

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1983 • \$3.00

**SULTRY
SYBIL
DANNING**
QUEEN OF THE
ACTION FLICKS
HEATS UP
A TEN-PAGE
PICTORIAL

TV MOGUL
TED TURNER
RAGES OUT
OF CONTROL
IN A VIOLENT
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

TIM HUTTON
THE TRIALS OF A
TEENAGE HERO

PRO FOOTBALL
PREVIEW
"BULL'S-EYE"
ANSON MOUNT
PICKS 'EM AGAIN

20 QUESTIONS
WITH GOLF'S
UNINHIBITED
JAN STEPHENSON



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



THE DOCTOR CALLS MARILYN

When impressionist Marilyn Michaels posed for her August 1982 feature (below), we expected some career spin-offs. One wind-fall was her new husband, Dr. Peter Wilk, who introduced himself after Marilyn guested on a radio show promoting her pictorial. Left: the newlyweds.



YOU'RE RIGHT; WE'RE PROUD

PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and Lawrence Hilford, CBS/Fox Video prexy, unite over the Gold Video Award earned by *Playboy Video, Volume 1* for sales of more than \$1,000,000. CBS/Fox distributes *Playboy Video*.

THERE'S NO WAY TO TOP THIS, KYM

Below left: May 1982 Playmate Kym Malin, Joe Don Baker and Kim G. Michel in a demanding scene from their cinematic triumph *Joysticks*. Kym has played topless parts before; the true acting test here was trying to keep a straight face.



JAMES WATT: GO AHEAD, EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Above, Playmates Lynda Wiesmeier and Vicki Lasserter join Beach Boy Mike Love and Dean (Jan and Dean) Torrence onstage in Fort Lauderdale just after the Secretary of the Interior tried to nix The Beach Boys' July fourth appearance in Washington, D.C. Left and right: Lynda and Vicki offstage.









*"I wouldn't say we fell head over heels in love,
but we did try some new positions."*



PERMANENT VACATION

welcome to the girl-watching capital of the free world

FOR MANY YEARS, Fort Lauderdale was a sleepy little oceanside town. Then it started to host an annual Ivy League spring swim meet. The swimmers started bringing their girlfriends, their roommates, their cousins—even total strangers—and the words forming on everyone's lips were, "Hey, Bud, let's party." And so, throughout each successive year, the party kept growing. The onslaught begins in early spring—and as the colleges up North stagger their spring breaks, more and more students stagger onto the warm beaches down South. At Fort Lauderdale, though, the party continues all year long. The locus of all this hilarity is The Strip—a necklace of bars along Route A1A: Summers, Candy

Store, The Button. Those are their current names; the management reserves the right to change titles without notice. Floridians—even temporary ones—don't require much of an occasion to throw a party. During the spring, the advent of daylight is sufficient reason for one to spontaneously combust. Girls, as you may already have discovered, behave differently on vacation. And Fort Lauderdale offers an opportunity for young female students to explore a new relationship between themselves and their breasts. That process is encouraged by their male colleagues, who, as students themselves, think of college and its vacations as fountains of knowledge where everyone goes to drink.



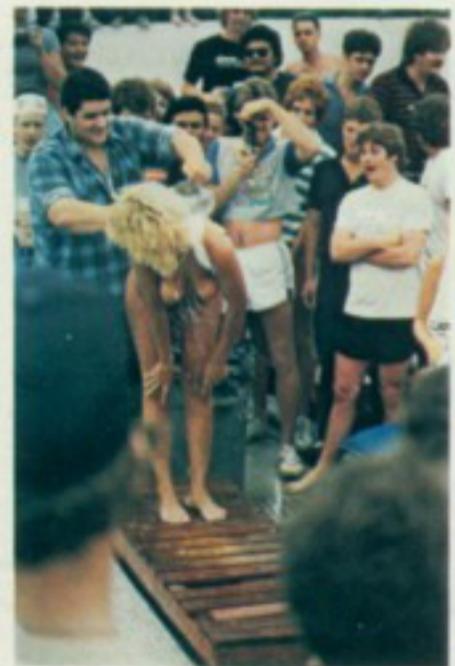


Just how does everyone know where to congregate for the afternoon and evening events? Simple. The bar called Summers, for example, hires a plane with a trailing banner proclaiming POOL PARTY AT 4 to strafe the beaches. The party is an excuse for a series of beer-chugging contests and then the main event: the wet-T-shirt competition. As you can see here, anybody can enter the contest, and most of the shirts don't stay on for very long.





Bars often sponsor competitions between rival schools. Hence, even though Florida State may have prevailed against the University of Florida during the football season, more aggressively fought contests are waged to determine which student body can better quaff suds in quantity and which school has a larger endowment. All year round, otherwise sensible women will whip it out for their alma mater when there is a crucial principle at stake.



Peer-group pressure apparently works wonders to cure shyness. Encouraging chants from hundreds of schoolmates don't hurt, either. The mix of women is impressive. You got your cheerleaders, your bookworms, your local talent, your just plain folks. The only restriction—at Summers, at least—is that you keep your pants on. And while that is strictly adhered to, more women wear fabrics that, when wet, let the sun right in.





It's easy to feel good about yourself when so many others feel good about your self. That is part of the reason so many women come out of their shells and accept the accolades of the crowd. The exercise is rewarding. Our informal poll suggests that first-time amateurs are more likely to win the contests than those who have entered before. Additional points are granted to those who exhibit grace under fire and abundance under their clothes.



How can we adequately describe the exhilaration of a wet-T-shirt contest? Imagine ice-cold water poured from a pitcher down your front. Kind of perks things up, doesn't it? Well, it's more than just refreshing; it's uniquely American. It's a laugh in the face of the industrial slump. It's thumbing one's nose at import quotas. It's a folk dance to the continuing vitality of the United States. It makes leisure time meaningful. And it's caffeine-free.





*with natives like carina,
sweden should be billed as the
land of the midnight stun*

FIRST PERSSON SINGULAR

CARINA PERSSON was here. We know because we have the pictures. The restless Swede *did* deplane in L.A. on her way home to Colorado from New Zealand, where she had flown from Tahiti, where she had flown from Hawaii. It was a rainy day in Los Angeles and she shivered like a bird too early for spring.

When she found a friendly fireplace, Carina warmed and talked. "One of the main reasons I started to travel was to get away from cold winters. In Sweden, the winters are long. People get depressed because it is always gray. There is too much rain and too much gray. It stays gray for weeks and weeks and weeks."

