

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1992 • \$5.95

Holiday Anniversary Issue

WE INTERVIEW
THE AMAZING
ROBIN WILLIAMS

20 QUESTIONS
WITH THE UNLIKELY
STUD-MAN OF THE
DECADE, WOODY
HARRELSON

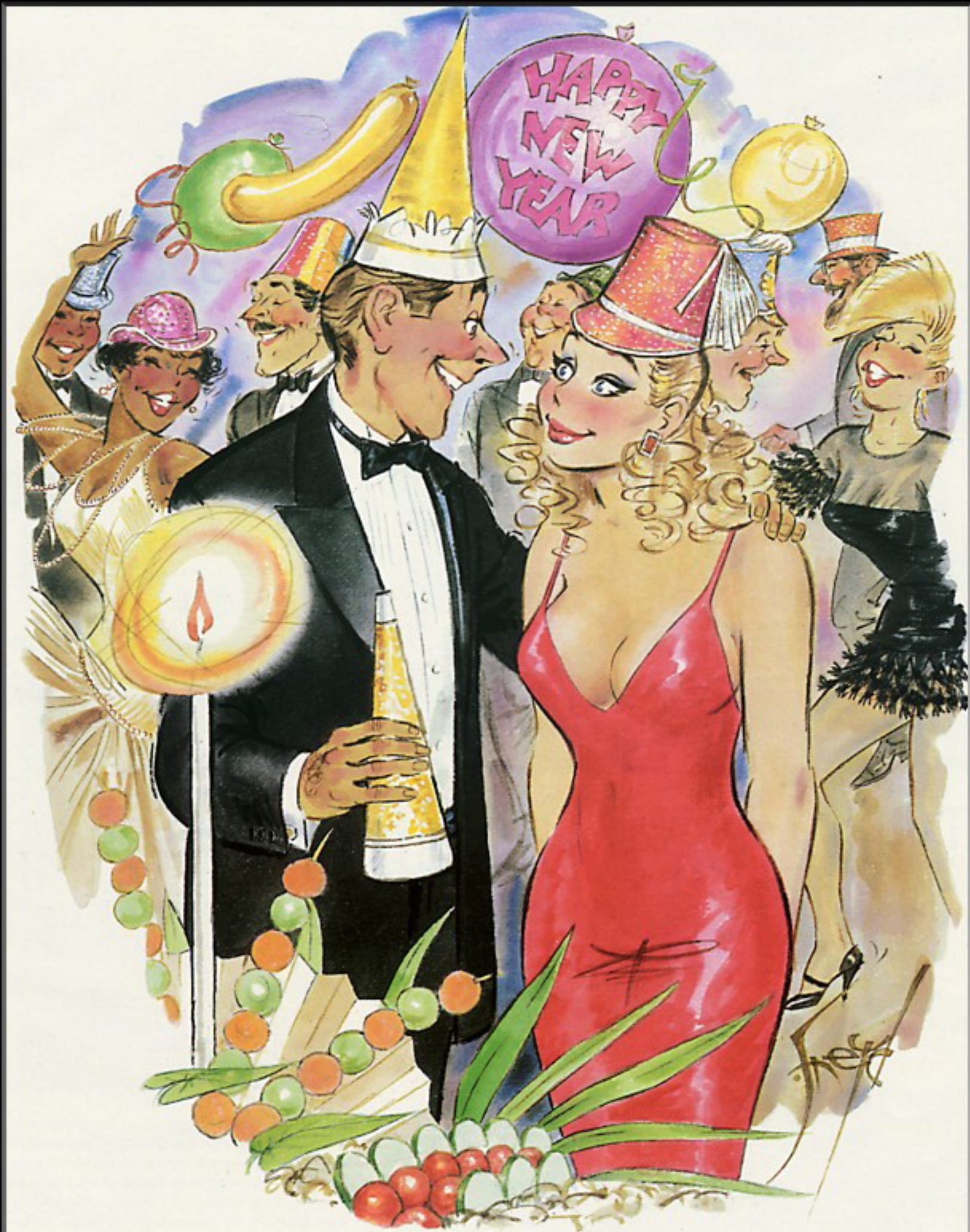
PLUS: CRAIG
VETTER ON
RELIGION AND
SEX, GARRY
WILLS ON COLUMBUS,
JOE BOB BRIGGS
ON ARNOLD,
ARTHUR C. CLARKE
ON THE TALK
OF THE FUTURE



IT DOESN'T GET ANY
BETTER THAN THIS!
PLAYBOY PRESENTS
**THE
SWEDISH
BIKINI
TEAM**

WAKE UP AND
SMELL THE
NINETIES!
A SPECIAL
REPORT
ON THE "GET
REAL" DECADE

THE HIGHLIGHTS OF
A PRODIGIOUS YEAR
IN SEX A FABULOUS
PLAYMATE REVIEW
COLLEGE
BASKETBALL
PREVIEW



"Care to help blow the new year in, Miss Bowman?"



THE SWEDISH BIKINI TEAM

hey, guys, television just got a little better. meet the blondes who've made old milwaukee famous



Old Milwaukee's Swedish Bikini Team does not represent Sweden in the Olympics. Its members are five funny, sexy American women in blonde wigs, representing the fantasies of beer-drinking guys. In three famous commercials, the S.B.T. joins beer blasts in mountains (left), on a beach (above left) and on a river (top left). While filming the river ad, director Steve Tobin shouted in his British accent, "Get those oars out of the boat!" Peggy Trentini, who plays Bikini Teamer Ulla, shot back, "What did you call us?"

AFTER YEARS OF TV commercials in which men hoisted beers in the great outdoors and swore, "It doesn't get any better than this," Old Milwaukee's ad agency had a brain storm. *Wait! What if it does?* Enter the Swedish Bikini Team, five buxom blondes designed to make men sweatier than the coldest bottle of brew. They appear out of nowhere, preposterously gorgeous proof that Old Milwaukee can make your best day sexier, bubblier, perfect. Who are these Scandinavian sirens, sent from heaven—or at least Stockholm—to sexify U.S. beer bashes? How do they find you in the wilderness at the moment you open a brew? And don't they get cold in those teeny bikinis? The answers: Karin, Hilgar, Eva, Uma and Ulla. They are magical creatures, able to find beer drinkers by E.S.P. (Extraordinary Swedish Pulchritude). They keep warm by dancing with American men until our men say, "It *really* doesn't get better than this!" Are they for real? Well, sort of. For the full story, read on. And enjoy our photos—when it comes to the Bikini Team, a picture's worth 1000 fiords.



Roll call: Uma Thorensen (above), the athletic Bikini Teamer—she does her own stunts in the ads—is played by Avalon Anders. Anna Keller (above right, with the lifesaver) is Karin Kristensen, the shy one; you'll note that she can't help covering up just a bit. Hilgar Oblief (a.k.a. Heather Parkhurst, center, with ski goggles) is less timid. How much less timid? To find out, call our Swedish Bikini Team hotline. (For details, see page 61.)

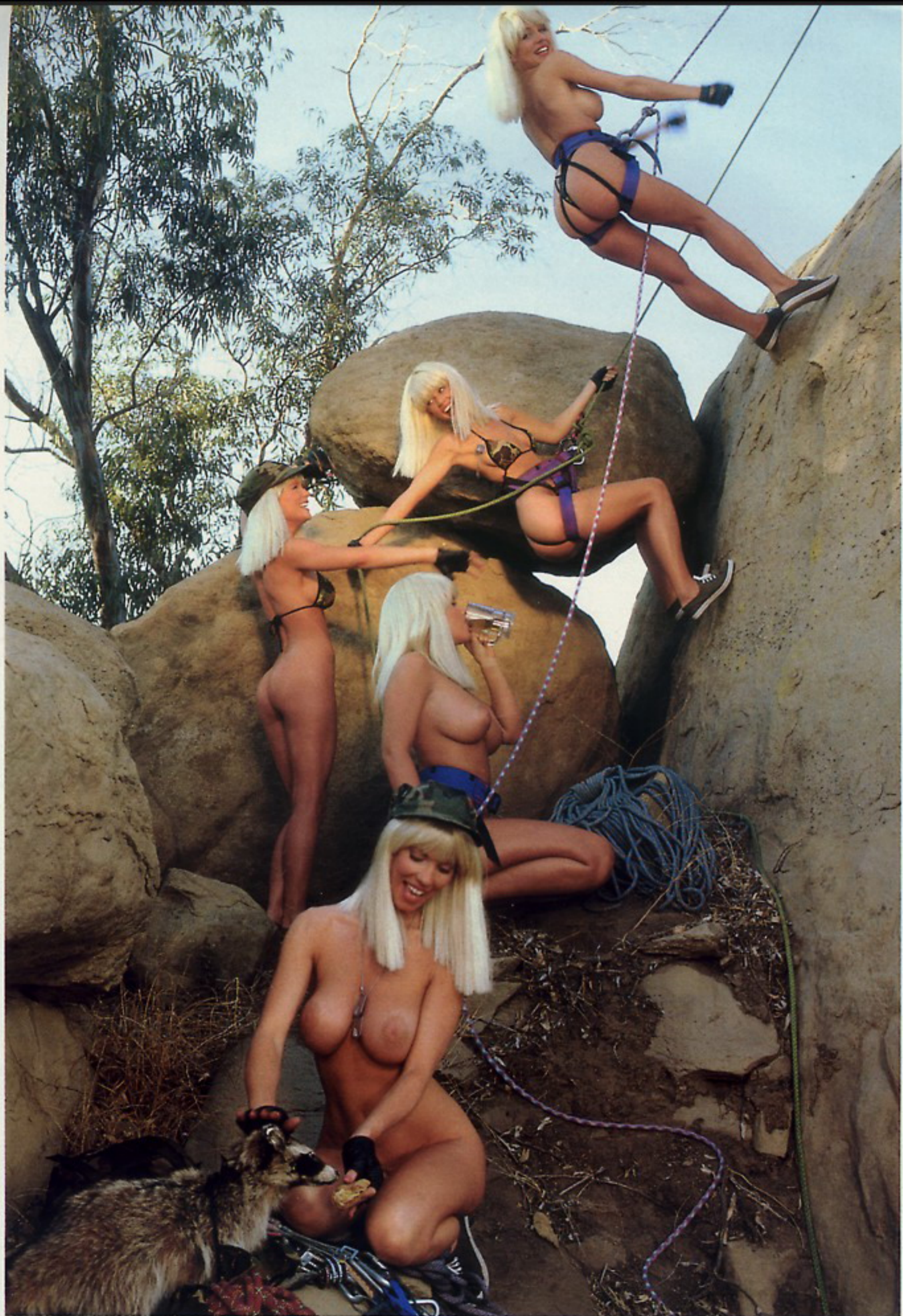




Jane Frances (umbrella'd at right) plays Eva Jacobsen with dry wit and a sly grin. Peggy Trentini is Ulla Swensen (below), unofficial captain of the Bikini Team, nicknamed U-la-la by her teammates. "I'm the boy-crazy one," she explains. Luckily for the boys who are going crazy for her, Peggy is "happily single."







