

DAN JENKINS' SEMI-HILARIOUS NEW NOVEL

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1984 • \$3.00

**THE SECRET
PAPERS OF
HOWARD
HUGHES**

**HOW THE
PHANTOM
BILLIONAIRE
TRIED TO
BUY THE U.S.
GOVERNMENT**

**DAZZLING
& DIRTY
PLAYBOY'S
SEX IN
CINEMA**

**INTERVIEW
PRESIDENT
JOSÉ
NAPOLEÓN
DUARTE
OF EL
SALVADOR**

**CHRISTIE
BRINKLEY
DRESSES
UP**





punk style has powered a new look on top—and elsewhere

R · A · R · E H · A · I · R

IT IS WITH our hair that we make those statements about ourselves that we want the world to understand. The decision to part it on one side or on the other—or down the middle—is one that is reached after agonizing self-examination. Hence, seeing a young lady whose head looks as if it had undergone electroshock raises more questions than it resolves. Whatever happened to pretty? Well, it just doesn't live here anymore. Instead, we've got rowdy new tenants walking around on our streets. And they couldn't give two hoots what we think of their tress dressing, so it's

not as though they were making a statement with their hair. But after we recover from the shock of the new, we can see the fun of it. Why not, after all, shave half your head, bolt on a few jewels and let aquamarine explode where once there was blonde? Why not pull down your pants and re-fashion your most intimate coiffure into a remake of *How Green Was My Valley*? After a while, it makes perfect sense. Linoleum green and puce and magenta and fake-fur fuchsia are kind of cute. Besides, what else is eating up your time after you've made the decision not to go to business school?







At left, we have a perfect example of how a woman can look angry without necessarily meaning to. She's probably just peeved that she bought a skirt that turned out to be a little short. Above, some women like to wear boxer shorts and some like to wear boxer shoes. Below, a lady who avoids the sun as much as possible gets her back up over social issues.





Would we have noticed the person below and right had she decided just to go with a ponytail? Probably. But that would have spoiled the fun. Despite all the weirdness around her head and shoulders, careful viewers will notice that her taste really runs to conservative tweeds and other durable fabrics. Her defiance of convention is an inspiration we can all carry with us.



VEDDY BRITISH, VEDDY BRINKLEY

*the english look in fashion
has landed, and christie
brinkley leads the charge*

attire **By HOLLIS WAYNE**

GETTING DRESSED with Christie Brinkley in the morning would certainly turn our head, and that's why we put her in a look that's going to be turning heads in the months—and maybe years—to come: British tailoring. Suits will take their fashion cue from the slim but slightly flared cut of an English country gentleman's hacking jacket. Trousers should be pleated and cuffed and should extend to the tops of sensible shoes—either oxfords or brogues. A colored shirt with a white collar echoes the age when an English shirt often had a detachable collar and cuffs. And to top it all off, we've added a homburg and a cashmere double-breasted overcoat. We'll take a foggy day in London town with Christie Brinkley any time.

What's Christie Brinkley doing in a pair of viddy British Paul Smith cotton boxer shorts, from Barneys New York, \$25? Anything she wants to (and perhaps that explains where that anonymous undershirt she's wearing came from). Her hat? An English felt homburg, by Worth & Worth, Ltd., of course. The price: \$75.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
PATRICK DEMARCHELIER



More British, more Brinkley—the Empire has never looked better. The blue-cotton end-on-end-weave shirt has a white contrasting collar, French cuffs and a gold collar pin, by Burberrys, \$65; the tie is a Turnbull & Asser with pin dots, from Bergdorf Goodman, New York, \$38.50.



This dukey addition to the British look is a wool Windsor-plaid double-breasted suit with peaked lapels and twin vents, by Turnbull & Asser, \$895, at Bergdorf Goodman; plus an English silk pocket square, from Barneys, \$15; and a leather belt, by Ibex of England, also only \$15.





There'll always be an England and an English look, which includes a cashmere double-breasted overcoat with peaked lapels and angled pockets, by Tommy Nutter, Savile Row, about \$900; Kilgour, French & Stanbury black patent-leather wing-tip shoes with leather soles, from Barneys, \$140.





PLAYMATE ON PATROL

*roberta vasquez could break your arm as well as your heart,
but she saves the rough stuff for the bad guys*



AT 18, ROBERTA VASQUEZ WAS BORED. She was in her second year of college, still living at home, and her life lacked—well—adventure. So she dropped out of college, rented her own apartment and went looking for a job. Her first stop was the May Company department store in Los Angeles. On the job application, she noticed the classification SECURITY. She was intrigued.

“When I thought about it, I said to myself, ‘I can do that!’ I had the strength and I had a black belt in karate, so I knew I could handle myself.”

Bert’s qualifications, though startling for an 18-year-old, were just right. She got the job—and a spot in PLAYBOY’s February 1984 *Women of Steel* pictorial. Cool, strong and compassionate, she soon found she was a natural at law enforcement. She applied for, and got, another position, this time with the California State Police, patrolling state property.

In those two jobs, Roberta got the adventure she was looking for—sometimes. Sometimes, it was just an experience.

“I discovered I have to adopt a different personality toward the public because I’m a woman. I don’t necessarily have to be meaner than a man but just a little more assertive. I have to stand my ground and demand certain things from the people I’m dealing with. I can’t smile, which leads everyone to ask, ‘What’s wrong?’ or ‘Didn’t you get any last night?’ But I have to, because I’m in a car all by myself and my closest backup is ten

As a California State Police officer, Roberta Vasquez stopped as much traffic as the red lights on the corner. “For me, the biggest problem was that men didn’t believe I was a police officer. They thought it was funny.” Of course, those weren’t the guys lying face down on the sidewalk, wearing steel bracelets and astonished looks.



Roberta has had to draw her weapon only once in her career, in a domestic squabble that erupted into a street fight. And she's never had to use it. Still, prudence demands that she keep in practice. "In a life-threatening situation, you don't always realize what's going on. You react on instinct, on what you've been taught. Later, you relax and talk over the incident and it's like, 'Wow, I almost got shot!' That's when you realize what the danger was, and that's when you get the shakes—after you're done."



