneak Peak

HEATHER HAASE appeared in both *The 'Burbs* and *Gremlins 2*. She played the young Goldie Hawn in *Private Benjamin*, too. We'd be available to play with Heather any time.



© MARK LEIVDAL

Bustin' Out

Actress **SHERYL LEE RALPH** has grabbed hold of a TV sitcom, *New Attitude*, in which she co-owns a beauty salon. Rock musician/actor Morris Day plays one of her employees. Ralph also beat the Broadway boards in *Dreamgirls* and appeared on *Falcon Crest*. Rare hair.



© BUCKMASTER / RETNA LTD.

Mighty Marlon

The great **MARLON BRANDO** had a delicious hit movie last summer, *The Freshman*, in which he showed off yet another talent—for ice skating. You'll see this face again in *The Godfather III*, but only as a portrait on the wall. Brando's picture perfect.



© 1990 PHILIP RAMEY



© WERNER W. POLLEINER

Bales or Tails

Hanging out in the hayloft with starlet NICOLE MALCÉ would be a treat for any cowpoke. For more, get Nicole's poster or a copy of the Scorpions' music video, while you brush up on your campfire etiquette.



© PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Live Wires

Yup, that's TED NUGENT (left) in a guitar roll with his new supergroup Damn Yankees and TAIME DOWNE, lead vocalist from Faster Pussycat. Ted and Taime help dispel the lie that not all music is canned. It can still be pretty electrifying.

© KEN SETTLE

Covering the Basics

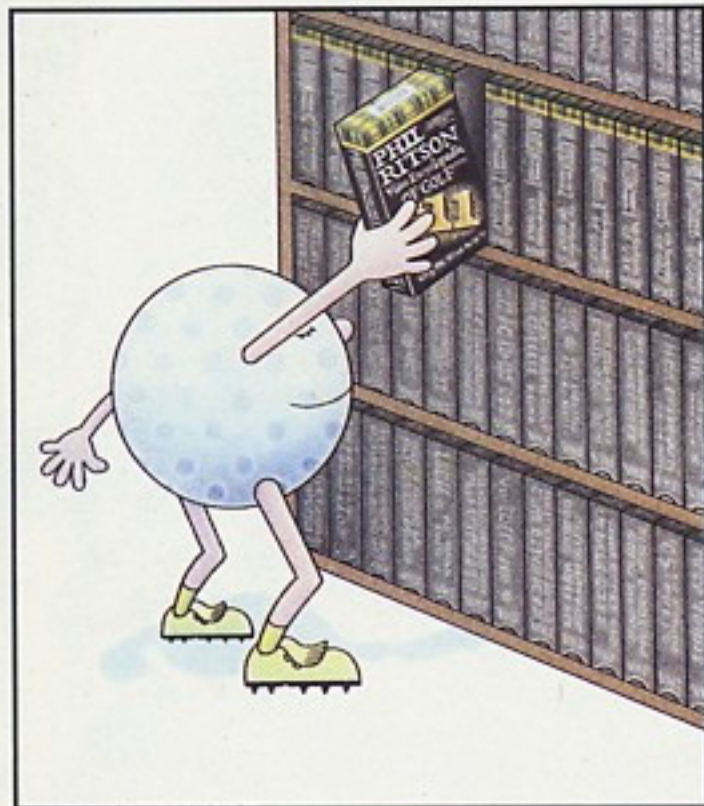
Look who we discovered in paradise! College student TONI CALVERT was hiding out among the orchids and the ocean when the producers of TV's *Jake and the Fat Man* spotted her. Will the rest be history? Until that mystery is solved, you'll have to be content with *Grapevine*. We travel all 50 states, just for you.