The S.B.T. faced an uphill climb to stardom. Anna sported private rope burns after one adventure (above). But now they're the hottest bunch of "bubbleheads" (an irreverent Teamer's word) in recent TV history. Why? Because it doesn't get better-looking than this.





"For God's sake . . . at least you could have told me you were shedding!"

WINDY VALLEY



Tom Stancich

"I hate people who get into the spirit right off the bat!"

GOOD GIRLS/**BAD** GIRLS

only santa knows which are which



"Let's go off somewhere quiet and get out of our winter underwear."



"This is my holiday body! Memorize it! You may not recognize it in January!"

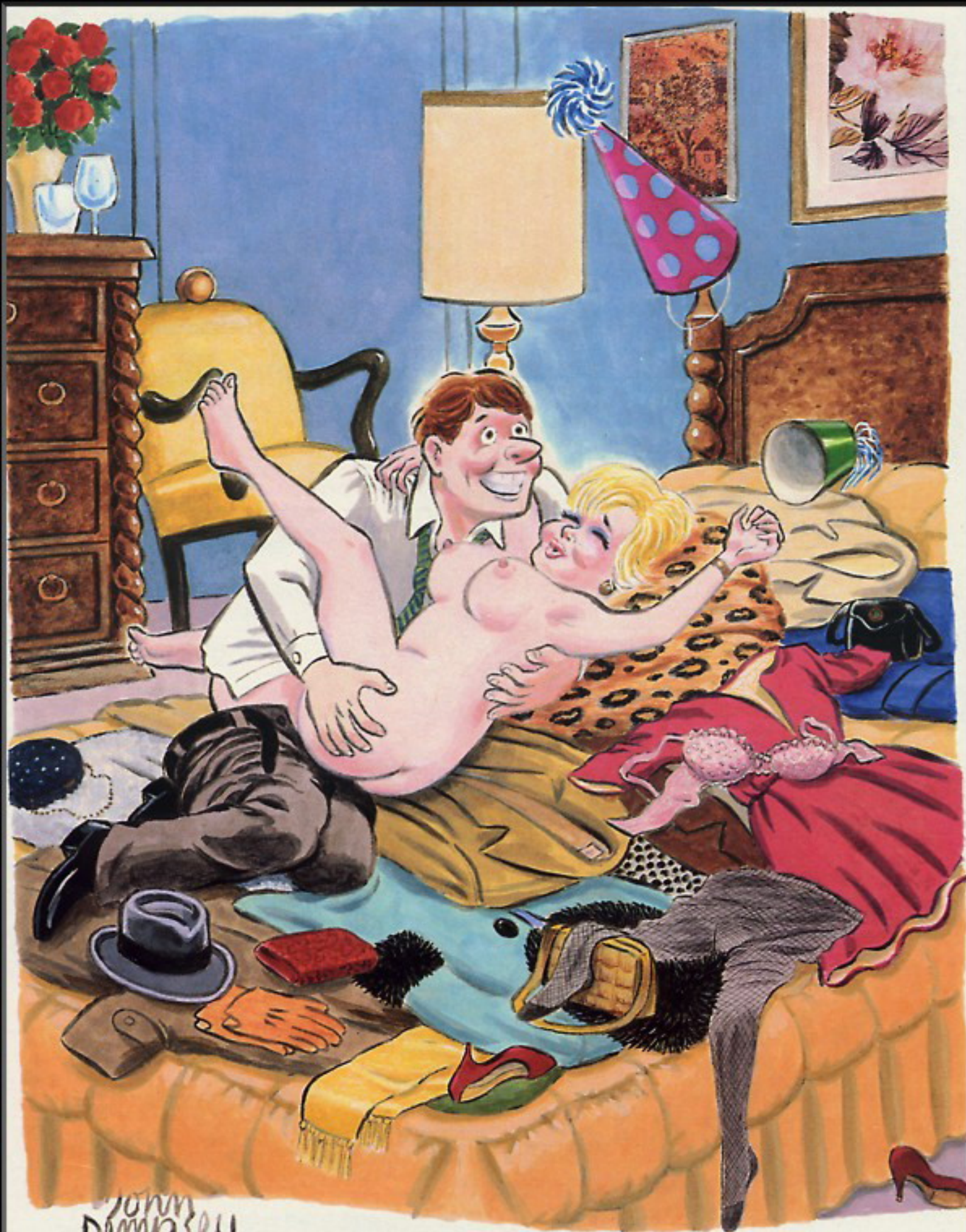


"Maybe we should have sex now—you always seem more interested while I'm dressing. And after the party, I'm pooped."



"It's a long, long New Year's Eve when you're chosen to be the designated lover."

DeDini



"If this isn't the greatest way to start a new year, I don't know what is."



"I can find another wife, that's not what hurts. What hurts is that I can no longer believe in Santa!"



you'd recognize miss january
as an all-american girl

IF YOU KNEW SUZI



BUNDLED IN SWEATERS, snow crunching beneath her boots, Suzi Simpson trekked onto Alaska's Colony Glacier with a small army of attendants in her wake. While the photo crew framed this month's northern exposures, Suzi gazed at the Chugach Mountains in the distance and let memories roll past like ice floes in a swift current. Cross-country skiing through the woods. Racing snowmobiles across frozen fields. Harnessing her pet Samoyed dogs to a sleigh for a mush down snowed-in suburban streets. The last time Suzi saw the Great North, she was 11 years old and tomboy tough. Her father, a career Navy man, was stationed in the Aleutian Islands, which meant a summer of midnight sun for his itinerant clan. The oldest of four children, Suzi learned her first lessons in independence early—how to go along and get along but keep her self-image intact. "Some military children have a terrible time adjusting to a life that's maybe not the norm. They become really introverted people," she says. "I always figured that you make your own

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MECEY
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

At a floatplane dock near Talkeetna (right), Suzi packs her bag for a ride to the Colony Glacier. Talkeetna, a frontier town much like the one in CBS' *Northern Exposure*, is in the shadow of Mount McKinley, the highest peak in North America. Miss January was thrilled to be back. "I remembered that up here people fly to visit friends. I pictured L.A. traffic and thought, Boy, do they have it easier here!"







way in the world, and you might as well make it a good one." Born in a military hospital in Greece at the height of the Vietnam war (her father, stationed on a gunboat in the South China Sea, scooted over to Athens to attend the birth), Suzi made her way through schools in Maine, Florida, Wisconsin, Arizona and Virginia before settling in southern California to do what young blonde beauties do out there—model and act. The erstwhile tomboy, now a femme fatale, spends her work week in the city at auditions and photo shoots, then kicks back on weekends in a little seaside town far from the maddening smog. Last summer, after a two-year romance, she walked down the aisle with a Marine just days after he returned from war in the

"Some people look at *Playboy* and say, 'How can you compete?' I've heard that from lots of women, as if I were competing with an image and had to beat that image," says Suzi. "I say, forget competition. Fantasy is a big part of life. Men look at women, women look at men; what's wrong with that?"



Raised in a household headed by a military man, instructed at a high school run by nuns, Suzi still managed to develop her own opinions. "The nuns always saw things in black and white, right or wrong. I see the world as a place that's made of a lot of shades of gray."



Persian Gulf. En route to their Hawaiian honeymoon, they joined the mile-high club. "I had to talk him into having sex on the airplane," Suzi says, with a laugh that's two parts carnal and one part shy. "I thought, Here's this guy who has lived a much wilder life than I have—he was president of his fraternity, he sowed his little wild oats all over the place. And I've always wanted just one person to be wild with. I guess that's the difference between a hormonal young man and a woman. The funny thing is, it turns out I'm the more playful and uninhibited one. I figure if you love someone, the two of you can do anything you want with each other."



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Suzi Simpson

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: SUZI SIMPSON

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 100

BIRTH DATE: 11-16-68 BIRTHPLACE: Athens, Greece

AMBITIONS: To pursue my modeling career, travel, save \$\$ and do my part to make this world a better place.

TURN-ONS: Peppermint stick ice cream, surfing in the hot summer sun and great sex anywhere but the bedroom!

TURN-OFFS: Bras with 7 snaps in the back, toes that hang over the front of sandals, prejudice, phony people.

WHY I'M HERE: I wanted to be a Playmate because I love being sexy. It's a very fun and special part of being a complete woman! (But it's only a part!)

WHO I AM: Loyal, eccentric, love to laugh and spend time with family and friends, outgoing & PATRIOTIC!

IDEAL MAN: Kind, funny, intelligent, sexy, ton o' integrity. He's a manly man who knows I'm his equal & treats me that way.

IDEAL MAN'S ATTIRE: I love a man in uniform - USA is #1!

SECRET OF THE MONTH: I'm the cousin Bart Simpson never talks about.



Christmas '89 with my sis



At Malibu Beach with an Alaskan pal



Miss D.C. Teen USA 1984

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

After submitting to X rays, electrocardiograms and blood tests, the anxious patient waited for the doctor's opinion. "Howard," the physician began, "I have good news and bad news."

"What's the good news?"

"My son has been accepted to the Harvard School of Medicine."

"And the bad news?"

"You're going to pay for it."

What would you call it if President Bush had one arm shorter than the other? A speech impediment.



Graffiti spotted on the wall of a singles-bar men's room: I FUCKED YOUR MOTHER. Underneath, someone had scrawled: GO HOME, DAD, YOU'RE DRUNK.

What does Dan Quayle have printed on the top of his hat? THIS SIDE UP.

As he was walking along a beach in southern New Jersey, a man suddenly heard a voice from above boom, "Dig!" He dug and soon discovered three gold coins. Just as he pocketed them, the same voice boomed, "Casino!" so the man headed for the nearest gambling house. "Chips!" the voice ordered, so the fellow handed over the gold coins to the cashier and was stunned to receive \$30,000 in chips. "Roulette!" the voice commanded, so the man walked to the closest table just as the croupier began to spin the ball. "Twenty-six!" came the voice, and the man placed his bet.

"No more bets," the croupier said. The ball slowed, bounced a few times and landed on its number. "Twenty-seven," the croupier announced.

"Oh, shit!" the voice thundered.

A friend reported that while he was aboard an airline that had recently filed for Chapter 11, a flight attendant made her rounds down the aisle. "Would you like dinner?" he was asked.

"What are my choices?"

"Yes or no," she answered.

An Italian, a Jew and an Iraqi were each sentenced to five years in prison and given one request. The Italian asked that his wife be allowed to stay with him, so that they could start a family. The Jew asked for all the great books, so that he might study and learn. The Iraqi asked for 300 cartons of cigarettes.