"It's hard to make friends when people hear about the kind of work I've done. They think that if they tell me about the wild weekend they spent way back when, I'm going to bust them! Once they get to know me, though, they realize they can let their guard down."

minutes away. It's a scary situation."

It must be especially scary for someone with Roberta's background.

"I was afraid of the dark when I was a kid," she admits, "slept with the light on, started crying if you turned it off, and so on. I had a really strict Christian upbringing. Real, real old-fashioned. I wasn't allowed to wear pants. I had to wear dresses and no make-up. I couldn't even set my hair. I had never been on a date until I moved out of the house when I was 18. So life was new to me, and I wanted to experience it. It's almost as if life began when I moved into my own apartment."

What she found was a world where right and wrong were sometimes abstract concepts.

"Once, while working security, I stopped a seven-year-old kid I had seen shoplifting a \$25 remote-control model car. He had been instructing another boy, who was 12, in his technique. When I pulled him into the office, it struck me so funny. He just sat there—his feet didn't even touch the floor—casually telling me about all this stuff he'd ripped off before, because it was like a big game to him. It was like, 'Oh, yeah, I've got the motorcycle to match in my house.'

"A (text concluded on page 108)

At the Matrix One Fitness Complex in Westwood (opposite below and above), Roberta builds muscles, and in karate training (below), she hones the skills to go along with them. "I like to work out, to have a strong body. And I like to have people respect that fact." They do. "Sometimes, a man doesn't want to make the first move on me because he's afraid I might get upset and hit him or something. So he waits for me to make the first move or, at least, let him know it's OK with me."





"I usually end up going out with older men, like in their late 30s. That's older for me. For some reason, they make me feel comfortable. They make me feel wanted and they make me feel special. That's what I like. I like affection and I like to feel special."





"If I'm going to make love to somebody, I don't want to go over at 11 at night and have to leave at two in the morning. I want a whole evening of it."







"Listen, I don't want to overpower a man. I never want to be over him or dominate him—I don't want that ever to happen. I want it to be 50-50."

lot of times, what happens is, although you don't want to, you end up getting involved. You try to help people. Even though you try to be hard, you want to help them as much as you can."

It turned out that the boy's confusion stemmed from socioeconomic factors with which Roberta was very familiar.

"I grew up just like that. I grew up with nothing. My mother had five kids on welfare and didn't know what she was going to do. We lived in the Ramona Gardens projects in East Los Angeles. I knew many times what it was to go hungry or to go next door because they had beans and tortillas and we had nothing. I can understand not having clothes or shoes for school. I can remember getting a box of crayons wrapped in tissue paper, and that was Christmas.

"It would have been so easy for me to just give up like so many others do—never graduate from high school, end up getting pregnant by the time I was 16 or 17 and just live the life everyone else did."

These days, Bert's antsy again. She has left the state police—something about there being more "paper shuffling than action" in that department. First she'll put in some Playmate time; then she's thinking about a personal-bodyguard service. Whatever she does, it'll be where the action is.

"What drives me is not wanting to be in the situation that I was in when I was a kid. I don't ever want to be there again. So I try hard; I set my goals. If I set my goals as far up as I can imagine, if I get half-way there, it's 100 percent better than where I was."





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Roberta Vasquez

BUST: 40 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 2-13-63 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

AMBITIONS: TO have a great body the day I turn 40. TO get all that I can out of life.

TURN-ONS: A gentle kiss, a strong body, driving fast, Thai food

TURN-OFFS: people who feel they are better than everyone else, smog, drunk drivers

HOBBIES: working out, reading good books

FAVORITE AUTHORS: I'm not hard to please, I like so many.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Al Jarreau, Tina Turner, Lionel Richie.

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: Hill Street Blues, Dynasty, Twilight Zone

FAVORITE CENTURY, AND WHY? This one, because I'm in it and I can enjoy it.

age 2

age 16

GRADUATION DAY AGE 20



THAT WAS FUNNY, WHAT'S YOUR NEXT TRICK?



WATCH THAT HAND, GOOFY!



WATCH OUT, WORLD, HERE I COME!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I'm sorry to have to tell you, young man," said the physician, "that you've contracted AIDS. I'm required to report that, along with the names of your past one hundred sex partners."

"Are you kidding, doc?" squealed the patient hysterically. "Do you think I've got eyes in the back of my head?"

Your ridiculous claim that this artificial female organ is every bit as satisfying as the real thing," the disputatious customer snapped at the salesclerk in a sex-aids boutique, "is just a lot of bull in a vagina shop!"



The man came home dejected because a boyhood friend was about to be executed for murder, and his mood wasn't improved when his shrewish wife began berating him after dinner for one thing after another. "That's enough, that's enough!" he finally announced. "Poor old Jim Wright is going to die tonight, and all you can do is bitch! I'm going upstairs."

Alone, watching TV, the woman had begun to regret her conduct when a newscaster reported that the condemned man had been granted a reprieve. She hurried upstairs, heard water running, burst into the bathroom, yanked open the shower-stall door and shouted, "They're not hanging Wright tonight!"

"Good God, woman!" shouted back her husband. "Isn't there *anything* about me that satisfies you?"

Now that Boy George is on the scene, England might be said to have two queens who don't really know how to dress.

The sex therapist's female patient was obviously ill at ease, so he said, "Let me put this next question to you delicately, Mrs. Jones. In making love, do you sometimes—well—smoke your husband's cigar?"

"Er—yes, I do," the woman replied shyly, "but I don't inhale."

A long-range weather forecaster who is also a cocksman is predicting a severe winter. Not in some years, he says, has he come across such warmly furred beavers.

What do you do?" the hooker asked the John as he dressed.

"I'm an astrologer," he replied.

"It's just a wild guess," said the pro, grinning, "but I'd say your sign's the Little Dipper."

*It was said of a girl on Cape Cod
That her verb choice was certainly odd:*

In describing a date,

She said, "Tony stayed late.

We ate oysters and clams and then scrod."

We refuse to believe the rumor about a new chain of gay fast-food establishments to be called McDingus.

