

PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

APRIL 1983 • \$3.00

**DYNASTY STAR
PAMELA
BELLWOOD
GOES NATIVE
IN AN EXOTIC,
EXCLUSIVE
PICTORIAL**

**NORMAN
MAILER'S
WILD NEW
NOVEL OF
ANCIENT EGYPT
PART ONE:
A SOLDIER IN
THE HAREM**

**PAUL
NEWMAN
AT HIS
FUNNIEST
AND SADDEST:
A VERY FRANK
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW**

**20 QUESTIONS
WITH
BASKETBALL'S
STREET-SMART
ORACLE:
AL MCGUIRE**

**LADIES
OF SPAIN
TEN PAGES
OF SPICY
SEÑORITAS**

**SEX, DOPE AND
MURDER—THE
LIFE AND
BAD TIMES OF
PORN STAR
JOHN HOLMES**

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it

QUEEN OF THE SILVER SILK SCREEN

We'd always thought that actress Joan Collins was an immortal, but PLAYBOY illustrator Pat Nagel made it official with *Collins*, a limited-edition serigraph. Below right: Collins with her co-stars from *Dynasty*, Linda Evans and John Forsythe, at the portrait's recent unveiling.



SORRY, CHAN. YOU'RE CUTE, BUT NOT THAT CUTE

The *Girls of "Saturday Night Live"* were great. You don't recall that one? Don't worry; you didn't see it here. The show had its own fun in a recent skit. That's PLAYBOY's intrepid *Girls of . . .* photographer David Chan giving some pointers to the cast's Mary Gross, Robin Duke and Julia Louis-Dreyfus. Chan shot the cover at right, featuring Gross.



WHAT KIND OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

At right, sociologist Rosanna Hertz and Senior Staff Writer James R. Petersen discuss their work on *The Playboy Readers' Sex Survey* with Phil Donahue. The audience was dynamite: Some had responded to our questionnaire and couldn't wait to talk about it on the air.



UP AGAINST THE WALL, CANDY

Candy Collins has more pinup posters—six—to her credit than any other Playmate ever. Above: This one's for you and the world-wide auto-parts manufacturer Nippondenso. Look for dandy Candy, Miss December 1979, again in Geffen Film Productions' *Risky Business*, due at Easter.



SHA NA NA, WON'T YOU COME OUT TONIGHT?

Left: When Sha Na Na shuffled off to Buffalo, the doo-woppers knew just where to stop: the Buffalo Playboy Club, where they gave an impromptu performance with support from the Bunnies. Our peripatetic photographer Chan (see top photo) was in the audience and got this shot.







GOING NATIVE

television's pamela bellwood visits another dynasty—among the masai of kenya

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



SHE'S ACTUALLY rather low class and economically deprived, and she's not very intellectually realized or thought out or satisfied. She's the kind of person I don't really know and never really will."

That's actress Pamela Bellwood talking about her video alter ego, Claudia Blaisdel, perhaps the only *certainly* demented character in the hugely successful ABC-TV serial drama *Dynasty*. If you know Claudia, then you haven't an inkling of what Pamela is like.

For instance, Claudia is now in an insane asylum, put there by a merciful team of writers. But her consignment to a padded pantry put Pamela on the bricks—for a while, anyway.

Strangely, there were no tears for Claudia in the Bellwood household, because while Claudia gets her head straight, Pamela is free to roam the world, a passion in which she unashamedly overindulges.

"I don't know why I love to travel so much," Pamela says, "but I really do. To me, it's very heady to just pack your bags and get on a flight and wind up someplace you've never been. I *love* that. And the rougher it is, the better I like it. I love trekking through the jungle and coming upon a village that no one's been to and having pigs moved out (text concluded on page 92)



On a photo safari for *PLAYBOY* (top and left), Pamela meets the animals and the people of Kenya. From the *Dynasty* cast (above) are Charlie's newest angels (from left), Linda Evans, Pamela, Heather Locklear, Pamela Sue Martin, Joan Collins and, in front, Blake Carrington, actor John Forsythe.

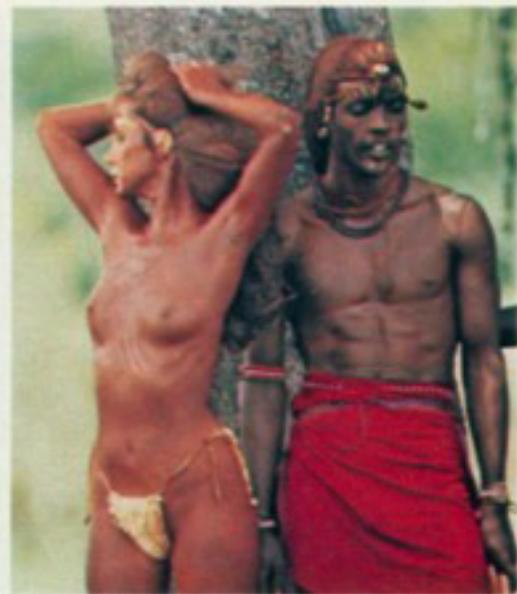
An experienced traveler, Pamela Bellwood goes native (below and right) in a special fantasy sequence staged for PLAYBOY. In the shot directly below, Pamela is greeted by the Masai warriors of Kenya and joins in their ritual jumping dance. Then, after being stripped, her body is painted by various members of the tribe, as a sign of her acceptance, with the ocher usually reserved for the male Masai.



The heads of Masai men and women are usually shaved and some of the men wear ochered and plaited wigs for ceremonies. While the men wear little, the women are always clothed. Only young, unmarried women are allowed to bare their breasts. The Masai are actually a collection of tribes in Kenya and Tanzania that speak Maa and live a nomadic life, existing mostly on the cattle herds they keep. Although our shoot broke a lot of their rules, the Masai apparently enjoyed the experience. Says Pamela, "They were wonderful actors. If you hired people, you couldn't get better reactions."







After going through the painting ritual, Pamela is transformed into a Masai tribesman, complete with the colorful beaded necklace, headdress and loincloth of the warrior. The beads are handmade by the tribes, but the metal spears and bracelets are imported, because the Masai religion forbids smelting and ironwork. Pamela engaged in some spear throwing and a game of bamboo-stick throwing with the men—all in fun, of course.







The reaction of the Masai to all this? "They didn't take offense," says Pamela, "they just thought it was very funny. I have to admit that I didn't look as good as they did in their costumes." As for Pamela, she's already contemplating a return visit on her next hiatus from TV.





of a mud-floored hut so I can sleep there. And eating with people whom I can't even communicate with verbally. There's a link that exists among people that's nonverbal. It's a behavioral link. And I've found that in so many places, and that's *fascinating*."

We caught Pamela on a refueling stop at her home in Los Angeles. In her particular neighborhood, a mud-floored hut is the result of a hot tub's overflowing. The house, though spacious, is not luxurious. It's almost Spartan by Hollywood standards. The one fairly rich-looking piece we commented on, an ornately carved bed from Thailand, was offered to us for sale. It is clearly the home of people who aren't home much.

Pamela lives there—when she's there—with Nik Wheeler, a British-born photojournalist. Along with Nik, and in her capacity as a writer for a French press syndicate, Pamela has covered the wild-mustang roundups in Nevada, East African wildebeest migrations, Filipino gun patrols, rhinoceros poaching in Kenya, river rafting in Thailand, swamp-buggy racing in Florida, World Cup soccer in Argentina, the Cannes Film Festival and the Holmes-Cooney fight, among other things.

We talked with her just after her trip to Africa and just before her junket to Japan.

In the manner of a true travel junkie, Pamela tells time by her shots: "It was about four days before we left for New Guinea, because I remember taking my malaria pills" or "It was the day before we were leaving for Japan and I had gotten my yellow-fever shots."

She calls herself an observer and makes no apologies for an insatiable curiosity. But there is more than observing going on in her. There is a lot of participating. And curiosity is a modest euphemism for her drive to learn. Her latest African jaunt was *PLAYBOY*'s idea: a 36-hour flight to the Masai Mara, a game preserve in Kenya, and another hour and a half by Land-Rover to a remote Masai village—to shoot the wild Bellwood in her preferred habitat.

The Masai, while dignified, are also fun-loving. But they are far enough off the beaten track never to have heard of *PLAYBOY*; i.e., truly remote. The cultural differences were immediately apparent.

"We found an old T-shirt," Pamela recounts, "and a baggy pair of green shorts that we were going to use for the shoot. We decided to cut the shorts to make them shorter and sexier. The Masai men were standing around watching. Then one of them, as we were cutting the shorts—and we were cutting them real high—came over and said, 'I think that is enough. I think that is more than enough.' It was sweet.

"They have a sense of etiquette. Only the unmarried women are allowed to show their breasts. Once you're married, you can't bare your chest at all. Most of the shooting we did was with married women, who

didn't mind the fact that I was bare-breasted. But then I put on this kind of loincloth, and all the women walked away and sat under a tree. They wouldn't come back as long as I was wearing that. Because, even though it's all right to show the upper part of your body, they never show their legs at all. The men show their legs, but the women wear skirts. Showing bare legs was very unnerving to them."

The Masai also tend to be very discriminating in what they pick up from Western civilization or, at least, from the little to which they're exposed. "For instance," Pamela continues, "the Masai cut their ear lobes and stretch them into large loops. Sometimes, in the tribes that are close to the tented camps, you'll see them walking around with film cans in their ears. On the other hand, when they saw my hair [cornrowed with beads at the time], one of them came up to me and looked at my beads and just said, 'Plastic.' The ones who spoke English were very funny.

"The Masai are such a beautiful people. When you look at the faces of some we shot, they are so magnificent. And they're such a gentle people. Sensuous and colorful. If this pictorial makes them more accessible to people who will never get to see them, then it will be a good thing. I hope it shows their beauty, a beauty I couldn't hope to match."

If Pamela is smitten by the Masai, she is just as enamored of the land and the animals of Kenya.