At the end of five years, the warden released the Italian first. "I am the happiest man alive," he exclaimed. "I now have five beautiful children. Bless you all."

When the Jew was released, he thanked the warden for his kindness and added, "I am happy and content. I possess great knowledge."

As the Iraqi was released, he turned to the warden and said, "Anybody got a match?"

What do you get when you play a country-and-western record backward? You get back your lover, your pickup and your dog.

The two partners in a law firm were having lunch when suddenly one of them jumped up from the table and said, "I have to go back to the office. I forgot to lock the safe!"

"What are you worried about?" the other said. "We're both here."



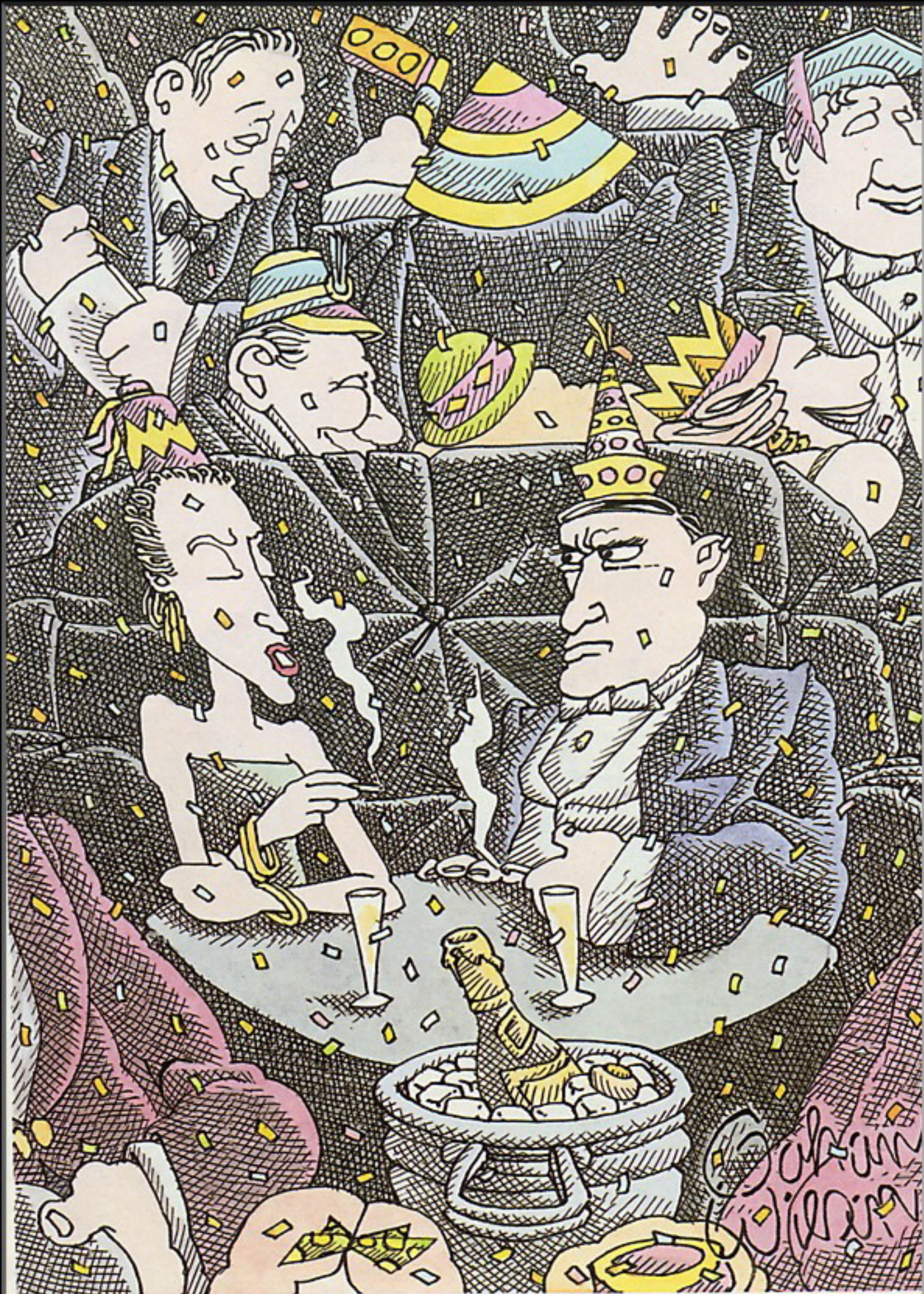
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *genius* as a nudist with a memory for faces.

A couple of securities brokers were out fishing when a sudden squall came up, crashed their boat against a reef and sank it. Doug could swim, so he hoisted the foundering Greg onto his back and began to head for shore.

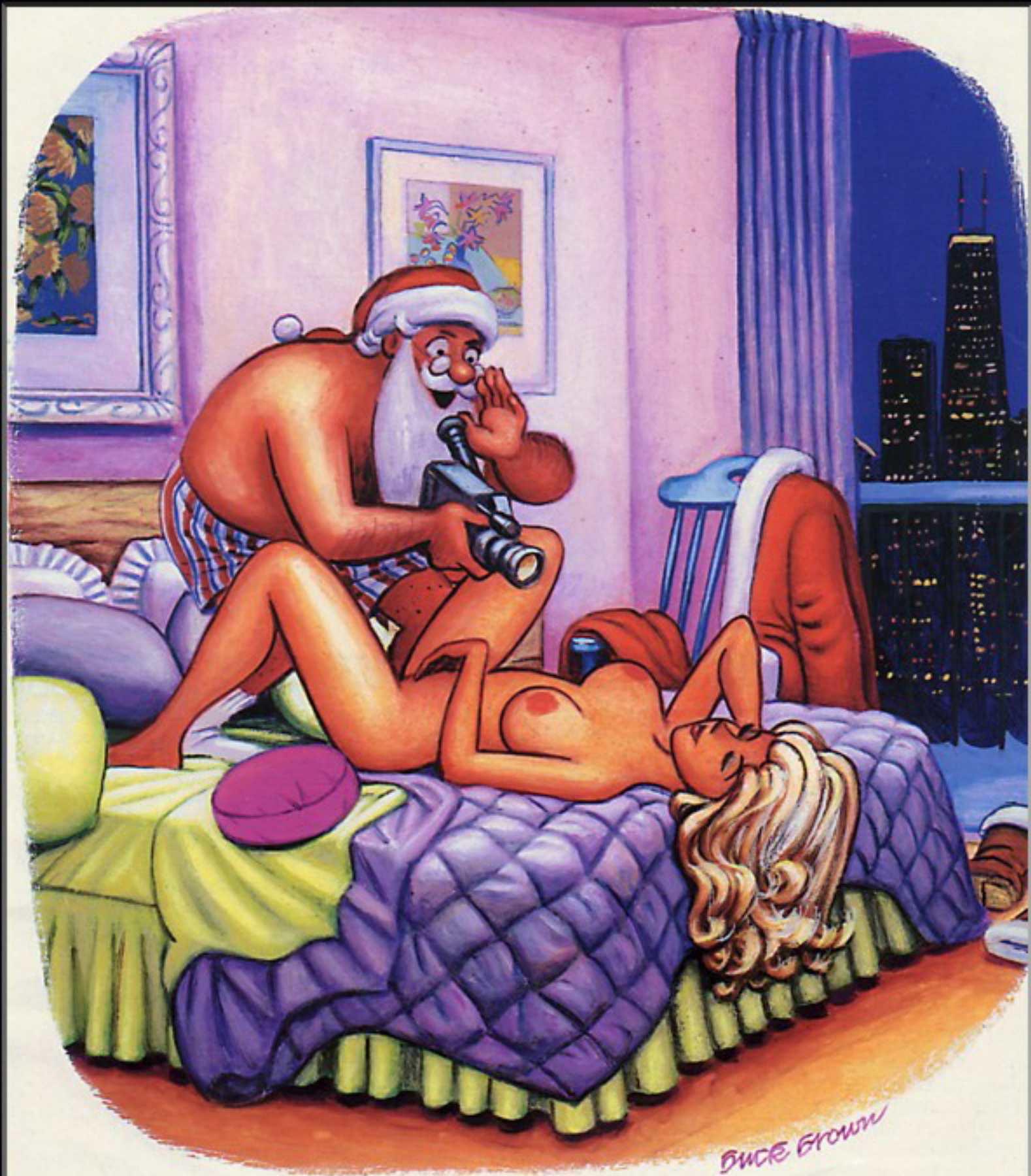
After half a mile, Doug was exhausted. "Do you think you could float alone for a little while?" he gasped.

"How," Greg sputtered, "can you think of business at a time like this?"

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.



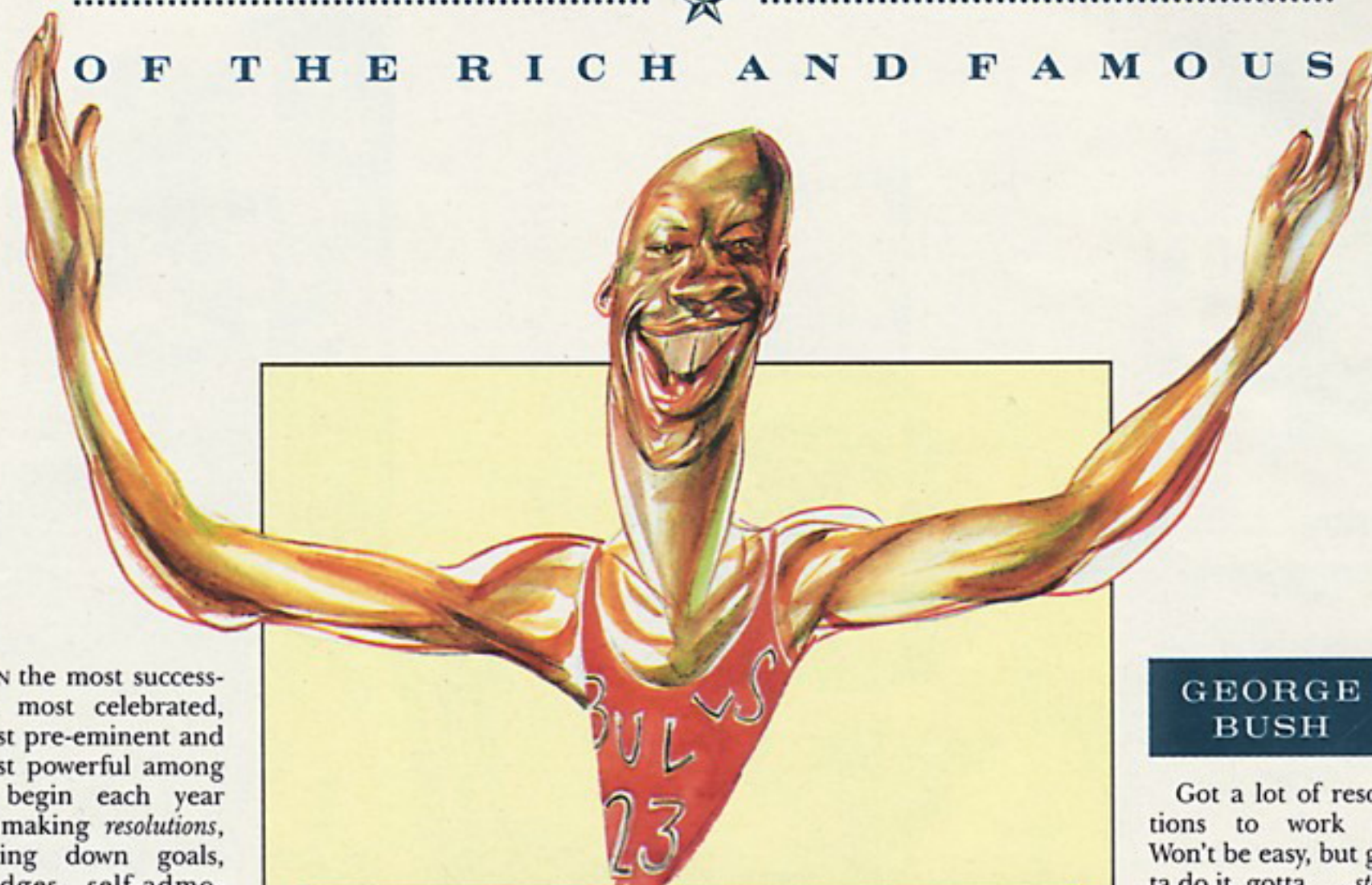
"How about resolving that, starting next year, you won't be such a total jerk?"