It was many years ago that a shabbily dressed man applied at a bank for an advertised executive loan. "Just what line of business are you in?" inquired the interviewing official.

"I'm with a septic-tank firm," was the man's reply.

"And what is it that you do in an executive capacity?"

"We drive to the job site and open the tank, and I go down a rope ladder with a bucket, fill it and pass it up to the guy who dumps it into the truck—and so on."

"But do you really think that's executive work?" sniffed the banker.

"Well, look at it this way," answered the applicant. "In my company, there ain't nobody handing me no shit!"



Boy Neiman

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sperm-bank depositing* as cumming up for heir.

I've got to see you, doctor," insisted a businessman to his analyst on the telephone. "You see, I've been sleeping with my new secretary, and—"

"That's not unusual for you," interrupted the couch-confidences man.

"Maybe not," continued his patient, "but when I'm banging away, I imagine I'm doing it with my wife to salve my conscience—and what's bothering me more and more is that I'm beginning to like it!"

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.



"Look—I said I was sorry!"

**SEX
IN
CINEMA**

1984





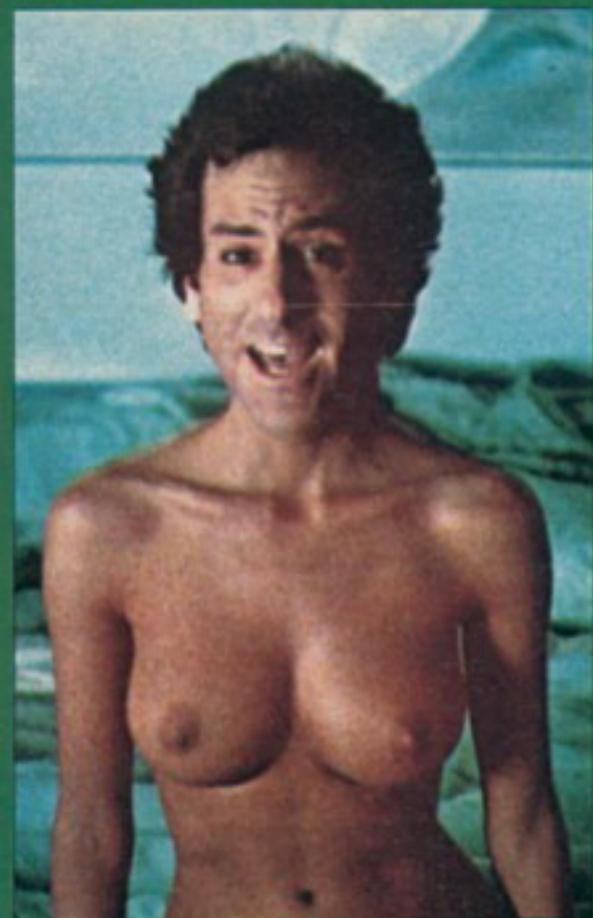
OPENING BIG: A bit of tastefully displayed skin did no harm to these movies' boffo performance at the box office. Sigourney Weaver and Rick Moranis, possessed of erotic evil spirits, share a Manhattan rooftop idyl in *Ghostbusters* (left); Daryl Hannah sprouts a tail only when she's wet in *Splash* (above), thereby answering the age-old question about how mermaids do it; and uptight widow Shirley MacLaine and aging astronaut Jack Nicholson provide a mid-life-crisis update to the beach-blanket genre in a sandy splashdown from *Terms of Endearment* (below). All three pictures, though, are rated PG, which tells us something about the sexual temperature of 1984's film fare.





GOING FOR LAUGHS:

Sex is permissible if you can giggle about it, at least to the makers of such films as *Lust in the Dust* (above), a parody of *Duel in the Sun*. Here, Divine goes to the head of Courtney Gains. In *Police Academy*, a shameless spoof, Leslie Easterbrook gets a similar lock on Donovan Scott (left). *Unfaithfully Yours*, one of a legion of 1984 remakes, pairs Nastassja Kinski and Dudley Moore (below). In *Bachelor Party*, a guilt-ridden prospective bridegroom (Tom Hanks) sees (at right, from the top) the torso of a former flame (Monique Gabrielle) inhabited by the heads of his doctor brother (William Tepper) and of a nun (Florence Schauflier).



GOING FOR BROKE: No-holds-barred adventure films like the ones at right can still take time out for romance. Rachel Ward and Jeff Bridges steam up *Against All Odds*, a remake of *Out of the Past* (top); Andrea Occhipinti and Bo Derek sustain a relationship in and out of the bull ring in *Bolero* (center); and Rutger Hauer and Kathleen Turner get it on in *A Breed Apart* (bottom), a film that manages to combine ecology, mountain climbing, sex and violence.