"The earth is a magnificent color," she rhapsodizes. "It's ocher, bright orange-red clay. And the flowers are extraordinary. Bright yellows and oranges and pinks all in combination with the really fresh green, plus magnificent vistas, beautiful rivers and lakes. And amid all that, wildlife that you don't have anywhere else in the world. It's as close to Eden as you can imagine."

But Pamela saw trouble in paradise, too. "I saw all these impalas that were just dying. A lot of animals were dying because of the drought. Females were dying in childbirth because they didn't have the strength to deliver their calves. So you would see babies kind of half out of their mothers and both of them dead. Or hyenas just waiting for a mother to deliver. They're such thieves! They'll just snatch the baby from her.

"There are barbed-wire fences around the game preserve. I saw impalas jump through the barbed wire because the drought was so severe. They get caught and just push themselves through. It's very upsetting to see an animal disoriented like that. And yet, the first time I went to Africa, it was like going home. I don't know why, but I remember seeing a mountain in the northern part of Kenya that I felt I'd seen before—that I'd been there before. I remember getting up at dawn and having breakfast on that moun-

tain and feeling that I could spend the rest of my life there. I've never had that feeling any other place. So Africa is a very, very, very special place for me."

Pamela Bellwood is a native of New York. She attended a fashionable Eastern college that she refuses to name. She describes her family as "a middle-class family from the East Coast, business-oriented. My father is very involved in the stock market. An establishment family."

She began her acting career on the stage in Boston, London and New York successively. Her movie credits include *Two-Minute Warning*, *Airport '77*, *Serial*, *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* and *Hangar 18*. You've seen her on the tube in *Mannix*, *Police Story*, *Baretta*, *The Hallmark Hall of Fame* and in the Faye Dunaway role in TV's version of *Network*, which was called *WEB*. (Pamela actually took the role of Claudia Blaisdel to avoid being typecast as the "hard-bitten female-executive type" she had played in *WEB*.)

Still, nothing in her background would explain her predilection for mud floors. The fact is, she lives two completely separate lives. The acting finances the travel and the travel broadens the acting talent. We wondered if it were the contrasting danger that attracted her to the wanderer's life. Pamela wondered where the real danger was.

"I'd much rather sleep in a tented camp knowing there are hippos or lions outside that can be very dangerous if you have to go to the outhouse at three in the morning—I'd rather deal with that kind of danger than with the element of danger coming from sophisticated hypocrisy and back-stabbing. We feel out of the bush and into the jungle when we come back to Los Angeles. One time, I was in a little village in northern Thailand at an elephant roundup. I had to fly back here to have lunch with this Beverly Hills lawyer in a Beverly Hills restaurant. And he told me that the stereo set that he put in his office cost him \$40,000, but it gave great music and it was the same kind that Barbra Streisand had. I was thinking that the entire gross income of the village I had just left 24 hours earlier was probably smaller than the cost of his stereo system. So if you ask me why I travel, why I like to go places, it's just to gain a larger perspective than you get here.

"I mean, I like my pretty house and I like nice cars and creature comforts. It's nice to be able to have them. But I think what is not nice is not to be able to live without them. I don't think that would be a problem for me, though I'm not yet ready to give them up. But I don't think you have to give up one thing for the other. I'm trying to achieve a balance in my life. So far, it's satisfying."





*"movin' on" is miss ferguson's
theme song, but for her,
it's a ballad, not a blues*

Christina's World

*A*LFWAY THROUGH breakfast, you remember a quotation from an old Irish wit: The woman has at least a dozen pasts, and they all fit. Christina Ferguson understands the reference. She is an Air Force brat. She is fresh, remarkably wholesome yet worldly. She is 19 years old, but already she has lived in some 15 states. "I've lived in towns as small as Prattville, Alabama, and Lubbock, Texas. I've lived in large cities. Los Angeles. Las Vegas. Now I'm living in Dumfries, Virginia, while my father goes to War College. The town is so small it doesn't even have a video store. Can you believe that?" We discuss the effect of living in so many locations, on such short notice. Christina is remarkably poised. "Every time you move, it's a new lease on life. You can change what went wrong with the last set of goods. You can be mysterious. You know, I used to have a Southern accent. We moved from Las Vegas to Virginia and my sister decided to become a preppie." Christina gives a shrug, as though to say there's no accounting for taste. One has the sense that she has had

Christina has a regular schedule for her spare time: "I like to lie out in the sun, swim, jog, sew my own clothes, go shopping, run a few errands, then meet with my friends." Another rotten day in paradise.



Christina is an Air Force brat. "My father went to the Air Force Academy. He is a fighter pilot. He flew with the Thunderbirds. I've lived in about 15 states. It's 'An Officer and a Gentleman: the Sequel.'" Only better.

a lot of fun living the life of a gypsy. "Let's see. What were my favorite places? I liked Alabama. I lived there in my pre-shampoo age, fifth to eighth grade. I had braces. No boyfriends. My mother ran a bar. We had a lot of river-rat friends. Have you ever cooked a pig in the dirt? I liked Las Vegas. It's a big little town. Where else can you see a show or a movie or go skiing? Where else does your high school class hold its graduation at the Aladdin Hotel or its prom at Caesars Palace? I loved dressing up in gowns, being chauffeured around in limousines." And then there were the jobs available in Las Vegas. "I used to lie on a raft in the middle of a swimming pool. It was supposed to encourage the tourists to rent rafts. It was a very popular high school job." Suddenly changing the subject, Christina confesses, "I took my earnings and bet pro football. Boy, was I pissed at the N.F.L. strike! It really cut down my income." Did Las Vegas have any other effect on Christina? "Of course. You grow up quickly in this town. I recall a road trip. My girlfriend and I bought some dirty magazines at the bus terminal. We sat in the back of the



We asked Christina for ideas for a picture story. "I see myself in a warm and cozy place, a cabin in the mountains surrounded by handmade blankets and a fireplace. Outdoors in a meadow with fresh daisies and pine trees and cutoff shorts."



bus . . . she read the stories and I did the sound effects. I guess you had to be there. Las Vegas is definitely ahead of its time. I visited my relatives in Denver and went to church. I heard some girls talking about *Some Kind of Hero*. There is this terrific hot scene where Margot Kidder makes love to Richard Pryor. She is on top, making these incredible moves. These girls in church said to each other, 'I didn't even know you could do it that way.' I had to leave the room." Of her own sex life,

Below, Christina works on an old family quilt with her mother, Margaret. "She's great. I'd like to go into business with her, perhaps in fashion design."





"Someone from PLAYBOY called and said they wanted to take me to Martha's Vineyard. I thought they were talking about a restaurant. For all of my travels, I'd never been to New England. It's 50 degrees in these pictures. That's cold!"



Christina is discreet. "It was great the first time and I couldn't wait for the second time. Beyond that, if you want to talk sexy, try the bathtub-and-candle scene in *A Star Is Born*. That is sexy. I've seen that movie six times. It's great foreplay." You want to know about sexy, just follow Christina around for a day. The waitress at breakfast complimented her on her beauty and asked if she had made her dress. The doorman volunteered the comment that she was the best-looking young woman he had seen in weeks. We asked if that were usual. "Do you want me to be honest? Actually, it's a slow day. My girlfriend and I once walked down the Strip in Las Vegas and counted the number of times people honked horns at us—385 times. But you can't take this seriously. The only way to deal with it is not to deal with it. Nowadays, woman is a word that no one seems to be able to define. You can't think that being attractive makes you more or less of a woman. You have to define the word for yourself." Christina is already planning that stage of her life: She is taking investment classes in a program offered by the Small Business Administration. She wants to go into business, perhaps with her mother. The money from being a Playmate will help, but Christina says that she didn't do it for the money. "I did it for a lark. For the test shots, we took a couple of bottles of champagne out into the desert. It didn't matter if the pictures came out." But, as you can see here, they did.



"It was the off-season. We stayed in this terrific little guesthouse. I had a whole floor to myself. The bedroom was beautiful. If I had to decorate a bedroom, I'd do it like that." If we had to decorate a bedroom, we'd do it like this.







"What do I have to say about these pictures? Well, I've always enjoyed lying around naked with eight or ten people taking pictures. It was a fantasy come true. Just kidding. It was hard work."



"I don't know what I expected. I had this fantasy that a Playmate just took off her clothes, someone took a few pictures and the piece appeared in the magazine. We worked for weeks on this shooting. It wasn't like a vacation. I hope you like the results." We do.



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Christina Ferguson

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 3-18-64 BIRTHPLACE: Phoenix, Arizona

AMBITIONS: To be a successful business-
woman and financially independent.

TURN-ONS: Bach, Bubble baths, eating,
good jokes, shopping, and traveling

TURN-OFFS: People who think all pretty
girls are dumb.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Best Friends, Tootsie,
An Officer and a Gentleman, E.T.

FAVORITE FOODS: Cheesecake, Chocolate ice cream,
pasta, just about anything fattening!

FAVORITE PLACE: Florence, Italy.

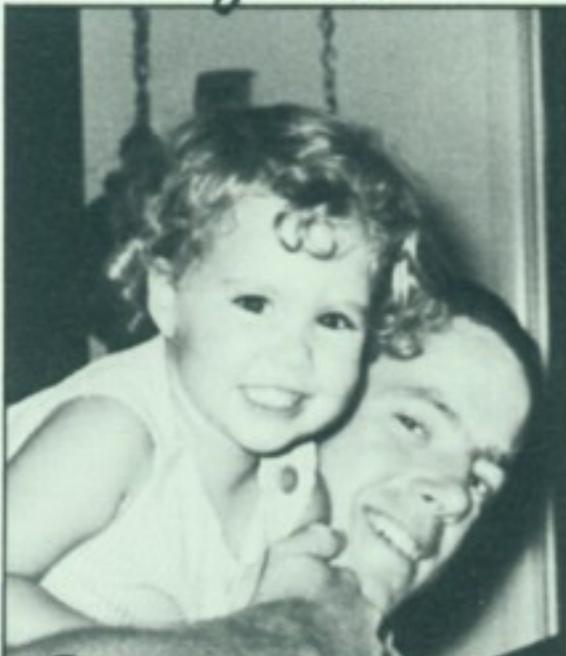
IDEAL EVENING: Monday Night Football, a six pack,
some potato chips and a close friend.