"OK, give me a big smile and say, 'Hi, you hard-working, horny little elves.'"

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

OF THE RICH AND FAMOUS



MICHAEL JORDAN

In light of my huge contract with Gatorade, I resolve to take further advantage of my wholesome, trustworthy, positive image by endorsing other products that have gotten bad publicity and are willing to pay big bucks to reverse it. Possibilities: Suzuki Samurai, Exxon, Salomon Brothers, scientology, the Milwaukee Visitors' Bureau, the American Lard Association.

EVEN the most successful, most celebrated, most pre-eminent and most powerful among us begin each year by making *resolutions*, setting down goals, pledges, self-admonitions, commitments, disavowals and good intentions that are designed to make us better persons, to get our friends, families and PR consultants off our backs and maybe even to help us to screw up less than we did in the previous year.

We assume the following public figures have made their lists, and our guess is they read something like this.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER

Resolutions are for half-hearted weaklings. Here are the things I will do. I will strike a deal with Uncle Ted. He pushes through that Constitutional amendment permitting naturalized Americans to run for President, and I switch parties and let him drive the humvee. I will copyright the phrase "I'll be back" and franchise a slogan product line. I will get a street named after me in Vienna. I will sing and dance in *Terminator 3*, and they will love it. I will create a public persona as an easygoing, likable fun guy, and God help anyone who gets in my way.

DAVID LETTERMAN

Yeah, like I'm the first guy you think of when you think *resolve*. Oh, hell, let's get on with it. Unload my G.E. stock before I bail out of this dump. Hire a guy to sit in the *Tonight Show* audience and yell, "Whe-e-ere's Johnny?" when Leno's monolog bombs. Have T-shirts printed to send to NBC execs reading, I HAD A LOCK ON THE LATE-NIGHT AUDIENCE AND NOW ALL I'VE GOT IS THIS STUPID T-SHIRT. Plant snotty "Leno's chin-reduction surgery" rumor. Dump Larry "Bud" Melman. Get a better hairpiece.

RONALD REAGAN

I hereby resolve to vacation less and spend more time at the White House, to call Bill Casey (we seem to have drifted apart), to appoint a woman to the Supreme Court, to replace George on the ticket in 1984.

GEORGE BUSH

Got a lot of resolutions to work on. Won't be easy, but gotta do it, gotta . . . *stand firm* here. First off, wanna go a whole year with no wars; starting to get in a *rut* there. And get a handle on this domestic policy issue thing; becoming a problem. Have to make some tough decisions, too. Unload

Sununu (ambassador to Syria), break the news to Dan that he's history in 1992—won't be pleasant, but, hey.

Also, gotta deal with this *health* thing, have Bethesda destroy the records of my black-outs and my dizzy spells, get a double to do my jogging. And have the FBI dig up something on Dana Carvey and that fella that draws *Doonesbury*. Enough is enough.



NEIL BUSH

I resolve to be more conservative and guarded in my business affairs, or at least to stop taking advice from guys named Swifty. I resolve to improve my relationship with Dad, and especially not to sign anything until he has read it. I resolve to get myself reinstated to the grownups' table at Thanksgiving.

LADY DI

This year, I really do resolve to try to avoid making Charles look like such a stuffy, dithering twit. Not that I mean to, for he is a dear thing, but he's forever toppling off ponies or droning on about bird sanctuaries or confusing Elton John with Elvis Costello. It's hard to maintain a straight face, let alone a look of devotion. But I shall try, truly, for, as the saying goes, "If you want to be a queen, you have to boff the king—and pretend it's wonderful."

JOHN SUNUNU

Just once, to see what it's like, I will fly coach. I will accept that my dream—to be borne about on a litter—is probably now out of reach, at least temporarily. I will give up stamp collecting, which only contributes to my dork reputation. I will devote the hours I formerly spent flying hither and yon to more constructive purposes: character assassination, revenge, etc.

DAN QUAYLE

I resolve to take steps to show people my true intelligence, like getting those college incompletes cleared up. I resolve to exercise my Vice-Presidential authority more, such as making them let me take the controls on Air Force Two. I resolve to stop falling for Sununu's telling me my fly is open. I resolve to try to look more mature and distinguished (see if I can finally grow a mustache, or maybe get an eye patch, like the guy in the shirt ads). I resolve to acquire more knowledge—for example, to find out why we don't spell it "Quail." I resolve to be more thoughtful, because thoughts are the thinking of the mind, and a thoughtless mind is a mindless . . . wait . . .

DONALD TRUMP

Having learned the folly of false pride and egotistic vanity, I hereby resolve to be more humble. I will do good works on behalf of the poor and the downtrodden. I will devote my fortune to the betterment of humanity! I will achieve unprecedented heights of selfless sacrifice! I will make Mother Teresa look like a slacker! I can see it now: Donald Trump—Benefactor of Mankind! *Saint Donald!* YES!



TED KENNEDY

I resolve to continue my tireless battle against the forces of repressive, right-wing, fundamentalist morality by introducing legislation that will guarantee the freedom of all Americans to choose their own sexual lifestyles and behaviors, to express themselves without the restraints of puritanical censorship, and, occasionally, not to wear pants. I resolve to dedicate myself to reversing the unconscionable financial inequities that separate the wealthy few from the impoverished multitudes—even if this means that I must, with profound regret, disinherit my beloved nephew Willie. I particularly resolve to be more aware of, and responsive to, women's feelings, attitudes and legal rights. (Specifically, no more amateurs in the compound!)

JOSE CANSECO

Get my socks back from Madonna. Catch more fly balls.

GERALDO RIVERA

Nude transsexual vegetarian serial killers. Go for it.

SINÉAD O'CONNOR

I resolve that, while it's important to have principles, I will take greater care that my left-wing-purist image doesn't drag my career into the tank. I won't forget the lesson of Joan Baez: I will do fewer fund raisers and will not appear on any stage with U2, especially not with Bono. Also, I will compromise and meet my marketing staff halfway, with a crewcut.

WOODY ALLEN

I will make a movie about people who don't live in New York City. I won't enjoy it, but I'll do it.

NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

Resolutions: Lose weight—agent says each pound worth \$5000 in endorsement contracts. Find out how my autobiography is coming along. Decide who'll play me in the TV bio movie (Charles Durning? Or John Goodman? *Brando?*). Find out if my honorary knighthood is good for British Airways discounts. Finalize the licensing of Stormin' Norman character for new Desert Storm ride at Disney World. Do something about my uncontrollable fear of mice before it becomes public.



JULIA ROBERTS

OK, first of all, I promise that I'll get around to returning the wedding gifts. The ones from my friends and family, that is; Kiefer's strictly on his own. So to speak! Second, and very important, no more getting involved with my co-stars. I mean, you never know when you'll wind up making a movie with Gary Busey or Wilford Brimley or Danny DeVito. Third, I will be *less manic!* I'm starting to get brochures from rehab clinics, for God's sake.





"But of course, as Falzenstein tells us, the exchange of token kisses beneath mistletoe is only the first part of the centuries-old erotic folk ritual. You'll find the second part even more absorbing—here, let me help you out of your dress. . . ."

THE YEAR IN SEX

in which we bid farewell to 1991—a rich stew of scandal, priggishness and fecundity



GREAT WITH CHILD **MATE WITH CHILD**

NOTHIN' SAYS LOVIN' LIKE SOMETHING IN THE OVEN
 Demi Moore's cover bow on August's *Vanity Fair* inspired controversy (some outlets refused to stock it) and a flock of imitations—among them (from left) *Spy*'s cover of her spouse, Bruce Willis; an *Entertainment Weekly* sketch of unwed papa-to-be Warren Beatty; Paul Conrad's cartoon of "Mother Russia" gestating liberty; and Mike Peters' riff on Saddam Hussein's nuclear potential. Meanwhile, Simon Le Bon shelled out £1000 for a photo of his wife, Yasmin, *très enceinte*; and Arlette Schweitzer carried her own infertile daughter's twins. But Art Garfunkel's wife, Kathryn, turned out to be the mother of it all: Her pregnant photo appeared in *Rolling Stone*'s January 24 issue, a good seven months earlier than Demi's.



DATE WITH CHILD



STATE WITH CHILD



HATE WITH CHILD



PORTRAIT WITH CHILD



GEMINATE WITH CHILD



KATE WITH CHILD



KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

If he'd rented the video, he might have saved himself a heap of trouble. Luckless Paul Reubens, a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman, was busted by overzealous Sarasota cops for doing what comes naturally in an adult-film theater; his show was yanked, but a run on his toys ensued.

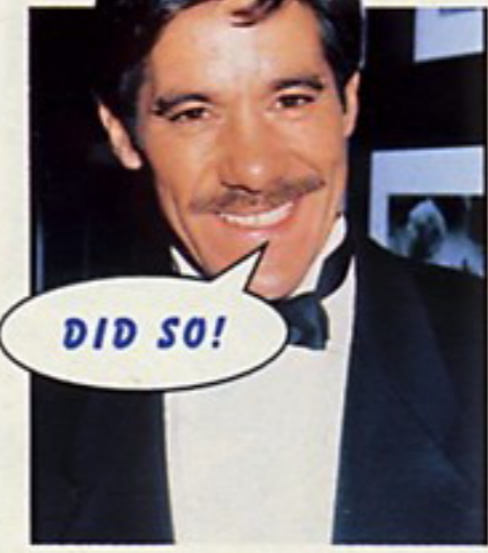


EMPRESS' NEW CLOTHES

The see-through fashions of the Sixties are making a comeback—at least on the runways of the ready-to-wear show in Milan. Yes, quipped a journalistic observer, but is anyone ready to wear them?