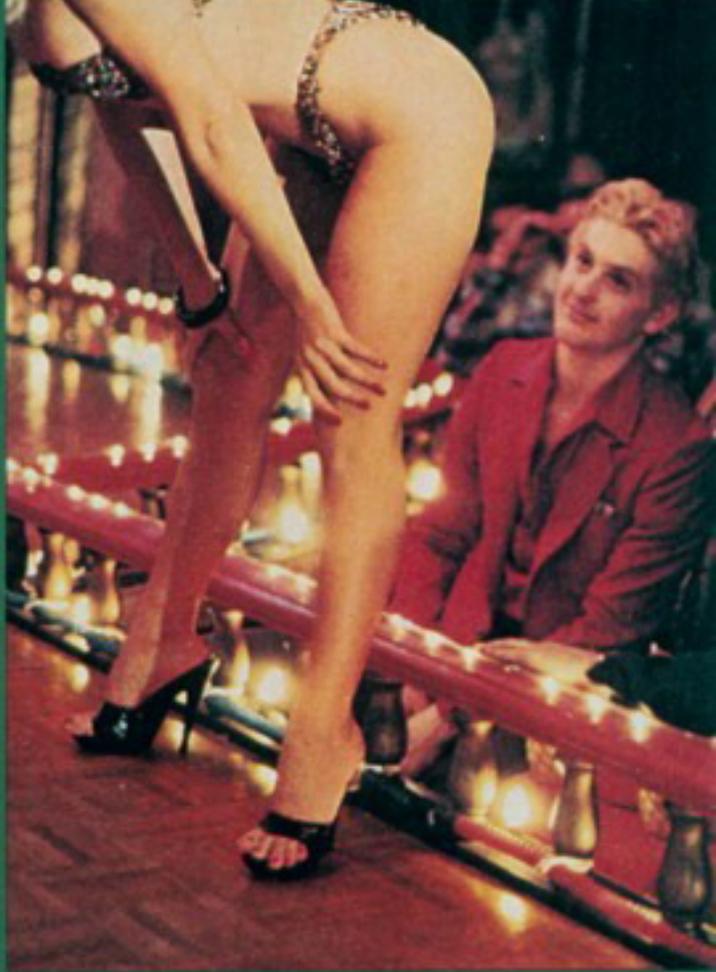
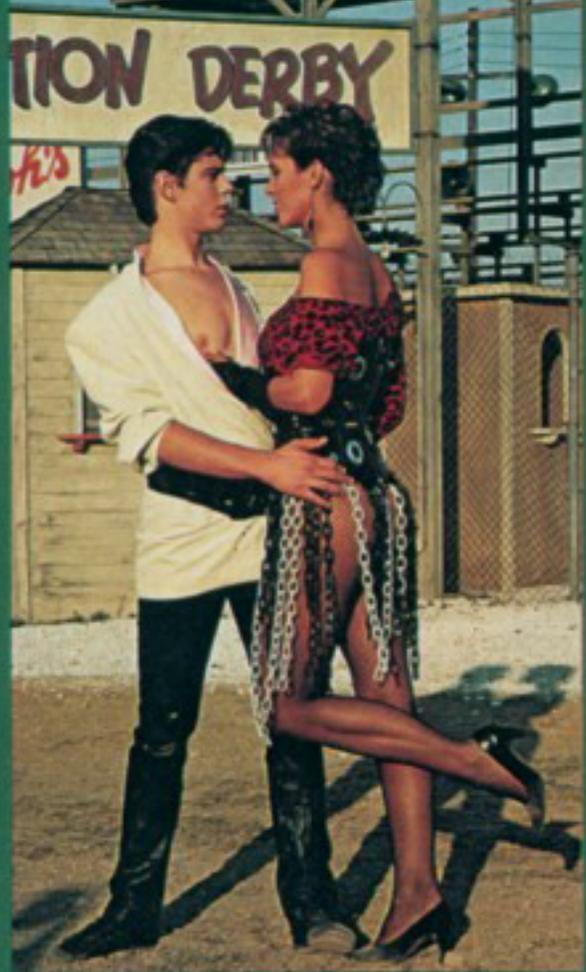
GOING NATIVE: Tropical passions smolder in *Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes*, as Christopher Lambert learns about love with Andie MacDowell (below), and *The Bounty* (bottom), in which Mel Gibson hits the beach with Tevaite Vernette.





BRIDGING THE GENERATION GAP: May-September affairs spice more than one of the year's releases. The eye-popping beach scene above is the first surprise in store for Joseph Bologna and Michael Caine in *Blame It on Rio* (above); Caine ends up being seduced by Bologna's daughter. In *They're Playing with Fire* (below), it's Sybil Danning as the older woman tutoring Eric Brown.





FOR THOSE WHO THINK YOUNG: Moviemakers, always ready to go where the money is, are increasingly aiming their product at horny young males. In *Suburbia* (above left), Julie Winchester is defrocked at a rock concert. *Grandview, U.S.A.* (above center) offers C. Thomas Howell and Jamie Lee Curtis as two legs of a triangle. Christopher Penn plays the quintessential party animal in *The Wild Life* (above right), from the pen of Cameron (Fast Times at Ridgemont High) Crowe. Lori Sutton makes a clean breast of things in *Up the Creek* (below right), while a mélange of mammaries bedecks *Hardbodies* (below center). Below left, *Preppies'* Leonard Haas stages a little orgy as preparation for getting his cousin to flunk out of school (and lose an inheritance). Cut from a different mold is *Liquid Sky*, starring Anne Carlisle in a dual male/female role (that's Anne doing herself at left, above).





EUROSEX: Faithful readers of this series may recall that in the Fifties and Sixties, you had to go to an art-film house if you hoped to see a little skin onscreen. It's getting to be that way again, with foreign films racier than their American counterparts. This year's European offerings (clockwise from left) include *The 4th Man*, with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk in a nightmarish tale of homosexuality,





castration fears and death; *The Perils of Gwendoline*, a sort of *Emmanuelle* clone starring Tawny (*Bachelor Party*) Kitaen, here with Bernadette Lafont; *the Story of O, Part II*, with a blindfolded Sandra Wey being attended by female companions; *Swann in Love*, with Jeremy Irons and a blasé Anne Bennent; *La Femme Publique*, with Valerie Kaprisky and Francis Huster; and *The Inheritors*, with Nikolas Vogel.





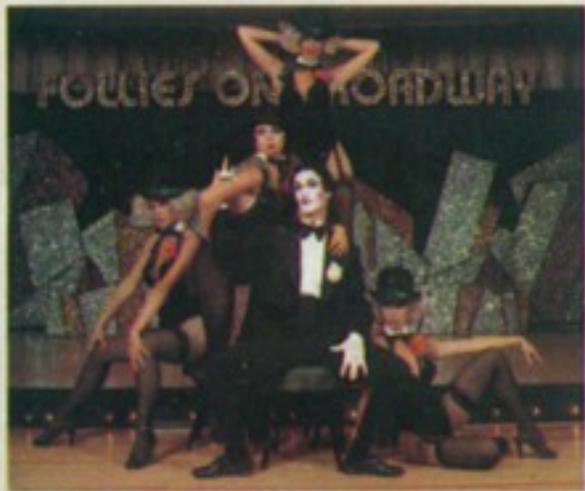
READY FOR TAKE-OFF: It's been a big year for Melanie Griffith, who also stars in *Fear City*, a melodrama about Manhattan burlesque houses. Melanie (near right and below) plays Loretta, a stripper who's the object of co-star Tom Berenger's affections. Other ecdysiasts include Linda Lee (center right) and Rae Dawn Chong (far right). *Fear City's* plot centers on a sort of Jack the Stripper Ripper character who goes around slashing ladies who work nude for a living; in his diary, he claims he's doing the world a favor by wiping out all these "dirty" girls. Also starring are ranking male model Jack Scalia as Berenger's business partner and Billy Dee Williams as a homicide detective.

CRIME & PASSION: Murder and mobsters remain standards on the silver screen. Sergio Leone's spaghetti *Eastern* *Once upon a Time in America* was released here in a truncated version omitting this brothel scene (above left); *Star 80* essays the tragic tale of Dorothy Stratten (Mariel Hemingway, being photographed by Keith Hefner, above right). Melanie Griffith (below left, with Craig Wasson) is an endangered porn queen in *Body Double*; a born-again-blond Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins commit *Crimes of Passion* (below right).





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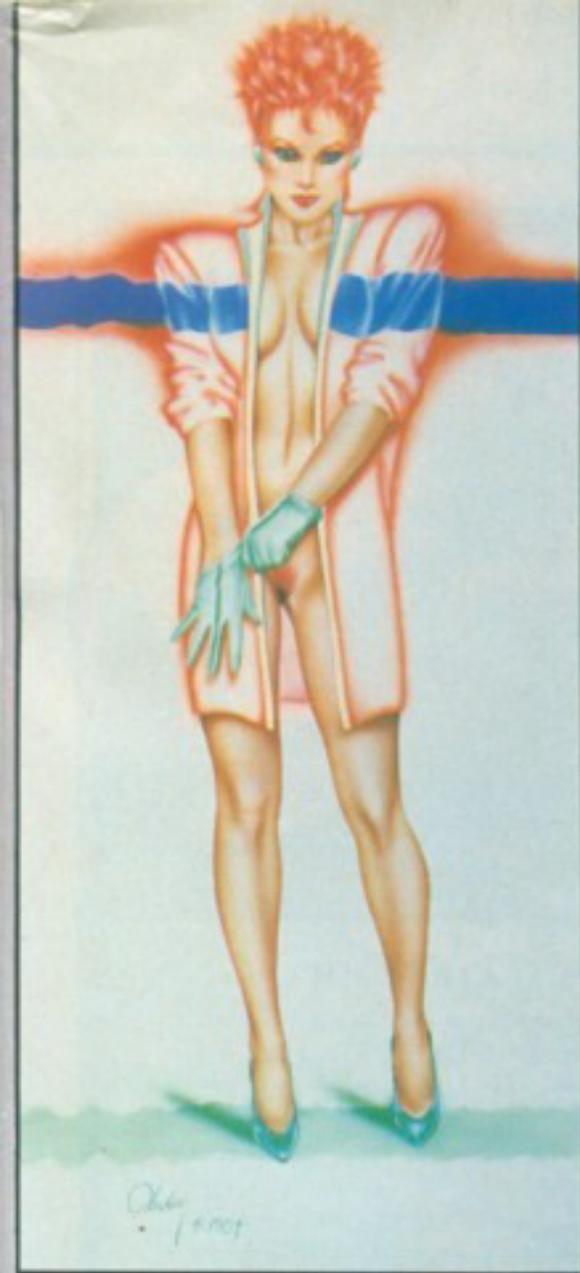
THE PLAYBOY CLUB



The Story of O—Sheer Magic

You've seen her women on calendars, greeting cards and the silky inner surfaces of your dreams: metallic-skinned albino spacewomen. Zebra-skinned huntresses. Women with tattoos. Olivia De Berardinis started painting when she was six. Women haven't been the same since; or, perhaps, it's the way we look at them that has changed. Recently, the 36-year-old artist began designing lingerie. The canvas is her workshop. Why the sudden interest in lingerie? After all, she was a child of the counterculture, a generation that did not believe in underwear, let alone lingerie. "I was looking for a soft direction. I am fascinated by how much ritual power lingerie has, how much it suggests sex. Lingerie binds you





in erogenous zones. It makes sounds that I associate with the bedroom. It is soft, like the touch of the bedroom." What began as an exercise may become a business. Olivia hopes that a fashion house will manufacture clothes based on her designs. Robert Bane Publishing (9255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 716, Los Angeles, California 90069) has released limited editions of the paintings. You can obtain a catalog of Olivia's work for \$2 from O-Card Corporation, Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, New York 10018.



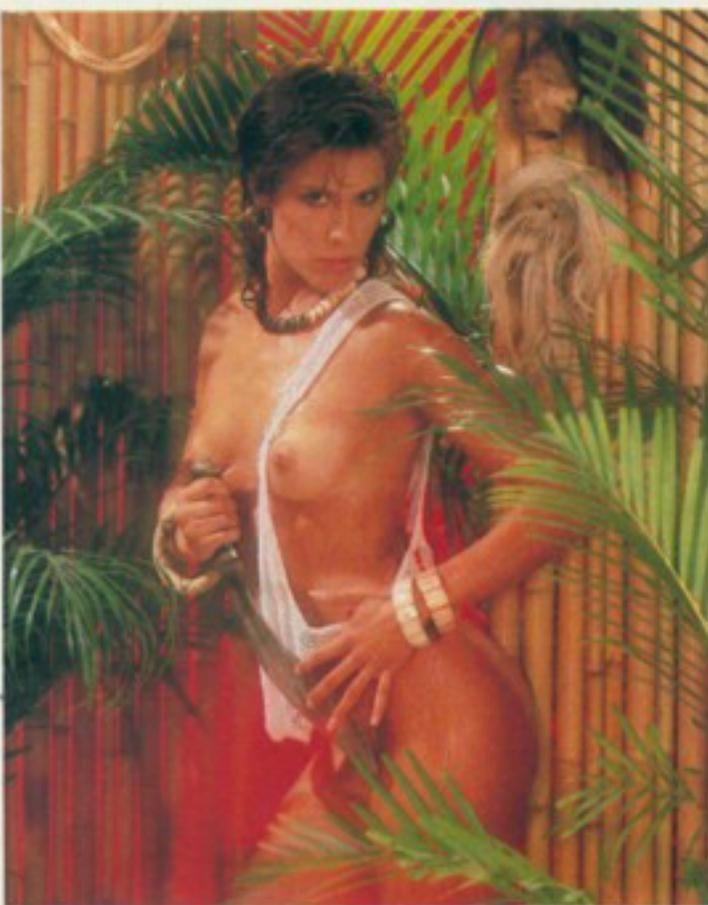
BIZARRE BAZAAR

For those of you who have just seen *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* and now are itching to decorate your domicile in jungle chic, there's Trader Rick's Safari Bazaar, a mail-order company operating out of P.O. Box 240334, Memphis, Tennessee 38124, that sells everything from mako-shark jaws (\$10, postpaid) to Peruvian goatskin shrunken heads (\$12.50). Trader Rick will also initiate a "world search" for obscure exotica and provide an estimated cost. We'll take Kate Capshaw at any price, *bwana*.



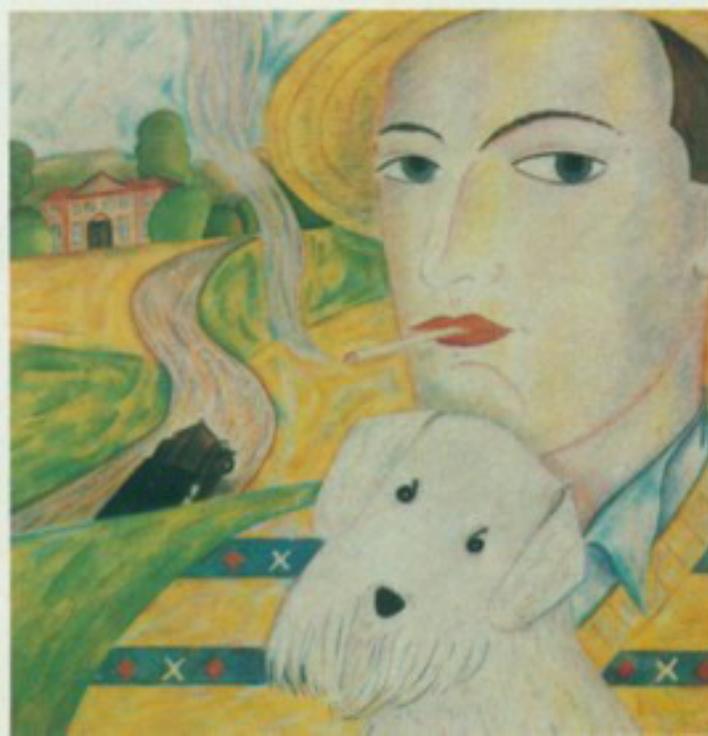
MASTER-SLAVE RELATIONSHIP

Anybody who says good help is hard to find hasn't yet been waited on by an inflatable Servitron Robot. Standing over four feet high, Servitrons in the guise of three domestics—butler, maid and chef—can bustle about at parties dispensing canapés or simply fetch you a quiet cognac by the fire for just \$80 each, postpaid. And according to the manufacturer, Servitron Robots, 1009 Grant Street, Denver, Colorado 80203, the robots can be operated by remote control at distances up to 75 feet, on carpets or hardwood floors. Unlike most guests, when the party's over, they can be deflated.



IT'S THE BERRIES

From Britain's roaring Twenties comes a reprint of *Berry and Co.* (Beaufort Books, \$13.95), the first time these exploits of a madcap fivesome—Berry, Daphne, Jonah, Jill and Boy—who live the life of the idle rich in their country home and dash off in a Rolls-Royce to adventures washed down with champagne, have been published in the United States. The late Dornford Yates wrote the series; after *Berry* come *Jonah and Co.* and *Adèle and Co.* Jolly good reading.



TRIVIA MARCHES ON

The latest affliction to affect our national psyche isn't post-political-convention depression or pre-election anxiety, it's question burn-out: More and more players of Trivial Pursuit experience a sense of *déjà vu* when "Which was the first James Bond film?" and "Name the third leg of horse racing's Triple Crown" keep coming up. That's where Trivia-Sense steps to center stage. Developed by Trivial Pursuit players after one long snow-bound Minnesota weekend, it's a supplementary boxed set of 1000 cards (6000 questions) that can be played with Trivial Pursuit or independently if you just want to fire category questions at one another. You can pick one up for \$29.95 at game shops. Here's a sample question: "What's Madame Bovary's first name?" A box of Snickers to the man in the balcony answering "Emma."

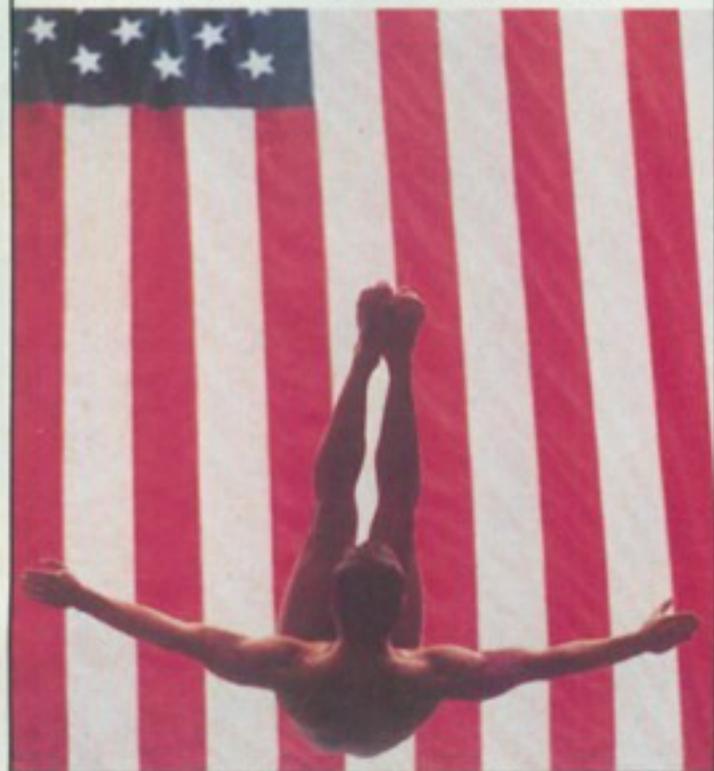
ART ON THE LINE

Ever come across an old signed painting in an antique shop and wonder what it was worth? Who hasn't—but you might have been stuck with trusting an art gallery to tell you whether you had trash or treasure. Now, instead, you can dial a computerized service, Telepraisal, 800-645-6002, give it the name of the artist and it will tell you how well that artist's work sells on the international market. The price is \$30 for a listed name, \$15 for one that's not—all on your charge card. Smile like the Mona Lisa.



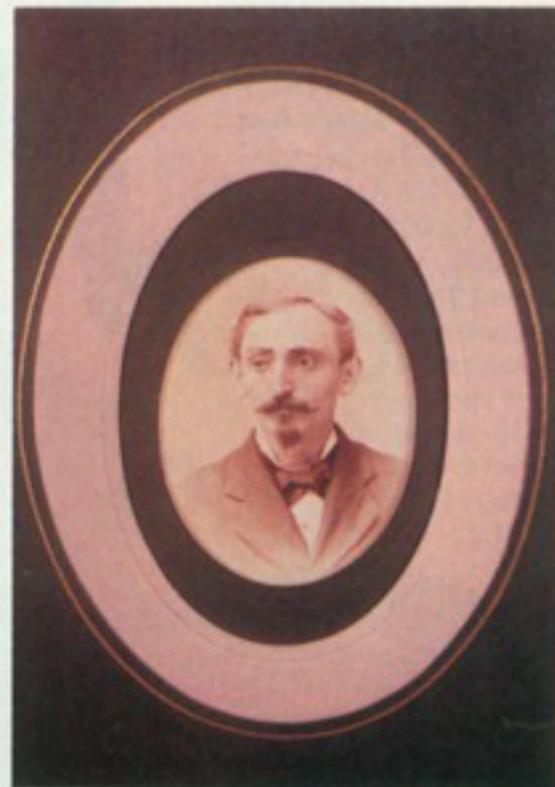
THE GOLDEN STRIVERS

The 1984 Los Angeles games may be a thing of the past, but the pomp and circumstances under which the athletes competed are very much a thing of the present in *Shooting for the Gold: A Portrait of America's Olympic Athletes*, a 128-page hardcover by photographer Walter Iooss, Jr., that was commissioned by Fuji Photo Film U.S.A. It's priced at \$24.95, and all proceeds go to sports federations with athletes on the 1984 U.S. Olympic team.



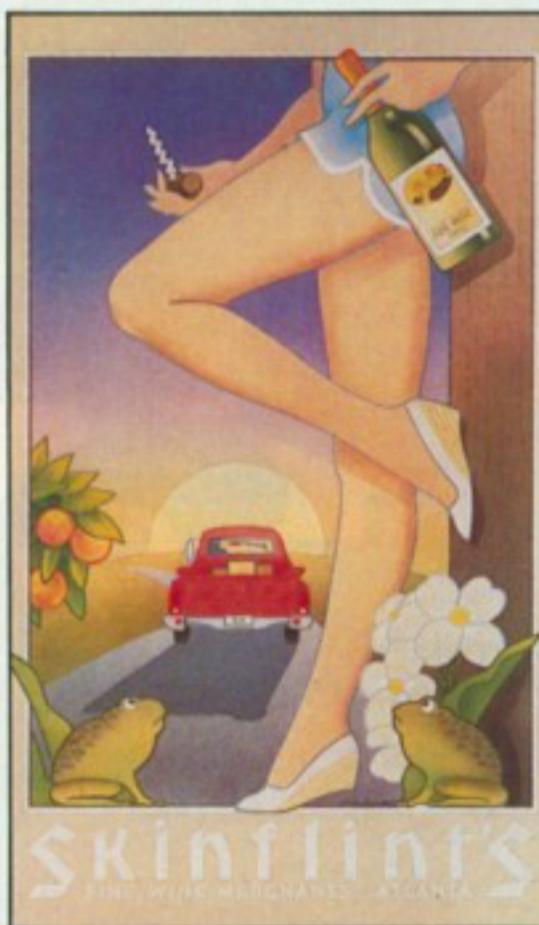
BUY, BUY BLACK SHEEP

Not everyone is lucky enough to be Alex Haley and find Kunta Kinte. In fact, most people don't even have a rotten apple—let alone a shiny one—in their family tree. Until now, that is. For \$24.95, Instant Ancestors, P.O. Box 449063, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202, will create a ridiculous relative, complete with a phony occupation (anything from snake-oil barker to suffragette), and mount the humorous history, along with a 19th Century photo, in a simulated-leather folder. A few facts, such as one's last name and nationality, help. Ours looks better than the real McCoy.



GEORGIA ON OUR MIND

When Skinflint's, that little old fine-wine merchant in Atlanta, commissioned Wine Posters Publishing to create a poster with great legs for it, it wasn't referring to the viscosity of vino on the inside of a glass. And just to make sure that everything was Georgia peachy, Wine Posters also threw in a pickup truck, a rifle and two frogs (or are they horny toads?). What came out of all this is a 20" x 30" five-color poster that's guaranteed to turn the head of every good ol' boy—all for just \$24, postpaid, from Wine Posters, 1701-A Octavia Street, San Francisco, California 94109.



TRAIN OF THOUGHT

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who think train travel went out with spittoons and those who can't wait to choo-choo off to Chattanooga or Chittagong. The *International Railway Traveller* newsletter is clearly written for the latter group. Available bimonthly from P.O. Box 35067, Louisville, Kentucky 40232, for \$15, it's a 12-page sonnet to the romance of that long, lonesome roadbed of rails that has beckoned travelers. Recent editions have included articles on the Orient Express, Australia's luxury train The Alice and future cars of Amtrak. Glad to hear Amtrak has a future.



Record Breaking

CHRISSIE HYNDE is one of rock's first ladies. *Learning to Crawl* stayed on the charts for most of 1984 and The Pretenders toured ceaselessly. So if she wants to tear up a little vinyl, let's hear it for the girl!



Huey Lewis and the Nudes

Fair is fair. HUEY LEWIS reads PLAYBOY and we listen to his albums. We got excited by his hit tune *The Heart of Rock 'n' Roll* and he got excited by Miss August. We've given him a rave review and, from his expression, he's giving us one back. Ain't life grand?

No Sweat

Actress MARGARET MICHAELS has been working out in film and on TV. You've seen her on *Dynasty* and *General Hospital*, and also in *Scarface* (this is our month for the ladies of *Scarface*). Margaret is now making a love story for the big screen, as yet untitled. Yeah, love!



The Boss and His Chief Executive

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN and The E Street Band, featuring CLARENCE CLEMONS, hit the road last summer after a three-year absence and took on America full tilt. Michael Jackson needed pyrotechnics to wow the crowds; the Boss did the same on pure energy. Without a slick stage show, the boys were forced to play their guts out for four hours a night. If you missed the tour, put *Born in the U.S.A.* on your turntable, get out your dancing shoes and boogie.



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© 1984 MICHAEL CHILDERS

Bare Essence

This is the totally gorgeous LONETTE MCKEE, whom you will soon see in Francis Coppola's film *The Cotton Club*. Although the controversy surrounding the movie has already been fierce, we're not worried; McKee's clearly on her way.

The Hollywood Hills

Actress JENILEE HARRISON has a secret. She probably knows a lot more about the Ewings than you do. Why? Harrison has joined the *Dallas* cast as J.R.'s niece, Jamie. Can J.R. keep his sneaky hands to himself? Whatever happens, we'll be watching.



© 1984 JOEL WEISMAN

Tell Laura We Love Her

LAURA FUINO is in good shape—as an actress and as a woman. She appeared in *Scarface* and just completed making *Touch and Go*, with Michael Keaton and Maria Conchita Alonso. Just in case you're wondering, Laura's our near-celebrity breast of the month.

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COMING NEXT THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND 31ST ANNIVERSARY ISSUES



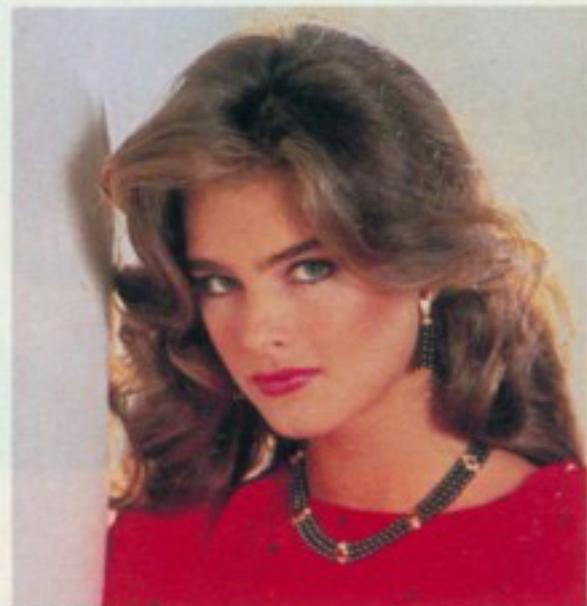
SUZANNE SOMERS



87TH PRECINCT



TOURIST TRADE



SEX STARS

"WELCOME BACK, SOMERS"—SHE'S AS SEXY AS EVER, AND WE BID A HEARTY HELLO AGAIN TO SUZANNE

"ROCK-'N'-ROLL SWEETHEARTS"—BE HONEST, NOW: HAVEN'T YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE JUNE POINTNER, FRIEDA PARTON AND TERRI NUNN in *PLAYBOY*?

"AND ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE"—IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE 87TH PRECINCT STATION, WHERE THE GUESTS ARE AN ODD LOT—BY ED MCBAIN

"CELEBRITY BLUES"—A ROUNDUP OF ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT BEING FLEETINGLY FAMOUS, INCLUDING ROY BLOUNT JR.'S "I'M SICK OF CELEBRITIES," STEVE MARTIN'S "IN DEFENSE OF CELEBRITIES," A STATE-OF-THE-ART CHART OF THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN FACE FAME AND NAME FAME, ETC.; AND,

PLUS: A LOOK AT "SEXUAL AMBIGUITY IN AMERICA," BY A MAN WHO SHOULD KNOW, JAMES BALDWIN; PART TWO OF "CITIZEN HUGHES"; DAVID HALBERSTAM'S PORTRAIT OF THAT RARE MODERN ATHLETE, "THE AMATEUR"; HARRY CREWS'S VIEWS ON "SONS"; BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN'S ADVICE ON DEALING WITH "EX-WIVES" (DOESN'T EVERYBODY HAVE ONE THESE DAYS?); "TO HELL WITH WHOLESOME," A REPORT ON THOSE NEW PURITANS, BY LARRY L. KING; FICTION BY RAY BRADBURY AND ROBERT COOVER; "WHERE THE GIRLS ARE: EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT WOMEN'S COLLEGES," BY SETH RACHLIN AND GEORGE VAN HOOMISSEN; AN INTRIGUING "20 QUESTIONS" WITH DIANE LANE; AND, OF COURSE, MUCH, MUCH MORE

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, "PLAYBOY'S CELEBRITY-BREAST TEST," A.K.A. "STARDOM'S GREATEST TITS"

"REDEFINING SMART"—FACED WITH THE CONSTANT BARRAGE OF THE INFORMATION AGE, CAN ANYONE HOPE TO KEEP UP? DOES KNOWLEDGE TODAY MEAN RECOGNIZING THE NAMES IN *PEOPLE* MAGAZINE? AN INQUIRY BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

"THE SICILIAN"—MICHAEL CORLEONE RETURNS IN A BRAND-NEW *GODFATHER* TALE—BY MARIO PUZO

"SEX STARS OF 1984"—BY JIM HARWOOD

"TOURIST TRADE"—WHEN A SWISS ART DEALER MATES WITH AN ALIEN FEMALE, MORE THAN THE EARTH MOVES. A HAUNTING TALE BY ROBERT SILVERBERG