BIGGEST JOY: Eventually - Having kids
and being a good mother.

age 3

age 8

Prom



"Daddy's little girl"

Chubby Cheeks

"Cheeeese"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

You mean you want twenty dollars for this artificial vagina?" reacted the sex-shop customer. "Why, it's nothing more than a few cents' worth of latex and a few dollars' worth of vibrator!"

"Let's just say," shrugged the pleasure peddler, "that the hole can be greater than the sum of its parts."

The Religious Appendix to our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Calvinism* as the worship of designer jeans.



No, Harvey, no!" exclaimed the woman when her husband made a Saturday-afternoon sexual overture. "I had my hair done only this morning!"

"You're as practical and as right as ever, Edna," agreed Harvey. "There's absolutely no point in my ruining a ten-dollar hairdo for a two-buck piece of ass."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay naval officer* as a reared admiral.

Cried a young whacker off, "I'll be crowned
As the champ when the word gets around
I've convincingly showed
That I'm first with my load!
I can beat any jerk, pound for pound!"

A practical-minded father was lecturing his studious son on the necessity of getting to know and understand girls, so that he'd be prepared when the time came to think of marrying. "There's more to life, Johnny," he concluded, "than burying your nose in some volume or other."

"I realize that, Pop," replied Johnny, "and you'll be happy to know that there's a cute little thing in one of my classes who I've just learned to read like a book!"

Look, my specialty is live sex shows," the porno producer snapped at the underhung auditioner, "not the theater of the absurd!"

During a respite after a number of rounds of wedding-night activity, the apparently insatiable bride asked, "If I were to die tonight, dear, would you marry again?"

"Not immediately, darling, not immediately," groaned the bridegroom.

Really *macho* dykes are reputed to be employing a new vibrating dildo with a kick starter.

My, my, Congressman," whispered the shapely young female voter. "I must say you have a *very* personal approach to pressing the flesh."

But my elderly aunt was considered a highly respectable spinster!" the society matron protested. "Can't you find some way to cover up the shocking fact that she expired in bed while being simultaneously serviced by two paid studs?"

"You just leave it to me, Mrs. Van Pelt," soothed the police lieutenant. "What I'm going to put in my report is simply that she died at the stroke of two."

A symphonic musician named Dorn
Was the target of audience scorn;
For the hapless chap's pitch
Had been queered by a bitch
With the Frenching she'd given his horn.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *wandering guru* as a high-planes drifter.

I understand you had a blind date with a model," remarked the envious underclassman. "If you don't mind my asking, how did it turn out?"

"How much *can* you enjoy an evening," responded the fraternity biggie dryly, "with someone who turns out to be the Flat Earth Society's poster girl?"



Disconcerted hospital administrators are suggesting that the presurgical pubic prepping of male patients be performed with a shaving foam other than Rise.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a guy to whom a hooker tells she has a headache.

During World War Two, a quite high-ranking American officer was surprised by counter-intelligence agents while being fellated by a seductive female Axis spy. He was thereupon court-martialed on the charge of insertion in the face of the enemy.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



John
Dempsy

"Goldang it, deputy, I asked you to round me up a little posse!"

YOU'VE HAD this dream in the back of your mind: a tall, dark woman, her face half hidden in the folds of a black-lace mantilla; a mysterious promise in smoldering eyes. But there are several obstacles between you: a stone courtyard wall breached only by a wrought-iron gate, heavily padlocked; a stocky, dour duenna swathed in shapeless black; a stern father who suddenly snatches a gleaming Toledo blade from its sheath....

Wake up and smell the *café*, *fel-la*. The ladies of Spain are still, to paraphrase the song, adorable; but they are not now, if they ever were, creatures of such stereotype. (Lots of them are blondes or redheads, for starters.) And while it is true that until the death of Generalissimo (text concluded on page 146)



Carmen Moriche Real (above) lives in a Barcelona residence run by nuns, but her own attitudes are liberal—except when it comes to football, which she detests. It's hard to upstage the scenic beauty of a place like Ronda, one of southern Spain's "white towns," but Swiss-born Jolanda Egger (right) manages it nicely. When not inspiring photographers, Jolanda jumps horses.



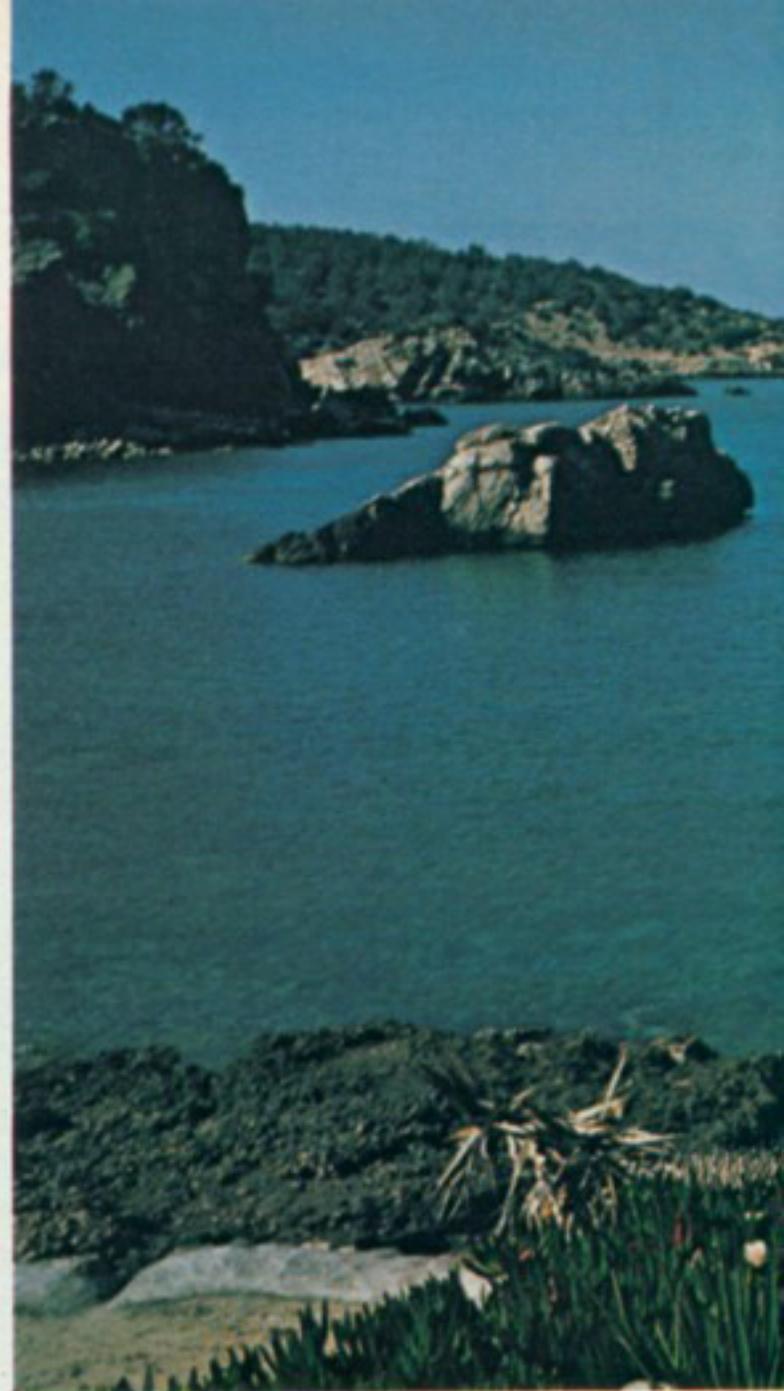
OF SPAIN

*those once demure
señoritas have really come
a long way, baby*

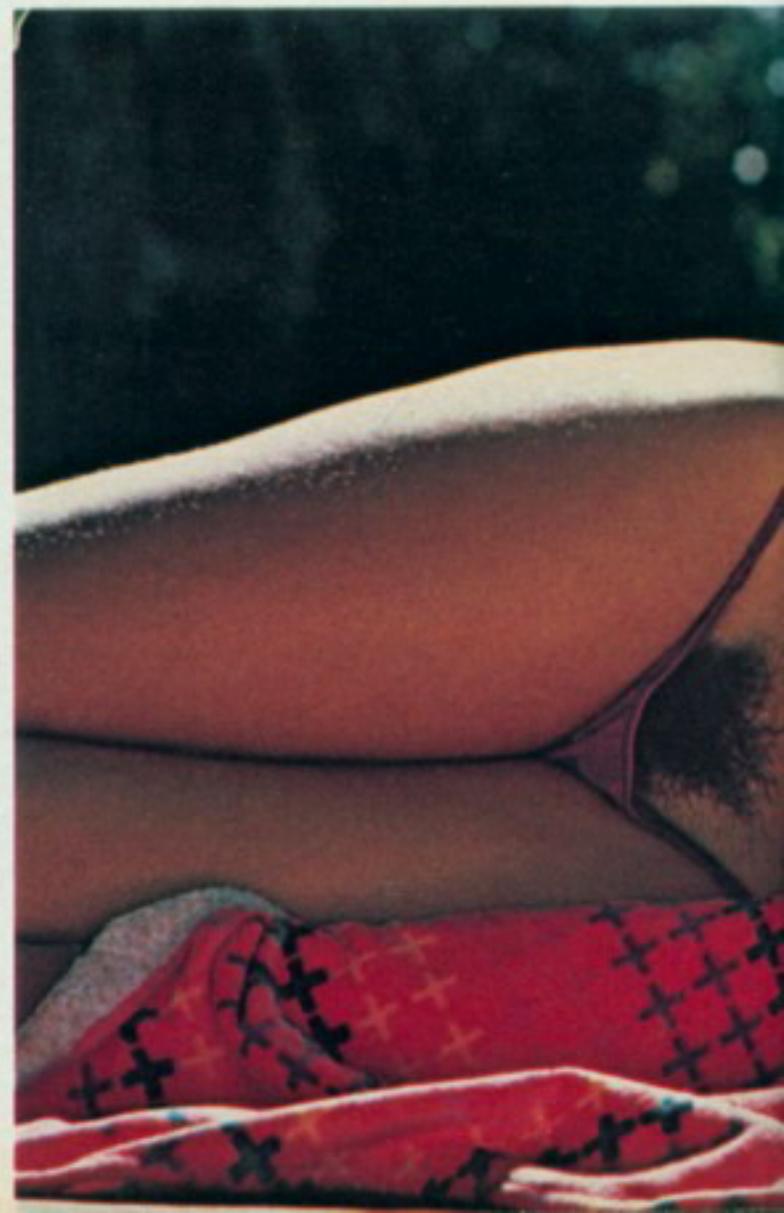




Barcelona's Nina Ferré (above) is a promising young actress who's currently appearing in her third film. She's hard at work studying English so she can try to fulfill a childhood ambition: "Since I was very small, I have always wanted to be a Hollywood actress."