MUSTA HAPPENED IN AL CAPONE'S VAULT

No, it's not the title of Pee-wee's memoirs: *Exposing Myself*, which hit bookstores this fall, is the steamy autobiography of TV host Geraldo Rivera. To his claims of conquest, a denial came immediately from Margaret Trudeau (below right), but Bette Midler got even, saying Geraldo was "lousy" in bed.



DID NOT!

DID SO!

BANNED



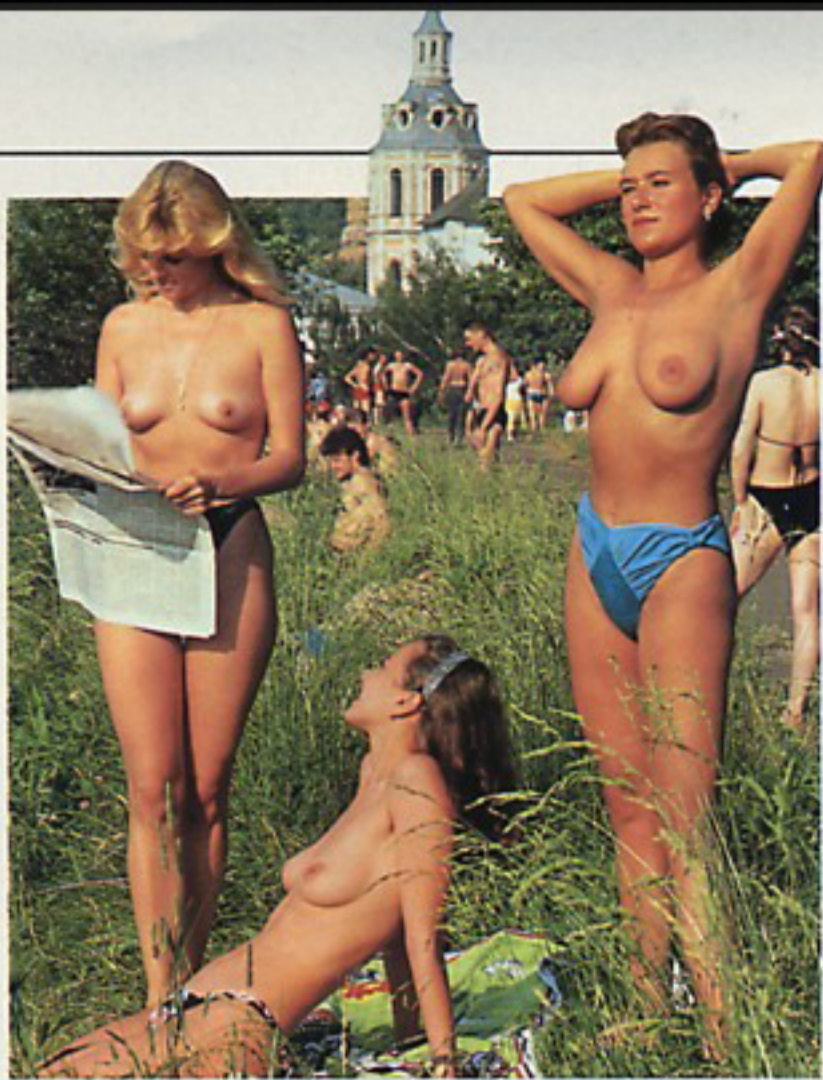
A PEACOCK AND BULL STORY

Despite a network exec's assurance that, "Corporately, we believe in orgasms," nervous Nellies at NBC snipped a *Sisters* steam-room chat on multiple orgasms. (Scissored dialog: Alex: "I had five once. New Year's Eve, 1981." Georgie: "What a memory!" Alex: "What a New Year's.")

WET DREAM IN CENTRAL PARK

New Yorkers took it in stride when a Brazilian troupe performed *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in (1) Central Park, (2) Portuguese and (3) the nude. Below, fairies bathe Titania.





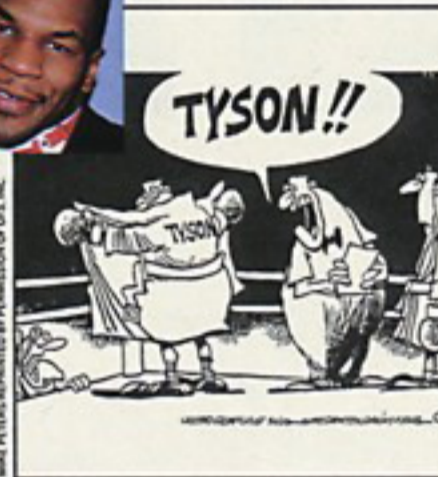
WHAT A PERESTROIKA!

Muscovites got their first look at yet another capitalist invention, the monokini, as temperatures soared into the mid-80s this summer. Above, some topless *glasnost* enthusiasts sun-bathe near the shores of the Moskva River.



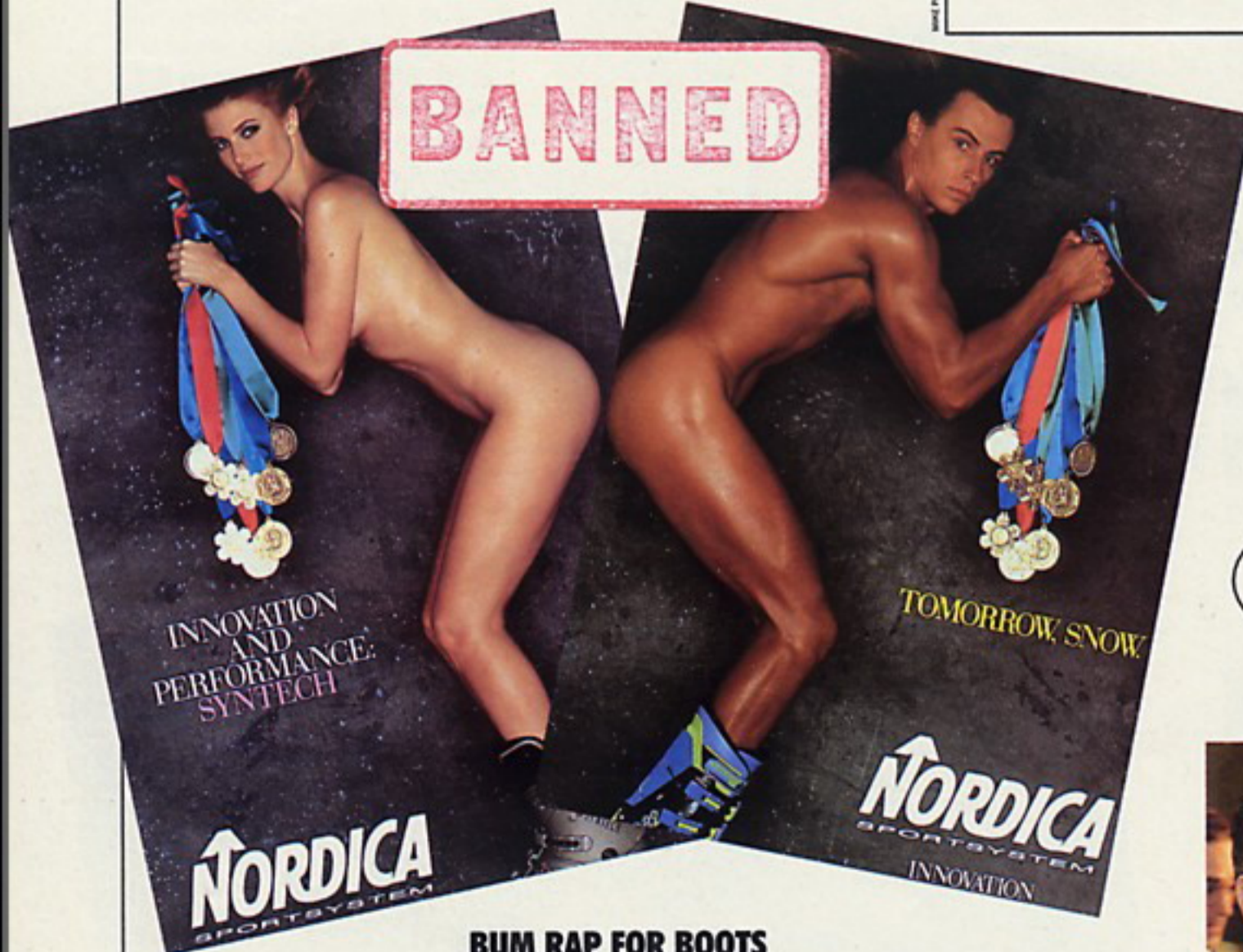
WE'LL HAVE WHAT THEY'RE HAVING

Here's to the workday uniforms worn by dancers at Café Risqué (above left) on Interstate 75 near Gainesville, Florida, and the waitresses at Long Beach, California's, Pegasus Restaurant (above right).



KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

It was bad enough when the pageant's owner called him a "serial buttocks fondler." Now Mike Tyson is charged with raping a Miss Black America contestant.



BUM RAP FOR BOOTS

Bluenoses are busy in the magazine industry, too. *Ski*, *Skiing* and *Snow Country* turned down these Nordica ads, reportedly "on moral grounds." The rejection, however, earned oceans of free ink for the ski-boot manufacturer.

PREACHERS WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES. . .

Marvin Gorman (bottom left) sued Jimmy Swaggart (below right), claiming that Swaggart's allegations of multiple adulteries hurt his ministry. The jury agreed. Then Jimmy got caught in a Jaguar with a prostitute.





LET'S HEAR A LITTLE SOMETHING IN THE KEY OF 36B

In tribute to the bicentennial of Mozart's death, ingenious Japanese crafted a limited-edition bra that, when hooked, plays the composer's variations on *Ah! vous dirais-je, maman* (a.k.a. *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*). Down under in Australia, Roy Menzel, 80, blows tunes on a condom.

THE FRIDGE WAS RUNNER-UP

Jecquin Stitt, winner of a *Ladies' Home Journal's* Oprah look-alike contest, was revealed to be a guy who's having a sex change. The *Journal*, noting "We don't believe in sexual discrimination," let him keep the prize.



SHE SCHTUPPS TO CONQUER

Skin is in at Chicago's Halsted Theater Center, as Lenore Zann and Tom Hodges couple in *Unidentified Human Remains and the True Nature of Love*, which later moved off-Broadway.



