

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1986 • \$3.50

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

ON SEX, SCI-FI

AND THE SHUTTLE

20 QUESTIONS:

HOLLYWOOD'S

TOP GUN

TOM CRUISE

ONCE AND FOR ALL

THE BOTTOM LINE

ON EXERCISE

HENRY MILLER'S

LAST FLAME,

BRENDA VENUS

PUTTING KICK IN

WINE COOLERS

ORGASMIC WOMEN

## Carrie Leigh

THE FIRST LADY  
OF THE  
PLAYBOY MANSION





# DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

**Can a woman be involved with a man and keep her other men friends?**

Men don't understand it when you want both a boyfriend and your men friends, but they think nothing of calling up an old girlfriend. If I say, "Go out to dinner; I think it's wonderful that you guys are still friends," that's one thing. But the minute I call an old boyfriend to say hi, the question becomes, "Why'd you do that? It's really weird. I think my boyfriend thinks another man will steal me away. My men friends don't understand it any better than my boyfriend does. We may have a great work relationship, but they'll never come over to the house and meet my boyfriend. Men are strange."



*Venice Kong*

VENICE KONG  
SEPTEMBER 1985

Sure. I find in both modeling and acting that I meet a lot of people I'd like to stay in touch with. I work a lot through word of mouth or friends. I also think having men friends when you're in a relationship keeps you on your toes. When you are in a relationship, you may slack off a little on your appearance or get a little dull. A woman should stay in top form, mentally and physically, all the time. Men friends also keep you in tune with what men are thinking. I don't see as many possessive or jealous men now that I'm out of my teens. That's the kind of stuff you learn how to get straight at the beginning. I'm open and honest, but I don't give a man I'm involved with any reason to doubt my feelings, either.



*Liz Stewart*

LIZ STEWART  
JULY 1984

Yes, they can. From men friends, a woman can learn about men without all the complications that are part of a love relationship. Men should be able to have women friends, too. You can ask your men friends about things that might hurt a lover's feelings and get a male viewpoint that may help you in your love relationship. In fact, I think the best lovers have been friends first. Lately, I haven't run into a man who was jealous of my friends. But I'll describe a fairly common experience. You're out on the street with your boyfriend and a man friend you haven't seen in a while passes by. You give him a big hug and a "How are you?" He walks on and your boyfriend says, "Who's that?" All of a sudden, you start explaining things—as if you had anything to explain. I don't think you can hide a past involvement. If it had been a man of importance to me, it would be all over my face.



*Kathy Shower*

KATHY SHOWER  
MAY 1985

I think I can, but I also think it's important to be considerate of my boyfriend. It's always difficult when my boyfriend answers the phone and it's another guy. I try to explain that it's a friend from way back and I want the two of them to meet. Usually, he can understand that, because he's got girlfriends who are now just friends. If a woman creates that kind of uncomfortable situation just to make her boyfriend jealous, that's wrong. If you have friends who enhance you, they'll enhance your relationship, too. I have been in relationships where my boyfriend was jealous of my friends. I didn't stay in them very long.



*Cher Butler*

CHER BUTLER  
AUGUST 1985

Not according to my boyfriend. Most of my boyfriends have felt that way. I've always kept my men friends, anyway. Actually, I think that keeping up with them is beneficial to my relationship. They can always give me a view of a situation that my girlfriends can't and that my boyfriend can't, either, because he's too close to it. I think that what worries my boyfriend is the possibility that I'll be attracted to one of those men and that maybe one day, he'll be out of town and something may happen. On the other hand, he feels very comfortable if he knows the other guy and trusts him and doesn't feel threatened. I'm trustworthy, too. It's just that he has seen the forward way some men have behaved toward me, and that bothers him.



*Lesa Ann Pedriana*

LESA ANN PEDRIANA  
APRIL 1984

I've always had a lot of men friends and, in fact, most of my boyfriends started out as my best friends. It's a lot easier. First you relate to your pal. You can tell him anything. You don't always have to watch yourself. Your men friends give you a variety of viewpoints. It never causes trouble if I make introductions and everyone becomes friends. Now, a boyfriend may have a problem with an ex-lover of mine. That may make him uncomfortable. I'd let that situation slide and confine that friendship to the phone.



*Sherry Arnett*

SHERRY ARNETT  
JANUARY 1986

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.



# DAZZLING

D O Z E N

## PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW



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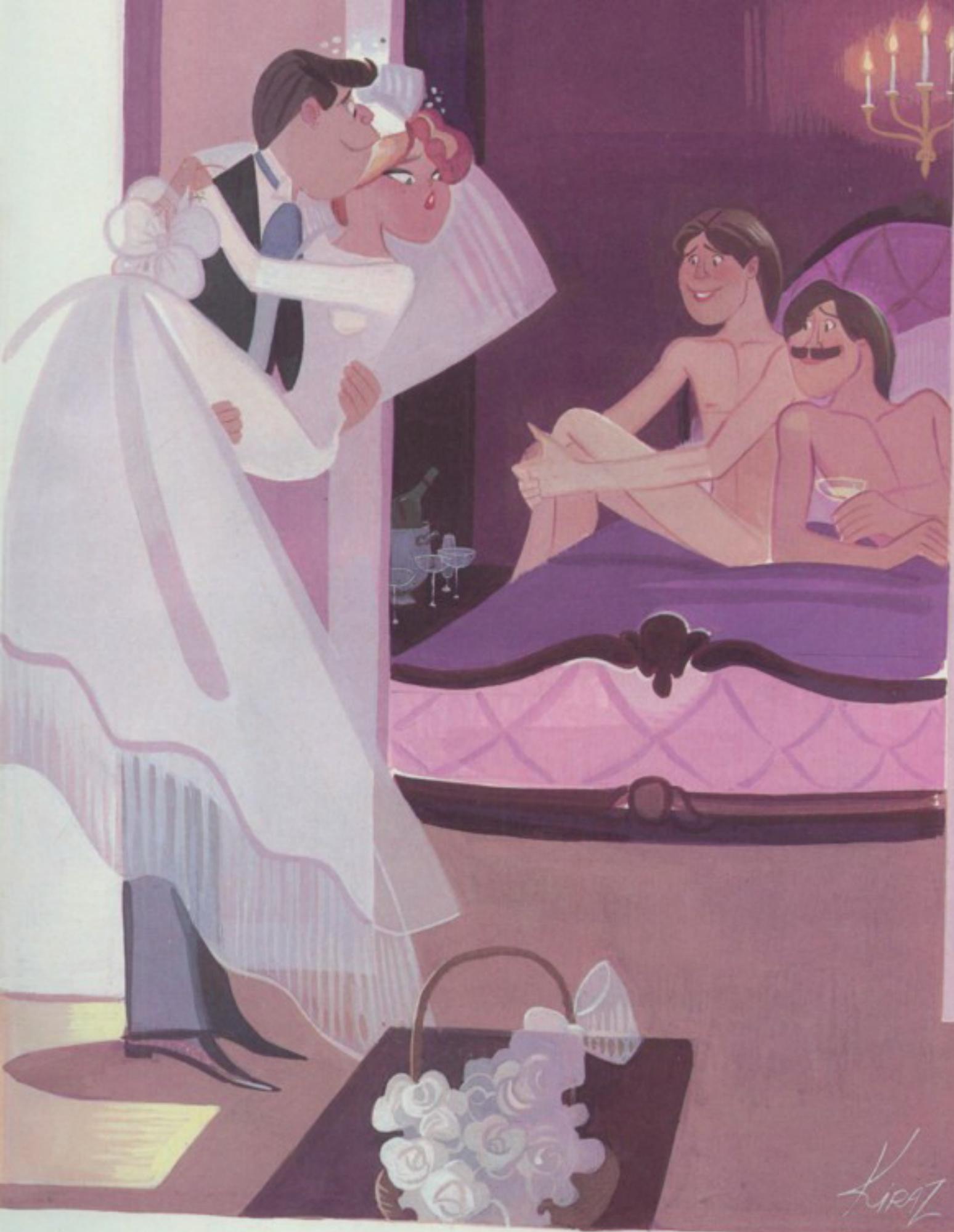
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*"Please, not on a day like today."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

meet the last great love of miller's life,  
his "dear, dear brenda"

# HENRY'S VENUS



THE NIGHT IN 1976 when Brenda Venus had planned to hear Henry Miller deliver a lecture to her acting class, her house burned down. She didn't make it. A few weeks later, at a rare-books-and-antiques auction, she found a first-edition set of books called *Women Through the Ages*. She examined one of the volumes and found in it a letter written by Miller to a woman. She bid on the books. Before the evening was over, Brenda Venus owned the first editions and Henry Miller's address. She wrote to him, returning his letter and enclosing a few pictures of herself. That piqued the famed author's curiosity and, shortly thereafter, they began a correspondence and a friendship that would last for four years, until Miller's death in 1980 at the age of 88. "When I read *Tropic of Cancer*, in college, I had a premonition that I would meet him one day," Brenda said. "There was something about Henry's writing; I knew if we ever met, we would get along. I had never had that



"Dear, Dear Brenda: The Love Letters of Henry Miller to Brenda Venus" is a collection of the best of more than 1500 letters Miller wrote to Brenda. It's a story of verbal passion but not physical love, told by the master sensualist who wrote both "*Tropic of Cancer*" and "*Tropic of Capricorn*."