ALAN HOUGHTON



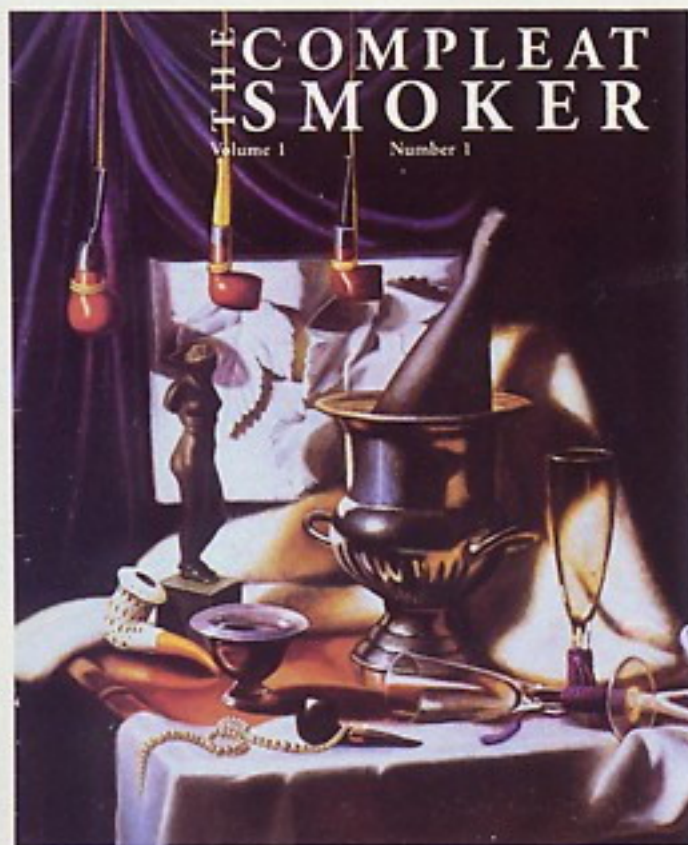
VIDEO HOLE IN ONE

Phil Ritson gets our vote as the dean of golf instructors, and now his golfing knowledge has been captured in *The Phil Ritson Video Encyclopedia of Golf*, 11 VHS video cassettes that cover everything from *Grip, Posture, Aim and Stance* (tape one) to *How to Use the Wind to Win* (tape 11). There are also tapes on sand and chip shots, wedge play, mental attitude, how to hit the ball farther, cures for crooked shots and much more. Each tape can be ordered for \$17.95, postpaid, by calling 800-331-6839. Play through!



GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE

For those of you who enjoy a fine cigar or a favorite briar, there's *The Compleat Smoker*, a new 36-page quarterly magazine devoted to the pleasures of *Nicotiana tabacum*. The first issue has articles on "Tobacco and the Tsar," cigar wrappers and more, and there'll be upcoming stories on cigar lore and interviews with pipe collectors. A year's subscription is \$17.50, sent to *The Compleat Smoker*, P.O. Box 7036, Evanston, Illinois 60204.



FOR OPEN-MINDED ADULTS ONLY

What is a four-letter word that ends in U-N-T and is a name for a woman? Think carefully! If your answer is aunt, then *Dirty Minds*, "The Game of Naughty Clues," is for you. In *Dirty Minds*, you win by guessing the correct clean answers to the dirty clues provided. The nasty-game mavens at TDC Games in Wood Dale, Illinois, are responsible for *Dirty Minds*—which can be purchased at game, novelty and department stores for about \$20. OK, what assists an erection, sometimes has big balls hanging from it and is a big swinger? Buy the game and find out, because we'll never tell.



LOST WORLDS TO CONQUER

"Lost Worlds Inc. was established to satisfy the sportswear requirements of adventurous men and women who demand the highest quality," says company president Stuart Clurman, a man who measures success by the quality and authenticity of his classic military and performance apparel. Measured by that yardstick, Lost Worlds is successful, indeed. The Army Air Force's horsehide flight jacket depicted here is a reissue of the original World War Two model. Price: \$500. The Barnstormer, a full-length belted shearling coat, resembles the coats worn by air aces while flying open-cockpit planes. Price: \$1750. A call to 212-923-3423 will tell you how to order.

AS CRIME GOES BY

On June 4, 1949, "Dick Tracy married his one true love, Tess Trueheart," after an 18-year engagement, and on March 6, 1831, Edgar Allan Poe was expelled from West Point for "disobedience of orders" and "gross neglect of duty." These and other odds and ends of mystery and mayhem trivia can be found in *The Mystery Book of Days*, a \$15.95 Mysterious Press hardcover by editor-in-chief William Malloy that's a day-to-day calendar of crimes and events both real and fictional. A bloody good nightcap right before bed.



SAUCED AGAIN!