JUST BUFF IT DRY, PLEASE

Must be something in the water in Fort Lauderdale (see the next spread for further details). Here's one more reason to envy Floridians their subtropical climate: a topless car wash.



LAST TANGO IN SOUTH BEND

When Indiana authorities banned topless dancing at spots such as South Bend's Kitty Kat Lounge, the Supreme Court, to the dismay of civil libertarians, let them get away with it. (A Californian at right shows what Hoosiers are missing.)



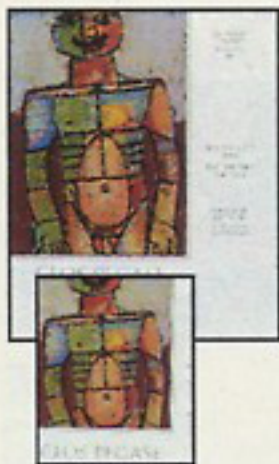
TWO BALLS, NO STRIKES AND A HOLE IN ONE

Airing tape of a stalker at a Cubs-Braves game in Atlanta (below left) won suspensions for some staffers at Chicago's WMAQ-TV, but London tabloids treated Sherrie Beavan's starkers British Open stroll as a matter of course.



I GOT OLD, BABE

Mayor Sonny Bono had thongs banished from Palm Springs, California; folks in Round Lake Beach, Illinois, petitioned to follow suit.



COCK AU VIN

Reproducing Jean Dubuffet's *Bedecked Nude* on a Clos Pegase wine label was too much for the Feds' Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; it prescribed surgery.



LUST IN THE DUST

After polling its readers, *Biblical Archeology Review* published photos of erotic images on 1500-year-old lamps unearthed in a dig at Ashkelon, Israel (left)—but on a page that priggish readers could easily remove.

KEEP 'EM IN YOUR BLOUSE!

Performance tart Annie Sprinkle is everywhere, signing her autobiography, *Post Porn Modernist*, starring in Rip Off Press comics and appearing at Neikrug gallery's Rated X show.



THOSE WEDDING KNELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Three days beforehand, Julia Roberts and Kiefer Sutherland canceled their nuptials, disappointing 200 invitees but not gossips, who spotted her with his old pal Jason Patric (bottom left) and him with stripper Amanda Rice (bottom right).





NOTHING ... UHH ... COMES BETWEEN ... UHH ... ME AND MY ... OOOH!

What product is Calvin Klein advertising here? This, and 115 more pages inserted in some copies of October's *Vanity Fair*, promotes jeans.

五福觀光
GOFUKU TOUR

AND THE HORSE YOU RODE IN ON

Some things are better left untranslated. Thanks to the sharp-eyed *Playboy* reader who spotted this sign in the window of a Malaysian travel agency.



The list of shame
Court to publicize nympho's clients

**NORTH OF MIAMI VICE:
SEX, LISTS AND VIDEO TAPE**

Professed smut-buster Doug Danziger (inset, above) resigned as vice mayor of Fort Lauderdale when it was rumored he was on the list of clients of an alleged prostitution biz run by Deputy Sheriff Jeffrey Willets and his wife, Kathy (above). The Willets' novel defense: She turned tricks while he taped from a closet as therapy for (1) her nymphomania and (2) his impotence.



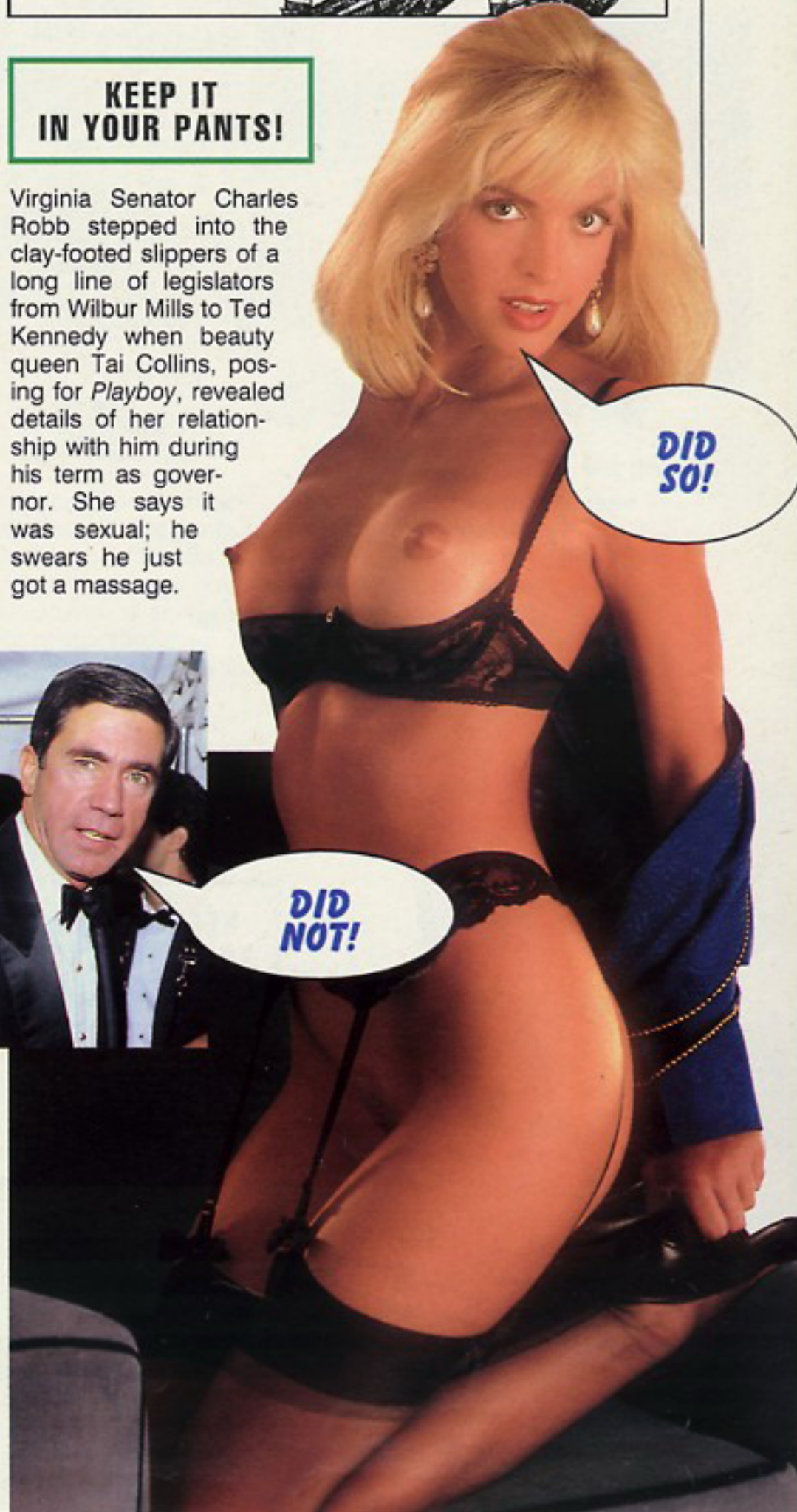
KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

Virginia Senator Charles Robb stepped into the clay-footed slippers of a long line of legislators from Wilbur Mills to Ted Kennedy when beauty queen Tai Collins, posing for *Playboy*, revealed details of her relationship with him during his term as governor. She says it was sexual; he swears he just got a massage.



DID NOT!

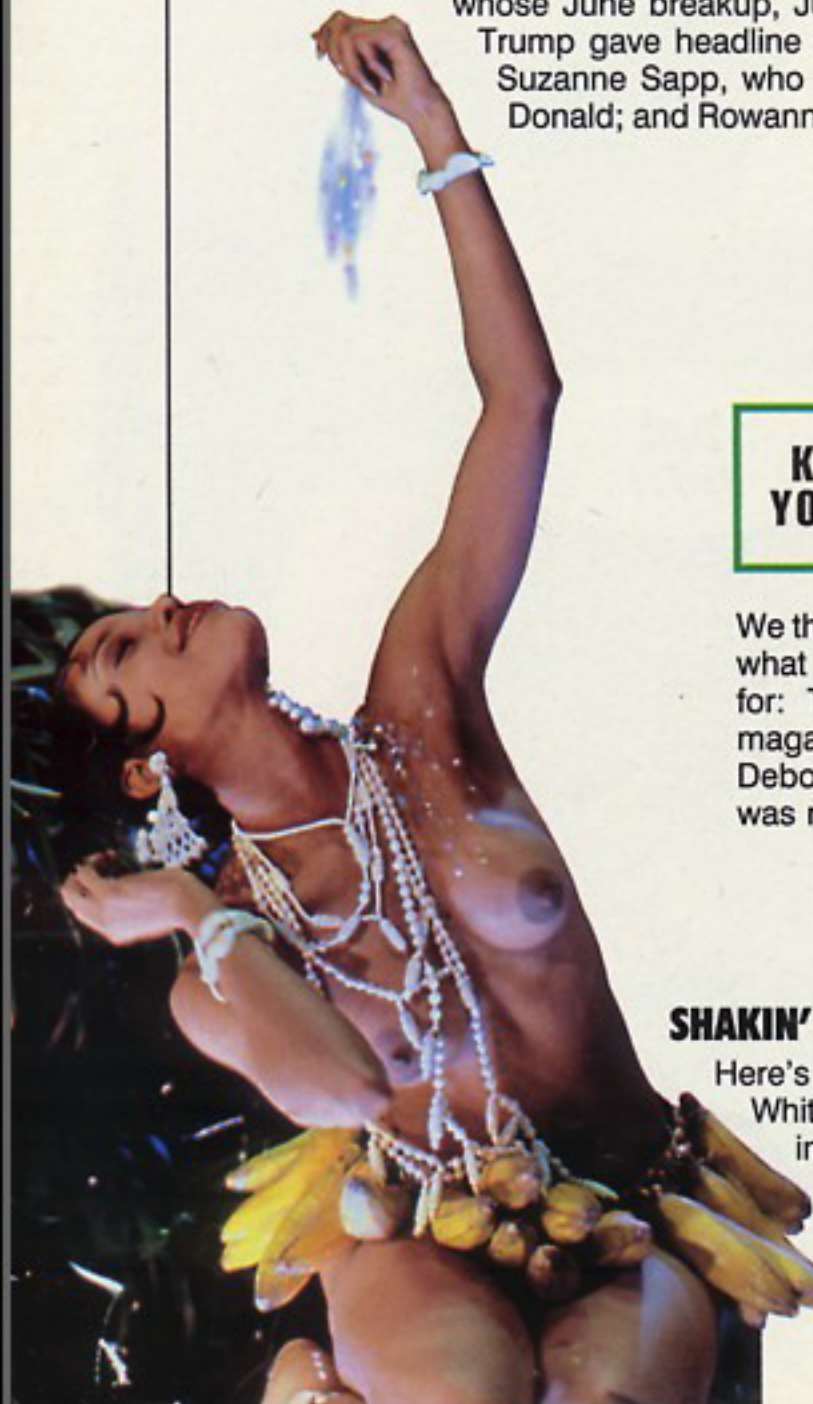
DID SO!