You are the heart of  
 my heart. I am bursting  
 with you! Now for a  
 water color!  
 Yours  
 Henry



feeling about anyone else. By the time I met him, I had been going to school for a long time. I'd had a few acting jobs, won some beauty contests and moved to L.A. My parents insisted on the schooling. I wanted to be out in the world. I wasn't educated, in any real sense of that word. Henry was a genius. He educated me. Were we fated to meet? I think so. He thought

Miller was a painter as well as a novelist. Above left is a facsimile of a letter to Brenda. The water color he mentions, right, is a portrait of Brenda, with an inscription reading, FOR BRENDA, THE VENUS OF DICK STREET. Miller never sanitized sex. He told Brenda she was the first woman he had ever known who "combined cunt and intellect": a compliment from a man who had made an exhaustive study of both.



all of you, my darling  
Brenda, is tender to the touch,  
Tender but untouchable. What  
complications! All because of  
a little crack between the legs,  
which drives men crazy and  
makes angels unattainable.

so, too. Henry once said this about great lovers: They can't write about each other when they're both alive. One of them has to be dead. He told me that several times. I used to wonder why he kept saying it, but I guess I really knew it was about the letters. I had to know what he wanted me to do with the body of work he had given me. I couldn't have made a decision

about the letters without him." Miller's writing is famous for its fleshy descriptions of sexual love and the uneasy alliance between the sexes. In his relationship with Brenda, the possibility of actual sex was out of the question, because of his failing health. That freed him to woo her with words. And he did. "Without the pressures that come with a sexual relationship,





*"Why am I posing for PLAYBOY? A lot of reasons. It had to be in good taste. I did it as if I were a Greek goddess, an imaginary creature. I wanted to play it like an actress. I think Henry would be proud."*

you can focus better. For Henry to be my mentor, I had to be in love with him. He was a hard teacher, because he was intense. He was also very sick and could have died at any time. So everything was speeded up. He knew that there wasn't much time. He stressed that there would be a lot of things I would remember only after he died. He gave me love and I gave him love. But I also gave him something to live for. It was a wonderful exchange. I don't think either of us got shortchanged. The passion of raw sex makes you play games, even if you're unaware of it; Henry always said that man/woman games would never end. The beauty of our relationship was the purity of it." What will Brenda Venus do after the book reviews and the talk shows and the movie deals are history and her letters from Henry Miller become part of his literary legacy? Don't worry about her. She's a strong, beautiful, intelligent woman. And a 20th Century Venus.







# LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUSTIN!

*meet miss july, the bombshell in the bikini on the billboard*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

HEY, MTV—here's one for you. The video opens with a high-angle shot of Clearwater—the sunny strip of land between the Gulf of Mexico and Tampa Bay. Billy Idol's *Hot in the City* pumps in the background. The air is sweating. "When a long-legged lovely walks by. . ." Camera cuts to Hooters, the beachy bar just off the causeway. A bright-red Fiero zips into frame and stops. Zoom in on door. Someone steps out. "Yeah, you can see the look in her eye. . ." At first, all we see is blonde hair, the color of Tampa sun. Finally, close-up: Lynne Austin. "Then you know that it's hot in the city." She perches her sunglasses on



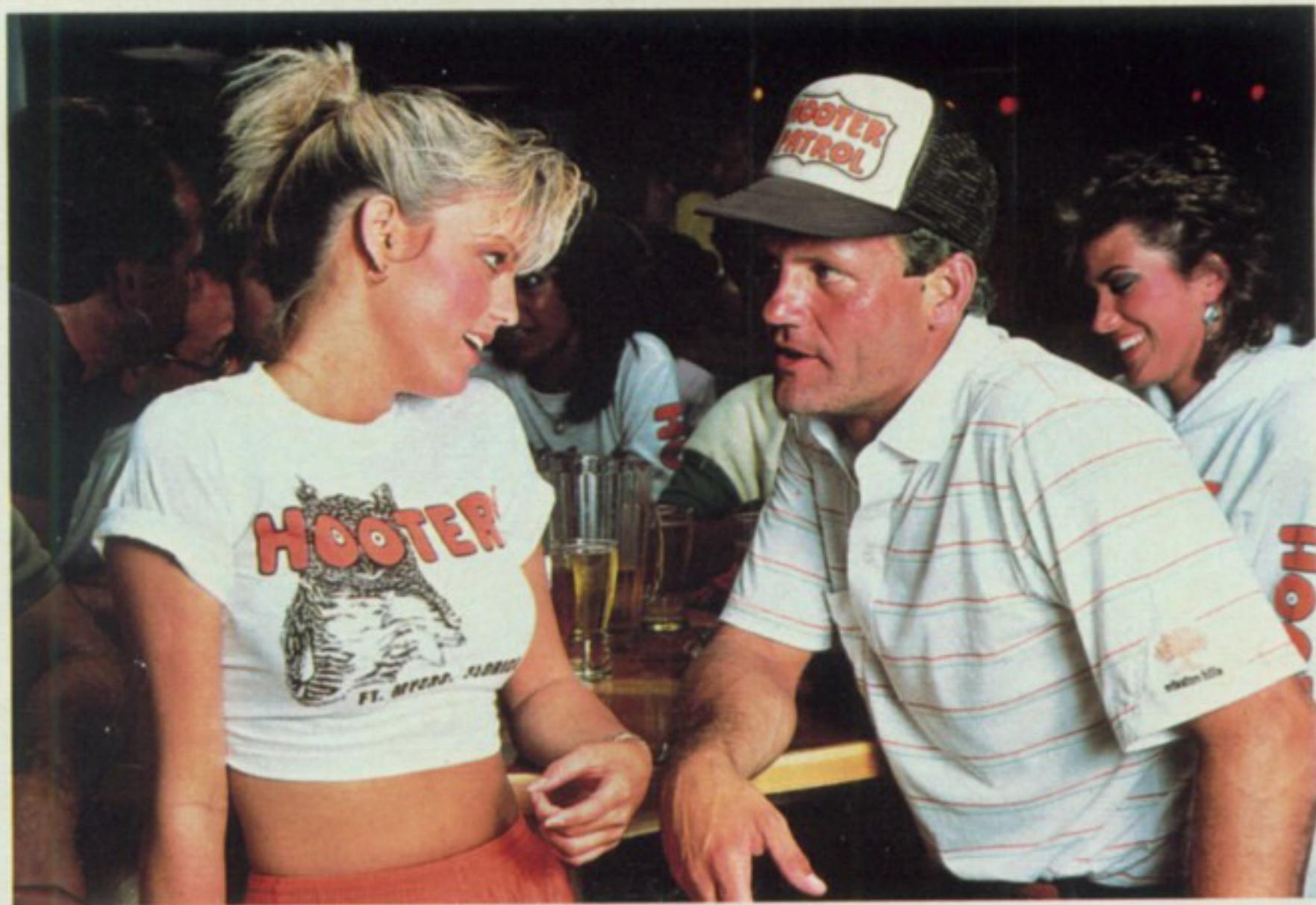
LAMAR

YOU'LL LOVE OUR

HOOTERS

WINGS, SHRIMP,  
& OYSTER ROASTS

NEAR COLONIAL



*"When my friends and I get shuckin' and jivin', we've got the world wrapped around our little finger." At top, the ladies do exactly that in front of one of Lynne's billboards. Above, George Brett, a Hooters guest, tries to improve his average.*

top of her head. Her eyes are deep blue—bluer than the Clearwater surf. She smiles. Cut to the inside of Hooters. In the background, Jimmy Buffett sings about the blurry joys of tequila. Lynne and her best

friend, Brenda Lee, sit at the bar, sipping a midday beer. They're waitresses at Hooters, but it's their day off, so they're kickin' back. "Hey, take the air outa my glass," Lynne says, laughing, to the bartender;





they're served another round. Hooters is a pretty funky place—probably the only bar in Florida where you can find a biker at one table and a doctor at the next. Calling itself “delightfully tacky, yet unrefined,” Hooters is a place where the walls tell its history—an N.F.L. pennant here, an Iowa license plate there, a clock on whose face is written WHO GIVES A SHIT?

The camera pulls in over Lynne's shoulder to yet another piece of memorabilia on the wall: a photograph of Lynne in a cut-off T-shirt and a bikini bottom. The same photo is plastered on a dozen or so billboards in the west Florida area.

The shot dissolves to a close-up of Lynne's flawless face. She is thinking back to the days when things weren't as promising as they are now.

High school gymnasium, 1976. Tampa, Florida. A dozen cheerleaders practice their routines to Rod Stewart's *Tonight's the Night*, which blasts from a transistor radio. (Years later, Lynne would meet Stewart backstage at a gig. But that's another story.)

Camera pans down the line of pompon-wielding girls. At the end is Lynne. She'd always wanted to be a cheerleader, because she's not so hot on her looks. (“I wasn't exactly the girl to be seen with—a little less than eye-catching. I was the only cheerleader *not* up for homecoming queen. And my mother used to ask other mothers to have their boys take me out.”)

As Lynne works out with the squad, we hear her voice over the music. She's thinking, I wanna be with the action—wherever it's blowin'. There's gotta be some shakers and movers

Where guys are concerned, Lynne's pretty selective. “I once went with a guy and we didn't drill for a whole month. When we *did* drill, though, it was pay dirt, baby.” As for her acting career, she's a lot less picky: “I'll open any door that's knockin'—a Hooters commercial today, MGM tomorrow.”









*She started doing beach contests “on a wing, a bikini and a prayer. Hell, my mom even bought me my first bikini.” The daughter of a Pershing-missile maker, Lynne (above and right) relaxes with a jet copter that just happened to be flying by.*

on this train—and I want to be the conductor.

Fast flash forward: 1980. Springsteen’s singing *Hungry Heart*. Lynne does the community college scene but ultimately gets “a taste of the almighty buck.” So now

she’s at work. Anywhere she can get it.

Quick-cut montage of Lynne the working girl. Almost *I Love Lucy*-ish, because, try as she may, she can’t seem to hold on to a job. Lynne the *(concluded on page 148)*



MISS JULY  
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: LYNNE AUSTIN "L.A."

BUST: 35 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'6 1/2" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4.15.61 BIRTHPLACE: PLANT CITY, FL.

AMBITIONS: EVERY DAY IS A NEW AMBITION... HEY, MAYBE ILL BE A PILOT... OR A FLORIST... OR A STAR

TURN-ONS: MEN'S BUNTS, EXPENSIVE COLOGNE, GREEN EYES, DIAMONDS, KISSES AND... OK, ROB LOWE!!

TURN-OFFS: BAD BREATH, WAITING IN LINE, BUSY TELEPHONS, OBNOXIOUS PEOPLE AND DRUGS!

FAVORITE PLACES: KNEE-DEEP IN THE SNOW, ARUBA, CAMPING IN THE WOODS, THE BEACH AT MIDNIGHT, PARIS, MAUI.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: HOOTERS (SUCH DOWN-TO-EARTH GUYS), BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN, THE CARS

FAVORITE TV SHOWS: THE COSBY SHOW, 60 MINUTES, THE COLBY'S (IS ANYBODY HIRING OUT THERE?)

FAVORITE FOODS: CORN BREAD, FRIED OKRA, PINTO BEANS, LASAGNA, CHEESE POPCORN & LIGHT BEER (TOGETHER).



LOOK AT THOSE POMPONS!



SHOWER-PARTY ESCAPADES!



THE CHAMP!

# AUSTIN!

(continued from page 96)

grocery-store checker. Cut to Lynne the fitness-spa consultant ("Like I ever lifted a weight in my life"). Cut to Lynne the secretary at a fish company ("I got fired because I went through more stationery than my boss could afford"). Cut to Lynne the telephone operator ("You had to keep each call to under 23 seconds").

Fade to 1983. *The Police: Every Breath You Take*. Lynne on the beach. Camera starts at her feet and takes a slow trip up her long legs. She's in a bikini and is achingly beautiful. She's handed a check for \$500, having just been named first runner-up for the Miss Savage Tan title. Cut to another beach on another day. And another check. This time, \$1000, as Miss Hawaiian Tropic, Tampa.

Finally, fade in on *The José Cuervo Bathing Beauty Contest*. Lynne's a winner again; but this time, she walks off with more than the \$500 first prize. Ed Droste, one of the six owners of Hooters, is among the ogling spectators. (Droste: "I was looking for a cheerleader type with a fantastic body to do my promotion.") And the rest reads like a fairy tale: Suddenly, the highways and byways of western Florida are sprouting giant billboard shots of Lynne Austin, the bikini-clad girl from Hooters. She's popping up on TV. She's talking on the radio. She's the runner-up for Miss Florida U.S.A. She's on the boat with John Candy in *Summer Rental*. She's running in overdrive.



Soft dissolve back to Hooters. Buffett's turned the juke over to Lionel Richie, who's singing about love. Lynne and Brenda Lee are still at the bar. They're talking about guys or, as they call them, "trim." Trim? Lynne laughs. "We were getting tired of having dudes call *us* that, so we're turning the tables."

She continues: "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a guy who cheats. When it comes to guys, you seek your own level. If you're lookin' for dirt, you'll find it. If you just want a good time, you'll have it."

At that moment, a friend of theirs runs up to show off her new diamond engagement ring. "Holy cow!" shouts Lynne. "Take a look at that carbon." And with that, the ladies are up and out of the bar—all three talking a mile a minute.

Cut to back shot of the Fiero pulling away from Hooters. Billy Joel is singing about an *Uptown Girl*, but the car is heading in the other direction—where the girls are gonna check out the "downtown dudes." The camera tilts up to a billboard. And, once again, there's Lynne. In a bikini and smiling. Giving the sunshine a run for its money.



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** father stork tried to comfort his little boy during one of the mother's frequent nocturnal absences.

"Don't cry, son," the father said soothingly. "Your mother is bringing people babies and making them very happy."

The next night, the father was gone and it was the mother's turn to offer comfort.

"Son, your father will be back as soon as he has brought joy to new mommies and daddies."

Several days later, the stork parents were desperate when their baby was gone from the nest all night. When he finally returned at dawn, the relieved parents asked him where he'd been.

"Aww, just scaring the hell out of college kids."

**T**wo golfers were being held up as the twosome of women in front of them whiffed shots, hunted for lost balls and stood over putts for what seemed hours.

"I'll ask if we can play through," Bill said as he strode toward the women. Twenty yards from the green, however, he turned on his heel and went back to where his companion was waiting.

"Can't do it," he explained. "One of them's my wife and the other's my mistress!"

"I'll ask," said Jim. He started off, only to turn and come back before reaching the green.

"What's wrong?" Bill asked.

"Small world, isn't it?"



**H**arold had never wanted a woman so much in his life, but he overheard the 22-year-old beauty remark that he was too old and out of shape for her. The determined septuagenarian immediately embarked upon a rigorous self-improvement program. He had his face lifted, bought a toupee, ran five miles every day, lifted weights and adopted a strict vegetarian diet. Within months, the rejuvenated old man won the young woman's heart, and she agreed to marry him.

On the way out of the chapel, however, Harold was fatally struck by lightning. Furious, he confronted Saint Peter at the pearly gates. "How could you do this to me after all the pain I went through?"

"To be honest, Harold," Saint Peter sheepishly replied, "I didn't recognize you."

**T**wo successful executives were backpacking in Yellowstone when they heard a rustling behind them. Glancing over their shoulders, they saw a large grizzly ambling toward them. As the backpackers broke into a trot, so did the grizzly. As they began sprinting, so did the grizzly.

With the bear gaining on the businessmen, one of them stopped, opened his pack, took out his running shoes and put them on.

"What the hell are you doing?" panted his companion. "He's catching up, and you stop to change shoes?"

"I've re-evaluated my goals," replied the shrewder exec. "I don't have to outrun the bear—just you."



*Pollock Newman*

**I**n the old country, Tillie Noffka had suffered for years under the burden of her name—*noffka* means prostitute in Yiddish. Being, in fact, a very proper woman, she finally consulted her rabbi, who advised her to change her name to Noffkawitz.

Tillie moved to America. Years later, she happened to run into her old rabbi. "Why, if it isn't Tillie Noffkawitz!" he said.

"Oh, no, rabbi," she replied. "Here I am known as Tillie Horowitz."

**A** group of scientists discovered an apelike creature in the jungle, which they hoped would prove to be the missing link. The proof of their theory, however, required that a human mate with the animal so that they could see what characteristics the offspring would assume. Needing volunteers, the scientists placed an ad in the paper: "\$5000 to mate with ape."

Almost immediately, they received a response from a man who said he would be willing to take part in the experiment, with three conditions.

"First," he said, "my wife must never know. Second, the children must be baptized. And third, I'll have to pay in installments."

*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*



*"I'm going to the city, Maw. I want a telephone, sex, blue hair."*





*"It wasn't exactly a summer romance, but we did spend an intimate half hour in a tanning booth together."*



a pictorial tribute to  
the first lady of the mansion

# Carrie Leigh



**L**ET'S FACE IT, Playboy Mansion West is an imposing piece of work. Five and a half lush acres in Holmby Hills, with zoo, hidden grotto, beautiful people. One gets the idea that Hef watches *Dynasty* to see how the less fortunate live. This is home to a man who doesn't go out for Big Macs, doesn't care if he ever sees Herb and thinks jogging is something you do to your memory. On a recent visit, we strolled the grounds. In the Library, Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner and writer Leo (Yeager) Janos were collaborating on Hef's autobiography. Near the bathhouse, workmen were laying the foundation for an underground exercise room. At the pool, a Playboy Channel crew was setting up a shooting. Then we met the lady of the house, Carrie Leigh.

*She came. He saw. They concurred. That was the romantic essence of their first meeting three years ago. Since then, Canadian fashion model and actress Carrie Leigh (opposite and above) and PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner have been constant companions at Playboy Mansion West.*





*Carrie's photo magic derives from her multifaceted personality and her strong sense of style. She never appears to be the same person twice. As a model in Toronto, she developed a love for the visual language of fashion. She's drawn to those expressions that reflect bold, dramatic moods.*



For the past three years, Carrie has been Hef's special companion. Maybe she is the reason he is thinking about exercise. We asked her what it was like to be center stage in a perpetual episode of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*. "When you fall in love," Carrie began, "you don't think about how you're going to handle living in this big Mansion, with its constant stream of beautiful girls and celebrities. You just sort of fall right into it. It's love. And then, later on, it hits you—'Hey, wait a minute! There're a few things I have to deal with here.'" How does a 22-year-old deal with a man old enough to be her, uh, lover? How does a woman whose life's just beginning deal with a man who's writing his life story? How does she establish equal footing?



*Carrie's personal magic is subtler. She moves her 5'8½" body with a slow, deliberate grace. Her quiet demeanor and apparent sensitivity suggest fragility, but Carrie can be both assertive and outspoken. Her obvious inner strength comes from a clear notion of who she is and who she is not.*

**E**nergy is the answer. Take the simple matter of games: "I play gin with the guys here two or three nights a week," she said in her best John Wayne twang. "I'm the only girl who's allowed to play in those games. And I've been winning more than losing. They love having a woman in the game who knows what she's doing." After one particularly impressive evening, film director Richard Brooks presented her with a framed blowup of a queen of spades, with the caption CARRIE IS MY NAME—GIN RUMMY IS MY GAME.



*Carrie Leigh brings a sharp mind, a sensuous glamor and an intriguing presence to Playboy Mansion West. Her devotion to her relationship with Hef is matched by her determination in self-development. She has made an auspicious start.*









Hef and Carrie have also expanded each other's taste in music. He introduced her to jazz. She responded with her latest pop favorites—Grace Jones and Tears for Fears. They sing to each other. Can you imagine a Jones version of *My Funny Valentine* or a Fears rendition of *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*? Carrie and Hef enjoy movies the way Cecil B. De Mille intended them to be enjoyed—on the big screen, with popcorn. At (text concluded on page 166)



Experience in front of the still camera has made Carrie's transition to movies easy. She relishes the added dimensions afforded by acting and has committed herself to learning the craft. Her first role is in Blake Edwards' "A Fine Mess."





“Going downstairs is like going out to a party every night—without leaving the grounds,” Carrie says.”

home. They pillage the Mansion’s private collection and often watch two or three films a night. Their solid-gold favorite of the moment is the recent variation of film noir mysteries of the Forties, *Body Heat*. (For those who need to know everything, their favorite TV show is *Moonlighting*.)

Hefner is a self-professed incurable romantic, and Carrie provokes and inspires him. He sends her roses, a dozen every Friday. A different color, a different message, each week. Hef is searching for new shades of the spectrum. If anyone has a line on turquoise roses, please contact the Mansion.

If you ask Carrie about the passion in

the relationship, she isn’t shy about responding. “Well, Hef is a very sexy man,” she concedes, “but I think sometimes I like it even more than he does. I like waking him up in the middle of the night. ‘Hef!’ In the morning: ‘Hef!’ Sometimes, I even try to get him out of his meetings.

“I think it was sexual attraction that first got us together, but it’s turned into something a lot more special than that. There are so many different sides to Hef. He’s so sentimental and boyish. I like those qualities in a man.

“I’m rather complicated for a woman my age—with a lot of insecurities and changes in mood. Hef is the first man I’ve

ever known who can handle me no matter what mood I’m in. He understands me, and I think I understand him, too. I don’t know how long the relationship is going to last, but it’s been three years and, so far, it just keeps getting better.”

Carrie’s a long way from home—Toronto, where she was born almost 23 years ago. She began a modeling career at the age of 14, so she grew up early and has lived on her own since her mid-teens. She tried marriage and it didn’t work. A modeling assignment for *PLAYBOY* resulted in the April 1983 cover for the magazine. We asked her to fly to California for a Playmate test. During her stay, she was a guest at the Mansion. “I was playing Monopoly,” Hef later told *Rolling Stone*. “It was one of those things where you look across the room and . . . something happens. My relationship with [Playmate] Shannon [Tweed] had ended just a few weeks earlier, and I was determined not to get involved again. But the mutual attraction was obvious. We fell for each other.”

Shortly thereafter, Hef asked Carrie to move to Los Angeles. Her life at the Mansion is a contemporary Cinderella story, with a continuing cavalcade of new-found friends and celebrities, surrounded by the flora and fauna of a Southern California Shangri-La. There’s a poolside buffet and a first-run film on Friday and Sunday evenings for 50 invited guests. One recent Tuesday, there was a charity affair for Children of the Night, with Whoopi Goldberg and Robin Williams in attendance. The following Monday was Fight Night, with 100 sports enthusiasts, including Bruce Willis, Magic Johnson, Kirk Douglas and Tony Curtis, watching Marvelous Marvin Hagler and Thomas Hearns successfully defend and win, respectively, the middleweight and superwelterweight titles in a boxing extravaganza on pay TV.

“Going downstairs is like going out to a party every night—without ever leaving the grounds,” Carrie says. “But when we go upstairs to our own quarters, that’s the best time of all. Hef likes to have dinner in bed around midnight. We watch tapes of our favorite films or television shows on a pair of big screens that are built into the bedroom walls.”

During the day, Carrie works out in the Mansion gym (she’s a physical-fitness devotee), takes acting lessons and pursues her modeling career. She has already posed for some of the world’s top photographers, from the dean of the Hollywood glamor chroniclers, George Hurrell, to the internationally famed avant-garde lensman Helmut Newton.

The original plans for a Playmate pictorial were replaced by this special 12-page feature, shot by seven photographers—Richard Fegley, Phillip Dixon, Charles Bush, Stan Malinowski, Ken Chernus, Larry L. Logan and Harry Langdon—each of them capturing a different facet of Carrie Leigh’s remarkable persona.



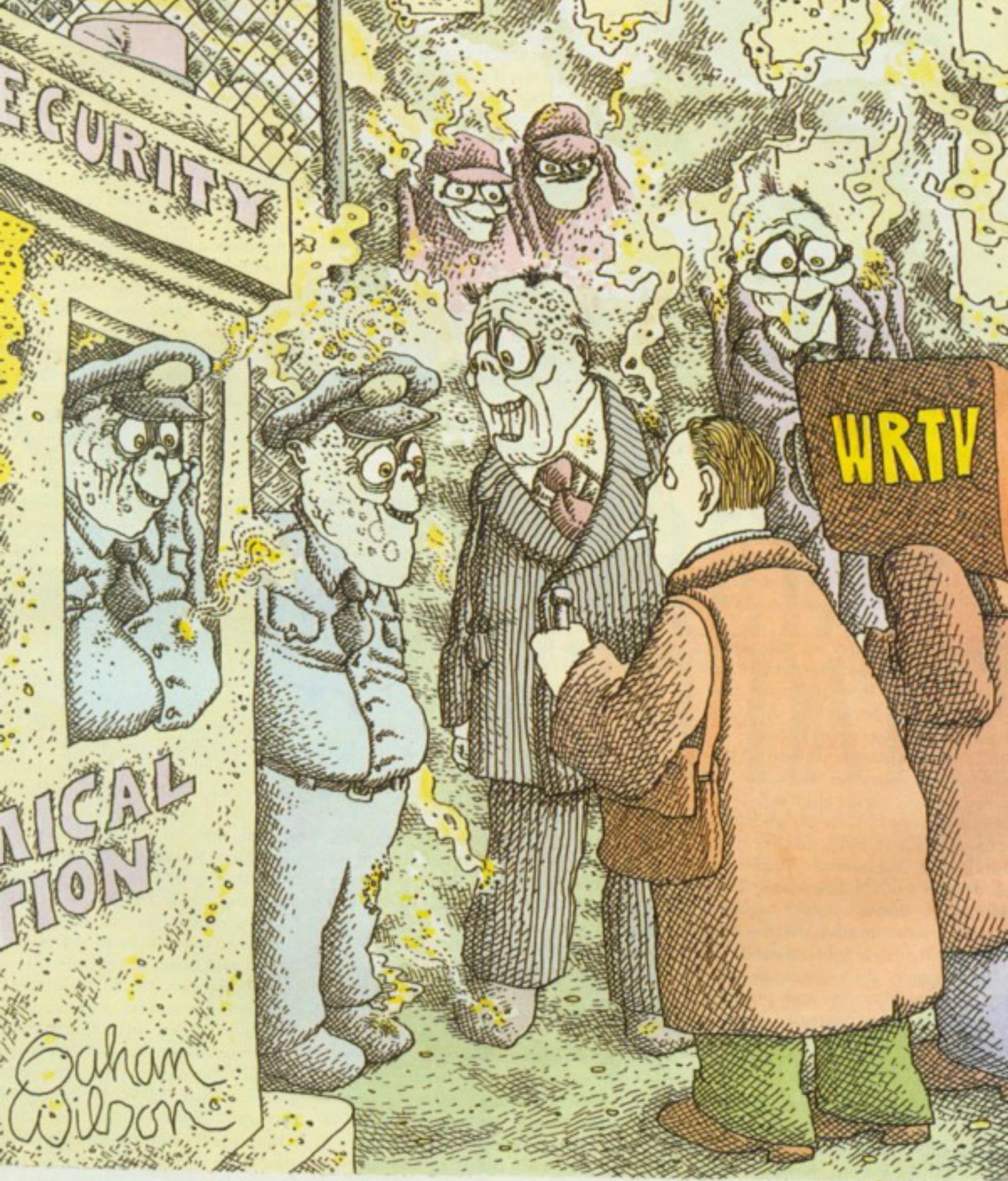
“What do you mean, ‘In a way, I guess we’re all whores’? I’m not a whore! I’m a pimp!”





THE PLAYBOY GALLERY





*"Chemical spill? What chemical spill? Anybody here know anything about a chemical spill?"*



# PIRELLI'S HOT DATES

FOR YEARS, sophisticates and auto mechanics on the Continent have ogled the annual photographic miracle known as The Pirelli Calendar. The tire company has become as well known for its taste in women as for its products. Whenever one had the tires rotated on one's Aston Martin, one could spend a few moments reflecting on the state of womankind. It made paying the bill a bit easier, we suppose. In 1975, for some unknown reason, the company ceased publishing a calendar. Fans had to go to auctions at Christie's to fight for old copies. Western civilization as we knew it had come to an end. No less a personage than actor David Niven mourned the passing of the calendar: "Pirelli gave our dreams form and once we saw them, we knew that standards had been set that would last us a long, possibly a life, time." Say amen.

in europe, a tire company's calendar has been a collector's item for years. its reputation is not overinflated

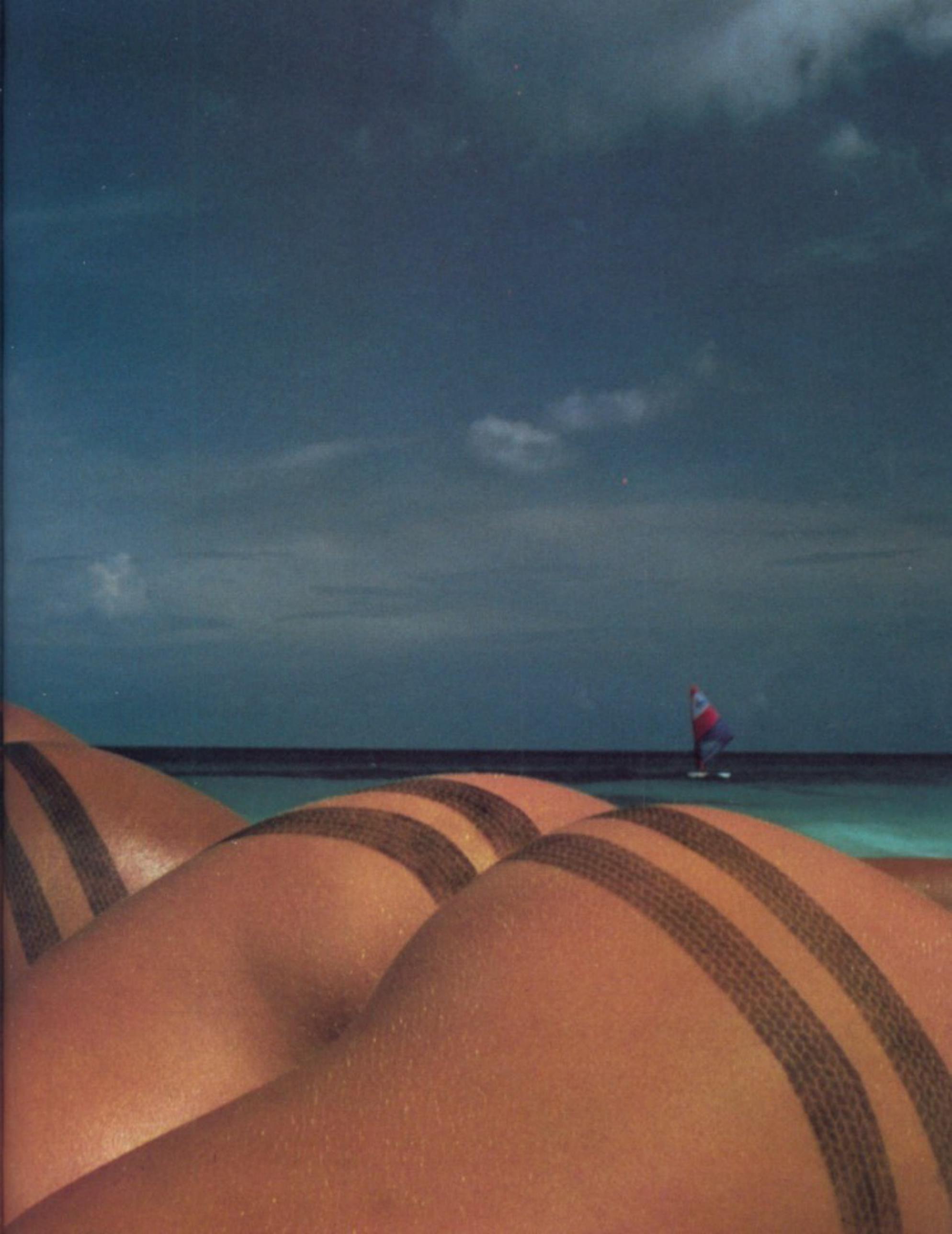
1985



# 1984

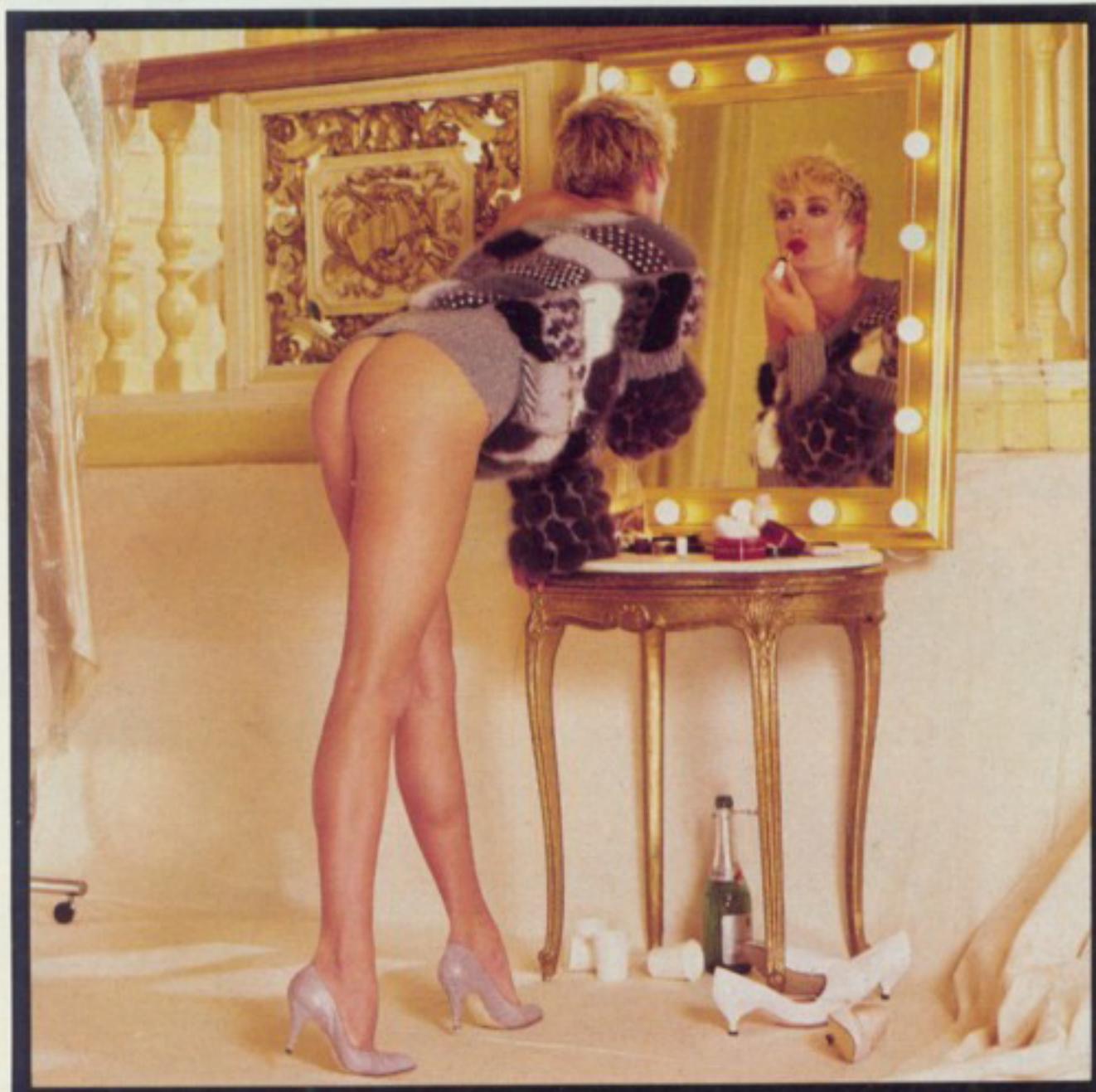
For some, 1984 will be remembered as the title of a George Orwell novel. For others, it will be remembered as the year of the second coming, the return of The Pirelli Calendar. Art director/designer Martyn Walsh took it upon himself to persuade the company to revive the calendar. "I proposed a series of abstract ideas that featured the tread pattern of Pirelli's P6 tire. I contacted Uwe Ommert to take the photos, and off we set for the island of Eleuthera in the Bahamas." The results of the Eleuthera shoot were stunning, as you can see from these three pictures. Once again, The Pirelli Calendar gladdened people with bald heads and bald tires. "The calendar is unique," says Walsh, "in that it has to satisfy the man who changes the tires in the garage and the captains of industry. The managing director of Pirelli said to me before the shoot, 'I want a calendar that I can feel proud to take home and show to my wife.' And he did." Perhaps she realized, as did the rest of the world, just how erotic the concepts of traction and handling are. Just skidding, folks.







# 1985



Pirelli liked Walsh's efforts in 1984, so it asked for an encore: "I proposed an idea that had grown out of the 1984 calendar, for which I had stenciled a girl's body to make it look as though she were wearing a swimsuit. This set me thinking of clothes made with a tire-tread design in them. Why not real clothes made by real designers? Why not a Pirelli collection?" If someone came to us with the idea of designing a line of clothes that looked as if they had been run over by a truck, we might balk. But Walsh managed to enlist the aid of Zandra Rhodes, Jasper Conran, Bruce Oldfield (a favorite designer of Princess Di's), Patricia Roberts, and others. "In all, I got the top 12 fashion designers, plus Butler & Wilson, the foremost jewelry designers in London, to make originals for the calendar. Norman Parkinson photographed the results. He brought to the shooting a look that was glamorous but never erotic." We don't know about that. Whatever it is, The Pirelli Calendar beats a flat tire.





# 1986

Who cares if Harvard M.B.A.s make \$50,000 a year? Art students still have all the fun. Hef has turned Chicago's Playboy Mansion into Hefner Hall, a dormitory for students from The Art Institute of Chicago, and Walsh has come up with an idea for the newest Pirelli Calendar. "I hired 12 students from the Royal College of Art to produce paintings that would appear in the photos. Their assignment was to produce a painting of any subject they wanted. There was only one stipulation, and that was that the painting should include a nude girl and the tire tread." Walsh contacted American Bert Stern to do the photography; it was the first time someone from the colonies had participated in a Pirelli project. "We took over a quaint old Elizabethan hotel outside Stroud, England. At night, over dinner and some reasonable bottles of claret, the ideas for the following day's photo would start to evolve, with everyone throwing in ideas." We can't wait for next year. What does Pirelli have in store for us—Princess Di, naked, wearing a tiara of tires?





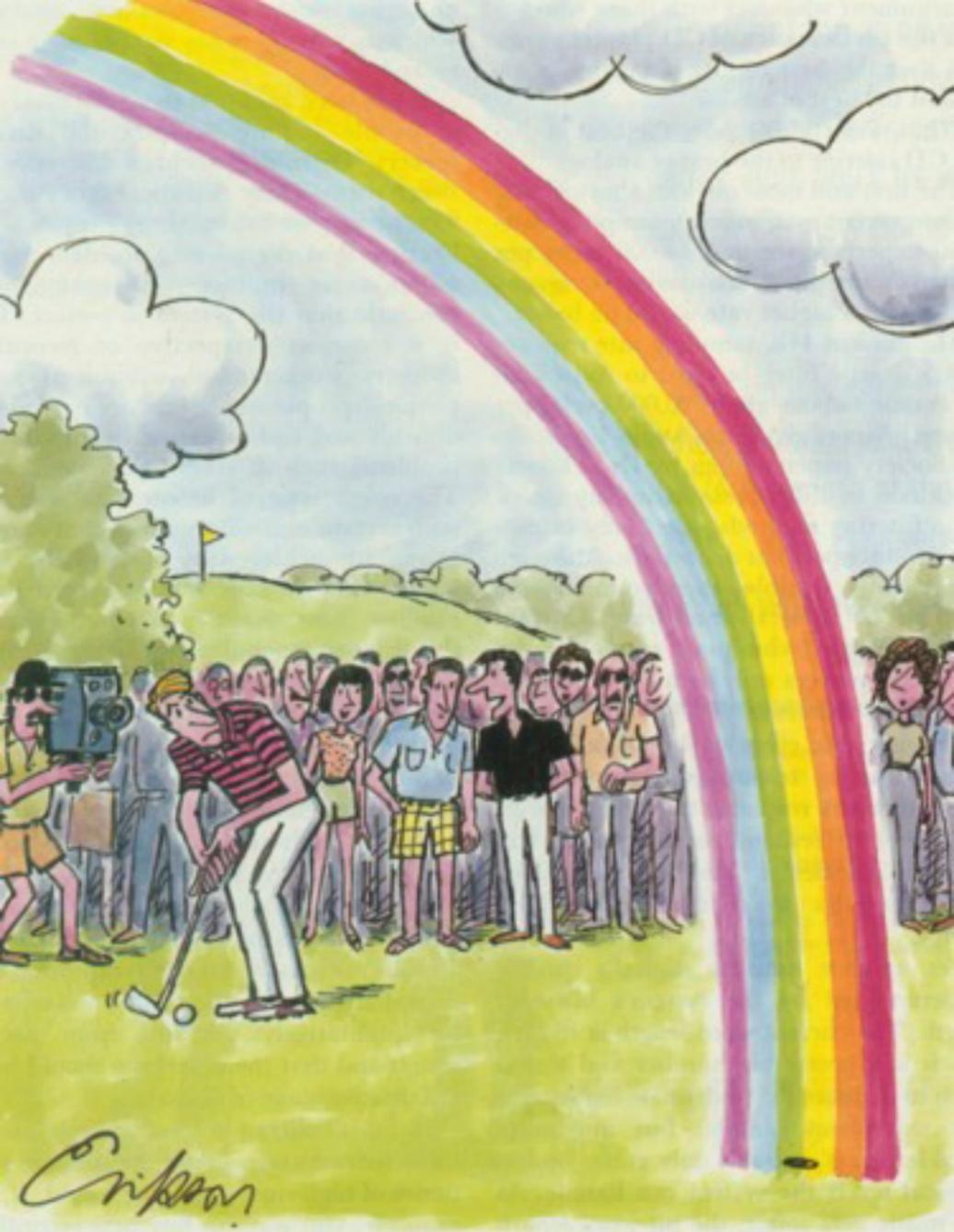
*"Tell us, Mr. Riley, has your life changed much in the week since you won the lottery?"*

**I come to life...**

**PLAYBOY**  
*Video*  
**CENTERFOLD**



*Teri Weigel*



*"That's pressure."*

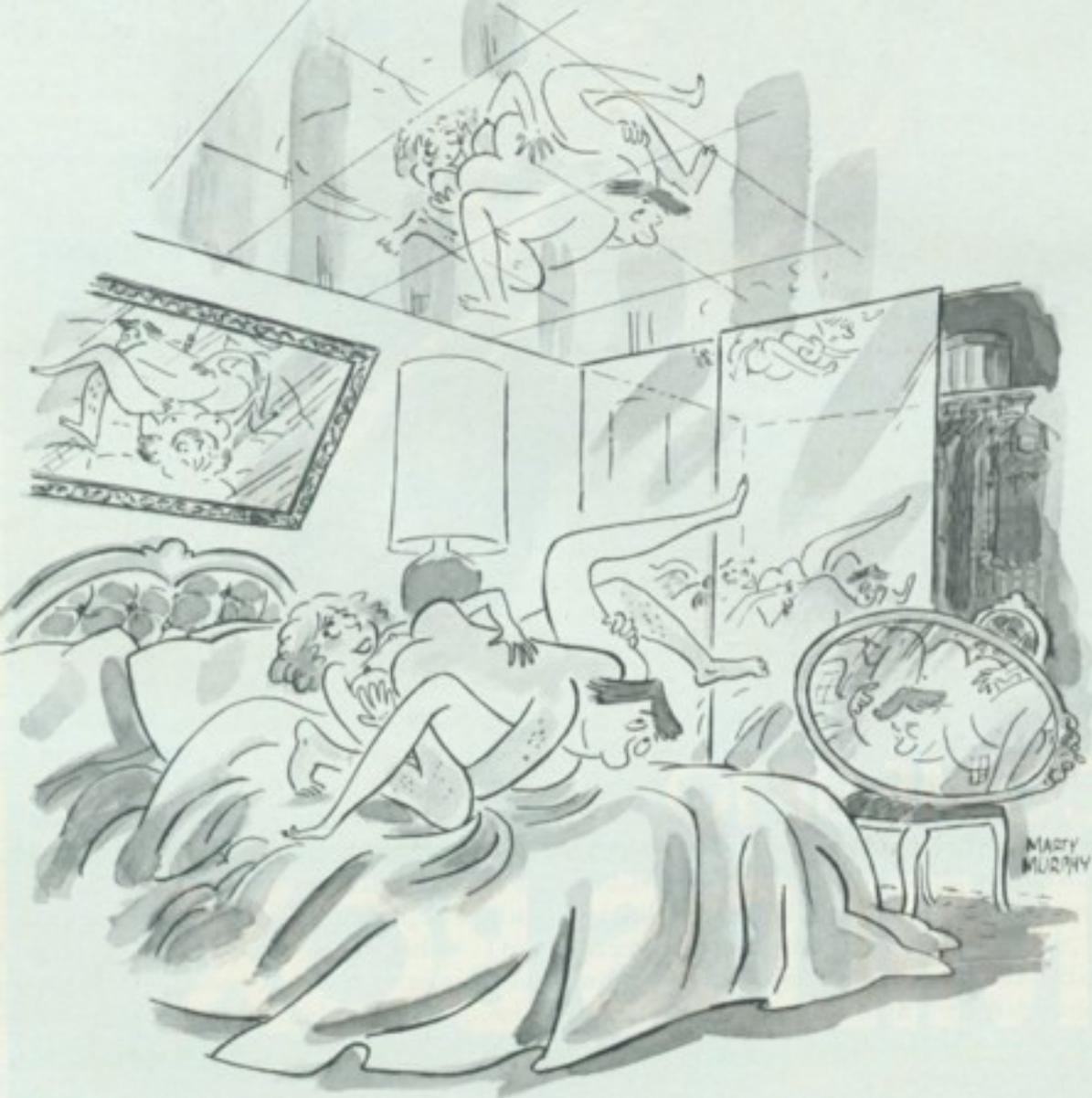




*"Damn it, man! That's classified information!"*



*"By golly, if 'Sports Illustrated' can publish a swimsuit calendar, 'Computers Illustrated' can publish a swimsuit calendar."*



*"I'm seeing a side of you tonight I didn't know existed!"*



DO NOT  
FEED  
BEARS

*"All right, then, how about a cigarette?"*

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## PLAYBOY

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**SAVINGS OFFER EXPIRES: AUGUST 31, 1986**

7ABW6



*"For heaven's sake, Linda—either put something on or take something off."*

## FREEZE! MIAMI DEVICE!

The stubble-cut look that draws lovely ladies to Don Johnson's chin like sinners to Miami has just gone legit with a cordless facial-hair trimmer called (what else?) The Miami Device. It allows the user to choose any length from a one-day shadow to a five-day growth. Wahl Clipper Corporation in Sterling, Illinois, is the manufacturer and its director of marketing, B. J. Cornstubble (would we kid you?), says that the Device is available nationwide for \$29.95. Tough!



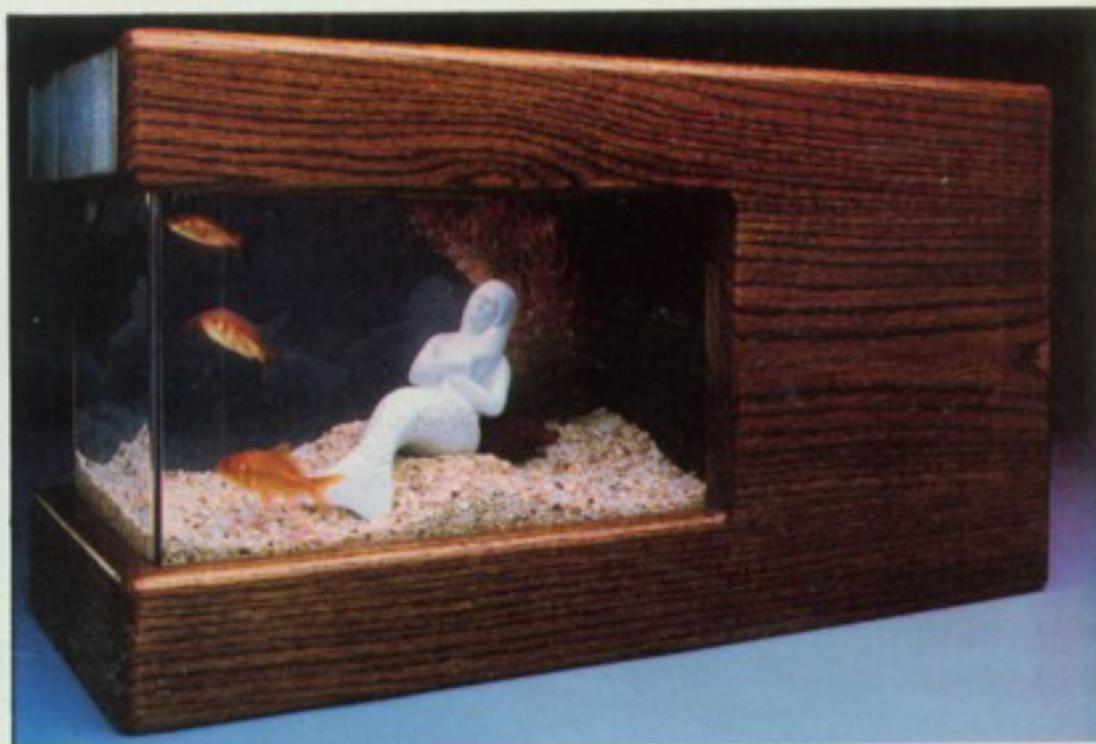
## OF RATS AND MEN

Those candy men at Goelitz Confectionery who brought you President Reagan's favorite nosh, Jelly Belly jelly beans, have cooked up a new chew for you to sink your teeth into—Gummi Pet Rats. Yes, 9" gelatin rodents in flavors even the Pied Piper would love—cherry, orange, licorice, marshmallow and bubble gum. Buy them individually nationwide or order a Rat Pack of 24 for \$36 from Goelitz Candy, 2400 North Watney Way, Fairfield, California 94533.



## EXPANDING MONSTER MARKET

In the past few years, Godzilla, king of the monsters, has returned in a variety of guises, from a radio-controlled model "that loves to rush about at parties, snapping at ladies' ankles" (*Potpourri*, December 1984) to a Godzilla phone holder that screams in Japanese, "The end of the world is near! The soldiers have failed to stop Godzilla!" (*Potpourri*, October 1985). Now comes what surely is the ultimate monster toy: an inflatable vinyl Godzilla that swells to 6' if you have the lung power. Weinberg Books, P.O. Box 423, Oak Forest, Illinois 60452, will send it to you for \$29.95, postpaid, including a patch kit. Weinberg Books also puts out monthly science-fiction/fantasy catalogs (six months for \$3) for juveniles of all ages.



## SOMETHING FISHY

For the executive who has everything except a place to house his pet piranha, there's the Desk Mate I, a handsome solid-oak-and-acrylic four-and-three-quarter-gallon fish tank measuring 24" long x 10" wide x 13" high that incorporates all the silent-running mechanical gizmos that fish fanciers never want to see, anyway. (We're talking two filtration systems, a thermostatically controlled heater and a fluorescent light.) Ocean View Aquariums, 5245 South Kyrene Road, Suite 10, Tempe, Arizona 85283, sells the Desk Mate I for \$420, including shipping and complete instructions for start-up and maintenance. No raises for the staff this year, Miss Throckmorton. Let the fish eat cake!

## YELLOW-LINE YUMMIES

Pavement possum, windshield wabbit, Datsun duck, highway hash. . . Buck Peterson cooks up a fine mess of mother nature's bounty in *The Original Road Kill Cook Book*; and while we wouldn't want to eat from it, this softcover is the perfect put-on to leave in plain sight the next time serious foodies stop by to check out your culinary skills. Order yours for \$5.95, postpaid, from Buck at P.O. Box 553, Woodinville, Washington 98072.



## CARRYING THE TORCH

We don't know whether or not Statue of Liberty memorabilia light your fire, but with the entire nation chipping in financially to carry the torch for her restoration, all sorts of lady-with-the-lamp curiosa are cropping up. The latest: a vinyl-plastisol-and-metal lighted crown and torch that Mythology, 370 Columbus Avenue, New York 10024, is selling for \$165 each, postpaid. Both are U.L. approved, and each takes a standard seven-watt bulb. Ultra-right-wingers can use them for night lights.



## MR. CARS

Anyone in the market for a new, late-model or classic car should call the Car Consultants before he lays out long green for what could be the wrong set of wheels. The Car Consultants are *PLAYBOY* Contributing Editor Gary Witzenburg (he specializes in late-model cars) and former *Road & Track* editorial director Dean Batchelor (classic and collector); they'll share more than 50 years of automotive experience with you in a 30-minute phone consultation for \$50. Witzenburg's number is 818-706-3708; Batchelor's is 818-340-1546—or write to them at P.O. Box 1003, Woodland Hills, California 91365. Who says nice guys have to finish last?

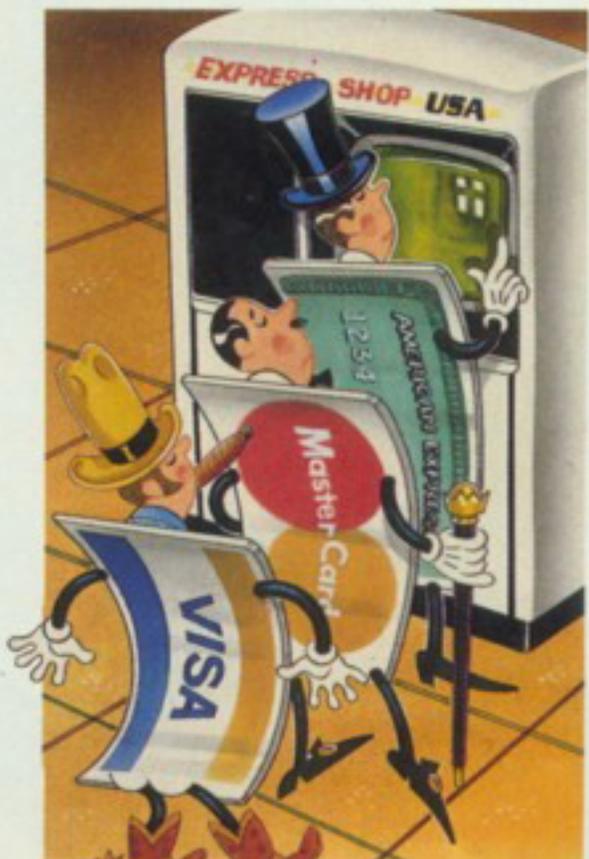


## TRAVEL ON

The Cooper-Hewitt Museum's latest exhibit, *Bon Voyage! Design for Travel*, has been open since late April; and before it closes on July 13, anyone with wanderlust should drop by for a look at what must be one of the finest displays ever of peripatetic accouterments. Steamer trunks, traveling sets, even a Louis Vuitton poster are among more than 200 items on display. (The museum's address is 2 East 91st Street, New York 10128.) And the gift shop sells such items as an extra-shirt leather bag for \$45 that travels well, too.

## SHOP TALK

Express Shop USA kiosks have mushroomed in such high-traffic areas as airports, casinos, hotels and shopping malls within the past few months, and anyone carrying plastic (American Express, Visa, Diners Club, Carte Blanche or MasterCard) can order products from Cartier, Gucci, GUND, Polo and other upscale companies and have them sent virtually overnight to almost anywhere in the country. What you're buying is displayed in the booth on video; purchases can even be gift-wrapped. So the next time you're snowed in in Las Vegas, instead of calling, send the little lady back home something from Cartier to remember you by.

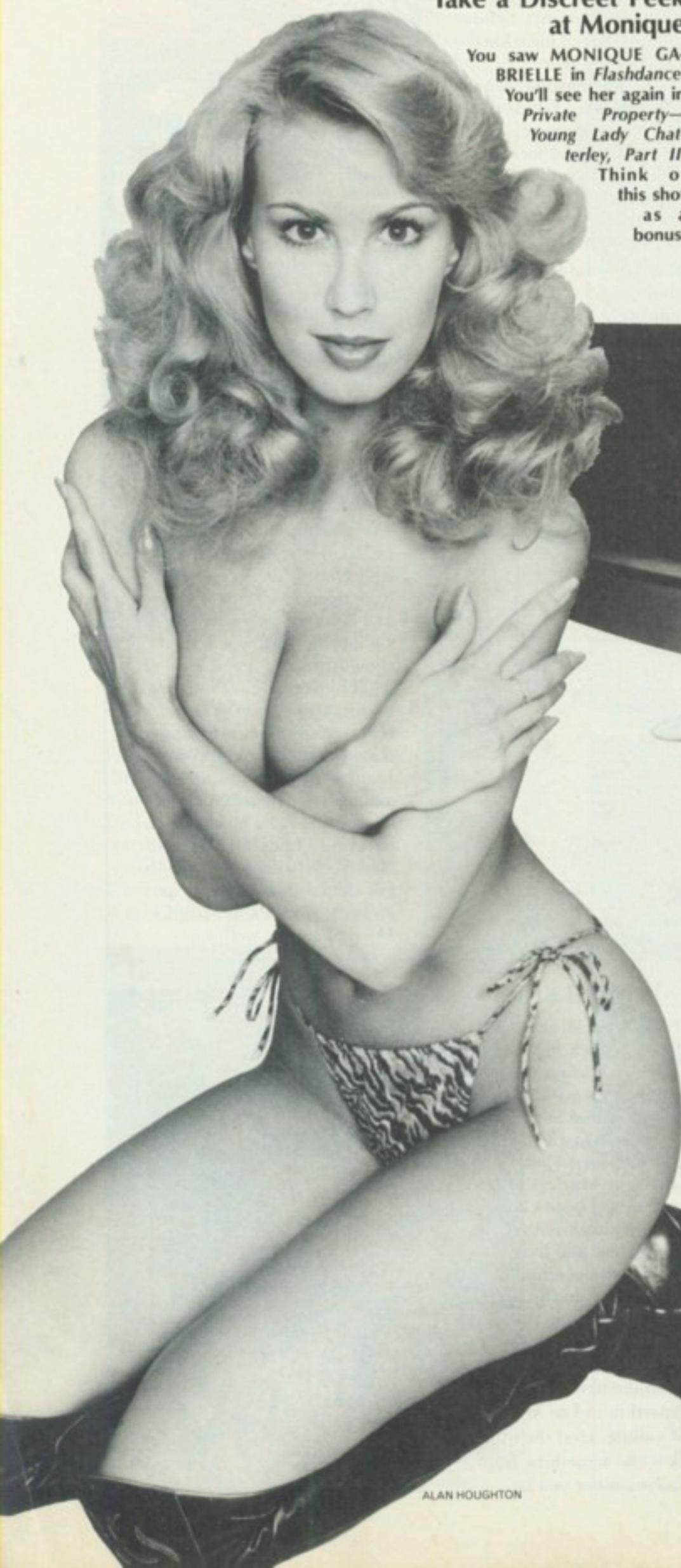


## Take a Discreet Peek at Monique

You saw MONIQUE GABRIELLE in *Flashdance*. You'll see her again in *Private Property—Young Lady Chatterley, Part II*. Think of this shot as a bonus.

## Here's Looking at You, Kid

KID CREOLE of the Coconuts is in a boogie-down mood. An album and a video are out, and a North American tour has been completed. A new album is in the works. No kidding!



## Roxy and Roll

Have you heard Vixen? If not, here's a peek at drummer ROXY PETRUCCI. She auditioned for David Lee Roth with 200 guys and made the top-ten finals. Says Roxy, "Drummers always do it better on bare skins." Does Buddy Rich know about this?



ALAN HOUGHTON

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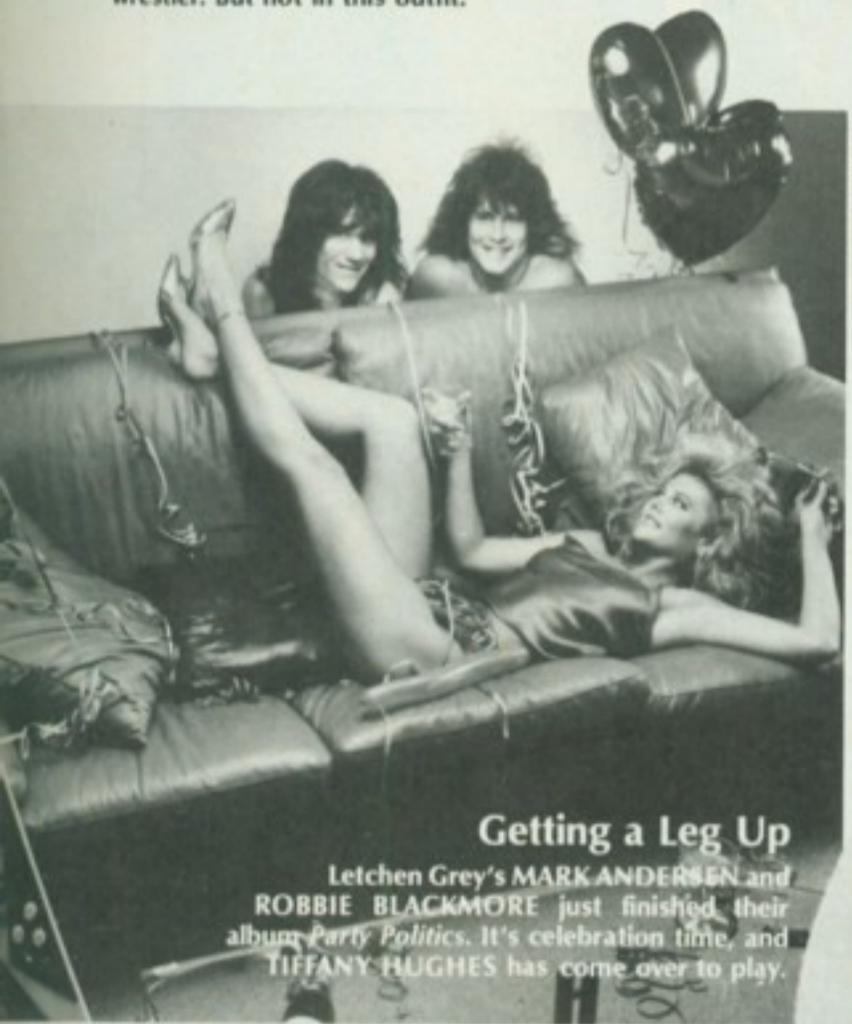
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### Yo, Yo-Yo

Has Rocky joined the Rockettes? SYLVESTER STALLONE is always so serious, we thought you'd like to see this piece of foolishness. Look for Sly this summer, with bride Brigitte, in *Cobra*, or late this fall in *Over the Top*. He plays a champion arm wrestler. But not in this outfit.



BILL RUSSELL

### Getting a Leg Up

Letchen Grey's MARK ANDERSEN and ROBBIE BLACKMORE just finished their album *Party Politics*. It's celebration time, and TIFFANY HUGHES has come over to play.

### Throw in a Towel

ANGELA AAMES has been on your big screen and, recently, on your small one, in *The Fall Guy* and *The Love Boat*. She's currently starring in our favorite summer fantasy: We dry her off and she stops pouting. Then her jacket shrinks. Make up your own story line.

ALAN HOUGHTON



# NEXT MONTH



NIELSEN



BOATS



SURPRISE



MÜLLER

**"COMPANY MEN"**—ARE MEGABUSINESS MOGULS THE SEXY NEW AMERICAN FOLK HEROES? NOT ON YOUR BOTTOM LINE. READ **"ATTACK OF THE BUSINESS RAH-RAHS,"** BY **LAURENCE SHAMES**; **"THE SELLING OF EXCELLENCE,"** A PROFILE OF **TOM (IN SEARCH OF) PETERS,** BY **LOUISE BERNIKOW**; AND **"REQUIRED EXECUTIVE READING,"** A GUIDE TO THOSE SELF-AGGRANDIZING C.E.O. AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

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**JACKIE GLEASON** EXPOUNDS ON TV, DIETS, BOOZING WITH **BOGART** AND **SINATRA** AND WHY THE GUYS ON **MIAMI VICE** REMIND HIM OF **ED NORTON** IN A BANG-ZOOM **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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**LILLIAN MÜLLER,** OUR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR A DECADE AGO, RETURNS IN POSES INSPIRED BY THE WORK OF EROTIC ARTIST **OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS**

**"THE SPANISH INQUISITION"**—A SKINNY RODEO COWBOY HOOKS UP WITH A BEAUTIFUL **SEÑORITA** AND COMPLICATIONS ENSUE—BY **DAN THRAPP**

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