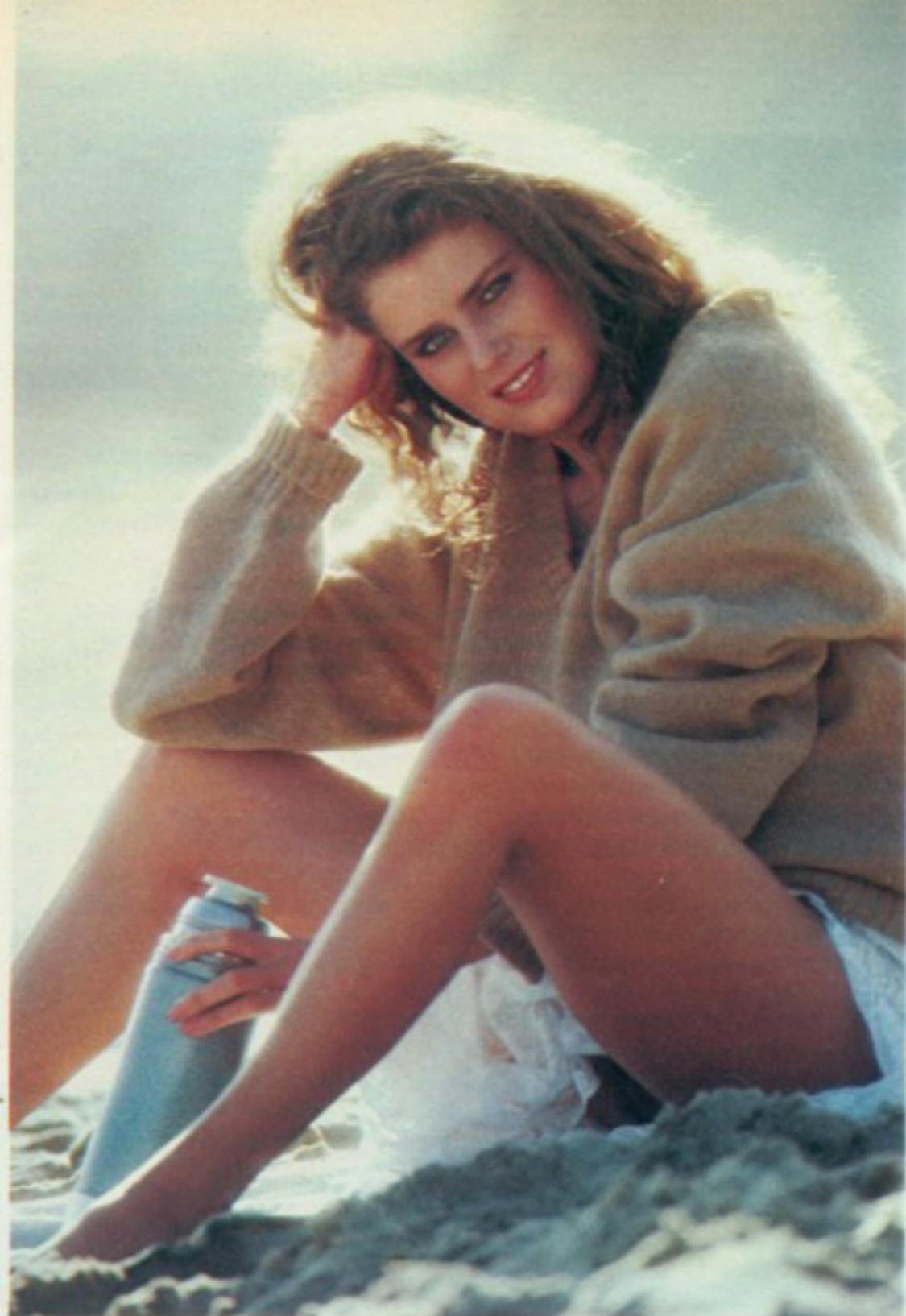
She wasn't despairing, just remembering. Carina is strong. She has been on her own since she *(text continued on page 96)*



"Sometimes it's not good to be as quiet as I am," says Sweden's Carina Persson, "because people get frustrated with me. They want to get to know me faster, but it takes a long time with me. They have to be patient, but sometimes they don't like waiting."

On a sunny day in Southern California, Carina enjoys the warmth of Santa Monica beach with a new-found friend and temporary roommate at Playboy Mansion West, Angie Gillis. Both (below) avoid the middleman in a beach photo booth.





"People aren't as sexually liberated in Sweden as you think they are. They do have a lot of fun. And maybe it's not so strange there to have more than one man. And maybe people don't care so much if they have clothes on or not."





left school and family at 17 to make a home for herself in the Swedish countryside outside her childhood home of Hälsingborg. There she fell in love with nature and self-sufficiency. "I think that people are sometimes too dependent on society. There may be times when you need to take care of yourself, and it's a good feeling to know that you're able to."

Carina, currently based in Boulder, Colorado, is a missionary of sorts. A missionary of the earth. She speaks softly—so softly you have to pay attention. She does not babble. The English language is strange to her. She hasn't the facility to waste words.

"People get sterile in the big cities; everything gets sterile. It loses its life. The more money people have, the more life is lost. Sterile? I don't have many words. I wish I knew a different word. Square. No personality. People should put some fantasy into things."

Her father rebuilds pianos. Carina could, too, if she wanted to. But right now, she wants to travel



"A man doesn't have to be attractive if he has an attractive personality. I like a man who can make me laugh. But I also want a man who isn't afraid to communicate. His age doesn't matter."





and read and paint: "Children, mostly, out in nature. I would like to adopt some children someday. From India or Africa—because that's where they're really suffering." Carina is a serious person. Still, she loves to laugh, to drink champagne, to listen to music. She'll sing Swedish folk songs for you in her tiny, tremulous voice. She will play with you, but she is no plaything. Her concerns are genuine and important to her. She wants her life to have meaning. "I see, when I travel, how people live and whether or not they are happy with the way they live. It's another way of learning for me. I want to translate books. I think that would help people. If I could help



people read more good books. . . ." Carina trails off. There is just too much to do. "But I think a lot of things are starting to happen. People are starting to think about other things besides making money. They get together and do art. They paint the cities. Help save the old houses. Put more parks in the cities. . . ." The thought makes her happy. She sighs deeply and relaxes. "I just think too much sometimes, I guess."

"People talk to you more in the States. They're easier to get in contact with. In Sweden in the summertime, people open up a little bit, but they're still not nearly as open as Americans are."



"I like to experiment with sex, to feel my way along in finding out what the other person likes and to show him what I like. For instance, I usually like sex in the evening, but my boyfriends have usually liked it in the morning. So we often compromise and make love in the middle of the day." Here's to love in the afternoon.





MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Carina Persson

BUST: 34 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 100

BIRTH DATE: 6-14-58 BIRTHPLACE: Stockholm, Sweden

AMBITIONS: To be a loving and clear-minded person and do as much good as possible in the world

TURN-ONS: Love, learning, growing, helping, health, nature, music, dancing

TURN-OFFS: Cruelty, ignorance, boredom

HOBBIES: Traveling, reading, illustrating, translating, handcrafts

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Isaac Asimov, H.D. Thoreau, Shakespeare, J.R.R. Tolkien

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Stevie Wonder, Fleetwood Mac, Frank Zappa, Paul Winter, E. Grieg, J. Sibelius, Björn J:son Lindh, Sally Oldfield, Van Morrison

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: "M.A.S.H.", "Roots", "Kung Fu", "Life on Earth", "Jacques Cousteau", "Believe It or Not", "Candid Camera"

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? This one, because incredible changes are taking place



1 year old - the Queen on her throne



11 yrs. - the first photo to hand out to boyfriends



At 21 - with my friend "Fiffel", (meaning "Trickster") - always wanted to be a "Playdog"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A woman who had taken a part-time job to help make ends meet refused to tell her husband just what her work was. While she was away from home one Saturday afternoon, her husband took their young daughter to the supermarket and asked her what brand of cereal he should buy.

"I still like Cheerios," piped the youngster, "but the other day, I heard Mommy say on the phone that now she's eating something called Trix."

Maybe you've heard about the tourist who didn't have \$40 to see the Broadway musical *Cats*—and so had to settle for some off-Broadway pussy for \$25.



The madam had assembled her girls for inspection by the first client of the evening. "This is Dolores," she smiled, "for \$200, including a bath with her. Connie here, who has rigged up an Oriental swing upstairs, goes for \$225. Lovely Anna Marie," she continued, "can be yours for a mere \$250 for both straight and around the world. And if you take a fancy to tantalizing Jenny there, who has a unique range of talents——"

"Just a minute," gulped the man. "Don't you have any generic lays?"

Since my sex is bisex," cried Casey,
"I've chosen a city that's racy!"

With its either-or zest,
I get letters addressed
TO WASHINGTON, D.C. AND A.C.!"

The latest refreshment novelty at rural fairs is a phallus-shaped scoop of ice cream—in other words, a corn-pone porn cone.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Tulsa fag* as an Oklahomo.

Kenny," said the teacher, "do you happen to know what the word paranoia means?"

"It's not a word, Miss Hooper," answered the youth. "It's several words."

"Whatever do you mean by that?"

"It's, like," grinned Kenny, "when a well-endowed waitress in a topless restaurant reaches right in front of a man to remove a plate and says, 'Pardon me, sir, but does my paranoia?'"

A new sex club in New York City with a policy of admitting unescorted females who are real dogs is called Pluto's Retreat.

If you wake up during the night while we're on our honeymoon and want to have sex," the deaf groom told his bride, "just reach over and pull on my organ once or twice. On the other hand," he added, "if you don't feel like having sex, pull on it 40 or 50 times."

With Robert, her boyfriend, Miss Cobb
Would nod when engaged in a job.

It was wrongfully said
She was bobbing her head,
When she really was heading her Bob.

X-rated intelligence: A skin flick originally called *Flaming Young Virgins* has been retitled *Cherryettes of Fire*.

And here," the Pompeii-ruins guide pointed out to the tour group, "we have a young couple petrified by lava in the very act of making love. A truly horrible way to die," he added musingly, "but a great way to spend eternity!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *male chastity belt* as a meat locker.



Wally Neiman

Wyatt Earp chewed tobacco—the clod!—
Which conduced to a habit quite odd:

When he popped out his chaw
While he practiced his draw,
It was clear he'd be shooting his wad!

Just what is it you intend to do with this artificial vagina, sir?" inquired the sex-shop proprietor.

"I really don't think that's any of your business!" snapped the customer.

"Look, friend, I'm just trying to be helpful," countered the dealer in devices. "I don't have to charge you sales tax if it's a food item."

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.



"It's a beautiful honeymoon, dear, but I still miss my vibrator."

THE ART OF SEX

welcome to the erotic masterpieces of "the blue book"

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT it was numbing to traipse through another art gallery, here's a show of erotic fantasies by some of the world's most successful artists. The illustrations in this mini-exhibit are from *The Blue Book*, distributed by Grove Press, New York. Longtime PLAYBOY readers will recognize in the book the styles of Lou Brooks, Dennis Mukai,

Robert Grossman, Katsu Yoshida, Jean-Paul Goude, Andy Warhol, Mel Ramos and Allen Jones. The point of the collection is to underscore the fact that when artists think about sex, they're not always wearing straight faces. And no wonder. Sex doesn't always happen between somber people. There's often a lot of smiling going on. And





Erotech Glutius Minamus • Zox

who is obviously undaunted by the stress required to accomplish the self-absorption she seeks so passionately. Why do whirling red shoes seem appropriate to a particular torso? Or a hand interrupting an otherwise placid still life? These artists let us in on their unique secrets and, in the process, they help us create our own.



Latex Lucy • Dennis Mukai

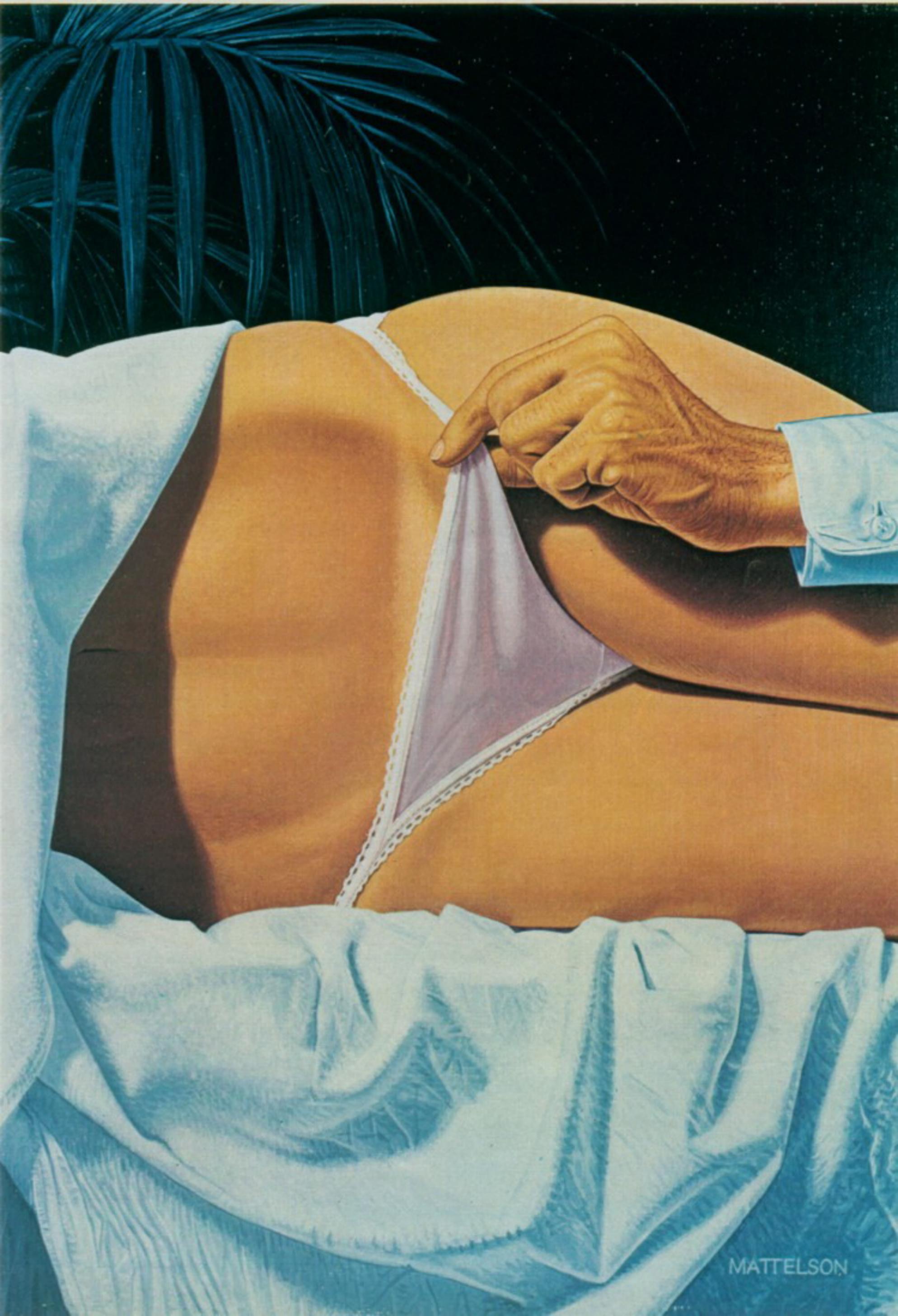
there's even more of it going on in our fantasy lives. Consider the not-so-irrational appeal of really big red lips. You know, wet ones. They set the mind to working. As does a close-cropped view of a wonderfully feminine backside streaked by sunlight and shadowed by Venetian blinds. Or a ballerina



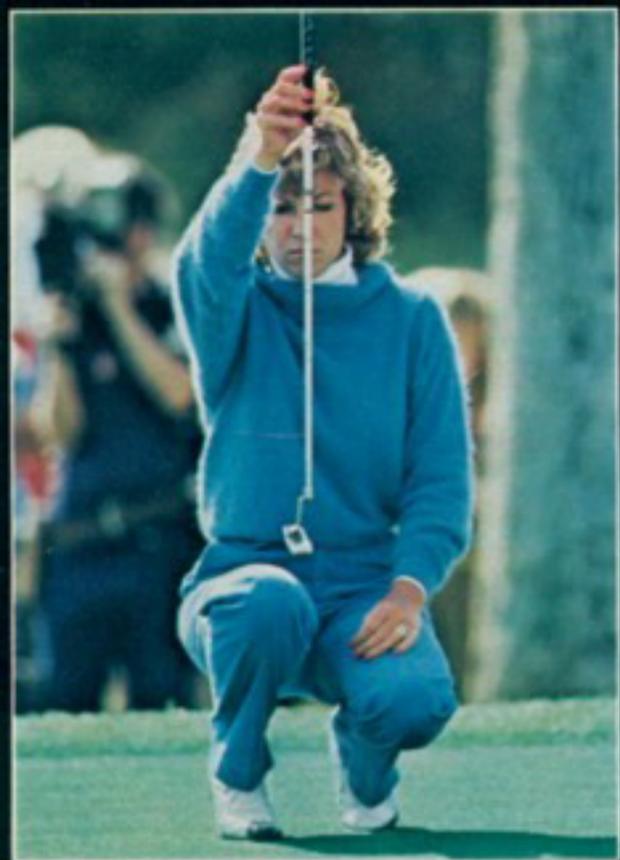
Untitled • J. P. Goode



Red Shoes • Katsu Yoshida



MATTELSON





miss danning is a
feisty femme fatale—
onscreen and off

Spoil





YOU GET a spectacular view from Sybil Danning's living room, a panorama that stretches from the HOLLYWOOD sign on the hills to the anemic skyline of downtown Los Angeles and westward, on an exceptionally clear day, to the Pacific Ocean. It's a view worthy of the late Jean Harlow, who owned the house back when the L.A. skyline was even less interesting than it is today. There's something else you might have seen one recent *(text continued on page 133)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

"I have to admit that sex has always been an important part of my life," says Sybil. "I guess that when producers hire me to do a sexy role, they don't think I'll need a coach or any kind of extra training. I'm not saying the most important thing is sex, but I don't think I'd have a relationship with someone I wasn't comfortable with in bed or on the floor or wherever."







"I've always been attracted to men who have something to say for themselves," explains Sybil. "I like a man who has a mind of his own and isn't just a puppy dog who does everything I want." That, she admits, doesn't necessarily make for a strong relationship. "At the beginning, I think men usually like me for my independence, but after a while, they become possessive. And that can't be."





Sybil believes everything has both its positive and its negative sides. "The more intense the positive sides are, the more intense the negative ones become. I've never had a relationship in which we never argued, in which there were never any tears, never anyone getting upset. Some people have very mild relationships, but maybe they are missing out on the intensity of a very deep one."





"I almost got married two years ago," Sybil recalls. "He was young—27—and for my birthday, we flew to Tahiti and he proposed. For the first time in my life, I said yes. The moment I said that, everything changed. He asked why I was having business meetings at night and who I was out with, all those things that were never questioned before. I couldn't live like that. I broke it off."



day from that living room—a fight. Not Ali-Frazier but enough of a scuffle to prove that Sybil is one woman who's not afraid of getting physical to achieve what she wants.

What she wanted was privacy. It was time for her to do an interview and her press agent/boyfriend planned on sticking around. Sybil suggested that he let her talk with the writer alone. He protested, reminding her of their *(continued on page 152)*

Sybil

(continued from page 133)

"This was no friendly little shoving match. Sybil's used to getting her way."

close professional and personal relationships. When it was clear that he had no intention of leaving, he found himself being pushed toward the door by Sybil, while her uninterested German shepherd and a very interested writer looked on.

This was no friendly little shoving match. Sybil was angry—she's used to getting her way—and the press agent/boyfriend was slowly realizing that he was being dealt a triple whammy: He was getting dumped by his gorgeous girlfriend *and* risking his job, not to mention being kicked and scratched. A screaming match followed: He wanted to get his personal belongings from the upstairs bedroom and she wanted him out of the house immediately. Given the death grip they had on each other, neither wish was likely to be granted, and the fight moved to the front yard, giving the neighbors a loud and colorful free show.

For them, it was welcome to the world of Sybil Danning, the actress known around Hollywood as the female Clint Eastwood, whose roles as a Valkyrie warrior in *Battle Beyond the Stars* and as an Amazonian princess in *Hercules* seem ironically close

to her action-packed real life.

"I just know you're going to start your story with that," she laughs later, having successfully banished the boyfriend from her property and piled his belongings beside the pool. "Most interviews start with the writer's saying, 'Well, I went to Lucy's house and she was lying on a pillow, stroking her cat and drinking a gin fizz.' Or, 'I went to Mary's house and she was sitting by the pool in her shorts, fresh from a tennis match.' But for this story: 'I went to Sybil Danning's house and there was a wrestling match going on.'"

In retrospect, the incident amuses her. "Those bones around my house aren't from my dog," she winks, playing with the zipper on her black-leather jump suit. "They're my ex-lovers'."

"I promise you one thing," she says. "That wasn't staged. I don't do that for visitors."

The fact that the fight wasn't staged made it all the more instructive, of course. It was a chance to watch Sybil in action.

"I'm a very independent woman," she says, stating the obvious. "I always have been. My past two relationships began be-

cause I wanted them to. I was the one who made the first move. I was the one who decided I wanted to go to bed with that person."

Such a forthright approach to courtship is sometimes misinterpreted. "Despite what a lot of people think, I'm not the kind of woman who likes one-night stands. It takes me a long time to decide that I want to be with someone intimately—I mean, go to bed with him. But once I've decided, I put myself totally into that person. My relationships have always been very intense and, obviously, they're with people who are just as intense. Unfortunately, there comes the point when the man feels he wants to move in and possess me, but I just can't feel owned or possessed. I know that's a problem, but that's the way I am and that's why I've chosen not to get married."

She's been equally independent in her career, unabashedly using her considerable sensuousness in a variety of films—25 in all—to build a name for herself, first in the lucrative European markets and now, she hopes, in America. Not all of her roles have been as seductresses—her personal movie favorite is *Operation Thunderbolt*, an Israeli docudrama about the raid on Entebbe. She played a German terrorist and the film was nominated for an Oscar as best foreign film. Most of her characters, however, are like her Valkyrie warrior in *Battle Beyond the Stars*, an uninhibited female swashbuckler whose motto is

"Make love—then war" and who can do anything a man can do but looks a hell of a lot better doing it. Her warrior costume was so sexy that NBC had to turn some of her more revealing scenes into tight close-ups of her face before running the film on television.

Three of her latest films are equally rugged. In *Chained Heat*, she's an inmate at a women's prison, where she kicks, bites, scratches, punches and even shoves the warden (played by PLAYBOY's Miss January 1960, Stella Stevens) into an industrial-strength washing machine. *Seven Magnificent Gladiators*, a second cousin to *The Magnificent Seven*, with Romans taking the place of cowboys, has her boozing, pillaging, slashing and killing right along with the men, including Lou Ferrigno. The ex-Incredible Hulk is also her co-star in *Hercules*, which gives both of them a chance to show off their ample physiques. In the movie, she and Ferrigno battle to the death. Behind the cameras, their relationship wasn't much better.

"Mr. Ferrigno just has a plain terrible insecurity," Sybil tattled to a writer for *Action Films* magazine. "When he finally got two lead roles, it went to his head. Here he is Hercules—and he says that ever since he was a boy, his big dream was to do Hercules—and he says to himself that he's more beautiful, he's better, he's bigger than he dreamed. When those things go to your head and you start step-

ping on people around you, that's the beginning of going down."

Comments such as those, plus some others she made about Ferrigno on a talk show, got her some bad reviews from her producer, Menahem Golan. "Menahem has said, 'Just try to say nice things.'" What are those nice things? "He's bigger than Steve Reeves," she offers. "He's at least as handsome." And then she falls strangely silent. "I want to make more films with Menahem," she explains with a smile.

Sybil doesn't make apologies for her candor, even if she's mended her outspoken ways a bit, and she's not bashful about the fact that most of her films have been low-budget exploitation flicks. Some people may think it's a shame to waste a great body and face on a drive-in movie screen, but Sybil isn't one of them.

"If I decide to do a film, afterward I'm not going to say it was a sleazy picture," she explains. "If I don't want to be associated with it, I don't do it. A lot of my pictures were exploitation, but I was aware of that before I did them. I've made a lot of bad films, but that puts you on the map and at least your name is known. I mean, you have to pay your bills, too."

Her next big project is exploitation deluxe. Called *Black Diamond*, it can best be described as James Bond with breasts—with Sybil as the sexy secret agent who uses *all* her talents to get the bad guys. She and her partner, Mike Frankovich, Jr.,

have already released a *Black Diamond* comic book, and Sybil claims it was successful enough to spawn a sequel and start the duo looking in earnest for funding. If they can raise the money, *Black Diamond* will also give Sybil a chance to be a producer.

"I'm not the type of actress who just reads her role," she says. "I care about who wrote it, who's producing, who's distributing, who's doing the music and how I can help with the publicity. I care from the beginning to the end. I really want to package, produce and star in my own films."

Of course, Clint Eastwood, Sybil's role model, produces and directs his own films, and she hardly needs to be reminded that he got his start in spaghetti Westerns that weren't much better than the films she makes. The comparisons, according to Sybil, don't stop there.

"I think it would be challenging someday to play a role like the one Meryl Streep played in *Sophie's Choice*, but I always find myself being up for and getting very strong roles. I don't see them hiring me as the woman who suffers. I'm always the strong one," she says. "Clint Eastwood has always been Clint Eastwood, because he plays himself. There is some kind of parallel between us. My life has been full of action and adventure, and I'm very independent. I guess people see that in me."





Duke Brown

"I'm not screwing my secretary, darling. This is my new boss, and she's screwing me!"



"You'd think over the years one or two of them would catch on."



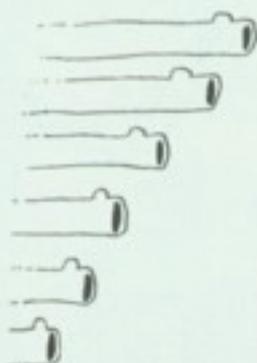
"Better erase that C, Roger—a four-letter word for a female relative is A-U-N-T."



*"A double mixed six to one and a registered letter
from the Internal-You-Know-What."*



SHREYAS



Oakum
Wilson.



"OK, now—this time for real!"



"Damfool thing to do—asking a wood nymph for a little head."



"I'm from the Hazardous Wastes Agency, and I have something to tell you about your lawn."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

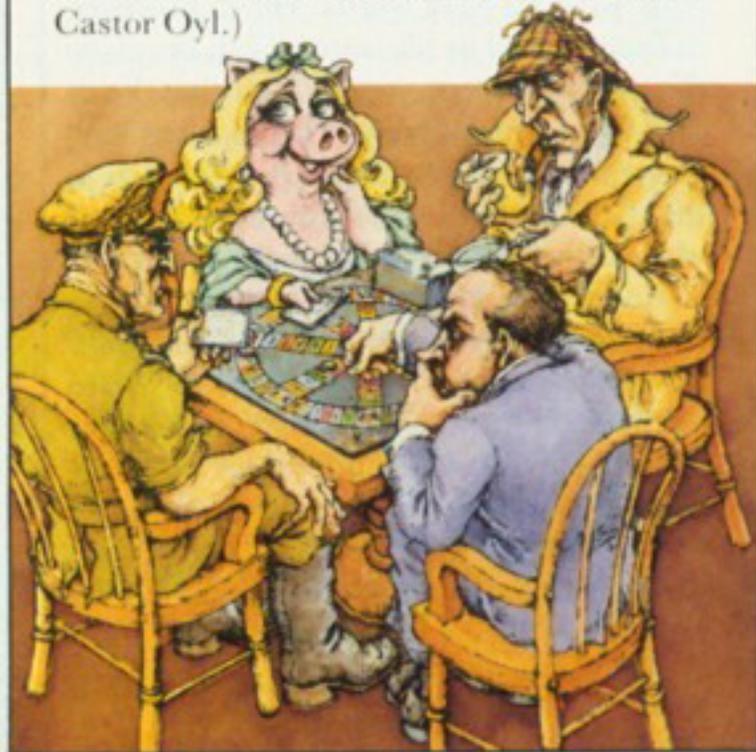


BONING UP ON SOCKS

Foot fetishists who love to get their metatarsals massaged and their tootsies tugged may wish to slip into something more comfortable, such as Sole Socks—85 percent cotton socks in white, navy or brown that have an anatomic reflexology map printed on the bottoms, with anatomic drawings of the foot on the tops. And in case you would like to extend your massage northward, Health Harvest Unlimited, P.O. Box 427, Fairfax, California 94930, which sells the socks for \$7.95 a pair, postpaid, also sells anatomic T-shirts for \$11. Sorry, Health Harvest doesn't plan to market anatomic panties.

HOW TRIVIAL!

If you know who gave Marilyn Monroe a poodle named Mafia, what was Hoyt Wilhelm's favorite pitch and who was Olive Oyl's brother, then Trivial Pursuit is your kind of action. It's a \$29.95 board game, available at most department stores, that contains 6000 trivia questions. Answer them all and you'll be the life (or possibly the death) of any party. (Answers for above: Frank Sinatra, knuckle ball and Castor Oyl.)



NEWFANGLED GRANNY GLASSES

The horniest little old lady of them all, Buck Brown's cartoon character Granny, has escaped from the pages of PLAYBOY and is now running wild on a 13-ounce beer mug that's available for only \$8 from Graphco Distributing Company, P.O. Box 21994, Chicago 60621. Or, if it's highballs you prefer (Granny does), a 14½-ounce highball glass and a ceramic coffee mug with Granny on them also are available for \$8 each. We'll drink to that.



UNDER THE SEA IN STYLE

Jules' Habitat, Ltd., is about to open 600 yards off the coast of Georgetown, Grand Cayman Island, 30 feet down, and anyone who has yearned to make like Captain Nemo—and can pass the resort's proficiency test in scuba diving—is eligible to check in. For \$230 a day per person, including meals, you get your own bedroom suite for two (the Habitat has only two suites, which are separate but equal) and bathroom, plus a shared entertainment area loaded with video goodies. Tishkoff, Wentworth Associates, 1710 Santa Monica Boulevard, Santa Monica, California 90404, is the company to write to for more info. By the way, in case you get claustrophobic, tethered air-supply gear is available for exploring, as is 24-hour room service by a merperson. Tonight, we're ordering submarine sandwiches.



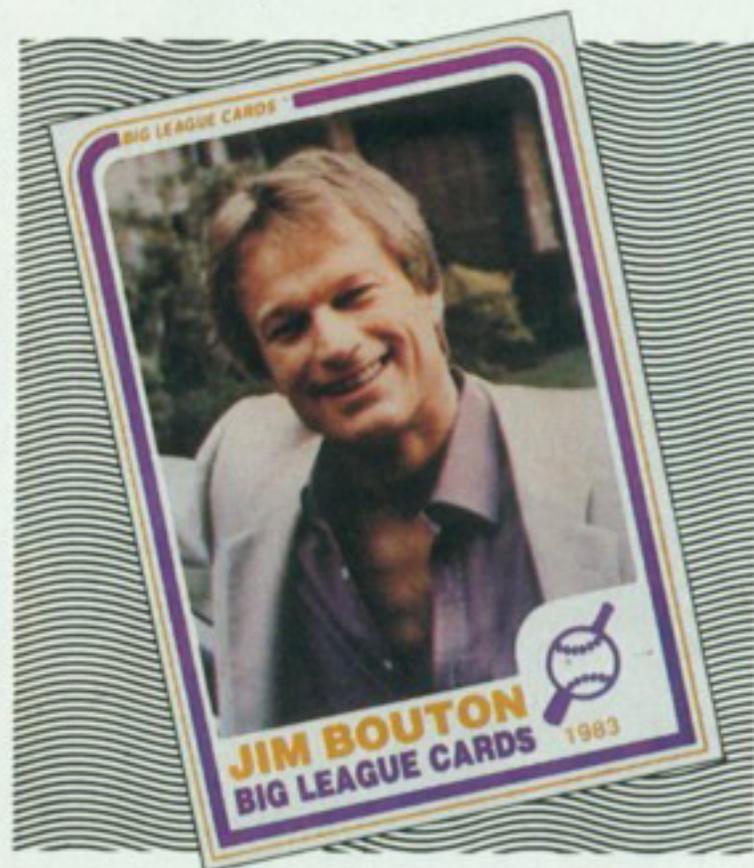


STICKY WICKETS

The big swing in garden sports this summer is to killer croquet—and we're not talking about the children's back-yard game played with coat-hanger wickets. For the kind of croquet equipment *real* men use, there's the Claremont Croquet Company, P.O. Box 457, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679—a cottage industry that produces custom-made brassbound lignum vitae mallets for \$150 each and a rock-maple six-wicket croquet set for \$475. (The most expensive set on Claremont's list is \$900.) Just remember: When playing croquet, you wear white—and never sweat.

PLAY BALL CARDS

Ex-Yankee Jim Bouton has a new pitch, and it's just as hot as his sizzling fast ball was. He is selling personalized baseball cards at a price that even a kid can afford: \$24.95 for 50 cards, sent to Big LeagueCards, 121 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666. Your picture will be on the card, plus your favorite activity (keep it clean, please), vital statistics and personal history (up to 40 words) on the flip side. It's a home run of an idea.



COME FLYAWAY WITH ME

Where else but in Las Vegas could you fly like Peter Pan for five minutes in a padded cell for only \$7 (\$10 if you elect to take off on a weekend)? At Flyaway, you sign a waiver, suit up, spend about 25 minutes in an orientation class and then "fly" in a padded silo, suspended in air (if you're lucky) by the blast from a DC-4 airplane engine blowing through a metal grate in the floor. (An instructor is there to help you get elevation.) Flyaway's address is 200 Convention Center Drive—and in case you're more chicken than eagle and elect just to watch the action, it costs only \$2.

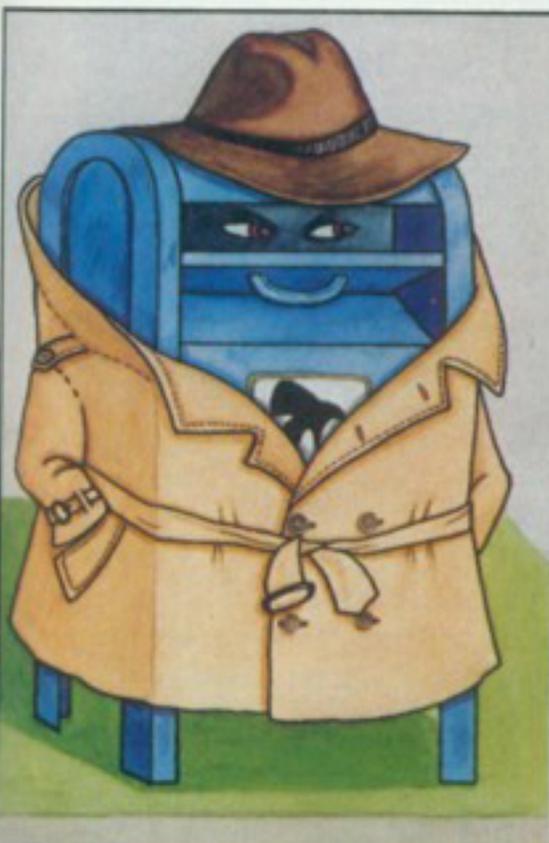


THE WHIFF-AND-PROOF SONG

Well-heeled vinophiles who can tell vanilla from violets at a sniff may wish to forgo their next case of vintage claret and invest instead in *Le Nez du Vin*, a boxed set of 54 scents indigenous to wine that come packaged in small flasks accompanied by individual reference cards and a manual containing essays on aroma. Pick a bottle, any bottle, from apricot to sulphur (yes, some wines smell like sulphur) and begin your oenological olfactory education after sending a check for \$250 to the distributor, Francis Mollet, 68 Lockwood Road, Riverside, Connecticut 06878. *Mon Dieu*, sommelier, this wine smells like—*merde!*

I SPY, YOU SPY

According to its publishers, STS Technical Seminars, *Fundamentals of Intelligence Tradecraft* is "the most complete account of the interdisciplines of espionage to be found as an unclassified source." For \$69.95 sent to STS, P.O. Box 42094, San Francisco 94101, you get manuals and audio cassettes covering everything from safe houses to surreptitious entry—plus a certificate stating that you participated in the seminars. If you don't want your real name on it, how about Walter Mitty?





"It's your husband. OK if he eats the meat loaf?"



"You know, Joe, you and I should be grateful that we aren't young anymore. With kids today, sex is such an accepted thing that it's become almost meaningless to the lucky bastards."



GOLLY, THERE'S SO MUCH TO SEE... WHERE DO WE START?

FOR A SLOW, SCENIC TRIP, I RECOMMEND THE PEENY-MONORAIL.

WE'VE STOPPED... LOOKS LIKE EQUIPMENT FAILURE.

EQUIPMENT FAILURE AGAIN, KEITH? YOU SHOULD SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT THAT...

OUR VIBRA-COASTER LOOPS AND TURNS INSIDE THE DARKENED DOMES OF OUR MAGIC MOUNTAINS... A SENSATIONAL RIDE FROM NIPPLE TO NIPPLE.



EE! EE!

THE RIDE'S OVER. WHY'S ELSIE STILL SCREAMING?

WHAT GOOD IS A SKY RIDE WITHOUT WINDOWS?

GEE (PANT), I DIDN'T EVEN NOTICE!

YOU'D SCREAM, TOO, IF YOU HAD ELSIE'S HUNK.



AN EVER-POPULAR RIDE IS THE LOVE LOG.

I'LL BET.

DID YOU SEE FIREWORKS THAT TIME, HONEY?

WELL, YES... AND NO.

OOH! OH! OH!

YOU PROMISED YOU'D NEVER DO THAT IN MY FACE.

THE FOLIAGE AROUND US TEEMS WITH WILDLIFE. ON THE RIGHT BANK, WATCH OUT FOR THE SAVAGE SATURDAY-NIGHT DISCO. AND JUST AROUND THE BEND, YOU'LL SEE THE UNTAMED CLUB MED. OFF THROUGH THE TREES, OBSERVE THE NOTORIOUS OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY IN FULL TILT.



JEEPERS, THIS LOOKS SCARY.

I'VE SEEN PEOPLE DOING IT IN BUSHES... BUT **BUSHES** DOING IT IN BUSHES-?



IT'S GETTING LATE. YOU'LL WANT TO SEE THE MOST UNBELIEVABLE ROBOT ATTRACTIONS UP AHEAD.

I WANT TO TRY THIS TUNNEL OF LOVE "FOR LADIES ONLY."

I WANT TO SEE THE PRESIDENTS' HALL.

HI, MY NAME IS ROD.

MY NAME IS ROD.

YOU'RE CUTE!

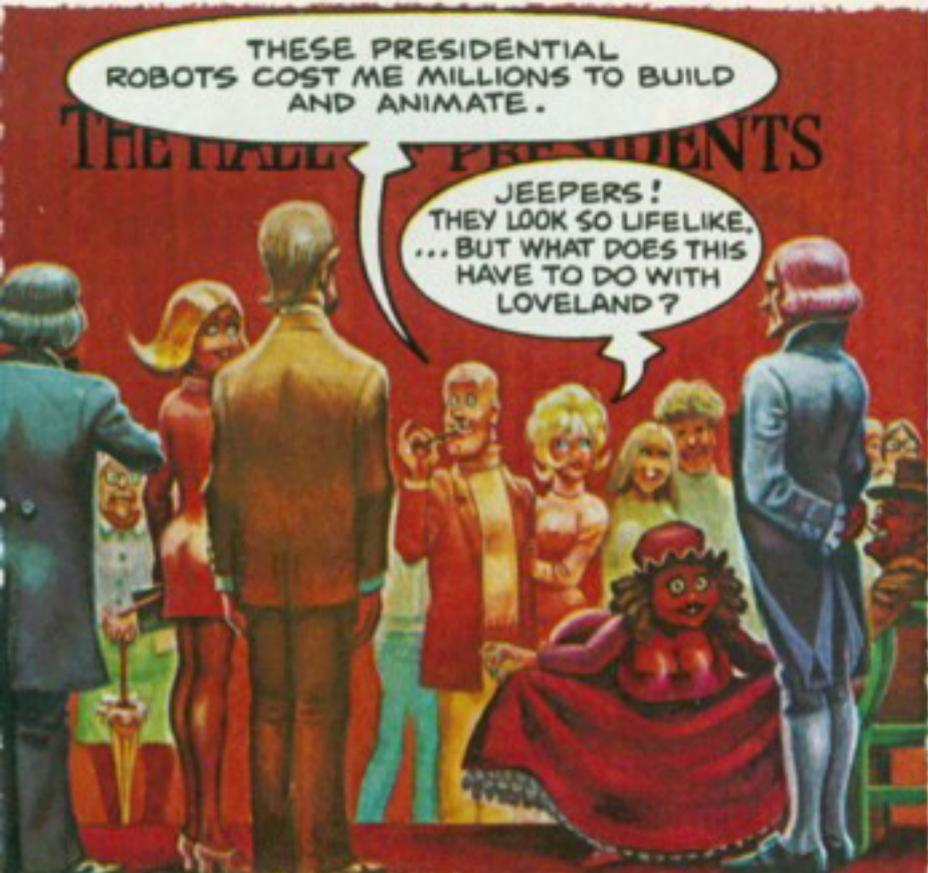


SUPPOSE I TAKE YOU TO THE PRESIDENTS' HALL, ANNIE, AND WE'LL MEET WANDA AT THE TUNNEL-OF-LOVE EXIT.

WHAT'S YOUR SIGN?

I'D REALLY LIKE SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

WANT TO COME TO MY PLACE AND LOOK AT MY CEILING?



THESE PRESIDENTIAL ROBOTS COST ME MILLIONS TO BUILD AND ANIMATE.

JEEPERS! THEY LOOK SO LIFELIKE... BUT WHAT DOES THIS HAVE TO DO WITH LOVELAND?

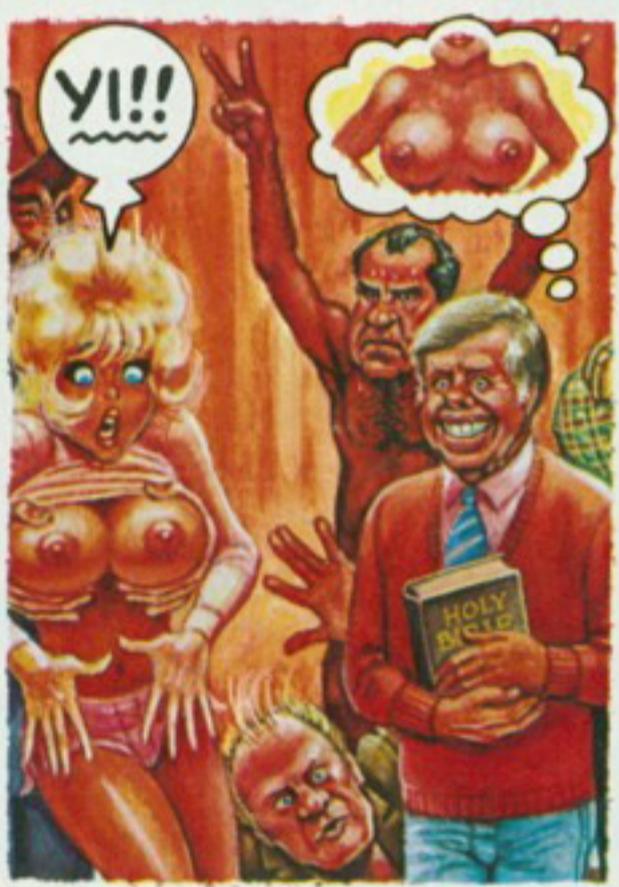


LOVELAND GIVES YOU A SEXUAL PERSPECTIVE.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS!



PRESIDENTS DON'T DO SUCH THINGS!!



YI!!



SO I'M TOLD.

COME! WANDA WILL BE OUT OF THE TUNNEL OF LOVE BY NOW.



WANDA, I JUST SAW THE MOST INCREDIBLE MECHANICAL PRESIDENTS. DID YOU AND ROBOT ROD GET ALONG?

SEE FOR YOURSELF.

CIG-ARETTE, HONEY?

CIG-ARETTE, HONEY?

CIG-ARETTE, HONEY?



TWO KARATE CHOPS AND HE FELL APART.

ROD WAS A REAL TURN-ON AT FIRST, BUT AFTER A WHILE I REALIZED HE WAS JUST ANOTHER INSENSITIVE MACHO CREEP... ONLY INTERESTED IN THAT SAME OLD THING!

LET'S GET IT ON (BZZT)!

LET'S GET IT ON (BZZT)!

END

A LITTLE MORE TRAVELING MUSIC, PLEASE

Now that we've all gotten over the fact that great stereo fidelity can come out of a box not much bigger than a cigarette pack, the men who let you take the music with you are thinking of ways to further improve portable sound. Some second-generation personal stereos can be recharged. Others have miniature video games built in (perhaps in case you twist your ankle in the park and want

something to play with while you're waiting for an ambulance), act as the guts of a car stereo or come with detachable speakers for social listening. There are even models built for speed as well as for comfort—units that contain an antivibration feature that cushions the mechanism from the punishment and the loss of audio fidelity brought about by a jogger's pounding feet. We'd say the aural fixation is with us to stay.



Right: Toshiba America's Model KT-AS1 features auto reverse that lets the listener hear both sides of a tape without having to turn it over and an antiroll device that prevents sound distortion while jogging, \$149.95. Far right: Sanyo's RP77 Sportster personal stereo links an AM/FM radio and an LCD basketball game with sound effects that can be heard through the unit's headphones, \$49.95.

J. VERSER ENGELHARD



Above: Ease on down the sidewalk—or the road—with the Music Shuttle XRM-10 personal stereo/car stereo that mates an in-dash AM/FM stereo receiver with a portable cassette player that pops out to become your personal stereo, by Sony, \$379.95. Above right: The HS-JO2 AM/FM personal cassette stereo with auto reverse can record stereo right off the air or with a special three-sided microphone, \$180; room listening is possible with two optional SC-A1 speakers, \$65 a pair, all by Aiwa. Right: A minisized MF-3G FM stereo receiver, by Besser, \$59.95. Below right: The Panasonic Way RQ-WJ1 personal stereo features an antiroll mechanism and a unique ON/OFF switch that's mounted on the headphone cord, \$109. Below: Sharp's QT-19 AM/FM stereo and cassette player can be used as a total or personal stereo, \$229.95.





EMILIO LARI (5)



Sonia's Choice

Twenty-five million people saw Sonia Braga in the Brazilian film *Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands*. Somewhere in the world, people are still standing in line to see her 1981 hit *I Love You (Eu Te Amo)*, a Brazilian sex comedy made all the more remarkable by Sonia's casual disregard for her wardrobe. Critics and audiences reacted to the new star. Normally comatose *Newsweek* gave her this accolade: "At a time when the bombshell has been largely replaced by the bimbo, Sonia Braga, Brazil's biggest star, is a true sex goddess: a dynamic and delicate actress whose sexuality is neither a tactic nor a

ANTONIO GUERRERO

titillation but a central human energy. At a time when sex has become (like everything else) a Problem, Braga reasserts it as a power and a glory." The critic from the *L.A. Times* also rose to the occasion: "Brazil's Sonia Braga is the international star who comes along once in a decade, perhaps even in a generation. She combines a blinding sexuality, a dark, distinctive beauty, talent and intelligence with wit, style and personality." If you thought E.T. was cute, take a look at these pictures. Then go to the end of the line around the block of whatever theater is showing *Gabriela*, her first film made with U.S. financing.

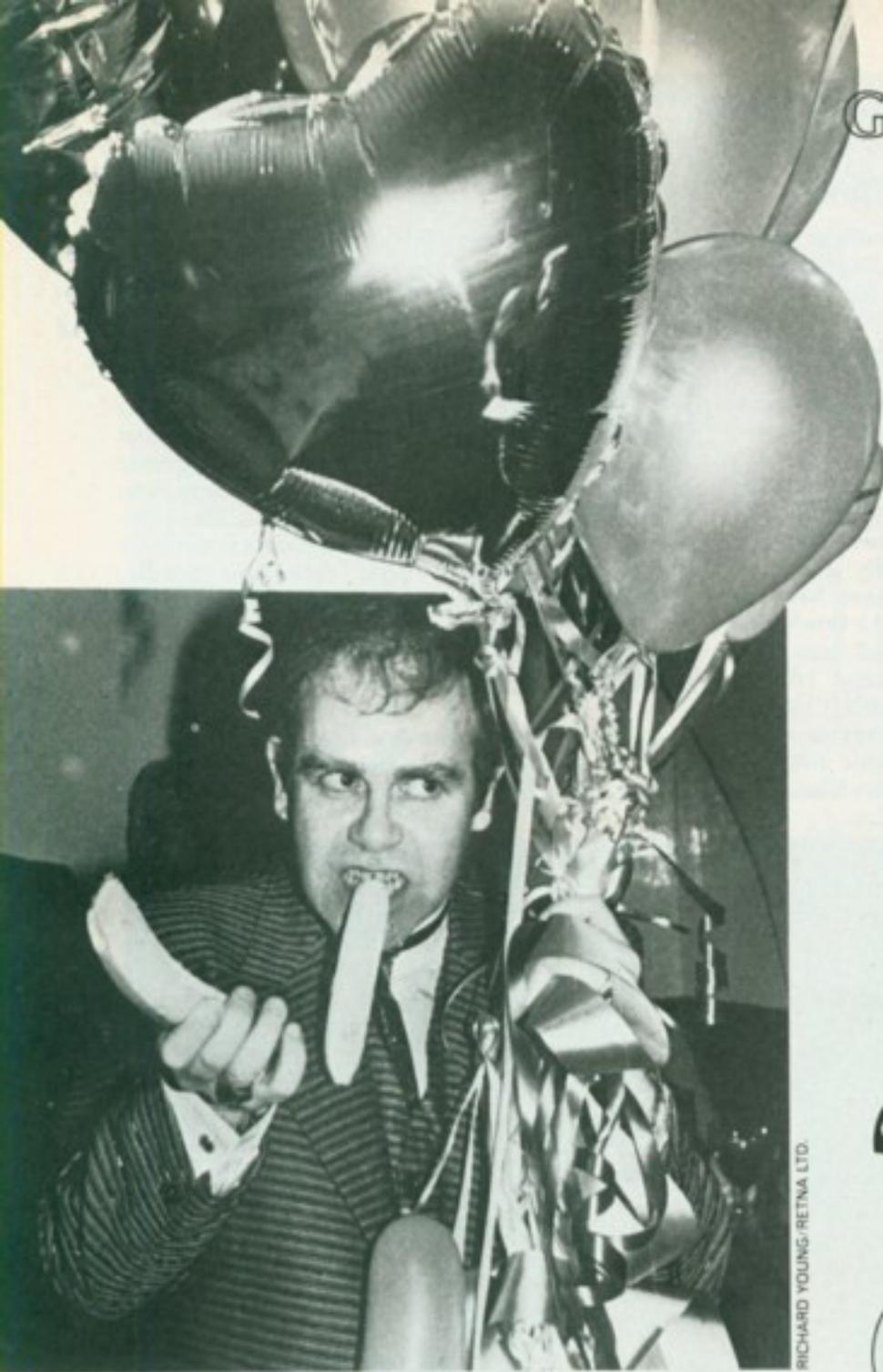


Gabriela is directed by Bruno Barreto (the director of *Dona Flor*) and stars Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. As you can see from the shots at left, it is a tender love story that depicts the traditions of a small Brazilian village, a delicate exploration of class struggle and womanhood. The film and a TV series preceding it are based on Jorge Amado's novel *Gabriela, Clove and Cinnamon*. See you at the theater.

GRAPEVINE

Less Is Moore

It's not that we feel that DUDLEY MOORE has suffered from a lack of publicity. We just like this photo. Moore is about as busy as one actor can be and has just completed a remake of the Preston Sturges classic *Unfaithfully Yours*, co-starring Nastassia Kinski. Dudley grows in each new role.



RICHARD YOUNG; RETNA LTD.



SCOTT RULER

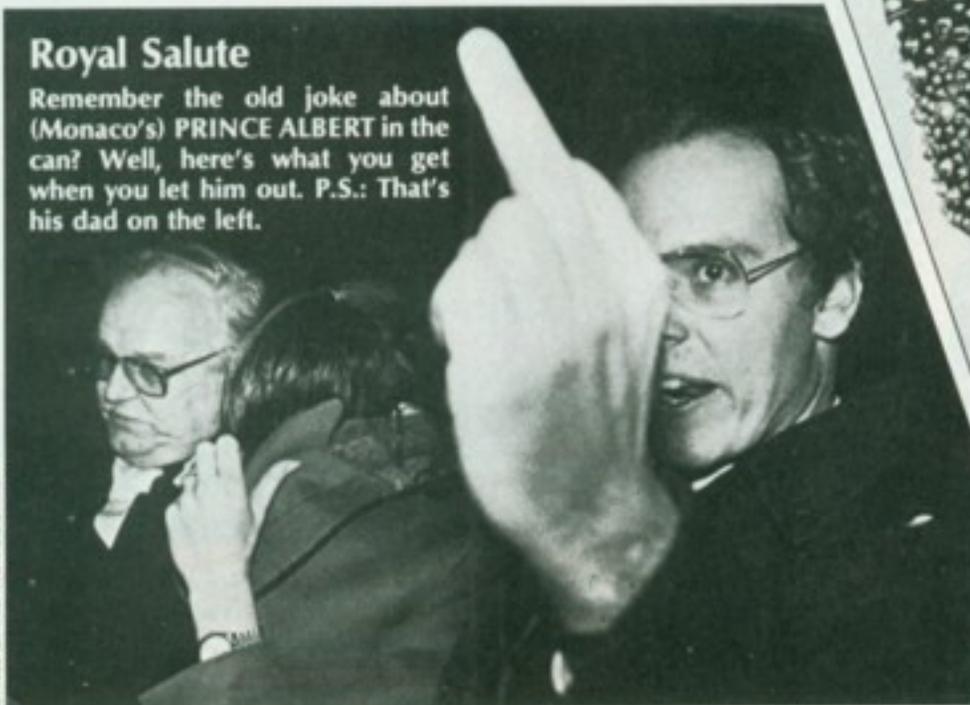
© 1983 LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI

What Becomes a Legend Most?

Here's a moment from ELTON's 36th-birthday bash. He didn't know it, but robbers were soon to ransack his Buckinghamshire digs. They got away with a load of jewelry despite three alarm systems. Diamonds aren't forever.

Royal Salute

Remember the old joke about (Monaco's) PRINCE ALBERT in the can? Well, here's what you get when you let him out. P.S.: That's his dad on the left.



© 1983 DAVID MCGOUGH/DMR



ROBERT MATHEU

Have You Driven a Ford Lately?

Rocker LITA FORD, former member of The Runaways, now has a solo album (*Out for Blood*). We have just two questions: Does she share a tailor with Gene Simmons? What does the message on her guitar mean for us?



PURELY
PHYSICAL

LAURA LAZARE
JADE WONG
JULIET ANDERSON

© 1983 LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI



PURELY
LAURA LAZARE IS THE
HOTTEST, WILDEST & MOST FEMINE!
LAURA LAZARE

LAURA
OF ADU

A Walk on the Wild Side

Legendary rocker STEVE WINWOOD recently took a stroll down the Great White Way to check out the raunch on Broadway. His last solo effort, *Talking Back to the Night*, is not to be confused with the feminist effort to Take Back the Night.

Just Another Profile in Courage

Actress CHERYL MAL-LINOF has been on a couple of TV shows (with more clothes than this). She's working on a youth-oriented feature film in which everyone's hormones go crazy. Cheryl's having that effect on us, too.

L.F.I./RETNA LTD.



© 1983 JOHN SANCHEZ



It's a Boy!

For those of you who just listen to the radio, this is BOY GEORGE, leader of the currently hot group Culture Club, checking out his stage mufti before venturing out to wow the crowd. We knew it was just a matter of time before full drag took over the rock clubs. If Dustin Hoffman and Robin Williams can do it, well...

NEXT MONTH:



MR. T



ATLANTIC COEDS



"NO TRADE"



DORIT STEVENS

THE SANDINISTAS, NICARAGUA'S REVOLUTIONARY LEADERS, SPEAK OUT ON THE U.S. "WAR" AGAINST THEM, THEIR TIES TO CUBA AND RUSSIA, THEIR PLANS FOR CENTRAL AMERICA AND THEIR PERSONAL LIVES IN A RARE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"DOTTING I'S WITH MR. T"—AN UNFORGETTABLE SLICE OF THE LIFE OF THE EX-BOUNCER TURNED MOVIE STAR TURNED HERO OF *THE A TEAM*—BY **D. KEITH MANO**

"GIRLS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE"—CHECKING OUT THE LOVELIES WHO MAKE POINTS WITH THE GUYS WHO SCORE GRIDIRON POINTS ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—OUR FAVORITE ARMCHAIR QUARTERBACK MAKES ANOTHER SERIES OF CONFERENCE CALLS TO PREDICT THE COLLEGE CHAMPS—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"WHIZ KIDS"—AT MIT, THE CREAM OF THIS COUNTRY'S YOUNG TECHNOBRATS IS BUSY PREPARING FOR LIFE IN THE NEW FAST LANE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**. PLUS: **"WHERE DO YOU FIT IN THE POSTINDUSTRIAL WORLD?"**—HINT: IF YOUR GAME IS GOLF, YOU'RE INDUSTRIAL. IF IT'S RACQUETBALL, YOU'RE POST-. A CULTURE-SHOCK CHART

"BRUNETTE AMBITION"—REMEMBER THE BROUHAHA OVER **LORETTA MARTIN'S** HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK? SHE WANTED TO APPEAR IN *PLAYBOY*, BUT THE POWERS THAT BE WOULDN'T PRINT THAT. NOW LORETTA GETS HER WISH, FOR REAL

"DORIT STEVENS"—SHE'S A TOP MODEL AND SHE'S ABSOLUTELY GORGEOUS. SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT THE FUSS IS ABOUT

"NO TRADE"—A YARN ABOUT BASEBALL AS IT IS TODAY: *CASEY AT THE BAT* IT AIN'T—BY **JAMES HOWARD KUNSTLER**

RANDY NEWMAN TALKS ABOUT HIS FAVORITE MOVIE SCORES, HIS P.T.A. MEMBERSHIP AND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO HAVE A PUNK-ROCKER SON IN A SNAPPY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: RICH MAN, POOR MAN"—FURTHER EVIDENCE THAT HAPPINESS CAN'T BUY MONEY—BY **ANDREW TOBIAS**