SIX NO TRUMP

At presstime, the media have tried to link the Donald with (clockwise, from top left) Ivana, his apparently pantyless ex; Italian model Carla Bruni; tennis tyke Monica Seles, who hid out at the Trump estate after ditching Wimbledon; Marla Maples, whose June breakup, July sparkler and September breakup with Trump gave headline writers a workout; Miss America, Carolyn Suzanne Sapp, who denied bragging to contestants of dating Donald; and Rowanne Brewer, a late-1990-early-1991 squeeze.



KEEP 'EM IN YOUR BLOUSE!



We thought that's what they were for: This *People* magazine shot of former *Today* co-anchor Deborah Norville nursing her infant son, Niki, was reportedly a factor in NBC's letting her go.

SHAKIN' BAKER

Here's a motive for hooking up to cable: Lynn Whitfield's Emmy award-winning performance in HBO's critically acclaimed *The Josephine Baker Story* as the legendary entertainer whose erotic dancing rocked *tout* Paris.

KEEP IT IN YOUR PANTS!

Charges and counter-charges flew as William Kennedy Smith (top) was arrested for raping a Florida woman at the Kennedy family compound in Palm Beach over Easter weekend. Michele Cassone, a waitress who was also present at the compound, took advantage of her moment in the spotlight until *A Current Affair* reporter Steve Dunleavy confronted her on camera with explicit photos from a racy past she'd denied. So she bit him.

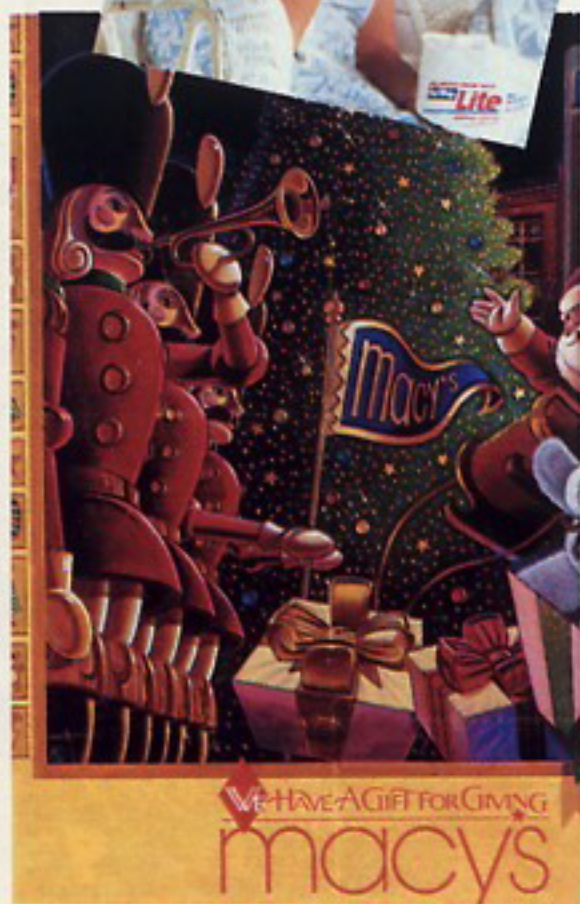


Just as you venture into the Magic Kingdom, take a moment, fantasy and magic to explore, and for a moment, bring Disney characters to share it with. So, it's over.

Magic Kingdom

NOW YOU SEE 'EM, NOW YOU DON'T

The ad above was published in *Newsweek* February 4. Two weeks later, it reappeared—with the alteration shown in the inset. Even a hint of cleavage is too much for Disney.



SUBLIMINAL SEX

We'd say ad-agency artists are having fun with us. Check the ecstatic lip-smacker enjoying Cool Whip Lite and Macy's oh-so-erect wooden soldiers.



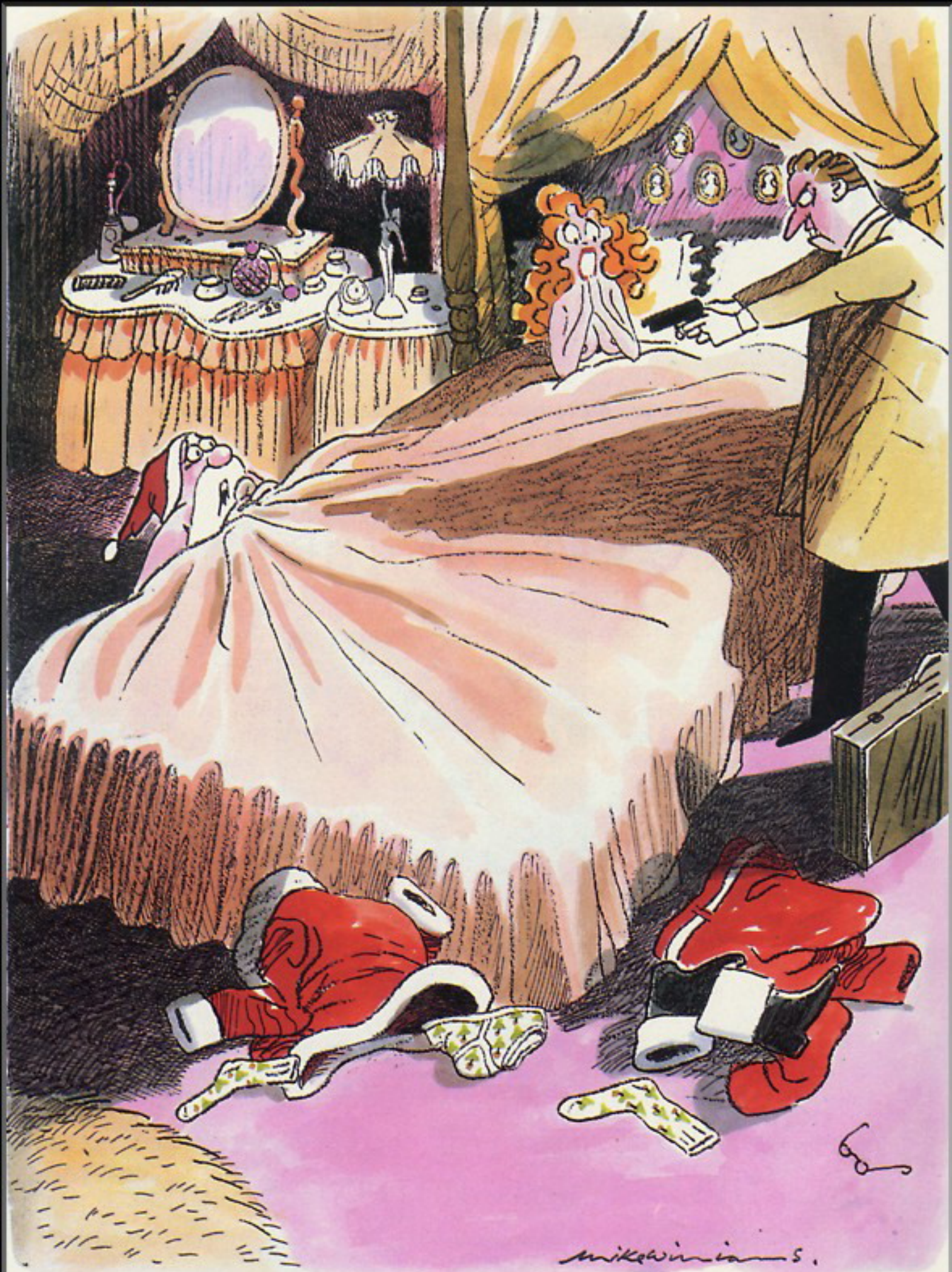
PRURIENT PASTRY

The Lutheran pastor who married porn star/parliamentarian Ilona "Cicciolina" Staller and sculptor Jeff Koons in Budapest imposed a condition: "No more advertising of free love." Hmm. Did he see the cake?

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THE ACTION JACKSONS

La Toya Jackson posed for *Playboy* to celebrate publication of her autobiography, in which she says her dad, Joseph (below), beat her. Abused her sexually, too, she told reporters. Her parents called, then canceled, a press conference to refute the allegations.





"I had to give her something. I ran out of presents."

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

Cancel lunch. Reschedule your appointments. Tell the guys there's no time for football. Tell them you have to call the Playmates. The 12 most beautiful women in the world are waiting by the phone. Waiting for you. You can help decide which one spends 1992 as our Playmate of the Year. The winner drives a shiny new car to the bank, along with her \$100,000 cash prize—and you might make out almost as well. To join the party, call our hotline (the cover charge is three dollars per minute). Tell us your choice for P.M.O.Y. and hear her recorded message. But be ready



for more: Some phonemates will speak to their Playmates live. And the luckiest caller wins a trip for two to Los Angeles for the Playmate of the Year party at Playboy Mansion West, with luxury hotel accommodations, tours of the Playboy photo studios and Universal Studios—plus \$500 in folding money. For details, see page 173. For a shot at a love connection with your favorite Playmate, pick up the phone now.

Last year, some lucky callers made person-to-person connections with Playmate of the Year 1991 Lisa Matthews (left). Want to help choose Lisa's successor? Call right now.

HELP US CHOOSE!

CALL THE PLAYMATE HOTLINE. SEE PAGE 173.

The Playmates of 1991 want to know who you think should reign as our Playmate of the Year 1992. This competition is friendly—forget what you've heard about the cattiness of gorgeous women; you won't find it here—but the stakes are high. Your decision will be divinely difficult, as the next 11 pages prove. But when you make your choice, don't delay. Seize the phone, call the hotline (in Canada, 1-800-722-6172) and make your Playmate's day.



MISS JANUARY—01



MISS MARCH—03



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS JULY—07



MISS MAY—05



MISS APRIL—04



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS JUNE—06



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS DECEMBER—12



Miss August

CORINNA HARNEY

Budding poet Corinna (left) thrilled at the sight of her verses published in these pages last summer—a thrill enhanced by the many letters she received from blissful *Playboy* readers. Wrote one: "We need more poets in the world!" Inspired to return to school this year, our literary Las Vegas Playmate has her sights set on a writer's life when her modeling days are through.

Miss January

STACY ARTHUR

On her Playmate Data Sheet, Stacy (right) confided her ambition: "To become a successful country singer." Not one to wait on fate, this Ohioan—a mother of three and a top-ten finalist in the 1990 Mrs. America Pageant—headed into a Nashville studio last fall between modeling gigs. With her hopes roped to an Opryland debut, Stacy aims to become our first C&W P.M.O.Y.