Life on the Balearic island of Ibiza lured interior decorator Petra Machalinski (below left) away from her native Germany. Petra's hobby is painting; she's decorative herself.





Also happily settled on Ibiza is Elena Romero (above), who was born in the northern Spanish seacoast city of San Sebastián. A secretarial school graduate, she works as a public-relations consultant for an island night spot. Profesora Petra Sonneborn (below) teaches art history and physical education in Madrid; she has recently taken up a second successful career as a model, doing fashion shows and a number of television spots.







Yacht stewardess Rena Edmonds (far left) basks in the sunshine that bathes Marbella most of the year; there's good reason to call this shore the Costa del Sol. At near left is Madrid's Adriana Azcue, who combines a modeling career with work in public relations and admits to liking "serious, elegant, attractive men." A genuine castle in Spain provides the backdrop for Marta Elena Jimenez Perer (above), who won the title Miss Tenerife ten years ago, when she was only 14. Ana Maria Codina Pujol (below) has lived in Spain all of her 20 years; here she poses in Seville's Plaza de España, a picturesque relic of 1929's Ibero-American Exposition in that city.





Still another *Fräulein* who has elected to become a *señorita* is Heike Wesenberg (above), who, when we asked for her opinion of men, said simply that they're "the best thing in the world." Madrid model Uschi Hu (below) turns in a performance on the plains of La Mancha that, we're convinced, would have made the legendary Don Quixote forget his tilt toward windmills. It did draw the attention of curious policemen, who rubbernecked. ¿Cómo no?



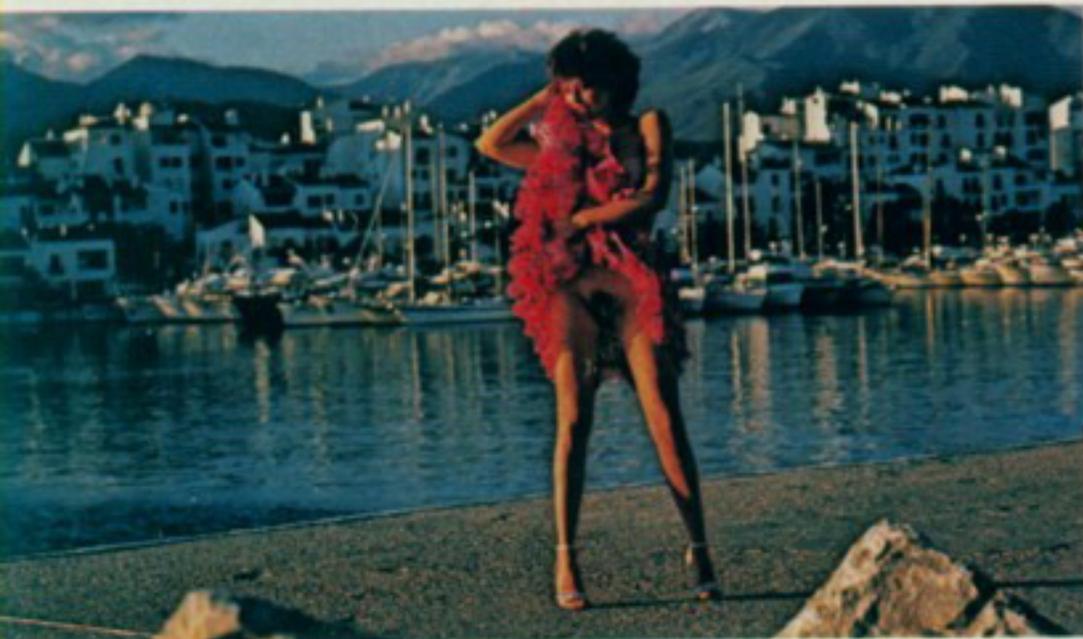


At ease beside one of Barcelona's most famous landmarks, the sculpture *La Pedrera*, by Gaudi, is local economics student Alicia Garcia Moller (above). Alicia told us that she likes jealous men, "because then I know they're not uninterested." Brussels-born Diane Beaussillon (below) spent two years in France and three cruising on a sailboat before moving to swinging Ibiza, where she works as a hostess in her father's restaurant. She appreciates men "who know what they want."





Actress/model Lola Forcada Mateo (above) is from Barcelona; one of her favorite pastimes, not surprisingly, is going to the movies. Carmen Gil Bayona (left, harborside at Marbella) also acts and models—but she prefers the latter. Carmen, who also lives in Barcelona, travels around Spain, often modeling bathing suits in fashion shows; she has had small parts in four films and somehow still finds time to teach make-up classes, swim, play tennis, dance and engage in gymnastics.



Jacqueline Lana Marcan (below) came to Barcelona from her native Manila by way of Indonesia and France. She tells us that her ambition is to become a magician. After being educated in England, Swiss-born Caroline Webb (right) spent one year in Venezuela, two in New York, then came to Spain "because I didn't know it." Now she does, and she's a language teacher in Madrid, where in recent years she has noted a marked loosening of restraints on everything from freedom of speech to entertainment ("Now you can even see transvestite shows").





Francisco Franco in 1975, nearly all freedoms, including that of sexual expression, were repressed—PLAYBOY was outlawed, for instance—in 1983, some of the *señoritas* of Spain are among the freest spirits in all Europe.

What's astonishing about this sea change is that it has taken place so profoundly in less than a decade. Or, to hear some Spaniards tell it, in less than a week. One bachelor scientist described the scene after the dictator's demise thus: "One week, all you could see was a woman's ankle. The next week, total nudity."

The scientist, who conducts research for Spain's burgeoning wine industry, has had ample opportunity to study developing Spanish womanhood. He has five sisters and several girlfriends. "I see the differences in women by five-year age spans," he told us. "It's difficult for women over 30, for example, to adjust to sexual freedom. The 25-year-olds are more liberated—and the 15-year-olds are doing everything."

We were reminded of Manuel Gutiérrez Aragón's film *Maravillas*, released a year or two ago, in which a 15-year-old girl has sex with a series of men in the flat she shares with her widowed father—while her father is at home, observing the bedroom traffic. Not the sort of scene you'd expect to see in Dubuque. When asked, at a Chicago International Film Festival press conference, if *Maravillas'* behavior were typical of 15-year-old Spanish girls, Gutiérrez Aragón replied, "Perhaps not, but it's the way most would like to be."

Such changes haven't taken place without a rent in the country's social fabric, of course, and more than one observer feels that the pendulum is about to swing back again. But it will never return to the days of the *duenna*. And today, the chances of striking up a conversation—and, with luck, entering into more intimate companionship—are just as good in Spain as they are anywhere else in the world. Spanish girls are dancing in discos, working in offices and stores, studying law and medicine, doing everything their peers in England, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland and the United States are doing.

Spain is a country of immense contrasts, from lush, semitropical Andalusia to the austere plains of Castile and the unique flavor of Galicia and the Basque country to the north. It's in the big cities—Barcelona and Madrid—and in the resort-cum-artist's-colony atmosphere of Ibiza that most of the action takes place. For one thing, there are more jobs there, and a girl is more likely to be able to afford her own apartment or, at least, to share one with girlfriends. In a smaller village, just as in East Snowshoe, Nebraska, she's more likely to live at home with the folks. Economics, in fact, has a lot to do with sexual freedom in Spain; when a woman works,

as most now do, she's more independent.

Carlos Martorell, an international-public-relations expert who describes himself as "the first guy in Barcelona, years ago, to have refused to become a lawyer and moved to Ibiza to live like a hippie, surrounded by Americans," has a lot to say about regional differences in mores.

"Ibiza is still the most open place in Spain," he says, "partly because there are so many young tourists here. It's the Sodom and Gomorrah of 1983.

"Next most liberal is Barcelona, perhaps because it's near France. The most conservative areas are Asturias and Zaragoza, in the north. As for Andalusia, there's sex there, but much of it is underground. All the society ladies are criticizing everybody else while they're fucking their chauffeurs.

"Still," he concludes, "I think we'll go back to romanticism soon. Spaniards have always been extremists."

He may be right, at least about the romanticism. Like many of the young women in Spain who posed for PLAYBOY, Barcelona's Carmen Moriche Real told us that romanticism was the quality that most pleased her in a man. But neither she nor the other young women with whom we talked want to turn the clock back to the heyday of *machismo*.

Another outsider who has adopted Spain as her homeland is Petra Sonneborn, who hails from Hannover, Germany, and now teaches in a private German school in Madrid. She was surprised at what she found: "Women are more liberal here in Spain than elsewhere in Europe; often, the younger Spanish girls will make the first move. Which makes it difficult for the rest of us, because many men think we're all fair game."

Although the liberation of women—sexual as well as economical—is pretty much a *fait accompli* in Spain, the news hasn't leaked out to many parts of the world. Even Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar was skeptical. A letter he got from a friend didn't help: "Spanish women don't even undress before their husbands! How are you going to get through this assignment?"

When he left for Spain, Pompeo took along a powerful ally in the form of Associate Photo Editor Janice Moses (who, in the process, fell so deeply in love with Spain that she made three trips to the country, on her own time, within months).