Spectacular Sauces, Inc., P.O. Box 30010, Alexandria, Virginia 22310-8010, specializes in—you guessed it—spectacular sauces. Everything from dressings and marinades to some of the world's most fiery hot sauces—such as Hot as Hell chili sauce, Dat'l Do-It Hot Sauce and "Killer" Hot Texas Bar-B-Q Sauce—is listed in the \$1.50 catalog. You can even join the company's Sauce-of-the-Month Club for \$130 annually. If this really gets you all fired up, call Sauces' hotline at 800-999-4949.



SAME TO YOU, FELLA

Now there's an alternative to flipping somebody the bird the next time you're cut off in traffic. It's *The Final Word*, a 4" x 2 1/4" battery-powered black box that, at the push of a button, says "Fuckin' asshole!" "Eat shit!" "Fuckin' jerk!" and "Fuck you!" in a loud, electronic voice. No, we're not kidding—and don't you wish you'd thought of it first? *The Final Word* sells in novelty and department stores for \$15. And if you're the sensitive type, there's also a G-rated version. Somehow "You're a dope!" "You're an idiot!" "Drop dead!" and "You stupid jerk!" just don't cut it for us.



SOMETHING TO TOY WITH

Back in June 1989, *Potpourri* featured Mint & Boxed, a British-based antique-toy emporium that issues a semi-annual catalog crammed with vintage playthings. Mint & Boxed has recently opened a Manhattan gallery at 1124 Madison Avenue, New York 10028, so toyland is even closer at hand. The company still publishes a catalog (\$34 for two issues), but that's like reading about Santa's workshop instead of visiting it. Mint & Boxed's number is 212-794-4000. It's the ultimate old-fashioned Christmas at anything but old-fashioned prices.

SUPERCHARGED

ActiBath, the world's first carbonated bath tablet, has just hit the market, bringing with it all the reputed benefits—such as better circulation—of bathing in charged water. And when you arise rejuvenated from your soothing bath, there's no oily residue on your bubble-kissed body. ActiBath's manufacturer, The Andrew Jergens Company in Cincinnati, currently offers three fragrances: Light and Fresh, Blue Forest (a pleasant, masculine scent) and Floral Spring. Five tablets cost about \$3; ten go for about \$5. Look for them in department and drug stores. Bubble your trouble and stress away.



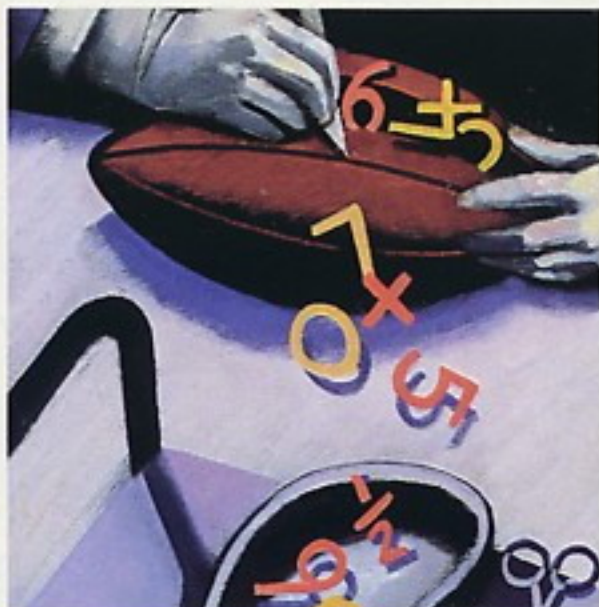
NEXT MONTH



DREAM DAME



SILK SHORTS



WAGER WIZARDS



NAUGHTY NIGHTIES

"MY LIFE WITH JOANNE CHRISTIANSEN"—A DETAILED PREDICTION OF THE FUTURE WITH THE WOMAN OF HIS DREAMS (OR, AS IT TURNS OUT, THE WOMAN OF HIS NIGHTMARES) DISCOMFITS OUR HERO IN A WRY TALE BY **MARK ALPERT**

LENA OLIN REVEALS UNDER WHAT CIRCUMSTANCES SHE REALLY WEARS HATS, TELLS US WHAT MAKES A GOOD DIRECTOR AND HOW A NICE SWEDISH GIRL SURVIVES THE COLD IN A STEAMY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

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