Miss September

SAMANTHA DORMAN

When we checked in with Samantha (left), she was hanging out at her parents' barbecue restaurant in North Carolina—the best smoke-house sales' tool south of the Mason-Dixon line. Her goals haven't changed a jot since her splash on the pages of *Playboy*. A jet-set vet and model for nearly a decade, this down-to-earth beauty is aiming for a career in marine biology.

Miss March

JULIE CLARKE

In and out of more bikinis than she could count last year, Julie (right) parlayed her bronzed assets and centerfold celebrity into the glamorous life of a swimwear model. An agent in Paris wants to sign "Jules" (as friends call her) to dazzle Europe. But the 20-year-old Florida beauty, who now lives in Tampa, says she may kick back in 1992—swim in the ocean, ride and go back to school.

Miss July

WENDY KAYE

The last time you saw her on these pages, Wendy (left) was draped in red, white and blue ribbons, waving Fourth of July sparklers. Our patriotic Playmate has since ridden a float in Manhattan's Desert Storm parade and graced the greens in a golf benefit for the families of Servicemen killed in the war. This small-screen siren is now co-hosting Santa Barbara's *Around the Town Live* show.





Miss April

CHRISTINA LEARDINI

"I've had a total personality change—my goals have changed completely!" reports Christina (left) of life since her issue hit the stands. Before her *Playboy* debut, Miss April was a domestic goddess—happy at home in Florida, cooking, cleaning and caring for her husband and young son. Since the spring, Mrs. Mom, 23 years old in January, has added a blossoming career as a model.

Miss May

CARRIE JEAN YAZEL

A practical girl in a town full of flakes, Carrie (right) took an office job in Los Angeles when she launched her career as a model/actress last spring. After quick successes on commercials and TV series, including appearances on the newly syndicated *Baywatch* and NBC's *Blossom*, Carrie is now ready to quit her day job. The best news from a year of *Playmate* fame? "I got engaged!"





Miss October
CHERYL BACHMAN

Jacksonville whipped itself into a late-summer frenzy when Cheryl (right) stepped into *Playboy's* limelight. *The Florida Times-Union* ran a feature story and followed it with a phone survey (more people liked the story on Cheryl than didn't—big news!). Then the savvy civic fathers offered Miss October a key to the city. "Isn't that *wild*?" she asks. Naah. It's perfectly understandable.

Miss February
CRISTY THOM

Cristy (left) wore holes in the soles of her traveling shoes last year. Between auditions and acting classes, the aspiring screen star let modeling pay her way to such far-flung backdrops as China, Czechoslovakia, Germany, Mexico and the Maldives. The money was nice and seeing the sights was lots of fun, but this Los Angeles native has her heart set on making good in her home town.

Miss June
SASKIA LINNSEN

"I don't want to get stuck all my life," Holland's Saskia (right) told us when we met her in England. Saskia, whose English is a shade less spectacular than her metric measurements—97-68-97—means she abhors routine. She avoided it in 1991, communing with nature and turning heads all over Europe, while our Dutch edition sold 150 life-sized Saskia torsos to art-loving readers.





Miss November

TONJA CHRISTENSEN

Her mom was glad when Tonja (left) became a Playmate last year—it brought the adventurous 20-year-old back from Spain to meet her new fans on this side of the Atlantic. Born and raised in Utah, Miss November traveled to Europe with a friend, then settled in Sitges, a resort town near Barcelona. Now she auditions *en español y catalán* for modeling and acting jobs.

Miss December

WENDY HAMILTON

Would she like to be in music videos? On television shows? In the movies? "Yeah, all of them!" replies Wendy (right), laughing. A recent Hollywood transplant, this Detroit native is not letting the L.A. run-around get her down. If she shows up for an audition and sees 100 beautiful girls in line ahead of her, "I mentally block them out. It's like I don't even see them. I'm there for *me*."





Ingrid Amadi

"Remember, 'Happy New Year' is not a synonym for 'Let's screw!'"



YOU CAN GO FOR THE CAPE IF YOU WANT. I'M GOING TO NAIL THAT LITTLE PANSY IN THE TIGHTS.



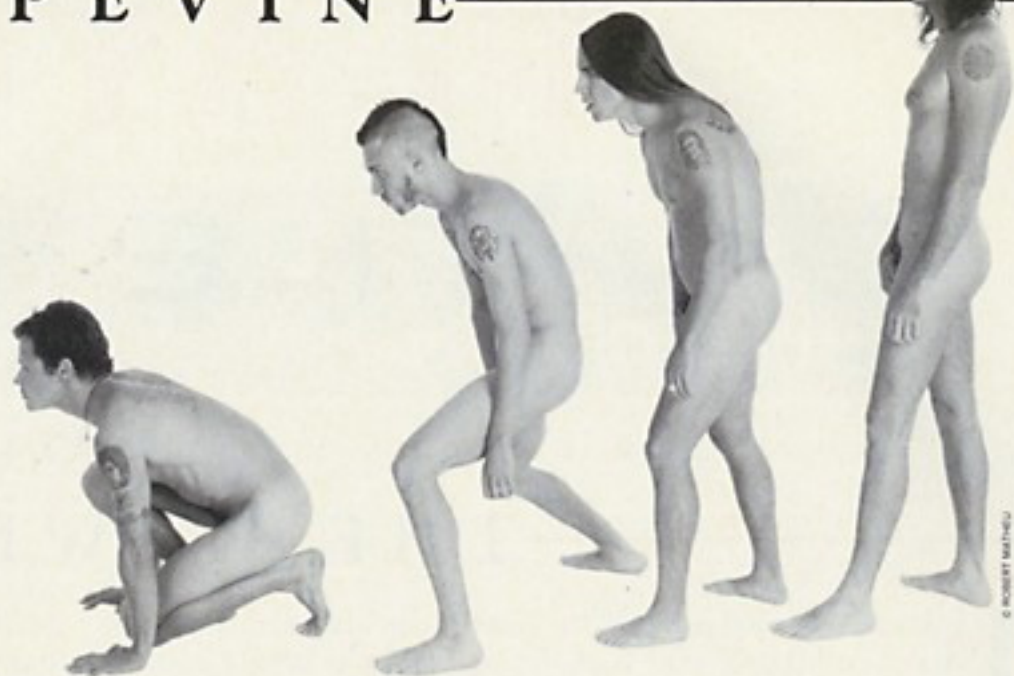
"That's sweet of you, but I'm already scheduled to be under some other guy's tree on Christmas Eve."



“Many people feel vulnerable during the holidays—are you such a person?”

Buns of Fun

Actress JASAE graced the big screen in *Road House* and *Bad Girls from Mars*. She also appeared on *360*, a *Playboy at Night* cable show. We like her like this.



The Descent of Man

These guys can descend and ascend at the same time. The RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS are currently touring the U.S. in support of their LP *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*, and they're *not* paying a cent for wardrobes.

Accentuate the Positive

Supermodel ELLE MACPHERSON's latest calendar retails for \$13.95 and includes, as Elle puts it, "sexy and commercial" photos. That's a concept *Grapevine* can get behind 100 percent. Elle's swell.



Arms and the Woman

CINDY MARGOLIS calls herself America's number-one poster girl, and with more than 50 posters on the market, she might be right. Cindy has modeled swimsuits all over TV. Less is more.





© PHILIPPE BOUAL/GAMMA LIAISON

Brad's Conversation Pitt

Actor BRAD PITT made a splash in *Thelma & Louise*. Look for him in Robert Redford's movie of *A River Runs Through It*. Brad, your fly's open.

Kim Shows Off

Does KIM GAGLIANO look familiar? Her titles include Miss New York Seltzer 1988 and Miss Miller Lite Hawaii 1989. She had the cover of *Swimwear Illustrated*, a poster for Nautilus of California and a *Hot Rod* magazine calendar. Seeing is believing.



© WERNER W. POLLENER



PAUL MATVIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Round-Trippers

Look out for 3RD BASS. The LP *Derelects of Dialect* has gone gold on the charts, and the single, *Pop Goes the Weasel*, struck gold, too. If you've only seen the *Weasel* video, catch them on tour. These guys are slugging homers.

NEXT MONTH



LEAN YEARS



WORLD'S WONDERS



CAR FARE



RACHEL'S HITS

"LOVE IN THE LEAN YEARS"—A MIDDLE-AGED STOCK-BROKER MARRIES HIS WEALTHY CLIENT, ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT HER LAST THREE HUSBANDS MET ACCIDENTAL DEATHS—FICTION BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

"THE GHOST OF BUGSY SIEGEL"—NOBODY PERSONIFIED GANGSTER STYLE BETTER THAN THE FOUNDER OF THAT NEON EMPIRE, LAS VEGAS. ON THE EVE OF **WARREN BEATTY'S** *BUGSY*, THE INSIDE STORY OF A SHORT, DANGEROUS LIFE—BY **PETE HAMILL**

"PLAYBOY'S WORLD TOUR '92"—A BREATH-TAKING VIEW OF THE HOTTEST MODELS FROM *PLAYBOY'S* INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

LIZ SMITH, GOSSIP COLUMNIST *EXTRAORDINAIRE*, GOES FOR THE DEEP DISH ON HER INVOLVEMENT IN THE **TRUMP** WAR, AMERICA'S INSATIABLE THIRST FOR DIRT AND THE ETHICS OF TATTLING ON CELEBRITY FRIENDS IN A JUICY **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"MY ROMAN HOLIDAY"—THE WORLD'S MOST NEUROTIC COMEDIAN ABANDONS GIRLFRIENDS AND SHRINK TO CO-STAR WITH **SEAN YOUNG**, THE WOMAN WHO GAVE **KEVIN**

COSTNER HOLLYWOOD'S BEST LIMO LAY EVER—A WACKY SEXUAL ADVENTURE BY **RICHARD LEWIS**

"THE THINKING MAN'S GUIDE TO WORKING WITH WOMEN"—IN THE WAKE OF THE **CLARENCE THOMAS-ANITA HILL** BATTLE, WE EXPLORE ON-THE-JOB RELATIONSHIPS WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX—BY **DENIS BOYLES**

JENNIFER JASON LEIGH REVEALS WHY SHE LOVES BAD GIRLS, WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A PEEP-SHOW PERFORMER AND HOW SHE PREPARED TO BE PULLED APART BY A TRACTOR-TRAILER IN A LIVELY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"THE CONSPIRACY THAT WON'T GO AWAY"—WAS IT THE NATION'S MOST NOTORIOUS COVER-UP? CONSPIRACY THEORIST **JIM GARRISON** ASSESSES THE STATE OF THE KENNEDY INVESTIGATION AS WE AWAIT **OLIVER STONE'S** MOVIE—BY **CARL OGLESBY**

PLUS: SECOND LINES FROM TOP FASHION DESIGNERS, BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; A SPECIAL PICTORIAL WITH SUPER-MODEL **RACHEL WILLIAMS**; A BECKONING CALL TO THE OPEN ROAD; THE UNVEILING OF **"PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE