

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1983 • \$3.00

"THE BIG O"

**READERS
REPORT
ON TIMING,
TOUCHING AND
FEMALE SEX**

**THE EXOTIC, EROTIC
REDHEAD, A
PICTORIAL SALUTE**

**PETER A. McWILLIAMS
A COMPUTER SERIES
FOR HUMANS**

**HILL STREET
BLUES**

**PLAYBOY GRILLS
THE PRECINCT**

**HIGH SCHOOL GRAD
LORETTA MARTIN
GETS HER
YEARBOOK WISH
TO POSE NUDE
IN PLAYBOY**

**THE BEST BETS IN
COLLEGE FOOTBALL**



Now Canon's picture looks broadcast quality— even slow or frozen.



Introducing the Canon four-head portable VCR with Dolby® stereo (VR-20A).

First, Canon Accu-Vision™ introduced pictures that look broadcast quality. It was only logical. Canon has long designed and made broadcast optical equipment for the networks.

Now, the new VR-20A four-head portable video cassette recorder joins the Canon Accu-Vision system, to give you crystal-clear slow motion, still frame and single frame advance, and finely tuned speed search... in both standard play (SP) and super long play (SLP) modes.

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Canon Accu-Vision pictures
look broadcast quality.



actual network picture
face regions and numbers changed



actual Accu-Vision picture

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The clear advance in portable video.

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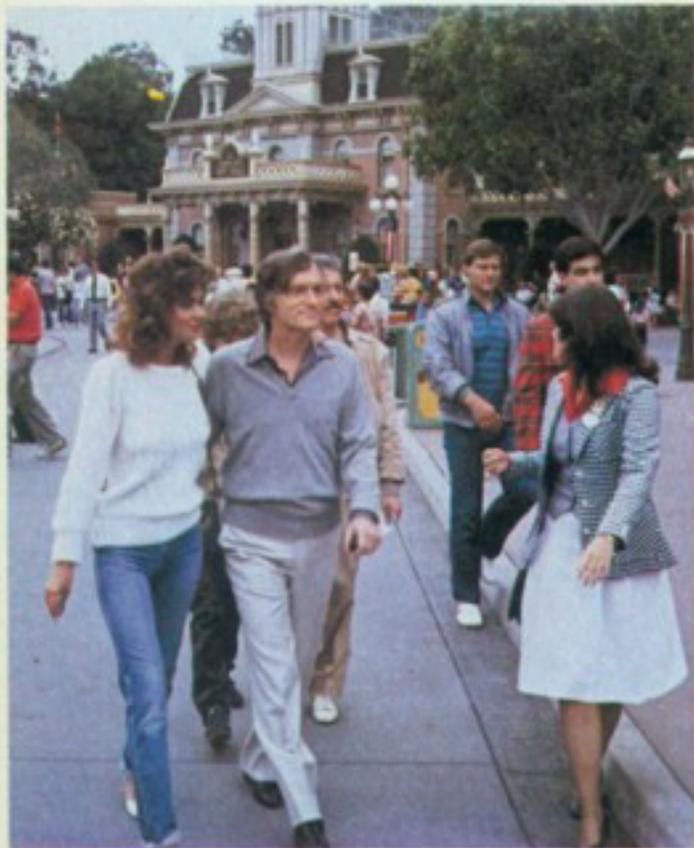
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

PLAYBOY GOES ON A DATE

Below, Hugh Hefner demonstrates the simple virtues of strolling down Main Street, U.S.A., Disneyland, with the beautiful girl next door, upcoming Playmate and last April's cover girl Carrie Lee. You're right; Hef actually lives in his own fantasyland, but sometimes it's nice to get out into the real world.



MIGHTY FAST RABBIT

This year is the 25th that Playboy has flown with the Marines' Electronic Warfare Squadron 2. At left, one of the 15 EA-6B Prowler twinjets that bear our logo. Below, Ross Ehler Photo Labs' entry in the Road America Cup S2000 Racing Series. These Chicago guys are quick. They get to see our gatefold shots before we do.



THE HIPPEST GARDENER IN HOLMBY HILLS

If you wonder how Hef's garden grows, just take a look at what was in flower last Memorial Day weekend on the poolside terrace at Playboy Mansion West. This type of horticulture is a lifestyle requiring great care and plenty of pajamas. These are the best blooms since the Bess Truman orchid; and, frankly, we don't know how Hef does it.

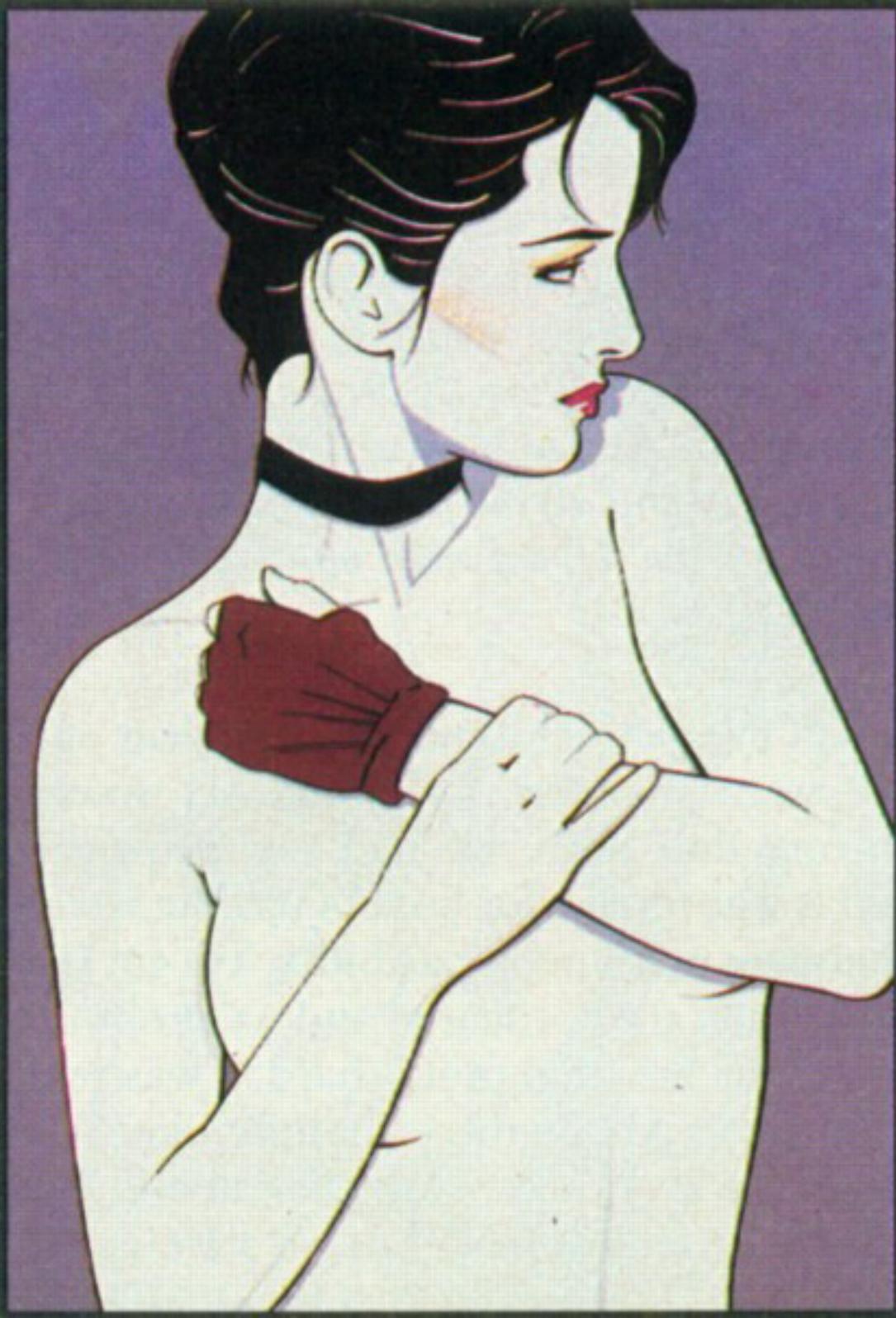


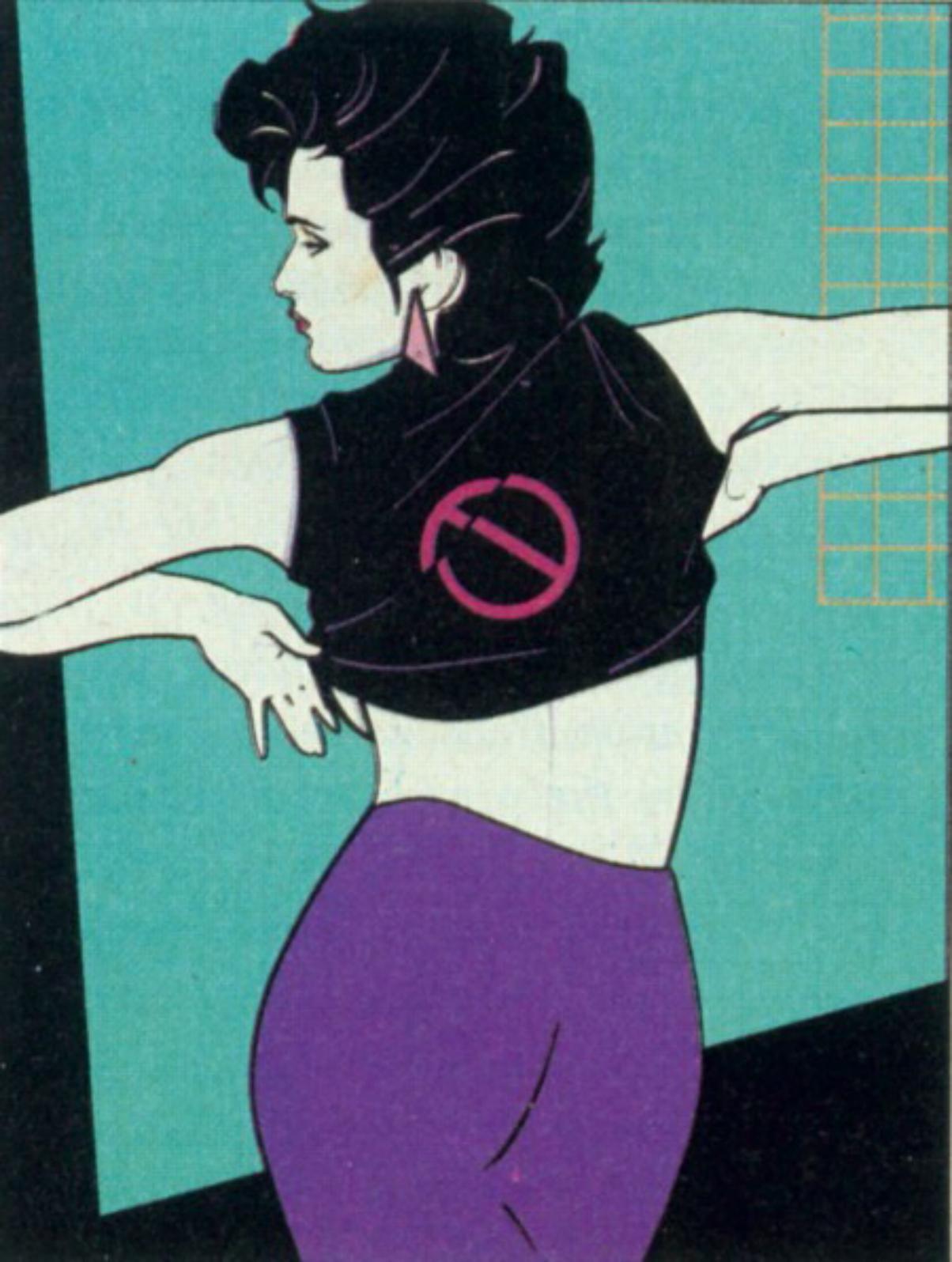
JOAN'S GOT THE LOOK YOU WANT TO KNOW BETTER

Above, actress Joan Collins watches Hef and guest Bob Cohen match muscles at Mansion West. If you think Hef's arm blocks the best part of this shot, relax. Joan stars in her own pictorial in December. And Hef promises to stay out of the pictures. Meanwhile, here's looking at you, Joan—eagerly.











Dedini

"Where do you buy your underwear? I seem to go through mine so quickly."

BRUNETTE AMBITION

you can't read about it in her high school yearbook, but loretta martin got the graduation gift she wanted most

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

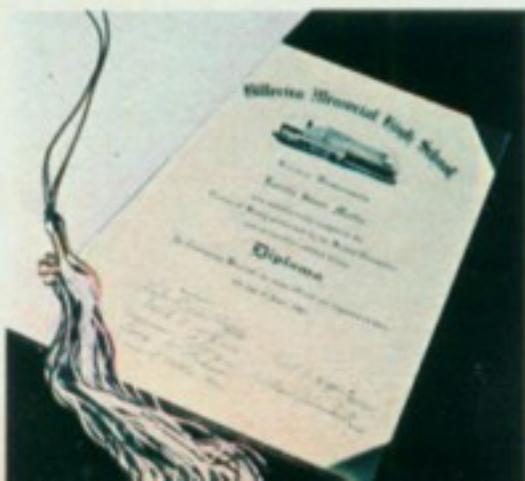


IT STARTED OUT as a lark and ended up as a *cause célèbre* when Billerica (Massachusetts) Memorial High School senior Loretta Martin wrote under **AMBITION** in the high school's yearbook, "To do a spread for **PLAYBOY**." Her mother didn't mind. Her friends thought it was funny. But it was definitely not funny to Billerica Memorial officials, who deleted the line. Martin wasn't the only student whose statement was edited. Of 550 students in her class, 110 made yearbook entries that were removed without their permission. Of those 110, however, only



Loretta got mad enough to fight back. After unsuccessfully pleading her case with the yearbook's advisors, the student council and the principal, she went, accompanied by her mother, Beverly Trullo, to school superintendent Paul Heffernan. "He told me that if I were his daughter, he'd turn me over his knee and spank me," says Martin. Heffernan rejected her request that her ambition be reinstated, partially because "I didn't think that type of comment belonged in a yearbook. I deal with the parents of all the students, and I think they

"It was a relief to graduate into the real world," says outspoken Loretta, at home (above right) in Billerica, reading one of many newspaper commentaries generated by the yearbook controversy.



Graduation time brought Loretta two immediate rewards: her diploma (left) and her 18th birthday, which (along with her beauty) made the fulfillment of her dream of posing for **PLAYBOY** cameras possible.



want a tasteful yearbook." Viewing the censorship as less a matter of good taste than an infringement on her freedom of speech, Martin enlisted the aid of the American Civil Liberties Union to apply legal pressure on her behalf. Soon the media got wind of her story, and one morning she woke up to find crews from NBC and CBS outside her home. ABC News interviewed her on the phone, as did a reporter from *Good Morning America*. Articles were written about her in newspapers around the country, and she was invited to appear on *Donahue*. Oh, yes. And we invited her to our Chicago studios to make her ambition come true. The Billerica yearbook was printed before Martin's A.C.L.U. lawyer had time to file an injunction to



Facing the future as she leaves Billerica Memorial High, Loretta holds the censored yearbook (top left) that provoked her legal battle. Loretta appeared on *Donahue* (above) with two other women whose wish to appear in *PLAYBOY* got them in trouble: former San Diego Charger cheerleader Jill Fleming and Marina Verola, our all-time-favorite stockbroker. Despite a nerve-racking final semester, Loretta is all smiles after hearing her class president give his commencement speech (below). In a more leisurely moment, she takes a stroll in Boston Common (left) with a "very close" friend.





prevent its publication, so that case is moot. But Loretta learned a lot about life before it was over: "I learned how cruel people can be. A week after my story appeared in the Lowell, Massachusetts, *Sun*, I walked through the lunchroom and students were calling me names. I figured they were repeating what they'd heard their parents say. That's sad. But I also learned that there's a whole big world out there, and I'm glad to go into it as an adult." Welcome to the major leagues, Loretta.



"I've always thought that the women in *PLAYBOY* are all so beautiful," says Loretta, "so I was shocked and delighted and a little scared to hear from [Senior Photography Editor] Jeff Cohen, because I had no professional modeling experience. But working with [Staff Photographer] Pompeo Posar was more relaxing than I could have imagined. I just hope the photos come out well." Don't worry, Loretta. They did.







*"You promised to show me how you can put something
so big inside something so small."*



COMING BACK STRONG

*when the curtain fell on her
ballet career, tracy vaccaro was
born again—as an actress*

TRACY VACCARO can walk into a Hollywood restaurant, be seated at a table next to Neil Simon and Sally Field and never give them an idle glance—as can some yogis.

Tracy's poise, though, comes from a purely Western discipline learned during her childhood in Las Vegas:

"I'm a Taurus and they're, well, bullheaded. They get something in their heads and they go one way. But they're usually extremely kind to people and very sexual. Taurus is the most sexual female sign there is."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





"Heed well, Grasshopper; look neither to the left nor to the right but at your own cards, for therein lies your fate." Who knows what they teach in Las Vegas schools? Whatever the curriculum, social or academic, Tracy studied her lessons well.

"I don't have a whole lot of style," she says. "But I have class. I can carry myself. I can go anywhere. I can deal with it. I'm grateful for that."

She's a scrapper, street-wise, critical of everything, wary of everyone. She came of age in a town of rampant

The crowd yelled "Sis, boom, ahh!" (left) when she led cheers for the "Battle of the Network Stars" on television recently, but as a teen, Tracy spent most of her time dancing. "I had no time for football games, basketball games or whatever," she told us. "I was always athletic, though. I once won a state title in track."

Tracy covers the tennis court with the grace of a ballerina. The much-feared Vaccaro backhand (below) is used to good advantage at the King Harbor Celebrity Tennis Tournament, while the much-admired Vaccaro backside (right) is used to confuse opponents and delight onlookers.



"I've always hated any other form of discipline. Still do. But I loved dance. My body would listen to me. I was able to do something good with it. The meaner my teacher and the worse she was to me, the more I liked it. There were no ego problems. Nobody was out to prove anything. I respected them because we were striving for the same end, trying to do the same thing, and so the discipline made sense."



While a knee injury forced Tracy to abandon thoughts of a ballet career, she still works out regularly to maintain her form and flexibility. "I need to dance three hours, four days a week," she says. "It's a feeling, an illumination that nothing else equals. It requires unbelievable concentration. If I hadn't hurt myself, I probably would have been a dance teacher at the age of 35."



excesses, and at 21, she hardly ever gets the vapors. For the first 16 years of her life, Tracy thought she was going to be a ballet dancer. She had trained for it daily since the age of six. She becomes wistful when she talks about it now: "I wouldn't have been the best in the world, because physically I got too big. But I would have danced. I would have danced. I had a scholarship to go to Europe to study classical ballet. At the time, I was dancing eight hours a day and I'd been on point for a long time. Well, I ripped all the ligaments and tore the cartilage in my knee. They told me, 'You are never going to put these dance shoes on again.' And I just felt like . . . what do you *do*? Something was torn from me. 'Wait a second. Is that it?' It was all I knew.

"I was an extremely hyperactive, nervous, out-of-my-mind kid who could not, did not want to be around children. I never played with dolls, never played with toys. I wanted to be around adults. I thought I was an adult from the (concluded on page 206)



"I don't want the upper hand in a relationship. I can't respect such a man. I come from the old school. The minute a man lets me take any kind of advantage, mentally, and as far as any interest in romance goes, I'm gone. I still like him as a person, of course, but I really can't stand any kind of weakness in a man."





"I don't always want to lead. I want somebody else to lead, to teach. I prefer to learn. I don't want to be the strong one."



"The only reason I've been as successful as I have in relationships is that I'm a very loving person. If you have a real good sexuality about you, make men feel they are loved, give them what they need, they'll overlook a lot of shit just for that love. I'm real forgiving. I can't hate anybody. I know people who have done terrible things to me. I still like them. People say, 'How can you do that? This person did this, this and this to you.' I understand. That's my problem. Why do I have to understand their side?"





MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Tracy Vaccaro

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 118

BIRTH DATE: 5/4/62 BIRTHPLACE: Glendale, Ca.

AMBITIONS: To be able to work with competent people on projects that help my career.

TURN-ONS: Vegetables, acting class, dancing, funny people.

TURN-OFFS: Newspapers, underwear, people who leave before any type of show is over.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Atlas Shrugged, Jonathan Livingston Seagull, The Prophet.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Peter Allen, Liza Minnelli, Robin Williams

FAVORITE SPORTS: Ballet, snow skiing, track

IDEAL MAN: Fred Duxer

BIGGEST JOY: watching kids grow

age 1



oh, no, a great Dane!

age 10



Dancing my life away

age 12



Tracy as Veronica Lake

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When I get an absolutely irresistible urge to kiss you," the young man told his girl as they pulled into the secluded lovers' lane, "my teeth start chattering."

"I know just what you mean," the young lady responded eagerly, "because right now, my knees are knocking!"

Next time you fly, try Libertine Airlines," the savvy traveler advised a fellow drinker in the airport bar. "They're so full-service that if you press the right button, a stewardess automatically drops down onto your face!"



What's this about your breaking off your engagement fast because of the guy's giving you a ring and its aftermath?" the girl was asked.

"Yes, that's right," she confirmed. "Although his diamond was of pretty fair quality, his mounting left something to be desired."

A shady young lady named Kay,
When asked by a Georgian at play
Why her nickname was Dip,
Would reply with a quip:

"Since I spread for you crackers," she'd say.

If the computer explosion continues, we suppose it's conceivable that the next depression will find some of the unemployed selling Apples on street corners.

Three fraternity brothers were rapping about the pleasures of sex with older women. "Last weekend," related one, "I had a sensational romp with a thirty-five-year-old nurse!"

"She was only thirty-five?" challenged another. "Hey, I can remember how great it was with a forty-year-old librarian!"

"My favorite lay of all," chimed in the third brother, "was a mature twenty-three."

"Why, that's practically no age difference at all," jeered one of the others.

"It is, too," insisted the young man, "since I was only thirteen at the time."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *complaining bum* as a whino.

I've never been to a social orgy before," muttered the apprehensive bachelor, "so I'm not sure I'll know how to act."

"Stop worrying about it," his buddy reassured him. "You behave just as you would at any other kind of party—except that instead of mixing, you stir."

We know a gullible skin-flick starlet who found out on the set that the "rugged European performer" she'd been promised for her next film was a German shepherd.

No, no!" corrected the girl, reddening, during a conversation at a noisy party. "What I said was that most of the guys in my computer club have floppy disks."

Her sidesaddle progress was slow;
No track tout would rate her a pro.

Said Godiva, "I rode
While the townspeople oh'd
Not to win or to place—but to show!"

Perhaps you've heard about the sexually frustrated husband who forced his wife to sit in a tub full of ice cubes after she'd disdainfully told him that he could screw her only once in a blue moon.

Our Unabashed Weight-Lifting Dictionary defines *clean and jerk* as self-abuse in the shower.

Standing naked in front of the callgirl, the oil tycoon boasted, "Ah come from a big and proud part of thuh country, and thuh noble flag of Texas will be flyin' ovah this here bed tonight!"

"Texas may be flying, as you say," responded the prostitute, "but Rhode Island there could sure use a lift."

I long for the good old days," said the rugged economic individualist, "when a man got ahead because of ambition, hard work and sucking up to the boss."

And then there was the admiral who came out of the closet and replaced the scrambled eggs on the visor of his uniform cap with quiche.



Medical-ethics experts are struggling with the question of whether or not it's fitting and proper for a young male gynecologist to keep looking up old girlfriends.

Because my client is uncertain which of the two men with whom she lived concurrently is the father of her child, Your Honor," stated the attorney, "she seeks to combine them as joint defendants in this legal action."

"So what she is really filing, then," commented a jurist wryly, "is a paternity suit with two pairs of pants."

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.



*"For everyone's sake, my dear, I hope the gentleman
has been a victim of snakebite."*



"It's amazing! Before we became a protected species, I was the only one left!"

WINNERS

by Roy Levinman



the world's finest
sports impressionist
celebrates three decades of
dazzling the public eye



Whether it was Willie Mays's tape-measure cut (above) or Steve Garvey's bullish consistency (left), Neiman was there to put his mark on the moment. There's something to be said for being the first sports artist, but most of Neiman's laurels were for being best.



AT THE CENTER of it all is the blending of color and motion. Willie Mays, magic number 24 emblazoned in blue on his back, bludgeons one more left-hand fast ball through a ripple of yellow and goodbye. A tennis player, wrong-footed, spins his Nikes back to the corner he just left. The ball is dying; he races to keep it alive. Banners splash the sky with red as 20,000 leaping spectators blend into a froth of colors.

"The close-up expressions and emotions and attitudes—the strains, grimaces, grunts, the physicality of sport—this is my natural preserve." So says LeRoy Neiman in *Winners*, his recollection of 30 years of patrolling that preserve. He was the first serious artist to become first and foremost a *sports* artist. His familiar face, vivid haberdashery and inimitable brushery have made him one of a handful of artist celebrities. His style is recognized by millions, some of whom knew nothing about art—or knew nothing about



Montreal 1976



Veloy Neiman

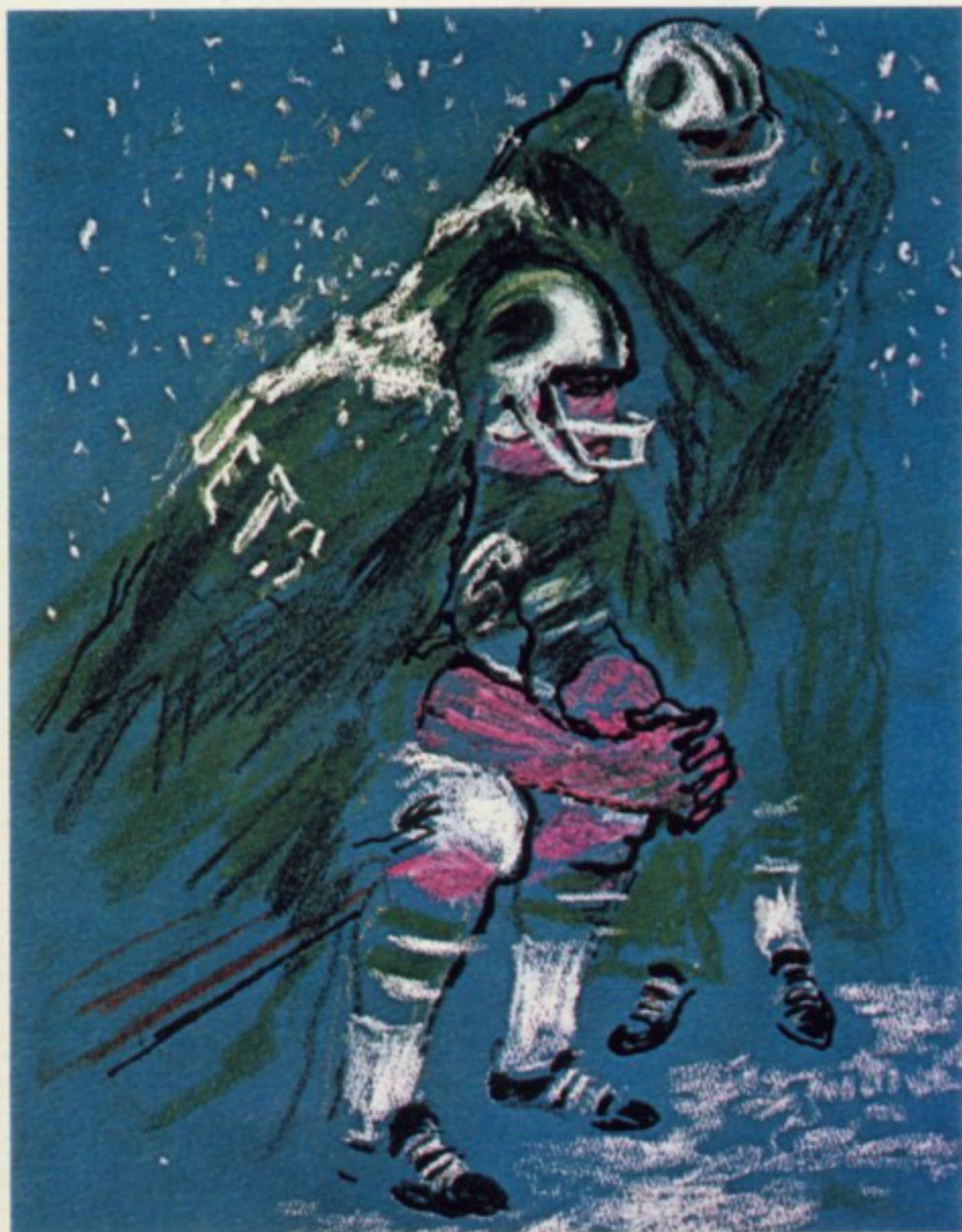


The artist found a grunting dignity in the flash of a first serve over grass (above), and the 1976 Olympics *mano-à-mano* in Montreal's Forum (left) sent Neiman to the canvas. "The Yanks [were] shaped in Ali's mold," he recalls. Wasn't this one left-out?

sports—before he came along.

Neiman has done most of what he set out to do in sports. He plans to concentrate on other kinds of motion now, but that doesn't mean he thinks he has just been wasting paint. "Having never thought sports too banal to paint seriously," he says, "I . . . am not reluctant to feel proud of having brought art, through sports, into the lives of countless people who might otherwise not have been exposed to it."

It's no coincidence that Neiman is celebrating 30 years in the public eye at almost the same time we are. He and *PLAYBOY* grew up together. Back in 1954, when his brushes' bristles were longer than those in his 'stache, he toiled as an instructor at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Hugh Hefner, a friend with a new magazine, thought the Neiman trompes deserved a l'oeil following. Since then, as magazine and artist have grown in stature and popularity, the friendship has



Neiman calls Wilt Chamberlain (above left) "a perfect, modern-day El Greco model." A Jets-Broncos game he saw in 1961 (above), on the other hand, was a model of panic. At left is a Neiman Christmas card done for those same Jets. 'Twas a down year.

continued. Neiman's work for *PLAYBOY* has helped make him the highest-paid living artist, and he's done more *PLAYBOY* artistry than anyone else. Even the Femlins that adorn our *Party Jokes* pages are his.

Winners: My Thirty Years in Sports sells for \$85, which sounds steep until you consider that the works reproduced in it would cost \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000 if you could buy all of them, which you can't. But why now, LeRoy? You've been at this since Herschel Walker, whose shoulders fill a page in your book, was a negative eight years old. Why state the case now?

"Not young enough for theory nor poor enough to be bitter nor old enough to reflect," runs the artist's litany. "I welcome the idea of putting my body of work in the realm of sports on the record myself, rather than leaving it entirely to the care of others whose affection for this playpen of games may not be as strong or as enduring as my own."



Greg Louganis, awash in a sea of sky, hovers a beat before plunging poolward at the 1976 Montreal Olympic Games. "Louganis stole the show for anatomical impressiveness," said Neiman. Jennifer Chandler (inset) displays her fluid motion, too.





Reds

welcome to our rose parade

REDHEADS ARE like other women—only more so. The first thing you notice is a soft fire around their faces—an auburn halo that vibrates in high gear. A kind of heat that has nothing to do with temperature radiates from them like a visual perfume: a curious, insistent allure. Redheads come in several shades and temperaments. For example, there are fiery redheads with strong voices and keen wills—Lucille Ball is that group's acknowledged patron saint. There are fiery redheads who have their thermostats on permanent simmer—picture Ann-Margret when she's not dancing but is dressed as though she might at any minute transform her hips into a metronome. There are redheads who look as if they have just come from a shower and are pink from vigorous towel drying—Annette O'Toole has part of the franchise on that look. There are redheads with historical purpose (Elizabeth I), redheads with social purpose (Margaret Sanger), redheads with chops (Lizzie Borden). By a happy coincidence of pigment and spark, redheads improve the world around them.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





Above, we show you your basic redhead in the front, back and side positions. Do not be deceived; she differs from your basic non-redheaded person. She is different underneath. Opposite, more strands of solid evidence that carrottops are remarkably consistent.







Redheads often have eyes in unusual colors, such as green or hazel. They also often have freckles scattered over their skin, like an incomplete connect-the-dots drawing. Redheads, like strawberries, are often found in close proximity to whipped or ice cream.



In nature, redheads are found either by themselves or in small groups. In Laguna Hills, California, Stephen Douglas has founded Redheads International Club, whose purpose is to unite all redheads and to promote their pride. So far, 10,000 have joined.



Redheads, for all their alleged and known proclivities, need time to be alone. They are sometimes a mystery even to themselves.





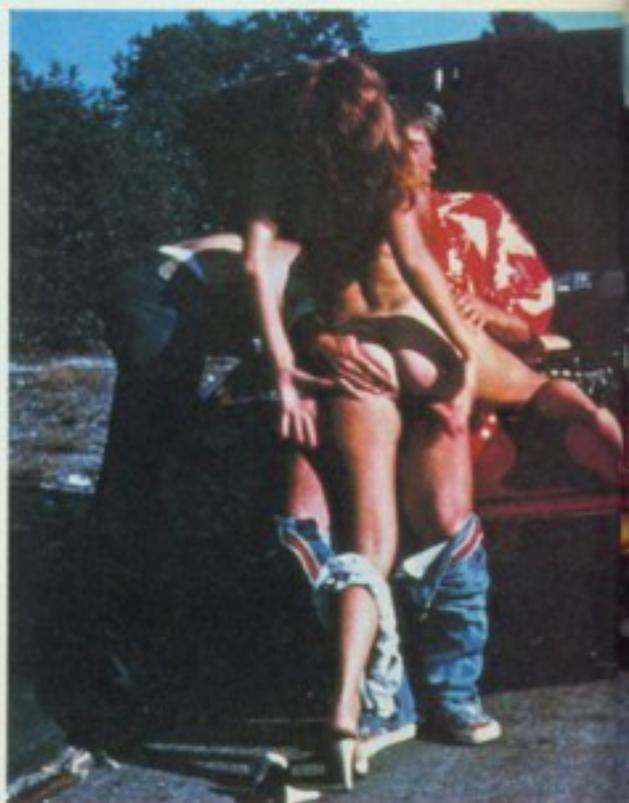


"Offhand, I'd say its diet goes a long way toward explaining the lack of reported sightings."



**Photographer Finds
New Use for Flash**

PHOTOGRAPHER Craig Blankenhorn, a native Southern Californian, spent eight years learning his craft. He supported himself by working at blue-collar jobs. After a year in Alaska, he figured that it was time for a change. "Someone said you could do anything you wanted in New York City. I decided to test the notion. I photographed a couple making love on a park bench, next to a bag lady." The rest is history. Blankenhorn has photographed couples doing it on jogging paths, in subways, on rooftops. (We featured some of his work in *Sex News*, November 1982, and *The Year in Sex*, February 1983.) And earlier this year, The Playboy Channel got him to do a special shooting near New York's Manhattan Bridge (below).



It was only a matter of time before Blankenhorn took his act on the road (literally). The couple at right are doing it on I-405 near Los Angeles; above, the venue is a convenient pool in the Hollywood Hills. The models are just people Blankenhorn meets in bars. "It's kind of interesting to watch how two strangers interact. The couple I photographed in Central Park [left] had just met."



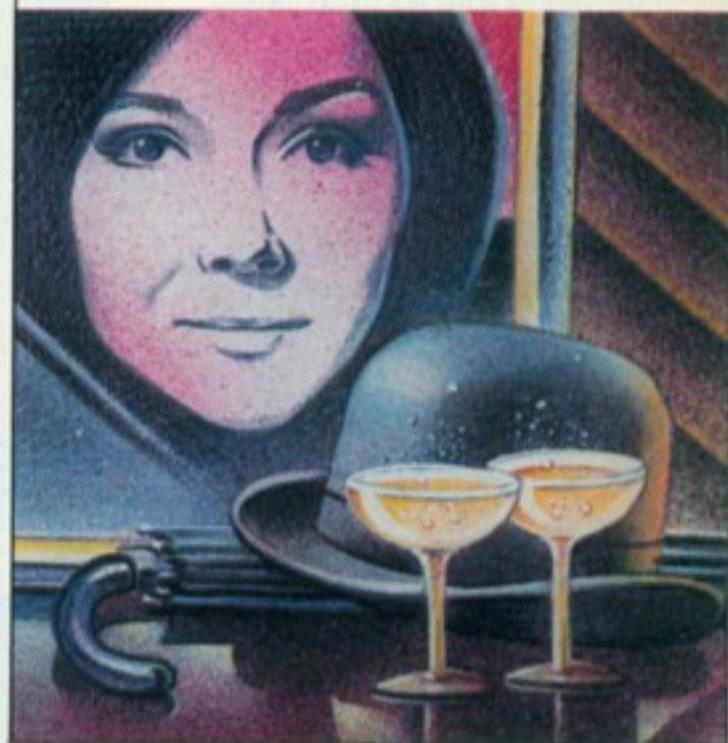
"I've never been caught, but I've had close calls. One day, my assistant shouted, 'Cop!' The cop heard him and found the model with his pants down."



Blankenhorn has shot couples making love at such sites as the Statue of Liberty. The shot (below) at the Capitol dome was a piece of cake. "It was done extremely fast, in about 10 to 12 seconds." From what we hear, that's the average time for sex in Washington.

AVENGING ANGELS

Remember *The Avengers*, the Sixties British TV series starring Patrick Macnee as Jonathan Steed and Diana Rigg as Emma Peel, two sophisticated superspy/sleuths who could polish off a villain and a bottle of Dom Pérignon with equal élan? A new quarterly fanzine, *With Umbrella, Charm & Bowler*, available for \$4 annually from Caruba Enterprises, Box 40, Maplewood, New Jersey 07040, has begun publication just in time for a resyndication of the show. From what's going on these days, they're definitely needed.



SITTING OUT THE GAME IN STYLE

You might not want to put a Super Fan Chair that's shaped like a football helmet from your favorite team (most teams from the N.F.L., A.F.C. and the U.S.F.L. are available, as well as college teams) next to your Knoll couch or Frank Lloyd Wright table; but in a rec room with a king-sized TV and plenty of beer, potato chips and pretzels, it beats a stone-cold stadium bench any time. Available from Sports Chairs Inc., 1440 South State College Boulevard, Suite 3/H, Anaheim, California 92806, for \$399.95 F.O.B., each chair is made of gel-coated fiberglass and has a cushy vinyl-and-velour interior, plus a swivel base (not shown). The old helmet chair's got us. . . .

YOW! IS THAT MORE OF ME?

Zippy the Pinhead's back, but instead of wandering across the pages of a Bill Griffith underground comic mouthing "Yow," "Hey! Fun!!" and "Am I having a good time yet?" everybody's favorite numskull has resurfaced in the form of a three-foot-tall soft-sculpture doll. Zippy's stepmother, doll-maker Martha Heller, takes her simpleton stepchild seriously: He costs \$250 and is being produced in a numbered series limited to 200 and autographed by cartoonist Griffith himself. (Contrary to popular opinion, Zippy is stuffed with polyester, not Ding Dongs, *taco* sauce and Polysorbate 80, his favorite foods.) To obtain Zippy, send your \$250 to Martha-My-Dear, 2617 San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, California 94702. (The price includes a special booklet telling you all about Zippy.) At Berkeley, dollmaking ranks right up there with religion, politics and economics as a serious art.



NOT FOR MISS MUFFET

We've heard of pheasant under glass, but a real tarantula under polyquartz? Yes, and although its price is a bit hairy (\$190), its seven-inch leg span is a real stopper. Kiefe Originals, 2481 Islington Avenue, Rexdale, Ontario M9W3X9, is the company that does this work; and its latest brochure (\$2) also lists other perfectly preserved oddities, including a dandelion (\$27) and a full-grown piranha (\$145). Give the latter to your mother-in-law.





PRESIDENTIAL TIM-BER

"Good evening, fellow Americans. My name is President Ronald Reagan, and I am a six-foot-tall dummy. My body is polyester resin and fiberglass. Michael Miller, the artist who makes me, says I can sit or stand, wave hello with both arms and turn my head in all directions, just like the chief. You can take me home for five thousand dollars sent to Miller at P.O. Box 552, Chappaqua, New York 10514. Some people cannot tell me from the real McCoy. If you've got the money, I've got the time."

POKE THE TV, HONEY; I'M FEELING A BIT OF A CHILL

Unless you're lucky enough to have a penthouse with a fireplace, the nearest open hearth may well be the oil drum on the corner where construction workers are burning tires. That's where Environmental Video comes in. For \$39.95, it'll send you a one-hour video cassette (Beta or VHS) of a smellless, smokeless log fire to get you through the long winter night. (Environmental's address is P.O. Box 577, Manhattan Beach, California 90266.) How Santa makes his entrance this Christmas is your problem, not ours, Charley.



MAKING CHANGE

Changing Society, a game of political and economic survival, lets two to 18 players take over the country in any way they choose, from starting a revolution or buying up corporations to joining the military and letting the taxpayers pick up the tab. As in life, there are a variety of ways to win and lose in Changing Society, but you'll discover that for yourself after you've ponied up \$16 and sent it off to CSG, 3920 California Street, Oakland, California 94619. You can even die, will your property to another player and return to the game as your own descendant. Broke but born again.



TIN CAN, ALLEZ!

Citroën 2cvs, those sardine cans on wheels that you see tooling all over Europe getting incredible gas mileage (up to 60 miles per gallon on some models), are cult cars that have been in production for more than 30 years. Although new ones can't be imported, pre-1968 models can, and Fournet's, 7603 Balto. & Anap. Boulevard, Glen Burnie, Maryland 21061, is selling them for \$3495 to \$4695, depending on whether the model is Junior, AZ or its rebuilt Super. If you don't smoke Gauloise Bleus, however, forget it.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Back in 1889, Barkham Burroughs published his *Encyclopaedia of Astounding Facts and Useful Information*, containing 521 recipes and 236 remedies (e.g., how to prevent baldness), along with 20,000 other things worth knowing. ("And" appears in the Old Testament 35,543 times.) Barkham Burroughs' great-grandson, Miggs Burroughs, is offering a reprint of the *Encyclopaedia* for only \$7 sent to Brayden Books, P.O. Box 6, Westport, Connecticut 06881. Page 39 tells how to be handsome. Number-one tip: "Keep a sweet breath."



Beached Wails

DAVID BOWIE's music video *China Girl* caused a storm of controversy even as the hit single of the same name rose on the music charts. MTV's version deleted the racy parts. *Grapevine* replaces them for you. We want to show you what your television won't. There's a lot to be said for this modern version of love letters in the sand. Agreed?



That Old Black Magic

The burning question for the month appears to be "Can JAMIE LEE CURTIS keep a secret?" Seen here getting a wet one from *Trading Places* co-star EDDIE MURPHY, she seems delighted to be tested. It's no secret at all that Curtis exposes two perfect breasts in the movie nor that Murphy has all the good moves.

PATRICK JONES '88

FRANK CARNO/REX USA

B-52's



Hair Apparent

No, boys and girls, those are not antennae peeking out of the B-52's trailer. That's the top of CINDY WILSON's distinctive bouffant. The thing to remember about the B-52's is that their *musical* style made the world safe for Yoko's. Get their latest album, *Whammy*, or their first music video, *Song for a Future Generation*, and see what we mean.



California, Here I Come!

Has singer NINA HAGEN found her G spot? Her most recent album is called *Fearless* and features the No Problem Orchestra. We think that pretty well sums up her state of mind. Hagen's world-wide tour has just begun, and if you want to find out more about this eccentric lady, check her out in person. As for showing off under the HOLLYWOOD sign, remember: In Tinseltown, the stars come out even when it's *not* night.

Take Two

The young lady caught in the grip of producer ALLAN CARR is JERRI LYNN DAVIS, a.k.a. Miss Key Lime Pie. In case you haven't guessed, they're making a movie, *Where the Boys Are*. It's not a remake of the classic Sixties original, but it does take place on the beach in Fort Lauderdale. We look forward, eagerly, to seeing more of the owner of these celebrity breasts of the month.



TREAT IT

Have you noticed that when the headlines say "GOOD NEWS FOR HERPES SUFFERERS," the news is less than you hoped for? Good news would be a cure or a vaccine or proof that herpes sufferers have better sex. Anything else is merely comforting news. And that's what we have for you here. Remember Acyclovir, the ointment that has been shown to speed up healing of herpes lesions? Well, a new Acyclovir tablet is now being readied for FDA approval. It was tested by UCLA School of Medicine researchers, who reported in *The New England Journal of Medicine* that the tablets stopped new outbreaks within 48 hours. Existing sores healed as much as one week faster than they did without the tablet treatment.

The tablet is not yet ready to be sold in drugstores, but marketing approval from the FDA is expected by year's end.

THE ENOUGH DRUG

Drs. John Money and Fred S. Berlin of Johns Hopkins University say they have successfully treated deviant sexual behavior that may have resulted from abnormal hormonal activity with a "sexual-appetite depressant." Although they do not yet have a theory about just how brain abnormalities trigger unconventional sexual behavior, they say that their 20 subjects have unusual brain scans, unusual electrical activity and elevated testosterone and pituitary hormone levels. The majority of the subjects have been treated with a drug called Depo Provera, which lowers the testosterone levels in the blood. The effect is to depress an overwhelming sexual appetite.



From our "How come everybody talks about the French but nobody does anything about them?" file: Here are two works by French sculptor Ioustegey. They were sent by the French government to the annual Chicago International Art Exposition. The one on the right, called *The House*, makes us wary of French real-estate deals. As for the other, *Death of a Brother*, we don't comprehend. Anyway, you can tell which brother lives.

MALE RAPE

In recent years, we've all been concerned about victims of sexual assault. But whether it's a university study or a local police program, most of the attention has focused on female victims. Male sexual victimization is a problem, too. And now, two experts at treating sex offenders are offering workshops on male victimization and on juvenile sexual offenders.

At Walt Disney World on October 24 and 25, two directors of sex-offender programs—A. Nicholas Groth, from Connecticut's Somers State Prison, and Robert E. Longo, from Oregon State

Hospital—will offer a workshop called *The Male Victim of Sexual Assault*. They plan to present a multimedia program addressing the myths and the misconceptions about male sexual assault, including its long-term psychological effects.

"It is a subject that doesn't get addressed," Groth told us, "and males to whom it happens think they'll be ridiculed if they complain about it."

While the programs are directed toward professionals, they are open to anyone who knows male victims of sexual assault. For more information, write to A. Nicholas Groth, Ph.D., 183 Bilton Road, Somers, Connecticut 06071. 



Poster Exhibitionism: Left, the Miami Grand Prix, \$10, from GAH Graphics, P.O. Box 11526, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33339. Below, PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Stan Malinowski's shot of Renée Simonsen, \$30, from Aardvark Art, 770 Birginal, Bensenville, Illinois 60106. At right, the Playboy Press promotional poster for *Playboy's Girls of Summer*, available to newsstand purchasers of the book.





GLORY, GLORY



CINEMA SEX



ANDREY'S DINNERS



GOOD CIGARS

"MY DINNERS WITH ANDREY: INSIDE THE COLD WAR"—IT ALL STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH, BUT IT ENDED IN A DANCE WITH A RUSSIAN SPY. A TRUE-LIFE STORY OF AN AMERICAN REPORTER'S ENTANGLEMENT WITH THE FBI, THE K.G.B. AND THE GHOST OF LEE HARVEY OSWALD—BY **CARL OGLESBY**

"GLORY, GLORY"—SHE'S THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER WOMAN IN THE WORLD. NO WONDER SOMEONE'S TRYING TO CLONE HER. DETECTIVE JOE KILBORN (ALL FOUR OF HIM) IS CALLED IN ON THE CASE, WITH SURPRISING (TO ALMOST EVERYBODY) RESULTS. A FUTURISTIC MYSTERY YARN BY **JOHN MORRESSY**

BUBBA SMITH TALKS ABOUT HOW PRO-FOOTBALL GAMES ARE THROWN, HIS 1001 NIGHTS WITH GROUPIES, HOW TO SPOT A GAY IN THE LOCKER ROOM AND WHAT A WHITE MAN SHOULD NEVER SAY TO A BLACK IN A SNAPPY **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"SEX IN CINEMA—1983"—THERE WAS PRECIOUS LITTLE OF IT IN THE YEAR'S BLOCKBUSTER FILMS, BUT NEVER FEAR: YOU'LL SEE THE BEST OF THE STEAMIEST IN OUR ANNUAL PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO MOVIES, EXPLAINED FOR YOU BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT**

"GENTLEMEN, YOU MAY SMOKE"—A CONNOISSEUR'S GUIDE TO CHOOSING A FINE CIGAR—BY **DAVID ABRAHAMSON**

"THE DEAL: SEX IN THE AGE OF NEGOTIATION"—WE'VE COME FULL CIRCLE, FROM GIRLS WHO WON'T KISS ON THE FIRST DATE TO GIRLS WHO SAY GOODBYE ON THE FIRST DATE. IS TALK, TALK, TALK ALL THERE IS?—BY **LAURENCE SHAMES**

"HIGH-VOLTAGE RACQUETBALL"—YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH SWATTING THE SPHERE A COUPLE OF TIMES A WEEK ANYMORE. NOT WHEN HALF OF YOUR POTENTIAL OPPONENTS ARE A- OR B-CLASS PLAYERS. HERE'S HOW TO CATCH UP—BY **ARTHUR SHAY**

MY ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION





ALL ADULT MAGAZINE COLLECTION

<http://thephoenix-forums.com/showthread.php?t=1689962>

<http://www.hornybb.org/viewtopic.php?f=20&t=2024423>

<http://www.redbitch.org/xxx-magazines/2311524-man-magazine-archive.html>

<http://www.rapcentral.co.uk/forum/man-magazine-collection-t44065.html>

<http://pornxchange.org/xxx-magazines/54526-man-magazine-collection.html#post117245>