"We started out in Barcelona, where the offices of PLAYBOY's Spanish edition are located," Janice recalls. "And that should have given us an inkling that the job was not going to be impossible. The streets of Barcelona were filled with girls in very short skirts, ruffly, romantic blouses, high heels or sexy boots. It was obvious that those girls were aware of themselves and of their sensuousness. In Barcelona, we met Ignacio and Estrella Ribo—she's a journalist and he's a successful attorney by day

and owner/operator of the popular disco Up & Down by night—public-relations man Carlos Martorell and the brilliant sculptor Xavier Corberó, who allowed us to use two houses in his 300-year-old castlelike complex for our shootings.

"Those introductions helped us in other cities, such as Madrid, where we found more beautiful girls at the disco Pachá. This place reminded us of New York's Studio 54 in its heyday. If you're a night person, by the way, you'll love Spain: People never dine before ten, get to the discos at one or two and don't roll home before four or five in the morning."

Pompeo and Janice continued their odyssey through sun-baked Andalusia and the Costa del Sol, where they headquartered in Marbella's Hotel Puente Romano, with side trips to such sites as Ronda, with its ancient Roman bridge, and other spots filled with evidence of Spain's mixed cultural heritage (400 years under the Romans; nearly 800 under Moorish conquerors whose level of culture was astonishing). Next came Seville, where the Plaza de España and other remnants of the Ibero-American Exposition of 1929 pre-empt what's to come in 1992, when Seville and Chicago, PLAYBOY's home base, will each host a world's fair in commemoration of Columbus' discovery of America.

A two-hour flight took our team to the Canary Islands, Spanish provinces off the west coast of Africa. In Santa Cruz de Tenerife, a popular spot, they had scarcely settled into their hotel before the phones started ringing with calls from girls, agents who wanted appointments for their model clients and television stations asking for interviews. Exulted Janice, "Who said it couldn't be done?"

Last stop was Ibiza, long the bastion of nonconformity in Spain. There have been nude beaches on Ibiza and its neighboring Balearic Island of Formentera for some time, and the steady influx of tourists (many of whom decide to stay) has carved chinks into conservatism, even during the days of Franco. Many of the most attractive girls who posed for PLAYBOY, in fact, were born elsewhere but have settled into Spanish life in recent years. They probably wouldn't have found it congenial before.

By the time they had to hop their Iberia 747 for the flight back to the States, Janice and Pompeo were satisfied that they'd done their job. We trust you'll agree.

(For information on travel to Spain, write to one of the Spanish National Tourist Offices: 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022; Suite 915 East, Water Tower Place, 845 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611; One Hallidie Plaza, Suite 801, San Francisco, California 94102; 4800 Galleria, 5085 Westheimer, Houston, Texas 77056; or Iberia Airlines of Spain, 9777 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York 11374.)

Playboy

MUSIC '83

TO THE MAX, TOTALLY

THE YEAR IN MUSIC: In case you thought there was nothing sporting in rock 'n' roll this time around, we wish you could have heard April Wine's *If You See Kay*, which for the most part was off the radio because of what it spelled phonetically. Actually, last year, you didn't have to listen to the radio to hear the hits. Survivor's number-one tune *Eye of the Tiger* was the theme from *Rocky III*. Joe Cocker and Jennifer Warnes similarly soared with *Up Where We Belong*, from *An Officer and a Gentleman*. The Waitresses became a top draw after cutting the theme for CBS-TV's *Square Pegs*. See what we mean? Another current event: solar recording. Styx went into a solar-powered studio last year. Meanwhile, Ozzy Osbourne did his part to save the whales: He preferred to gnaw on the heads of bats and doves. And A Flock of Seagulls came up with a new hairdo that very closely resembled the doors of the late, lamented DeLorean sports coupe. Really, gag us with a spoon.



CHOP ROCK: It wasn't enough that Julian Lennon, Emma Townshend, Zak Starkey and Moon Zappa premiered their acts this past year. Now Lisa Popeil, daughter of Sam Popeil, the maker of the famed Veg-O-Matic and the Pocket Fisherman, has cut her first album, in Hollywood. No, it won't be marketed by K-tel.

HURTS SO GOOD: Bloomington, Indiana's, John Cougar (nee Mellencamp) ought to hit the TV-commercial scene (Hertz so goo-ood . . .). That's got to be better than hitting his supporters. Not too long ago, Cougar plopped a female publicist into a cake and dumped a drum set and a few amps onto his fans at a concert in London, Ontario. We'll bet first-row fans are not likely to dispute that sometimes "love don't feel like it should."



A NUTTY, MAH-VELOUS GUY: Paul Shaffer may have played every lounge in Canada—both men's and women's. Now, as musical director of David Letterman's *Late Night* show, he's responsible for some of the heppiest music on TV. His oversize smoked glasses, his wardrobe of chemically induced fabrics and colors and his forced but wan smile all contribute to the best parody of showbiz in showbiz. We love you, Paul. You're really a fabulous guy. We mean that sincerely.





EBONY & IVORY

EBONY AND IRONY: First it was brotherly love and racial harmony. Even little kids were humming along with Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder's Top 40 hit. Next thing you know, Stevie canceled his ChicagoFest booking during a black boycott sponsored by PUSH. Meanwhile, Paul went out and found himself a new partner—Michael Jackson.

TICKLING THE IVORIES: Liberace swears that no one is tickling his, despite palimony charges leveled at him by a former employee.

STRUMMIN' ON THE OLD PIANO: Pete Townshend says that in ten years, synthesizers will entirely replace guitars. Is that why The Who want to quit?

PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC, WHITE BOYS: A Chicago band, Occupants, kick out their jams entirely on Casios. Are they plugged in or what?

PUT THE PEDAL TO THE METAL: No fewer than four books about him are now on the racks. They're turning his life story into a movie. Johnny Carson even got him into a tux. But nothing can stop The Killer—not bad booze, bad girls or bad luck. There's still a whole lotta shakin' going on.

ROCKMAN HIT LIST: Some performers don't deserve an audience. They deserve a Rockman, the new toy that enables musicians to listen to themselves via a headset, saving the world from useless slaughter. Our Rockman hit list: The Plasmatics, Scott Baio, Billy Idol, The Psychedelic Furs, and Sammy Hagar.



BEATLES XX: The Beatles' 20th anniversary was in 1982. Prince Philip, Queen Elizabeth and Paul McCartney celebrated at Royal Albert Hall. MGM/UA Home Video issued a chart-topping two-hour documentary, *The Compleat Beatles*, and a West Coast band

changed its name from The Bangs to The Bangles. The new fab four, at left, sound Beatley but are definitely the female of the species.



STRAW-MAN: *Billboard* reported that when record stores start stocking video games, record sales increase. And Maxell found that its audio-tape customers buy twice as many records as average record buyers. So what's eating the music biz, anyway?



NAME THAT CROWD: Sure, you know the performers, but can you tell their audiences apart? To find out, match each crowd with the description of what they're watching: (a) Pink Floyd's *The Wall*, (b) The Blues Stage at ChicagoFest, (c) The Police at the Us Festival, (d) Dave Brubeck, (e) The Who, (f) Dean Martin on TV, (g) Parliament/Funkadelic. Look for answers on page 190.



BUT WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUBMARINE: A Russian submarine sailed into Swedish waters, but when the Swedes failed to net the ostensible red herring, they blamed rock music. Technicians' ears, said navy brass, were so damaged by high-decibel rock 'n' roll that technicians had trouble listening to sensitive sonar equipment.

ROCK-'N'-ROLL COUPLE OF THE YEAR: On the screen below, Chicago radio personality Steve Dahl hugs his leading lady in *Falklands!*, a rock video tape about a lonely soldier and his war bride. We liked the part where the sheep learns to play drums. Tragically, by war's end, she becomes the featured attraction in a back-yard barbecue.



GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS

they sing hot; they write smart; heck, they even play their instruments. to put it another way: the girls got ripe this past year

Joan Jett

Laurie Anderson

COLLAGE BY ANN KORACH

Girlschool

Go-Go's

Karla DeVito

Tanè Cain

Cindy Wilson

Dale Bozzio



You've heard talk of the *women* of rock, but we think our headline, from Marshall Crenshaw's song, belongs here. After all, if The Who are the *kids* and Brownsville Station smoked in the *boys'* room, then the significant troops of hot new female rockers must be girls, huh? Fortunately, like the boys of rock, the girls of rock don't grow up, either. When they do, they talk about retiring. Of course, we'd talk about retiring, too, if our competition were looking and acting this good. From the *avant-garde* electronic noodling of Laurie Anderson to the chirpy, sock-hop fun of the Go-Go's and Toni Basil, there was nothing the girls hadn't tried this past year. Girlschool and Catholic Girls outheaved the boy heavy-metalists, while Exene, lead singer of X, wrote songs about rubber sheets and marriage. Grace Jones, who's actually a girl, and Prince, who's actually a boy, made fascinating theater out of sexual ambiguity. (Sorry about the picture, Prince—we're confused.) Talking Heads bassist Tina Weymouth toured last summer with her very pregnant tummy sheathed in a supportive sling. As you can see, traditionalist Wendy O. Williams wowed us with her old-fashioned feminine accessories—clothespins. And Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson of the B-52's are keeping the beehive alive. When we saw The Motels' Martha Davis taking healthy whacks at her Telecaster, we tried to keep in mind that she is the mother of two teenaged girls. Josie Cotton's single *Johnny Are You Queer?* brought out the pickets against a radio station that played it. Former Playboy Bunny Dale Bozzio emerged as lead singer for Missing Persons. And among all the newer faces, the veterans have been surviving in style: Grace Slick, Debbie Harry, Stevie Nicks, Linda Ronstadt, Pat Benatar and Joni Mitchell. Any day now, a new graffito is going to pop up: BONNIE RAITT IS GOD. But to really put this in perspective, just remember that Big Mama Thornton's was the voice that first gave you *Hound Dog*. We'd say it's taken a long time for females to get into the male-dominated rock arena, but we're glad they did.



Wendy O. Williams

Deborah Harry

Linda Ronstadt

Stevie Nicks

Pat Benatar

Bonnie Raitt

Josie Cotton

Grace Jones

Martha Davis

Kate Pierson

Exene

Grace Slick

Prince

Catholic Girls

Rock WINNERS

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES



STEVIE WONDER male vocalist;
composer / songwriter

DIANA ROSS female vocalist

EARTH, WIND & FIRE group

POP/ROCK



BILLY JOEL keyboards

PAUL McCARTNEY male vocalist,
bass, composer / songwriter

STEVIE NICKS female vocalist

MICK FLEETWOOD drums

FLEETWOOD MAC group

CARLOS SANTANA guitar

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

ALABAMA group



WILLIE NELSON male vocalist, composer / songwriter

ROY CLARK string instrumentalist

LINDA RONSTADT female vocalist

JAZZ

BUDDY RICH percussion

STANLEY CLARKE bass

HERB ALPERT brass

CHICK COREA keyboards

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. woodwinds

LIONEL HAMPTON vibes



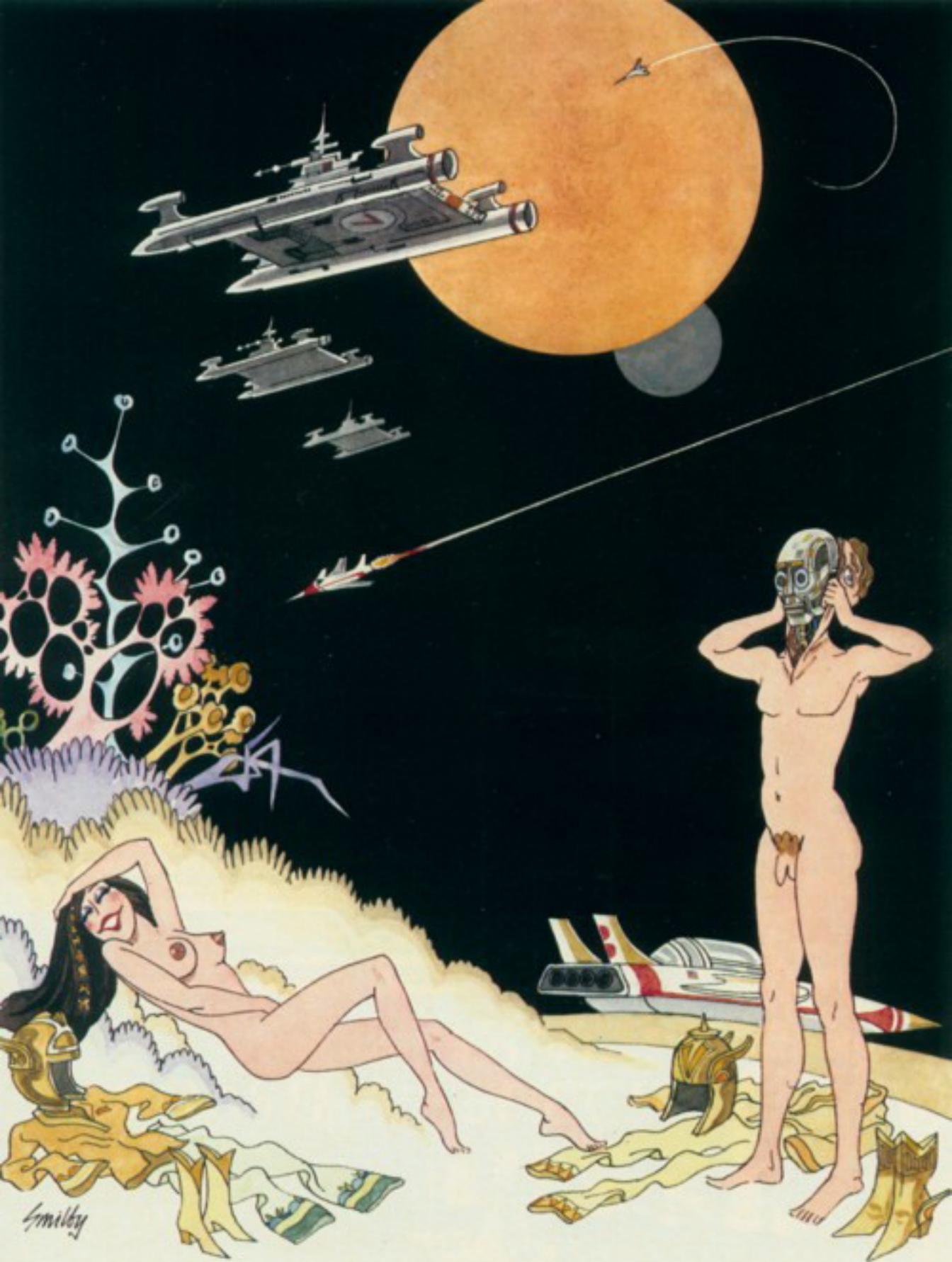
GEORGE BENSON guitar

QUINCY JONES composer / songwriter

MANHATTAN TRANSFER group

ROBERTA FLACK female vocalist

AL JARREAU male vocalist



"Are you undressed yet, honey?"



"They said I'm overqualified!"



*"Why is it when I'm horny it's 'lust,' but when
you're horny it's 'affection'?"*

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

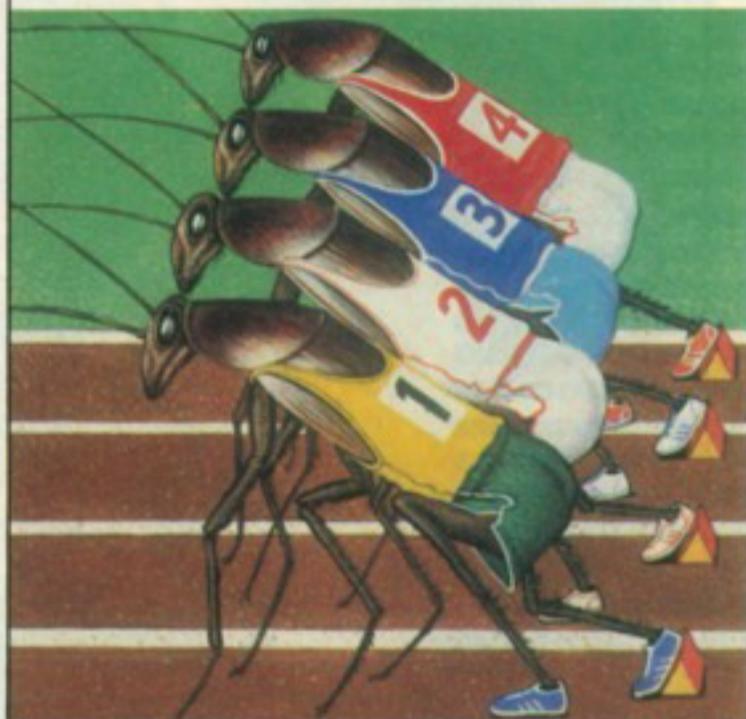


JUST GOOD CLEAN FUN

Most people jump into the shower to get the oil off their bods, but the naughty folks at European Water Works (a division of Trileen, Inc.), 711 West 17th Street, Costa Mesa, California 92627, have something else in mind. The hand-held shower they're peddling (it's aptly named Brio, which is the Italian word for vigor) not only gives great water but dispenses oils, gels, essences or anything else slick and scented from its built-in reservoir. The price for all this good, clean fun is only \$42, postpaid; and that includes flexible hose, a wall-mount bracket and a bottle of Sea Moss Gel to get you and a close friend slip slidin' away.

THE INSECT TRACK

The first Run for the Roaches kicks off May sixth in Louisville's Belvedere Plaza as part of Derby week, and if you've got a cockroach to enter, the fee is \$25, with proceeds going to the National Handicapped Foundation. We're serious; and so is the organizer, the American Running & Fitness Association, 3937 Grandview Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky 40207. First prize is an Olds Omega. Losers win the winners.



AMERICA'S ROADSIDE CHARACTER—THE POSTCARD

Dick Wick Hall's famous Laughing Gas Station in Salome, Arizona; The Green Frog Restaurant in Waycross, Georgia; the Ditty Wah Ditty Tourist Court in Memphis, Tennessee: They're all immortalized in *Gas, Food and Lodging*, a "postcard odyssey through the great American roadside," by John Baeder, an artist whose previous book, *Diners*, devoured the subject of inexpensive eateries. Some of the places depicted on postcards in *Gas, Food and Lodging* are gone forever; others still exist on forgotten highways eclipsed by interstate expressways and by the airplane. Send \$32 to Abbeville Press, 505 Park Avenue, New York 10022, for your copy, and maybe you'll spot a place you know—such as the Good Luck Inn, near Towanda, Pennsylvania, or Toto's Zeppelin restaurant, in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

THE LATEST ITINERARY

Aside from being entertaining, Itinerary, a board game for travelers of both the real and the armchair variety, has one other thing going for it: It's only \$19.95. And in this day of high-ticket travel in everything from cabs to Concordes, it's kind of fun to sit by the fire and whisk yourself off to Cairo, Kinshasa or Kingston without going broke. Orders should be sent to Xanadu Leisure, Ltd., Box 10-Q, Honolulu, Hawaii 96816. All aboard the red eye for Rangoon.





BALLISTIC CHIC

It's a rather sad sign of the times when you have to announce that the latest Manhattan boutique is named Jon Jolcin Protective Fashion and that the clothes it carries are all bulletproof. On the other hand, if you're in a high-risk business, the store, at 368 West Broadway, New York 10013, may be a real lifesaver. Both men's and women's clothes are stocked at prices beginning around \$350. Or you can take in your own wardrobe for custom armor plating that's removable. Five dollars sent to the store gets you its catalog. What does the tailor use—a blowtorch?

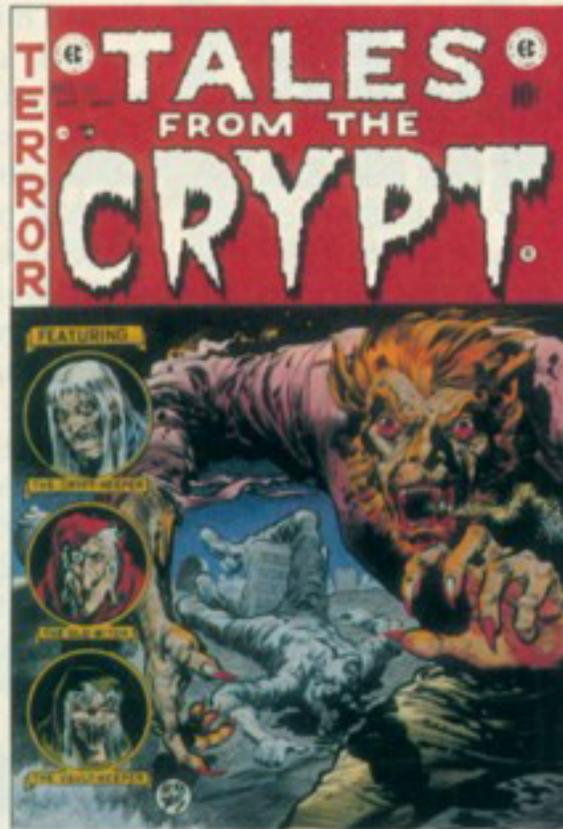
DO THE SPLITS

For the divorced, divorcing or irreconcilably separated, The Goldsmith, Ltd., a store in Water Tower Place, 845 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 60611, will take that little band of gold that you and your ex or ex-to-be once treasured and split it neatly into two rings—presumably, one for you and one for your next wife. The cost of this symbolic gesture is \$450 to \$2800, depending on the degree of difficulty. We threw ours into the river.



CRYPT SCRIPT

Now that you've seen *Creepshow* at your local cinema and have developed a taste for blood, you're probably lusting for a peek at the original Fifties EC Comics that spawned all the splatter, right? Well, that will cost you, fella, and that will cost you big. A boxed five-volume hardcover set of reproductions of the complete *Tales from the Crypt* in black and white (with color covers) is available for \$90, postpaid, from the publisher, Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 469, West Plains, Missouri 65775. A set of 30 *Crypt* poster-style covers is only \$15—for those of you who haven't time to read.



NAPOLEON COMPLEX

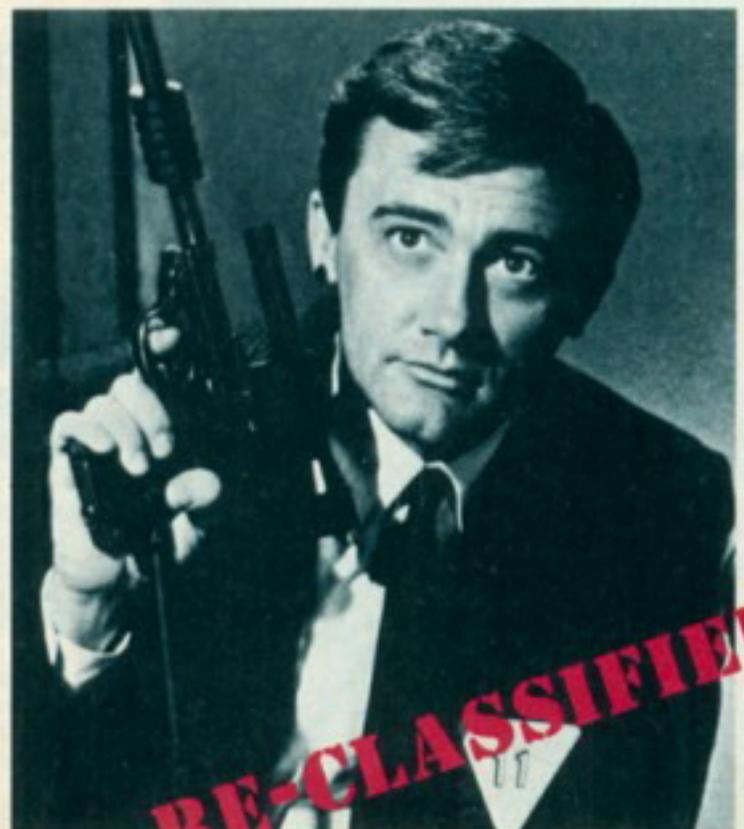
Apparently, some TV series, such as *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, which starred Robert Vaughn as secret agent Napoleon Solo back in the late Sixties, capture the hearts and minds of viewers forever. Six dollars sent to Jon Heitland, 1611 Sanford Drive, Iowa Falls, Iowa 50126, gets you membership in the international *U.N.C.L.E.* fan club, which publishes a bimonthly newsletter, *U.N.C.L.E. Headquarters*. More good news, *U.N.C.L.E.* addicts: A new made-for-TV *U.N.C.L.E.* caper, *The Fifteen Years Later Affair*, starring Vaughn will be broadcast soon on CBS.

PAYING THE PIPER

As you probably know, the French champagne firm Piper Heidsieck began producing a bubbly in California in 1980. Now that the first delicious bottlings of Piper Sonoma Brut, Blanc de Noirs and Tête de Cuvée are available nationwide, the company is offering something else that's tasty: an art-deco-style 25" x 19½" poster created by San Francisco artist Stephen Haines Hall that's available from Piper Sonoma Cellars, 11447 Old Redwood Highway, Windsor, California 95492, for only \$15, postpaid. Let's hear it for lines and vines.



PIPER SONOMA



RE-CLASSIFIED



“Terrific, Biff! You’re going to sell a lot of underwear! . . . Sweetie, get me a roll of quarters, quick!”



Now that you've got your act together, take it on the road.

Now that you put so much style into so much of your life, it's no wonder you find the Alfa Romeo Spider Veloce so immediately appealing.

But then, if this car had only been intended to satisfy conventional tastes, it never would have needed a body by Pininfarina. Seats of fine Italian leathers. A double overhead cam aluminum alloy engine. And even a classic hand-finished steering wheel.

What you have here is a personal car that, quite simply, does not compromise on anything. Not appearance. Not performance. And most especially not the freedom and enjoyment a truly personal car should keep on giving you.

All in all, this car is tailored to fit you so well, you don't just drive it. You practically wear it.

The \$15,500* Spider Veloce.

Let your Alfa Romeo Dealer know how ready you are now.
To take it on the road.

Alfa Romeo 

*Mfr's. suggested retail price at P.O.E. is \$15,495. Actual prices vary by dealer.
Destn. chrgs., taxes, dealer prep, if any, optl. equip. and license fees are extra.



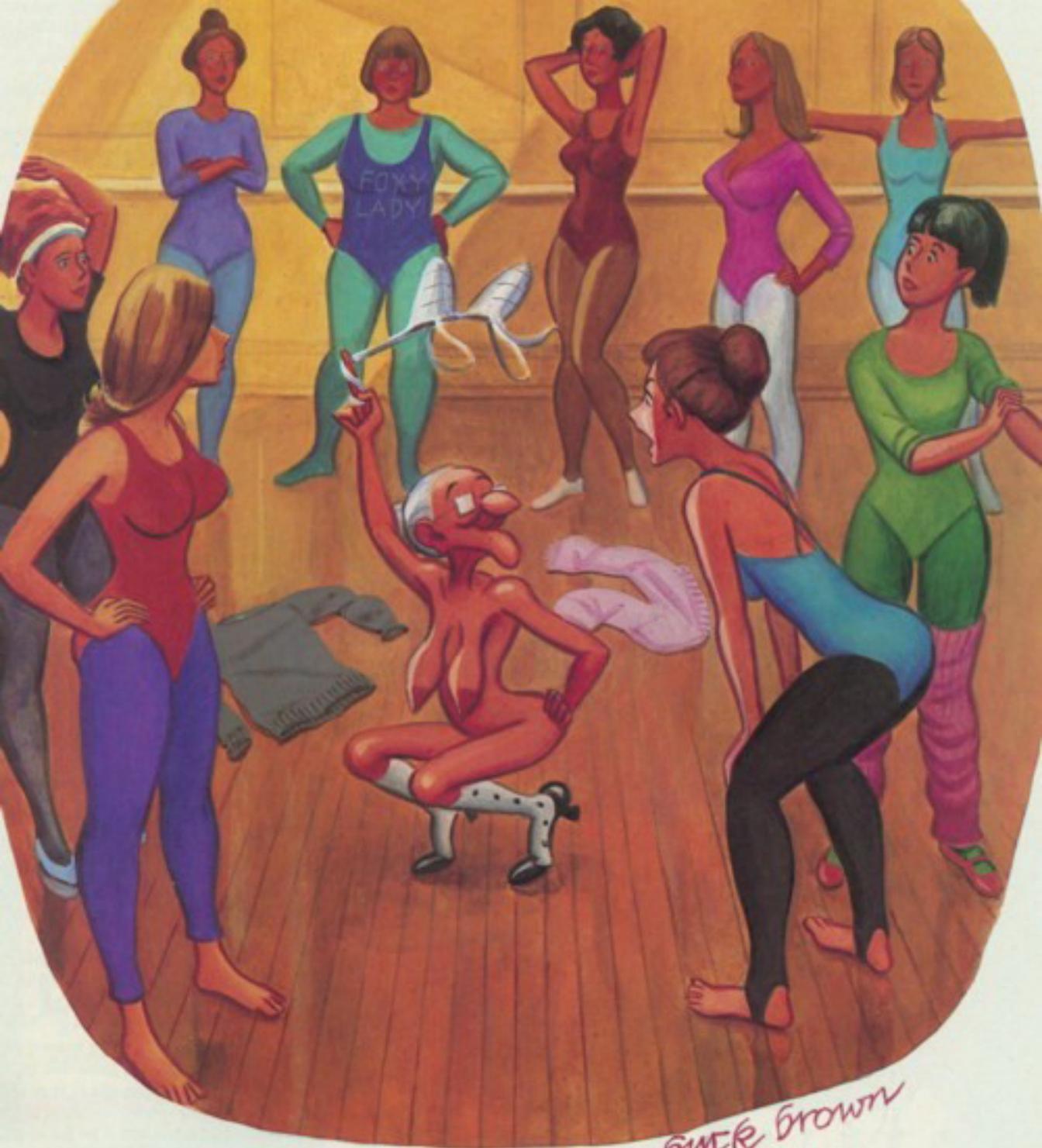
*“According to the quiz
I took in this magazine, I discovered that my husband
isn’t having an affair, but I am.”*

The Life which is UNEXAMINED IS NOT WORTH LIVING - PLATO

INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE
ROSS M. RATHBURN



BRIAN SAVAGE



"Never mind about the good ol' days; you're interrupting our aerobics class."



**The Best of Cats
Is a Superbly Slinky Feline**

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE were waiting in line when the box office opened for the Broadway musical *Cats*. Hmm, we wondered, what has a three-hour show about the trials of catdom, set in a feline-scale junk yard and based on a T. S. Eliot book, yet, got to excite such interest? Are there that many true animal lovers, that many frustrated ailurophiles out there? As curious as a, well, you know, we took a look; and we think we've found the answer in the person of Donna King. As the blues-singing cat Bombalurina (left), she prowls, preens, slinks, stalks and stretches enough to make even the most jaded tomcat wake up and yowl, full moon or no. Donna grew up in Kansas City, sang in her dad's C&W band and, since she hit New York five years ago, she's been seen on Broadway in *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* and in *Can-Can* and on the screen in *Grease 2*. Here's lookin' at you, Donna. Often, we hope.



This kitten happily admits that her Broadway career started in an infamous cathouse—in her case, one first showcased in a *PLAYBOY* article by Larry L. King, *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas* (above), in which the 19-year-old kid from K.C. got her big break. No wonder she looks surprised.

After a dozen years of ballet training (how else could she dance like that?), Donna turned down the National Ballet of Canada and moved to New York. To develop real feline feelings for her *Cats* role (at right), King spent hours "hanging around" with her own two cats: "It's almost like meditation." In her offstage hours, King has appeared in ads for her new home, New York City. And, oh, yes, she's always wanted to make a James Bond film. Goldfinger, watch out.





The Prince's Players

In a salute to lingerie, we bring you VANITY 6 (left to right, SUSAN, VANITY and BRENDA). Prince discovered them, wrote all the songs for and produced their album, *Vanity 6*. They also perform in his show, during which Brenda sings with a banana. We've had a couple of good fantasies about that already. If we find out exactly what it's for, we'll report back to you, pronto.



The James Gang

We've got to hand it to RICK JAMES. While most rock acts use smoke machines to wow a crowd, he makes fire with *live* props (above and below). Very effectively. We've already reported on James's entry into the designer-casualwear business, but we assumed it was jeans and stuff. We'll take two orchestra seats on the aisle, please.

Straight Aeros

Here are the wild-and-woolly boys from Aerosmith—from left, JOEY KRAMER, TOM HAMILTON, STEVE TYLER, JIMMY CRESPO and RICK DUFAY—in a "formal" portrait. When they released their recent album, *Rock in a Hard Place*, and went on tour, they thought a serious photo would reassure the mothers of America. They're nice boys, right?





He Can Hang on for 48 HRS.

EDDIE MURPHY is clearly grabbing all the gusto—both on and off TV. His movie with Nick Nolte did big business last winter, and *Trading Places*, co-starring Dan Aykroyd and Jamie Lee Curtis, is coming soon. Until then, we're content to watch him and his cronies (front row, from left, ROBIN DUKE, MARY GROSS, TONY ROSATO; back, from left, JOE PISCOPO, CHRISTINE EBERSOLE and TIM KAZURINSKY) lampoon everything.

Just a Little Sippie

This amazing woman is 84 years old and has been playing the piano and the organ since she was seven. In 1923, SIPPY WALLACE made a test pressing of a single called *Shorty George*, which sold 100,000 copies in its first month of release. After 27 hits, she retired in 1936 and stayed out of sight until 1965. By 1972, she was singing with Bonnie Raitt, which she still does. This picture was taken at a Wallace-Raitt-Dr. John gig. We think the fur coat/moccasin look is seriously hip.



Singin' in the Rain

We like what the April showers did to HAYDEE POMAR. She got her singing start in the New York Playboy Club. Her magazine debut? Celebrity breast of the month, of course.

WE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE SOCIOLOGY MAJORS

As the music industry falls on hard times, its casual operations are being streamlined. Take, for example, groupies. According to several of our associates who hang around stage doors, among other culturally enlightened venues, the once-haphazard (some say slipshod)



China's Ministry of Culture doesn't like art such as that above, by Wang Keping of Peking, one of The Stars, a group of Chinese modernists. But we think you can't keep a good piece down.

groupie selection process is now an organized, while not markedly dignified, matriculation procedure that, our sources say, was first implemented during the Jefferson Starship tour in the fall of 1982.

This is how it works: Before a concert,

roadies visually scan the aspiring groupies lined up at the stage door and an application for a backstage pass is given to those who pass inspection. Actually a sexual-behavior questionnaire, the application establishes the groupie's sexual whims, eliminating those humdrum inquiries from the schedules of young rockers on the go. A few examples: "Are you hot-natured?" "Do you keep your body clean?" "When you come, do you (check one) wiggle, sob, cry, scream?" "Can you stay out all night?"

The completed applications are evaluated on the spot and those who qualify are presented with passes bearing the word **FUN** stamped in upper-case letters. We're glad to see that the embattled music business is instituting some tough new reforms.

WORKING WIVES BRAVE THE KNIVES

If a married couple decides to do something permanent about birth control, who volunteers to go under the knife? The female sterilization procedure involves a day in the hospital and is more costly than a vasectomy. Still, more women than men are sterilized every year, according to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization.

A study at the University of Texas at Austin investigated how the birth-control decision is made, and researchers came up with this: The female member of a couple that has agreed to have a permanent form of contraception is more likely to undergo the surgery if she works. Among couples in which the wife doesn't work, however, the husband is more likely to get a vasectomy. The researchers speculate that working women take on more of the responsibility for birth control because their lives would be more disrupted by pregnancy than those of nonworking women.



The new Bizarre Sex comic, *Omaha*, has plenty of pussy, lots of tail and a Dickensian sense of city life. It's worth sending two bucks to Kitchen Sink Press, Two Swamp Road, Princeton, Wisconsin 54968.

TEEN SEX

It will likely stun The Eagle Forum, the Reverend Jerry Falwell and the Moral Majority, but according to a recent report in *Family Planning Perspectives*, sex-education classes cannot be related to increased promiscuity among teenagers. *F.P.P.* based its report on two studies on teenagers done in 1976 and 1979 and has concluded that the "decision to engage in sexual activity is not influenced by whether or not teenagers have had sex education in school." But sexually active teenaged girls who have had sex ed. aren't as likely to become pregnant as those who haven't. And if Falwell wonders why that is so, he should take a sex-education class.

ACCIDENTAL ERECTION

In a letter to the British medical journal *The Lancet*, a French correspondent wrote of a medical accident that could lead to stronger and longer erections. Papaverine, a muscle relaxant, was accidentally injected into a hospitalized patient's penis. The result was "a prolonged, fully rigid erection of two hours' duration." Later, the drug was tested on a small group of men with both organically caused (e.g., arterial lesions) and nonorganically caused impotence. None of the men with nonorganic problems reported improvement, but half of those with organic problems reported, uh, large improvements. In a further test, nearly one third of the organically impotent returned to a normal sex life after a few months.

There are ways and there are ways of telegraphing your message to the world of lotus land. When the European singing star made her Las Vegas debut, her management company rented space on this Sunset Strip billboard and announced that she was the "Best Gift from France Since the Statue of Liberty."



NEXT MONTH:



TERRORISM HERE



GIACOBETTI'S GIRLS



MOVIES' YEAR



ANCIENT EVENINGS

"ANCIENT EVENINGS"—THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PHARAOH'S GENERAL, CHOSEN TO BE THE PRIVATE GUARD OF EGYPT'S NUMBER-ONE QUEEN. IS HE THE FOX IN THE HENHOUSE? MORE FROM THE NEW NOVEL BY **NORMAN MAILER**

"NIFTY NASTASSIA"—THE EXOTIC **MISS KINSKI**, STAR OF *CAT PEOPLE*, *EXPOSED* AND, NEXT, *UNFAITHFULLY YOURS*, POSES FOR FAMED PHOTOGRAPHER **HELMUT NEWTON**. ALL THIS AND A PROFILE BY **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**, TOO

"TERRORISM VERSUS THE U.S."—EXPERTS SAY IT COULD HAPPEN HERE AND HAPPEN BIG. ITS GREATEST THREAT MAY BE THAT IT TURNS DEMOCRACY INTO DICTATORSHIP. A SOBERING STUDY—BY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **LAURENCE GONZALES**. PLUS: **"A TERRORIST'S GUIDE TO THE 1984 OLYMPICS (AND HOW TO OUTMANEUVER HIM)"**—HITTING THE GAMES IN LOS ANGELES WOULD BE A PIECE OF CAKE. HOW, WHY AND SOME WAYS TO LOCK THE CUPBOARD—BY **JAMES P. WOHL**

"DO BISEXUALS REALLY DOUBLE THEIR CHANCES FOR A DATE ON SATURDAY NIGHT?"—WOODY ALLEN THOUGHT SO. DO OUR READERS AGREE? MORE SURPRISING RESULTS IN PART THREE OF OUR REPORT ON *THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY*

STEPHEN KING, MASTER OF THE MACABRE, TELLS OF HIS SECRET TERRORS (FLYING, THE NIGHT) AND SEXUAL INSECURITIES IN AN EYE-OPENING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"—ONCE AGAIN, OUR ANNUAL RETROSPECTIVE OF TINSELTOWN'S GOOD, BAD AND UGLY

"GIACOBETTI'S EROTIC PORTFOLIO"—WE TURN A TOP PHOTOGRAPHER LOOSE AND HE COMES BACK WITH SOME HEART-STOPPING SHOTS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

JIM PALMER IS AN ACE, WHETHER HE'S PITCHING BALLS OR BRIEFS. BUT IS PERFECTION MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP? A FASCINATING PROFILE BY **THOMAS BOSWELL**

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